

OREGON HEALTH SCIENCES UNIVERSITY HISTORY PROGRAM

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

INTERVIEW

WITH

*Mary Durham McDonald*

Interview conducted July 2, 1998

by

Joan Ash and Linda Weimer

## SUMMARY

In this interview, Mary Durham McDonald, granddaughter of Dean Emeritus Simeon E. Josephi, reminisces about her grandfather and other forebears, and shares anecdotes about her own life. The interview gives a brief glimpse into the lives of wealthy Oregonians in the early part of the twentieth century.

McDonald sketches the history of the Josephi, Stone, and Durham families, noting her relation to several prominent Oregonians, including S.E. Josephi, first Dean of the University of Oregon Medical School, and Rev. Harvey Clark, founder of Pacific University. Dr. Josephi was born in New York City to a Russian Jew and a Spanish Jew, both of whom had come to America with their families to escape persecution. Having come to Oregon in 1867, S.E. Josephi married Hannah Marcia Stone, whose family had come around Cape Horn to Oregon in the mid nineteenth century. McDonald talks about her pioneer ancestors and some of the mementos she still possesses.

McDonald was born in 1915, three years after Dean Josephi retired from the Medical School. She confesses that she does not know much about his medical career, but talks expansively about the man's character and about the home she and her parents shared with him until his death in 1935. She describes family outings and recreational activities that were typical for the day. She also talks about the "uneasiness" that existed between her father and Dr. Josephi, and about her father's youthful habit of racing horses on White House Road.

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Interview with Mary Durham McDonald  
Interviewed by Joan Ash and Linda Weimer  
July 2, 1998  
Site: Mary McDonald's Home, St. Helens, Oregon  
Begin Tape 1, Side 1

ASH: It's July 2nd, 1998, and Joan Ash and Linda Weimer are both interviewing Mary McDonald. This is tape one.

We'd like to start a little bit with your biography before we talk about your grandfather, [Simeon E. Josephi] so could I ask you when you were born and where you were born and raised?

McDONALD: Yes. I was born March 15th, 1915, at the old home in Portland, Oregon.

ASH: Which old home is that?

McDONALD: That was my grandfather's home on Southeast 12th and Morrison in Portland.

ASH: You were born actually in the house?

McDONALD: As far as I know I think we all were.

ASH: How many of you were there?

McDONALD: I had one elder brother twelve years older, Edward, and a younger—well, George is two years older than I. And then I was the baby of the family and the only girl.

ASH: And how many children did your grandfather have?

McDONALD: Well, they had—one of them was Hawthorne, that was the eldest, and he was killed by an electrical accident. Electricity, I think, had just come into the home, and he had been taking a bath and something happened, the lights went out, and he got out soaking wet and fooled with it and was electrocuted when he was, I think, 18 or 19.

And then there was another baby, Edward, that died when he was about six months old, I think. They're all buried in Lone Fir Cemetery in Portland.

And then, let's see, I think my Aunt Louise was the oldest girl. I'm not sure when

they were born, but she was a spinster who eventually ended up in New York with the social services in the New York Hospital, and she would occasionally come out in the summers.

And then Rachel was the next one, and she married a young lieutenant from Fort Vancouver when she was young, and he came from Virginia. So when she married him, they were in the Army for years and years and years, and they retired back there in Virginia in a place called Green Level, near Roanoke.

And then my mother was the baby, and she married my father, George Clark Durham. So there were just three girls then in my grandfather's family. The boys one way or another had not survived.

ASH: Then your mother had her children in the home, and did her father deliver the children?

McDONALD: Probably, because he was an obstetrician besides being interested in psychiatry. I think it says on the plaque that he was the Dean of Obstetrics and Psychology. I think he was into psychiatry before the word was ever heard.

ASH: So it is possible, then, that he delivered the children?

McDONALD: It is, yes.

ASH: Can you tell us maybe what your earliest memories are?

McDONALD: The very earliest thing I can remember is being down in my crib on Christmas morning, because evidently I almost died in that influenza of 1918. And I was well enough evidently, and that was my first Christmas that I can remember. And they brought the whole bed and everything down. That I swear I can remember, and I'm sure it's the truth [laughter].

ASH: They brought it down to be where the Christmas tree was?

McDONALD: To be where the Christmas tree and everything would be, in the big front parlor. You know, the old fashioned home had a big front parlor and then the living room.

ASH: Was it a big house?

McDONALD: Pretty big—thirteen rooms. There's a picture of it there in some of that stuff somewhere.

ASH: And how many people were living in the home at that time?

McDONALD: There was my grandmother and my grandfather. There were always

seven of us there: five of us and my grandparents. My grandmother had a very serious stroke when we were—oh, I don't remember how old we were, but she spent the rest of her life in a room in Good Samaritan Hospital, and we used to go every month and visit her. She always knew us, but she just stayed there until she finally passed on.

ASH: But your grandfather was living with you at the time?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. Or we were living with him. Mother and Dad had built a house right next door because they had owned the property there. And Mother's thing that always I remember was that—they had a barn there, and the streetcar, Mt. Tabor streetcar line went up Morrison Street, and somehow or other—they didn't have the technology, and the cars would spark, and it was always catching the barn on fire, catching the hay on fire. And it would always embarrass her so terribly. [Laughing] It's one of the stories she's always told.

But later the barn was torn down and they had tennis courts there, and then my parents built their house where the tennis courts were. But now why my mother and dad moved back to the big house, I have no idea.

ASH: Is it possible that your grandfather needed someone in the house?

McDONALD: It may have been. It might be my grandmother was never well. I remember her. She was the President of the St. David's Women's Auxiliary for years and years. And I think it was on Thursday every week they'd clear out the furniture in the living room, and the ladies from the auxiliary would crochet, make rugs to sell at the Christmas bazaars.

