

Museum of History and Industry
Historical Society of Seattle and King County

Transcript

Lucile McDonald - taped interview, April 6, 1985
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This is an interview with Lucile McDonald on April 6, 1985.
The interviewer is Lorraine McConaghy for the Museum of
History and Industry.

Q. How did you did hear the news about the Pearl Harbor
attack? Where were you?

L. McDonald I was getting dinner, and it came over the
radio. I was trying to get a symphony program and this news
came about the bombing of Honolulu and pushed everything out.
The air was loaded with messages calling up servicemen
because we had a lot of servicemen here, and we had a lot of
people working at plants that had to do with the war that was
going on elsewhere. As soon as this came over the air,
people who were on leave were called in.

Q. Were you surprised by the bombing of Pearl Harbor?

L. McDonald Nobody expected Pearl Harbor.

Q. Did you think we would enter the war at some time, at
some point?

L. McDonald I think people were getting ready - they were
conditioned.

Q. What was your own personal situation at the time? Was
your husband in any danger of being called up?

L. McDonald No, but I had a son in University of draft age.
I was home. I hadn't been doing newspaper work for a number
of years, and was writing juvenile books, and keeping house.
As soon as this started, the women in the neighborhood began
hounding me to join different things for war projects. They
thought that I was less than enthusiastic.

Finally, in desperation, I got to rolling
bandages. I only went a couple of times to those sessions,
and then we all began to think, "If the Japanese are going to
attack us, we ought to take our children across the
mountains." England had set that example because they'd
taken children inland, away from the cities where they might
be bombed.

So they started this child evacuation course,
and it was in a school district office in Seattle, on Dexter
Avenue. I went into that, and there was a good-sized
registration. I stuck with that and it was better for me
than trying to roll bandages.

Then, when the course was over, I was
immediately called to go down and sit at the Washington
Children's Home an afternoon, doing child care. I had enough
of it right then. I said, "I know I'm a mother and all that,
but..."

Q. How old were your other children?

L. McDonald Well, my son was in the University, and we had a little girl living with us that we had adopted. She was six or seven years old.

Q. You were doing a lot of childcare type things - the evacuation and the Washington Children's Home.

L. McDonald I visualized myself, since I was writing all those children's books at the time, as useful on that child evacuation thing, entertaining the children and doing a "story lady" sort of thing.

I realized that there wasn't going to be much of that. It was just plain drudgery. It was a regular childcare thing because a lot of women were working at Boeing and at the shipyard, and they were hunting daycare places for their children.

So I decided I'd better get back into something I was fitted for, and I began looking for a newspaper job. Well, in the first place, I had to consider my expenses at home in going into something like that, and I needed to make enough to cover the childcare question, too, and some housework.

I wanted somewhere with reasonable pay. I had been a well-paid newspaperwoman before.

Q. What had you done before?

L. McDonald I was thirteen years in newspaper work. In Portland, I was on The Oregonian, and I had been news editor on the Bend Bulletin and telegraph editor on the Salem Statesman, during the First World War. And I had been news editor with a daily up in Alaska, and I had been with the United Press in South America, and in New York, before the New York Times. So I was getting decent pay.

When I went to apply for some openings that occurred, the first one was in radio news. They offered me so little that I was kind of offended; I didn't say so but...

So I went and asked some advice of one of my newspaper friends, an editor on the [Seattle] Times who had known me in Portland, and knew what I could do. I stopped by the Seattle Times and called him out and talked to him in the lobby, and he said to let him have a little time to inquire, and that I'd hear from him right away.

Well, I was barely home when I got a call from him saying there was an opening as a copy-reader on the Seattle Times, and how about it? would I do copy reading?

I said, "Well, I did copy reading during the last war, and I could do it again."

Then the managing editor called me and arranged for me to come down on Monday morning, when I was to have gone to work at the radio station. You see, as I was leaving the radio station, the man said to me, "You know, since it's been a long time since you've worked, I think we'd better pay you only so much until we see how you do."

