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Probably they'll be better players yet, but--I don't know. As I said before, everybody had his own way of doing things. And it all seemed to fit, something like a jigsaw puzzle--it all worked out the way it should.... (When did you stop playing as a group?) We played right into the late '70s. Of course, we did a few jobs after that. But never nothing like on schedule or any? thing. We went to Cheticamp, but we went with another group--you know, like a country-and-western group--like a concert, ' things like that. And we played in Waterford, more or less at the clubs. But it never seemed to be the same after we finished the dance circuit.... (So that after that, you would get together rarely?) Rarely, yeah, yeah. Oh, I'd always go and see him. All the time he was sick. I never missed a week, 'cause he'd always keep saying, if I wasn't there, "I wonder why in hell Estwood ain't here," he'd say. Wanting "Davey," he used to call me. And the last time he played for me--I went down one time, just before he went in the hospital. He Restaurants • Seafood • Crafts Visit our newly expanded premises. Enjoy delicious food and the breathtaking view of St. Ann's Bay. Full menu selection offered. (Visa. Master Card, American Express accepted) Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Fully Licensed Trans Canada Highway at St. Ann's, Exit 11, Cabot Trail 295-3100 was home, and.... I don't know what--we got talking about music or something. And he said, "You know something?" He said, "There was an old tune came into my head the other day. I was wondering if we ever played it together." He said, "It's a slow air by Skinner." And I said, "What's the name of it?" He said, "'The Old Robin Gray.'" I said, "Jesus, I don't remember whether we played that or not." I said, "Will you whistle it for me?" He said, "I won't whistle it--I'll play it for you." So he went in and he got the violin and he played--that's the last tune I ever heard him play--"Old Robin Gray." Real slow, a lot of up-the-neck work, you know. And he made a beautiful job of it. But he used to make me feel bad. I'd go in? to the hospital and see him when he was in North Sydney.... And pretty near every time I'd be leaving, he'd say, "My God, I wish I was going out and play for a dance with you." I'd say, "I wish to God you were, too." Jesus, it was hard for me--I had to get out fast, you know. There'd be so many memories come back. And how beautiful a player he was, and everything, you know. But--the way the ball bounces, right? There never was a man on this earth who loved music like Fitzgerald. I think he loved the violin more than he did the human race. Honest to God, you know, it was part of him.... And he wanted to play. 'Cause even when he was dying, he'd say to me, "I wish to God I was going out to play for a dance with you." I said, "I wish to God you were." So he still wanted to do it. So why did he quit? That's what I never can figure out. Jesus, he wouldn't even go and play to a party. He used to come up here, we used to play all night. When he'd have (carpentry) jobs up here, he used to come board with us. Holy jumping, he'd stay for 2 and 3 weeks at a time with us. We'd feed him and make his lunch can, you know. Well, our place was always home to him, you know. He'd just come in, and he'd do what he liked. (Rae. Estwood's wife: He'd come to parties, and leave 3, 4 o'clock in the morning. Play and play and play.) There's one thing about



Winston--no matter what colour you were, creed or anything else, one person was the same as the other. He'd play, he'd play. If you liked it, he'd certainly produce. Think nothing of playing all night. And the more he played, the better he got. Quality Cameras Building, corner George & Dorchester Streets. PEOPLE YOU CAN TALK TO. I don't know, boy, he liked to play.