

the fires of the FSG and possibly of the assault tanks. It also carries a significant risk of the vehicles firing in on each other.

Flank support scenario—The Bravo Warriors move to a single flank, one platoon at a time. If the third platoon has remained one bound behind as a reserve, this may be a likely time for it to be committed with the FSG tanks. The Warriors must take care that they do not move forward and outpace their infantrymen and possibly fire on them.

Stand-off positions—If it is not feasible to take up positions on either flank, the Bravo Warriors may take up hull-down positions and concentrate their fire on enemy fighting vehicles. Any other type of suppressive fire may be too difficult to coordinate with the dismounted infantry.

Intimate support—If the situation on the objective allows it, Bravo Warriors can move onto the objective under the control of the Warrior sergeants. This allows them to provide close support to their sec-

tions. The Warriors can also provide the same support to both platoons under the command of the Warrior captain.

Combination—Any or all of the options can be used in combination, but this requires well-rehearsed drills and considerable practice.

Reorganization. This part of the hasty attack is normally carried out in accordance with drills and procedures. The infantrymen clear the objective (bunkers and trenches) in detail. They must also have a plan to bring the infantry back together with their vehicles and to cross-level ammunition, weapons, leaders, and individual soldiers.

Exploitation. The tactical situation and the brigade commander's plan dictate whether exploitation or consolidation will take place. If the battlegroup is to exploit a successful attack, the infantry company follows the assault tanks and the FSG tanks in the exploitation.

Armored infantry battlegroups conduct

hasty attacks to seize ground or destroy enemy forces in hastily prepared positions, trading preparation time for maintaining momentum. The company or squadron group makes maximum use of shock effect through the firepower and maneuverability of the Warrior and the tanks supported by indirect fire. Success in the hasty attack depends upon accurate information and a simple plan aggressively executed through drills and procedures. The more familiar the commanders are with each other, the more effective the command and control procedures will be.

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Action on the Jamestown Line

Close Combat in the Korean War

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AUTHOR'S NOTE: This article was originally a letter that I wrote in February 1952 to the previous commander of Company K, 7th Cavalry, Captain John R. Flynn, about what had happened to the company since he left, wounded, in June 1951. I had forgotten about the letter until he returned it to me at the 7th Cavalry's 1995 reunion in Washington.

When I began writing the letter, I was on a boat just out of Otaru, Japan, and on my way home, after 16 months in the regiment. I had served as a rifle platoon leader and (still a lieutenant) as commander of Company K. I was then assigned to the regimental S-3 shop, where I was able to refresh my memory on the details of the extreme combat the com-

pany had engaged in during September and October 1951. As a result, I was confident that the letter was as accurate as I could make it.

As a young officer, I profited from reading reports of small-unit combat actions, and I trust that young officers today will profit from reading of these actions in Korea, more than 46 years ago.

There is a lot to say in bringing you up to date since you left. Here beside me I have several false starts on letters to you, but they were inadequate and out of perspective. So I will not say I'm sorry I did

not mail a letter sooner, for I am glad I held off until this day, when I am sure and unhurried and can write one letter for 15 days with no place to mail it, and can now speak from more authority and ex-

perience. I changed jobs at a lucky time. In the S-3 shop, I was in on the post-battle discussions and writings of the Regiment, and talked with the generals and the staffs, and wrote and read. So now I can say

what there is to be said.

