

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

It's a fact that some questions can never be answered. Glenn, are you ever going to grow up? Some of my stories about growing up in our town give the impression that I may never reach fully grown status. Surely the folks who can associate themselves with my tales will look back and agree that our Bandera ways had such an impact on our young lives that we just can't let them go. The view of the future offers little encouragement when it comes to growing up and moving on. In many ways I prefer where I've been to where we are going.

How can I compare the education I received as a kid going under the old Bantex Theater and reading all those words of wisdom written on the concrete columns and beams to the current teaching methods? I can tell you there were some really talented artists who contributed to that vast display of chalk and pencil art under that iconic structure. Some of those illustrations were so lifelike. To be truthful, it was a few years before I fully grasped some of the things I had seen with my young eyes.

Graffiti, you say? It was a lot better than what you might see on buildings in the big city or spray painted on a passing train these days. I guess I am old fashioned because I notice things like the lack of using the words sir or ma'am when youngsters are addressing elders. It's a pleasant surprise on occasions when I hear them. I didn't need a reminder to do so when I was in school and I don't need one now. A tip of my hat or holding the door for a female is just who I am and how I was raised. I won't be growing up or out of those habits anytime soon. If that offends you I can offer some advice that will surely further offend you.

It's a sad thing that older generations are being subjected to a fast changing society that demands we adapt to new ways and ideas that are contradictory to our raising. Maybe it has something to do with the old dogs not wanting to learn the new tricks. This old dog may be put on a leash at some point in time but I will be dragged every inch of the way. As a youngster Growing Up In Bandera I was forever having to make tough decisions. Do I take the long way to St. Josephs Catholic School or do I chance cutting through Tom Adamietz's corn field? Should I tell my mom I'm going to the river or just let her figure it out? I wonder if Granddaddy Kindla will notice if I sneak a cigarette out of that open pack of Camels? Life wasn't always easy back in the day.

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