

*When I Was Young
in Worthington: 1840s*

The Key to the Past



*written and illustrated by
Gregory Stancourt, Alicia LeGault,
Angela Shin, and Matt Givens*

May 2003

**We dedicate this book
to the 2002-2003
6th grade classes and
teachers.**

"I'm it!" Hannah screamed.

John ran up the attic stairs and suddenly tripped on the top step and rolled into his mom.

"Ouch!" John cried.

"Hey, what brings you up here?" John's mother questioned.

"Well, um, uh..... Well Hannah and I were playing tag. Why are you up here?"

"Oh me? I'm just cleaning up a little. How about helping me?"

"No, that's okay. I've got better things to do," John answered.

"Well, better things to do than making a few bucks?" Mother smiled.

"I guess I have some time. When do I start?" John questioned.



"You're it!" Hannah laughed.

"Hannah, I'm not playing anymore so go away! I'm going to help mom clean up the attic."

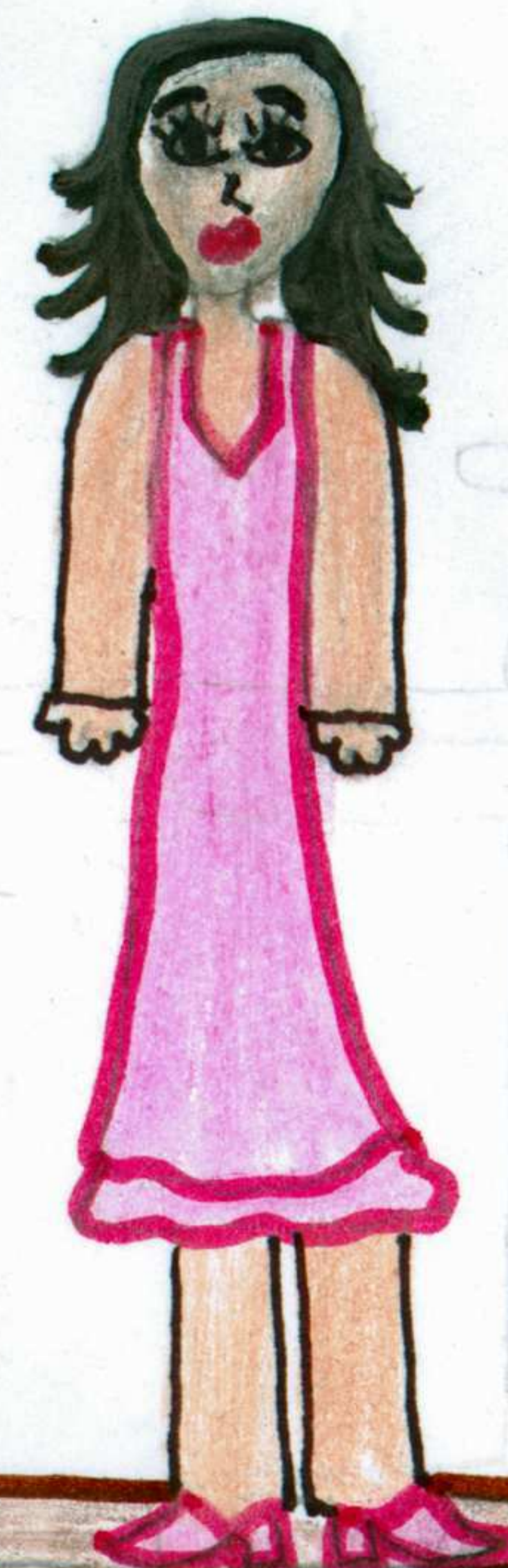
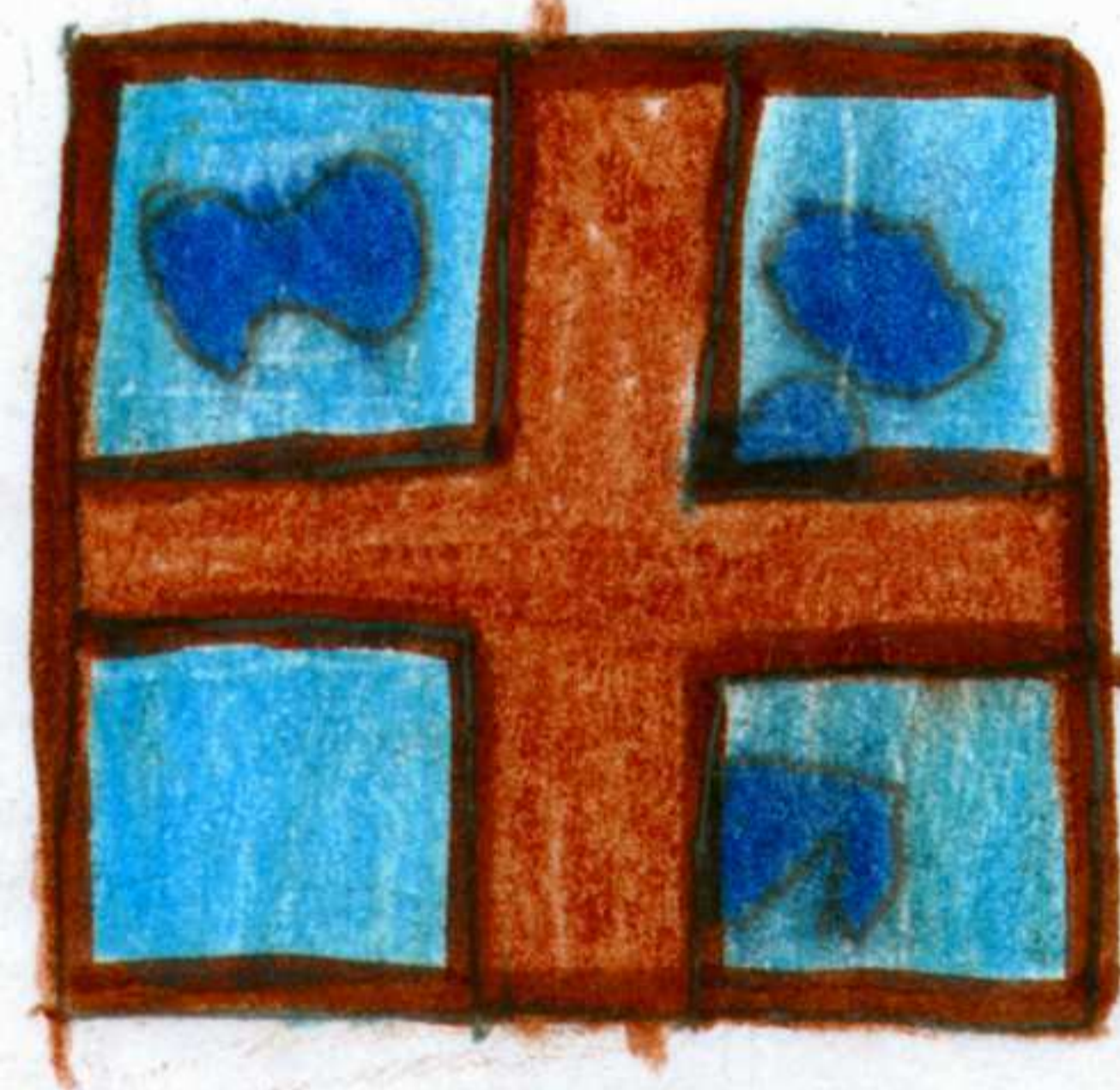
"You..... Cleaning up the attic? Who took your brain out?" Hannah chuckled.

