

One Good Turn

Volume 4, Issue 9

September 1, 2004

Coulee Region Woodturners Chapter of American Association of Woodturners



Next Meetings — Saturday and Sunday, 11 & 12 September 2004, 9:00 AM — at the B&B Studios in Onalaska, and then..... Saturday, 18 September 2004, 9:00 AM — at the Sipes Studio in Sparta, WI

FINALLY—IN THE TRADITION OF *THE SUMMER GAME*—A TRIPLEHEADER! THREE MEETING DAYS THIS MONTH

The first weekend will be with Bob and Susan Rosand. He'll be doing lecture/demo on Saturday, all day. This session has a \$30 fee for members [\$40 for nonmembers]. It does not include a furnished meal. Nonmembers are welcome. Pay at the door. Then on Sunday we have a limited attendance hands-on session with Bob and Susan, making and decorating several small projects. Contact Duane Hill if you plan to attend on Sunday. Space is limited. \$50 fee.

The regular meeting, in Sparta, will have Aaron Gesicki showing us how to make pens. We'll see how a world class writing instrument gets made, from wood selection and prep to the final finished product.



Guest Columnist, Charlie Cadenhead

During the winter of 2004, the UPS truck dropped off a rather large, oddly packed package. I was quite puzzled because it came from Vero Beach, Florida.

I opened the box and inside, wrapped in a plastic garbage bag was a nice sized, wet chunk of wood. Not knowing what it was or whom it was from [my friends that live in Vero Beach are not woodworkers], I called my Uncle in Fort Pierce and asked him if he sent it. He said no.

So, I set the wood aside to slowly dry. I did not have the time to do anything with it at that moment anyway. After sitting in my garage for a while in the plastic bag, I removed it from the bag and put it in my shop to complete the drying process. I still had no idea from whence this chunk of wood came.

One evening, I was signed onto www.forestryforum.com, a forum for Foresters, Sawyers, Loggers, and people that enjoy wood, when I got a note from one of the members asking if I had received the wood he had mailed me. Aha! The mystery was solved. Fla_Deadheader had mailed it to me. Fla_Deadheader has a business raising sunken logs from Florida rivers and sawing them into boards to sell. Out of the goodness of his heart, he sent me a chunk of cypress he had pulled up from a depth of about 20 feet out of the Oklawaha River just so I could experiment with it. It's difficult to know how long that cypress had been under water but I do know there was active logging on the Oklawaha River from about the 1860s to the late 1890s.

As I had a lot of other turnings I had to do, I just let the wood sit until I could get to it. Plus, it had to dry. Here it was July already and I finally had time to see what was inside that wormy, encrusted piece of wood.

Here are pictures of both sides of the sunken cypress.



The first thing I needed to figure out was what size bowl or bowls I could get out of this chunk of sunken cypress. I wanted as large a bowl as I could get for Fla_Deadheader and then a smaller bowl for myself. Any scraps I'll use to turn smaller items like bottle stoppers, lamp/fan pulls, and ornaments. I put my disk templates on the cypress and determined I could rough cut a 10" bowl blank.

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The News

New Member Kathleen Spillman, from Cresco, IA. Welcome to woodturning, Kathleen.

August Area 51 Contest Winners Ansel Heram for Best Artistic [it really was something, with all those lights] and Aaron Gesicki for Best Use of Lathe. Aaron also won the fly off, clearing the shrubs and feeders, all the way to the tree line.

October 16 Ed Holz will be hosting at his shop in Sparta near the scenic shores of Perch Lake. Dave Dapkus will be discussing cutting, carving, chipping, burning—anything but turning. Plus, B&M Catering [aka Byron & Maxine Holz] will be furnishing us with lunch.

Nov. 5 & 6 A-Line Annual Event. Demos Fri, noon-7, Sat 9-4. Need member volunteers to demonstrate or answer questions. Contact Duane Hill.

