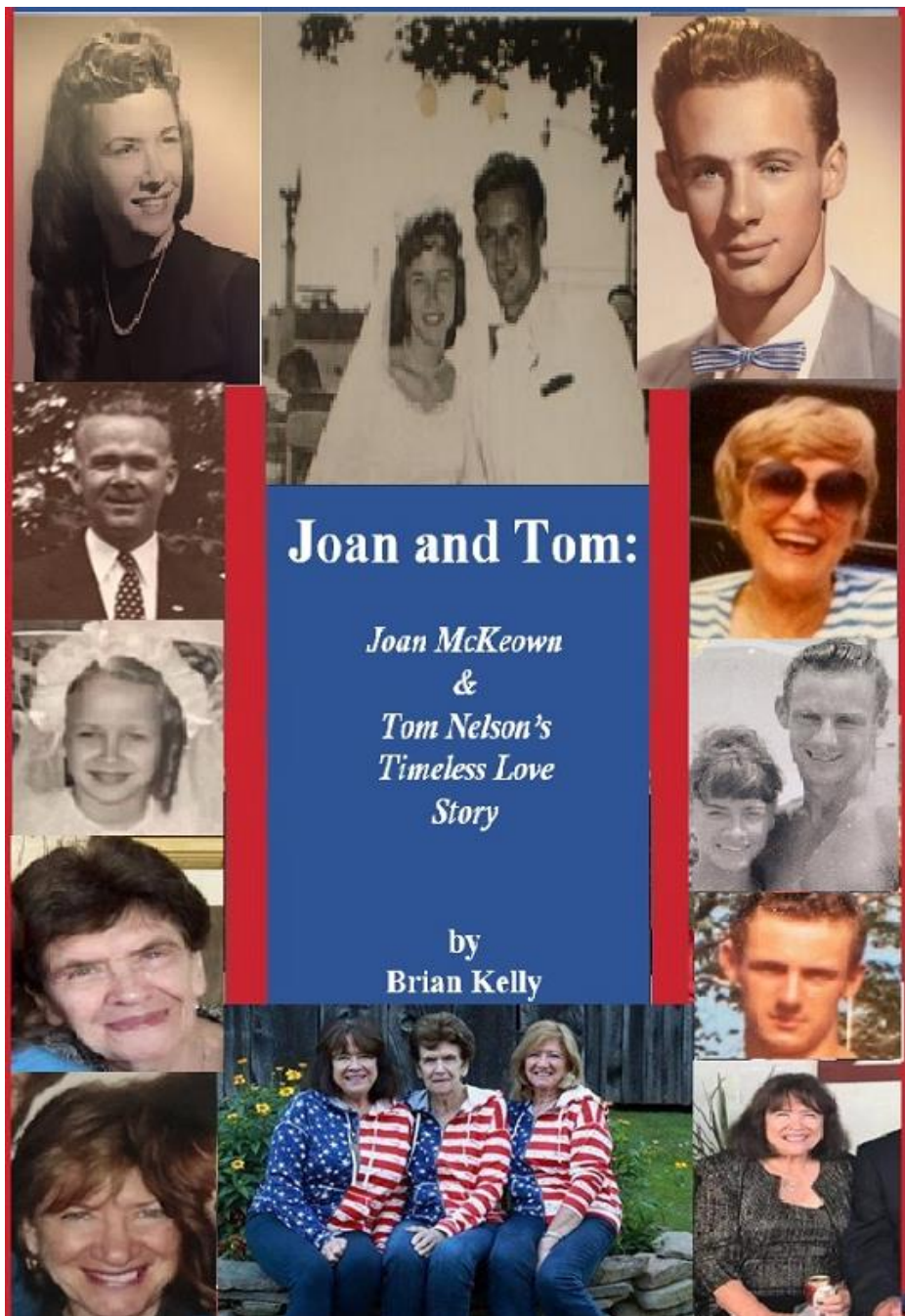


Dear Reader: <https://www.letsGOPublish.com/joantom01.pdf>. Thank you very much for downloading this free book about my wonderful first cousins, Joan and Tom Nelson. You will find out how special they are. By reading this download: Joan McKeown & Tom Nelson's Timeless Love Story, which I finished in May 2023. It is the second-last book I wrote.

**Most of my books had previously been published on Amazon.**

Click below if you would like to donate to help the free book cause:  
<https://www.letsGOPublish.com/books/donate.pdf>

**Enjoy!**



To: Joan and Tom:

I wrote this book for you as a tribute to your wonderful life of which my whole family and I are most impressed and have been since we first knew of your love story.

God bless you both.

My family and I love you both immensely and we are praying for God's healing hand to make this time of your life as wonderful as the rest.

May God bless you forever.

# Joan and Tom:

## Joan McKeown & Tom Nelson's Timeless Love Story

Once they knew they were in love, Joan and Tom would stay in love forever. It did not take long and then it was a veritable whirlwind, Just two years after they both graduated from Bloomfield High School, they were married on Joan's parents anniversary on August 6, 1960.

Those of us who know them or who knew them then know they were meant for each other from the way they met to the way they always treated each other. It is their deep love for each other that my wife and I witnessed each time we were in their company that impressed us the most but I have to admit the way they met is the most unique thing that anybody would notice about how they met and how their love grew. I tell the whole story but not right now.'

Without telling the whole story right here in the book description, there is a lot to talk about in their life together especially their family. I do not have time to replay their whole life but if I did there would be so much that we could all learn from them. Every time I am with them, I am impressed with them. I was compelled to write this book because their story is so special and inspiring. You will love reflecting on their story.

First of all as you will see from the pictures I present including relatives from almost back in the 19th century to High School times to just a few months ago, it is easy to see that they are both handsome figures and you can see the love in the faces of their families. Joan is so beautiful that her sisters have no problem telling anybody how gorgeous she is. There is no jealousy there at all. But, then again both Kathy and Rita are bona fide beauties themselves and they are just as unassuming and humble as Joan. Tommy is a handsome, strong man with a determination that puts him on the winning side of the score almost all the time. Just as it was with his discovery and determined pursuit of Joan, Tom Nelson keeps at it until he succeeds.

Let me preview their story by saying it was not easy for either of them. Their love was not preordained by the stars or the deities. Joan, who is very lovely and who has a charming personality would never have found it difficult to find a loving spouse and be successfully married. But like a lot of people who are very pretty, she was pursued by the popular people at school who are not necessarily the nicest people you'd want to meet. In her case, Dwight Hafling (fictitious name) was the big star on the football team and he wanted the prettiest girl in the school as his girlfriend. Tom Nelson was a popular guy at Bloomfield High, very talented and very well known. But he was not the star of anything and he did not want to be the star. He was OK being Tom Nelson.

But he, like many other boys could not help noticing the top twirler (Majorette) found himself after not too long being captivated but he would not move on Joan because he was a gentleman and she already had a boyfriend.

Then something serious health-wise happened to Joan and the whole school knew that Dwight had stopped calling on her. Despite possibly getting sick himself, Tom Nelson was undeterred and whether he planned it or not, Tom acted like the wonderful man that he is and he began to call on Joan. Yes, the rest is history and it is a great love story. No matter where you go in life or how long you live, you'll be hard pressed to match this story.

by  
**Brian W Kelly**

**Title: Joan and Tom**

**Subtitle:** Joan McKeown & Tom Nelson's Timeless Love Story

Author:

Brian W. Kelly

Editor,

Brian P.. Kelly

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Release Date:

May 2023



By  
**Brian W. Kelly**



# Dedication

I dedicate this book to Tom and Joan Nelson who can serve as a model in many ways for how love is supposed to work out in life.

Thank you Joan and Tom for showing us it can be done.





## Acknowledgments:

I appreciate all the help I have received in putting this book together. as well as all of my 310 other published books.

My printed acknowledgments had become so large that book readers "complained" about going through too many pages to get to page one of the text.

And, so to permit me more flexibility, I put my acknowledgment list online, and it continues to grow. Believe it or not, it once cost about a dollar more to print each book.

Thank you and God bless you all for your help.

Please check out [www.letsgopublish.com](http://www.letsgopublish.com), our publisher's site to read the latest version of my heartfelt acknowledgments updated for this book. FYI, Wily Ky Eyely, my wonderful young "niece," loves this book and recommends it to all. She wants "Uncle Brian" to be our next US Congressman or US Senator or Wilkes-Barre PA Mayor but Uncle Brian says his days as a candidate are over.

Click the bottom of the Main menu on the site to see the big acknowledgments! Thank you all!



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# Preface

What a great way to start this book. The McKeown Sisters Love each other and they love their brother Tom. They can't help it.

Sister Rita penned this note to all, including your humble scribe on the occasion of Joan and Tom's 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary. It is the perfect opening for this book.

Date: Sun, 1 Aug 2010 15:01:31 -0700 (PDT)  
From: "Rita DeRiancho" <njpama@yahoo.com>  
Subject: Happy Anniversary Joan & Tommy  
To: "BRIAN KELLY" <bkelly@kellyconsulting.com>

Dear Joan and Tommy  
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR 50TH WEDDING  
ANNIVERSARY!!!

May today's special occasion bless you as you have blessed our family and so many others.

Joan, I am so happy that you have such a wonderful husband. Tommy has always loved you so beautifully and to Kathy and I he is the brother we always wished we had.

I can't think the name Joan without saying Tommy with it. Joan and Tom, you have been an inspiration to all who know and love you. Everyone admires your love for each other. You have lived, loved and laughed and shown the world that marriage can be the best thing that ever happened to you.

We pray God will bless you with many more years of shared love and peaceful memories. We cherish the love and happiness you have brought to our lives.

With grateful hearts and many blessings,

Rita and Frank



# About the Author

## Brian W. Kelly



Brian W. Kelly graduated from Wilkes-Barre's Meyers High School, and King's College with honors. He also received his M.B. A. from Wilkes University with honors. Kelly retired as an Assistant Professor in the Business Information Technology (BIT) program at Marywood University, where he also served as the IBM i and Midrange Systems Technical Advisor to the IT Faculty. At Marywood, Brian designed, developed, and taught many college and professional technical courses. He continues as a contributing technical editor to a number of IT industry magazines, including "The Four Hundred" and "Four Hundred Guru," published by IT Jungle.

Kelly is a former IBM Senior Systems Engineer and IBM Mid Atlantic Area Technical Specialist. His specialty was designing applications for customers as well as implementing advanced IBM operating systems and software facilities on their machines. In his position with IBM, he gained substantial writing experience in the preparation of technical documents, run books, proposals, and justification studies.

He has an active information technology consultancy. He is the author of more than 310 books and numerous technical articles. Kelly has been a frequent speaker at COMMON, IBM expositions, and other technical conferences.

Brian was a candidate for both the US Congress from Pennsylvania in 2010 and for Mayor from his home town in 2015. Brian brings a wealth of experience to his writing and editing endeavors.



# Chapter 1 Joan McKeown & Tom Nelson Introduction



**Photo: Tammy Images #1– Joan E. McKeown Senior Graduation Picture from Bloomfield High, Bloomfield New Jersey**



**Photo: Tammy Images #2- Thomas Allan Nelson -- Senior Graduation Picture from Bloomfield High, Bloomfield New Jersey**



**Photo: Tammy Images #3– Joan McKeown Nelson & Thomas Allan Nelson –At about 20 or 21 years old. Tom and Joan are getting ready for a great life. God is good.**



**Photo: Tammy Images #4– The Nelson Kids- The product of the above fruitful marriage. Except for Tammy Reynolds, they are all Nelsons, Tom, Tammy, Kevin, Michael and Tim. Not a bad looking one in the whole lot of them!**



**Photo: Tammy Images #5- More Nelson Kids- The product of the above fruitful marriage. Except for Tammy, they are all Nelsons, Tom, Tammy, Kevin, Michael and Tim. Not a bad looking one in the whole lot of them!**



**Photo: Tammy Images #6 More Nelson Kids-What a wonderful family--  
Thomas Jr. & Mary Jayne Nelson; 3 sons Ryan, Sean, and Christopher**



**Photo: Tammy Images #7 More Nelson Kids-What a wonderful family--  
Thomas Jr. & Mary Jayne Nelson's grandchildren Oliver, Cullen, Patrick and  
Shane.**



**Photo: Tammy Images #7.5 More Nelsons-What a wonderful family—The Michael Nelson Family-- Mike and Joanne They have 3 girls Amanda and Dave Calpini have Sons- Zachary , Anthony and Jaxson, Then there is Julia and Kyle Malloy**



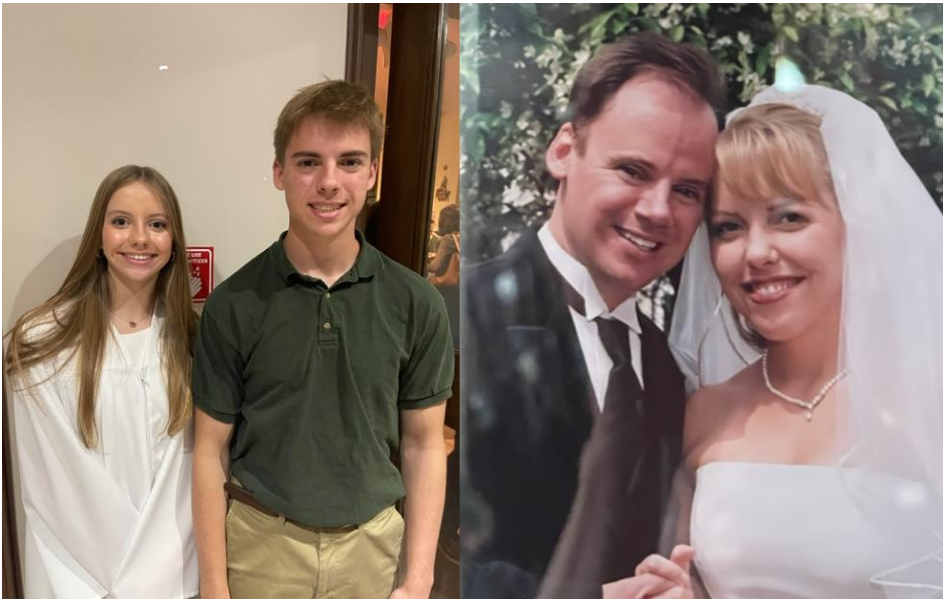
**Photo: Mimi Images #8. Baby Madison & Parents Emily & Mike White. Also of the Mike Nelson Clan. At first I did not recognize them and thought a couple movie stars had snuck in the picture. No wonder there are so many homely people in the world, The greater Nelson family sure stole all the looks in the good looks closet.**



**Photo: Tammy Images #9 More Nelson Kids with a name change What a wonderful family—Tammy & husband Ken Reynolds getting married. Next picture is their three wonderful children Darcy, Haley, & of course Kenneth Jr.**



**Photo: Tammy Images #10 The Tammy and Ken Reynolds' Children**





**Photo: Tammy Images #11 More Nelson Kids. Again, what a wonderful family—Tim and Christine Nelson followed by Adult Children, Grant & Katie**



**Photo: Tammy Images #12 More Nelson Kids. Again, what a wonderful, beautiful family—Kevin & Brooke and daughters Sloane & Bree**



**Photo: Tammy Images #13. This is Tom and Joan's Irish son Andrew Dickson and Joleen and their two children – sons, Aiden and Own**

**Four Special very good looking Nelsons coming up -- Firehouse Friends.**



Photo: Tammy Images #14 This is Wilson Nelson and Toby Nelson, Always getting maligned because they are mom and dad's favorite Nelsons



Photo: Tammy Images #15 Spot Nelson Joan & Tom's Dog. The Cat is Francis Reynolds.



**Photo: Pookey Images #1– Grandmom & Grandpop McKeown on the infamous 363 High St. Front Porch Swing**

## **Grandmom McKeown was the family matriarch**

The first time I heard about Joan McKeown Nelson was at the kitchen table at 363 High Street in Wilkes-Barre and her name at the time was simply Joan McKeown. My father and mother, Edward Kelly and Irene McKeown Kelly rented the abode from Namey Davis then his son, Donald Davis, the neighborhood landlord, for \$25.00 a month forever. Here is an early picture of Mom and Dad Kelly taken on High Street after they were married for a just little while.

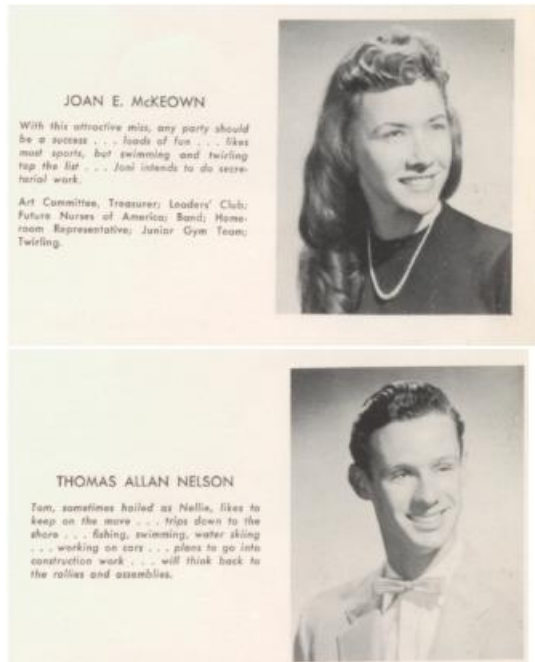


**Photo: Mimi's Images #1– Irene McKeown Kelly (Aka Biddie), Edward J. Kelly Sr. The mom and dad of the Kelly Kids, Ed, Nancy, Brian (Me) Mary, Joe.**

Joan would visit the McKeown 363 High Street Homestead with my uncle Nick McKeown when he came to see his mother, my grandmother who was also Joan's grandmother. I was very young. Joan is about seven or eight years older than me.

So far in this book project, thanks to cousin Rita, I found Joan and Tom's 1958 Bloomfield High yearbook online and I got five pictures from it.

I do remember well, Joan and her baton when I was little. I was amazed at how well she could twirl. Here are the pictures from the 1958 Bloomfield High School Yearbook of Joan and Tom Nelson.



