

The regular meeting of the Cheltenham Township Historical Commission was held tonight. Members present were: Barbara Bartlett, Cynthia Breen, Ray Burg, Louise Cohen, David Harrower, Lois Hirsch, James McCann, Dorothy Spruill, Jack Washington, Mary Washington and Joyce Werkman, Tom Wieckowski. Staff present was Brian Hinson, Acting Director of Parks and Recreation. (See attached attendance list).

1. *Call to Order* – Vice Chair Jack Washington called the meeting to order at 6:30 P.M.
2. *Acceptance of Minutes* – Mr. Washington asked for a motion to accept the April 11, 2013 meeting minutes; seconded by Mr. Wieckowski and unanimously approved.

3. *Committee Reports*

- A. Education Committee – Ms. Cohen had no report.

Mrs. Spruill stated that there is a speaker for this evening's program and that flyers and e-mails have been sent out announcing the event. She also stated that there is hope for a good crowd. Mrs. Spruill asked if the mobile sign was placed out to advertise the event and Mr. Washington stated that the mobile sign was out, advertising the presentation for this evening by William Pickens on "The Morreys and the Montiers: A Colonial Love Story." Mr. Hinson stated that the mobile sign was moved back to the Public Works Facility, however it was brought out for a short period of time.

- B. Preservation Committee Report -Mr. Harrower stated that there was no meeting of the Planning Commission during the month of April.

- C. Museum Committee Report- Mrs. Spruill stated that work has been done to the Military room at the museum. She does need help with setting up the coat poles because she is **unable to do it** by herself. She stated everyone is able to use the room now. Ms. Cohen suggested a **Commission Day** at the Wall House to straighten up and organize the approximate one hundred boxes on the third floor. Mr. Washington stated a Commission day is pending to organize the boxes on the third floor and basement. Mr. Harrower wanted to know if anyone had any thoughts to do gardening or spring cleaning for the

Wall House. Mrs. Spruill mentioned a chair is missing from the museum. Ms. Werkman expressed concerns regarding the missing chair. Mr. Harrower will look into the matter.

Mr. Washington said the gardening committee has been at the Wall House recently and did some spring cleaning along with refurbishing of woodchips. Mr. Washington also stated that there is a day needed to do some outdoor work. Mr. Washington concluded that there are two work details needed for outdoor and indoor work.

4. Chairman's Report – Mr. Washington passed out a current membership list that has been updated. He stated that the light bulb closest to Church Road was not functioning and it needed a transformer. He stated that Mr. Dunleavy took care of it. Mr. Washington mentioned that he and Mr. Wieckowski would like to put together a Wall House newspaper. Anyone wishing to place an article can pass it on to him and he will see that Mr. Wieckowski receives the article. Mr. Washington would like to reinstitute the "Friends of Richard Wall House Museum". He also wants to put together a brochure in house to start the friends group back up again. Mr. Wieckowski requested that if any acquisitions from last year were made, please let him know. He said he is looking for information on history from about 50-100 years ago for the fall. He would like to have the information by the summer. Mr. Washington stated that he was told people are not able to leave messages on the answering machine because there is a problem with the phones. There is no dial tone to call out and people cannot leave messages when they call. It is an internal problem that is being worked on. Hopefully there will be phone service available shortly.

5. Staff Report – Mr. Hinson wanted to let everyone know that there was a thank you letter sent out regarding the donation in honor of Stephen Banks. The letter went out to Mr. Paul Greenwald. Mr. Washington stated he sent a letter to Mr. Paul Greenwald and Ms. Regina Banks also thanking them for the donation. Mr. Hinson stated that the donation mentioned should be noted on the April financial report. Mr. Hinson also mentioned that the Sovereign Bank account is now closed and the funds were

also deposited into the Wall House account. Mr. Hinson will check into the recording of the deposits for both donations. Mr. Hinson questioned the necessity for internet at the Wall House. He needed to know if it was being used. Mr. Hinson said there is a cost of approximately \$959 a year to have the internet service. Mr. Washington stated he did not know about this costly amount being charged on the Wall House account. He also wanted to know what other options are available for internet service. Mr. Hinson will get more of a monthly breakdown report from the accounting department to determine the total cost each month. He will report back to the committee. He will also check with Comcast to see if there can be a decrease in the cost. Mr. Hinson stated the repairing of the sign for Wall House will cost (estimated) between \$2,000 - \$4,000. The repair of the sign will be tabled until a good decision can be made at a later date.