I thought, "Shucks!", because I had worked a

little for the Mary Margaret McBride radio program in New York, and I didn't see that I was so antiquated on anything. So, anyhow, I went down to the Times and talked to the managing editor, and told him what I had had for pay. And, oh yes! I had talked to the United Press in the first place, and the guild scale was against me - they didn't want to pay what they would have had to pay a person with my experience, unless I'd go to the San Francisco office. But I said, "I'm not leaving the Seattle area." So that was that.

I went to work on the Times, and one day the managing editor came through and he was showing somebody through, and he said, "This is that unknown quantity" - I forget exactly how he put it - "a woman copy reader."

So I was the first woman copy reader they had employed on the Seattle papers.

Q. Did you think that the manpower shortage made it easier for women to work on the paper during the war?

L. McDonald Oh, yes. They were crying for women to go to work.

I didn't enjoy copy reading, and I stayed that first year, and then I decided I'd go home when summer came, and the children were home again. I thought I'd go home and finish a book I was working on. So I quit the job and went home.

They didn't leave me in peace.

They kept calling me into the Times to substitute for a week here and a week there in the same department where I'd worked - in the Features Department. So after my household got settled down again and the book was finished, I went back to work, and then I stayed. I stayed twenty three years with the Seattle Times! (laughing)

Q. Couldn't get you out once they'd got you in!

L. McDonald Yes!

I had never intended to work like that.

Q. Living in Windermere, as you were at the time, you were fairly near the Sand Point Naval Air Station. Was there a lot of activity?

L. McDonald Oh, sure. They were flying all the time - there was lots of noise from planes.

Q. Were those barracks full of sailors?

L. McDonald Oh, yes, but you see they were up the road beyond us, and it was more that we heard them in the air than that we saw anything of the life there.

If you rode the bus, you might have... But I didn't ride the bus. There was rationing of gas, and you had to have a good reason to have gas. I did drive to work.

Q. You must have had a "C" card - how did you wangle that?

L. McDonald I was doing a man's job. It was a limited

amount of gas - I couldn't run around on pleasure trips.

Q. Do you remember how many gallons you got, whether it was a "B" card or a "C" card?

L. McDonald No, I don't, and I don't think I mentioned that in these notes.

Q. Were there any rumors about the Japanese-Americans living in Seattle that you remember?

L. McDonald It seemed that from the time of Pearl Harbor, things began to happen very fast. And there hadn't been rumors that I was aware of. After all, I was at home.

But I remember we got a surprise because there was a man that my husband had gone to school with at the University of Oregon, and my husband saw quite a bit of him down in Seattle, and suddenly he was shipped off with all the rest of them.

Q. Were there ever any stories in the newspapers leading you to believe that there was a possibility of Japanese espionage?

L. McDonald Oh, yes! There were constant rumors, and anything was published.

And, of course, the mustard story. We saw a great deal about that in the paper, and also about these floating bombs that were coming over. There was a group down near Lakeview, Oregon on a picnic, and the children picked up one of these fancy little kite things and it blew up and killed a bunch.

And then we read about the same kind of bombs coming down in Curry County, Oregon, in the forests and about forest fires.

I used to think when I drove into town that I was going to meet one of those things on the road. I always dreaded it - especially when I got around the north end of the lake, towards Lake Forest Park. I don't know why I was obsessed with that idea, but when I got past there, I always thought I would get into town safely.

But about the mustard, the paper harped on that for, I suppose, some weeks, and suddenly there was the discovery that there was a big patch of mustard not far from us, up across the road from the Sand Point Naval Air Base. It was planted by a Japanese farmer, and it was blooming all yellow.

Q. Was it just assumed that he was a traitor, or was he taken to court?

L. McDonald It was assumed it was deliberately done. People didn't have any sympathy then. They thought that among the Japanese living here, there were some who were very much in sympathy with the old country, and would do a thing like that. So they went out and mowed the mustard, and destroyed the evidence of the field.

And I guess that happened in some other places

in the country.

Q. Working as you did with small children, did you see any signs that they were afraid? Did they realize that we were at war, and that the coast could be bombed?