**Photo: Bloomfield High Images #1– Joan McKeown and Tom Nelson in High School – senior graduation pictures. Captions by the yearbook editor**

I never met Tom Nelson's parents or any of his relatives. I regret that but until he married Joan, he was not in my family. My cousin Tammy gave me a picture of her mother Joan at the entrance to Sacred Heart Church which is someplace in this book. Tom as you can see was always handsome and so he was a fine choice for Joan and he is what the grandparents would say is a swell person. He still is.

I can tell you since I learned it from Rita today that Tommy's parents were named Chet (Chester) and Nora. He was born in another State which I think was Missouri. Tom came to NJ as a young kid. He had two brothers and 1 sister. His brother Ricky (Cougar Nelson was his professional name) real name Richard. He was a famous trombone player with Al Hirt, Red Nickels and others in Las Vegas. Tommy has a great voice and I still love hearing him sing *Second Hand Rose* and my favorite, The Jersey Tomato song. "*Where the Big Tomatoes Grow!*"

The McKeown Sisters besides Joan, think the world of Tom Nelson. So do I and so does my whole family. Rita wrote this: “Joan and Tom have had a beautiful relationship since the day they laid eyes on each other and that love is still just as strong if not stronger. He is so good to and for her and she is for him too. They are going thru so much. He has an appointment next week to go in and get a new battery or something with his pacemaker and she has an appointment for chemo and most likely a new discussion on what’s next which we are all so afraid to hear. God help us all. Pray for Joan Nelson.

Because of my wonderful cousin Joan, I am now praying the Rosary as often as I can. Every chance I get I ask God to keep Joan well. If you have time, please include my cousin Joan in your prayers. God is good.

Coming up is a picture of my favorite majorette, and for full disclosure, I had a girlfriend for four years from my HS junior year to my college sophomore year--who was also a majorette. Sorry about the picture quality. No majorette that I ever met, however, was as pretty or as nice as my cousin Joan McKeown. Below is a picture of Joan the twirler (Majorette). She is the second one from the left in the top row:



**Photo: Bloomfield High Images #2– The twirlers. At our school, we called them Majorettes Joan is the second person in the top row.**

When Rita, Joan's sister told me which one of the twirlers was Joan as the photo is a bit blurry, she editorialized her feelings about her sister: She is "The prettiest of course, top row second from left. Isn't she gorgeous!" The McKeown sisters love each other. If the world could have just a part of their deep love of people and life, it would be a wonderful place to live for sure.

Here is a picture of Joan in high school in her full Twirler Regalia, ready to perform for the public. Note, baton always ready for action:



**Photo: Tammy Images #16– Joan E. McKeown Senior Twirler Picture from Bloomfield High, Bloomfield New Jersey**

## MAJORETTES



Lynn Kutz, Lucille Lewis, Libby Farr, Betty Fedorchak, Bonnie Obelienis, Head Majorette;

Cindy Durland, Sandy White, Rebecca Mendoza, Sharon Forlenza.

**Photo: MeyersHigh Images #12– The twirlers. At our school, Meyers High, we called them Majorettes. Lucille, my steady at the time is the second person from the left.**

Let me now present you all with a look at some of the most beautiful women in the world before I continue to the Photo Gallery for Chapter 1. It seems like every day these special people in my life and the lives of others get even more lovely. I have a special page for them coming up right now:





**Photo: Mimi's Images #1.5– A rare Tunkhannock Photo of the Cousins. Here is Cousin Joan McKeown Nelson, one of the two namesakes for the book, Cousin Rita McKeown DeRiancho, her lovely sister, Patricia Piotroski Kelly (my lovely wife), Mary Alice Kelly Daniels, my wonderful and lovely of course, sister and provider of many pictures, and Diane Ashford Kelly, my wonderful and lovely sister-in-law who happened to fall in love with my brother Joseph and he with she. Aren't they all beautiful. I am honored for them to grace the pages of this book. Pic was taken at the Red Lion in Tunkhannock. At the bar is Tommy Nelson and Brian Kelly (according to my wife Pat) It was the start of a great two day fest.**

**Enjoy the first of three Photo Galleries starting after the motorcycles**



**Photo: Mimi's Images #1.7- Cousin Joan McKeown Nelson and Thomas Nelson, the cycle commander.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 17– Cousin Joan McKeown Nelson and Thomas Nelson, the cycle commander. They were definitely ready to roll that day. Me too!**



# Chapter 1 Photo Gallery



Photo: From the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Album -- Joan and Tom's Wedding



The Girls, the Myth, the Legend:  
The Three Sisters [See More](#)

Photo: Mimi Images #2. Three Beauties: Joan, Rita & Kathy McKeown

Here, in this Chapter addendum, we have some recent pictures from Mimi's Picture Tin. Mimi is my sister Mary. She is a twin. Since this book is written about one bonafide member of the McKeown family and one member of the Nelson family. And, since your humble scribe is a member of the McKeown/Kelly family I have a lot more

older pictures of which the McKeown family members would be interested than the Nelsons.

Therefore, I decided to put in as many pictures from the beginning days of the family into several post chapter galleries and then some. There won't be a big story describing each of the pictures other than the photo caption but that should be enough. I have decided that I will highlight pictures in the first three post chapters.

I already started above with the beautiful Nick & Emma McKeown family sisters of which Kathy, Rita, and Joan are the big-time lady members. Aren't they cute. I think we can say they are wooters.



**Photo: Mimi Images #3. Three Beauties Again: Tricked ya's all. This time it is Rita, Joan & Kathy McKeown**



**Photo: Mimi Images #4. Rare Photo of the Kelly Twins, Joe & Mary and their daddy, Edward J. Kelly. The old picture tin was not as safe a spot as we thought seventy years ago. Oh, you did not notice that the picture is torn.. Thanks Mary for saving what you could.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #5. Yep, the camera hog twins again in the back yard of 363 High Street learning how to walk. Mary & Joe and their daddy, Edward J. Kelly. Thanks Mary**



**Photo: Mimi Images #6. Another rare Photo of the Kelly Twins, Mary & Joe. Nice to see they made it off their dad's lap. Aren't they both special looking?**





**Photo: Mimi Images #7. Yep, still another rare Photo of the Kelly Twins, Joe and Mary. First grade at St. Boniface School Wilkes-Barre. We should have insured the picture tin. Thanks Mary**



**Photo: Mimi Images #8. Three McKeown Beauties Again and a Sweeney--**

**Susan Sweeney, Rita DeRiancho, Joan Nelson, & Kathy Conklin**



**Photo: Mimi Images #9 Three McKeown Beauties Again. Can't get enough!  
L-to-R Rita McKeown DeRiancho, Joan McKeown Nelson. Kathy McKeown  
Conklin is in 1<sup>st</sup> row.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #9.5 Three Patriotic McKeown Beauties Yet Again. Can't get enough! L-to-R Joan McKeown Nelson, Kathy McKeown Conklin & Rita McKeown DeRiancho**



**Photo: Mimi Images #10 Three McKeown Beauties, Rita, Joan and Kathy, but no Susan Sweeney—then who? That's not our Tommy Nelson? Haina???**

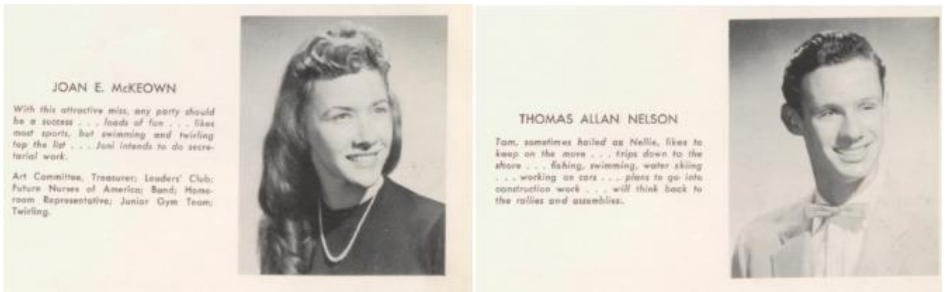


**Photo: Tammy Images # 18– Joan and Tom; They look too young to drink???**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 19– Joan and Tom; I wonder whose wedding it is? Hah!**

## Chapter 2 The McKeown Family Is Big



### Back to the big McKeown family



Photo: Mimi Images #10.5 Grandmom & Grandpop McKeown on the Front Porch Swing

Now, if you will indulge me, your humble scribe, now that I have shown you a picture of the Majorettes at my own high school, we will now go back to the origin of the McKeown family—the Grandmom and Grandpop McKeown family from 363 High Street in Wilkes-Barre, PA. This domicile is important since our McKeown grandparents, who are also Joan's grandparents lived there almost all of their lives and it was the scene of much wonder over the years. I can surely attest to that. I moved out when I was about 22 years old. I smile today when I drive by.

My girlfriend in the early years at the time was Lucille. She was wonderful all those years. I went with her for four years 'til I was a sophomore in College. She too was a regular on High street during our high school years. She is the second from the left of the Meyers HS majorettes. You have to do some paging work to get back there. Don't tell my wife Pat. Shhh!!!

The Kelly/McKeown kitchen table which you are about to see was a place of learning. I know that I learned a lot when all the relatives were not jammed into the kitchen. Then, with nobody else around, I had Grandmom McKeown's ear and she had mine. I loved her to pieces. Here is a look at that infamous kitchen table where many a brew was quaffed—almost always a Stegmaier.

As you look upon the table from your arrival from the dining room, to the far left was the cupboards and the counter and in the corner was the kitchen sink and to the right of that, next to the refrigerator was the ringer washer that was used every Monday. You can imagine it being there.

When Uncle Joe McKeown (front right) worked at the Mill next door, he would come over for his breaks. Grandmom and his sister, my mom Irene, would give him a few hits of the Muscatel at Christmas time and we sisters and brothers learned that it was kept under the sink. Yes, we kids did ahem! And Uncle Joe got blamed. Shhh! It was a cinch.

Missing in the Kitchen table picture below was some of the McKeown Uncles. Uncle Nick and Uncle Gene and Uncle Henry. I don't seem to have a picture of Uncle Gene any place. He was a

great person and spent a lot of time at the house. When he and Uncle Jimmy were not visiting their mother at my house, they were at the Glen Tavern which welcomed all comers.

Uncle Gene would call me up a lot and ask me to go to Brady's Lunch on Blackman Street for some hamburgers and hot dogs. Boy did they smell good carrying them home.



**Photo on prior page: Pookey Images #2 – The Busy Kitchen Table with Grandmom & Grandpop Kelly visiting on the front left side. Uncle Joe (Right) & Aunt Ruth McKeown, standing, Tommy Rowan Sr.-left back, Uncle Jimmy McKeown -back & Grandmom McKeown**

Uncle Gene always gave me a ton of change for my trouble.

My mom and dad moved in to what had been the McKeown home for a zillion years. Actually, my mom, Irene McKeown lived there all her life until we moved out about 1990. So dad moved in probably in the 1940's after secretly being married for almost a year. Things were different in the post-depression era.

My dad was looking for employment at that time and he eventually got a job that could support a family. He was thrilled to become employed by the famous Stegmaier Brewery in Wilkes-Barre. After that no other beer was permitted on High Street—ever. Dad was pleased to pay the rent for the family including my grandparents.

Grandmom and Grandpop McKeown had both lived in the house some would say forever, along with my mom. There were always visitors from my local uncles to the uncles and aunts and older cousins who lived out of town and came for many visits. They all came home to see their mother, Grandmom Mary McKeown who originally hailed from West Nanticoke.

There were three uncles who visited all the time from Wilkes-Barre. Uncle, Joe from Horton Street married to Aunt Ruth Jenkins McKeown with child, Pookey. Uncle Jimmy from Grant Street who was married to Aunt Louise Quinn McKeown. They had three kids, my first cousins Jerry, Danny and Patsy the nurse. Uncle Gene McKeown from Brown Street also had three children-- Lois, Gertrude, and Jean and her son Richard Knaus was my best friend.

Then there was Uncle Henry and his wife Aunt Francie from NJ and their kids Alice & Lolo. Uncle Henry died young. I never met him. The story is that Uncle Henry was at a ball game and got a headache and somebody gave him an aspirin and he died shortly thereafter very suddenly. Sad story! Aunt Alice also died young in her twenties of mastoids.

Then, of course there is the Nick and Emma McKeown family from 1 Sherman Court, Bloomfield NJ. They had three children, Kathy, Rita, and Joan, about whom this book is about. The Nick McKeown girls are getting up there as is Tommy Nelson. Heck, even Brian Kelly is 75 but his wife Pat is 76. Birthdates have been recorded as follows: Kathy is June 1, 1931; Rita is November 28, 1938. Joan is July 6, 1940 and Tommy Nelson is October 24, 1939. They are all still beautiful.





**Spare Image from Tammy – 1 Sherman Court The Scene of the 1<sup>st</sup> meeting.**

This picture of 1 Sherman Court is very relevant to the relationship of Tom Nelson and Joan McKeown. Tom Nelson, Tammy's dad always told her about how he met her mother. Tammy said he always said that "he met mom in bed!" True story that has humor built in. Joan was home and confined to home; she was sick with tuberculosis and he went into her room against my Uncle Nick and Aunt Emma's wishes. They were her parents of course. Tom felt what the heck, so he sat on the edge of the bed, and it broke!! Really! Tammy says: "The rest is history!" It sure is. She and four other Nelson children are part of that history. Now before I tell you the hole deal, let's back to the stage setting stuff:

### **Back to Bloomfield**

Also in Bloomfield NJ was Aunt Nina and her husband Jim Brady Sr. and their two kids little Jimmy and Mary Brady Rowan and her kids Little Arline and Tommy Rowan Jr. Their last residence was 39 Benson St after moving from 143 Orange Street.

I think Grandmom and Grandpop McKeown had one more child Alice as I mentioned. She passed away in her twenties of a mastoid. You don't die from this anymore, I think

Here on the next page is a picture down the steps from the back porch right off the 363 kitchen. From l to r the tall one is Aunt Ruth, Uncle Joe's wife from Horton St., Irene McKeown Kelly, my mom,

Aunt Nina McKeown Brady from NJ, and Grandmom McKeown. Aunt Ruth and Uncle Joe were my Godparents.

I bet the two kids in the picture below are little Jimmy Brady and Mary Brady, Aunt Nina's little children. Both are RIP and were older than me but not in this picture. On the left side on the porch is the next door neighbor checking things out. They were all in the back yard. Note the high steps leading to the back door on the right side of the double block (looking from the back yard).



**Photo: Pookey Images #2 – High Street Back Steps with Aunt Ruth, my mom, Irene McKeown, Nina McKeown Brady, & Grandmom McKeown. Front Jimmy and Mary Brady, Nina's kids.**



**Photo: Pookey Images #3 – Jimmy Brady Jr. Dapper Army picture. Jimmy spent lots of time on High Street first with his 1956 Ford Fairlane w/ Continental Kit and later with his many Cadillacs.**



**Photo: Internet Images #1 – Jimmy Brady Jr. had a beautiful Ford with a continental kit that looked like this. Many-time visitor to 363 High Street. He even drank lots of Stegmaier with the locals.**



**Photo: Internet Images #2 – Jimmy Brady Jr. After he had his fill of Ford's had a number of magnificently large and beautiful Cadillacs. He was still a kid. He and Joe Pahler from across High Street would go to Sans Souci dances and impress the girls with the big Cadillac, either new or almost new. Nice Car Jim. They were all big.**

Back to Uncle Gene. He lived a block away on Brown Street with his wife Helen, and Daughters Lois, Gertrude, and Jean. They were also my first cousins. In her first marriage, my cousin Jean had a son Richard, who was my best friend (second cousin) growing up. Before I continue please let me get this funny story out of my craw. My twin brothers and sisters love this story. They are definitely the stars of the story. It is coming up and I guarantee its enjoyment.

Richard often stayed over because we were best buddies. It was no special occasion as I recall but it could have been Christmas time as it was very festive as I recall. I do not know where all the Aunts and Uncles fit in the kitchen but they were all there at least at one time or another during the evening. Even cousin Joan's mom & dad Nick and Emma McKeown came to visit this trip from New Jersey.

Sometimes even before I was born, they would bring their three kids, Kathy, Rita and Joan to visit their grandmother. There was a lot more room in the kitchen when the men, including Dave Conklin, Joan's brother-in-law who was married to Kathy would get the call that the beer was gone and they would go make the beer run. Heck, somebody had to do it. I was too young for a big load.

I am not sure about cousin Rita's athletic or musical skills but Joan would get her baton out and twirl and try to teach us all how. It was all fun.



**Photo: Tammy Images # 20– The Three Emma and Nick McKeown Sisters – Kathy, Rita, and Joan**

Cousin Kathy is still great at the violin and she would play when she came. Boy, could she play. Uncle Nick was one of the singing McKeown brothers. He played the accordion along with Jimmy Brady Jr. One day when my dad bought Saint Boniface flutes for us all, I can recall Big Jim Brady Sr. grabbing one and when we sang “How much is that Doggie in the window, after every line or stanza, Jim Sr. would let out a great well-timed toot-toot from the miniature flute. I can still hear the sound. It was always great.

The McKeown's loved to sing and did a lot of it. They were very talented and I loved growing up on 363 High Street.

After the men went for beer, they were often gone for hours. And, they took Big Jim Brady with them and Dave Conklin. They often went over to Arline's where they would pick up Tommy Rowan from NJ whose mother owned Arline's. Tommy married Aunt Nina's

daughter Mary Brady and she is shown in Pookey's pics # 2 in the front center. By the way since a relative owned the bar and little Arline and Tommy Jr stayed there when they came in from NJ, I spent a lot of time at that bar and got pretty good at shuffleboard. Shhh!!!

I will tell you the story of Richard Knaus soon. First let me show you a picture of Joe McKeown Sr., Cousin Little Jimmy Brady, Pookey (Joe McKeown Jr.), and the ever pleasant Aunt Ruth Jenkins McKeown, Then, I'll show a picture of Nick McKeown with his brother Joe McKeown who is Pookey's dad and Aunt Ruth's husband (She was formerly a Jenkins.) I think her Dad Perce Jenkins was also at the homestead at least once. After that I show Emma McKeown who at 75 at the time looked like a kid.

