

Raymond Murray 1919-2009

Family History

My parents moved from Olney to Edencroft, off Byberry and Buck Roads. Then my parents moved down in the valley on the Pike next to Crowes. We rented there. From this location I graduated from Lower Moreland High School in 1937. My parents' names were Lenore and Raymond C. Murray. I'm a junior. I don't know why they moved to the Pike. My dad worked in Philadelphia and took the train at Bethayres. That may have had something to do with the reason they moved because he walked to the train. He worked for Burpee Seed Company who acquired Mauls, where Dad worked.

RAYMOND CLYDE MURRAY
"Bud"
Class Officer (2)
President (4)
Elmleaf (2) Elmleo (4)
Play Cast (3) (4)
Student Council (3) (4)
Operetta (2) Safety
Patrol (3)
Basketball Mgr. (4)



Our Class President

[Photo: Ray's Lower Moreland High School yearbook entry, 1937]

I was born November 13, 1919. My mother used to make current bread for holidays. The loaves would sit on the sideboard. It was a stiff bread. Her last name was Hoag. Can't remember her first name. She died from a brain tumor in 1950. I had a sister who died from spinal cancer at age 31. My dad died in 1965. I'm a junior, although I dropped the junior. How come I have lived so long? The ornery live longer.

Growing Up

The Pike went right past the Campoli house. The Spread Eagle Hotel was above there and had a boardwalk in the front because it was wet being so close to the creek. I don't remember what happened when they demolished it. I must have been in the service. A Spread Eagle Hotel did open in Richboro. The building is still there as of 2008.



[Photo: The Spread Eagle Hotel, first licensed in 1793; OYRHS]

We didn't go out to eat much in the thirties. For food, when we lived in Edencroft, we would call a store on Bustleton Avenue and place an order. Meat and everything. It was a Unity store. They would deliver to our house.

I remember the ice delivery man Shep Barrett. He would come around with it. I don't know where he got the ice. He played the cello. Ted Barrett, his brother, worked at the Doc Brown's drug store. My family used a doctor up in Southampton, Dr. Tomlinson and also Dr. Vanderbilt. Once when I was sick, Dr. Vanderbilt made a mustard plaster in our kitchen. The mustard plaster went all the way around my chest, from my armpits to my belly button. She made it with oil so it wouldn't burn. I had bronchitis. The mustard plaster kept things from solidifying. I also went to Doc Doering. He was good.

Down at the Pike, going up from Chestnut Street, was the postmaster in Huntingdon Valley. The post office was in Clayton's store up the Pike. Stevenson Insurance was across the Pike where Ferrari Gas Station originally was.

The two luncheonettes at the corner of the Pike and Philmont were owned first by Ike Tomlinson and then later by Mom Simon, hence called "Mom's".

The picture of the flood taken by the Bethayres Train Station is interesting because the car sitting in the middle of the parking lot mostly under water was the weatherman's car! His name was Mr.



Bliss. He lived in the Edencroft area and worked in Philadelphia as a federal weather-man. This photo was taken the Saturday of the flood. He worked half days on Saturdays. When he came out on the train, there was his car submerged. I'm not sure whose house is in the top of the photo.

[Photo: Flooding conditions at Bethayres Train Station]

On the other side of the Pike was Ike Tomlinson's luncheonette on the south side, and then on the north side Doering's Store and the Bethayres Post Office. Right next to that was a little shop that did electrical repairs and sold appliances. Up a ways was the church, then the Ivins. Anne Street didn't have a name at that time. I knew the Pletchers who lived down the Pike. Mary Pletcher was in my high school class and I worked with Ham who worked for Asplundh. At that time a job was a job. I think that was before marriage and everything else.

Ted Barrett made the best drink (invented by Mr. Hoke) at Brown's Drug Store. Not your average soda. I bought it once or twice when I had a little money together. Boy, it was something else. Just soda, ice cream and many other goodies called a jigger. No liquor. Mr. Hoke would buy it.