L. McDonald Well, one of the stories I did at the time was with a photographer at View Ridge School, and we did an air raid drill picture. They were taught to crawl under their desks if any planes went over or if any bombing began. And that was one of the first things.

Q. Were they taking it all calmly, like good little soldiers, or were they afraid?

L. McDonald Oh, they liked doing things like that! They were taken to basement rooms, and all that.

Q. Do you remember the blackouts at the beginning of the war?

L. McDonald Oh, yes. You had to be very careful about things like that, and in writing stories about things along the coast, I was made aware that things like lighthouses were blacked out.

When I would go out on a story on the waterfront - One time there was a Dutch passenger boat that had been out in the far East on its maiden trip from Holland, and it came on the run over here, and stayed here for a while. They didn't want it to be captured by the Japanese.

I went down to do a story about this boat, because it was very new, and a very fine boat. A guard went along with me and the photographer the entire time we were on the waterfront. You had to have a waterfront pass in wartime.

Q. There must have been a lot of uniforms on the streets of Seattle... What was the atmosphere like in Seattle? Were people panicky, or -

L. McDonald Not panicky. I think they took it as a matter of course. I had worked through another war, and that was in a smaller place. We had a big city here.

We talked a lot about all these news stories that were in the papers, but work went on as usual.

We did more talking about the handicaps of war - the shortage of gas and the shortage of sugar.

Q. How badly off were you for sugar?

L. McDonald You traded coupons with people! My son went up and did some work near North Bend for the Forest Service, and they complained that he hadn't brought any sugar coupons up for himself. I had to take a sugar coupon up there.

And I needed every one I had because I was canning everything that I could can! People put up food like nobody's business.

Q. Did you have a garden, with all your other responsibilities?

L. McDonald My son had planted a garden. There was a great clamor to plant wartime gardens, and he had a garden on a vacant lot in Windermere.

Q. With all your responsibilities at the newspaper, you found time to can, as well.

L. McDonald I worked long hours. I did canning at night, or on weekends.

Q. Were you growing a lot of vegetables? Was it a substantial effort?

L. McDonald Yes, it was quite an assortment of vegetables, and then we went out and picked fruits on vacant property where there were old apple trees, and wild blackberries, and things like that. We canned everything we could get.

Q. What other food was in short supply? Wasn't meat a problem? Did your cooking change?

L. McDonald Well, it was very economical on the sugar, and just watching everything because so many things weren't available.

You'd go to the stores, and as the war went on, the shelves got emptier and emptier. You'd want something and you couldn't get it.

And there were articles of clothing you couldn't get. I think that was one of the first things we thought of when peace was declared - that we could now go and buy underwear that we couldn't get before!

Q. Did you have trouble getting ahold of stockings?

L. McDonald Oh, yes.

Q. Did you ever resort to leg paint?

L. McDonald No! (laughing)
But things like bras were hard to get.

Q. Because of the elastic?

L. McDonald I don't know. They were different, then.

Q. How did you dress for work?

L. McDonald I wore the clothes you'd wear to go traveling - conventional things, and nothing elaborate.

You see, on a newspaper job like mine became, when I became a feature writer, I had to go to work prepared to go out to any kind of a meeting, a dinner, or anything. I had to wear in-between clothes that were acceptable everywhere.

I've always said that newspaper women should

dress that way - they don't know where they're going to get sent on assignment.

Q. Do you remember any other features you did during the war, besides that one at the View Ridge School?

L. McDonald One of the first stories I did when I went back to the paper, after I quit the copy reading job, was this. I had a friend who became a director of home economics - she was the county agent over at Ellensburg. And she began to direct some women's kind of thing - I can't tell you the name of it - but it was instructing people how to adapt their households to wartime conditions. She got me to do a story about that.

Q. Were you writing women's articles, basically?

L. McDonald No, I wasn't. I never have worked at a woman's job on a newspaper.

Q. How do you define a "woman's job" on a newspaper?

L. McDonald When I went into newspaper work, the average newspaper had a society editor and a woman's club editor, and a newspaper like the Times or the Oregonian would have one woman on general assignment. So my aspiration was to be that woman on general assignment.

