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one for Willie Pat's son. And he remem? bered it very well.) Yeah, he was two or three days here, you know, saying it to himself. So when my daughter came to write it, he knew it all. John: Wish I had realized it was going to be as important as it is today. I would have set them all. There's nobody to col? lect them, and they didn't think they were worth anything. Well, I liked them myself. I said them, and then wrote them and gave them away, and they got lost. (The one you sent me--"In Memory of Thomas Fitzgerald"--I thought that was beautiful? ly made.) What do you like about them? (The first thing I like about your poems is that they're about real events that happened in the community. And that they probably brought a lot of comfort to the people who had death in their family.) I see. (I think that you give them peace-- some peace--when you make a poem. You say, "That death was important." The death of Willie Pat's son--it was an accident. And you have to say, "What does, it mean? What is it for?" You know? It doesn't seem to make any sense. But when a person takes it and makes it into poetry, you're sort of say? ing....) Yeah, it makes sense. And it lasts for years, somebody reading that. (And it says that you consider it important....) (It seems to me that--in a very quiet, private way--you've played an important role in your community.) Yeah. Yes, everybody thinks the world of me, in this place. I ain't got an enemy in Cape Breton. That's a pretty good record. The wife knows I'm tell? ing the truth--I've not got an enemy in Cape Breton. Sadie: No, he hasn't got an enemy. And neither have I. Neither one of us. John: No, neither one of us has got an enemy in Cape Breton.... TrM/iAAgenci) We plan it all for you. 794-7251 158 QUEEN ST., NORTH SYDNEY (Did you also make songs?) Sadie: Yes. He made lots of songs. John: ??I made an awful lot of songs. I never kept any record of them. (Is there anybody that knows your songs? Any of your children?) Sadie: No, I don't think. 'Cause when the children started to come then he quit. (That would put an end to them. You quit making songs when the children started coming.) John: I wish I'd have met you 20 or 30 years ago. (I'd have enjoyed that, too. You can't re? member one of your songs? I bet you can.) No, I'm afraid of it. (Were your poems ever sung?) Sadie: Yes.... They used to come here in the night and sing. That one (for Willie Dunphy) and the one about Willie Dan Dixon. That was an old song; everybody was going around singing that one...going from house to house. They used to come here and learn it from him, then they'd go around and sing it.... U' t'v&ctiota'yvcC'.