



Betty C. Murphy

September 27, 1937 - July 19, 2016

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

“ Bee

We had three houses before we moved to Carmel. The first was in Los Altos and if we had it today we could buy all the rest including the Carmel house. I really only remember that I remembered about our second house in Live Oak. It was on a quiet street with a big tree and near a creek that was really scary. Our third house was on College Avenue in Palo Alto. My father had it moved to its current location and I've been back several times. There was a big porch at the front door but we rarely used it. Mostly we used the side door or the back door. It was a big house with four bedrooms. Our parents had the front room then my sister Bee had her room. The bathroom was next and had built in shelves and a storage loft above. It was easy for Bee and I to climb up and play in the loft. I had the next room and my Brother Jerry's room was in the back. Jerry's room had a door to the back and also had its own bath room. The living room was very large. It easily held a baby grand piano. This was before TV and we had a floor model radio that was the center of attention. By the radio there was a large red over stuffed leather covered chair. This was of course for my father. On Sundays Bee and I would drape the piano with a blanket and make up stories to go with it. Our favorite was Nanook of the north. He would have conversations with the ship captain while he was sitting in his kayak. The piano served as the ship. I wonder if this was why one of my life's passions is paddling in my kayak.

The radio programs were enchanting. On Sundays the favorites were Big John and Sparky and Puck the Comic weekly. On that show we would look at the comics as the words were read on the radio. Some of the shows were kind of scary like inner sanctum and the Shadow. One of my personal favorites was The Cisco Kid and Poncho. Pappy would tell us stories in bed. Almost always they were about Peewee Chipper and Paul and their adventures. Sometimes he would light two cigarettes that would serve as spooky eyes.

Much of our time was spent in the kitchen. It wasn't very big but there was enough space for our table and chairs. Wednesday was spaghetti night. We would listen to life with Luigi and have cherry vanilla ice cream while sitting at the bread board. The wallpaper had strawberries and there was a pantry on the way to the back door. My father owned a bakery and this pantry was the source of some very hard semi sweet bakers chocolate.

There was a good size yard in the back with a single car garage. There was a sand box that I didn't like much. It had a lot of pincher bugs. There was the jeep army trailer and we played in that a lot. Mayfield was a real American town with a main street about three blocks long. There was a movie house and a cigar store and of course my father's bakery. Our parents had lots of friends in Palo Alto. There were the Greens, who were black. Both Margaret and Paul always championed racial integration and made sure us kids were not isolated. One of their good friends was the Bachman's. Harold and Bernice had a farm house on Dis road. I haven't been able to find it on any map. We would have large penny ante Poker parties at their house. Us kids ran wild and played madly with the foot peddle organ while the grownups played poker. They had the most wonderful concord grapes. You would just squeeze them in your mouth and swallow the seeds. Otherwise they would be bitter. I will never forget the beheading of a chicken at their place. It just kept on running around without a head. Other friends were Mel and Nathan, Mary Allen, who had a pottery studio. Other good friends were Nina and Keith Eichmann. He was a longshoreman in Oakland and they had a big house in Berkley. There was one big Christmas party with a whole bunch of food.

There were yearly trips to Mexico. Bee and I went on a couple of trips during this time. These were wonderful experiences and I'm sorry brother Jerry never came along. On our road trip to Guanajuato we would have to ferry across swollen rivers in Northern Mexico. We stayed at La Posada de la Presa while in Guanajuato. This belonged to Manuel and Manuel and Felicitas Valenzuela. I would have free reign in the city and take the bus to

the dam and stay for hours. I never did get good at running to get on the bus while it was moving. Another wonderful trip during this time was to Guatemala. We went by airplane to Guatemala City and hired a driver and car to drive us to the ruins. We went by narrow gauge railroad to Puerto Limon Honduras. Part of the trip was by boat. When we got to our hotel It had only canvas partitions to divide the rooms. Bee and I were very thirsty. We couldn't drink the water on the railroad and they did not sell any bottled drinks. My father went to town to solve our problem. I will never forget seeing him walking back with a young man to help him carry the two boxes of sodas. He had bought out the store. Later I remember my mother Margret getting drunk singing the song "O mi Zapatos, Me gusta mucho" Not very good Spanish but great humor.

So these experiences amount to a very rich life full of adventure, friendship and love. In 1950 I was eight years old. That year we would move to Carmel and live with my grandmother Bertha. But first we took a trip back east. Early my father had worked at Willman and Carry's cleaning rugs. He was convinced that the Monterey peninsula needed a rug cleaning shop that was up to date. While we were back east Paul went to school for two weeks at the Mohawk carpet mills. Bee and I spent our time watching the ships go through the locks. When we got back we would open The Rug Doctor on Canyon Del Rey in Monterey. This ushered in a decade when the rug shop was the center of our family life. We all worked in the shop while we went to school. I washed rugs Jerry did delivery Our mom Margret did the books Be worked in sales. And Papy Paul worked on his Mondrian design rugs. This work gave us skills that suported all of us long after the shop closed. During this time Bee and paul were very involved with the Wharf theatre. After we moved on to start our own families, The Carmel house remained the center of our family until the close of the century. I will miss my sister Bee. These are very dear memories.