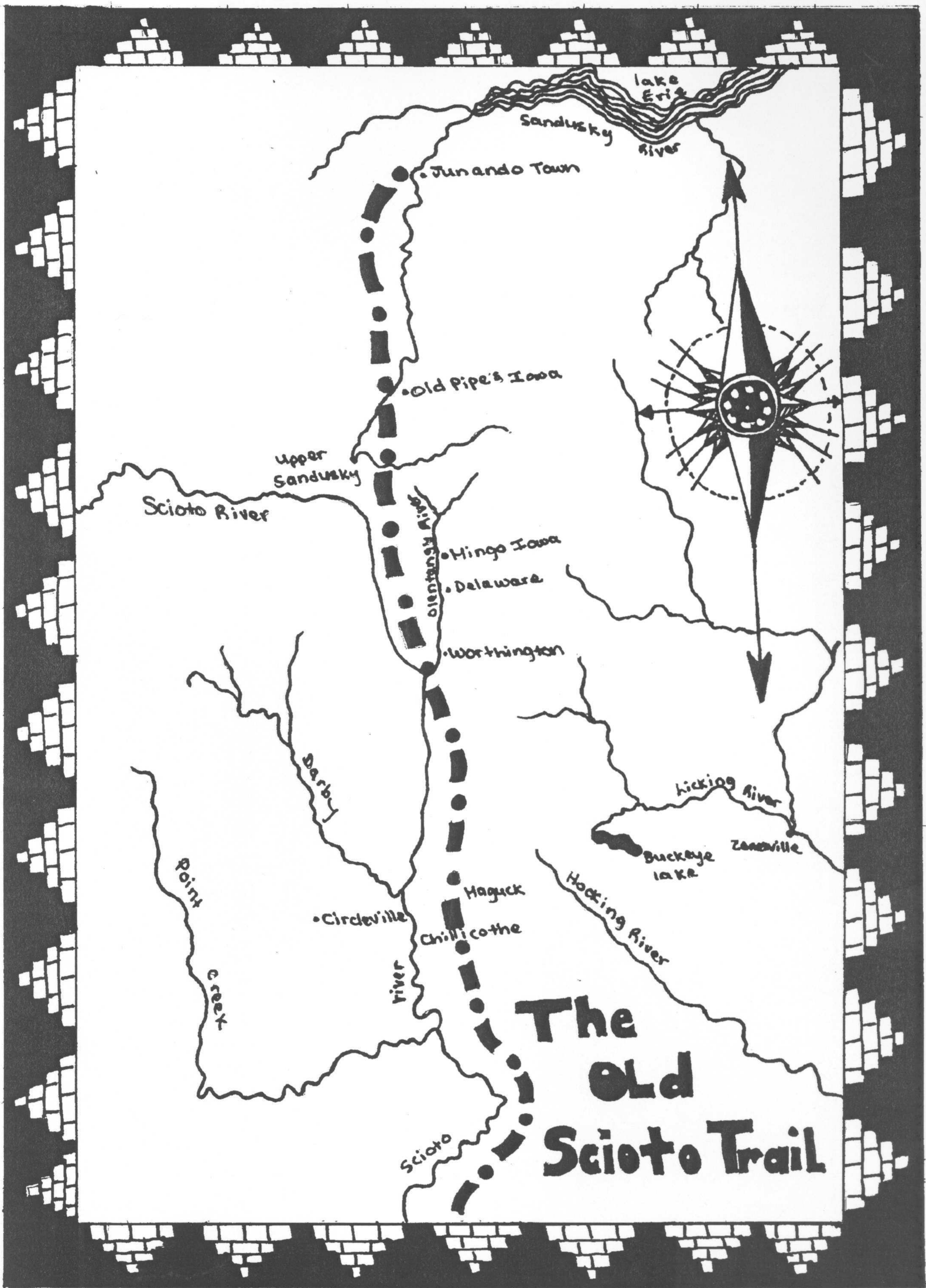




Worthington - Our Town

Bicentennial Collection
Kilbourne Middle School
2003



Veronica Lee



Worthington - Our Town

Introduction

This collection is not just about curriculum; it's about discovery. Students did learn about perspective and hatching techniques, writing poems, and essays. But thanks to the generous grant from the Worthington Memory Project Fund, students also learned about Worthington, their town. People, places, buildings, names, and events took on new meaning. This year became a time of exploration, sharing new knowledge, and understanding. To our students, Worthington became a different place. The following collection of art work, essays, and poems were created by seventh and eighth graders at Kilbourne Middle School.

I would especially like to thank K.M.S. Language Arts teachers Robin Troth, Andrea Gratz, and Sandy Thimmes for the contribution of student essays and poems and for their personal support with this project.

Andi Moore, Art teacher, K.M.S.

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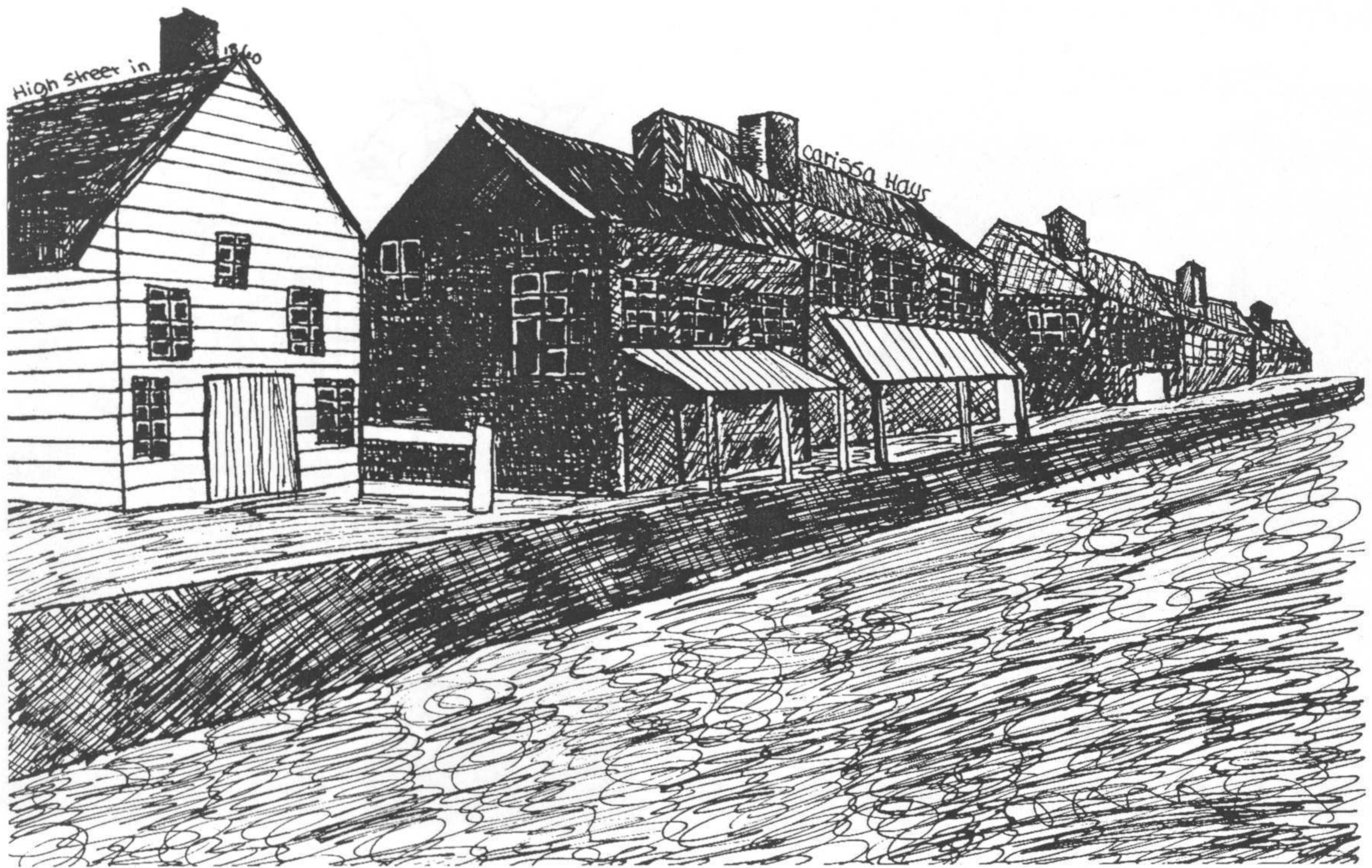


W O¹⁸⁰³ R T H I ²⁰⁰³ N G T O N

Colleen Ricketts - High Street Then And Now

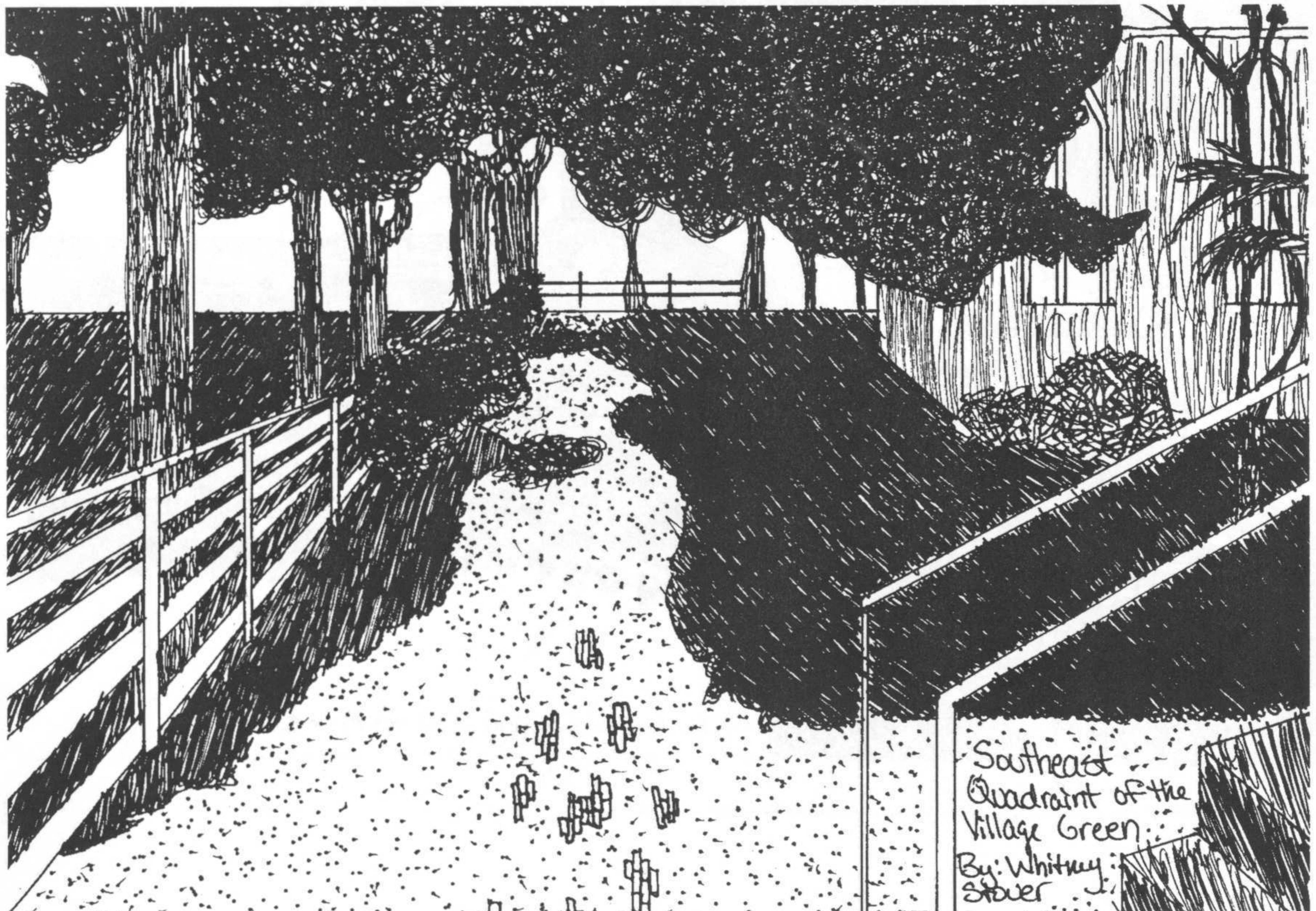
B.J. Leary - Worthington Business District

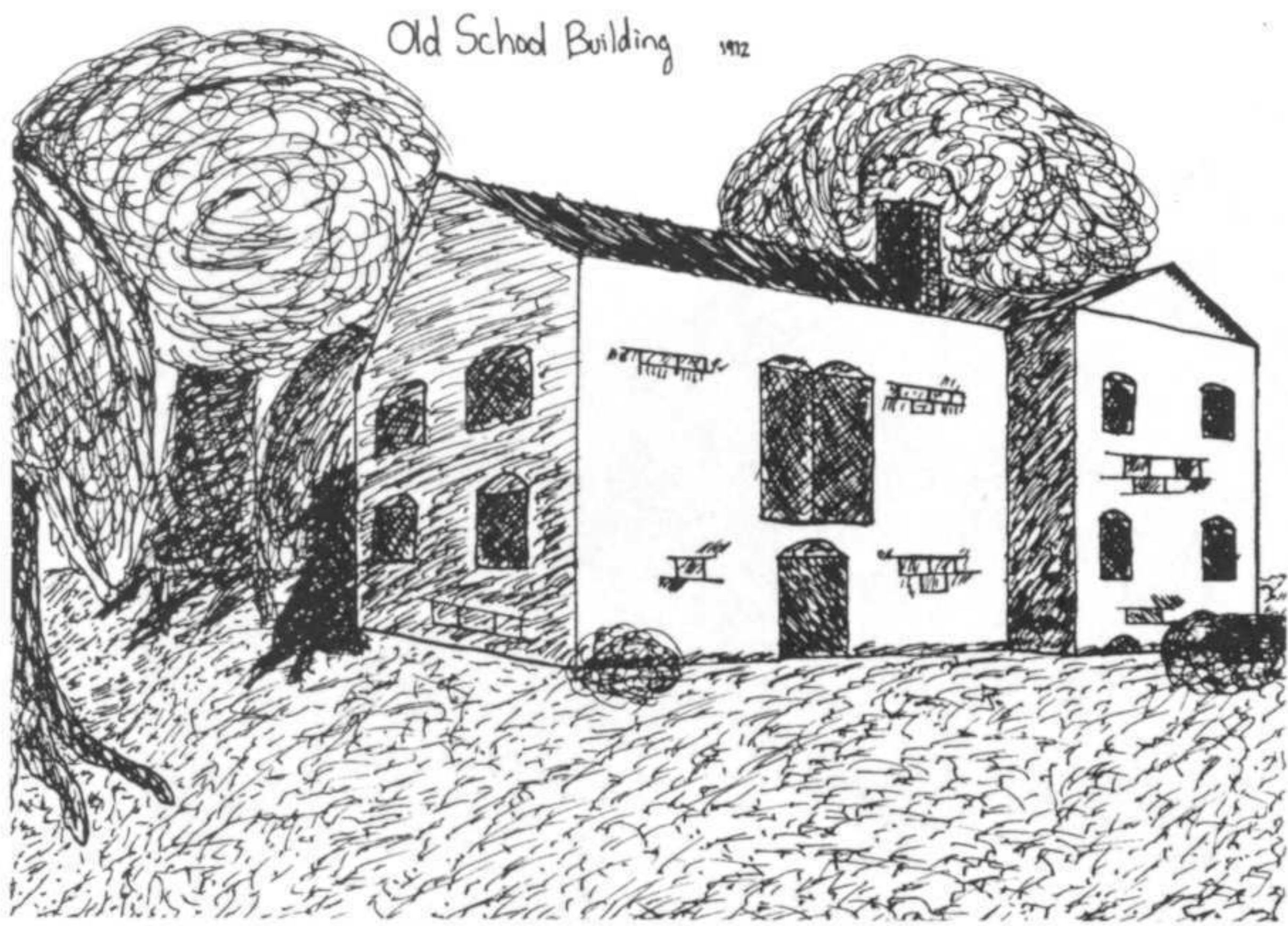




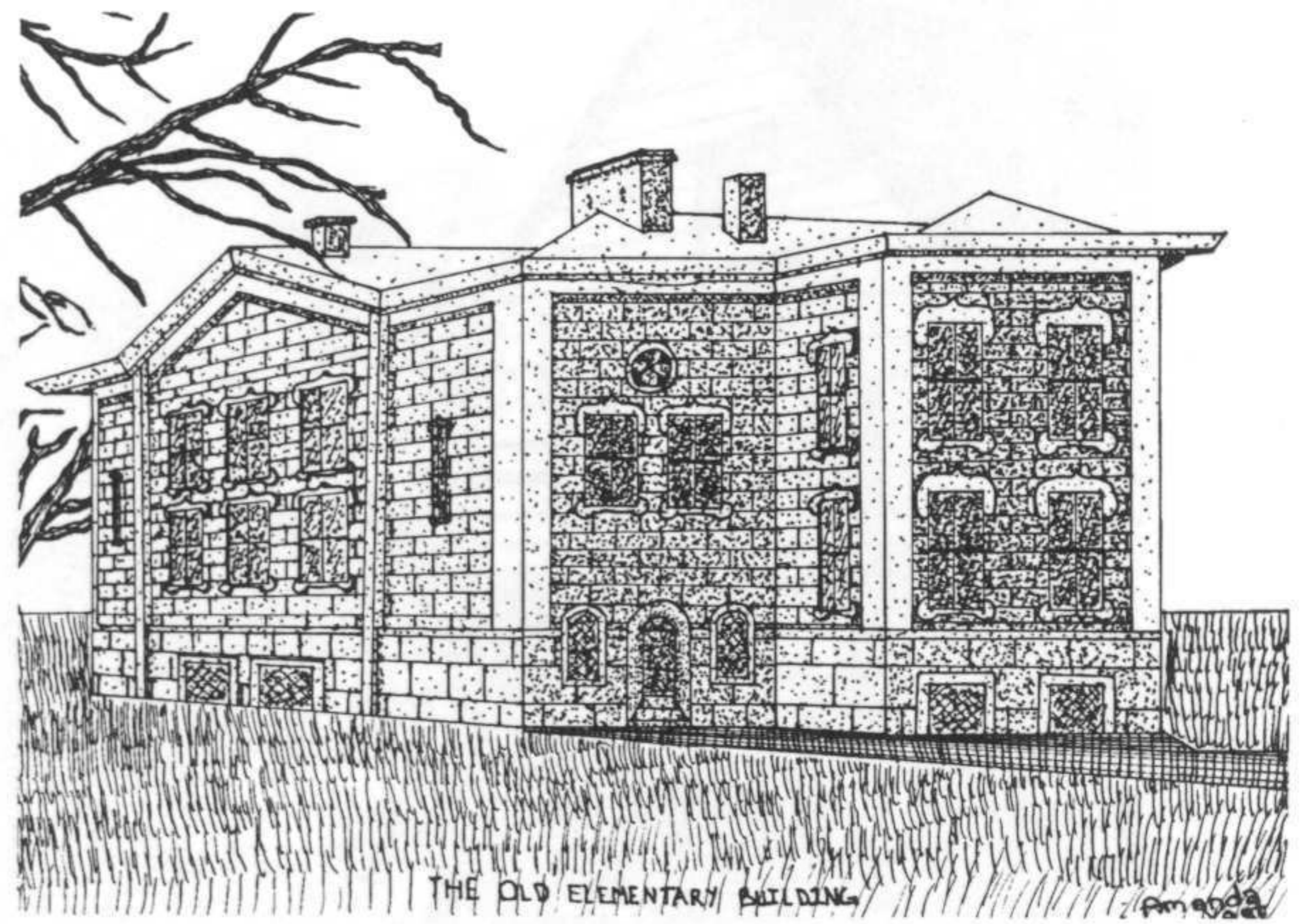
Carissa Hays - High Street 1860

Whitney Stover - Southeast Quadrant Of The Village Green





Jake Kuss - Old School Building 1912



Amanda Vogt - The Old Elementary Building

Adrienne Lemberger - Early Worthington Schools



Worthington School c. 1874

Early Worthington
Schools

Kilbourne Middle School
c. 1937



Worthington High School Annex
c. 1893



Caroline Geiser - James Kilbourne

Ode to James Kilbourne

A poor farmer's boy at the age of fifteen
sent out to the world with a future unseen.

To try and survive when he can't read or write
he starts working by day and learning by night.

To earn food and board during cold winter days
he learns to make clothes near the New England bays.

After dyes in the clothes caused him to get quite ill
he set out for a new job, and find one he will.

By thirty he had made a name for himself
as a businessman earning a great deal of wealth.

Store owner, farm owner, tax man and reverend
were all jobs that he had but this wasn't the end.

In search of free worship and soil that is best
he set up a plan for a town in the west.

Forty families pooled their money, as much as they could
for sixteen thousand acres of new land in the wood.

They built houses and stores, and more people came
until the town we know now became part of his fame.

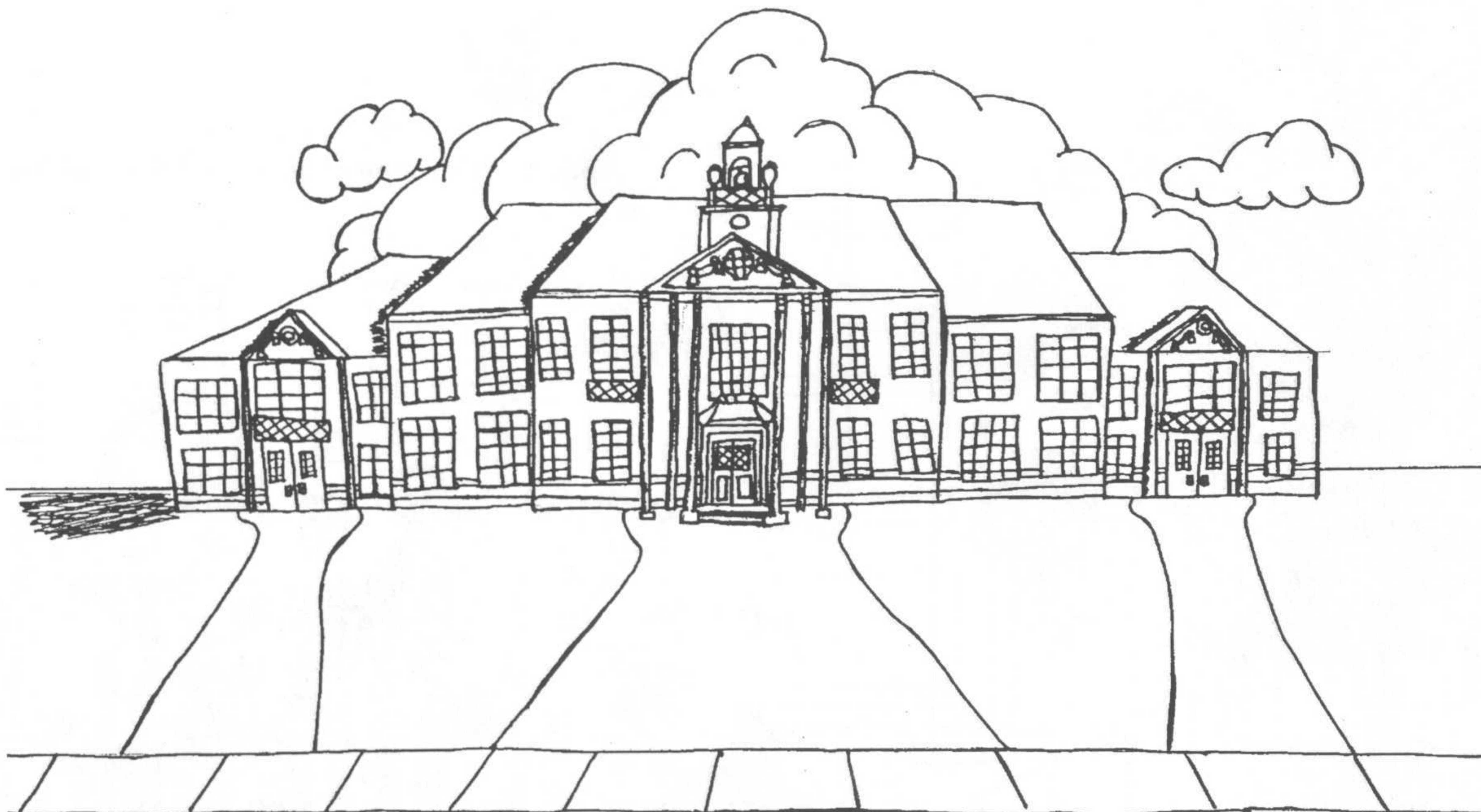
Today many people have not heard his story
or given a thought to his former glory.

