

TURNING Threads

September 2025



Mark Palma presented 20 years worth of experience in turning which he titled "Things I Wish I Had Known About Turning 20 Years Ago"

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Hi All,

This is the start of the Fall season with weather cooling off a little. Hope this finds everybody in good health and able to do some turning.

We had a great demo by Mark Palma and I am sure everyone was able to pick up some pointers that will help on our woodturning journey.



We had a smaller group for our annual picnic but I believe everyone had a good time with some great food. There were several beautiful items on display so spouses were able to see a variety. We also gave away several blocks of Black Walnut to anybody that wanted some.

The President's challenge of a 4" to 5" bowl is our October challenge.

Saturday open house only had a few people attending.

See you in October.

BE SAFE but have fun

Bob

Monthly Meetings

First Wednesday
of the month

Board Meeting at
6:00 pm

Social Hour at 6:00 pm

Meeting and
Demonstration

7:00 pm to 9:00 pm

Open House

Second Saturday
of the month

8:00 am to 12:00 pm

**Members and interested persons may contact the
Chippewa Valley Woodturners Guild by email at:
woodturnercvvg@gmail.com**

The Woodturners Heist

Part 3

Monday

That next week was the Monday for the guys to get together at their turning shop. Surprisingly all went about their preparations and turnings as if nothing happened the week before. Snid was fussing about his loss of his root and was having trouble finding something to do.

“Snid, did Brubaker have more roots?”

“No. At least not good ones. There was one spreading out from the tree that looked good but me and Brubaker were undecided how to get it out. It was a big one too. Would have made a real nice something or other.”

“Tell me Snid, how did that turner in the video turn the root?” asked A.G.

“Like I said, he cut the small roots off and placed the root between centers and turned it round and gave it some shape. Then he had to fill the holes.”

“Wait a minute. What holes?”

“Rotted areas. Couldn't keep turning it with all those holes.”

The others stopped what they were doing to listen to Snid's story.

“What did he fill the holes with?”

“Don't you know nothing, With resin of course. He put it in a bucket and filled it with a colored resin and then put it in a pressure pot. Maybe we could get one of those and save some holey turning?”

The three were quiet. “Snid, was that your plan to get a pressure pot?”

“Well, it didn't look too hard to do.”

“Maybe you should watch the whole process from start to finish. It's a touchy process and you have

to be exact and your timing must be precise.”

“A.G. You got a way to spoil things. I could at least think about it.”

“Okay, Snid. Next time we have a holey turning we will consider it. Okay.”

“Yeah, okay.”

They finished what they were doing and called it a day and went for the pizza and beer. As they were leaving A.G. stopped and looked toward the woods. He went over to the edge and noticed a distinct path that shouldn't be there.

The wooded area was a mix of Maples, Oaks, Pines, Spruce and many others. There were a lot of small woody growths of various types from two feet to five feet tall. Most were intact but a path was obvious by constant use.

“What did you see, A.G.?” inquired Goody.

“I had forgotten about this path. Remember when we were kids, we would go down this path to the county road. It has been used recently. Could this be the way our thief came and went? Maybe had a car waiting on the county road.”

“That's at least ¼ a mile or so.”

“Yeah, I know. I'm going down it. See you at Ginos.”

“Oh, no. We are going with you.”

All four made their way down the path. Only a few yards into the path, a small area was noticed where the foliage had been flattened. A.G. could see his house from there and thought it had been where the thief observed A.G.s comings and goings.

The path had been very familiar to A.G. , E.G. , Goody and Snid but not so familiar now. It had been years since he and his friends had been in these woods. It had a lot of twists and turns that A.G. didn't remember.

“E.G., do you remember this path being so winding?”

“No. It’s like the path was remade recently. But why the windings. If the thief used this path at night, he must have had a flashlight or a good memory.”

At one point the path came to an end or what seemed like an end. They looked carefully around to find the continuation of the path. “Odd that it ends here.” Noted Goody.

“Hey guys, it starts again over this unbent growth. Funny that the plants don’t show any bending. Must have been real careful here.” Commented Snid.

“Crafty, ain’t he.” Commented Goody.

“Yeah. Let’s continue.”

