



**George's Story; Not a Bad Day**  
**After All**

**Historical Fiction companion for  
the Lanesfield Historic Site**



**Part One:**

Sunlight was just peeking through the curtains in the bedroom. George lay under his warm covers, not eager to leave his bed. It was January, and there was only one fire lit in the house – the one in the kitchen stove.

“Maybe,” George thought, “if I hurry into my shirt and overalls and dash to the kitchen, the cold won’t have a chance to get me.” As he lay considering his chances of outracing the cold, he heard his mother preparing breakfast down in the kitchen. He heard the dull clunk of iron on iron and knew that the morning’s biscuits had just been taken out of the oven.

The thought of breakfast made George’s stomach growl and he jumped from the bed. Hopping on one foot and then the other, he scrambled into his flannel shirt and pulled on his bib overalls. As he grabbed his heavy leather shoes and woolen stockings, he looked around the room and noticed that his two older brothers were already gone.

“Lucky fellas,” George mumbled. “I’d get up too if I didn’t have to go to school.” Benny was eighteen and helped their father work the farm. John was sixteen and he too helped their father. John quit school when he was fourteen, but the state now said that George had to stay in school until he was fifteen or had a diploma. Neither Benny nor John had a diploma. His sister Maud had one, but she was a girl. “School must be easier for girls,” George thought.

George raced down the stairs and center hall into the kitchen. A blast of warm, delicious smelling air hit his face. He pulled a chair toward the stove and stuck out his bare feet, wiggling his toes toward the heat.

There was a sharp rap on his shoulder and his mother’s voice in his ear, “George, I need that wood and milk now! Those men are going to be back soon, and they will be hungry. Now get to it, boy!”

“Why does she always call Benny and John men and me boy? I’m only three years younger than John.” George thought about this as he pulled on his stockings and laced his shoes. Reluctantly, he pushed himself away from the warm space by the stove. He grabbed his woolen coat as one final “HURRY!” from his mother forced him into the cold morning.

Benny was leaving the outhouse and only nodded his answer to George’s “Morning Benny.” George has been told that houses in Olathe had privies inside them, but somehow he didn’t think that was possible.

In the barn, George took the milk pail down from the hook on the wall. Maggie was mooing softly in her stall. George settled down on the stool, rested his shoulder and head against the warm cow, and began the slow rhythm of milking.

“Too bad I don’t have any little sisters. This is a girl’s work,” George told the cow. George did not think milking was proper work for boys who were almost men. There had been two girls after George, but they had both died. One had been born sickly and lived only a few weeks. The other had died of measles when she was two years old. A lot of little children had died of

measles that year. George knew that every family needed girls to do the milking, tend the garden, and churn the butter. Instead, he had to do these things, now that his sister had married and moved off the farm.

George carried the milk to the porch and set it by the kitchen door. Now there was milk for breakfast and cream to churn into butter. Next he headed for the wood shed for wood for the stove. He had split quite a bit last evening, so he didn't need to chop more. He loaded up his arms with wood and returned to the kitchen.

He figured that it was after eight o'clock and the school bells would be ringing soon. His mother had put a pan of steaming water and a towel for him on the porch so he could wash. The water was very hot because it had come from the tank attached to the stove. The stove heated the water for the family. On Saturday nights, it was George's job to pump water in the yard and bring it in to fill the tank. After it heated, the family would take their weekly bath starting with Pa. After George finished, he would empty the tub and refill it for his mother.

As George sat down at the table, his father was telling Benny and John what needed to be done that morning. George listened to the long list of chores and decided that school sounded like an easier day. His mother had put some of her special cherry preserves on his plate. Even though she did it because she thought boys needed more sugar than men, he liked it. Benny and John no longer got this extra treat. Bacon, corn mush, and biscuits – a feast.

George watched as his mother took the lard pail down from the shelf and began to pack his lunch. He had heard the egg frying while he was eating and knew that he would have a fried egg sandwich. His mother spooned bacon drippings from the skillet on another biscuit. These she wrapped in scraps of brown paper. She took a large apple from a basket of apples sitting next to the door. And last of all she added a slice of berry pie. His mother's pies were the envy of the other boys, and she always gave him a large piece so he could trade some of it. One boy sometimes brought peppermints from the store in Gardner. Maybe today George could trade pie for some of those treasures.

