

Junior Hoedowner

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Hannah Beth Kearney Introduces Herself

Hey! My name is Hannah Beth Kearney. I'm a 13 year old fiddler and have been playing for three and one-half years now. Before figuring out that I could play the fiddle, I tried the banjo, drums, mandolin, and piano. Those instruments never stuck, but I can still play a mean "Chopsticks!" on the piano.

My family was at Cartwright Music over in Stayton looking at acoustic instruments, and saw a sign for a fiddle teacher in Salem. During my very first lesson with Amy Booher, I fell in love with the fiddle. I came home with real songs to learn, along with scales to practice. "Twinkle, Twinkle" and "Jingle Bells" echoed through our house, and I could quickly play them by ear.

Actually, I still don't know how to play the fiddle by note, but it comes easy for me to learn new songs by ear. Just this fall, I'm getting interested in music theory, although it reminds me of hard schoolwork. I remember my first State OOTFA contest; Amy encouraged me to have fun. She told me, "Don't worry about it...Someone's got to get last!" Amy's lighthearted attitude relaxed me. (And I never got last!!) All her students got together for recitals, talent shows, and lots of really fun fiddle jams and workshops and barbe

cues with tons of yummy food. (I love Amy's big cookies)

It's a Kearney family tradition to sing and play music every time we're together. When I outgrew the 3/4 size, Grandma Kearney gave me a really old full sized fiddle, and I love the fact that it's a family antique. On Sundays at church, I play back-up for the song service and for specials with my sister, Mom and Dad. Just this week I got a pick-up for my fiddle, so people can actually hear me playing at church (yikes!). At Bible Study this week, Dad and I did "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms" and we both tried to jazz it up with extra licks. This summer I played at the little local Farmer's Market, Silver Creek Falls, the Silverton Fine Arts Festival, at the Benedictine Nursing Home, and at the Oregon Gardens. It's fun to hang out with the OOTFA people!

When I hear rippin' fiddle tunes, like Barrage and Kenny Baker, I want to learn harder stuff. My friend at church, Zach, inspires me because he practices his guitar tons of hours a day. We have fun playing country music together. I want to learn more gospel songs, especially in the bluegrass style. Dad got me a TasCam that slows down tunes to 50%, so I can learn

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waltzes and hoedowns on my own. I have a	tunes. It feels like God, friends, and my
friend, Dennis, who plays the fiddle with	family are rooting for me. I'll keep playing
Billy Hill and the Hillbillies in Disney-	more and more, since I get a big kick out of
land. Now if you ask me, that wouldn't be a	playing the fiddle!!!
bad job!!! He encourages me to keep fid-	
dling, because it's a talent that lasts a life-	Hannah Beth Kearney
time, even if it's not a career. Dennis sends	Silverton, OR

Manitoba's Golden Boy

Manitoba's Golden Boy is not just a tune, but a gilded bronze statue of a rather oddlooking running young man carrying a sheaf of wheat and torch which sits atop Manitoba's General Assembly Building. The tune reminds us that a lot of old-time fiddling goes on in our neighbor to the north, Canada. The tune, as shown here, is in D, but can also be played in G. See if you can figure out the transposition. Start with the "b" note on the "g" string. Got that? Now try it from the "b" note on the "a" string.