A man such as Kilbourne deserves to be known
for he is the planner and founder of our great home

Andy Gay

♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ KILBOURNE MIDDLE SCHOOL ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Michaela Maynard



Michaela



Erin McCarthy - 1893 School Building

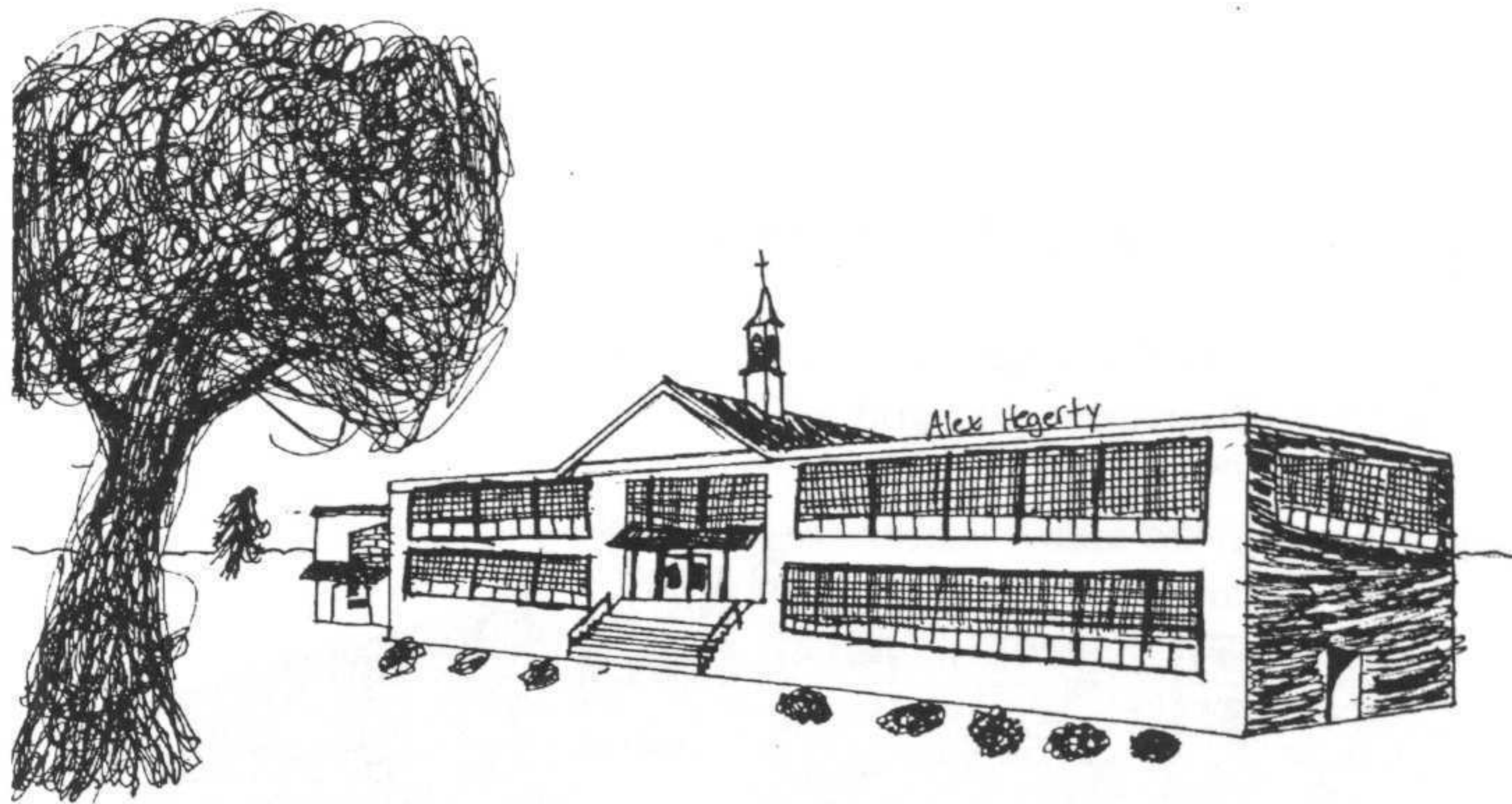
Ashley Gerard - Entrance To Kilbourne Middle School



Hope Jamieson -
1892 Worthington High School Baseball Team



*New Worthington High School



Alex Hegerty - "New" Worthington High School



LAUREN TURNER

Ben Pyle shows off his car for his Worthington High School shop class. As a young student of the 1939 graduating class, he would never think of fighting in the awful war of World War II. Ben died in combat.

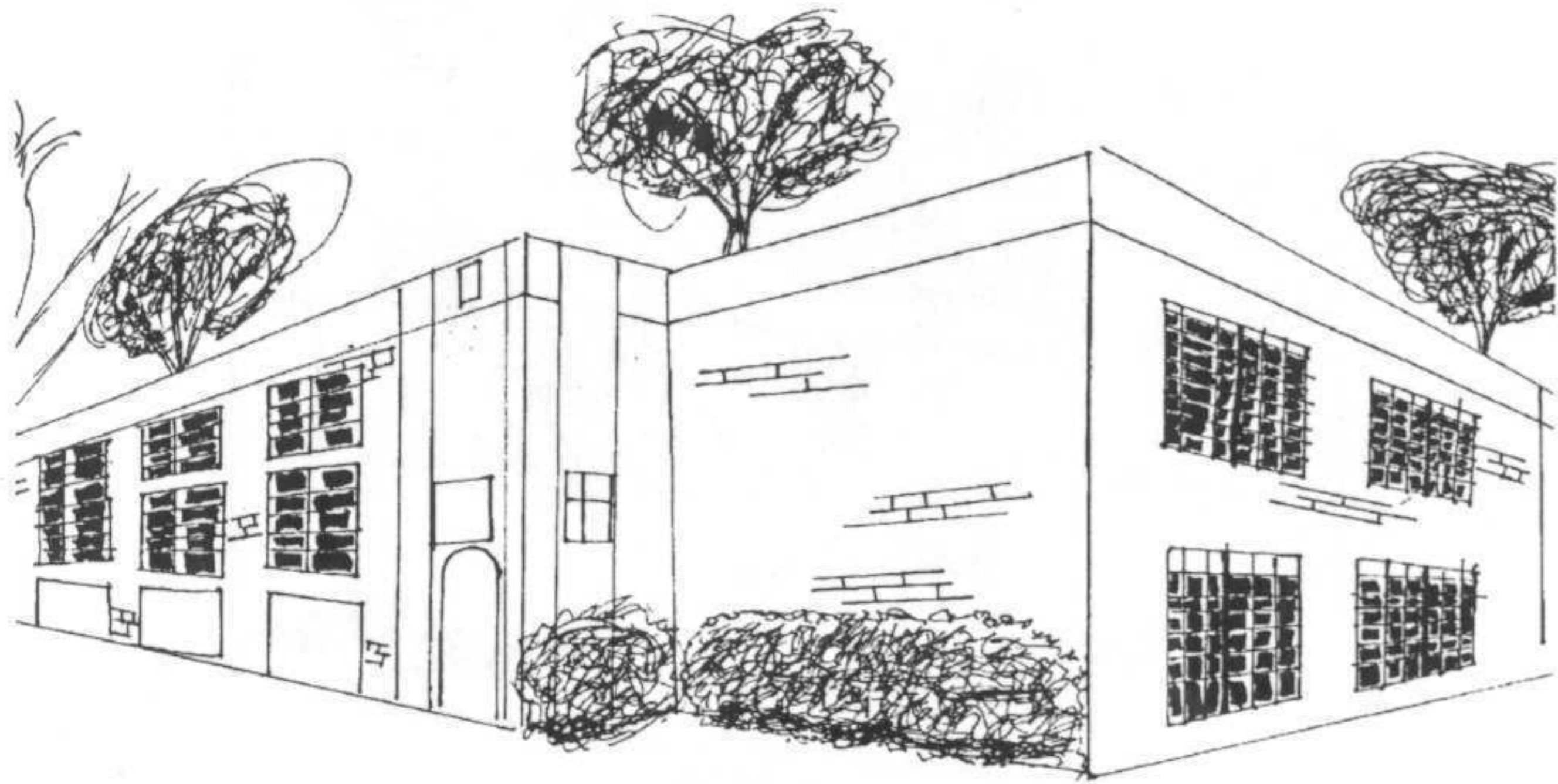
Lauren Turner - Ben Pyle and His Car 1939

Alyssa Ramos - 1942 Worthington High School Cheerleaders



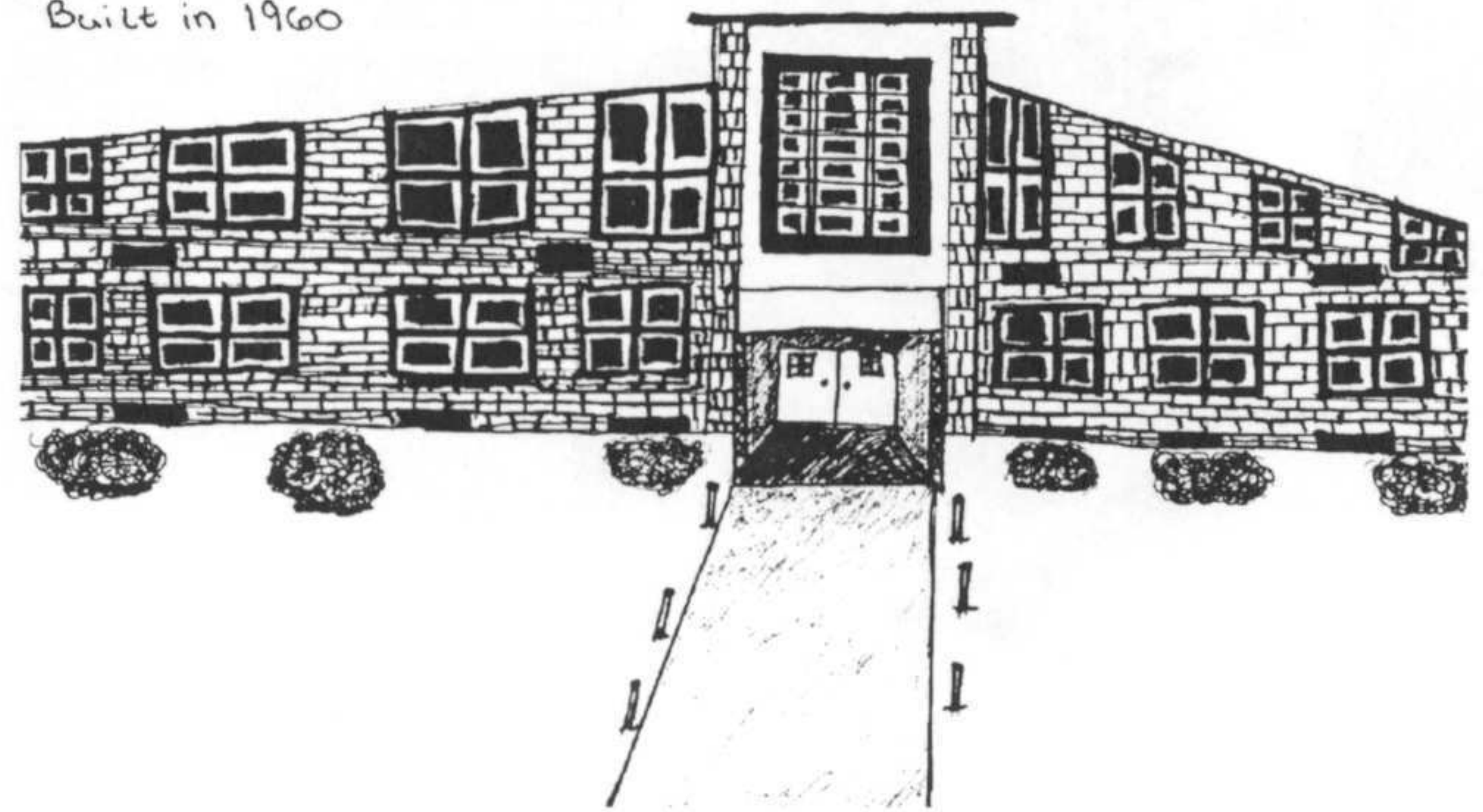
"1942 Worthington HS Cheerleaders"

Packard Annex



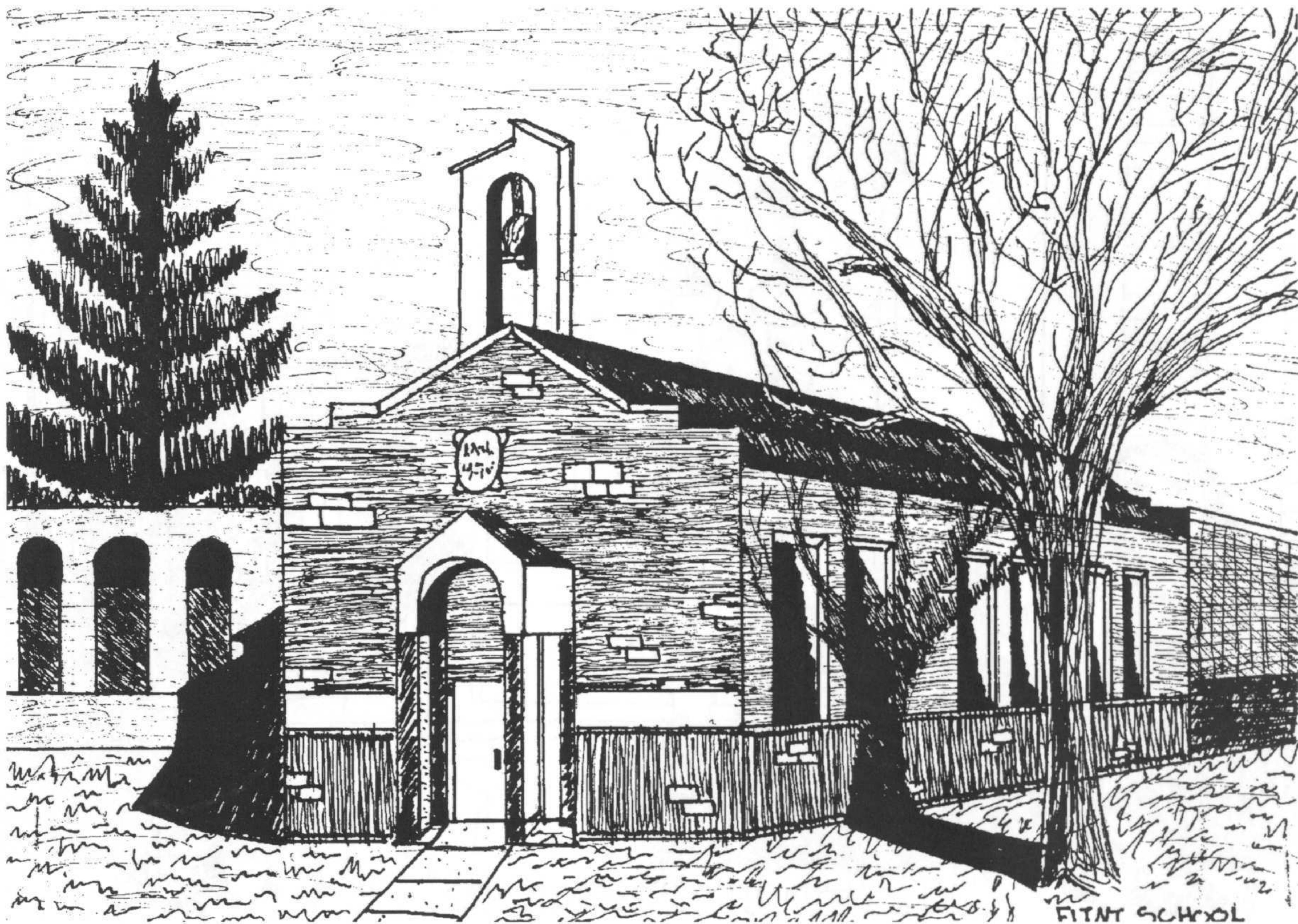
Josh Couper - Packard Annex

Homedale
Elementary
School
Built in 1960



Chad Howell - Homedale Elementary School 1960

Jack Straub - Flint School



I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes and go back in time

The girls are in long dresses – not in short jean skirts
The boys are wearing their Sunday best – not their Friday worst!

There were horses where our buses are now – when they looked out the window they
might have seen a cow!

The teachers were strict, the school days were long – they didn't have block scheduling,
PAWS class or prom.

There was no cafeteria, computer lab, art room or gym – compared to now I am sure
it was dim.

Time has gone by but one thing remains – laughter, friendships and learning at school
will never change.

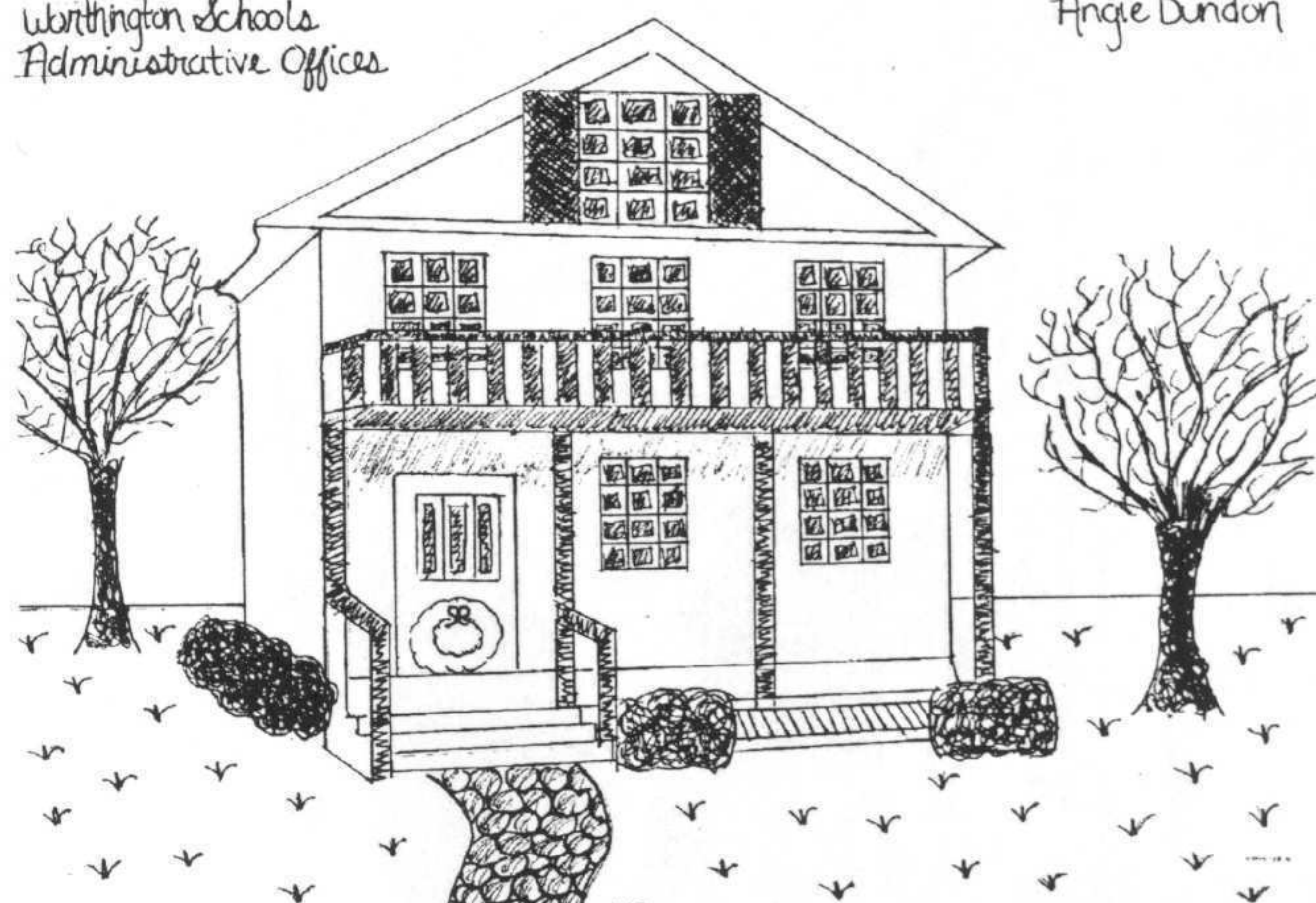
Over one hundred years have past, but never fear -
Our school is the best no matter what the year!

Jessica Szabo

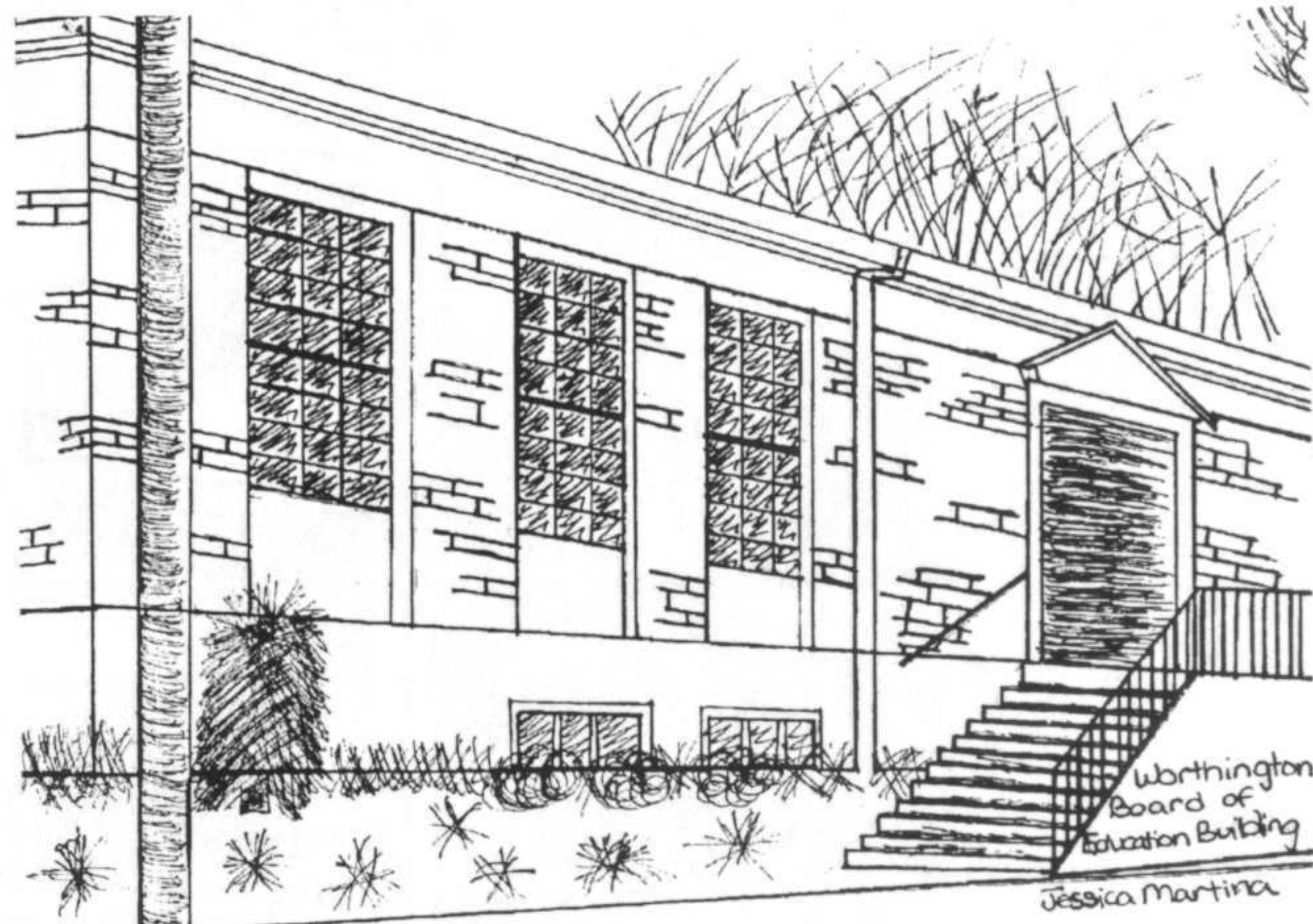
Angie Dundon - Worthington Schools Administrative Offices

Jessica Martina - Worthington Board Of Education Building

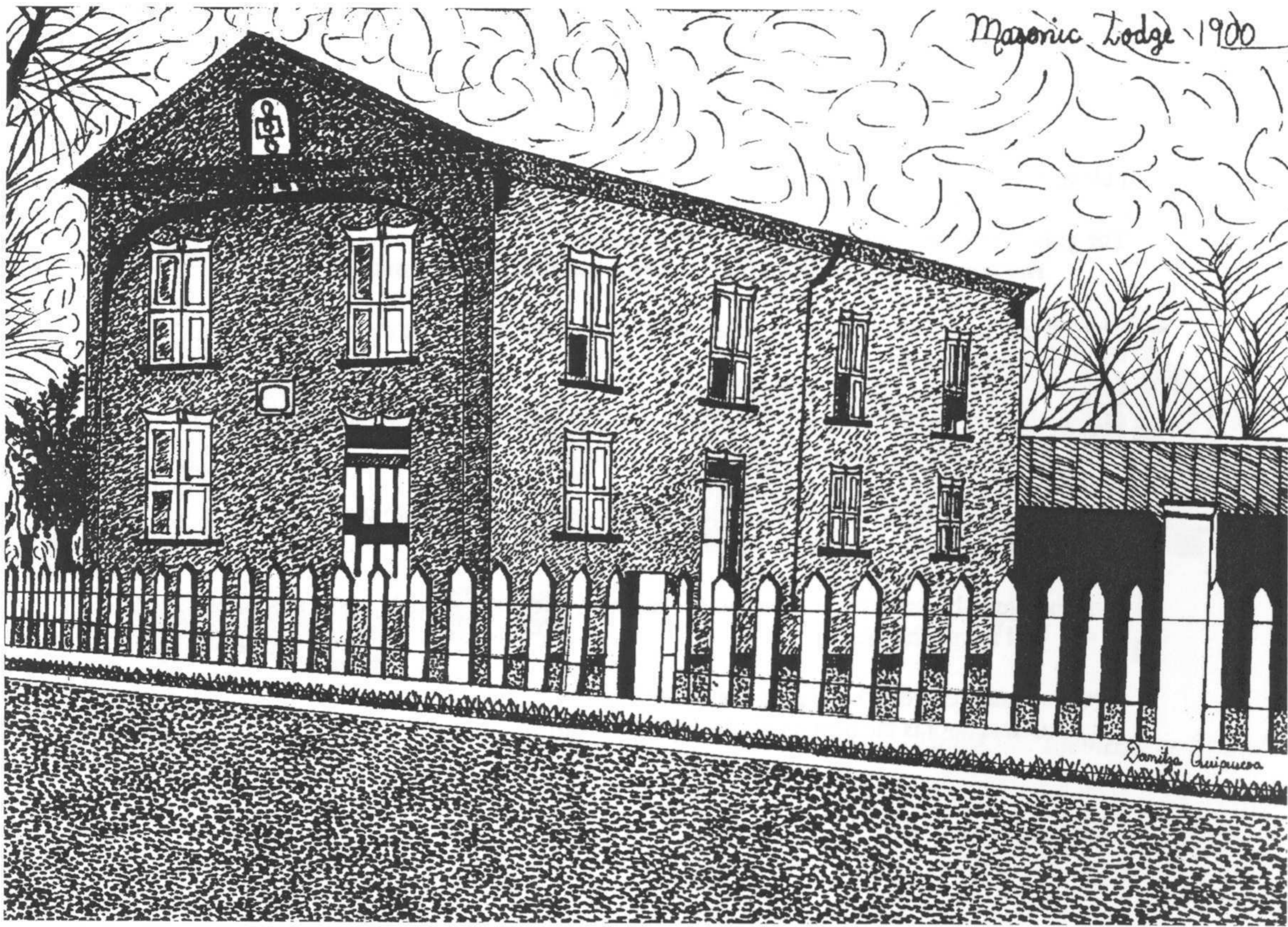
Worthington Schools
Administrative Offices