The bells rang and made George jump. "That's right! You'd better jump to it!" said his father. "You're late again." George grinned at his father and then grabbed the lard pail.

"You use that slate today," ordered his mother as he reached for the door knob.

"Why?" whined George.

"We're short on paper, and there won't be any money for extra until spring. Use the slate all you can, and save the paper for special things."

George gave a big sigh. "Will I always be a baby? Only babies use slates in school." Well, only babies and Arthur, who was thirteen and still in the first reader. "Me and dumb Arthur. The fellas are going to tease me awful."

George started down the dirt road. Frost glistened on the pasture making it sparkle. Now the bells from the four schools in the neighborhood were all ringing. On clear, crisp mornings, George could always hear the four bells telling him it was eight-thirty. Time to hurry.



**Review Questions Part 1**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

1. **Just the facts:** In the spaces below, write T for true if the sentence is true, and F for false if the sentence is false.

- \_\_\_\_\_ a. More children die today from disease than in George's day.
- \_\_\_\_\_ b. Men and women did very different work.
- \_\_\_\_\_ c. George's family grew their own food.
- \_\_\_\_\_ d. George's house had a big furnace to warm the whole house.
- \_\_\_\_\_ e. George's two brothers have not completed all eight grades of school.

Look at sentence a, b, and e. Which one do you think has changed the most between 1904 and today? \_\_\_\_\_

Why? \_\_\_\_\_

**Think about it:** Answer the questions in the spaces below:

a. List two chores that George did that helped his family. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

b. What would have happened to his family if George did not do his chores? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

c. List two chores that you do at home. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

d. What happens to your family if you don't do chores? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

e. Do children help their families more or less today than in George's time? Why do you think so? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## AS A CLASS: Planning to Dress for the Day

To get into the spirit of 1904, plan to wear clothes most like those worn by students then. To help you plan, here is a little extra information.

Young girls in the early 1900s were dressed for modesty and not for comfort. They were expected to always wear long sleeves or sleeves that reached to the elbow. The skirts of the dresses hung below their knees. Girls wore many petticoats, high woolen or cotton stockings and leather shoes that laced above the ankle. Young ladies never wore slacks or pants or (Heaven forbid!) shorts.

Bibbed overalls and flannel shirts were the favorite of young boys. Some boys wore woolen pants that reached to the knee, cotton or flannel shirts, and woolen or cotton stockings. Shoes for boys were also laced above the ankle. Since little boys wore “short pants,” long pants were a mark of growing up for boys of the early 1900s.

Children in the early 1900s did not have a lot of clothes. Young girls often had only three dresses – two for school and one for church. Boys had to make do with two shirts and one pair of overalls. One pair of shoes had to last for the entire year.

To find pictures of one-room school students from the early 1900s, go to [www.jocohistory.net](http://www.jocohistory.net). Go to “Browse Images” and do a search for “school” or “Lanesfield School.” Share the images with your students via a projector or a print out. Or use the photo search as a computer assignment.



Now – what will you wear to Lanesfield???

**Part Two:**

George lived just under two miles from the school. Any further and he would have gone to a different school – Four Corners. He was glad he didn't go there because they always seemed to hire mean teachers who whipped the boys with a leather strap. His teacher kept a wooden switch, but he had never been hit with it. Yes, it was better to go to Lanesfield.

George was in no hurry to get to school. A fella had to be careful. If he was too early he would have to carry in the coal for the teacher, and George figured he had done his share of hauling for one morning. George had walked almost a mile when Henry passed him on a frisky black horse. Henry always like to show off when his father allowed him to ride that horse to school, which was too often for George's liking. George's family owned six horses but his father said he would not permit his working stock to stand around all day in a shed. That was just crazy and would teach the animal to be lazy. So come rain or shine, snow or sleet, George walked to school.

There was always school. The teacher was always there. Why not? She boarded with the Dille family who lived directly across the road from the school.

