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**Brian W. Kelly**



# **The Colt Raised by Goats**

**The Goats & the Backyard Animals Saved the Day**

**A heartwarming story of a colt from Pennsylvania,  
raised by goats, who grew up to be a stallion (bronco)  
quite adept at climbing mountains with the best of the goats**

## Backyard Animals Saved the Day

# The Colt Raised by Goats

A heartwarming story of a colt from Pennsylvania, raised by goats, who grew up to be a stallion (bronco) quite adept at climbing mountains with the best of the goats

A colt is a baby horse—sometimes as old as four years. A bronco is a grown horse, typically a stallion (male). It is a type of horse, not a species. Bronco basically means “*rough*.” American cowboys from the old west borrowed the term from their Mexican counterparts to describe these untrained or partially trained horses. We have all heard the term *bucking bronco*—that gives you an idea of how tough a bronco is. A female bronco (AKA a mare v a stallion) is another bucking horse which can be any breed or gender and which has a propensity to buck.

This story begins in the backyard of 54 Perfect Street, the last street between Wilkes-Barre and Ashley Pennsylvania. The mountains frequented by goats are directly behind the house. Perfect Street is so close to the wooded areas of PA that a number of animals frequent the back yard and seem to enjoy the gentle hills in the yard. For the vigilant, the very same animals that are seen outside the back window during all seasons are also spotted close to the mountains where the goats frequently visit. Occasionally, the neighbors will spot a full grown bronco on the lower side of the mountains. It isn't often that wild horses are spotted and so when a neighbor sees a bronco, all the other neighbors learn about it lickety-split. It sure is fun to see.

Our story begins in this section of the lower mountain just beyond Perfect Street. There had been no bronco sighting's for several years before this day. There were always a ton of backyard animals in the back yard of the Perfect Street residence. Some of the young children in the neighborhood swear they had spoken to the backyard animals at times. They said there were conversations among the animals and also with the children. I was never fortunate enough to overhear or be part of such conversations. But the smaller kids always told me about the topics they talked about. So, it was like being there.

On a particular day in the fall, the animals had spotted a horse truck on the side of the mountain. The driver stopped and got out and he took a really fat mare out for what looked like a walk. The mare soon collapsed. That's the real beginning of this story. The driver and a friend of his were tending to the mare when the animals saw a baby horse emerge from the mare. The mare's heart had grown weak and it looked like she would not make it. The strangers got a lift out and placed the mare into the horse carrier. They started their truck and took off for parts unknown. They left the baby horse (colt) on the ground in the light snow that had fallen. The backyard animals were chatting for several days about the events of that day. They told the kids who asked what happened to the baby horse. The animals said they had not seen the baby since that day but promised to look harder.

There was about six inches of snow on the ground by then so it was hard to see anything. Eventually the rabbits and the squirrels and the opossum found the colt under the snow. He was still alive. The baby was too big for them so they went looking for their buddies, the goats. They found a few of the goats several hundred yards away and they brought them to see what could have been a baby goat. But it wasn't. One look and the goats knew that it was colt – a baby horse and they promised they would do their best to make sure the baby lived and they said he could live with them. And, so the promise was made that day that the colt would be raised by goats.

**B R I A N W . K E L L Y**

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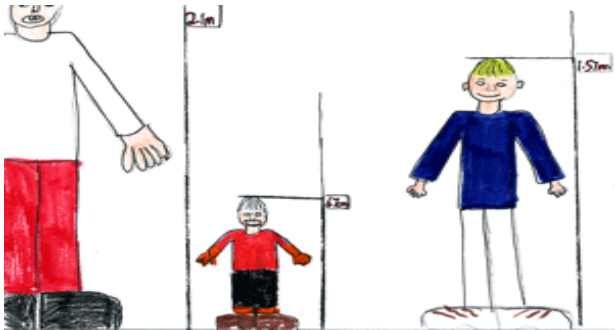
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---

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# Dedication

*Special Thanks Are Extended:*

*To the little Chile Beans in this fictional story, Brian (Brian Katille) Kelly, Mike (Mortrock Catille) Kelly, Katie (Katers Katille) Kelly, and Dawn (Mary Zabola) Boyle.*

*You all have been bugging me for years to write books such as this. It will seem real because much of it is real.*

*I hope you like it!*

*Thank you all for being so kind!*

***This book is classified as fiction. But, many stories are based on real facts.***





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# Chapter 1 The People & Non-People in this Exciting Story



The Remodeled Katille home -- 54 Perfect Street, Ashley PA 18702

## First the People:

Brian is now 39 years old and his secret is still safe. He agreed to write his story about the magic that occurred in a place that was his own back yard. Yes, it occurred behind 54 Perfect St. on a crisp fall day in 1992. His mom, Patricia offered to take the shorthand and then type up the whole book (this book) for the family. Thanks Mom. This book has been in progress from when mom started typing it on our old IBM PC and she pounded it out in just 26 days which was when Brian finished it.

I am the dad, Brian “Brunick” Katille. My brothers and sisters are Nancy, Eddie, Mary and Joe (these last

two are twins). Pat and I have three children: Brian, Mortrock, and Katers. On the humorous side, when Katers was able to talk well, one of the first things she wanted was to change our last name from Katille pronounced (ka-teel) to Karpatheeekatee, pronounced (Car-Pay-Thee-Oh-Kah-Tee). When I found out it would cost the family \$230.00 at City Hall, I nixed that idea very quickly. OK, Brian wants to talk now. It's his show. He is writing this book so here he goes:

Brian: The picture on the prior page before my dad went through his little diatribe (OK, I liked it too) shows where our family lived—54 Perfect Street. My mom made pancakes for us almost every day. Dad called them panapoona back then and we still call them panapoona.

The picture on page 1 shows the house when it was remodeled right before the magic in 1992. Don't ask me where they got this picture because cell phones were not invented then—I think.

Below is an ad for a Theatre in our hometown.



I told Mom to put the *A Christmas Carol* ad up there above this text because it makes the book pages look better. I love Scrooge after he becomes the good Scrooge. It is my favorite story except this one which I am now telling.

Besides my best buddy Mary, there were the other Zabolas—Dawn, Kim and David who lived close by on Perfect Street. They were a normal sized family for the times, with mom, Barbie and dad, Big Joe. We were over their house a lot when we were growing up.

There was always something good on the stove and even on days that we did not plan to go there, the great smells from their kitchen window pulled us over. My mom says Barbie was a great cook and loved to share.

By the way, though there were three of us kids and Mom and Dad, we had just two bedrooms for most of the time while we were growing up. There was a time that the three of us slept in the same double bed. When she moved from her crib, Katers was in the middle and always warm between her two older brothers

When I got bigger, dad and Uncle Walter and Uncle Robert and Uncle Marty built a new bedroom for me and they built a recreation room beneath it. We called it the Sun Room because of the big window. It was where the big swing had been outside.

When it was all finished, I had it made. It was great. It had a big wall mirror so I could watch the goings-on outside without even looking out the window. There were always backyard animals in the yard

seeming to be having a lot of fun. Later as we grew up, they told us they always had a ball in our back yard.

As Mortrock and Katers got bigger, it was logical for Mortrock to come and move into my bedroom. Before that happened, at first Mortrock slept in a used bed mom and dad got at the Sallies (Salvation Army). At the time, we could not afford a bunk bed or a trundle bed.

Even before that, the neighbors had given mom and dad a different double bed but with our jumping up and down on it, the springs broke. Dad had figured out how to get the two beds into their bedroom so that their heads were against the wall and the bottoms of the beds were about a foot apart.

So, for a few years before Mortrock moved in with me, He and Katers could go through the secret passageway between the beds and get in on either side. They loved that and talked about it all the time like it was a big adventure.

I was ok with my single bed in my little room except when I heard Mortrock and Katers laughing when we were supposed to get to sleep, I did miss the days when we were all together. In a few years, it would be me and Mortrock again. Katers' room was right by mom & dad's so she was never scared.

The Katille home and the Zabola home were both at the top of the hill on Perfect Street. If we went left or right from these homes, the hills were steep. As kids, our big wheels came in very handy. It was a long haul back up the hills, after the great ride down, however,

Now as I think back, it was dangerous—but nobody ever got hurt.

I'm not only the person telling everybody who reads this—the big story about the colt raised by the goats—up a ways behind our house. I am a lot older now (39) than when this story happened on Perfect Street in our hometown at the time close to Ashley, PA.

I have the distinct pleasure of telling this phenomenally incredible story about me and the backyard animals, which I will introduce in this chapter, me. My brother Mortrock and my sister Katers and best friend Dinder and a bunch of other wonderful people have small roles in the story but they all had big roles in my wonderful life. I can't believe I already have over four pages finished, including Dad's couple paragraphs in the beginning.

The facts in this story come mostly from me but Morty and Katers (sometimes called Katie) also provided a lot of insights about what was going on at our Perfect Street residence. Mom filled in a lot with stuff from our younger ages as well as the visits to the Pops and the Nanas. Despite all the story help from the humans, we got most of our information from the backyard animals who were in constant contact with the mountain goats and the colt which they raised.

Mom, so you see it, I am going to say some of this stuff again so you will be mentioned more than once. Ahem...some other facts and stories recalled come from my mom—Patricia Trosk Katille, my dad—Brian W. Katille, and my grandparents: Grand-Pop— “Smokey”

Trosk; Nana—Arlene “Skippo” Trosk; Grand Pop—Edward J. Katille; and Nana—Irene “Grandma Biddie” Katille.

I was told once by somebody whose name I do not remember that this story is also a government secret. It can't be though or you would not be able to read it to your kids. At least I think.

Besides the colt and the goats and the backyard animals, I am the main human character in the story. But, first of course, I had to be born. Others in the story are uncle Joseph Katille and aunt Diane Katille; uncle Bill Daniels and aunt Mary Daniels. Of course there is also my dad's big brother, uncle Ed “Eudart” Katille, and his big sister, aunt Nancy Flanders.

I can't wait to tell you this whole story.

In case you missed it, which I don't think you will—the Katille's and the Trosks were big Christmas people. We still are.

By the way, that big three story house on the first page was really, really big. It had two bathrooms and eventually it had three bedrooms and a big sunroom. It was a gift from God that my uncles were able to help Dad and Pop Trosk (my grandpop on the Trosk side) build my new bedroom. What a great place to live and most importantly for us kids—to play.

Before I was born, my mom and dad lived in the one finished bedroom in the house. There was a second



bedroom but it took my being born before Dad ever made it nice enough to be the second bedroom.

There were three rooms downstairs—living room, dining room and kitchen plus a pantry with a sink and a full bath off the kitchen. Oh, and yes, there was a bath upstairs for Mom and dad and we three kids when we eventually came into the fold.

Grandpop Edward J Katille, also known as Pop K, lived down the street at 18 Perfect Street. When dad and mom bought the big house in 1975, it cost them \$21,000 but it needed a lot of work. Pop Katille, living right down the street at 18 Perfect Street did most of that fix-up work.

I remember none of it as all that work was done well before I was born, My grandparents on mom's side, aka "The Trosks" lived on Perfect Street next door to mom's Brother Marty and his beautiful wife Cathy, and the three Martin Trosk Kids – Martin Jr., Scott, and Erin. What a nice and wonderful family.

Pop Katille promised my dad, his son, Brian W. Katille, that he would do whatever was needed to fix up the house on the inside. There were some holes in the walls and ceilings plus the whole place—all rooms (three downstairs plus pantry & b-room, and two upstairs (plus one bath) needed to be repaired and repainted and there were a few little holes in the wall that needed some patches.

Pop Katille decided that as soon as my mom and dad came back from their honeymoon, he would get

started on the job. No, I was not there yet. So, while they were gone, Pop went to Main Hardware and got all of the supplies that he would need.

I, Brian P. Katille am the first-born child of Brian and Patricia Katille. I made my first appearance on May 28, 1980. I'll tell you all about that after a few more chapters. I'll even show you some pictures. Then, you may have to look up in the sky to find out what happened next. Shhh!

For now, let me say that on the day I was born, it was a very nice warm day in our hometown in Pennsylvania. The "stork" did not have to navigate through bad weather like for my brother (December) and my sister (November) The summer was about to come, and it would be a hot one.

My mom and dad had a pool and they needed it with me continually squawking in the shade of the back porch roof on Perfect Street. Behind the pool was a big path that took us to the mountains.

About nineteen months later on December 30, 1981, right after Christmas and before New Year's Eve, my brother Mortrock was born. I had just had my second Christmas but, at 19 months old, I do think I knew a lot about what was happening. I do remember everything about Mr. Christian's visit at his house, when he showed us his huge train platform with a helicopter on a thin wire looking like it was flying.

The neighbors called Mortrock and I *Irish twins*. Cold as it might have been on December 30, it was a

warm day for dad and mom --and their new nineteen month-old-son—me. A few days later, Mom and Dad took Mortrock home to 54 Perfect Street and I loved it until he toughened up. I sure loved my new brother Mortrock.

My sister Katers waited longer to be born but I am glad she finally appeared almost three years later on November 12, 1984. She was a beauty as I recall and my mom and dad were thrilled after two boys in a row, to have a baby girl.

Let me show you a picture of the three Katille kids some time around 1987, the year big things in this story were about to happen. This picture was taken at Pop Catille's house at 18 Perfect Street.



From left to right, Me—Brian, Dad, Mortrock, Mom, & little Katers

My dad, Brian Sr. still is a jokester. He chortled about having Irish twins right after Mortrock was born. He said that if the Katille's had the good fortune to have triplets, he would have named the third baby Jesus—pronounced Hey Zeus and he might have named the other two, Joseph and Mary.

But, Katers came when both Mortrock and I were buzzing around the house and both of us could make it up and down the steps.

For the record, mom did not find Dad's jokes amusing at all. Our family was always very religious and my dad loved the idea of Jesus, Mary & Joseph being born in his family.

However, mom had a tough time thinking about real triplets. I guess Mortrock and I were a lot of work, but we always knew we were well loved.

Life was especially good for our family. Dad got a great job with IBM and after a few years, he was making a good salary. Mom was a teacher by trade. But, when Mortrock and I came so quickly after no children for five years, mom never got to teach school. Mom sacrificed to stay home and she helped us all grow up. Mom and dad decided that mom would stay at home for the first few years to make sure all of us kids grew up right.

As I said, Grandpop and Grandma Katille lived right down the street. Additionally, with the Zabola's right next door on the left and with the Trosks also on

the street, the families all became best friends. Mary Z and I were the same age but Dinder Z was never far away from us when we played.

Mom and Dad originally planned to stay on Perfect Street for a lot of years and then move to a single home. But there were too many good reasons to stay a lot longer. Our family lived on Perfect Street for thirteen great years. I think I lived there eight years.

Mom and dad had bought the Perfect Street home in 1975 right before they got married. Rather than pay rent, Pop Katille fixed up all the rooms so everybody who should live there had a real room. It was a nice place and Pop Katille made it lots nicer. Pop Trosk always liked to tell us when we were growing up that any plumbing problems that Pop Katille encountered, he and his buddy Dehaut would fixe them all lickety-split.

Pop Katille lived right down the street so he also fixed up the big problems with the unfinished rooms. Because of his work and the work of Pop Trosk and the uncles, it was very good for all of us. Mom and dad wished the home was bigger so they could rent out parts to put more Wheaties in our bowls, but we all did fine. And it was not too long before dad's growing salary made it so life was even better.

All of the members of the family were healthy as were the Zabolas. That's all that really mattered to the Katilles.

When I was born and then when Mortrock and Katers came along, we had a big enough house to have a place to sleep. I explained this earlier in this chapter.

There was never a lot of money to be found even though Dad worked for IBM. Mom and dad bought a couple dressers and the right beds to make sure we all did well in our nice home on 54 Perfect Street.

***Here is what the downstairs looked like:***

When mom and dad got back from their honeymoon and dad was finally OK, he went back to work at IBM and mom went back to work at the Bureau for the Visually Handicapped.

Pop Katille religiously had come up from 18 Perfect Street to our house every morning and he worked 'til about 2:00 pm before he left for home. He really did a lot of work. We were so lucky.

The two rooms upstairs and three + downstairs needed a ton of paint. He patched the holes in the plaster and painted and painted and painted. My dad learned how to do wall-papering and he papered all but the ceiling in the kitchen. Pop Katille patched the ceilings and painted them white. He also patched the walls so dad could wallpaper them. I wish I were old enough at the time to have watched my dad and my grandpas at work. But, the results were outstanding.

The wallpaper dad used in the kitchen was very patriotic--red white and blue with sayings from the American Revolution. I remember it was very upbeat.

Pop also painted the background for the kitchen stove black as well as the stovepipes. He made it real nice.

He also used a special black material to bring back the color from the Wilkes-Barre coal stove we had in the kitchen. Here is a cut out picture of the back door to show how dad painted the new duct work black to match the black kitchen stove that was off to the right.



Take a look on the next page and you will see one of the only other pictures of the kitchen that I could find that has that special wall-paper. That's me below in 1982 with my three-month-old brother Mortrock on top of the trestle table that Uncle Bucko Grimes made for our family..



Mom worked hard in the kitchen lining the cupboards with special sticky paper after Pop had painted the outside and the inside of the cupboards. She made it really nice as I recall.

