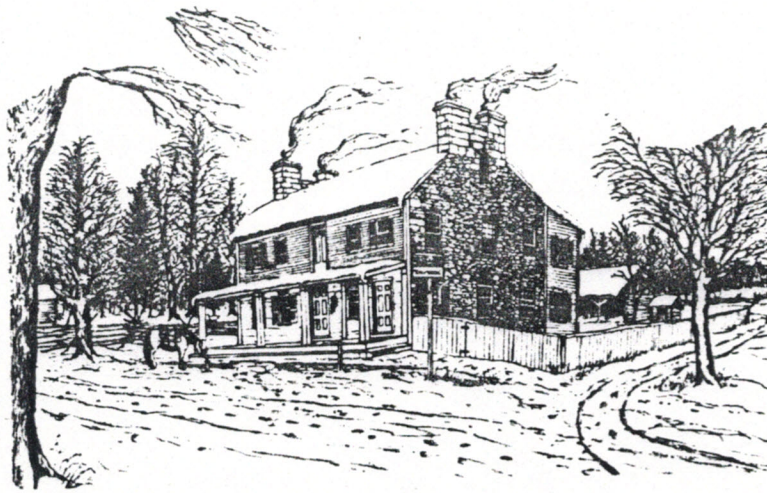


Birthplace of Carl Robert Nicolls

The Old Stone Tavern was built in 1804 by Jonathan Fowler, one of the early pioneers in Poland, Ohio. Poland was the half-way point between Pittsburgh and Cleveland. At that time, Youngstown was known as "a small settlement near Poland". The Old Stone Tavern served as a station of the Underground Railroad for hiding fugitive slaves prior to and during the Civil War. President William McKinley, as a young man, studied law at the Old Poland Union Seminary. He enlisted in the army on the front porch of the old tavern.

After being married my parents lived with my mother's parents - Smith and Minnie McCoy - beside the bridge over Yellow Creek on Main Street. My sister, Betty Mae, was born there. Before I was born my parents moved into two upstairs rooms at the Old Stone Tavern which was owned by the Austin family. A few months after I was born, my parents bought and moved into the house at 26 Delaware Avenue in Poland.

C. Robert Nicolls



Old Stone Tavern from a drawing by C. J. Hunt

High School Sports - Nicolls Brothers

Bob: Football - Starting fullback as junior and senior. Threw five touchdown passes in one game. Won county championship as seniors. Played six-man football because of being a small school.

Basketball - Played on reserve team as freshman and sophomore, starting five on varsity as junior and senior.

Track - Ran 100 and 220 yard dashes, high jump, and broadjump. Qualified and ran in state meet at Ohio Stadium as a sophomore. Ran 220 yard dash (badly beaten), and ran in 880 yard relay.

Other: Started, with a friend, the school paper "Seminarian" which still goes on today.

With two friends started the school council.

Dave: Football - Played as sophomore, junior, and senior.

Basketball - Won letter as senior. Won county & sectional tourneys.

Track - Shot put, discus, and 440 relay.
President of senior class.

Gene: Football - Did not play.

Basketball - Won letter as senior.

Track - Pole Vault - was tied but never beaten as sophomore, junior, senior.
County and state champion in junior and senior years.
Selected on All-State track team as junior and senior.

Don: Football - Played both six-man and eleven-man football at Poland.

Played one year, 1945, for Ohio State University.

Played for Army team in Texarkana, Texas.

Basketball - Three year letterman. Leading scorer as senior. Played for army.

Track - Shot put, discus, high jump.

Junior: Poland Relays champ in shot put and discus.

Junior: County champ in shot put and discus.

Junior: District - 1st in high jump, 2nd in shot put.

Junior: State - 3rd in high jump, 2nd in shot put.

Senior: Poland Relays - first in high jump.

Senior: County champ in shot put and discus.

Senior: District - 1st in high jump, 2nd in shot put.

Senior: State - 3rd in high jump, 2nd in shot put.

Other: Class president all four years.

