

Suippes, France
June 25, 1945

Dear Mother;

Good morning and it is a good one too. The sun was up early spreading its bright colars everywhere. The reflection from the dew covered the country side glistened everywhere. There was a cool nip in the air. The call of the bugle could be heard in all the sourrounding camps. The thob ing life of the camp can be heard. The lazy hum of the saws and the tap,tap,tap, of hammers. ~~E~~

Yes the Engrs. doing their work a different kind than they were doing a few weeks. Now it is the builder of camps. Gave me the frount line Engr. It may be dangerous but it makes you feel like you are doing something worth while.

The most outstanding thing to be seen is Old Glory waving above the camps. Ther she is this morning waving up there so freely. So many times she has waved there in the morning sunlight. She is a grand old flag and means an awful lot to us.

What is new around home this morning? Whats that cooking? Gosh mother its good just to be alive to look around you and see all the things that is beautiful. All the things that make this old world turn. So many people of ever walk of life Some are hard to understand some who makes the sun shine just a little brighter. Those who tell you that you have ever thing to gain and nothing to loeee if you try.

The radio is on and the music is sure good to the ears. The program that is on is coming from Los Angeles California.

I am inclosing a picture of the camp which is near here. It is just like the one which I am living in. The outfit we are with is building all these camps.

Tell all my little blondes hello for me and also daddy and the rest. I am sure proud to be one of the Brown family. I wonder if that little mother and dad could have anything to do with it. Thank to the both of you for being what you are to me. Its all of you that gives me the streingth to do what there is to be done.

Whistle while you work and keep on smileing and your dreams will come true. Now come on and smile for Old Ira and he will be looking for the best to all of you.

Now I have to go so I will be seeing you.

As Ever and Always
Your Son

Ira