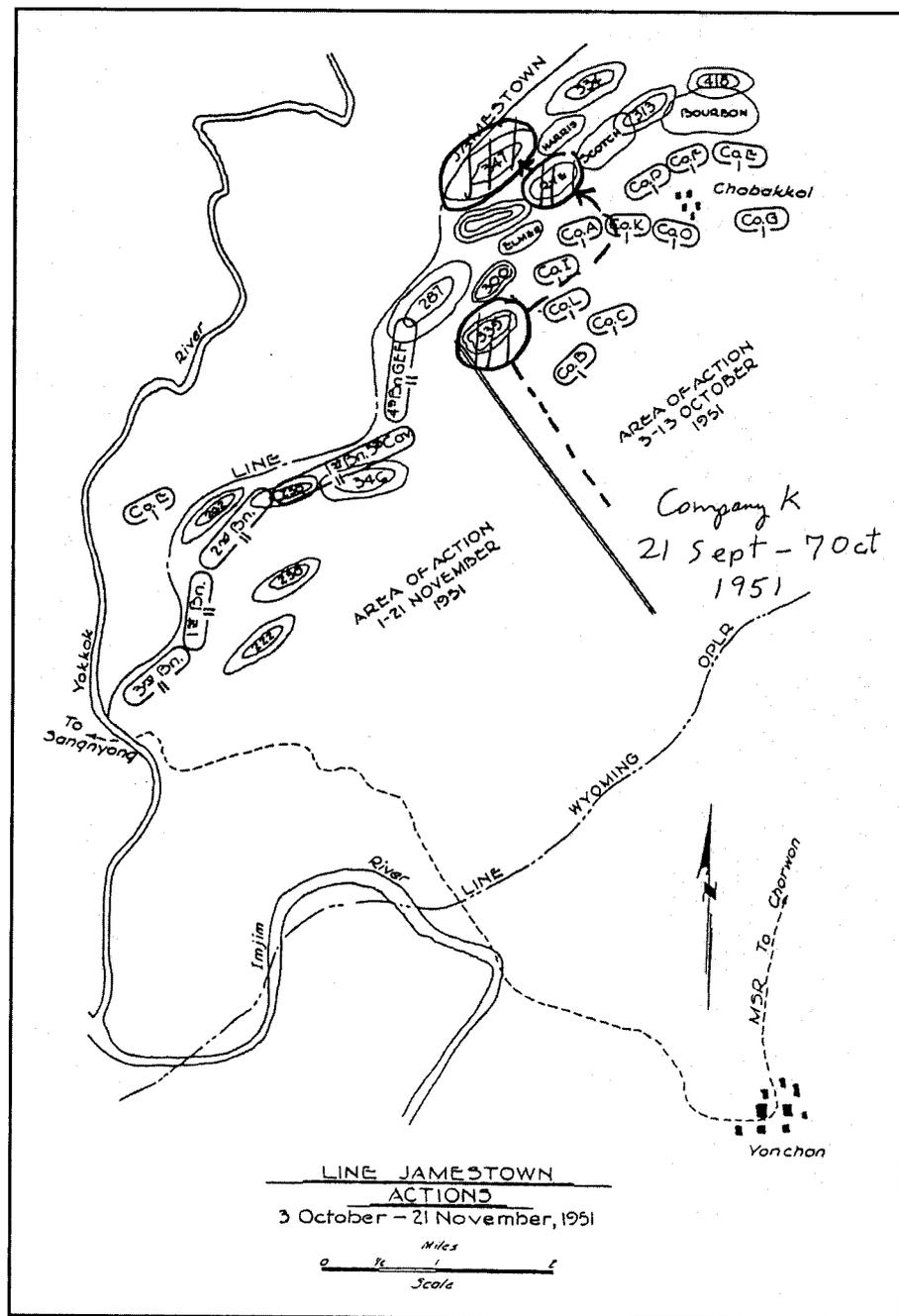
I learned and saw enough since you left to write ten books, all of them different. Personalities rose and fell, battles swelled and diminished, boys became men, and men became memories.

The Regiment fought like a demon for some pieces of ground and suffered incredible casualties defending it. And then, partly because of the casualties, the division was pulled out and replaced. It was time. The 1st Cav Division was left with only a smattering of real strength.

In the big picture, of course, the whole Army moved forward in the October offensive. Before that time, the fighting had diminished in the west where we were, to great series of barbed-wire obstacles and extensive patrolling. When I left the division, we were still in the same area, the same front as when you were there. After you were hit, the division went back to the Kansas line and dug and wired in for a few weeks, while the 25th Division had our sector. The 24th Infantry had the old 7th Cav sector and fared pretty badly. When we came back up there, they had lost the patrol base on the 487-477 hill mass, which the 3d Battalion had for so long. We were not to get that hill mass back until four months later after five well-planned attacks—two of them regiment size—had failed.

