

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
The Bandera Prophet

I read daily on social media about the struggles of some modern day inhabitants of Bandera. I am often tempted to jump into the conversations but as I read the comments of people eager to give advice or criticism I have to step away. Anyone from a different generation or who grew up in a place other than Bandera will often times have an opinion that just baffles me. Type. Delete. Type. Delete. It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt.

San Antonio with all its conveniences is inching closer every day. Eventually it will consume us but I will probably be long gone before we are completely swallowed up. For now I am one of those who would rather drive 30 minutes to fill a need than to have those big city stores in our town. If you think it is possible to keep them out I would guess you aren't familiar with property owners' rights.

Thinking back to earlier times I can remember Britt's Vegetable Stand on Main Street in the corner of what is now Lowe's parking lot. My Granddaddy Clark had a vegetable stand where Gail Stone now has a real estate office. I took a trip quite often with granddaddy to Market Square in San Antonio to keep fresh vegetables in stock. Jimmy Britt made regular runs to that same place too. Don't plan on making a trip down there looking for fresh vegetables these days. It's more about attracting the tourists dollars now.

Bandera has been labeled a tourist town and rightly so, I guess. I'm not sure if all the hunters who converge on the Cowboy Capital of the World in the fall are counted in the statistics but they certainly bring much

needed revenue to our community. Thinking back over the years I still remember it being a great spectator sport watching some of the greenhorns roaming around town during whitetail season.

Beginning in late spring the traffic on my end of town increases when the whitetail fawns start to appear. That coincides with antler growth of the bucks which insures the weekenders will continue to come as the rutting seasons follows.

The wool and mohair industry began disappearing years ago while the popularity of the dude ranches continued to grow. B&Bs have taken over a lot of the old homes of some my friends from back in the day Bandera. The hilltops are turning into homesites and all the back roads are being blacktopped.

The times they are a changin' as I continue my Growing Up In Bandera. Maybe we shouldn't be in such an all-fired hurry to help it along.

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