November 20 Gary Friemann will again be hosting at his shop in Spring Grove, MN and Duane Hill will be explaining some of his mistakes and how he fixed them. So if you want to learn more about “design opportunities” be sure to drive down to our southern quadrant for this interesting and offbeat session.

December 18 In Winona at Falch Studios, we’ll have a demonstration of coring systems.

Next Year We need your ideas. What would you like on the program?

Nonprofit Status This is going forward. We will need volunteers for a working and monitoring subcommittee, who will help Aaron after some training by Amy [of the volunteers—Aaron is already trained]. It’s anticipated that we’ll need these volunteers at about the end of this calendar year.

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Then off to my bandsaw I went. I use the disk as a guide. This is where I ran into my first challenge. There must have been stress inside the wood because the kerf kept closing on the bandsaw blade and pinching it. This brings the blade to an abrupt stop and the only way to free the blade is to open up the kerf. I did this by pounding a screwdriver into the kerf as close to the blade as I could. I was to the point of wondering if I was ever going to make it through the wood, because the blade kept getting pinched. But with persistence, I prevailed.



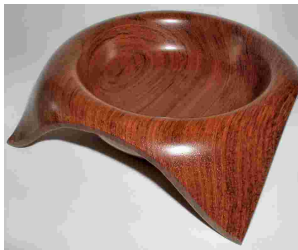
I then found the approximate centers on each side of my bowl blank and mounted it on my wood lathe between the drive center and the tail center. I ran the lathe at the lowest possible speed and proceeded to true up the bowl blank. As you can see from the shape, it was quite a bit out of balance and my lathe was dancing and vibrating. What surprised me was that even after I took off enough wood to true up the bowl blank, it still was out of balance causing my lathe to shimmy. I could not figure out why this was happening.



Even though the bowl blank was still out of balance, I rough shaped the exterior of the bowl and turned a tenon on its bottom side. That would

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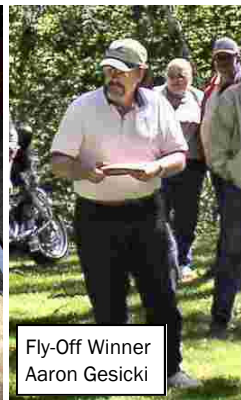
Meeting Review The last meeting was held 21 Aug 04, at Mueller's Alma Aerie. Here are just a few pictures of the attendees, the Ken Grunke demo, the Instant Gallery, the Challenge winners. About a hundred more can be found on our website, www.crwoodturner.com thanks to Art Ustby and Ken Grunke.



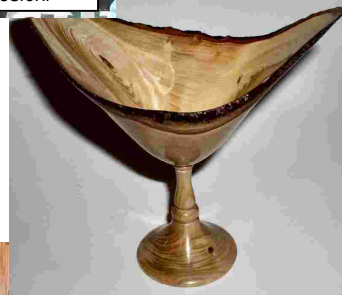
Best Artistic
Ansel Heram



Best Use of Lathe
Aaron Gesicki



Fly-Off Winner
Aaron Gesicki



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be the side of the bowl blank by the tail center, which is to your right in the preceding pictures. I then, removed the bowl blank from the lathe, removed the drive center and installed my Oneway 4 jaw chuck. I re-mounted the bowl blank by placing the tenon into the chuck and tightening it down.



I continued to turn the bowl blank at the lathes slowest speed and refined the outside shape of the bowl. At this point, the 10 inch diameter blank has been reduced to about a 9 inch diameter. This chunk of wood was still causing my lathe to shimmy and I still had not a clue as to why. Once, I stopped the lathe to check my work and noticed the wood was beginning to crack on the darker side of the bowl blank. Yep, the bowl blank had dark wood on one side and light wood on the other. I grabbed my CA glue and stabilized the cracks. I sure was glad I caught that in time. Now I began hollowing out the inside of the bowl. The more wood I removed, the less the lathe shimmied, but I never did get it to rotate smoothly.



Now this was the fun part. I just love it when the shavings are peeling out of the wood in long ribbons. You might think all the shavings would be falling down, but that is not the case. Long thin ribbons of wood flew up and onto my tool rack and my lamp and even all over me.



