



Family of Nathaniel E. Young
 Quenemo, Kansas, December 20, 1899
 Drum Rail Road Photo Car
 Back Row: Will E. Young, Ella Mills, Andrew Jackson Young
 Front Row: Anna Wiley, Nathaniel E. Young, Alberta Woodbury

1916 Diary of Harriet Edith Woodbury George

by her granddaughter
 Susan Ruth George Phillips

Harriet Edith Woodbury George was born on October 2, 1895 on a farm near Olivet, Kansas in Osage County. Her parents were Fredrick Howard Woodbury and Alberta Emily Young Woodbury. Harriet's father had come to Kansas from Boston in 1878 as a nineteen year old. He was a farmer and later served as a Kansas Representative and then Senator from Osage County. Harriet's mother was a Kansas native, born in Douglas County. She served as the first teacher of Alpine School before their marriage on July 29, 1885. Fred and Alberta Woodbury had nine children: Minerva, Mary, Eva, Ruth, Harriet, Howard, Philip (Ted), and twins Anna and George.

In September 1906, the family kept the farm but moved to Emporia. Harriet's mother had never fully recovered from the birth of the twins in 1904 and could not do the work of a farm wife. She was also anxious for her children to have a good education. The oldest daughter, Minerva, remained in Olivet. Mary and Eva went to Emporia High School. Ruth was in the 7th grade at Garfield. Harriet and Howard were in Century Grade School while Philip (Ted) was in Grade 1-C Class, a Beginner.

In the 1940's, Harriet wrote about moving to Emporia: "Papa purchased the home from Mr. J. N. Wilkinson, retiring president of the Kansas Normal. Schools were already in session when we arrived in Emporia, but we found a ready welcome in our neighborhood. They were friendly (and probably as curious as we were). Union Street between 9th and 10th was our block, containing children and young people, with ages to compare with all of us. Across the alley from our house on 10th Avenue were the William Allen Whites on Exchange Street. Next door south of them was Mr. White's mother, who we called Grandma White after being included in her Christmas Eve party for all the kids in the

block. Billy White was Ted's age, and his sister Mary the age of our twins, George and Anna.

"Emporia was a small town in the early years of this century but seemed very large to all of us. We were not long in adjusting and finding our way to schools, churches, and downtown stores. The friendly grocery man, Frank Deister, who lived a block or so up the street, would come to our house two or three times a week to see if he could get an order for the Star Grocery. We were not used to such an accommodation, to have groceries delivered at our door!

"At that time there were very few autos in Emporia. Often the autos were called 'machines.' Delivery of groceries was in a light wagon with a cover on top, drawn by a fast trotting team of horses, driven by a man who jumped out with the groceries in a box and ran to the back door. We bought our meat at either Rauschers or Hennings Meat Markets. Later we traded at the H & H Grocery personally part-time.

"A great many homes had barns for horses and buggies or a carriage. At first, we had no horse, but we did have a barn on our otherwise vacant lot south of the house. Here we kept a milk cow, which one of my older sisters milked – but Howard was soon able to do this – and we even sold some milk to neighbors. Howard or Ted would lead or drive her to and from pasture north of town in summer. Later, we had our Shetland pony Maud and a small, one-seated, topless, four-wheeled road wagon brought from the farm for our use. Of course, there was a saddle for Maud, also, all of which was a wonderful attraction for boys and girls from blocks beyond our own area, to take turns on riding a gentle, but sometimes stubborn pony.

"Because one boy wanted to return the favor of a pony ride, Howard and I had the privilege of our first auto ride. He lived at 10th and Market Street and was in the same room with Howard at Century School. He came to our door one evening and invited 'Howard and his sister' to ride in his Dad's auto the following morning. It had no top, but front seat for two and two seats in the corners of the back compartment, which we entered through one small door between the seats. It was a Maxwell (I believe) and red, with a horn which he sounded as we rode the three blocks from our house to 10th and Commercial where the 1st to 6th graded Century School was at that time. This was an experience I have not

forgotten, thanks to Myron Watkins and his father, Dr. Northington.