"Mom is going to give me some money."

"Hey! No fair! I want some!" Hannah whined.

"Well you can get some money by helping us too. I'm going downstairs to get dinner ready. I'll call you up when it's done," Mother explained.

"Now don't bother me. I'll be over here looking in these boxes and you go look in those boxes. If you find anything interesting tell me and if you find any trash put it over here," he said pointing to the attic door. They both went to their corners and started cleaning.



"Look what I found!" said John excitedly. Hannah ran over and grabbed the book.

"Give me that!" frantically John said.

"NO!"

"I found it."

"So."

"I should get these boxes," said Hannah. They both started tugging.

"Stop!" yelled John, "It'll rip."

"It looks like a journal of some kind," John excitedly said.

"Look at the title," Hannah said sarcastically.

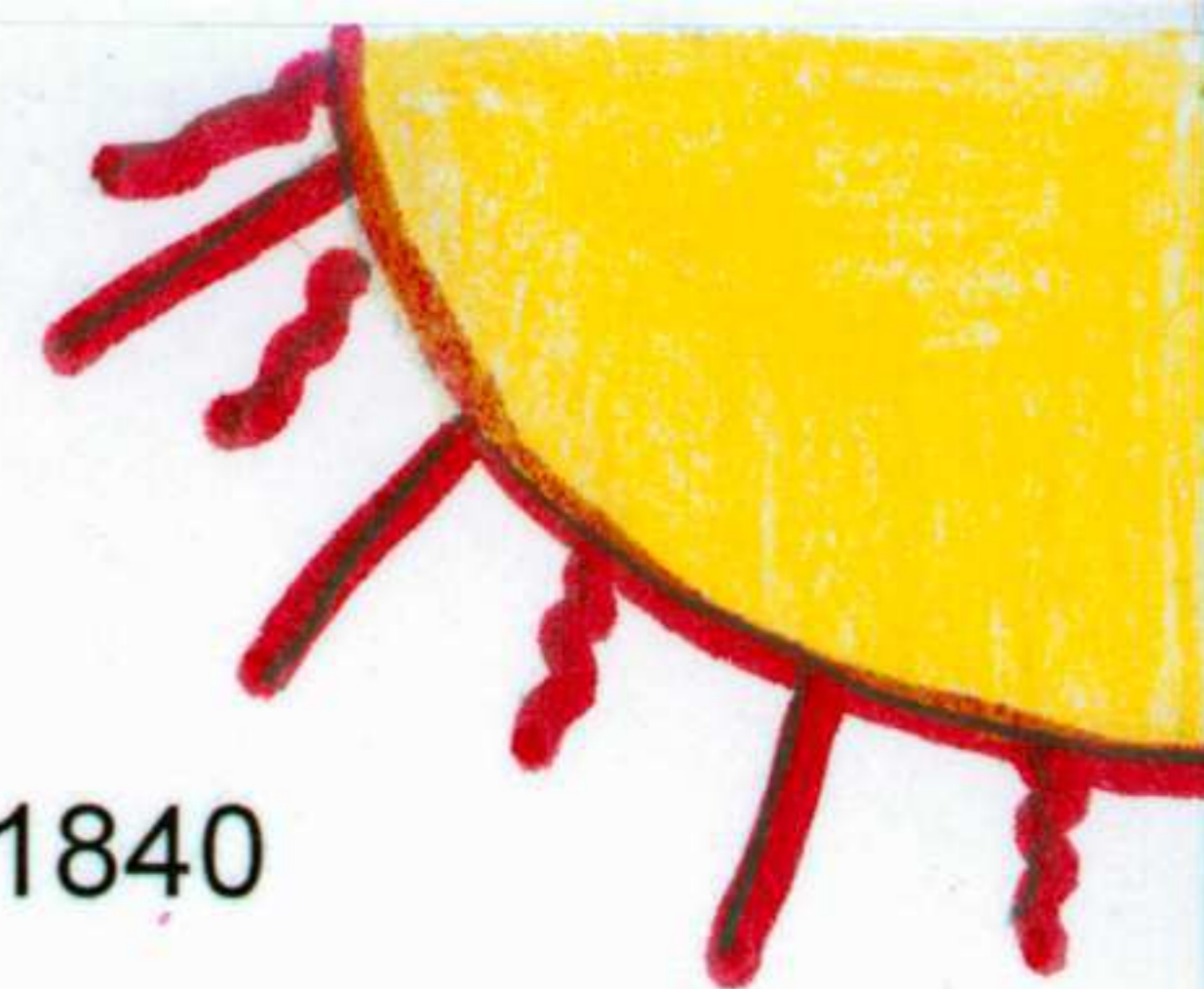
"I can't, it's too dusty and dirty, but it feels like a wood cover. This must have been from a long time ago," said John.