Mr. Hoke, the principal of the high school, had a stave (like a paddle). He came close to using it on me, but he never did. But he did use it on some. They were the good old days. Back then it was not like it is today, "Oh, stop crying!" He used the paddle! My dad once took me into an alley and gave me the "what for".

Out Into the World

After graduating from high school, I worked at the silk hosiery mill there on Philmont Avenue in Bethayres. I also worked in landscaping and at Black's Garage. Then I was an apprentice at Cramp Shipyard in the copper shop. That job came about because the Reading Railroad had a problem, and I had to pick my dad up at Wayne Junction. On the way I picked up Jack Purdy from Bryn Athyn who worked in the personnel department at Cramp Shipyard, and we got to talking about jobs. Jack said, "Do you want to go down to Cramps?" I said yes and went there and put in for an electrician job, but that was filled up so I ended up working in the copper shop. I worked there over 8,000 hours as an apprenticeship. I drove there in a Champion Studebaker, the best little car I ever owned!

At Black's Garage, I remember pumping gas which cost 6 gallons for \$1.00. There were gas wars between gas stations back then.



Marriage to Mae

I married Mae (Philomene Campoli) in 1942. We had an apartment at the Campoli house. It was supposed to be temporary, but we lived there for 30 years. The Campolis still had the house and lived there with several of their ten children. Today, four of the children are still living. Marcy, Peggy, Josephine and Theresa.

[Photo: Mae and Ray's wedding photograph, 1942]

Mae was in my class at Lower Moreland. We didn't date in high school. After high school when I was working at Black's Gas Station down at the intersection, I saw this lovely thing in a pink dress walking up the Pike. She picked up the mail at the post office on the Pike and continued up the Pike because she worked at the telephone exchange on the corner of Murray Avenue and the Pike. She worked with Libby Wright. This was in 1941. Mae worked for 35 years for Ma Bell.

PHILOMENE LOUISE
CAMPOLI
"Mae"
Typing Club (3) Play
Cast (3) (4) Basketball
(3) (4) Girls' Chorus (3)
(4) Student Council (4)
Elm Leaf (1) Elmleo (4)
Debate (2) Honor Roll (1)
(2) (3) (4) Attendance (2)



[Photo: Mae's Lower Moreland High School yearbook entry]

My graduation from Lower Moreland was held in the upstairs of Red Lion School, now the Huntingdon Valley Library. I was nervous. I was the president of the class and had to give a speech of some sort if we were to go out and slay the world. My good friends were Pete and Nick Fellenz and Jack McHugh. Pete and Nick's dad was the barber on the Pike next to Burkhart's but up from the cleaner Yerkes. Lawrence Saint lived in that area. There were 50 class members, but only 25 graduated. I remember Isabel Williams, a darn good art teacher.

Military Service

I went into the Navy in September, 1944. I served in boot camp at Bainbridge, Maryland. When they gave me the shots, I found out I was allergic to horse serum. The tetanus serum used to be produced from injecting the horse with the antibody that fights tetanus. I got sick and lost my company. I ended up in a company that went to San Francisco. The other company went to San Diego. I'm glad I got sick because the Mare Island Navy Yard in San Francisco was known as the best!

Anyhow, I called Mae up and told her I would be there for a while, did she want to come out. She did. I went out on the troop train with my sea bag. The seats turned into a bed. I wanted and got a top bunk, but every morning when I woke up my nose would be black from the soot that came in from the engine. That was a mistake. For some reason, I felt sick on the train. In the morning the train would stop at stations and the Red Cross would be there with coffee for the service people. I was in the sack not feeling good. They were nice trains.