ASH: What was her name?

McDONALD: Hannah Marcia Stone was her own name, and then she was always Hannah. And Marcia, M-a-r-c-i-a—not Marsha.

ASH: And do you know how she and your grandfather met?

McDONALD: I've been trying to think about that. I believe they met—now, he was Jewish. His family was Jewish, and they came from Russia, into New York, I presume. I don't know anything about his family, except that his father married a Spanish woman in New York named—let's see if I can remember—Sarah Mendoza, and she too was Jewish and had escaped from harassment in Spain. And evidently his family had come from Russia for the same thing sometime. And that was his family, then, this Sarah Mendoza. I don't know what actually the rest of his name was.

Then my grandfather was born in New York, and he had a brother named David, who later had a jewelry business in San Francisco. And he also helped my grandfather through his schooling. So they evidently were a fairly well-to-do family when they came over. I don't think they were just immigrants or anything because they seemed to have plenty of money

and ability to do things.

ASH: Do you think that your grandparents met in New York?

McDONALD: No. No, they met out here in Portland. The Stones came out from Janesville, Wisconsin. We have a lot on their history. That was my grandmother's family. And they came—I can't remember now. I think his name was Lewis Stone, and he came across the plains about 1860, I think. And I think we have a copy of one of his letters where he told about where he'd seen the sites of massacres and things.

But when he got here and he decided he wanted to stay, then he sent his whole family here around Cape Horn by ship. And that chair was part of the stuff that came on it.

ASH: The one Linda's sitting in came around Cape Horn?

McDONALD: Yes, that and a little old rocking chair. That's rocked all of us. And those are the two things that I take good care of.

But anyway, they all came around the Horn and settled here.

And he met her here, somehow, some way. I thought it was in the church; from what we've managed to decipher from some of the things, he converted to the church before he met her. He was confirmed in the church in 1869 and married in 1871. He became very much a part of St. David's Episcopal Church. He was a deacon there for years. And the church was right down the block, on 12th and Belmont, one of the old stone churches. It's not there anymore; none of it's there anymore.

But oh, yes, it goes back a long way. But anyway, somewhere they met and were married and stayed married all the way. Of course, people did in those days. But we never really knew what all the situations were, why we lived there instead of in the house—and Mother and Dad had rented their house to somebody. We just all stayed there.

ASH: Do you remember what life was like for your grandfather, when you saw him every day? What was he doing?

McDONALD: Well, he kept going, just right up till he died. And he was the picture of—well, he could have been a Russian czar [laughter]. I mean, he was so dignified, with the whiskers always combed. And he had a black ebony cane, and he would walk. He had an office—that's all I can remember about his business thing—earlier he had an office in the Corbett Building on Fifth and Morrison. He was on the ninth floor, and it always made us very mad because when we were younger we had to watch the Rose Festival from his office window, and we were way up there looking down on it, and we wanted to be in the street with the rest of the kids, you know [laughter].

I don't remember when he gave that up and changed it, but for years he would take

off in the morning, always looking, like I say, like the czar of Russia walking down the street, and he would walk over the Morrison Bridge to his office there, and walk home. If the weather was bad or anything, why, he rode the streetcar.

But he did have a car. Every Sunday we went for a Sunday afternoon drive. [Laughs] You always went on that Sunday afternoon drive.

ASH: And your grandfather drove?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. He drove, and they built a little garage down— [demonstrating] 12th Street was here, and the front steps were here, and the house was back here, and then the walk went around like this, and the garage was over here on this corner, on 12th Street, where he kept his car.

I remember he had a Franklin, and I've got pictures of the old car, of all of us in that old car. It was one of the ones that didn't have a radiator; it ran somehow without a radiator. Very strange.

But I know he had a wreck one time, and I don't think we drove as much after that.

ASH: Was he hurt?

McDONALD: No, but my mother had a hurt ankle. But evidently it was his fault, but the woman he hurt was very severely hurt, I think, or something, and after that the Sunday afternoon drive didn't go on.

But oh, yes, he drove. He drove for years and years and years. But I can always see him starting off to walk to town.

ASH: So he had an office downtown where he saw patients?

McDONALD: Yes, he did. And then after he finally gave that up, there was a maid's room, they always called it, off the kitchen, and there was a side entrance there, so that the patients could go in the side. The back stairs came down into that little hallway from the side entrance where the driveway curved around. And there was this room where the maid was supposed to sleep. We didn't have one in my day. We had a girl that came in and did things, but not a live-in.

So he made an office there. And he used to occasionally see people there. And he had all his medical books and all his library and everything there.

ASH: And that was after he had become Dean of the Medical School, probably?

McDONALD: [Laughs] Oh, goodness, yes. That was when we were grown up. I was in college by then.

ASH: Do you remember any stories early on about why he went into medicine?

McDONALD: No, just that somewhere he met Dr. J.C. Hawthorne; I'm not sure. Now, some of these things in the books here—this is the one; you're probably familiar with this one. And then this other one is Good Samaritan, because they put out a booklet there, and he was very—for years after this, why, he was treasurer and all kinds of things at Good Samaritan.

So they've got a very nice write-up there, with a picture of the house and stuff on it. So it has a little more information in it. You can look that one over.

But I think when he met Dr. Hawthorne, that's what got him interested in it. And then they had the insane asylum right there on 12th Street, and Dr. Hawthorne's house was just a block down there on 12th and Belmont. And then there was another house, and then there was Thompsons. And that house, I hope, I think is still there.

ASH: So had the Hawthornes always been friends of your family?

