

When I was in high school in Portland I began writing a diary in unused portions of several old composition books. I carried it to the University of Oregon in the fall of 1915 and it is the basis for this script. In order to cover more details about my freshman year in Eugene I have included portions of letters written during the same period to my mother and my 9-year-old sister, Iris. At the time my father was working at an uncle's cracker factory in Oakland, Cal. and my mother and sister were at our home in Portland.

It was never my intention to attend the University and I did not take the college preparatory course, majoring instead in English. After graduating from Jefferson High School at the age of 16 I searched for an opportunity to work on a Portland newspaper and found none. An assistant city editor of The Oregonian told me I was too young and ought to enroll in journalism school at Eugene. When I said I had no money, his reply was, "Others have dishwashed."

This reminded me of a speech Dean John Straub of the University had made at a high school assembly, telling us it was easy for anyone to earn his way. At that time he was touring the state, drumming up enrollments, which were apparently much desired.

Late in August most of my school friends were acquiring new clothes and getting ready to leave for college. "When I hear all the girls talking it makes me kind of envious," I wrote, "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. I was looking over the U. of O. catalogue however, and was very much impressed by what it said of the correspondence courses and have written for information concerning them. Meanwhile I am watching the want ads every day for some position which I could fill so as to make me a little less dependant on the family."

On August 28 I went to my uncle's office to use a typewriter and copy a fiction story I had attempted. On the way home I stopped at his house and my Aunt Lottie invited me to have lunch with her. We discussed the trouble I was having with my mother, who was impatient for me to go to work. My aunt said, "If you can manage it, you ought to get away from home and learn to handle a job. If it is to be in journalism, all right, but whatever it is, you must acquire basic practical knowledge in some field."

She did not offer to help me financially, but added, "If you earn your way I'll see that you have any clothing items you need. "

This was the first time any of the family mentioned college to me. When I told my aunt what Dean Straub had ^{about working one's way} said, she responded, "~~xxxxxx~~"It's worth trying."

From here on my diary takes over/. That same day I wrote:

I've been thinking seriously about it and I may go yet. It will mean another grand rush to get ready.

August 30- I am thinking about work and am not

feeling very gay. I have watched the want adds in the papers every morning and have not seen a thing that would fit me. The college question is still undecided.

September 1- My birthday- I am 17.

Sep. 10- Have decided to go to college and am too busy preparing for it. Think of it, college with \$24.85 in my purse. No one thinks I can do it but here's where I cut loose and try. (During the preceding week I had written Dean Straub and had a reply from him, saying I would be met at the train and he would have a place ready for me to stay in.)

The next entry was written in Eugene on September 12.

Well, I'm here! Domiciled as a hired girl in a nice little room with a Turkey red comforter on the bed. That was my first impression last night.

I'll begin at the beginning. We were to have a special train and I naturally supposed that Carolyn (Alexander, a classmate from Jefferson High) would go on it, as she had said previously. The family took me to the station in the car. There was a large crowd there, but I afterward found that it was headed for Monmouth and about 20 of us had a train of three cars (on the Oregon Electric line) all to our lonesome selves. Fortunately I met a girl who graduated from Jefferson a year ago and she took me under her wing. We pulled in at Eugene after dark and a huge crowd was at the station.

The girls said they didn't see Dean Straub among it, so we walked to his house and there they dumped me. He had just returned from the station with about half a dozen girls he had looking for me. He 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 girl you ever saw. Besides her the family consists of a Mr. and Mrs. Bryson, John (about 14 and lots of fun) and a girl (Lyle) of presumably 16. 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. So beginneth the woes of a freshie. (The house where I was staying was at 532 Lincoln Street.)

Later: Dishes, dishes, oodles of dishes. I've seen nothing but dishes today, but it doesn't bother me.

Sep. 13- I've done gone and registered and now I haven't much chink left except for books. Dean Straub is always looking out for me and introducing me to everyone. I haven't let on to anyone except those who already know I'm working. The Murdoch girls (from high school) looked astonished when they saw me and even introduced me to their friends.

I felt lost when I reached the U. this morning, but I soon saw that I was by no means early in getting there. Miss Frye, the girl I came with on the train, just happened to meet me and helped me most of the day. We stood about an hour in line in the administration building, then I had a wait for Professor (Eric) Allen. He recognized me as the person who had inquired about the correspondence course and he and Mr. (Colin V.) Dymont agreed to let me

condition
 go without Math (in which I had an entrance ~~deficiency~~)
 and Science and take an extra Journalism subject. (I
 registered for Spanish, English Composition, Newswriting,
 Current Telegraph News, American Government, Economic
 History and Gymnasium.)

I rushed around hunting different halls, often
 standing in front of them and not knowing it.

Later- 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 is where I shall have to employ Dean
 Straub's services to smooth this out.

Sep. 14- Blisters on my fingers, blisters on my
 feet. (I was having to walk to the campus, having no money
 for street car fares.)

To Iris Sep. 16- I'm supposed to be studying
 my lesson in American Government but I'd much rather
 write to you. You should see the big fat books I
 have for the course. This one cost \$2.10 and looks
 like a small edition of the Encyclopedia.

You should see the way I go to school, a
 stack of books under each arm, and take each study
 in a different building on certain days. I have to
 be at school about the time you are getting out of
 bed.

To Ma Sep. 18- Your letter came this morning
 while I was scouring out cupboards... I am taking

rather heavy subjects but the most any of them comes is three days a week... American Government, I think, is going to be the only one to give me any trouble. The teachers in the others are nice and interesting and seem as though they will make the work easy to understand. (Stiffy Barnett taught Am. Govt.)

I'm not worried about cash. Uncle Frank sent me \$5 and several of my studies require library notes instead of books, so that cuts the expense a little. I won't need to ride on the street car until mid winter and have enough clothes until my shoes give out. The Y.W.C.A. is looking for something to turn up for me to do in spare moments, so just trust me to stay on the surface. I'm quite sure my Journalism will be of profit to me as Mr. Allen was telling the class yesterday that he had found positions on papers for 14 students last year who had to leave school for financial reasons before they completed their courses. I'm sure he would help me if my work is worth it.

I scarcely see any of the girls (from Jefferson) but some of the boys are in nearly all of my classes. We had our first class meeting yesterday and elected the freshman officers. I was one of the tellers and, as we counted votes four times out loud, I was quite hoarse when we finished. No one from Portland was elected and I thought it rather queer, as our school is so well represented.

Sep. 19, Sunday- I'll admit I'm a little homesick today. That's really all I can say; it's the thinking about it that makes the difference. I'm so far away from the other girls (students) that I have to spend today alone.

To Ma- (about my loneliness) Of course there is the family to talk to, but they are so mechanical and uninteresting somehow. Everyone but myself is wrapped up in the baby; she is 11 months old and a very pretty child, but oh, so cross. I have absolutely no contact with her. She is a cherished pet and probably would break if touched. Mrs. B. thinks her the sweetest dispositioned baby there is.

Sep. 22- To Iris- Did I tell you about all the freshie boys having to wear little, round, green caps? They marched them all down town one day in a regular parade with their pants pulled up to their knees and yelling a football yell and made them buy the caps. The boys that led them carried wooden swords and wore paper caps.

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 and sent us all off to corners of the room. There was a big crowd and 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 tapemeasure and measured each mouth. Next was the Vocal High Jump and four

girls tried to sing the highest. The Tug of War was best of all. Two pieces of string the same length were tied on a piece of candy and at a signal each girl put the string in her mouth and chewed for dear life. One girl started winding it around her tongue but pretty soon her tongue got all wound up in one direction and when she got nearly to the candy she found it wanted to unroll so she began all over again. My but it was funny. Then there was a shot put, trying to toss paper bags full of wind farthest, and last a feather relay race, blowing a feather back and forth between two girls. It always floated to the ground at the most exciting moment. The class that won the largest number of events got a box of small candies. After that ice cream and nabiscos were served.

I was nearly late to classes yesterday mōrning and had to spend a perfectly good nickel riding out on the street car. My alarm clock did not work right, you see. The choo choo was late and so of course was I. (The passing of the Oregon Electric train half a block away was my alarm clock. My watch was left in Portland for repairs.)

To Ma- Undated- I have nearly finished a coat I made for Lyle. It was really beyond my expectations and she is proud of it and boght^u a new hat in its honor. We trade work. Lyle gets the meals and I sew on her coat- that suits me better (I was a better seamstress

than kitchen mechanic.)

The first item I sent in to the news-writing class was turned over to the Emerald to be printed.

I must have some timepiece very soon, before it gets too cold to keep my window wide open in order to hear the train. Besides I'm getting on the phone central's nerves , checking time.

Sep. 27- To Ma- Thanks for the postage. I have to make stamps go as far as possible and it is hard to write as many letters as you expect.

If I get behind it isn't because I'm not thinking of you. Papa writes regularly and sent me a dollar bill and 5 stamps in his last letter, also a box of cookies (from the factory). I asked him to send the latter because Mrs. B. doesn't make cake or cookies except on rare occasions and I wanted some for the days when I have to take a little lunch.

I had a little spare time to write this morning because I changed my hours on Monday and came home between 9 and 1 p.m. I cleaned several cupboards, washed the breakfast dishes, straightened up my room and now, when I should be peeling potatoes for tonight I'm snatching time for writing you....

My bedroom looks nice and homelike now that I have my pictures up. I'm so glad I filled my trunk with what you call junk; it makes a big difference. Did I tell you how I went to look for another place nearer school?

It was at one of the instructor's houses, a nice, big new one and the work was as easy as this. I was about to accept the proposition when the lady offered to show me my room. Well, do you know our back bedroom was elegant beside it. The floor was stained and the center covered with a rug that looked like a bunch of gunny sacks sewed up. There was a small iron bed, a little black table, a broken rocker and a campstool in that great bare room. The lady explained that I could keep my toilet articles and books on the little table and my clothes in a wardrobe thing with two drawers built in on the floor. When I asked for a dresser or at least a moderate sized mirror she looked astonished, so I cleared out. My little room here and the cozy fireplace in the parlor and the nice family looked good to me after that.

As seems to be my usual program on Sunday, I wrote two letters, then got good and lonesome. I tramped off to mail them and then climbed a big butte near here and strolled around on top of it an hour and got home in time to relish a tea, bread and cheese luncheon. After that I tackled my Spanish for today. I'm doing well in that in spite of the bloodthirsty professor (Timmy Cloran). We had an English examination and I passed into fourth term work. I wanted to get out of it entirely and take story writing, but I don't know why I didn't do well that day.

My watch arrived. It's good of you to send postage. That saves me a big expense.

Oct. 2- Armed with me trusty pencil at 6:30 a.m., in

spite of having got to bed at 12 the night before, here I sit on my bed to relate events which promise to be interesting and to eliminate a long list which has been starring me in the face every day. I did not get time to write in you because I was simply too busy and my correspondence is overwhelming and has to be answered. I'm going over these events very briefly so as to get down to the main subject which caused me to write this... I joined the Y.W.C.A., deciding that freshman class dues could lump it...They gave a girls' mix at which everyone had a fine time and made lots of acquaintances...

I made Lyle a pretty blue coat to complete a tailored suit. She got the dinner for me several nights in exchange....

Every girl at the U. had to go through a physical exam in the queerest looking garment in front of a whole bunch of women instructors. I was ordered to take tennis in the mornings, but because I did not possess^s enough cash to purchase a tennis outfit I left the matter drop and have since avoided the gym. I have been wondering how I can get that \$2 in locker fees I paid back again.

I tried hunting a new place, as I promised Miss Cummings, but none compared with this. It's queer how I landed at the right one just by chance. The first place I tried had hardly any furniture in the bedroom. The work at the second included ironing and an all-day job of keeping an eye on the baby. I am more free here to do as I please, so I'm going to stay.

So far I am progressing in housekeeping, having had some of my cooking openly praised at the table, and the only fatalities laid to my hands so far are one butter dish^h and a glass tumbler. I poured the kettle of soup out one

night and started to dish it up for the table when it was not wanted another time and also began peeling beets before they were cooked, but was stopped before much damage had been done.

Night before last I was hungry and went out in the pantry after some bread and butter when Mrs. B. came out and asked if I would like some chocolate. The affair ended with a midnight lunch for three in the parlor with some of my box of cakes from dad for eats. It was y a nice confidential meal and has made me feel on excellent terms with both bosses since then.