Angie Dundon

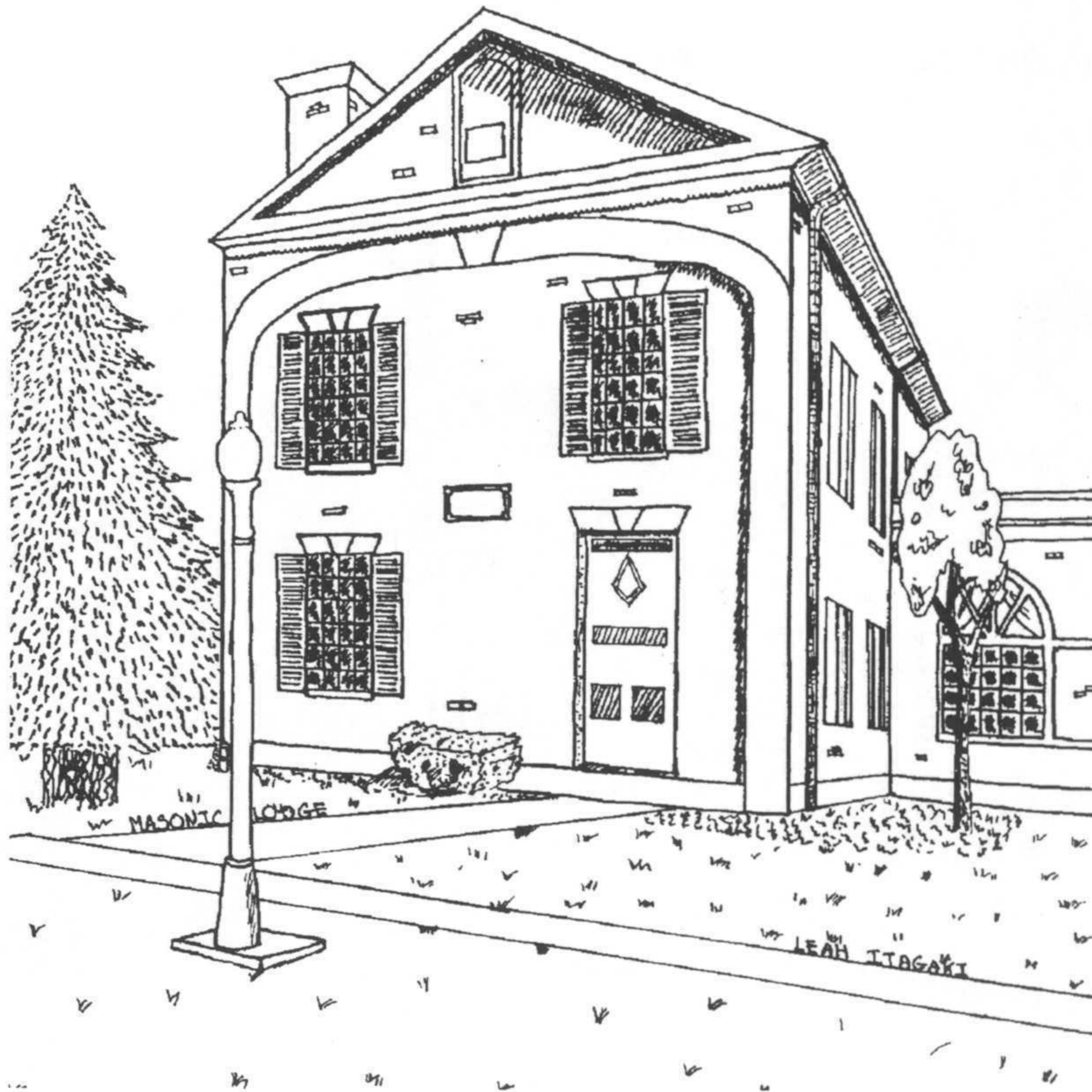


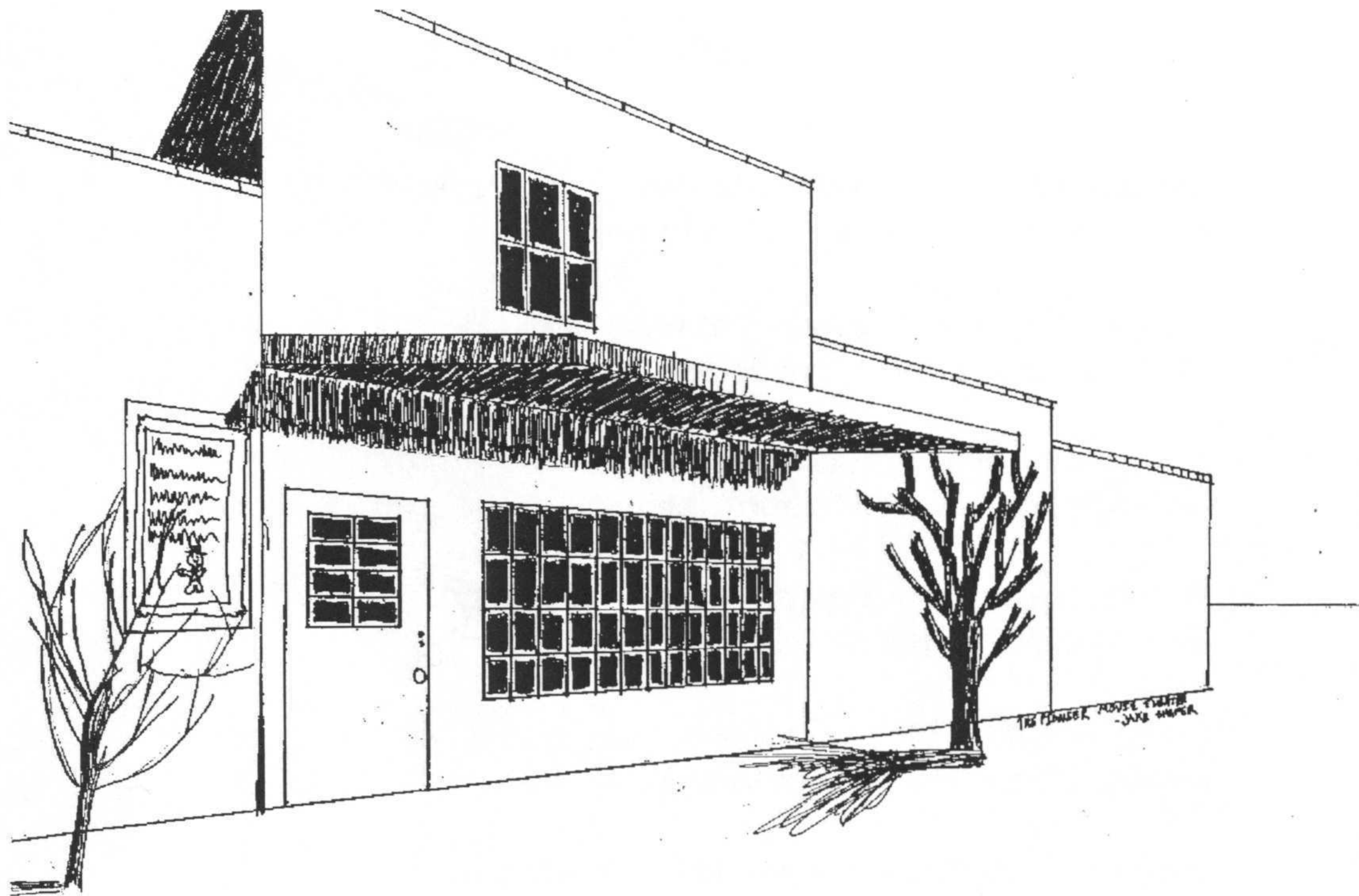
Worthington
Board of
Education Building
Jessica Martina



Danitza Quipuscoa - New England Masonic Lodge No. 4

Leah Itagaki - Masonic Lodge No. 4





Jake Shafer - The Pioneer Movie Theater

Zak Phillips - Drug Store 1834



The Worthington Manufacturing Company Boarding House

By: Julia Farkas

The James Kilbourne Manufacturing Company
In its time, it was a great place to be

His company made goods that were key
Cloth, leather, potash, but no tea

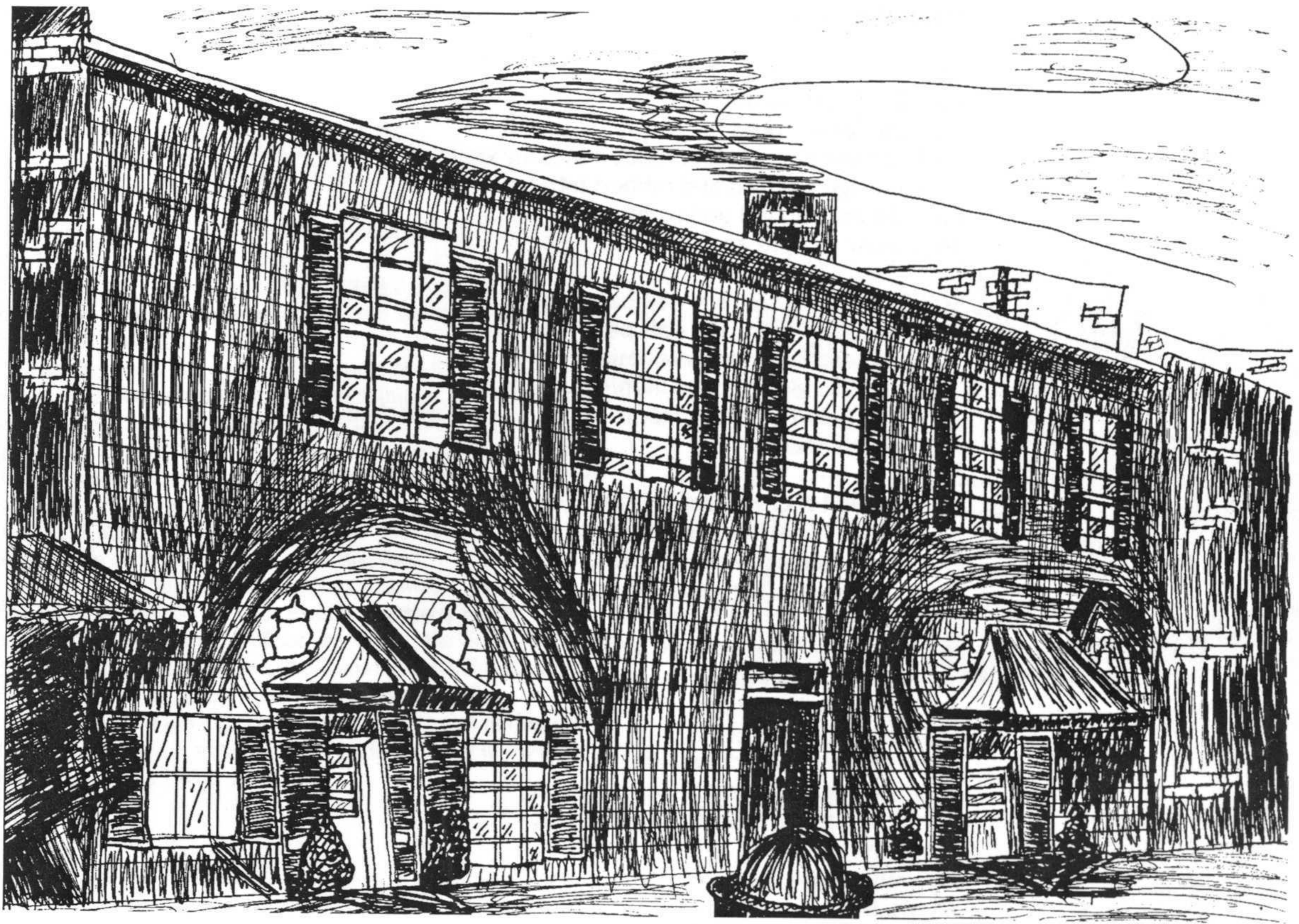
The building was of brick masonry
It always kept its architectural integrity

At one time it was a boarding house property
This change happened to the house briefly

The Olentangy River was a great site to see
James Kilbourne even got to see it for free

I know James Kilbourne would be very happy
Living on the banks of the Olentangy





Mehdi Sabraoui - Kilbourne Commercial Building 1804

Philip DeLong - Worthington City Hall 1954



Snow House
Clara Alden-Coe

I am the Snow House
I am the Snow House
With old age painted and rubbed into my walls
With old age painted and rubbed into my walls
I am old age rubbed and painted into walls
With snow and old age, I am the house

Still faded and torn, my wall paper stands
Still faded and torn, my wall paper stands
The mismatched windows mimic my soul
The mismatched windows mimic my soul
Windows faded and torn mimic wall paper mismatched,
My soul still stands

Once again I feel his familiar eyes
Once again I feel his familiar eyes
Reveal my hidden wishes, truths, and pain
Reveal my hidden wishes, truths, and pain
I feel his pain reveal familiar wishes, hidden truths
Truths reveal his eyes once again

I am faded with old age
Painted, rubbed, torn
Snow reveals my hidden eyes
And once again I feel the familiar pain,
And mismatched truths mimic wishes.
His house,
My wall paper,
My walls
Into with the window stands,
My soul, still.

Josh Clark - The Snow House



The Griswold Inn

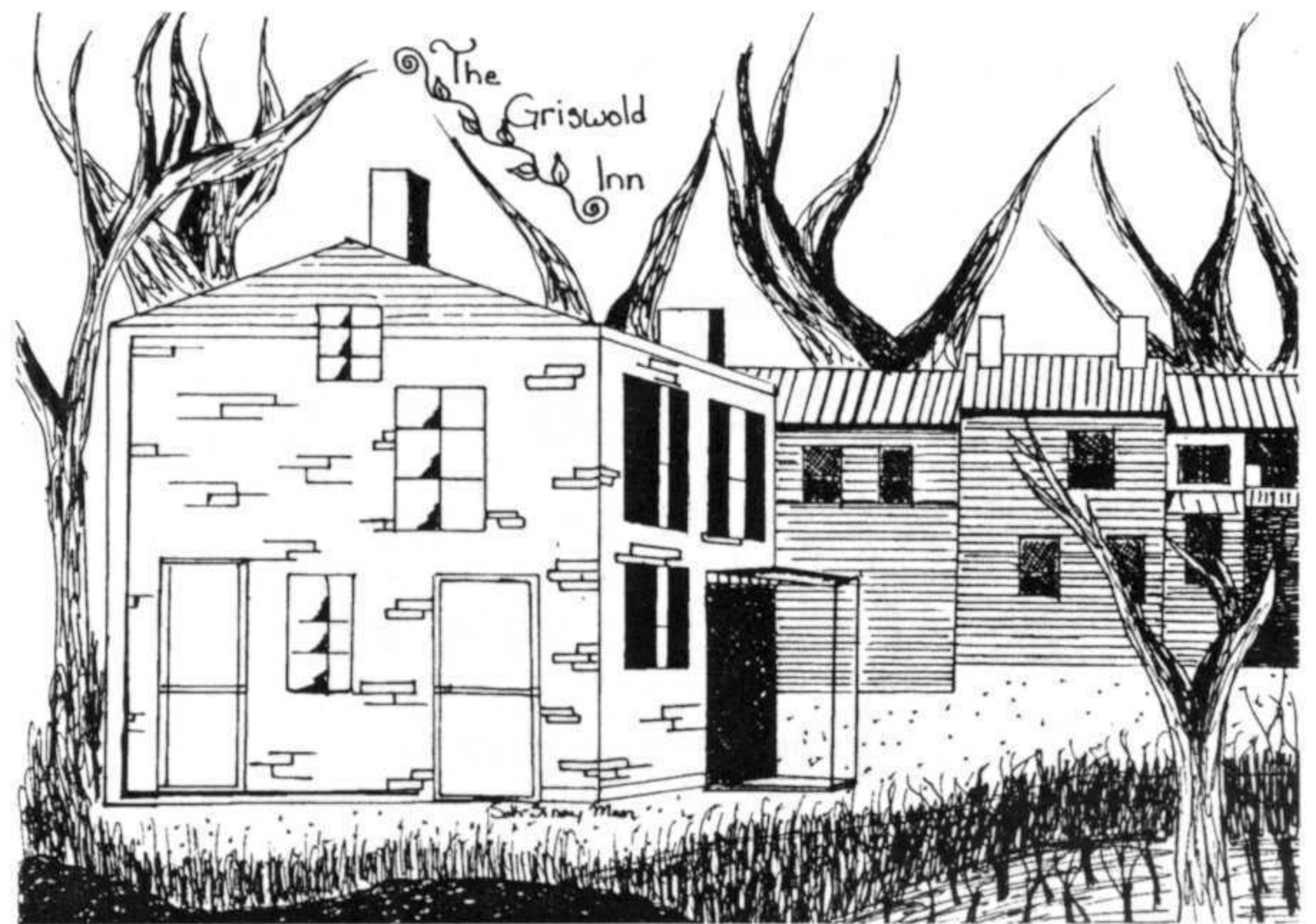
Gregory Benson

The Griswold Inn was a historic building in Worthington, Ohio. It was located on the northeast corner of the Village Green, which was at the intersection of Granville Road and High Street. The Inn was originally built out of logs, but during the period from 1811-1813 it was rebuilt with brick.

This Inn was a cozy and welcoming place to stop for travelers who were passing through Worthington. Due to the poor Ohio traveling conditions of the 19th century, the Inn was a very popular stop among travelers. It was a hotel and it also held many activities and served as a community center. Events such as town meetings and social dances were held at the Griswold Inn. It was a very elegant Inn, featuring a large second floor ballroom for dances and in every room there was a fireplace.

The Inn was built by pioneer, Ezra Griswold. During the period when the Inn was very successful, Ezra and his son George became prominent members of society. When the Griswold family became the residents of the Inn, the second floor ballroom was converted into bedrooms to house the Griswold family.

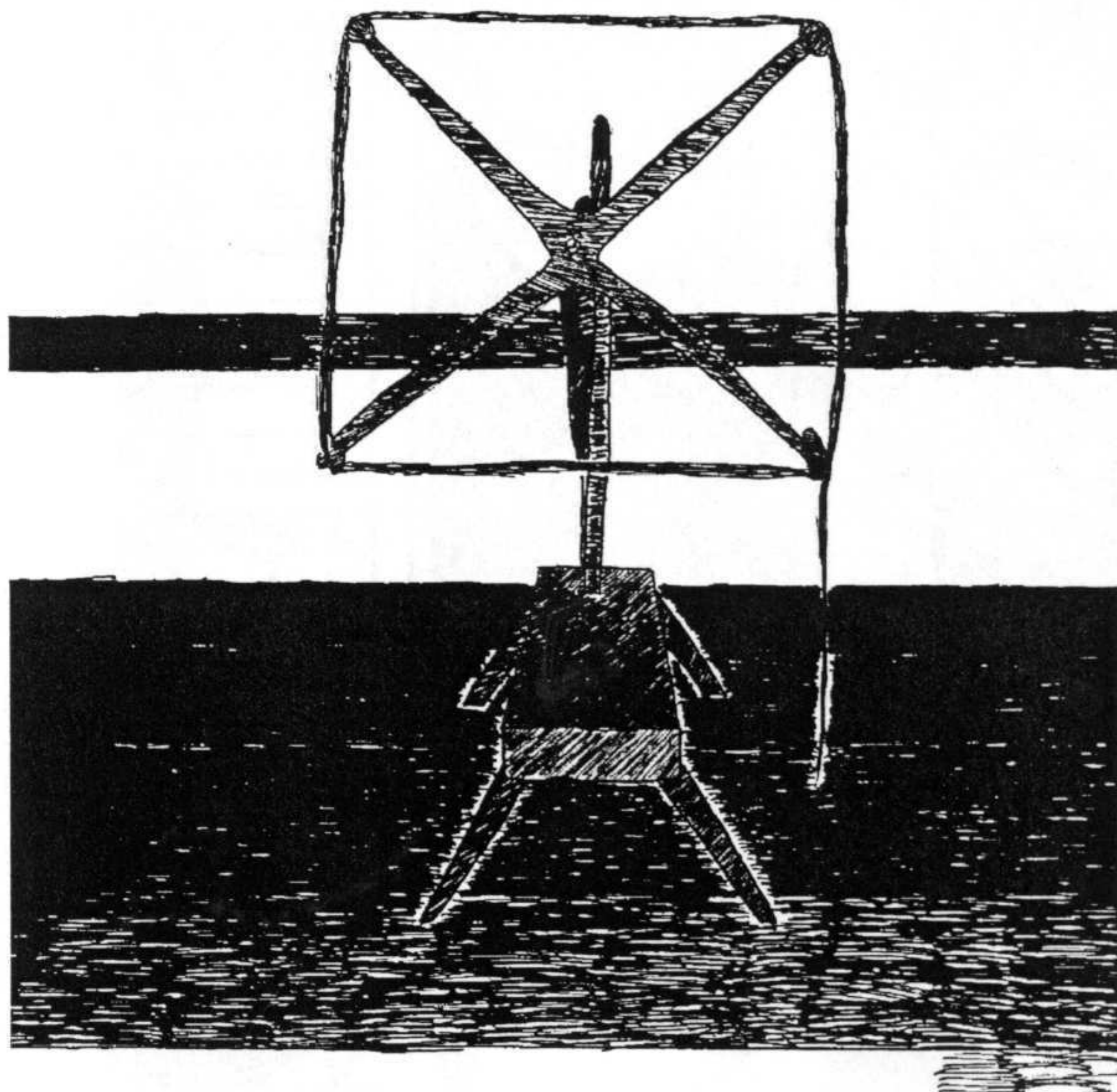
The Griswold Inn experienced glamorous years during the 19th century, but even with community efforts to try to save the Inn, it was razed in 1964.



Soksinay Mam - Griswold Inn - 1804 (Yard Side)

Nicole Jay

Griswold Yarn Winder
ca. 1800



Rachel Frederick - Griswold Inn 1804



The Northwest Green

I have heard and felt
the pitter patter of moccasins,
the grinding of wagon wheels,
and the horn of an engineer's whistle.

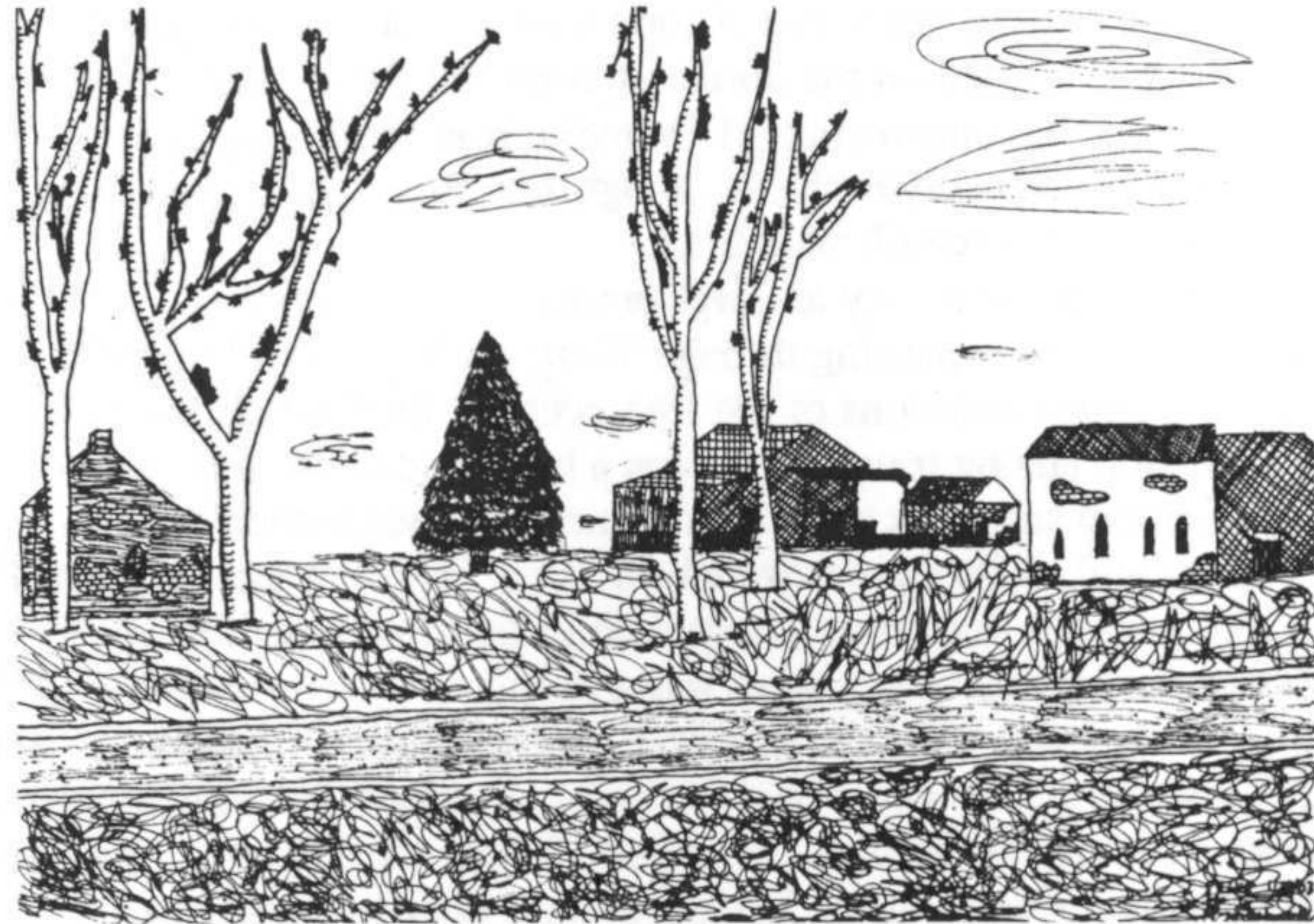
I am old, but still full
of life and energy.

I bear buds every spring,
and sculpture year round.

