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the crucial point in "Pop Goes the Weasel" --the pop--one time he had left the pop out, and I went: "Pfft!" I don't know how you'll write that! Anyway, that's where that part of it got started. But to get back to the Winston story. I remember, I guess I looked with such intent--I was so intent in watching him, that he broke out laughing, and put the fiddle down for a minute. And he picked me up and squeezed me and hugged me. Afterwards, set me down. That was the last thing I remember until the next day. I remember waking up with a pretty cranky attitude, where there was no fiddle music, and everybody had left. I was really put out that these people were all gone. That was my first experience with parties or fiddle music--other than my dad's music. And I guess my love for that kind of music, as well as my hero being Winston--that's where it all started. (Where do you start playing? Was it given to you to play, or do you feel that you were asking to do it?) Let's see. I started playing, I guess I was about 5 years old. I guess maybe one of my first public appearances was in at the Rose Croix Hall, where Bill Lamey was running dances. That was in Roxbury, Massachusetts, or West Roxbury. (How old would you have been at that time?) Maybe about 6 years old. At the time I (step)danced more, maybe, than I played the fiddle. Although that particular evening I played the fiddle. I played possibly a waltz and a reel, or something of that nature. I remember it was a waltz for sure. And I remember the stage being quite high. And that didn't seem to quite satisfy Bill. He stood me on a chair. Contact the children's services agency in your area. Nova Scotia Sm' Department of