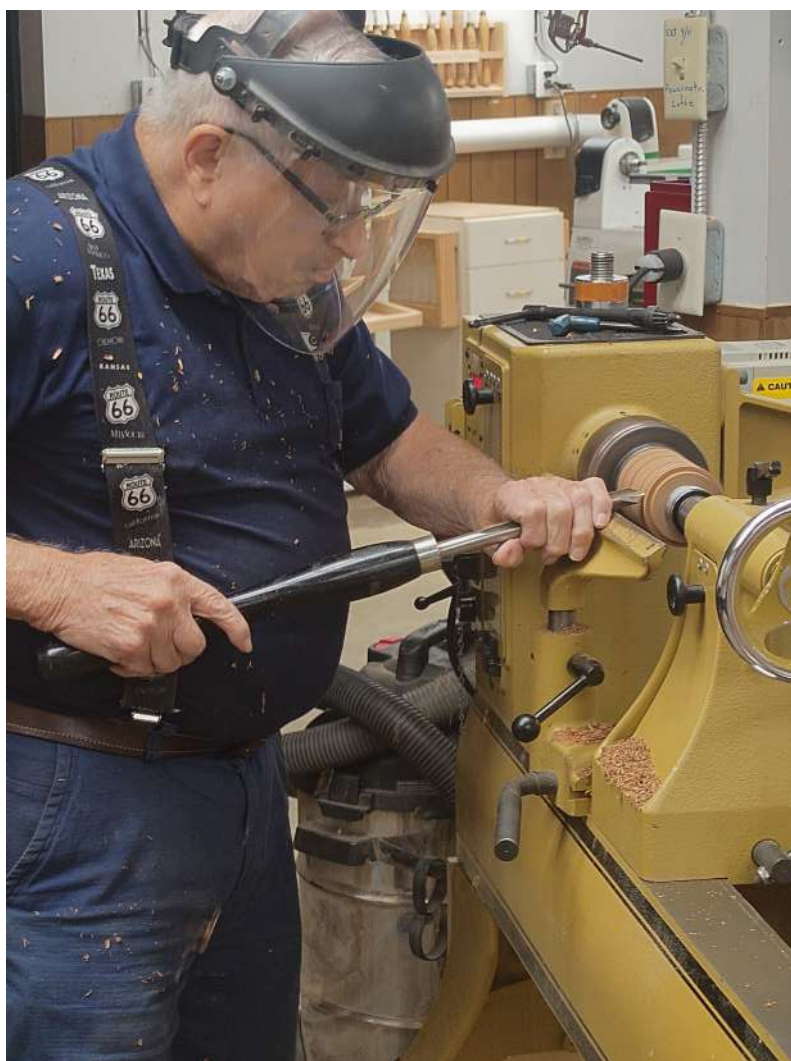


TURNING

Threads

August 2026



Joe Nycz demonstrated the turning and assembly of pepper mills.

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AAW

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF WOODTURNERS

President
Dan Brandner

Vice Presidet
Bob Wilcox

Treasurer
Sue Mohr

Secretary
Jayne Kulberg

At Large Directors
Bob Eberhardt
Mary Weider
Joe Nycz
Ron Bartz

Other Positions

Membership
Scribe
Henry Troost

Newsletter Editor
Tom Leonard

Web Master
Dan Brandner
David Kulberg

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

Hi All,

We had a good attendance for our August meeting.

The Demo by Joe Nycz was a good repeat one on making a peppermill.

We had a small turnout for the Open House, but a few members had help fixing some lathe parts, finishing the bottoms on bowls and roughing some large bowl blanks on the big lathe. A few visitors stopped in and expressed interest in joining.

The president's challenge was to turn a bowl with a unique rim. There were some competitive entries, but the judges awarded the win to Kate Mullins who took a \$10 Gift Certificate home.

Looking forward to seeing all who can make it to our September 2nd meeting.

Dan



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

General CVWG Information and Announcements

Kate Mullins won the President's challenge with a unique and thin rim shape on a Cherry Burl bowl. She took home a \$10 Menards Gift Certificate

Dates are selected for the Skew course. See the sheets at the next meeting in September and if there is a conflict for anyone, see if you can switch with someone else. There is one on a Tuesday evening, a Thursday evening and one on a Saturday morning.

Reminder, the Club picnic is coming up at Bob's cabin near Colfax on Aug 29th. An email went out to all with details.

The club is talking about a swap table to exchange things not needed with those who need them. Conversations are ongoing with how to best do this without the club house accumulating a lot of miscellaneous items.

I have received two ideas for future demos and one of those was a volunteer who offered to demo something. I am very grateful for this input and look forward to more contributions from others. What you turn may seem simple to you, but is a gift to the beginner turners and those with less experience. Please consider giving something back to the Guild.

Directions to the Eberhardt's from HWY 40 near Elk Mound:

1. Go North on Hwy 40 from HWY 29 near Elk Mound to Colfax.
2. Go through downtown Colfax and take a left turn onto HWY 170 west.
3. Go about 1 mile on HWY 170 then take a left turn at the bottom of the hill onto 910th Ave. (also known as River Rd).
4. Follow 910th Ave. for 1 mile.
5. Turn left into the driveway at E7950.

Directions to the Eberhardt's from HWY 40 near Bloomer:

1. Go South on Hwy 40 from HWY 53 in Bloomer to Colfax.
2. Take a Right turn onto HWY 170 west.
3. Go about 1 mile on HWY 170 then take a left turn at the bottom of the hill onto 910th Ave. (also known as River Rd).
4. Follow 910th Ave. for 1 mile.
5. Turn left into the driveway at E7950.