Now the news of the occasion. Lucile went to the first freshman party of the year at Villard Hall last night. The tale has a long beginning. About a week ago I was sitting at a table in the library with three boys, studying out of my encyclopaediac editions of American Government when I noticed a wild eyed youth next to me was doing likewise. I had not previously noticed him in the class because it is so large, but he looked about as done up as I was by the stuff. He would sit there and look at his book, then at me and mine, and glance back at his again with a groan. This kept up, with me watching out of the corner of my eye. Then he happened to catch me in the act and we both grinned and started talking. He was also in my Spanish and Journalism classes, so we ¹talked the rest of the hour, in spite of Prof. Barnett prancing back and forth in the Library.

The next day I saw the same youth studying the Emerald assignments, even as I, and again we talked a blue streak. He is in three of my classes and we talk with each other a great deal at school. Well, yesterday morning, I began to wonder whether I was to be asked by anyone to attend the

freshman acquaintance party in the evening. I saw Earl Murphy going to a class early and he waited for me and asked in what building it was to be held. I picked up hopes (Earl had been in my h.s. graduating class) but that was all that was said of the matter.

At noon I was going up the walk with another girl and we passed my new friend, whose name is Joe Skelton. He was poking along, evidently desiring to talk, but I could not stop to say more than a few words in passing. After journalism class I rather expected him to say something, but he only mumbled about looking up an Emerald story. Another boy in the class, who had asked me to a picture show with him one afternoon (I had no time for it) walked clear down town with me and I was desperate and passed out every kind of hint, but he said he was going to a show in the evening with another fellow. Well, I was downright peeved after he left me. I was walking up the last lap on 6th Street and saw a girl who lives near us and asked if she was going. It ended up that I made arrangements to be ready at 7:30 and she and another girl would call for me.

7:30 came and went. 8:00 did likewise. I was all ready, all rigged out in my new challis (made from Mrs. Stevenson's old one) and it seemed a crime to stay at home. So I deliberately went down and took the car out to the college. Soon a girl and boy I knew got on and when we were nearly at Villard Hall the sophs. got the boy and the two of us girls had to go in alone, for all the world as though both had come that way.

We took off our duds and stood around talking with other girls a little and soon Mr. Skelton appeared and walked over to me and told me his troubles. The frat (A.T.O.) boys had greased his head with vaseline and turned him loose with

a collar and supposedly no tie. He, however, had secreted five on his person and when they finished searching him, he still had one left.

All of the girls had to go down a receiving line of faculty and the boys went outside to turn a fire hose on the sophs and get pelted with eggs in return. One of the latter landed on Earl Murphy's back and the boys had to tie a towel around his shoulder when he came in.

After saying "Pleased tuh meetchus" to the line-up, the girls spread out and sat in groups. The girls I was to have come with had arrived with the next street car and I strolled off with them to a seat. Up came Mr. Skelton (I didn't then know his first name) and after hesitating, sat down beside me and we began a series of scraps. The boys and girls got separated again/ when we were doing a "chain gang" act. When this broke up we were ordered to come for refreshments in couples. Skelton was in another part of the hall, but he winked, so I turned down one boy and waited for him. We ate by ourselves and continued the scrap about everything we could think of Caroline Alexander and a boy strolled up and so we four remained until the affair broke up. Skelton asked to take me home and when we got started (this time for a long walk) he insisted on going slow. We came through a shower without an umbrella, then stood on the porch saying goodbye about three times but it ended in me asking him^{side} and we sat by what was left of the fire and talked for perhaps 15 minutes. When I did say goodbye the last time it was with a request to come again, which he said he would do.

This afternoon I went to the Freshman-Soph mix. Great

fun. Carolin~~e~~ sat beside me and once she said, "Say, did that fellow you were with last night ask you to go with him?" "Yes," was my answer. (Who~~x~~ wouldn't?) "That's good," she said. "He's a nice kid." He does belong ~~o~~ to one of the best frats here, the Alpha Tau Omega. (I must explain that in high school I never had dates, always went with left-over girls to any social affair and Carolin~~e~~ knew this.)

Oct. 3 To Ma- Saturday I went to the Fresh & Soph Mix on the football field. I could tell you all kinds of things about it if I had time. Today I went for a hike with a crowd of Y.W.C.A. girls and we ended up here to sample my cookies.

Oct. 11 to Ma- I finished another dress for Lyle to wear to a party last night and celebrated my victory over the sewing machine by going to a picture show with the girl across the street (Dorothy Collier). It is nice to have someone near who will be sociable.

Notice the society item I have enclosed (ten of us from the Y.W.C.A.). We took another hike today and ended up at a girl's house where we were served chocolate and marguerites. We hustled back to town to go to the city Endeavor Union meeting at one of the churches and came in in such a hurry we sat on two men's hats and took the seat of another. We wanted to giggle, so we simply choked our way through the sermon. Miss (Mary) Gillies looked so undignified for a Y.W.C.A. secretary that she was awfully embarrassed.

After Endeavor the girl with one arm (Evangeline

Kendall) came home with me and I made tea and got out cookies and we had a substantial lunch in my room. Unfortunately the Haviland china tea cups were not as substantial and the tea pot lid fell on one and you know the consequences. I only hope I can match the cup down town tomorrow morning without having to show the broken one to Mrs. Bryson. All the cups not in use were of china, so I had to take that kind.

I had the heels on my shoes straightened yesterday and with like expenses, I shall have to hustle some coin. That does not mean you are to send any.

Oct. 17- Notice that the Howls of the Hired Girl are not as plentiful as the Lamentations of the Lazy Lummix (my mother's name for me) were in the past. Also that they are few and far between. I'll go on where I left off. The Monday after I last wrote (in the diary) Carolin~~e~~ came to me again and said she hoped I wouldn't mind, but she had just heard from a good authority that the fellow I was with at the party was not considered a nice person to associate with. Isn't that the darndest?

It's hard to remember everything that has happened since then. I went to a picture show with Dorothy Collier, on a hike last Sunday to a girl's house with a Y.W.C.A. crowd, and on another the Sunday before to the river. I have become very friendly with a little one-armed girl, Evangeline Kendall, and we have exchanged visits. Last time she was at my place we busted a Haviland china cup, which I am getting matched at a cost of about 75¢. Mrs. Bryson urged me not to bother, but I felt kind of guilty. I have broken so many dishes.

I have been going to church the last two Sunday^s, but

today is Vesper Sunday at the University and I thought I would come up on the butte and write instead. So here I am.

I had an invitation to tea at the (Y.W.) Bungalow given by a club, but the ball game made it come late in the day. I stayed part of the time anyway and got home after 6 o'clock. Mrs. Bryson was kind of peeved. So was I- I had worked hard all morning and until 2 in the afternoon. It was good to get among the girls of my crowd again. Very few know I'm working and that does not seem to make much difference. Carolyn and I went to see Mrs. Tiffany Thursday and had a dandy time. Then Miss Gillies asked me up to Mary Spiller Hall Saturday night to see the pajama parade. I went with a whole bunch of girls and saw all of the fun. It was great to see all of the fellows dressed up as everything from Salome to the ^Uold Dust Twins, marching around to get all-day suckers. All the crowd went over to the rally in Villard at 10 afterwards.

I'll conclude this installment by telling you of a trifling but humorous incident that occurred last evening. I strolled over to the post office, three blocks distant, to mail a card and coming back I met a boy who stays at the dormitory and is in my Spanish class. He walked over to Brysons' with me and stood around telling me what a beautiful evening it was, how pretty I looked and how lonesome he was (all in Spanish, isn't it if romantic?) The boy wanted me to invite him in so bad that he actually suggested it openly. I got all the fun I could out of it but I began to get tired of seeing him standing there, so I said goodbye in a hurry and went in.

Oct. 27- Have so little time to write I should be

in bed now or I'll oversleep an hour, as I did this morning, but I had some ink on my pen and seeing you lying on the table, am scrawling a few lines. I meant to impart to you the wonderful news that I sacrificed going to a party for the privilege of earning 50¢ taking care of a sleeping baby Friday night.

Tramped out in rain Saturday to a tea.

Had the whole first column of the Emerald devoted to one of my assignments. Wonder if I'll make the staff.

Oct. 28- Beware! I'm a vicious character! I just did out a whole batch of my own washing and after boiling and rubbing they look just as dirty as ever.

Well, I was feeling relieved that I had at least finished and came out on the porch with you and an apple for companionship and a few minutes rest. The postman had just come and there lay a letter from the Oregonian. With palpitating heart, etc. I opened it and read the terse businesslike lines: "We regret that we are unable at this time to make use of any U. of O. news in addition to that which our regular correspondent supplies. We cannot therefore accept the service which you kindly offer. Very truly yours.. " (I had applied because I was Jefferson High correspondent for the Oregonian the previous spring.)

I'm dead tired and mighty disgusted with things in general and, if it wasn't for some nice autumn sunshine I'd quit grinning and wail out all my troubles to you. Instead I'm going to make my bed (3:30 p.m.). I got you out to chronicle all my woes, but I guess not now.

Oct. 28 to Ma- The money order came and, although I did not want you to send it, I'll put it toward a

new pair of shoes as soon as I make up my mind what kind to get. I didn't write before because I had neither postage stamps nor time.

I took care of a baby several nights ago and earned 50 ¢. That's the first extra cash I have earned since I've been here.... Haven't received a post yet, so I guess I'm safe. I have been getting fine marks on themes in English composition when I get time to write them, which I don't always have.

Oct. 30- The blow has fallen. About an hour ago Mrs. Bryson politely advised me to look for another place. I was thinking of writing in you about the Y.W.C.A. Halloween party I went to last night, but instead I'll say nothing, but think much. I've tried to reach Miss Gillies on the phone but she is out and now I must remain in suspense.

Mrs. B. said she realized I was never cut out for a housekeeper. I knew that ages ago. What will Fate hand me next?

Later: I got Miss Gillies at last and she promised to pull what wires she could over night. Meanwhile I went over to the St. Francis Apartments and took care of that baby again- 50 cents more in my pocket and some sympathy from these people, a Mr. and Mrs. Chance. That makes \$10.90 in my stocking, but I need new shoes and I consider \$5 a loan from Uncle Frank. Then there will be expenses to pay for moving my trunk and some darning cotton to buy (I counted on mending four pair of stockings tonight, but found I had about 12 inches of cotton.)

I wonder ~~xxxxx~~ when this ne'er-dowell stunt will cease to be. It's rather interesting, if unprofitable, while it lasts. As a last recourse there is always the choo choo back to Portland, but I'd hate to acknowledge defeat just

when the family have started sending me everything I want because they are so proud of me at home. (I was the only one of the relatives ever to attend university up to that time.) Also Mrs. Stevenson (the friendly neighbor who had helped me with clothes) could say "I told you so," if I came back.

Sunday, Oct. 31- It is early evening and a day has passed with little result. Miss Gillies saw Dr. Straub and Miss (Ruth) Guppy (dean of women) and they said I should get another place like this, but I told Miss G. I'd rather go home than go through this again. There seems to be nothing to do. I have been instructed to go to Professor Allen with a hard luck story tomorrow and see if it would have any effect.

I want to drop this gloomy subject. It is raining, so we did not get far on our usual Sunday hike. We stayed at the Bungalow and toasted marshmallows, ate apples, sang and read before the fire in the midst of Jack o Lanterns and other Halloween decorations. That makes me think- what a queer Halloween I spent. I remember how I used to look forward to the great day as soon as my birthday had passed. I didn't see a solitary spook this year.

Gee, but I hate to pack up. I'm putting it off as long as possible, but I'll have to do it tomorrow morning. Oh a job, a job, my kingdom for a job! I hate like sixty to have to write home about the fate of this one.

Cheer up, old boy, I'm going to take care of that baby again tonight and earn another 50 cents.

Nov. 1- Here I am at Mrs. Chance's- moved over with Miss Gillies suitcase and my umbrella in hand and my coat, a pen and a bottle of ink in tother and a black and pink

hat on my head in perfect harmony with my short red coat. I have still some studying to do tonight, so I must write no more. One theme is enough for a night.

To Ma- I got fired Saturday and haven't got a job yet. I have told the college people I will not take another housework job because sooner or later it would end like this one and only put money in the expressman's pockets. Now tell the folks not to worry... I'm settled until the end of the week anyway. Tell everyone to send my mail in care of General Delivery. When Mrs. Bryson told me to hunt another place she said I was too slow and my studies interfered too much with my work. The dean of women and the Y.W. secretary will keep their eyes on me and hunt me a more suitable job.

