



With the Colors 7/4/44

Corporal Ferdinand L. Hartrich, who is in Italy, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hartrich of Sainte Marie, under date of June 18:

"I know it's time I'm writing you again but we've really been on the run lately. They pulled us out for a rest; two days later we were in there again. I did get to see a little of Rome on those two days. We saw St. Peter's cathedral, and words fail me when I try to tell you how big, and beautiful it is. I got some souvenirs there for you, and will send them home first chance I get.

"Rome isn't only beautiful, it's clean, too; Naples can't compare with it. It's harvest time over here too.

"There is lots of nice wheat where we are now. The 'Tallies' will have some bread for a while, anyway. We've seen some pretty hungry ones, standing around with cans, waiting to pick up what we U. S. boys leave—some of it on purpose.

"We passed a wheat field. On one side was an old Italian farmer, driving two oxen to a rickety binder, and on the other side a reaper was being pulled by an old Fordson tractor. Wonder what that guy thought he had.

"As I'm writing a light rain is falling; reminds me of the spring rains back in Illinois. We all wish it would pour down rain, the dust is awful. If you think of a steady stream of heavy wheeled traffic, going both ways on some dusty country road, you get an idea what it's like. The dust is just as deep now as the mud was last winter.

"It sure was wonderful how successful the western invasion was. Rumors are flying thick and fast, some even betting on the end of the war. Me, I only bet on a sure thing; I'm not building up too much hope of a fast finish.

"It seems the malaria isn't coming back on me for a while anyway. We are pretty well out of the low mosquito area, and we all can tell the difference in the way we feel. I'm o. k., so don't worry. Everything is going to be all right."

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