

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

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When I see all the complaints on social media these days about traffic and road conditions I have to silently smile to myself as I reflect on how things used to be around here. Back in my younger days we had more gravel streets in town than paved ones. I never gave it much thought as I walked barefooted or rode my bike because I had more important things on my mind. Every day brought new adventures for a kid growing up in Bandera.

My carefree opinion wasn't shared by other folks as I recall because there was much celebrating going on when the blacktop began to appear. As a kid I wasn't concerned about the constant dust created every time a car passed by our house but I realize now that it was an ongoing struggle for my mom who was doing the daily house cleaning. We didn't have air conditioning so all the windows were open wide. On laundry day it was sometimes required to drag out the waterhose to wet down the street to defend the laundry hanging on the clothesline in the backyard.

Depending on the wind direction sometimes we avoided that situation. I can remember when Ridge Route Road, 3240 if you prefer, was a gravel road with cattleguards. It was pretty much just a ranch road traveling through pasture land. You had to watch for livestock as there were no fences running alongside the road where sheep and cattle were grazing.

In the years before SH 173 towards Hondo was put in it was necessary to go by way of the Dixie Dude Road, now called 1077, all the way to where it intersected with the highway running from Tarpley to Hondo. I recall SH 173 north was a real challenge for us as teens with narrow

lanes and 90 degree turns as we traveled toward Kerrville which we did sometimes to go to the drive-in theater. Kerrville wasn't yet contaminated with big box stores and malls back then so trips in that direction were fewer than what we make now.

As a kid I would spend a couple days during sheep shearing time in the area along Highway 470, better known as Tarpley Road, just off of Texas Highway 16 where my Uncle Phil Kindla had his sheep pens. We rounded up the sheep and held them pending the arrival of the Herrera shearing crew. At one time my Granddaddy Kindla and Uncle Phil owned all the property on the south side of 470 from 16 all the way to Indian Creek. My cousin "Little Phil" Kindla still owns and lives on his dad's place. My granddaddy sold his property back in the late 60s.

Traveling the roads in the less populated areas of our part of the Texas Hill Country you will still encounter folks giving you a friendly wave in passing. Look closely because that friendly wave sometimes consists of only lifting a single finger from a hand gripping the top of a steering wheel. It's a Texas thing that some country folks don't realize they are doing even when driving in the city.

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