To Ma- undated- Nothing to say. I just stay here and when these people want to go out in the evening I stay with the little boy. I haven't the slightest idea what will be next on the program after this week, but I'll stick around up here as long as I can. (Mr. Chance was a traveling salesman and remained only a short time in each town.) Maybe I can find someone to batch with and do other work on the side. For the present I'm all right.

Nov. 11- Still at the St. Francis, but expected to move as soon as possible. (I slept on the daveno in the living room and my trunk was still at Brysons'.) I wonder where will be the next stop. I walked way out to Prof. Allen's house today in an awful rainstorm and earned 65¢ making over a waist

for his wife. She told me to come every Thursday and do odd jobs in the mending line. It was quite late when I left there, but I walked home in the rain, then back up to Johnson Hall to a lecture and home again tonight. Beastly weather, but think of all the carfare I saved.

I have, of course, been looking for another job. You should have heard the sad tales Miss Guppy told several women over the phone in hopes of getting me suitable work. With my trunk at Brysons' it is very inconvenient for me to keep track of enough clothes. It is no use for me to move my trunk over here for just a few days.

Dr. Straub keeps nagging at me about writing home for money. He actually gets me rather angry. Dad sends me a dollar once in a while and I know that's all he can spare. I've explained that several times already but still the man (Dr. Straub) persists. I wouldn't take money from them for anything because I don't approve of families robbing themselves to support able-bodied children in college. Ma says the old house is empty too (she rented a room).

Nov. 13- 8:50 p.m.- Have just returned from a picture show, "The Crucible," which was so good it made me lonely. I had been busy all day, so when Mrs. Chance told me I had an hour and a half to spare before she went out this evening, I tried to get some of the girls by phone to go with me, but failing, I went alone. Somehow it seems as though I must always go alone, always the same old howl. It would require so little to content me, just a spark of human companionship. You see, I'm still hunting with that lantern for what means to me a real friend. Oh, if I just had someone here tonight who was interested in talking with me I should not be raving like this. It isn't that I'm homesick- far be it- I was the same there.

The Chances have returned, so no more of that. I wanted to say that I have been writing addresses on envelopes at the University for 25¢ per hour, so I guess I'll manage to subsist. I was helping Mrs. Chance remodel a dress today as an excuse for my still being here.

I worked 2 3/4 hours yesterday and 4 hours today, then sewed, took Merton (the little boy) for a walk and prepared the vegetables for dinner. The last was merely by accident because I seem to be in the way around here when it comes to cooking.

Nov. 16- Am still hanging on here, although I have been expected to move ever since Monday. Spent a large part of yesterday and today hunting a housekeeping room. Saw a sight this morning at one house. Dirtiest place I ever was in. The woman begged me to take it and two-thirds of her furniture at \$4 per month. Said she liked my looks and I'd like the room when it was fixed up. The place smelled awful and everything was grimy looking and thrown hit and miss and every and which way. Wallpaper was enough to give one a nightmare- whole place was a sight beyond description. I wonder what kind of a place the woman thought I came from. Surely my clothes don't look that way.

Looked at other places, but they are all to be had later, but not now. Absolutely must move tomorrow. Went over to Brysons' and locked my trunk, ready to send, and borrowed Miss Gillies' suitcase again for the things I have here. Am still working at the University, but not enough to amount to anything. Haven't had time to.

Nov. 14- to Iris- I addressed envelopes for four hours yesterday morning at the rate of from 100 to 216 per hour. I got quite speedy toward the end. The job

won't last after tomorrow because this order will be finished. I have nothing in sight after that.

Nov. 17- Moved yesterday. Carried my suitcase cram full all this distance and was next to dead. Was too tired to get supper, so paid Mrs. Shutt, my new landlady, 15 ¢ for it. A^f snails this morning and one at noon, so got off chap^e. Mrs/. Chance gave me some tea and a couple of potatoes and stuff she would have thrown out (as they were leaving the apartment also).

I have a pretty good room here, so I do not have to carry my bedding through the hall and make it up on the davenport in the living room, as I did at the St. Francis. I worked two hours today, had four classes, chased an Emerald story and helped decorate Villard Hall for the rally, incidentally paying out 10¢ for paper (the joy of being on a committee).

I received a one-line letter from Uncle Frank today, containing \$2 and a lot of postage stamps.

No chance of getting lonesome here, as there are two dandy girls in the room next to me and one rather queer one across the hall. (The house was across the street from the campus and normally took in only boarders, but Mrs. Shutt was willing to have her empty room occupied the rest of the term.)

You ought to see how regular my hours are getting-go and come when I please. I ate muffins and butter, beans (enough left for lunch tomorrow), an apple and drank a cup of tea. High life. (I had kitchen privileges.)

Nov. 20- Darn. Darn again- and that isn't the

first time I've said it tonight. I've worked six hours today, sat in a pouring rain two more to see the great O.A.C. game, supposedly the best of its kind, went to the bonfire and rally last night, saw a whole crowd of Portland girls at a campus luncheon this noon and went and looked on at the dance tonight, yet life seems as empty as though I had stayed in the house and played tiddledy winks all day. I'm not homesick, far from it. It's just that same old loneliness.

The pleasantest part of the day was when I was folding envelopes to beat the band and listening to one of the boys that work in the office with me (Harold Hamstreet) tease the life out of me.

I'd love to have a scrap with someone tonight, Miss Moberly (the eccentric roomer), Joe Skelton, Harold Hamstreet, Carolyn, Bessie Povey or anyone. It's queer how I get those spells when I want to scrap.

I noticed at the dance tonight (we sat in the balcony) that my white net dress is out of style, yet I never wore it to a place except the night of June 25 (when I graduated).

Now there is a nice, dismal Sunday ahead tomorrow and I forgot to buy anything worth eating, such as chops or the like.

The girls here have their brothers staying with them for the weekend. I can't even make myself interesting in conversation when actually thrown in contact with them, so I steer clear. O, dear. (Sigh)

Monday, Nov. 22- I don't feel as I did Saturday or yesterday. Quite the contrary in fact. Yesterday Evangeline and I went for a walk and we were so gloomy. Today the entire University went on a strike and paraded down town with the

the football heroes, then went to the armory for a rally and danced a while. I had all but the first dance taken, then in the afternoon we dressed up and went back and danced three hours more. I danced all or part of every dance, though my program looked far from full. It relieved my pent-up dance craving.

Thanksgiving Day- Hah! The plot thickens! I have the comforting sensation of knowing that I am pursued by a man. But, I must tell the tale.

Miss Gillies fished an invitation to dinner for Evangeline and me, so we rode out in the country in a street car and had a buggy ride in the cold to a house where we had an old fashioned Thanksgiving with a man, a woman and their two little boys. We had a dandy time, so homelike, but Eva had to return home early, so we left about 4:30 in an awful storm.

I came home and scraped up a little to eat, then went over to Bryson's with the restored Haviland cup. First thing I knew they were telling me that a boy called up twice on the phone for me yesterday, then called this evening shortly before I arrived. Now who on earth was it? He would have come in handy both this evening and last night at the dorm dance. I hope he remains persistent.

Nov. 28- to Ma- The two packages came. The jelly tasted so good. Is that really the stuff I made this summer?

I found out today I was some cook. I have a little five cent frying pan. Yesterday I bought 5¢ worth lard and 5¢ worth hamburger steak and fried it for dinner. There was still some grease in the pan, so I sliced up a potato exceedingly fine and fried

it while I fixed some lettuce salad and some tea. That, with warm crackers, jelly, apples and cookies made a most edible meal. I get one like it once in a while when I have time. Of course, it costs money, as you say, but it is only about half of what I would pay for straight room and board. 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.

That affair at Mrs. Bryson's is a thing of the past. She and I are the best of friends and when I took that cup to her Thursday night she wanted to give me some jam/ and preserves, but I excused myself- don't like to take charity or anything that feels like it. You see, I was too slow at housework and too much of a dummy- you know that. Some things I^{could} do well but they were too few. I had so far to walk to school and Emerald and journalism assignments took so much time and I had to study at the library at night before it closed at 9 o'clock and all that, making it inconvenient for both of us. Mrs. B. told me not to hurry about moving, but to please look for another place better suited to me. That's all there was to it. I felt I was not needed and took the first thing I could find, knowing it to be only temporary. My present work came as a rare stroke of luck. I had but two dollars left (money that Dad and Uncle Frank had sent me) after paying for my room. I paid for it in advance so I could be sure of at least a roof over my head. Then

this job came and / as I have told you, it is now a fixed certainty. I worked eight hours Friday and six yesterday, quitting because I wanted to go down town and lay in my stock of groceries. For the two days I earned \$3.50 and had my work wonderfully well praised. I think I can put in four hours every day. If so it will mean \$1 each time. The dean of women is very much afraid of me starving myself and comes up to inquire every few days what I have had to eat and if I don't find eggs and butter expensive.

You know I have a hard time sticking to a grind steadily, so I go for walks on Sundays and once in a while to a picture show. Last night I went to a dance at the Men's Dormitory and I also danced last Monday when everyone in the University went on a strike. Don't be afraid of my overdoing myself.

Your Portland rains have nothing on those of Eugene. The suburban districts at the other end of town are all under several feet of water. We have a muddy street in front of the house and have to avoid crossing it for a few blocks. I'm so close to the University that the rain makes no difference to me. Neither does the cold. The stove pipe running up through my room makes it nice and comfortable. (I was living at 1433 University Av

Nov. 29- It is Monday and the mystery (about the man) is not solved. Meanwhile a boy in my journalism class took me to the dance at the dormitory Saturday night. It was very unexpected. I wore a dress that looked as though it had been out in the rain, but nevertheless had a pretty good time.

Dec. 2- Got my check today, \$13.13, two dollars less

than I had figured in my head, not on paper. Just like me to neglect to keep an account. There is no work on hand in spite of me having seven hours yesterday and five today to spare. I don't know when they will want me again and, as I intend ~~to~~ sending Uncle Frank a check for \$7, I don't see exactly where things will stand next. Well, I have studied that much harder in my spare time and chased Emerald stories because I am now definitely on the staff as a scrub.

Dec. 2- to Iris- I have no work for this week though I want it awfully bad. I'm not always in luck, so I guess people won't get much in the line of Christmas presents from me.

The Dramatic Guild of the University is going to give "Alice in Wonderland" tomorrow night and I wish you were here to see it. One of the girls at our house is the Mad Hatter and she goes around with a tea cup and a piece of bread and butter, asking, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" We can hear the Duchess yelling, "Off with her head," and the Gryphon practicing "beecootiful soop soop soop" every time we go near the Guild theatre.

I'm afraid I am going to have to go to the dentist a couple of times as soon as I get home for Christmas because I have a big cavity in one tooth and one end of the (retaining) band is loose.

Friday
Dec. 10- My most unpleasant adventure, the kind I have been warned against so many times just transpired and I'm still all a quiver from it .

There was a good picture show in town, so Evangeline and I went to it. She walked up as far as Alder Street on the way back and when we were nearly there a fellow who is in my journalism class passed and I spoke to him. He goes

in my direction, so walked home with me. We stood on the porch talking a while about nothing. It always seemed as though he were moving after me though he took no step, and I felt uneasy. Finally he decided to go, after I had hinted that it was late, and he stepped closer to me. I don't venture to think what his intentions were, but I have a vague recollection of slapping his face, muttering, "You've got your nerve," groping for the doorknob, then entering and slamming the door shut. He hesitated on the porch and asked me to come out and get explained to, but I turned the key and waited until he was gone before I turned on the light. That's the first time I ever slapped a man, but I don't regret the act. Such things always sounded like heroics in a book before. I sincerely hope I don't look like a good bait. I sure feel far from it. I also hope I hit hard enough so his face smarts.

Dec. 12- Had a great time last night in spite of the sort of chump I went with. He confessed that he was the mysterious person who called at Brysons' Thanksgiving Day and told me he was going to miss me when I go home for the holidays. He is the funniest, most inexperienced sort of person and needs a lot of instruction in social customs. He took me to the Rainbow (restaur^ant) , then home in a Maxwell jitney and insisted on conversing with me on the porch for an awful long time. It's funny because I have never had anything to do with him in school.