6. Old Business- Ms. Werkman stated that Carolyn Ancker of Jenkintown, who was an honorary member has passed away. Mrs. Washington stated that an obituary be made available since Ms. Ancker was a honorary member. Mr. Washington will provide an obituary since she was on the committee. Mrs. Washington stated Ms. Darlene Davis who is the Ex-Officio of the School District maybe retiring June 30, 2013. E-mails to Ms. Cohen have been undeliverable.

Ms. Cohen wanted to know if the light was fixed at the Wall House. Mr. Washington said Mr. Dunleavy took care of it.

7. New Business –Mr. Jack Washington made a motion to renew the Preservation Magazine. The cost is \$50 for the subscription as an organization. A motion was made to renew the subscription and unanimously approved by the committee. Mr. Washington requested getting a magazine rack for better displaying of magazines at the Wall House. Ms. Cohen requested that the rack be placed in the hallway of the museum. Mr. Washington will pick up a rack and decide where it should be mounted. Mr. Washington stated there are good articles that can be displayed on the rack for people to read that represents the museum. The Committee voted against the renewal of the “Reminisce” Magazine. Ms.

Cohen said she needed a copy of the key for the museum case. Mr. Washington said there is a mauve color to paint in the basement if anyone wishes to do some painting at the museum. Ms. Werkman reiterated on the volunteer work needed to help at the museum. Mr. Wieckowski suggested that a date be chosen and an e-mail be sent out to everyone to do the work needed at the Wall House. Mrs. Spruill asked that the door knocker be removed from the Wall House and be polished. Mr. Harrower suggested the knocker be checked for repairs first.

8. Announcements: Mrs. Washington mentioned the upcoming program that will promote the Wall House. It will be in May and Mr. Wieckowski will be assisting her. Brochures are available. Mr. McCann shared a letter from his mother regarding Mr. Murray who was a major important part of past history(See Attached). Mr. Hinson stated that the Curtis Hall and Arboretum Steering Committee meeting was postponed until May 29th and the meeting will be at Curtis. Mr. Washington stated that he received an invitation from the Old York Road Historical Society. He asked that the committee come to an agreement on a date for a visit to the society. It could be a Thursday night or a Sunday night preferably.

Good and Welfare: Members have different experiences good and bad information to share with committee. Mrs. Spruill requested that more brochures be printed for the Richard Wall House.

9. *Moment in Time* – Mrs. Mary Washington presented the following information found in the *Times Chronicle*, on May 18, 1912...Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Curtis who spent several weeks cruising their yacht, Lyndovia from Charleston, SC to Philadelphia, stopping on the way to various resorts arrived in town on Saturday(See Attached).

May 9, 2013 6:30 p.m.
Curtis Hall

10. *Adjournment* - There being no further business, upon motion of Ms. Werkman and seconded by Mrs. Spruill and approved by the Historical Commission, the meeting adjourned at 7:20 P.M.



Bryan T. Havir
Township Manager

Submitted by: Linda Vann



PUBLIC ATTENDANCE LIST



National Historic Preservation Month

"The Morreys and Montiers: A Colonial Love Story."

Thursday, May 9, 2013 -- 7:30 P.M.

CURTIS HALL

Church Road & Greenwood Avenue, Wyncote, PA 19095

(Please Print Clearly)

NAME	PLEASE PROVIDE YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS, IF YOU HAVE ONE, FOR PURPOSES OF NOTIFYING YOU OF FUTURE EVENTS. THANK YOU.	
	ADDRESS	E-MAIL
Dorothy Spruill		
Barbara Bartlett		
Joyce Werkman		
Tom Wiczowski		
Louise Cohen		
Jack Washington		
Liz Hirsch		
Mary Washington		
Dave Harrower		
JAMES J. McCANN III		
Ray BURG JR		

Moment in History 9 May 2013 C.T.H.C

Times Chronicle Saturday Morning May 18, 1912

Wyncote

Mr and Mrs Cyrus Curtis, who have spent several weeks cruising on their yacht, Lyndvia from Charleston, S.C. to Philadelphia, stopping on the way at various resorts, arrived in town on Saturday. Mr and Mrs Curtis had as their guests on the homeward trip Mrs John Gribbel and Miss Adela Gribbel of Wyncote and Mrs Martin.

The Gribbel Estate, St. Austel Hall, was on the northwest corner of Church & Rices Mill Road Mrs Martin was the stepdaughter & the wife of Mr John Martin, Northeast corner of Church Road & Greenwood Ave.

From same paper - not to be forgotten

Memorial Services At St Pauls.

Many Splendid Floral Tributes in Evidence
Some Names of People who Attended the Services -
Elaborate Musical Service

George D. Widener & son Harry Elkins Widener



Murray
7465 Indian Springs Dr
Sparks, NV 89436-5674

* presents to
- Pat (copy)
(may make copy)
Sincerely,
Raymond
Mrs: 377
(copy) Born
Ave.