The Purloin Portrait

Part 3

New characters

James Floyd, an old friend of A.G. and fellow detective. A.G. seeks his help in what had bothered him about the Purloined Portrait ending.

Eve, the mysterious sometimes partner with Floyd shows up at an embarrassing time for Floyd and A.G.

This is a crossover with characters from another series.

The next day, A.G. woke up and dressed, made coffee and toast with Mrs. Johnson's Raspberry Jam. A.G. was a light eater which was more a result of his days as a P.I. Many times, eating was not on a regular basis. The only time he ate a lot was with his friends at Ginos or Mables Café.

Sometimes in quiet moments he remembered his wife of fifteen years. He was fed well when he was able to get home at a decent hour. But like most law enforcement officers of any stripe, it was a hard life when it came to marriage. She died suddenly. A.G. was not aware that she was ill and she kept it from him. He hadn't thought too much about her for several years but old age has a way of remembering and trying to put one's life in a perspective.

As he looked over at the machine shed/wood shop, he began feeling something was missing and it grated on him. An unfinished case never sat well with him. What was hidden in the back of the portrait and why were riddles used as the method of finding the missing portrait? A.G. decided to go back to Madison and team up with James Floyd, a fellow P.I. in Madison to see if they could figure out this mystery providing the Madison Police hadn't already.

A.G. drove into Madison and located the last known office of Floyd. Floyd owned the building

through a fluke. Eve, his sometimes partner had dealings with the previous owner and found him to be an annoyance. So, she bought the building and put it in Floyd's name. Floyd was not overjoyed but Eve assured him that it would be managed by others.

Floyd's office was on the third floor. It was the only business on the third floor for some unknown reason. The outer door was open and he walked in. Jeanine, the receptionist, looked up and recognized him. "A.G., it's nice to see you again."

Jeanine was a bright-eyed blonde with freckles barely over 5 feet tall who has been working for Floyd for 20 years. She came to Madison straight from a farm in Iowa looking for a different life than on a farm. She liked the farm but didn't like to work on one.

"I'm surprised you remembered me, Jeanine. It been several years."

"Oh, A.G., I couldn't forget you. You and Mr. Floyd had a lot of good times."

"Yeah, well. I guess those were the good old days. Is he in?"

"He sure is." Jeanine informed Floyd that he had a visitor. When she told him who it was, Floyd came out of his office to greet him.

"Well, look what the wind blew in." They hugged.

Floyd had a gravelly voice and A.G. had to ask him about it. "What's with the voice, Floyd?"

"Who knows. Probably got throat cancer. Maybe they'll take my throat out. Wouldn't that be one on Eve. She can't argue with someone who can't talk." Floyd gave a hearty laugh.

"Didn't you see a doctor?"

"Yeah, Eve made me go to that place. Dr. Willison that old hag of a doctor. Cantankerous she is. Looked at it and told me to quite drinking beer. Imaging the nerve suggesting that."

"So, it's not serious."

"Guess not. By the way, how is retirement?"

A.G. chuckled. "I thought that I was retired but

Scanden seems to keep producing mysteries and it got out that I had investigated a couple and now retirement doesn't seem like retirement, but I have to admit that all have been enjoyable."

They retreated into Floyd's office and Floyd was saying, "Investigation is in our blood. Any mystery is an interesting mystery. So, is this a social or business call?"

"Both, I suppose." He looked around the room and commented to Floyd, "This is really a nice office and if I'm not mistaken, a bit of a fortress."

"Not my doing. Eve and her cousins redid everything when I was on an undercover job. It was obvious to Eve that this office was not very secure, so they made it overly secure."

A.G. laughed. "Well, to get to the reason I am here, I was hoping that we could team up and finish an unfinished case using our superior investigative powers."

Floyd laughed. "Investigative powers. Huh. Well, I don't know about that. I'm relegated to missing cats and dogs. Anything serious, Eve shows up if I manage to sneak out before she gets wise. Tells me I'm too old to do dangerous things. Phoeey. Hey, if I died chasing a buck then that's the way I was meant to go. Hell, both of us must be in our seventies."

"Why haven't you retired?"

"Just wouldn't feel right to sit around and drink beer all day and relax on a deck."

"I was fortunate in getting three of my old high school friends together and get into woodturning. I inherited a lot of money from my father and spent a large part on modernizing the woodshop which is in my old machine shed on the farm."

"Lucky you. I don't have anyone. Eve has a couple of places I could retire to but I'm just not ready. I'll be on the job until my dying breath assuming Eve will let me die."

Jeanine was listening and broke in. "Enough of this you two. A.G., what is the case you couldn't solve."

"A week ago, the deputy sheriff came to see me. A person in town had a portrait made of his wife who died shortly after the portrait was complete. It was

stolen and a note was tacked in the space where the picture was hung. The note assured the owner that the portrait was unharmed and left 11 riddles that would reveal its location."

"Oh, ho. Shades of my Riddle Mystery years ago."

"I thought of that. The riddles were easy and the message was 'Storage Shed'. We checked with the owner and he did have a storage shed. It was checked and the portrait was found, wrapped and unharmed. I suspected that the portrait had something hid in the back and after checking, there was evidence that something had been removed.

Something flat, probably some type of documents.

"At this point the deputy felt getting the portrait back was good enough, but I didn't. I announced that I was going to Madison because that was where the portrait was painted and framed. Two of my friends volunteered to go with me and the deputy sheriff decided it was in his job to further investigate but only because our incompetent sheriff would have prevented it."

"Oh, you got one of those. Pain in the ass, aren't they?"

"This one has it out for us woodturners. We think it's just for something to do to assure himself that he is actually doing something."