I nabbed Joe Skelton's most intimate friend (also an A.T.O.) and piloted him around wherever I thought J.S. would see us, also worked him for two dances. J.S. scrupulously avoids me now, no non-sorority girls for him, I guess.

Jan. 1, 1916- I haven't found time to write in you, although I carried this book home for the Christmas holiday. I collected \$11 in gift money, so have some ahead when I get back to Eugene. Mrs. Stevenson donated a dress and a waist (to remodel for me) and I've been attempting to make them over during my spare moments. Others sent lots of useful presents.

Jan. 8- I am on the Y.W. publicity committee^e and was working up an Emerald story on a certain feature when the chairman of the committee suggested I might send a copy to one of the downtown papers. I wrote a fairly good story and took it down in time for the evening edition of the Guard. But, look as I would through the paper, I couldn't find a sign of it. The next evening I picked up the paper casually and was running through it without a thought of the story when I came to it without a word changed, printed on the editorial page. I am inserting the clipping here.

(It was headed University Students Write to
Girls of Moonlight Schools
in Mountains of Kentucky

I came down with a bad cold the week before I went home and spent most of Thursday in bed, missing four classes but not regretting it in the least. I wrote home to Ma that I was in bed, so when I reached town Friday night they expected to take me home on a stretcher. Iris was overjoyed at my arrival and everyone declared I was better looking than when I left home. Everyone recovered from the first flurry and by the next morning I had received 57 different varieties of advice on whether to go to town or not. I made a few presents, bought a few more and helped Iris give a party. We had our tree as usual. Dad came home (for a visit) Christmas night instead of Christmas Eve, so we had our

dinner at 10:30 p.m.....

I left for Eugene in the evening (after New Year). There were a large number of students on the special train and I had little chance to study. Snow was four inches deep in Eugene when we arrived. I had a wooden cake box containing jellies and eats, also two suitcases to take care of. Had a dreadful time with them and terminated my journey by following the "put down two and carry one" principle after leaving the street car. It was 12 o'clock when I reached here. Knowing that I would not waken for Timmy's 8 o'clock class unless I stuck a sign out on the washstand requesting someone to wake me. Frances (Frater) responded. (She and her cousin, Margaret Crosby, roomed together).

I put in supplies Monday. Mrs. Schott's little boy and sister had not returned from her home, so Mrs. S. donated a portion of dessert every day to my worthy meal. Coralie Snell saw me pondering over what to buy in the grocery store Wednesday night and took me up to eat with her. Thursday I worked at Allen's and Mrs. A. asked me to remain for supper, so I got off easily. 'Tis well, for I've only earned \$1.10 this week, but, of course, still have a little cash.

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 book 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.

Jan. 8 to Ma- Am at present ~~was~~ killing time waiting for a prof. to turn up with some desired information. I'm established among a heap of newspapers down in the Journalism room, listening to the accompanying tune of a press and the four typewriters now in use.

The cost of living for me has been very low during the past week. Part of my landlady's family is away, so she has donated on successive days one dish of bread pudding, one slab of mince pie, one dish of chocolate blanc mange and one apple dumpling. I've only earned \$1.10 this week for six hours of labor. As usual, I'm writing Emerald stories and even took another down to the Guard today.

Jan. 10- Office force was cut down, so I've lost my job again. I'm getting hardened to dismissals. (The mailing room ~~job~~ work was carried on in an office on the second floor of Johnson Hall.)

Had another story in the Guard tonight. I first mailed a letter to the city editor, asking for a job. Just a stray gleam of hope, that's all.

Jan. 15- It's hard to get started with a copy of the Onceover staring at me from the arm of the chair, but duty is duty. I left off with the Guard business. It came to naught. Will preserve the reply letter here. (It informed me there was no opening and that no encouragement could be offered me as any job at the Guard would require my presence all day. The city editor thanked me for my stories, but advised me to seek other fields of employment. He said,

if the paper later decided to put on a University correspondent they would be willing to talk to me. I regarded this statement with skepticism, as I was informed through the journalism department that some changes were about to be made at the Guard, and an opening was likely to occur.)

Eugene is covered with a beautiful blanket of snow five inches deep. Every sleigh or convertible wagon is out in the streets. We did some washing this morning and tonight carried armfuls of stiff nightgowns etc. in and stood them up on the floor. My milk froze, so I had ice cream for breakfast.

Add jobs to the amount of \$1.60 have turned up this weekend. I did my usual afternoon's patching at Allens', packed a trunk for 50¢. The girl wanted to give \$1.50 for an hour's work, but I refused part. Was I silly? She had lots of money- stayed at a sorority house. Never saw her before in my life. I made a raise of a gym suit from her. She wanted to give me some swell clothes, but I hated to show I wanted them. Now tonight I am at Allens', staying with the children while the others are out.

Last night I went to a play at Guild Hall and brought Sylvia Rowland back with me. I couldn't find a spare nightgown, so we took a torn one that was hanging over a dress and basted it up for her. I get time for everyone's mending but my own.

I went down town today with Frances and Margaret. We ended up at a good picture show in company with 10¢ worth of popcorn. Then I had a cream puff for supper, also some luscious baloney sausage and fried potatoes, so I've

had a lovely time all round. I wish every day would go like the last few have. So different from the old ones at Brysons', which reminds me, I met Mrs. Bryson down town today. I guess I looked prosperous from the way she smiled. That was just before I purchased the baloney.

(I wrote Ma that day about how cold it was for me walking in the snow at night to and from Allens' house. / But then I earned 50¢ for doing it.)

Jan. 17- Went to Vespers yesterday, then walked to the postoffice with Coralie and Evangeline, stayed at the latter's house afterward. Promised to finishe a dress for her but cannot see where I'll get any time. (Evangeline did housework at a professor's home, in spite of having only one and a half arms.)

This morning I stopped at the Bungalow on my way home from the grocery store and talked with Miss Gillies about work. She told me that she heard in a roundabout way that one reason why I was not desired in the (mailing) office was my attitude there. She didn't know in what connection, but it sure started me thinking. I'll confess that in other work I've often had a guilty feeling about some little act, but in this connection I can't remember a thing serious enough to have made a bad impression. It just seems to me as though I never am satisfactory. Oh, dear, well I'm wasting time doing this so I'd better make my bed while / I have the chance.

Jan. 18- Poor postman. He brought Margaret a package, Frances a book, and myself a box of crackers, one of cakes and a package of clothes I left at home, also a bag of candy from Iris- and all that through the snow. Good thing the eats came, as I had had no time to get any

lunch ready except some cold left-over corn. The contents of said packages may not be nourishing but they don't lack filling qualities.

Jan. 19- Not much unusual happened. I woke up early this morning and lay looking at my watch for some time. At 20 minutes to 7 Margaret yelled, "Aren't you going to be late, Lucile?" My watch had lost a whole hour and I had to hustle because I could not afford two cuts in succession. I ate a couple of crackers as I dressed, splashed some water on my face, wadded my hair up under my white crocheted cap, forgot my middy tie, etc., but managed to get into class exactly on time. At 9 o'clock I came home and combed my hair and finished dressing.

Also accomplished another unusual feat. I crammed three empty milk bottles into my muff so skillfully that I carried said muff into the grocery store and astonished the clerk by my seeming magical performance. Oh, the trials of housekeeping.

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

Jan. 23- Friday night George Taylor came over and studied Spanish and ate cookies. Saturday Verna Springer (one of the girls who used to go on Y.W. Sunday walks- she lived at Mary Spiller Hall) and I hunted housekeeping rooms and last night I went to Sylvia's to study English and we went to Evangeline's then about 9:30 all of us came up here. Regular debauch. No studying done. That's the way I act when I feel nutty. I ought to have written a theme but nothing didding. It's raining pitchforks and there's

a housefull of company and I wish I had a caller this gloomy afternoon. Of course I can enjoy the society downstairs if I choose.

We have another girl in the house. She has my old room and I moved into another not so good yesterday. I haven't had any new work for ages so am pretty hard up.

Jan. 23 to Ma- Nothing to do but hunt new rooms. A girl and I spent all of yesterday afternoon at it, besides that I did likewise the day before. We haven't made any definite arrangements yet, as neither of us care much for the rooms we've seen or know how our finances will be situated. Some of the rooms we looked at were dreadful.

I had to vacate my room to a regular boarder and am temporarily situated in another room (not well heated).

Professor Barnett gave me another post in American Government. Pleasant, eh? Carolyn and I have been reviewing Spanish together and Friday night a boy came over and studied with me. I have an exam every day of the week after this.

By the way, if I write many letters I'm going to go busted completely. Postage costs the same as bread and butter. Today Mrs. Shutt and I traded a plate of fruit salad for a plate of cookies. How's that?

My mended union suits are wearing out all around the patches, so I think it would be a good plan to send at least one suit.

Jan. 26 to Iris- We had an assembly today. Henry Berger exhibited some very beautiful colored lantern slides showing views of the Columbia Highway in natural colors. My but they were fine. The last picture showed Portland from the Heights. It was taken at sundown and you could

see the peak of Mt. Hood ^{we} covered with red and yellow light showing above the mist. Down in the foreground was the city with all the lights lit.

Tell Ma no job, but not quite busted yet.

Jan. 30- Sunday morning- I've just got through with breakfast and a bath and am sitting before the living room stove, chewing a chocolate coated caramel from our Christmas box.

My bed room has been dreadfully cold while there is snow on the ground so I got Mrs. Shutt to light the gas heater in the room. It's funny but the thing is like a fireplace and is very warm close to it but the room remains cool for the most part. I rolled up in kimona and ^Wseater, got a book and laid down on the floor and absorbed classical learning on the evolution of the useful arts.

Friday night Coralie Snell was over to dinner. Everything went off beautifully except that I couldn't serve it until the girls were half way through theirs, but they sat around and talked anyway when they had finished. We had 5 cents worth of steak pounded as Mrs. Bryson used to have it, the^m 5 ¢ worth sweet pickles, fried potatoes, fresh baker's bread and butter, stewed dried peaches and cookies. Very ^msuptuous, I assure you. We took in a picture show in company with Verna and another girl, ate a bag of popcorn and tramped home in a snow storm. It snowed all night and now there are about five inches of it on the ground Mrs. Shutt scraped off a clean space in the back yard and put some food out there for the birds. We counted 93 big robins yesterday and now this morning there are more. The little trees are full of them and the ground also.

Jan. 31- to "Dear Mudder"- Truly I didn't intend to

let your birthday pass without even some best wishes or similar remembrance... If examinations hadn't occupied my ~~W~~ind you would have received a beautiful fat letter full of philosophy and abstract thoughts.

As a birthday gift I'd like to send a report home of honor grades, but I fear that is beyond me. Journalism should have brought one but the exam, although easy, was so long that I ran over it very carelessly. Oh woe is mine. Besides that I simply left out most of the Personal ~~H~~giene one.

The rule here is that if you don't pass in eight hours of work you go home. Maybe you will see my smiling face e'er long on that account.

Feb. 2- Between crams and exams I haven't had time for much else. Dad sent me \$7 and Uncle Frank a loan of \$5, so I have no financial troubles. Had a chance of work yesterday afternoon but couldn't accept, as I had two exams. And that was the only afternoon I had any offer, but the work couldn't wait.

Yesterday was Margaret Crosby's 21st birthday and we worked up sort of a celebration. She had a box of the best candy from home and we were of great assistance to her in disposing of it. Then Mrs. Schott had a big dinner for her and I fell in for a share of cake and a plate of fruit salad. The cake had little pink candles which Margaret extinguished at one blow. No sooner had we left the table than Miss Gillies, Verna, ~~B~~ake and two other girls came over to serenade her. They had two ukes and a good chorus so to reward them Margaret asked them in to sample her cake and candy. Eva Hadley, one of the girls, got her mouth so full of taffy Bake had to act as her interpreter. The celebration lasted until 7:30, the girls having promised to be back at the hall by that time. Mrs. Schott had a headache, so we asked if we could

do the dishes. Margaret got hold of an apron and each of us a dish towel and we stood in line, taking turns at each dish. Grace Maberly had been in to the supper and she stayed too.

The fun was soon over and, as we all had exams today, we took to our studies. Sylvia came up and we crammed Spanish until the smoke (fumes) from the gas heater in my room made us sleepy. (I remember us sitting on the floor, crowded close to it.)

I have written such silly exams that I hate to state my opinion on whether I'll flunk^{out} or not.

