

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark  
The Bandera Prophet

Thinking back to my teen years I don't recall any tougher jobs than hauling hay or fence building. I have extensive experience in both. Technology pertaining to hay hauling around here had not advanced beyond manhandling each and every bale. When we headed out to a job I would be praying for light bales.

Bucking the bales up onto the flatbed truck was backbreaking for me as I was skinny as a rail back in the day. It was a four man operation including a driver, a stacker on the truck and two on the ground loading bales when I worked on Darrell Faglie's crew. His older brother James owned the truck so he was usually the driver.

First lesson learned in Texas hay hauling out of the field is kick the bale over before lifting to ensure there wasn't a rattlesnake underneath.

Fortunately for me I never had an encounter with one. Once you reached the barn there was the ever present wasps and unbearable heat inside under a tin roof to contend with every trip.

Since we are moving away from baling wire to tie the hay bales I wonder what we are gonna tie up our exhaust pipes and secure gates with in the future. I don't think those plastic strings are going to get the job done. I'm sitting here writing this and running through my mind everything I have used tie wire to fix. If you were raised in the country you will understand.

My Granddaddy Harry Clark was a fencing contractor and I helped him build many miles of fence in the hills around Bandera when I was in

high school. I won't say those hills were the worst place to build a fence but it was pretty tough in places. Now I have seen places around Del Rio where they simply find a crack in solid rock, stick a cedar post in and stack a few rocks around it for stability. No, it wasn't that bad around here but it was close sometimes.

We did a job over in Tarpley one time. The good news was the ranch had a tractor with a posthole digger. Bad news was we used creosote posts and my introduction to them was a bit unpleasant. I was wearing a t-shirt and hauling the posts around on my shoulder which caused me to end up with blisters on my neck. Lesson learned!

Granddaddy partnered with Freddie Flach on one job outside Pipe Creek and the property line followed the top of the hills around a valley on three sides. That is where I got my education on an air compressor driven rock drill. I had no idea there was an art to using a digging bar until I worked with granddaddy learning how to drill tie down anchors in solid rock with nothing more than that bar then tamping in small rocks to secure the anchor wire. I can still dig a beautiful posthole but I prefer to use the auger on my tractor so you can just take my word for it instead of getting a demonstration. I even fired up my tractor recently and used the posthole digger to plant a small tree. A prime example of getting smarter in my old age.

George and Richard Kinsey were part of the crew at the time of the Pipe Creek job. George and I worked on one hole for a huge corner post that my granddaddy and Freddy had cut and hauled in with a jeep. We dug on that hole for what seemed like several days. Wish I could go back in there to see if that post is still there.

There was a little paint horse who stayed around us when we stopped for lunch and a short siesta. George would catch him and ride for a while. Judging by the gas fumes from that horse I would guess he didn't get much regular exercise.

We stopped in at Ed Jennings store every morning for ice and drinking water and to get a daily dose of Judge Jennings vast tongue-in-cheek wisdom.

Richard was my classmate and close friend throughout high school and beyond and we shared some interesting adventures, some of which I will share at a later time after I check up on the statutes of limitation.

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