

From: Sgt. Eric A. Antonson, ASN 37170092  
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APO 66  
c/o Postmaster  
New York City

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

April 13, 1943

Dear Anna and Ernest:

Have now got two letters from you and have written only the one, the one I wrote from *censored*, and have never taken time to write any since, but will now try to do better.

I'm in good health and all in one piece. The way it worked out, I took active part in the battle for only about four hours, although was where I could be shelled, bombed and otherwise shot at steady for four days, and more or less for a week. It didn't bother me any, I have got more scared chasing the cows home from the pasture.

Their Stukas can't hit anything smaller than a forty. You can tell just about where a shell will land. Their snipers must shoot with both eyes closed, but the machine gunners, I found out, are plenty good and when I hear a trench mortar coming, I say, "Move over, boys, I'm coming!" and the nearest gopher hole finds itself fitting me in nothing flat.

We're idle now and believe the war in Africa is over as far as we are concerned and will let you know in a couple of days if we have to take part in another battle.

So, be of good cheer until you get my next letter. You know that I always land buttered side up.

Eric A. Antonson