"At the time we went to live in Emporia there were just two streets paved – State Street on west side and Union on east side. Commercial Street had a macadam surface, but the brick paving there was in process. The next street, I recall, was Sixth Avenue – and that was completed around 1910. Consequently, because Union Street was paved, we had the pleasure of sitting on our front porch, watching many of the townspeople riding on pleasant Sundays and summer evenings. As we became better acquainted, we were frequently invited to ride with them, which helped us to see and know where others lived. The whole town was friendly and interesting as we came to know the people, the stores, churches, colleges, and band concerts in the parks, and especially the Chautauqua tent entertainment in Soden's Grove. We loved the town. It was our HOME!"

In 1913, the decision was made to move back to the farm outside of Olivet. Plans were underway to build a new home there. Oldest sister Minerva was married and living in Olivet with two children. Sisters Mary and Eva were living in Washington state. Shortly after the family moved back to the farm, however, Alberta died. Harriet wrote, "I had seen her that ill, I thought, so many times that I had not realized today that she would not soon be awake and speaking to us. I was just seventeen years old but had never seen death before until my *dear Mother!* This was an adjustment we had not realized nor anticipated with our mother's anemic condition, even though it had been with us for nine years." Harriet had just completed her junior year at Emporia High School. She was able to go back to Emporia to complete her fourth year and graduate. The Emporia home had been sold to the McEvoy's, who allowed Harriet to stay with them and even use her same bedroom. She wrote, "I liked school and was quite busy my senior year but was a little lonely for our family frequently. I have always been grateful that I could finish my high school education. The disappointment came when I did not get to go onto college as had been planned ever since I was a child. I was to have been a schoolteacher."

After completing high school, Harriet moved back to the farm near Olivet. A new home was begun in August of 1914 and completed in 1915. Harriet's father Fred married Nelle Daniels of Topeka on March

30, 1915. Harriet wrote, "I was really quite fond of Mrs. Daniels, but I thought of her as a friend and not as a replacement for our Mother, which was too much for my imagination. I was glad that Papa did not mean her to be a replacement, and we called her *Mother*, not *Mamma*. Mother Nelle (Daniels) had lost her little daughter with typhoid fever suddenly at age twelve or thirteen and a little son, also. Her older son was grown and married but died before we knew her. Her husband, J. F. Daniels, had died suddenly also several years before we knew her. She had no other family or relatives in the U.S.A. but many friends when she came to us. She was not hesitant to know what to do in any situation, was a fast worker, careful housekeeper and a fine cook. She was born in Germany, but her parents died when she was small and she had come to America to live with an aunt in Chicago. She had never had much schooling (as she worded it) and spoke her native language mixed in with her English, but we never failed to understand her meaning. She had a quick temper at times and had a few strict rules for us which was good - but also a jolly laugh more often."

At Emporia High, Harriet wrote light topical verse for the newspaper under the nom-de-plume "Would-be-witty." She kept a diary in high school but did not write consistently every day. However, in 1916, the year she turned twenty-one, she was determined to write every day. This diary ended up being 402 handwritten pages. 1916 was an important year for Harriet. She began dating her future husband Frank George. She voted for the first time, and she learned to drive a car. Following are some summer excerpts from this 1916 diary.

Sunday, June 4 – "It seems just a little queer that I should have a date with Frank George! I don't like to call it that for it really wasn't. Anyhow, I had a lovely time. It all happened like this. He and his mother were at church this morning, and after church he asked me if I didn't want to go for a ride this P.M. He said he had to take Fannie (his sister) over to the Teachers' Institute at Burlingame and would stop for me if I would go. Of course I consented, and we went. It was a warm afternoon, but we didn't notice the heat while riding. We had an experience just this side of Osage, which was really funny. I haven't recovered from laughing yet. There were at least six men riding

standing in a shallow wagon. They were in front of us but paid no attention to Frank's honk and went on up to the culvert. Frank slowed down, but the next thing I knew he was calling, 'Watch out!' but the men paid no attention and in an instant the bumper hit the wagon, and it was very funny to see the fellows sprawling in every direction. Oh they were mad! Their horses did not run, and one of the men came back looking mad enough to fight and immediately took the number. Frank explained to him that his brake would not work, and after a good deal of said explanation, he calmed down a little. I was tickled, though. Frank introduced me to him and afterwards said, 'I knew he was a friend of your father's and thought that might help out.'