Actually, in the final analysis we prepared the Wyoming line more thoroughly than we did the Kansas line. As a matter of record, the 7th laid more wire on that line than the 8th and the 5th together. We had up to ten double aprons all across the MLR (main line of resistance), 20 in places and six on the OPLR, not counting protective and tactical wire. It was never tested. The Chinese started digging in on a line from Hill 487 in front of Hill 347 and on down to the Imjin. So we kept patrolling out farther and farther until that line was established; then we sent out the patrol bases again. That set the stage for the offensive.

But back in K Company, I was getting the outfit shaken down and ready to fight. A few of the tactical ideas I told you about, such as numbering the draws, later paid off. My real problem, of course, was getting those squad leaders, platoon leaders, and riflemen who were left after



rotation into the proper jobs. At one time, I was the only officer left in the company, but I got a few shortly before the big fight.

We were involved in one of the battles for 487. The line generally paralleled the road from Yonchon to Chorwon, and at this time the 3d Division had the sector down to opposite 477. The 3d Battalion of the 7th was given the job of a dawn attack in a flanking move around the north and east of 487. It was up the two tough sides of the mountain, but was probably the least defended too.

We moved and jumped off on schedule; at least K Company did. Companies L and I were late, and we had seized our first objective before they reached the line of departure. But we pulled up and soon were on the two fingers. The peak and its approaches had been plastered day and night for a long time by weapons of all calibers up to 8-inch. The peak was bare but the Chinese were too well dug in. Three thousand rounds of 4.2-inch mortars were used in preparation.

Up we went and learned the defenses

were simply impregnable. On K Company's approach, the last 300 yards was a 45-degree slope and with no cover. The Chinese laced into us with five machineguns, and we were so placed that we were attacking the rim of a teacup from the inside bottom. At the high point of the attack, 200 yards from the top, the whole assaulting platoon was in the open under direct observation on a *concave* slope. I had everything in the book going in at the bunkers—precision registered 155mm, direct fire from five tanks, and all the rest—but not one single machinegun was silenced.

We were ordered off in late afternoon with 23 casualties, 20 of them gunshot. Company L had about the same. Two weeks later, the entire 65th Regiment tried to take the peak and failed.

One of my platoon leaders was badly shot up in the arm, which left Lieutenant Radcliffe (1st Platoon leader) and me again. But the new Company K had been bloodied; the men were more ready to fight and knew what to expect.

For another couple of weeks, we ran patrols from near Yonchon, and I got in five good officers. Then we watched the two patrol bases out in front of us get it in the neck. One was on Hill 343 and the other on 339. Hill 339 was key and about halfway between lines. It was lost and regained by patrols every few days. One day, Company C was sent out to hold a perimeter on it, which they did for two days and on the night of the third was completely overrun in a mass attack. We got the hill back again with the 2d Battalion and then they were ordered off. This Yo-Yo game continued until 21 September when they ordered the 3d Battalion out to hold a patrol base from 339 to 343 and back over to 321, a 4,000-yard perimeter. Company K got the delightful mission of holding 339 and 1,000 more yards of perimeter.

We moved out and after plastering the hill from an OP on 321, 1,500 yards away, we went up, but the Chinese set off a red flare and pulled off. I topped the peak and about five minutes afterward learned what the score was going to be for the next two weeks: They suddenly began shelling us and mortaring until I thought the roof was coming off the hill. They

kept working the front slope over with a battery of 75mm and self-propelled artillery, and they shook us to pieces with more 120mm mortars than I thought we had in 4.2-inch. The rain of 82mm and 60mm was just incidental. That kept up for many more days. The fewest incoming rounds we ever reported for 24 hours was 350, and we estimated 1,200 on the second day.

It took me until the next day to see why they had targeted us while hardly touching the rest of the perimeter. Once on the

The Chinese laced into us, and we were so placed that we were attacking the rim of a teacup from the inside bottom.

peak OP, I could see more of their positions and gun positions and access routes than they could afford to have me see. So it went. We dug in amid dead enemy and friendly troops from earlier battles, and tried to organize the hill. They watched us like hawks, though, and could see our rear slope from the flanks. We could not top the ridge or put a single man in position on the forward slope during daylight; they would just open up with the SP and dig him right out of his hole. From bombardment alone, with very little movement on the hill, we took 33 casualties in a week from direct hits on the holes with mortars and the midnight dose of 120s.