Floyd got a good laugh and so did Jeanine,

"We came to Madison and talked to the artist and found out nothing of interest and then proceeded to the framing shop. Once outside, patrol officers were waiting to find out why a Scanden Sheriff's squad car was in Madison. We explained and they called in the detectives. They were Anderson and Jankowski. Know them?"

"I know Anderson but not Jankowski."

"They went with us to the framers. We found out that two framers are involved in all frames. One was there and we talked to her but the second, a Johnas Gabriel had fled. We obtained the address and all of us went to his home. He had fled and the Madison detectives said they would take over the case and we went back to Scanden. But I couldn't shake my curiosity about what was in the picture and why the riddles. So here I am hoping you and I can get to the bottom of it all."

“Quite a mystery. I’m in. First, we need to talk to Anderson and Jankowski and get what information they have obtained if any. Secondly, a talk with the local FBI about any reports of important documents being stolen. If you remember the address of this Gabriel, let’s take a drive and look over the field of interest.”

Outside, A.G. was headed to his pickup but Floyd looked at it and stopped him. “To fancy. We’ll go in my stakeout car.”

“You still have that Ghetto Cruiser?”

“Now, my good man. It can be considered to be as you say, but it’ll kick your pickup’s butt anytime. Eve told me once, you don’t stake out a junk yard with a new car. Good advice. That address is not in the best of neighborhoods.”

“I then bow to your superior advice, my better man.”

A drive through the neighborhood convinced A.G. that Floyd was right. When he was previously here, he didn’t notice the neighborhood. He thought he was getting a bit rusty. The address was a dilapidated house that appeared abandoned. Floyd turned into the alley and observed the side and back of the house.

“Would be easy to go exploring under the right conditions. Too many eyes looking at us. So, it would have to be pitch black. On to the see the detectives.”

At the Madison Police Station Downtown, Floyd asked for detectives Anderson and Jankowski. What was their business they were asked. Floyd replied that it involved a felony that they were investigating and we as P.I.s were also investigating. They were told the third door on the right. Floyd knocked and was told to come in. Anderson recognized Floyd and A.G.

“So, what brings you Floyd? Mr. A.G. has to be the reason.” Commented Anderson.

“It’s one of those situations where the ending was not satisfactory to A.G. who was a renowned P.I. in Milwaukee for many years.”

“Yeah, gets in your craw. So, what are you two looking for?”

“Information on the Gabriel boy to start.”

“We haven’t got anywhere with that case. We do know that Gabriel is a cousin in the Angelo family. No priors or warrants only to interview him in the possible stolen securities. That’s just a guess. A flat indent seems consistent with paper of some value. We have a description and APB was put out but so far, he has been elusive. You guys think you can do better?”

“Maybe. We’re going to try.”

“Yeah, you guys get into places we can’t or illegal to.”

“Well, we all have out special abilities. Thanks. You been a big help.”

“You’ll keep us informed? Right.”

“You can count on it.” Answered Floyd.

As they were leaving the police building, A.G. asked, “Think he believed you?”

“No. But results always comes with forgiveness in this town.”

“Same in Milwaukee depending on whose shoes were stepped on.”

“Yeah, here to, but when I do, I always outsmart them.”

Floyd entered the Federal Building with much trepidation remembering when an FBI agent named Mathews kidnapped him and Jeanine in order to trap Eve. When entering the FBI office, he asked whether Matthews was still in Madison. He was told much to Floyd’s relief and that Matthews was sent to New York City. Serves him right Floyd thought.

Floyd and A.G. presented their identifications and ask to speak to the agent in charge. The receptionist asked, “What is the nature of your business?”

“We are investigating a theft that may involve stolen securities and would like to know if some securities were indeed stolen?”

The receptionist called the regional head and sent them to the first office on the left. The name on the door was Ann Norton the head agent at the time he and Jeanine were kidnapped.

“Well, Mr. Floyd. Never thought you would set foot in this building again?”

“I have to admit it was with trepidation but since finding out Matthews was relocated to New York City, a justified relocation in my view.”

“Yeah, he was a pain. Who’s your partner? Did Eve finally leave you?”

Floyd chuckled. “Eve is Eve and I and no one else has her itinerary but her. This is A.G., a retired P.I. from Milwaukee.”

“Oh, yes. I believe I have heard of your exploits.”

“My exploits? Never thought of it that way.” A.G. explained the reason why he was there and that he and Floyd had come to find out whether some securities had been stolen.

“So that’s what happened to them. We were wondering where those securities went. We suspected someone in the Angelo family was involved, specifically Carlo, the youngest. Carlo was a fast mover despite the father’s disapproval. There must have been some very interesting family quarrels over those securities because they were mysteriously sent back to where they were stolen. Nothing could be proved that Carlo was actually involved. However, this does bring a new aspect to the case. If this Johnas Gabriel can identify Carlo as being the one he received the securities, then we might have a case.”

“That’s a big if,” Floyd replied.

“I’m not interested in convicting Carlos or even Johnas, I’m very interested to find out why he left a note with riddles that would reveal the hiding place of the portrait.” Said A.G.

“Now, that is odd. But we see all kinds over the years.”

“Thanks for the info. At least part of this mystery is solved.” Added Floyd.

“How about some lunch, A.G. I know a good place with good beer and sandwiches.” Said Floyd.

“You still quaffing those corned beef and rye with mustard sandwiches?”

Floyd stopped and looked at A.G. “My good man. It is ill advised for a guest to criticize your host’s chose of vitals.”

A.G. looked at Floyd and replied. “Well, my good man, stuff it.”

They both had a good laugh.

They went to the Capital Steak House not far from the Federal Building. Ordered and were discussing their next move.

