there, he just stayed there. He used to talk. That's the kind he was. But he had a shack here and there. After a while he built a shack. And he used to talk to himself a lot. (Was he from this area?) Yeah, from French Road. Neil'd be--it took him a while, I guess, to get it all together. But Sandy'd be calling there and he'd be home, at our place, a lot, whatever. And he'd never sleep in a bed. He just put three chairs together, and he slept on the three chairs. He'd never go to bed. (You're kidding.) Never did. I don't think he ever went to bed, clear of a bunk he got in his own shack. And that's gone now. But he'd put three chairs together. Neil'd be around then. And then he used to talk a lot to him? self. Jump around if you weren't watch? ing and stuff like that. But he was a nice old fellow just the same. He always carried a double-barrel shotgun. And Neil got it all together. Boy, you want to hear the song he composed about him. And one night there was something going on, and Sandy happened to be there. And Sandy liked to drink. He used to have drinks around. Well, everybody'd give him a drink if they had it at all. But he'd get wild, too, on the drinking, if he got too many. Neil sang the song one night. Holy mackerel, he was savage. He was ready to blow him to pieces with the double- barrel! {Laughing.) Because he didn't like that. Oh, he was wild at Neil. But Neil'd only laugh it off anyway, see. But he was like anybody else and after two or three times, he just let him have it and that's it, kinda give it to him and forget about it. Donald Neil's Mine Allan MacLeod: This old fellow from New Boston, Dan MacAulay was his name • "Gaelic Dan," they called him. He started a gold mine. It was supposed to be a gold mine. (Did he find any gold?) No. It didn't amount to anything, I don't Uiink. It was just a hole in the ground. But I think this Billy Mac Vicar made the song for it He added onto it, he made it like a real story, the song. I don't know if there's anybody ever worked there be? sides himself or if he had somebody with him digging the hole or what. But in the song it ended up that there was a thousand people working in it and all this stuff. Mfeinn Dh6mhnaill Neill, they used to call it. It was out, probably, about four miles from here. Three or four miles. I knew where it was at, where the thing was supposed to have taken place. But I was never really to it Well, I was out around where it was, but in my time it was all gone. Ploughed under or whatever they did with it, grown over. Oh, it's quite a while, I don't know how long. Might be back 80 years or more. The song is still around. Don't know how much of it I know. I can sing you a little bit of it, the way it started: Meinn Dhomhnaill Neill Air fonn/To the tune of "An t-each ruadh / The red horse" 'N cuala sibh mu'n mh5inn ud shlos, 'Sa chiall, gur i tha annasach; Tha h-uile sian a' falbh le "steam" 'S tha Mac an Rlgh na mhanaidsear. '8 ann an sudach shlos tha'm poll 'S smCiid ac' ann a' gearradh ann; '8 luchd a' do! an iar dh'an bheinn '8 e fiaradh slos dhan talamh ann. Gur e mhiinn aig Dbmhnall Neill 'S ann tha mile duin' innte; Tubaichean a' tighinn a nuas A cheart cho luath ri dealanaich. Thainig an sin Danaidh lain Dh'iarr e slos gu "level" ann; "8 mis' tha ediach (air) bodach iarainn Bha mi bliadhna gearradh leis." Fhuair e beagan bodaich iarainn Chaidh e slos gu "level" leis; Nuair a thdisich e ri fhiachainn Bha h-uile sian a' bragadaich. Uilleam a chiad fhear chaidh dhan

"chage," Dh'dubh e null air Alasdair, "Chan fhaic thu mis' an Tlr nam Bed Seo dhut mo ch6t', bheir dhachaid e." Feumaidh sinne daoine ddigheil 'Son an t-6rghlanadh ann; Duine mar tha Ruaraidh Or A dh'ionnsaich thai! an Glaschu. Did you hear about that mine down there, Indeed, it was a strange one; Everything was powered by steam And the King's Son was the manager. Down there it's very muddy As they dig with gusto; A load moves west to the mountain And curves down to the earth. In Donald Neil's mine Are a thousand miners; Tubs come to the surface As fast as lightning. Then came Danny John He asked to go down a level; "Tis I who know the Iron Man I cut with it for a whole year." He found bits of an Iron Man And took it down to the level; When he started to try it Everything was cracking. William was the first man in the cage And he called out to Alexander; "You'll never see me in the land of the living Here's my coat, take it home for me." We need capable men To clean the gold here; Men like Ruaraidh Or, Who was trained yonder in Glasgow. (I find that really something about the chairs.) Yes, he'd put three chairs • I can see him as plain--he'd put two--one this way, with the back of it here, and then he'd put the other one with the back this way, and the other one where the other one was. I don't know which, if his arse was against the one in the middle or • how he did it. (Was there any reason?) No, there was no--he just didn't want--he wouldn't • he Shhh,..listen.,: The splashing and singing of pilot whales as they play m the harbour. The call of the fiddle, luring us to the dance floor at a Saturday night ceSlrdh, The tranquil sound of silence as we watch the sun setting over the warmest waters north of the Carolinas. The sounds are rtiagical come hear them for yourself in Inverness County, Cape Breton Island. Call 1-800-567-2400 Now for Information on the Sounds & Sights of Inverness County