Such a small home delivered great joy to a lot of wonderful people. For those not paying attention, see the picture below of Jimmy Brady Jr., Pookey, (Joe McKeown Jr) Aunt Ruth & Uncle Joe McKeown taken at 66 Horton Street I think.



Photo: Pookey Images #4 – Front -- Jimmy Brady Jr. Joe McKeown Jr (Pookey), Joe McKeown Sr., Aunt Ruth McKeown (my godparents)

Nick and Emma are Kathy, Rita, and Joan's dad and mom. Emma and Nick are husband and wife. Emma's picture is on the next page. At 75 years of age. Note the McKeown uncles were often captured with an extra appendage courtesy of the Stegmaier Brewery in their hands or with a glass poured from a quart of Steg. Often, one of the Kelly kids had fetched the cold quart from Arline's for 35c. The quarts never got warm as I recall.



**Photo: Pookey Images #4 – The Brothers McKeown – Nick & Joe McKeown with their requisite appendage. Nick's beautiful wife Emma below:**



**Photo: NoPookey Image #1 Aunt Emma McKeown at her 75<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party. She called my dancing the King's College Polka. Nick & Emma- Joan's parents.**

Some other great Nick and Emma pictures are coming up now:



**Photo: Tammy Images # 21– Uncle Nick & Aunt Emma or for some grandmom and grandpop. Having fun in the sand- a great pastime for the McKeown's**

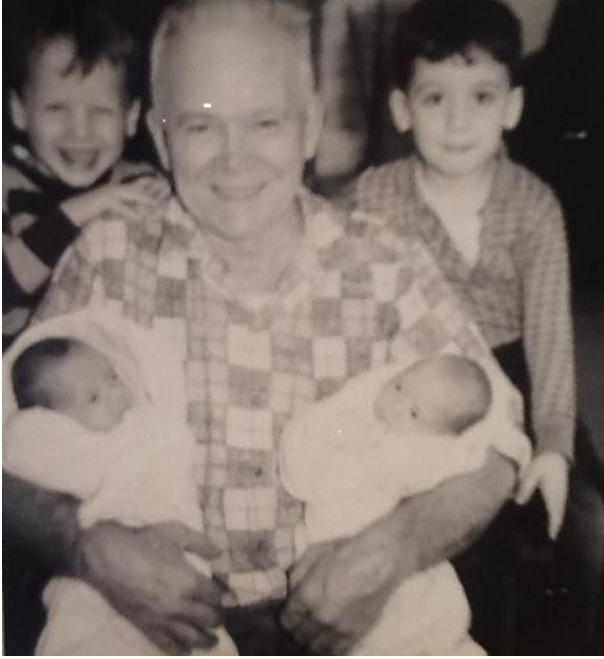
When my older brother Ed turned nineteen he had already moved out of 363 High Street and was in an apartment in Bloomfield NJ where all the relatives lived. In a few more years, he was married. Eventually he was divorced. I am not sure what his marital status was when he came home sometimes and told us how much he enjoyed being with the McKeown family.

I mean the Nick and Emma McKeown family. He said they all would pack the cars and head to Art Stock's Colonels' Garter down the way and Bob Emma and Georgianna would entertain them with some Hunky Tonk sing-alongs and of course plenty of beer and peanuts on the floor. Ed raved about it. Here are a few more pics without as much editorializing

Below is Uncle Nick, the grandfather to Joan and Tom's children enjoying the pleasures of grandchildren. I was in NJ around the time Joan gave birth and I remember visiting her and Tommy and all this baby stuff was everywhere in the house. Joan and Tom seemed like kids to me then though a bit older than I. Here are the twins, Timmy



and Tammy with their two older brothers.. They look comfortable in grandpop's arms don't they?



**Photo: Tammy Images # 22– My Uncle Nick and Timmy and Tammy and the older brothers Tom and Mike. Boy Uncle Nick looks like he is having too much fun. Look at the open eyes of Timmy and Tammy and even the brothers. I wonder if Uncle Nick was singing some peppy Irish Ballads.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 23– Aunt Emma /Grandmom relaxing**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 24– Aunt Emma /Grandmom enjoying the ocean.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 25– Aunt Emma /Grandmom change of scenery.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 26– Aunt Emma /Grandmom and Uncle Nick/ Grandpop**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 27– Aunt Emma /Grandmom and Uncle Nick/ Grandpop. Wedding Picture. They look like kids in this picture for sure.**



**Photo: Tammy Images# 28 Joan & Tom think this is Santa and Joan. What you think?**

Now after all this anticipation, it is time for the cousin Richard Knaus story.

So, anyway, let's say it was Christmas time. I loved it when my cousin Richard (Rich) visited and stayed. When he took his shoes off, however, poo-tink. His foofers were quite odiferous as I recall. The twins (Mary & Joseph) were very amused by this and it caused them to act.

Somehow for some reason that winter we had plums. Plums were a delicacy that we seldom had on High Street. All of the kids were sleeping on the floor in the living room and we had been playing hard--so was Rich. He was the first one to fall asleep on the floor on his stomach.

The twins went right to work. Remember, Rich was on his stomach. The twins covered up his feet to spare their nose-hairs and then took a couple plums fetched from the fridge in the kitchen, and rested them at the bottom of Rich's back. It was just above where his two legs met. He never knew-- well, not right away.

The little twin devils had to alert everybody in the house (not sure about the adults) about Rich's accident or so they said. It did look like a couple Baby Ruth's or toilet items of #2 at the bottom of his back while he lay so peacefully.

By the time the crowd had formed we were all chuckling because it was even funnier than my words. Ha! Ha! Well, nobody could sleep with that racket so when Rich woke up, he was confused as everybody seemed to be laughing at him and all he was doing was sleeping—or so he thought. When he rose up, the items in question rolled off his back and onto the floor. He spotted them. Then he knew what the twins had done and he was very upset.

He went out to the kitchen where the adults were probably singing Irish songs by then and he brought my father, Ed Kelly into the parlor and if I know my dad, he was more upset at missing the end of the song than the little prank so he took his pouting nephew aside and he said the right words to calm him down. The twins could not help a couple more giggles and though that did not help matters, Rich was soon asleep in his spot on the floor and all was well again. I sure wish I had a picture to show.

Before I continue let me just say that every Saturday night, Ed and Irene Kelly or Ruth and Joseph McKeown Sr. would visit each other alternating Saturdays. Joe and Ruth lived at 66 Horton Street right at the foot of the big hill. Uncle Joe loved Al Jolson and he played 45 RPM records on a turntable connected to a radio for amplification. My dad never showed up without a few quarts of Steg and a lot of kids and we enjoyed ourselves too. 66 Horton was a little house with a Heatrola coal stove in the center room downstairs.

Pookey was often there and he would play the guitar or the banjo or the piano. He was very talented. At Christmas time, he would run his Lionel Train which had a switched section and mountains and

tunnels and everything right in front of the tree. He also had an automatic milk car that a little man would unload when Pookey stopped the train in front of the little guy's stand. It was fascinating. I loved it.



**Photo: Pookey Images #5 – Christmas at Uncle Joe McKeown's house with Grandmom and Grandpop McKeown. They are Joan's grandparents and mine.**

How did my grandparents get down Horton Street, I was asked by somebody observing this picture? One time we must have gotten a ride probably from Uncle Jimmy McKeown, a Wilkes-Barre uncle with a car, so Grandmom and Grandpop McKeown were with us at Uncle Joe and Aunt Ruth's. They could not have walked that far. See picture above.

I recall the cameras being out at Christmas time. It was Christmas time and as you can see, the piano was all decked out with the cards of the season. Cousin Pookey's train was right by the tree. You can see it better in the next picture.

When it was not the holidays, in other words, every other week, Uncle Joe & Aunt Ruth would come to 363 High, the Homestead. Either Ed, Nancy, or I would make the trip a block away to Arline's for a couple quarts of Stegmaier beer.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Ruth would then drink Stegmaier Beer with my mom and dad and Grandmom and Grandpop. I never had my own beer when I was a youngster but mom and dad's nice cold glass was always available for a nice sip on a hot day or summer night.



**Photo: Pookey Images #5.5 – Christmas at Uncle Joe McKeown's house with the three Kelly kids and Pookey's magnificent 4 X 8 foot elevated Lionel Train platform. There we have Brian, Nancy and Edward the three Kelly kids sans Twins--in reverse chronological order. The Twins were not available yet for comment.**

Here on the next page is a nice picture of Uncle Joe and Aunt Ruth McKeown at what looks to be Sans Souci Park. What a great place that was and just a few miles away. Sans Souci had its own little biergarten right by the Merry-Go-Round with booths painted pale green. I can remember mom and dad being there when they took us to the park. We'd be in there a lot looking for spare cash for ride tickets. Looks like Uncle Joe and Aunt Ruth enjoyed the park also.





**Photo: Pookey Images #6 – Uncle Joe McKeown and Aunt Ruth Jenkins McKeown at what looks to be Sans Souci Park. These are Pookey’s parents.**

Two frequent visitors to 363 High Street to see their mom were the local McKeown Uncles. Often Uncle Gene McKeown, Cousin Richard’s grandfather was with them. Here is a picture of Uncle Joe and Uncle Jimmy McKeown opposite Grandma Mary McKeown. Uncle Jimmy had a car and he took us everywhere. Mostly on “ride” Sunday. Everybody tried to be home on Sunday to get one of those rides



**Photo: Mimi Images #12. Uncle Joe McKeown, Uncle Jimmy McKeown, visiting Grandmom McKeown. She was the Kelly Kids and Joan's grandmom.**

Over time, after Dad and Mom moved into the Homestead as man and wife, there were nine people living in this ½ double, three bedroom house. I bunked in an oversize crib until I was eleven years old. By then, a half of a double bed became available and it was all mine.

For years, living happily together like as if there was a ton of room in the house, there was Grandmom and Grandpop McKeown, along with the seven Kelly's-- Mom and Dad, and kids, Edward Jr., Nancy (Ann) , Brian (me) and the twins Mary Alice and Joseph Aloysius. Yes, that is by order of birth.

Dad (Ed) always seemed happy that he did not have triplets in his fourth trip to the Mercy Hospital Maternity Ward with mom. He used to say that his third child surely would have had to be named Jesus. If he had triplets, rather if mom had triplets, their last children then would have been Jesus, Mary & Joseph. The caboose had arrived at the station. Dad loved to say: "When they started to come two at a time, that was enough.

The story was often told of the cold January 21 night in a winter of cold weather and how mom (Irene McKeown Kelly) was forced to miss her last Dr. Appointment before delivery because of a major snow storm. Dad had no idea what to expect at the hospital. When Mary was born first at Mercy Hospital the Doctor told Dad that there were two babies and Joe arrived ten minutes later than Mary, shall we say unexpectedly, but very welcome.

As noted, my Grandmother and Joan's grandmother lived right there in the Homestead at 363 High Street. Joan is my first cousin. It was the McKeown homestead but my father with his five kids, changed it to a Kelly homestead. Actually for a long time, it was a McKeown Homestead as well as a Kelly Homestead.

When my dad, Ed Kelly, took us to visit his mom and dad in Parsons, sometimes his brothers and sisters would bust him a bit by calling him Eddy McKeown. Heck he lived with the McKeown's and hosted all of their family gatherings and the McKeown's liked beer as much as all the Kelly's from Parsons. Dad did love all the McKeown's for sure and he loved my mother the most for sure.

The picture on the next page is a rare shot of the Kelly Clan from Parsons PA. Every major holiday my dad would take us on the bus to Parsons PA where we would visit Grandmom and Grandpop Kelly. Most of the time one of the Kelly uncles would give us a ride home to Wilkes-Barre from Parsons:



**Photo: Mimi Images #13. Uncle Mike, Uncle Pat, Uncle Joe Kelly and lots of Kelly kids. Grandmom Kelly and Grandpop Kelly right in the center. by Aunt Marie. Aunt Fran, Uncle Mike's wife starts the third row and then I think Johnnie or Uncle Phil, then Kit, Aunt Mary Uncle Pat's wife. On the end I think is Aunt Marguerite, Uncle Joe Kelly's wife. In the back row, the last three are Irene McKeown Kelly, Baby Brian (me) and Edward J. Kelly, my dad.**

The McKeown/Kelly Homestead at 363 High Street in Wilkes-Barre, was the gathering place for my mother Irene McKeown Kelly's McKeown brothers and sisters. Since Joan was the youngest of Nick and Emma McKeown's three daughters, I suspect I had already heard of her sisters Kathy and Rita before I even knew there was a Joan.

Joan was born seven or eight years before me in 1940. I was born in January 1948. Kathy may have already been married to Dave Conklin and when she came to the Homestead she would most often bring her violin. As noted previously, she is a great violinist. Grandma McKeown was also always gabbing about Rita and Frank and what she portrayed to me as their on-again off again "stormy" relationship. Why do I even remember that if it wasn't very true?

Rita and Frank loved each other for sure and married eventually and like all of the Nicholas McKeown's daughters, they had a ton of kids. This year they will be married 65 years. Heck, we're all Irish. Kathy eventually had ten kids and had three foster children after the neighbor kids parents were killed. What a lady!

I have the dates right here: Kathy McKeown and Dave Conklin got married on our Grandma and Grandpa's anniversary (not sure which one) on October 28, 1950. Frank DeRiancho and Rita McKeown got married June 7, 1958. It is 65 years this year and they still look like kids. Joan and Tom got married two years after they graduated from High School on the three girls mother's and father's 30th Wedding Anniversary August 6th, 1960. All three McKeown girls were married at Sacred Heart Church in Bloomfield, NJ



**Photo: Tammy Images # 29– The beautiful Bride with her new father-in-law Chet (Chester) Nelson.**

One of the distinctive characteristics of the three McKeown girls is that they are all very beautiful. There are numerous pictures of them in this book at different ages. Look at their mom and dad, how handsome and so pretty. So, no wonder.

Grandmom told stories about all the girls including Joan that she got first hand from Uncle Nick, and Aunt Emma when they visited and when they called her. What a nice family. I am a lucky man.

Emma McKeown, Joan's mom was a Pahler and when she came in to Wilkes-Barre from 1 Sherman Court, Bloomfield New Jersey, she and Nick stayed with the Pahlers. They were Emma's mom and dad, and they lived on Stanton Street in WB. When Nina (my mother's sister) came in from New Jersey, she stayed with us and the Kelly Kids that once claimed a bed would then all sleep on the floor and the uncles and aunts got the beds. I remember it being fun. Besides, nobody ever fell off the floor.

Uncle Nick and Aunt Nina and Joe Drexinger, Aunt Alice's son, often made the trek to Wilkes-Barre because it was their roots. Their kids' grandmother was of course my grandmother and that is how I learned about what was happening in their lives. As time went by a handsome young man named Tom Nelson entered the picture and this book is really about Joan and Tom Nelson and we are about to get on with it after all of this front matter about the family and the Homestead.

So after another chapter or two, we're almost there. Joan and Tommy's story is a different kind of story. It is a beautiful story and I know you will like it as much as I do. In reality, it is a story like a Hallmark story, a wonderful story even when as a kid I heard my grandmother talking about it or she was "bragging" about cousin Joan.

Of course she also bragged about cousin Kathy and cousin Rita, Joan's sisters and my cousins. There always was a lot of good stuff going on in the Nick and Emma McKeown family. And we loved it immensely when they came to town in Wilkes-Barre, PA.

As I said previously, I learned of Joan as a cousin from our mutual grandmother Mary Burke McKeown at the Kitchen Table of the High Street Homestead. Joan's dad was a frequent visitor to

Grandmom McKeown's house on High Street because it was where his mom and dad lived and one thing is for sure-- it could fit a ton of people in that one small kitchen and they never had to move the ringer washer into the Dining Room.

Uncle Nick had a special change purse that was always in his pocket unless he was going to use it. He was like Paladin San Francisco, he only brought out the change purse when he had enough dimes nickels and quarters to satisfy the little hands that seemed to know when Paladin would draw. I was the recipient of many bounteous bequethements (SIC) from Uncle Nick over the years.

In this book about Joan and Tom, I got my information from some other sources besides Grandmom McKeown but Grandmom was the main source. There were no marquee lights or big names associated with either Joan or Tom before or after they were an item. They both came from simple, home spun values. The world would be a better place for sure if there were more like them.

The two of them are in their early eighties now and they still look great and their love is even stronger than when they were younger. Their love endured from the first moment they acknowledged it and it is destined to go on for eternity. It is well on its way. Their deep and abiding love continues to endure well over sixty years despite the trials that life brings to all marriages. I bet that neither Joan nor Tom remember their last fight as I bet it would probably be their first.





