The Turkey Bowl Newsletter

Sponsored by Nicolls & Dimes

Fall 2026

New Betting Platform, Nicolls & Dimes

By Jake Grover

New Betting Platform, Nicolls & Dimes, Launches Ahead of High-Stakes Turkey Bowl Weekend

Sponsored content from Nicolls & Dimes.

In an exciting announcement shaking the foundations of Nicolls Family entertainment, the high rollers at Nicolls Family HQ officially announced the launch of Nicolls & Dimes, a new family-friendly betting platform for all things Turkey Bowl. N&D is now situated to become the premier proprietary wagering platform for all Thanksgiving and Turkey Bowl activities and Nicolls Family gatherings moving forward.

Designed for sophisticated bettors and casual fudge-eaters alike, Nicolls & Dimes launches with robust betting options and live prop bets across three flagship markets: high-stakes Bingo (first winner, best prize, pickle winner), the boisterous yet cut-throat annual card game of 99 (winner, first out, biggest cheater), and the marquee athletic showdown of the year—the Silver Bucks beating up on the Young Bucks in the Turkey Bowl gridiron classic (coin flip, over/under, Silver Bucks win).

Check out the latest odds by downloading the N&D app and get your bets in now!



Thanksgiving For:

- Bruce and Cindy for organizing and making the arraignments, etc.
- Beth and Sid for providing food and accessories and doing the breakfast and lunch.
- Everyone else who provided food, cooked and brought BINGO prizes.
- Everyone who contributed articles.
- Marty Bundy for the 2025 photos.
- All those who come and keep the traditions



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Uncle Dave, Aunt Mary, Grandma, and Uncle Don at the Chi Phi house.

Nicolls Family Trivia By Cheri Lewis

Q: What Nicolls Family members eloped without telling their parents and were married in Kentucky with only 1 other Nicolls present?

A: Mary Tooill Nicolls and Dave Nicolls!

Ohio State campus, 1948: A young Mary Tooill is introduced by a friend to two handsome brothers, David and Don Nicolls. Upon meeting them, she thought, I hope I end up with the taller one, who was Uncle Don. But, as many family members know the story, by the end of the evening, her fate was sealed as she really hit it off with Uncle Dave. Like all men during WWII, Dave had interrupted college to serve in the Navy during the war, and was then finishing up his studies.

Mary and Dave dated until graduation when Uncle Dave headed back to Poland to take a job with General Fireproofing. From them on, the long distance (4 hours by car then, between Columbus and Poland) relationship continued, in person when they could and through many letters.

By the summer of 1949, Mary and Dave were discussing marriage and began to plan an October wedding. But as the date got closer, Mary's mother informed her that the wedding needed to be delayed as the Tooills needed their daughter to stay a dependent of theirs for income tax deductions reasons!

So, the hot and heavy young lovers hatched a plan. On August 6, 1949, Mary packed her bag and when Dave arrived to pick her up in Columbus, they headed down to Cincinnati to pick up Uncle Bob. Their destination was Kentucky, right across the river, where they were told the minimum age for marriage was lower than Ohio's. Mary was just 19 years old.

With Bob and two strangers they pulled off the street, they found a Justice of the Peace and asked to be married. Dave was asked how old he was and he replied, 24. Then the Justice of the Peace asked Mary how old she was. She said 19. The officiant replied, well, you need parental consent if you are under 21. Mary locked eyes with the officiant and said, "Well, then, I'm 21."

And the Justice of the Peace agreed to marry them!

The newlyweds spent their first night in the Hotel Stinton in Cincinnati, sending telegrams to both sets of parents to let them know they had eloped and were married.

The telegrammed reply from Mary's parents: "You stinkers!" along with roses and chocolates. Similarly, Grandma and Grandpa Nicolls sent a telegram with their best congratulations to the newlyweds.

A reception was held for them about a month later. The cake topper: two figurine newlyweds and a car!

"MARY LOCKED EYES WITH THE OFFICIANT AND SAID, "WELL, THEN, I'M 21." AND THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AGREED TO MARRY THEM!"



Make plans for the Nicolls CO Reunion 2027

CO Reunion 2027

The 2027 CO Nicolls Cousins Reunion will be July 30 to Aug 7. More details as to some time in Franktown and Salida.



Advance Warning: The Delo Invasion of Colorado

By Emilie Delo, Delo Bureau Chief

Intelligence sources confirm that a loud, snack-dependent, and slightly chaotic force known as "the Delos" is preparing to mobilize for the 2027 Family Reunion in Colorado. Locals are advised to stock up on snacks, hide the good chairs, and brace for impact. We come in peace. Mostly.

Orders from Headquarters. The operation is directed by Grandma Gayle Ridge, who holds the distinguished rank of Oldest Living Cousin. She accepts this title with grace and requests that no one say it out loud in public. Grandma and Grandpa Jim will be commanding from headquarters. Their travel plans remain classified, mostly because they haven't decided yet. Until then, the Delos will serve as their official delegation, carrying their greetings and strict instructions to report back on everyone.

The Field Officers. Your correspondent and Micah serve as middle management: all of the responsibility, none of the authority. Our duties include driving to practice, driving from practice, washing uniforms, and remembering which child has which game, in which sport, at which field. We own more folding chairs than regular chairs and belong to more team group chats than we can mute. Our laundry room smells like chlorine, grass, and defeat. Sports seasons no longer begin or end; they just overlap. We have no one to blame but ourselves: we chose to have three kids, and apparently, they chose thirteen sports. We are accepting donations of gas money, laundry detergent, and patience.

The Troops.