"We stopped at the garage in Osage, then went on to Burlingame. We stayed there with the girls until 5:25 and then came home without any more adventures, arriving at 6:30."

Monday, July 3 – "We have been getting ready for the Fourth today. Mother and I both did some baking, and Grace cleaned the kitchen and basement. Papa and Ted went to Osage City and made numerous purchases, including watermelon, etc. and a flag.

"I was thinking back tonight and could remember what I had done for the last eleven Fourths! Hope that I have as good a time tomorrow."

Tuesday, July 4 – "I am writing this Wednesday because it was 20 minutes until one when I came in this morning, so I thought I might just as well wait until later in the day.

"But I did have the best time! Beginning with early in the morning, I'll relate: We had a fine breakfast – raspberries, baking potatoes, etc., and it was accompanied by small reports from the kids' firecrackers. Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Abbott and I went to town and got some ice and the mail. It was nice going but began to get pretty warm by the time we came home about nine. Then I made the ice cream and busied around until dinner time. We had the usual Fourth of July spread – fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, tomatoes (sliced), cucumbers, jelly, preserves, cake, ice cream, and ice tea.

"Frank came just as we were finishing about 12:45. We ate some ice cream, and then we were off. It was certainly warm and dusty. But

while we were listening to the speaker, Rev. Hatfield, a cool breeze blew around. Then we went to the ball game, and here we got in a pretty warm place but enjoyed the game nevertheless. After Key West had won over Prairie Queen, Frank went to take Mr. Hatfield to the train. After awhile, we rode up town and found Ruth and Wayne and Glen and Lela and as we were invited over to Ruth's for supper, Ruth and Lela climbed into the back seat with Fannie and Gwilym, and we all went to Jones'. We were sure glad to get some of the dust from our countenances, and Mrs. Jones and Ruth had a fine lunch for us. As Frank and I and Fannie and Gwilym were going to Burlington for a home talent play, we left there about 7:30. The ride to Burlington was grand as it had become much cooler. We reached there about 8:30 and went immediately to Newk's Theatre where the play began in about ten minutes. It was fine, and there were some real clever stunts between acts.

"We went to some drug store and had something to eat and started home about 10:30. It seemed like a terribly long ride, although we came along at a pretty good rate. I was just naturally tired. But I sure had a good time every minute!"

Saturday, July 8 – "I was up before 5:30, and it is now nearly eleven. The others have all been complaining of the heat, but I have not felt warm at all. I cleaned down stairs this morning, and this afternoon I cleaned my room and did several other things then rested a little and mended and helped Grace fix her dress and then had a bath and dressed for supper.

"Ted (15) was in such an awful accident this afternoon that we all feel very thankful to think that he escaped with so few injuries – a sprained ankle and considerable scratching. Some way the mules jumped a ditch and caused the slug rake teeth to go down into the ditch, and Ted was hauled ahead of the team and then run over and dragged a little ways under the slug. My! How near that was to being very dangerous, perhaps fatal! But he is very brave and good about it and is resting."

Wednesday, July 12 – "I have been sewing a good share of the day, and it certainly has been hot, over 100 degrees most all the time – 93 at supper time. Howard (19) and George (12) have been laid up with heat,

so together with Ted, we had quite a charity ward. Papa let the men lay off several hours during the middle of the day as it was so hot.