Now I bear the weight of
children playing,
little girls singing,
and the cry of TOUCHDOWN! in the fall

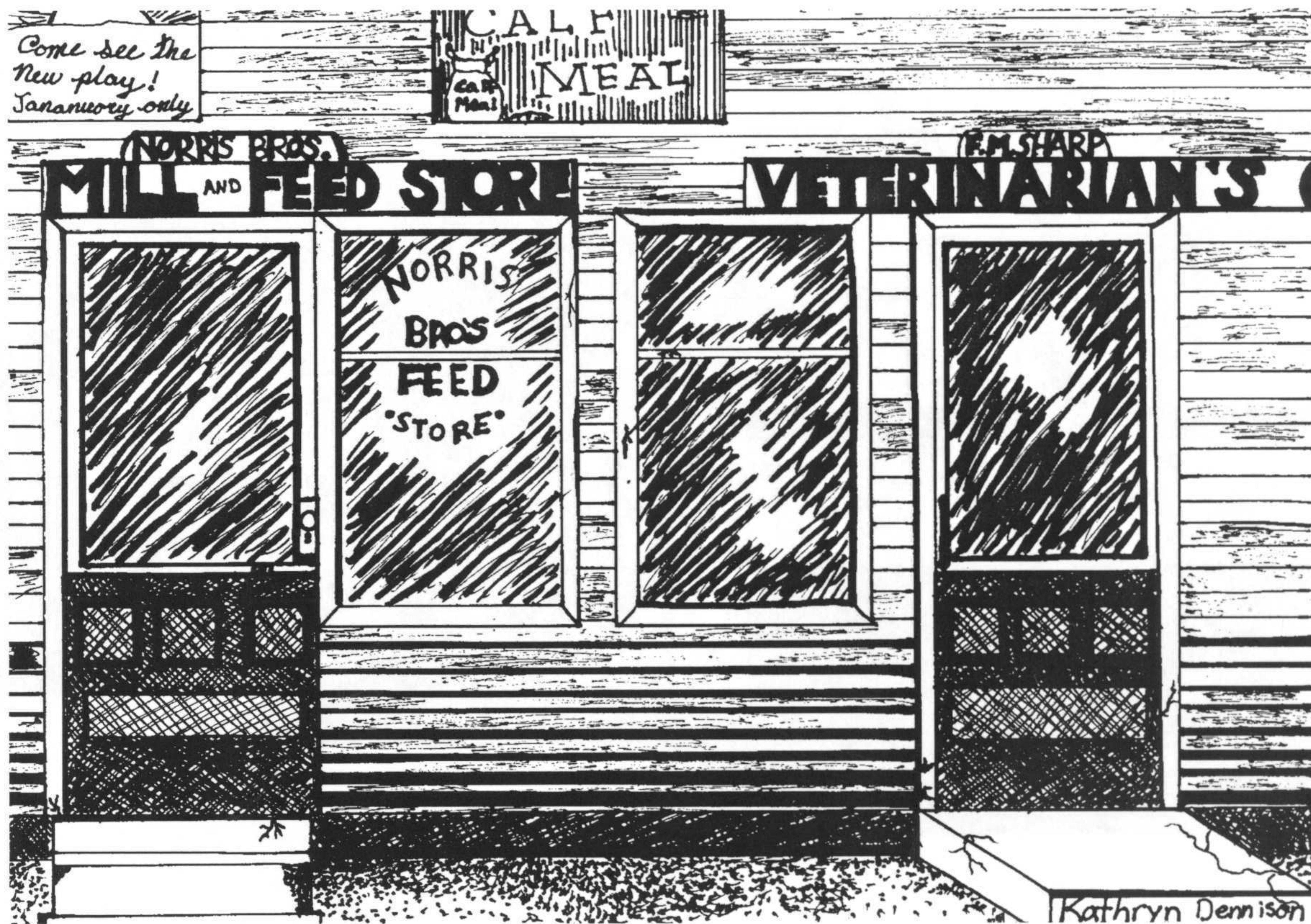
I am the northwest green.

-Blake Geissbuhler



Blake Geissbuhler - Northwest Village Green

Kate Dennison - Norris Brothers Mill & Feed Store 1907



The Worthington Inn
By: Will Bruch



Will Bruch - Worthington Inn c. 1834 & 1853 & 1900 & 1983

Patrick Barren - Worthington Inn



- WORTHINGTON INN - HIGH STREET - 1834 - 1853 - 1900 - 1983 -

Dressing Before Dawn

I awaken
As I do every day before dawn
For the early sky
And the oak

Katie Jones - Woman's Clothing Early Worthington

I dress
In the cool silent air
Of the morning
Barely rustling the calm

My long cotton dress
Making chores a skill
My bonnet
Tied loose at my neck

I leave my sweater
Though the chill stings my nose
And my fingers
Turn pleasantly pink

The sky still dim
And hushed with fog
My work clothes
Cast in shadows

I climb the hill
Behind my house
To watch
The day approach

When the sun is close
And the crispness gone
And the day
Is certainly near

I retreat to my room
For one last glimpse
Of the early sky
And the oak



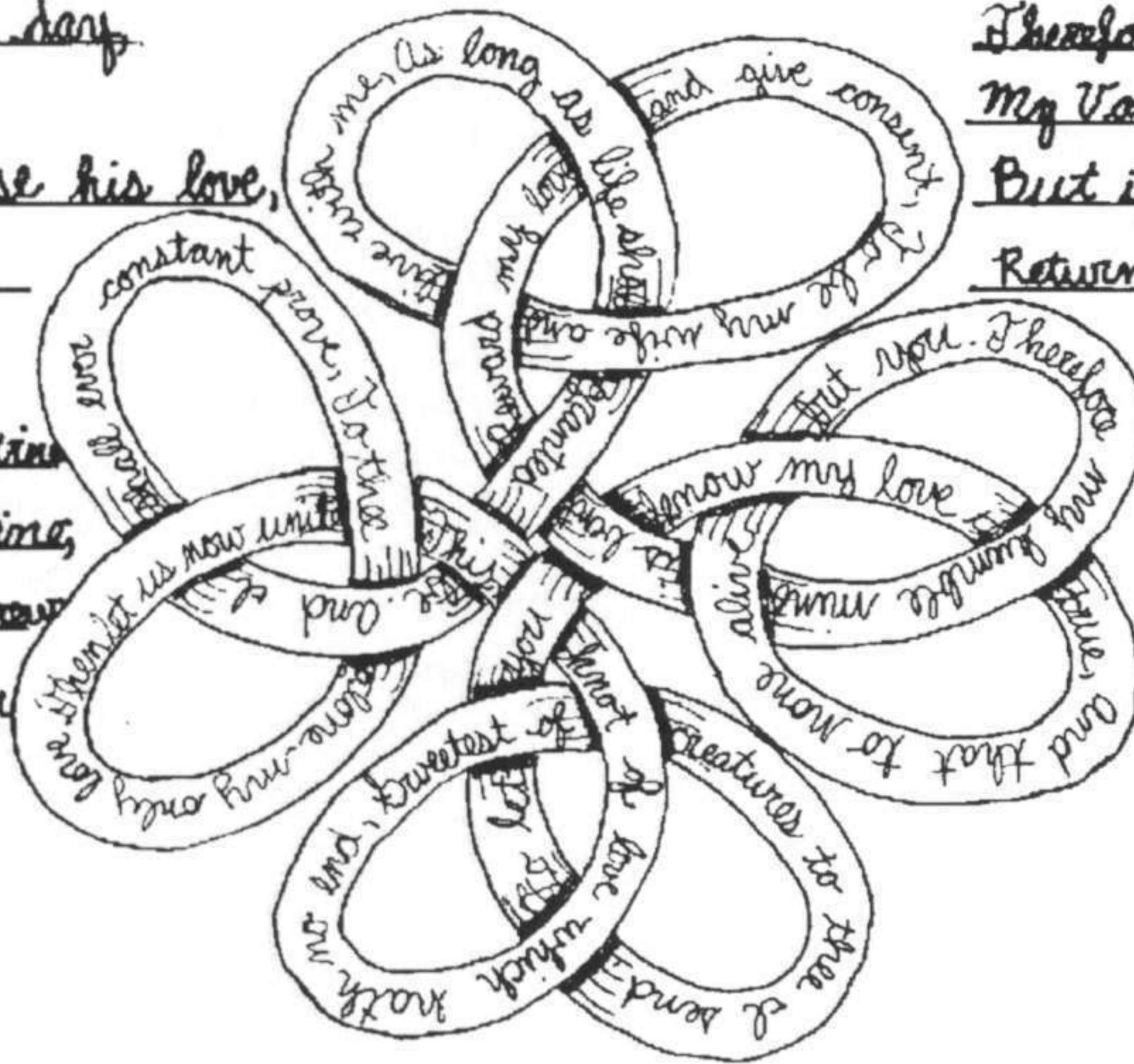
This is an illustration of the clothing that a woman in early Worthington would've worn

By Jenna Kutney

Love Knot Poem

On February, the thirteenth day,
my Valentine I drew;
When every one did choose his love,
My choice it fell on you.

As sure as grapes grow on the vine
I drew thee for my Valentine,
The lots were cast and then I drew
Kind fortune granted to me you.



Therefore, if you do me respect,
My Valentine you will accept;
But if that you do me disdain,
Return my Valentine again.

Its compliments, I never could use
since that may offer you refuse,
Pray for my boldness, me excuse

R. P. Cooke Worthington

Emily Adams - Love Knot Poem

Emily Adams

Lindsey Rich - Dress 1871-1900



The Dress of Ida
 Saxton McKinley
 1871-1900 circa

Lindsey Rich

A Step Back In Time

Karen Skelton

The wind is crisp and cool,
Brushing gently over my chilled cheeks.
I walk quickly to the front door
Hoping to ask for directions.

Pushed inside by a sharp gust,
I am met with a blazing fire
Worn pots and pans rest against faded walls.
A musty smell wafts down from the eaves
Giving the house a homey feel.

I wander along gingerly in spite of creaky floors
Touching objects. I spy,
A spinning wheel in the corner, hidden in the shadows

Out of use for decades.

Handmade oak chairs scattered around
Scars of hard labor by hand still evident.

Throw pillows sleeping on benches.
Even with the dim light
they show intricately hand-sewn scenes on their covers.
Old oil lanterns stand on tables

With no kerosene left to burn.

My nose catches the sweet aroma of apple-cinnamon.
I obey its smell leading me to a peculiar looking kitchen.

Bare of anything modern.

A woman costumed from the 1800's
Stands offering a fresh apple pie.
She approaches and greets me
With welcoming eyes and a quiet voice,
"Come follow me for a tour through history."

I accept and follow her wishes.
The lady carries on,

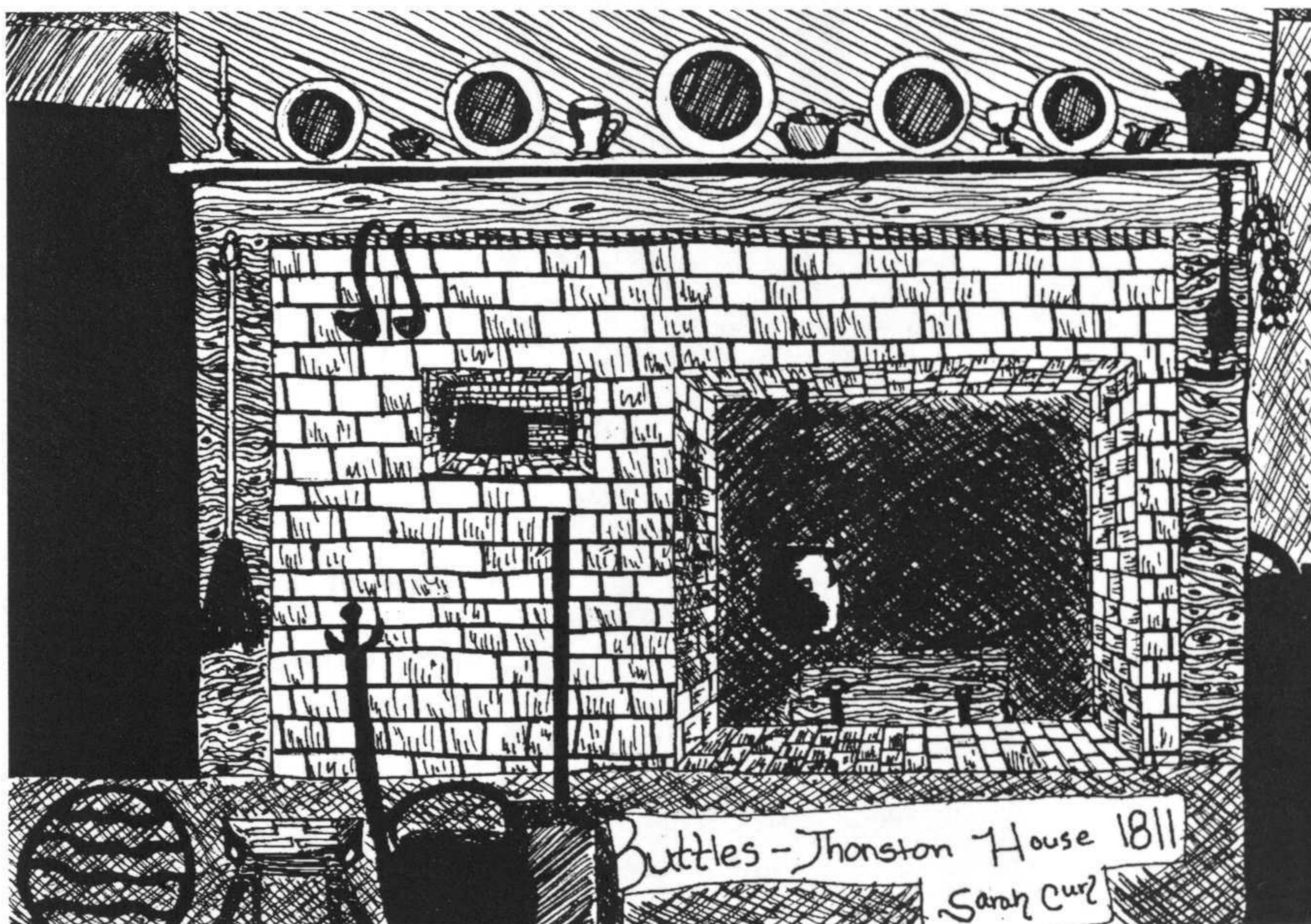
"An amazing man by the name of Orange Johnson lived here..."

Orange Johnson



Rachel Carroll - Orange Johnson

Sarah Curl - Cooking Fireplace/Orange Johnson House



*Orange Johnson House
by Mary Miller*

*From Ohio's earth my bricks came forth
They were shaped and baked and traveled North
Then carried by wagons at a steady pace
Brick by brick they were put in place*

*My walls emerged beneath the Ohio sky
As horses and wagons traveled by*

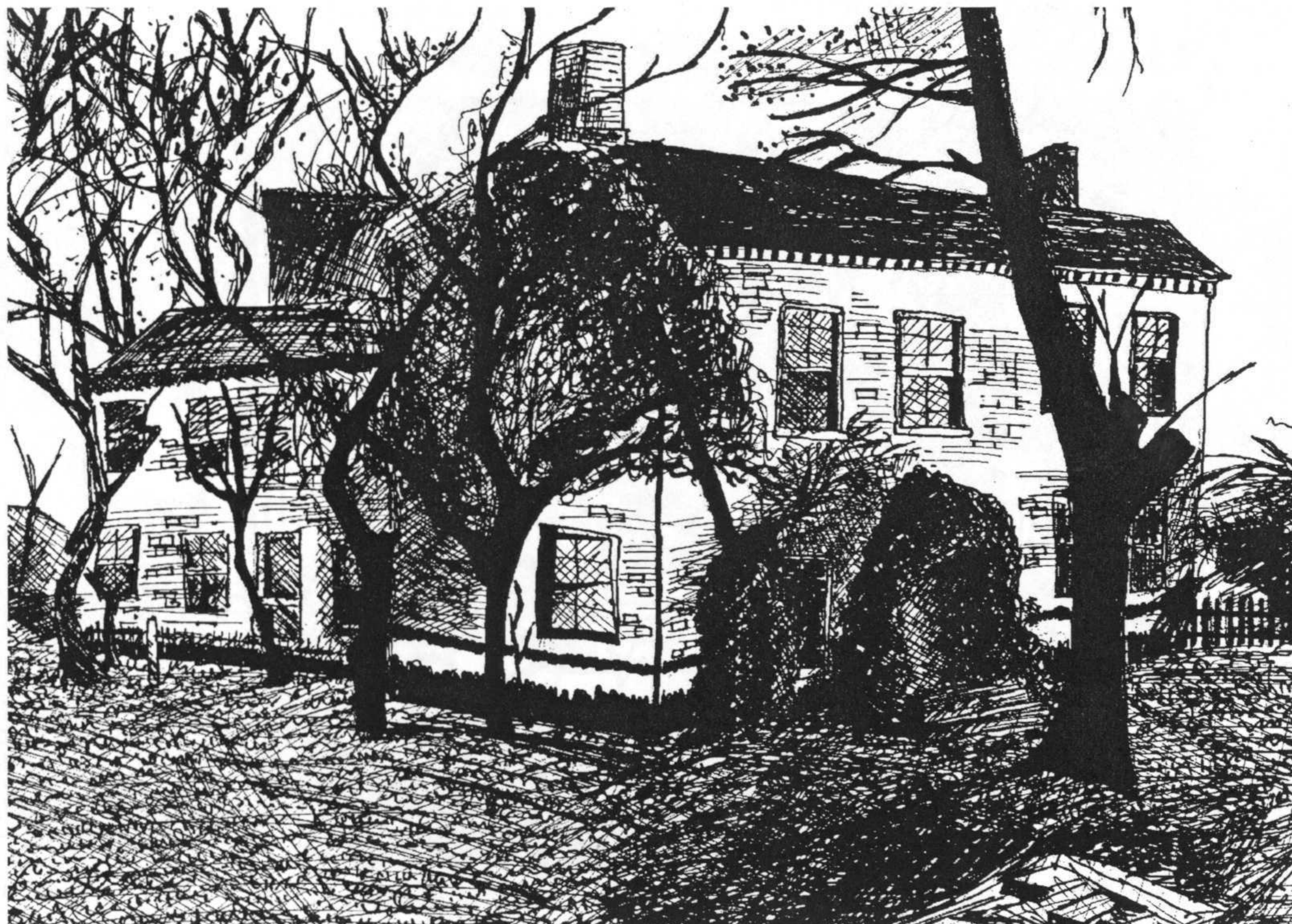
*A sunrise window is above my door
Letting sun warm up the house for
The families who have lived here from pioneer times
When the days were longer and the seasons were rhymes*

*I noticed the road way coming close to my door
There were not wagons anymore
Cars and trucks now rumble by
Beneath the clear Ohio sky*

*The families are gone from my sheltering walls
Tour guides, museum pieces fill my halls*

*Worthington's my home it will always be
The old and new in harmony*

Gigi Fournier - Orange Johnson House c.1811 and 1819





Ben Levy - Ripley House

Sydney Mitchen - The Wright House - Sharon Memorial Hall



"The Wright House" Sydney Litch

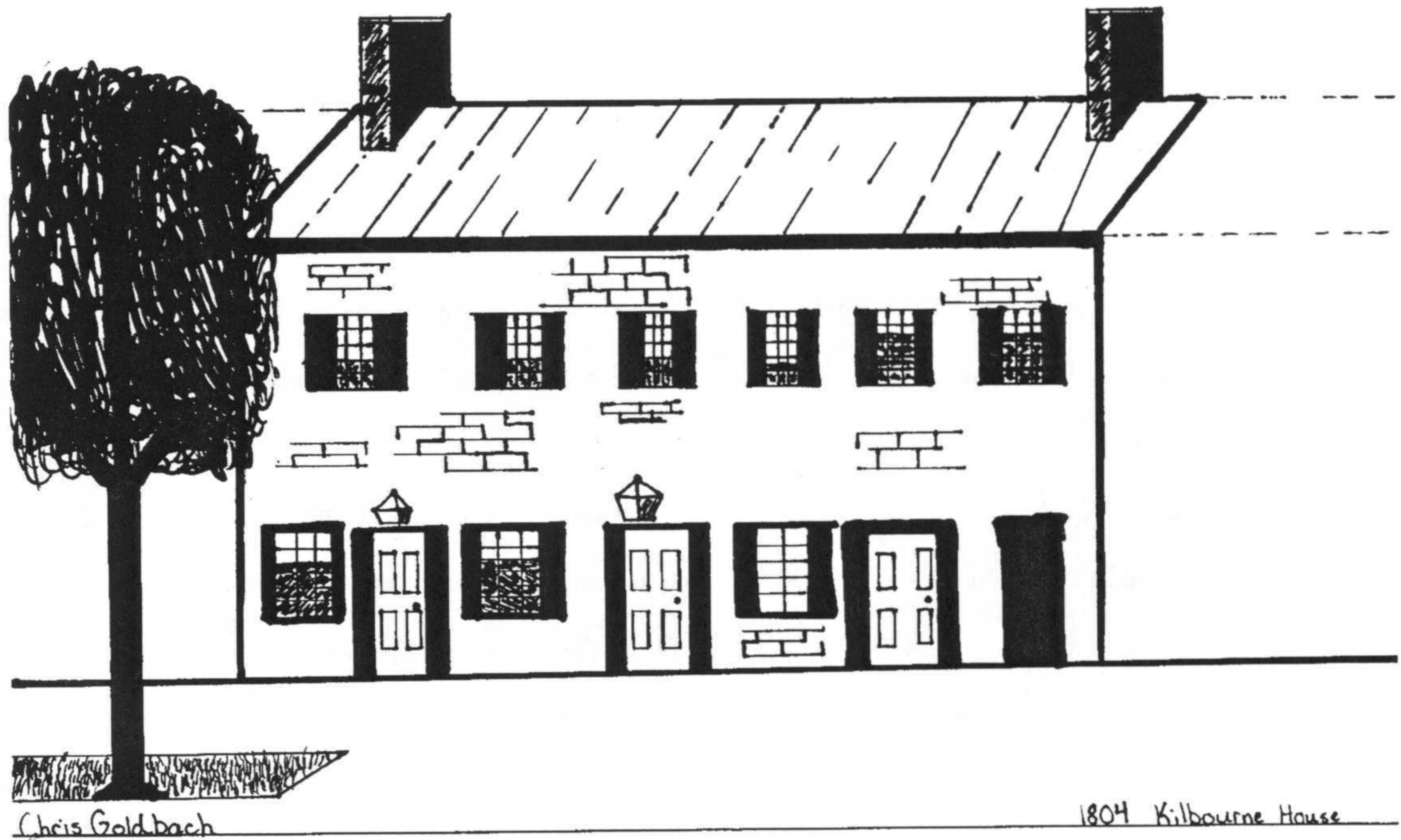
Sharon Memorial Hall

Mandi Ruddy

It was a warm summer day, and the Wrights were scattered about the house, the house in which three generations had lived including Horace and Henrietta Wright, and their descendants. The house was Sharon Memorial Hall in Worthington's first subdivision. Horace W. Wright was very well known in the city of Worthington because of it being such a small civil town, but also because Horace's father, Potter Wright, became very successful in manufacturing carding and spinning machinery. Horace attended Kenyon College for a short period of time, and worked for his Father. Horace operated a sawmill and owned a considerable amount of farmland. He built the Sharon Memorial Hall for his marriage to Henrietta. Although times are different now, the structure still stands. The legacy of the Wrights remains, and the success of their Father reminds us today to never give up. Now all around the world you can see subdivisions but none like the Sharon Memorial Hall and I'm sure that the people who live there today recognize that. They have big shoes to fill.