Mrs. Pat McCann
323 Jefferson Ave
Cheltenham PA 19012

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FIRST
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89441
00003452

11-12-12

Dear Pat

Hope this note finds you in good spirit and health. Per our conversation find a copy of my time in Korea. I would really like it if you could find out the name of the book Bob White was reading as you are the second person in two months to mention the book. Hope you have a happy holiday season with warm memories.

I will never forget the ride Jim gave me in the fire engine, remember me to him. Sorry about the writing but I have a fused right wrist.

Your friends

Ed + Char Murray

Outpost Esther

My purpose in writing this story is to relate the details of the battle on outpost Esther on July 24th 1953 as I saw it. At this writing I am seventy seven years old and though time erases many memories, these are burned in my brain like a movie which can be played at any time. I had joined the Marine Corps in 1951 and had gone to Parris Island and then to Quantico Virginia and had several interesting duties, one of which was in forestry which meant falling trees for ten hours a day. Needless to say after doing that for at least ten months I became very muscular and strong, I didn't feel there was any job I could not do. I knew I wanted to go to Korea and get the experiences that I yearned to fulfill. I applied for a transfer and was surprised when I got one. I was also surprised as to what it would be doing. The transfer was to the post stables which entailed cleaning stables, feeding and watering horses, exercising horses and riding them in parades and shows. I met many marines there who had just come back from Korea and were filling in their time prior to discharge. The stories they told were to warn me not to be so anxious as many men were badly wounded and many not coming home at all. I listened but it just added fuel to my inner fire to go and fight for my country by stopping the spread of communism. This assignment however turned out to be rather historical as the marines had consistently used horses since prior to WWI and they were completely disbanded from the corps the year after I left the cavalry. When I finally did receive my orders to go to advanced combat training I did think it wise not to have any emotional encumbrances prior to leaving and broke off my relationship with my high school sweetheart. This was not taken very well by her at the time but somehow worked out as when I returned from Korea she had been married for six months.

I grew up as a child of the depression and during WWII patriotism was very strong in the country and it was not unusual in the early fifties when the Korean war broke out to have many of your friends join the service immediately upon coming of age. Afraid I was going to miss something; I quit high school and joined the marines a month after I became seventeen. In 1952 I was given orders to go to Camp Pendelton for advanced training.

I reported to Camp Pendelton in California feeling lonely and a little insecure and already missing my family and wondering if I would ever see

them again. It didn't take long however to meet some of the marines I knew back in Quantico VA and went on liberty with them, we became close and I met other marines in training who also joined us. After three months of training we got our orders to join the first marine division in Korea however some of my friends got assigned to other countries we had never heard of.

During the fifties phone service was expensive and there were no computers or cell phones. When you left the country that was more or less the end of your communication home other than mail which took weeks to get to the states.

We were bussed down to San Diego and boarded the MATS ship the General Walker. The trip to Japan took 28 days and was so rough that most those on the ship were sea sick. The holds were nothing but steel rooms about fifty feet square, and were entirely filled with canvas hammocks about six high. I would say that each compartment held at least 200 marines and the ship held 3000. About half way across the ocean we hit a storm and men were violently ill and could not stop vomiting. The holds of the ship had so much vomit in them that it was washing up the bulkheads (walls) at least three feet which meant that the first two layers of the canvas bunks would be soaked with vomit. I thought this had to be the worst storm there was until I made the trip home and found out otherwise. Many of the experiences I had did not come as a surprise as my brother in law told me what to expect as he had experienced being shipped overseas during the second world war which was only five years previous. We were not allowed off the ship in Japan as they seemed to be in a hurry to get us to Korea and the next morning we left for the port of Inchon.

The trip to Korea only took a day and I vividly recall the odor coming from the land when we were still at least ten miles out to sea. The Koreans fertilize their fields with human excreta and also have some of the most severe tides in the world, as a result we sat outside waiting for the twenty six foot tide to raise the water level so that we could come ashore which we did by climbing off the ship on rope net ladders down to a landing craft that opened up in the bow by a large door I believe they were called LSTs.

We then boarded a train that would take us to an area called Ashcom. The train was a step up from the miniature trains seen in Disney land as it was so small as were the Korean people. We still had our packs on our back and our sea bags full of clothes that were to last us for the next year as that was

the length of time to serve your tour. When we arrived in Ashcom which we called Ashcan we spent the night, in the morning were put on trucks to join our respective units which meant we would again be divided from our friends and acquaintances and not know anyone. It never occurred to me before this that we were actually replacements for the marines that were either killed or wounded and we would have to prove ourselves before being accepted in that unique and selective fellowship of men that could be trusted to fight when needed and be depended on when all was lost.

