

Dec 30th 1963
To My Son Joseph

Joe, a visit to Erins Isle is really an eye-opener. I try to describe it with a feeling of trepidation. By the time you unravel your bones & gulp down some Irish coffee splash some cold water on your face

From that moment on after a hearty breakfast at Shannon you then motor for about 100 miles through South West Clare & Kerry to the town of Killarney. You see more shades of green more hedge row bounded green fields more wild flowers more sheep and speckled cattle more babbling brooks and more blue sky than you will find in a similar distance any where on the face of the globe.

And mind you all this bathed in a balmy sweet smelling temp of 70 degrees

As soon as I set foot on the Irish soil the whole atmosphere gripped me. The Irish way of life is very different. Its an old civilization but it sits easily upon the people. Their sense of humor springs from a sense of proportion. You discover too that Ireland is a land of the most Romantic Beauty. It is difficult if not impossible to write of the West Coast of Ireland without being sentimental. I doubt if any one can. There is no Magic like the magic of Ireland. But over all this the white cottages the green fields with their stone walls, the sweet smell of burning turf.

Now two quotes about the people. The people are thus inclined religious, frank, amorous, sufferable of infinite pain, excellent horsemen, delighted with wars, courtly, warm hearted, an honest God Fearing people stubborn, charming, athletic, sturdy, Godfearing, handsom. In the west the bays reach in and the land goes out forming the Bays of Galway, Dingle and Bantry.

Now to talk about my family as far as I know. My great grand father Patrick Henry 1st was given a grant of 100 acres of fertile land and I was told by my Grandmother Henry that he was quite well to do. Having had French tutors for his family. He in turn bequeathed this estate to my grandfather whom I never saw but I did know my grandmother. My father had two brothers, Thomas a Dublin policeman & John an English recruiting sergeant. Tom died from pleurisy [Pleurisy] after cutting down an ash tree. John's son came home to visit us often with his 2 children, Babsee and Aloysius who is now a priest.

Now for the Quinns. I only know the young ones as the others were dead before my time.

Family – Bridget (92), Patrick (died B21), Edward (my time), Mary, Julia, Thomas, Michael, Peter, Dominick, John, George, Joseph

If I don't know too much about them as Pop came over here at tender age 15.

I met Pop in Dec 1911 at a going away party for a fellow named Michael Gallagher (Judy) we were married very soon there-after in St Catherine's R. C. church in 152nd and Amsterdam Ave, we leave behind us a progeny of 6 children and a conglomeration of twenty three grand children.

| NAME | ADDRESS | TEL. |
|---------------------------|---------|------|
| Dec 30 th 1963 | | |
| To my Son Joseph | | |

| NAME | ADDRESS | TEL. | |
|--|---------|------|--|
| <p>Joe, a visit to Irins Isle is really an eye-opener. Try to describe it with a feeling of trepidation. By the time you unravel your bones + gulp down some Irish coffee splash some cold water on your face.</p> | | | |
| <p>From that moment on after a hearty breakfast at Shannon you then motor for about 100 miles through South West Clare + Kerry to the town of Killarney. you see more shades of green more hedge row bounded green fields more wild flowers more sheep and speckled cattle more babbling brooks and more blue sky than you will find in a</p> | | | |
| <p>similar distance any where on the face of the globe. And mind you all this bathed in a balmy sweet smelling temp of 70 degrees as soon as I set foot on Irish soil the whole atmosphere gripped me. The Irish way of life very different from our civilization but it sits easily upon the people. Their sense of humor springs from a sense of proportion you discover too that Ireland is a land of the most Romantic Beauty. It is difficult if not impossible to visit the West Coast of Ireland without being sentimental - doubt if any one can</p> | | | |

NAME

ADDRESS

TEL.

Now for the Quinns
I only knew the young
ones. As the others were
dead before my time
family.

Bridget 92
Patrick - died 85
Edward my home
Mary
Julia
Thomas
Michael
Peter
Dominick
John
George
Joseph.

if I don't know too
much about them as
Pop came over here at
tender age 15

NAME

ADDRESS

TEL.

I met Pop in Dec 1911
at a going away party
for a fellow married
Michael Gallagher (Judy)
we were married just
soon thereafter in St
Catherine's R.C. Church in
15th and Amsterdam
Ave. we leave behind us
a progeny of 6 children
and a conglomeration of
twenty three grandchildren

N
O
P
Q

R
S
T
U

V
W
Y
Z