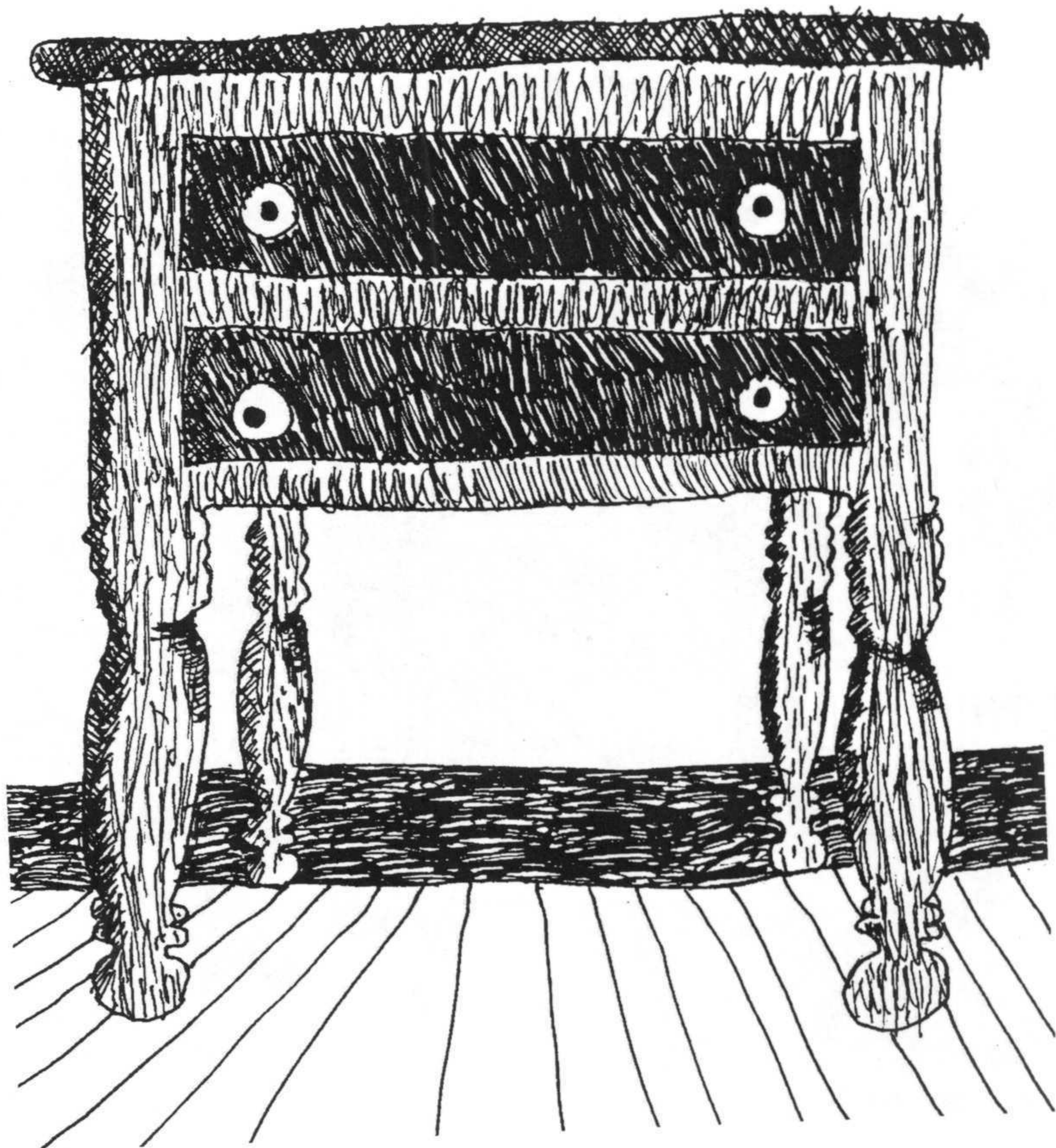


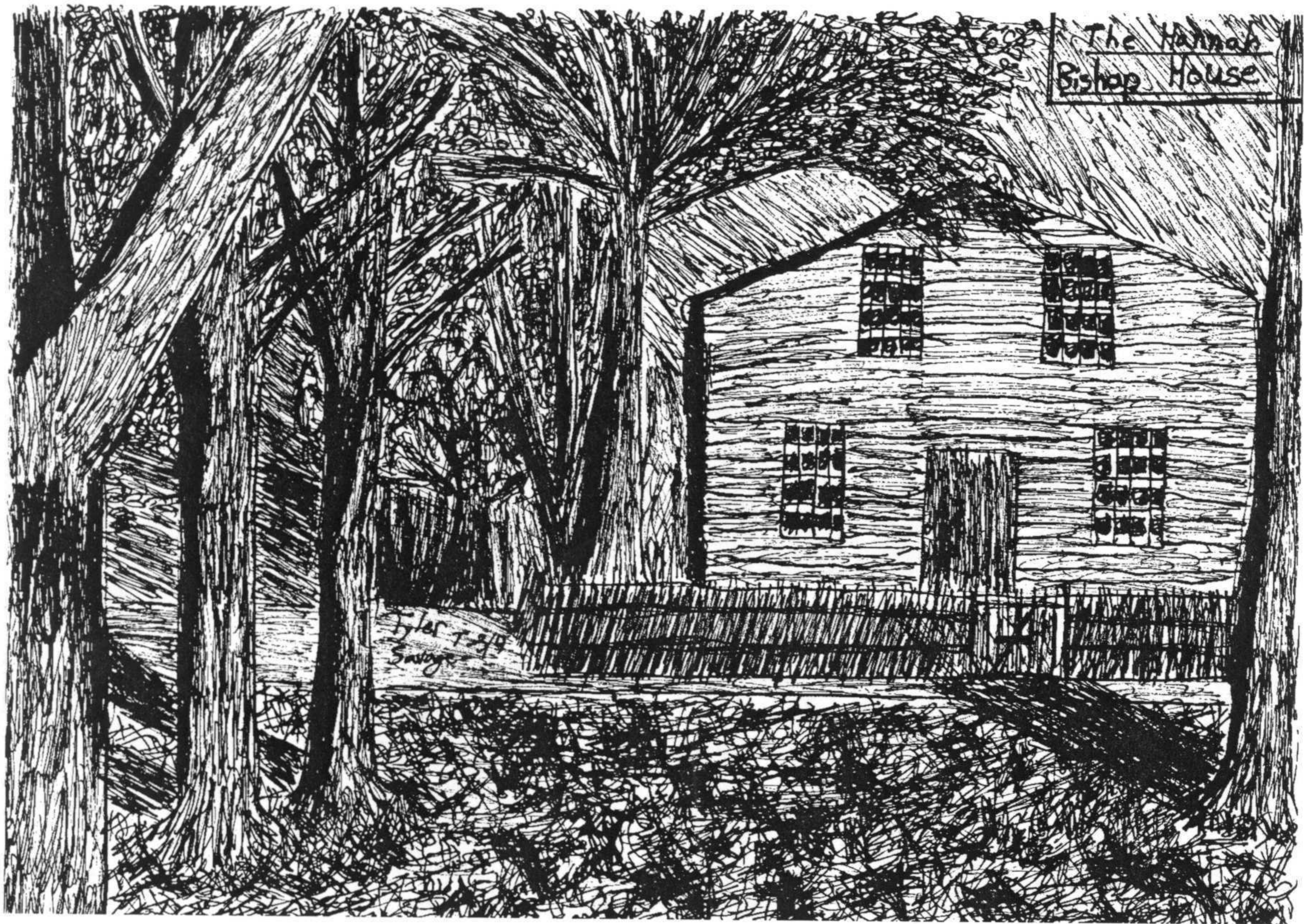
Jared Gonzales - The Wright House - Sharon Memorial Hall



Chris Goldbach - 1804 Kilbourne House

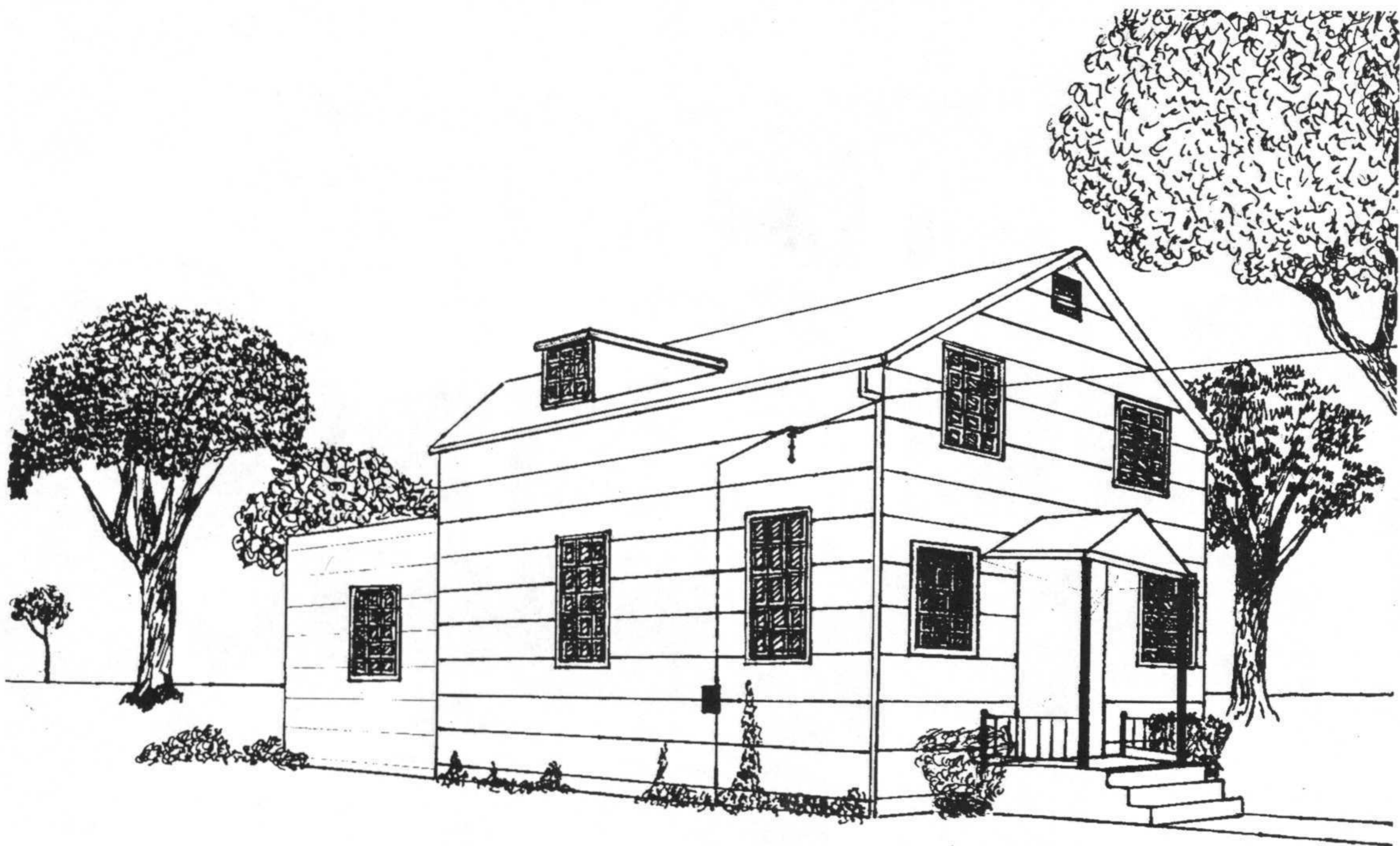
Samantha Jayasinghe - Table c.1825 Kilbourne House





Tyler Savage - The Hannah Bishop House

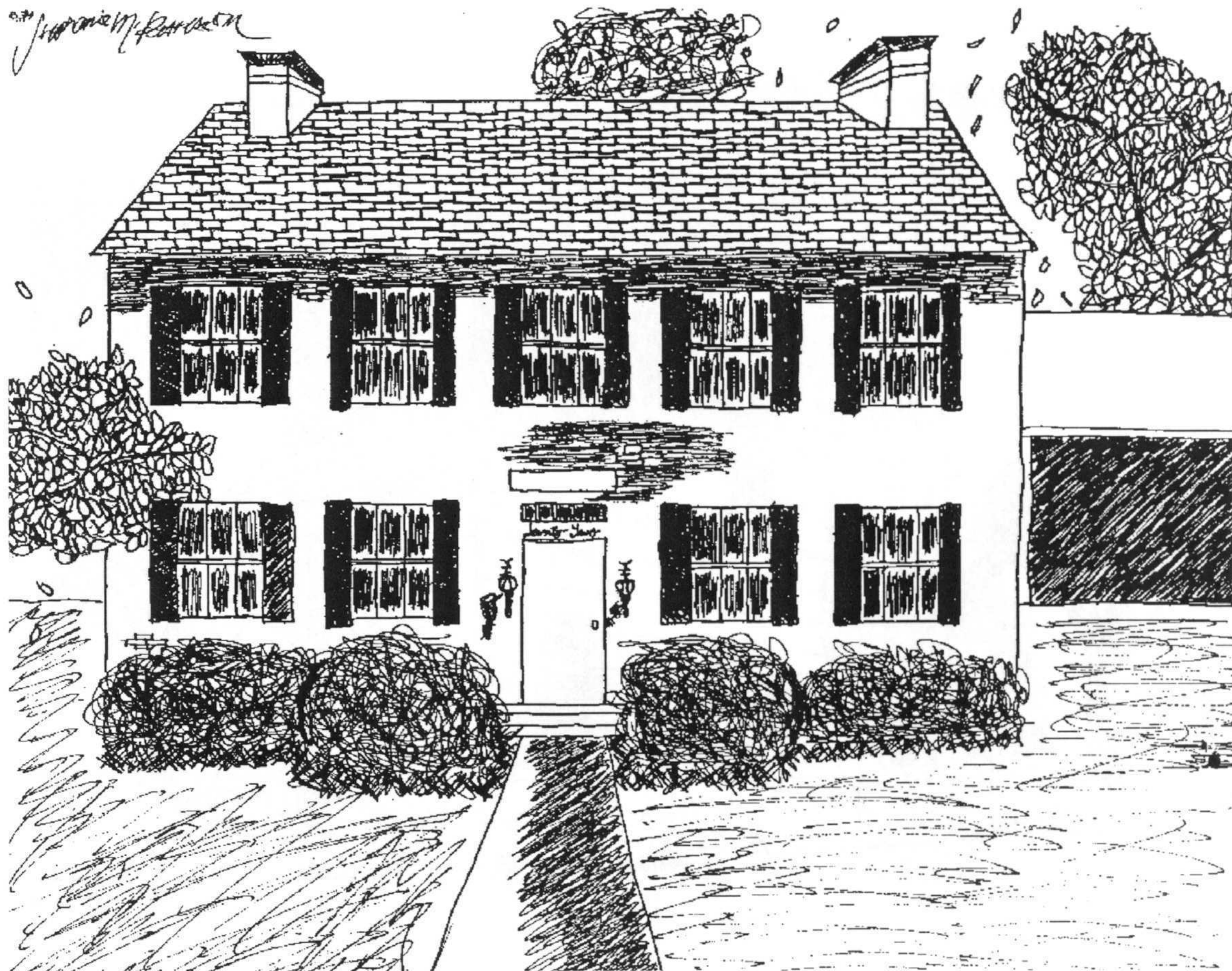
Jared Brankamp - The Hannah Bishop House

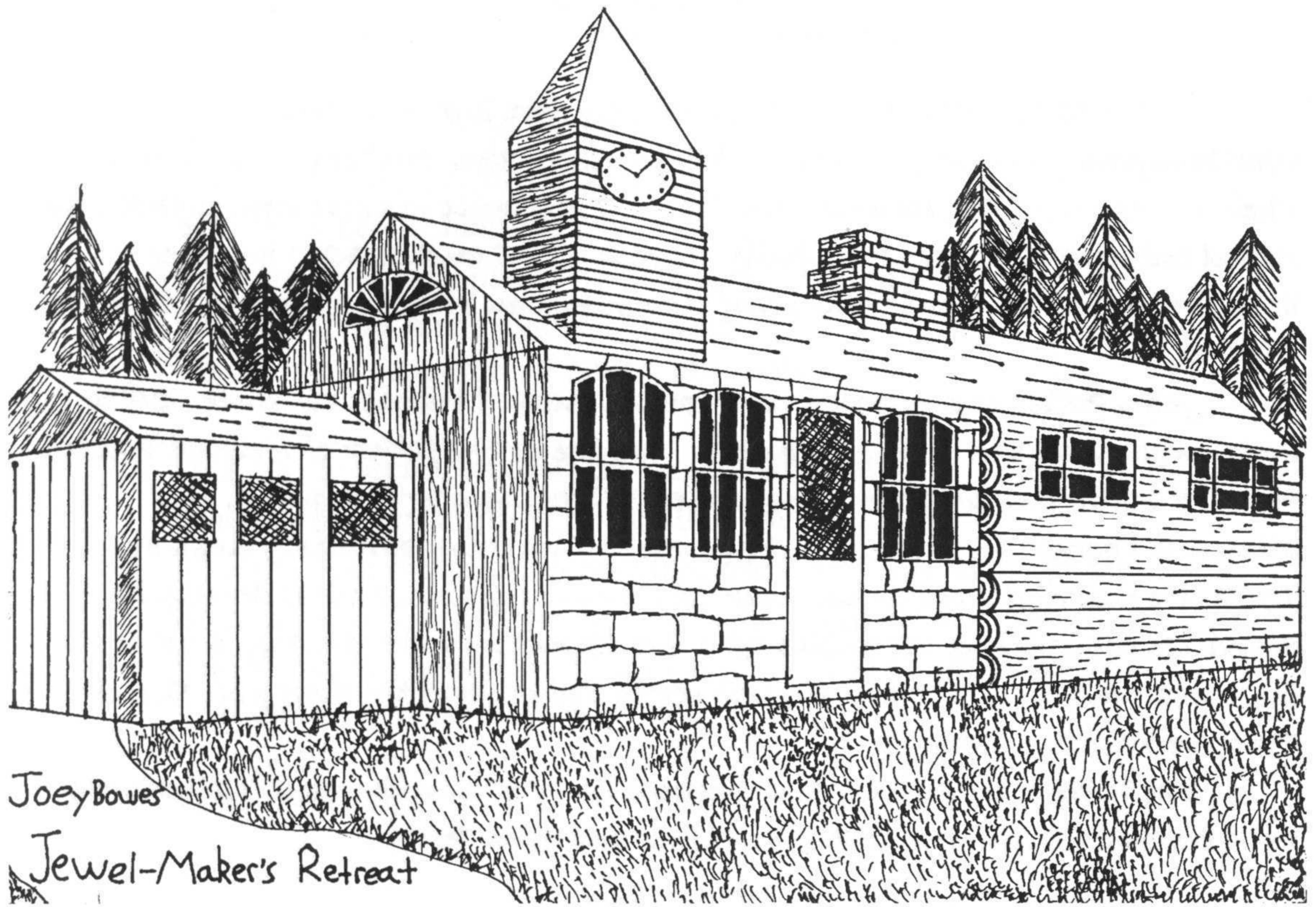


House Day
by day,
trim face stares blankly
from behind a perfectly
manicured lawn
as the sun sets,
dark shadows of
trembling leaves stretch,
creeping
across white face
by night,
shuttered eyes mask
secret stealings shrouded
by the gentle **darkness**

Sarai Itagaki

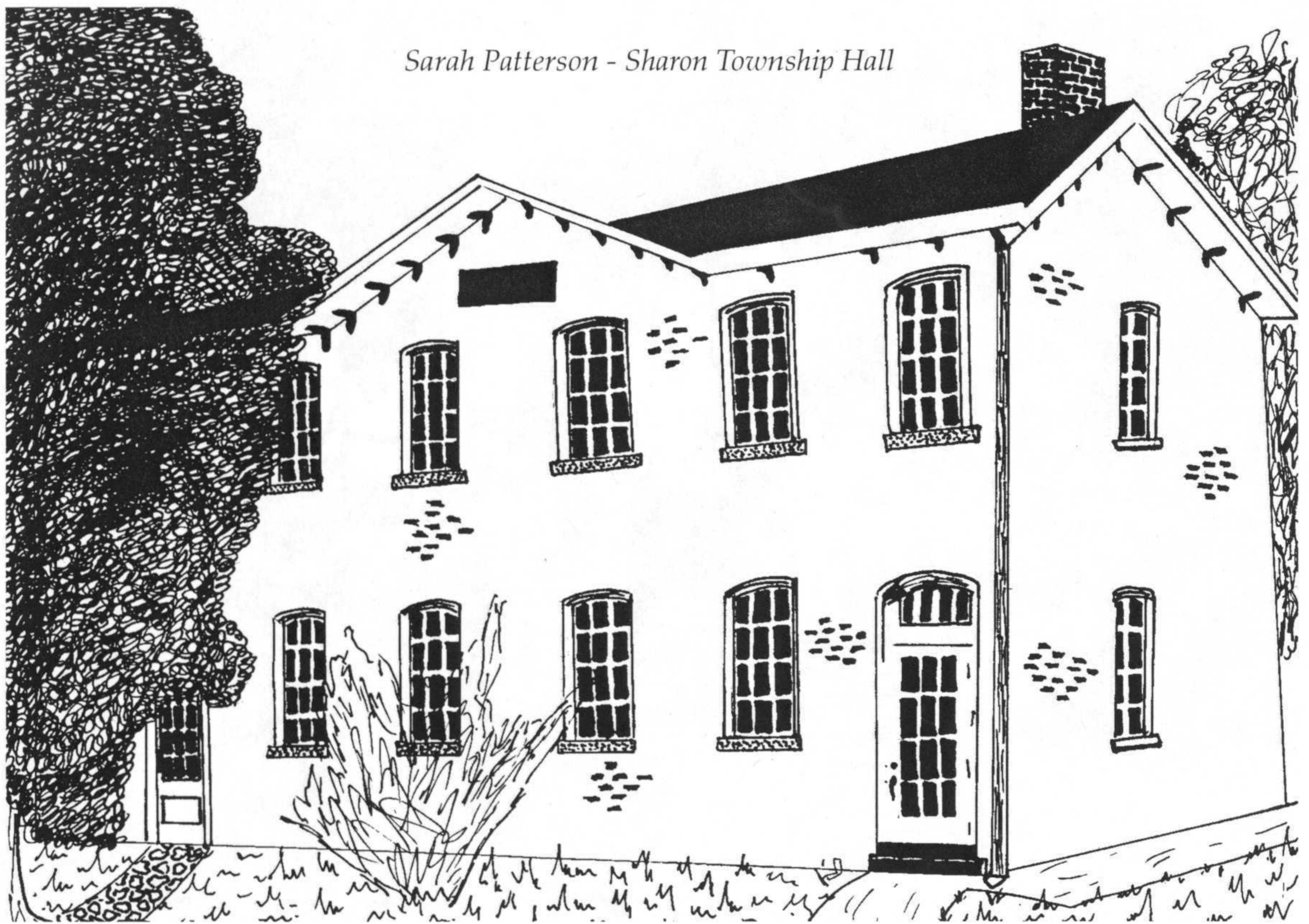
Stephanie Patterson - Mattoon-Woodrow House





Joey Bowes
Jewel-Maker's Retreat

Joey Bowes - Edwin Albaugh's Retreat



Sarah Patterson - Sharon Township Hall

The Potters

In the early 1800's two architects who were brothers came to Worthington from England with their mother, other brothers, and sisters. Their names were Alfred and John Potter. They built historic houses that still stand today. The houses were built between 1855 and 1860. They also brought over some of the pioneers of Worthington. Here is a story of their family.

John Potter was married to a woman named Harriet Gardner. Caleb Potter who also lived in Worthington, was the grandfather of Howard Potter. Howard Potter owned a company called Potter Lumber Company. He attended Thomas Worthington High School in the graduating class of 1902. He married a classmate named Minnie Collins. His leadership in activities concerning the public gave Worthington water supply, sewage systems, paving dirt roads, electric street lights, and the first Boy Scout Troop of Worthington.

The Potters made a large difference in Worthington and it all started with two houses and two brothers; Alfred and John Potter.

Braden Alsnauer

Lindsey Patton - Flint Road Home



Russel House

Radiant trim was used for style.
Used as a home for living for over generations.
Several different families have lived here.
So many historical places still standing, including this one.
Easily catches many eyes that are going by.
Looks like a gingerbread house, but fools many.

Honors the architecture of the nineteenth century.
One hundred and fifty years old this amazing home is.
Unique is the different architecture used; adds life to the house.
So many styles and different ways that this house displays.
Early eighteenth hundreds, historical places were built all over;
that there were too many to count.

Kelsey Brinkman

Chelsea Johnson - The Russell House c.1850 & 1917



The Holts and Their House

By Christine Barren

Before the building boom,
The Holts were ahead,
They settled in Worthington,
Where they had been lead.

It was 1890,
Everything was new,
Then came the house in 1892.

Trees and bushes,
Fruits and vegetables,
Sold for money,
And as sweet as honey.

The Holts were involved,
And they showed they cared,
Through civic affairs,
And many church cares.

Now 72 and 65,
The Holts had two daughters that were important in their lives,
Mary, 33, stayed at home with mom and dad,
Working in the house, using what she had.
Julia, 26, was a writer in Chicago,
But also known as Dorothy Deanne,
She sent home her earnings and letters that were keen.

In came the new century, but out went the Holts,
Mrs. Holt passed away in 1902,
Julia passed in 1904,
Then went Samuel in 1905,
And in 1937, Mary passed too.

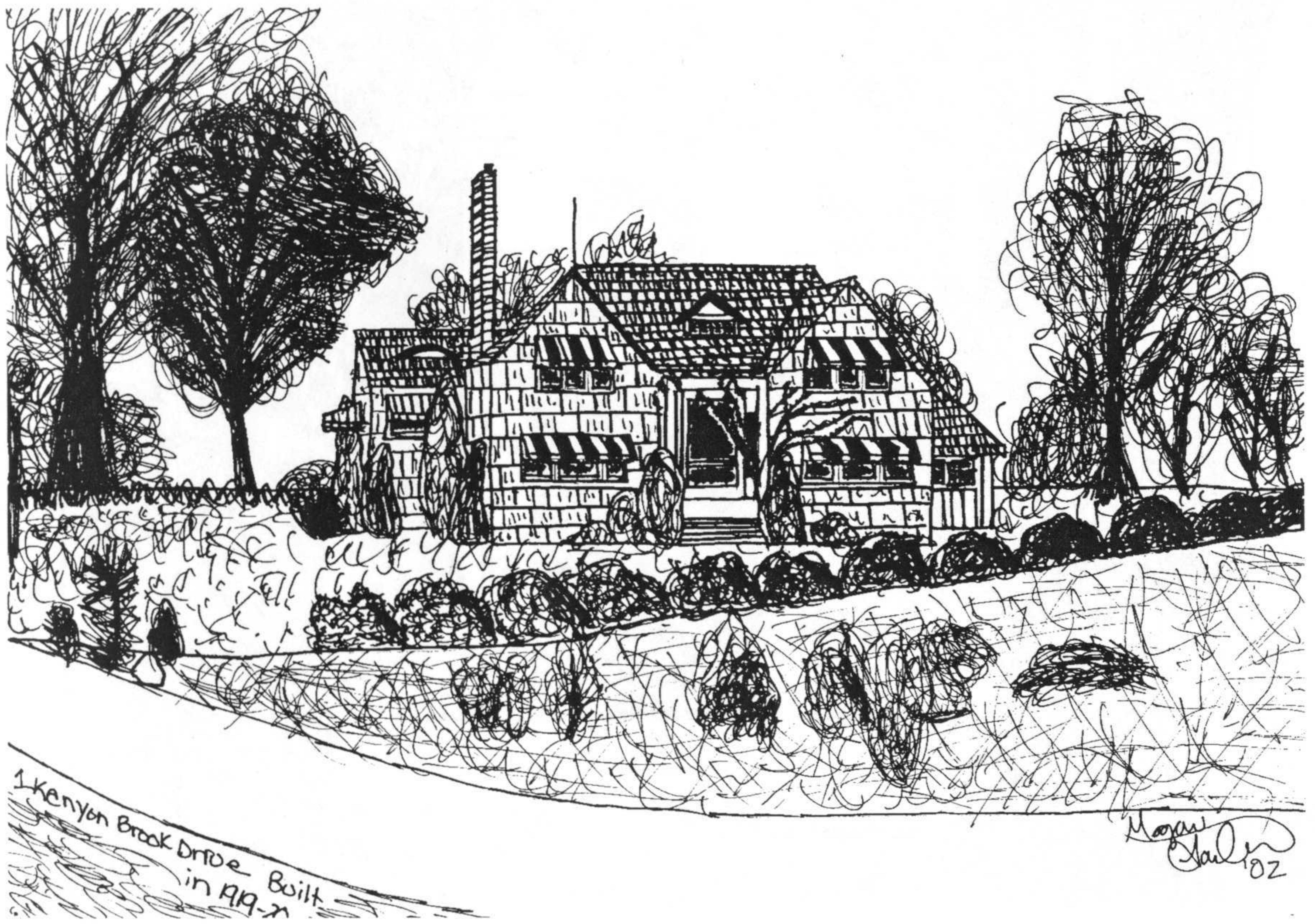
It was time for them to go,
And even though they were gone,
Their hope and pride was still alive,
And it always will be.