"I have a good deal done to my new dress. I ought to get it almost finished by tomorrow. I became so tired sewing that I had to go down and bother Ted and Howard a while and get a cool drink. We went for another cooling off this evening and took a little spin out on the trail while waiting for the mail."

Thursday, July 13 – "We thought we were going to have a rain tonight, but by the time we had most of the windows closed, it seemed to be blown over. But it is now lightning in the west, so perhaps we'll have a shower before morning.

"Mother, Grace (hired girl), Anna (12), Howard, and I went after the mail tonight. Mother and Howard and I each had a strawberry sundae. Sara and Howard and the Petey girls were all in town horseback. Sara said they were going to have a horseback party some evening and wanted us to go along.

"I didn't quite finish my dress today, but it was quite a job hemming about eighteen yards of net for ruffles and then gather it and set it on. Mother got her panama hat all fixed up. I wish I had mine fixed. Papa said I could go with him to Osage and take it to a milliner there, but I would a great deal rather send it to Mrs. Ballweg. Anyhow just so I can get it done by Sunday."

Friday, July 14 – "There is an eclipse of the moon tonight. I have been watching it and hope it will be a total before I go to sleep. But I am tired enough to fall in my tracks. It is a little late. I have been crocheting and writing and studying my Sunday School lesson. I am to teach a class Sunday. Ted and Howard and George have taken turns coming in here and bothering me a while. Howard had the blackest hands – he had been working with the engine.

"I have cleaned a good deal today. After finishing the sweeping here on the second and third floors, I helped Grace wash windows downstairs. It gave me a headache so after dinner, I took a little nap then cleaned a few more then did some mending before I started supper. So it has been quite a full day."

Monday, July 17 – “It has been another scorching day, and I have sure worked. We had an immense washing and were a little late finishing as we had to wait for Howard to bring out the new laundry stove. Then we gave the basement a thorough cleaning. But it was cooler working down there than lying around upstairs.

“About the time I was ready to rest, a strong breeze blew up and we hurried out and brought in the clothes. It didn’t rain but the air is nice and cool.”

Wednesday, July 19 – “The threshers finally arrived at noon today – I don’t think they are half bad. I rather enjoy the excitement. Mother, of course, did most of the cooking, but we helped and I waited on the tables. We had a small table in the opening to the hall. There were fifteen men and boys (counting our own) here for dinner and fourteen for supper. They are not finished yet but may leave before noon tomorrow. The oats are fine. Mother and I went down and watched the men at work a little while this evening. They didn’t come in until late this evening; in fact it was 8:30 by the time all were through eating.

“I am going right to bed as I’m tired. My feet and ankles hurt as, of course, I have been on them a good deal today. We finished the ironing this afternoon, for which I am glad. It has been a little cloudy and cooler since noon but no rain as yet.

“I was sort of stunned by the force of a remark Mother made this morning. I was sprinkling the clothes to iron, and she was showing me about starching the collars. ‘I’ll just show you,’ said she, ‘so you will know how to do up Frank’s.’ She said it so earnestly, and neither one of us cracked a smile, but the queerest feeling ran through me. Everybody seems to take us so seriously!”

Thursday, July 20 – “This has seemed like the longest day! Of course, we were up pretty early, and it is about 10:30 now. But it has been nice and cool and perhaps we have been able to accomplish more. The threshers finished about nine-thirty so, of course, we didn’t have to plan dinner for them. But I had already put a hen on to stew, and Mother had made bread and pies. Mother and I did another washing this morning. Hardly that either, but Mother washed two of her dresses,

and I washed three of my light ones and some silk hose. I had Anna take my picture while I was hanging up my middy suit, then I sat out under the cherry tree and on the steps and read ‘The Proof of the Pudding.’ It ended tonight. I ironed my dresses this afternoon and sewed some more on my new one. I feel as if I were getting my wardrobe in shape just a little temporarily.”

