

“Somewhere Over There.”

Corp Grover M Pugh writes his parents Mr and Mrs Lee M Pugh,
date of August 4;

Dear folks---As I am thinking of you I write you a short letter. I am sitting out on the banks of a large canal in the shade; I have just had my supper so I love to lay around I the shade till time to go to bed; that is about all the amusement I have after work hours, sit out in the shade and read or write, as I am a poor hand to write I put in most of the time reading. The canal which I speak of is used to run in transporting stuff clear across France; they are long narrow boats which are drawn by two little mules, walking along a bank and pulling them by a rope. The people who run them have their families right on the boat with them and make it their home. It seems to be a great life and reminds me of stories which I have read about old fishermen living in boats. As today is Sunday it is rest day for me and I didn't get up until 10 o'clock this morning, so you see a fellow is getting pretty lazy when he doesn't get up for breakfast, but a little French [illegible] slipped me 3 eggs, and with a piece of toast I had a regular banquet anyway. We had a very nice dinner today, roast beef, new potatoes and beans, canned corn and pumpkin pie; but listen mama, do you know what I would rather have right now than anything else, you know yours and my favorite, bread with milk and butter- We have been feeding good most of the time since we've been in France. I am the fleshiest I've ever been: I dont know what Ida weigh, and I feel good most of the time. Altho I don't like the climate very well here as it is pretty damp all the time, but it could be worse.

Originally published in the Alleghany Star. Reprinted with permission from the Alleghany News.