Christine Barren - The Holt House c.1892

Naomi Wada - The Topping-Evans House c.1842 & 1883

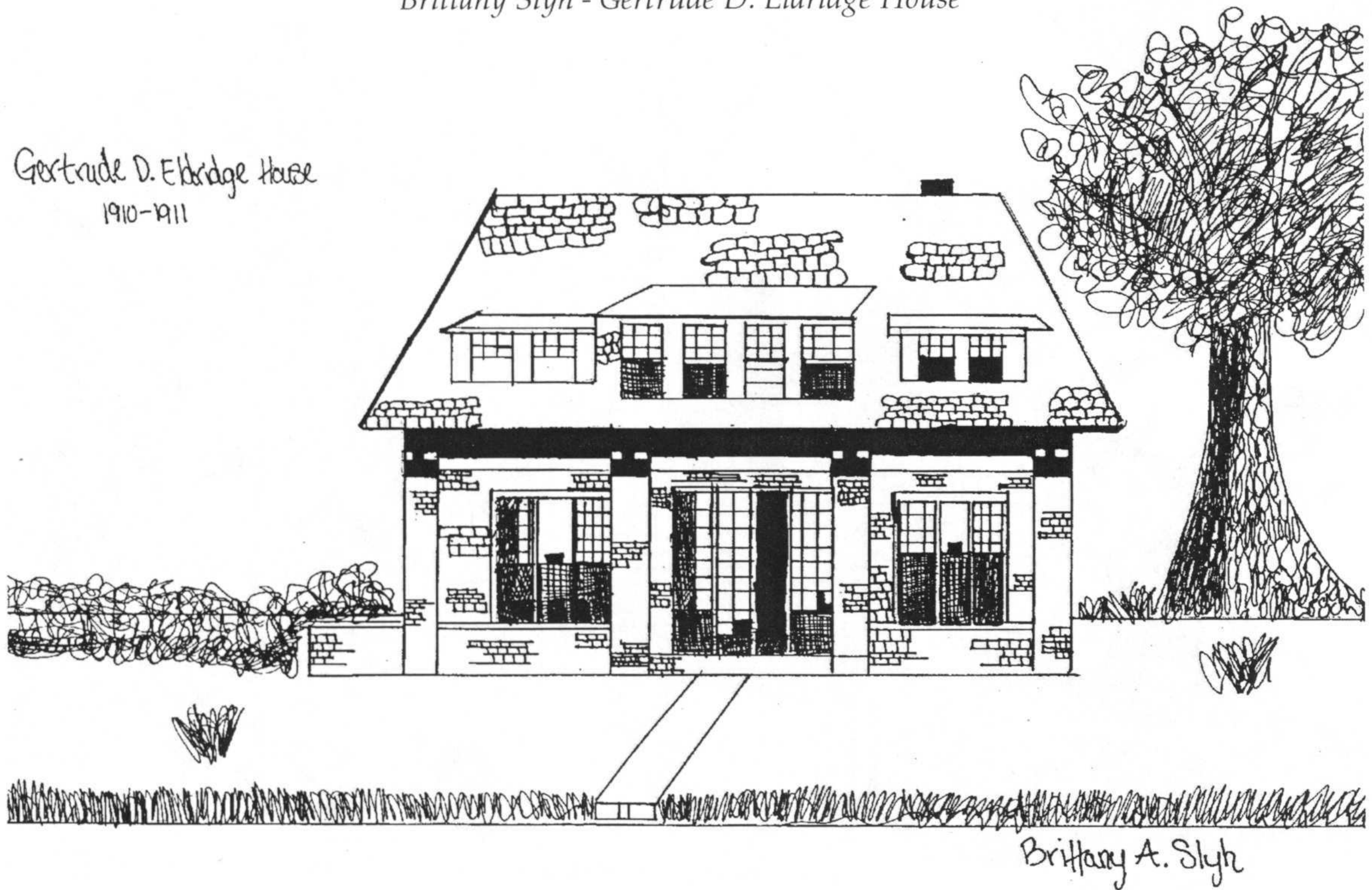




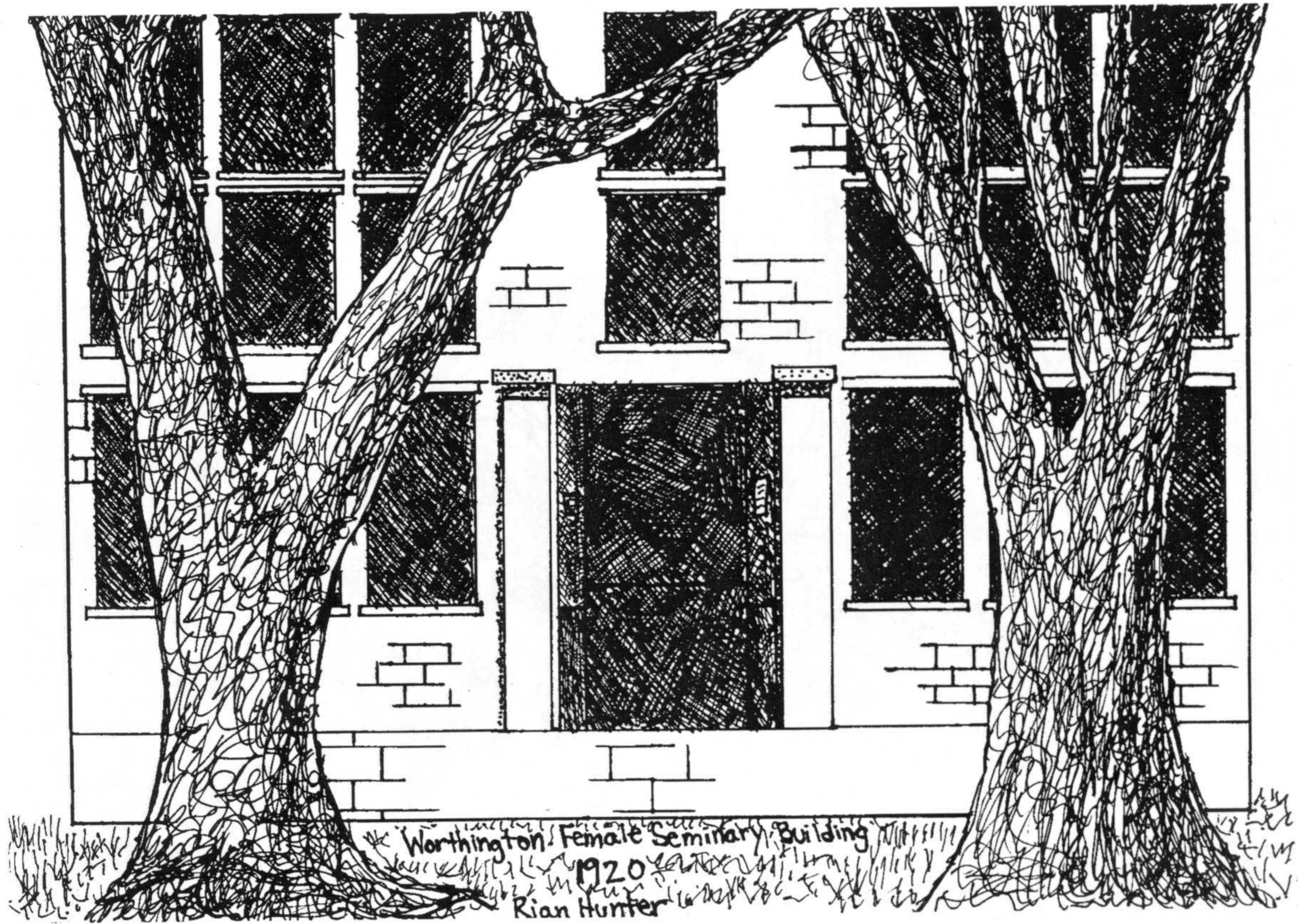
Morgan Saunders - 1 Kenyon Brook Drive c. 1919-20

Brittany Slyh - Gertrude D. Eldridge House

Gertrude D. Eldridge House
1910-1911

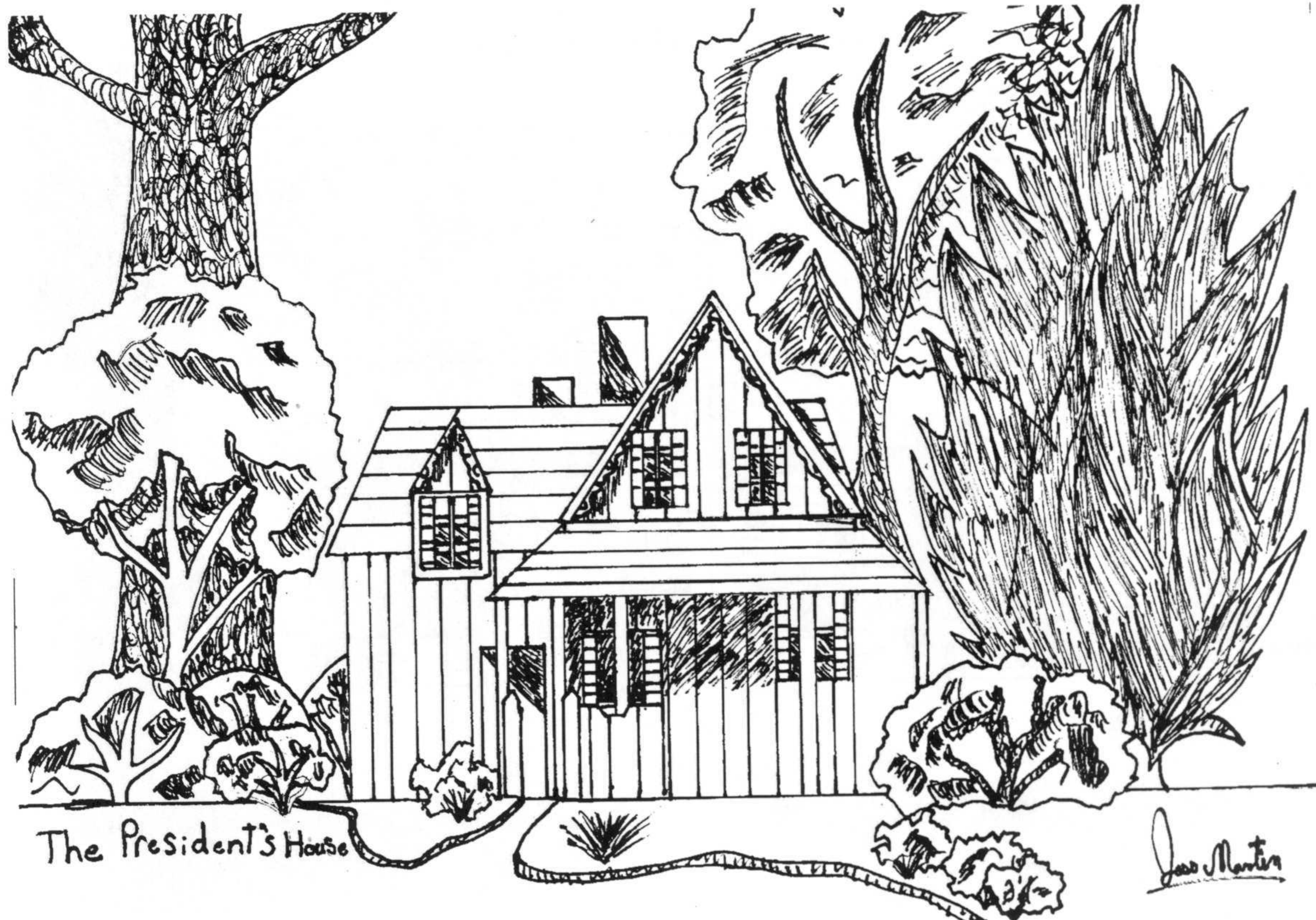


Brittany A. Slyh



Rian Hunter - Worthington Female Seminary 1920

Jess Martin - Principal's Cottage (Bird Song)



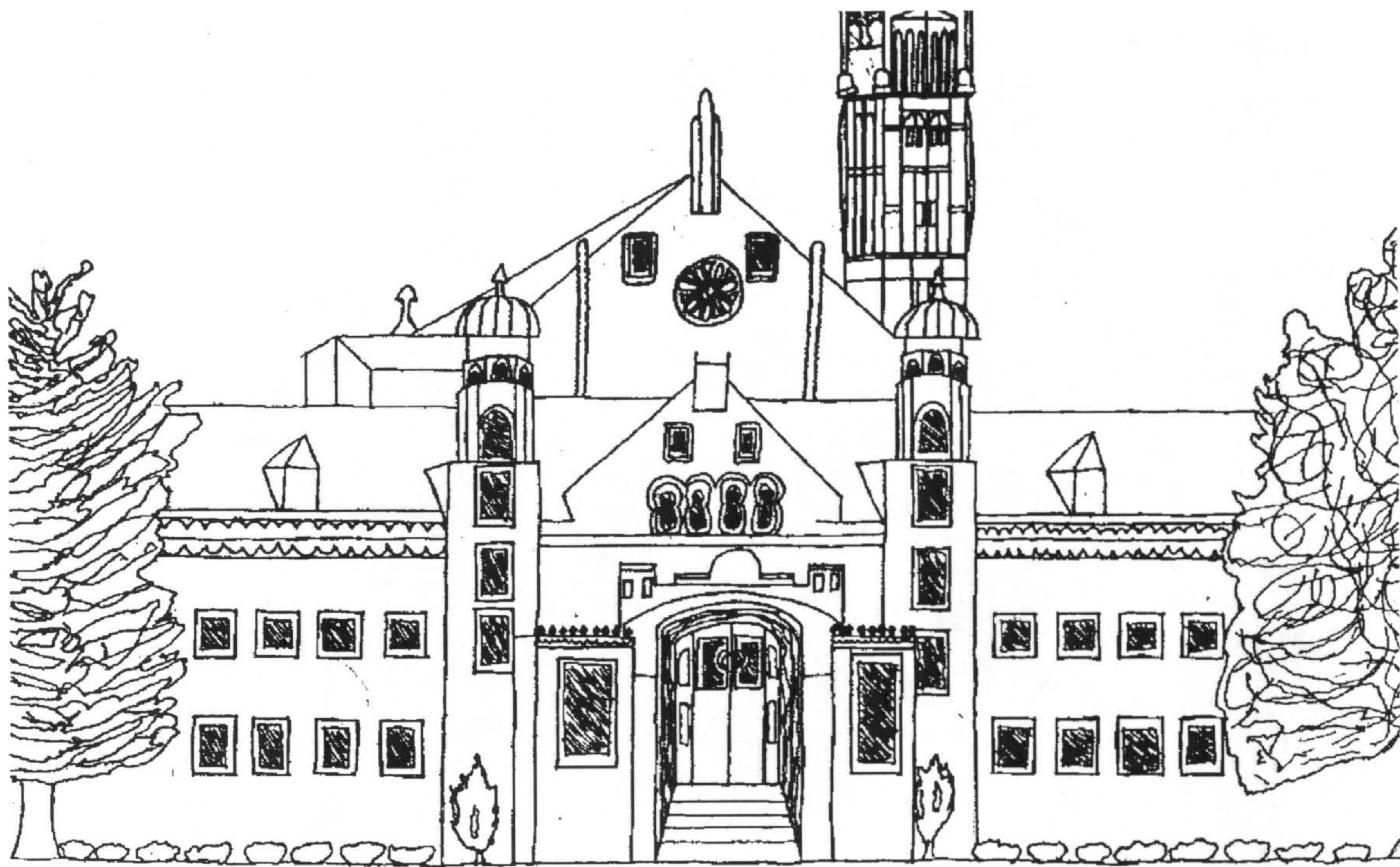


The President's House

Matt Osei-Bonsu - Principal's Cottage (President's House)

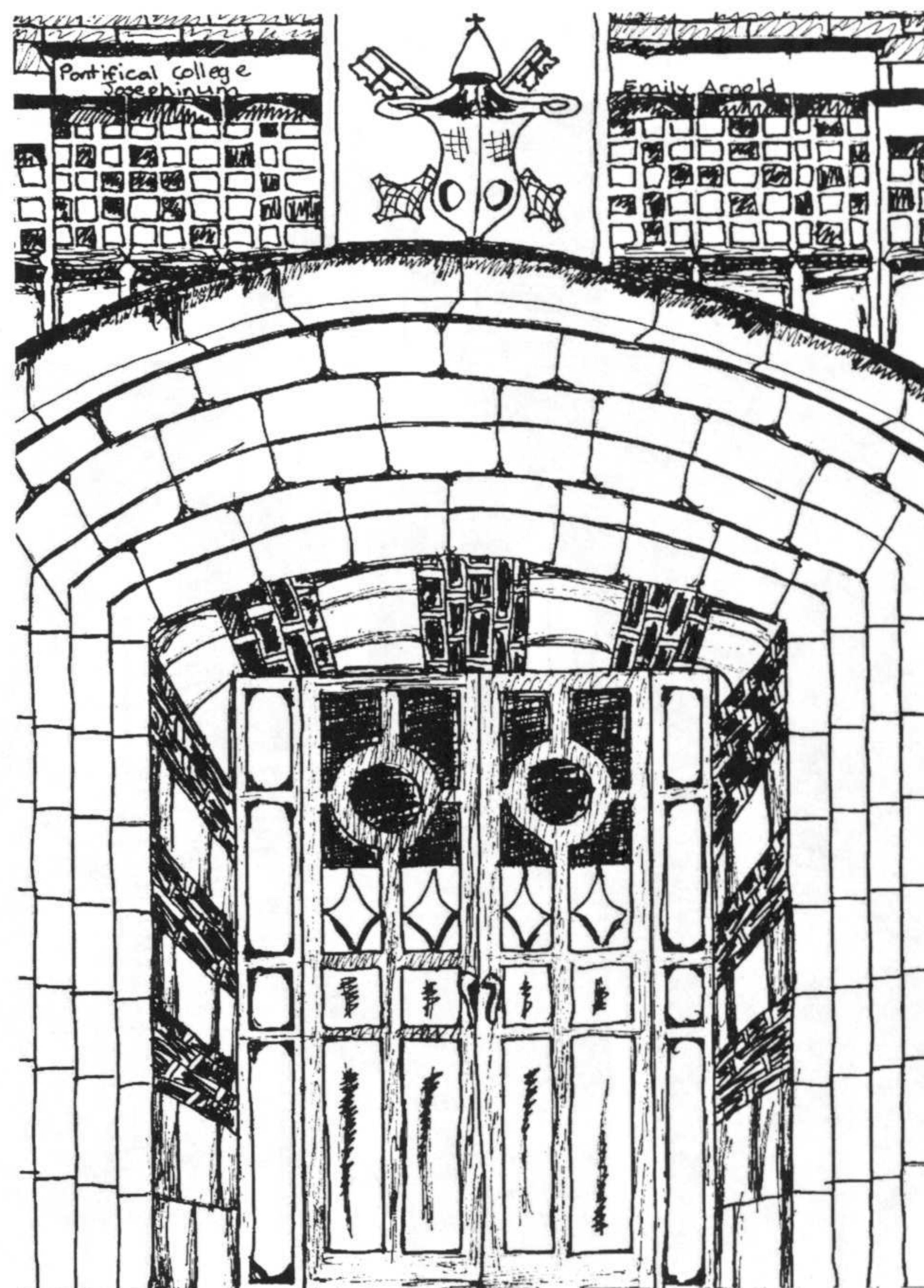
Erica Andrade - Principal's Cottage

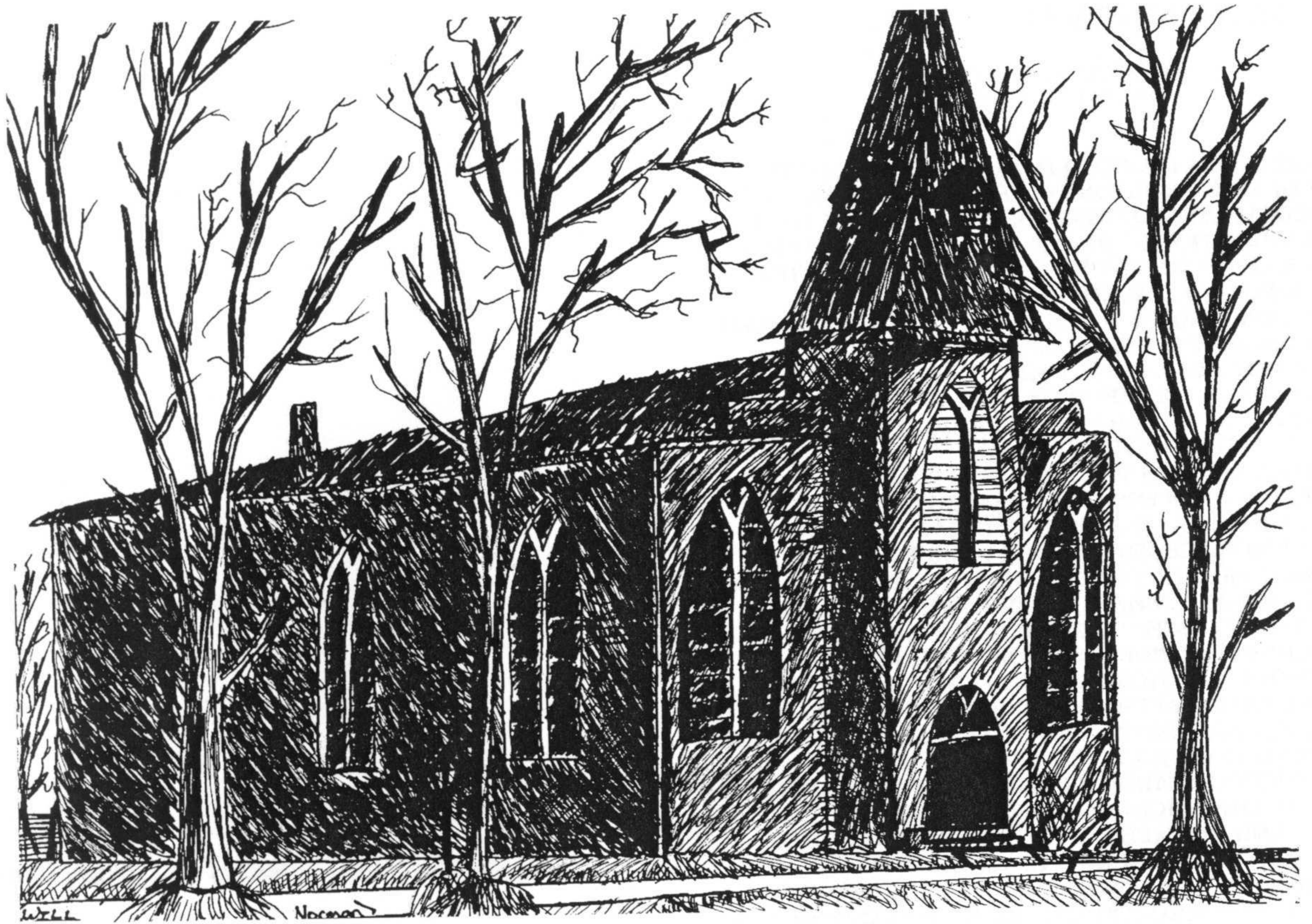




Ryan Danley - Pontifical College Josephinum

Emily Arnold - Entrance/Josephinum





Will Norman - St. John's Episcopal Church

Risa Kazui - St. John's Episcopal Church



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

BY: CATHERINE SCHUSTER
(MEMBER OF ST. JOHN'S)

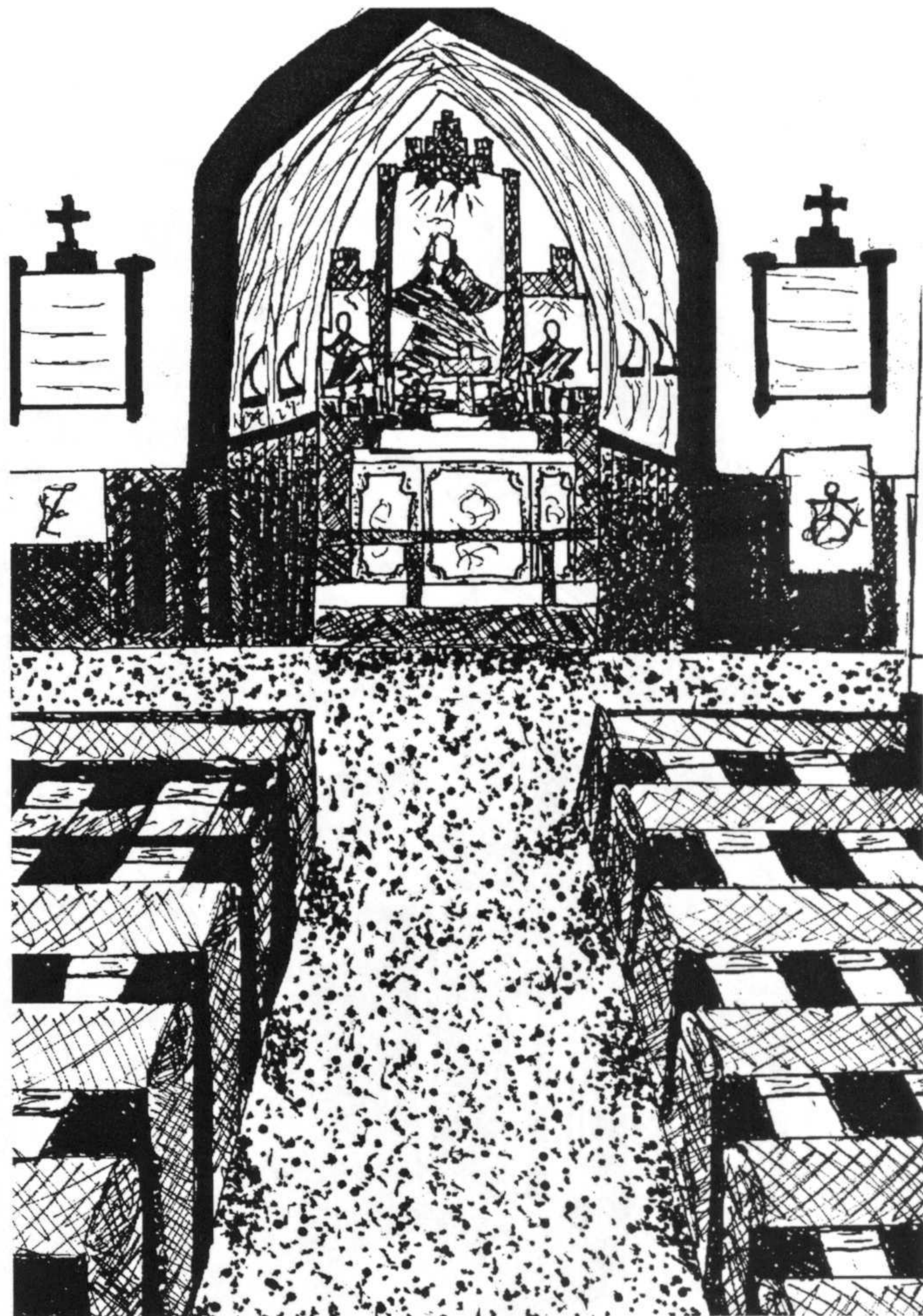
ST. JOHN'S WAS FOUNDED IN 1804; ONE YEAR AFTER OUR CITY OF WORTHINGTON WAS FOUNDED. IT WAS THE FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN OHIO, AS WELL AS THE FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH WEST OF THE ALLEGANY MOUNTAINS. ST. JOHN'S HAS A CEMETERY DATING BACK TO 1804 WHEN THE FIRST BURIAL WAS MADE. DUE TO RECENT CONSTRUCTION SOME OF THOSE GRAVES HAD TO BE MOVED. IT WAS A COMMUNITY BURIAL GROUND OPEN TO ALL RACES AND DENOMINATIONS. TODAY A COLUMBARIUM WALL SURROUNDS THE CHURCHYARD FOR MODERN INTERMENTS. THE CHURCH WAS BUILT ABOUT TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AFTER THE FIRST BURIAL.