McDONALD: Always, yes. Yes, Barbara was my best friend. We did everything together. She died of cancer, though, about 15 years ago.

ASH: And what was her last name?

McDONALD: Collins. But she was definitely a Hawthorne. Her mother was Kitty, Katherine Hawthorne. And it was Barbara's daughter that was up there with us at that presentation. So we all kind of intermingled.

ASH: But it was Dr. Hawthorne who was the psychiatrist and was probably influential in your grandfather's—

McDONALD: Well, they ran this insane asylum right there together, and part of the park was—it went almost to Hawthorne Boulevard, all trees. And then there was the main house, a Southern thing with pillars, and it was some kind of a grange hall or something by then.

But then they went to Salem, and it's pretty well documented in these booklets of when he and Dr. Hawthorne were in Salem. And I know they must have lived right on the place because Mother had mentioned one or two times about when they lived there. She fell down the stairs or something in the Salem asylum [laughs], and was hurt kind of badly. So they were very influential with the establishment of the insane asylum, as they called it, in Salem.

And then from there, why, someplace from there is when they came back and were in Portland and established themselves. I don't know how he got—well, the booklet tells you.

Yes, it was Willamette first, and then they moved it. But as I say, if it hadn't been for Dr. Hawthorne, I probably wouldn't even be here because he would have probably, you know, gone in an entirely different direction. But he took him under his wing, saw to it that he went through medical school, and then they worked together from there on.

ASH: Somewhere I read that the University of Oregon Medical School was founded partly because when your grandfather came back from Salem, the Willamette Medical School didn't want to take him?

McDONALD: Yes, they had an argument of some sort, yes. So the four of them, I think it was, to start with—they ended up with fourteen, I think, when they started the school up there on the Hill, but they were—there was something there that they decided to go and start it on their own. And if they could see it now! [Laughter] It's really something. I've got the map they sent me, you know, that shows what it looks like now, and I made a lot of copies of it so all the kids could have the maps and stuff, to see what they did.

ASH: Well, we also read somewhere that your grandfather was also influential in having the School moved up to the Hill.

McDONALD: Probably. I think it tells all that in this [referring to booklet]. I don't exactly know. We went to the orientation thing there when we were there, and it was so interesting because he told us that that original ground up there on top of Marquam Hill had been bought by some people in the East for a railroad roundhouse. Have you heard that story?

ASH: We've heard that story.

McDONALD: And when they came out and looked at it—we hadn't heard this, either—when they came out and looked at it, why, [laughs] of course they realized that was a pure fantasy. So they gave them, somehow or other—I can't quite remember what they said, how they acquired it, but it was given to them because these people just couldn't use it. I mean, it wasn't worth anything. And people all said, "Well, you can't build anything up there." And whoever got this thing started I guess had the ground pretty well tested, and so as the man who was giving this lecture said, "That whole thing is sitting on Columbia River basalt," he said, "and it will always be there [laughter]. There will be no slides, no hillsides falling down or anything from up where that is." And it's true.

Right here we're sitting on the same thing, and when you try to dig a garden, you dig up nothing but rocks.

ASH: Do you remember ever visiting the insane asylum that was near your house?

McDONALD: No, it was gone before we grew up. That was—like I say, there were two houses between what was left of it and the Hawthornes' house.

ASH: One thing we really wanted to talk to you about was what your grandfather was really like. Can you sketch his character and personality for us?

McDONALD: He was absolutely the patriarch. Just like the old stories, he was the patriarch. My family wasn't always happy living there because they thought that—well, I wish I knew more of the background—but there seemed to be something between my father and him that didn't jibe, and I know my brothers always thought that their dad never got a good deal there. No reason was given—but my grandfather looked down on him.

I guess my dad when he was young was quite a young—what did they call it? young blade or something [laughter]—because he was always telling us about how they raced their horses down White House Road and stuff. And he went to Stanford, and he had pictures of his Turkish corner in his room at Stanford, which was a great fad, evidently. And he had a guitar and a mandolin which ended up in our attic there, and I don't think he could play either one of them, but you had to have it [laughter]. Same sort of thing, you know. Also, he was a poet and a sketch artist.

ASH: So your father graduated from Stanford?

McDONALD: No, he didn't because I think in his second year his father lost all his money. He had invested into gold mining down in Southern Oregon. In these papers there's a picture of the Durham house at the entrance to Washington Park, and that was where Dad grew up. So he had a good background and everything, all the pioneer background and all this, and it all got thrown away because his father just—I guess my grandfather thought he was kind of no good or something, I don't know.

ASH: What did he end up doing as a career?

McDONALD: My father?

ASH: Yes.

McDONALD: He ended up being an insurance adjuster with Gerber, which was a big auto repair thing, and he stayed with that all his life. He had a pass on the streetcar system, and he didn't drive. Neither he nor my mother ever learned to drive a car. But he was a very steady worker. He was a wonderful father, and the kids all just adored him. But there was always this thing between him and my grandfather. There was an uneasiness there. Like my grandfather just didn't think he was good enough.

ASH: Did you all sit down to dinner together at night?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. We all had all our meals together, and we all totally lived together, yes.

ASH: And your mother did the cooking?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. Well, my grandmother and my mother together, when my grandmother was able. Yes, every Saturday night she had a great big bread mixer that she fitted on the kitchen table in the kitchen, and the next morning, why, they'd turn this thing and make the bread for the week ahead. They had a lot of old-fashioned old country ideas. I know they put down eggs in a water glass, which I don't know what exactly it was [laughs].

ASH: So did your grandfather preside over these dinners?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. He always sat at the head of the table, and my grandmother at the foot. And then after she was in the hospital, my mother used to sit at the foot.

