

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
The Bandera Prophet

I'm known around these parts by various names. Two N glENN or 2 N's and sometimes just plain Glenn. I won't mention the names I acquired as I did a stint on the city council. Feel free to label me "Stupid" if you ever see my name on another ballot.

When my mom was mad at me it was Glenn Ernest. That's what my grandma Clark always called me, but she was never mad at me. She called all of us by first and middle names as oldtimers were known to do. It didn't bother me, but I don't believe the same can be said about of my older twin sisters. I'm pretty sure I was grandma's favorite because she always made me a lemon meringue pie when I stayed with her in San Antonio.

There are still some of my older friends who address me as Polander. I have been told that it was once considered to be a derogatory term. I'm not offended in the least. If you know, then you know. I can claim kin to most all of the Polish descendants around Bandera, and most assuredly to the Mazurek and Kindla clans. When my wife was getting ready to ask about something she wanted instant agreement on, it was "Honey." If she was not happy about something I did, I was called by my given name of Glenn, but with a deep serious tone. When I heard that my mind started making up excuses for everything questionable I had done over the past two weeks.

In the military we were trained to call everyone by their last name. That lasted until we got out of basic training. Then it was usually only people of higher rank calling me Clark.

My fishing buddy Gerald "Chief" Robison calls me Clark when he questions something I say that he disagrees with or when I poke fun at him. Must be a holdover from his coaching days. I recall in high school Coach Studebaker always addressed us by our last name. Coach John Wilton did, too, but we became friends later in life and I appreciate that after a while he began to use my first name. Of course he was still "Coach" to me and I addressed him accordingly.

I sometimes wonder about how people get their nicknames. Like Honey Pug and Spot Wright, for instance. Or Tater Kalka and Bozo Pue. Al Evans told the story many times about how he became Squeaky. I have personal knowledge on how Donald Koenig came to be known as Grub among our group of high school friends.

Later in my Growing Up In Bandera years when I went to work in the big city, I was called Bandera or Country and even Clem. I suppose it was in reference to my country ways. Like it's often said, "Call me anything but just don't call me late for supper."

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