

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

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The Bandera Prophet

Recently I was thinking about some of the things Bandera kids are missing today that we enjoyed back in the day. How could the simple things we did back then create such special memories later in life that are more precious than silver or gold? It's almost sinful that I derive so much pleasure from my yearning for the bygone years.

If you ever had the opportunity to take a short ride on Frankie Caffalls's donkey drawn wagon you were indeed blessed. Those numbers are few even if you were around during my growing up time. Luckily I lived in the right part of town.

Living on Pecan Street gave us the opportunity to see I.G. Thetford making routine trips to town on his horse. He resided in a wagon on the banks of the Medina River as long as I knew him. He was the last of that authentic breed of cowboy around here to rely solely on horseback transportation for his daily commute. He was the real deal right down to his clothes, gear and mannerisms.

Hayrides from the Mayan Dude Ranch across the river were common on the backstreets of Bandera in my younger years. Mostly during the summer with school senior trips from around the country booked at the ranch you could hear them coming before they crossed the river. Often there would be a wrangler with his guitar riding along while leading the singing of cowboy tunes.

It might be hard for you to believe that there were times back in the day when Hwy. 46 to Boerne would have traffic comparable to what is now a daily routine. Take my word for it, when the Bulldogs were playing the rival Boerne Greyhounds on a Friday night that road was as busy as

anything you see today. Yes, even then there were idiots passing in no passing zones.

When the siren mounted on the water tower signaled the volunteer firefighters to come running there was already a gathering of citizens waiting their arrival in anticipation of following the firetruck to the scene of the fire. I understand that is illegal now but it was a break in the boredom of living in a small Texas town that was waiting for the next public hanging or stagecoach hold up.

Every small town around the country has its own unique list of memories from the past involving kids raised in the 50s and 60s. My Growing Up In Bandera stories are from that era and aren't ever going to be duplicated. That's unfortunate because they were indeed special times for me and my childhood friends.

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