

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

I remember as a kid running around these hills and knowing where the springs were located when I wanted a cool drink of water. I think the ones around Dripping Springs were pretty widely known but there were many more lesser known locations as well. I remember riding with Chuck Hargis on his Moped out the Hondo highway a few miles from town to a spring in the side of a hill with a small pipe sticking out. It is still there judging by the wet area I see when passing by on our way to Hondo. Think maybe I will stop and take a closer look sometime.

We used to drink water out of some of the area creeks back in the day too but I would have to be pretty thirsty to do that now. Too much civilization to deal with these days. I might still drink from the waters of Privilege Creek if I could get up far enough to reach the area where I used to go with Freddie and Beanie Flach. Their ranch was located up near the headwaters.

When Medina Lake was full during the wet years we could go way up the creeks while bass fishing and there were springs running into the lake in numerous places. Now when the lake is at low levels and I see wet stuff seeping out of the dry shoreline I have to wonder if it is septic drainage around the more populated areas. I won't be drinking any water directly out of the lake, that's for sure.

The springs I remember seeing along the Devils River near Dolan Falls while accompanying my father-in-law Noah Bergman on his trap runs while he was employed by Texas Parks and Wildlife were huge in comparison to the springs in our area. This was a time before Lake

Amistad was impounded. We turned off the highway near Loma Alta and went 26 miles down gravel roads dotted with bump gates. It was a remote area of Texas and I loved every minute I was there.

I think back to the times I traveled around to work with my granddaddy Clark and other oldtimers in the area and they always had a jug of water in their truck. My granddaddy and my uncle Phil Kindla both had a burlap covered glass gallon bottle in the floorboard of their pickup. That water was always cool no matter the weather.

The water I always carry in my truck is in plastic bottles and a bit cool as long as I have the a/c on high in the summer. It doesn't seem to compare to the spring water I enjoyed during my Growing Up In Bandera young years. Or maybe I am just stuck on the idea that things were always better back in the day.

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