Feb. 3- Seeing what is already written on this page reminds me I was in the library last night when Prof. Bates came in. He smiled and I felt particularly foolish and tried to look busy, but pretty soon the man came over and said, "Miss Saunders, I enjoyed your theme so much. It is so refreshing to find someone who retains their sense of humor even during exams." My, I felt big when I told the folks at the house that, after they had been making fun of the way I applied myself to my studies. I haven't had my English book all semester.

I'm ready to tell you now that Verna and I are established in our own home. Here the two of us sit in rocking chairs beside the stove, writing. Verna didn't bring her things, so she is using my pen. We have a most illigant apartment with a private door bell, piano, sleeping porch, table linen and enough dishes for a family of ten. You should have seen me tramping through the snow tonight with a box of crackers and a saucepan full of Jello, also a muff and umbrella. Margaret charmed the drayman into

bringing my suitcase, box of eats and trunk all here for 50¢. We settled down, made up the beds and scattered my belongings around, ate some crackers and butter~~s~~, figured up our finances and now I'm going to bed, as it's 11 p.m.

Feb. 4- to Ma- Well, I'm domiciled in what I hope is my last roost until next June. Verna Springer, one of the Mary Spiller Hall girls, and myself have taken a three-room apartment and will remain here as long as we can pay the rent. Our rent is a little high, but we are going to manage the grub so all expenses will just balance/ with what it cost to live alone. If we can get another girl in with us we can do much better. The place is completely furnished, with nice, warm bedding, lots of dishes and kettles. The man wanted to rent it so bad we got him to lower his price about \$10.

Exams are over but we will not know the results until next Monday. However, my English prof was so pleased with my paper that he told me he had given me H, which is the very highest grade. The others will not be as imposing, I feel sure.

Verna has been away all day sewing and packing and is also going to a concert tonight. I was planning on a lonesome evening, since there is no studying to do, but Miss Gillies called up and told me she had a little nurse girl job for me for the evening, so I'm off in half an hour to earn a few cents.

President Campbell called me up today (he never knew my name before) and told me he had heard of me through an uncle in Portland, also through Prof. Dymont and was very much interested in me and hoped I would

drop in his office some day and talk over my welfare. Ask Uncle Walt and Uncle Frank if either of them is the uncle referred to and let me know.

Feb. 5- Am getting quite domesticated with sitting by my own fire darning stockings, etc. Our neighbor across the hall came in last evening to return some irons he had borrowed from the apartment and I guess he wondered where the man of the house was. I started a charge account at Wing's Market and Mrs. Wing asked where my husband works. Evangeline was along and took it all in, so the girls can spring the joke on me any time they wish now.

Verna was up at Mary Spiller all yesterday and today and went to hear Gogorza last night. I went down to (Prof.) Perfect's to stay with the tot while they went also. They are the nicest people and got me a book and a comfortable rocker to sit in and put a dish of candy and one of apples on the table. Besides that they gave me 50¢ for being there but an hour and a half. I worked on a dress for Evangeline during that time.

I went upstairs this morning and worked two hours, which was part of our agreement on the rent. You see, we pay \$12 and work one hour a day. When President Campbell called me up he asked how much rent I paid. Our landlord heard me tell him \$12 and came down this morning and roasted me for publishing false information until I nearly wept. Verna went upstairs to use the phone right after that and heard him tell his wife I was "an awfully nice little girl." She brought me down a plate of eats for lunch because she thought maybe I was lonesome and wouldn't care to fix any. (Our address was now 613- 11th Ave. E. It was a large,

old-fashioned mansion converted into several apartments. The landlord, named Hard, lived on the entire second floor. My bed room had once been the parlor and I slept on a couch. Verna had the sleeping porch.)

Tirzah (my cousin) sent me a letter today containing a check with which to buy some dancing slippers, also the news that my blue dress will arrive in a few days. Now I wonder if I'll get asked to the Frosh dance next week so I can wear it. There is a dance at the dorm tonight but poor iddle me isn't going. Her would kind of like to but her feels she is getting along beautifully in society any way .

Feb. 6 to Ma- This will be brief- I'll end the suspense by letting you know I passed in enough courses to keep me here. The only failure was American Government besides a condition in Personal Hygiene. The rest were as follows:

Journalism- S (Very high. He only gave one H and that was to a senior in another class.)
 English S
 Current News M
 Spanish P
 Economic History P (I nearly made M in that, but my exam was bad.)

My high journalism and English grades have helped me argue the profs into letting me take two second year studies, short story writing and copyreading. Also I'll take American literature in place of civics.

Feb. 13- I didn't get asked to the dance but Dr. Straub met me the last minute and insisted on getting me a man, a senior and A.T.O. (funny I seem to fall in with that frat)

We had lots of fun and got quite well acquainted. The gentleman (Cleve Simpkins) took me to the Rainbow for eats and brought me home in a taxi. My dress ^{oo} liked real swell with black satin slippers. Verna did my hair up. I really didn't know myself when I looked in the mirror after taking off my coat in the dressing room of the armory. I've got the kids trying to find out how I ever happened to go with a senior and where I got him. Poor Mr. Hagan wasn't there at all. The only thing that marred the beauty of the occasion was the fact that Simp's feet hurt from his new pumps and the green leather covered programs lost their color on his white gloves.

Verna and I went to church today. We had quite a Sunday dinner- roast beef, mashed potatoes, baked beans, cold slaw, hot biscuits and brown Betty pudding with cinnamon sauce.

Feb. 14- to Iris- You don't know how busy I am. For example Thursday, four classes in the morning, work all afternoon until 6, help get supper and do dishes, study for Friday. Friday- three classes, Emerald story to chase, some extra reading for classes, get supper and lunch, take care of two children at night. Saturday- six hours work and go shopping, help get meals, then Freshman class dance... The hall was decorated in red and white streamers and red hearts. The programs were little green leather freshman caps tied with yellow.

Feb. 15- Simp walked down town with me yesterday. Verna baked some bread. We wish she hadn't. It's rather difficult to use up even in toast and meat dressing.

Was up in the office (in Johnson Hall) today and noticed they are having girls do more mailing. Dymment thinks it rather queer I'm not involved. Ditto here.

Have been running down town to the Guard breakneck pace with stories two afternoons now. They are printed through (City Editor Bill) Ryan changed my third paragraph to the lead in the one I took in Monday.

Went to the Girls Matinee Dance Friday and had a fine time. Yesterday I worked on a story for class. Verna and I walked up on the butte, accompanied by paper, pens and a bag of ginger snaps. Verna slept in a swing most of the time while I progressed with story and cookies, principally the latter. Then last night I printed some pictures. We didn't get to bed until late and no sooner were we asleep than a section of the band came by and stopped on the corner to tune up. Each instrument was practicing a different tune while the bass drum kept time to all. I thought I was having a regular nightmare until Verna assured me she had heard the same racket.

Today we studied and went for a walk down by the river and around the quarry. Ate a swell dinner I fixed for the large cost of 8¢ excluding Verna's biscuits and butter. Now we are suffering with blisters and general stiffness.

Feb. 20 to M^a and Iris- I've made continued trips to the Guard office, trying to break in there, but it requires some time and may not prove successful or worth the bother, but I hate this eternal loafing and want some steady work.

I've been trying to write a 3,000 word short story for class and my thinker seems a trifle rusty for anything like that. It hasn't been used much since I reeled off stories

for the Spectrum in high school.

For recreation Friday afternoon I went to the Women's League matinee dance. The girl who took me paid all the expenses, as she was taking the part of the man. Each artificial man wore a middie blouse and dark skirt to distinguish her from those in light dresses.

March 1- Woke up to the fact that that short story was due today and it wasn't even finished, not to say typewritten. I've spent a busy day trying to get the Guard job settled. After carrying stories down there every day I was told this afternoon that if I produce a satisfactory baseball yarn on the morrow I'll have it cinched for keeps.

Tonight was my turn to get dinner but at 6 o'clock I was at Prof. Bates getting an interview and at 7 I was due at Coach Bezdek's for the sporting news. Verna had her revenge and ate most of the French-fried toast.

Mr. Fisher, who is superintendent of the grounds, took Coralie and myself down into the tunnel where the heating pipes go to the different buildings. We got a genuine Turkish bath free of charge, but I was glad enough to get out and into a temperate climate again.

March 2- The job is mine !!!!!!! (Note: I don't know why I didn't tell the details of getting it in my diary. It is a whole chapter in itself and I've used it in an autobiographical manuscript. I don't seem to have even written the details home to my family, but it was one of the high moments of my life.)

March 3- The first day's work is over. Oh, it's exciting. All the time I spent bothering the Guard was far from wasted. Also I found that two sophomore^s, good students,

had applied and one would surely have got it had I not been trying so long. Mr. Allen told me today he didn't think much of my class work and I'd better not get a swelled head. He said he guessed I must have the "stick-to-it-iveness" anyway and that might get me somewhere. Both he and Mr. Ryan told me I was awfully careless.

I ran a few news stories, a baseball one I wrote yesterday was responsible for the final decision. Then I read copy (thank goodness, I chose the copyreading course this semester), ran errands to the composing room and looked over about 50 exchanges. Everyone acted as though I had been there a long time.

My landlord was preparing to raise the rent and charge me for a separate telephone until he found I would be as poor as ever before. You see the salary is only something like \$15 per month. (I was officially hired as a part-time campus correspondent, supposed to cover all the news there. The pay was \$4 a week.)

Verna has had an awful temper most of the day. I think she doesn't like the idea of doing all the work, though of course I'll pay my share. If Coralie Snell will only make up her mind to come here we'd be all right. Just as soon as my finances get arranged those two girls start to worry about theirs.

Mar. 4 to Ma- I've got news to tell you... Your eldest daughter is now a full-fledged reporter for the Eugene Daily Guard. She handles everything from art exhibits to baseball games, ~~and~~ and city news to exchanges..... The paper needed an extra hand who could also cover University stuff, so now I'm it. I get my campus news between classes in the

mornings and ~~at~~ along about 3 o'clock I run into the office with it, read copy during the busy hour, do any telephoning or city news that might be wanted, then clip exchanges. You see there is considerable writing to it. On Saturday I spend very little time on University stuff, most of my output being straight city news. I took up my duties Thursday and have been working hard and getting lots of criticisms.

There are 11 inches of snow on the ground. It came after beautiful spring weather and was very unexpected. I've been running around in it up above my shoe tops a couple of inches. What time I'm not down town I spend getting dried out.

Of course, I had to give up my other jobs and because I have almost no time to get my share of the meals and housework done I'll have to square up with Verna some way.

I really do a good share of work on the Guard. There are only five of us in the editorial room, the city editor, society editor, telegraph editor, one reporter and now a second one, me. I am the first University girl who has ever attempted to do this. They were skeptical about taking me on, but ~~xxxx~~ a baseball story I turned in settled matters. Everyone seems to think this will lead to work in your fair village (Portland) next summer. One of the women on the Journal will be in Eugene Monday and, as I will have to interview her anyway, I'll try to get a line on the subject, if possible.

I'm crazier than ever over the work. It is fascinating to me, but I guess I just about bore Verna to death forever talking about it. Everyone down at the office acts as though I had been there a long time. I don't believe I could have

made a mistake in choosing the profession I did.

Now I'll talk about something else. One of my only two crepe nightgowns split all to pieces the other night. Even the sleeve came completely off, so I think it is beyond repair. I have neither time nor access to a sewing machine, so I can't make a new one. Do you suppose you could get someone else (in the family) to do it for me?

My friends think I look remarkably cheerful nowadays.

Mar. 4- My feet are soaking wet and blistered (from running around in the deep snow) and I've spent most of the evening drying them and writing letters. I made a batch of little cakes tonight. They turned out fine. It's rarely that I stop long in the kitchen nowadays.

I suppose I should explain who my associates in the editorial room are. There's Bill Ryan (whose sister lives on our street at home), Mr. Taylor, telegraph editor and make-up man and full of gumdrops, Nellie Hemenway, society editor and quite plump, Francis Finneran, an overworked, red haired cub, and Miss Saunders, "our new University reporter and exchange editor". (Then someone remarks, "We certainly needed one.")

Mar. 11- Have been wild goose-chasing all day. Bill sent me out to collect personal statistics suitable for obituaries from store proprietors. It's been a beastly job and has netted few results. Otherwise I've been loafing because Bill went to Portland and there was nothing else to do. The family up home have been sending me congratulatory notes since they learned of my job. They'll back me in anything now.