To go with the patriotic theme, Pop painted the kitchen door and the cellar door and the wainscoting an antique red color that matched the wallpaper.

Everybody loved the look of the kitchen.

Coming in the front door, Dad wallpapered the entire left side of the house. With the open staircase the wall went all the way up to the second-floor ceiling.

Dad papered the other side of the hallway upstairs also from the front bedroom to the bathroom in the rear. He also papered one wall a few years later in what became my new room and it was beautiful.



The last wall that he papered was downstairs in the dining room. It was tropical flowery and matched the green rug that mom bought for that room.

Pop patched and painted all of the walls that were not painted a nice shade of white. He painted one wall in Mortrock & Katers' room pink and it matched the rug that mom got for that room.

Eventually pop was done and mom and dad fully moved in about four years before I was born. It took Pop Katille about five months to finish all the work before the move-in. Technically it was not a full move-in as mom and dad lived in whatever room was not being worked on until it was all ready.

Perfect Street was a great place to live. Let me go now to the next chapter where I introduce the other members of the family and others with a major role in this story. I am talking about the backyard animals.

It is a great story about how life together began for mom and dad. It is the unique story of their honeymoon. Only Hollywood in the days of John Wayne movies could top this story. Just one more chapter first. Here come the backyard animals.

I sure hope you like it.



## Chapter 2 The Backyard Animals



See how smart they are???

Animals in the backyard and elsewhere love to play—though most cannot play chess. If you ever had a pet, you have probably noticed that you aren't the only one who likes to play. Although the sense of play for animals is a bit different from ours, it seems that the origin and objectives are closely related. Hey, fun is fun and in our backyard, fun was the game for us kids and for the backyard animals.

Because I like all these little guys so much, I took their pictures with my Polaroid camera that my dad had given me for Christmas one year, and I worked on dad's computer making what look like a baseball card out of each of their pictures. These little guys are the first heroes in this story so they deserve to be here. I also put their names or their family names on the pictures. I can see one or all of them hitting a nice home run in a pick-up game. They can run like heck.

Some of the animals had more of a role in the backyard than others. For example, the Rabbitio's had three really active members, Abbot, Aldus, & Sam. Arthur, Elsie and Ermin were not out very much. The Sqirlmans both loved strawberries and they were fast runners. They spent a lot of time running up and down the trees. Ogmund Frogmund was a loner except for when he could be with his best friend, Chip Monk. They protected each other from intruders.

The Snakepuss family were a very large group of garter snakes who when they got together looked much more ominous than their bite. At the time I took the picture of Posse's Opposums, they were a startup family and momma kept her kids on her back. The two cats, Tabi Cat, and Puss Boots were as quick as the squirrels and were great at get-a-ways.



The Chickler's Rooster Coop built by the Pops

The dogs, namely Bower Dower, Ogmund Dogmund, Woofus Barker, Og Doggelby, Harkey Barkey, Yardus Dogger, Pup Puppelson, Rufus Woof, and Barkey Pupson spent a lot of yard time while enjoying chasing the two cats but they never caught them.

The Chickler Family was often in their personal chicken coops (above) that the pops had made for them but they showed up in the yard ever now and then for exercise.

Unkmundo Skunker, though a bonafide skunk with all the fumigant power, was the backyard watchdog on duty all the time in case a spray was needed on unwelcome visitors such as foxes and groundhogs. He did a good job keeping the grounds free of such rabble.

Here is another look at the names of all these talking animals. Of course some could speak English better than others but they all tried. For a short time there was an Italian Mouse in the backyard whose name was Topo Gigio but he was captured by an Organ Grinder Guy with a monkey when the Pops and Unkmundo were not paying attention. We miss him. He could speak no English but spoke fluent Italian. The Chickler Family were very smart and they spoke multiple languages. They used to translate for Topo Gigio. No charge.

OK, that's the short scoop on the residents (who were typically hiding) of the backyard. Here is another quick look at their names. For the most part, they were all great guys and all helped with the goats in getting the colt saved and raised.

|                    |                 |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| AbbottRabbitio     | SnakepussFamily | RufusWoof       |
| AldusRabbitio      | Posse'sOpposums | HarkeyBarkey    |
| ArthurRabbitio     | TabiCat         | YardusDogger    |
| SamRabbitio        | PussBoots       | OxmundFoxmund   |
| ElsieRabbitio      | WoofusBarker    | UnkmundoSkunker |
| ErminRabbitio      | PupPuppelson    | ChicklerFamily  |
| EarlmanSquirrelman | OgDoggleby      | ChipMonk        |
| TremanSquirrelman  | OgmundDogmund   | BowerDower      |
| OgmundFrogmund     | BarkyPupson     |                 |

I wish I had the space for all of their pictures. These heroes are the real deal in this story. You can see how nice they are—even the garter snakes—just by looking at these pictures. Soon we'll be telling you why these guys are the first heroes in the story of the

Colt that was raised by Goats. They also have really interesting names. Hope you like them all.

Abbott Rabbitio



Aldus Rabbitio



Sam Rabbitio



Barky Pupson



Bower Dower



Rufus Woof



Og Doggleby



Chickler Family



Chip Monk



Earlman Sqirlman



T'reman Sqirlman



Ogmund Frogmund



Posse's Opossums



Snakepuss Family



Tabi Cat



**Backyard  
Talkin' Animals**



Puss Boots



Unkmundo Skunker





These Goats like to have fun. But when there were needs, the Goats' took the Colt's plight seriously



## Chapter 3 Mom & Dad's Honeymoon!

We're back to people again after a nice chapter on the animals, because the people in this story are friends of the backyard animals. Moreover, they have their own issues—some of which I might say are actually funny.

I heard this story a thousand times and I like hearing it every time. Mom and Dad came back from their honeymoon at Mount Airy Lodge early because dad got hurt doing the organized athletics at the resort. Below is a nice postcard of the resort.



Dad told me that on the second day of the Honeymoon, Monday, they played tennis. Then, they played softball, and then in the afternoon, they went for

a long horseback ride with a group. Dad thinks it was the up and down on the horse's back that did him in.

Mom has a picture at the resort that she showed me. In it, they are in front of a beautiful fountain and dad's head is bent over like his chin was in his chest. He said he could not move his head or neck at that time. He looked like he was in pain because he was.

Dad said he was not sure what was wrong but expected to feel better soon. He was only 27 years old. The picture taken when Dad and Mom were getting ready to go in for their evening meal. I could not find that picture for this story. But the picture spelled p-a-i-n.

When mom and dad got to the dinner table after their fun, athletic day, they were with the same group of friends from the night before. Mom told them that dad was a little sore and Dad did his best to show no pain. He said the red wine at dinner really helped him.

The dinner was delicious, both mom and dad agreed. They had steak and scallops and a great chocolate cake with thick icing for dessert. After dinner, they had a few cocktails with their new friends and then everybody decided to cash it in for the night.

Dad was getting a bit stiffer and the pain was increasing as he walked the lengthy hallways back to the room. The bed was comfortable, but Dad's neck was really hurting.

At Midnight, the pain got so bad the hotel security from Mount Airy Lodge, at mom's request called an ambulance and they took Dad to the Monroe County General Hospital Emergency room. That's the part of the story where everybody normally has a big laugh. They were on their honeymoon. Wow!

The hospital took X-rays and saw that nothing was broken. They told dad in a few days the inflammation in his neck discs would die down and he would feel much better.

Dad set his watch for 48 hours. He counted the minutes. Dad and mom went back to the hotel and Dad finally got to sleep. They gave Dad some strong pills, but he says even today that the pills did nothing that first night.



Anvils are often used to shoe horses

When Dad hurt himself on Monday, after he went to dinner, and the hospital, he could no longer get out of bed. He said he could endure having a horse shoe put on his foot rather than carry the weight of his head (anvil).

That was it for dad for meeting people for dinner. Dad said he was in pain all week long even after the 48 hours and it hurt just to move. Just moving his head (the heavy anvil) brought big-time-pain.

I remember hearing dad tell the story lots of times but when mom told it, it took a lot longer and she made it seem funny. Whenever they got to the part where on their honeymoon, dad was not allowed to move from Tuesday through Thursday *on his honeymoon*, the people listening always enjoyed that no matter who told the story—they always had one heck of a belly laugh.

Even Uncle Joe and Uncle Ed who heard the account a number of times over the years, could not hold in their laughter. Dad always seemed to know the big laugh was coming at the same spot in the story, so he got used to it and it did not seem to bother him so much.

Mom says that it really did bother him a lot, but he would sound like a wuss if he complained. She loved making the story go longer to get dad's "goat."

Dad said she made things up over the years. I am not sure who I believe. I did not think the story was really funny. Over the years, the story became easier for dad to tell but mom would always cut him off to make sure every detail was covered.

Dad said mom was very nice while he lay incapacitated in their huge King-Size bed at Mount Airy Resort in the Poconos. She said the bed had a big mirror on the ceiling and this bugged dad as he got to see how much in pain he actually was.

Dad said there were three bright spots for him every day. Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. Then he would say “That’s It! That’s all there was—even the TV stations were lousy.”

Mom was glad that she had met other couples and after Tuesday’s lunch, she stayed with them at their invitation for their recreation events. They also saved a spot for her at all their meals.

They were all very nice and took mom wherever they were going, and she appreciated it. There was a lot to do but her partner, my dad, was down so she could not play in everything.

It did give her some of what she was missing from Dad being hurt and all. Because mom had begun to make do and if the truth be known, was actually beginning to have some fun, dad’s meals got delivered later and later.

Mom enjoyed eating with the group of new friends. Dad said he did not mind but then again, he talked about it a lot like as if Mom was enjoying herself while he was not having any fun at all. He could not have been having fun.

Getting through Tuesday seemed like an eternity. Dad said he expected to feel better by the end of the day or perhaps the next, but he did not feel better.

Mom was not there for him to even complain to. He said often when recounting the Honeymoon, that even the TV shows were lousy and the pain made it hard to sleep. So, overall, it was pretty boring and miserable for Dad.

Dad was glad mom was enjoying herself, really, and he felt he would be joining her soon. It did not happen.

On Friday when dad got up, he realized that on the coming Sunday they would be checking out and he was hoping Mom might agree to depart from the honeymoon early as he was still bedridden. He hoped to watch the weekend football games on his own TV at home.

## **Heading home**

Dad could not drive because he could not keep his head upright for any length of time. He again said that it was like having a huge anvil for a head.

Dad's Volkswagen Bus was a stick shift and mom had never driven it. She called Uncle Joe who kindly agreed to come up to the Poconos by early afternoon on Friday to pick the two honeymooners up from their week of "fun."

It was about an hour ride from home. The shock absorbers on the “bus” were not so great nor was the condition of the roads and so dad felt every bump on the way home.

Dad knew that's how it would be, and he was not looking forward to the ride home. When Uncle Joe got there, Mom and the security team were able to get dad into the Volkswagen bus and they helped him lie down on the floor with a big pillow. Mom drove uncle Joe's car home and followed the “bus.” It took about an hour, they said.

There were no cell phones back then so there was no talking between mom and uncle Joe on the way home. Before mom had called uncle Joe that morning, she called Joshy Bohunk, a good friend. Mom and dad had just closed the mortgage on the Perfect Street house and nobody had lived in the home even one night before the honeymoon. There were no beds anyway.

While on the honeymoon, the bed arrived thankfully, and Pop Katille let the delivery people in. When she called him, Mom asked Joshy Bohunk if he would assemble the bed and put the springs and mattress on it as dad could not lift anything.

Somehow dad says when he got into the house and up the stairs, the bed was all set up and somebody (*God love them*—dad's words) had put a sheet etc. on the new bed so all dad had to do was climb in.

He said he was a lot better--about 75% OK when he got into the bed. On that day, he does not remember much after that.

He fell asleep. He was home. He was a little better the next day and after about three more days, dad said he was functional with just a couple twinges of pain every now and then. He got some stronger medicine from Doctor Decker when he got home.

Uncle Franny Kurilla, his great friend had already carried the new refrigerator up the front steps of the house. Lots of steps. When Joshy Bohunk and uncle Joe got dad up the steps, they filled that refrigerator up with beer.

Mom and dad had not even gotten their first food order. Dad said that the beer plus a few nips of VO made everything else better until he was all better. The weekend football games made time go much faster.

On Monday, one week after hurting himself, Dad finally was able to move around. He went to the grocery store and bought a few things and for my mom and dad, their life together was about to begin.

Though the people at Mount Airy were nice and they did give a partial refund, mom and dad never ever got that honeymoon in the Poconos that they had planned for so long.

Maybe it is on their bucket list!



## Chapter 4 Breezie, Our First Doggie!



### Hello Doggy

My Aunt, Mary Daniels, had two beautiful dogs. One was named Burf, and the other was named Muggles. My dad called Muggles ***Bagel Wagel***. Both of the dogs were female. Dad loved them both.

Burf was the only puppy in a litter from *Mrs. Beasley*, my Aunt Nancy's dog. The other partner in all of these dog entanglements that produced offspring was a guy the family respectfully called "visitor."

Burf found her own visitor and she had a litter of five beautiful puppies. When just two puppies were left, Aunt Mary, who knew my dad wanted a dog for their new family, brought two little five-week old rascals over to the Perfect Street residence.

Dad says he still remembers it like it was yesterday. He and mom were in the kitchen. The two puppies were sleepy tired but when my mom, Pat came into the room, dad said the little fur-balls came to life.

Aunt Mary set both puppies down on the kitchen floor and immediately the one who would be our puppy went to mom's feet and he laid down right on top of her shoes and he just stayed there.

Dad was hoping mom would say that we could keep him. Mom was so taken back by the loving little guy she said yes even before she picked him up.

The other guy was cute too, but mom's heart was taken. Aunt Mary asked Aunt Nancy about the other puppy and she took him and called him Toby.

Mom decided to call our puppy Breezie. He had a name even before he lived with us. Mary said he needed another week or two more with his mom Burf who was feeding him before she could bring him to the house for good. Dad was very excited.

The day came. The little guy was not trained so there were a lot of calls to go on the paper and there was a lot of poop for the first few months of the little guy's life.

Mom and dad could not sleep with the little guy yelping at night so at some point they would take him to one of the rooms that were not in a construction zone. . Pop was working on two rooms at a time so he was the first to greet Breezie every day about 7:00 AM.

Mom and dad were able to sleep, and pop made sure the little guy ate early in the morning when he arrived. Mom and dad went to work and when they came home the doggie joined them.

There were a lot of wet floors and stinky material on the floors in various rooms during this training period. It seemed to last forever but mom and dad were in their twenties and were able to handle it well.

## **Big fear: Is Breezie going to die?**

One morning when Pop Katille came to work on one of the rooms in the house, Breezie was listless and all sweaty looking. I am not sure where they were sleeping then but Pop found mom as she was getting ready for work. She immediately got dad.

Dad looked up veterinarians in the phone book and he found Dr. Colladay in Mountaintop, about ten miles away. He ran a Pet hospital. Mom made the call.

Dad checked out where Pop was working and found a vegetable can filled with turpentine with the paint brushes softening in it. The dog's breath and the smell of his facial fur gave it away. He had clearly snuck into a room and drank turpentine, which is a poison.

The doctor told mom to bring the dog right up. Before he left, both mom and dad smelled more turpentine on the sticky fur by Breezie's mouth. He had definitely drunk turpentine. Would he live? There was a lot left in the can with the paint brushes so that part was good.

Dad and mom took him right up to the hospital and met with Dr. Colladay. The doctor knew the antidote and he did whatever else was in the book for turpentine poisoning.

By this time, it was getting dark and the doctor said he would keep Breezie overnight to see if he could flush out the poison.

My mom and dad went home but before so, they were instructed to call back in the morning to see if Breezie made it through the night. Mom and dad said there was not much sleeping that night. And there was a lot of praying. He was just a puppy

Pop Katille, when informed, had to be convinced that it was not his fault. Pop had come to love the little

guy like we all did. I did not know it then but Breezie would become my dog. Breezie would somehow always make me feel better.

Finally mom and dad got the news about the dog. He had made it through the night and Mom made the call in the AM and Dr. Colladay said he was OK and he would be OK but the doctor asked if my parents would leave Breezie at the hospital for the rest of the day for observation.

Dad and mom picked him up early that evening and his tail was wagging. Breezie had made it. Whew!

Life is good. That night he slept with Mom and dad in their room on the bed and the next day, if you'll pardon me, his excretory markings were clearly visible. All systems were working full cycle.

One night in the hospital was not enough to train this little puppy to GO outside.

## **The Spider Plant and the Wall Incident**

Dad tells the next best puppy story. After a few more months it was getting closer to Christmas. Mom and dad love Christmas. I get it from them. I love Christmas.

Dad was working a little late in the IBM office in Scranton and he called mom at home to make sure everything was OK. It was not OK.

Mom was crying in a big way, and she could hardly speak and she was angry with Breezie so much so that she did not even mention his name. She called him “the dog.” Mom said “the dog ate my spider plant and then he pooped on the floor and wiped his butt on the wall.” She was very upset.

