



Memory Lane

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I Remember...

- Grandpa smoking his cigar.
- Grandpa putting a silver dollar under our plate or napkin at dinner when we got a good report card.
- The gas powered mower that Grandpa had. We had a 3.5-boy powered lawn mower at our house. It took Bruce and me plus one or two neighborhood kids to push the thing. We got a dime or at most a quarter.

From Grandma's Diaries

"Over the river and through the woods" we sang as we drove the familiar roads over to Poland, OH, and 26 Delaware Avenue where we were about to sit down to another great Thanksgiving dinner with roast turkey, mashed potatoes, gravy, vegetables (who remembers the vegetables?), and pumpkin, apple or mince pie. And as if the food was not enough, we had such good times with Grandma and Grandpa Nicolls, brothers and sisters, and all the cousins—playing games and watching TV in the back room, packed in like sardines. Meanwhile in the front room, the parents played 500 and gabbed and occasionally sent a male emissary to quiet the noisy hordes in the back of the house.

Grandma worked hard preparing for her family's homecomings. On the day before Thanksgiving, she usually spent 4-5 hours at McCrone's grocery store helping Grandpa with the increased holi-



Playing 500 in the front room

day trade, and then she would go home and bake. She would bake three pies, three kinds of cookies, and angel food cake. She made coleslaw and cranberry

relish besides getting the stuffing ready for the turkey. And then anticipating the arrival of the E.J.s, she made Sloppy Joes.

On Thanksgiving morning Grandma and her sidekick Bill were up early to get that turkey stuffed and into the oven. From her diaries, I get the impression that she was a human dynamo. She was a great lady who loved her family (even her two sons-in-law and four daughters-in-law) and welcomed them home year after year for Thanksgiving.

And as she observed in her diary as she recounted her day, "I have so much to be thankful for." And don't we all.

By Bev Nicolls

Grandma Nicolls As Seen By Aunt Ruth

Grandma's banana bread was always a big hit with me. I make it with her recipe frequently and just took a loaf out of the freezer last week. I also make her baked corn (the recipe printed in Barb's cookbook that Grandma says, "butter the size of an egg"). I still make meatloaf the way Grandma did – no mixes!

Another "thingy", as my grandchildren say, is – I do have plates on my kitchen walls, but not the dining room walls, as Grandma did. I also have a candy dish in our entryway.

One thing that came from Grandma, for sure, has been my love of taking photographs and

putting them in albums. I have 17 albums (not nearly as many as Grandma) and probably could fill almost that many more, if I hadn't been so remiss the past several years, with pictures piling up, and some empty albums waiting to be filled.

By Aunt Ruth Ann Lewis

I Remember ...



The Grown Up Table

The wooden apple always filled with dime and nickels for the "Yummy Man"... the play drawer in the dining room... big, fat, french fries and a slab

of ham... Grandpa picking us up at the end of Delaware in his black truck on the way home from work... chewing on the chives growing by the side of the playhouse... a walk through

the garden... Grandma's big rock behind the playhouse... playing on the teeter-totter while that big dog just growled and growled behind the fence... the big musty attic with the cedar chest filled with costumes... Jan and I playing shoe store with Grandma's measuring tape... Jan and I climbing on top of the playhouse... Jan and I being caught on top of the playhouse... all the cute and funny pictures glued to the screen in front of the privy down the basement... Grandpa

lining us up to put Listerine on our warts and watching the dog races on TV... sitting on the kitchen floor with Grandma, a cousin or two, and a game of jacks... Grandma throwing up a play doctor's kit she was trying to put together and laughing hysterically... "Yes, We Have No Bananas" , "Tenting Tonight on the Old Campground" and other songs Grandma regaled us with on the piano...

By Carol Kauffman

Grandma would ask, "Have they put lights on golf courses these days?" Grandpa would just smile.

Traits and More Memories

I am told that Grandma had a drawer in her dining room that she kept toys and books in. She called it her "stir drawer" as grandchildren would "stir" around it until they found something to play with when they came to visit. Grandma Ellen took that idea and also had a stir drawer for Jessica and Katie when they came to visit, and they loved it. I have been up stirring around in my attic identifying objects to put in my own stir drawer for when the twins come to visit.

So far I have Lincoln

Logs, blocks, a few small stuffed animals and Strawberry Shortcake and her friends (yes, I know, but they might play with her when they are little).

By Pattye Lou Nicolls

Mostly I remember being kids in the TV room and playing football in the back yard with occasional breaks for food. Lots of food. I remember a lot of us packing the back TV room talking, teasing, messing around, planning for football games, and at about junior high age making crank phone calls

to stores. For reasons that escape me now the "Do you have Prince Albert in a can?" thing really cracked us up. Grandpa I remember mainly eating, playing cards, and watching golf (something I understand even less than the Prince Albert bit). Grandma was just nice. She had an aura of niceness that made you feel good to be in her presence. It was a privilege to have known her and an honor to be of her blood.

By Bruce Nicolls

Grandma in the kitchen with her camera . Note the plate on the dinning room wall.



Grandpa Nicolls' Golf Outings

When Grandpa's foursome used to take two afternoons a week off to play golf in the summer-time, they would leave after lunch. Some nights, they'd get back

around 11 P.M.

Grandma would ask, "Have they put lights on golf courses these days?" Grandpa would just smile. Grandma and the rest of us at home knew that the foursome had gone on to

the dog or horse races after golfing.

Grandpa's smile was a little broader when he had won!

By Aunt Ruth Ann Lewis