Nothing lively is going on down at the office except

Bill and Francis are trying to grow mustaches. Nellie yelled out to Bill when he was leaving for his train, "Oh, I say, don't shave while you're gone."

March 18- Another week has passed and I've had one row with Coach Bezdek and had some advice and made up and been scooped several times on other stories and now I'm going to a concert on a complimentary (ticket). Get the idea, I've got to be awfully careful about being scooped. I'm afraid I'm neither wide awake enough nor possessed of enough system.

(Saturday)

Today/I attended a good roads congress and wrote it up quite lengthily. Otherwise not much doing. Verna brought lunch down to the office for me for fear I would starve while I worked. I have another short story to write for class tomorrow.

(A big break in the diary occurs here, so I shall fill it in from several letters.) First was an illustrated one to my sister- I will omit the drawings.)

Mar. 20 to Iris- Something just happened that I wanted you to hear about while it was fresh. Verna went into the kitchen to turn off the kitchen light and the whole thing, cord and all, came off the ceiling and she stood there holding it in her hand and gazing blankly at the ceiling. Then it dawned on her that she had better put it back up some way. She climbed on a kitchen chair, but in spite of being tall, didn't come near reaching the ceiling.

Next she lit a lamp, set it on top of the kitchen stove, climbed onto the stove, pulled the chair up after her and stood on that and replaced the light cord. Talk about your funny sights!.....

I was so busy yesterday Verna brought a box of lunch down to the office for me. I had purchased a loaf of bread and she thought I wanted all of it in sandwiches, so did her best and when she ran out of filling, put cake icing in them. I wish you could have seen the poetry she added for good measure.

I made some chess pies today.

Mar. 29 to Ma- While waiting for a library book I thought I'd scribble a few lines to you. I'll be home (I think) a week from Friday night (for spring vacation) if I can scare up the spondulix (money). You know I simply couldn't get along without a typewriter, yet I didn't have the cash to pay for it (Uncle Frank loaned me the rental). I'll have to pull a salary somewhere this summer to make up for it.

Well, as I was saying, I'll come home and get my clothes fixed up a little and scout around for a summer job. I've learned that it pays to begin early.

Work goes on the same as ever. Instead of getting a partial vacation next week, as I expected, I'll have more than ever to do while the class runs the paper (they helped at the Guard in order to gain experience).

I finished another (fiction) story for class yesterday. Some day I'm going to try to sell some of them. The clas liked my last one.

The girls are going to give what they call an April Frolic Friday night in the gym. Every girl has to be in costume. My but I wish I had the family's patchwork clown suit here. I can't think how to dress up with nothing to begin with.

I simply must write Dad a letter now. He hasn't

heard from me for nearly three weeks. I have a Spanish lesson to get, too. We need a new book I/ haven't bought, so I'm waiting in the library for some one to come in with a copy.

April 5- to Ma- Railroad rates are the same on both lines (Oregon Electric and Southern Pacific) \$4.80 is the special fare. Will not get another check until next Tuesday, so if you want me badly enough on Friday night, why you know what to do. (Send me the cash.)

You ask me in your letter if I get ~~lonesome~~ lonesome like Dad and I will have to reply that it does not often happen- I am so busy. The Guard is getting along all right (it was having financial troubles) . I have been doing a little of everything, as the professors think I know the business pretty well and don't even bother to give me assignments, as they do to the rest. I will bring the entire week's copies with me when I come home.

April 30 to Ma- Your lovely (package of) ham came and taste^s awfully good. It was a complete surprise to me and pleased the cook (Verna) awfully well. She told me she wished she had folks at home to send her things once in a while.

May 7- My it seems strange to be writingⁱⁿ this book again after such a long lapse of time and after so many events have gone unrecorded. Just think, I have had lots of dates with men down at the office, so I haven't had cause to be lonesome in that respect, then I went home Spring vacation and had only one scrap the whole time. That was just before / I left when Ma added two glasses of jelly (to be carried upright) to my load of two suitcases, one purse,

two books and one alarm clock. I brought back with me a new suit, a new one, understand (my clothes hitherto had generally been made-overs donated by Mrs. Stevenson or relatives). I selected the material, lining, buttons and pattern for it all unaided. That, added to my old white hat, new white shoes and stockings make me feel quite dressy. I hope others think I look that way.

The next most important thing that stands out^t was getting fired. That actually happened, although I'm still with the Guard. The paper changed ownership while I was away and, as I received my check the same as usual, the blow on my return was rather unexpected. But, as one of the professors said, it's harder to fire me than to keep me. I talked Mr. Shelton, the new manager, into retaining my services for a week. In order to make a good impression I helped so much in the front office that at the end of seven days they didn't want me to be fired, so I'm still there doing everything from proof reading to general office boy running around and dividing my time between all three rooms- the front office, editorial and composing rooms. I work until 6 p.m. instead of 4:30 as before and all this for my measly \$4 per week. (One of my duties in the business office was holding ad copy, which had previously been done by an employe who was let out for economy's sake.)

I must tell you that I have added proof reading to the list of my accomplishments. The journalism classes from the University ran the paper the week before Spring vacation and, in order to draw my salary, I first began to get acquainted with the front office. I held copy on add proof and learned the signs. When the proof stacked up in the

back room I helped there because the class bungled it. Before the week was over I was reading nearly all the proof and have been able to help Nellie Hemenway when she needs me. I have a good enough beginning in that line, if I cared to stick with it.

About a month ago I made arrangements with Uncle Frank for the purchase of a new Underwood typewriter on the installment plan. Our home establishment now contains a highly efficient machine, which is costing \$60.50, of which \$3 has been paid. You can figure out how long it will take me at that rate.

Housekeeping goes on just the same. The folks have sent me lots of nice presents (of food) through the mail. We have the same old good times here and are not anticipating with pleasure the day we must part. Last night Nellie Hemenway was here to dinner and we had one grand feed.

Summer is looming up large ahead and I'm speculating anxiously on what it has in store for me. When up home I went to the Telegram and the Oregonian to remind them I was still alive. I wrote a letter to the Journal but got no results. Anna (my mother's lodger) expects to leave Ma in July (she was getting married), so that means I must either get Portland work or Ma must go to California (to join Dad). I may be able to stay right here in Eugene and I may have a chance elsewhere in a small town- I don't know where I am headed.

May 7 to Ma- I'm still pegging along. Next week is going to be a particularly busy one, as it is the annual Junior Week End, a celebration got up for high school students visiting from all over the state. They

have campus luncheons, track meets, canoe fetes, dances and all sorts of stuff like that and, of course, I'll have to cover all of it. Not that I won't get some fun out of it in the bargain.....

Did you read that article about those children from the backwoods visiting the Guard? It was on page 9 of the Sunday Oregonian. (They were children who had never seen an elevator or a street car or many other things in a city.)

May 13- The great Junior Week End, at which I have so often longed to be present, is nearly over and all I have seen of it was the canoe fete. There was a big crowd of Portlanders, but I haven't seen one I knew. DeWitt Gilbert (another journalism student) has been covering most of the University doings and I've been on the town beat, or part of it. There is a big school rally going on, so there is plenty of life in the town and I don't mind missing the University doings.

After yesterday's paper was out I worked with the Theta Sigma Phi girls who were getting out the Women's edition of the Emerald. They announced four new pledges, but they were all upperclassmen. I had hoped to make it before I left here, but I guess it's not for freshmen. Gee, that will leave me at the end of the year with no more honors than when I entered. The journalism fraternity had been the only one I hoped for.

May 18- Verna just got through kicking the next to the top panel of the sliding door. Then she discovered that the window shades were up. Hasty exit!

That was only one of a series of performances tonight.

They began with "Ma Nichols' Kimonja Kandy," made from two walnuts minus the shells and as much sugar as possible (the bag was about empty) plus a little of the whitish liquid obtained from a ruminative quadruped. We are not sure the last is correct.

Evangeline and Springer are raising the house tonight on a pretense of studying. I pulled this book out to record a little incident I didn't want to forget. Bill (Ryan) handed me two tickets to the Bible University banquet the other day and told me to cover it. I took the whole thing as a joke and didn't go. The next day things blew up and Bill said I was just about fired, but his soft heart prevented it. Mr. Shelton delivered a long eulogy (at my request to get it over with as soon as possible) telling me that it came to everyone.

The next day I had stacks of good stories just by chance and felt real gay about the two front pages that afterward proved inaccurate on account of too hasty copyreading.

I'm going to have a little fudge party tomorrow night. ~~xxxxxxx~~ A lot of the inviteds have produced excuses.

May 21- Pretty good little party in spite of half the people not coming and having the Jello refuse to get solid enough to eat without being doped with cornstarch.

Yesterday we worked like sixty on election returns. I wouldn't want more than one election day very often/. I had to call out returns to Bill, who tabulated them, and it made me awfully hoarse. I worked off the effects at a picture show last night.

We stayed in bed so late this morning all we needed was breakfast and supper. We ate the former at 11:45.

Vangie and Springer and I strolled across the bridge this afternoon. I'm catching up on correspondence tonight while Springer has gone to church.

May 21 to Ma- It has been a long time since we've had a real heart-to-heart talk, so you must sit down and write me a reply. As the end of the semester is approaching, we ought to each find out what the other is going to do. The place I'll look for a job sort of depends on your whereabouts... I probably won't take any action until the last minute. I know some of my studies will bring me more flunks, as I never pay much attention to them any more. It's a disgrace, but I'm quite busy enough....

I had a little celebration Friday night, a fudge party. I wanted to do something out of the ordinary and this didn't cost me over 50¢. Had a pretty good time...I.

Springer had a tummy or some other kind of ache so I've been doing most of the cooking the last two days. She revived on it and got well enough to make some biscuits and a lemon pie tonight.

A lot of mending has been stacking up the last few weeks so I finally got a girl to come over and help me with it at the same rate Mrs. Allen paid me, but I want no more of her services. I wasn't aware that I was particular until I saw the way she darned stockings.

We went for a short hike across the river this afternoon to get the kinks out of our legs. It felt good.

May_____ Just returned from the third show I've gone to on complimentaries this week. The last was a circus. Tonight I sat in a box for the first time.

May 26 to Ma. Verna goes on the complimentary tickets

too. I get them when I have to write up some event.

The weather has cleared up just when I was about to give up the ghost and buy a pair of heavy shoes, but now it's all right again.

Our city editor is leaving Monday and will go to Portland. He has no other job yet. I don't know whether he was fired or just what has happened. No bright and shining prospects for myself have shown up, so likely I'll be back home in a couple of weeks hunting a job... School lets out June 9. Thanks for sending me a check- I don't know what I said that made you think I needed it- but I'm returning it- I can't keep it.

May 29- Well, I've had my first quarrel with Verna. It was over a trivial thing, but there was a good deal more under the surface. In other words, it was the inevitable ^{room} outcome of a series of events. My ^{mate} has been gradually getting crosser and more supercilious than ever this weekend and the last. She had her beloved "Ma" Nicholls down for the weekend and during that time absolutely ignored my presence, scarcely noticing me at meals. Today Mrs. Nicholls left and Verna got friendly. I talked of printing pictures tonight and she seemed interested.

Now a week or so ago I took a silhouette Verna posed for and the film turned out so good I had a lot of fun with it until Verna stole it outright. I thought the whole thing was a joke until tonight when I asked her for it she got huffy. It was quite a triumph in photography and would be a pleasant reminder of the fun we have had, so I begged her all kinds of ways until I lost my temper, slammed the door and went in. I printed the pictures and now Miss Verna will not

get any. I hope not to make up for a while though it is a shame to quarrel so near to our parting.

May 30 to Ma- Things are rather petering out down here as the seniors are having their final examinations. I would have gone on a picnic today had I not had to work this afternoon. Now I'm home trying to get my thoughts fixed on a story. Verna is still in bed.

Seniors are having their examinations now and ours come after Commencement the latter part of this week and the earlier portion of next. I will flunk in a few more subjects this semester and, as I carried one less hour, it makes it all the more risky. Three hours of Spanish are going to the bottom of the sea because I didn't find time to study them, also one hour of copyreading because the whole class, myself included, are blockheads and the stuff is deucedly hard. You have absolutely no studying to do; it requires knack in writing headlines and finding mistakes. There are four hours gone for sure and I'm still in doubt about the fate of my economic history. I've studied it, but the facts never seem to stick, just like history always was in high school.