She added that the dog then kicked up all the dirt from the spider plant container onto the floor. This killed the plant. She then said for dad to get home as soon as possible. She said she did not want the dog anymore. The dog had to go or mom said she would be going soon.

Dad was not sure what to do.

Though he had a lot more work to do at the IBM office in Scranton, Dad was smart enough to choose not to spend any more time there that night. He came right home. However, while on his way home, he did stop at Raves, a great garden center right off the Wilkes-Barre exit of Route 81. IBM in Scranton was about 25 miles away from home. Raves was on the way, about a mile from our home outside of Ashley, PA.

Raves was a full-service gardening center with very nice plants. Dad bought a beautiful new Spider Plant for mom—even better than the one that was formerly in a big pot full of dirt on the living room floor.

Mom was thrilled to get the new spider plant and she had already calmed down and cleaned up the rug from the dog diggings. She was almost OK by the time dad got home.

However, she could not stand the fact that after the puppy had made such a monstrous poop, Breezie topped it off by wiping his butt on the wall right behind the brand new couch. Mom could hardly get the words out when dad came home.

It was all cleaned up but mom left the brown stains on the wall, so Dad could see them. Mom hoped that Dad too would get upset with the “bad” doggie who had actually wiped his butt on the wall. She was still kinda hoping that dad would agree that the dog had to go. Living with the pee and poop had finally gotten to her.

Sure enough, as dad was forced to examine the wall, there were dark brown poop skid-marks right behind the new couch exactly where mom had said. Dad thought that no dog would ever do that on purpose.

Dad looked closer, expecting to generate some olfactory senses. That is “smells” for those reading at home. In other words, dad started sniffing the wall. I bet it was interesting to see. His nose was not picking up anything. What else could be brown and not look like dirt? It did look just like poop skid marks.

Soon, dad found papers that said Krackel and Mr. GoodBar and others with the words Dark Chocolate written on them, and he figured out the big mystery.

Breezie had dug up the spider plant for sure. His digging sprayed fresh dirt all over the clean white rug. He weighed so little the dirt was not mushed in the rug.

Mom used the broom and the sweeper and got it all up. Phew!

The mystery dad discovered was that the “dog” was attracted to the Hershey Miniature dish from the coffee table and he ripped a bunch of them open and devoured them.

Thankfully Breezie did not eat enough to make him sick. As you know, Dogs, should not eat chocolate. Mom and dad were lucky the doggie did not have another turpentine reaction.

In large enough amounts, chocolate and cocoa products can kill your dog. The toxic component of chocolate is theobromine.

Humans easily metabolize theobromine, but dogs process it much more slowly, allowing it to build up to toxic levels in their system. I am so glad Breezie made it twice.

With her new Spider Plant and with the mess cleaned up already, and knowing the wall was now part chocolate, mom was a different person. She was not upset like she was on the phone. She loved the new plant and loved the dog again. I knew that when she told the story and called Breezie over for a big hug.

Dad had showed her the candy paper trail and together, they concluded that the skid marks were chocolate drippings from the puppy’s mouth and not poop. Breezie was eating the treats on top of the couch



by the white wall with melted chocolate drooling from his mouth.

Mom and dad had a wonderful laugh and went to bed knowing the dog had a treat and mom had a great new plant.

## **Breezie: the Construction Worker**

By Christmas Eve, Breezie was doing much better on the squeaking (very noisy) at night and his droppings were not as regular an occurrence. Mom had decorated the rooms that were finished for Christmas and dad said it was beautiful. Soon Breezie would be outside when it warmed up and he would begin to play with all the backyard animals and from a perch in the yard, he would see the goats and the colt.

The pictures of the house prove how nice Dad had decorated with Mom. It was beautiful for sure. Pop was making great progress in remodeling and from the poison day forward, he always put the turpentine in a locked closet. When Breezie was permitted to roam again outside of mom & dad's bedroom, Pop learned to push the dog droppings into a pile for dad to pick up each night. Eventually, Breezie began to go outside and Pop would let him out whenever he came over.

After resigning themselves to having two great Christmas turkey dinners, one at the Katille's (mom and dad with Biddie and Pop Katille) and the other at the Trosks (mom and dad with Skippo and Pop Trosk), - they went to bed in their queen-sized bed to get a good

night sleep. On this particular night, Breezie was sleeping under the bed or so they thought.

In the middle of the night, they were both awakened by the sound of construction. Hard as it is to believe, it was in the middle of the night.

## **What could it be?**

There was pounding and there was also a gnawing sound. When mom and dad's bed was assembled by Joshy Bohunk, because the house was old, Joshy told mom and dad that he had to find some blocks of wood to even out the four posts of the bed so the bed by itself did not sway back and forth.

By this time late on Christmas Eve, mom and dad were awake. They realized that the construction sound was coming from under the bed. Surly the construction worker had to be wearing a hard hat. It was definitely not Santa.

But, who could it be as nobody but mom and dad and Breezie lived in the house along with a few small mice. Whoops I was not supposed to mention that we had some mice. Breezie was not a cat so it did not bother him. Though prevalent in the homes in the Perfect Street neighborhood, even the Zabolos, the mice were never known before to make such a racket.

Mom and dad looked at each other and they smiled. They realized it was the puppy teething. He was gnawing on the blocks of wood as puppies do but he was

not squeaking and squealing as he was months earlier. The puppy was happy. They were gnaws of happiness.



The meeces once spotted had to be dealt with

FYI, a puppy's baby teeth start coming in between 3 to 5 weeks of age, and all their baby teeth are full grown by the time they're 8 weeks old. Breezie had all his baby teeth when he was under the bed.

At about ages 4 to 6 months, the process starts all over again, with a dog's adult teeth coming in. A puppy grows a total of 28 baby teeth—12 incisors, 4 canines and 12 premolars. In comparison to us humans, a puppy doesn't have his baby teeth for very long.

In just a month after he finishes growing them, a puppy starts losing his baby teeth. Eventually a dog has 42 teeth so the little furballs are growing teeth from about 3 weeks to about 26 weeks. That means that Breezie was working on his teeth under our bed on Christmas Eve. See the picture on the left of Breezie when he was five years old. Dad was holding him in this picture.



Eventually mom and dad caught on to the rhythm and woke up on Christmas morning with their new little man, Breezie, sound asleep under the bed. Mom and dad envisioned the little guy under the bed with a little hard hat on to make sure he got all his work done. With all that work, he was probably very tired and needed extra rest. Mom & dad could not help laughing.

Breezie was as cute a dog as anybody could have ever met in life. The next morning my parents spotted some obvious bite marks in the blocks of wood.

Close by was a little wet spot and a few small logs so mom and dad had more proof that the little man's internal system was functioning well. The new Katille family had survived the dog construction activity

## Chapter 5 The Puppy's Christmas & the March 1980 "Move"



Our two turkey dinners for the day—one at Pop Katille's and Pop Trosk's on Christmas day were as picturesque as the picture above. Thanks Pop and Nana. Thanks Pop and Nana.

Pop Katille told mom and dad on Christmas day that he was doing so well on the construction of the 54 Perfect Street place—papering and painting work that he believed that by the end of January, he would be done, and they could move all their furniture under sheets and blankets in other rooms into the remodeled areas of the home.

Much of the stuff was stored down the street at Pop and Mom Katille's place and some at Pop Smokey Trosk's and Nana Skippo Trosk's.

Christmas dinner was great at Pop Katille's at noon (not a second later) and it was also great at Pop Trosks at 6:00 PM. Both the Trosks and the Katilles loved Breezie. And, he was there at both stops that day to enjoy some turkey. Boy, did he ever.

My dad was taught by his brother Joseph Aloysius to bark. So, on the walking trip down to Pop Katille's Dad started doing his bark so he says. I was not there. Mom said before they got there every dog in the neighborhood was barking and dad did not know what they were saying. I heard his bark and it is very good.

The night before Christmas—about 5:00 PM after church on Christmas Eve, Pop and Grandma Biddie Katille made a little fest for all his kids—Dad, his brothers, sisters, and their kids.

Pop Katille bought a bunch of candles at Big Bob's Liquidating, which was on Blackman Street at the time; and it was the perfect night. It was beautiful. Dad's brothers and sisters and Dad and mom left about 7:30 for their next stops. My mom and dad's next stop every year was Pop and Nana Trosk's--mom's parents.

Our house before the remodeling is shown below. Pop and Nana Trosk lived close by next to Marty and Cathy's place. Pop and Biddie Katille lived on the other side of Perfect Street just a few doors down.

You can see on the right side of the house in this picture that there are a lot of steps that take you up the hill to the back door. Further back, and over the hill is the foot of the mountain where the goats sometime hang out. There is a nice mountain after that.



Pop Trosk loved Breezie as much but in a more mushy way than Pop Katille. Breezie spent every day when mom and dad had gone to work for years at Pop Katille house right down the street. Dad dropped him off every day when he had a coffee with Pop as he was on his way to work.

Both pops loved the doggie to pieces. Pop Trosk every year bought Breezie three squeak toys. He placed them carefully and they were easily dog-spottable with all the gifts under the Trosk tree.

He also put up a little platform with HO gauge track and a little train and he ran it for everybody before they had the gift opening. Here is his train and tree.



Each year, Pop Trosk offered everybody a little schnorkie right before he sang Silent Night. He did it well. His eyes always filled up wet near the end of his singing.



By the time he finished singing Silent Night, all of his adult children including mom and even my dad were crying. Dad admits to wetting up a bit on Christmas Eve at the Trosks though he always tried to hide it.

This particular year, Pop Trosk had a new friend, our new puppy, Breezie, our dog, who after Silent Night, seemed to know it was going to be a great night for him. It was.

Mom's brothers and sisters had just met Breezie and he was still a frisky little dog and they had yet to bond with the little guy.

They were more than a bit taken back when Pop Trosk called Breezie first instead of my uncles' and aunts' siblings to go find his gifts. Pop had wrapped Breezie's gifts with the same paper as everybody else's. It was not the way it had ever been for the Trosk siblings before Breezie.

Without looking at the name tags, because the paper was the same, nobody seemed to trust that Breezie would find only his presents. They knew Breezie could not read the name tags so they feared he might not avoid their gifts in his frantic hunt.

Breezie did not miss one of the three items that Pop had carefully wrapped and placed around the tree. He found them all. He touched nobody else's gifts. Mom's brothers and sisters were sure he would grab one of their gifts by mistake, but he did not. Everybody was amazed at that.

He plowed through—over and around all the other stacked gifts stepping on them lightly as he went about in his search; but he did not break anything. One by one he brought each of his own little gifts into a small clearing on the floor where nobody was sitting and there had been no other gifts.

With a clever combination of his teeth and his paws, he unwrapped each gift, one by one. Each was a different shaped squeak toy. He made no mistakes. The siblings and mom and dad were in awe.

Breezie eventually won all the Trosk siblings over. From then on, they trusted him and they learned to love him but nobody loved him as much as Pop Trosk except maybe Grandma Biddie, Grandma Skippo and Grandpop Eddie Katille.

Once he was able to squeak the toy and prove he was king of that particular squeak toy, Breezie went back again for the next package and the next, repeating his unwrapping ritual each time. He seemed to know there were only three for him and he calmed down when he had them all.

By the third unwrapping of the third squeak toy, the Trosk siblings had confidence that Breezie would pick only his own gifts and they too were able to enjoy his antics as much as mom and dad and Pop Trosk and Nana Trosk. It was a magical night.

When Pop ran the HO train, it made it even more magical.

Mom and dad have often talked about how wonderful Christmas Eve was up at the Trosk homestead with kielbasa, smoked and fresh, and Eggnog and the schnorkies and other great cheer. What a gift if today we could go back and relive something like that.

## Moving in the furniture

In March 1976, mom and dad and Breezie moved from the covered construction areas which were now finished to wherever mom and dad wanted in each of the five rooms on Perfect Street.

I don't know where it all was but I know from what they told me that there was a new TV that Pop and Nana bought for the wedding a ton of new furniture for the house Mom had picked. Plus, anticipating that I would have a brother and hopefully a sister, mom had bought a canopy bed that was all white. Additionally from what they remember, there was a lot of their stuff stored at Pop Katille's house which was close by.

It all had to go to places in the house that mom had pre-determined. After living with minimal furniture while the rooms were being fixed up, they were thrilled to now have their home arranged with all their new digs on 54 Perfect Street. Four or five months of construction activity was enough. It was all done. Pop Katille had done a great job. He knew it and enjoyed a few brewskis with dad.

Dad had some great friends back then and he still does have great friends but some of these past greats

have passed away. There was Denny Bucko Grimes, Joshy RIP and the late Georgie Bohunk RIP, Geraldo Tobe, the late Francis Xavier Kurilla RIP , and the late Mikey Kurilla RIP, and others.

Uncle Joe and the late Uncle Ed RIP were always willing to help dad and he helped them when needed. They got everything moved in and a lot of other relatives including the Flanders boys showed up too. Beer was like a magnet and Chile kept them there while they worked. Mom said that we had both. If it were not such a big move, it could have just been a great party.

Yes, The great crew of nephews and nieces in the Katille family all showed up for the final placement of all the furniture and a celebration of what mom and dad considered their move-in day. It was all done by the end of the day on the second Saturday in March.

Besides the humans, there was other help. For example, there was a quarter of Erlanger Beer, dad's favorite at the time, and a pot of Mom's great Chile Con Carne. The crew could not wait to gobble it all up and they did. Both the chile and the beer kicked before the last helper left the premises. There were also Abe's hot dogs and they were all gone at days' end too!

Though everybody was tired, there was some other beer left over from someplace. Dad is not sure when the keg kicked or if what he found was cans or bottles or both. He said that we as a family were not completely on E (empty).

Relaxing after the move, mom and dad sat down at the new kitchen table—a special table made by hand by Uncle Bucko. For five months it was well covered with table cloths and protection but on this day, Mom took all the covers off and showed everybody what Uncle Bucko had made – a magnificent trestle table.



She could not wait to get the 20 year old used rug from underneath the beautiful trestle table that Bucko would afterwards paint dark oak.

Picture us all sitting at this table. Mom decided she needed some chocolate. Everybody was happy because everything was where it should be—even the new refrigerator brought in by my buddy Franny.

Mom had a frozen rabbit that she had recently moved to this new refrigerator. Like I said, the guy who had originally carried that refrigerator and freezer up

the front steps and into the house, Big Frannie, was sitting right in front of the new Fridge.

While enjoying one of the last beers in the whole house, Francis X. Kurilla was accosted by a chocolate rabbit as Mom was fetching it from the freezer. It was not Easter but this chocolate rabbit was ready for the eating.

You see, as mom tried to grab the rabbit, it was a bit icy from being in the freezer and it slipped out of her hands and smashed big Franny Kurilla, a gentle giant, in the nose and lip. Some of dad's friends were saying he had carried in the refrigerator with one hand and he gets wounded by a chocolate rabbit accident.

Most of dad's buddies had seen Franny, a wonderful man, rip huge doors off big buildings for less provocation than a cut lip and bruised nose. .

There was silence until the Big guy realized he had not died and nobody had tried to harm him. When the nose-bleeding Franny Kurilla laughed and laughed and laughed, there were no more concerns, Then, he too enjoyed the chocolate and beer along with his beautiful wife Joanne, who he loved profusely.

He and she laughed harder than anybody according to dad. What a great day they all had. What a great hand they had lent to mom and dad to accomplish the move. Life was just beginning for mom and dad Katille. Frannie and Joanne would be a big part of their lives. Thank you dear Lord. Meanwhile the backyard animals had yet to make their presence known.

## Chapter 6 Life on 54 Perfect Street



So, mom and dad were now in their big”new” house. Pop Katille had it all polished up.

Other than the wallpaper which my dad put up, Pop Katille painted all the walls gold in one of the rooms and just about everything else was white or off-white. The built-in bar that Pop Katille built from scratch out from tongue-in groove porch-wood, was always the center of attention.

Dad had bought paneling before mom found the tropical wall-paper. So, dad gave Pop Katille the paneling. It looked like brick. During the construction of the brick paneling in our middle room, dad tells a great story about Pop Katille, my grandpop. Dad had given

Pop four brand new home remodeling books (a great set that was not cheap) for his retirement. Pop received them graciously but never seemed to be reading them.

When Pop Katille was doing the brick-like paneling in his house, however, he cheered up his middle child, my dad. He told dad that he made good use of the books.

He said that the 8-foot paneling was about one inch short of where he wanted it to lay and the four “one-inch” thick books helped him boost the paneling up to the level he needed to have for easy nailing. Pop Katille had used these expensive books to hold up / shim the panels—not to find out how to put them in correctly. Humph! We laughed,

Coming in the front door of the new living quarters, you would walk to the right to get to the new bar Pop had built. On the other side, was the open stairway which led to the second of two floors. Here is a picture of dad showing off at Christmas time on the beautiful open stairway. As a 39-year old today, I can say Dad liked to act like a hot-dog. We loved him for it.





From where my dad is on the open stairway, he could look to his left to see the wall with the tropical wall paper. The room had a tropical green colored rug. And the wallpaper of course gave the room a definite tropical look.

On this next page, you can see the dining room wall-paper with Christmas stockings and gifts galore.