Students started "Big Don Day" in his honor. Went on for 20 plus years until he requested an end to the day. He spoke each year.

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Day was always a special day for the C. E. Nicolls family. During my youth in the Twenties and Thirties our family had a pattern of activities that remained the same every year.

After breakfast, our father would get his shotgun, clean it, and then take his four sons - Bob, Dave, Gene, and Don - plus our little poodle dog, Toodles, out to the open fields and woods for hunting near our home in Poland, Ohio. We boys would spread out and try to flush out a rabbit or a pheasant for our dad to shoot. At the first shot our dog, Toodles, would run for home. I don't ever recall that we actually caught any wild game. I do know that we never ate any wild game. Our dad never let any of us shoot the shotgun - even for practice. Today it is probably called 'male bonding', but in those days it was just a father and his sons enjoying some time together without some psychological meaning.

While the 'men' were hunting, our mother and sisters - Betty and Ruth Ann - were preparing some of the food to take to our grandparent's home for Thanksgiving Dinner. After a light lunch and a bath, we all went to our grandparent's - Smith and Minnie McCoy - for the afternoon and evening. They lived on Main Street in Poland beside Yellow Creek at the foot of a small hill.

Our grandparent's house was large with a porch that extended to the sidewalk. They had several canaries that sang constantly. They had a large swing and a playhouse in the large backyard that sloped down to the creek. My grandfather had a large five-car garage with an old iron pot-bellied stove. The garage was a child's delight because of the many tools and artifacts. Often there were small wooden toys or boats that he was making for us. It was a joy to sit around the pot-bellied stove and listen to the stories told by our grandfather and father.

When Yellow Creek was frozen we would make a bonfire on the bank of the creek and ice skate - sometimes a mile or so up the creek. Often on Thanksgiving there would be snow on the ground and the road. We enjoyed sitting on the porch and watching the street car trying to get up the slippery hill. Often the trolley connector to the electric wire above the road would come loose. The conductor would have to jump out to connect the trolley to the electric wire which usually brought on a shower of sparks. We would cheer him on. Sometimes we would sledride down the hill or down the slope to the frozen creek.

Our Grandmother McCoy was an excellent cook. She had turkey, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, stuffing, cranberry, vegetables, gravy, and hot rolls. She always had mince meat pie, pumpkin pie, and a cake for dessert. It was delicious and we would be stuffed.

In the evening we would sit around in the parlor and talk or play games like Monopoly or Bingo. Generally the radio would be playing the music of the big bands playing at dance halls around the country.

Betty remembers that the big sporting event on Thanksgiving was the annual football game between Youngstown's two high schools - Rayen vs South.

Ruth added "Going back home on Thanksgiving night, it was very cold and snowy like mad, and we had to drive up Massachusetts Avenue to pick up a formal dress that some lady was making for Betty. We were all afraid that we would get stuck in the snow." Also "One year, 1928 on Thursday 29th, when we were all there and ready to sit down to eat Thanksgiving dinner, Mom went into labor with Ruth Ann. Dad wasn't too happy to drive Mom home to have the baby. We did survive."

Thanksgiving was always a special and enjoyable day for our family.

The S. E. NICOLLS FARM

My great grandfather, Simon Chauncey Nicolls, bought over fifteen hundred acres of land on Thatcher Road in Spring Township, Crawford County, about two miles east of Conneautville, Pennsylvania. He sold off all but four hundred acres to family members and relatives. He was a prosperous farmer. In 1877 he built an eighteen room house.



The cellar was made of huge stones cemented together. Large timbers, measuring a foot square, were cut from his land and sawed at his Uncle Addison's sawmill. The rooms were large with high ceilings, and the front porch overlooked a terraced lawn shaded by maple trees. A cleverly thought out plan for running water was achieved by installing a large, circular, room-sized, galvanized tank in a bedroom at the back of the house on the second floor. The tank held about 800 gallons of water and, when full, weighed about a ton. Rain water from the roof ran into the eaves and then into a pipe through a window into the tank. There was an overflow device for water to run back outside if the tank was full. This water, piped to the kitchen and bathroom, gave soft water for bathing and washing. Two drilled wells near the back porch provided drinking water. The other unusual convenience for those days before electricity was available in rural areas was a carbide lighting system installed in the cellar and piped throughout the house. This was a big improvement over the oil lamps. The cost of the house was \$1,100.00. The most expensive parts were the slate roof and the wainscoting in the living and dining rooms. Labor costs in those days was sixty cents a day for a good worker.