The first marine division had just come off outpost Vegas area and gone into reserve which was behind the front lines called the MLR or main line of resistance. I recall reporting to my assigned platoon which was Howe Company 3rd regiment of the 5th marines. As the entire division was in tents I reported to a tent that had a wooden board across the flap with an H-3-5 scratched on it. I walked in and was immediately chewed out for not knocking before entering. I didn't have the fortitude to ask the sergeant and lieutenant how you knock on canvass. I was told which squad to report to and after asking many unhelpful marines found my assigned squad which I would be with for a year unless I was killed or wounded then I would be able to leave earlier. I later found that the company had just lost 26 men in the last battle and they were suffering the loss of their comrades and did not trust unproven greenhorns. For the next month or so I had to pull mess (kitchen) duty, pull guard duty and go to various assignments. One night I was to pull guard duty around an area of the compound that was very desolate and it was raining hard as the monsoons were ending. South Korea is heavily covered with bushes and most trees are small in stature making visibility difficult to see far in the brushy terrain. It was raining very hard and there were no lights of any sort in the very large compound, visibility was poor, within ten feet. I had been assigned an automatic rifle which weighs twenty pounds but to pull guard duty you only had to use an M1 rifle which is ten pounds. I had on a waterproof poncho and had my rifle carrying it upside down to avoid water getting in the barrel. When I relieved the previous guard he forewarned me there was a black panther that had cubs somewhere in the bushes on the end of the compound and the only thing separating it from us would be the barbed wire that was about four feet high surrounding the entire compound. I believe it was to both keep us in and the South Koreans out. Of course when I was told about the panther, the first thing I did was to head for the area where it was supposed to be and I have to admit I was rather spooked. I didn't see anything due to the

darkness but neither did I hear any sounds. I minimized the advice of caution I had been given and continued my tour in the darkness and heavy rain. When I returned to the same area a half an hour later I breezed by the barbed wire and suddenly directly at my back was a very deep low rumbling growl and I knew what it was, I thought it was right behind me. I slipped my rifle off my shoulder and let a round enter the chamber. I felt a cold chill up my spine and turned to see nothing but blackness. I got out of the area as quick as possible and thought the only way I would return was if someone was attacked that night. I walked my guard duty till just before dawn, avoiding the area I thought the panther was in and thought everything was fine, suddenly very close to the edge of where my area ended there came a large bang which woke the entire camp. I recognized the noise as a large caliber weapon and ran to the edge of my post. A little while later I found out the guard at the post next to mine had fired at a black panther that had come from the area I was in and tried to shoot it as it was rummaging through the garbage cans in the mess hall. Up until that time I thought that was the scariest thing in my life. I am happy the panther did not get hit by the .45 and hope the cubs survived.

One morning we were told that we were going to be going on line that night. By evening we boarded trucks and started for the front lines a few miles away. It started raining heavy and we were completely soaked, when we were still several miles from the lines the trucks carrying us became bogged down in the mud and could go no further. This reminded me of the movie "All Quiet on the Western Front" it showed the soldiers slogging through the rain going to the trenches but two hours later we were still slogging through the rain and we knew we would be up all night, this was not like the movies as after two hours the movie was over and we were still going. We were relieving the Army and as we were heading up toward the trenches the army was coming down single file. At one point my leg stuck in the mud and in trying to get it out found myself walking downhill with the army, I quickly turned around and found where I had been in line going up which took some time as it was so dark no one could see another person's face and everyone looks the same at night when they are covered with a poncho.

The war in Korea in the last year was fought entirely at night, during the daytime you were supposed to get some rest and clean your equipment, this was a near impossibility as there was always something that sparked your

interest or concerned you during the day. Up to this point the enemy which were Chinese, were never seen as any attack would come at night. The assignments were made such that every other night you would remain on the main line facing the Chinese unless you were on an outpost which was in front of the main lines and most times closer to the Chinese lines, the purpose of the outpost which was a raised hill with a trench dug completely around it was to stall or slow an attack by the Chinese which would be at night, in the daylight you could not expose any of your body out of the trench or a sniper from the Chinese lines would shoot at you. Usually you stayed on the outpost for one week then returned to the MLR in the evening. If you were not on an outpost or on the MLR you would be assigned to either a listening post or patrolling in no man's land, many times you were sent to the base of the Chinese lines to ambush them. Listening posts required two marines whose job would be to listen for movement close to the areas the Chinese patrolled or other geography that ensured we were going to be between the Chinese and the Marines should they decide to visit us at night.