And that was all I supposed I could do to get ahead. But when the war came along, editing jobs opened up, and all kinds of reporting jobs.

I noticed in my notes that we had part of the office they called - oh, what was it? some kind of an island - there were four or five women seated in a little group there, and the menfolks made fun of it.

Q. Oh, let's look it up!

(We pause to go through some of Lucile McDonald's notes, which deserve some explanation. These are carbons of personal letters to friends and relatives, arranged chronologically, which she has saved in her own files. All quoted material on this tape is read from letters written during the war years.)

L. McDonald This is from a letter that I wrote to a friend in October, 1942: "I work for a man who is a bearcat. When he blows up, the air is blue with smoke - profane smoke. His vocabulary is extraordinary, but thus far none of it has been directed at me. He got over saying, as he did when I first came there, that I was "that damned woman."

"My job is an offshoot of the copy desk" - and I told her what I did.

"One of the girls said I ought to be thankful to have a desk of my own, as I work in a quiet corner. Most of the other women are handed around from one roost to another. The place is full of women. They filled up one section of four desks with them, and called the place Virgin Island, until more of us swarmed in to pick up where the

servicemen left off."

"I'd like to hear my boss cuss the day when he learned he was going to have to have a female in his department, however he has taken it like a lamb."

Q. With all your job experience, it was different for you - but there were women who had not worked up until 1942 and 1943, and the war did open up opportunities for women. Did you see any long-term change for women because of those opportunities, or was it an over-and-done-with thing after the war?

L. McDonald It wasn't for a number of us. I had a friend who was a gray-haired woman living in Laurelhurst, and she had majored in journalism in school but had never worked at it professionally. When the war came along, she decided to see if she could get a job, and she landed one at the Times. I believe she started in Society, but they found she could really write and they moved her out into the newsroom. When the war was over and that woman's husband took some job in Washington, and they moved there, she became the Times correspondent in Washington. And that was really a man's job.

She worked on it for several years. How she carried on! Think of a gray-haired woman taking off when she had never done this kind of thing professionally.

A lot of women took subjects in school, just as I took journalism, knowing that the field was stacked against us. And then we got the opportunity and kept on with it.

We had a woman real estate editor for years after the war, at the Times, and she probably got her opportunity during the war.

Q. Did you perceive that women's employment in the shipyards and at Boeing was a war-related phenomenon, and would go away after the war, or did you think that blue collar work would open up for women?

L. McDonald I think the typical woman who worked as a welder during the war was probably glad when it was over, and she could go back to homelife.

Q. What is that anecdote, about the woman who was wife of the department chairman of the English Department, at the University of Washington?

L. McDonald She had been a singer before she was married, and she became a welder in a shipyard.

Q. Did you think that was a foolish thing for her to have done?

L. McDonald Nobody thought things like that were foolish. They were glad if people could handle these things. I couldn't have handled something like that, but I was glad to take the kind of job I could handle.

Q. Did you feel that people were watching your work as a

woman, or did you feel that you had already proven yourself?

L. McDonald When I first went there, they certainly were watching my work. I think they were surprised that I took hold as I did.

When I applied for jobs before the Times, I thought they felt it would be a mistake to take me on.

I knew what I could do because I'd had a lot of responsibility on other newspaper jobs, prior to that. But I had been away from the newspaper business about ten years when the war came along.

Q. I hadn't realized it had been that long.

L. McDonald Oh, yes. There was a big gap during which I worked at being a mother and a housewife. That was harder for me than doing newspaper work.

Q. Why did you decide to move over to the east side of the lake?

L. McDonald Because there was a great demand for housing, and we could get a very good price for our house at that time. And we had reasons for wanting to get out of the neighborhood. Our lot was on the way to the park at Windermere, and children crossed our yard all the time to go down to the park gate. We even planted a small hedge to keep them out and it didn't work - so we just decided we weren't getting the benefit of our own property.