The new city editor is already in the office. He is a ~~xxxxxxx~~ pickle named Dill. He doesn't impress me much.

May 31- Home from the annual Emerald banquet. Never felt so good. It was lots different from Spectrum staff parties. It almost makes me want to come back next year. The program will explain. (I was referring to complimentary scribblings written on it about my work.)

Mr. Shelton today set the time for me to quit at the Guard. One week more, then- what? Ma is contemplating

a move to California. I have written Jack Connors (a distant cousin on the Oakland Tribune) asking what the prospects are in Oakland (where my father worked). Have heard nothing from the Portland papers. I hate to leave the Guard, as I've formed a real liking for it and know everyone so well.

I noticed on my banquet menu tonight Professor Dymment had written a motto after my name:

"The hard row brings the best crop."

I think I'll remember that.

I must speak of the end of Verna's and my quarrel. The other night I went to my bedroom to think things over, as I found Verna had left a funny message on my typewriter referring to herself as having an atrocious disposition and signing it "The Glad Hand."

In a little while Verna tiptoed in after me, hugged me and announced that dinner was ready. We kissed and made up and went out to the kitchen to eat the oddest meal. We had forgotten the Memorial Day holiday and neither of us had shopped for food. All we had was ~~muffins~~ muffins and chops, but we were both happy that the quarrel had ended. We hated to think of a final parting- Verna is not expecting to return to the campus next year.

June 12- My grades came today and joy of all joys- Timmy did not flunk me. He gave me a condition in Spanish, which means if I study a little this summer I can pass the exam next fall and go on with it. Economic History brought me a passing grade and the only flunk was one hour in Copy Reading... but I had learned a lot from the course.

The End.

Lucile Saunders McDonald

This is a continuation of my experiences on the University of Oregon campus, assembled from letters sent home and other scribblings. I kept no diary during my second year. When I left the campus in June, 1916 I expected to find a summer job and return to school in the fall, but nothing turned up and when September arrived I had no money at all. Relatives took a hand in my affairs and Uncle Walt found me employment as a filing clerk in a mail order house, where I remained from October 26 until January 9, 1917, when I was laid off/ after the Christmas rush was over. I had saved \$60 and felt that I could afford to go back to Eugene. On the way south I stopped at Albany and applied for a position which had been advertised on the Albany Evening Herald. That did not work out and ~~like~~ the next evening I boarded the train again.

Few ^{persons} ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ were ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ aboard when I got off at 10 o'clock that drizzly night in Eugene. I had the address where Evangeline Kendall was staying, so ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ got on a street car headed in the direction of the campus. When it let me off I sloshed through puddles, seeking the house with the proper number. I was determined not to spend money for a hotel room if I could avoid it.

Taking a chance on an extremely dismal, old fashioned house behind two huge clipped shrubs, I rang a bell that echoed drearily in the mausoleum-like building. Several minutes passed before a light appeared and Eva came to let me in, having been warned by mail that I might suddenly appear on the scene. She escorted me to the garret under the

roof, cold, shadowy and lamplit. Here Eva spent her nights, eating in the daytime at a sorority house where she dishwashed. Not even a bed did the place boast, only a wide cot, but we were able to share it by snuggling close together. In addition to the blankets, some mysterious object warmed our feet. I could not figure out what it was .

"That was Socrates," Eva explained, ^{in the morning,} pulling out a curious looking gray bundle. "It's my own invention, a quart fruit jar wrapped in a woolen sock. I fill it every night with hot water before leaving the sorority house."

I remained with Evangeline three nights, buying meals from her landlady or munching bakery goods. Exams were not yet over, so I had time to spare to find a housekeeping room and schedule courses. The list of lodgings furnished me by the dean of women was not promising until I got to the very last address. It was on Beech Street, quite close to the University . Next day I wrote my first letter home:

January 31- Have settled down at last. Had almost given up until I saw this place. I moved in this afternoon and am far from sorry. There are three others here but one will leave tomorrow. Both girls are companionable and nice, also very, very musical. One sings and the other is a pianist and something of a composer. They do their own housekeeping, all using the same stove and dishes. Mrs. Andrews, who has the house, is a nice, motherly sort of person who has two daughters away at Monmouth. Everything is homelike here and I guess I'll stay. If you'll have Uncle Frank box up the typewriter it might as well be sent. See if you can squeeze two sheets and two pillow-cases into the box with it, also that lightweight cotton comforter. Mrs. Andrews has not an over supply of bedding so

the girls mostly have their own.

I pay \$5 per month here and supply my grub and the few things mentioned above.

The Albany job did not pan out. The publisher doesn't know what he wants. I am now hot on the trail of something else in commercial lines. Prospects are quite good on account of my recent office experience, so I hope for results soon.

I've arranged a good course, 13 hours of journalism subjects and 3 of Spanish.

P.S. I'll need some hand towels- three, please.

Feb. 3- I think I'll get along here very nicely. Food prices are not so exceptional, for instance, tonight I purchased mutton chops- two ordinary sized ones and one very large one for 10 cents, which will make three meals at the least. Eggs are 35 cents per dozen, but butter is 45 cents a pound. I am thanking the Wittenbergs (my relatives) for their dried foodstuffs. as they save a lot for me. I made an apple pie today from their fruit and it was very good. Also tried the peaches and ate them with cream for breakfast. (Not: a cousin had a dehydrated fruit company at The Dalles and had sent some packages of his product to the family at Christmas.)

Have been having a busy time lately. Last night Hazel (Radabaugh) and I went to the U. of O.- U. of Wash. basketball game and today she got me an invitation to a special dramatic club vaudeville performance. Some of her music was featured. You see she is the real thing in composers. After the show we went down ^w to get bread and meat and she insisted on taking me to a picture show. Then we came home and had a hasty dinner and she went to a dance. I'm here alone, as we haven't the slightest idea where the landlady has wandered off to. She has

been a disappearing quantity most of the day.

Elsewhere I wrote a description of the Andrews establishment. It was in a small white house four blocks from the campus. Usually a musical din was coming from it, as Hazel practised many hours on the piano in the living room, or rather, she composed music there. My room was only a few feet from the piano, just off the dining room.

Cora Andrews 's husband had deserted her, probably because of things she had said about him. She seemed a little "touched" and talked constantly of her twin daughters whom she called the "twoists". She would sit by the hour fondly ^{ing} a disreputable looking old tom cat and talking baby talk to him about the twins.

As to my expenses at the time, I wrote in an account book the following: pint milk, .05[¢]; eggs, 18; cinnamon rolls, .05; hamburger steak, 05; 10 pounds flour, .50; cheese, 10; lard, 35.

I noted when the two other girls were at the table with me Vera Derflinger (Billy) had for supper milk, eggs and bacon and Hazel was dining on jellies, preserved fruits and cake along with more substantial food. Both girls were from farms and their families sent in a good part of their food. Billy's money was running short and she lived almost exclusively on the produce she received from home. Hazel was the daughter of a country doctor and pills were a large part of her intake.

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February 8- Thanks for sending the typewriter. I had some trouble getting it delivered, as our house is half a block off the delivery zone so I finally ~~fixed~~ saved myself hiring a [^]dayman by ordering the box sent to a grocery store.

Brought it the rest of the way after dark in a wheelbarrow, that is, I meant to bring it but a gentleman was kind enough to interfere in my favor.

I ran across a nice little job yesterday in a printing office. Worked three hours in the morning and went down at night and finished up. Also spent the noon hour at the Guard writing them a couple of stories. Then had copyreading class until 6 p. m. Altogether I must have spent about half an hour at home during the entire day.

Sunday night- didn't get this letter finished, so here I am again. Worked all of yesterday at the printing office and will also work several hours tomorrow and expect to finish the little job. The man may have some more again in a few days.

Mr. ^ATylor of the Guard gave me a tip on a nice little _A assignment for the Oregonian, which may bring me some change when I get time to go after it.

Studies are going along nicely and I seem to be making a favorable impression on the man who took Professor Dymont's place (George Turnbull). He doesn't compare with him in strictness but I don't believe he will ever make as much impression as his predecessor although he seems to have plenty of ability.

I am back on the Emerald staff again doing reporting, proofreading and copyreading. Besides that, every time I go down town I take in something for the Guard or the Register. You see how busy I am.

Feb. 15- Thanks for sending me the jam, which goes on my reserve shelf. Dad sent me a box of cookies too.

It is lots of fun to be here writing and doing just what I please and not having to think of Jones Cash Store files and have my hands scratched up (I worked in the mail order house

before the days of paperclips and folders- all filed papers were pinned together). It doesn't seem now as though I was ever there.

I haven't gone out a bit socially since coming here. Sort of got out of the swim. There was a tea for the new girls the journalism fraternity wanted to look over last night, but I was not invited to it. It was sort of disappointing because I am one of the two girls in the whole University who has ever actually been connected with a ^{news} paper. Here it is something of an empty honor, but nationally it means a little more.

There is a big class dance tonight, but I am not going on account of the usual reason, no man. Neither are the other girls at the house. Misery loves company.

Feb. 21- I have introduced the girls to thin hotcakes (crepes were a specialty of our family). Today we tried a new dessert with a piece of stale cake. First I steamed it, then I poured chocolate sauce over it and whipped cream on top. The last sounds extravagant, but Bill brings the richest cream from home and sometimes donates a portion for the rest of us.

Tonight I wate dinner by myself and got it on the ^{heating} stove in the dining room- took the lid off and put on a monstrous frying pan in which I fried seven slices of French toast at one time. Ate 'em with jam, followed with chocolate blanc mange, cream and tea.

I now have a space regularly on the front page of the Emerald at the top of the second volumn. I have about three news stories going all the time. The landlady and I had a row because I stay ^{ed} up until 12:40 Monday night and then quit before I had finished my work. Vera was just as bad and studied till 1 a.m. the same night.

Sunday was open house day and the fellows went around to all the houses, getting introduced. I was at the Y.W. Bungalow and nearly got my wrist shaken to pieces. It felt like a dish rag when they were through.

Possibly you would be interested in hearing how Prof. Harthan teaches Spanish. He draw^sa hat on the blackboard and calls them sombreros, then he tells one of the fellows that one of the girls in the class wants him to buy her a hat. So they argue in Spanish over the thing until they finally agree on the price. Usually Harthan has to loan the poor victim some money. And so we learn Spanish conversation.

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Every night the three of us gathered around the stove in the dining room and while Mother Andrews talked of the "twoists" to the cat we studied and discussed the day's experiences. Often Hazel would slip to the piano and she and Billy would sing^e- the latter belonged to the glee club. As we became closer acquainted we discussed Hazel's ailments, my search for employment and Billy's bank balance on the most intimate termsⁿ. When Billy's diet grew more limited we traded jellies for eggs and dried fruits and vegetables for milk. An interested spectator at our cooking ventures was the cat, which seemed to depend on our cupboards for his meals. I caught him walking off with two smelt just as I was getting out^t the frying pan to cook them for dinner. Mrs. Andrews was offended when I complained to her about it.

Dean Fox came to lunch one day, a customary way to inspect students' lodgings. Twenty-four hours later strife entered our peaceful home. The tom cat walked off with my hamburger for dinner, Billy declared Mother Andrews had been

taking some of her butter- besides her funds were so low she didn't have cash enough to buy bread.

Hazel was working furiously on an opera she was composing with a blind student, Leslie Blades, writing the libretto. Hazel was not paying attention to our fracas in the kitchen. Billy and I had decided to look for other quarters where there were no tom cats. Ten o'clock came around and Mother Andrews marched into the parlor and told Hazel, "Quit playing the same thing over and over. It's getting on my nerves." It was affecting ours similarly. Hazel was worked up to ~~ix~~ a stubborn pitch and refused to do as requested. Mother Andrews thereupon put the top of the piano down on Hazel's hands. Hazel promptly marched into her bedroom, got a suitcase and went out into the night.

We met her on the campus in the morning and learned she had gone down the block and spent the night with a senior, Martha Beer. That was a very temporary measure, for Martha's landlady was ill and Mart was going to have to move also.

"Why not make it a mass action?" I proposed. "My rent is up tomorrow. Let's get an apartment together and help Billy out."

That afternoon we set out on a hunt and inspected the usual lot of ~~Bar~~^{Bar} smelly places. In desperation, at the end of the day, we paid a deposit on an apartment down town which we did not like at all, for many reasons, including that it was too far from the campus.