My grandfather, Sylvester Emmett, and my father, Carl Emmett, were both born in that house. During their years there were six barns on the farm. A cow barn, a horse barn, a sheep barn, and three barns used to store hay. There was a large workshop for repairing and storing tools just down from the house and behind the milk cooling house. There was a large granary for storing grain, and a pig house and pen near the barn. There was also a large chicken house near the workshop. And, of course, the outhouse. When I was a boy there were three barns - the barn near the house for the cows, horses, and hay, the 'middle' barn, and the 'north' barn. The Middle barn was used to keep the hay rake, plows, and other equipment. The North barn was in the far north sheep pasture to house the sheep and their hay.

Today the house and barn is owned and beautifully maintained by Mr. Michael LeMolfi from Cleveland, Ohio.

I can remember many wonderful summers spent on the farm. My brothers and I would take turns visiting the farm for vacation and to help with the farm work, especially during the haying season. I would get hay fever so bad that I could hardly sleep at night, but I loved being on the farm. My job seemed to be to drive the two Belgium horses that pulled the hay wagon as we gathered the hay from the fields to store in the barn. Two jobs that my brothers and I hated were weeding the cornfield with a hoe (each row seemed to be miles long), and knocking the bugs off of the potato plants. We got up early in the morning to get the cows from the night pasture and into the barn. Each cow

The S. E. NICOLLS FARM

knew which stall to go into. They would walk into the stall and put their heads through the stanchions, which locked them in their stalls. We learned to hand milk the cows, but most of the milking was done by Grandpa Nicolls, Uncle Lee Earl, and Uncle Art. The cats always sat watching the milking and waiting for some milk. Grandpa and Uncle Lee Earl often would squirt milk directly from the cow to the cats. After milking we had a great breakfast of pancakes and eggs and bacon cooked by Grandma Nicolls on a large wood-burning stove.

Then on to the day's work of cleaning the manure from the barn, feeding and cleaning the horses, gathering the hay, stacking the wheat shafts, hoeing the corn, or debugging the potatoes. All of it was hard work, but we didn't mind it because Uncle Lee Earl had a knack for making work seem easy and a lot of fun.

I remember the fun we had in the barn jumping into the hay from the beams. Sometimes we would sit around in the hay loft while our Aunt Marge acted out one-person plays, which I think she made up as she went along. Saturday nights were special. We would get scrubbed clean and go into Conneautville for the band concert. Sunday afternoons we relaxed on the front porch or played croquet on the front lawn.

The farm was a great place for a boy to be - surrounded with grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, lots of animals, and wide-open spaces. Unforgettable memories.

Facts from Marge Ohl and Gerry Cody.

Memories from Bob Nicolls

I love this part.

Breakfast On The Farm

Back in the 1930s my brothers and I spent a lot of time in the summer helping on our grandparent's farm. I was mostly there during the haying season as I enjoyed driving the team of horses pulling the hay wagon. I stood high on the driver's ladder - almost over the back of the horses. That was so that I wouldn't get buried in the hay that got piled onto the wagon.

We got up at daybreak, went out to the night pasture and herded the cows, about 25 or so, into the barn. Each cow had its own individual stall and knew which stall it belonged in. We, my

Grandfather Nicolls, Uncle Lee Earl, Uncle Art, and I milked the cows. Milking was done by hand in those days. After milking we let the cows out into the large day pasture. We took the milk to the cooling milk house, and then it was time for breakfast.