Now that the bowl was hollowed out, I began sanding. My sandpaper was gumming up as if I was sanding varnish. So I stopped the lathe to figure out what was going on. The light bulb came on! The dark wood side of the bowl was full of resin and the light wood side of the bowl was not. So that is what caused it to be out of balance. The resin side was heavier. I just changed sandpaper a lot more frequently and sanded the bowl down to 600 grit before applying 3 coats of Woodturner's Finish, which is shellac based.



I removed the bowl from the chuck so I could finish turning the bottom of the bowl. I used a method I learned from Alan Lacer. In fact, the tool I inserted into the headstock was made by him. As you can see, the bowl is pinched between the circular disk on the headstock side and the tail center. I then reduced the tenon to about 1/2 inch diameter and recessed the bottom of the bowl so it would sit flatly on a table.



I removed the bowl from the lathe, chiseled off the 1/2 inch diameter tenon, and sanded the recess down to 600 grit. I then burned my signature, date, type of wood and from where it came on the bottom before applying three coats of Woodturner's Finish. Here are two views of the



finished bowl.



Charles M. Cadenhead
New Richmond, Wisconsin

Prez Sez—Duane Hill

Here it is September. School is starting and the leaves will be turning soon. That also means that a lot of us will be going back into our shops as we start wrapping up all of the summer outdoor activity.

We had a GREAT meeting at Shorty's. As usual, Shorty and Perry outdid themselves for food and hospitality. We had a beautiful day and a lot of fun. Ken's demo on trumpet vases was very informative. The CRW version of Area 51 seemed to be a big success. Aaron won best use of lathe and longest flight. Ansel won best artistic. It was the opinion of several of us there that Ansel has way to much time on his hands. You can see that by his winning UFO. Check the photos out at the website (In case you can't tell, the top comes off and can be used as a Frisbee!). All I can say is GOOD JOB, ANSEL. If this paragraph makes you feel like you missed something special at the last meeting,

you did.

We have everything set for the Bob Rosand demo on the 11th and the hands-on session on the 12th. It should be very interesting and informative. We will be videotaping the demo.

I asked everyone at the last meeting for ideas for demonstrators for next year. We got some good ones. We are still looking for demo ideas, demonstrators and hosts for next year. If you feel so inclined in any of these areas, drop me an e-mail before September 11.

A-Line will be having their fall woodworking show on November 5&6. It is our intent to have CRW represented again this year for both days. If you would like or demo or assist, drop me an e-mail.

Hope to talk with each of you at Bob Rosand's demo. Until then, safe turning.

THE CRAFTSMAN, by Robert Peterson

My first images in my memories are of my father, standing before his workbench, planing on a board for a piece of hand built furniture. His workbench was a huge, solid looking thing. Built out of hard maple it had end and tail vises on the sides and drawers underneath which locked behind doors to store tools. The bench stood inside a big shed whose sides could be opened and propped up to form an overhead shelter. Inside the shed were the things needed to craft furniture. An old hand cranked drill press, a foot powered spring lathe, and hand tools galore. No power tools or saws. There wasn't any electricity to run them on. Everything had to be hand or foot powered. Overhead in the rafters of the shed my father stored the lumber he needed to make furniture and other things.

You see, my father worked wood where everyone could see, touch and question what he was doing. Down at the end of our drive, where the lane entered the highway, my father created and displayed his wares. Everyday when the sun was out, my father opened his shop and worked, shaped, cut, smoothed, joined and created with wood. Fine wood. From close grained cherry through red and white oak, to birch, beech, ash and butternut. He made everything out of wood. Christmas presents, birthday gifts, and furniture for sale to customers. And he had customers. Every time he stood under that sycamore tree and worked wood, people would turn up. They would be driving by in their big shiny cars and then suddenly slow down and cruise by with the kids leaning out of the windows and pointing. Sometimes people only came to look and watch. Other times they came and discussed their own projects or purchased the items my father made. But they always came. They said it was because my father was a craftsman. To me he was just my father so I didn't understand what they meant.