"Well, why are you just standing there? Come on! Let's read it!" Hannah forced.

They blew the dust off the cover of the journal. John and Hannah started to read.

And the story began.....





October 14, 1840

Dear Journal,

My name is Charles Bailey and I am seven years old. My mother gave me this wooden journal for my birthday. I have a baby brother who's name is Franklin. Today is the last day of summer and I will start my first day of school tomorrow. I'm just starting school because I have been working from morning to night. My mother and father have saved enough money to send me to school using the some of the money from my father's job in a shoe factory. I also earned some money by going into town and doing some chores for the people I know. I don't earn much money though and neither does my father. I mean we are not poor and I should be very thankful for that. I have some friends around the neighborhood, but I hope I meet more friends tomorrow at school and fit in well. Worthington just built a new log cabin on the Village Green. I have to go eat dinner since my mother has been yelling at me to come down.

Charles Bailey

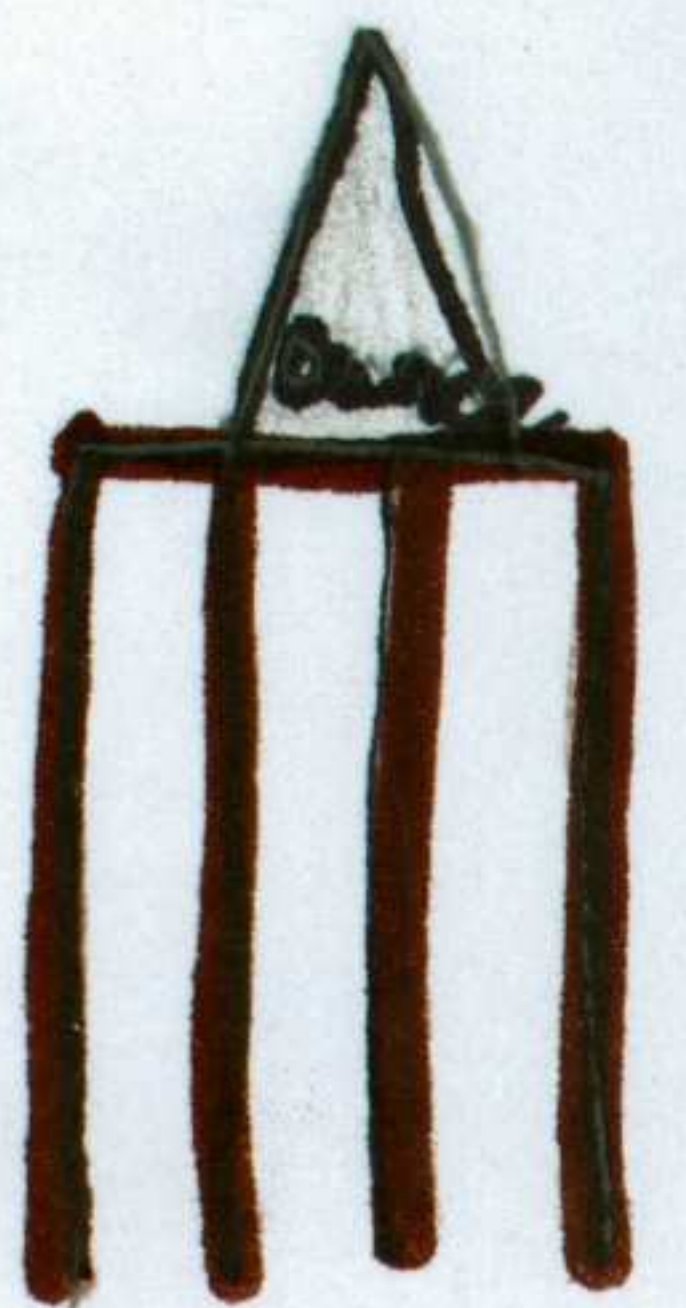
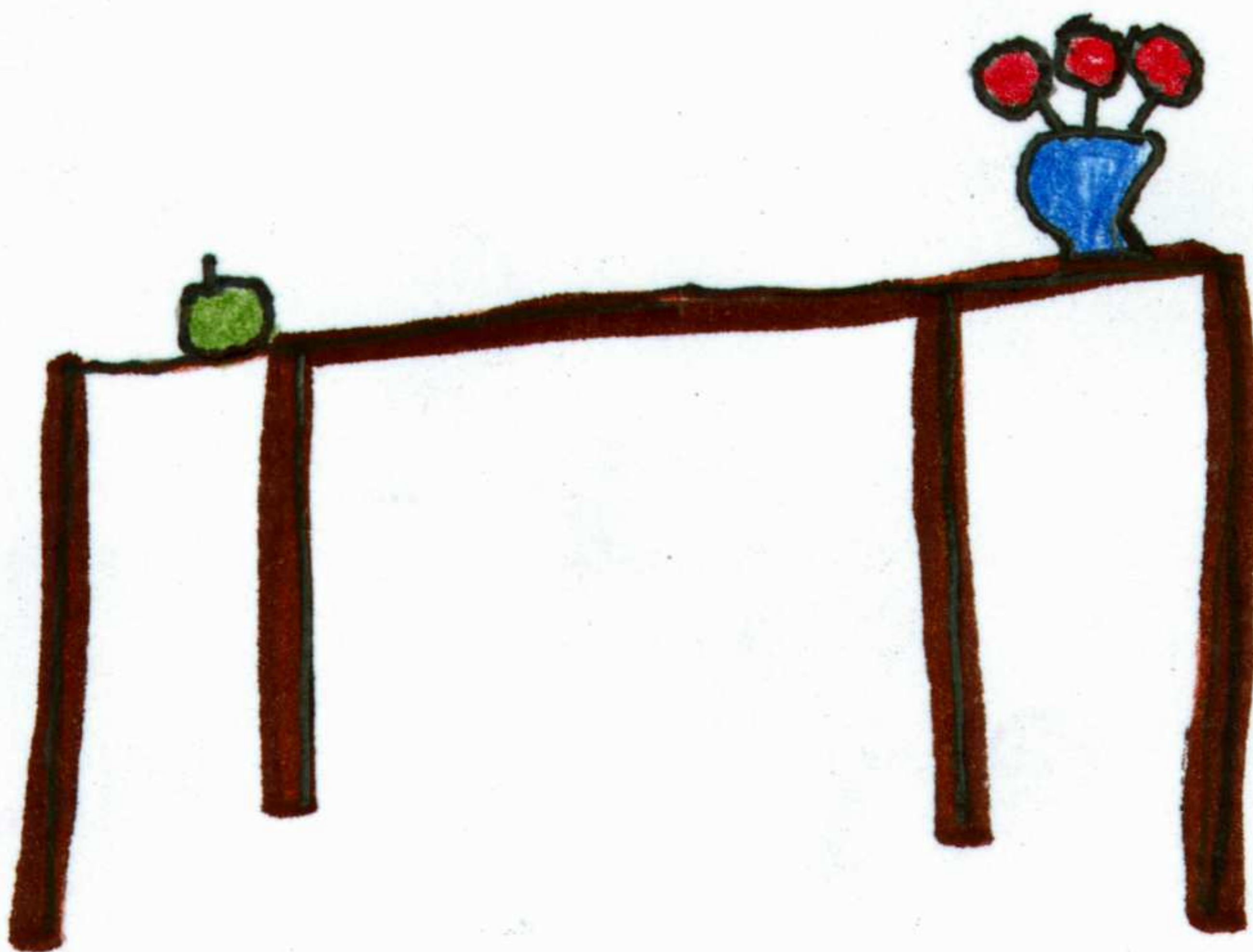
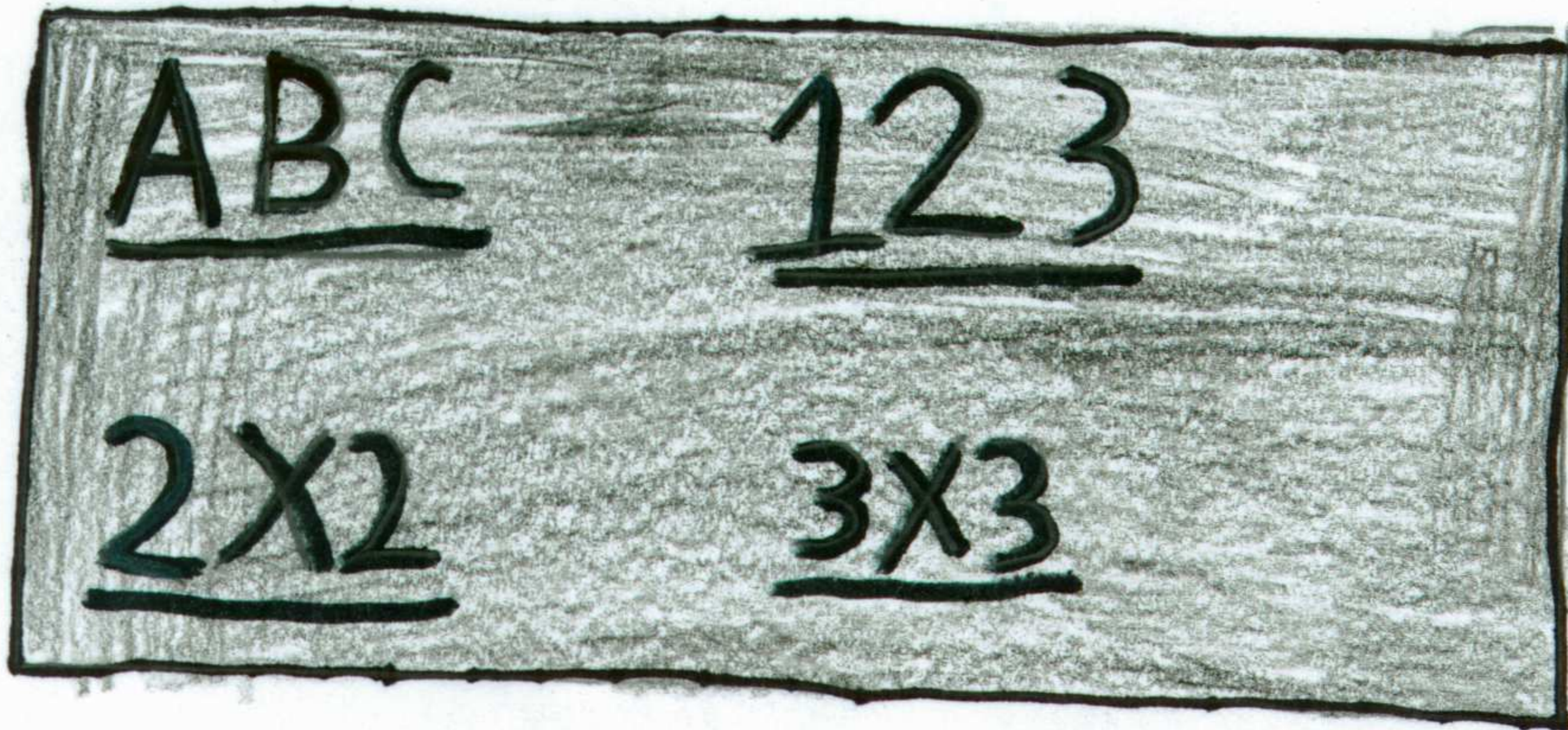


October 15, 1840

Dear Journal,

I had a great time at school today! I have learned a lot of new things from my teacher. Although my teacher, Mrs. Harrison, isn't what I had expected. My teacher is nicer than I had thought she would be. Mrs. Harrison says I am a very smart boy for my age. I wish Mrs. Harrison could stay forever because she really likes me and I really like her. She is only a replacement. Mrs. Smith will be back tomorrow. She missed work today because her little boy was very ill. I hope Mrs. Wilson is just like Mrs. Harrison. I better stop writing now because I should start my chores before dinner.