Q. There was a housing shortage - an acute one - in Seattle. What perspective did you have on that in Windermere?

L. McDonald Well, my only perspective was that I could get household help because the wives of servicemen up at Sand Point were eager to come and live at the house. And sometimes their husbands lived there, too. It depended on what kind of jobs they had at Sand Point. The wife would do housework for me, and that made it easier for me.

We wanted to get out in the country farther, and we took a house that wasn't in very good condition.

That was another thing. When you tried to buy any construction materials, you had to take what was available. The first work we had done on the house wasn't entirely satisfactory. We couldn't put in a decent heating plant, or anything like that. It was heated by a fireplace, and as soon as the war was over, we took steps to get some sort of furnace in there.

Q. Did you have an oil furnace in Seattle, in your Windermere house? Oil was rationed, wasn't it?

L. McDonald Yes.

Q. Did you ever find it difficult to keep warm?

L. McDonald We put some barrels of oil away towards the winter shortage. I guess we used them up, though I don't

remember.

Q. Did you burn wood in your fireplace?

L. McDonald Yes, we collected wood around the neighborhood there, from fallen trees. Everybody was collecting wood.

Q. I can see you in competition with your neighbors.

L. McDonald Yes, and these were very fashionable neighbors, yet they were glad to go out and get some fallen trees.

I remember another trick we had. My son and I took a rowboat and went out in the lake, and along the shore, the driftwood would collect where the shore was overhung by bushes. There would be whole pieces of trees there, and we'd tow home to the Windermere landing these sections of wood that we'd picked up. We took home quite a bit of firewood that way, though of course we had to dry it out.

Q. In the letters you've read to me, it seems like your family spent an awful lot of time feeding yourselves and keeping yourselves warm - going hunting, going east of the mountains for fruit, canning... Yet you had a full-time job as well. Your days must have been very long during the war.

Side B

L. McDonald They were very long, and our weekends were busy ones. My husband, for instance, would go and work in that vegetable garden, and I never in my life saw him work in a vegetable garden at any other time, but he did during the war. It was planted by my son, who was then in high school.

And if we went anywhere, we brought back boxes of fruit - anything we could get, we brought home.

Q. And your family all shared this responsibility and all the work - it sounds like it didn't all fall on your shoulders.

L. McDonald That's right. Everybody worked at it.

Q. Did you buy bonds during the war?

L. McDonald Oh, yes indeed, we did.

Q. And did you pay tax, as well, at work?

L. McDonald In 1943, there was a new Victory tax, and when I got a raise in pay of \$5.00 a week, out of that \$5.00, I got only \$2.95 and the tax collector got the remainder.

Q. As well, weren't you telling me that your children in school were being asked to spend money for the government?

L. McDonald They brought pennies and bought Victory stamps; \$.10 apiece, I think they were.

Q. On a weekly basis?

L. McDonald Yes, it seems to me they had some kind of little books they pasted up with these stamps.

Q. Your Christmas in 1943 was different than other previous ones. How did you cope with the shortages?

L. McDonald (reading from her letters) "I found that I had to go to four stores before I found a small jar of pimientos, for something I was making. And trying to buy red cellophane ribbon was so hopeless that I came home and ironed out some old ones instead from last year..."

"The little girl at the house wanted a pair of skates, but you couldn't buy skates then, so we took Dick's old ones and cleaned them and polished them for her..."

"When I took Carol (the little girl) in to see Santa Claus, she raced out of the Frederick & Nelson toy department and over to the Bon Marche, and tried to find another Santa Claus, and finally she said emphatically, "Mom, where is the toy department anyhow?" I told her, "You're standing right in the middle of it." It just wasn't like those of other years."

"Christmas has been different for us," I wrote, "because Dick is working the entire week. He gets up at 5 AM, making his own breakfast, and leaving the house before we are up. He's been riding the mail trucks as a swamper."

Q. "As a swamper"? What's a swamper?

L. McDonald Well, it was moving the bundles and taking them up to houses and so on. "He was riding in the rear of a cold and windy Army truck doing it..."