ASH: What did you talk about?

McDONALD: Oh, everything. The day's things. I mean, except for just that uneasiness there, it was a very happy family.

ASH: Did your grandfather talk about what was happening at the Medical School?

McDONALD: No, we never heard much about that. It was just—that was his part of it.

ASH: So he didn't share with you, necessarily.

McDONALD: Not much about that, no. No, we didn't know much about what went on there. Of course, the OHSU we didn't hear much about because at the time we were growing up, why, he was doing more at Good Samaritan. But as I say, we used to go there and visit my grandmother at Good Samaritan.

ASH: Well, apparently your grandfather was very active in other activities, also, including being a senator?

McDONALD: Just in Oregon. But he was, yes. And he was an accountant and did a lot of accounting someplace along the line. That's when he got to be the treasurer, I guess, at Good Samaritan and so on. But he was in the Oregon Legislature, but that was way before our time.

ASH: So people must have liked him?

McDONALD: They did. Everybody always honored him. And he was a very distinguished person. But he was also warm and pleasant to be around. He always had his chair, a big rosewood chair that my oldest brother had all his life afterward, and he would sit there at night, and we'd all sit in the living room. And he would read, and usually Dad and the kids and I and my mother, lots of times we played euchre in this living room. We had a table in the center.

[End Tape 1, Side 1/Begin Tape 1, Side 2]

ASH: [Looking at a picture] So this is the living room. What's so interesting to me is that he was such a busy man, did so many different things, and yet he still had time to be with the family.

McDONALD: That's right. He always sat there, and we did our thing in part of the living room, and he'd sit there. He read and read. He had a little small library next to the living room, and he had a whole set of *The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and he had all kinds of books on Oregon history, medical history, and all kinds of things. And I know the Historical Society has a lot of some of that.

But he was a patriarch, as I said. Christmas morning we could get our stockings and take them up and wake Mother and Dad at any hour, four o'clock in the morning, when they'd just gotten to bed from decorating the tree. We'd never brought it in or decorated it till Christmas Eve, and it was supposed to be a surprise in the morning. We'd go down and get our stockings and come and wake them up like five o'clock in the morning.

But we did not open the sliding doors to the parlor until my grandfather had done all his morning chores, and had his breakfast and everything, and then at about eleven o'clock he would be ready, and then we would go inside. That's what I mean by a patriarch.

ASH: So difficult for children to wait that long!

McDONALD: He was a patriarch. Everything was scheduled as he was used to and as he wanted it. But he was never abusive about anything. It was just that's the way it was, and we all accepted it.

ASH: Did your family entertain people?

McDONALD: Not a lot. We had cousins. We knew Kitty Hawthorne, who never went anywhere, but she had a friend that lived there that used to come and play bridge; and then down the street the Thompson house, there was this lovely lady that died just a few years ago, and still lived in the same house. I've got a picture of it, and I just hope that house is there. They were going to try to make it into a landmark house. Right on 12th Street there, between Belmont and Hawthorne, and so much of that has been torn down. But she was the loveliest lady, and she would come and visit and play bridge, too.

ASH: Other doctors, though, didn't—

McDONALD: No, huh-uh. No. We were a real recluse family. We didn't know our neighbors and were brought up to not mingle with anybody [laughs]. It's taken some of us a long—especially me, because I was awfully shy, and it's taken a long time to ever get out where we can really adjust to other people, you know.

ASH: But your grandfather, it sounds like, was out and about a great deal.

McDONALD: Oh, yes. He was out and about, but that was all his life. And then when he came back, why, we didn't really know anything about that life because that was all part of his private life, too, with friends who weren't doctors or anything, but they were part of it.

So he didn't really share his business life or anything.

ASH: I wanted to ask if any of his children went into medicine, but I think you mentioned that one of the daughters went back to New York and was a nurse.

McDONALD: Yes. She was a nurse for a while, and then she ended up—I think she was the head of the social services, finally, because she was hobnobbing with the Vanderbilts and people. My brother was also in New York. He was a professor of chemistry, and he was at New York University. So they saw a lot of my aunt there, and she always had the use of the opera box of some of those people—when they weren't using it, they would say “Well, here we're not going to be using this, if you'd like to go to the opera.” So she'd gather up Edward and his wife, and they'd go to the opera [laughs]. So she had a real good life back there, I guess.

But Aunt Ray never had any kind of a life of her own. I mean, she was an Army wife. And they were very good friends with the Eisenhowers. When Aunt Ray died, Mamie Eisenhower canceled all her things and went down to her funeral. They were very, very good friends with the Eisenhowers through the military connection.

ASH: So her husband must have been high up?

McDONALD: He was a colonel. He never got more than a colonel somehow or other, but he I believe was Dwight Eisenhower's first officer, commanding officer, after he got out of West Point, and they just always had kept the friendship up.

So that was her life, strictly an Army life. And I got to spend one winter with them, and it was just—[laughing] I had the most wonderful time. I had just graduated from high school, and that was a kind of a graduation gift to go live on this Army post in Nebraska for the winter. Wonderful.

ASH: In the winter in Nebraska?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. Ice skating, it was wonderful.

ASH: A lot of social life, as well?

McDONALD: Lots of social life. Yes.

ASH: We have a picture in archives of your grandfather mountain climbing or hiking. Do you recall anything like that?

McDONALD: No. That's a new one to me. I was amazed when I saw that picture. He looks like some kind of a wild man out of the mountains [laughter].

ASH: That's the picture, I think, that we have in the Old Library portrait.

McDONALD: That's the picture in the Old Library. Dr. Hawthorne looking so prim, and here's my wild-haired, wild-eyed grandfather [laughter]. That's the picture.

