

Turkey Bowl Newsletter

Fall 2019

Farewell to 14 Fairhill Dr.

By Bruce Nicolls

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- Thanks for everyone keeping the Nicolls Thanksgiving Tradition alive. My Dad would be very happy to know it.
- I am looking forward to seeing everyone this year. I am glad to hear that some who can't make it this year plan to join us for 2020.

On Monday, November 4, 2019 the Don and Beverly Nicolls home at 14 Fairhill Drive was sold to a young family. I was pleased to hear that they loved the house because it would be so good for entertaining and their blended family of 4 kids. That would certainly be in the spirit of that house.

This was my Dad's (Don's) dream house. He had found the plan, had an architect adapt it for him, built a scale model of it out of poster board and at the last minute thought he couldn't afford to build it. Then came Amish contractor Dan Hostetler's bid. It would be about 2/3 the bids of the "English" contractors. The project was on.

From the beginning, Dad intended it to be a place to entertain. I never had a clear picture of whether the entertaining was part of Mom's dream or not, but she was certainly good at it. The family all knows the post-Thanksgiving gathering and the two Nicolls reunions they hosted, but for years there was also 50-60 for New Year's Eve, a Sunday school class Christmas party, a Memorial Day breakfast, and other miscellaneous gatherings. During High School, there were nightly basketball games in the driveway, in college, the



Closing day, November 4, 2019

volleyball net was a regular fixture in the back yard. Of course the Turkey Bowl football game. Later, games of croquet and Yolf were common as well as fireworks and sparklers on the 4th of July.

I posted the picture above on Facebook and many of you reacted or responded to it. Kathy's response made me chuckle: "Only knew 1984 on but what great memories! I will never forget my shock seeing the world's largest bingo game my first post-Thanksgiving visit. Bob hadn't clued me in about what to expect, and I was totally blown away." At the time she didn't realize the Colorado reunions she and Bob hosted would take things up a couple notches.

Another remembrance came from a high school friend of mine. I liked it because it testified to my Dad's playful spirit. "Your parents ALWAYS made

me feel welcome. I remember fondly the ping-pong games downstairs and the hoops in the driveway. Most memorable was opening the front door and asking your dad if he would come out and shoot hoops with us to even out the teams. It didn't even take a moment for him to join us! My last time in Neshannock, I did drive by and took that trip down Memory Lane."

Through it all, was Bev/Mom just quietly and gracefully getting things done. Those were special times and the great attendance in Colorado this summer is a promising sign that those family times continue. As we say farewell to 14 Fairhill Drive, I hope the spirit of hospitality in that home continues with the new owners because as Marieta commented: "The best memories were made there!"



*"Ham buffet " as
Grandma referred to it.*

14 Fairhill Drive

By Bill Nicolls

The address is etched indelibly on our minds; 14 Fairhill Drive.
It was so much more than a family home; it kept clannish ties alive.
As 48 years passed on by, picking up new generations,
Uncle Don and Aunt Bev opened their home, providing a variety of sensations.

From conversations, fun and games, and bountiful food on the table;
We joked and laughed and reminisced as much as time made able.
Traditionally fed with ham and corn, and salad, rolls and pasta;
People would say, "why you loosening your belt?" and I said, "because I hafta!"

Down the stairs, with plates piled high, we came upon a sight.
There it was; the massive dessert table, where dieters lost the fight.
Once food was downed and plates were cleared, 'twas time for The Nicolls Show.
Uncle Don intro'ed songs and skits and had honors to bestow.

Next came the highlight of the night for every kid at heart;
The mountains of gift boxes that meant Bingo was about to start.
B-3, N-52, Uncle Don's raspy voice would call out.
We'd fill our card with Rolos and Chex trying to win the bout.

BINGO! Cried many a voice; a squeal filled with delight.
We'd carefully choose the proper package that promised to be just right.
Clanking, clattering, clamorous creatures emerged from many a box.
Inflatables, toy cars, crazy hats, and in days of yore; pet rocks.

"Who didn't win yet?" the cry would go out, "tell me what number you need."
Uncle Don was the champion Bingo-caller, everyone would concede.
One would think that was more than enough; that everyone was fine,
But, no! It was time to go upstairs to play a game of 99!

There were many cutthroats sitting 'round the table, sizing up their prey.
Then dispatching them one by one with their special wild cards in play.
Forced to watch the quarter swirl 'til it clanked into the bottom,
Losers heard a chorus of "goodbyes", then a cruel aside (Got him!)

**"Next came the
highlight of the night
for every kid at heart;
The mountains of gift
boxes that meant Bingo
was about to start."**



*"Right!", "Hold your
cards!", "Who hasn't won
yet?", "What do you need?"*

Game Day Saturday followed in the morn with pomp and ceremony plus.
 The Silver Bucks paid the ref accordingly and the Young'uns raised a fuss.
 Through sun and rain, sleet and snow, and sometimes in a quagmire of mud,
 The Nicolls clan played hard and fast. No game was ever a dud.

