

Musical Musings from the Poison Pen of Pattye

Oh-oh the Wells Fargo Wagon came around the bend last month, as a dozen or so Nicolls cousins came home to mailboxes holding something special just for them. RockMaster Bob sent each one an iPod with a few hundred recorded rock classics, and an invitation to help compile the approximately 750 top rock songs. Initial responses were enthusiastic as grateful cousins gushed their excitement over this very special gift, as well as the opportunity to help create a rock 'n roll history record. But the first batteries were not even given a chance to wear down before these erstwhile grateful members of the Nicolls clan began clogging up cyberspace with e-mails denouncing choices, and attempts to get their own favorites on the list. In the beginning this reporter experienced only mild annoyance as I tried to sort out my own very impor-

tant e-mails from the hundreds showing up in my inbox. First of all, I had little interest in the discussion. I was a folkie in the sixties, and even if Peter, Paul, and Mary did dig rock and roll music, I did not. Secondly, I had received a threat of reunion banishment after an earlier article for this newsletter. So I resolved to remain silent. However, after being contacted by a dissatisfied few, who felt there was undue attention being paid to some members of the family while others were being brushed off, I was encouraged to see if I could find a rat in this bit of rock 'n roll payola.

Of major concern was the carte blanche given to "Wild Bill" Nicolls, an aging rock-a-holic, whose desire for musical fame led him to become the drummer for a local rock band, Tinfoil. "Wild Bill" sold out on his love for classic rock and plays at a somewhat seedy bar in

downtown Toledo, luring friends and family into Woodchucks with promises of live classic rock. Once they are comfortable, the doors slam shut and they are subjected to hours of "alternative" rock. I am told by a reliable source that he has been trying to get Tinfoil's cd's loaded on to the iPod's, thereby eliminating more appropriate choices offered by other members of the family. I was also contacted by "Counselor Cuz" Cheri, a Virginia lawyer, who informed me that she has been retained to represent all Nicolls women in a gender discrimination lawsuit over "the intentional and stated attempt to marginalize their musical tastes, as well as having a prima facie case for blatant discrimination based on comments already received". She encouraged me to review e-mails sent by certain dissatisfied cousins which, having

done so, raises a few questions that need to be addressed. For example why does the Rockmaster's spouse "Ka-Ka-Ka" Kathy still have no iPod? If he truly adores her, he would provide her with one. Is it true that her musical brain cells have been destroyed after years of pre-school music or does the Rockmaster B just not want family members to know that he will croon John Lennon's "Woman" in her ear when no one else is listening? And is it also true that "Aunt Fudge" is considering giving out her famous fudge recipe in order to get Rachmaninov on the list (way to get "classical Rach" in, Aunt Fudge!). What ever happened to the buttered 45rpm recording of "I Wanna Hold Your Hand"? Isn't "Build Me Up Buttercup" as iPod-worthy as "Stairway to Heaven"? In fact, my time spent reviewing this situation has lead this reporter to conclude that Rockmaster B's dream of forming a list of the top rock hits that affected and influenced this generation of Nicolls cousins may end up being shattered by the incredibly diverse musical tastes they all hold. He would have to make the list "The Top 10,000" to satisfy this crowd. Secondly, some of you really do have lousy musical tastes! There, I said it.

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Ad Design by Beth Nicolls



Three Possible Rookies for the Young Bucks Prepare.

Inside reports have it that three up and comers are practicing their pumpitude and growing strong with heavy workouts (by running their parents ragged) to possibly join the Turkey Bowl squad as walk-ons. Tyler “Truck” Mack and his twin bro, “Go Long” Logan got together with their older cuz, E. “Jumping” J. Nicolls to work on

some plays that are sure to razzle-dazzle the ol’dudes on the Silver squad. The Mack twins just hope that size discrimination will not be a factor in determining the starting team. Otherwise there will be some serious thumb-sucking and pouting going on under their security blankies on the sidelines.

By Bill Nicolls



Tyler “Truck” and “Go Long” Logan Mack with cousin E. “Jumping” J. Nicolls

Who is Younger?

The presidential campaign that recently (and mercifully) has ended brought into question the age factor. Being the oldest cousin, 15 years younger than Uncle John and 21 years older than baby Barb, it got me to thinking about the elders of this clan and what has been going on since they were kids:

Things Younger than our Parents:

- The Jefferson Memorial, DC – the presidential monuments have been around as long as the good ole USA, right? – nope – dedicated in 1943
- The Social Security Act – drafted by FDR and enacted by Congress in 1937
- M&M’s – Rice Krispies Treats – Spam – Kraft Macaroni and Cheese
- The Phillips Screw – you mean no one thought of this before 1937?
- Chocolate Chip Cookies – invented in 1937 by Ruth Graves Wakefield, who ran the Tollhouse Restaurant – great year, 1937
- The Great State of Alaska – and let’s throw Hawaii in there, too
- The Shopping Cart – a bucket and wheels – in the Phillips Screw category
- Beaver Cleaver - Bugs Bunny – Daffy Duck – Superman

Boy, it just seems like yesterday!

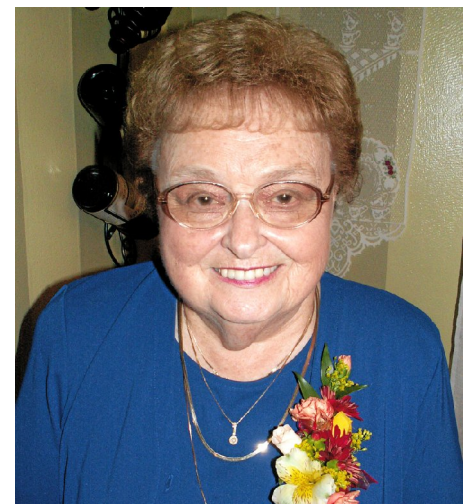
By Hank Grover

A Grand Gala for the Newest Octogenarian

Family and friends came from over hill and dale to honor a fine lady who has reached the important milestone of her eightieth year. Ellen Bell Nicolls was feted by her loving husband, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren at an open-house reception on November 8th. A steady flow

of well-wishers kept the affair lively, and indeed, it was the social event of the season. A sumptuous buffet of delightful delicacies led to satisfied sighs and a loosening of belts. Hats off to this “Grande Dame” of the Nicolls family.

By Bill Nicolls



Aunt Ellen the newest Nicolls octogenarian