## Chapter 2 Photo Gallery



**Photo: Mimi Images #14 Pookey gave me this photo in 2008. He told me he had a picture of Aunt Francie, and Uncle Henry (Who I had never seen 'til this pic), Grandmom McKeown and Alice and Lolo their kids are in the front. Everybody in this picture is long gone. I told Pookey that I had never seen even a picture of Uncle Henry and he got it for me. He sent it to me as an FPX file and I could not open it. I figured out how to open it today. Haina???**



**Photo: Mimi Images #15 This is an original from Mary's Tin Box Alice and Lolo. Henry and Francie's kids. Much older than I. When my father and I were heading to NJ for one of their funerals, on Scott Street, the Drive Shaft disconnected. True. The Swing on 363 High was in much better shape than when we Kelly's were kids.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #16 This is an old picture from the family tin. Irene McKeown Kelly, my mom and the twins mom and Nancy's and Edward's—aka Aunt Irene-- was relaxing on the back porch on 363 High Street with her youngest children, the wonderful and magnificent twins-- Mary Alice & Joseph Aloysius. Kelly**



**Photo: Mimi Images #18 This is an old picture from the family tin. Aunt Nina McKeown Brady sitting on the arm of the chair with her mother, Grandmom McKeown.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #19 This is an old picture from the family tin. Grandpop McKeown (one eye) in front of the Heatrola Stove next to the old black phone, which was once a party line that was there forever. Mary Brady with little Arline on the rocker in front of the stove. Uncle Jimmy McKeown in a chair in front of the Buffet. I bet there is a Stegmaier in this picture someplace if we look hard enough.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #20 This is an old picture from the family tin. Joe Drexinger, like an uncle and a cousin at the same time, whose Mom, Aunt Alice died very young with his first wife Ruth, who also died very young and their kids Johnny and Barbara. Joe married later in life to Kathleen Kelly McKeown's sister Helen, a wonderful lady. She passed on recently and they had a son and daughter Joey and Alice and Helen's wonderful daughter Bonnie. Wonderful as are all the McKeown's. Kathleen and Helen were Kelly's originally but no relation to the Ed Kelly family.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #21 This is an old picture from the family tin but more recent than most. Three Ed Kelly's Ed, Ed Jr. Brian, and the elder Ed—the Patriarch Edward J. Kelly. Joe is in the front. This crew was known at the club as the Kelly Boys. The Kelly boys were tough on the shuffleboard.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #22 This is an old picture from the family tin. Edward J Kelly, Nancy's dad, my dad and the Kelly sibling's dad, Nancy Kelly Flannery in her Mendham Nun Postulant garb, and Irene McKeown Kelly, Nancy's mom and the siblings mom. My wonderful sister Nancy went from almost marrying Christ to be a Nun to marrying Jim Flannery and having eight wonderful children.**





**Photo: Mimi Images #23 This is an old picture from the family tin. Another Mendham Convent Picture with Joe Drexinger, my sister Nancy, Aunt Nina, Mary Brady Rowan and her two children Tommy and Arline. We did not get to visit Nancy often. It was wonderful and many of the Jersey relatives came to see her. It was always sad when we had to leave. When my mother got sick when Nancy was nineteen and about to take vows as a Novice, the nuns asked her if she wanted to come home to help out. Nancy and Kathy Conklin are the two nicest people I know. That does not mean I do not love all my cousins, uncles and aunts as I surely do. If you lived my life, it would be impossible not to love them all a ton. Joan and Tom of course are very special people.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #24 This is an old picture from the family tin. It is a wonderful Mendham Convent Picture with my sister Nancy, My sister Mary, and my mother Irene McKeown Kelly. Wonderful. My father called my mother Biddie**

Biddie as a girls' name is of Gaelic derivation, and Biddie means "exalted one". Biddie is an alternate form of Biddy: contraction of Bride. Biddie is also a form of Bridget (Gaelic).



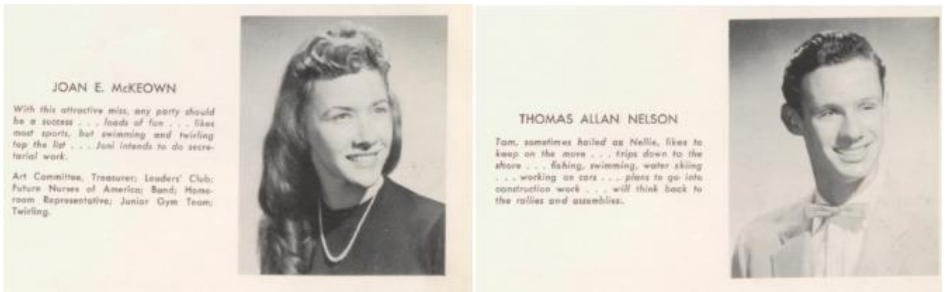
Photo: Tammy Images # 30– Joan and Tom. Aruba? That can't be cocktail time???

You know folks you never know who you are going to run into on vacation. This scenario looks a little like Aruba where the Kelly's and Piotroski's (Pat's family) and friends and the Nelsons were in Aruba on the same week without having scheduled it. I think we knew but had not planned it together. Well, the company was great. Tom and Joan showed us everything there was to do on the Island and we actually had one half day of sunshine while we were there. No complaints. Tom and Joan took us under their wings and it was a great time. When we got off the plane it was sunny and they had the outdoor luau that night—the only night as it was rained out every other night. Ironically just as we were going to the airport for departure the sun came out. Everybody was telling us to please don't come again. Now every vacation we take is great weather. Even God must have felt a little guilty about Aruba.



**Photo: Tammy Images # 30– Joan and Tom. My favorite Hallmark Couple**

## Chapter 3 My Trips to New Jersey



Below looks very much like the Nick & Emma McKeown family car:



**Photo: Pookey Images #7 The Uncle Nick Maroon Mobile-slick!**

Everybody in my family loved New Jersey and every one of my siblings body but me lived there for a while. I spent a couple years in Utica NY for IBM. Joan and her sisters Kathy and Rita lived in Bloomfield New Jersey. Tommy Nelson also lived in Bloomfield. That's how he met Joan. They went to the same high school.

I already showed pictures of my Uncle Nick and my Aunt Emma (Picture NoPookey# 1 and others) who are the parents of Joan, Kathy, and Rita. The first picture of Aunt Emma was taken on her 75th birthday. I attended that great gala event held at the VFW in Montrose. Besides dancing the King's College Polka with Aunt Emma, I sat with Jimmy Brady Jr. who was creating a run on the Budweiser Brewery. He had a

collection of Bud cans on the VFW table to make sure he had the right count.

Nicholas McKeown and Emma McKeown had a great life in Bloomfield New Jersey where many of the McKeown's Brady's, Rowans and Drexingers migrated for work after the war. Eventually Nick & Emma made their home at 1 Sherman Court. It is very hard to forget that address. I'll bet few people ever lived in a home with an address beginning with the number being "1" Great place. I stayed there.

All of the Nick & Emma McKeown daughters grew up in this house and when I visited New Jersey before I was ten years old, I traveled in Pookey's Green Machine Coupe. A similar vehicle is shown below. I thought it was great. I was so excited to be going to NJ for the first time. He was a new driver but he did fine. It had to be about a 1945 or 1946 Chevy. It was beautiful. I loved those huge, cushy grey seats.



**Photo: Pookey Images #7.5 The Cousin Pookey Green Coupe to NJ**

My brother Edward, Grandmom and my mother and Uncle Joe McKeown and Pookey (Joe McKeown Jr.) were on that trip. I had no idea what to expect. I figured I would be staying at 143 Orange

Street with Aunt Nina, Mary Brady and little Jimmy and Big Jim Brady but I was wrong.



**Photo: Pookey Images #8 Aunt Ruth, Aunt Nina Brady & Big Jim Brady from New Jersey.**

Grandmom stayed with Nina at 143 Orange St. but Brian had to find other accommodations. Actually Aunt Emma volunteered Joan's bedroom I think, for me to use. Not sure where Joan was staying at the time but she is seven years older so she could have been at one of her sisters. She was not at home. I was definitely scared. But Aunt Emma and Uncle Nick were so nice, my scaredness did not last too long.

Their home was beautiful and comfortable. I think I was still sleeping in a crib in my grandmother's bedroom at 363 High Street before I took the trip. At the Sherman Court McKeown's, I had my own bed. Yeah!

One of the things I remember was that beautiful maroon Chevy. See **Pookey Image #7**. I don't remember the maroon Chevy ever being on High Street for visits. I think Uncle Nick did not drive often to PA. I have surmised that he would come from New Jersey with my cousin Kathy and Dave Conklin and he stayed on Stanton Street with Emma's family, the Pahlers.

When I was in NJ with Grandmom McKeown and Pookey, I recall spotting that beautiful maroon Chevy in the McKeown's back yard. I remember it being in a grassy area. Not sure. I was intrigued. It was so nice. I learned from Cousin Rita that her dad did not start driving until he was in his fifties. That old maroon Chevy as I recall was a beauty. I bet I tried to get in it when I was there but it was surely locked.

Rita told me that her father never had a car until he bought this used one from her husband, Frank who ran the most successful auto body shop in Bloomfield. Uncle Nick got it from Frank when he was in his 50's. Then she recalls after he finished with that, he got a brand new beautiful car which was the only brand new car they ever had. It was either a 1955 or a 1956 something.

In my life as I recall, Cousin Kathy was always married and before moving to Netcong, she lived close by 1 Sherman Court with her husband Dave Conklin--when I was there on trip 31. It was located on Bloomfield Avenue in an apartment building where Nina and Jim Brady and Mary had lived for a while before 143 Orange Street and long before 39 Benson Street.

Then, Nina and Jim Brady Sr. and the family, Mary Brady & Tommy (below) moved to 143 Orange Street. When I was there, the Pookeymobile pulled into the driveway at 143 Orange Street for the initial unloading. I saw them all soon after I arrived.





**Photo: Pookey Images #9 Uncle Jimmy McKeown. He had a car and took us for local rides all the time. Next to Jimmy is Aunt Ruth McKeown, and two NewJerseyites, Mary Brady Rowan and Tommy Rowan Sr. and Baby Arline.**

Uncle Nick and Aunt Emma had already moved to 1 Sherman Court. Yes, Joan and Rita and Kathy all lived at 1 Sherman Court, Bloomfield, NJ until they got married. I am not sure how old Kathy would have been when the family moved to Sherman Court but I would guess 6 or 7 at the very most. Maybe she was even younger.

To sum it up, I was probably about eight or nine when I camped at 1 Sherman Court for my stay. I remember I had a great time with all the family but I don't think I ever got a ride in that beautiful maroon car. I made it known that I would always be available for a return run to New Jersey in anybody's car. My dad did not drive so that thought was impossible without an uncle's invitation. Nonetheless, it was a long time before I was back to Bloomfield New Jersey.

Grandpop McKeown passed away soon after my trip after a fall down the steps sometime when I was about nine or ten years old. We had not had a TV on High Street until about this time. We all would watch TV in "the parlor" as we called the living room back then and my father picked out the programming shows.



**Photo: Pookey Images #9.5 Grandpop McKeown with common Stegmaier appendage. Not sure whose house this is as both the Joe McKeown's and the 363 High McKeown's had a piano at one time. Grandpop enjoyed a cold one whether alone or with others. I have one little story about Grandpop McKeown. I'll tell it in this caption. My playpen when I was a baby was kept in the big space between the dining room and the parlor so it would be close to the Heatrola coal stove. The twins cribs were there also four years later. My dad would get up in the middle of the night to put coal on the stove to keep the twins warm. He was a wonderful dad. Grandpop used to stop at the playpen frequently. One day he stopped and he noticed I had some chocolate in my hand and he asked me for a bite. I handed it to him. It must have been mushy. Anyway, he put into his lips and howled. Oh Sh---it! Yep, Grandpop had gotten a solid chocolate brew right fresh from my diaper. I don't remember a thing but that was one of the great stories retold all the time throughout the years. There were other stories**

For whatever reason, Grandpop McKeown on a Wednesday night while we were all watching the Millionaire with Michael Anthony and John Beresford Tipton, decided to go up the stairs to bed. We

had a closed staircase with a door on the bottom of the steps. So, we could not see grandpop as he went up the steps that night to bed.

Well, we all heard the repeated thuds from the stairway and we soon learned that Grandpop had fallen down the steps. My father sprung up first and as I recall they took him upstairs to bed. The doctor (Dr. Korn I presume) came to the house as was common in those days. In the morning, we learned that Grandpop had died from the fall.



**Photo: Pookey Images #10 My older sister Nancy Ann Kelly Flannery, Grandma McKeown, my older brother Edward J. Kelly, Jr., and Uncle Joe McKeown.**

My brother Ed and sister Nancy were watching TV (The Millionaire) with us all the night Grandpop passed away. The twins were there also. It was tough. All of a sudden, no grandpop. Ed was just a little younger than Joan McKeown. He and Nancy saw Joan more than I did growing up because they were closer in age.



**Photo: Pookey Images #11. A remembrance of Grandmom McKeown in the High Street backyard sitting on a nice looking skooter. She was a sport.**

Before I tell a sad story about Grandmom McKeown please indulge me as I tell another baby Brian story. I don't remember this either but I was again the villain. My mother had just loaded my glass baby bottle with liquid food. It was the right temperature because it always was. My grandmother came over to the couch in the dining room where I was out of the playpen and I had the bottle in my hand. I do not know how or why but there was trauma in the next instant as I

took the bottle and smashed Grandmom McKeown in the forehead with it. It drew blood and for a time the house was in a both chaos and panic. I don't remember much more and I only remember that because the story was told so often.

Now, here is what I remember about a baby Jimmy Brady story. He was walking and had just started talking when he was at 363 High St. (the Homestead) with his mom, Aunt Nina. I think he had found a toy that might have been some other kids and somebody (an adult, probably Grandmom McKeown) took it from him.

Well, for a little guy at the time, he stopped in his tracks completely indignant at what had happened to him and he let out the following which I am sure he thought were the meanest curse words he could think and utter. He said: "You dahty rottin dinkin dunk." What do you think he meant?. He was probably more upset when the adults laughed as it was obvious what he thought he said was "You dirty rotten stinking skunk." I bet that was as bad as it got for the kids back then.

Now you know all the big stories even the cousin Richard story which I already told.

## **Grandmom McKeown Got Sick!**

When I was eleven years old Grandmom McKeown was sick for a month and things did not look good for her. Then one day she was fine. We were all happy. She came down the stairs for the first time in a month and all seemed well. Then after she went to bed, she called my mother, Irene. I heard her say that the floor seemed to be on fire. I was afraid and worried for her.

I had slept in the same middle room with grandmom in a crib at the foot of the bed at the time so I heard all the action that night. After the doctor came, for some reason, mom and dad asked me to sleep in the small bed that was in the front bedroom which was mom and dad's room. Normally the young twins slept in that bed. I recall waking up in the middle of the night and I heard my mother say this to my father:

“Eddie, did you not think that the tall guy who came from McLaughlin’s (a funeral home) to carry her out looked a lot like Dave Conklin. Dave Conklin was Kathy’s husband and Joan and Rita’s brother-in-law. That was when I figured out that Grandmom had died and was now at the funeral parlor.

I remember not wanting my tears and crying to alert my mom and dad that I was awake. After wetting the pillow with major tears, I cried for days. I even went into a room at the funeral parlor over the next couple days and cried my eyes out. I remember how it affected me. Rich Knaus, my faithful second cousin, tried to cheer me up. I really hoped that when I woke up, grandmom would be OK. But, she was gone. I knew my father would not want me crying so I held in my tears when he was around.

I think the next time I was in New Jersey was when I was sixteen or seventeen years old. I was still in high school, when my brother Ed, who was twenty-one at the time and was married to Amelia Van Techlenberg, asked me to be his new son Eddy’s Baptismal Sponsor. I drove my father’s 1957 Chevy. It was a beautiful car.

I am not sure but I think I got to see Aunt Emma and Uncle Nick and Aunt Nina, Joe Drexinger, Uncle Jim Brady, little Jimmy Brady Mary Brady and a crew of others. Of course I visited 1 Sherman Court this time around. It was a very nice visit. Now that I was driving and the main driver for the family, I came back myself a few times after this to see all the relatives, which now including my brother Ed a number of times. Ed and Amelia had three children, Eddie, John, and Robert. It was always nice. I think I even brought the majorette one time. Shhh!!

## Chapter 3 Photo Gallery



**Photo: Mimi Images #25 Uncle Jimmy McKeown's family. Patsy, Aunt Louise, Danny, & Jerry.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #27. My sister Nancy and my favorite rocking horse which eventually I broke.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #28. My dad and mom and Mary's dog Muggles that for my own goofy reason I called Bagel Wagel**





**Photo: Mimi Images #29. James McKeown, One of the McKeown brothers and his daughter Patsy McKeown Toole who became a nurse. When I worked for IBM as a Field Systems Engineer, I called on Jim Toole, Patsy's former husband who had just gotten back together. I told Patsy about it. I did not know who he was. He was president of Luzerne County Community College, a wonderful man. He liked the new IBM Series 1 Computer system which I supported. I can see why Patsy liked him.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #30. Grandpop and Grandmom McKeown with darker hair. Taken in the back yard at 363 High Street.**



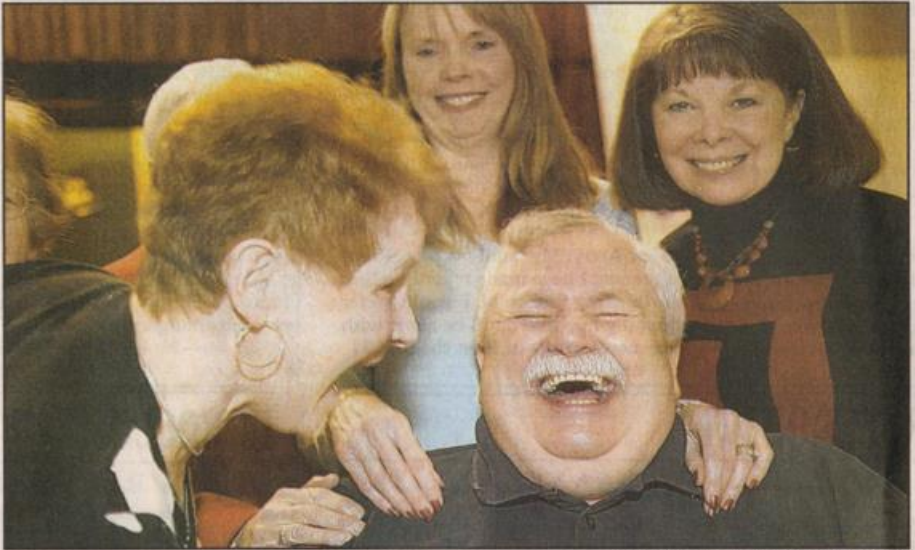
**Photo: Mimi Images #30. My Mom and Dad, Irene and Edward Kelly with a requisite Stegmaier Appendage.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #31. Cruise Pat and Brian Kelly relaxing on a cruise with a few hidden appendages. I bet I could find them if I looked hard enough.**

**timesleader.com**

## GERMAN NIGHT



CHARLOTTE BARTIZEK/FOR THE TIMES LEADER

Cousin Trish McKeown makes Brian Kelly laugh. Behind him are Dorie Zinn and wife Pat Kelly.



