

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark  
The Bandera Prophet

Imagine a world where you don't have so many choices to make every day. It's a whole different world we live in today. Even in this little old town of Bandera.

During my school days there were few choices to be made as I was getting dressed for the day. I only had one pair of shoes so that was simple enough. The clothes that I had taken off the day before as soon as I got home from school were the default choice for the next day. I did get to dig through my socks to search for a matching pair that hopefully didn't have a hole in the toe or the heel.

When it came to meals being prepared in my mom's kitchen they were never planned by getting input from any of the kids in the family. Fast food take out was an unheard of choice in our house and most other homes as well. I ate things that I wasn't real crazy about because there were limited choices. It's a fact that I never ate beets even though my mother would test me every time with, "just give it a try, you'll like it". Not then. Not now. Never!!!

Being a Catholic family meant that the Friday evening meal was going to be fish of some sort. Usually it was mackerel patties, french fries and gravy. That followed a meal of fish sticks we were served earlier in the day in St. Joseph's Catholic School cafeteria. If you ever heard the term "mackerel snapper" applied to someone of the Catholic faith, now you know why. It was a term heard quite often during my early years.

Sunday dinner was just around the corner and that was guaranteed to be fried chicken. Even if I had a choice, which I didn't, I would never have changed that one.

Around the time I was reaching legal driving age the choices available in cars was beginning to grow. Not near as many different makes and models as today, not even close. Things like air conditioning, 8 track tape player, AM/FM radio, power steering and automatic windows were options to consider when purchasing a new vehicle. As a married couple the hardest decision to make was often the color of the vehicle.

The next best options for teens who normally went to see a movie at the Bantex Theater was going to the drive-in theater. At one time we had a drive-in located in Bandera and in nearby Kerrville as well. That was the easy choice rather than going into San Antonio with it's many drive-ins back in the day.

Back when it was possible to enjoy the Medina River around Bandera to it's fullest there were always choices to be made. My earliest adventures were concentrated along the old gravel road leading to the Mayan Ranch. It was the best area for digging worms or catching minnows for use as fishing bait. In my teen years I spent many hours with my friends at "the swing" on the opposite side of the river's horseshoe bend. Looking back at my Growing Up In Bandera lifetime I have to say the smartest decision I ever made was choosing to stay in my hometown. It has been a blessing.

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