Q. That Christmas of 1943, it must have seemed like the war had been going on for an awfully long time...

L. McDonald I wrote, "The wildest shopping efforts this year are going into the purchase of candy. The average store sells out in two hours, and then waits for another wholesale delivery and sells out again."

"The candy counters are jammed with people arguing about why they can't leave an order for a box of sweets from the next lot to come in."

"We gave up trying to find some ourselves, and gave Dick some money. While the truck drivers took long rests, he scoured stores and bought a quarter's worth of this or that at a time. We also pounced on some gumdrops that showed up in a grocery store just as we arrived. We finally got all the candy we needed, but the bags are almost as numerous as the pieces of candy. However, there aren't any peppermint canes this year."

"I went yesterday and used my last sugar coupon. The little sack has to last us until January 15, and I groan to think of the dent the cranberry sauce will make in it."

"... No visitors at the house for lack of gasoline. I suppose that was the reason, or because everyone is working too long hours. Dick was either bored or busy doing a neglected term paper for school, which he didn't

finish... I guess everyone's wartime Christmas had a lugubrious flavor."

"We intended at the last minute to invite some servicemen in as we did last year, but we were too late and none were to be had. There were homes all over the city pleading for soldiers and sailors to entertain and too few to go around."

"Jessie came over from Pullman" - she's the one who always brought us so many things - "and spent the week with us, recovering from the stress of her job as state director of the Women's Land Army. She's traveling most of the time remedying the labor shortage in farm areas."

"...After the Christmas excitement died down, I tried remedying the condition of the window curtains in our bedroom which had begun to drop in shreds. Just trying to buy window curtain material is an all day quest in itself," I wrote, "I don't know what we will do if the kitchen curtains expire on their next washing. Even substituting figured percale is almost out of the question inasmuch as purchases are limited to five yards per person."

Q. What was Bellevue like when you moved over here? How small was it?

L. McDonald Well, I didn't move here at that time. We moved to Denny Park, at the north end of the lake, near Juanita.

Q. What was that area like when you came?

L. McDonald Oh, it was kind of woodsy. We were on the waterfront, right smack up against the park.

Q. Were there farms up there, or was it just woods?

L. McDonald Well, along the steep lakeshore, it was just woods. The lots along the lake in that area, were something like 500' deep, and 50' to 75' wide. So they went back in long strips that ran up the hill. People would put their houses on the lower side of the road and the back part of their property was useless to them then. If you go back on that road today, there are houses all above the road.

Q. But you didn't have too much trouble finding a house to purchase?

L. McDonald Oh, yes, we did. It was a man's summer home, and we had quite a hassle over buying it. We finally sold our house when we had such a good offer that we just couldn't afford to pass it up, because we didn't want to live there any longer. Somebody was willing to pay us a better price than we expected.

We decided that, as we had a boat, we would put our things in storage and live in the boat for a short time, until we found a place. In the meantime, my husband had to make a business trip East and he took me along with him. And while we were in the East, a man we had dickered with to buy the place we had seen in Denny Park, banked at the same bank

as we did. We had left it to the trust department to see if they could persuade him to sell, and they did. They wired us, and we said, "Give him a deposit quickly!" and get his name on the dotted line.

When we got back from New York, we had a house waiting for us. We had allowed ourselves another fifteen days after our return to get our furniture out of the other place. So we moved in. It was a summer home, and it wasn't in any shape for a permanent residence.

We were in real difficulties trying to buy building materials, and as I've told you, even trying to remedy the heating situation.

Q. I'm surprised you were able to get labor.

L. McDonald That was another thing. You got very poor labor. We were very unhappy with the man that was doing our work.

Q. Was he remodeling it?

L. McDonald Yes, he was a man recommended by the next door neighbor, but he turned out to be very slow. And we were always having trouble - the electrician would come and leave the job unfinished, maybe for a week, and plumbing was difficult in the same way.

There was a just a series of obstacles until peace was declared.