“We should canvas the neighborhood to get some sense of Johnas Gabriel. An oft visited bar or tavern in the neighborhood may yield some information about his whereabouts or at least some information as to why he might use riddles. It could be a hobby?” Floyd suggested.

A.G. was looking out the window and then answered. “Good idea. See that black SUV parked on the far side?”

Floyd looked. “Yeah. I see what you mean. You would think that these guys wouldn’t make themselves so obvious. Wonder how they got on to us so quick?”

“Good question. Maybe we were too obvious when casing that neighborhood and someone called in. Still, it would have taken them longer to respond. Maybe someone in the neighborhood followed us. I always find it interesting that no matter how smart we think we are, there are circumstances we can’t know that eventually sneak up and bite us.”

“So true. We need a way to outsmart these guys.”

“Let’s play it straight. Go to the neighborhood and keep an eye on them. If we find out something of value, then we outsmart them.”

They finished eating and left the restaurant not giving any indication that they knew of the followers.

When they arrived in Gabel’s neighborhood, they split up with Floyd covering the opposite side of

the street and A.G. covering the side of the street that Johnas Gabriel lived. While they canvassed the neighborhood, the black SUV was parked discreetly at the end of the next block.

After a half hour, the two intrepid detectives got together at Floyd's Ghetto Cruiser. They talked in almost a whisper, but the two did find out that Johnas hung out at Fat Mikes Tavern which was five blocks away. Both looked toward the black SUV and started whispering while they occasionally turning to look at the SUV.

Suddenly, A.G. began running into the alley and Floyd turned to look at the SUV and then began walking toward it. He pulled out his cell phone and acted like he was talking to A.G. but he wasn't. It was part of the plan to make them suspicious. Floyd walked up to the SUV whose windows were up. Floyd indicated to the driver to lower the window. The driver ignored him but Floyd attempted several times to get him to lower the window.

Finally, Floyd pulled out his gun and pointed it at the driver outside the windshield. The driver lowered the window a couple of inches. "Well, gentlemen. I was just curious why you were following us. Somebody should tell your boss to get less obvious cars. A black SUV really stands out. I doubt if you would tell me who ordered you to follow us but I will go ahead and assume that it was someone in the Angelo family.

"Maybe Carlos." They turned and looked at Floyd. "Here's the thing, we know who, what, where and how. We have only one interest. Asking Johnas a couple of questions to wrap up our curiosity in this affair." Floyd got out a piece of paper and wrote something on it. "Here's my cell number. If you see Johnas, have him call and after he has answered a couple of questions, we will go away." The driver took the paper and raised the window. Floyd retreated back to his car in the next block and was joined by A.G. A.G. said, "Piece of cake." The two got in the car and drove away. Floyd made sure the exit was fast and away from Fat Mikes Tavern. He drove around for a half hour before returning to the neighborhood with the tav-

ern. They parked a couple of blocks away and canvassed the two blocks around the tavern before going in.

It was a typical middle-class neighborhood gone to seed with wood clad houses, screened in porches or front doors with breezeway to block the winter cold. A lot of the houses were two stories and some were only one but what these had in common was they needed some refurbishing.

Fat Mike's Tavern had a half brick front and half dirty windows with a couple of neon beer signs flickering like they were on their last days as advertisement for these beer companies. Inside, there was the smell of beer and grease and the sound of billiard balls being hit in an adjacent room.

The bartender approached them and wiped the counter in front of them. "What will it be, gents?"

A.G. said a local beer and Floyd agreed. After the beers were served and a taste made, the bartender inquired. "You gents not from this neighborhood, are you?"

"No." Answered Floyd. Just here for some refreshment and a little information."

"Beer is two bucks. Information can get expensive."

"Just a simple question that doesn't involve a complicated answer." Floyd began. "Know anyone who is fond of riddles?"

The bartender was not expecting that question. "What are you willing to pay for an answer?"

Floyd handed over a \$100 bill. "That enough."

The bartender picked it up and thought for a moment. "Jerry Cherry is big on riddles."

Floyd and A.G. looked at each other wondering what kind of name Jerry Cherry was. "Is that a real name or an alias?" Asked A.G.

"It's a real name. I might be able to supply an address for some reasonable compensation."

Floyd handed over another \$100 bill.

"My. It's been my experience that a large compensation means the information is valuable."

“Precisely.”

“6789 Wilson Avenue. Apt. 3.”

“Thanks, that was a good beer. By the way, does he hang out with Johnas Gabriel?”

The bartender suddenly moved away from the counter. Floyd and A.G. glanced at the mirror.

“Looks like they hunted us down. Let’s see how long we can ignore them.” Said Floyd.

They felt strong hands on their shoulders and both looked up and commented. “Well, look whose here. Can we buy you a beer, gentlemen?”

They only pressed harder and grunted.

“Can’t talk. Hum, must be a terrible for a couple of thugs not being able to talk.” Observed A.G.

“We do apologize for that little trick of stopping up the tailpipe, but gee, you acted, well, not nice.” Said Floyd.

The door to the tavern opened and everyone looked to see who it was.

Floyd’s reaction was, “Oh no.”

A.G. reaction was, “Hi Eve. It’s been a long time.”

“Sure has A.G. Floyd, what are you two doing getting yourself into a situation that you could get hurt? Could you use some help?”

“Eve, we had everything under control. We may be old but we still have plenty of tricks we can use.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet. Well, if you need me, I’ll be here. Just don’t hurt them too much.”

“Now there’s a note of confidence. I don’t know why you are so worried, I have been dead twice.”

“Yeah, well, the third time might be the last.”

The two thugs were listening and looked at each other wondering what was going on. A.G. and Floyd were quietly discussing their move. In a low tone Floyd said, “How about the Fowler-Johnson maneuver. No. How about the Trappist move. No. Well, let’s see. I got it. The punch and trip. Okay let’s do it.”

