

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Life here in my hometown just seems to be getting more complicated. As a teenager going to high school I had to walk a few blocks to get there and then after class I walked one block to work at the Phillips 66 station on the corner of Main and Cherry. Pretty simple.

After graduation I soon went to work in San Antonio which required a daily commute of about 100 miles round trip. It was a slow start to a career that began with just a fifty-eight cent per hour raise more than what I was making at home. Luckily gas prices were around twenty cents a gallon.

Unlike today the changes along that old Highway 16 were gradual back in the day. I had a daily routine where I made a morning and afternoon stop every day except when I was going to night school. I made lifelong friends with the Lotto Martinez family at Pete's Place in San Geronimo and I knew most of the people who worked in the few convenience stores along the way back then. They weren't on every corner in earlier times. That was when you could still get full service at the filling stations. Checking the oil and cleaning the windshield were the norm along with a friendly conversation with the attendant. It's a shame that we don't have that to enjoy in these modern self-serve times.

There were quite a few locals making that daily commute to the big city back in the 60's. If you had car trouble you were sure to get help before long. No cell phones available but you could get a lift to the nearest public pay phone or a ride back into town. If you were changing a flat tire just about everyone who came along stopped to see if you needed a hand.

Burgin Davenport made it possible for me to get a loan to buy my first car through The First State Bank in Bandera after my mom agreed to co-sign. Wilvey Smith at the Western Auto and Irving Billings at The Free State Oil Company helped me keep it on the road by allowing me to have a charge account at age 18. This was back when lots of folks had charge accounts at the local grocery stores. My how things have changed!

My old 58 Chevy went without windshield wipers for a while because it required a new wiper motor and the funds were low. I would have to pull over and wait out thunderstorms but when I encountered a snowstorm late one evening I contacted Clint Dowell shortly thereafter and he installed the fix and let me pay it out. That's a luxury that is somewhat rare in our town now.

Throughout my Growing Up In Bandera years I received help from many people. I just mentioned a few here but there were many back in the day and there are still plenty around today.

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