

From: Sgt. Eric A. Antonson, ASN 37170092
Company C, 776 T.D. Bn.
APO 66
c/o Postmaster
New York City

To: Mrs. Ernest S. Johnson
Box 492
Hallock, Minnesota

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Dear Anna and Ernest:

Well, I'm across the deep blue ocean now and still alive and feeling well and cheerful and well fed. We are camped by a city of unknown size as to population, but it has what looks like some modern buildings and mills in it and some mighty scrubby people. Not all of them, I'm told up town they look clean and educated, but the gang we see the most of could easily have come out of the book *Mother India*.

Through our field glasses we can see the funerals that are held in a cemetery close to camp. A large group of mourners, all moan together making a sound like donkeys braying. Then they up-end the coffin, the stiff slides into the grave raw. The mourners take the coffin and walk back singing and laughing.

Well, I made the Atlantic without getting seasick, mostly because we had good weather, I guess, and the first few days we were here we lived on iron rations and liked it well. So as long as it is possible to get tin cans to us, we will not lose weight, but the stuff that the Navy dished out to us was fierce. The coffee, I believe, was made from salt water with enough sugar added to kill the taste. Otherwise we had a pleasant journey.

Don't worry too much. I'll land buttered side up, usually do.

Eric A. Antonson