My grandmother cooked on a large, black, wood-burning stove in the large kitchen. We came in from the barn, scrubbed ourselves clean, and sat down at the large table in the dining room. We were served pancakes, fried eggs, bacon or sausage, sweet rolls, and milk. What a feast. My grandfather always ate a stack of pancakes loaded with butter, bacon grease, sugar, plus the rest of the menu. When he was finished he placed his knife through the tongs of the fork and laid them in an x-shape

😊



Bob on the farm near the milk house
Tool workshop above the mill.

The S. E. NICOLLS FARM

across his plate. That was our signal that breakfast was over and time to get out to the barn and the fields.

Milking Time

My grandparent's farm was a dairy farm. That meant that milking was done every morning and every evening every day of the year - no exceptions.

I enjoyed milking cows and got fairly good at it. We would sit on a three-legged stool with the milk pail between our legs as we squeezed and pulled the milk out of the cow's four teats. When the pail was full we emptied the milk into a large milk can. When the can was filled it went to the milk cooling house. After breakfast Grandpa would load the large cans of milk onto a trailer and then drive to the dairy in Conneautville. Gene says that he always liked to ride along with Grandpa. Gene would wind down the window and stick his elbow out of the car. Gene said that Grandpa, after driving through the deep hollow, would then speed up the car, and then turn off the motor and coast all the way into town. Gene thought that was great. Milking was a fun time with much joking, kidding, or singing silly songs. Grandpa Nicolls and Uncle Lee Earl were experts at squirting milk into the mouths of the cats sitting near by. I couldn't seem to be accurate enough to even hit the cats.

Old Florence

Grandpa Nicolls had a horse named "Florence". Some have said that "Old Florence", as we called her, was once a race horse, but I doubt it. She was a fiesty, independent cuss of a horse.



As a boy my father, Carl Emmett, rode Old Florence the two-miles of long dirt road to the school in Conneautville, Pennsylvania. A year later he also took his sister, my Aunt Ruth, with him on Old Florence. My aunt, Marjorie Ohl, tells a story that happened twenty years later as she sat in the classroom. The teacher pointed out the window and asked Marge, "Isn't that Old Florence going down the road?" It was. They didn't know where she came from or where she was going. Later, when Marge got home, Old Florence was in the barn.

When I was a teenager and at the farm, Art, my uncle who was a year younger than I, my brother Dave, and I decided to go horse back riding through the pasture. I rode on Old Florence. Going through the pasture we approached a pond which we knew had snakes and turtles. Old Florence headed for the pond, and despite all of my pulling and tugging on the reins, Old Florence ignored me and walked into the middle of the pond. There she layed down and started to roll over. I jumped off

The S. E. NICOLLS FARM

and ran out of the pond. When she was done 'cooling off' she came out, I got back on her, and we went on with our ride.

One time my Aunt Marion took several of us youngsters for a ride on a two-wheeled cart which was pulled by Old Florence. I was probably ten or eleven years old. We rode for several miles up the dirt road before heading back to the farm. As we came around a corner and in sight of the barn Old Florence bolted and started to race for the barn. Aunt Marion yelled for us to jump off the back of the cart - which we did. As she and Old Florence approached the barn we could see Grandpa and Uncle Lee Earl waving clubs in an attempt to stop Old Florence. They couldn't. Aunt Marion jumped off just before Old Florence and the cart banged through the barn door damaging a wheel on the cart.



One day, during the haying season, I was driving the team of Belgium horses, Captain and Lady, that pulled the hay wagon picking up the hay from the windrows of hay. My brother, Gene, was raking the cut hay into windrows for us to pick up. He was on a two-wheeled, wide rake which was pulled by Old Florence. They were in the middle of the field when Old Florence just layed down. Gene was shocked and didn't know what was happening or what to do. Uncle Lee Earl raced across the field and layed down on her head to prevent her from trying to get up. She died quickly.

Aunt Jennie told me that, one time when Aunt Marion was riding on Old Florence, the horse threw her off and broke Marion's arm.

Old Florence was an exciting and most unpredictable horse. I think that she was known by every farmer and most of the town people.

