

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

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The Bandera Prophet

I try to imagine what things were like when my granddaddy Kindla was a kid growing up around here. Survival of the fittest was still in play during that first decade following the turn of the century. The town of Bandera was only around 50 years old at the time. Did he have time to play or was his young life consumed by what was needed for a family still trying to carve out their niche in this new place? The State of Texas itself was only a young 70 years old. Imagine the stories he could have told me if only I had been interested at an early age and taken the time to listen.

During my granddaddy's teen years WWI was going on. I have a picture of him in his cavalry uniform taken in 1918. Sadly that is all the information I have about his military service. Too late in life I have learned what might have made him seem so harsh in many of our interactions while I was growing up around him. As I reached an advanced age I began to realize it was probably my immaturity that was the cause. I'm pretty sure that it had nothing to do with his disappointment of not having his favorite fast food place or coffee shop available in Bandera. That is a more modern item of concern in our community today.

Those must have been some interesting times as the automobile was bringing drastic changes to the way of life for Bandera folks. Both of my granddaddies told me stories of making trips to San Antonio in horse drawn wagons and later in a Model T. The once long two day trip became a mere couple of hours. Those horse and wagon trips were

sometimes hazardous due to the uncivilized nature of the land and some of it's inhabitants.

Whether I'm walking or driving around the area today my mind is constantly reminding me what places looked like back in the day. Many homes of childhood friends have taken on a new look. Many have new owners but I still refer to them by the family name associated with earlier times. Others have disappeared completely. The old Evans house on the corner of 6th and Schmidtke Road burned down many years ago but there are still clues remaining to jog the memories.

People love the history associated with our town and how we came to be known as "The Cowboy Capital of the World". It is an interesting story and it is well documented. What isn't documented, except in my story tellings, are all the things associated with my Growing Up In Bandera with my friends.

We are a part of Bandera's history even if all the stories never get told. Come to think of it, some are probably better left untold.

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