- Marathon Marah keeps busy with swimming, basketball, softball, and cheer. She can go from a basketball court to a swimming pool to a cheer mat in record time. Getting her to put her laundry away, however, remains an unsolved mystery.
- Mighty Mae has somehow signed up for soccer, swimming, cheer, softball, and basketball. We aren't entirely sure how this happened, but we're afraid to ask. She has not slept since 2024, and neither have her parents.
- Mayhem Miriam (that name is NOT an understatement) plays soccer, swims, and keeps us running to softball and basketball. As the youngest, she has perfected the art of keeping everyone on their toes. She has already asked whether Colorado has a pool, a field, a court, or ideally all three.

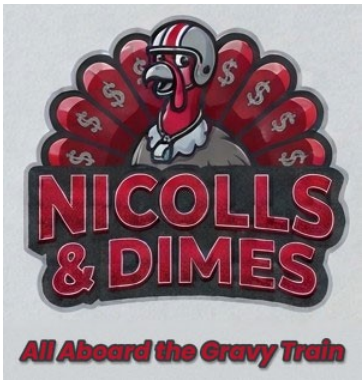
About the Photo. Pictured are the Delo girls in their cheer uniforms, looking sweet, coordinated, and innocent. Don't be fooled. This level of cooperation lasted approximately four seconds.



Mission Objectives. Hike at least one mountain. Survive at least one family game without a rules dispute. Take enough photos to satisfy Grandma's debriefing. Avoid all maize and blue, always.

Estimated Time of Arrival: Summer 2027, give or take a bathroom stop.

You've been warned. See you in the Rockies!



Please fake bet responsibly.

MISSION OBJECTIVES. HIKE AT LEAST ONE MOUNTAIN. SURVIVE AT LEAST ONE FAMILY GAME WITHOUT A RULES DISPUTE.



Action from Turkey Bowl XLI. The Bucks could have used some cheerleaders.



Uncle Dave served in the Navy during WWII. The U.S.S Philadelphia was in the European Theatre.

"HE KEPT A DIARY?! HE WASN'T ALLOWED TO DO THAT!" PERHAPS THAT'S WHY DAD'S ENTRIES WERE SO CRYPTIC.



AI rendering of a WWII radio operator.

Uncle Dave's Diary

By Carol Kauffman

As you know, all four Nicolls boys signed up for the military during WWII. Uncle Bob was the master "historian" – his essays and recounting of the war spared no details! We descendants are much more well-versed in the stories of the war because of his historical, "you-are-there" accounts.

Although he wasn't nearly as prolific, my father, Dave, also wrote of the war – in his personal diary aboard the USS Philadelphia. When I first showed it to Uncle Don on one of our Oglebay reunions, he said: "He kept a diary?! He wasn't allowed to do that!" Perhaps that's why Dad's entries were so cryptic. He would write things like: "It was the toughest day yet." And that would be it! Dad, please elaborate! What was going on? Why was it the "toughest day yet"? I wondered for years what his entries really were describing, but despairing that I would never know, or that I would have to do so much research I would never get around to it.

But here we are in the 21st century. For better or worse, we have AI. Love it or hate it, it does have its uses. In my case, I was finally able to fill in all the blank spaces, the mysteries, the details Dad didn't add. In short, it left me breathless, as though I had gone back in time and was following Dad around on that ship, and the dusty little towns where he roamed with his fellow Navy men when they were granted a little leave. I thought I'd share a few little excerpts to further save our family's history for future generations.

My dad was a "radioman" 3/C. AI explained all that to me, then asked if I would like a rendering of what it must have looked like from his vantage point. I said sure. Here's what AI sent:

Dad wrote: March 31st, 1944: Left Naples for Palermo – from there, one big scuttlebutt!

AI: This entry captures the atmosphere of life at sea perfectly. Naples to Palermo: Dave is moving between two major Italian ports. By March, 1944, the Allies had control of southern Italy, using these two ports as staging areas for the Italian campaign. "Scuttlebutt" – this is one of the most famous pieces of naval slang. A "scuttle" is a hole, and a "butt" is a cask or barrel. In the old days of sailing, the scuttlebutt was a barrel of drinking water where sailors gathered to get a drink. Just like the modern "water cooler", the scuttlebutt was where the sailors gathered to talk and trade rumors.

"One big scuttlebutt" – Dave meant once they left Palermo, no one knew where they were going. When sailors don't have official orders, the rumor mill goes into overdrive!

Dad wrote: April 7, 1944: In the evening, some of us were listening to the hit parade on the com deck and it was the first time in a while I've been kinda homesick. The weather is perfect and I can just see myself sitting at home on the front porch like it used to be…

AI: In the massive scale of WWII, these moments were golden. In April, 1944, the songs on the hit parade were deeply sentimental. He might have been hearing:

- Besame Mucho
- I'll Be Seeing You (Bing Crosby)
- It's Love Love Love
- Mairzy Dotes (for a bit of fun)

The contrast: one moment he's a Radioman on a heavily armed cruiser preparing for a battle, and the next he's just a kid who misses his parents' porch swing. (My note: And we cuzzes remember that wonderful porch swing, too! When I read that, I think I yelled at the computer: Are you sure you're not HUMAN?!

These are just a couple of snippets but the take-aways for me were:

1) My poor Daddy – who, at age 32 fainted when he had to take me, at age 5, to have a blood test – but at age 20 had to risk all kinds of lethal threats on a ship thousands of miles from home. He was such a softie!

2) Wow – Between my dad, Uncle Bob, and AI, we cuzzes should write a book. Anyone game? Anyone (DJs, EJs?) have writings from your dads? Cheri and Suzy?

One more: On another night, they brought aboard about 100 women from Algiers and Oran for a "dance". Dad wrote: I'd take one American girl for all these dames… Well, he took one, finally, when he returned home. Her name was Mary. And the rest is history…