

Brian's Early Life

I grew up in the 1960s on a working cattle ranch. Our closest neighbor was a mile away. We had no electricity, using kerosene lamps and candles for lighting until I was 16 years old. It was a single wall house. I could always tell which direction the wind was blowing by the direction the candle flickered.

We did not have air conditioning or electric heating, using a large brick fireplace. That old fireplace was the center of our family – reading by its light and having many wonderful conversations and debates around it. At the time, I thought we had almost solved the world's problems.

As a young boy growing up, I did not realize what great parents I had ... I thought everyone had great parents. I will say my two brothers and I played a lot of games: we played 'feed the horses, dogs, cows, and chickens', rain or shine mind you. Every year we played 'put up, take down 15 miles of barbed wire line fence', 'herd cattle up Highway 88', 'stop overnight at Red Corral,' and then continued our game, 'herd cattle to Hams Station'. At that point cattle were turned out for open range grazing in the forest all summer. Our games continued: When winter was approaching, we played 'go to mountains', 'find and round up cattle' – storms didn't always cooperate in the process. We also played 'fix fence' - miles of it, 'cut wood', 'patch long bumpy ranch road', 'repair equipment and vehicles', 'round up cattle', 'brand cattle', 'repair barn', 'load manure', 'rototill garden,' and most importantly at the end of the day, we played 'help friends and neighbors'.

Mom and Dad loved to play games, but it was a wonderful life, mom was a great cook, and my brothers and I learned how to be men.

- Brian

P.S.: I attended Jackson Elementary, Jackson Jr. High, graduating in 1982 from Jackson High School - now Argonaut High School.