

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

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The Bandera Prophet

While attending Bandera High School my junior year, I took a typing class with Sally Lewis as the teacher. Looking back, the only conclusion I could ever come up with was I must have been a glutton for punishment, because she didn't hesitate to let me know she didn't like my attitude. As if she hadn't already made that obvious in the history classes I had with her.

I probably would have quit the class, but my future wife was a senior and we used the same typewriter but had different classes. We often left notes in the desk for each other. My friend Richard Kinsey was in the class too, and that made it interesting. If you know Richard then further explanation isn't needed.

After graduation, I just assumed I had wasted that time as I attended a plumber/pipefitter trade school. Then, when I was drafted and my U.S. Army days were spent in the Signal Corps around teletype machines, it came in handy.

During my senior year, I had quite a bit of free time and I was able to get out of school early to go work with my Granddaddy Clark building fences. I wonder if that is still allowed these days. I suspect not, since the opening of deer season isn't even considered a school holiday anymore. That should ring a bell with some of the oldtimers who are still around.

The area around the current middle school at 10th and Cherry holds so many memories connected to my life in Bandera. We lived there when I was a youngster and attending St. Joseph's Catholic School. My adopted grandparents, Nanny and Honey Blackwell, lived there with their

granddaughter Margaret Davenport Lovelace and her brother Jimmy. Margaret is a lifelong friend and we used to fight and squabble as if we were real brother and sister.

After the move of the elementary and high school campuses, only the middle school remained at that site, where my wife was the secretary for 20 years. The stone walls at the beginning of the old sidewalk leading up to the front of the high school in the parking lot area had been removed to make space for a new office building. That building has now been removed to make room for a parking lot.

Back in the day, across the street on the corner currently occupied by the tennis courts once stood a small building called "The Stand," where we could get a burger, ice cream, sodas and candy. They had a jukebox, and when I had a couple nickles I could get a single dip ice cream cone and play "Love Letters in the Sand," by Pat Boone. Please understand I was young and had not yet gained an appreciation for good music. Ray Price was soon to be my lifetime favorite "go to" artist.

Anytime my Growing Up In Bandera life experience takes me to that area of town it is always bittersweet. It's a mixture of remembering some carefree times, and the sadness of having visions of a lost love and friends gone way too soon.

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