

The Bandera PROPHEET

March 24, 2020

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
The Bandera Prophet

People from this part of the country seldom lose their accent but it seems the words we use and our manner of speaking continue to change with each passing generation. The old timers I associated with in my early years were known to be colorful at times when it came to vocal expression. I tried hard to avoid repeating some of those things for fear of having a bar of soap put into mouth. I always found the taste of Dove to be superior to a bar of Lava hand soap.

What kind of reaction do you think I would get today from an elementary school kid if I asked if they have ever used a lunch pail. Have you youngsters ever been out gallivanting or just catting around? I still refer to the refrigerator as an icebox on occasion. Believe me, my grandkids were well versed in "old speak". If you have some age on you then you will recall a time when the trunk of a car was called the turtle. Appliances of all types in early years could be dangerous and unforgiving at times. Ever get your finger caught in the washing machine wringer? I still have nightmares about my mom's pressure cooker at canning time. The term "canning time" would surely start a whole new conversation.

If you had a bottle of hooch back in the day you would immediately have friends coming out of the woodwork. Kinda like some relatives showing up after your big lottery win. Well, not all friends were like that. Just the really good friends. Some others were real wet rags. You knew you had it made in the shade if you had a good job where you were earning some decent bread. After having several cafe dishwashing gigs I can tell you they were the pits. While seeking employment as a

kid I never wanted to accept those job offers but my mom would remind me that they were better than a sharp stick in the eye. Looking back, I'm not sure that was true.

Well I'll be a monkey's uncle!!! Don't that just cock your pistol!!! Don't flip your wig!!! That man has some hard bark on him!!!

I never had a hot rod or fast car back in the day. I understand what we called peeling out is now just called a burnout. I always thought of burnout as being the reason I finally retired.

Highway 173 South had a pretty good layer of used rubber on the pavement around the Double Buzzard Drag Strip just past the Flying L Ranch turnoff. Double Buzzard was Bandera's version of San Antonio's Double Eagle Drag Strip.

I'm gonna split now and get on with my Growing Up In Bandera life using whatever lingo is available. If you see me on the street and want to share one of your tales just give me the skinny and don't have a cow if I see things differently than you do. Just remember not to address me as dude or daddy-o.

#222

2020