

# The Bandera PROPHEET

June 7, 2022

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Have you ever seen a girl with spit curls taped to the side of her head and thought nothing of it? Have you ever seen teens with pennies or dimes inserted into the slot on their penny loafers?

Do you remember the times when girls wore bobby socks and petticoats? Did you ever attend a sock hop and dance in your socks? I used to cuff my short sleeve shirt sleeves, did you? Back in my high school days a boy's shirt was required to have sleeves and collar. Shirts had to be tucked in and a belt was required attire too. Remember? I was so skinny back then that I required myself to wear a belt to keep my pants from falling down.

Remember the song, "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb"? Back in the day just about every boy had a comb in his back pocket. Cootie rack was a slang term we used for our comb. Girls would never ask to borrow a comb from a boy back then because we used so much oil in our hair. I personally used Fitch Rose Hair Oil and plenty of it. I'd never heard of Dapper Dan Pomade until George Clooney showed up.

Going to the Frontier Barber Shop to get a haircut meant you would be getting a big non-stop dose of hunting stories from Jimmy Evans and A.J. Taylor. I went to that shop after graduating from my summer buzz cut courtesy of Granddaddy Kindla at the start of every summer school vacation. I remember the barber shops always had Jeris Hair Tonic on hand. When I had a flat top style I used butch wax to keep my ducktails and waterfall in good shape.

I received my first flat top haircut at Wayne Wharton's shop on Cypress Street directly across from The Corner Drug Store. Most everyone knew

to avoid getting a haircut from Wayne on Saturday morning after a Bulldog football game. It required an ability to avoid sharp pointed scissors and flying razors as he would recount and demonstrate each and every play from the night before. Additional comments and opinions were added by his brother Ray along with Wayne Ruede and others who walked the sidelines at every home game. On game night they would drown out the announcer as they instructed the referees and coaches from the visitor's sidelines.

Their conversations in the shop could be heard by people as far away as the OST. Anyone familiar with that scene knows they could have sold tickets to attend their Saturday morning gatherings.

Truthfully when people ask what it was like Growing Up In Bandera these are the things that come to mind for me. Yes, I know we are "The Cowboy Capital of the World" but the cowboys and their families that I knew and remember had more going on than just horses and cattle.

GLENN CLARK

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