We were on the way back to Mrs. Andrews' when we stopped in front of a grocery store three blocks from the school. It was in an old, shabby building, the upstairs of which was frequently rented to students. We just happened to notice

a "for rent" sign on the door. We were not impressed, but it roused our curiosity.

"Let's get the grocer to show it to us," someone proposed.

When questioned, he explained that there was but one of the three apartments in the building vacant and this was in the rear and less desirable. It rented for \$10 a month.

He led the way down a long hall on the second floor, across an open porch and into a three room suite. The bath was outside of it. Inside were a bed room, long clothes closet, living room with a tiny built-in sideboard and an air-tight stove and last of all a well designed kitchen with a pass cupboard behind the sideboard.

We were delighted with what we saw and Martha proposed that she go back down town and retrieve the two dollar deposit on the other apartment. We got ready to move in the next day and so the Eta Beta Spud house was born.

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March 2- We have a new address (on Patterson Street) and expect that our living will become very economical. Bill had about run out of coin, so we made her house manager and living will not cost her a cent if she continues to bring in farm products. Martha will be a regular paying boarder contributing \$18 a month. Hazel and I will each pay \$5 of the rent and if there is any leftover indebtedness for other items we agree to split the amount at the end of the month. Hazel and I will continue to turn her farm produce and my cookies and dried products into the family kitty. Vera is going to do most of the cooking and other work, Hazel and I helping when we have time. I'll get one dinner and Hazel one lunch ^{each week} when Billy has to be away.

We are a little closer to town and , as I expect to be working again shortly, it is a much better situation than at Mrs. Andrews'. My popularity on local newspapers is still on the upward cline. Last night the Register called on me for a night story. I am now working ~~on~~ one for the Oregonian.

Vera and Hazel went home over the weekend and brought back butter, eggs, eanned fruits, fresh sausage meat, pickles, cream, lard and pork roast. They also provided bedding and cooking utensils. Mart brought along a lot of furniture we needed, such as a single bed, dressing table, mirror, study table, rocking chair and bookcase. She had furnished them where she lived before. Besides that the apartment already had considerable furniture. Three of us are sleeping in the bedroom and Mart is on the living room couch, which she likes because it lets her study late.

Martha and I went to a big college carnival and dance last night. She had to dance there as part of the program, so I went along with her and had a good time. It kept me from getting lonesome while the girls were away. Hazel took me to a musicale the day before.

We divided hooks in the clothes closets equally and portioned out drawers the same way. Hazel is doing her practising on a rented piano elsewhere, but has a guitar here to supply music. Hazel does the housecleaning , which she likes, and I make beds and wash dishes. We do our own clothes washing. The money Mart paid in easily covered our outside food expenses.

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Mar. 17- I am writing this up on Skinner's Butte. It's a most glorious spring day and the landscape looks beautiful from where I am perched in a swing high up on the hillside..

I went to Springfield this morning to see about some advertising work I'm going to do for the Springfield News. I'm going to try writing and soliciting Eugene ads for them. There isn't much pay, the basis being 15 per cent.

Last night I had company for dinner. All the other girls have been having guests so I asked a young gent who sent me a box of chocolates a week ago. For company I also called in Mart's fiance and for chaperone Miss Watson, one of the young faculty women. It made quite a nice little party- seven of us. I came home from my 6 o'clock class early so I could help with the dinner. We had to borrow enough knives, forks, spoons and cups and saucers from the neighbors to make up for our deficiency. In our whole establishment we have but two plates that match and every other dish is a mis-mate. Consequently our table is an interesting sight when all set. Here is our menu for last night:

breaded halibut	
mashed potatoes	creamed peas
bread	butter
lettuce and vegetable salad.	
rice pudding	cookies
coffee	

After dinner Bob (my guest) and Leslie (Blades) wanted some music, then Hazel had to get ready for a masquerade dance and Martha had company come in and so did Bill and besides she had to get ready to go home over the weekend. As soon as everyone was gone Bill and I stacked up the dishes and Mart and I went down town to mail some important letters. We stopped at a movie on the way back, "Great Expectations," by Dickens. It was an exceptionally good show. By the time it was over we were ready for home and bed. I got up and made breakfast on account of Bill's absence this morning. Also I cleaned the kitchen and made Hazel's and my bed before going to Springfield. That is about the first ^{house} work I have done since I came back to Eugene.

Last week I worked two days on the Guard and had an auto ride and a big reception thrown in on it. I spend an awful lot of time monkeying with the Emerald, even till late Saturdays. The girls persuaded me to take a couple of nights off recently and go to a comic opera, "The Princess Pat," and to hear Cadman and Tsiarina, the Indian singer. That's the first time I've done such a thing for several years.

We had an assembly several weeks ago that I wish you could have seen. A man who had traveled in the Orient lectured on a number of colored slides he had made from pictures taken on the Euphrates River. He also told about the Armenian villages in Asia Minor, built like mole hills so that you wouldn't know when you were walking on whole villages. If you wanted to get to a house in the further end you had to go through a whole bunch of little houses. Then he showed pictures of rattan boats made in the shape of round Japanese flower bowls. About 30 people could get in them at once. The things turned round and round as you rowed in them.

My studies are getting along beautifully. There is a nice little freshman who takes Spanish and he's a regular shark and is perfectly willing to study with me, so that overcomes the last obstacle.

Recently I went to a dance and carnival and had a lot of money spent on me by various hungry youths and just had the best time. One of the fellows brought a rubber lady to the dance and the boys filled her program. You should have seen them dancing with a dummy.

March 26- The April Frolic was a great success. I wore a clown suit, sent from home, with one pink and one white stocking and a tiny white cap set high up on a skin tight knob of hair. The girls powdered my face perfectly white and put

dabs of Mart's makeup on my nose and cheeks. Hazel didn't know what to wear so we slipped her into a pink and blue dancing frock of Mat's, tied my oriental scarf around her head and put my pink crepe bloomers on her so they would hang down. She looked like a regular queen of the harem.

Friday night I attended a debate. Saturday I worked all day making up class work and reading Emerald proof and covering a couple of stories for the Guard. I had to drop the Springfield proposition because I could find absolutely no time for it and the pay was not enough to warrant me dropping other things. After rushing around wildly, I found a boy who was willing to take the job.

Sunday I worked on a bunch of news stories and themes from 9:30 to 1:30, then I had just enough time to get dressed for company. Two boys in an apartment in the same building came to see Hazel and I had a friend coming in. We stayed here a while, but when the conversation on economics got too much for us we hit the trail for a country road and walked half way to Spencer's Butte. I studied all evening and next morning went to an 8 o'clock class, then worked. It came in handy that a visiting Y.W.C.A. secretary needed a stenographer and I happened to have a little time, which I couldn't really spare, but I took the job as a necessity. I typed ten letters and earned \$1. You should see how I take dictation, part in long hand, part in abbreviations and part in short Spanish words. They come in handy, for instance, "y" is "and" and "al" is "to the" and there are a lot more.

Here is a list of the school work I must complete outside of my classes in the next two days: finish a theme on Mexican relations, complete faculty summary story, gather

material and write an article on campus playwrights, another on the Guard press, an Emerald story, a column, another story for the Emerald and another theme on the Russian situation. Besides that I promised to type a 24-page story for Mart for the large sum of \$1.

About this time I became city editor of the Emerald. The First World War was beginning to siphon off some of the boys and I moved up on the staff. The editor in chief was Harold Hamstreet, with whom I had worked in the University mailing room the previous year. Harold was now campus correspondent for the Oregonian and, being a senior, he was overwhelmed with responsibilities. He had so many obligations that he propositioned me to do a large part of his Oregonian job, saying he would split his check with me, which meant I would receive two dollars a column. Though he did not earn the other two dollars, this arrangement paid me much better than my ^{the previous year} long hours at the Guard.

At the beginning of the term Ed Harwood was managing editor ^{of} the Emerald, but he suddenly shipped out, on account of the war, leaving Harold and me to handle all the editorial work between us.

April 3- Last night I worked from 7 p.m. until nearly 11:30 in the Register office, handling telephone calls on the city election and war news. It kept me jumping and I guess I averaged about two calls a minute most of the time. When the rush was over the Register force sent me up town for a feed and one of the reporters took me home.

There is much excitement on the campus due to the war agitation. Several boys already have been mobilized and dozens of them are waiting to be called to their regiments. Some of the professors are even preparing to absent themselves.

April 15- I had a quiz paper returned and found I had received the highest grade of all ten students in the advanced newswriting class.

All this term I have been taking a column writing class from Prof. W.F.G. Thatcher. I have been turning this experience into a column in the Emerald titled War Warlings^B. My three roommates keep me supplied with amusing material for it, for they deliver lots of quotable comments on ^Ccampus events.

May 2 (written from Pleasant Hill, Ore.) Being at this address is due to my having to stay out of school this week and go to the country to get rested after a siege of illness caused by too much work. As soon as I returned from spring vacation terrific headaches began to come on and in another week I was feeling limp. We had Hazel's father, who is a doctor, come in and he said I would have to rest two weeks and take a lot of nasty medicine. That didn't work out, I felt worse and Hazel said I'd better go to her home in the country and get taken care of there. I took the train to Goshen and her father met me and drove six miles with horse and buggy. I'm feeling much better now^A and I'll be back in town Monday.

May 13- I'm quite well now, but my time has been terribly filled up with work. I had to make up classwork for all the studies I had missed, then came Junior Weekend with its big women's edition of the Emerald. Thursday night I went to the canoe fete on the mill race and watched a dance afterward. All day Friday I spent on the Emerald doing a thousand and one things - you see, so many of the boys have gone that I am now managing editor.

Dean Collins of Oregonian fame was here on the campus and I coaxed him to write a poem especially for our paper.

At noon there was a big feed, cafeteria style, in the gymnasium. After that the whole student body had a parade down town. Then there was a baseball game, but I had no time to see that.

Friday night was a class play and one of my journalism friends, a very nice man from Portland, took me. After that we both had to go to the Morning Register office and reel off some copy before going home.

Saturday the alarm clock went off at 6 a.m. and again I rose and ran the typewriter an hour or so. Possibly I had five hours of sleep during the night. The old Emerald had so many girls working on it that things got mixed up and it kept me hopping. About noon several girls came up and did me a little honor. They pledged me a member of Theta Sigma Phi, women's national journalism fraternity, and it is supposed to be a considerable honor to be bid for it. They didn't tell me when the initiation would take place or any further details. After we were through working on the Emerald at dinner time the girls all piled into a big machine and took the new pledges for a ride before they went home.

Last night I went to a show and this morning slept late and went to church with Bill and a girl who is visiting us. Mart has left her thesis go until the last minute and has been working all day. The girls have either gone out or are keeping still as mice. When I sat down to the typewriter (this was the least annoying thing I could think of to do) she got sore and picked up her books and coat and left. (She finally parked in the empty front apartment in the building and we left her completely alone.

She ought to have said that my typing bothered her.) These living quarters are so small that you can almost hear a pin drop in the next room.

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The letters in my files end at this point. I had come up the editorial ladder on the Emerald behind Harold Hamstreet and Ed Harwood and ^{owing to the war} finished the last weeks of school as managing editor. We lost a lot of men from the staff because of mobilization of the armed forces. I had my first taste of executive authority, which was good for me, as the Emerald was organized and operated on a much more thorough and elaborate scale than many newspapers in Oregon. The confidence it instilled in me was still there when classes closed in June.

Of the four of us students living together I was the only one who felt absolutely positive of returning next fall. As it happened, with employment opening for women during the war, I was the one of the quartette who did not return. By the time school opened in September I was news editor of the Bend Bulletin. I never went back to the campus again.

Reading through my scribblings of that year and a half in Eugene, I can see that a lot of harsh lessons were dinned into me. My scholastic record was about bottom level. I wrote George Turnbull that I wondered how I got so much out of it.

I felt that I owed my start in the newspaper world to four persons- my uncle who helped me to finance a typewriter purchased on \$1 installments; a Portland neighbor who had been a former newspaperman and encouraged me to keep on trying; Prof. Colin V. Dymont, who never ridiculed my efforts but said kindly and helpful things when Dean Allen made me feel like a worm; and George Turnbull, who

gave me the final boost out into the world and could be depended upon always for helpful advice when I needed it. I realize that Dean Allen did me a lot of good in stiffening my backbone and helping me to stay in school, but George's understanding went deeper and had a very rare quality which I never found in any other person.

The End