

Diary reveals a familiar past

Campus life 65 years ago sounds like instant replay

When Lucile McDonald came to the University in 1915 she was 17 years old and had \$24.85 in her purse to pay for books, housing and transportation.

Through her freshman year, Lucile kept a diary that she has given to the University, supplemented with letters she wrote to her sister, Iris, and her mother.

Only private family comments have been taken out. The rest of the diary is just as it was written in 1915.

September 10. Well, I'm here! Domiciled as a hired girl in a nice little room with a Turkey red comforter on the bed. (Dean Straub) had already made arrangements for me at this place, so here I am peeling apples, washing dishes, learning to cook and supposedly taking care of the dearest little baby you ever saw. They treat me almost as a guest and I hardly think I shall be overcome by the work.

I started to walk up to the college this morning in a pouring rain and when I got out into the country without seeing a sign of the U. I asked how to get there and was informed it was about three miles in the other direction.

September 13. I've done gone and registered and haven't much chink left for books. The Murdoch girls (from high school) looked astonished when they saw me and even introduced me to their friends.

Mrs. Bryson is trying to dictate to me about my study hours and wants me to arrange not to take gymnasium. I positively have resolved to study when I want to, namely at night, and try to obtain work at the University several hours a week between classes. I'll have to, whether Mrs. B. likes it or not because after I buy my books I'll be next to penniless. Here's where I shall have to employ Dean Straub's services to smooth this out.

To Iris, September 16. You should see the big fat books I have for (American Government.) This one cost \$2.10 and looks like a small edition of the Encyclopedia.

September 25. Yesterday the Y.W.C.A. gave an afternoon party for the girls. They pinned little green caps of cardboard just like the boys wear on our dresses. Each class had a different

corner and chose entries for the athletic events. The first was the Standing Broad Grin. A girl from each class stood where everyone could see her and tried to smile as big as she could. Then a lady took a tape measure and measured each mouth.

November 13. I have been writing addresses on envelopes at the University for 25 cents per hour, so I guess I'll manage to subsist.

To Ma, November 28. I found out today I was some cook. I have a little five cent frying pan. Yesterday I bought 5 cents worth lard and 5 cents worth hamburger steak and fried it for dinner. I'm sorry you do not approve of my method of living, but you know I'm as stubborn as the next one. My finances are very comfortably fixed and I hope to pay back my small debts to you and other members of the family as soon as I get a little cash ahead for next month's rent and the like.

