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was brought up with his aunts. His mother had passed away when he was small. And he was brought up with his father's sisters. They had a big farm and a lot of cattle. So the girls--a lot of older sisters--they were out taking the cows home one evening and--he always told us that, as kids--when his aunt gathered the cows and they were starting home, there was an arrow went by her, right on the hill in front of her. So she thought nothing of it; she thought, What a great switch to drive the cows. She just picked it up--there was a sort of handle on it. She drove the cows home. And she said, I'm taking this in the house-- you know those old-fashioned homes in the country--and she just threw it in a basket and put it up in the back to dry, the stick, you know. She put it up on the sill--you know, the old-fashioned homes weren't sealed? And she put it up behind the wood stove, in a basket. When my father started to learn violin, she took this little sticks. And of course, she told him to go and get his own hair out of the horse. So he did. He made the bow, and he started to learn. And all his life, all our life--the fairies used to come for us. They always bothered us--they followed us, they braided our horses, they braided our cattle, they came to our places when we were growing up as kids, the fairies. It was a sort of a fairy bow he got. The gift came through them. They gave him this little stick, and they were coming, I guess, and they bothered us all our life. You'd hang clothes on the line, and apron strings or anything, you'd go out in the morning and the most gorgeous beautiful braids--there was no hairdresser could make them as pretty. The horses, they'd be all braided. They were around there all our life. And they say, wherever they are, you're always poor. And they sure followed us--they followed us all our life. Never left us alone. Whether they wanted that: back, or what. " My father was working in a forge in Inverness, and he had this bow, you know, and Herring Choker Deli At NYANZA, on Hwy 105 between Whycomagh & Baddeck natural foods "Zifs" Indian Bay Bakery he had it in a trunk with all his personal belongings. And it burnt in the fire. It went in the fire. So I was wishing we had had it, to put it in a museum. Wouldn't it be nice? (When the bow disappeared, when it burned, did the fairies disappear too?) Yes. They went, yeah. (So you've never seen any evidence of them since then.) No, not at home. Not at home, ever since it was burnt. But I can always, always remember--I used to say to Mom, "My goodness, can you understand?" I'd go to the barn and milk the cows or whatever. And I'd say, "How come everything's beautiful with braids?" And she'd say, "Oh, the fairies are back again." She knew. She used to see them. Little white men, yeah. Little white men, that's what they were. (Do you mean their . Functional Stoneware and Custom Dinnerware Turnstone Pottery WHEELTHROWN Studio and Showroom on the Harbour 226-3004 Arichat, Isle Madame Centre for International Studies UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF CAPE BRETON Films and Speakers provided free of charge to Schools - Community Groups - Churches Interested in: Global Issues? Development? Food & Agriculture? TELEPHONE: 539-5300 ext. 277, or 929-2063 j Enjoy the Good Life 90 ROOM RESORT COMPLEX WITH 8 COTTAGES Heated Pool



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