Eve was shaking her head. Men. They have to show off. “Why don’t you just punch them out?”

“Huh. Trouble with you Eve is that you don’t appreciate the finer points of combat.”

“You got that right.”

A.G. and Floyd looked down at their hands and gave some signals with their hands. They both moved their heads up and down as a signal and with a swift motion, their elbows went into the thug’s sides. While the thugs were smarting over the pain in their ribs, A.G. and Floyds moved quickly and knocked them off balance and they hit the floor.

Eve clapped. “Well, I guess you two did have the situation under control.”

A.G. and Floyd nodded to the barkeep and left the tavern with Eve.

“Eve are you following me?”

“Sort of. I thought we had an agreement that I was to accompany you if violence was a possibility?”

“There are two of us in case you didn’t notice.”

“Yeah well, maybe A.G. should not go on his own either. I thought you retired, A.G.?”

“I did. I usually have others with me, my woodturning friends. We have the misfortune of getting stuck with solving local mysteries. This last one brought us to Madison. It was not resolved completely. A portrait was stolen and a note was left with eleven riddles that would tell us the location of the portrait.”

“Ahh, we had one like that too.”

“We found out who and probably why, but those riddles really bothered as to why were they used? I came back alone and got Floyd to help track down the person who wrote the riddles and why or at least why. We were not expecting the thugs or we should have because the whole thing involved the Ortega family. We now have the name and address of a person who knows the perpetrator. I am not interested in arresting him. He was more or less involved through coercion.”

“Since you two have things under control, I’ll find something else to do.” She walked off and the detectives got into Floyd’s car and headed for 6789 Wilson Ave. It was five blocks away and the neighborhoods didn’t change. At the address, a light was seen that might be apt. 3. There was no secu-

security so they walked right in and headed for Apt. three and knocked.

A young rumpled looking male opened the door. He was in dire need of a haircut according to A.G.'s and Floyd's criteria but this was not their neighborhood.

"Yeah."

"Mr. Cherry?"

"Yeah."

"We would like to talk to you about riddles."

They were given a confused look. "Um, why?"

"Can we come in?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

They noticed a table full of riddles and looked them over. "Mr. Cherry. Do you know Johnas Gabriel?" Queried A.G.

"Uh, yeah."

"Did he like riddles?"

"Yeah. Not as much as I do."

"Did Johnas ever come here to make out a group of riddles that he was going to use as a clue to something?"

"Yeah. I remember it. I helped him. It said Storage Shed."

Floyd and A.G. smiled. "Do you remember why he did that?"

"A whim I suppose. Thought it would add to the mystery of whatever it was for."

"Thanks Mr. Cherry. That's what we needed to know."

"Is Johnas in any trouble?"

"Not from us. Can we pay something for your time?"

"Naw."

"Thanks again."

"Did you get what you wanted?" Asked Floyd.

"Yea, I did, although I would have liked to talk with Johnas. But I'll take it."

The next day back in Scanden, A.G. was relaxing with his coffee and reflecting on the case. He

couldn't help but admire Johnas for his dedication to making sure that the portrait was unharmed. He was an unfortunate cousin of a mob family that got entangled in a crime not of his own making. As far as he was concerned, Johnas should be left alone and hopefully he left the city to get away from the Ortegas.

As he was thinking this there was the siren and expected crunching of gravel that announced the one and only why did we elect him, Barton. He watched Barton get out with his usual swagger, pulled up his pants and felt his gun and proceeded to knock on the door.

"Sheriff Barton. Been a while."

"Not long enough A.G. What do you mean by forcing deputy Morris into taking you and your gang to Madison in a squad car?"

"Really, did I do that?"

"Yeah. I got a call from a detective in Madison named Anderson wondering what was decided by you and Deputy Morris. Mind letting me in on it?"

"Either you forgot part of what Anderson told you or chose to cherry pick the conversation for effect. First, Morris decided that a crime committed in Scanden led to Madison and was justified in taking a squad car. I didn't suggest it. Us bumbling geezers were going anyway.

"Secondly, I went back and teamed up with a fellow private investigator and carried the investigation further. Through his connections we found out what was in back of the portrait and my only other goal was to find out why the perpetrator wrote the riddles."

"And that's another thing. Why didn't you tell me you were a P.I.?"

A.G. chuckled. "Guess you didn't need to know."

"One of these days A.G. One of these days."

"I look forward to that day, Barton. My doors open."

Barton screamed, "AAAAH." And stormed out.

A.G. looked at Barton scratching off as usual, then wondered what mystery would come next as he knew it would that would irritate Barton. It was

actually a savory thought.

Next Up: The Vandalized House

The woodturners are asked to investigate a vandalized house which turns out to be not what it at first seemed.

The Vandalized House will be my last story for the newsletter. There are more but the stories veer away from the core woodturners and shop adventures. A.G. is more prominent and when a local group formed a new woodturning group, A.G. contributed all the lathes and equipment to this new group. The group is aging and eventually Goody drops out and some investigations get too spooky for Snid. I have finished number 13 and it is long and drawn out. That involves a bank robbery. Stories get a bit more serious. Further adventures of A.G. will be available on request. Thanks to those who have read and appreciated my efforts. **Tom Leonard**

Woodturning Stories

From a Google Search

The 300-Year-Old Pine

- An old log sat on a family farm in Colorado since the 1960s.
- It had over 360 tight growth rings from cold mountain winters.
- The wood cut like dense cheese because it was heavy with sweet, golden resin.
- The finished bowl held centuries of quiet weather in its glowing grain.