With nicknames like "Mad Dog", and "Big Boy", we took to the field of honor.
 With Silvers bragging of past glories, the Youngs cried, "You're a goner!"
 We ran and slid and tumbled downhill, sometimes crashing into bushes.
 At the end, we counted up bruises, from our heads down to our tushes.

With the church bell tolling, we ended our game, then filled our plates yet again.
 It was time to watch the mighty Buckeyes prevail against the blue of Big Ten.
 More often than not, we relished a loss by that stinking team from up north.
 Then with sadness, said our goodbyes, and toward home we ventured forth.

For those who decided to spend another night, there would be an added winner.
 There would be a showing of "White Christmas", whilst eating spaghetti dinner.
 Between bites, many cousins sang along as Dale would lead the chorus.
 While others fled to the basement, to watch football that wouldn't bore us.

This home has passed on, as have its hosts, the King and Queen of Fairhill.
 The Nicolls have wonderful memories to cherish. I for one, know that I will.
 This Thanksgiving, raise a toast to those who kept close by partaking.
 It sure beat heck out of staying at home and spending the weekend raking.

Two generations have passed on by, but have left their legacy intact.
 That keeping family close together should simply be a matter of fact.
 So here's to Grandma and Grandpa Nic, with their children and loving spouses.
 They showed us how to pay it forward and instill love in all of our houses.

I personally want to thank the sons and daughters that keep this going.
 I'm heartened to see the bonds between the younger generations are growing.
 Nicolls come and Nicolls go, that's just how life is to be.
 But oh, what a wondrous gift we have, a magnificent family tree.

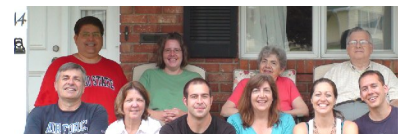


Level-Headed Hank Grover with his special coin.



2007 Team Picture

**"So here's to Grandma and Grandpa Nic, with their children and loving spouses.
 They showed us how to pay it forward and instill love in all of our houses."**



Above—the 14 Fairbill Clan

Left—Nicolls Reunion 1982 Memorial Day weekend



Bursting through the banner in 1999!

Changes

By Bob Nicolls

Looking forward to seeing all at the new venue for Thanksgiving this year. Change is constant, often not for the good. I'll miss 14 Fairhill drive, as I know everyone else will too. But, we all have

the great memories forever. Football games played and watched. Food, games, conversation. The drive on I-80 every year....was it 441 or 442 miles? Certainly glad Jim and Gayle are still on

Delaware.....sorry for all the upgrades they endured thru the years. Big K is having surgery so she'll miss Tgiving this year, but back at it in 2020. See you all soon.

New Venue for Turkey Bowl XXXVI

By DEN

Turkey Bowl XXXVI will be played at The Pine Lakes Club this year. This will be the fourth venue for the Turkey Bowl. In 1968, the first venue was in the back yard of the

old house on 2107 Wilmington Rd. The second venue, starting with Turkey Bowl II, was Pearson Park. As the number of fans grew and the demand for luxury suites

increased, the venue was moved to 14 Fairhill Drive in 1971. Turkey Bowls IV through XXXV were played in this unique custom build stadium—Nicolls Stadium.

"Change is constant, often not for the good. I'll miss 14 Fairhill drive, as I know everyone else will too."

Attention Gardeners!

By Barb Nicolls

Those of you who ever visited 14 Fairhill Dr. around Memorial Day may recall Dad's iris bed in front of the enclosed porch. Those iris were descendants of Grandma Nicolls's iris at 26 Delaware Ave. (or at least that's what Dad always said). Well, the day before the closing on 14 Fairhill Dr., I buzzed over there with a shovel and dug up a bunch of the bulbs. So, anyone who wants some bulbs to plant in their own garden, they will be available at the

Friday-after-Thanksgiving reboot. For those of you not attending but still interested in having a bit of family history in their garden, I can always mail you a couple bulbs.

When storing bulbs over the winter, it's best to layer them (not touching) on and between layers of newspaper in a cardboard box. Keep in a cool, dry place; like the garage. Apparently you can even keep them in the fridge! Check on them periodically to make sure they

aren't starting to rot. There are many helpful articles online about storing bulbs and planting iris. You won't need many bulbs because it never took very long for our iris bed to become overgrown after each thinning. When your iris finally bloom, and you see one that ISN'T pale blue, oops! you've got one of Dad's.

Now if only someone had a descendant of one of Grandma's African violets!



Iris from Grandma's garden or at least that is the story.