The first night, we had a scrap. They came across a little saddle from which they had hit Company C, and they came down the road on the extreme right flank. On the road they ran into a tank, and it scattered them while the mortar fire kept them dispersed. But on the peak they plastered us for 20 minutes with everything they could and came right in under their own mortar fire to hit the right shoulder of the hill and smack into Sergeant Malloy's machinegun. He waited until they were ten yards away and then cut loose. They did not definitely locate

him in the confusion and noise, and he stopped them cold. They crawled around and poured machinegun fire on us for a few more hours and then pulled off their dead and withdrew. In the morning there were five dead enemy within those ten yards of Malloy, and one had his hand draped over the gun parapet. We took no casualties from the small arms. This cat and mouse game went on for seven days while we took the brunt of all the fire in the battalion.

I made out a little card on the company positions and numbered the draws and worked the 60mm gun crews until they could get a round off on any concentration in 30 seconds. We were all up on the peak. It was only about 1,000 yards across the high ground, and nobody was more than ten yards from the crest, including the mortars. That paid off later too.

We sent out daily patrols that only got 600 yards before getting hit. On the 25th, I had to send out a platoon toward positions I knew were there; I didn't like it at all because the enemy had been getting cagier and cagier and had been holding their fire. But out went Lieutenant Radcliffe and his 1st Platoon. The Chinese let them get 200 yards from the peak before opening up with cross-firing weapons. Radcliffe was killed instantly. The platoon sergeant, a corporal, didn't hesitate. He ordered marching fire, and the platoon took half of the peak so the rest could get out. There were three dead. Sergeant Brown was cut down by a grenade near Radcliffe. He rolled over and took Radcliffe's .45 pistol and the maps and took them all back as he himself was carried out. A machinegunner who couldn't find a vantage point to set up his machinegun went up with it cradled in his arm and with one belt of ammunition. He had to be evacuated for the burns on his arm.

Every night, enemy patrols would crawl up and feel us out. They plotted our weapons and counted our men. Every night I would have to get up and calm down a squad that thought the whole Chinese Army was out there. But this had one good effect: The men dug in tight. They kept their weapons spotless. They slept in the daytime and watched at night. The 60mm

mortar crew got faster and faster under platoon leader Lieutenant Walker. I collected heavy machineguns and on the 28th had five heavies and seven lights across the front. But because of the fire and the dwindling number of men, we had been able to put out only a few rolls of concertina wire on the two easy approaches. (The engineers all but refused to work laying mines in front of us.)

The night of the 28th came. The day had been quiet and it seemed as good a time as any for the big show. At 2330 a bombardment came in. It was deadly accurate and concentrated on the positions controlling the two approaches. It continued until 2400 and then, for a few minutes, stepped up to the frenzied firing of all kinds of shells. Then I heard the rip of a burp gun on the left. At the same time, just as I popped out of my bunker, a purple flare went off on both flanks of the peak. I yelled off a series of concentrations to the FOs (forward observers), and the first sergeant roused the 60s on the phone. But before I had even given a command to the 60s, two plop plops came out, and in a second a flare was burning over each flank. They had fired in about 20 seconds from the enemy flares.

All hell broke loose. A company hit each flank and, even with the 4.2s dropping right in the draw they came up, they overran the tie-in with Company L and rolled up the flank of the understrength 1st Platoon. On the right they were stopped for a while by the automatic weapons and the 81mm and 60mm mortars, but there again they punched through on a squad front and overran that squad, turning toward the peak through the 2d Platoon. Not a man bugged out of his hole in either platoon, and all the dead soldiers in the morning were found in their holes.

