



up with the enemy. At least, he
 was waiting for us in the high
 hills that now appeared before
 us. On the flat ground south
 of the hills, the mosquitoes were
 terrible. I was a mass of bites
 & lumps on hands, face & neck.
 Lozens & dozens would boom
 around one's head when in ones
 slit trench at night. Fortunately,
 they weren't the malarial variety.
 Well we attacked
 the enemy at night & took our
 objective & at last got some
 high ground for ourselves. The
 Indians did an excellent
 job - scaling sheer cliffs to
 capture a hill with a
 monastery on top called Yakroma.
 It was stern fighting with rifle
 & bayonet & hand grenade.
 I have never seen the
 enemy use so much artillery.
 Shells came from all directions
 & for almost a week, we
 lived in our holes. To go out