Gene the Jockey

Gene told me a story of the time he and Art were walking through the pasture heading for the farmhouse for lunch. One of the horses was nearby and Art decided that they both should ride the horse back to the barn instead of walking. Art boosted Gene up onto the back of the horse. Gene sat right on a sore spot on the horse's back. The horse bolted for the barn. Grandpa saw the horse and Gene racing for the barn. He opened the gate and guided the horse into the barn. Gene hung on and rode all the way. Grandpa was really angry at Art for doing that.

The Corn Field

Our grandfather planted a large cornfield just beyond the granary, near the farm yard, that went all the way to the next road - a quarter of a mile - a long distance. The corn was used on the farm as food for the chickens and hogs.

Of course, the cornfield had to be weeded periodically, and by mid-summer the corn would be up over our heads. You couldn't see the person a few rows away.

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Grandpa gave us a hoe and told us to "hoe the corn and get all of the weeds out of each row." My brother, Don, asked what he should do when he got to the end of the row. Grandpa told him to return on the next row, then to go back down the next row and return on the next row - weeding each succeeding row.

Don started down the row. After hoeing for a long time he still couldn't see the end of the row. Don says, about hoeing the cornfield, "I don't know how old I was, but I was certain that I would fall off the end of the earth before I came to the end of the row of corn." Don didn't, but he quickly learned that he wasn't going to be a farmer.

Art and Gene in the Cornfield

One time Art and Gene were in the cornfield, probably playing instead of working. A cornfield is a good place to play 'hide and seek'. They came upon a skunk and they got sprayed with the skunk's perfume. They really stunk! They went to the farmhouse and Grandma had them take off all of their clothes on the backporch. Gene says that they were "~~stark~~ ^{stark} naked." They then got a good scrubbing to get rid of the stinking smell.

Debugging Potato Plants

Our grandparents had a large field of potatoes. The potato plants needed to be debugged on a regular basis. It was not a fun job. Most of the time, while I was on the farm, I was busy with gathering and bringing the hay into the barn. Once I got the debugging job. Actually, on the farm, jobs are called chores. Milking, haying, feeding the hogs, chickens, horses, and cows, hoeing the corn, mending fences, and all other jobs were called chores. Debugging the potatoes was a chore. It really was.

Our equipment for debugging was a bucket with an inch or so of kerosene and a wooden paddle. I walked down the row of potato plants looking for bugs on the leaves, then whacking ^{ed} the bugs into the bucket of kerosene where they died. It was a relatively easy but back breaking chore because of the constant bending over to see the bugs and whack them into the bucket. Once was enough for me. I don't recall who got the chore most of the time.

Hunting with Lee Earl

One day my uncles - Lee Earl Nicolls, Pete Ohl, Joe Schumaker, Art Nicolls, Ben Cody, and Bill Stake - went hunting. This group was always very competitive and always trying to outdo the others. It was always in a friendly and kidding behavior. They trudged around for a couple of hours before they spotted a rabbit. Lee Earl said, "Let's all be fair.



Gene and Lee Earl Nicolls
Hunting - February 1, 1954

The S. E. NICOLLS FARM

No one shoots until the rabbit takes two hops.” They all agreed. Just as the rabbit took its first hop Lee Earl shot the rabbit - surprising the other hunters. When they asked him why he shot without waiting for the rabbit to hop two times, Lee Earl answered, “Any good hunter wouldn’t wait for a rabbit to hop two times. He’d shoot the rabbit on the first hop.”

The Gully

Down the dirt road about a quarter of a mile or so west of my grandparent’s house was a deep gully. The deep gully had a small creek where we often caught tadpoles, minnows, and frogs. The dividing line between my grandparent’s farm and Grandpa’s brother’s farm was at the top of the gully towards my grandparent’s house.

At the top of the gully, on my grandparent’s farm, was a one-room schoolhouse. It was still in use in the 1930s. My Aunt Erma taught there at one time, as did Claire Nicolls. Uncle Lee Earl and Aunt Gerry attended school there, and perhaps others of the family.