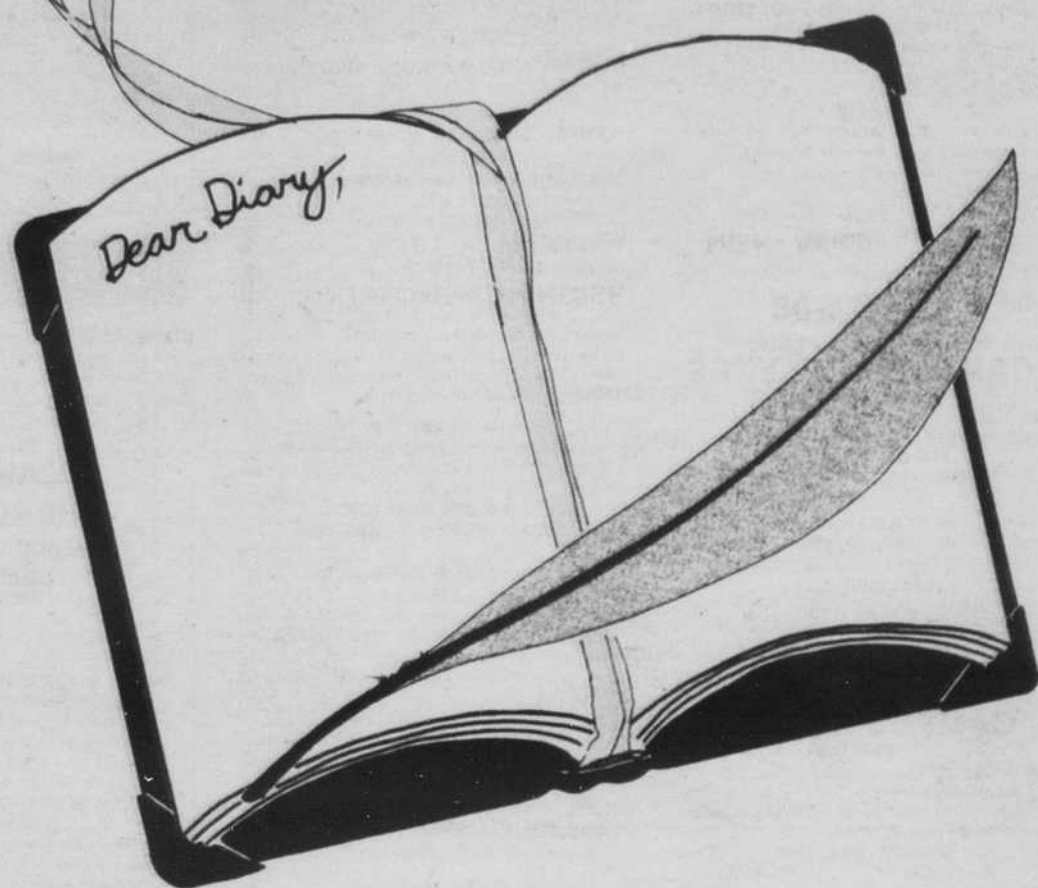
January 8. Thursday night while I was at the library a boy called me up. I guessed it was Mr. Hager, but wondered how he got my number. The mystery was explained later. He began at the front of the phone books and looked through until he found this address. Poor boy. He wanted me to go to the Oregon Club dance with him last night. I went and had a pretty good time. The trouble with this escort, though, consists in his desire to stand outside after he has brought me home and talk endlessly about nothing.

January 19. Have been receiving lots of praise on my latest Emerald story. Prof. Dyment thinks very highly of it. I made it up out of my head.

To Ma, March 4. I've got news to tell you. Your eldest daughter is now a full-fledged reporter for the Eugene Daily Guard. I am the first University girl who has ever attempted to do this. They were skeptical about taking me on, but a baseball story I turned in settled matters.

June 12. My grades came today and joy of all joys — Timmy did not flunk me. ... if I study a little this summer I can pass the exam next fall and go on with it. The only flunk was one hour in Copy Reading... but I had learned a lot from the course.

The End.



Writer had varied career

Eighty-three-year-old Lucile McDonald had her sights set on being a journalist ever since she was a teenager in Portland. That was in 1915.

"It was never my intention to attend the University," she wrote in her diary shortly after she graduated from high school. "When I hear all the girls talking it makes me kind of envious, but I figure that as I would have to work so hard and would like to get a great deal from my studies, it is better that I either don't go at all or else wait until I have ample means."

But she found out she was too young to be hired by the Portland Oregonian, where an editor advised her to enroll in journalism school in Eugene. A couple of months later, Lucile came to the University.

"Writing is the only thing I do well," she said recently. After 36 years as a working journalist — interrupted by staying home with her children and writing children's literature — she still is writing

book reviews for the Seattle Times and a weekly column for her hometown newspaper in Bellevue, Wash.

Layed off from her job at the Guard, Lucile worked as an Oregonian correspondent in Eugene before leaving the University after two years of studying journalism. After a short stint at the Oregonian, she left for South America, getting a job as night editor for the Buenos Aires Herald, and then a job with United Press International as their South American correspondent.

From there it was New York, still with UPI. Other jobs included news editor for the Cordoba Daily Times in Alaska, and the New York Times correspondent in Turkey. Her longest position was with the Seattle Times, where she worked for 23 years, until 1966.

"I left the Times just at the right moment so I didn't have to learn all those new machines (video display terminals)," she says.

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