

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Back in the day when me and my friends were riding bikes around Bandera they just had one gear. My bike was a second hand early Christmas gift when I received it one day back in the early 50s. It was pretty plain when compared to the bicycles on the market today. Once I got it customized to my satisfaction it had lost both fenders and the chain guard. Removing the chain guard caused me to have second thoughts in the wintertime when I was forced to give up my cutoff jeans shorts in favor of long-legged pants. If you ever endured a crash landing on a bike due to your pants cuff being hung in the chain you will understand. I never was hurt bad enough to make me reinstall the chain guard though. Remembering to roll up my pantleg was a simple enough solution to the problem although not always successful. Besides, it just didn't look very cool. Unlike today, back then being cool mattered to me. The only accessories added to my bike were when I tied balloons on the fork to make a motorcycle sound when they rubbed on the spokes and when I had my transistor radio swinging off the handlebars by its lanyard. Seems everyone had one of those little 9 volt AM transistor radios with the wrist lanyard back then.

Something else that everyone had back in the day was a front porch swing. I can vividly picture in my mind the one we enjoyed at home while I was growing up. More recently we had one here at our house but it just wasn't the same. As a matter of fact it was a near catastrophe when I sat down and the back support chain came loose causing me to flip over backwards and go rolling into the yard. Shortly thereafter we gave

it to my wife's sister and I went back to the safety of my favorite four legged chair.

We have a variety of chairs on our front porch and everyone has their favorite. Mine is situated where I can watch the birds and wildlife action every morning, as well as the habitual stop sign runners in the neighborhood. My little dog Khloe has her favorite too, and she lets visitors know right away that it is not open for debate. Princess the rescued German Shephard has a big chair to accommodate her needs, but prefers the cooler concrete floor which is better suited for the summertime napping. In the winter she likes to curl up on her big soft chair rather than taking shelter in the doghouse.

As I navigate through these rapidly passing years of Growing Up In Bandera, I will continue to wonder what lies ahead while reflecting on the pleasant memories of the past.

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