

Drum, Glen P. O.

Kilmaareenan, Co. Donegal, Ireland

Feb. 26th 1936.

My dear Susan,

I must thank you for being so good & kind & remember me at Xmas. it was surely a great surprise. so very grateful. You saw so little of me, when home, & it's regret ever & always that I did not see you far oftener & some good talks. Will I live until you come to Ireland in my 81st year. I hope so. though old people are a great

I am picturing you around Phila, visiting your gr. but your time is very short, & "time flies" but it will be little change, & help you. but won't rest you so much. I suppose you'll have many to visit. I hope your health quite good. You had severe stormy weather, snow, frosts, blizzards, & I suppose when it's cold, it's cold in earnest.

The papers gave a terrible account of it, & so many deaths from cold too. Indeed our Winter was the coldest & the worst I remember in my 55 years in Donegal. & the frosts started very, very early & so severe. very bad before Xmas. roads like sheets of ice, & very dangerous. I got cold before Xmas, so spent my Xmas in bed, the first in my life. it was even colder in Jan. & beginning Feb. the frost & snow. Thank God, we survived all. but every one felt it, & many deaths.

Then scarletina was here, there + every place. + some young
deas + schools all closed. Those children all had colds.
Tommie an abscess in his ear. Ellen swollen glands. Now
said she was run down. I tell you Fannie had a hot time +
she had a cold herself too. then it got around that the
had scarletina, + would not be allowed to attend school
until after Patrick's Day. with complaints some good
neighbours made to the Dr. the poor children are to be
of course, they dont mind. Geo would like to be at school
but Eddie + Mamma, for want of sense, would never think
of it, so they will have a hard time to pull up for a
time away.

About Sept. we had a visit from the "Old Fox" dressed
in silk, + covered with beads, sparkles + jewellery, + so
many shining slides in her hair they would way down
a hay stack on a windy night, she was passing
called. I was sick + upset for weeks after. when I'd think
of the style of her. No wonder God sends the storm
people like the "Old Fox" would go mad.

Then, to make things better we had a new arrival
in Oct. not with my wish indeed. so that meant more
trouble. but little May is there any way. I wish paid
us a visit then. though I suppose not so easy. when
has no one. + Curran must be watched, attended, so
she has her own trouble its the way with every body.
I believe Anne + baby are with the mother. the tinker
was quite good enough + if the Fox had a tinker, it would
settle her. but she will never get even a tinker.

Had Annie (Neil) Coll + her sister-in-law in for a short
yes. Annie was getting teeth out in the dispensary + Mary
has been bad with blood poisoned hand, + was in hosp.
a cut of a rusty knife, + it was thought the arm wou
be taken off at one time.

Rodden, the smith was married yesterday to a return
Yankee. I believe she is Callagher. from over there.
place. Neil Duff's wife is expected home in Mo
I'd say, she was another of the main fools, if she
as they say £200. Well, well, such is life.

Wed George was very good to me during the winter
getting me turf, + sticks, putting on a fire, + taking
acres etc.

So much to be done. wou. need a better + patch
for this crowd, if it could be got. though I try
do my best. I am too old, + get tired, my fingers gra
+ then I have no prof power of my hands. I cant say
much any more, + its no joke to keep them all winter.

Its a great drain on a woman getting through a
crowd of children, but its a labour of love, I sup.

I hope you found Teresa looking well after
trip to Ireland. but a few months go in so quiet
that its scarcely worth the expense, + passages are so
for those boy days. still a change of air + scene helps on

They tell me sometimes, Lizzie intends visiting Ireland
summer. I hope she does, + surely its time Mollie took a
before she forgets how to get down Barnes Gap.

I had a letter to-day from Phila. from a grand daughter
18th inst. she said the ground was frozen & covered with snow
very hard to drive cars. skidding etc. the sun shone that a
so they thought the worst was over. but snow again & ice
that night. I am sure you all would be glad to see all an
and weather normal.

Tellie & Mickie Kelly & family are very well. & escape
all sickness during the winter. Mickie was here lately
ne. & Winnie was here Tues. afternoon (Shrove Tues) to see me.
I spent this winter home here in Drim. I have not seen
for some time she lives farther away. so with storm
could not face.

Poor old Peggy is living still. but I have not seen
for some time. Likely she was barefoot all winter.
she was a healthy strong woman. & the best soul that
lived. to's good. tis any other.

Now I'll wind up this jperamble. or you may think
I am rambling or dotting. The children are all well now. &
am pained looking at them going around from school.
would like school. & be a bright boy. but Eddie & Mannie
have hard work to try to pick up some thing. They have a
young girl teacher now. & its as well. Mrs Kerr retired.
she took things very easy. too much bother to exert herself.
Now. May God bless you with good health. good luck
your work. save you from accidents. & give you every
pleasure to make life pleasant.

Joined by all in every good wish for your welfare
and happiness

I always regret I saw so
little of you Susan dear,
I am very sincerely yours,
Sara Dennison.

The Road to Cueslough.

Give me the road to Cueslough,
The road that leads to home,
Be you're the route for Africa,
For Belgium, or for Rome.
Give me the road
That winds through
Sure I know it, every turn and twist
I need no guide or map.

I

I'll leave you Poets, city great,
And Philadelphia
Farewell to all the friends I've met.
In kindly Yankee land
My thoughts will ever turn to you
When on my native track
But give me the road to Cueslough
With the guide leading me back.

II

The fairies built a stony home
Amongst the mountain vales
Where the hand of man could ne'er succeed
Nor nature never file
They called it, Drimthe beautiful
Mc. Sweeney's farabode.