The other walls in the room were painted gold. After pop painted the other walls, dad did the papering such as the tropical look in this dining room. The bar was to the far right in this picture—a big room for sure.

For most of the time that we lived there, the back door opened to the outside onto a covered deck, the pool deck, and the back yard.

We made a lot of use of that back deck and dad eventually connected the porch deck to the swimming pool deck, which you can see in the next picture.

Mortrock and I in 1982, are shown on the pool deck below. It was connected to the porch deck. If you could see to the right, it was the spot where this lower deck met the pool seats and where those who wanted to swim simply jumped in. I could not find pictures of the pool but this gives the idea. Right after the picture of Mortrock and I is a round Muskin pool like ours.



Picture Mortrock and I on the inside of the wooden deck on the left below:



OK folks, it is time to get out of the pool.

# Chapter 7 The Stork Brings Me to Perfect Street

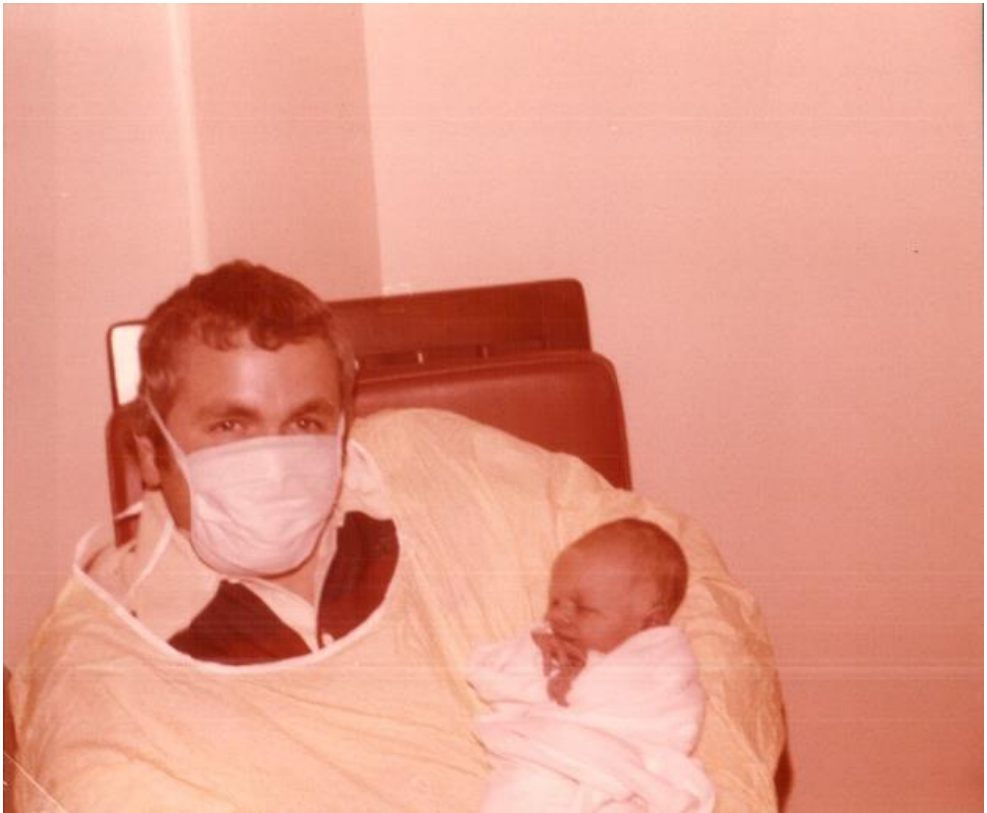


It was about five and a half years after Mom and Dad were married that God gave the Stork specific instructions as to where to deliver me. It was May 28, 1980 but I remember nothing about it.

He delivered me to Mercy Hospital in Wilkes-Barre to a guy named Dr. Horan; but shortly afterwards, mom and dad took me to our 54 Perfect Street home.

The full story that I was told was that Mom had a long labor of almost 24 hours and the Stork finally brought me through the window of my mom's hospital room in the early evening on May 28. Dad and mom were thrilled, as they have told me many times.

They did not forget to tell me that there were stork feathers on the hospital floor.



Dad relaxing with baby Brian (me) in his arms

Everything went well with me, thankfully. Dr. Horan literally showed dad he had a little boy and he had dad do his duty with something called the umbilical cord. Dr. John Rogers, who dad played

baseball with dad at King's College did the in-hospital operation, so I could go home.

Dad says Dr. Rogers was a great short-stop on the King's College Baseball Team. After a few days, it was time to head for Perfect Street.



Mom and Baby Brian in the car for this picture

The parking spot in front of the house on Perfect Street was open so dad parked right there. Our door was on the sidewalk side but at the time, there was no sidewalk.



Mom and Brian on Perfect Street

Dad came around and opened the door and mom got me out of the seat constraints. She carried me up the eight steps to the front door on 54 Perfect Street. Dad trailed behind in case if anything went wrong, he could catch us. Dad then passed us and opened the front door.

As we went in dad said he felt alone and somewhat scared as he and mom were bringing a real live child into the house for the first time. Mom and dad looked at each other and their looks said, “now what?”

There were no pops or nanas there to make it all OK for my parents this time. They said they immediately felt the weight of responsibility to make sure little Brian, the first born, me, was OK.



By the end of the day, the pops and the nanas and a number of relatives and friends had stopped in to see the new baby. It was me. I was the new baby!

Below is a picture of me and mom and dad and our wonderful dog Breezie right after we got home.



This picture was taken in our huge dining / family room on Perfect Street. You cannot see the green rug. Notice the tropical wallpaper that mom had selected for this wall.

On the next page, we are all outside St. Patrick's Church when the Christening was completed. We all

went back to Perfect Street for the party. Here is a picture of me with my Godmother Aunt Sue and Godfather, Uncle Joe and a bunch of my uncles and aunts at the front of St. Patrick's Church as we were leaving the Christening. See Aunt Hey Hey and her mom Carrie in the front:



And, that was that. The regular living began the next day.

Soon, I would meet the back yard animals who monitored the goings on with the colt and the goats.

Here is a picture of the three Kelly kids years later at Christmas time. That's me in the middle flanked by

Mortrock and Katers and then our great buddy Dinder.. We never got on the platform when dad had the train running.



Mary Zabola, (AKA Dinder), Katers, Me (Brian P. , and Mortrock A

As the years went by, my brother Mortrock and my sister Katers and I loved the train platform and the train. I called it the Toot Toot, and Mortrock and Katers called it the Choo-Choo Woo-Woo!

Back in December 1980, when dad was done building the mountain and the tunnel for the train platform, he turned all the future proceedings over to mom. She had the decorator touch.

She was waiting to begin the delicate work of setting up houses, the ice-skating rink, the roads, the people including the carolers, and the streetlights and anything else mom thought was needed. Mom was great and I thank God every day that she is so great.



Tree on left side in our Perfect St. Home – can't see the tree tunnel from this angle

Mom put snow from a box on the entire left side of the platform. She covered the sides of the ice-skating rink with snow too and added the ice-skaters. She put Santa's workshop there and a ginger-bread house. You can see them in the picture above if you have good eyes.

On Christmas day, I can sort of recall a pile of wrapped items sitting right next to that fireplace paper with the platform and tree in the background. There was a tree, and when I opened up my presents that year, there were toys, and of course on Christmas Eve and Christmas day, there was the big Toot-Toot buzzing around the platform. It was peeking in and out of the mountain and around the big tree.

You bet it was magical. Mom and dad loved their first Christmas with their first little man. That little man was me.





## Chapter 8 Baby Brian's First Christmas-1980

This is about my first Christmas. Soon, I would be out playing with the backyard animals as they spied on the colt and the goat.

We had the tree up weeks before Christmas eve. On Christmas Eve, mom and dad drove me to St. Patrick's Church about a mile away for 4:30 Mass. Dad and the two Pops, Uncle Joe, and Uncle Ed had been at the Republic Club before that for their afternoon free-open house. Right after church we drove to meet my Katille cousins for Christmas at the Pop Katille house.

I was in the back seat in the baby-seat because we first went to church and right after the Katille celebration, we were heading up to Pop & Nana Trosks.



In the picture above, Pop Katille was taking a short breather on Christmas Eve. That's a Stegmaer in the foreground.

Everybody had already eaten by the time we got there as St. Pat's Mass was always a little late. Aunt Nancy Flanders' children always got at the turkey first but this year, it did not matter as Mom was still feeding me.

Before anybody opened any presents, Grandma Biddie came into the living room and faced the tree. Pop Katille announced that she was going to finish decorating Pop's tree.

Grandma Biddie (her real name is Irene) had something white and shiny behind her back and when she got to the tree, like a baseball player, she wound up and threw it on the tree. It was angel hair and it landed about a foot from the top of the tree. It was beautiful and sparkling right where it was so nobody moved it. Here is what it looked like:





Everybody cheered and clapped and then my mom picked me up and grabbed a seat for the two of us for the gift openings.

Everybody loved it as all the gifts were given out. and I can kinda remember I loved it too. Mom had a little pile for me and I can recall there were a lot of shiny things in my pile.

After leaving our house and Pop Katille's, we went to Pop Trosk's. When we got to the Trosks, it took dad two or more trips to get all the stuff (presents etc.) for the Trosk house up their steps and inside through the front door.

It was not long that all my uncles and aunts and Aunt Cathy Piotroski, Aunt Hey Hey, and my Trosk cousins, Justin, Marty, Scott, and Erin were all there. Starting with Pop and Nana, here are a few pictures from that night:



Pop & Nana Trosk onlookers while Trosk festivities were in full bloom.

They all came and it was not long before we were all there. Pop had the tree and the HO train set up. Dad was holding Breezie as nobody wanted him to root for his gifts before they were all ready to celebrate. The backyard animals were, well, in the backyard.



The Marty Trosk Family & John Baron in Nana Trosk's Kitchen

We all had some refreshments and some Kielbasa from Swantkos in Nanticoke, I had my little sippy cup and mom made sure I was OK. I was the youngest one there, including Breezie. Matt and Alie would be there in future years.

Pop passed out schnorkies. Dad had to explain what they were before I could write this part. He told me that nobody would ever drink water from a one

ounce schnorkie glass because there would not be much water.

Breezie was in the corner with his three squeak toys loving every minute of the Christmas celebration. Every now and then Pop Trosk would slip Breezie a piece of kielbasa. They had both the fresh and smoked varieties from Uncle Stan's buddy's Swantko's Butcher shop.

To mom and dad, they told me I was their best gift ever. Of course, that was before Mortrock and Katers showed up over the next several years.



# Chapter 9 St. Patrick's Day and Easter 1981



## I was soon talking and walking

St. Patrick's Day came like clockwork, two and a half months after New Year's Day. It was what mom called, another cold winter. Dad was away for several weeks as he liked to get his IBM technical education classes out of the way early in the year. He had classes in Texas and in Rochester, Minnesota.

By St. Patrick's Day, the weather had warmed up quite a bit. On Saturday, March 14, 1981, Wilkes-Barre City held its annual St. Patrick's Day Parade.

Mom and Dad parked in the Station Restaurant's parking lot and pushed my stroller to South Main Street to see the parade. It was great. We had a wonderful view of all the great action.

They had dressed me warm so I felt very good and every now and then somebody would throw some soft candy, which my parents would swoop up and give me a taste.



They had everything in this parade. I had never heard or seen bagpipers, but they filled the streets of Wilkes-Barre on this Saturday afternoon for the City's second annual St. Patrick's Day Parade. The most recent parade in 2024 was the 43rd.

There were dozens of floats and marching bands from all the schools and a place called The Irem Temple.



They all entertained the crowd, including me, and mom and dad and there were about 500 participants and perhaps more in this great event. I was amazed at the huge Fire Engines. It was my first parade. I think I saw some of my future animal buddies who I had just seen for the first time recently out the backyard window, at the parade. I don't know how they got there.

Mom and dad took me, Mortrock and Katers when they came along to many such parades, including the Santa Claus parade at Christmas time.

The next big family holiday was on Easter. Pop Katille had a big chicken dinner every Sunday in which all the Katilles were invited including me. Pop Trosk had a similar dinner which we all attended. His was roast beef and chicken soup.

Most often Uncle Marty and Aunt Cathy and Marty, Erin, and Scott were the only Trosks who made it to the Trosks for Sunday dinner besides mom and dad.

Easter was not just a regular Sunday but until Nana Biddie passed away, the dinners were the same. Then, instead of cooking, we went up Aunt Marie's and pop Katille took all the Katille's to KFC After dinner.

For over fifty years now, after the Katille dinner later in the afternoon, my mom put on a very nice Easter Egg hunt for as many as fifteen kids – my cousins and some neighbors... all the little ones and the big kids were invited too. Sometimes some of the chocolate eggs would disappear and the rabbits and the



squirrels in the backyard would have chocolate mustaches.

Yes, from when she was eighteen years old and little Marty Trosk was just born, mom ran an Easter Egg hunt. In the early days, it was always in Pop Trosk's big yard on Perfect Street in Wilkes-Barre.

This year after dinner was no different. Pop Katille and all the Katille cousins all came to the hunt. It kept getting bigger every year. I was eleven months old and could walk by then, but I still needed dad to help me collect my bag of eggs. Fun!

Mom also walked with me in my first Easter Egg Hunt and I found over twenty aluminum wrapped chocolate Easter Eggs. The Easter Bunny had wrapped them tight.

Everybody loved it. Mom gave the winner a really big bunny. I forget who won the event in my first Easter Egg hunt but I can remember we all loved it. What a great time for kids. It sure looked like the adults were having fun also.



This 1985 picture is Mortrock and sister Katers at Pop Trosk's house.

## Time moves on

This year, 1981, was my favorite Christmas ever. It was about to be my second Christmas. Before the Christmas holidays were over and before the Christmas stuff was put down the cellar for another year, my brother Mortrock was born the day before New Year's Eve.

That was the greatest. It made me nineteen months older than him. It took Katers two and a half more years to coax the stork to bring her home.

Here is a picture of mom, dad and Mortrock in the hospital right after Morty was born





## Chapter 10 Baby Brian's Second Christmas



This picture is from Christmas 1982 when Mortrock was 1 and I was 2 ½.

Mortrock was on the right in this blurry pic from 1982, above He had come during the Christmas season 1981 on December 30.

## Two Great Dinners

Christmas was on a Friday this year, so we had a long weekend. Anticipating that he would have to help out a lot when the stork brought the new baby, Dad had told his employer, IBM, that if the baby showed up during the holidays, he would be taking two weeks-vacation.

This year, Dad did not bother making plans to go out on New Years' Eve with Mom or to have Good Kaye come over. He figured the stork would come New Year's Eve.

On December 29, mom was feeling funny. Nana and Pop Katille and Nana and Pop Trosk came to our house to be with me. Dad took mom to the hospital.

Nothing happened on the 29<sup>th</sup> but on December 30<sup>th</sup>, the day before New Year's Eve, the grandparents got the call. The stork had brought the new baby and it was a boy. His name was Kevin. Just a day later dad and mom changed his name to Mortrock. I still am 19 months older than this little man, my Irish twin.

Here is a nice picture of Mortrock and Mom and me by the tree the next day after he came home. He is my baby brother.



It was pretty busy in the house all week as we enjoyed Mortrock and the tree and the toys and the choo choo train. I was hoping it would never end. But as we all know, it did end. Life goes on

## **Life Goes On!**



## **A few extra pictures.**

My second Christmas season on Perfect street saw the stork bring me a baby brother (Mortrock) and then in about two and a half years, that same stork (I think) brought me a baby sister (Katers). It was wonderful. Now I know why Adam needed Eve to complete his life. We all need good friends and relatives, boys and girls, and good people to love.

As I grew older, I was much happier having Mortrock and Katers and Mary and Dinder in my life than all the wonder I experienced with the Tree, the Toys, the train and all of the great sights and sounds.

What a great life. Lots of pictures captured the essence of these holidays.

On the coming page, you will find a picture of the most wonderful lady in my life. I am sure Mortrock and Katers and dad feel the same.

We were enjoying life on Perfect Street. Isn't mom beautiful? Wow! Mom says that's why all the Katille kids are so cute.





Though the picture below is not very clear and I have shown it once before a few pages ago in this book, I put it in this story again because it shows my dad and how thrilled he was to be the father of the Katille Kids, including Katers, Mortrock, & Me.





Katers (next to mom above) was born on November 12, 1984 but the picture on the above page is from 1985. She was less than two months old when she made it through the holiday last year as you can see in Mom's great picture in the open stairway on Perfect Street

For Mortrock and my first Christmas together when I was three and he was one; mom actually sewed "little men" "suits by hand. Dad could not believe how nice they were. What love!!!

Look at pictures of Mortrock when you have a chance. Even I love the little man's hair when I see it in these early pictures. I bet that mom sewed Katers' little outfit that she wore in this picture below. Mom was and is the greatest.