Charles Bailey

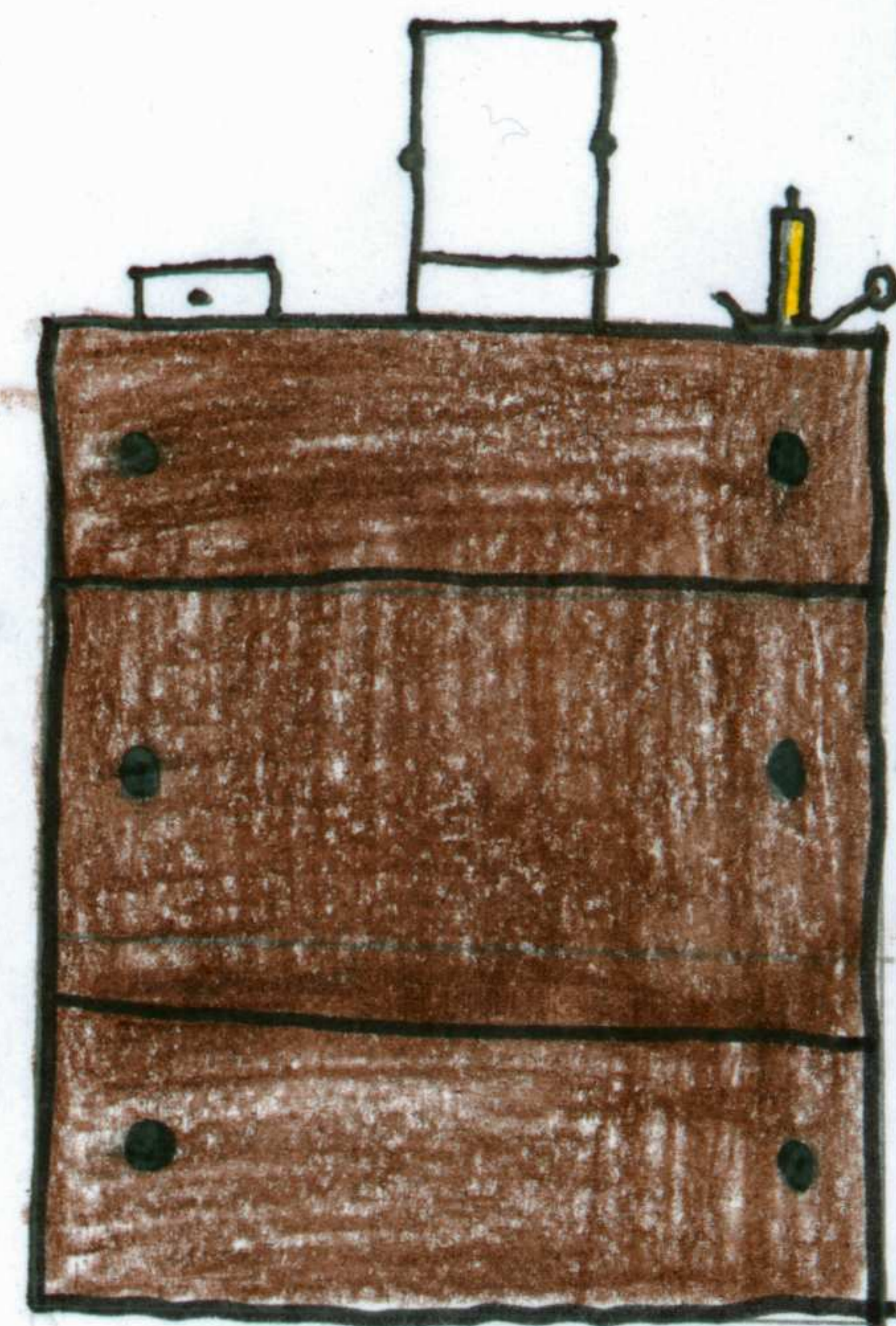
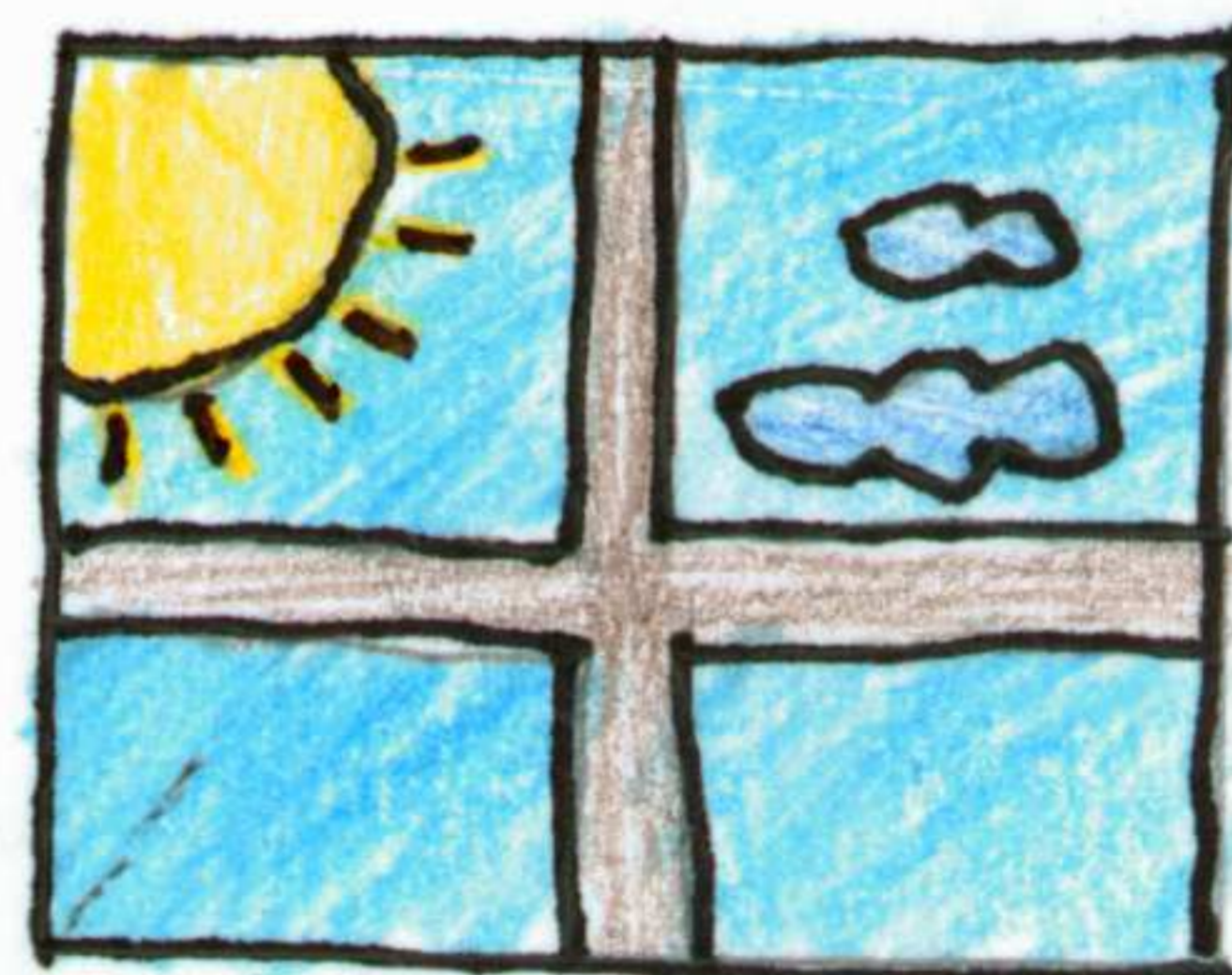