The Flawed Keyring

- A large crack ruined a clean piece of wood meant for a holiday craft.
- Instead of throwing it away, the turner saved a small chunk with a rough bark edge.
- They shaped it into a tiny, tactile pocket piece on the lathe.
- The missing knot became a smooth thumb-rub for calming busy hands.

The Box Elder Surprise

- A storm-damaged tree yielded a pale, discarded log.
- The inside revealed streaks of bright, unexpected crimson caused by harmless bacteria.
- Soft and tricky to cut, the block spun into a vibrant piece of art.
- The finished cup proved that flaws make the best stories.

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

2026 Sep 2 - Bob Eberhardt - Rolling pin with bearing
2026 Oct 7 - Dan Brandner - Fancy spindle turned icicle
ornament
2026 Nov 4 - Bob Eberhardt - Lamp base with long drilled hole
2026 Dec 2 - Dan Brandner - Turning tiny things
2027 Jan 6—To Be Announced

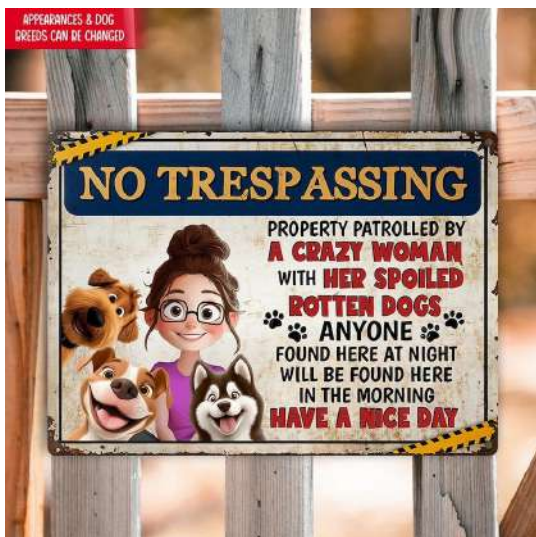
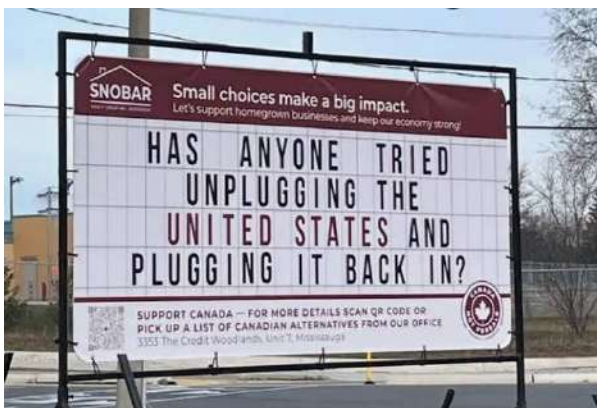
May Open House Date

September 12 from 8:00 am to 12:00pm. If coming after
10:00, please inform us through the web site the night
before at: woodturnercvbwg@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

Bob Eberhardt

Rolling Pin with Bearing



Garden Dibble

By Michael Hamilton-Clark

Last fall my wife decided we should plant bulbs so there would be some color around the garden come spring. To make the job a bit easier than using a trowel, I turned a dibble (also called a dibbler or dibber), a tool I remembered from my childhood helping my mother plant bulbs.

For those who raise vegetables, dibbles have another application. A pair of dibbles and a length of string make an elegant system for marking out rows for planting.

A handmade dibble makes a thoughtful gift for gardening family members and friends. This is a straightforward spindle turning exercise that builds skills through creating simple profiles using a skew chisel and spindle gouge.

Design the tool

A search online turned up several shapes and sizes, but rather than simply copy something, I decided to make my own design (Figure 1).

The planting instructions for the various bulbs showed that the smaller ones (like Crocus) should be buried about 3" (8cm) deep, and larger bulbs (like tulips) about 6" (16cm) down. To accommodate this range of depths, I decided my dibble would have a 7" (18cm) tapered shaft with reference grooves in 1" (25mm) increments.

The top of the dibble—the handle end—would need a collar and a ball top to comfortably push and wiggle the shaft into the soil, and encourage a firm grip to extract the dibble from the earth. The bottom end of the shaft would be 3/4" (19mm) diameter, the top end 1-1/2" (4cm) in diameter, the collar 2" (5cm) and the ball handle at the top 1-1/4" (3cm).

PROJECT

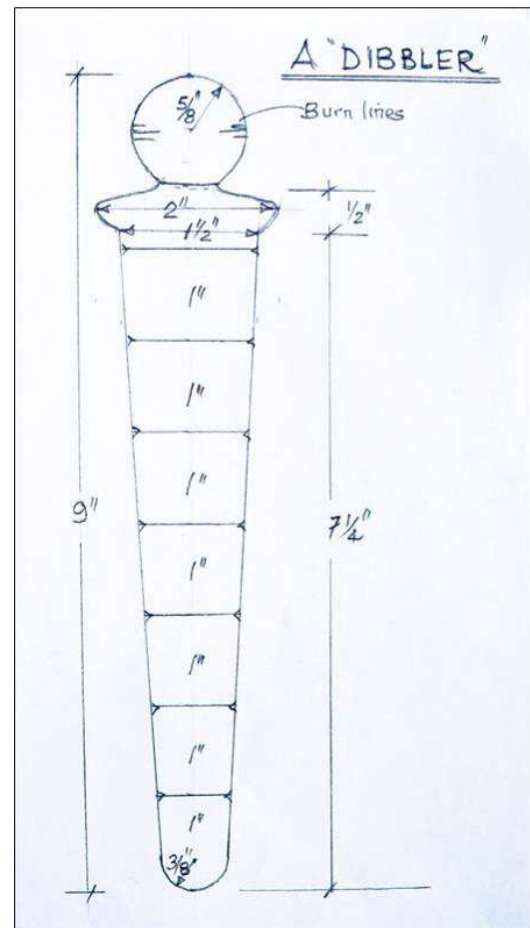


Figure 1. *If you don't know where you're going, you probably won't get there, so start with a plan. Notes and a simple sketch are usually adequate.*

Prepare the stock

Start with turning stock that is about 10" (25cm) long and about 2-1/4" (8cm) square. The dibble can be turned from hard- or softwood, though hardwood will outlive its softwood counterpart. Look for clear timber without defects, and because this tool will spend its life diving in dirt, save your fancy burl for another project. I used a section of a reclaimed oak handrail.