Henry kicked the black horse into a fast trot and waved good-bye. "He just did that to kick dirt on me," grumbled George. "Well, let him get to school early and haul coal."

Other children were beginning to gather outside the door to school. George thought it must be close to nine o'clock. And he had to grin as he saw Henry carrying a bucket of coal into the school. George looked up as the big bell over the school rang. That was the sign that it was time to line up for school. The youngest children lined up first, the youngest that is and Arthur – these children were seated in the front of the room. He noticed that the older girls were in no hurry to get into line, but then they sat at the back and were the last to go in.

The children entered the school. They hung their coats on the hooks and placed their lunches on the shelf above. Forming two lines, one at each door, they waited for Miss Hayden to begin playing a march on the piano. They didn't always have music –it depended if the teacher could play. This one, Miss Hayden played the piano a lot for them, and George decided he liked having music in the school.

Once everyone was at their seats, the children remained standing. Miss Hayden walked to the front of the class. "Good morning," she said in a strong voice. Miss Hayden was a no-nonsense kind of person. The class echoed back her greeting. Miss Hayden pointed to the blackboard and read to the class what was written there.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each tomorrow,  
Find us further than to-day."

George and his class repeated after Miss Hayden.

"Let us all repeat it and carry its message with us today." After the second repetition of the quotation, Miss Hayden motioned with her hand and the class seated itself.

"You will notice class, that this morning all groups will practice their spelling lessons. We are doing this to prepare for the pie supper tomorrow afternoon. You know that we hope to send three students to the spelling bee in Olathe next week, and we will decide which students will go at the supper. Since your parents will be present, I know all of you will want to do well. So this morning will be devoted to practice. And because of this our spelling lessons will be

longer than usual. After you have recited your lesson, please begin your geography lessons. Level one, you will practice your alphabet this morning.”

George took out his spelling book from the shelf under his desk. He took out his slate and began making a list of the words they had studied. He tried to cover his slate with his arm so Henry and Millard could not see him. It was too late, he could hear them laughing behind him.

The primary children were working with Miss Hayden. She would hold up a picture, and they would write the word for the picture on their slates. Then they would hold up the slates, and she would check them. Arthur was making faces at Henry. Was Arthur really slow, or had he figured out that as long as he stayed in the first reader, the work was so much easier. Because George was watching Arthur, he did not hear the teacher call his group to the front of the class. He blinked hard when Miss Hayden scolded him for not paying attention, and assigned him to the “foot” of the spelling line. That really hurt George because he was to have been second in line this morning. No “head marks” today. No matter how hard he tried, he could never get to the front of the line from the foot. When the lesson ended, George moved to third position in the line because he could spell “mistaken” and the three students in front of him had missed it.

Back in his seat, George looked at the words he had written on his slate. “No problem here, I know these, but I don’t know all those words the upper level is reciting.” He decided he would listen to the upper levels and write down their words as they spelled them. His system was working until Miss Hayden asked to see his geography. He had completely forgotten that he was to prepare that lesson after spelling. Ten questions. He could do those this afternoon. “I will have the lesson for you this afternoon. I promise.” Miss Hayden scowled, but she didn’t tell him to stay in at noon to do it. That was his first lucky break all morning.

George put away his slate and took out one of the precious pieces of paper. He looked at the geography questions. They all looked very long to him. Perhaps if he wrote very small, he could fit them onto one page. “Read carefully, George, you can’t make any mistakes – M-I-S-T-A-K-E-N! My word.”

Finally, the midmorning break was announced. George felt as if he had been in class for ten hours instead of two. As he made his way to the water bucket, he heard Henry. “Did you see the new primary kid, Millard? I think his name is George. At least Arthur will have company now!” At that both boys started laughing, and George felt his face turn red. It wasn’t like Henry’s father didn’t have a bad year occasionally. That was the nature of farming. Just because the weather hated farmers some years and loved them other years. Just because corn prices were down and wheat prices were up. Just because of those things, a fella had to use a slate sometimes. Even Henry had to use a slate sometimes. So why make fun of a fella?