I remember that our family, during the winters in the 1930s, often drove from Poland, Ohio to Conneautville, Pennsylvania to visit our grandparents and aunts and uncles. Sometimes it was during the Christmas season. Mostly it was cold and snowing. There were no interstate highways in those days. Only two lane roads - one lane each way. When we got to Conneautville we had to drive the two miles or more to our grandparent’s farm on the dirt road. The road could be frozen with ice and snow, or it could be soft and muddy if the weather was warm. Either way, it could cause a problem of getting stuck in the snow or getting stuck in the mud.

Once or twice we got stuck in the gully. I recall when the snow was deep and Dad couldn’t get up out of the gully. He kept trying until we slid into a snowdrift. Dad walked to the farmhouse to get help. Either Grandpa or Uncle Lee Earl would come to the gully with a team of horses to pull us out of the snowdrift and up the hill.

Aunt Marge Ohl reminded me that the gully was a great place to ski and toboggan down the hillside. During one ski run, Art hit a fence and broke his shoulderblade.

The Bottle

Pete Ohl, who married my Aunt Marjorie Nicolls, tells an interesting story. The Nicolls family never had beer or any alcoholic drinks around the house. For Grandma Nicolls it was the path to sin and degradation. She was a real teetotaler.

Pete spent a lot of time at the farm before and after he married Marge. He was a big help at many of the farm chores. One late afternoon, after Pete and Grandpa Nicolls came in from the fields, they fed the horses and helped milk the cows. As Pete headed for the house, Grandpa said, “Pete, there’s one more thing to do before going in for supper.” Pete followed Grandpa up to the second floor and towards the hay loft. Grandpa went over by the wheat bin, reached way down into the wheat bin, and pulled out a pint bottle of whiskey. They each had a swig. As they headed for the house Grandpa told Pete, “Don’t ever mention the bottle. It’s my secret.” Pete said, “But, Ma will smell the whiskey.” Grandpa cautioned Pete, “Just stay away from her.”

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Party Time

Grandma Nicolls went to Buffalo when Jim Cody was born. She traveled by train from Conneautville to Erie and then to Buffalo. She stayed at Ben and Gerry's for a couple of weeks.

The first Sunday when she was gone Grandpa, Aunt Gert and Uncle Louie, Aunt Erma and Uncle Melvin, Uncle Pete and Aunt Marge, Uncle Lee Earl and Aunt Clara, and others had a party with beer and cokes. The beer and coke bottles were opened near the milk house where the beer and cokes were kept on ice.

After the party Grandpa Nicolls picked up every beer and bottle cap that he could find. He disposed of them along with the bottles. He didn't want any evidence of a party.

Grandma got home on a Monday afternoon. She immediately took over her duties in the kitchen and the house. After milking the cows, Pete told Grandpa that he'd finish the chores and for Grandpa to go on up on the back porch and sit with Gtandma. As Grandpa and Grandma were sitting there talking, they saw Pete bend down and pick up a bottle cap. Grandma said, "Pete, what did you just pick up?" Pete ignored her and she said, "Dad, did you have a party?" He said, "No." Grandma asked Pete to bring it up and show her. Pete showed her a coke bottle cap. She was satisfied. Later, Grandpa told Pete, "You sure had me scared for a few minutes."

Donny and Roxy

Donny and Roxy were a strong team of Belgium horse owned by Grandpa Nicolls. One day Grandpa was driving his team, Donny and Roxy, pulling a big haywagon. For some reason the team bolted and headed for the barn. Grandpa couldn't stop the horses. They broke loose from the wagon. Grandpa jumped off the wagon, holding on to the reins, and trying to stop the racing team. They pulled him along and it eventually broke his leg.

That was enough for Grandpa. He sold Donny and Roxy to Uncle Lee Earl who used the team for hauling logs. That wore them out.

Uncle Pete remembers the time he drove Donny and Roxy while filling the silo.