After nearly a half an hour, they finally reached the end of the path and the county highway. There were tire tracks on the side of the road a few yards away.

“Well. This is how he got in and out.”

“Are we going to set a trap for him, A.G.?” asked Snid.

“No. Not now. Let’s go back and get some beers.”

Tuesday

The next day was Tuesday and A.G.’s day for bowling. He made sure the camera was set that night but was not expecting anything since the MO was on Thursdays. His bowling game was off a bit thinking about whether the camera would work correctly. Although he was confident that Annika had things set right but he remembered that Murphy’s Law was always in effect.

He hurried home with the expectation that there was nothing in the video and was shocked to see that the thief did come on a Tuesday instead of Thursday. It was a single person in dark clothing with a hoodie over the head. The thief went in and a few minutes later came out with an arm

load of turning tools. He went past the camera and that indicated that he was using the path to escape.

“Well, I’ll be. He upped his game a little.” A.G. muttered.

He wasn’t concerned over the tools but he had to make a decision whether to tell the sheriff about the video. A.G. decided to only tell the sheriff about the theft and make sure it got in the papers. Meanwhile, he checked the shed to see whose tools were stolen. They were E.G.’s. E.G.’s tools were very good quality. As an engineer E.G. always argued that to get the best turnings would require the best tools.

He then called E.G. and told him that the thief had struck again and took his turning tools. E.G. was beside himself and said he would come over right away.

A.G. also called the sheriff and reported the theft.

Sheriff Barton arrived for the third time and with a disgust in his face, When hearing the story he shook his head. “A.G. how much longer are you going to tolerate this. Better still how much longer am I going to tolerate this. A waste of taxpayer money. Get a good lock on that door. Do something to keep the thief away. Put up cameras that are obvious.”

A.G. kind of got a chuckle out of the sheriff’s last statement. “Yeah, I’ll get what is needed. Be sure it gets in the papers.” He responded with a playful grin.

The sheriff stops and turned to look at A.G. “What? I thought you would want it kept out of the paper?”

“I did until I figure out the thief must like to see the theft in the paper or needs it for some reason.”

“So, you are encouraging the thief?”

“No. Just hoping he will get overconfident and make a mistake.”

“And just what is this gang of four going to do if he gets overconfident?” Barton said with suspicion.

“Depends on the thief.”

“Have it your way. Call me if have any need for real law enforcement.”

“It won’t be you.” A.G. murmured.

E.G. came rushing in to inspect where his tools were kept. “A.G., this is getting out of hand. Now what am I going to turn with?”

“I’m sure the other guys will loan you theirs.”

E.G. gave A.G. a disapproving look. “I won’t work with inferior tools.”

“Calm down E.G. I’ll call Goody and Snid for a planning session.”

“What are you planning?”

“I’ll tell you when the other two get here.”

Goody and Snid arrived and were shocked that the thief had struck again and on a Tuesday.

“Gather around. I have a plan to catch this guy.”

“Wait. How do you know it was a guy?”

“I had Annika install a camera and recorded the thief coming into the shed and leaving with E.G.’s tools.”

“Was it installed yesterday when we were here?”

“Yes, it wasn’t recording. It was only set for Tuesday and Thursday night.”

“Where is it?”

“On the side of the old outhouse.”

Goody, Snid and E.G. went out of the shed to the outhouse. “I don’t see it. Do you see it?” E.G. asked the others.

A.G. came out and pointed to the camera. It was

small and hard to detect.

“Jez A.G. You could have told us.”

“Don’t get your undies in a bundle Goody. I was going to tell you when I got ready, like now.”

“Huh. So, what is your plan. Is the sheriff going to be here to do the catching?”

“No. We will do it.”

“Suppose he has a gun or something.” E.G. said anxiously.

“I doubt it. But there are four of us and only one of him.”

“Yeah, but he ain’t in his seventies.”

“We’ll have the advantage of surprise.”

“Yeah. Big advantage.”

“We can argue this all night. Now here is my plan” A.G. told them the plan and their parts in plan.

“Now are we all in?”

They all said yes reluctantly.