From left: Kenneth and Jenn Flannery, Bridget Flannery, Steve Flannery and Mark Dressler, all of Wilkes-Barre, and Gerry Rodski, Mountain Top, enjoy some beverages.

Ken Flannery is married to Jenn and Bridget married Jimmy Flannery and Stephen is now married to Amanda. They are with my sister Nancy Kelly Flannery. This was one time cousin Danny and wife Trish came to German Night at St. Nicks The second picture is a part of my sister Nancy Ann Flannery's brood.



**Photo: Mimi Images #32. Summerfest at Joe Kelly's with the four Bidlers  
Pat Kelly, Mary Kelly Daniels, Diane Ashford Kelly, Nancy Ann Kelly Flannery**



**Photo: Mimi Images #33. Summerfest at Joe Kelly's Brotherly Love Brian and  
Joe Kelly**



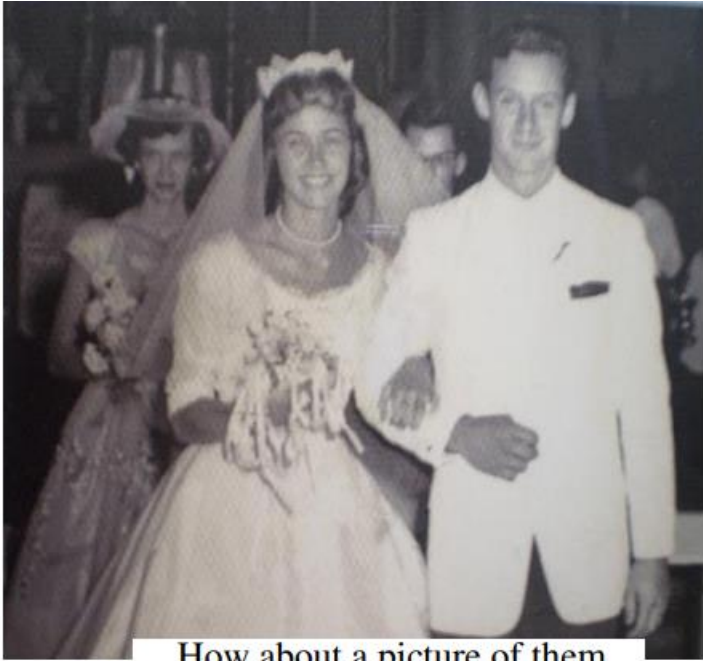
**Photo: Mimi Images #34. Summerfest at Joe Kelly's, This is Brother Ed, Thankfully the Irish fortifications had arrived.**



**Photo: Mimi Images #35. Joan and Tom on one of their many summer motorcycle junkets as retirees. They had a great fun machine on the right there. Can anybody guess where they are in this picture?**







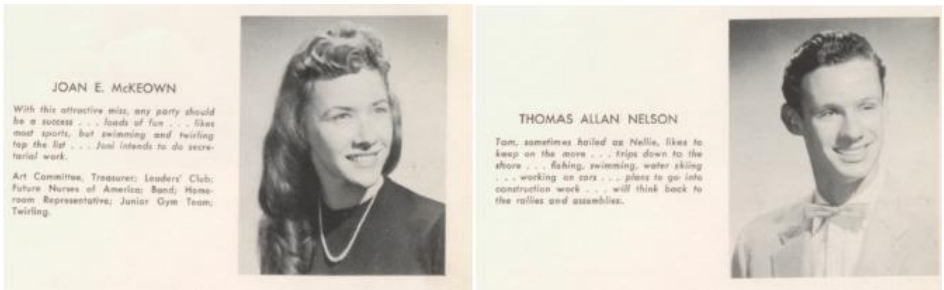
How about a picture of them  
coming into their own wedding?

Congratulations Joan and Tom



## Chapter 4 Eventually Things in Life Change

Enough about the huge early McKeown family for now. Soon, we will begin to concentrate on the main characters in this love story: Joan McKeown and Tom Nelson. We do have a little surprise visit from one of our favorite presidents after we sign off to Joan's loving parents.



Let's send a big thank you to Pookey, RIP, who gave me a number of photos several years ago. Also helping in that effort is cousin Rita and cousin Tammy, Joan's daughter. Tammy provided most of the Joan and Tom pictures and some others. Of course Mary the twin was especially helpful when she opened the tin of treasures and scanned the necessary items. Joe and Diane plus Nancy my other sibling were always available for deep consultations. Thank you all very much.

You and I know that as we get older, more and more of our loved ones take off for heaven and unfortunately, too often they leave early and too often they give very little notice. As noted, my sister Mary helped me tremendously in scouring the family's treasure trove of pictures. I know I saw a lot of these pictures a lot of times when they were in better shape 70 years ago when I was a kid.

At the time and for many years, when the tin was opened, I did not recognize a number of these relatives and friends nor did many of our contemporaries who would have known these mystery people in the picture tin if they had been regular visiting relatives or friends who came around often. When we have a huge McKeown get-together in the future, we'll have to take another look at the contents of that magical picture tin

What I am trying to say is that just because they were in the picture tin did not mean that we could identify them. Very occasionally the light bulb would come on and then so we would not forget, we would write on the back of the picture. However, most often we had no clue. Emma and Nick McKeown were two, however who were very well known.

So, before we introduce our guest and before I get into the detail about Joan and Tom, I would like to highlight Joan's wonderful parents. I grew up with them so I know the stories. I met Tom later in life. He is quite a person. He just did not grow up with McKeown's.

We already showed the proof in past chapters that Nick McKeown was an extraordinarily handsome man and Emma Pahler McKeown was very beautiful. It is no wonder why their children—their three beautiful daughters, Joan, Kathy, and Rita, are to quote a family member, simply “gorgeous”.

The whole family are not only great looking on the outside, they are just as beautiful inside and for my money, that is the most important attribute of all. I love that these two were my aunt and uncle and I love the fact that their kids are my first cousins.

It is sad reading an obituary but it gives a sense of who Nick McKeown was when he roamed this earth. Here it is and I bet Mr. McKeown has a big smile on his face in heaven with all his relatives as you read his brief obituary from the NJ paper on the next page.

Showing the kind of people Nick and Emma were in life, most of my brothers and sisters and my mother and father made a point of attending Emma Pahler McKeown's 75<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party. As were most McKeown gatherings, it was another great stuffest and of course there was plenty of beer. It was hosted at the Montrose VFW up in Cousin Rita's territory.

Aunt Emma was overwhelmed by my father's whole Kelly family coming all the way from Wilkes-Barre to celebrate and she wrote to my father Eddie Kelly this wonderful note expressing her feelings. I copied it into the book after the Nicholas McKeown Obituary on the next page. Enjoy.

## Nicholas McKeown Dies In New Jersey

Nicholas McKeown, 66, of 1 Sherman Court, Bloomfield, N. J., died March 15 in St. Mary's Hospital, Orange, N. J.

He was born in Nanticoke, a son of the late John and Mary McKeown of Wilkes-Barre, and moved to Bloomfield 39 years ago.

Mr. McKeown was a machinist at the Walter Kidde Co., Belleville, N. J., for 28 years until his retirement in 1967. He was a member of Sacred Heart Church in Bloomfield and its Holy Name Society.

Survivors include his wife, the former Emma Pahler of Wilkes-Barre; three daughters, Mrs. David Conklin, Stanhope, N. J.; Mrs. Frank de Riancho, Verona, N. J., and Mrs. Thomas Nelson, Bloomfield, N. J.; a brother, Joseph, Wilkes-Barre; two sisters, Mrs. Nina Brady, Bloomfield, N. J., and Mrs. Irene Kelly of Wilkes-Barre, and 16 grandchildren.

Funeral was held Wednesday in Bloomfield.

Dear Eddie:

It was a beautiful surprise for me to see you at my birthday party thank you for coming. Also thank you for your generous gift. You look good Ed keep it that way. I hope I will see you soon again.

...to very special you!

I feel so good when I realize all your family that could make it come I am grateful.

Take care & God Bless you

Love you  
Emma

Emma and Nick loved each other beyond explanation as do Joan and Tom Nelson. Since I may not have the exact words to explain how much Joan and Tom were and continue to be in love, I am going to tell a short story that I got from Biography.Com which explains the love a couple just a little more famous than Emma and Nick and Joan and Tom had for each other. I include it so that even before I tell you of the love of Joan and Tom Nelson you will already know what I mean

The following is based on an article from Biography.Com

I sent the author a permission request using these words:

**To Colin Bertam**

**[Frombkelly@kellyconsulting.com](mailto:Frombkelly@kellyconsulting.com)  
[www.letsGOPublish.com](http://www.letsGOPublish.com)**

**Hi, my name is Brian Kelly and I have written over 300 books, mostly non-fiction in my short life of 75 years. I am writing a book about my family's most romantic couple -- my cousins Joan and Tom Nelson. Joan was already popular as a Twirler and Tom was also very popular in High School but he became captivated by Joan. Looking at any picture of Joan, it is easy to see why.**

**Unfortunately when Tom was most interested in the early years of Bloomfield High School, Joan was already going steady with a great football player. But when she got TB, her steady boyfriend got skittish (not Scottish) and he stopped showing up as Joan got more and more inactive. That gave Tom his opportunity and he took it. They are now in their eighties and still in love. I would like permission to use the piece you wrote in Biography.Com about Ron and Nancy Reagan.**

**Feel free to write a short introduction to my cousins for your piece. I'll send you a complimentary copy of the book-- hopefully in a month or two. [biography.com/political-figures/ronald-nancy-regan-love-story-facts](http://biography.com/political-figures/ronald-nancy-regan-love-story-facts) about Ronald and Nancy Reagan's Timeless Love Story**

Mr. Bertram unfortunately could not respond so I was not able to use his article so I wrote my own. I did get some facts from it, however Colin Bertram wrote the original piece in Biography on NOV 12, 2020

I hope to explain how much Tom and Joan love each other by using the wonderful story in the next chapter. It was titled:

## **Ronald and Nancy Reagan's Timeless Love Story—Just like Joan and Tom Nelson's**





## Chapter 5 Another Couple Who Fell in Love

### Ronald and Nancy Reagan's Timeless Love Story—Just like Joan and Tom Nelson's

The president and first lady's romance endured Hollywood, politics and personal tragedies. Brian Kelly's essay is based on the Biography article by Colin Bertram that was published in Biography *NOV 12, 2020*



Just like Joan and Tom Nelson's love, the Reagans would endure beyond all of the events in their lives. As time went on, their love strengthened across decades of dedication to their family that would culminate in a marriage celebrated by many, especially the McKeown, Kelly's, and the Nelsons as well as the Davis' and the Reagans. Isn't life great. You can bet the happy couple above enjoyed the cake.

We all know that public service would culminate in a two-term tenure for President Reagan in the White House. As a couple, Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis Reagan became the epitome of political glamour and private perseverance. It was their deep and abiding love that saw them through his presidential turmoil, such as the attempted assassination and of course Nancy's anguish of making sure her partner was OK when he was stricken with Alzheimer's disease later in life. Ronald Reagan was a great man but even he could not stand the loneliness before he met Nancy that sometimes life brings:

## ***Ronald said he was 'lost' before he met Nancy***

The couple met when being a couple was in neither's sights. It was when Nancy Davis met Ronald Reagan in the City of Angels in 1949. At the time she was a working actress who was looking for work. She needed an intervention on a raw deal she was getting from the Screen Actors Guild simply because of her name. Ronald Reagan was then president of the Screen Actors Guild so he was uniquely fit to help the situation and he did that and more.

How did this problem happen to Nancy? Well, there was another actress with the same name, Nancy Davis, that was prominent on the McCarthy-era Hollywood Blacklist of Communist Sympathizers. I mean the same name. As one might expect, our Nancy Davis was confused with this other actress and could not shake the stigma of her namesake. She knew Ronald Reagan would help her if she explained because it was certainly impacting Nancy's ability to secure even small roles. He did.

Reagan was already a successful Hollywood leading man and ensemble player. He had signed with Warner Bros. Studios back in 1937, and later became Guild president in 1947. A year later, in 1948 the year of my birth, his first marriage with actress Jane Wyman, had come to an end with a divorce.

So, before he met Nancy Davis, Ronald Reagan had found love with another actress with whom he had shared the screen. Reagan and Wyman both met when they were cast for the movie "Brother Rat and a Baby" and eventually started dating. Wyman had already been divorced two times before she was with Reagan, according to *Wide Open Country*. During their marriage, Reagan and Wyman had three children together: Christine Reagan (who died after birth), Maureen Reagan, and their adopted son, Michael Reagan.

Unlike his marriage to Nancy Davis, the two actors had some serious marital issues from the start. It was not a marriage made in heaven to say the least. But it did last longer than perhaps it should have. Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis had eyes for each other from the start. Both had no problem being quoted as having been attracted to the other from the very beginning.

But wanting to be sure, it would be three years before Ronald proposed. According to Nancy Davis, in the years preceding their marriage Ronald had felt "lost," and that life as one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors had been for her new husband like "wandering in the dark." Reagan was a home-body and he loved the idea of love and while with Nancy, even before he got married to her, he knew he was in love.

"My life didn't really begin until I met Ronnie," Nancy scribed in her memoirs. Their lives after marriage were filled with much love and they hated to be apart. So when they were apart, they longed for each other. Both of them became ardent letter writers over the course of their lives, a correspondence from Ronald to his wife marking their twenty-ninth wedding anniversary showcases how deeply he felt about her.

Check out this romantic note Reagan penned:

"Beginning in 1951, Nancy Davis seeing the plight of a lonely man who didn't know how lonely he really was, determined to rescue him from a completely empty life." That is how Reagan felt about his true love. Having had a busted marriage to begin his adult life, he understood how good he had it with the greatest love he knew he would ever find.

“Refusing to be rebuffed by a certain amount of stupidity on his part, she ignored his somewhat slow response. With patience and tenderness she gradually brought the light of understanding to his darkened, obtuse mind and he discovered the joy of loving someone with all his heart.” Amen! That may be a definition of love.

Married in an unelaborate ceremony on March 4, 1952, their daughter Patricia (Patti) was born the following October and son Ronald (Ron) would arrive in 1958. They joined Ronald's daughter Maureen and adopted son Michael from his previous marriage to Wyman. Though they had acted together onscreen in *Hellcats in the Navy* (1957), by the mid-1960s, Nancy had retired from acting as Ronald focused on a life of public service following a nearly decade-long stint as company representative and host of the TV drama series *The General Electric Theater*.



**Ronald and Nancy Reagan at one of many swearing-in ceremonies**

As noted, Ronald and Nancy Reagan did star together in "Hellcats of the Navy," but after son, Ron Reagan was born in 1958, Nancy chose

to be a full-time mother and housewife (via Biography). Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, continued his career and served as the family breadwinner by working on a show called "General Electric Theater" until he decided to turn to politics in the mid-1960s.

Reagan was destined for success. In 1966, Ronald Reagan ran for California governor and won the election; he ran again in 1970 and was reelected. In the 1976 presidential election, Reagan attempted to become the Republican nominee by challenging the incumbent President Gerald Ford but lost the nomination. In 1980, however, Reagan secured the Republican nomination and beat then-President Jimmy Carter; in 1981, Ronald Reagan was inaugurated into office.

## ***Their relationship was once described as 'the greatest love affair in the history of the American Presidency'***

Nothing happens overnight but sometimes it seems like it. After gaining national recognition for a televised speech supporting Republican presidential candidate Barry Goldwater in 1964, Ronald capitalized on his growing political profile to win the California gubernatorial race twice. The first time was in 1966 and then, he won again in 1970.

Always by her husband's side, Nancy would become the socially adept, especially glamorous first lady of California who would be appointed by Ronald to the California Arts Commission in 1967 and a year later would be named Woman of the Year by the *Los Angeles Times*. She was definitely special. He was also very special and yes, together, like Joan and Tom, they too were most special.

Her adoration of her husband was always apparent, from the devoted gaze she would bestow upon him during his myriad speeches, to their penchant for hand-holding both in private moments and highly politically charged environments.

A year after leaving the California capital, the Reagans set their sights on Washington, D.C. and the presidential race of 1976. As noted, Ronald lost his bid to become the Republican Party's candidate for president to incumbent Gerald Ford, who in turn would lose the election to Democratic challenger Jimmy Carter.

However, just four years later Ronald Reagan would beat Carter in a landslide victory to become, at age 69, the then-oldest and first divorced person ever elected president of the United States. He was reelected overwhelmingly in 1984. Hollywood had certainly come to the White House but not with the flash that most from the California Hills typically bring. Ronald Reagan and Nancy Reagan were a regular couple who were deeply in love.

There is a quote that applies to Joan and Tom Nelson as well as to Ronald and Nancy Reagan. Reagan had a great friend in fellow actor Charlton Heston who once gave the Reagan-Davis romance this lasting remembrance as the “greatest love affair in the history of the American Presidency.”

“I was often asked, ‘Is this genuine? Do they really have this kind of bond?’” James Rosebush, former chief of staff to Nancy, told *Good Morning America* of their apparent love for each other. “And I said, ‘Oh yes, without question.’”

“If either of us ever left the room, we both felt lonely,” Nancy once wrote of the attachment she and her husband shared. “People don’t always believe this, but it’s true. Filling the loneliness, completing each other — that’s what it still meant to us to be husband and wife.”



**Ronald Reagan gets a kiss from his wife Nancy on his 89th birthday on February 6, 2000, at their home in Bel Air, California**

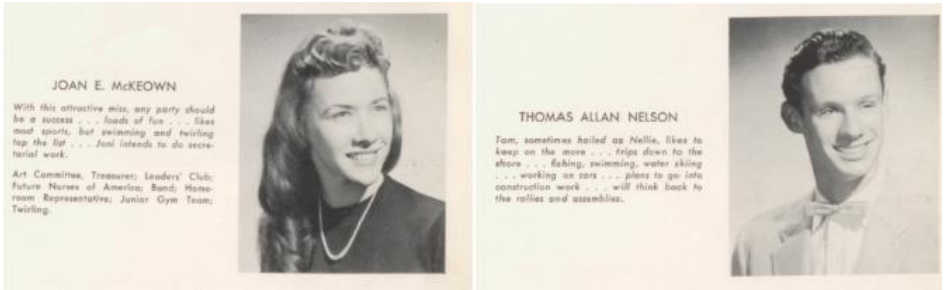
**Photo: Courtesy of Ronald Reagan Presidential Foundation/Getty Images**

I can't think of a better way to explain the love held for all these years by Joan and Tom Nelson. Love sure is special. Isn't it?





