Dear Father & Mother

It is high time that I should write a few lines to you hoping you are all well as I am myself, thank God. I am very thankful to Brother Michael for sending me the shamrock for St Patrick's day. That dear little plant which every Irishman longs to see from the land of his ancestors which is dear to his heart. As I am writing it brings back memories of joy that I had a year ago in sweet old Milltown. I often wonder if I shall ever see the dear spot again. It is my intention to see poor Father & Mother again. I did not intend to write for a few weeks more, but I had Tom Ward to visit me yesterday and he told me he was sailing from New York May 30th to visit his mother. This is the young man that I took the ring to his mother in Ballyglunin. He runs a horse-shoeing shop of his own here and he is one of the best friends I got in this city. He is going to Milltown and he is going to visit you. I want him to call and see you once more for me. You don't need to be going to any trouble about him for he is a very plain young man like myself. I trust Michael will treat him kindly as he is a very respectable man. He can talk plenty of Irish to Mother.

I wish to let you know that I had a letter from John. He is well, but times are very bad in Australia. I assure you things are very dull here at the present time. I was happy to hear of my friend Bourke getting married. I was very much disappointed that I had not the pleasure of being at a wedding while I was home. I was very much surprised he did not answer my letter as I always had a great wish for him. I hope all my aunts, cousins and all inquiring friends are well also Bridget & the children not forgetting Sister Honour & Tom. As I intend to write soon again I will conclude for the present with best wishes to all.

From your affectionate son.

Thos McHugh

377 E. 43rd St Chicago

Goodbye.

Transcribed by Margaret Marlow with some punctuation, spelling and grammar adjustments.

28 April 2021.