

247 Aero Squadron  
U.S. Aid Service  
American E.A. France

St. Maixent, France  
November 24, 1918

My dear Father:

Today is father's day in the U.S. Army and here we sit in our Y.M.C.A occupying every available table room while a good many of the boys are awaiting their turn in crowds behind the writers.

This day, I congratulate you papa, you are past sixty, and yet, from the photograph you sent me, you don't look over fifty. And again, from the letters, I have always received from you, you must be feeling fine all but for the one fall you had.

Not a day passes but that I think of you - and mother too- and I pray that God may keep and protect you, and give you the grace to be strong and live happily for many more years to come.

We are nearing a settlement for peace with the enemy and it will be a matter of time only when we are to return to our respective homes.

When I left England I was tickled to think that I could have the pleasure of going to France and doing something for my country, and you all- for whom I came over here to assist in freeing the world from impending doom and the clutches of "Hun Kultur." But I was disappointed for I arrived on the scene all too late and all was over but the shouting. So I will be coming home from war - ha - ha- war, and I never even heard a shot fired.

The weather in this vicinity has been just lovely and the sun what shining nice and warm everyday. The trees, oaks, elm, walnut and a few others have all lost their leaves but the meadows are still green and the land-workers are busy plowing and doing various other things as cutting brush from the fences and hauling manure.

The fields here are larger than the average in England but their process of cultivation is no more active. In fact, I have seen some queer looking plows on our hikes out into the country.

This morning I saw two plow teams of oxen but, instead of the old time yokes, working like an ordinary collar, a wooden beam lay over the head of the animals and tied to their horns with rope. The

plows too were odd and they has a two-wheeled truck under the beam which sloped up from the plow. The outfit made about a mile per day.

Well I will give my seat up to the next in line and conclude by saying that again I wish you health and happiness.

With lots of love I am your  
son Henry M Lorang

(247 Aero Squadron,  
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Pvt. Henry Lorang, 247 Expeditionary Force, 1918