## Chapter 6 Joan and Tom Growing Up



Some things I just could not learn about Joan and Tom but mostly Tom because I know all my other first cousins and their parents and have known them all my life. I have no contacts in the elder Nelson clan and I did not want to ask Tom any questions as he does not know about this book undertaking.

One of those things about Tom I would like to know is where he went to Grade School. I suppose he graduated Grade School when Joan did but I cannot swear to it. He might have even gone to the same school. Tom did not go to College but he is as smart as a whip and he learned how to be a welder and made his living in the trades.

I would like to tell this story now as it shows the love of Joan and Tom plus it shows what they are all about. Tom spent much of his career as a Steamfitter which involves his welding skill. He was involved in major projects and the pipes shall we say were humungous. For example, he had a job on the Verrazano Narrows Bridge.

Think of the steam pipes and sewer pipes etc. on this big moose

The Verrazano Narrows is a huge suspension bridge connecting the New York City boroughs of Staten Island and Brooklyn. It spans the Narrows, a body of water linking the relatively enclosed New York Harbor with Lower New York Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. It is the only fixed crossing of the Narrows. The double-deck bridge carries 13 lanes of Interstate 278: seven on the upper level and six on the lower level.

The span is named for Giovanni da Verrazano, who in 1524 was the first European explorer to enter New York Harbor and the Hudson River.



**The Verrazano Narrows Bridge- Who knows where Tommy fell off?**

Knowing that Tom would perhaps be in a precarious situation on the bridge and God-forbid, he might have an accident and he might actually fall into the water below, Joan did what she could to mitigate the issue if it were ever to occur. She packed another set of clothes for him to take every day. Thank God for the most part, he never needed them but one day, he did. Tom lost his footing on a regularly chilly morning and his coworkers heard a splash.

There was Tom, very much alive and complaining about being in the water. His workmates quickly sprang into action and fished Tom out

of the sea to make sure he was OK. They brought him to where they parked their cars and figured that after such an experience, if he was in good enough shape, he would go home for the rest of the day. He had earned the time off. Tom was wet and cold but if you know Tom, you know that he has a constant fire inside him. There was no way he was going to go home and leave his crew to the elements for the rest of the day. Tom was going back to work. Yes, indeedy.

He realized when he got to his car that Joan had packed him a dry set of clothes and with dispatch he found a spot to change into them and quickly resumed his position on the bridge ready for duty. A very unassuming man, Tom Nelson finished his shift and if it were not for his fellow workers nobody on the job site other than the eye-witnesses would have known there was an unusual event – man overboard. Hah! That’s Tom. Heck, I even like him. What a man!

Well, back to the young period of his life as this is the chapter we are covering. We know that because he graduated from Bloomfield High, Tom did go to some grade school someplace. Maybe when he turns this manuscript over to one of his adult kids, one of their kids will fill in the blanks about their especially brave grandpop and his bout with the Verrazano Narrows.

Joan was never a steamfitter but she was a wonderful Catholic girl with very Catholic Parents. Not sure if I can ever find a picture of Joan in her First Holy Communion dress but until I turn the book over to the printers, I’ll keep looking. She graduated from a Catholic School in Bloomfield NJ known as Sacred Heart School in 1954. Most of the major church events for the Bloomfield families from weddings to funerals were held at Sacred Heart Church. I know that as I have been there a number of times.

### **Sacred Heart Elementary School**

Sacred Heart School was closed in 2004 at which time it was a coed school with 174 total students. It has been a target for development projects ever since. A proposed residential development in downtown Bloomfield could endanger two religious landmarks with deep roots in the local community. Sacred Heart School, built in 1924, and Nardiello Hall, one of the towns first schoolhouses, are both owned

by the Archdiocese of Newark, which could lease the land to a developer who is proposing a 212-unit residential building.

Before I present a photo of Sacred Heart School, I would like to sneak in a pre-grade school picture of what I had identified mistakenly as my cousin Joan McKeown. It is an even older picture of my Aunt Emma, Joan's mother.



**Photo: Tammy Images #31– Emma Pahler McKeown Working in the yard before she got to grade school. I'd give a penny to know what Emma was building. Looks like it might be a cat's scratching post.**



**Photo Bloom Pics #1 Sacred Heart Grade School where Joan McKeown Attended.**

Though I am not from Bloomfield, I love the preservation of history and it makes me a little sad that first of all Sacred Heart School and Nardiello Hall an even earlier schoolhouse are no longer open for students. But it makes me even more sad that the Diocese is planning to raze the buildings. I suspect they have their reasons.

Before the plan can move forward, the site, which was intended to be a commercial corridor in the township's redevelopment plan, must be rezoned. The town council voted unanimously last week on a resolution that lets the planning board investigate using that strip of Bloomfield Avenue for a purely residential building.

The school and Nardiello Hall are outside the district's historic protection area. Moreover for whatever reason, neither of the buildings has been recommended as historic sites to the local historic preservation commission, according to Councilman Rich Rockwell.

While the boys in grade school were playing pickup football and baseball and basketball etc. some girls chose to play female sports in grade school. Others chose other field activities that supported the teams such as the Cheerleading Squad and the Majorettes as I call them or the Twirlers as they were known in Bloomfield. There was also a squad of girls who carried flags and just strutted in nice uniforms. At my high school. they were known as strutters. Not sure about Bloomfield Elementary School's activities. But, from what I understand, one Of Joan's dreams from way back in grade school was to be a twirler.

## **First Communion Is A Big Event In Grade School**

Baptized Catholic Children typically receive the Sacrament of First Holy Communion when they are 7 years of age and older. Sacred Heart Church now has a two year preparation program to prepare the children to be Catholic. Sacred Heart School is no longer in operations so the children attend instructions at other times.

However, when Joan received First Communion in either First or Second Grade, the School and the Nuns had a bigger role. They prepared the children as a subject in grade school instead of learning after school. Joan McKeown received her sacraments at Sacred Heart Church, including the Sacrament of Marriage two years after she graduated from the Public School.

Tammy provided two wonderful pictures of her mother Joan McKeown's First Communion. I show them both on the next page.



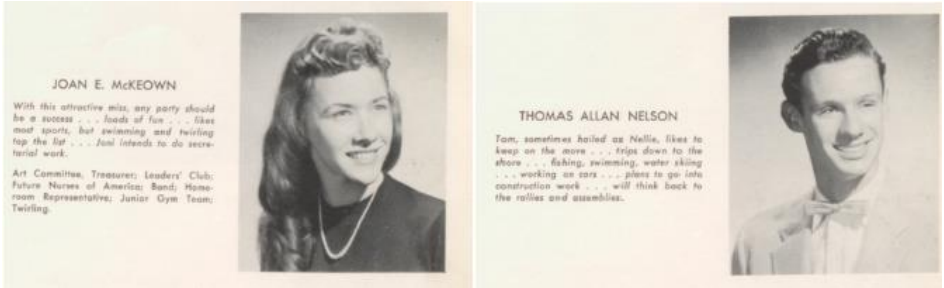
**Photo: Tammy Images # 32– Two beautiful First Communion Pictures Of Joan E. McKeown as she prepares herself for being a member of the Catholic Church.**

Tom Nelson did not meet Joan until High School. He did not attend Sacred Hearts School but eventually he would up in another Catholic School in Bloomfield. He moved around as his parents had migrated into Bloomfield from another state and were not settled immediately. Tom ended up in Bloomfield at St Thomas the Apostle. It took a few more years for his eyes to catch the glow of the charming miss in this story.

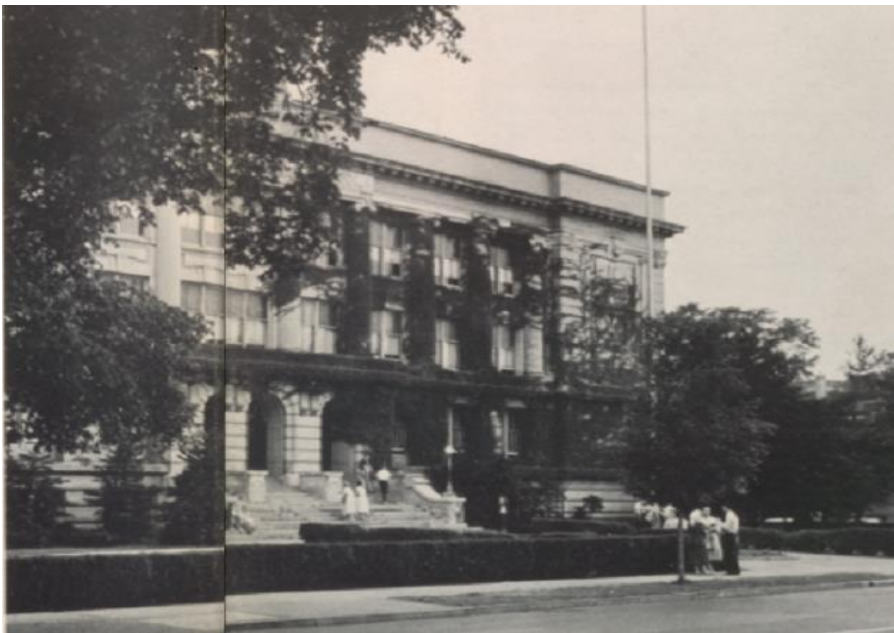




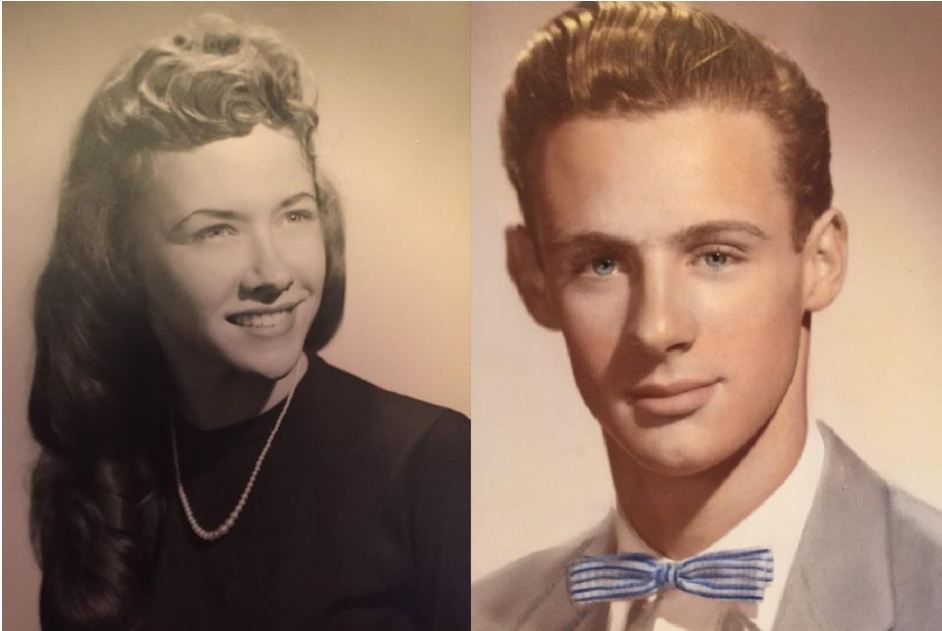
# Chapter 7 The Bloomfield High School Years



For the record, I graduated from eight grade at St. Boniface School in Wilkes-Barre in June 1961. Joan McKeown and Thomas Nelson graduated from Bloomfield High School in June of 1958 and were married two years later on Joan's Mother and Father's 30th Wedding Anniversary August 6th, 1960. They were definitely in love. Getting ahead of myself.



**Photo Bloom Pics #2 Bloomfield High School where Joan McKeown & Tom Nelson Graduated in 1958 – from the yearbook**



Just as in Grade School but much more serious with varsity sports, there were lots of activities at Bloomfield High School. While the boys were learning all there was to know about how to take cars apart and put them back together and about playing varsity football and baseball and basketball etc. there were some girls who chose to play female sports in high school.

As you can see from his writeup, Tom Nelson was like most of the boys at Bloomfield High. Though at BHS, he was sometimes hailed as Nellie, this nickname did not carry through to his marriage years. At least I never used that moniker.

Just like today, even after he packed up his Harley for the Smithsonian, Tom liked to keep on the move. He was always an adventurer. From way back to high school, Tom loved his trips down to the shore. Eventually after they were married, he and Joan bought a nice spot at the shore where they enjoyed the summers but they did not like having to rebuild after Hurricane Sandy. Heck, who would?

Tom especially loved fishing, swimming, water skiing, and besides working on cars, he loved working on his big Hogs—aka Harley

bikes. Tom had a plan from his high school days to go into construction work and he did just that and he was one of the best in the business in the tough trade of Steam fitting.

His classmates said a lot about Tom when they said he would think back to the school rallies and assemblies. I did not know him then but I bet he would use his great voice and that great set of pipes to bellow out the earlier versions of the Jersey Tomato Song. After all, that's where the big tomatoes grow.

Joan had a love of twirling from the first time she spotted a young lady with a baton. She became the best. See her in the pic on the next page from the BHS Yearbook as the second from the left in the picture right next to the Twirling Coach.



**Photo: BloomfieldHigh Images #2– The twirlers. At our school, we called them Majorettes Joan is the second person in the top row.**

In her senior picture write-up. The editors got it right. They called Joan an attractive senior miss and suggested her good looks would help make any gathering a success and with her personality, it would be lots of fun.

They noted that Joan likes sports especially swimming and gymnastics. But Twirling was always at the top of her list. They called her “Joni” which was a first for me.

The Editors also noted that Joni was prepared for secretarial work and I learned she spent a couple years working at a bank. She was the Art Committee Treasurer in High School and she was a homeroom representative so she was definitely good with finances. She was also weighing her options of a possible career as a future nurse

There were other girls at Bloomfield High who also were athletic and who did not play sports. Some of these girls chose to engage in other field activities that supported the teams such as the Cheerleading Squad and the Majorettes as I call them or the Twirlers as they were known in Bloomfield. There was also a squad of girls who carried flags and just strutted in nice uniforms. At my high school, they were known as strutters.

My cousin Joan was a first class twirler as you can see in this picture of the Bloomfield High Twirlers taken in her senior year. She was very athletic and she could do a lot of tricks with her baton. I saw her live and in person working her baton at 363 High Street when I was a kid. Joan was not only very good; she was excellent.

Having dated a Majorette for my junior and senior years at Meyers High School and for my first two years at King’s College when she was off becoming an X-Ray technician at Robert Packer Hospital in Sayre, PA, I became acutely aware of how complex the routines were that the Twirlers had to execute in order just to make the team and then perform for the public. Joan was a master.

You had to be very athletic to be a twirler and you needed balance and coordination. From twirling on the football field to competing internationally, I know that baton twirling still is an unsung sport.

Most people, when you say baton twirling, think of a majorette wearing white boots marching in a parade. Or, they don’t have any clue what it is. What they really don't know is that there is an international network of competitive baton twirling across the world and it's nothing like what they would imagine. So, here are just a few

tidbits of what those who excel at the sport such as Joan E. McKeown had to understand!

For the rest of us, we know that Baton twirling is not a well-known sport, so when someone is willing to explain it to the outsiders, it is good to pay attention. Most of us have tried to twirl a baton whenever we got one in our hands. I know I did.

The “tricks” are often simplified down to doing turns under a spinning metal stick in the air. Some say that It could also be compared to rhythmic gymnastics or dancing with a stick. No matter what, there is always the lady who, when you or someone says they twirl baton, says she twirled in parades when she was younger, too. I dated one such lady and Tom Nelson married one after she let him into her heart.

Here is a twirler secret saying that says “If you can’t dazzle them with your smile, then blind them with rhinestones!” A twirler can never have too many sparkles, and some spend hundreds of dollars on rhinestones per costume. This means that their costumes often weigh several pounds.

Twirlers give up a lot of what their non-twirler friends would say “no!” to. For example, one might say, Nails? What nails? A Twirler learns early on in their twirling career that you will never have a glamorous manicure. Popped blood vessels under their nails happen frequently when they catch the baton with the tips of their fingers. Fake nails and gels are simply a bad idea; those hurt when they break off unexpectedly, and it defeats the purpose of getting them. One broken nail is a learning experience. Never again!

A Twirler’s baton is like a fine tuned instrument when in her hand. Her baton is special. Joan’s was always with her. They can always tell which stick is theirs in a pile of other batons just by the tape. Each person has a different thickness, width and length of tape that they find preferable. It may not seem like it to others, but that tape is just the way each wants it. Don’t touch it.

Twirlers are also quick to learn when practicing that when they hear a loud noise in the gym, they duck and run. Whoah! When a baton

hits the rafters, it often gets stuck up there or it comes down fast. Ducking is how an accomplished Twirler avoids getting a baton to the head and a resulting knot on her forehead. When the baton does get stuck up in the rafters, as you might expect, you get it down with another baton. You chuck another baton up to try and knock the other one down. Simple right? Try it!

Twirlers are always practicing and always available for a show. There is no off-season. What off season? The members of the team spend 11-12 months training for just a few minutes competing in front of the judges. On top of that, they stay at baton competition for more than 12 hours even though they are only on the competition floor for about 15 minutes total.

There is no glue for your smile but it must be permanent. You must always smile. It doesn't matter if you were just hit in the eye or you broke your wrist while on the floor, or a baton hit you in the head. You keep going and you keep smiling to hold back the tears. You can't let the judges see your pain!

Your parents will not get arrested for abuse but... No, you can say that your parents don't abuse you. "I'm not sure where all these bruises came from." Twirlers are also able to figure out which trick they were practicing by the placement of a bruise on their body. Darn you elbow pops.