I had been on several listening posts which required a radioman with a roll of wire on his back which would be hooked to a phone when you arrived at your assigned area, and another marine to guard and listen for movement. Although you had a phone you never spoke in it. With the sound set very low the headquarters back on the mainline would ask you questions every fifteen minutes, instead of answering you either tapped the receiver with your finger once for yes and twice for no. I went out one very hot night with one of the Native American marines and had put mosquito repellent on my forehead for the mosquitoes that were intense all night. Not having read the instructions "Do not use on your Forehead", I spent four hours completely blinded holding on to the heel of his boot. I must have killed five hundred mosquitoes in mid air with my bayonet which I swung at every sound I heard that night.

One day I was told I was going on an ambush that evening and was to check out an automatic weapon rather than use my BAR as they were smaller and easier to use in close quarters, as I recall I checked out a Thompson submachine gun from the armory and test fired in a hole so that I would feel comfortable with it that evening. Most of the day I kept thinking about going out that evening and actually meeting someone that was going to try to kill me, by evening I was almost sick thinking about it and wanted to

hurry and get going. We were instructed to tape anything that would rattle or make noise prior to leaving our own trenches and going over to the Chinese lines to ambush them coming out or back from patrol. We left our lines as it got dark and sounded like a garbage truck coming down the street we made so much noise, so much for stealth. We arrived after crossing through several rice paddies and the twelve of us spread out with our bodies in the rice paddy water and our weapons lying on the dike in front of us. It was hot and we were all exhausted as the night progressed I realized that if I did not stay awake I could be killed. After what I believe was a long period of time I awoke to eleven other marines snoring so loud it sounded like feeding time at the elephant cage in the zoo, I quickly gathered my senses and punched the marine next to me and told him to wake up and pass it on. I heard that repeated ten other times. If the Chinese were coming our way I am sure they felt the strange noises were some kind of animal and left the area but perhaps we were in Gods hand. After retelling this story I have met several other marines that were on that same patrol and others with similar stories.

I always preferred having one of our Native Americans as point man on a patrol as they were, skilled, quiet, and reliable and on one of the patrols I experienced my first firefight. We were a long way in front of our lines and close to the Chinese lines and all with automatic weapons, I recall hearing what sounded like a swarm of bees going over head and asked our point man what that noise was and he replied they were quad fifties which were four fifty caliber machine guns set on back of a vehicle and all four were fired at once until all 1000 rounds had been fired which did not take more than a minute. Within a minute of that a flare went off from the Chinese lines, flares were shot thousands of feet in the air and dropped by a small parachute to slow their descent, it was suddenly like daylight , we were taught in training when a flare goes off to freeze as it is your movement that attracts the eye to you. I found that to be a false statement as everyone froze. Suddenly the sound of whomp, whomp, whomp was heard and I immediately knew there were mortar shells being fired at us and they sounded different than our own. Within seconds the ground around us erupted in explosions and one threw me up and backwards, the noise from explosions close to you is enough to make you vomit it is so sickening, suddenly to the left front of us but within fifty feet, small arms fire broke out. The Chinese used an automatic firearm that we called a burp gun because it fires so fast it sounds like a burp from someone with a sick

stomach. I learned to fear that sound as it has a psychological effect on the receiving end. All of us forward marines fired at the flashes in unison. Within moments the small arms fire lessened and we started back to our lines I donot know of any casualties other than my front tooth broke in half hitting the bolt of my weapon.

I had been on line for about a month or more when I was told I would be going to outpost Esther that evening. The usual time spent on the outpost was at least a week. The outpost was no more than about three hundred feet at the top with a trench in a circle shape around the top, protruding from the trench every ten feet or so was what we called a fighting hole which was a space just large enough off the trench so that you could sit or stand and look out at the enemy through a stack of sand bags that had a small aperture opening to see an enemy attack. Esther was about a two hundred yards in front of our lines and about the same from the Chinese lines. Once on the outpost you could not leave until nightfall as the moment you stepped out of the trench you were visible to the enemy. I put in my week and other than seeing a forward observer airplane shot down over our heads and hearing some of our patrols pass at night the week was uneventful. The realization that you were in a place of extreme danger stayed with you day and night for the entire time there. When I returned to the main line I realized I had not had a hot meal nor a shower in over a month and was finally told that if I wanted one I could cross over top of the mountain behind us and go to the mess bunker. There was a sign near the top of the mountain that said "From this point forward you are visible to the enemy". I realized that many men had gotten killed trying to get across as the Chinese used a Katusha rocket to pick off men crossing the top. Looking at the last fifty feet or so I decided I was pretty fast and thought I could be over before they could sight me in, this was not the case however and when I was almost to the top, I was blown out of the trench and the last image I had was of my helmet spinning straight up in the air away from me. When I regained my wits I realized I was in trouble as it was daylight and I was in plain view of the enemy. I scrambled the rest of the way over the top and made my way to the mess bunker but upon arriving found that I was shaking so bad and had a terrific headache that I could not eat and the sickening part was that I had to get back over the same way to get back to my outfit. I did manage to get a shower a week or so later which was the only one I had in the last two months I was on the front line and never did

get a hot meal as it was safer to eat in your own hole on the main line of resistance.