Friday, July 21 – “As I had just got in as the clock struck twelve last night and as I was so dead tired that I fairly wobbled, I didn’t stop for many preliminaries but hit the hay as soon as possible. Frank called up in the morning and wanted to know if I wouldn’t go to Chautauqua in Burlington. He came about six o’clock and after discussing politics and some of Mr. Sticker’s ‘comments upon the Editor of the *Burlingame Chronicle*,’ we started. The ride was lovely both there and back as it hadn’t been very hot all day. Russell (Frank’s brother) went with us and Miss Sullivan accompanied us home. A sextet gave a prelude, and then Granville Jones lectured – it was very interesting and not too long. We went to an ice cream parlor afterward and then struck out for home. We came quite swiftly in spite of some bumps, and it really was chilly. I am going to learn to run the car. Frank says he will come over some evening and we’ll go out while it’s cool.”

Sunday, July 23 – “Frank called up right after dinner and wanted me to go to Burlington to see the Ojibwa Indians. Mother said I must take Miss Hempstead (family guest) along, so he said there would be plenty of room, and I asked him to come for supper. We started soon after six and went over and got Fannie. Then I got in the front seat, and Frank told me to slide over in his place and drive! Of course, he helped me and although I made a pretty crooked track part of the time, Frank said I did just fine. But I don’t think I did, for after I had driven several miles, of course hitting every rock in the road, we had a puncture and Frank had to change tires and pump it up, too. I was more than willing to let him drive the rest of the way, but we were late getting there. The tent was full, and we had to stand up in the back. The Indians were good, though; they enacted ‘Hiawatha.’ We had to wait a half hour for the garage man to vulcanize the tire, and so we went up to Calvert’s a little and to an ice

cream parlor to kill time. It was after eleven when we left Burlington, and we had a little trouble with something in the engine making a very nerve-racking squeaking sound. Frank tried several times to fix it, but he couldn't; but sometimes if we would hit a bump quite hard, it would stop for a while. I was quite sleepy and my neck was almost stiff by the time we got in. Miss Hempstead and Fannie had slept between bumps most all the way home. Although it was 1:30, Mother awoke and told us she had left some watermelon in the refrigerator for us, so we went down and ate it then. It was about two when I finally crawled in. Frank wants to go to Waverly to 'The Battle Cry of Peace' Wednesday."

Monday, July 24 – "I broke the news of my driving very gently to Mother tonight. I didn't intend to tell her until I was thoroughly accomplished, but I only gave her an idea. I didn't tell her we had a puncture."

Wednesday, July 26 – "I am writing this Thursday as it was 11:30 and I was a little tired when we got in. It was a warm night, too. I didn't feel the need of a coat until we were almost home. And, of course, it was hot during the day. Mother was about done up and spent a good share of the day in bed. But she got up in the evening after another rest after dinner, and as Papa was willing I should go, I told Frank he could come over. I knew I had been running around quite late, but I told Papa I'd be in earlier. It was after 6:30 when Frank arrived. Otis Bedell, Elza McGraw, McKinley Reid, and Ruth Edwards were all in the back seat, but we sure did a little speeding and reached Waverly soon after 7:00. 'The Battle Cry of Peace' certainly is a wonderful film. I don't see where they could get such scenes. But it didn't seem to waiver Frank's opinions about 'Preparedness.'

"We took the kids to Lebo first and after pulling the garage man out of bed to get some gasoline, we came on home."

Sunday, July 30 – "It is very hot tonight. The worst heat we have had, I think. But it seems to be several degrees cooler out on my cot than in here.

"It is shortly after ten; Frank left promptly on the hour. He came over

about five and after talking politics, etc. with Papa for about an hour, we started out for a ride, and I ran the car after we crossed the bridge. We went to Osage City – and of all the most ridiculous boneheads, I pulled the worst. I had no trouble at all – just sped along fine until we got clear into the city, and Frank said we would stop and get something to eat. As Brown's Drug Store is on the left hand side and I didn't want to cut across and be accused of 'jay driving,' I drove to a corner and tried to turn around but I didn't turn quite sharp enough and I couldn't hold in the foot brake to save my neck – and smash we went into the curbing and on to the sidewalk. Needless to say, I was crumbed! Frank straightened things out, and we went on to the drug store. I didn't look up to see if there was anyone around that I knew. One man remarked to Frank, 'Say, those Overlands can just go anywhere, can't they?' But we came along just fine coming back, and we thought of going to church but it was too late so I just drove around the block and we came on home. We were both at church this morning so didn't consider it such a crime to miss. I was the only girl in our class."

