

Winsey  
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Dear Lee and Gordon,

Remember me? I'm the kid that hounded L'abbaye all summer with Pat Hess. The kid with the motor scooter who went to Nice and back. Norm is the name. Well, now that you all have me placed among your many fans, all I really have to say is hello again and hope that you all are fine. I sure miss L'abbaye with all its tremendous music, people and alcohol. It would be like a page torn from a book if I could come back to Paris for one more night and listen to you play "Little Boy" and "Arkansas". God, it was fabulous. It has always amazed me how you could play every night for six years in a row. Well, I guess that the first six years are the hardest and then things begin to come more or less as a second nature. I am on the verge of scrounging up the last dollar in order to buy your record. That's how bad things have been financially since I blew my whole bank account this summer. Well, it was sure worth it. I have no regrets about this summer and especially none concerning Paris and all those wonderful nights that I spent with you. Well, all that has passed and I am now in the Engineering School here in Boston, married more or less to the slide rule. Well, sometimes I wonder if it is all worth it, and I have had the urge ever since I left Europe, to return and stay for a long time. The fellow that I was with is going to quit school at Yale and hit the road for the European Byways. I wish I could go with him, but .....

I want to wish you all the success in the world although you don't need it.

Memories, Normen Hinsey