THE FIRST CHURCH SERVICE WAS IN 1831, BUT THE BELL FIRST RANG IN 1833. IN 1929 A FIRE DAMAGED THE BELL TOWER AND THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF JAMES KILBOURNE FUNDED THE REPLACEMENT. THE BELL CURRENTLY HANGS IN KILBOURNE MIDDLE SCHOOL, WHICH IS DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET FROM ST. JOHN'S. KILBOURNE USED TO BE THE ONLY JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL BUT IS NOW ONE OF FOUR MIDDLES SCHOOLS IN WORTHINGTON. BOTH KILBOURNE MIDDLE SCHOOL AND WORTHINGTON KILBOURNE HIGH SCHOOL ARE NAMED AFTER JAMES KILBOURNE. THERE IS A MEMORIAL PLAQUE INSIDE ST. JOHN'S COMMEMORATING ALL OF THE THINGS JAMES KILBOURNE DID FOR OUR CITY.

THE ORIGINAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS ARE STILL IN THE CHURCH. THE ORIGINAL ALTAR WAS PLACED ELSEWHERE, AND REPLACED WITH THE CURRENT WHITE MARBLE ALTAR. WHEN FACING THE CHURCH, TO THE RIGHT IS THE PARISH HALL THAT WAS CONSTRUCTED IN 1926-1927. WITH RECENT CONSTRUCTION, ST. JOHN'S WAS CONNECTED TO THE PARISH HALL, AS WELL AS THE PRE-SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING FACT ABOUT ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH IS THAT THE PILLARS INSIDE ARE THE ORIGINAL ONES. THEY ARE ACTUALLY REAL TREE TRUNKS AND CAN BE SEEN IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CHURCH.

Catherine Schuster - Interior Of St. John's Church

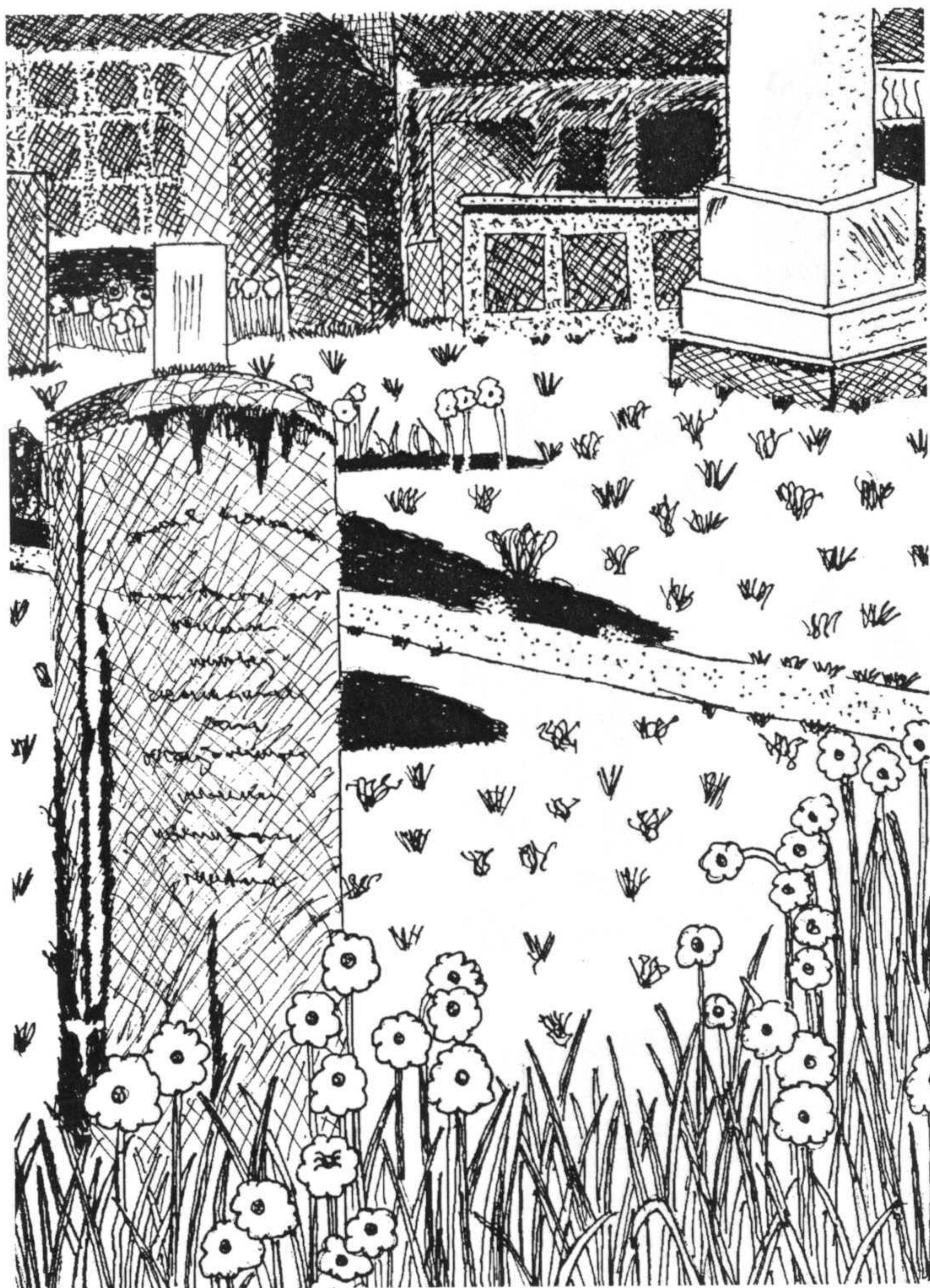


SILENT

I LIE HERE SILENT,
SILENT AS A TOMB,
LETTING TIME SLIDE BY,
UNTIL ANOTHER SOUL WITHERS.
THE FIRST WAS ABNER PINNEY,
THE LAST WAS CHARLES BURR.
SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS,
OF COLD HARD GRAVESTONES,
SHOVED INTO MY SOFT GROUND.
I SEE MANY THINGS,
A CITY GROWING AROUND ME.
HOWEVER, I AM NEVER OVERGROWN,
NEVER ABANDONED,
FOR I AM ALWAYS NEEDED,
TO BEAR THE GREAT BURDEN,
OF SOULS THAT ARE DEAD AND GONE.
I CONTINUE TO GROW,
HAVING COLD HARD GRAVESTONES,
SHOVED INTO MY SOFT GROUND.
YEARS GO BY,
I SIT, COLD AND SOLITARY,
NEVER CHANGING WITH SOCIETY.
WHEN MY DAY IS DONE,
I HOLD THREE HUNDRED SEVENTEEN,
COLD HARD GRAVESTONES
SHOVED INTO MY SOFT GROUND.

Thomas Buchanon

Thomas Buchanon - St. John's Cemetery





Chelsea Marsico - Old Episcopal Rectory

Andrew Heironimus - Worthington Presbyterian Church





Jake Miller - Worthington Presbyterian Church

Living for Sunday

My holy walls

My sacred steeple

My hallowed grounds

The bells ring / I can't hear them

The roses bloom / I can't smell them

The congregation prays / I can't see them

The children smile / and I can feel it

A secret stash for

confessions of love

souls joining as one

beautiful souls joining as one

Words of LOVE HATE LIFE DEATH & FAITH

Strong words flowing, echoing echoing echoing

ringing in the ears of all

who sit near the man

who speaks

who knows all

who tells all

Underneath my holy walls and

Underneath my sacred steeple

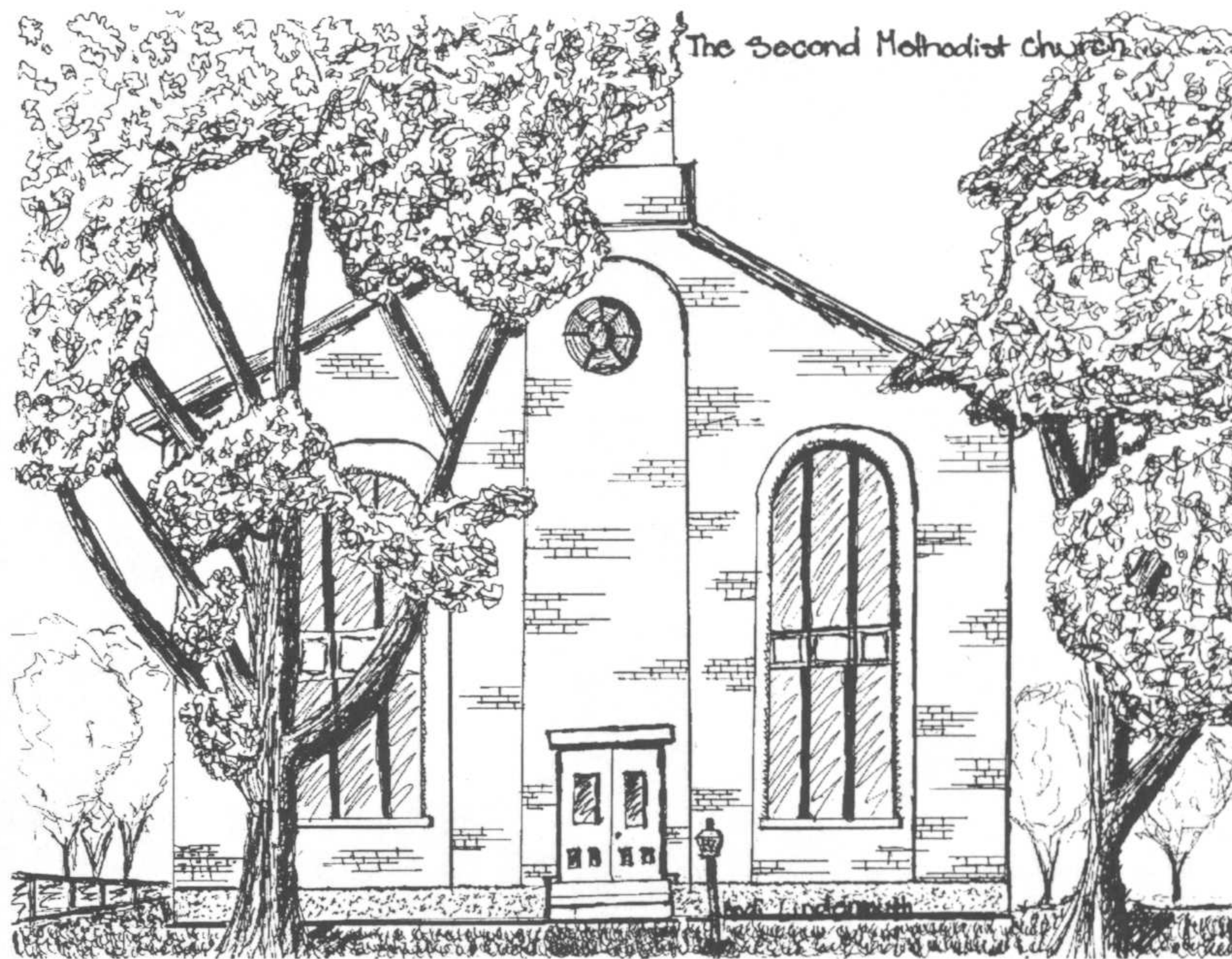
Underneath my hallowed grounds

lies an old tired soul

who lives for

Sunday

Aubrey Litchfield

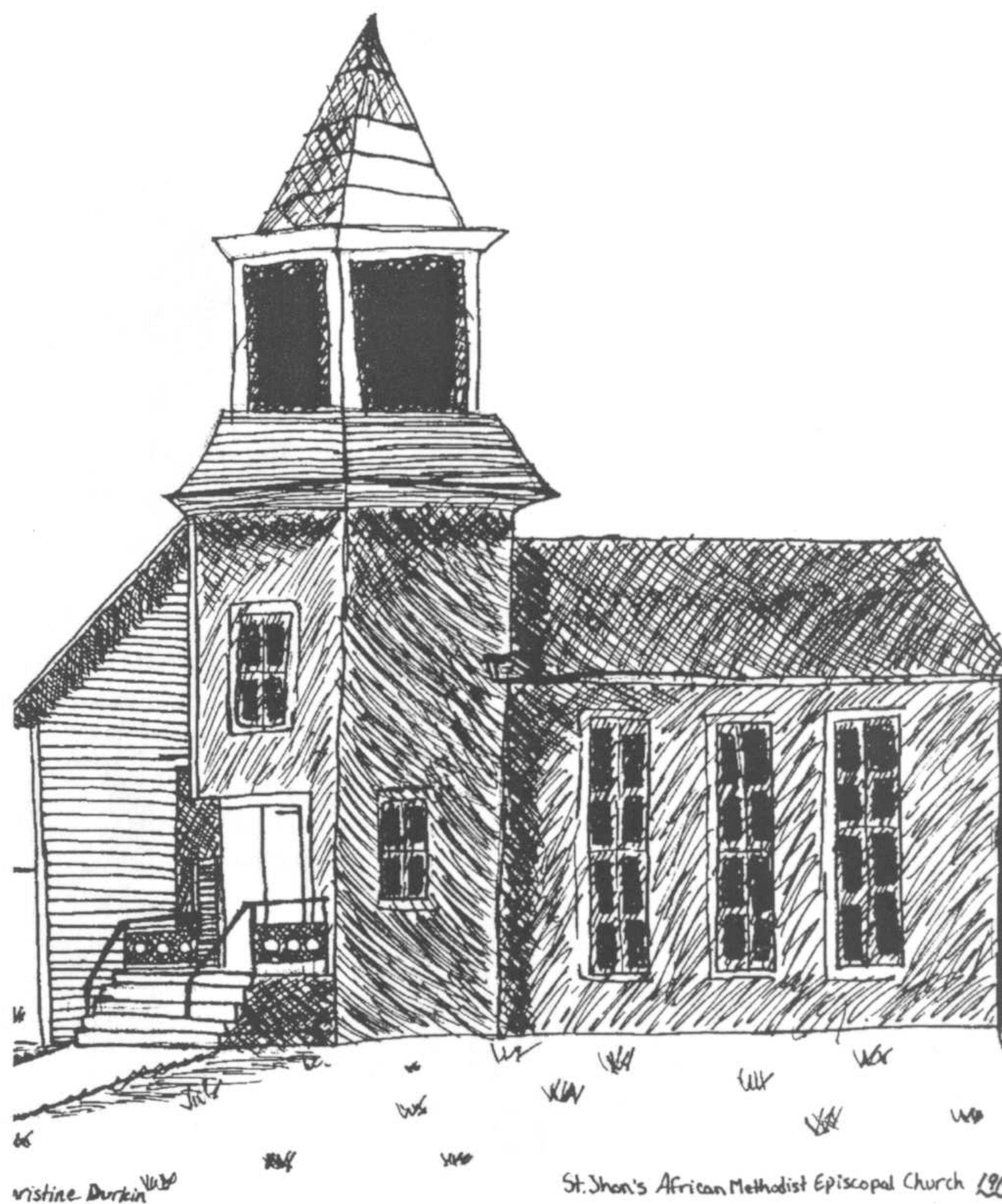


Andi Lindenmuth - Second Methodist Church

I Remember Myself

*I remember my foundation
 The first brick laid
 With all the hopes of a brighter day
 Inside of it.
 I've seen the births
 of many ancestors.
 I've cradled the dead in my arms
 And watched their souls
 Rise to heaven.
 I've seen the murders
 Of young black martyrs.
 I've seen the burning cross
 Of the Klu Klux Klan.
 I've seen the union of a man and his wife
 Deeply in love
 Never to part.
 I can still hear the gay laughter
 Of young slave children
 Playing on my stoop.
 Though that day is long passed
 I still reminisce about
 The smiling faces of the parents.
 Smiling because they knew
 One day they would be loosed
 From the bonds of hatred and segregation.
 I was used as a shelter for runaways
 Seeking freedom.
 And of that I am most pleased.
 For I am the St. Johns A.M.E. church.
 I've seen, I've heard, I remember.*

Angelo Arnold



*Christine Durkin -
 St. John's African Methodist Episcopal Church 1914*

Underground Railroad Station

Ruby Harrison

I've saved *lives*.
I'm old- so old-
almost rubble, now.
Maybe I'm a little rough looking,
but I'm *useful*.
I'm hidden away.
I have a little grave, buried nearby.
One of those brave people's children.
I'll look after it. It'll always be safe.
Me- the underground shelter,
a "railroad stop" for escaping slaves,
far away, from way down south.
They lived on hope, mostly.
Well, I suppose *I* did, too, along with them.
I've felt their pain, their joy, their fear-
through the years, I've been like one of them. Part of a family.
Dug out of the ground, like a half-buried box,
hidden from view with a pile of brush.
They're long gone now,
but I'll *never* forget them.
Never.

Ruby Harrison - Underground Railroad Station

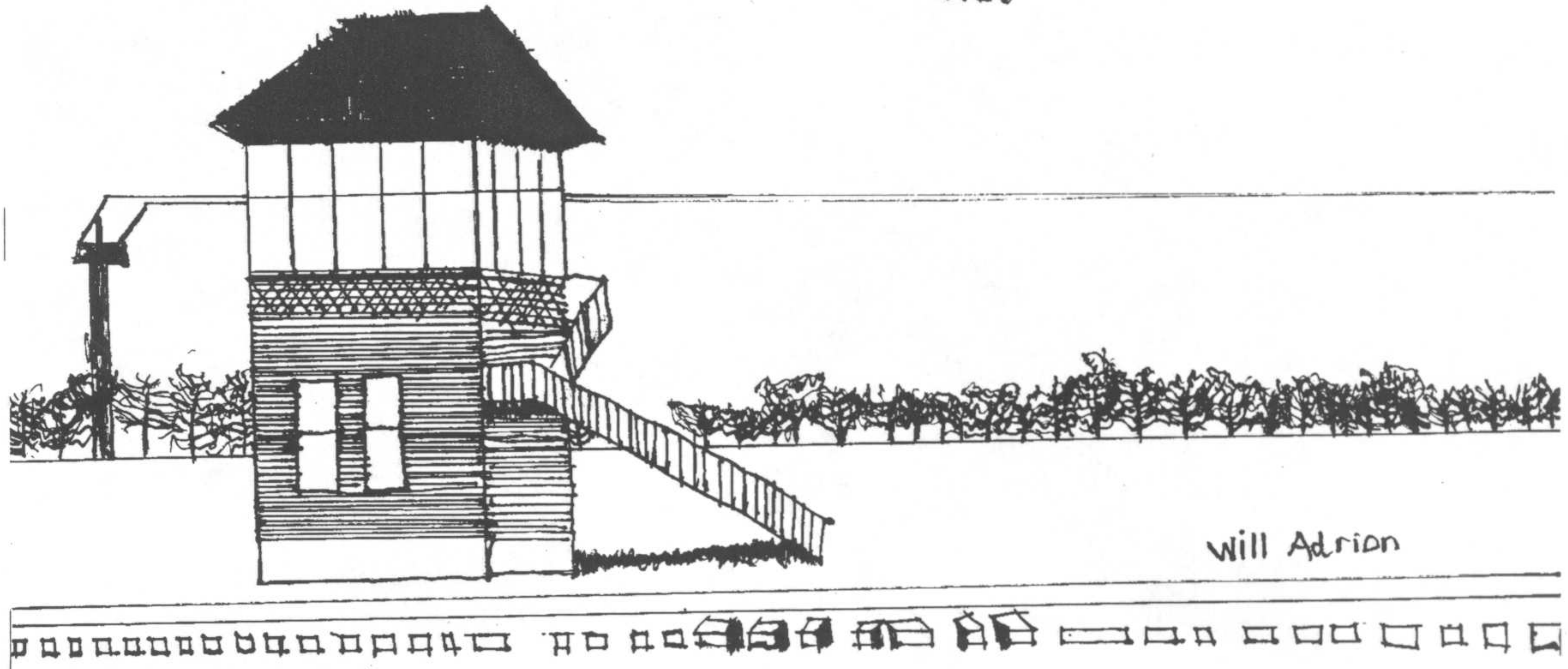




Katelyn Carr - The Underground Railway Station

Will Adrion - Railroad Tower 1900

Railroad tower
1900



will Adrion

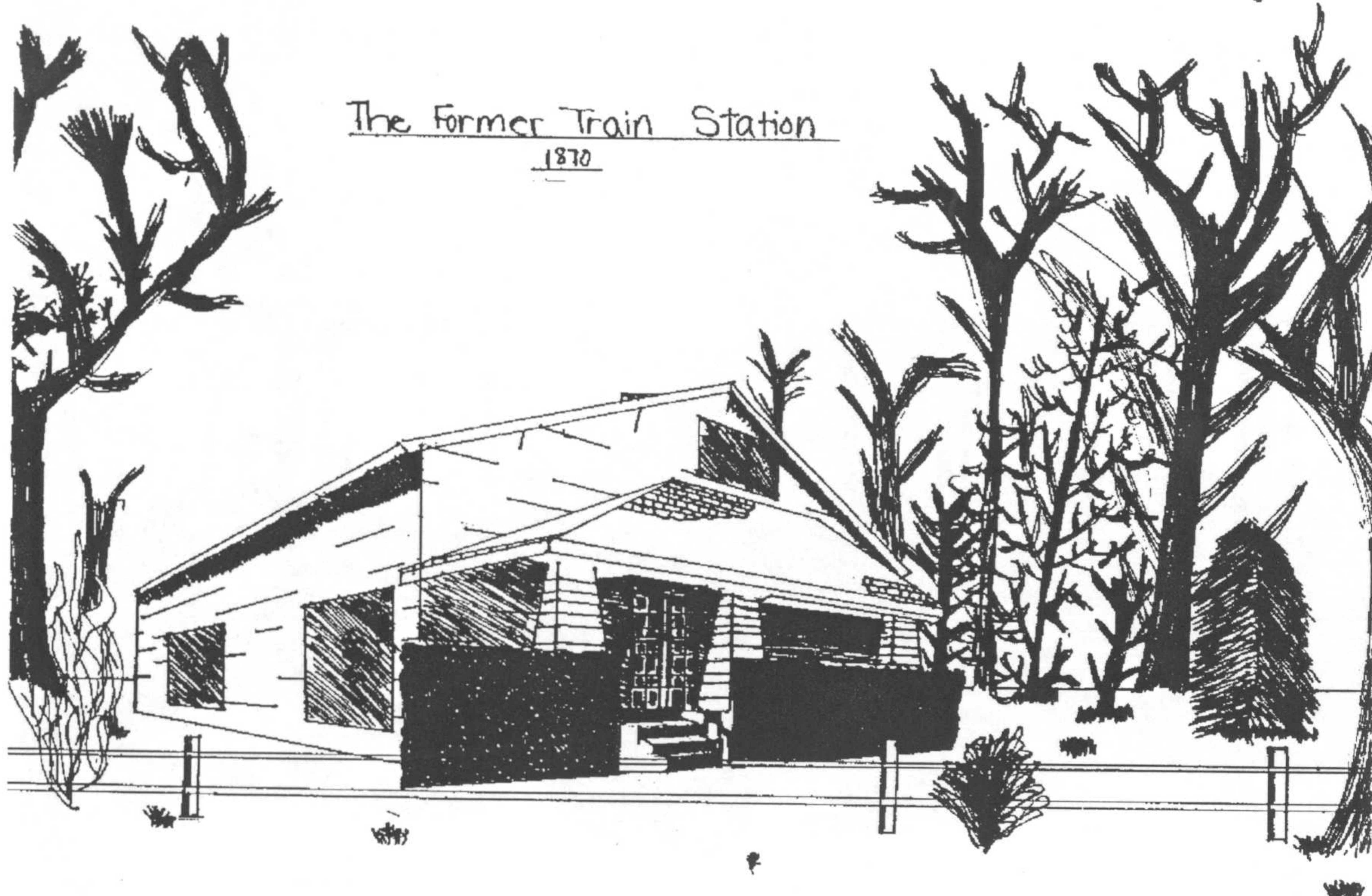


Former Train Station 1997

Kurt Barnhart - Former Train Station

Jamie Wright - Former Train Station

Jamie Wright



The Former Train Station
1870

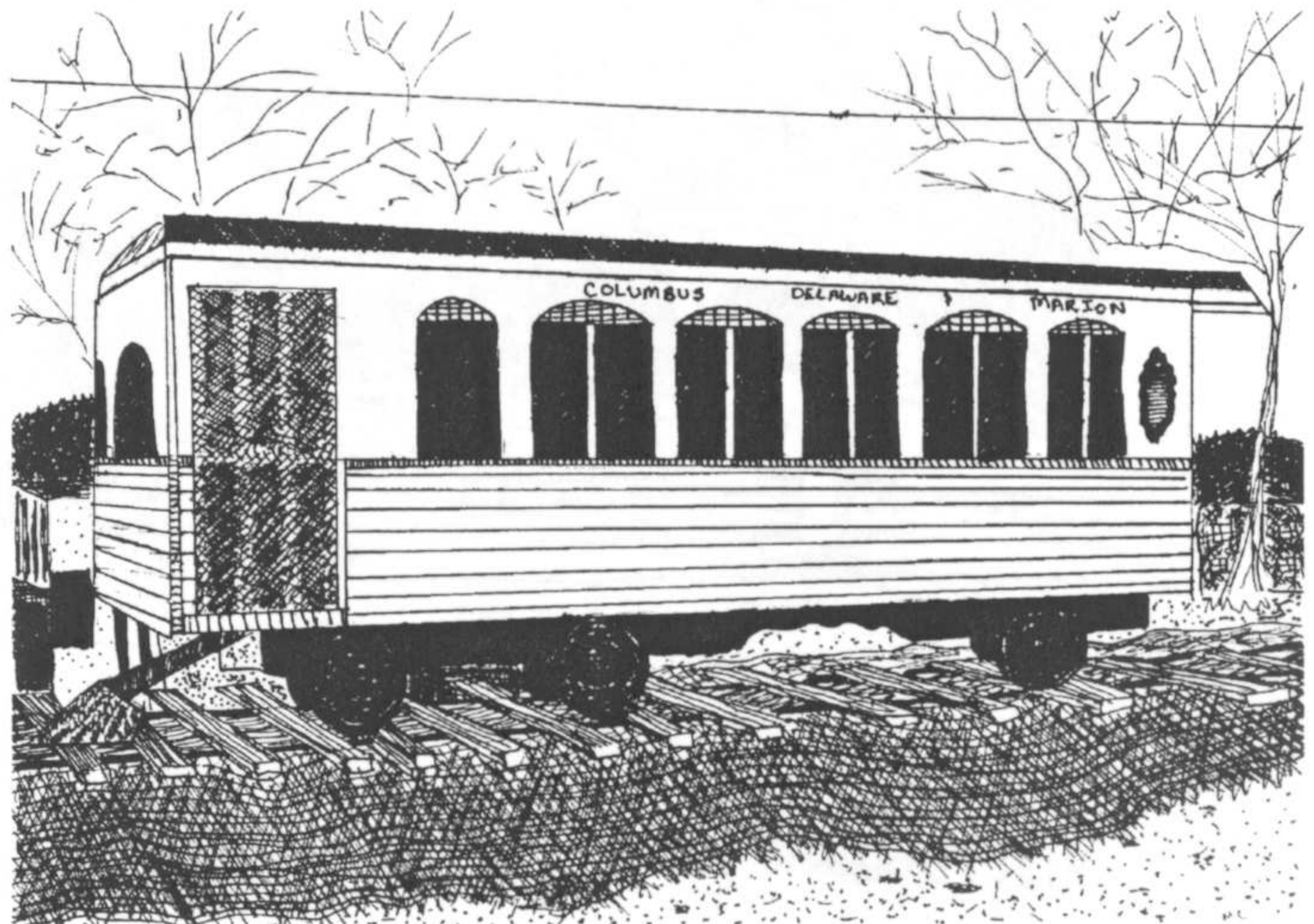
A Poem of Trolleys

I look forth as I gaze in wonder; many a building pass by as we move
beyond the speed of foot or train. I remember the times in Worthington
when transportation and life itself was not this easy. While riding I recite a
poem I wrote earlier.