Monday, July 31 – "Ditto for the weather – I'm through discussing that topic. I'd ought to be in bed now as I want to get up early in the morning – I'm going to vote!

"This was not wash day, but more of a 'straighten up' day or 'odds and ends.' I did a little of everything – made over a petticoat this morning, crocheted, napped, wrote a letter, waited on Howard, etc., etc. I got letters from Ruth and Mary (sisters in Washington state) this afternoon, saying it was so cool it nearly frosted there! O, dear!

"I've been thinking today how thoughtless of me it was not to offer Frank anything to eat when we came in last night. Hope he doesn't take it to heart. But I wasn't the least bit hungry and was so enthused about driving the car that I completely forgot that we hadn't had any supper. I gave him a cool drink, but I might just as well have got out some cake, pie, or a dozen other things.

"I have eaten so much watermelon tonight that I can scarcely move."

Tuesday, August 1 – "It's actually raining! What a relief! After a

warm, dusty day, it surely feels good to me. For some reason or other, I couldn't sleep last night. I just tossed around and finally had to come in the house – it was cool on the porch, too. And I have a cold today, and my head aches and altogether I feel a little bum.

“O, yes, I voted today. Hope I did it right so that my vote will count, and I do hope Mr. Pringle gets the Senatorial nomination over Mr. Logan. I'm sure we have all done our share.”

Wednesday, August 2 – “The rain wasn't half a sprinkle, and it has been one of the hottest days on record today. Not a breath of air – but just hot! Just now a little breeze has started which I sincerely hope continues. I had a good hot job ironing this morning and intended to finish this afternoon, but thought the ironing could keep better than I, so I slept a while and then dressed and helped get supper.

“Papa, Howard, and I went to town tonight, and I ran the car going up. It seemed like all the Fords were out this evening. We were down to the depot with May a little, and then I went to the post office with Grace Keller. Frank was in town to hear election returns. He seemed as pleasant as usual, so I guess he isn't offended, but I didn't have a chance to apologize. We are all rejoicing because Mr. Pringle won with a good majority.”

Thursday, August 3 – “I have crocheted quite a bit today and wrote a letter to Bing. I started one on the typewriter but made a row of mistakes at the bottom of the first page so gave it up and wrote it the good old-fashioned way.

“Howard has a date tonight with May. It took him all afternoon to get ready. I told him if a date caused such a rejuvenation, he'd ought to have them more often.”

Friday, August 4 – “Well, I have a new nephew born last night. He surely is a fine big baby – 9-1/2 pounds. We were up to see him and Minerva tonight. He has an abundance of light hair. Donald (big brother) said he was going to name him ‘Sardine!’

“I have been feeling sick and dizzy most all day. After the sweeping was finished, I lay down until after three o'clock and feel some better

now. Mrs. McGregor recommended a tonic to me tonight, so I got some and hope it will help, but it sure tastes awful.”

Saturday, August 5 – “Papa and Howard and Ted went to Emporia today, and I had them get me a new supply of paper. I crowded last night's account in such a small space, and now I just discovered several more sheets in the desk drawer. But I have plenty now. Mother says it's a waste of time and sleep, but perhaps fifty years from now I'll enjoy seeing 'how I used to be.'

“Papa also brought me some new pink silk stockings, and some letter paper, and some good things for tomorrow – watermelon, peaches, cherries, and a fine roast.”