Sometimes twirlers feel like they are 90 when they are only 17. No kidding. It's like rushing for a bunch of touchdowns. You constantly experience back pain, knee pain, hip pain, shoulder pain and every other type of pain. You might even develop arthritis by the time you turn 18, but that doesn't mean you stop! You pull your hamstring doing too many dives? Go do 50 rolls sections in the corner until they are perfect. But it is worth it!

Is Baton twirling a sport? You bet it is. Onlookers may never be able to comprehend how much athleticism goes into baton activities until they endure a 12-hour practice non-stop. Constantly straining your muscles, leaping through the air, sprinting across the floor – the Twirlers always make the second effort to catch the baton and be the best, and about your hands being too slippery from sweat—not a

valid excuse to drop the baton. There is no such thing as "not full out." Every practice a Twirler engages in, she gives it her all.

Eventually, a Twirler learns even the tough ones. The satisfaction of finally catching that trick you've been working on is as good as it gets. For weeks the baton may have been slapping your hand, but you just could not seem to close your fingers around the metal rod fast enough. Nothing feels better than when it finally lands in your hand! Oh yes!

There is a lot of good stuff when you make the team such as making friends across the country And then only being able to see them until you compete against them. The twirling community, although unseen to the average person, is a vast and tight-knit community. The girls grow up competing against the same people starting when they are just 5 years old. Sometimes friends (and competitors!) live on the opposite side of the country, but that just makes the reunions that much sweeter.

There is a great feeling for sure when you are coming off the competition floor after a no-drop routine. As you enter your last section, you always start to get a little nervous about that closing trick especially if it has been a flawless routine so far. The natural desire is to end with a bang. So what do you do? You pull up for the toss, rotate under the baton and catch! The baton lands in your hand, and you end with a salute, grinning ear to ear.

Baton twirling gives young girls (and boys) a chance to perform in front of hundreds or thousands of people, either at a baton competition or at a halftime show at a football game. It is a lot more than just twirling a baton. It gives girls confidence. It teaches girls dedication and commitment and it provides them a network of love and support. It is an unforgettable experience.

Now let's have a little bit of Nat King Cole now to show we mean it!  
***Unforgettable, that's what you are!***

Tom Nelson noticed Joan McKeown and Tom would have noticed Joan even if she was not the top twirler at the school because as her sister says, she is gorgeous. I never heard Joan brag about anything

but she always shows love for everybody even cousins. She makes great corned Beef and Ghirardelli brownies. I can attest to that. Tom can attest to hundreds of other dishes.

Her sisters are not jealous of Joan in the least as they too are gorgeous. Her sister Rita for example made sure I knew Joan was second from the left of the Twirlers. She said she is the pretty one and then when I told Rita I found her, Rita said: "Isn't she gorgeous?" Rita, she sure is!



## Chapter 8 Thomas Nelson Wins the Game of Life!

### JOAN E. McKEOWN

*With this attractive miss, any party should be a success . . . loads of fun . . . likes most sports, but swimming and twirling top the list . . . Joni intends to do secretarial work.*

Art Committee, Treasurer; Leaders' Club; Future Nurses of America; Band; Home-room Representative; Junior Gym Team; Twirling.



### THOMAS ALLAN NELSON

*Tom, sometimes hailed as Nellie, likes to keep on the move . . . trips down to the shore . . . fishing, swimming, water skiing . . . working on cars . . . plans to go into construction work . . . will think back to the rallies and assemblies.*



My uncle Joe McKeown had a saying that explains how good Joan and Tom must have felt when they found each other for keeps. It is a simple little ditty that goes like this: Well, La Dee Da and the new

look. He said it all the time. I liked it then and I like it now. No rhyme or reason maybe; but cute.

Reading Tom's senior picture write-up, you can tell he was a red blooded American boy. Tom probably liked girls and he probably had his eye on Joan but he did not meet her until he was a sophomore. I think I know how he felt in High School. Maybe I felt the same.

I played one sport – baseball. I made the team in my freshman year and I played a little intramural basketball. Baseball games always had very few fans—the players' parents and family as football games had about 12,000 fans at most games. Our football team won the championship three out of the four years that I was at Meyers.

I came to Meyers as a freshman. I had graduated from St. Boniface Grade School in 1961. I was always a little chubby but I lost my baby fat when I was a freshman. I never was out with a girl until I was 15 years old as a junior. But as a freshman like Tom Nelson, I sure noticed all the pretty girls. There were tons but I kept to myself.

I was like Jackie Gleason though when a young miss said something to me. I mean Hummana Hummana Hummana Humm! No words came. Then in my junior year in Chem Class, two majorettes sat in front of me. One was a beautiful blonde like Joan Nelson and the other was a pretty brunette. The Chem teacher told us that in a few weeks he would be asking us to pick Lab Partners. I would not dare ask one of the majorettes-- Hummana Hummana Hummana Humm!

The day came and Mr. Wempa told us we had a few minutes to make our decisions on lab partners. The brunette majorette, named Lucille turned around and asked me who my lab partner was? I wasn't born yesterday but I got a knot in my stomach anyway. Nonetheless I braved it out and I said, "you are of course!" She told Mr. Wempa before I could utter Hummana Hummana Hummana Humm! And we went steady for four years after that. No kidding!

Tom Nelson's story is actually a much better story but my point is, you never know if you can get the girl unless you try. If Tom had a Hummana Hummana Hummana Humm! Interest, it was unspoken

about Joan. Especially because he had reason to keep it to himself. He knew and the whole high school knew that the top Twirler had a steady boyfriend who was also a popular member of the class.

I was the baby in my class so I was fifteen as a junior. Tom was fifteen as a sophomore. So, we were the same age when we were smitten and it was time to act.

Tom knew that Joan was the steady date of the star football player for Bloomfield High so he held off ever making a move. The right time did eventually come for Tom. It would have been tough for sure and Tom was not real cocky at the time. Joan and Dwight Hafling (fictitious name) were a number and Tom could not change it so Tom did not embarrass himself trying. Joan was Dwight's girl and Tom would have to get used to that.

Joan was a star Twirler and Dwight Hafling was a star Football player. It was an apparent match made in heaven. Joan was enjoying her sophomore year when something happened, however, that changed her life big time.

### **She contracted Tuberculosis.**

It was not a death sentence for sure, even in 1956 but it surely was not good news. To bring us all up to date on this nasty disease, we should know that by the dawn of the 19th century, tuberculosis—or consumption—had killed one in seven of all people that had ever lived. It was not fun at all.

Throughout much of the 1800s, consumptive patients sought "the cure" in sanatoriums, where it was believed that rest and a healthful climate could change the course of the disease. In 1882, Robert Koch discovered a breakthrough in understanding the disease. He discovered the tubercule bacillum, which revealed that TB was not genetic, but rather highly contagious. What this meant was that when you got TB, nobody wanted to be anywhere around you.

Tuberculosis was also somewhat preventable through good hygiene. The time people are most vulnerable is when they are exposed and unsuspecting. After some hesitation, the medical community

embraced Koch's findings, and the U.S. launched massive public health campaigns to educate the public on tuberculosis prevention and treatment.

There is lots of information on the Internet and a huge gallery of images depicting Americans' fight against one of the deadliest diseases in human history. Thank God today, the disease is well contained but there is still concern about those from other countries who arrive at our shores without any protection. When Joan got the disease, isolation was the major prescription



**Photo: BloomfieldHigh Images #3– Some football stars—maybe even Dwight Hafling. Bloomfield had a good year that year. BHS High School Football I have no idea who Dwight Hafling might be.**

Dwight Hafling got the message about Joan and he understood the danger. In fact, he was so concerned about his health and his football career that he did not even visit Joan while when she was recovering. Were Joan and Dwight in love? Who knows? One thing is for sure. Dwight took care of #1.

Some patients may need many months of different antibiotics administered at the same time, and there is no full guarantee that any one patient will make a full recovery from the disease. Even if a recovery is made, reinfection is possible even after the patient seems like they are completely healthy. It is understandable that most people were not eager to visit Joan at 1 Sherman Court, Bloomfield NJ.

Well, what did Tom do?

Tom was eager to visit Joan no matter what the circumstance. He made what could have been a sad story into a Hallmark Special.

Joan got TB, I think when she was a sophomore. Thank God for her mother Emma McKeown, my wonderful Aunt, who took care of her for a full year while she got well. During that year was when Tommy Nelson really met her. Tom butted into Joan's life whether she wanted him there or not. Eventually she got used to him as "I've grown accustomed to your face." It was very unusual for anybody to have TB in High School in America back then just like it is now.

I have heard Tom Nelson sing and he knows he sings well. I am not sure whether as a sophomore he joined the glee club or did anything to exercise his great voice but if he had and maybe he did, he would have sung this song even before he knew her well, but especially after he got to know her. Tom is that good with his pipes:

Song to Joan from Tom. It is like a song Tom would sing to Joan

I've grown accustomed to your face  
 To me, you make the day begin  
 I've grown accustomed to the tune  
 You bring to my heart both night and noon

I developed an attachment for  
 Your smiles, your frowns  
 Your ups, your downs  
 They've become second nature to me now  
 Like breathing out and breathing in  
 I can't wait to catch the next breath from your heart

I was always independent but not content  
That all changed the day we met  
Don't ever want to be that way again

I've grown accustomed to your look  
Accustomed to your voice  
Accustomed to your face  
Your beautiful face

I can see how I would be  
What if God did not bring your confinement  
What could I have done without His visitation light  
A Lantern of the Lord's to clear the way from Dwight

Either way, dear Joan, it's way late.  
To ever go back to my loneliness.  
Not now. Not ever.  
I've grown accustomed to your face.  
There will never be a reason for me to doubt  
My love for you is always and I can never be without.

A year of my visits while you were afflicted  
Even Dwight Hafling could not have predicted  
A Nelson named Tom would be Hafling's lament  
It replaced the sick time with time well spent  
It all started simply with your pretty face

There were times, too tired, my wonderful girl  
To pick up your stick lightly and begin to twirl  
I was scared for it was simply frightful  
For you, far worse, not so delightful

I knew you would make it. Why?  
Because I got accustomed to your place  
Where I longed to see your face

Without those visits, I'd be miserable and lonely  
I felt love when I met you. Now you're my only  
For me, there seemed to be no chance  
Yet despite the odds, we found romance

God is good and very loving.  
He made you well

It wasn't assured but it happened still  
 Your mom got you better with love and with care  
 And in a split second came the end of that year.

I am so happy with our years over sixty  
 We're in our eighties and it all went so quickly  
 And wonderful. Over this time  
 I have grown accustomed to your face  
 Accustomed to your smile  
 Accustomed to your love

Who could ask for anything more!

I want you to know Joan I love to hear you say  
 Good morning everyday  
 Your joys, Your woes  
 Your highs, Your lows  
 Are second nature to me now  
 Like breathing out and breathing in

I'm very grateful you're the lady of my dreams  
 So nice  
 I've grown accustomed to your face  
 And never shall I forget

Of course, I've grown accustomed to the trace  
 Of something in the air  
 I am accustomed to your face  
 And I will never be able to get enough of our love.

Thank Tom Nelson, Rex Harrison, James Taylor and others for their versions of I've grown accustomed to your face. It is a beautiful song and Joan has the kind of face, just like Audrey Hepburn who could inspire a song. And that song or that face surely put the words to the song in that classic movie My Fair Lady. Yes, Joan is Tom's fair Lady and Dwight...well Dwight, Yes, Dwight, I mean Dwight is diminished and now long gone!

Good work Tom! Good work Joan!

Now here is a Nick McKeown favorite poem  
 It is called

# The Man in the Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for self  
and the world makes you king for a day  
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself  
and see what that man has to say

For it isn't your father or mother or wife  
who judgment upon you must pass  
The fellow whose verdict counts the most in your life  
is the one staring back from the glass

Some people may think you a straight-shooting chum  
and call you a wonderful guy  
But the guy in the glass says you're only a bum  
if you can't look him straight in the eye

He's the fellow to please never mind all the rest  
for he's with you clear up to the end  
And you've passed your most dangerous difficult test  
if the man in the glass is your friend

You may fool the whole world down the pathway  
of life and get pats on the back as you pass  
But your final reward will be heartaches and  
tears if you've cheated the man in the glass.

*The poem owner provided this poem at no charge for educational purposes*

Folks, the original Poem was entitled "The Guy in the Glass" and was written by Dale Wimbrow in 1934. The original poem is slightly different than this version but it has been a favorite of the McKeown family through the ages.

\*\*\* Tom and Joan story continues \*\*\*

So, Tom, and everybody else at Bloomfield High became acutely aware that the High School's star twirler was sick and was going to



miss a lot of school as she got better. Since at the time, Tuberculosis was not a common disease, the students at Bloomfield High were afraid to visit Joan. Well, everybody at least except for one Thomas Allan Nelson.

Tom Nelson is an unusually brave men. I already told you about how he fell off the Verrazano Narrows and went right back to work on the bridge after changing his clothes. Tom Nelson had noticed Joan McKeown in High School to say the least and he knew the kids, even her best friends and steady dates were afraid to visit her. None of this kept Tom away.

He simply liked Joan McKeown and it is not that she did not like him but shall we say, at the time before her illness, she was taken and was not looking for Tom Nelson or Joe Nelson or Joe Hafling or anybody else to come into her life. Tom Nelson as I said and as I believe is a different kind of cat. He called and found out if he could visit. Aunt Emma is a wise lady. She took the call and said, “yes, Tom, of course.”

Aunt Emma cautioned Tom that Joan had a terrible disease, Tuberculosis and that it was contagious. He knew all of that. He was calling to find out if he could visit her. Well, he got permission and did not care if he got sick or not as long as he could be nice to Joan and as Catholics know, it is a great act to visit the sick. Of course, while visiting this sick girl, Tom was very aware that his heart had deep feelings for Joan and he had had those feelings for some time.

Meanwhile Dwight Hafling kept his distance from Joan out of fear and because he was already a man about town. He wanted to continue his charmed life even though he no longer could have the star Twirler as his steady. He mattered more than they mattered. At least he would be OK and could continue scoring touchdowns for Bloomfield High and preparing for his own future life. Oh, he liked Joan for sure but she was not as important to him as she was to Tom Nelson.

One visit became two visits became three visits and since we know where this story ends, Tom’s persistence and his deepening affection and love for Joan kept growing and growing. Joan is no dummy and

she accepted Tom's affection and she too fell in love. Eventually, it was not just because Tom was there all the time, that Joan developed a deep affection for him. It was because she learned all of the special qualities of Tom Nelson that we all know make him the special person who he is. Congratulations Tom and Congratulations Joan.

They were made for each other. Tuberculosis had just one benefit in Joan and Tom's lives and it happened in their sophomore year. It helped them get to know each other. It was not too long later that Joan and Tom were in love just like her sister Rita and Frank DeRiancho and her other sister Kathy Conklin and her lifetime spouse Dave Conklin. So, they too tied the knot

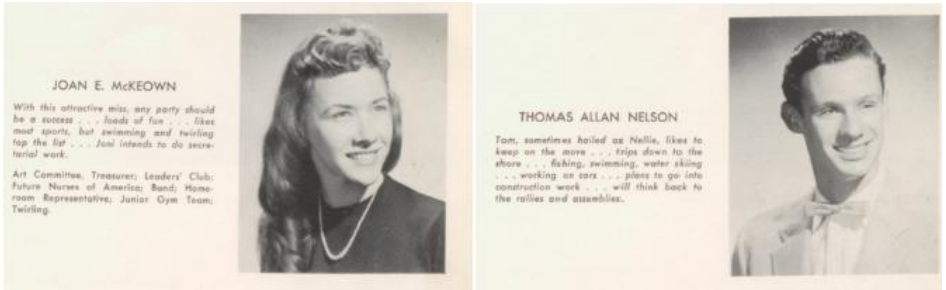


**Photo: Mimi Images #17 Dave and Kathy Conklin sent a wonderful post card with their wedding picture to my mom and dad on High Street. Isn't Dave dapper and Kathleen very pretty. She looks like Mom Emma.**

Tom and Joan, deeply in love for life eventually got married two years after graduating from good old Bloomfield High. Don't you just love this story! Me too! That's why I had to tell it. Aren't you glad I did?



## Chapter 9 Miscellany



Well, folks, not sure how much miscellaneous information we will provide but we put all submissions here. This is one I put in - in commemoration of some past events that the McKeown's and Kelly's celebrated together. Sometimes like up in Montrose, Joan and Tom and Kathy and Dave and of course Rita and Frank and Pookey and Kathy would be in the back guzzling and then inside at the kitchen table guzzling. And then in the front guzzling.

Well, here is a note sent in 2006 by Joseph McKeown Jr., aka Pookey. He never made the Tunkhannock Run but he was a frequent traveler to the "Cousin Party" in Montrose. He sent me this note because I took charge of getting as many cousins to the last Square Dance that Pookey and Red Jones planned to do together. They were the Champion Square Dance Callers for many years in Wyoming Valley (Wilkes-Barre Area).

Joe (Pookey) had a McKeown sense of humor but he was really happy that the cousins were coming to see him as a one time champion square dance caller doing his thing with Red Jones again at the Irem outdoor pavilion. Here is the nice note he sent. I suspect you can learn how to square dance from all this if you care to.

Enjoy

First my note on the progress followed by Pookey's instructions

*Hi all*

*Please send me an email to confirm your attendance at the big Joe McKeown Square Dance , Polka Fest and Hoe Down. (No Joe, Joe is not a dirty word)*

*Pat and I are getting the tickets...*

*As you can see by his note, Joe is getting hepped up for some SQL action.*

*So far, I have these folks registered*

*Danny & Tricia McKeown*

*Patsy McKeown*

*Rita DeRiancho and possibly Babe*

*Kathy and Dave Conklin (staying at 11 Marjorie)*

*Gerry and Joyce*

*Nancy Flannery*

*Mary Daniels*

*Joe and Diane Kelly*

*Pat and Brian Kelly*

*John and Carol Anstett -- need confirmation*

*Looking for Jim and Cindy Faller, Jerry Reisch and Judy, Joe and Jeanne, Bucko and Barbara. Joan and Tom Nelson will be at the shore unless Tommy finds a friend with a helicopter.*

*Brian P, Michael, & Katie claim they are coming.*

## **The “How to Square dance Note from Pookey”**

From: JMCK3136@aol.com

Date: Mon, 7 Aug 2006 14:43:07 EDT

Subject: Square Dance Aug 25

To: bkelly@kellyconsulting.com

X-Mailer: 9.0 SE for Windows sub 5031

X-Spam-Flag: NO

Brian,

Since you are the Point Man, Promoter, and Organizer General of the Cousins' group regarding the Square Dance on Aug 25, I am

going to rely on you to notify all family participants of the compulsory requirements.

