

“Somewhere Over There.”

The following letter is from McKinley Stedham to Mr R V Andrews, date of August [3 or 8]:

Dear uncle, aunt and family – Will write you all a few lines as I have been thinking of doing so for some time, but have kept putting it off.

I am well and getting along just fine; haven't been sick a day since I left the United States.

Well I have been in three different countries since I crossed the pond. They are all fine countries and have lots of the finest wheat and oats you ever saw but it is going to waste on account of there being nobody to harvest it. They don't raise any corn here on account of the seasons being too short, but they make up for it small grain.

We only have about five hours night here, so you see it makes the day awfully long. It gets dark here about 5 hours before it does over there.

Well we are just back from the front line for a few days rest; we had the good luck of not losing a man out of our company and only had one man wounded; he is not hurt very seriously I don't think; he was hit by a piece of shrapnel from a German shell. The cannons and guns are continually roaring night and day.

Well, I guess there has been a lot of the boys sent to the camps since I left but I hope they will never have to come over here. I have seen and experienced lots since I left the good old U S A. We were.... days crossing the pond and you know that seems like a long time to see nothing but water.

Well I must close for this time. Hoping to hear from you all soon, and to be back with you all before a great while.

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