Dad loved that mom sewed such wonderful outfits for us so much that one year, he gave a special present to Mom. He put a huge red bow on a huge box. Mom loved it. It was a brand-new Singer Sewing Machine and it was already mounted in a desk unit to make it easier for mom to sew if she wished. She's looking right at it in this picture below:

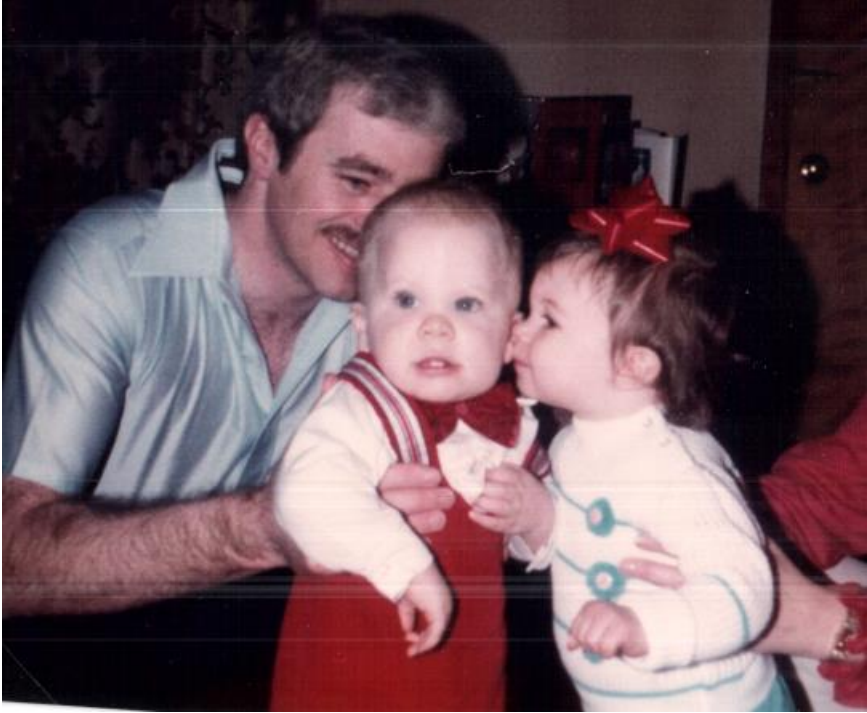
Mom and dad were well known by our cousins for throwing great kids' parties. In this circa 1982 picture, there are a ton of wonderful little ones without Katers, who was not born yet. They are the wonderful Katille and Trosk cousins that I talk about in the stories.



**Uncle Joe on the very left front – Uncle Bucko's Trestle Table**

Now, this is the same handsome uncle Joe holding Mortrock in the picture below. My brother Mortrock's

favorite cousin in the early years was Tara. She is uncle Joe and Aunt Diane's baby daughter. No Colleen yet! Tara and Mortrock are the same age. They have always been best of buddies. I think that is Aunt Di's hand holding Tara in the pic below. That's Dr. J on the very far right front of the table above.



A while ago—Uncle Joe, Mortrock, Tara and the “invisible” Auntie Di.

If this were a cartoon, I would now say That's All Folks! For now, that's how it is. The big story of the animals and the colt and goats is coming soon.

How could I not turn out OK when I had all these great relatives to help me through life? Isn't life great?

We did lots of amazing things in our lives but some say nothing was more amazing than when the animals and the goats in our yard, rescued a colt and the goats in our area of the mountains actually raised him.

## Chapter 11 Animals & Other Secrets from Perfect Street



It was the fall of the year for the goats and the colt in early November. The fall began like it was going to be a tough one with a little bit of snow every day or so it seemed. After a few days you could detect the layers of small animal footprints in the layers of the snow in the back yard. With temperatures in the high twenties, the little animal footprints stayed as shadows after each snowfall.

I could not tell the other backyard animals but I did have my favorite. My favorite of them all was Samuel Rabbitio. The other animals called him Sam but I liked to call him Samuel. Samuel was the leader of the backyard animal group but he was very humble and kind.

All of the chapters that preceded this one were to set the stage for you to know that your narrator and the backyard animals on 54 Perfect Street were the best of buddies. I loved those little guys and I still miss them. I moved out years-ago.

These beginning chapters told you about how I was born and what a great life I had and that my brother Mortrock and sister Katers came just a few years after me. We all lived well on Perfect Street. The backyard animals added to our enjoyment.

My brother and sister loved the little backyard animals as much as I. You now know that I love my brother Mortrock (Morty) and my baby sister Katers (Kate) and my mom and dad. We have a great, loving family but none of us are kids any more.

Having the animals so frequently travelling through our back yard was always a special treat. They would stop and visit at times but mostly they were doing their own thing and they cut through our yard to get to the lower mountains. They did not seem to go too far up.

Dad knew most of the animals and he said it was OK for us to play together in the backyard as buddies. He did not know, however, that sometimes they would jump in our above-ground Muskin Pool and they would swim with us. Shhh!!!



The goats never were in our back yard to the best of my knowledge but the rabbits and squirrels, dogs, & cats, often had conversations with the goats who hung out in the lower sections of the mountain, reachable through our yard.

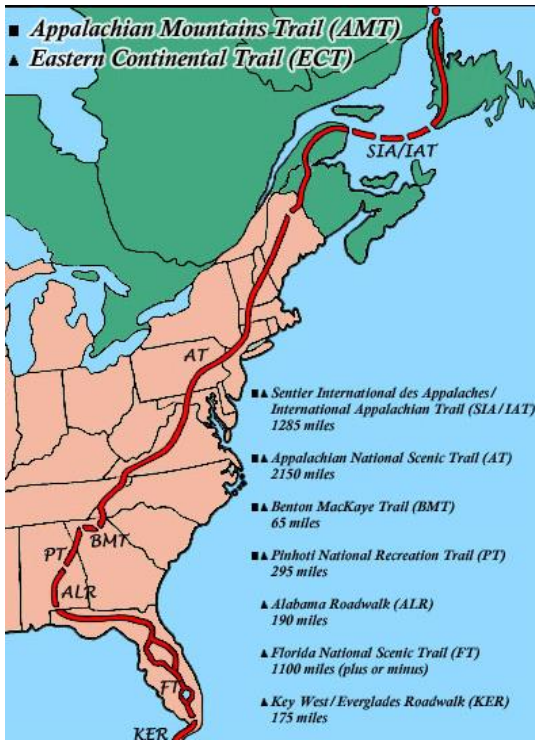
Samuel Rabbitio, my best friend of them all, told me that the goats would also climb to the top ridges of the mountain if so motivated. He'd seen them up there. We knew they lived someplace on the mountain.

The major story that I am telling you now is magical—about the colt who was raised by the goats. His name is Lucas. This plot begins in the mid-fall time period and in the backyard of 54 Perfect Street, which happens to be the last street between Wilkes-Barre and Ashley Pennsylvania.

The mountains frequented by the goats are directly behind the back yard. 54 Perfect Street is so close to the wooded areas of PA that a number of animals frequented the back yard and they also seemed to enjoy the gentle hills on the side and back yard from the street to the back of the property. Sometimes they would go a little higher and cross-over out of our backyard to the mountain side.

For the vigilant, the very same animals that were seen outside our back windows during all seasons were also spotted close to the mountains where the goats lived. Besides the goats, some of the neighbors told me stories about having seen a full grown bronco or two on the lower side of the

mountains. But nobody knows where they came from or when they were actually seen.



It was the opinion of our Perfect St. neighbors that the broncos never tried to climb up high on the mountains as the goats would. It was not often that these wild horses were spotted and so when a neighbor spotted a bronco, all the other neighbors were told about it lickety-split. It sure had to be fun to see.

The mountains were pretty high back there but they were also part of the Appalachian range which

seemed to go on and on forever. It is no wonder that strange critters would visit the area behind our yard from time to time.

Our big story begins in this section of the lower mountain just beyond Perfect Street. There had been no bronco siting's for at least a year before this autumn. There were always a ton of backyard animals in the back yard of the Perfect Street residence and they would have told us if there were any unusual happenings.

Some of the kids in the neighborhood, including my brother and sister swear they would talk to the backyard animals at times. I often spoke with Samuel Rabbitio and



others about the goings-on. The kids said there were conversations among the animals and also with the kids on a somewhat regular basis. Of course—how else could we figure out what was going on.

I was fortunate enough to sometimes be part of such conversations, but mostly mine were with Samuel. The other kids always told me about the topics they talked about. So, even if I wasn't there; it was like being there. The backyard animals sure loved our back yard and they loved to talk.

On one particular day in this particular autumn, the animals reported that they had spotted a horse truck with a trailer on the side of the mountain. They could see the interstate highway from the back of our back yard and several of the roads that connected to it.

The driver stopped the truck and got out of it in a clearing. We learned later that his name was Gus. His passenger friend's name was Bing. Samuel said that Gus took a really chubby mare out of the trailer attached to the truck after being parked a little while. He thought they were just stretching their legs. They went for a slow walk.

All of a sudden, while walking, the mare, who we later learned was named *Daisy* collapsed to the ground. The driver Gus, and a guy who seemed like his friend (Bing) were caring for the mare when the animals saw a baby horse emerge from inside the mare.

The backyard animals had seen births from many different species over the years but none as large as a horse. Nonetheless, they knew what was happening.



Here is a picture of a mare having a baby colt the right way

The mare's heart had apparently grown weak and to the animals it looked like she might not make it. Having been told immediately, almost all of the other backyard animals, while maintaining cover so they were not seen, they hurried to find out what was happening in the clearing.

The strangers got a power lift out and were able to place the mare on it. They then wheeled the lift into the horse carrier. The carrier looked like a little trailer that was attached to the truck. After taking the foal and making sure he was OK, they moved Lucas closer to the mountains to be safe from passers-by.

Before they took off they went through the checklist for moving a sick mare. They, Gus & Bing, wanted the mare to be OK on the ride back. For example, though there was not much else they could do but get the horse to help quickly, so they checked the mare's vital signs and made sure that she was stable enough for transport.

Horse.com suggests that before taking the ride, an adult mare should have a temperature of 99-101 degrees Fahrenheit, a pulse of 28-44 beats per minute, and respiration of 10-24 breaths per minute.

Her mucous membranes should be moist with a healthy pink color and the capillary refill time (when pressing on their mouth gums with a finger) should be two seconds or less. Finally, there should be gurgling gassy growls coming from their stomach to indicate proper digestion. Gus and Bing acknowledged that all was not perfect but good enough for the circumstances. They wanted to save her.

The fact is that some horses may need to be transported even though they are unstable. This would be the case for animals with fractures, colic, or cardiopulmonary disorders. There also could have been undetected problems with the birth.

For these horses, it is like having a heart attack and being transported in an ambulance. Gus and Bing had to get the patient to the hospital or the facilities at a ranch as quickly as possible,

They kept the blankets for the mare. Since it was snowing, they covered Lucas the foal with leaves to keep him warm. They were not sure when they would be back. When the mare laid down in the trailer, there did not seem to be enough room to also carry the little colt when they left. That is why Samuel thought the two men had left him in our area. Maybe they would be back. Maybe soon. Maybe!

Gus started the truck and he and Bing took off for parts unknown. For a long time, we did not know what happened to the mare but we were all praying that she made it.

The men were talking before they left and Samuel and others heard them say that when they had a chance they would come back for the colt. But they were very concerned for the well-being of the mare.

They planned to get help quickly to take care of the mare (Daisy). They checked back before they left to see the little colt, who they had left on the ground in the light snow that had fallen. The colt had not yet taken any steps, which is unusual. He was moving a little so little Lucas was alive but not trying to get up.

## Do horses remember their foals?

It is said that a mare will remember her baby for the rest of her life, even if they're separated very early like Lucas and Daisy, and then they are reunited after many years.



Puss Boots was up early the next morning after the truck pulled away and she was asking if horses remember their foals? She asked when the mare got well, would she remember the little guy she had left behind unintentionally?

Samuel was very smart and somehow he knew the textbook answer. He said that a mare will remember her baby for the rest of her life, even if they're separated very early and reunited only after many years. She will remember her baby for the rest of her life. Wow!

That made all the animals smile as they were all hoping one day the mother (Daisy the mare) and the foal (Lucas the colt) would be reunited.

Wouldn't that be nice. For now, however, the animals knew they had to figure out how to save the colt from the elements with winter coming soon. .

The backyard animals had chatted among themselves throughout the night and into the next morning about the dramatic events of the day before. They really did not know what to do or what they could do.

Samuel told me about the incident when I saw him first thing the next morning. I told the other kids who asked what had happened to the baby horse. We did not know. The animals said they had not seen the baby since that day but promised to look harder. There was now about six inches of snow on the ground.

Yes, there was about six inches of snow on the ground by then so it was hard to see anything. The colt had disappeared in all the snow. Eventually when the light of the morning came, the rabbits and the squirrels and the opossum found the colt under the snow.

He was still alive. My dad said a few weeks later when we told him what had happened that the snow mixed with the leaves the men left, plus the accumulated blowing leaves probably kept the colt just warm enough during the night.

Lucas was a baby but he was too big for the backyard animals to help. So, what to do? First thing in the morning, they went looking around for their buddies, the goats. They

found a few of the goats several hundred yards away and they brought them to see what could have been a baby goat. But it wasn't. It was a baby horse. Nanny Goatman was the leader of the goats and she had had a baby goat a few months earlier and was still feeding her baby goat milk through the spigot on her underbelly.



Nanny and the other goats had experience in births and they knew that a baby goat or a baby colt would need care and food and warmth.

One look and the goats knew that Lucas was a colt, a baby horse and they promised they would do their best to make sure the baby lived. They also said they would figure out how he could live with them.

Nanny Goatman took charge of matters. And, so the promise was made that day that the colt would be raised by neighborhood goats who lived on the mountain.

Here is a picture that I made of many of the goats that I came to know from walking the lower side of the mountain range. Aren't they cute? This story sure is getting exciting.

Before we go to the next chapter, take a look at these nine goats which were the backbone of the family of goats who lived on that mountain behind 54 Perfect Street.

**Herb Goatman**



**Oatmund Goatman**



**Nanny Goatman**



**Cyrus Goatman**



**Mary Goatman**



**Goaty Goatman**



**Elsie Goatman**



**Mernie Goatman**



**Nathan Goatman**







## Chapter 12 The Goats Were Perfect! for the Job!



Goats are typically bred as dairy or meat animals, with some breeds being shorn for wool. We always thought that the goats that lived on the lower mountain were mountain goats. But they may have been regular goats. They looked like what I would say was a mountain goat but then again, I am not a biologist or a zoologist.

For a while, let's talk about the distinctions between goats and mountain goats. I learned this stuff from books and lookups online and so I do not claim to be an expert. I can't make a conclusion. Mountain goats sport the woolly coats, cloven feet and the same horns seemingly comparable to those on what some might call true goats (members of the

goat family). Males and females are even referred to as billies and nannies, respectively.



Mountain goats have no fear of heights and are sure-footed

However, everything is not always obvious. You may already know that mountain lions are not lions at all. In the same vein, mountain goats aren't classified in the same group of species as "true goats." We can learn the differences between the three major physical traits (coat, hooves and horns) and they will tell us a lot about how exactly the mountain goat species stands out from other goats.

The first and most obvious distinction between mountain goats and true goats is habitat. The experts say that between 40,000 and 100,000 mountain goats dwell in North America. They are typically not in the lower parts of mountain ranges. Instead, they reside among mountain peaks

and crags from the northern Rockies to south central Alaska. They are adapted to this type of life.

Their high-altitude homes require that they have thicker, shaggier fur than their “domesticated” counterparts. Two types of woolly fur cover insulate mountain goats from the cold. A shorter coat of inner fur, hard to see, sits close to their skin. Guard hairs, which might extend up to 8 inches (20 centimeters), create their shaggy appearance.

Those guard hairs have a hollow structure, which traps frosty air before it can penetrate the skin.

In order to survive such precarious terrain, mountain goats have specialized hooves suited for climbing as well as descending treacherous slopes. Mountain goats have split hooves that they can spread out or contract for stability.

Rubbery padding covering the bottoms of their hooves provides additional traction. This anatomical feature serves as an important survival tool since the landscape is a mountain goat's most pertinent threat.

Mountain goat predators such as cougars or bald eagles may steal into their lofty territory, but more die from falling due to snowdrifts, avalanches, and rock slides.

Having said all that, it seems that the mountain goats' crowning features -- two pointy horns -- separate them genetically the most from true goats. That's mostly why I can't tell whether our goats are goats or mountain goats. Here is some more interesting information.

First, and this is hard to detect, mountain goats have thinner, lighter skulls than true goats. Also, their horns, which

are made from keratin protein, are a different shape. Curving slightly back toward their heads, mountain goat horns grow shorter, slenderer and pointier than those of true goats.

Since in none of the literature I read recently describing the goats, Ford (Bronco ad from years ago) never referred to them as Mountain Goats, we cannot ask the great motor company to offer their opinion. So, our conclusion is that the goats that rescued the colt were “true goats,” and not mountain goats.

Let me add one more thing to the conclusion. Already we have learned that Mountain Goats are not true goats—but we can tell by looking at the two that they are close relatives. Mountain Goats, however, are more properly known as goat-antelopes. So there you have it.

The female mountain goats and the males in the back of 54 Perfect Street had horns. As humans, the things in our lives would lead us to believe that things with horns are male and things without horns are female. Not all goats have horns.

