

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Sometimes my longing for the good old days leaves me wondering if in the not too distant future we will be calling these current times the good old days. That for me is a pretty scary thought considering some of the changes I have witnessed in recent years.

I have often thought of the good times spent watching movies at the Bantex Theater and wished it was still around. Then reality sets in and I come to the conclusion that it just wouldn't be the same without John Wayne and Audie Murphy riding across the silver screen. Personally I haven't seen much of anything coming out of Hollywood even worth the quarter admission charge from back in the day.

I guess those good times up in the balcony would still be fun except the wife and I try to avoid climbing stairs whenever possible these days. Those ten cent double dip ice cream cones would still be a welcome treat. First a dip of strawberry and then topped off with a dip of vanilla. I wonder if Paula Adams still remembers that being my favorite way to order ice cream when she worked the concession stand for the Knaufs who owned and operated the theater.

The Bantex theater and dragging Main Street were my favorite night pastimes when I wasn't working at the Phillips 66 station where I usually handled the late shift because my boss was too busy trying to keep the local watering holes in business.

Traffic was pretty scarce during the week back in the day and any night traffic at all was usually a few teens who lived in town dragging Main or the local law enforcement heading to the OST for coffee. Sheriff Miller,

deputy Welch and Constable Warren Hyde had a long standing weekday ritual of meeting up when the town went into late evening shutdown. If you ask me about the most rewarding thing to happen in my Growing Up In Bandera years you will have to wait a bit longer for an answer because I feel there is more to come. There have been many highlights throughout the years and the happiness of having three great grandkids around me now seems to be icing on the cake. I believe my survival to this point in time is due purely to the support of my wife and friends who have seen me at my worst and still loved me coming out on the other side.

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