

The Bandera PROPHEET

October 14, 2020

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
The Bandera Prophet

I'm not sure where we are heading these days but I know where I came from. I try to see the future in a positive light but it is difficult because I catch myself always looking back. I hope the future still holds some good things for my great grandkids in these modern times but my memories of the past are going to be hard to beat.

Memories of time spent on the river at Dripping Springs with my St. Joseph Catholic School buddies, Charlie Fellows and Brandy Humphries, are among some of my favorites. We all lived on the good side of town. I say good because we had the river and all the best swimming holes just a short bike ride from our homes. My younger brother Eddie would usually be along with us too and riding on the handlebars of my bike as we rode the dusty trails around The Cowboy Capital of the World. No, we didn't all own horses back in the day. My great grandkids are the eighth generation to have a connection to Bandera. It is difficult when the oldest one comes to town and simply wants to go to the river to throw rocks in the water because of the way things are today. If the weather is agreeable for an outing then we are met with crowds of people everywhere. Less river access and more people are the norm in our modern times.

While we can no longer go to the side entrance of the Bantex theater concession stand for an ice cream cone like in the old days we can go to the General Store for that old time country soda fountain feel. From there if you look across Main Street you will see The Branding Iron Gift Shop where the Red Goose Pool Hall was located when I was a kid. To

the right of it would have been the Best Yet Cafe. No burger from any place today can compare to the ones we got from the Best Yet or the O.S.T. in the old Bandera days.

When my wife and I got married my take home pay for the week was comparable to the hourly wage I was receiving when I decided to retire a few years back. Her pay at the time was even less but we managed to buy groceries, pay bills and have gas money for me to commute to San Antonio for work. We managed to go to the movies at the Bantex once a week too. We didn't have a phone at first but there was a pay phone just a short walk away. Today we have an almost unbelievable amount of communication devices. House phone, cell phones, computers, iPads and on and on.....

The saddest thing for me here in my later days of Growing Up In Bandera is having to endure the loss of my childhood friends. Some were gone way too soon and it always seems like a piece of my life is gone with them. My friend Angel Martinez was taken decades ago and now his brother Joe has recently left to join him in the afterlife. Many of my childhood adventures have now become a part of Bandera's history.

#251 2020