We don't expect females to have horns but some true goats do have horns. The other type of female goats who have horns are Female Nigerian Dwarfs but none of those were in our area. Ironically some females in this group will have horns while others will remain hornless all their lives.



The goats surround a goat bell

Above, you will find seven of the goats in a picture I created in which I put a huge goat bell in between. The original picture had a Ford Sport SUV in it so I doctored it up a bit.

## Other interesting stuff about goats

Some think that goats' milk taste bad. That is fortunately a myth. Thus, the colt who suckled on the nanny goat in this story enjoyed a tasty gob of delicious goat's milk as needed. The fact is that within minutes of being freshly milked, most goat's milk is nicely sweet and very clean tasting—even desirable with no strong aftertaste.

That does not mean that goats' milk always tastes good. It may very well taste strong or "goaty" depending on how it is handled. But, fresh from the spigot, it is a fine beverage. The colt received his goat's milk directly from the nanny goat's underbelly milk spigot so it was very good and it tasted good and you will see that he grew strong on it.

We won't go too much into this next subject. But, it is only after a nanny goat has a baby that she gives milk and continues to give milk for many months until the newborn no longer needs it. Buck goats (males) on the other hand never give milk. They are the partners in the procreation act that after 150 days gives rise to the birth of a baby goat.

Giving a baby goat milk is something that a mother goat (nanny goat) does. For those concerned about stinky goats, it is not the nanny goat. Buck goats do stink during certain times of the year. Nanny goats most often smell as fresh as a daisy? Why? The only goats that truly smell are bucks when they are in rut. Rut means that the goat is ready to be with a nanny goat to make little goats. A male goat with all his parts goes into rut when it is breeding season.

Those who study goats suggest that the buck goat has just one thing on his mind during this period. His only desire during this time of year, which can be from August to December, is to let all the lady goats know he is around and that he above all others is ready to fulfill their procreative wishes. It might be described as an incredibly lovable goat smelling of musky, unwashed gym socks that got wet. My kids would say "poo tink!"

It is interesting where all this bad scent comes from. It is intentional. The buck goat uses certain liquids as a human

would use after shave or perfume. It is very explainable. Bucks do prepare themselves for their courting.

You may refer to this as gross amazement with a major dash of repulsiveness. OK, here goes, Bucks spray their own urine over their chests, legs, and head, then wipe it on their sides as well to assure the full aura is there. In the goat world, a buck well prepared is considered to smell “oh so” pretty to all the lady goats.

Delightful may not be the right word to describe this phenomenon. For goat herders, the “pretty boy” smell only affects owners if they wish to keep males with *all their parts* around the farm. Otherwise, goats do not typically smell bad.

Though in cartoons, goats are often depicted as dining on or at least chewing on tin cans. In most places where goats really live, let me assure you that if tin was a staple in a goat’s diet, mostly all of them would starve to death.

### **Can a goat feed a foal (aka like the colt in our story)?**

In other stories about colts being raised by sheep, the scenario is not quite as dramatic but a number of the elements that were necessary for the colt to survive in this story exist in all the others where a missing mare requires an alternate milk source. The question is can a goat feed a foal or at a minimum can a foal (a baby horse) drink goat’s milk even if not from the goat’s internal spigot?

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**Answer below:**

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There have been many instances in which a foal was left as an orphan for one reason or another. Our story is unique because there was no human to help the situation. Ranchers and those who raise horses have asked whether it would be better for them to use a milk replacer (similar to baby formula) or goat's milk to nourish the baby horse (foal).

Well, the answer is easier if you also have goats on your farm. In these cases it is fine to use a foster nanny. Then, of course is the question of whether goat's milk is a suitable milk replacer for a foal, or is there a downside to using it for such a baby orphan? The bottom line is that experts agree goats' milk is much better than a milk replacer.

Before I delve further into this, the old maxim that there is nothing better than the real deal applies here. Mare's milk is the best thing for a colt but when there is no mare, goats' milk is a lot better than nothing. In fact, it is a great substitute and better than what your mother would call formula.

The facts are on the side of the goat. Goat's milk has been used as milk replacer for foals for centuries, particularly when a nurse mare was not available. The height and the differences in size may make it tougher but when there is a will on the farm or the ranch, there is a way.

Techniques for "grafting" foals onto goats can be found in numerous older publications. Designs for ramp and platform setups that position the goat so the foal can reach the spigots easily are available. Foals eventually do learn to get down on their knees to nurse from goats. That in fact had to be the way the colt in our story learned to take his nourishment.

If the caretakers are human (not the case in our story) the foal can be adapted to drinking instead of suckling, the milk can



be offered in a bucket. A hungry foal would most often accept the feeding.

## What about nutrition?

Goat's milk is similar to mare's milk, and probably more so than milk from other species. Foals generally accept goat's milk more readily than milk replacer (formula). The milk supply of just one goat, however, may not be enough to meet the total needs of an orphan if it is not receiving other supplementation, and a second goat may be necessary. In our case, there were several goats available but we do not know if a second one was needed.

Just as in our story of the colt raised by goats, goats can also provide companionship to an orphan as well, so the orphan learns some social behavior from another animal who takes the place of the mother horse. As you will see, our baby colt learned how to deal with some rough terrain while being taught by goats who by nature become mountain experts.

That said, goat's milk may not be an exactly perfect match for mare's milk, and there are differences that can result in suboptimal growth of the foal. Thankfully for some great reason, that was not the case in this story. Nutrients in highest demand in milk are water and energy, followed by protein, calcium, and phosphorus.

There are subtle differences in the energy and nutrient content in milk from goats and mares. The water content is very similar between the two (11% solids in mare; 13% solids in goat), and is not enough to warrant dilution of goat's milk. In our case, there was no means of dilution so that was not even an option.

Before we continue let's take another look at some of the kind goats that star in this story even though some are not mentioned in the story line by name. As you can see, they are all members of the Goatman family.



Now, let's finish the nutrition section for goat's milk. The energy content in goats' milk is higher (690 kcal/l in goat; 550 kcal/l in mare), largely because it is higher in fat. In fact, the fat content in goat's milk is nearly double that in mare's milk (40 g/l for goat; 21 g/l for mare). In contrast, the calories in mare's milk come mostly from carbohydrate and are higher by 25% in mare's milk.

The form of carbohydrate found principally in both milks is lactose, which causes no problems in foals. In contrast, commercial milk replacers sometimes add maltodextrin, corn syrups, oligosaccharides, and glucose polymers that may cause excessive gas production or osmotic diarrhea in young foals.

Their immature digestive tracts have difficulty handling these types of carbohydrates. Calcium and phosphorus levels in both milks are similar, and there are very minor differences in the other minerals and vitamins. No, I am not trying to make a goatherder out of the reader but the facts are very interesting.

Protein content is 24% higher in goat's milk than mare's milk. The quantity of protein is similar but the amino acid composition is not. There is a distinct difference in the quantity of the amino acid arginine, as it is twice as high in mare's milk.

At this time nutritionists are not sure how important this one amino acid is for growth, but the lack of arginine in goat's milk and most commercial milk replacers may be related to suboptimal growth of orphan foals. When you see pictures of the grown bronco in our case, thankfully you will see a full-sized very healthy horse

The economics of using goat's milk when there are goats available may be the deciding factor when you already have the animals available on the farm. If it came down to buying goat's milk, it would not be as economical as buying milk replacer.

## Chapter 13 The Goats Save the Day!



A look at the goats' mountain from the back yard of 54 Perfect Street

If you come out our back door on 54 Perfect Street, you will be in the back yard which is the scene for a lot of backyard animal fun. There is also a sloping yard on the side of the house that looks like at one time it may have been connected to the lower mountain.

Moving from the back yard to the lower mountain was made easy by a path Pop created years ago. Despite its being big enough, I never saw a goat in our back yard. However, the backyard animals use it all the time as a thoroughfare to get to the mountain side.

As we noted a while back, on behalf of all the backyard animals and especially all the goats who are recognized in our story and those who simply helped when they could, Nanny Goatman made the promise for all the first day -- that the colt would be raised by all the neighborhood goats who lived on the mountain.

Samuel told me that occasionally, he and some of the other backyard animals would go out looking in the neighbor's yards for other food that they would collect and bring to Nanny Goatman to supplement the goats' milk. She stored everything in the cave opening where they lived.

Before Lucas could be rescued, because of the snow, he had to be found. The night after his arrival seemed like a night that would never end. It was full of big worries for the little horse. With six inches of snow, the goats and other animals were concerned for the sustenance and survival of the baby colt.

Goaty Goatman as seen in the picture below was the first goat to spot the colt from on high. He was very pleased with himself and he called the other goats as shown in the next picture . They first checked to see that it was OK to start the rescue.



The colt is first spotted



The buddies added a few more eyes to make sure it was the colt and all was well

As you can see in the picture below, though there was six inches of snow during the night and the colt had been covered with leaves most of the night, by the time he was spotted from the hills, he had shaken the snow and leaves off him.

Samuel told me the goats would have had a tough time finding him in the morning if he were covered with snow. He would have looked just like the mountain landscape. Now the goats had to get to where the colt was lying and get him moving. That is exactly what they did.



Laying down? Looks like the wind blew the night's snow and the leaves off him.

They knew that it was time to get off the hill to make sure the colt was OK. They heard light sounds coming from the colt which gave them confidence that he was OK. The more whinnies they heard the louder they became. The colt knew they were coming to save him.

FYI, there are two sounds little horses and big horses make. One is called a *whinny* and the other is called a neigh. A whinny is like a gentle neigh. Here is the difference. As nouns the difference between whinny and neigh is that whinny is a gentle neigh while neigh is the cry of a horse. As the goats got close the whinny became a neigh as the colt made its cry. "Here I am," When they got down to see the colt, the picture below is what they saw. Notice there is no snow on the horse as he had been moving his body trying to get up.





His eyes are open. Yeah! He must be OK. Maybe we should give him a nudge.



Herb Goatman—action picture on the next page—was the first goat to reach the colt. Nice job Herb! He stood there for an instant and then he knew what he had to do to get the colt to stand. He nudged him and just like that, the startled colt now surrounded by goats made his way to his feet.

See Herb in action on the next page.



Herb: I'm right next to him now. He looks OK. I am gonna nudge him now!

It took a while because for the 11 or 12 months that the foal spent in the mare's womb. He had no room to exercise. He had muscles but they had never been used in the 11 or 12 months it took for him to become fully developed. Then he lay mostly still for the whole night before in the cold. Look at him struggling to get up in the picture below. Precious. Again let me say, Nice job Herb! This is the defining moment in the rescue of the colt by the goats.



Nice nudge. He's getting up. Looks OK! Let's see if he can walk

The nudge did the trick but most often a nudge is not even required. This colt was born in adverse circumstances and his mommy was taken away within minutes after he was born.

He knew his mother from all those months when he was inside her belly. As soon as he was born and was lying on the ground, he sensed something was wrong and he more or less shut down.

When he saw his mother lifted into the trailer and then hauled away to who knows where, that took its toll on Lucas, the young baby colt. He just stayed there. Surely he was despondent and he had no idea what was about to happen to him.

The fact is that most newborn foals after 15 minutes or so of appearing out of the womb, will make their first attempts to stand. With this colt, it did not happen. Perhaps if the goats had not come along he would have starved or he might have died of loneliness. On more ways than one, the kind goats saved him. Nanny Goatman gave him strength.

If a foal is not standing after 15 minutes, (with his mommy close by) most succeed in getting up within an hour, though some foals can take two hours or more. As we saw in this case, this colt was still lying down at least twelve hours later at the crack of dawn.

When Herb Goatman gave him his first nudge—the first touch of another being since he was born, he lit up and got the chutzpah to get up and so he did.

The next step was to get him back to the habitat and get some grub into him and then he had to begin his training program so that he could become a “mountain colt.”

Goats are very light sleepers that wake up at any sound, which explains why people rarely see them sleeping. Domesticated goats sleep about 5 hours a night, and they will take short naps during the day. If they have a companion goat, goats prefer to sleep huddled together.

Here is a picture of a few goats sleeping together. They are not members of our Goatman family but you get the idea. So, no, they are not our goats but I thought you would like to see how they like to sleep. How about that?



Goats like to sleep in pairs. These are goats without horns

Now look ahead at the next picture, please. See that the colt in the picture is walking on the rocks on the way home. He is as tall if not taller than the full grown goats who rescued

him. The goats on the way home took the higher mountain route and led the colt all the way from where he had slept to their typical resting spot in the cave.



Well, look at that! A natural. Nanny, are you sure he is not part goat?

It helps to know that regardless of the weather, goats prefer a three sided shelter such as like the openings in caves, or a three-sided barn, rather than a fully enclosed structure.

You see, goats require quite a bit of ventilation to keep their lungs happy. Besides that, goats go to the bathroom a real LOT, and they go right there—right where they sleep.

By the way, like humans, goats tend to do most of their sleeping at night, sleeping on average 5 hours during the night-time. Like other livestock animals, goats will also doze and rest for short increments throughout the day. Some days for goats like humans, are busier than others.

Sleep is not the most important item on the goats' to-do list. In fact, some people say that wild goats do not actually sleep! This, of course, is not true. Goats, however, will find a sheltered spot where they cannot be easily seen to sleep safely.

Look above at the colt as he is being marched on his first rocks trip back to where the goats live and where they can begin to take care of him. This little colt has no idea how lucky he is. Soon, as shown in this picture, Nanny Goatman will be giving him his first nutrition.

Now the colt is at the entrance to the goat cave where he was about to begin his new life as a healthy member of the Goatman family. He was about to be taught the ways of the mountain.



Home at last! I sure hope he likes us. How did he beat us here?'

Wow! He is definitely going to make it. Thanks Samuel for the tip. I bet he's hungry. Now that he is in the cave, let's get him settled now so we can feed him some good stuff --eh Nanny?

This was the last leg of this first journey home for the colt. Check out the cave above, where Lucas would live and habitat there for several years.

You can see in the background a number of the goats who made sure the colt made it to the cave. They are just hanging around to make sure all is well. Once in the opening of the cave, Lucas was under Nanny's care for the time being for several months as she helped make him strong.

Eventually, she and the other goats would have the colt out and about in the mountain areas as he learned how to survive the mountains and the cliffs like a true goat would.

The colt was as healthy as a horse in no time and after a few years, he was as adept at being a goat as were the other goats. Deep down, I think he knew he was different, but he became quick friends with all of the goats in the area and he got to know all of the backyard animals.

He became such a good climber that the rest of the Goatman family, other than Nanny Goatman had to wonder if he was just an odd-looking larger than life true goat just like them.

He was told his whole rescue story many times over the next several years while he lived in the mountains with the goats. The backyard animals, especially Samuel Rabbitio came to meet him from his early time in the area and they became friends.

I think Samuel taught him how to talk and so he was not only a colt, he was a goat and he spoke like a human when appropriate.





## Chapter 14 Lucas & Daisy Are Reunited



Here is How Daisy would have raised Lucas if she were OK

Let's start this great final chapter of the book about the goats that raised the colt by showing a picture above of what it should have been like for a mare and a newborn foal. This is a picture of the loving mother and the devoted son after just a few days. It is how it would have been if Daisy had not gotten weak.

Lucas had seen Daisy just once but never got to know her other than the time in the womb. He never got to know Daisy, his mother, but he knew she was not well when Gus & Bing left Lucas behind to be raised by the goats.

Every now and then during the two years that Lucas lived among the goats, a truck and trailer would come by and Samuel would think maybe they had come back. But it was never them. At least Samuel never saw a truck stop that looked like them.



A mare and a foal and a trailer

One day out of the blue after about two years, Samuel spotted what looked like the truck with the trailer that he had seen when the foal was born. He saw men take a large female horse out of the trailer and Gus saddled her up and rode across the base of the mountain for about fifteen minutes before leaving.

It was them but they left after fifteen minutes. Nobody appeared to tell Gus anything so he took off.

Samuel immediately told Nanny Goatman what he had seen. She had become the coat's surrogate mother and yet she knew that if he could be back with his real mommy it would

be best for him. She and Samuel from that day forward kept a closer eye on that clearing just in case.

It was just a few days later that the men were back with the truck/trailer. Samuel and Nanny made sure the colt, who was now a full-sized bronco would not miss this opportunity again. The colt quickly emerged from the cave. He looked magnificent. He was strong and handsome and he had a happy smile. See the picture below so you know what I mean. Does that look like a happy and strong full grown colt /bronco? Absolutely for sure!.



Samuel Rabbitio and Nanny Goatman tried to lead the Colt to the clearing but the Colt could not wait and he sped away and he got to the clearing their first. The truck and the trailer were still there. By the time Nanny and Samuel got there, the men had the big mare out of the trailer and they saw the two-year old healthy colt and they decided not to even put a saddle on the mare.

The colt knew his mom and the mom knew her colt and they ran to each other and hugged—well sorta. Here are a few representative pictures of the love nuzzling between these two beautiful animals.





This is a story about life as it should be with a very happy ending. The two men noticed a rabbit and a goat (Samuel Rabbitio and Nanny Goatman) standing together watching the love fest between the mare and the colt. She knew it was her son and he knew it was his mom.