October 14, 1841

Dear Journal

I haven't written in my journal for about a year. I'm going to turn eight today! It is 6:30 in the morning. Usually I don't get up this early, but I just couldn't wait to get my birthday presents! I have decided to write in my journal every year to see how my life has changed. We actually just moved into a new house. It's pretty nice though, we still live in Worthington, Ohio and I still go to the same school. Now we live in a house closer to the Village Green. Since we live here, we now have to build a gravel sidewalk in front of our house. We always have work to do. My mother has woke up. My mother is cooking breakfast right now. I can smell the fresh homemade cheese, the smell of the fresh bread, the butter, and the smoked ham and salt beef. I always eat breakfast with my mom and dad and say some prayers. Well, I guess I won't see this journal till next year. I have got to go eat breakfast. I'll miss writing a lot.

Charles Bailey



June 11, 1842

Dear Journal

It's great to write in my journal again! I just got back from the store because my mother sent me to get some supplies. While walking down to the Waggoner store up the street, I was singing "The Rose of Alabama". That is everyone's favorite song. Well, some people's favorite song. When I walked into the store I heard a man yell my name in excitement. Then I realized it was

Mr. Kilbourne who works at the store. I gave him a shout back and I was on my way. I picked up some more ink for my school pen, a bag of tea for \$2.00, chocolate for \$15.00, salt, wheat, and candle molds for \$2.00.

On my way back home, I read detective stories and poems for entertainment. I also enjoy reading about rodeos, which I think would be a fun to do although I have never tried it. Soon I have to go and be fitted for my new coat that my mother is sewing on her sewing machine that was invented by Elias Howe. I learned that yesterday at school. The Presbyterian Church across the street just built a new steeple. It is very interesting to watch. Also, a new three-story brick building was dedicated as the home to the Worthington Female Seminary. Well, I have to go now and wash up for dinner and then I will be able to see my new coat.

Charles Bailey



November 14, 1843

Dear Journal,

I just got back from milking the cow to make butter and cheese. I think it's a hard thing to do, but it's hunkey dorey! My mother is sewing more clothes for the winter. It has started to snow a little bit. I just noticed that I've been keeping this journal for three years but it doesn't have many entries in it. It only has four so far. My mother and my father are calling me to roast chestnuts with them in front of the fire place. I look forward to writing in this journal more.