There were times during my growing years when my father had apprentices who came, stayed awhile, then left to places unknown. I'd climb the branches of that old sycamore tree into the tree house that was there and watch them. As I grew older, I began to hang around in the shop while my father was working. After

a while I asked if he would let me help out.

"Sure," he said. "Pick one of these boards and tell me which one is the best one to use on this bookcase."

I thought he was crazy. All of the boards looked the same to me. I just pointed at one of them. "Why that one?"

I just looked at him and couldn't answer. That began what was my first lesson about wood and woodworking. After that he began to teach me the things I didn't know. How to use tools, read grain, the best uses for each wood, and a million other things I needed to learn. With those lessons I learned more and asked to help more often. He never refused my help. My father would just smile and ask me to make something he needed for this or that and was always ready to show me how if I needed help. In the beginning my "help" consisted of making small parts he said he needed for his pieces. Things that I never saw him put into anything he was creating. I was sure that those crude small boxes and breadboards somehow were necessary for my father's fine items. Even if I never could figure out where the boxes went or why he wanted me to cut, joint and glue three small boards together, then hand plane them into a flat panel. Or cut dovetails for a drawer joint. Or what was so important about grain, or color matching. Or any of the many other things he asked me to do when I was hanging around while he worked.

I never saw those efforts of mine installed into anything. When I asked him, my father would smile and say mysteriously "I never let anyone watch". "But, you let everyone watch you," I countered. "Every time you build something, people show up and you let them watch what you're doing. How come you won't let me watch you put in the things I make?" He'd just smile and say that it was a secret. And, since it was his secret, he could keep it. After all I didn't want anyone to say that he couldn't keep a secret now would I. I didn't have an answer to that one.

As I grew older, I began to realize that those crude efforts of mine were not really good enough to put into his pieces, but my father would never hurt my feelings by telling me so. Besides, they were practice pieces for me to learn woodworking skills with.

I ran away when I got older and thought I knew something my father didn't. Things didn't work out and a few years later I turned up one morning on my father's doorstep with no money, a son my father hadn't ever met, and two suitcases of clothes. My father welcomed me back with a hug, a smile for his young grandson hiding behind my legs, and asked me to come out to the shop to help with the customers when I was settled in. He left and went out where I could already see customers waiting.

I fixed some breakfast for the two of us, put my things away in my old room, and then my son Tommy and I wandered out to that old woodshop. It was like I'd never been away. My old tools were in their places. Still sharp and without any rust on them. I looked at my father and he looked back at me and I got a lump in my throat. He just pointed at the plans for the chair he was assembling.

"I still need to make the footstool for this chair," he said a bit hoarsely. "Why don't you take a look and see if you can get started on it."

Well, I took a look at the plans and began to look over the raw materials list. After a while, I looked up and saw my father and Tommy looking and pointing up at the old tree house where I'd spent my early childhood years. When I next looked up Tommy was up in the tree laying on one of the huge branches watching us work. Things were just fine.

My father passed away a couple of years after I came home again. After the funeral, I took over the shop and ran it by myself. A few years after that, Tommy finally came down from the tree house and asked me in a quiet small voice if he could help.

"Of course," I said. "Why don't you to look at these three boards and tell me which one is the best one to use."

He just looked at me like I was crazy. "Mom," he said, "they're all the same."

I just smiled and began his first lesson in working with wood.

Coulee Region Woodturners Chapter of American Association of Woodturners

Stamp goes
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"A Turn For the Better"

Next Meeting is Sept. 11 at the Gautsch Studios in Onalaska. No map shown. Call an officer if you need assistance. This is a fee-required meeting with Bob Rosand from Pennsylvania. Remember to bring your lunch and your chair since we will be meeting into the late afternoon.

The following Saturday we also have the regular meeting—at the Carroll Sipes Studio in the Sparta foothills. 9:00 AM Saturday, Sept 18, 2004. See the map at right.