Rough the blank

Locate the center of each end and mark with a center punch. Mount the blank between centers using a spur drive in the headstock and a live center in the

marked centers (Photo 1). Round the blank using a spindle roughing gouge (Photo 2). Use a pencil to transfer the defining design elements to the blank. Mark out the total length of the dibble and the location of the top, center, and bottom of the collar. Locating the center of the ball handle is also helpful.

With these locations defined, use a parting tool and caliper to reduce the diameter of the blank down to its design dimensions at each of the pencil marks. A narrow parting tool is helpful for marking the top and bottom of the collar because the collar itself is narrow, and the connection to the ball handle is a tight cove. A narrow parting tool lets you define these locations without removing material required to define the ball and the collar. Because pencil marks are quickly turned away, the diameters established with the parting tool guide your cuts, helping you define the tapered shaft.

Form the shaft

Forming the shaft provides a good opportunity to practice skew chisel skills. Cut the taper with the heel (the shorter point) of the skew, maintaining bevel contact along the lower part of the edge while progressing away from the headstock (Photo 3). With these two actions the heel of the chisel does the cutting and the grain is supported, so a catch is less likely, and a cleanly cut surface is possible.

To establish the taper of the shaft, start by removing material from the collar (headstock) end. Work your way down towards the tailstock with each successive cut.

Checking progress with calipers shows how the taper is advancing. Use a thin parting tool to pare material from the bottom end of the taper. This defines the end of the dibble and the shoulder will be rounded away later with a spindle gouge.

Mark out the location of the depth rings at 1" intervals on the shaft (Photo 4), measuring from the bottom. Use the toe (long point) of the



1. Securely mount the blank between centers using center-punched holes for alignment.



2. Round the blank using a spindle roughing gouge.



3. The long gentle slope of the dibble shaft provides a good opportunity to practice skew

skew to cut a groove at each location. Widen each groove by cutting in from each side at a slight angle.

Define the collar



Using the long point of the skew to define planting depth marks



Use a 1/2" (13mm) spindle gouge to turn the simple bead that defines the collar separating the shaft from the handle (Photo 5). Start at the center of the bead with the flute facing up and rotate the cutting tip through an arc. End each cut with the flute facing 90 degrees from where you started—pointing towards the headstock on the left side of the bead, and towards the tailstock on the right side of the bead.

Turn the handle

Like the collar, the ball-like handle is simply a large bead at the top of the form. Continue with the 1/2" spindle gouge to form this bead, cutting from the large center diameter towards

6. Cutting a cove on either side of the handle quickly removes waste and creates space for subsequent tool movement.

the top and bottom of the form. You may need to cut away some of the material at the headstock to give you access to the top of the ball. I usually leave about a 1/2" of material to support the blank; take care not to contact the spur drive with your gouge.

I like to begin turning the ball by cutting a cove at either side (Photo 6). These cuts are initiated with the gouge on its side (flute facing perpendicular to the lathe axis). Twist your wrist as you move through the cut, finishing with the gouge facing up at the bottom of the cut. From here I round off the edges of the cylinder to create the spherical profile (Photo 7). Always make these cuts from largest-to smallest diameter.

Decorate

The decorative burn lines come next. Using the toe of the skew, lower the point gently into the rotating blank to make just-visible cuts in the handle. I use a wire pressed into the grooves to burn in the lines, using the friction generated by the rotating lathe. My wire burner is made with a metal guitar string and dowel handles at each end (Photo 8). Don't hold a wire with your fingers—it can get dangerously hot, and wrapping it around your fingers to hold it securely could lead to a gruesome accident. Use handles.



9. Round-over the bottom of the dibble, leaving about 1/4" of material attached to the waste end.

Sand and Finish

Sanding and finishing your dibble requires you to balance your pride of workmanship against the fact that this tool is in for a hard life. If your tool skills have produced a decent surface, you might consider not sanding at all.

Likewise, you could choose to apply no finish at all, but I opt for two applications of mineral oil to provide some protection from damp soil. Any oil finish would be suitable and can be easily renewed with another application at a future date.



8. Use a length of wire to add decorative burn lines. The author uses a guitar's G string with handles added to each end.

Part-off

Make any final adjustments to the ends of the dibble with your 1/2" gouge. Continue to cut the arc of the ball handle towards to center of rotation, and round-over the tip at the bottom (Photo 9). Take light cuts, preserving about 1/4" of material at either end.

With the lathe off, use a saw to part the dibble from its waste material. I hold the dibble with one hand and the saw with the other (Photo 10). Sand off the saw marks by hand and fair the curves. Apply finish (or not!), and the project is complete (Photo 11).

Enjoy the process and the practice, and Happy Dibbling when bulb planting time arrives.

Michael Hamilton-Clark lives in the Fraser Valley, BC and has been turning for 15 years after retiring.

His work is sold through craft shops and at shows; see more at alberystudiowoodturnings.com.