Back in class, Miss Hayden told George that it was his turn to bring in water for the afternoon class. That meant that the last five minutes of the noon hour he would have to pump water. This was really turning out to be a terrible day.

For the rest of the morning George practiced his arithmetic lesson. Again he used his slate and he could hear Henry laughing at him. But George was able to finish all the problems assigned to him and still have time to work on the geography lesson he had missed. If he could squeeze a few minutes out of the writing lesson, he would have the geography done before noon and maybe he could get back into Miss Hayden’s good graces.

“Now class,” Miss Hayden addressed them, “please close your books and take out your penmanship materials. Begin today’s lesson by copying the quotation from the board. While we do that, Isabelle, will you please tell us what you think the quotation means.”

The upper level always explained the meaning of the morning quotation, the middle level always memorized it and the primary level always struggled to copy it. But penmanship was the one lesson of the day that everyone worked on together. Usually, the penmanship lesson was held later in the afternoon, but this afternoon, everyone would be busy cleaning the school for the pie supper and spelling bee to be held tomorrow afternoon.

George did not really enjoy penmanship. No matter how hard he tried, the pen always felt clumsy in his hand and he always seemed to cover himself with ink. He would have to bring in extra water at noon because there would be a long line at the wash basin after penmanship.

George was beginning to wonder if noon would ever come, when Miss Hayden rose from her desk and quietly announced that it was time to put away all writing materials. She instructed the children to carefully wipe their pen nibs with cloths, put pen, copy books, blotters away, and tightly cap all ink bottles.

“Now let us all bow our heads and ask the Lord’s blessing.” Miss Hayden then said a simple prayer at the end of which all the children said “Amen.”

George felt like racing out of the class and into the January sunshine, but he had to wait his turn. Those older girls were taking their time, gossiping on the way out of the school. At last, George was outside with pail in hand and his mouth watering for berry pie. He looked for Millard, the boy with the peppermints, but he saw Henry and Millard exchanging something.

“No luck again.” George shook his head. “Everyone knows that Henry’s mother makes the best biscuits in the county.” George crossed the yard to join the other two boys, hoping there would be no more teasing about the slate.

“Hey George, how we ever going to have a baseball game around here if we don’t get some more boys?” asked Millard.

“Well, Tillie’s a pretty good hitter,” offered Henry.

“Yeah, but she doesn’t want to play as much as she used to. We need more fellas and fewer girls,” George stated. The other two boys nodded their heads sadly.

While the three boys were debating the baseball team and munching their sandwiches, the younger children had begun a game of ante-over around the coal shed.

“You wanta get a real game going?” asked Henry, but the other two shook their heads.

“Let’s go to Dille’s pond.” Next to the game of baseball, sliding on Dille’s pond was George’s favorite pastime, and at the suggestion, all three boys took off running.

To their disappointment, the pond was not frozen solid, and the water seeping up around the ice discouraged them.

“It was that thaw last week – ruined everything,” grumbled Millard. The boys stood staring at the pond not knowing what to do next.

Finally, George said, “Well, I can’t just stand around here. I have to pump water.” And as one, the three boys turned their backs on the pond and began walking slowly toward the school.



**Review Questions Part 2**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

1. **Just the facts:** In the spaces below, write T for true if the sentence is true, and F for false if the sentence is false.

\_\_\_\_ a. George always rode a horse to school.

\_\_\_\_ b. All students used slates for their lessons.

\_\_\_\_ c. Penmanship was the one lesson everyone did together.

\_\_\_\_ d. The children went out to play in all kinds of weather.

\_\_\_\_ e. Boys and girls played together during the noon hour.

2. **Think about it:** Answer these questions in the spaces below:

a. George told about the mean teachers of another school and the punishments that Miss Hayden used. Name one of these punishments.

\_\_\_\_\_

Do you think punishments were worse when George went to school than they are today? \_\_\_\_\_

Why? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

b. Ante-over was played by the children of Lanesfield School for many years. Is there one game at recess that most of the children play today? What is it? \_\_\_\_\_

c. Do boys and girls play together during recess? \_\_\_\_\_

Why, do you think? \_\_\_\_\_

**AS A CLASS: Practice a recitation.**

During a recitation, one group of children went to the front of the class for their lesson while the other children studied their lessons at their seats. The teacher gave commands for children to come to the front. These commands were: “Rise, Group A” —“Pass” —“Be Seated.”