By this time, all the defensive fires were going full blast, but I was waiting for the Sunday punch. It came in about 20 more minutes at 0110. They only had a strip of our territory about 150 yards long on the right and 200 yards on the left, but they sure filled it up. They moved a mortar onto the ridge of each flank and began peppering the CP (command post). They got a couple of machineguns up

there and fired overhead fire for their next attack. And they never stopped pounding the top of the hill with those 120s. Then they jumped off again. The Chinese companies that had penetrated sent people around behind us, and they raked the back slope with small arms and cut off our communications with battalion.

I did not know this at the time, but two things had happened. One was that they had attacked neatly, the first time, just to the left of two machineguns on the right flank and thus never touched any part of the 3d Platoon. Only two rifle platoons were involved all night long! The second thing was that at the beginning of the attack, the battalion S-2 section had been monitoring the 300 stations, and their Chinese interpreter picked up the command channel of the battalion that was attacking me. So all night long battalion had a running account of the battle and knew how we stood from the four company radios the Chinese used and the command radio.

When the big attack came at 0110, the two companies on the ridgeline on both flanks started the attack toward the peak,

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and just when they were exerting maximum pressure on the heavy machineguns at the shoulder of the peak on each flank, two more companies came at us on those two saddle approaches we had wired in. I was waiting for that, and on the left, as they started across the wire, we opened up with the 57mm at 20 yards on the wire, and I called in the 155s at a range of 150 yards from us and the two fires caught the company on the move.

On the right they attacked across that little saddle, and we were waiting there too. At the first sign of the attack, I called in the 4.2 mortar fire to 125 yards, and it

played havoc with the supporting troops. I started the 60mm mortars firing at top speed (by this time we were getting artillery flares) and then, as the first grenade-throwing wave hit the positions, we turned on the two flame throwers. The first wave just expired where it was. In a short time, we were out of flame thrower juice, but it had scared them and the next waves walked across instead of running. I kept dropping the 60mm fire closer and closer until we went to 83 degrees—firing nearly vertically—when firing at a gun-to-target range of 65 yards and were dropping shells only 15 yards in front of the machinegunner. It finally broke them after they got the 2d Platoon CP and had the platoon backed up to the mortar.

On the left they got much closer. They killed the crew of the heavy section, broke through the refused flank, and came steaming up the hill at the CP about 35 yards up. I had every man I could spare on the perimeter, including the 5th Platoon, so I asked my radio operator to commit the reserve. That consisted of one heavy machinegun that was sitting on top of the CP bunker. He set it up and stopped the attack 15 yards from the CP, which was full of wounded. Then I sent the first sergeant to the 57mm recoilless rifle section, which was now in an untenable position, and as the section soldiers came up the hill a Chinese soldier came up with them and after a tussle was killed in the CP.

That was the high point of the attack. They had captured three enemy on the left. One of them was taken off the hill immediately; the second and third were pushed up to be in front during the attack, but one—seeing that heavy reserve machinegun kill all of their mortar crew and cut down the attack wave—kicked his captor, jumped over the side of the steep ridge, and escaped. The third went on up and was killed by our fire.

At about 0330 the artillery was out of flares, we were just about out of ammunition, even with the stockpile, when a flare ship arrived and helped us counter-attack the high points of the attack. The reserve heavy gun had done good work but its water cans were full of holes, indicating the volume of fire directed at it.

The enemy radios had announced that

three company commanders had been killed and they could not get the GIs off the hill. They asked permission to withdraw but were told they had to have the hill "tonight." Then the reserve company, the fifth one, claimed they had so many wounded from the artillery that they could not carry them back and therefore could not attack. Of course, we didn't know any of this.

Then a passing flight of B-26s were hailed, and under flare light and by radar, dive bombed the ridge 600 yards in front of us.

We drew up in a tighter perimeter at 0430 and waited out the day. In the morning we cleared the flanks and bombarded many enemy trying to get over the hills with their wounded and dead.

We could not move around very well, because the enemy fire was still coming in, but by 0800 we counted 77 dead within our positions. We had sustained ten killed, 15 wounded, and one captured.

We were pretty beat up by this time, having taken—with attachments—54 casualties in the seven days on Hill 339. On the 29th, we were rotated around the perimeter and Company I took over.