Q. You were commuting in to Seattle at that time?

L. McDonald Yes, we began to commute in.

Q. There were still rationing problems and shortages...

L. McDonald Oh, yes, there were. This was in January, 1945: "I was amused to pick up today's paper and find that the shortage of bathroom tissue had finally got into print. That's our current famine. You buy it one roll at a time if you're lucky. The grocer keeps the box under the counter so there won't be any slip-ups."

"During Christmas week, that was also the way we were buying butter - a quarter pound at a time. Then they hoisted ration point values on it, and now we can buy it a pound at a time once more."

"But the toilet tissue is another matter. We may be reduced to corn husks yet, when we have the corncobs!" "There is a story in the paper today saying how a woman took her blue apple wrappings, ironed them out, and used them for cocktail napkins. We haven't been able to buy paper napkins for a couple of months. The last pack were violent red, white, and blue ones - must have been left over from a Fourth of July allotment."

"Which reminds me of shopping for underwear for Carol. When we finally found her some undervests, they were the right size at the top but as long as a princess slip. They cost only \$.19 each, and they looked awful. I'm 100% positive that they were intended to clothe war refugees but

we were glad to get them."

Q. How would you describe the Eastside during the war?

L. McDonald Well it wasn't anything like it is now. You didn't have a lot of restaurants around or means of entertainment - there was just that little movie theatre in Kirkland. Then, when they opened up [Bellevue] Square, we got our first movie in Bellevue.

And what's the name of that famous restaurant in Bellevue? The first one? It's the little one, named for a tree.

Q. Would you say it was a rural area? Were the houses widely spaced?

L. McDonald Oh, yes. And the streets weren't improved much.

The theatre opened in March, 1946 - so that's after the war - so we had nothing. And the Crabapple restaurant didn't open until July, 1947.

Q. It's my understanding that Bellevue was a smaller town than Kirkland during the war...

L. McDonald Oh, yes! It was nothing! Until the bridge came, you see.

Q. What was Redmond like, then?

L. McDonald It was just a country town. Kirkland was the main place.

Q. And you were close to Bothell?

L. McDonald Yes.

Q. Did you shop in Bothell?

L. McDonald No, I'd shop on the way home in Lake City. When I'd come from the office, by that time my son was in the university, and I'd come up Fifteenth, and pick him up by the campus there at Forty-fifth.

And we'd drive north through Lake City, and stop and shop there at a store that's gone now. There was a well-known chain of stores - "Art's" - and he had three or four stores around in the suburban area.

That's where we'd buy our food.

Q. Did you find that your new neighborhood was as oriented to Civil Defense, and volunteer work, as your Windermere neighborhood had been?

L. McDonald Well, people out our way were mostly working, and the big problem out there was getting transportation to the city. This was a time when you didn't hesitate to pick up people hitching a ride.

By the time I got to Kenmore, almost every

morning, I'd have a passenger - some woman glad to get a lift to somewhere near the office where she worked.

Q. I suppose there wasn't that much public transportation.

L. McDonald Well, there was a bus, but it was crowded. If you missed the bus, or if there wasn't room for you, you were out of luck.

I just habitually picked up people in Kenmore, and took them in.

And by this time, there wasn't that frenzy of getting you to enlist in things. People were all holding jobs, if they could get away from home.

Q. How would you say, if you could, Seattle changed because of the war?

L. McDonald I haven't lived around Seattle enough to really be able to say.

Q. Did the large influx of war workers stay after the war?

L. McDonald Oh, yes.

The big thing that happened afterward was all the building to take care of these people. And of course the immediate interest in getting the bridges built. Though the first bridge opened in 1940.

We lived where we went around the north end.

In those days, there was a toll on the bridge.

Q. I don't imagine the ferries went that far north, up by you?

L. McDonald The ferries only went to Lake Washington Shipyards, from the time the bridge opened, that was the last time the ferries ran except the ones that took workers to the shipyards. And that was a special thing.

Q. When the war ended, what were your feelings at the time?

L. McDonald Oh, just so glad it was over! I have the record of that day.

This is dated August 16, 1945: "We had our great moment at the office. Along toward four o'clock, we became aware that something was about to happen. Mr. Cahill and Mr. Blethen and other bigwigs were gathered in the managing editor's office. The news broke on the radio there."