ASH: So you don't recall his ever being very much of an outdoor person?

McDONALD: No, I don't. He used to go down to the beach. We went down to the old Cannon Beach Hotel. I've got a picture of us in front of the old log hotel in one of the old cars. We'd do that, and that was a whale of a trip, believe me. You had to go down through Astoria, and the only way you could get through Astoria was to go on the dock, pier part of the road. It was just some wooden planks—and I think it's the same wooden planks that are there now. There was always a sign that said that you go over this at your own risk.

ASH: Do you remember vacations with your grandfather? Did he ever take vacations?

McDONALD: Not except at the beach. We had lots at the beach, Cannon Beach. One time when we rented the old tent house in Cannon Beach right on the oceanfront, with trees like that [demonstrates], he was there, and some of those pictures I think we have. But they had a very great friendship through the church with some people that lived way up on the top of Eola Hills, out of Amity there. They had orchards up there, and they had this beautiful home, and it sat up there on top of that big ridge, all surrounded by orchards, and the whole valley was spread out below, with a whole string of the mountains. Their name was Matthews, and they were very avid, active in the Protestant Episcopal church. And we went up there for Fourth of July picnics and things like that.

ASH: That was a bit of an outing, too, then?

McDONALD: That was very much of an outing. They were English and had come down through Canada. They were very English, and they had this beautiful home. And they had a tiger skin rug in front of the fireplace; and they had a bear skin rug that had the head still on it, and that was a bear that they had shot right in the woods up there on top of Eola Hills. I've often wondered what ever happened to that place. But we had lots of outings there.

And they used to come down for dinners on Thanksgiving and Christmas and things like that. We'd always have the table all set so formally, you know. Finger bowls, with a floating leaf of lemon verbena or something, or a rose geranium in them.

ASH: Even when you were children?

McDONALD: Mm-hmm. I can remember those. We had little individual—I've got four of them here—little individual silver salt and peppers that went at each place. Gracious living at its best!

The rest of the time we just, you know, ate like anybody. Those dinners were always very formal. But very much fun.

ASH: Do you remember if your behavior had to be a certain way?

McDONALD: Yes. I remember my spinster Aunt Louise one time when she was out there, and it was when Bing Crosby was just coming into notoriety, and I was just absolutely gaga over Bing Crosby. And my aunt, who was very much a spinster—the word just fits her [laughter]—she always had this odd little Queen Mary hat that she wore. And we had a radio then. People were always giving my grandfather things, groups of people. They had given him this fine Atwater Kent radio, really nice. And I was listening to a Bing Crosby thing on a Sunday, and my aunt thundered down those stairs, and you would have thought I was committing the most God-awful sin; and that was an upbringing from my grandmother and grandfather, I'm sure. But I mean, Sunday was pretty much—when we grew up was a day of sabbath. We went to church always.

Oh, yes, our behavior was always—we just never questioned it. We knew how we were supposed to behave, and we did. So it never was a problem.

ASH: You said that your grandfather was always being given things. Why was that? Was it in return for treating patients?

McDONALD: No. It would be for other things that he'd done in the community. I remember he had what they called a water cooler in silver. I don't think it was sterling; I think it was quadruple plate or something. But it had a container, and it had a big silver tray. And it was inscribed. And I don't remember what it came from, but it was some local community thing that was given to him for some work he did in appreciation.

One of my brothers had the tray, and another one had the big urn, and I got the little goblet [laughs].

ASH: Do you think it was given to him for his medical accomplishments or for some of his other accomplishments?

McDONALD: I'm not sure, but I think it probably had more to do with the medical, or the church. Right up until the day he died he was still attending court sessions to give evidence as to people's sanity and things like that. He did a lot of court work.

ASH: So he was primarily a psychiatrist, then, later on?

McDONALD: Mm-hmm. I don't think he did the obstetrics part. I can't remember anything about that. But he did a lot of the psychiatry stuff.

[Pause.]

ASH: Do you know if anyone has written a biography of your grandfather?

McDONALD: Not that I know of.

ASH: Someone should.

McDONALD: Someone should, yes. We've got, like I say, all these bits and pieces, but we don't really know enough basics, somehow.

ASH: Was he written about a lot in the newspaper?

McDONALD: Not an awful lot, no. We used to occasionally see something. I don't know—I had a scrapbook that got lost somewhere; after I was married we used to travel around a lot, and things would get lost. I know I had a scrapbook that had a lot of things that are gone now.

On the whole, we just kind of took him for granted [laughter]. He was our grandfather, and we called him—Mother and Dad were “Mother” and “Dad”, and he was “Papa”, and my grandmother was “Mama.” Papa and Mama.

ASH: Talking about someone doing a biography, you said that his books had been given to the Oregon Historical Society?

McDONALD: Some of them, I know, have.

ASH: If you were to write a biography, where would you go for more information?

McDONALD: [Laughing] That's a good question because nobody kept track of things. Nobody wrote journals in our family. About the only thing we have is a journal of a trip around the Horn that the Stones wrote, and my brother has the original, and my son has a copy of it. But that was just their trip going around the Cape.

But we don't have journals from any of the pioneer treks or any of those things. We've got so much pioneer background—but so little documentation.

ASH: What else do you remember about your grandmother?

McDONALD: Very little, really. She was a very sweet, warm person. But I'd always see her mostly like those days when they had the auxiliary over to make things and stuff like that. She was very much tied up in that. But she never went places. We went to movies, but

they never did.

ASH: Was she a well-educated woman?

McDONALD: Oh, yes, I'm sure she was. I don't know whether she had a formal education.