Not knowing if the rabbit and goat could communicate Gus, the driver of the truck, with Bing, his friend, reached out and asked the two animals what they knew. Were they ever surprised when both Samuel and Nanny began to speak.

The men and the animals hit it off. Meanwhile the mare and the colt were coming up to speed on the past two years living apart. Were they ever happy!.

Samuel and Nanny spoke with the men for about a half hour before they said they had to leave. During their conversation Samuel came home to tell me they were there

and then went back quickly. The men knew by then that Nanny had served as the colt's substitute mare and had raised him well. They also knew that Samuel was instrumental in saving the newborn colt.

They could not believe their eyes and ears. What an experience. Below is a picture from a while ago of my sister & brother and best friend Dinder. They too came out in the clearing and all the "Katille kids," gave the colt and the mare a big hug before they left.



Dinder

Katers

Brian (Me)

Mortrock

The men and the animals spoke about how they could and would visit again and the men told Nanny Goatman and Samuel Rabbitio that they had a bigger trailer and could come back some day and take a bunch of animals with them along with Nanny and Samuel for a big picnic at their ranch.

It was me who got Dinder, Katers, and Mortrock to go there before the truck left. Nanny and Samuel both gave the colt who had become a bronco the biggest hug they had ever given anybody—ever!

Before the men loaded the colt and the mare into their trailer for the ride, they congratulated Nanny Goat, and they told her that she had taken a newborn colt and had literally transformed him into a big, healthy, and strong bronco. Congratulations Nanny! See ya soon!

## Appendix A The Creative Ford Bronco Ad – Colt Raised by Goats



When I first viewed the new Ford Bronco ad, I loved it. I thought it was a story about a colt (a foal—baby / small horse) who was raised by goats. But it was a great TV advertisement. My hat is off to Ford and their ad agency for their creativity. The story ends with a real commercial as the colt grows up to become a real Ford Bronco and races out of a cave.

FYI, the animals had real names in the short commercial. The colt is played by a young Andalusian named **Lucas**, while the adult horse is played by Hummer (no rivalry intended the writer's presume). The goats were a combination of Cashmere and Nigerian animals, played by two sisters Maggie and Hattie and a male goat named Barney. Great show!

It was great but it left me wondering about the nice goats and the colt and the whole story of how the colt was raised and it prompted me to ask myself what had happened to its mother and if the colt and the mother were ever reunited. Was she rounded up by some ranchers and brought back to their place leaving the colt?

Did she die in childbirth? . Had she gotten sick or was she shot accidentally or did she fall and could not get up. I had so many questions that I decided that I would write my own prequel and my own ending and of course my own sequel. I think you have already enjoyed my work on the Ford Bronco story.

This book thus is a product of all of those wandering thoughts. I hope you liked it. The Ford part of the story is in this (Appendix A,) I have already told the story as I envision it so that your kids will like it and enjoy it. I would bet you'll have to read it to them every night. You may have to find the Ford commercial and put a TV in their room and show it to them every night before they go to sleep. Here is one of many links you once were able to use: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q2n\\_zmFXr7I](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q2n_zmFXr7I).

Unfortunately, it is no longer available.

Ford did capture the essence of the story by showing video of what is happening and then showing captions with an announcer reading the captions to advance the adventure. It is well done.

I take a similar approach but the story in the book is modified to fit a children's perspective with backyard talking animals and no expectation of a car purchase. After the two pictures, you can read the Ford story that the narrator reads:





The SUV Bronco Sport is emerging from the cave



Here it is in the commercial—this vehicle is an animal



And the commercial fades to black

**There once was a colt**

**Who was raised by goats (they were high-climbing mountain goats)**

**He struggled at first uneasy on the snow unsure of the unstable rock on all things slippery.**

**Then, (with the goat's help and training) he became strong capable of handling any terrain And the colt became a bronco**

**The FORD COMMERCIAL shown above THEN SHOWS THE NEW BRONCO COMING WITH ITS LIGHTS ON OUT OF a CAVE. See above pic.**

**Here is a little more of the commercial**

*With seven available goat modes*

*That adapt the vehicle to go over any type of terrain.*

*This is the all new Bronco Sport*

*Single digit temperatures – a couple inches of snow on the ground*

*Already and more predicted as the day goes on-- in other words, conditions are perfect for the all-new bronco Sport*

*Do you like mud—OK then go there*

*You like snow—go there*

*Do you like doing things in and around the water—great go there.*

*The all new adventure ready Bronco Sport with seven available goat modes built to go over any terrain*

*Enjoy the book!*

*Enjoy the commercial each time you view it.*

*Enjoy a Bronco if Ford has convinced you!*

I admit freely that when I saw the Ford Bronco Sport commercial for the first time, I thought I had dialed up a tear jerker movie. What a plot, But, it was a commercial—a well themed commercial I might say.

Goats are featured in this new “Built Wild” Ford Bronco Sport commercial. If the Bronco Sport leaves something to be desired as a vehicle, it is more than made up for by the commercial. Wow!

The goat animals and the baby colt and a full grown horse star in a new Ford Bronco Sport ad featuring the new G.O.A.T. model available on the new vehicle. The vehicle itself is cleverly named and its terrain management system, called G.O.A.T. is just as clever. GOAT basically means the SUV goes over any type of terrain. (**Greatest of all time!**)

The GOAT driving modes make the Bronco a more-than-capable off-road vehicle that challenges the likes of the longstanding Jeep Wrangler and it reminds many of us of the first-generation Bronco’s nickname: the GOAT.

The new Bronco can have as many as eight GOAT modes, depending on the trim level and package you choose for your special-order off-roader. Of course you can order from the dealer also. You can wait a while for dealerships to stock a variety of Bronco SUVs – but from a timing standpoint, the experts suggest that your patience better be on the long side.

If you’re not into special ordering your vehicle, you can get a Bronco Sport. This is the new Bronco’s baby brother, available for purchase at a dealership near you. The Sport is available with GOAT modes, although not the full selection

you'll find on the full-fledged Bronco. Heck, it is just a baby brother.

Every Bronco Sport model with 5 G.O.A.T. (**Goes Over Any Type of Terrain**) modes come standard on every Bronco Sport model. These standard drive modes are named *Sand*, *Slippery*, *Sport*, *Eco*, and *Normal*. It is not as easy as 1-2-3-4-5. But maybe it really is. Ford loves bragging about its G.O.A.T. driven vehicles.

For example, the ever-capable Badlands model comes with two additional G.O.A.T. modes: *Mud/Ruts* and *Rock Crawl*. There is one more mode and it is called Baja and that name is self-explanatory.

One of the most frequently asked questions is “Does Badlands have a BAJA mode?”. The answer is understandable but not necessarily clear. Since Badlands has a sway bar disconnect, the company added Rock mode and removed Sport Mode. Sport Mode and Baja Mode are nearly identical except Baja Mode is 4H and Sport Mode is 2H/4A. I guess that means in the Badlands model, Baja is redundant.

The ad was shot in October 2020, outside of Seattle WA. Near Mt. Baker and Baker Lake Ford Motor Company. You can see the spot and read the entire great article by Phoebe Wall Howard at this link. Even if you have this book, you would still enjoy the 60 second spot.

<https://www.freep.com/story/money/cars/ford/2021/01/09/ford-bronco-sport-goats-tv-commercial/6582393002/>

Phoebe Wall Howard of the Detroit Free press wrote an article on January 9, 2021, about my favorite ad ever—the one with the colt and the goats and the baby Ford Bronco

SUV. Parts of the information in this appendix is based upon her article.. Her piece was titled: “*Ford hires goats, baby horse for Bronco Sport ad*”

She wrote a recent piece for the Detroit Free Press at the beginning of this year in which she begins with a picture of a very excited Oscar Jennings, age 3—picture below. Little Oscar had recently gotten one of his big wishes and he made the most of it. He had asked his daddy if he could watch the goats save and train the colt over and over and over again. The colt had to learn how to traverse the rocks like the goats.

What did Oscar do when granted his wish? Like any red-blooded youngster who was about to enjoy a big video gift, he curled up in front of the computer in his home in Brooklyn and no matter how many times he saw the show, he could not get enough of all the happy creatures that he was seeing. It was just a rough cut TV commercial for the Bronco Sport but it was a feature length film, though it had a lot of repetitive scenes. His dad was part of the company that produced the show so Oscar had special treatment.



Little Oscar

Meanwhile Brian W. Kelly, your friendly author, and all other potential admirers of the work had to wait awhile until the clip became a real commercial and it aired for real. Kelly was smitten like a kid--like little Oscar for sure. Brian insists that he really does not look at commercials for fun. In fact, he prefers to skip most commercials but sometimes it is easier to stay and tough it out for the five minute interval (seems like more) when the TV program gets replaced by a bunch of people trying to sell you something.

Sometimes the five minutes is just enough time for a sandwich on a hungry day and he has been known to partake. Truthfully, however, this commercial is lots different than most. It gets to you. Like little Oscar, Brian W. Kelly could not get enough of this show. Your major author watched it



again and again and again. He actually stops what he is doing at home when this piece of art comes on—even today!.

My conclusion as your author's son is that I must admit that the commercial is very clever but the ending is not happy for the viewer who gets pulled in to thinking they are watching a very interesting short movie. The main character disappears in the commercial and he is never seen again unless you repeat the show.

It took a few views for me to realize what had happened to the Colt. I was simply disappointed. But, what could I expect? The Colt became a Bronco and the Bronco was a car. But, what a neat idea nonetheless. That's why my dad wrote this book, Maybe Ford can do a movie about this book? Now, there is an idea.

It just did not do it for me at first but I knew it was clever. And, I admit the end product was enjoyable to view. Now I have accepted that the end is a logical outcome for a Ford commercial. But, I still want more. Yes, folks, this short story with a strange ending prompted me to want more than to accept that that the Colt became a car in the end.

Sorry, that's clever but my dad's version in this book makes it fun for me and fun for all. Fords are my favorite vehicles by the way so I have no axe to grind. . I am enjoying my second Ford Expedition and it is a big treat.

Here is how Phoebe Wall Howard wrote up the filming action in what I think has a great movie theme.

“The 60-second spot depicts the story of an abandoned colt found by goats who adopt it and teach it how to navigate rough mountainous terrain in a way that makes the little

horse more rugged and more capable than an average horse. It is a heartwarming scene.

Toward the end of the story, the horse runs into a cave and seemingly disappears . then out comes the Bronco Sport SUV, sort of like Clark Kent ‘running into a telephone booth and coming out as Superman.’ ” Nice metaphor Phoebe!

If I was not enraptured as much as little Oscar when the SUV came out of the cave instead of a big horse, I would have seen the entire spectacle as one of the best commercials I had ever seen. Instead, since the kid in my dad came out front and center, his felling was somewhat sorrowful—“Is that all there is? Where is Peggy lee when we need her?”

*Is that all there is, is that all there is?*

*If that's all there is my friends, then let's keep dancing*

*Let's break out the booze and have a ball*

*If that's all there is*

Thank you Peggy Lee

Here is the deal according to phoebe:

The rest of the world gets to see the unique new Ford Bronco Sport spot filmed near a snowy Mount Baker outside Seattle on a weekend during the NFL wild card playoffs. The commercial played a second time during the Ohio State-Alabama national championship game Monday. Nice timing. Both dad and I have seen it a number of times since. Yes, I still enjoy it.

Though this is the story of the smallest Bronco in the Ford stable—it is not a normal sized Bronco which I did not get in the commercial. It is a teenie weenie SUV.

Nonetheless. Oscar and your primary author see it as the story of the goats and the colt. Phoebe notes that when they made the commercial their shooting behind the TV commercial was one filled with challenges and adventure, not to mention animal wranglers, an unexpected snowstorm and relief that a young goat named Barney was so darn cooperative on the film set. I guess the real story of the production also has merit just like the goat and the colt.

Here is a Ford Press Release about the commercial:

**DEARBORN, Mich., Jan. 9, 2021** –So the story goes that a herd of goats came upon a colt in the mountains trapped under a rock. They rescue him, then raise him as their own, teaching him to navigate the craggy terrain and rough waters of the region. Sturdy, confident and now immensely capable, the horse transforms – into the adventure-ready, all-new Ford Bronco® Sport.

That’s the crux of “Raised by Goats,” the first of three campaign spots produced by Wieden+Kennedy New York for Ford to celebrate the launch of its all-new Ford Bronco Sport, specifically highlighting its G.O.A.T. Modes™ equipped with up to seven terrain management modes helping drivers “go over any type of terrain.”

All three spots are under the umbrella of the “Built Wild™” campaign platform, with the first two focusing on the extreme capability and power of the Bronco Sport. All models feature an independent front and rear suspension engineered and performance-tested in demanding environments across North America. The suspension, complemented by the terrain management technologies, is optimized to help drivers confidently maintain vehicle composure while aggressively taking on rugged terrain.

The third piece of the campaign, debuting in February, focuses on the versatility and customization options available for the Bronco Sport.

“The Bronco Sport is ready to introduce even more outdoor enthusiasts to the wild,” said Matt VanDyke, director, U.S. marketing. “This campaign kicks off with a fun, mythical story of how the Sport – the Bronco of small SUVs – developed its impressive off-road capability.” G.O.A.T. was actually the original internal code name for the '66 Bronco project: Goes Over All Terrain.

### **Keeping it Authentic**

Shot in Washington state on Mt. Baker, a legendary volcano in North Cascades National Park, the production came with its own set of challenges – namely, casting and training the proper goats and horses for the piece.

“We decided early on that we wanted to make this true to nature, using real animals in an authentic environment,” said Stuart Jennings, creative director, Wieden+Kennedy New York. “So we were doing a lot of work even before the cameras were rolling, researching breeds of goats, hiring animal trainers, talking through the performances and developing our visual script.”

Extra time was built in to the shoot to consider the needs of the animals, he emphasized. Horses can be trained somewhat easily, but goats are another story.

“Goats are highly intelligent, but they’re stubborn. Sometimes, they just don’t want to listen. If they want to eat grass, they’ll eat grass,” Jennings said. “We just had to wait sometimes and cheer them on to do their performance.”

In fact, he added, the animal trainers “interviewed” a wide variety of goats, since each has a distinct personality and temperament, choosing ones that would best work for the piece.

“We really wanted to walk the line on this one – the animals are adorable, but the focus is truly on Bronco Sport,” he said. “The idea is this vehicle is built for the wild, it’s rugged and tough, and the ultimate takeaway is Bronco has G.O.A.T. Modes. We allude to that all the way through. It’s not just a knob on the vehicle – it’s a system that can take you nearly anywhere you want to go.”

Directed by Stacy Wall, who also shot Ford’s Built for America campaign, the 60-second spot debuts Saturday during the Rams-Seahawks NFL Playoffs Wild Card game.

It will be complemented by a second piece, “Go There,” a high-energy, capability-focused spot that also features the G.O.A.T. Modes capabilities. This piece, debuting Jan. 11 on Good Morning America, was directed by both Wall and Lisa Gunning and cuts quickly in and out of multiple outdoor environments to showcase how the Bronco Sport is ready for any adventure.

The final spot, “Find Your Wild,” was directed by Gunning and highlights the versatility of the vehicle, as well. Bronco Sport offers more than 100 factory-backed and aftermarket accessories for maximum personalization, enabling dealers to provide outfitting-on-demand for each owner’s individual adventure needs. Buyers also can opt for any of four lifestyle accessory bundles themed Bike, Snow, Water and Camping.

A flip-glass rear window, low-load floor cargo area, overlanding-ready roof rack with capacity to make roof-top tent camping easy, and front fender peaks allowing the driver to see the corners of the vehicle easily from behind the wheel confirm Bronco Sport is purpose-built for adventure.

Bronco Sport can quickly help with basecamp setup thanks to an innovative slide-out working table, part of the available five-way configurable Cargo Management System, plus an available class-exclusive 400-watt inverter and standard liftgate floodlamps that illuminate up to 129 square feet for when the adventure ends after sundown.

“Whatever you’re into, you can make this vehicle work for you,” said Jennings. “The Bronco Sport is amazing, and we wanted to show that in the most impactful way possible.”



# About Ford Motor Company

Ford Motor Company is a global company based in Dearborn, Michigan. The company designs, manufactures, markets and services a full line of Ford cars, trucks, SUVs, electrified vehicles and Lincoln luxury vehicles, provides financial services through Ford Motor Credit Company and is pursuing leadership positions in electrification; mobility solutions, including self-driving services; and connected services. Ford employs approximately 187,000 people worldwide. For more information regarding Ford, its products and Ford Motor Credit Company, please visit [www.corporate.ford.com](http://www.corporate.ford.com). BRONCO, BRONCO SPORT, BUILT WILD, G.O.A.T. MODES and all affiliated designs are trademarks of Ford.

