

# Sale of Stop 18 Recalls Old Days

By JOHNNY JONES

If a recording had been made of all the talk, over the years, in old Stop 18, what a story it would tell. Stop 18, the tavern at 5534 N. High St., will be torn down. It and the land has been purchased by the Hudson Oil Co.

Now the story of Stop 18. It was back in 1933, Jack Criticos and his brother, Paul, closed the "Barn," in E. Broad St., and located in a building in what was then known as Chaseland. The Barn had been noted for Maryland fried chicken and was a place where theatrical people and college students gathered.



Jones

IT HAPPENED I dropped into Jack's new place which still was without a name. He asked me what he could call it. I suggested Stop 18. He did not know about Stop 18. The place was the 18th stop on the CD&M Interurban. Jack liked the idea and the name remained.

The building was a place for shelter for the employes of a nearby pottery while they waited for the traction car. At one time it was a grocery store and also a place where weekends were spent by the gay blades of the 90's.

The names Lincoln and Stanton for area streets date back to the days when Chaseland was just north of the city and not even thought of as a suburb of Worthington to the south.

A man by the name of Loering was a developer of this section.

JACK AND PAUL have seen this district grow and grow. Jack is in rather poor health now and welcomes retirement.

Some of the old-timers will recall happy memories of Stop 18. There was a lot of action there. This action included a swimming hole in the Olentangy directly west.

It was then rather wild country and the long lane down to the river provided privacy. Here the swimming in the nude parties took place. There were frequent raids by the then justice of the peace.

THE STORY GOES that officers placed barbed wire across the old swimming hole and it so maddened many, including those of the old Olentangy Canoe Club, that bad fights broke out.

It was a nice fast canoe race from the Olentangy Canoe Club to Stop 18, the favorite spot. Here the willows plumed over the shore line making a romantic spot to hear the old record player.

Jack and Paul certainly will receive the best wishes of their legion of friends. Their mother, who always shared their business is now 94. She probably knew as many night club folks and theater people as anybody here.

PERHAPS JACK could close with one more serving of Maryland fried chicken. One of these days I wish he would give me the recipe for the batter, nobody has been quite able to duplicate.

So another corner goes from beer to oil.

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