

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

As I have shared many stories of my earliest times in Bandera you may have noticed a lot of them centered around the area near my Granddaddy Kindla's house. In addition to the old barber shop and McGroarty's Store facing 11th Street on that block there were some small apartments tucked in there too. There was a gravel driveway next to the barber shop that the renters used and sometimes leaving granddaddy's house we used it as a shortcut to access 11th Street.

The owner of the apartments as I recall was a red haired lady named Pearl Edwards. I just have a faint memory of her. I recall more vividly the goldfish pond she had back in that area. I'm told that pond caused some issues with one of the neighborhood's older boys when he captured some of the goldfish to use as catfish bait. Rumor has it Pearl was on the warpath for quite a spell after that. Names have been omitted to protect the guilty.

One of the early tenants I learned was Leroy Sprott right after he came back from the war. He was a highly respected man in Bandera for many years. He earned hero status in my book for an act of kindness involving my wife and our sick baby boy while I was at work in San Antonio one day. His son Royce was in my graduating class and the oldest of four sons.

Other families living on that block back in the day in addition to the Kindla's were names like Buck, Boyle, McGroarty, Tucker and Jenschke. Still familiar names around Bandera today.

All the old structures I remember as a kid around my Granddaddy's house are gone but the house itself remains. In my mind's eye as I walk

by today I can still see the outhouse near the tool shed and the old garage made with wide cypress boards. I believe I could climb that big old oak tree down the hill now that I struggled to conquer as a kid. Well, let's say I could if I had the energy of a younger me.

Early memories of family bar-b-q gatherings were held near the house under the big oaks that still remain. Later as the family grew those events moved out to Bennie's U-Bar Guest Ranch along the river. The last one I remember at that spot was when I was home on leave from the Army.

Years later when the Clark side of the family including my dad, brothers and I took over the bbq duties with help from in-laws and outlaws the head count was sometimes in the hundreds. We had relatives and friends coming in from around the country to celebrate and share memories with local members of two founding families in the Bandera area. Live music was added when we moved to Mansfield Park to accommodate the crowds. Without fail there was always enough food to feed an army. I am grateful here in my later Growing Up In Bandera years that my grandkids and other family members live nearby so we can visit often. My family has always been top priority and as I grow older the feelings keep growing stronger.

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