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Hi Dan -

As promised - here is the work I did on Hal Hinds. I haven't come across the photo yet, but, I think I know who it is - so, probably later today - but thought I would get this in the mail to you, when I head over there shortly, on my way to the hospital - I'll stop at the office -

I have very good, and, very fond, memories, of Hal. I have, at least, one of his books, and when we took a trip up to Mount Carleton, we put together an album, with dozens, upon dozens, of plants we come across. I came across that album, in my search, still have it, but the flowers, etc, are kinda brittle, now. but, then ago, that was put together, probably 30 years ago.

'Oops' It just clicked in, where his pix was. I am doing a book, called "York-Sunbury Notables", and, there will - of course - be a chapter on him. So, I am enclosing the pix. I have a complete pix, but will have to search, for those. Also, am sending a little 'something', from my autographbook, which I kept over the years, and had all the notables, I knew and photographed/interviewed/and write about. This is what Hal wrote -

Anyway - hope you can make use of this all. As I said, I would appreciate a copy of whatever or however, this appears

all the best
Gene



The page with the short biography, head & shoulders pix, and autograph, is a copy of Hal's story, that will appear in my book, '~~Sunbury~~ York-Sunbury Notables'. Hopefully, we will have a September release.

He lived on Albert Street, downtown has. Do you want a pix of the house.

On a very personal note, Hal & I were 'involved' (I'm sure you know what I mean!), very briefly, but, we really weren't comfortable in that role. On a friendship basis, we were much closer, and that - the friendship - developed and grew, but then, for some unknown reason, we just drifted apart - No hard feelings, problems with each other, lessening of love - we just drifted apart. My feelings for him, never, even in the slightest, deteriorated. I had very strong feelings for him, right up to the end. I said, in the story, that when I got word of his death, I was 'depressed'. I just didn't want to say, in the story, that I cried. His picture still hangs on my wall. (These things are written on a very personal note, but use them, as you see fit.) G.