We do have now—one of my children found quite a lot of stuff about the Stone family from Janesville, Wisconsin. They're the ones that got to come around the Horn. So evidently they were well to do enough. What made the first Stone come across the plains and decide to leave whatever they had back there, I don't know. I don't know why he brought the whole family out here.

ASH: He must have wanted to very badly.

McDONALD: Very badly, yes. But as I say, we just don't have the journals and things that so many people kept. It's just what we ourselves knew. And they didn't talk about themselves much.

ASH: Both your grandmother and your grandfather?

McDONALD: You just—they were there, and that was sort of it. You know, they were part of your life, and they were there. And they did this, and they did that, but you didn't really get into their lives.

ASH: Were they at all involved in your activities? Like when you went to school, did they—

McDONALD: They didn't, no. They were pretty well along by the time we were in school. Mother and Dad didn't, either. They were the type that if there was a little play or a show they would go—and they always paid their dues to the PTA, but they I don't think ever went to meetings. Like I say, we were all kept in very close. We didn't go out and join other people.

ASH: Was any explanation ever given for that?

McDONALD: No. That's it. I often wished I knew more about what went on. It's just that everybody around us, all the houses, were boarding houses or apartment houses or things, and they just never associated with anyone, except the people that they knew, either through church or through something like that.

ASH: Did they ever drink?

McDONALD: Wine, yes. My grandfather always had his drink of wine. And my mother and dad, every night, they would go to bed about ten o'clock, and before they went to

bed they drank a little tiny shot glass of port and ate a couple of cookies.

And Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's, they always went out on the front porch and drank a toast to the absent ones. And I still try to do that as much as I can, even with the glass of port [laughter]. Otherwise, I don't drink, either.

They didn't drink much.

ASH: We're just trying to get a picture of life. It was not a rollicking, rousing, party-oriented life?

McDONALD: No.

ASH: It was a quiet family life.

McDONALD: Very quiet. And before we were old enough—my oldest brother could remember—they had a Chinese cook that lived in a little stone room in the basement. It sounds almost like way back in Europe somewhere [laughter]. But there was this little room in the basement. It had a window, and there was a little toilet in a little cubbyhole next to it, and the Chinese cook used to live there. But he was long gone.

But I have one of the gold rings that some friend of this Chinese cook had made, and each of the girls had one of them, and I have my mother's. It's real soft gold, and it's just worn clear through on the back, but it has a Chinese inscription on it. And that was through this Chinese cook.

ASH: He must have been very special, then. He was part of the family.

McDONALD: Sounds like it, yes. Then they had various maids, but that was before our time.

ASH: Because then your mother and grandmother did it?

McDONALD: Yes, they did everything. I can remember when we had a Russian woman that used to come in and clean on Mondays and iron on Tuesdays, and her daughter used to come and serve dinner and wash the dishes and clean up.

And I can remember a little bit of that. And then one time my mother and dad had said, "There's no reason that we should have to do this. We'll do the dishes ourselves" [laughter]. So having that little maid service, we didn't have very long in my memory, anyway.

ASH: How long did you live with your grandfather?

McDONALD: Well, we lived in that same house until it was sold in about 1948, I

think.

ASH: So well after he died?

McDONALD: Oh, yes.

ASH: So you lived in the house after he died?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. We always lived there.

ASH: With your parents?

McDONALD: Yes. Well, I didn't live there all the time after I was married. In between sometimes we'd come back and live there for a while with them. But Mother and Dad lived there until they finally sold the place. Kienow's bought it. They bought the property because they were afraid that—Fred Meyer's was just beginning to blossom out of Third and Yamhill, their little place there. They were the first supermarket. Dad just loved that store. He'd bring home rum bonbons from the bakery. But they had the vegetables out, you know, like—

ASH: Outside?

McDONALD: Outside, with awnings, on Third and Yamhill. And then you went back into the store, and there was a Holland Dairy back in there, and there was the bakery and all these things. Just like the beginnings of supermarkets. And Fred Meyer, that's where it started.

ASH: But Kienow's bought the house because they wanted the property?

McDONALD: Yeah, they wanted the property. And then later the house was torn down. And later, I don't know what it was. It was a Chinese restaurant. But some of the trees I think are still there. There were all these huge old English oak trees there.

ASH: Now, your father actually went to the market?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. On his way home from work he would stop at Fred Meyer's and bring all these goodies. We got so we adored crumpets. He would bring crumpets and stuff like that home. And Van Duyn's started down in there, too, and he'd bring Van Duyn's home to us [laughs].

ASH: Did your grandfather ever do anything like that?

McDONALD: No, not really.

ASH: It was not part of his character?

McDONALD: No.

ASH: Different generation. Different personalities.

McDONALD: Yes. He was always a little aloof. We did have such a—like I said, a reclusive sort of childhood.

ASH: Was your mother more like your grandfather, or was she more like your father?

McDONALD: She was more like my father. She just sort of tried to keep the peace, I think [laughter], and kind of gave in to everything. She was real sweet and loving. I think everybody just loved them both to death. All our other relatives.

ASH: Do you remember your grandfather's death?

McDONALD: Not much. He died very suddenly. And I remember I had been somewhere, probably out riding with Barbara, and I had come home, and I didn't hear anybody. I went upstairs, and the big front bedroom door was open. And my mother was sitting there, and he was lying on a kind of a little couch, like a chaise lounge, and I remember she was sitting there kind of holding his hand, but he was already gone.

ASH: He died at home?

McDONALD: He died at home, yes.

ASH: Do you know of what?

McDONALD: I think it was just kind of a heart failure thing. Evidently it happened very suddenly because we had no idea. When I had left in the morning, why, we had no idea. Then I came home and found my mother sitting there with him like that.