Four days and no replacements later, we jumped off in the attack launched by the Eighth Army. Company K had a series of objectives that culminated in Hill 347. We jumped off on 3 October with the 4th Battalion, Greek Expeditionary Force, on the right and Company L on the left. At the end of the first day's fighting, the rest of the 1st Platoon was destroyed and two officers were critically wounded. Meanwhile, Company G had taken 130 casualties, including four officers—on Hill 418, and the Greek companies on my right had taken 135 casualties. No units had gained their objectives. The 2d Battalion won and lost Hill 418 five times.

On the 4th we did the same thing with all the support we could muster, but again we were in the trenches and the Greeks were in theirs, but the tremendous mortar fire and unlimited number of enemy threw us out with still more casualties. I got 30 replacements that night.

On the 5th, the Greeks made it and we tried again. We couldn't make it until all the companies of the battalion attacked

just after dark, and we captured the two little hills with 17 more casualties including the artillery and 4.2-inch mortar FOs.

On the 6th we reorganized while they threw 3,000 rounds into the regimental zone. I had two rifle platoons and a mortar section.

On the 7th we advanced on Hill 347, all the elements of the battalion abreast. Company K reached the trenches and were blown off the hill, losing an officer and 20 men. Companies L and I were on the other side of the peak, and while Company L was fighting up the hill, Company I was stopping a counterattack behind them, and the men in the battalion OP were fighting off a grenade attack on their flank.

The second time up we fell short of the trenches again and were grenaded and mortared off the hill, losing another officer and more men.

The third time, same thing, and my last officer was wounded by a grenade and the attack was broken. I had six riflemen left up on the hill, so I took all the rest of headquarters and the mortar crew and the FOs and, loaded down with grenades, up we went.

There were 30 of us in all, and we hit the hill at the same time as the remainder of Companies L and I. I could see the mistake that was being made. The men were not going up over the trench at all costs and then working down. The Chinese were standing in four-foot trenches where the direct fire didn't bother them, and they just threw a deadly pattern of unlimited grenades out on the slope.

So when I took the platoon up I made everybody run through the grenade fire and cross the trench and try to keep the automatic weapons fire down by our massed carbine fire. It worked. Two FOs were killed by the rain of antitank grenades, and we lost about 10 more men, but we got across the trench and met Company L's lead men coming across the trench on the other side. We threw all our grenades in the battle on top and forced the Chinese back into their caves. Then, one by one, we got them out as prisoners or dead men. By dark we had 192 prisoners from the area above the perimeter trench, which was only ten yards

down and 200 yards around.

With all attachments and FOs, I had 37 men, including a 14-man Company M machinegun section. We discovered why they had held out so long. We had captured the Chinese division CP and regimental artillery CP, but the commanders had bugged out a few hours before we got the hill. We counted 250 dead and later took the clerk of the enemy battalion defending the peak. I still have his exhaustive report confirming the estimate that we attacked a reinforced battalion and captured or killed all but 80 men.

We were soon relieved on the hill and went back to another part of the regimental front where the 1st Battalion had just been overrun; it was left with a captain as commander and had only 200 men.

Then we stayed rather stationary on the hills while the 5th and 8th Cavalry Regiments took ten more days to catch up and get their objectives.

The last of the men who had been with us at the peak of the fighting rotated then, and the last of the old Company K was gone. I was the only officer in the company for a while longer until they brought in a few; then I was made assistant regimental S-3.

The 1st Battalion was not finished with its bad luck though. In the first part of November, it perimetered on a patrol base in that newsy spot called "West of Yonchon." There, one night they were attacked for four hours and were overrun. Very few dribbled back from that fracas; they took more than 500 casualties and still have 280 missing.

And that's how we were when the division went into reserve and got ready to ship out to Japan. The Regiment had taken all its ground at a cost of 1,400 casualties within the organic troops. The 1st Cavalry Division, with all organic troops, not counting the foreign troops, had taken a real pounding; it never suffered more casualties in an equal period of time during its tour in Korea. Company K, which ran about fifth in casualties, lost 167 men and six officers.

Although I held down the captain vacancy for 6½ months straight, the Army would not promote me, so I'm still a lieutenant. But I'm on my way home and hope to see you soon.