# Other Books by Brian W. Kelly: (amazon.com, and Kindle)

**The Colt Raised by Goats.** A heartwarming story from Pennsylvania

**America-First Immigration Innovative solutions which save \$Trillions. Learn how!**

**Should We Cancel Student Debt ?** What should the Biden Administration do about it?

**What about Seniors???** Seniors have been “screwed” on SS Solution is a big Govt check

**Hydroxychloroquine; Much Maligned Super Drug**

**Hydroxychloroquine; Worthless! Worthless! Worthless!**

**Lou Barletta Governor of California.** Perfect candidate for Pennsylvania

**Larry Elder Governor of California.** Perfect candidate for California

**WineDiets.Com Renews: The Wine Diet** Includes three wine diets & an alcohol-free diet

**Katie Kelly & Her Miracle Voice** Singer, Songwriter, Musician and Producer

**Beating Big Tech Monopolies!** Just like when the Trustbusters beat the robber-baron in 1900s

**The Great Story of Florida Gators Football** Beginning of football to the Coach Dan Mullen’s era

**The Great Story of LSU Football** The beginning of football to the Ed Orgeron era

**The Great Story of Clemson Football** Starts at the first football game to the Dabo Swinney era

**The Great Story of Alabama Football** From the first college football game to Alabama’s last TD u

**The Great Story of Notre Dame Football** The beginning of football to coach Brian Kelly’s last game

**The Great Story of Penn State Football** From the beginning of football to the last James Franklin game

**Great Moments in College Football** From the beginning of football to the 2020 post season.

**Great Players in Tampa Bay Buccaneers Football** From the beginning of football through the Bruce Ariens era

**Super Bowl & NFL Championship Seasons: The Tampa Bay Buccaneers** First championship to Super B

**Great Coaches in Tampa Bay Buccaneers Football** Begins continues through the Bruce Ariens era.

**Great Moments in Tampa Bay Buccaneers Football** Begins beginning of Football to Bruce Ariens era.

**Donald Trump Governor of California** After the Newsom recall, Trump is the perfect candidate

**Ron DeSantis: The Best United States Governor To Governors** what Trump is to Presidents—The Best!

**Mike v Trump: Mike Grant** takes on Donald Trump; Brian Kelly takes on Mike Grant;

**SCOTUS Eliminatus** No country needs a Supreme Court that refuses to hear critical cases!

**The Corruption in the WB Area School District** A Story about toxic corruption and other stinky things

**Stolen Election ???** Democrats say: “fair and just;” Republicans surrender to Democrats

**The Ten Commandments of Calipered Kinematically Aligned Total Knee Arthroplasty Color**

**The Ten Commandments of Calipered Kinematically Aligned Total Knee Arthroplasty B/W**

**About Alexa! Tell me how!**

**Chronicle of Inept Governance & Corrective Actions** board from hell big question: better way?

**Hey Alexa** Create me my own personal musical paradise Unpublished with new book

**FTC Case: LetsGoPublish.com v Amazon** Fourth Edition big bully censored nine books

**FTC Case: LetsGoPublish.com v Amazon** Third Edition big bully censored nine books

**FTC Case: LetsGoPublish.com v Amazon** Second Edition big bully censored nine books

**The President Donald J. Trump Book Catalog** Color Version by Brian Kelly & Lets Go Publish!

**The President Donald J. Trump Book Catalog** B/W Version by Brian Kelly & Lets Go Publish!

**FTC Case: LetsGoPublish.com v Amazon** Original case bully censored nine books

**What America Wins if Biden Wins** Everything!!!!!! The answer is really nothing.

**What America Loses if Trump Loses** None of the 1000s of Trump wins for starters

**What America Wins When Trump Wins** Trump already gave the country more benefits and blessings

**We Love Trump! Don’t you?** The President given to the people by God as the answer to our prayers

**Amazon: The Biggest Bully in Town** bully blocked eight books in 2020 by most published author

**Trump Assured 2020 Victory** President needs these two prongs for his platform for landslide

**2020 Republican Convention—Speeches Blocked by Amazon** Includes memento free Link

**2020 RNC Convention Full Speech Transcripts** Blocked by Amazon Memento of the 87 best

**COVID-19 Mask, Yes? Or No? It’s Everybody’s Recommended Solution!!!**

**LSU Tigers Championship Seasons** Starts at beginning of LSU Football to the National Championship

**Great Coaches in LSU Football** Book starts with the first LSU coach; goes to Orgeron Championship

**Great Players in LSU Football** Begins with 1893 QB Ruffin G Pleasant to 2019 QB Burrow

**America for Millennials!** A growing # of disintegrationists want to tear US down

**Great Moments in LSU Football** Book starts at start of Football to the Ed Orgeron Championship.

**The Constitution’s Role in a Return to Normalcy** Can the Constitution Survive?

**The Constitution vs. The Virus** Simultaneous attack coronavirus and US governors

**One, Two, Three, Pooph!!!** Reopen Country Now! Return to normalcy is just around the corner.

**Reopen America Now** Return to Normalcy

**Enough is Enough! Re Re: Covid, We are not children. We’re adults.** We’ll make the right decisions.

**How to Write Your 1st Book & Publish it Using Amazon KDP** You can do it

**REMDESIVIR** A Ray of Hope

**When Will America Reopen for Business?** This author’s opinion includes voices of experts

**HydroxyChloroquine: The Game Changer.** Censored by Amazon – taken off market

**Super Bowl & NFL Championship Seasons** The KC Chiefs From the 1st to Super Bowl LIV

Great Coaches in Kansas City Chiefs Football First Coach era to Andy Reid Era  
 Great Players in Kansas City Chiefs Football From the AFL to Andy Reid Era  
 Reopen America Now! How to Shut-Down Corona Virus & Return to Normalcy!  
 Why is Everybody Moving to the Villages? You can afford a home in the Villages  
 CORONAVIRUS The Cause & the Cure. Many solutions—but which ones will work?  
 Great Moments in Kansas City Chiefs Football. From the beginning to the Andy Reid Era  
 How the Philadelphia Eagles Lost Its Karma. This is the one place that tells the story  
 Cancel All Student Debt Now! Good for America, Good for the Economy.  
 Social Security Screw Job!!! Scandal: Seniors Intentionally Screwed by US Government  
 Trump Hate They hate Trump Supporters; Trump; & God—in that order  
 Christmas Wings for Brian A heartwarming story of a boy whose shoulders kept growing  
 Merry Christmas to Wilkes-Barre 50 Ways” for Mayor George Brown to Create a Better City.  
 Air Force Football Championship Seasons From AF Championship to Coach Calhoun’s latest team  
 Syracuse Football Championship Seasons beginning of SU championships; goes to Dino Babers Era  
 Navy Football Championship Seasons 1st Navy Championships to the Ken Niumatalolo Era  
 Army Football Championship Seasons Beginning of Football championships to Jeff Monken Era  
 Florida Gators Championship Seasons Beginning of Football through championships to Dan Mullen era  
 Alabama’s Championship Seasons Beginning of Football past the 2017/2018 National Championship  
 Clemson Tigers Championship Seasons Beginning of Football to the Clemson National Championships  
 Penn State’s Championship Seasons PSU’s first championship to the James Franklin era  
 Notre Dame’s Championship Seasons Before Knute Rockne and past Lou Holtz’s 1988 undisputed title  
 Super Bowls & Championship Seasons: The New York Giants Many championships of the Giants.  
 Super Bowls & Championship Seasons: New England Patriots Many championships of the Patriots.  
 Super Bowls & Championship Seasons: The Pittsburgh Steelers Many championship of the Steelers  
 Super Bowls & Championship Seasons: The Philadelphia Eagles Many championships of the Eagles.  
 The Big Toxic School Wilkes-Barre Area’s Tale of Corruption, Deception, Taxation & Tyranny  
 Great Players in New York Giants Football Begins with great players of 1925 to the Saquon Barqley era.  
 Great Coaches in New York Giants Football Begins with Bob Folwell 1925 and to Pat Shurmur in 2019.  
 Great Moments in New York Giants Football Beginning of Football to the Pat Shurmur era.  
 Hasta La Vista California Give California its independence.  
 IT’S ALL OVER! Mueller: NO COLLUSION!”—Top Dems going to jail for the hoax!  
 Democrat Secret for Power & Winning Elections Open borders adds millions of new Democrat Voters  
 Hope for Wilkes-Barre—John Q. Doe—Next Mayor of Wilkes-Barre  
 The John Doe Plan & WB Plan will help create a better city!  
 Great Moments in New England Patriots Football Second Edition  
 This book begins at the beginning of Football and goes to the Bill Belichick era.  
 The Cowardly Congress Corrupt US Congress is against America and Americans.  
 Great Players in Air Force Football From the beginning to the current season  
 Great Coaches in Air Force Football Grom the beginning to Coach Troy Calhoun  
 Help for Mayor George and Next Mayor of Wilkes-Barre How to vote for the next Mayor Council  
 Ghost of Wilkes-Barre Future: Spirit’s advice for residents how to pick the next Mayor and Council  
 Great Players in Air Force Football: Air Force’s best players of all time  
 Great Coaches in Air Force Football: From Coach 1 to Coach Troy Calhoun  
 Great Moments in Air Force Football: From day 1 to today  
 Great Players in Navy Football: Navy’s best including Bellino & Staubach  
 Great Coaches in Navy Football: From Coach 1 to Coach #39 Ken Niumatalolo  
 Great Moments in Navy Football: From day 1 to coach Ken Niumatalolo 1  
 No Tree! No Toys! No Toot! Heartwarming story. Christmas gone while 19 month old napped  
 How to End DACA, Sanctuary Cities, & Resident Illegal Aliens . best solution remove shadowsAmerica.  
 Government Must Stop Ripping Off Seniors’ Social Security!: Hey buddy, seniors can’t spare a dime?  
 Special Report: Solving America’s Student Debt Crisis!: The only real solution to the \$1.52 Trillion debt  
 The Winning Political Platform for America Unique winning approach to solve big problems in America.  
 Lou Barletta v Bob Casey for US Senate Barletta’s unique approach to solve big problems in America.  
 John Chrin v Matt Cartwright for Congress Chrin has a unique approach to solve big problems in America.  
 The Cure for Hate !!! Can the cure be any worse than this disease that is crippling America?  
 Andrew Cuomo’s Time to Go? He Was Never that Great!”: Cuomo says America never that great  
 White People Are Bad! Bad! Bad! Whoever thought a popular slogan in 2018 It’s OK to be White!  
 The Fake News Media Is Also Corrupt !!!: Fake press / media today is not worthy to be 4th Estate.  
 God Gave US Donald Trump? Trump was sent from God as the people’s answer  
 Millennials Say America Was Never That Great”: Too many pleased days of political chumps not over!  
 It’s Time for The John Q. Doe Party... Don’t you think? By Elephants.  
 Great Players in Florida Gators Football... Tim Tebow and a ton of other great players  
 Great Coaches in Florida Gators Football... The best coaches in Gator history.  
 The Constitution by Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, et al. The Real Constitution  
 The Constitution Companion. Will help you learn and understand the Constitution  
 Great Coaches in Clemson Football The best Clemson Coaches right to Dabo Swinney



Great Players in Clemson Football The best Clemson players in history  
 Winning Back America. America's been stolen and can be won back completely  
 The Founding of America... Great book to pick up a lot of great facts  
 Defeating America's Career Politicians. The scoundrels need to go.  
 Midnight Mass by Jack Lammers... You remember what it was like Great story  
 The Bike by Jack Lammers... Great heartwarming Story by Jack  
 Wipe Out All Student Loan Debt--Now! Watch the economy go boom!  
 No Free Lunch Pay Back Welfare! Why not pay it back?  
 Deport All Millennials Now!!! Why they deserve to be deported and/or saved  
 DELETE the EPA, Please! The worst decisions to hurt America  
 Taxation Without Representation 4th Edition Should we throw the TEA overboard again?  
 Four Great Political Essays by Thomas Dawson  
 Top Ten Political Books for 2018... Cliffnotes Version of 10 Political Books  
 Top Six Patriotic Books for 2018... Cliffnotes version of 6 Patriotic Boosk  
 Why Trump Got Elected!.. It's great to hear about a great milestone in America!  
 The Day the Free Press Died. Corrupt Press Lives on!  
 Solved (Immigration) The best solutions for 2018  
 Solved II (Obamacare, Social Security, Student Debt) Check it out; They're solved.  
 Great Moments in Pittsburgh Steelers Football... Six Super Bowls and more.  
 Great Players in Pittsburgh Steelers Football ,,,Chuck Noll, Bill Cowher, Mike Tomlin, etc.  
 Great Coaches in New England Patriots Football,,, Bill Belichick the one and only plus others  
 Great Players in New England Patriots Football... Tom Brady, Drew Bledsoe et al.  
 Great Coaches in Philadelphia Eagles Football..Andy Reid, Doug Pederson & Lots more  
 Great Players in Philadelphia Eagles Football Great players such as Sonny Jurgenson  
 Great Coaches in Syracuse Football All the greats including Ben Schwartzwalder  
 Great Players in Syracuse Football. Highlights best players such as Jim Brown & Donovan McNabb  
 Millennials are People Too !!! Give US millennials help to live American Dream  
 Brian Kelly for the United States Senate from PA: Fresh Face for US Senate  
 The Candidate's Bible. Don't pray for your campaign without this bible  
 Rush Limbaugh's Platform for Americans... Rush will love it  
 Sean Hannity's Platform for Americans... Sean will love it  
 Donald Trump's New Platform for Americans. Make Trump unbeatable in 2020  
 Tariffs Are Good for America! One of the best tools a president can have  
 Great Coaches in Pittsburgh Steelers Football Sixteen of the best coaches ever to coach in pro football.  
 Great Moments in New England Patriots Football Great football moments from Boston to New England  
 Great Moments in Philadelphia Eagles Football. The best from the Eagles from the beginning of football.  
 Great Moments in Syracuse Football The great moments, coaches & players in Syracuse Football  
 Boost Social Security Now! Hey Buddy Can You Spare a Dime?  
 The Birth of American Football. From the first college game in 1869 to the last Super Bowl  
 Obamacare: A One-Line Repeal Congress must get this done.  
 A Wilkes-Barre Christmas Story A wonderful town makes Christmas all the better  
 A Boy, A Bike, A Train, and A Christmas Miracle A Christmas story that will melt your heart  
 Pay-to-Go America-First Immigration Fix  
 Legalizing Illegal Aliens Via Resident Visas Americans-first plan saves \$Trillions. Learn how!  
 60 Million Illegal Aliens in America!!! A simple, America-first solution.  
 The Bill of Rights By Founder James Madison Refresh your knowledge of the specific rights for all  
 Great Players in Army Football Great Army Football played by great players..  
 Great Coaches in Army Football Army's coaches are all great.  
 Great Moments in Army Football Army Football at its best.  
 Great Moments in Florida Gators Football Gators Football from the start. This is the book.  
 Great Moments in Clemson Football CU Football at its best. This is the book.  
 Great Moments in Florida Gators Football Gators Football from the start. This is the book.  
 The Constitution Companion. A Guide to Reading and Comprehending the Constitution  
 The Constitution by Hamilton, Jefferson, & Madison – Big type and in English  
 PATERNO: The Dark Days After Win # 409. Sky began to fall within days of win # 409.  
 JoePa 409 Victories: Say No More! Winningest Division I-A football coach ever  
 American College Football: The Beginning From before day one football was played.  
 Great Coaches in Alabama Football Challenging the coaches of every other program!  
 Great Coaches in Penn State Football the Best Coaches in PSU's football program  
 Great Players in Penn State Football The best players in PSU's football program  
 Great Players in Notre Dame Football The best players in ND's football program  
 Great Coaches in Notre Dame Football The best coaches in any football program  
 Great Players in Alabama Football from Quarterbacks to offensive Linemen Greats!  
 Great Moments in Alabama Football AU Football from the start. This is the book.  
 Great Moments in Penn State Football PSU Football, start--games, coaches, players,  
 Great Moments in Notre Dame Football ND Football, start, games, coaches, players

Cross Country with the Parents A great trip from East Coast to West with the kids  
Seniors, Social Security & the Minimum Wage. Things seniors need to know.  
How to Write Your First Book and Publish It with CreateSpace. You too can be an author.  
The US Immigration Fix--It's all in here. Finally, an answer.  
I had a Dream IBM Could be #1 Again The title is self-explanatory  
WineDiets.Com Presents The Wine Diet Learn how to lose weight while having fun..  
Wilkes-Barre, PA; Return to Glory Wilkes-Barre City's return to glory  
Geoffrey Parsons' Epoch... The Land of Fair Play Better than the original.  
The Bill of Rights 4 Dummies! This is the best book to learn about your rights.  
Sol Bloom's Epoch ...Story of the Constitution The best book to learn the Constitution  
America 4 Dummies! All Americans should read to learn about this great country.  
The Electoral College 4 Dummies! How does it really work?  
The All-Everything Machine Story about IBM's finest computer server.  
ThankYou IBM! This book explains how IBM was beaten in the computer marketplace by neophytes

## **Amazon.com/author/brianwkelly**

**At the time, while Brian W. was an Amazon author, he had already written 290 books. This was his 291<sup>st</sup>.**

**Thank you for buying this one.**

**Others once could be found at [amazon.com/author/brianwkelly](https://www.amazon.com/author/brianwkelly). Ask Amazon to reinstate Brian Kelly's account. Unfortunately, Amazon canceled him and this one book is not available on Amazon. But, it may be available some day on Drafts2Digital or another fine publisher.**

**Amen!**