I don't remember much about when my grandmother died because she was in the hospital. She spent her last couple of years there. But he was active right up till the last day, I'm sure. And we had lots of stairs to climb [laughs].

ASH: So he was pretty healthy when he was older?

McDONALD: Always healthy, yes. As far as we knew. Like I say, everybody was very impersonal. They never gave of themselves.

ASH: You would have known if he had gone to the hospital, though?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. None of us have ever had any kind of thing like that. It's just amazing.

ASH: Good blood. What about diet? What sorts of things did—

McDONALD: Diet, he was way, way, way before his time. Our dinners always started with homemade soup, filled with vegetables. And we always had a big salad with fresh stuff in it—seasonal, you know. We had meat, but we did not have a lot. We ate just a little meat and a lot of vegetables. We always had some kind of potatoes, and we had one or two other vegetables and a slice of meat. We didn't have a whole great big steak. Just a small slice.

When I was married, my husband's idea was very different. If you bought a T-bone steak, he said, "Well, where's mine?" And I said, "We divide it up." He said, "Oh, no, we don't!" [laughter]. His idea of dinner was to eat the whole steak, and maybe some potatoes.

But at my grandfather's, we always had fruit. He was very particular about fruit. And you drank your milk, and I hated milk ever since [laughter]. But you never ate excessively of any one thing. You always had a very varied diet. And as you can tell from his walking constantly all the way across the river from 12th Street, exercise was always important. So in a way he was very much ahead of this time. And I think that's why, because we were all eating the same way, and our children have eaten the same way, and that's why we've had the good health we've had, because it was instilled in us very young.

ASH: I am through with my list, and I'll ask Linda if she has jotted down any questions.

[End Tape 1, Side 2/Begin Tape 2, Side 1]

ASH: This is July 2nd, 1998, and this is tape two of Linda and Joan's interview with Mary McDonald.

WEIMER: You had mentioned that your grandfather, Dr. Josephi, was like a czar. Tell me a little about him physically: was he a tall man, short man?

McDONALD: He was fairly tall. I would say possibly six feet.

WEIMER: And how did he usually dress on an ordinary day?

McDONALD: Just about the same always.

WEIMER: With a suit?

McDONALD: Yes. He usually would have a vest and a regular suit coat. I don't believe he ever wore like a sports jacket and different slacks or anything. I was trying to remember; when we did go to the beach, I suppose he'd probably take off his coat and maybe roll up his sleeves or something. But more or less he would always—and my grandmother always looked the same [laughs]. She had dresses that [demonstrating] just sort of came here and down.

WEIMER: Just cinched in at the waist, and they went all the way down to the floor?

McDONALD: All the way down, uh-huh.

WEIMER: And usually dark colors?

McDONALD: And usually dark colors and little white lacy collars, just like that. And I never saw her, I don't believe, in anything but things like that. We had a dressmaker down on 7th Street, and we used to go down and she made clothes for us.

WEIMER: What about your grandfather's clothes? Did he go shopping?

McDONALD: I think he did. I rather think he went and always got his own because I don't think my grandmother ever climbed on a streetcar and went anywhere [laughter]. And I think that he probably went to Rosenblatt's or some of the places, because they always fitted him beautifully. Like I said, just the picture of a dignified gentleman. And he'd always swing that cane. He didn't use the cane to walk with; he'd swing it like that.

WEIMER: Was that because it was fashionable at the time?

McDONALD: I don't know. I suppose. It just seemed to fit him [laughter].

WEIMER: Did he ever ride horses?

McDONALD: Not that I know. I suppose he did; [laughing] I mean, they all did at one time. I've never heard of any connection with horses. My dad, yes. Dad's the one that got me started, and [laughing] if he hadn't gotten me started, I wouldn't be where I am now, probably. Horses became so much a part of my life that I gave up everything else for the horses and the horse trainer.

WEIMER: Your father was also into horses? It wasn't just your husband, it was your father?

McDONALD: Well, my father—all these young people when he was living up there in the Durham House, he went around with the Ladds and the Corbetts and you know, all those people. And they would all collect down there somewhere on what they called White House Road; it's what's Macadam now. And they would have little friendly horse races and things that like, and he'd tell us about his horse, Daisy. He had a mare called Daisy, and he had a cavalry reject, he said, that was the dickens. He's the one that got me into it.

One day at the beach he took my brother and I down to the local rent stable at Cannon Beach and we rented some horses, and that did it. My life after that ended up with horses.

And when I graduated from college, I was all set to go to New York to the School of Library Science at Pratt Institute in New York, and I married my trainer instead [laughter]. And here I am. But I've got some wonderful kids, and I don't regret any of it, really. I think I've had a wonderful life, a much better life than I ever would have had because it's broadened so much. I've gotten so I can really relate to people, and before the way we were brought up we didn't relate to other people. And we didn't have relating to them through the media and stuff that we do now.

[Whispering] It was such a different life. It was a wonderful era to have grown up in. I think how different everything is now than it used to be, such radical changes in lifestyles and thoughts.

WEIMER: So are you saying it's better now?

McDONALD: It's better in lots of ways because it's broadened it out a lot, but I don't think life in general is better, in spite of technology. I think technology's ruining it.

But that's a long way from my grandfather [laughs].

WEIMER: I'd like to ask about education. Your grandfather thought highly enough of becoming a doctor, with his association with Dr. Hawthorne, to go to medical school. Did he stress education for his children and his grandchildren?

McDONALD: No. He never really—that never really came up. I don't know. Now, my maiden aunt, he must have in a way, because she did have medical education. She started out as a nurse. But of course Aunt Ray married right out of her schooling, as it were, and so did my mother. So just any further education—they both got what would be the equivalent, I think, of a high school education.