I did spend another week on Esther about a month later which also was uneventful other than everyone got sick on some of the food they sent out one night for us to eat. We actually left the outpost in broad daylight and ran back to our lines for medical treatment and returned the next evening. Sometime during this time period I got tired of being so afraid of getting killed and my attitude changed, I came to the realization that if I were to die I wanted to take some of the enemy with me. From that point on it did not bother me as much to see death as I did but rather I would rather kill the enemy than worry about what would happen to me.

Sometime in July 1953 I was sent out to Esther again and felt my luck was holding as there had been no assaults on the hill for a while. Unfortunately my fighting hole was directly opposite a 155mm shell that was in the ground used as a urinal and most marines missed the shell and the urine lay outside of my hole and if I stood up in the daytime, a sniper took shots at me and the bullet would zing by my head. I knew he was out in front of me in a spider hole which was a small hole with a retractable lid that would be closed immediately after he would fire at me. I waited one day after he fired at me and fired five rifle grenades at him. I had been there for a couple of days and one morning just at dusk was looking out of my assigned fighting hole which was the forward most and looking toward the Chinese lines, suddenly without warning the ground in front of me exploded and the noise was so deafening I was nauseous immediately, there followed another explosion then a third. I realized they were not artillery as you can usually hear artillery coming, instead they were 75 mm recoilless rifles fired from the front of the Chinese lines. The blast had blown apart some of the sandbags in front of my hole but at that point repairing the hole would be suicidal as snipers would take you out. I spent the next few hours shivering in the hole as the noise had taken its toll on me. To my knowledge only one man had received wounds from the attack and he would have to wait until evening to receive any advanced treatment. An hour or so later a lieutenant and a sergeant crawled up the trench and stopped to warn me that we may be having company that night as they had been trying to soften us up by firing in the daytime so that they could get in to us quickly that night. That day was very long and I knew I was in a bad spot, I thought to myself, what the hell am I doing here, I realized with all my eagerness I had put my life in a

place of danger that there was no way out of and felt that hope was lost. I knew I would face the ultimate test of my life this night and started writing a letter home however I knew it would be weeks before the letter would get there and Lord knows where I would be by then.

As evening started and the sun had just set, I heard a psst behind me, I looked behind me and there lay a Chinese hand grenade about two feet behind me at my feet in the trench. I scrunched into my hole and tried to get away from it but it went off. I realized it did not get me because I was too close to it. I looked down the trench line and saw Chinese soldiers with burp guns jumping over the trench trying to get to the middle of the outpost so that they could fire on us from behind. Immediately all of the training I had paid off and I picked up my Mi rifle and began firing at the Chinese as they jumped over the trench. I felt anger for the first time rather than fear as they were shooting at me trying to kill me; my feeling was if I am killed I want to take some of them with me. Suddenly it began to rain with enemy mortar and artillery shells onto our outpost. It was estimated that so many mortar and artillery shells dropped that the outpost was six feet lower by the next morning. I would look for the movement of the Chinese, fire and duck from the constant shrapnel flying through the air. I kept firing and eventually heard Chinese screaming in pain behind me and knew that as I was picking them off, I was gut shooting them as that was the biggest target and you had to fire quickly. I then recall the sounds of wounded marines either on the top of the hill or around it in the trenches screaming for God and yelling "Mother please help me". Although it was after dark, there were so many flares going off it remained like daylight. After an hour or so I noticed that the Chinese had stopped coming and for some reason I was the only one on the front of the outpost, there was no one firing and no one around. The marine that was supposed to be about ten feet to my left was gone and I learned months later he had been captured, from where I do not know as I never heard him fire a shot and never saw anyone take him. I suddenly realized that I was alone with no help and every action I made had to be precise and I had to consider what to do and to find out if anyone else was alive. That thought was never completed however because at that point I turned to look behind me just in time to have an explosion knock me to the ground and splatter my flack jacket with shrapnel, apparently the commanding officer in the back of the outpost called in for our own tanks to fire on top of the hill to kill the Chinese that were up there and directly behind me. For a moment I thought I would be killed by our own fire. I

