

The Bandera PROPHEET

August 4, 2020

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
The Bandera Prophet

Looking way back in my early memories of our way of life around these parts I don't recall seeing a lot of dogs that lived in the house with the rest of the family which is a pretty common thing today. Same with cats. Of course there were a few exceptions and if I concentrate real hard I can even recollect witnessing some chickens who had access to the living area in a house.

Having done a bit of traveling around this old world and meeting lots of people I can understand why some folks prefer to not marry or remarry as the case might be. The companionship of a pet can be more desirable than having a speaking mate or roommate. For sure you will win all verbal arguments although I suspect some cat owners will disagree. Like they say, dogs have family and cats have staff.

When I was a baby we had a Border Collie named Cookie who, according to my mom, helped in teaching me to walk. She said I would hang on to Cookie and she patiently waited for me to pull myself back up if I fell. Maybe that is why dogs will forever be my favorite.

My family, both early and later, has recorded a wide variety of pets. Some like hamsters and goldfish were pretty insignificant while others were unforgettable. Like the orphan calf my wife raised in a dog pen here in town. She was named Orphan Annie and stayed in town where she was bottle fed. Later she joined our other "country" cows. My wife was the only momma she knew and she would follow her around like a little puppy.

My most unusual pet was a black bass I kept in a 55-gallon aquarium tank here in our home. Now before you get to thinking that was like

having a normal aquarium fish let me clue you in on a few things. He was my fishing trip barometer. If he was moving around I would prepare for a good catching day. If he was sitting motionless at the bottom of the tank I would have been better advised to stay home. His name was Big Earl and he never lied to me.

Big Earl was a total loner. I would catch minnows at the river to feed him and as I poured them in the tank he would eat what he wanted and then kill the rest. I guess you could say he was jealous and didn't want me to keep any other pet fish.

As my Growing Up In Bandera continues I have a variety of feeders in my yard for the birds and squirrels. I enjoy them but I don't love them in the same way that I love my dogs.

#241 2020