Charles Bailey

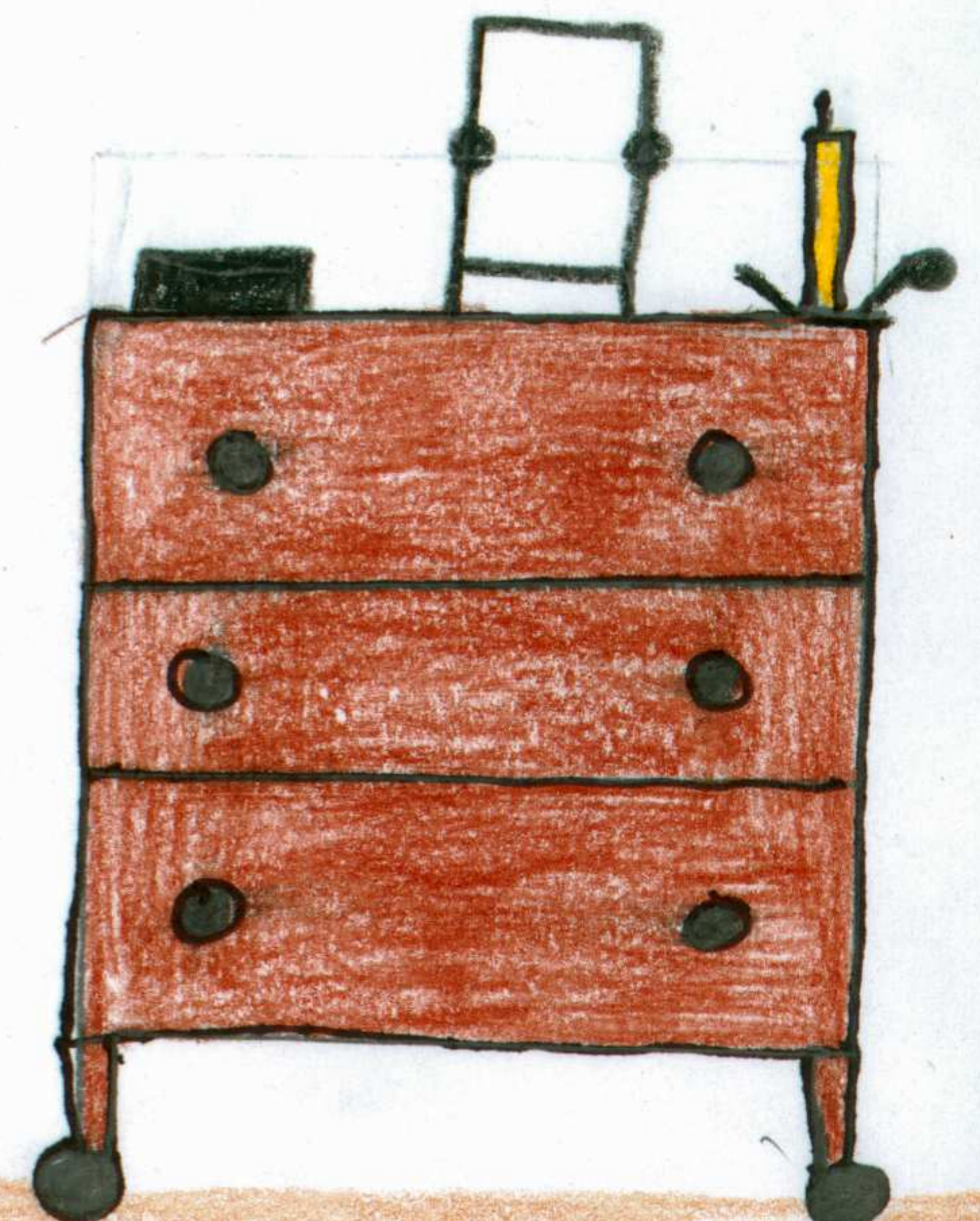
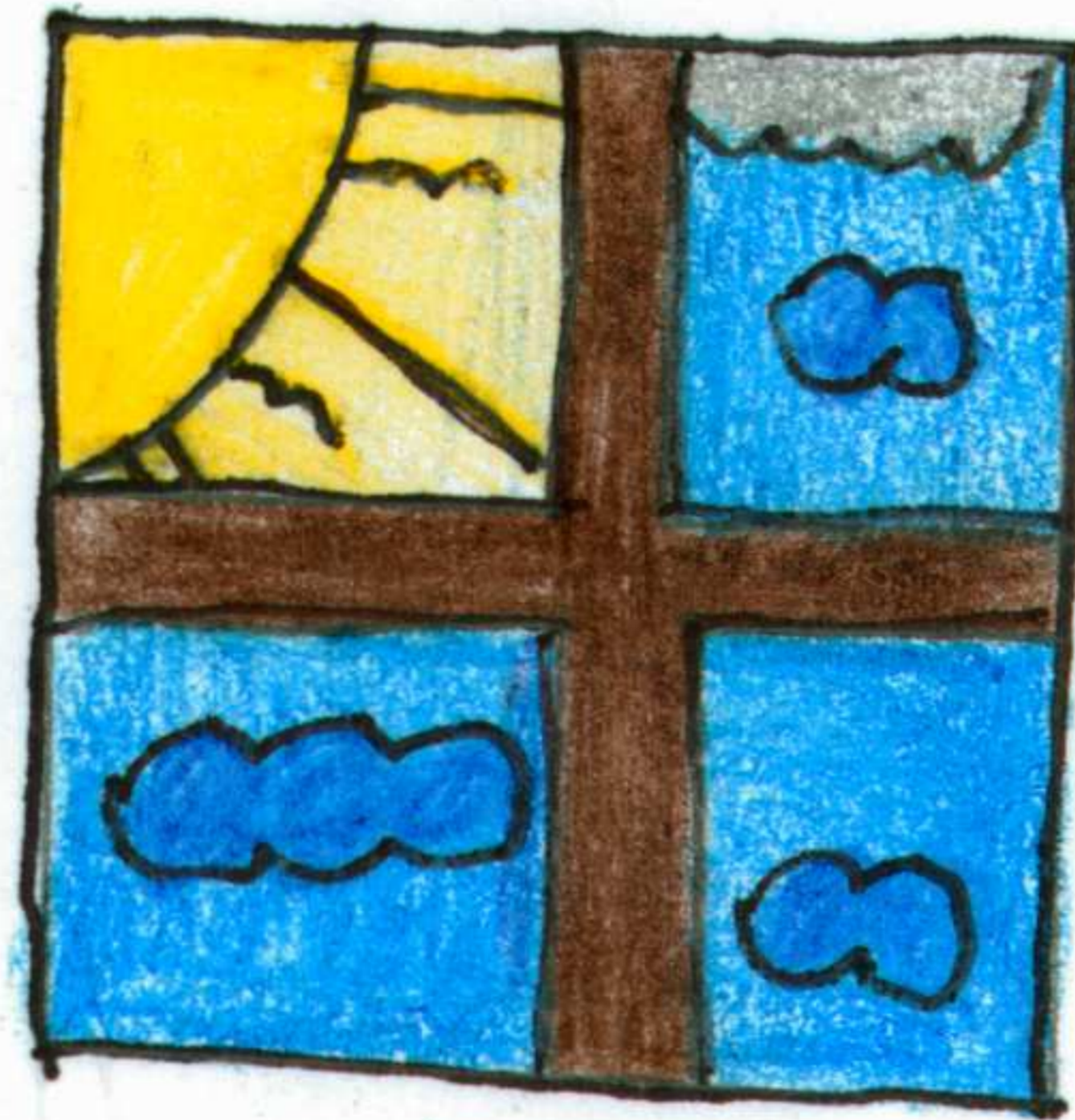


July 5, 1844

Dear Journal,

I can't believe I'm turning eleven this year! It seems like time is going by so fast when I'm having fun and then it feels like time is going slow when I'm not. The weather outside is really hot and it feels the same inside. Well I have to go now and get ready for tending to the horses.