realized I had to get help or get out of there. I took my BAR and three hand grenades strapped to my flak jacket and started toward the back of the trench, I came upon a large bunker that originally faced the outside of the outpost but now was caved in, I could hear Chinese whispering loudly to each other but I continued toward the back of the outpost looking for help. Suddenly there appeared a short marine corporal that joined me looking for help also then on the top of the trench in the direction we were heading, a Chinese stood up and fired his burp gun at us. The marine with me was shoulder to shoulder to me and suddenly held his face and dropped forward dead. I never got a chance to return fire, I advanced another few feet and a Chinese grenade landed in the trench by my left foot. I attempted to kick it off but it kept rolling back on to my foot then went off. I felt the explosion then looked at my foot, the top of my boot was burned black but I received no injury. The command post in the rear of the outpost was about six feet by six feet with a roof covering it with sandbags on top. There were about ten marines huddled in there and every once in a while a Chinese would fire down on them from the top of the trench. I asked if someone could come help me clear the trenches but everyone seemed wounded. I then heard someone saying he had the flame thrower ready and a stream of fire came out from the nozzle spraying up top and around the command post, suddenly there was a scream from within and I realized a marine by the name of Manthey was lying on the bottom of the trench and the drippings from the nozzle had been hitting him on the back of the neck as he lay dying face down under everyone. I could not enlist any assistance and started back from where I had come from because I felt I didn't want to be huddled together and be picked off. As I came upon the collapsed bunker I had passed before I heard the same Chinese voices in a loud whisper. I made the decision that although they were not in the trench I had better take them out before they were in the trench and behind me. I leaned over the outside of the trench and saw the forms of two Chinese speaking hurriedly and leaning over something. I fired at the edge of the collapsed bunker with my BAR and emptied the magazine by raking the area where they were. I had always wondered what they were doing and why they didn't attempt to get in the trench behind me when I passed the area the first time, I would not know for forty five years. Forty five years later when computers made it easier to communicate with people I spoke with Dick Nooe and in relating his story on outpost Esther he had crawled out of the stack of sandbags after an artillery shell struck his bunker and was grabbed by two Chinese who beat him with their rifle butts and took his uniform, in doing so he

sustained bilateral skull fractures and was blinded. Dick related that they suddenly stopped beating him and I knew then what the two Chinese had been doing when I fired the twenty rounds at them. I went back to my fighting hole at the front of the outpost and noticed that a Chinese body that had been buried from the waist down was now gone, that would mean the Chinese were coming back when I had left and picked up their dead. I returned to my fighting hole and there was still no one around me or anywhere near me. I knew you were not supposed to leave your post but this was ridiculous, I was alone and no one on our side seemed to be firing from our outpost. I remained there doing what I was supposed to as the flares kept the skies as bright as day. I wondered at that point if God had left me there alone purposely and if he did what was his plan. After at least another hour or so I decided to see if anyone was still alive at the rear of the outpost in the Command post. I made my way back stopping at the point where I had heard the Chinese whispering before and there was complete silence, I continued and when I got to the command center there were more men there than there had been prior. I asked them and was told by Sergeant Butler that he had brought help out to us but he had a burp gun slug in his hip and could not help, I asked if anyone else could help me and without hesitating about six marines got up and joined me to help clear the trenches. I did not know it at the time but the two marines in front of me were my platoon leaders, Lt Johnson and Lt Bates, in back of them to my left was another marine then myself, apparently somewhere along the line Lt Bates had to go back as his weapon would not fire, a marine from Texas replaced him. We continued up the trench line, the forward two marines would look forward to the left and the right and so on going back, behind me to the left was a young marine who had just joined our company the day before and had gotten hit in the arm that morning from the rocket attack, his name was Jim Dixon, I remember him only because he had a white bandage on his arm. We continued up the trench firing at any movement in front of us. Suddenly someone appeared from behind me and tapped me on the shoulder and said they were sent from the mainline to come help us and he handed me a couple hand grenades he had brought out from a box he was carrying. I recall his words to not hold them when the pin is pulled because they explode in three seconds; the grenades were smooth on the outside and were more powerful than our old ones which we used to hold for sometimes four seconds after pulling the pin. I said to the two marines in front of me I was throwing a grenade and it left my hand like a baseball. I heard an explosion ahead as it went off then suddenly Lt Johnson yelled

