

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

These cool mornings which signal the approaching fall weather always trigger memories of earlier times. The annual Hunter's Supper and a trip to the Robert Hall store in San Antonio for a new jacket were just around the corner. The Robert Hall store was just a few blocks from my Grandma Clark's house and the possibility of getting a slice of lemon meringue pie when we visited her made me more excited than the thought of getting a new winter coat.

Fall and winter had always been my favorite time of the year to fish. I say "had" because as I've gotten older my aching joints began to require a bit of warmth to operate properly. My previous habits of fishing in spite of blowing northers and freezing rain gave way to common sense. Now it's almost impossible for me to leave my recliner when the high temperature is predicted to be below 50 degrees.

The visitors to our town during the cooler months of whitetail deer hunting season have always been a financial blessing for our local economy. Over the years I have observed all types of hunters. If you encounter one in the grocery store or local convenience store and they reek of skunk urine rest assured they are willing to try anything for an opportunity to kill something. Those in the shiny new boots and fancy duds most likely will never take their deer rifle out of the case. Most of their adventures will be after sundown at the Silver Dollar or 11th Street Cowboy Bar. These things have remained unchanged for decades. From the area behind old The Longhorn Steakhouse to below the dam in the city park there isn't one place I'm not familiar with or haven't fished at some point in time. But when the cold winter season has turned the

water gin clear and the surface of the river is blanketed with the rusty cypress needles there is silence and solitude to be had for just relaxing. Find a place to sit with a high bank behind you and the sun in your face and for a short while the troubles of the world will fade away while you enjoy the magic of our beautiful Medina River.

Last year's winter ice storm was unlike anything I had ever experienced or could have imagined for our area. While Growing Up In Bandera we had cold winters at times even to the point one year when our lavatory froze and fell off the wall in our eight-person one-bathroom home. You can imagine the chaos that created when the water was turned off. Six kids instantly became thirsty and had to go to the bathroom.

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