

The book cover features a central sunburst design. The sun's rays are drawn with black, wavy lines. The background behind the rays is filled with horizontal bands of color: purple at the top, green in the middle, and red at the bottom. The text is written in a black, cursive font. The title is enclosed in a hand-drawn oval.

*When I Was Young
in Worthington: 1890s*

Life of John

*written and illustrated by
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and Nicholas Remick*

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We would like to dedicate this book to the 6th grade teachers who helped us. Without them, we would not have been able to finish this book.

My name is John and this is a story about what I did when I was 11 years old and living in Worthington, Ohio.

One day I woke up and remembered I had to go to the the place that I didn't want to go . . . to school. I got out of bed, ate a bowl of oatmeal, and headed off to school. During the that school day, we learned that the village council had granted the Columbus Electric Street Railway a right of way in the center of Main Street, known today as High Street, from the southern edge of the village to the center of the public square. We also learned the history of our country and how to do division.

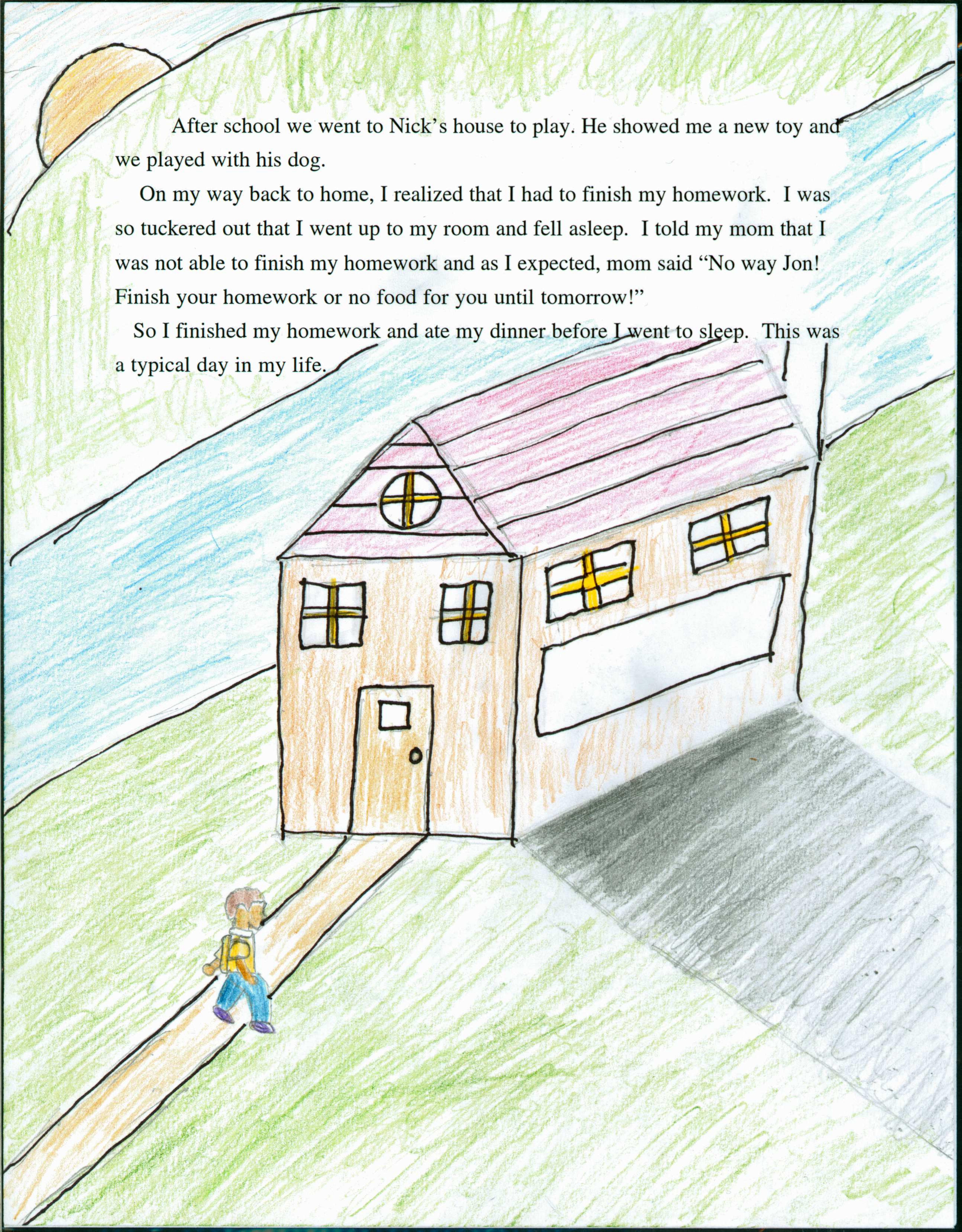
During lunch, I ate the lunch my mom had packed for me. It was two pieces of chicken pot pie and got water from the well to drink.



After school we went to Nick's house to play. He showed me a new toy and we played with his dog.

On my way back to home, I realized that I had to finish my homework. I was so tuckered out that I went up to my room and fell asleep. I told my mom that I was not able to finish my homework and as I expected, mom said "No way Jon! Finish your homework or no food for you until tomorrow!"

So I finished my homework and ate my dinner before I went to sleep. This was a typical day in my life.





When I was young in Worthington, my dad and I used to read the newspaper. It always had a lot of interesting facts. For example, one article said the first electric railway car from Columbus ran back and forth between Columbus and Worthington. A second article said George Van Loon purchased Bishop House, the Worthington Inn, and renamed it Central House. Quite another article said the Anti-Saloon League of Worthington held its first meeting and they had persuaded a Clintonville saloonkeeper not to sell intoxicants at his newly purchased property about 1/2 mile east of the village.



I remember well a particular birthday frolic.

“Happy birthday John! You are now twelve years old!” said my mom. I ate ice cream and cake while everyone sang “Happy Birthday” to me. I even drank a whole cup of cocoa in three seconds! Then, I opened my presents. I got a new bike from my mom and dad, a book from Tim and Nick, and a brand new radio from the rich kid who lived in next door named Joseph. After that, we went out to watch a neighborhood basketball game. Finally, we finished the birthday frolic and took the electric railway all the way home. It was a great day!



Another favorite day was when my uncle came to visit. My uncle owned a farm, so he brought us a few chickens. At dinner that night, we ate fried chicken and cheese cake. My dad and uncle drank applejack as they told stories from when they were young. The family also shared the current news with my uncle. We told him how great the Central House was, how they connected electric railway to Worthington through Westerville, and how three days ago Julia Holt married Eric Nelson, who worked in the Worthington Bank. Soon it was time for my uncle to go home. I asked him if I could go shopping with him during his next visit. He said yes and promised to come back soon.





When I was young in Worthington, the US had a war. The day that I found out that we were at war was my 17th birthday in 1898. At that time, I still loved to read the newspaper. The very top article said 'Congress Declares War on Spain'. As my family and I discussed the war, my mom mentioned that my best friend Tim was volunteering to join the war. A few days later, Tim's family and friends said goodbye to him as he left for the war. Tim told us that he would be safe and he would try to send home a letter once a week.



Four months later, Nick and I attended a church service at the Worthington Presbyterian Church. We were thrilled to see Tim walk safely into the church! Tim had come back from the war. We celebrated his safe return. The newspaper told that there were 15,345 troops from Ohio and 230 of them had died, mostly from disease. We were lucky to have Tim home and safe with us.



My life in the 1890s was eventful. There were many times of laughter and some times filled with fear. It was definitely a decade that forever changed my life.