1. Must be able to recognize the difference between a Lady and a Gent
2. Must be able to identify which hand is the left hand, and which one is the right hand. Sometimes a glove on one hand helps, but not always.
3. Ability to hear and listen. Hearing without listening will not work very well.

All other skills will be learned "On the Job."

### General Information

- Each group of dancers (a set) is made up of 4 couples. ( 4 ladies and 4 gents)
- The Lady in each couple, dances on the right hand side of her Gent
- Couple Number 1 and couple number 3 are called the Head Couples
- Couple Number 2 and couple number 4 are called Side Couples
- The First Couple is positioned with its back to the stage to start the call (song)
- Couple Number 2 is positioned to the right of Couple Number 1
- Couple Number 3 is across from Coulee number 1
- Couple Number 4 is to the left of Couple number 1
- The Ladies on the left side of each Gent are called Corner Ladies
- The Gents on the right side of each Lady are called Corner Gents
- When the callers instructs you to "Swing your Partner," it is a waltz type swing, not an elbow swing. Elbow swings are a different instruction.
- When the caller says, "Promenade your Partner" it is done by the Gent putting his right arm around the back of his Lady and walking to the right around the circle.
- Allemande left is done by the Gent extending his left hand to the Corner lady's left hand, and walking around each other and then returning to their partners.
- If you can understand this basic information, you will be well on your way to having a good time. I will be available a half hour before the dance for any other questions.

JOE

Thanks to Joe (Pookey) for this submission from Heaven.

## Tunkhannock and Montrose Get Togethers



**Photo: Mimi's Images Repeat #1.5– Cousin Joan McKeown Nelson, one of the two namesakes for the book, Cousin Rita McKeown, DeRiancho, Patricia Piotroski Kelly (my lovely wife), Mary Alice Kelly Daniels, my wonderful sister and provider of many pictures, Diane Ashford Kelly, my wonderful sister-in-law who happened to fall in love with my brother Joseph and he with she. Aren't they all beautiful. I am honored for them to grace the pages of this book. Pic as taken at the Red Lion in Tunkhannock. At the bar is Tommy Nelson and Brian Kelly (according to my wife Pat) It was the start of a great two days.**

Besides the great cousin event at Rita and Frank's in Montrose each summer, we cousins with McKeown blood pick two other times during the year to plan to get together and sometimes we are successful. On one of these wonderful occasions in Tunkhannock where we stayed at the Prince Hotel and dined in the evening at the Prince, we shot darts in the afternoon someplace in town .

Somehow Rita's Frank the "D" man shot a couple extra darts that seem to have landed in Tommy Nelson's backside a little lower by the big cheeks. Shhh!!! Oh heck Tom probably put them there so he could blame Frank. I once had a picture of that?



Then, on one of the Tunkhannock excursions, we stayed at the Prince hotel when Esther (I think) and Milton ran it. They were good cooks and we all ate good. We got the whole back room and we filled it. I brought Joan and Tom and Frank and Rita a bottle of Dago Red each for sipping through the winter and I brought us all one for sneackage and sipping at the main event from under the table in the Prince's back room. Milton's daughter participated and provided the water glasses for the vino free of charge but her lips had a red wine stain on them all night it seemed--especially when we were all done.

It took forever to get served. Besides us, they were already jammed. The bottle I brought lasted shall we say, not too long. Service was not too good but the jug pours were continual. When the one I brought for consumption licked, Tommy and Joan volunteered their bottle to tide us over. That lasted longer as some of our quench had been satisfied but it was not enough so Rita volunteered to chip in their bottle or as my mother Biddie would call it, a bitelkin—a gallon. That did us well. I think at the end of the evening there was about an inch at the bottom of the bottle and I am not sure if we did not just leave it there. Boy was it good. Yes, we were all a bit loaded after the consumption.



I recall as we waited for the food to be served, and waited and waited, Milton began to bring items piecemeal. Pat was waiting for her vegetables when Ken Evans noticed that her meat was still on her plate. He like many of us was starved. Pat was waiting for her potato and vegetable. Ken thought she had eaten them and that the big piece of meat on her plate was what she was not going to eat. So while he

was impaling her meat with his pitchfork, he said, "Oh, Pat, I guess you're not going to eat this." Before Pat could respond Ken had the whole thing in his mouth and he did not take too long to chew it all. Pat took a while to speak/ I told her I would buy her another dinner but she could not even talk and after several hours we were not sure Milton could come up with another dinner. It was funny even then but not as funny for Pat. We laugh about that night a lot. It was great. We sure love our cousins.

I was so taken in by the Dago Red or as I call it the DGR that I did not notice Tommy Nelson and Rita having any words. But Rita sent this apology so it must have happened. Then, I offered my two cents via email. Both follow:

**Here is Rita's apology to everybody**  
No APOLOGY NEEDED FOR SURE!

At 07:22 PM 1/31/2010, you wrote:

To My Dear Cousins:

I had a wonderful time with all of you yesterday in Tunkhannock as I always do. I love all of you so much and you are always smiling and so happy and mean, old miserable Rita wasn't so nice last night.

I want to apologize for my rude behavior towards Joan and Tommy when Joan took my dinner bill. I am really very sorry and I should have been more appreciative and humbler. I just don't know how to handle it because Joan and Tommy pay for me every time I am with them and it just isn't right. If it were once in a while, I'd probably just let it go but I get very embarrassed and I'm sure my pride entered the picture too. However, Tommy should not be responsible for me ALL the time. I was never mad at them and would never let anything ever affect our relationship. I'm sorry if I upset you but I hope you understand. I love them dearly and it shouldn't cost them just because Frank doesn't go with me.

Please forgive me, for I have sinned!  
Love and peace,  
Rita

## Here is my email when I received her apology

Dear Rita

Hah! Got a problem with that pride thing eh?

Oh, Hey, that was a bad one!

Just kidding.-- can you see me wily eyes almost laughing on that?

I wish trying to spare a loved one an expense was my only sin.

I bought my sister Nancy's lunch -- not to brag -- and I don't even think she knew it. Hah!

Maybe I should give lessons to Tommy.

Hah! Again -- It's the Cur in me!

Tommy picked up Nancy's Dinner also and I was going to do that but in a wisp, here is what I thought. It was his act of kindness and so I kept quiet like a church mouse, and told Pat that Nancy had been eating pretty high on the hog and those shots -- Hey, Pat and I saved a bundle on that dinner.

Just kidding again on the last part. I've got myself in stitches -- hope you are smiling too!

I understand the notion of not always wanting to be taken care of. Mary and Nancy do that to Joe and I all the time. Joe and I always win.

We like it that way but Mary sometimes is not as happy and Nancy tries to pay but she is a little easier than Mary.

It's a guy thing.

When my wife Pat goes out with the neighbors, when I work, though she is always ready to pay, I always smile when she tells me that one of the neighbors picked up her tab. It's what couples like to do with "singles" and it means that somebody thinks well enough of you to offer you something small that probably puts a bigger smile on their face than the deed requires. It means they think enough of her to take care of her whether she needs it or not.

Your act, however, which I hardly remember, was not selfish, it was unselfish. You were not trying to win some mythical game. You were trying to pay your own and spare the expense for Tommy and Joan. That is noble. Do not be so hard on yourself.

I think all of us after we caught on to what was going on, which was not disruptive but loving, could relate to the full exchange as we have been on both sides.

Nobody thought you were rude to your sister or Tom or to any of us. It was merely the act of a very good person wishing to and willing to pay her own so as not to be a burden on anybody. That is humility, not pride and not rudeness. Please don't be so hard on yourself and take back that unnecessary apology.

I don't even know who ultimately paid the bill but I hope it was Tommy.

Little gestures like that give people a good feeling.

Even if he did not pay the bill, and you did, I think he is still smiling about what a wonderful, humble sister he has in Rita De.

There was nothing bad about Saturday and nothing sad. Everything was as wonderful as it can be. For the Kelly's and all the others, we got to be with the wonderful McKeown Sisters, and you can read the inside of the last book to know how all the Kelly's feel about you and your sisters.

That ain't cuz yer rude cuz, it's cause yer wunnerful and we wuvs ya!  
And that, my dear cousin, is that!

Is that a RAP Brian?

Yeah Joan and Tom, Kathy and Dave, Rita and Frank,

**That's a RAP folks! J**<sub>ust a few more sentences</sub>

## The Last Note: Joan and Tom's Mini Photo Gallery

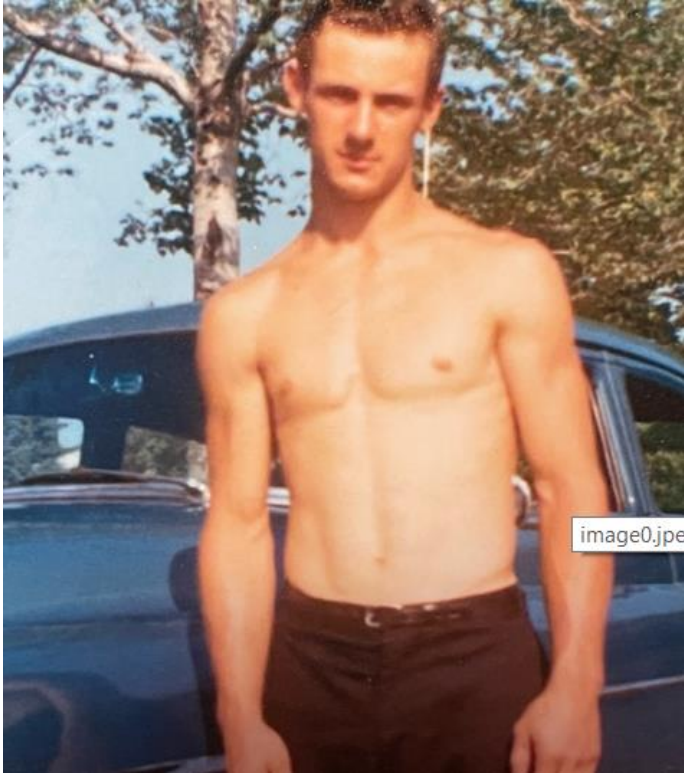
**After this Photo Gallery, I will show you a list of other books by Brian Kelly. It is a couple page listing folks. We're almost done but I have some great pictures to show you now from Tammy. You will like these photos.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 33– The beautiful Bride with her new father-in-law Chet (Chester) Nelson.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 34- The 100% McKeown Family. Nick McKeown Father Center, Emma McKeown Mother, Right, Kathy McKeown Daughter, Left and the two little ones are Daughters Rita McKeown and Joan McKeown, the “grown up” baby.**



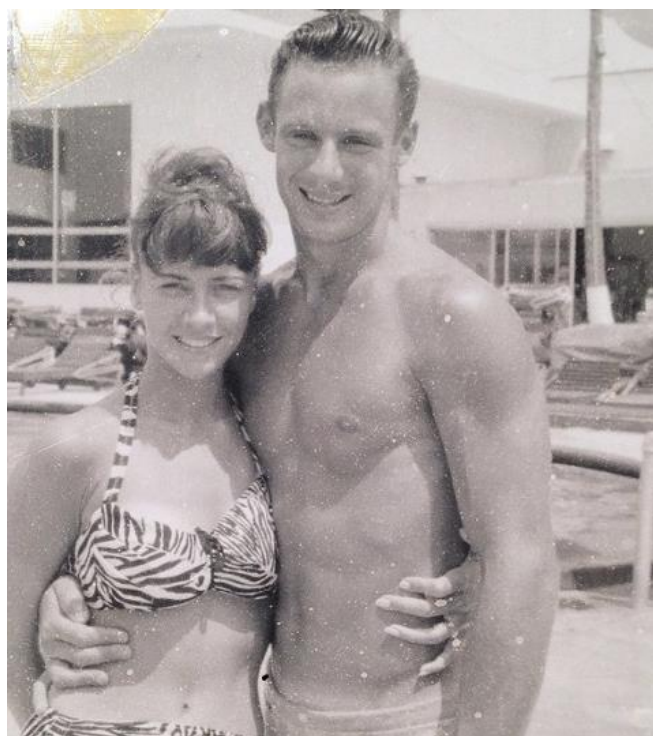
**Photo: Tammy Images # 35– Tommy Nelson Ready for the Beach.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 36– Tommy Nelson In the Boat with too much hair**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 37- Joan and Tommy Nelson at the Beach**





**Photo: Tammy Images # 38– Joan and Tommy Nelson at the Beach**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 39– Joan and Tommy Nelson at the Beach**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 40– Young Joan and Tom Going Out**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 41- Joan and Tom Cold Sea Winds**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 42– Joan and Tom Sometimes the Sea Shore is not Warm Enough for a Swim**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 43– Joan and Tom Nothing Like a Big Moose Drink**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 44– Joan and Tom Now just where is that Big Mouse?**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 45– Joan and Tom Maybe we can just be world travelers???**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 46– Joan and Tom Is Rome on this Street?**



Photo: Tammy Images # 47- Joan and Tom Is that the Parthenon or LA Coliseum



**Photo: Tammy Images # 48– Joan and Tom Streets in Aruba have no drains either!**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 49– Joan and Tom; Hey, Class lights on for evening Cruise.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 50– Tom’s family Standing Rick, Chet, Tom, Bob;  
Seated Debbie, Nora. Followed by the gang:**





**Photo: Tammy Images # 51– The Three McKeown Sisters with their favorite and only spouses. Tom & Joan; Dave Conklin and Kathy Conklin; Rita DeRiancho and Frank DeRiancho.**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 52– Tom Nelson’s sister Debbie**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 53– The Sisters do the Falls: Rita DeRiancho, Kathy Conklin, Dave Conklin, Joan Nelson, Tom Nelson**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 54– Tom's brother & sister. Bob Nelson, Joan Nelson, Debbie Nelson, Tom Nelson**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 55 Mother's Day 2023**



**Photo: Tammy Images # 56 Tom & Joan Mother's Day 2023**





## Other Books by Brian W. Kelly

**SCOTUS Interruptus** A supreme court cannot refuse to hear critical cases! Eliminate SCOTUS ASAP!  
**The Corruption in the Wilkes-Barre Area School District--about toxic corruption and stinky things Stolen Election ???** Democrats say: "fair and just;" Republican cowards surrender to Democrats  
**The Ten Commandments of Calipered Kinematically Aligned Total Knee Arthroplasty Color Edition**  
**The Ten Commandments of Calipered Kinematically Aligned Total Knee Arthroplasty B/W Edition**  
**About Alexa! Tell me how!**  
**Chronicle of Inept Governance & Corrective Actions from a school board from hell**  
**Hey Alexa! Create me my own personal musical paradise**  
**The Big Toxic School at Little Chernobyl Unpublished with new book (Corruption in WBASD)**  
**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 gave the country many 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**  
**Super Bowl & NFL Championship Seasons The KC Chiefs From the 1<sup>st</sup> 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 1<sup>st</sup> 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 championships 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.  
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**IT's ALL OVER!** Mueller: NO COLLUSION!"—Top Dems going to jail for the hoax!  
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**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** From 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  
**No Tree! No Toys! No Toot!** Heartwarming story. Christmas gone while 19 month old napped  
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**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.  
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**Andrew Cuomo's Time to Go?** He Was Never that Great!": Cuomo says America never that great  
**White People Are 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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.  
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**Great Coaches in Florida Gators Football...** The best coaches in Gator history.  
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**The Constitution Companion.** Will help you learn and understand the Constitution  
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**Great Players in Clemson Football** The best Clemson players in history  
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**The Bike by Jack Lammers...** Great heartwarming Story by Jack  
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**No Free Lunch Pay Back Welfare!** Why not pay it back?  
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**DELETE the EPA, Please!** The worst decisions to hurt America  
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**Top Six Patriotic Books for 2018...** Cliffnotes version of 6 Patriotic Books  
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 Great Coaches in Pittsburgh Steelers Football Sixteen of the best coaches ever to coach in pro football.  
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 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.  
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 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  
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 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

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Brian W. Kelly has written 313 plus books including this one.

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## **Joan and Tom: Joan McKeown & Tom Nelson's Timeless Love Story**

Once they knew they were in love, Joan and Tom would stay in love forever. It did not take long and then it was a veritable whirlwind, Just two years after they both graduated from Bloomfield High School, they were married on Joan's parents anniversary on August 6, 1960. This book tells the story of Tom Nelson's triumph in his pursuit of the love of his life Joan McKeown. Dwight Hafling (fictitious name) a star football player in High School, at one time seemed to own Joan's heart. You won't believe how Tom Nelson won the most important thing anybody could ever win in their life. You're all going to just love this book.

What a great way to spend a lifetime – loving your siblings as much as the McKeown Sisters love each other. They love each other and they love their brother Tom. They can't help it. Their mom and dad built it into their M.O. You get a glimpse at the love in the McKeown and Nelson family by this reprint of a note that Joan's sister Rita wrote her on the occasion of Joan and Tom's 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary celebration. Here it is:

Dear Joan and Tommy,

*May today's special occasion bless you as you have blessed our family and so many others.*

*Joan, I am so happy that you have such a wonderful husband.*

*Tommy has always loved you so beautifully and to Kathy and I he is the brother we always wished we had.*

*I can't think the name Joan without saying Tommy with it. Joan and Tom, you have been an inspiration to all who know and love you. Everyone admires your love for each other.*

*You have lived, loved and laughed and shown the world that marriage can be the best thing that ever happened to you.*

*We pray God will bless you with many more years of shared love and peaceful memories. We cherish the love and happiness you have brought to our lives.*

*With grateful hearts and many blessings,*

Rita and Frank