Thursday Night

That was Tuesday night. Since the thief might try to do two in one week, the plan was put into effect on Thursday night. The plan was for A.G. and E.G. to be in the shed while Goody and Snid were concealed close to the shed but out of sight. A.G. made sure that it would appear that he had gone to his usual billiards game and there were no cars around the house. The time on the video when the thief came on Tuesday was 9:35. Just in case the thief might come earlier, they were all in place by 7:00. 9:35 came and went, but they hung in there until 10:00 and decided to call it off.

“Well, that went well.” Commented Goody.

“Just means he may go for another Tuesday.”

“Suppose he don’t come on Tuesday or Thursday?”

“Then I’ll get a strong lock for the door and run the camera more often.”

“I don’t know A.G. Old farts like us taking a beating on our bodies remaining in one position. Two more nights. Well, I guess in for a penny and in for a pound.” Said E.G.

“A pound of what, E.G.?” asked Snid.

“It’s just an expression. I don’t know what the pound is?”

“It’s an old English idiom. In this country it should be ‘in for a penny, in for a dollar.’” Said A.G.

“You mean the English went around with a pound of something for money?”

“No Snid. The pound was just a name for a higher currency, like a dollar or more.”

“Oh. Why don’t we say a dollar instead of a pound?”

E.G. spoke up. “In for a penny, in for a dollar. How is that?”

“Sounds better to, me.”

“Okay, we will get back together next Tuesday.”

Friday Night

On Friday night, A.G. decided to go down the path at night with a flashlight to get a feel for it at night just in case the thief got away. The twists and turns did make the following the path difficult. He thought about this and decided to put something up in trees before the turns that would show up with the light of a flashlight. The thief wouldn’t see them coming up the path but would down the path. Hopefully if he did see them their meaning would not occur to him if he was running fast.

On Saturday A.G. went into town to obtain some small reflectors. He figured he needed at least eight but got twelve just in case. Returning home he called his fellow woodturners to come over for some more planning. They came reluctantly.

“A.G., think I’m going to get my tools back?”

“Yeah, and how about my root?”

“Hopefully we will, however just in case he escapes down the path we should have some way to make our way easier to follow by putting up these reflectors just before the turns.”

“You mean if he escapes. I thought our plan was to catch him in the shed.”

“Goody, any plan can go awry. You just have to have a backup plan.”

“And this is your backup plan? Maybe a 12-gauge shotgun will be a better persuader? Unloaded of course.”

“Of course. I don’t think a gun will be necessary though. Let’s get these reflectors attached to trees.”

They spent the next hour going through the path and establishing the curves in the path. Once back at the farm, A.G. offered to buy them beers and whatever suited their fancy for food. They claimed that they had other things to do and took a raincheck. A.G. asked them if they could return at night time so they could go down the path at night. They all said not tonight.

It was left to A.G. to test his pathfinders in the dark.

Once dark came he left his house with a flashlight and went down the path. The first thing he realized was the flashlight he had was getting weak so after a couple of turns and dwindling light he went back to the farm.

On Monday, he went down to the hardware store and asked for the best flashlights to be had. The flashlights had different bulbs and the light was brighter than any he had seen. A.G. got five of them, one each for the woodturners and one for a backup and plenty of batteries because he was told the light is bright but uses up batteries fast when kept on a long time.

A.G. tested the flashlight and found them turning night into day almost. He could see clearly down the path and the reflectors stood out well. Using his flashlight to go down the path and turning it off when he came to a reflector just to see if he could correctly make a turn without it. He had no trouble making the turns. He was now ready for the thief.

Tuesday Evening

On Tuesday afternoon E.G., Goody and Snid returned to begin the second vigil. A.G. gave them the new flashlights and told them why. They tested them in the darkened shed and were amazed at the illumination. While in the shed, a car pulled up to the shed door.

Sheriff Barton got out of the squad car and looked at the four. They all had high luminosity flashlights and the sheriff asked to see. He looked at it and gave the group a look and shook his head.

“A.G. just what is this gang of four up to?”

“Gang of four, are we? I can only assume you came here with something specific in mind. Could you clarify that. I wouldn’t want to confess to something that isn’t what you are looking for.”

“I found out you bought some video and camera equipment with the help of Annika. And you bought several high luminous flashlights.”