Sunday, August 6 – “I am so tired. It is a little after 11 o'clock, and I'm anxious to pile in bed. Frank and I made another trip to Osage City tonight – but no alarming disasters this time. We attended Chautauqua. The entertainment was very good – Hannah Gove and the Pilgrim Girls as a prelude to a scientific lecture on Wireless, Radium, and Liquid Air. We were each given a snowball!

“We kids went to church this morning in the car. I drove coming home, and we were caught in a little sprinkle this side of the big hill. For the first time on record, our class won the banner on Missionary Sunday and only five in the class!”

Saturday, August 12 – “I am not quite so sleepy as I was last night, although I am a little tired. I slept, as the dead to the world, until 5:30 this A.M., and it was with difficulty that I arose then. I baked three apple pies, a three layer chocolate cake, a peach cobbler, made applesauce, pickled beets and prepared vegetables for dinner while Grace and Anna cleaned, churned, etc. We were all very industrious. I made over my pink chiffon girdle this afternoon – it is quite fussy.”

Sunday, August 13 – “I have just been down to take a dose of medicine and then ate a piece of pie to take the taste out of my mouth. The pie will probably countermand all the good the medicine would have done.

"It has been a lovely cool day for a change and cloudy part of the time. Papa took us to Sunday School in the car, then he went up to see Minerva. She was up today. There were not many out today, and we were all bunched up with other classes. Uncle Jimmy wanted me to teach the Young Men's Class! Of course, I wouldn't consent.

"We sure had the best dinner today. The roast beef was fine, and I was hungry. It was Ted's birthday celebration. Papa gave him a riding bridle.

"Frank came in time for supper, and we went to church. Only about a half dozen were there for League. We became real tickled at Uncle Jimmy trying to illustrate the text with a reference to the Willard-Johnson prize fight.

"Oh, there is so much going on this week, I'll have to choose what I shall take in. There is to be a League Social Tuesday night, and Grace spoke of having a party for Jack and Gladys Wednesday night, and Wednesday Mrs. George (Frank's mother) entertains the Lebo Ladies Aid and has asked me over. Thursday night Betty and Fannie (Frank's sisters) are entertaining for their cousin, and Saturday is the Picnic and on top of it all, the League Institute is being held in Baldwin. But there's no show of me attending any of that.

"And I have sewing and oodles to do!"

Tuesday, August 15 – "Howard and I received invitations this morning for Betty's and Fannie's party Thursday night, and Mother and I received an invitation by phone from Mrs. George, urging us over tomorrow. I don't seem to be able to convince Mother that I am capable of taking her over in the car, however. Frank came over tonight, and we went to the Lawn Social at the church. The crowd was terribly slow in collecting – mostly Juniors there. But we had a nice time and plenty of lemonade and moonlight."

Wednesday, August 16 – "Howard took us over to George's about two o'clock, and we certainly had a lovely time. The house and porch were full of guests, and the barn yard was filled with cars and men. The George girls are lovely, and I like their cousin so much! I am sure looking forward to the party tomorrow night. Frank was not receiving but was in evidence."

Tuesday, August 22 – "It was rather unusual for me to be awakened by the rain this morning. I really was not awakened, for I let it rain in on me and slept the sounder for it. (Harriet sleeps on a porch off her bedroom in the summer.) But it was just a very light shower and had stopped before breakfast, although it certainly cooled and refreshed the air, and it is lovely and cool tonight.

"I helped Grace put out a big washing today, but the air was so fresh that I didn't get tired at all, but I certainly did sunburn hanging out the clothes. I don't know why for the sun was not hot, but I am simply scarlet. Mother and I have been crocheting this evening."

Wednesday, August 23 – "We have been sitting out on the porch until we became actually chilly. It has been lovely and cool all day.

"Mother and Anna spent the day with Minerva, it being her birthday. They went about 10:30 and came home in time for supper. Grace and I stayed home, kept the house, and ironed. I had my fill of doing up shirts and collars, am really become quite a laundress.