“grenade” as he jumped back, I looked down, saw the potato masher grenade at my feet and jumped backwards and toward the top of the trench to my right. From this point my story is fuzzy as some things were related to me forty five years later but I recall a voice way out in the distance and I did not know that I had been knocked out until much later. When I opened my eyes no one was around and I was lying above the trench and a marine that had been behind me was yelling “Please don’t leave me help me please”. He and I were completely alone as everyone else had disappeared. Somehow everything seemed quiet and I felt I had been asleep and was waking up from a night’s sleep; it was almost like a euphoric feeling. I dropped back down into the trench and assured the marine that I would not leave him and that we were going to get back to the rest of the troops OK. I realized then that my face was burning and my vision was becoming impaired. I picked up my BAR and fired part of the magazine toward the way we had been going originally in the event a Chinese was coming toward us. I then put my BAR down and tried to lift the marine back by picking him up under the arms, he screamed in pain and yelled his leg was caught in communication wire. I reached down and realized that there was no wire there but that his leg was almost completely disconnected from just above the knee. I picked his leg up and he screamed in pain and as it came up, the remaining piece of bone holding his leg on broke and the leg dropped off held only by what appeared to be two tendons. I crossed the still connected leg over the other, as it was dragging, and pulled him backwards. After pulling him about twenty yards or so back down the trench someone came from behind me and said that it was OK they could take him from there and dragged him backwards, I never saw him again and did not learn Gary Andrews name until forty five years later. I did not know at that time that the grenade which hit me in the face also hit Lt Johnson in the leg, Jim Dixon below his flak jacket in his intestine, and Gary Andrews who died the following morning. I realized at that point that I was losing my vision in one eye and that no one was with me again and wondered where everyone had gone as was my BAR and any weapon I might have had. I started crawling back toward my fighting hole which was not a good idea, as I crawled my right elbow kept slipping in something wet, I looked down and realized it was a brain, even then it felt creepy. This action has been recalled literally thousands of times in my life and the guilt I have felt for not thinking about putting a tourniquet on Gary Andrews. I was evacuated sometime before daylight and kept passing out as my head ached so much. I recall ending up in the battalion med next to Eugene Hums whose arm had been blown off at the shoulder, he did not

Speak and I could not stay awake. I ended up in the head wound ward on the hospital ship USS Haven. When I awoke the next time I was told that the war had ended three days ago which meant I was asleep for six days. I rejoined my outfit about six weeks later and most all the men I knew were either dead or shipped back home. I left Korea in early February of 1954 and the temperature was somewhere around forty below zero. After we had boarded the train a small Korean child came up to the window where I was seated and was begging for food. I had just opened a can of baked bean sea rations and the lid was still partially attached, I opened the window and dropped it down with the lid down so that he would not cut his hand, he opened it up and stuck his fingers in it as he was starving and looked it. At that moment an adult ran up to him and grabbed the can from the child's hand and in doing so the lid sliced his entire palm open and the young boy started crying in pain, the train started to move and the marine in the seat behind me pulled out his sulfa pack from his belt and threw it to the child. I hope the child made it.

The trip home on the Marine Lynx was memorable in that we hit another typhoon and it lasted three days, it was so rough that we had to eat C-rations in our bunks and had to wear helmets to protect us from flying debris. Upon returning to Treasure Island in San Francisco I only knew a few of the marines I started out with and after two weeks we were discharged and all went our separate ways. I never saw nor talked to another marine about Korea for forty five years. Upon learning to use a computer I found that there were indeed several men left that had served at that time on the outpost that I knew.

Prior to leaving Korea I had agreed to go see Eugene Hums mother in Philadelphia, but every time I got on the trolley car to go I got so emotional I knew I would not do any good if I cried therefore never saw her.

I have heard many reports of how many marines we lost on outpost Esther, I was told twelve. Originally twenty-nine marines were on the Outpost but we had rescue groups come out later and I do not know how many marines actually died. I lost nine friends that night and there were many others that were sent to reinforce us who were lost whose names I do not know.

After hundreds of times of reviewing the experience, I have to add the following which has taken many years to admit.

During the last week I was on the outpost I never saw an officer or anyone come up to the forward part of the outpost unless to leave off rations or ammunition until the morning of the 24th of July. When we were initially attacked that evening I never heard another shot fired from the forward part of the outpost, or around me for the rest of the night. There were positions about every fifteen feet and the marine next to me never fired nor did I see him although he ended up captured by the Chinese, where he went to I do not know. I had spent the entire first few hours alone and never saw another person nor heard a shot fired around me for the rest of the battle. I believe the sixth Marine Corps general order reads that you will not leave your post until properly relieved therefore I did not. To this day I cannot understand why the commanding officer called for our own tanks and machine guns to fire on top of our hill when he had not even checked to see if anyone was up there. Beside those decisions he had a flame thrower sent out and it was being fired from within the trench and the drippings fell on the wounded marines on the bottom of the trench. For these decisions he was awarded the Silver Star. I feel fortunate to have survived the attacks of the Chinese, and poor decisions of our own Marine Corps officers.

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