“Guilty to all counts.”

“Where is this camera set up?”

A.G. pointed to the old outhouse. The sheriff went over to the outhouse but couldn’t see it. He turned to A.G. and asked, “Where is it?”

“Now sheriff. I don’t know if that is any of your business. Not illegal is it? You told me to lock up my barn. You even said to get cameras. But there would be no proof of who did it if only a lock was broken now would there.”

“No, not illegal just that I need to know if you got a good picture of the thief last Tuesday.”

“Well, yes and no. Person in black with a hoodie. Can’t see the face.”

“And exactly when were you going to share this with law enforcement?” He said snidely.

“It’s complicated. I thought local law enforcement didn’t think much of the robberies. Didn’t think two pieces of wood and a root was important enough. It got more serious but you didn’t even try with our cooperation to get this guy. So, we decided to capture the thief. It’s personal.”

The sheriff shook his head. “Nothing like civilians taking the law in their own hands.”

“Huh. Big words for little action on law enforcement’s part. As you would say yourself, police can’t be everywhere all the time.”

“I ought to run you all in.”

“For what? Sheriff, go chase a speeder or something. We’ll handle our personal matter.”

“Okay. But if you botch this, it’s on you.” Barton said resignedly.

“Yeah, we know.”

After the sheriff left, E.G., Goody and Snid looked worried.

“Snid spoke up, “Suppose we do botch it A.G., then what.”

“Then what. Indeed. Then we botch it. If he escapes, at least he won’t be back.”

“Suppose one of us gets hurt or killed?”

A.G. ran his hands through his hair and sighed. “Do any of you want to call it off?”

They were quiet trying to decide.

E.G. spoke up, “I’m in. I want my tools back and that rascal is going to cough them up or pay for ‘em.” He said with vigor.

“So, Snid and I will just be backup, right?” asked Goody.

“Yes. E.G. and I will be in the barn and initially try to get him.”

“Okay. But if he has a weapon, I’m running away,” added Snid.

“Good enough. Now lets get something to eat and drink and take our places in this little drama.”

“Little drama. Huh. Sounds more like a big one,” added Goody.

The foursome were well in place by 9:00 and waiting anxiously for the thief. Goody and Snid were on the opposite side of the shed that the path led from. A.G. and E.G. were in the shed near the light switch. A.G. figured he wouldn’t turn on the lights but use a flashlight. At 9:35 he showed up like clockwork.

The thief looked around cautiously realizing that a fourth time would be risky. The house was dark and the car was gone so he figured he would be safe. He opened the shed door, entered and then closed the door. As he did the lights suddenly went on and A.G. and E.G. surrounded him.

“Alright we got you now.” Shouted A.G.

The thief wasn’t about to surrender. He panicked and pushed both A.G. and E.G. and knocked them to the floor and headed for the back of the shed and through the escape door. But the shed back door was blocked and he turned back through the shop. As he emerged, A.G. and E.G. were waiting and tried to block the way and grab him but he was too slippery for them and broke loose and headed for the door.

When the thief got the shed door opened, A.G. shouted. “Goody and Snid block the door.”

They were there but the thief hurled at them full on and knocked them to the ground then he ran for the path in the woods.

A.G. and E.G. came out of the shed and A.G. started for the path as he pulled out his flashlight and turned it on. The three were reluctant to follow thinking that running down a dark path was illogical but the three followed being slightly behind A.G. They could see the light of the thief but it wasn’t as bright as theirs.

A.G. followed the path as he remembered it. “You’re not getting away. We know about this path and have memorized it.”

Through the twists and turns, A.G. was guided by the reflectors. As he was rounding a corner about halfway to the highway, something hit him and he was knocked to the ground and his flashlight went flying. A few seconds later, the three showed up and helped A.G. up.

“Are you hurt? What happened?” asked Goody.

“Find out later.” A.G. started the chase again through the winding path but the thief’s light was fading. A.G. knew he had lost the battle. When he got to the road, a car had sped off and was far down the road.

A.G. collapsed on the side of the road. The other three when they arrived also collapsed on the road. They sat there a while to catch their breathe.