Worthington,
Beautiful Worthington,
I see your eyes ablaze as a
a new day dawns upon you
you were not always this beautiful
you were torn with little spirit,
and no transportation
Transportation
Though hard to find is easy on the trolley
The Trolley

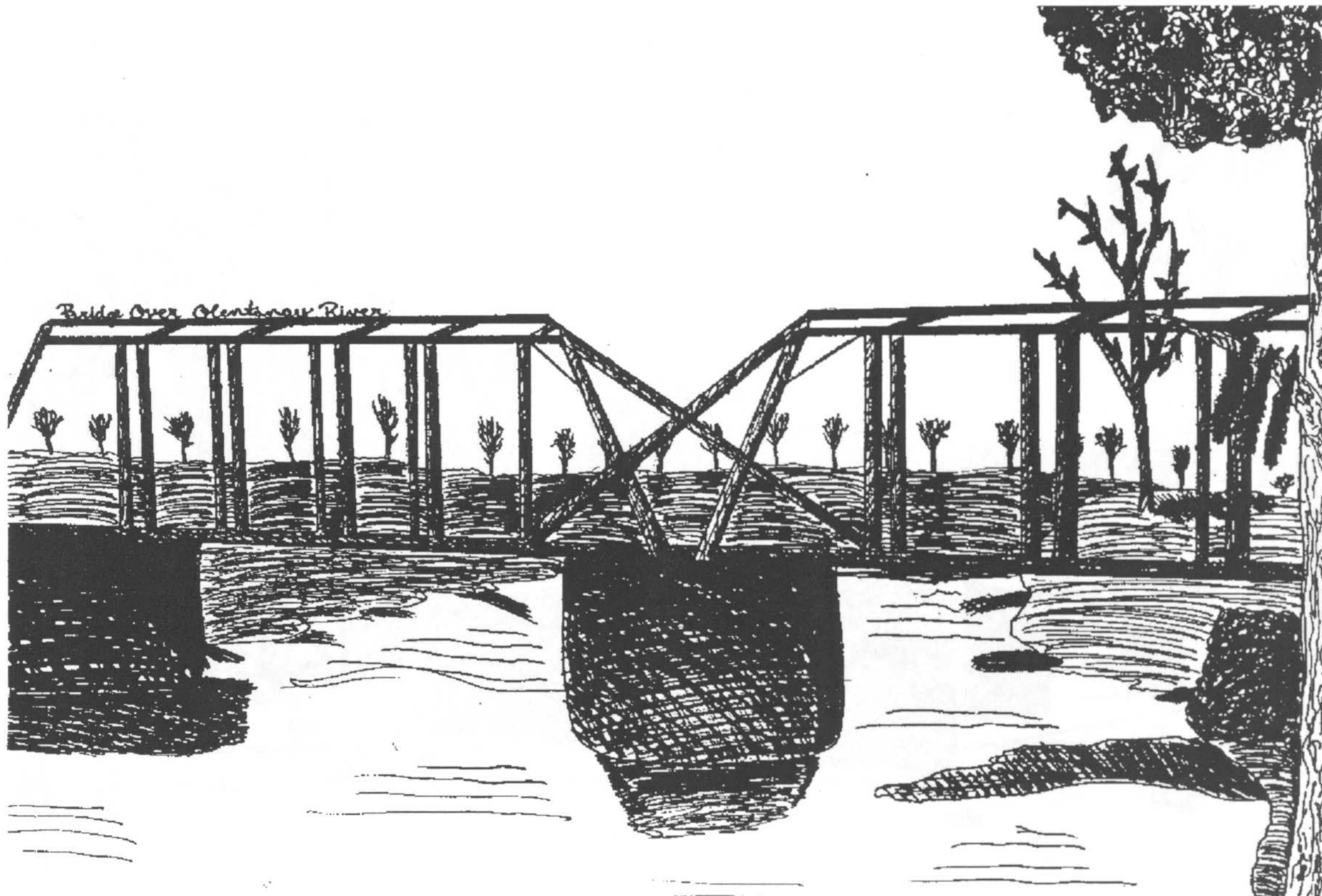
It dawns on me that this truly is a beautiful town. My Worthington.

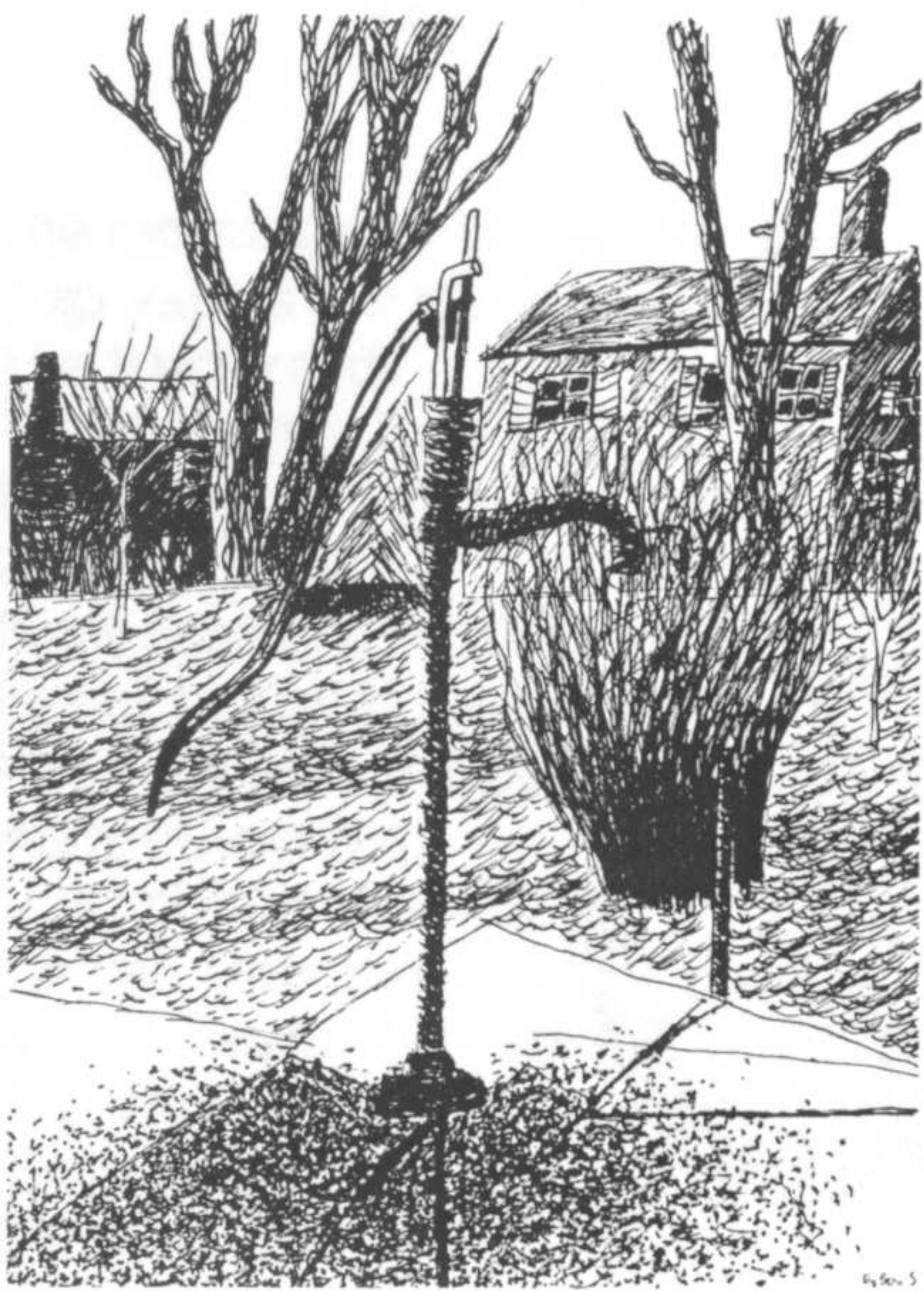
Bo Corbin



*Margo Connor - Trolley Car
(Columbus, Delaware, Marion Line) c.1902*

Rachel Breen - Bridge Over Olentangy River



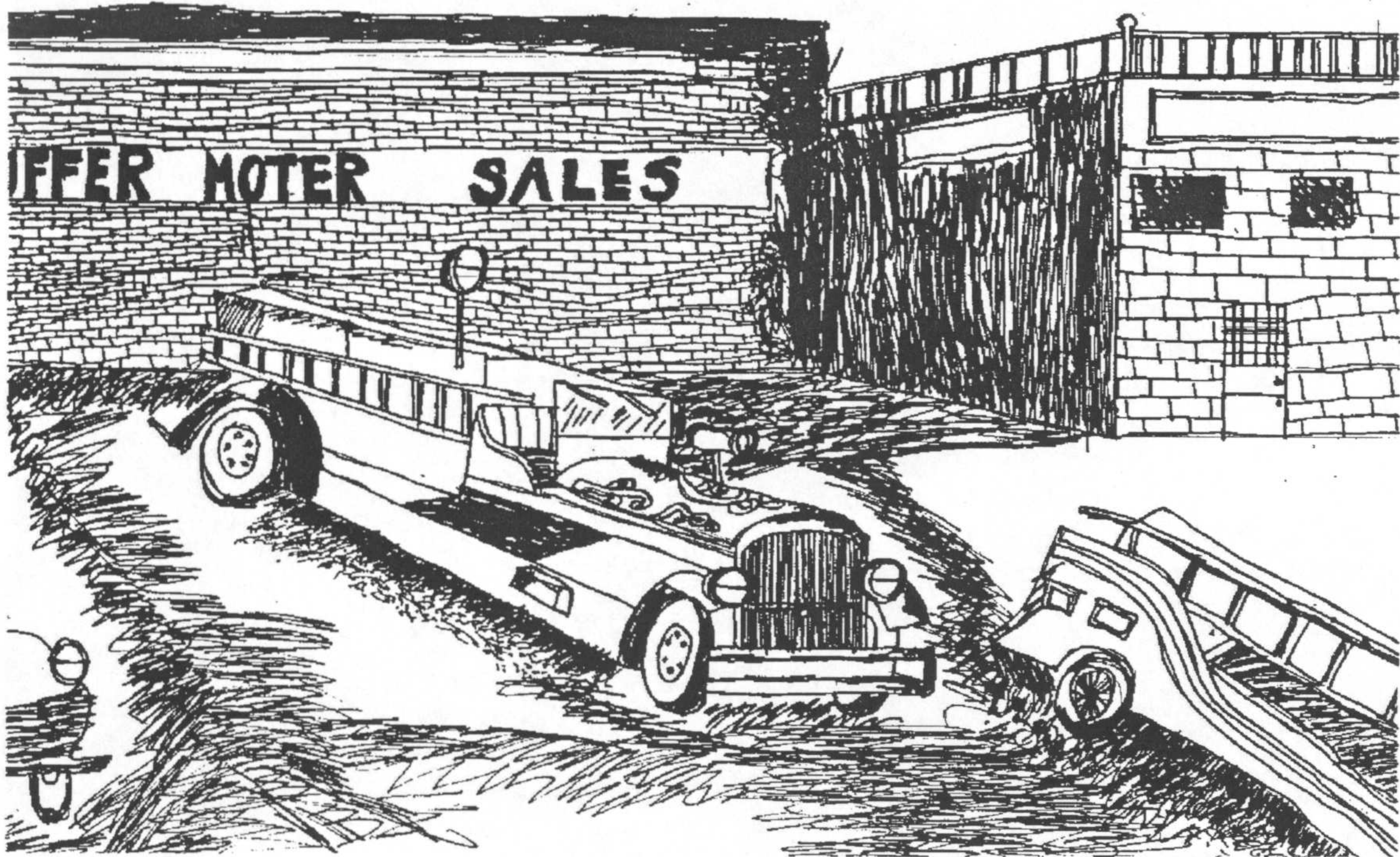


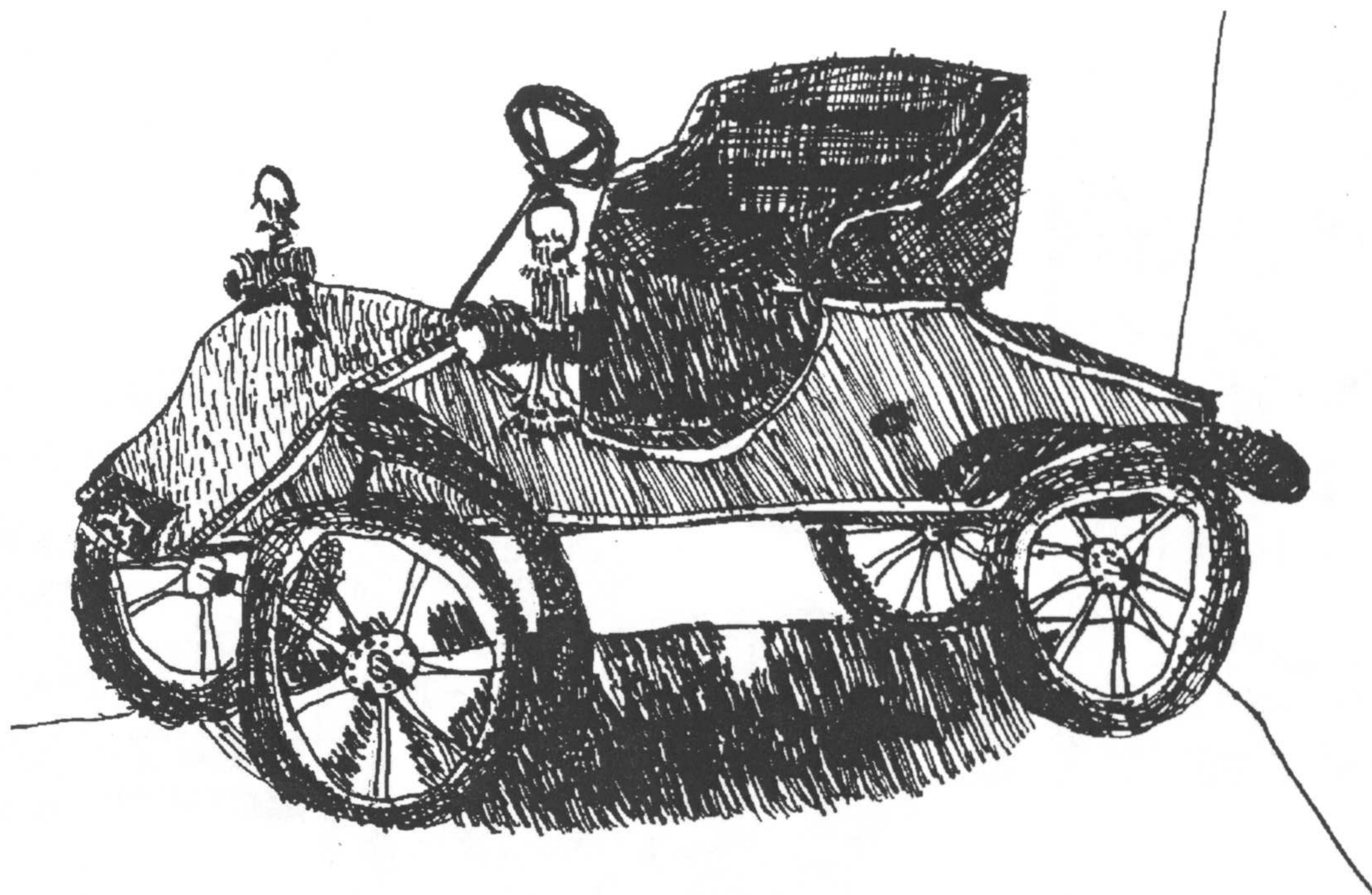
*Beau Schultz - 1890's Volunteer Fire
Fighters' Pump*



Kevin Nowland - Sharon Township Fire Department

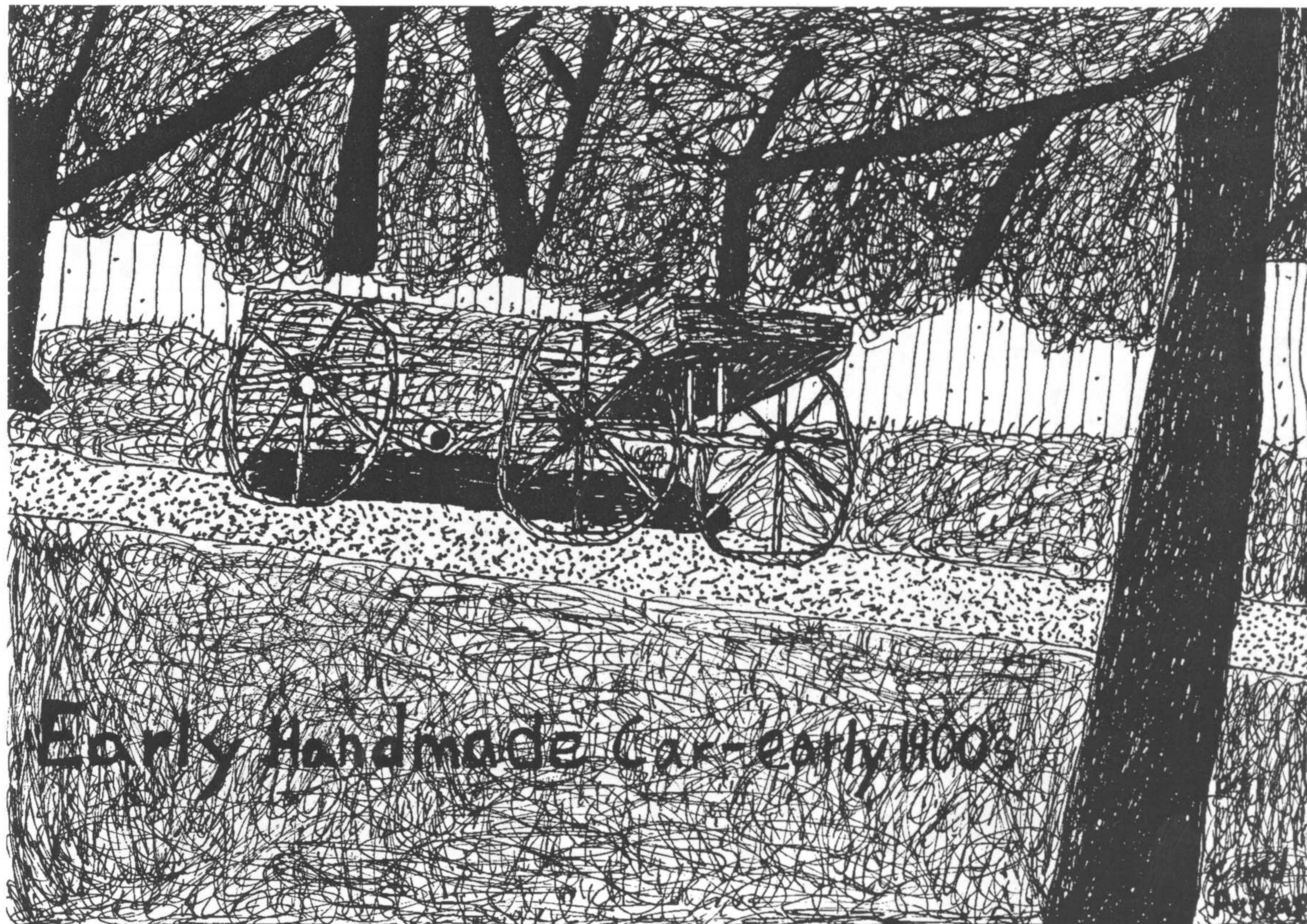
Kevin Steele - Antique Fire Truck At Snouffer Motor Sales 1953





Paul Karolyi - Elmore Car Co. 1892

Chad Putka - Howard L. Griswold Early 1900 Hand Built Car

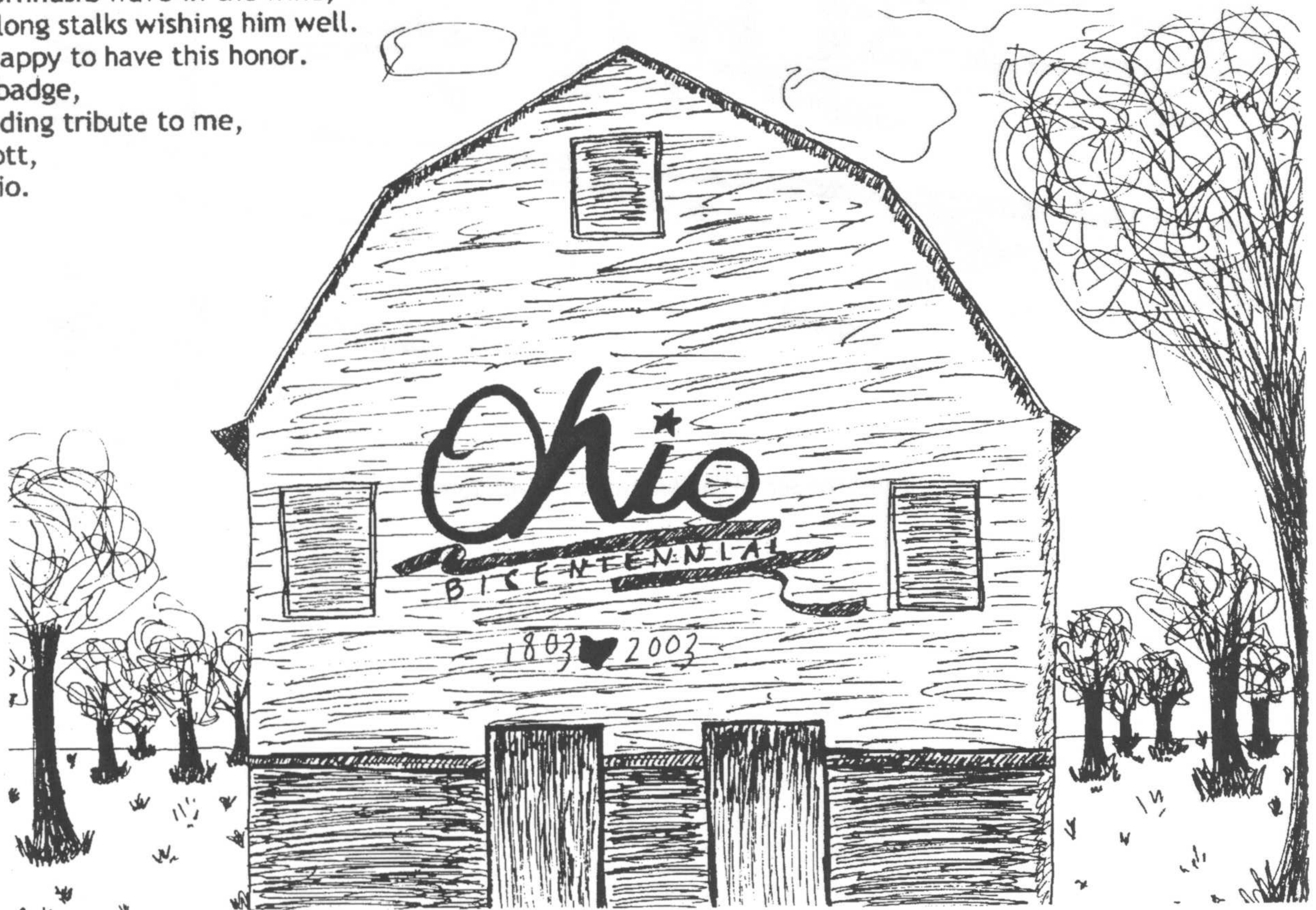


The Bicentennial Barn

By Tessa Acker

The morning dew strings the grass like beads on a necklace.
Dogs yap as the truck rolls in.
The truck reads
"Scott Hagan, Barn Painter."
He steps out, tall, determined.
Others follow.
Paint cans and brushes litter the yard.
Hagan smiles at me.
I look my best, wet and clean from a pre-dawn shower.
Many others have worn his artwork on their planks.
Scott climbs a ladder to my mid-section.
Tin can tops pop off reds, blues, and blacks,
A thick brush dives into the blue.
The strokes that follow are gentle, the paint cool,
Soothing my weathered skin.
This will take hours.
I'm proud,
Proud to be the final barn in Ohio, # 88.

The sun beats down on me.
The paint slowly dries.
Scott puts the final touches on his masterpiece,
Stands back, crosses his arms, satisfied.
I'm done! I'm a part of history!
Scott gets back in his truck.
The cornhusks wave in the wind,
Their long stalks wishing him well.
I am happy to have this honor.
It's a badge,
A standing tribute to me,
To Scott,
To Ohio.



Tessa Acker - Bicentennial Barn



Ben Strasser - Worthington . . . Our Town