JAP SOUVENIRS COLLECTED BY PHILL I PS MAN

(**Editor's note**: John Layton Moss of Phillips, Hutchinson County, Texas, has received the following interesting letter from his brother, Corporal Robert Cuthbert Moss, who is in the South Pacific and has been in the service since March 7, 1942. Corporal Moss, who was associated with his brothers at the Tom and John Pharmacy, volunteered for the Paratroops but was put in the Medical Corps.)

***[This Editor's note was written by Alma Lorena Moss Lancaster.]***

Dear John:

Still bouncing coconuts and the Jungle Fever around. Developing the old leg muscles is quite a sport in these parts as there is no other mode of transportation. Heavy vehicles of the army type have found themselves cornered to motor pools while we amble along through underbrush and irregular terrains pushing one foot after the other just as Old Mother Nature meant for us to do.

The jeep is the only vehicle that can maneuver about this uncivilized little tropical Paradise but they are doing a good job though their cargo capacity is very small.

The souvenirs just keep piling up in my hands. Just eliminated a Jap gun and some other Oriental gear. Still holding on to the flag, saber, and a bicycle. The Jap bicycle I brought back from the front has proven quite a handy little affair, making many a walking step a riding one.. I had my picture taken riding the bike back from the front with two packs slung on, perhaps I'll make the news sheet.

The "daily dozen" consist of bailing the nightly waters from the bomb shelters. These little holes have come to mean a lot to us and we have learned that the "dive" does not mean the "slide".

Guess we will be hunting greener pastures soon. All the little yellow fellers are now pocketed and surrounded. Many gave up; many chose to die the hard way. We are not listed as a crack outfit so surely "Uncle" is going to give us another chance to shorten the ol' duration.

Envelopes are unobtainable around here. I am enclosing some letters in with yours for you to mail out for me.

Thanks so much for the many things you have done for me.

Souvenir Hunting

Robin

BY SGT. ROBERT C. MOSS

Being a nature lover, I remember that the sun came up that morning. It wasn't a particularly inspiring sun as there were quite a few clouds in the sky. The atmosphere was damp from the continuous rain of the preceding night, and I'm not sure that it wasn't, withal, a hazy morning. Yes, as tropical sunrises go, I suppose it was just another occasion that rolls around regularly about every twenty-four hours.

But the day was different! Oh, yes! Definitely. We had heard of war, what with being in the Army a year or more, yet, this was to be our first day of actual combat. Well, of course, we're non-combatants being in the Medical Department, but coming under the regulations of the Geneva Convention doesn't make one totally bullet proof nor exactly impregnable. At least...not in spirit...

***Filename: WeRememberDyer post-1986 Book 03, 034-034 ~ Robert Cuthbert Moss***