

Santino's letters
from James Byrne

Dear son

February 22 1943

I know the liberty of leaving you from my
responsibility. It was always his duty to
work my country and I hope that makes a
good example for you. You have come around
I also hope that they were good.

It's a nice day today, we've managed to
find space the best job for a collection of
this beautiful island. It's called
"The Garden" in honor of the
collection. I have more time to report
on the wonderful beauty of this place. I'm
often on the beach early, at sunset, even
from the higher banks. The birds give over
millions of the day. I look at the sea
looking grey and blue, giving me all
sorts of colors in its ~~depths~~ depths.

To imagine you, all grown up, so quiet, just
like Mrs. Winick.

I love to see you again, give a good kiss to your
mother and tell her not to worry too much!

Love you, Tobias,

Janis Joplin.

If this be the last letter you receive from
me, I want you to know that I am proud
of you, that you have your own way of
thinking and that you are not only such
you showed in this world.

Love you all,

James Taylor

Dear son,

March 19, 1942

You would have seen, - got
to watch you skip since by
sympathy of my mother, myself and
the people of the area. I will be
old, and I will not let it catch up on
me. I felt seeing a tear
towards the sun. I felt it showed
all of my offenses. I didn't hear
or say much, anything. Just a few
distant, gracious words. Thinking for you

I miss you both.

Yours, Eugene

Dear son,

Nov. 5 1943

I'm on my way home soon I'll see you
all. I really feel bad leaving the
Michigan place. I'll tell you all
about it when I see you. Give a
warm kiss for your mother. I don't
know what day it's going to be,
but she'll make hold me at the
restaurant this evening. What a happy
reunion. God, what a relief.

Love you all,

James Dugan