“Well, we almost had him. He won’t be back that’s for sure.”

“Yeah, but we’ll never get our things back,” said E.G.

They heard a siren in the distance and thought maybe the thief was being chased down. They made their way back up the path and stopped at the point that A.G. was knocked to the ground. They searched the area with their powerful flashlights. Goody sounded out. “I think I got something.”

They went to Goody and looked. There was a rope tied to a small tree and the rope was cut. “Looks like he had his own plan B if he got chased. Must have been tied down to this branch. See where the

bark has been knocked off.”

“How could I have missed that as many times I came through here.”

“Must have been done and redone every time he came through.”

“Yeah, probably. I think we deserve a beer on me. Thanks for your support.”

Wednesday Morning

The next morning, the sheriff’s car parked by A.G.’s house and the sheriff and a deputy got out. A.G. went out to meet him.

“So, what did you four musketeers accomplish last night?” He said sarcastically.

“We almost got him. Chased him down to the highway. He set a trap and slowed us down a bit, but otherwise we might have got him.”

Barton signaled the deputy. He opened the back door to the squad car and brought out a teenager. He was scared and tearful. About average height with lots of red hair and freckles.

“I take it this is the thief,” said A.G. “Come to lord it over me.”

“Not at all. We got him speeding down the county highway last night. Got a confession out of him. Name is Bronson Nordby. Student at Scanden High. Sixteen years old. Has an interesting story to tell. Tell him Bronson.”

“Yes sir. I didn’t mean any harm. I hope I didn’t hurt any of you.”

“Get to the reason, Bronson,” the sheriff said angrily.

“Well, I’m not popular at school. A group of boys who hung around with each other decided to take me into their group only I had if I went through an initiation. It was to steal something and get it in the paper. I..I was reluctant, but I wanted to be accepted by these boys. So, after considering what to steal, I wanted it to be an inconsequential item.

I heard about the woodturners and after observing the place where their things were, I decided on stealing a small item. I took those pieces of wood because they looked nicer than the rest.”

“I waited a couple of days for the paper to come out with the news of the robbery. That writer calling it a heist bothered me a bit. It was only a couple of pieces of wood. I showed it to the group of boys and the congratulated me on my successful heist. Then they laughed and told me that it was a joke and laughed at me for, thinking I could join that group.

“I just went crazy mentally. I was a thief and for what. To be laughed at. It was then that I decided to show them by stealing again and making it into the papers. It just got too easy. Didn’t think those old guys would try to capture me.”

“Put him back in the car,” ordered the sheriff.

“Did you recover the loot, sheriff?”

“Yeah, he led us right to it.” He signaled the deputy to get it out of the trunk.

It was all there and not damaged.

“Now, A.G. I need you to come to the station and file charges against Bronson.”

“I’ll need the rest of the guys to make that decision.”

He called each one of them and told them the sheriff had arrested the thief and the items stolen have been returned and needed them to come to his house to discuss something.

When they got there, they got a look at the thief and were surprised at his age.

“What do we need to decide, A.G.?” asked E.G.

A.G. told them why Bronson has acted as he did and wanted to know how each one felt about pressing charges against him.

“If he is arrested, why do we need to press charges?”

“He was arrested for speeding. The sheriff needs us to file the robbery charges.”

“Oh. Well, if it was up to me, I would not bother. Young buck don’t need a criminal record. If he had been older, I probably would,” said Goody.

A.G. looked at the other two for a decision.

E.G. and Snid whispered to each other. “I guess we will go like Goody since he didn’t damage anything.”

“There you have it, sheriff. Just charge him for speeding. However, I want to say that he was speeding in an effort to get away from us. We chased him down from the barn.”

“I figured as much. Nice to have worked with you guys.”

After the sheriff left, A.G. went to get some beers and they sat on the steps to the house.

“You know fellows, we must be old fashioned,” mused E.G.

“Why is that?” queried A.G.

“We did what they did back in the old days. Why ruin a boy’s life with a little purloining. Boys were considered boys back then. It was rougher

times and a more logical time I think and why jail and support these boys for minor infractions. Today they would be thrown in jail, tried and get put in Juvenile detention.”

