



The Insider

Fall 2010

Aunt Mickey will be missed this year. I can't remember a time when Uncle Bob and Aunt Mickey missed a Thanksgiving whether they came from Chicago, Houston or Columbus and often in bad weather. Aunt Mickey has traded her old title of "captain of her floor" with her new title—"captain of her cloud".

More on Grandma Minnie by Bill Nicolls

I remember Pattye Ann and I sitting on the landing intently watching for any sign of life from Grandma Minnie's room. Waiting patiently for her to come out to use the bathroom so we could see the "mystery" grandma but being far enough away from the door to make a fast getaway in case she spotted us. We used to invent all kinds of crazy scenarios in our youthful minds as to what that woman and her room was like.

Colorado Reunion 2011

The Insider has an exclusive. Bob and Kathy Nicolls will be hosting the 2nd ever CO reunion next summer. The general timeframe is mid July to mid August. The final decision will be based on what will work best for everyone.

For those that may be new to the high country, Bob has a warning about "Furry Critters." When Cheri was

out here for Hillary's wedding she, when alone, spotted what she claimed was a wolf. Then backed that up as fact by producing a postcard with a wolf displayed and captioned with "Colorado Grey" as evidence. Certainly we here in the west can understand how easterners might mix up their furry critters. Reports have it that there

have been 10 hunters who have shot moose so far this year, mistaking them for elk. I'm not sure how exactly one "mistakes" a moose for an elk with binoculars, and high powered rifles with sites, nor for that matter how this qualifies as "sport", but nevertheless all were out of state hunters. So it goes from high country.

Notes and News

- From Aunt Ellen—**Samuel James Mack** was born on Dec. 28, 2009 the date of Ellen's and Gene's 58th anniversary. That was a wonderful gift.
- From Bill Nicolls—**NEWSFLASH:** Date-line: **Toledo.** There's a new player on the horizon for the Young Bucks; "**Sack-em Sammy**" Mack. He has been hard at work with his older brothers,
- "**Tacklin' Tyler**" and "**Crazy Legs Logan**" working out plays to halt the offense of the Silver Bucks. Their main strength is low stature and center of gravity which makes them practically invisible as they make their low tackles.
- From the Facebook of **James Bundy**—he is getting married on Valentine's Day 2011 in CA.



I hear that Colorado is a nice place to get married.



Logan and Tyler put on their game faces



Sammy bulks up with extra meals

Facebook Frenzy over B.M.U.B. Underground by Bill Nicolls



Dateline: Columbus, OH. Sept. 14, 2010. Admitting that she wished to "stir things up a bit," Facebook Queen :) Marty Nicolls Bundy posted the insipid lyrics of "Build Me Up Buttercup" on her wall. This sent many of her female cousins into the throes of rapture; repeating them ad nauseam. Marty's cousin Beth Nicolls, organizer of an "underground movement" that promotes the sappy song, thought it would be a positively delightful idea to create new lyrics that would reflect their special bond. As it turned out;

not one of her clattering, caliginous, cadre of caterwauling cousins took her up on this idea.

Not wishing to miss such an opportunity; a cousin of the male persuasion stepped up to the plate and crafted a response to the B.M.U.B. Underground president's call to action. Bill Nicolls, founder of the Righteous Oracles of Classic Krank-it-up Earsplitting Rock, immediately put fingertips to keypad and wrote a heartfelt message of hope for B.M.U.B.'ers. His hope is that they

will develop a more discerning ear for music and gain more sophistication in taste before making anymore suggestions for the Top 600 Rock Songs of All-Time.

It is suggested for those who do not possess this ditty (and who would?) that they type in www.YouTube.com and search for Build Me Up Buttercup. Play the song and sing along with the new lyrics provided below.

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Why do you bore us now (Boy, and how!)  
 B-M-U-B'ers just to show us how (Holy Cow!)  
 Tone deaf you are. And then worst of all (Worst of all)  
 You push this lame tune as if it's worthy of (Worthy of)  
 The "Greatest Rock Songs"

You need taste! (Post-haste!) More than anyone, cousins; to rock like your male counterparts.  
 So stop it girls. (Silly girls) We're in a whirl. Don't make us hurl!

This silly ol' tune makes us gag with a spoon. It's so lame, like Pat and Debby Boone.  
 Dumb songs like these are just like a disease. It makes dogs, howl mournfully at the moon.

(Hey,Hey,Hey) Cousins, Cousins! Listen to -  
 (Hey,Hey,Hey) The Beatles, Stones, Led Zeppelin, and the Who.  
 (Hey,Hey,Hey) You will find that they will blow your mind. Help you unwind!  
 Ooooooooooh! Ooooooooooh!

It's time to leave the poor, vestiges of bygone days of yore.  
 Like Barbie dolls, this record, and braids you wore.  
 It's time to box them up; push 'em out the door. Take out the trash.

You need taste! (Post-haste!) More than anyone, cousins; to rock like your male counterparts.  
 So stop it girls. (Silly girls) We're in a whirl. Don't make us hurl!

If you want to be cool and stop acting the fool, you must rock, with awesome, classic songs.  
 Bubblegum slop like your "dear Buttercup", must be tossed, with bio-hazard tongs.  
 (Hey,Hey,Hey) Cousins, Cousins! Listen to -  
 (Hey,Hey,Hey) The Clash, Ramones, and Fighters named Foo.  
 (Hey,Hey,Hey) You will find that they will blow your mind. Help you unwind!  
 Ooooooooooh! Ooooooooooh!

And then you'll feel so fine! Leaving prepubescence far behind.  
 Rockin' with a so--phisticated mind. Happy that you're able to join "our kind"  
 And gettin' your groove.

You'll have taste; just like all your male cousins. You'll be at the top of the charts.  
 So buttercups, (your time is up) will cease to be, 'cause you've got smarts!

We - e - e - e want you-oo-oo, more than anything, cousins.  
 (To) emerge from your dank underground. (Word!)  
 To see the light. (It's so bright) Give up the fight. Don't be such nerds!

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"You'll have taste; just like all your male cousins."

