

The Bandera PROPHEET

November 6, 2019

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

Special to the Prophet

My first experience and lesson with milking a cow was courtesy of my childhood friend Richard Dugosh on his family's farm along the San Julian Creek. I would bet he doesn't even remember the event because it was a daily routine for him. I never forgot it and it came in handy later in life when I had a few cows of my own. A nursing cow problem came up and I had to take matters into my own hands, if you know what I mean.

Only a few things I learned back in the day about fence building from my Granddaddy Clark and Freddie Flach would be used by the modern day fence builders. Steel pipe and welding machines were pretty scarce items around a fencing project back in the 60s. The art of hand digging a proper post hole has been replaced with a tractor and auger. Good riddance I say!

I still see some of the fence lines around the area that I worked on with my granddaddy, Pop-O as we called him. He was a stickler for straight and tight when he had a job to do. He had some very colorful language he would use to describe just how straight and how tight things had to be. Colorful also meaning unfit for publication.

The art of castrating hogs which I learned in Ag class under the watchful eye of Telvy Robbins is one lesson I haven't had to call upon in my later life. I witnessed too many times, the use of Burdizzos on calves and young sheep. Let me tell you it was difficult for me to watch. A necessary evil in the quest of profitable ranching. The country ways of

life aren't always for the faint of heart. Anyone who has ever drenched sheep or treated them for screwworms will know what I'm talking about. Something that was drilled into me throughout my entire life by my elders was using the right tool for the job. It wasn't something I picked up on right away. You need to understand during my young bike riding years all I had available was a pair of plain slip-joint pliers to keep me off the shoeleather express. They were the two position style widely known as finger pinchers, not the multi joint style. If I needed a hammer I would use the heaviest item available within arms reach.

The fishing skill I acquired during my Growing Up In Bandera days was self taught for the most part. Perch and catfishing was the favored style of the oldtimers I was associated with in earlier times but I went my own way. I was hooked on bass fishing as a youngster and it has held me captive throughout my life. It is expensive in all the needed gear. It is also demanding in many ways that only those who choose it can understand. I spent many days on the water alone educating myself and I'm convinced there was no better therapy or way to communicate with my maker.

#202 2019