Ethel's Fall

Jennie reminded me of a story that she always remembered. I do now that she told me. In the farmhouse, off the living room, there was a long, steep stairways up to

The S. E. NICOLLS FARM

the second floor. The hallway at the top of the stairs was quite large. One night my parents, Carl and Ethel, were sleeping in a room on one side of the stairs. All of the children were in the many bedrooms on the other side of the stairs. My mother, Ethel, got up during the night to go to the bedroom where one of us had called to her. Instead of going past the stairways and into the door of the bedroom, Mom immediately turned right and stepped off into the steps of the stairway. She fell down the long stairway. Jennie said that every one was awakened by the commotion. Mom was not hurt - - except for her pride.

Ruth Remembers The Farm

Ruth Ann remembers staying on the farm for vacation only once. She said, "I was so homesick that I didn't appreciate it. Grandma and Grandpa asked Marge and Jennie to take me to Conneaut Lake Park one night to go swimming. Marge had just gotten her driving license." Ruth continued, "I remember gathering eggs with Grandma and throwing something to the pigs to eat. Also, they didn't have a bathroom when I stayed there, and the girls would take me up to bed with a kerosene lamp."

"I also remember standing in the side doorway of the barn when Art and Grandpa were milking the cows, and Art would squirt me with milk. I was afraid of the cows, so I wouldn't go inside of the barn."

Ruth said, "Also, I remember when we went out to the farm on Christmas. All of us would be quiet and would hardly breathe, hoping Dad would get through the hollow and up that big hill on Thatcher Road." "I also remember that on Christmas when we went out, all the aunts would stand on that huge register, between the living room and the dining room, for the warmth it gave off." "It was always such fun when all the aunts and uncles were there - - and Shirley and Janie. Always a great time."

Ruth added, "I remember Grandma cranking up the telephone by the front door to get the operator. We always had a dial phone." "The size of the house, especially the upstairs, would boggle my mind. The hallway up there was bigger than most bedrooms. It was always fun to start there and count all of the bedrooms going back to the huge water tank."

Uncle Lee Earl's Silly Songs

Uncle Lee Earl always had some silly songs to sing while milking the cows or working around the farm. I remember:

It was midnight on the ocean
not a street car was in sight.
The barefoot boy with boots on
stood sitting on the grass.

The S. E. NICOLLS FARM

For Betty: Betty bumped Teddy
T-elego Teddy
T-legged Ti-legged
Bow-legged Betty.

by C. Robert Nicolls

February 8, 2000



Employment

- Youth: Paperboy, Ivan Blackman & Farmer's Market, Lawn mowing, gardening, local stores.
- 1946 - 1949: ✓ College years: Kahn Meatpacking Company
Continental Can Company
Kroger Company factory
McGregor Sporting Goods Company
Murdock Manufacturing Company
- 1950 - 1960 ✓ Cold Metal Products Company
Stainless & Strip Div., Jones & Laughlin Steel Co.
- 1960 - 1983 Bliss & Laughlin Steel Company
- December 1983: Santa Claus - Houston's largest Shopping Center
- 3-6-84 to 7-24-84: ✓ Channel Steel Div., Lewis Electric Company
- 8-15-84 to 3-1-87: ✓ Deacero (Mexican Steel Company)

Bob Nicolls

Time Periods

- 1923 - 1952 Birth, home town, church, schools, vacations, jobs, Army (3 years), Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cold Metal Products Company
- 1953 - 1980 Met Margaret McBride, wedding, Westminster College, church, new home in Poland, move to Chicago, elected elder (1957), Commissioner to General Assembly, Children - Judy, Bob, Martha, church activities
Civic: Baseball programs, village caucus, PTA board, West Suburban Symphony Board, elected official, Police commissioner, library, paramedics.
Camp Lambec
- 1981 - 1990: Move to Houston, church, retired '83, Santa Claus, Channel Steel Div., Lewis Electric, Deacero, Camp Lambec.
- 1990 - Present: Move to Columbus,

Bob Nicolls

Employment

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