WEIMER: Was it through the public school system here in Portland?

McDONALD: Well, it was a kind of a young ladies' school or something, I think. But my mother emerged with a teaching certificate, and her first school, unbelievably, was in Goble.

WEIMER: Where's that? Is Goble near St. Helens?

McDONALD: I think it's the same school that they just are finally going to destroy and start a new school.

WEIMER: Is Goble near St. Helens?

McDONALD: Goble is right on down the road, and it's just a little riverside community, and they grow wonderful strawberries [laughs].

But my aunt, other aunt, never did any particular thing in education. Like I say, she just married and was an Army wife, which is a career in itself.

WEIMER: Our last question we wanted to ask—you mentioned that some of the books of your grandfather's went to the Oregon Historical Society?

McDONALD: Some of them did. Now, I don't know whether any of the medical books did. And I can't remember now where the medical books went, whether they went to the OHSU one, or whether Good Samaritan has them. They went somewhere.

WEIMER: And the papers? If he had any papers, you think they went to OHS?

McDONALD: I really don't know. Like I say, we didn't have family journals, and we just didn't have these things. We all just sort of lived our lives like nothing like that was important.

WEIMER: We'll have to check that out.

ASH: Was there anything you think we've forgotten that you'd like to talk about?

McDONALD: Not really. I'll have to show you a wonderful picture of my grandfather, which I think will give you an idea of maybe what I mean.

There's the house.

[Looking through pictures.]

Here. I made this on the copier at work, but that's my grandfather.

ASH: Now, that's a very different picture from the one that we have in the archives.

McDONALD: Someplace here I've got the original of it.

ASH: So he smoked a pipe, too?

McDONALD: Oh, yes. He smoked a pipe, and he was just thoroughly a gentleman's gentleman.

[Looking through pictures.]

That's Durham there.

ASH: Now, is that the same Durham family that Durham is named after, the Durham school and the Durham area?

McDONALD: Yes. Albert Alonzo Durham came out here in 1843, I think it was, and he had a sawmill in Lake Oswego.

[Tape stopped.]

ASH: This was your grandfather's car?

McDONALD: This is the original of that picture, and I've always intended to have it properly re-instituted.

ASH: Those are two excellent pictures. That car is amazing. He obviously was proud of that.

McDONALD: [Laughing] And there we all are in it. That was the yard there, taken out on 12th Street, I guess.

ASH: I'm going to turn this off now.

[Tape stopped.]

McDONALD: He definitely converted to the Episcopal Church.

ASH: Which was probably an advantage in society at that time.

WEIMER: But I wonder what his family thought of that?

McDONALD: Well, he didn't have much actual family. Now, David lived in San Francisco. I don't know whether he ever converted or not. And they all spoke of Aunt Gussie. Now, whether she was David's wife or whether—I think she was their sister, but I'm not sure. His father was drowned in 1862. There was an elder brother in New York, also a jeweler. I couldn't find his name—or any mention of Augusta.

In my lifetime there we never knew any Josephi relatives or any mention of Sarah Mendoza other than the marriage. Edward Josephi was a very prominent jeweler in New York—lived in an upscale residential neighborhood. He set up David's jewelry business in San Francisco—that was the Western connection to bring my grandfather out here. He met Dr. Hawthorne first in San Francisco.

My brother, I know, my eldest brother was twelve years older than I was, and he knew them. He'd been to San Francisco or something. But I don't think—we didn't, you know, give much thought to it. But we did find out that he definitely had left Russia because of persecution. And then Sarah Mendoza had left Spain for the same reason. So we're a lovely mixture: Russian, Spanish, English, I think there's some Scottish in there somewhere [laughs]. But it's a very interesting background, and I'm just trying to make sure that my kids don't let it die.

ASH: Well, he was quite a guy.

McDONALD: Yes, he was. And on the other side, why, it was pioneers. Like I say, Albert Alonzo Durham came—one of them came in '43 and the other in '40, and they came across the plains. Albert Alonzo dammed up Sucker Creek and created Lake Oswego. And then he traded it all off for some flat land in Tualatin Valley along Fanno Creek and built another mill there.

ASH: There's a good history there.

McDONALD: We used to go out and have family picnics there at Fanno Creek. And then Dad finally sold that ground. Harvey Clark, on the other side, was the one who gave two hundred acres for Pacific University.

ASH: And what was his relation to you?

McDONALD: My great-grandfather. He was Dad's family. They have got all that stuff in Forest Grove, so we've got a pretty good history of that there.

ASH: Pretty rich history.

McDONALD: It really is, and I know some of us should get it on tape. Someone should do something with it more than all these bits and pieces that we've got. A lot of it is in the Historical Society's archives.

ASH: It would be fun for someone to pull that all together.

McDONALD: So I'm hoping that someone—my daughter in Boise has done a lot of work. She's been to Salt Lake and looked into the genealogy stuff there, where you can find just about anything. So she came up with a lot on the Stones and on Harvey Clark's family. They were stonemasons in Vermont. They went back there last year, and they said all those stone buildings are still there that they built. Harvey Clark broke away, and he was in the church, a minister. So he got away from all of that. He was the one that said they couldn't have any alcohol in Forest Grove, because of the University. And so for years and years and years—when my daughter graduated from Pacific, and at that time they still, if anybody wanted to go to a tavern they had to get clear outside the city limits because Grandpa Harvey Clark said, when he gave them the ground, that there was to be no alcoholic spirits [laughter]. It's changed; they finally voted all that out. Now I guess you can drink as much as you want when you're going to Pacific [laughter].

[End of Interview]

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