

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

While working at the Phillip's 66 station in Bandera during my high school years I had a good view of what was happening in town. On the weekends my teenage friends who were dragging Main Street in the evenings would drive through the pump area to make the bell ring when they knew I was out back. It aggravated me when the guys did it but not so much when the girls did. If the girls stopped for a short visit I always cleaned their windshield like the good attendant I was even if they didn't buy gas.

Being so close to the Frontier Hotel and Purple Cow Bar I had a front row view of quite a few night time incidents. Some would make the local news while other things went unreported. My boss and I used to laugh and joke about some of the people and things we observed in the parking area out behind the hotel. After hours Bandera has always been much different than the daytime version.

I'm not sure how Tuesday night was selected for dance night at the Mayan Ranch's Wrangler's Roost but it was a big deal back in the day. Being held during the week instead of on the weekend guaranteed there were a lot of local folks who showed up to dance to the music of Adolph Hofner and The Pearl Wranglers. Can-can girls and a request for "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" by Grace Hicks were a weekly tradition. Lo-Rena (Hager) Scott was always my favorite among the can-can girls.

As teenage boys we always enjoyed seeing the girls on the Mayan Ranch hayride going through the neighborhood. Those hayrides were regular events during the summertime along with the dude ranch

horseback riders being led through town for a taste of Bandera hospitality. My guess would be insurance liability led to the demise of both of those events. It was a great time to be alive. Too bad for you if you were born too late.

Friday night activities in the fall were completely controlled by The Bandera Bulldogs. Like so many other small Texas towns if it was a home game night things would be jumping from the time the last school bell rang for the day until the football field lights were turned off after the game. If it was an away game night then the town was pretty much deserted. As a matter of fact even the chickens went to roost early.

All of these things along with many others are on a long list of changes in Bandera. No more walking across or even swimming near the dam on the river. Today it's not likely you will encounter underage drivers on the backstreets of Bandera in the family car while running errands for their mom. Come to think of it I don't even see Arkey Blue driving around the backstreets of Bandera anymore as I continue my Growing Up In Bandera life.

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