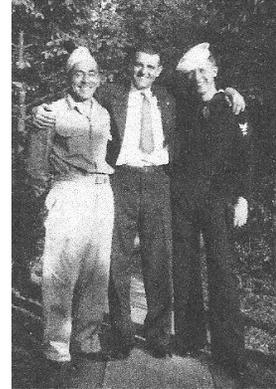
[Photo: Mae and her parents, 1944]

Mae came out on the regular train. We had an apartment out there. She got a job because I was only making \$78 a month. I was a third class petty officer, higher than a seaman. There was a Mrs. Street who ran the office in the Navy Yard where I worked. I asked her about a job for Mae. It turned out that several girls were leaving because their husbands got transferred.

So Mrs. Street said "Can she type?" I said, "No".
She said, "Can she type?" I said, "I don't think so."
She said, "Can she type?" I said, "Well, I don't know. Maybe."
She said, "Can she type?" I said, "A little bit."
She said, "Can she type?" I said, "Well, yes".

That's just the way it went. They hired her and taught her to type. They gave her Officer Fitness reports to type which had to be perfect. This was just after she began to learn to type. Anyway, it all worked out.

The officers loved this lady, Mrs. Street. Her office provided transportation for the ships that came in. Railroads would come in to solicit business and then throw parties. I remember a couple of times when I was a little drunk from those parties trying to drive coming across the Golden Gate Bridge! I always tell people I was sent overseas to San Francisco. I was there for a little more than a year. Mae wanted to stay out there, but we came back.



[Photo: Left to right Larry Campoli, Cy Pratt and Ray, 1944]

Life After World War II

I worked then for whatever I could get. I don't know why I didn't take advantage of the GI Bill. I won the spelling bee in 6th grade, but in high school, I don't know whether it was the girls or the squirrels or something, I lost interest in school.

I stopped in the Bethayres Station where Lou Hopkins was station agent. He told me there were jobs in the railroad, but you had to learn on your own time and you didn't get paid while learning. I became a substitute agent. Eventually I was assigned to a station below Yardley called Roelofs. Never heard of it, did you? There used to be big greenhouse there, and they brought coal up on the train to heat the greenhouses. They finally closed, even though I bought tickets for Mae and her sister often to try to keep the station open. I would go to work on the train there, but in many stations where I worked, I drove. Mae went back to work at the telephone exchange.



[Photo: Mae at the switchboard]

What did Mae and I do for fun on Saturday nights? We would go out to eat. One place was the Airport Circle Diner in Camden. You could watch the cooks cook the meat from your table. They had peanuts and good drinks.

After we lived in Campoli's house, Mae and I moved to Allentown. I was purchasing agent for the city of Allentown. I had to live in the city, and we had an apartment at the Rose Garden up there. We had a good time there.

Mae was just one of those perfect people. She kept records. She made beautiful logs of places we would visit. Washington D.C., a trip to Alaska. She kept a five year diary, every day, a little repetitious in some respect, but not much. Nobody disliked her. Several men told me she certainly was a fine lady. She liked to go to the movies and go roller skating. We went to the Oxford Theater on Rising Sun Avenue, the Olney Theater, Yorktown Theater and the one in Jenkintown to see movies.

Retirement

After retirement, we moved to Coopersburg and bought a house. 1900 vintage with a carriage barn on the property. We enjoyed the borough for its proximity. You could walk to everything.

When I retired, a friend who I had done business with in Allentown, gave me a radio and a fly rod and fly reel. I started using the rod a little, and Mae got interested. After a while, Mae suggested we go up to New Hampshire and get some lessons. That was all right with me. So we did. She did better than I did! I didn't care. I had my honey with me, having fun.

I belonged to a camp up in Sullivan County. At the beginning of school when nobody was around, Mae and I would go up there, pick berries, do odds and ends and fish.

Yes, I still drive. So far I've missed everybody on the highway. I go with Charlie Mills up to the Pineville Tavern and order snapper soup and rice pudding.



[Photo: October, 1953 Chapel Hill switchboard, Huntingdon Pike and Murray Avenue]