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all things--and my love and interest was there, versus the violin. Usually, music dollars for lessons ended up in pop and chips and that kind of thing. And I skipped the music lessons because I had a pony to get there and back, and usually I would go nowhere near the music lessons. What would usually happen: I'd practice things that I would go through with the teacher. Before I would leave there I would have (it) memorized, because of the way he would go over it and so on. I mean, I could see it and read it--because, maybe my mind was quick, I could pick it up and memorize it. And, with very little practice--in some cases no practice--go back and play it for him, and he'd think that this is what I worked on all week and, you know, "It's fine, we'll go on to the next thing." Pretty scheming character, at that age, I guess! (You're learning at 5 years old.) That's right. (How'd your father do it?) How did he do it? With very much patience. I never saw a man with such patience as that man had. (Put you on a chair?) Yeah, he sat me on a chair, and started from there. After I got about an hour's taste of it, or a few minutes' taste of it... (Would you both have a fiddle?) Yeah. And, at that time, the stretch alone was enough to discourage you, because I could just barely get in the spots where I was supposed to get. There were some tunes that I had to completely stay away from because I couldn't make the stretch--my hand was too small. And in holding the bow again, Dad even took an elastic and manoeuvred it in some manner to where I didn't have any choice but to hold the bow properly. (He elasticed your hand to the bow?) Yes. To the bow, in some fashion, to where the bow stayed in my hand. There was no way of getting away from it! Located between Baddeck and Sydney on the Trans-Canada Highway (Route 105) Overlooking the Bras d'Or Lakes Seal Island Motel and Dining Room (Licensed) Seafood Our Specialty 46 Modern Units Swimming Pool Air Conditioning TOUR BUSES WELCOME Country Living at the Seal Island Bridge It was only after accomplishing 2 or 3 tunes, I guess, that I was able to--in some sense--pick of maybe 2 or 3 tunes, pick one that I wanted to learn, and would get him to teach me, or had interest in getting him to teach me. He would play 2 or 3 tunes, and ask me which one I wanted to learn. The first tune I ever learned was a waltz. I can't tell you what the name of it is--I don't believe my dad knew. But the first reel I ever learned was "St. Ann's Reel." There were a couple waltzes that I learned first. And then I learned the reel, "St. Ann's Reel." And then I remember there was interest in learning "MacNabb's Hornpipe," which Winston had on a record. (Was your father using those records at all, with you, or was it just you listening to him play?) Just me listening to him play, at that time. If I remember right, the records got destroyed somewhere between the age of 3 and the age of 5. I don't know if I used them for frisbees, not realizing what they were, or what. But I think I was part of the cause of them getting broke. I can remember one of them going across the floor and I thought it was great, not realizing again what they were. I wish I had them today. But anyway. (So your father's your first teacher.) That's right. (These other people are coming into the house a little bit? Angus Gillis?) Angus Gillis came in a lot. Actually, he--I believe, at that point--came on a weekly basis. And if he didn't come,



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