To practice a recitation, divide the class into groups. Give each group a different lesson to do with the teacher. Reading, spelling, and geography lessons are very good for practice recitations. Then make rows of chairs across the front of the room. As the teacher calls your group, be sure to follow the commands she gives. While one group is with the teacher, all other groups must work on their lessons.



### Part Three:

Miss Hayden was ringing the bell just as George finished pumping water. When they took their seats again, Miss Hayden would read to them. She always selected wonderful stories about people and places far away. Today she would read another chapter of *Oliver Twist*. Sometimes during the reading the younger kids would put their heads down and go fast to sleep. George felt like doing that sometimes too, especially since the schoolhouse was so nice and warm after lunch.

After the story, recitations began again. This time, there were the reading lessons. The older children always went first, and George was amazed at the words the students could read. They read their lessons so well that George liked to listen to them.

“No George,” he reminded himself. “You are not going to do that again. Pay attention to your own reading. You have to memorize that lesson and read your story about the three wishes of the stonecutter.”

When Miss Hayden called his group to the bench for reading, he was ready. She had them all recite the morning’s lesson together, and she very quickly listened to each one recite it. She checked off their names in her register as they did so. George had done well. He even earned a nod of approval as he read. For the first time that day, George felt as if something had gone right.

Miss Hayden dismissed their group, giving them another story to read for tomorrow. As George passed to his seat, the upper level marched to the front of the class for a grammar lesson. It was then that he noticed that there was not one boy in the whole group. Millard was right – they needed more boys.

Grammar bored George, so he did not listen to that lesson. He tried to read his story, but the warmth of the classroom was making him sleepy.

He was just about to doze off when Miss Hayden announced that it was time to clean the schoolroom. “Tomorrow we have reading and arithmetic lessons in the morning so we can keep everything neat and tidy.”

Tomorrow was Friday, always a good day. Fridays were often spent in a spelling bee or geography bee. Miss Hayden had said that there might even be some baseball games against the other schools in the spring.

Miss Hayden assigned chores to everyone and it was not long before the room was filled with the noise of working children. The small children walked around the room picking up any stray paper or trash. They were followed by the older girls who were sweeping vigorously. George and Henry were assigned the task of cleaning the blackboard. “Make it shine,” had been Miss Hayden’s orders.

George thought about tomorrow as he worked. The children would do schoolwork until the noon hour. Then their mothers and fathers would arrive. The men would set up boards across the desks for the women to set out the food. Everyone would eat a large meal, and then the head of the school board would sell the pies that the ladies had baked.

“Come to think of it,” George thought, “that’s why that basket of apples was sitting in the kitchen. Ma’s planning to make apple-raisin pies. Those should bring a pretty price.”

After the sale, the spelling bee would begin. It made George nervous to have to stand up in front of everyone. He made a promise to himself that he would stay calm tomorrow. No silly mistakes.

Soon all was “neat and tidy.” The time was nearing four o’clock. Miss Hayden stood at the front of the room once more.

“You have done a lovely job getting the school ready for tomorrow. How proud your parents will be to see your school. Now, does anyone have anything to share with us before we end our day?”

No one said anything. No one ever said anything, and George wondered why they did the same thing every day. He couldn’t figure out what was supposed to be said.

“Well,” Miss Hayden said, “I have something to share with you.” Miss Hayden always had something to share with the class. “We will have an Arbor Day celebration this year. We will plant some trees, have a picnic, and the school will recite for the parents. I am thinking that, perhaps, one student might write a special verse for the occasion.”

George felt his heart sink. That meant that everyone would have to write a poem so that Miss Hayden could select the best. George did not like writing poems or stories or essays. It always meant that he had to do that work at home because he never seemed to finish at school. He hated having to do any school work at home.