“Yeah, you got a point. Wonder if he will be grateful in time.?”

E.G. spoke up. “A.G. are you going to get a lock now!”

They all laughed.

The next Monday was their usual get together for turning. Snid put his root between centers and began turning it and it broke in half.

“Gall darn it. Waited all this time just to have it break in half.”

“It’s just wood, Snid. Just wood.” They all laughed.

The End

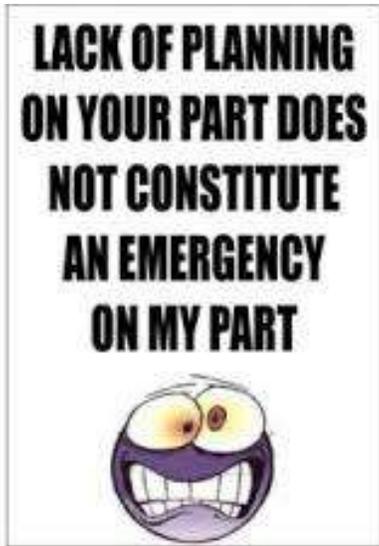
Next : The Missing Neighbor

To the CVWG Membership:

Putting something like the Woodturner Stories is a bit radical for this type of newsletter. I still think it is a publication rather than a newsletter. I have had two positive responses to this story. As an amateur writer, I’m not looking for praise, just what the general membership thinks of it and whether to continue with the stories. Not all members care for this type of writing—a detective story—sort of. No bad guys and no killing. Just four old retirees in a farm community that seem to have the local mysteries come their way and somehow get involved with the solving. And some woodturning tips and tricks mixed in.

Let me know at: bucai98n12@gmail.com. Positive or negative.

On The Humorous Side



FUTURE DEMONSTRATIONS

Meetings are the first Wednesday of the month at 7 pm.
Open house is the second Saturday of the month from
8 am to 12 pm

Meeting Dates and Demonstrations

October 1 — Barry Grill — Two Piece Bird House

November 5— Bob Eberhardt—Make that Snowman

December 3—Dan Brandner—Learning the Skew

January 7—Not Yet Determined

February 4—Not Yet Determined

March 4—Not Yet Determined

October Open House Date

October 11 from 8:00 am to 12:00pm. If coming after
10:00, please inform us through the web site the night
before at: woodturnercvvg@gmail.com. Meetings and
Open House are held in the Eau Claire Insulation build-
ing at 1125 Starr Ave on the northeast side of Eau Claire,
WI. Look for the meeting sign. No sign—No meeting.

Next Month

**Barry Grill
Two Piece Bird House**



Join us November 1 for Hollow Form
& Decorative Finish Experts:
Steve Sinner and Joe Meirhaeghe



Announcing Robust Tools 12th Annual Open House

Saturday, November 1, 2025
9AM to 4PM

Featuring: **Steve Sinner and Joe
Meirhaeghe**

New this year: Please RSVP the size of your party to info@turnrobust.com. This helps our caterer know how many lunches to prepare (available for purchase and guaranteed delicious!)

Even more new this year:

Instant gallery plus design and critique session led by Steve and Joe.

Bring your pieces to show your fellow turners.

Optional: Steve and Joe will critique your self-selected work.

**Door Prizes and In-House Specials
Lunch Available Onsite**

Please remember to RSVP the size of your party to info@turnrobust.com



A Surprising Use of Woodturning and Woodworking

This is hard to imagine considering the emphasis on modern prosthetics. A simple design using simple materials. Imagine what the pre-prosthetic era of peg legs would have thought.



A Woodturning Story

Seggy's Dream



Purpleheart Uses and Types

Purpleheart Facts



HYDE CENTER MEMBER PIECES

Several CVWG members showed off their talents at an art exhibit at the Hyde Center.



Bruce Lindholm



Dennis Ciesielski



Barry Grill



Fred Steffens



Mark Palma



Rich Thelen

There was a rather small group in attendance, around a dozen, though the weather was excellent for a fall get together. I did manage to get a picture of Bob with his new tractor after he gave us a ride around the property. He still has walnut blanks for anyone interested and sent us away with as many as we wanted.

