

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

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Special to the Prophet

Comparing things from back in the day to my current lifestyle reveals some major changes as you would expect. Even in my wildest fantasies during childhood I could not have imagined some such things.

One prime example would be vehicles connected to my early life here in Bandera. My earliest driving lessons were courtesy of my mom in our old 47 Chevy truck. There was no air conditioning unless the crank out windshield could be counted as such. Leather seats weren't real common back then if they even existed. The only thing leather I can think of connected to my early years would be shoes when they could get me to wear them and a baseball glove. I seldom wore a leather belt unless it was Sunday go to meetin' day.

A floor mounted gear shift in that old truck is a fond memory but today my choice is an eight-speed automatic in a cab full of accessories that I still find quite amazing. I couldn't even guess about gas mileage in that early pickup because we would just put in a couple dollars worth of gas at around 15 cents a gallon and not worry about it again for a few weeks.

If you have never witnessed someone standing and jumping on bumpers in an effort to dislodge two vehicles from each other then I will just assume you don't have too many miles on you. Push starts were the cause of that pretty common occurrence in those early years with manual shift transmissions. Sometimes a push was provided by friends on foot. A weak battery could be overcome by parking on a downhill slope to get rolling then shifting to second gear and popping the clutch.

I can remember when old abandoned vehicles were placed in the pasture for use as a deer blind. In today's world some are being reclaimed for restoration. I have a favorite old car junkyard not too far from Bandera where I go occasionally just to look at some of those old vehicles from the past.

Every time I see an old panel truck it reminds me of Charlie Fellows' dad. And those old Apache Chevrolet trucks are a reminder of my first ever truck purchase. It was an old ranch truck I bought from Freddie Flach who had logged countless miles in it from town out to his ranch on Privilege Creek. Later I sold it to a man I worked with who had a restoration in mind. Maybe it's still out there traveling around San Antonio today.

I have plenty to be thankful for in my current daily life in the way of conveniences. It's a pretty soft life I lead here in this retirement stage of my journey. While I continue Growing Up In Bandera I have come to realize that there is value in all those special memories I carry from back when we didn't have things so good.

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