Wednesday, September 13 – "I should be in bed as it is almost 10 o'clock, and Papa says we ought to start by 6 A.M. We have made sudden plans to take in the Topeka Fair. Papa suddenly decided this noon to go, and Ted, George, and I soon fell in. I'm not very crazy about the fair but think it will be a nice ride.

"I ate so many grapes and then fried chicken for supper that I feel a little miserable. It's been a lovely day and is so cool tonight I had to get out an extra comfort."

Thursday, September 14 – "We left home soon after six o'clock and it began to look so cloudy and grew so cold that we hardly knew whether to keep on or not, but by the time we left Osage City the sun was shining. Although we reached Osage at 7 o'clock, there were so many cars ahead of us at the garage that we didn't leave there until 8:30. Papa didn't drive very fast – every car on the road passed us, but we got to Topeka and had our car parked by eleven o'clock. I did enjoy the ride. It was cool enough for George and me to huddle close together with plenty of robes, sweaters, etc. and yet it was bright and pleasant.

Of course, we had a splendid appetite for the nice lunch Mother had packed. We ate so early that the afternoon seemed terribly long, yet I didn't get tired looking at the exhibits. Everything was good – the cattle, horses, and the hogs – were immense! I just kept seeing so many people I knew; there were a great many people there from this country. And just acres of cars, that was a sight in itself.

Wednesday, October 11 – (written Thursday) “We reached home from the wedding (of Ruth Jones and Wayne Traylor) at 1:00 A. M. Thursday so I have waited until later in the day to make the entry.

“It certainly was a most magnificent affair and despite the fact that it was cloudy most of the day, the evening was lovely and the full moon in evidence.



Frank George and Harriet Woodbury, Engaged, 1917
“No, I do not wear slacks! That's just a weed in front of my long skirt.”

“With Mother's help, I managed to get a fussy little gown in readiness. With a little pink fur, a lace waist, the yellow chiffon in the skirt and rosettes on the waist catching up the draperies and my pink chiffon girdle, the gown was rather presentable. Then with my pink stockings, black pumps, and new black velvet hat, Frank said I 'rivalled the bride.' We certainly had splendid eats – a two course supper served just lovely. We went to the house and saw the many beautiful gifts. They are certainly well supplied. We went out to their bungalow shortly after they left the hall and tried to surprise them, but they heard the cars and came out to meet us. We formed a mock procession with Mrs. McAllister as the bride with a knitted scarf for a veil and marched in. After inspecting their dear little home, we sang 'Home Sweet Home' and departed.”

Thursday, October 12 – . . . “Well, I must fix some names in the wedding cake and then dream on it.” **Friday, October 13** - . . . “Oh, by the way, I got out 'Old Maid' the first thing – I'm sure tickled!” **Sunday, October 14** – . . . “I discovered this morning that I did not sleep on the wedding cake last night. It was on the floor, and I slept merely on the envelope and names. So I'm doing it over tonight.” **Wednesday, October 18** - . . . I rescued O.O.'s name from the fateful envelope this morning – just one more critical withdrawal, and I'll not sleep on the last one.” **Thursday, October 19** - . . . “Frank's name came out of the 'dream' envelope this morning, leaving Otis as the finale. But I'm not sleeping on it. To tell the truth, it isn't half so much fun as when someone else fixed it.”

Harriet Edith Woodbury and Frank Jackson George became engaged the next spring and were married on October 24, 1917. They lived at Sunbyrne Farm outside of Lebo in Coffee County, celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary in 1967. They had four children - Jackson, Phil, Doug, and Eleanor – fifteen grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren.

If you would enjoy reading more of Harriet's 1916 diary, her granddaughter Susan has paired Harriet's diary entries with appropriately named quilt blocks on her blog at www.starwoodquilter.blogspot.com. The 140 blocks make up her Farmer's Daughter Quilt which commemorates her grandmother as a young woman.



Douglas, Philip, and Jackson George - sons of Frank and Harriet George
My dad is Douglas, the youngest brother. He was born in 1922, so this is maybe in 1925.

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