Charles Bailey



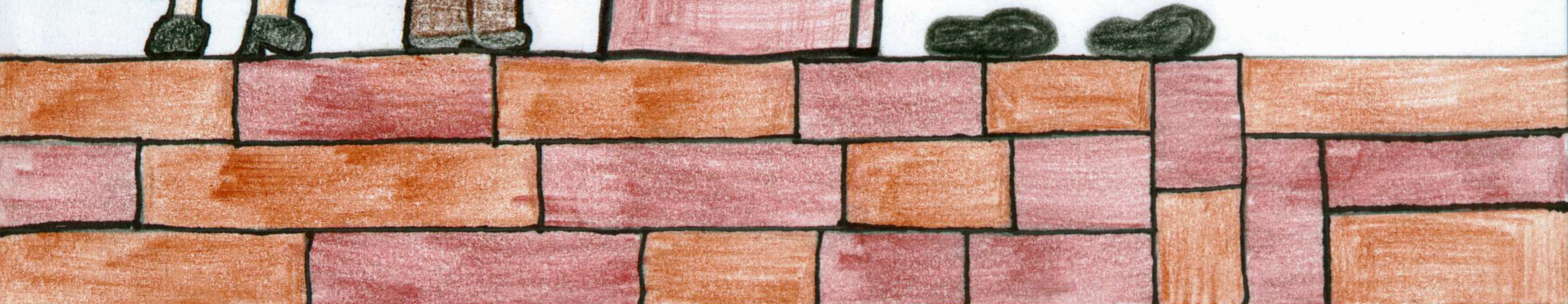
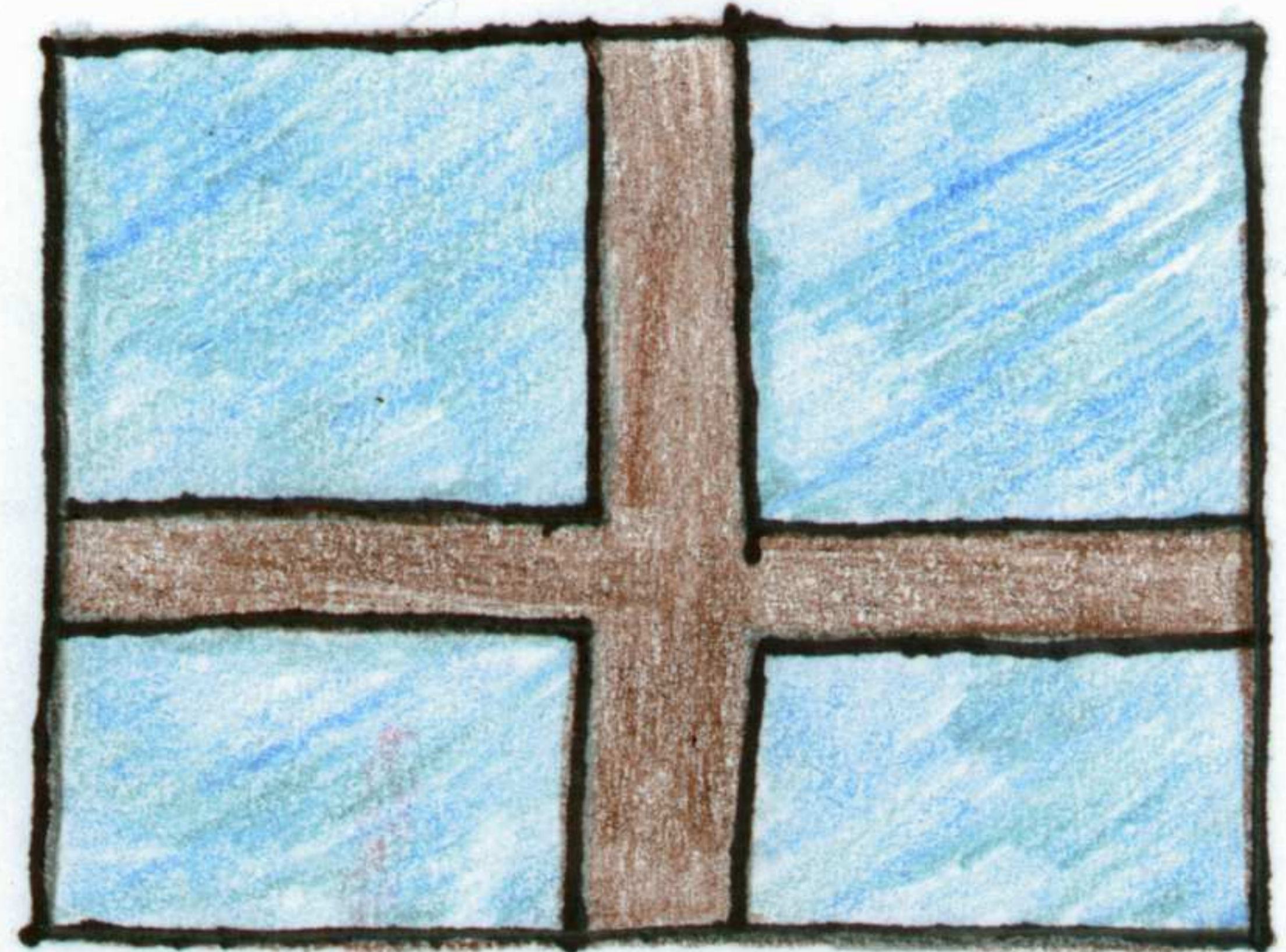
January 8, 1845

Dear Journal,

I had a long day. First mother called me down for breakfast at 5:00 in the morning. We had homemade cheese, rye bread and butter, salt beef, and weak tea. Today is a special day because it is Franklin's birthday and the safety pin was invented! Franklin is five years old and I am twelve. My mother is pregnant again and I soon will hope to have a new baby sister. To celebrate my brother's birthday, we went to watch the boats sail over at Lake Erie. Then, we went to the market to purchase chocolate, tea, and candle molds.

So tonight our family had a big celebration and my brother opened his presents. He got new shoes and a wooden journal just like mine! Mother went to buy Franklin his presents a couple days ago. We can't afford to buy a lot of gifts because in two weeks we are moving to Wilmington, Delaware. Well, I have to go now. I will write in you when we get there.

Charles Bailey



"Hannah! John!" Mom yelled, "dinner is ready."

"Aww..." Hannah whined.

"Well I guess we have to finish this journal sometime tomorrow. It sure was fun cleaning the attic although we didn't really clean it," John giggled.

"Wait. We're done reading the journal," Hannah explained.

John put the journal in a safe place where they could find it later.

"Last one to the dinner table has to take out the trash tomorrow!" Hannah giggled and ran downstairs.

"Hey! That's not fair at all!" John ran trying to catch up with Hannah. He reached downstairs and started telling his mom all about the journal.