"Then simultaneously the UP dispatch came. Reporters, office girls, and all gathered around outside the glass enclosed cubicle. Bosses waited for AP communication, and when it came, Frank Blethen deliberately put his finger on the electric gadget that sounds a siren, the moment we had waited four years for. Then anti-climax, though the Times had waited all day for the news, there wasn't steam enough for more than a feeble burp from the noisemaker. Five minutes later, it still hadn't worked up to the pitch it attains for the ordinary noon whistle."

"We stood at the window and listened to the noise in the streets gain in acceleration. People who at first didn't notice moved to their windows - some came down into the streets. Fairview Avenue filled with cars. Bus drivers sounded their horns wide open."

"Gasoline restrictions were forgotten. Stores locked their doors, leaving hastily penciled closing signs behind. I left the office a little after 4:30. By the time I got to the University District, one couldn't buy a loaf of bread, or get inside a drugstore. They were closed tightly."

"The streets were full of bewildered women, of car drivers taking wrong turns, honking. There was no room for parking."

"At Eastlake and Mason Streets, I slowed down for a stoplight. A woman came up to the curb, opened the door of my car, and climbed in, "Excuse me, I've never done a thing like this before in my life, but are you going toward 65th? The buses all passed me up and I've got to get home. My husband is in Okinawa. I sat in the office and cried when I heard the news."

"At an open air grocery, where I finally stopped, the proprietor was wailing because he was unlucky. "I have only pure water and ginger ale, honest, mister!" he was saying to a customer looking for mixers."

"I wanted to bring ice cream home to celebrate. No chance. No place to buy it."

"When I got to the house, past cars crowded with sailors, and high school kids, and just kids, past cars dragging clanking boilers that made me think of November, 1918, past youngsters sitting on fences along Bothell Way tooting horns, Carol came out in what she considers her party dress, a bunch of phlox in her hand."

"You ought to dress up, Mom," she greeted me, "It's peace. I heard it on the loudspeaker from clear over at Sand Point."

"When we ate our dinner, Daddy" - this letter is written to my son, Dick, who was out on a job - "had found some port wine and beer, but aside from that the meal was ordinary. The weather, however, was heavenly and has been ever since. Dick Hayes, at the office, says it seems as though the Lord had cleaned the world off and given it back to us, and summer had begun all over again, and made a fresher and better start."

"The office allowed us only half a holiday, but we felt we ought to do something, so tomorrow night, we're going to get in an extra cruise since the gas restrictions are lifted. We're going out from Friday evening to Sunday evening, and take some neighbors along. They came out last night to make plans with us, but hadn't gas to get back. We gave them some out of a can - we could afford to be generous now."

"So many people went on a gas-buying binge that many places, if they were open at all, were sold out. People have simply felt like getting out and going places. The park next door was filled with picnickers all yesterday - moreso that all summer put together. I guess it was pent-up restlessness coming out for the roads were full wherever you'd go. Cars were lined up at gas stations waiting for

service, and little speedboats of a type we haven't seen all summer are buzzing around the lake tonight even as I write."

"Downtown at the office, the women on the local staff are already worrying about their jobs. We had a new man reporter on today and they took that as a bad sign. It is the same in other places. I've picked girls up going to work and they have the same thought in mind."

"The second thought is all the things we can soon buy. I looked at the shreds that are my underwear, and rejoiced that soon it won't be impossible to find some replacements. And stockings! We'll be having silk again, paper napkins, and toilet tissue that isn't smuggled from under the counter of a cautious grocer! And Bisquik for hurry-up shortcake!"

"And from here on, maybe we can finish the house without makeshift substitutes. How glad we are that we hadn't decided on a heating plant. Now one with fuel oil won't be impossible."

"And to add to that that now there won't be any more trips to the snarky Kirkland Ration Board which leaned over backwards to interpret regulations to the letter."

"My boss said that the thing he looked forward to about peace was that once in a while he could hire someone he could afford to help with the outdoor work around the place."