Miss Hayden dismissed the class and the pokey old girls took their giggly time to leave the room. George thought he never would get outside.

If George took his time walking to school, he certainly took his time getting home. He knew what he would find. His sister would be visiting his mother to help bake the pies for tomorrow. While the pies were in the oven, both women would be sewing clothes for Maud’s baby that would be born in the spring. His mother had told him that morning that a flannel shirt he had outgrown was going to be made into diapers for the baby. He hated to lose that shirt. It had belonged to his father first, and his mother had remade it to fit him. It was so soft and warm that it was like wearing satin in the winter. But lately, a lot of his clothes didn’t fit and his mother had found other uses for them.

His father and brothers would be in the barn getting the tools ready for the spring plowing and planting. He had heard his father say that one more good thaw in a week or two and he could start plowing. It seemed early to George but his father had always said that the almanac predicted an early spring. His brothers had finished repairing the barn and the fences for calving, and sows would be giving birth soon. George liked the piglets, but he had to watch out for their mothers – there was no more dangerous animal on earth than a sow with a litter.

Lost in thought about the spelling bee tomorrow, George arrived at his farm finding things as he had expected. He stopped by the wood shed to check the supply of wood. Yes, he needed to split quite a bit. He took off his coat, hung it on a nail and began working. In no time, the effort of his work kept him warmer than the coat had. He lost track of the time as worked, spelling words aloud to the rhythm of the ax. As he left the shed, it was getting dark. He didn’t have to milk Maggie tonight; when Maud visited, she did the milking.

He brought the first load of wood to the door. On a shelf on the porch stood a row of pies, some with steam still rising from them. In the kitchen, his sister was putting plates on the table and the smell of stewing chicken filled the air. Two oil lamps were lit, giving a soft glow to the room. Other lamps stood ready for the family to use later. They would only be needed to light the family to bed because everyone would stay in the kitchen until bed time. His father would read aloud from the newspaper, while his mother would do some sewing. His brothers would clean their hunting rifles, and he would try to spell on a slate the words his father read from the paper. Soon all would start to nod into sleep in the warm kitchen. No one really wanted to go into the cold rooms of the rest of the house. But Mother would shoo them out.

George could feel again the chill of the bedroom before he could snuggle down into his covers. But that was later. First there was a chicken to eat. At the thought of that chicken, George sighed, "Maybe this wasn't such a bad day after all."



### Review Questions Part 3

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

1. **Just the facts:** In the spaces below, write T for true if the sentence is true, and F for false if the sentence is false.

\_\_\_ a. George played with his friends after school.

\_\_\_ b. The spelling bee and pie supper were held in the evening so more parents could come.

\_\_\_ c. George did not like to write poems.

\_\_\_ d. George had very little homework.

\_\_\_ e. Farmers don't have much work to do in the winter.

Look at sentence a and d. Which one is the most different from your school day? \_\_\_\_\_

Why? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. **Think about it:** Answer these questions in the spaces below:

a. We say that people in 1904 were more **frugal** than people are today. By that we mean that they used things more, threw away less, and wasted nothing. Tell one way George's mother was frugal. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Tell one way we are not frugal today. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

b. After dinner, George's family stayed together in the kitchen until bedtime.

Where does your family spend time after dinner? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

What kinds of things does your family do after dinner? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you think they spend more time together in 1904 than they do today?

\_\_\_\_\_

Why do you think that is so? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**AS A CLASS: Decorate a lunch pail:**

George carried his lunch to school in a tin pail. The pail once held lard that his mother used in cooking. Other children used pails that once held peanut butter or maple syrup. The painted labels from these products could be seen on the outside of the pails.

To make lunch pails, use one pound coffee or formula cans. Cover each can with contact paper, construction paper, or a coat of paint. Now decorate the pails with pictures or mottoes. Have each student include his name in the decoration of his pail. Use the plastic lids as tops for the pails, and use either a piece of wire or string for handles. The handle can be attached to the pail by punching a hole in either side of the can.

If the class uses construction paper, you may want to cut the paper to size and decorate it before attaching it to the can.

Each child may want to individually decorate his pail or the class may decide a common symbol to use.