— **Dan Brandner**





Things I Wish I Had Known About Turning 20 Years Ago

Mark Palma

Mark Palma presented at the September meeting and gave an informative and sometimes amusing talk with some of the tales he shared. It was good to see him at the club again. He didn't actually turn too much, but instead talked about things that are helpful to know that he learned over his career of turning. One amusing story was him making 3 wooden bowls and finishing them with different finishes and running them through his dishwasher multiple times. That sounded like research for an article he once wrote.

— **Dan Brandner**

Henry Troost



Henry made a small spalted bowl.



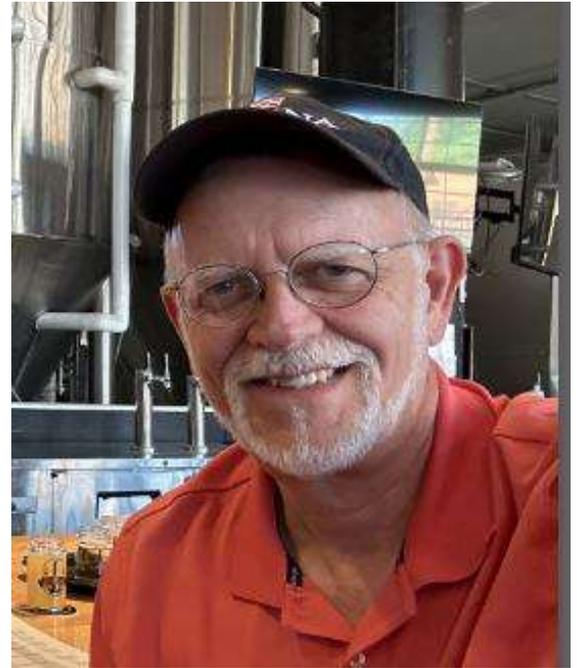
Dan Brandner

Below: Figured Maple bowl with Cherry cover and finial handle (with cover on).

Middle Right: Figured Maple bowl with cherry cover and finial handle (with cover off).

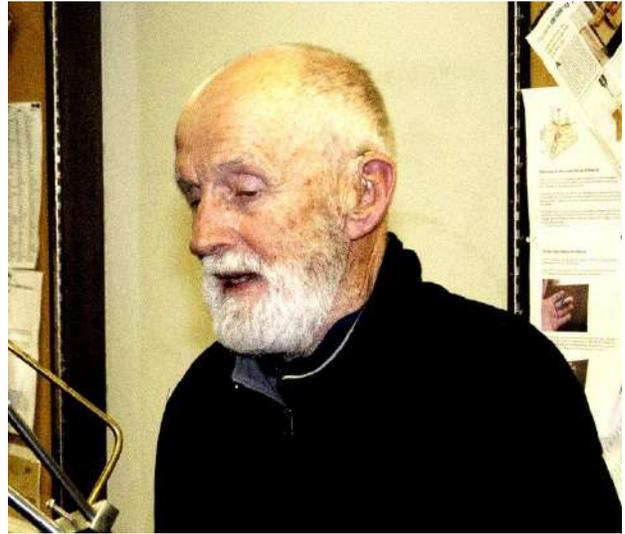
Middle Left: Small Live Edge Spalted Birch Bowl.

Bottom: Wizard Wands with exotic handles.



Fred Steffens

Chip Carved Box for Catherine.



Paul Meske



Below Right: Shallow bowl plate.

Bottom: Shallow bowl plate.



Joe Nycz



Middle Left: Bowl with worm holes.

Middle Right: Small walnut bowl.

Bottom Left: Honey dippers.

Bottom right: Honey dippers in jars.



Photos for Show and Tell and Gallery provided by
Dan Brandner

**Ohio Valley Woodturners
Guild Symposium**

October 10-12, 2025
West Harrison, IN

**SW Florida Wood Art
Expo**

January 9-10, 2026
Charlotte Harbor Event Center
Punta Gorda, FL

**Tennessee Association of
Woodturners 2026
Symposium**

January 30-31, 2026
Franklin Marriott Hotel and
Convention Center
Franklin, TN

**Florida Woodturning
Symposium**

February 20-22, 2026
RP Funding Center
Lakeland, FL