10. With the lathe off, part the dibble from the waste material. A nokogiri (Japanese saw) is



11. The completed dibble

Woodturning FUNdamentals | November 2020 8 © American Association of Woodturners | woodturner.org (Article submitted by Chip Troost)

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Weird Piece of Pine

[Turning the odd piece](#)



FOCUS ON THE CORKSCREW WILLOW



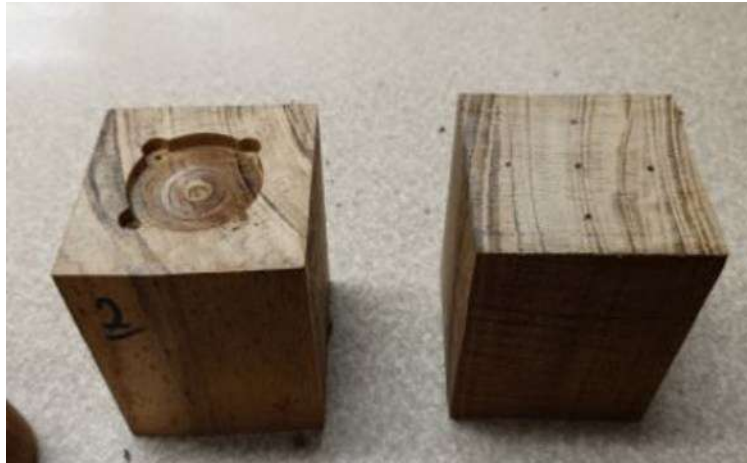
[Care of your Corkscrew Willow](#)

[Video on the Corkscrew Willow](#)

[More on the Corkscrew Willow](#)

Joe Nycz demonstrates making Hand Crank pepper mills

He started by selecting a blank and marking it for centerpoints and screw hole drilling. Joe used a template he made to mark the screw holes to hold the bottom of the mechanism to aid in faster throughput when making several. Here are examples marked and drilled to hold the mechanism for this particular style of peppermill.



Here are examples marked and drilled to hold the mechanism for this particular style of peppermill.



It makes sense to drill the mounting screw holes first, before hollowing the center of the blank to avoid drill wandering problems. Joe used a hand drill, but a small drill press would work well too and ensure the depth was the same in all of them. Pilot holes for the screws could be drilled here too.

Next he mounted the blank in the lathe, roughed it round on the outside and prepared a way to mount it on one end for drilling. He drilled it in from each end to the center at about 400-500 rpm. He showed a couple of ways to hold the wood for drilling. On the outside in a chuck was one way, whether it was still square or with a tenon. Or with expanding chuck jaws once there is a hole in one end. Be careful to not split your blank if using any expanding chuck.



Once the inside is completed, he marked the outside with a Fibonacci divider and turned some large beads on the outside. He found this shape sells well, and people like the larger fatter peppermills. He thinks they use them more for display, than actually grinding pepper.

Once all the steps are done, along with any sanding and finishing that was not demonstrated, you can go ahead with assembly.





Finished dimensions (length) of the pepper mills are critical so mechanisms work and can still be adjusted for grind size. Follow the instructions carefully. Joe showed a hand crank pepper mill using only one piece of wood. The crank could be on top, or changed to be a side crank with a pinion gear. He also showed a two-piece pepper mill where the top spins to grind the pepper. Adjusting the nut on top adjusts the size of the grind. Regardless, dimensions are critical.

Joe sourced his peppermill blanks and mechanisms through Penn State Industries.

Bob Wilcox



Bob Turned a highly figured Maple bowl



Kate Mullins

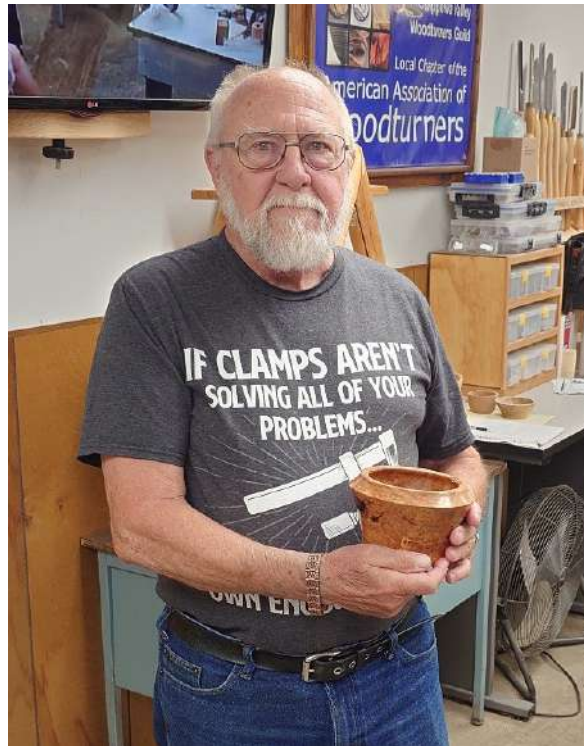
No picture of Kate was available.



**Kate made a unique thin rim
Cherry Burl bowl and won
the President's challenge.**



Chip Troost



Chip turned a Cherry burl bowl.



Dan Goller



Dan turned a higher figured Maple ring holder.



John Mueller



John turned a natural edge Black Locust bowl that was embellished.



Tom Spielmann



Tom turned a bowl of Sycamore wood.



Unknown Turner

This unknown turner turned a bowl of Spalted Birch wood.



**Photos for Show and Tell and Gallery provided by
Dan Brandner and Chris Burns.**

Randy Patzke



Randy was a long time member and the group treasurer who moved to Tennessee. He built a nice shop. Here are some of his latest creations.



Randy made two bowls :
One is spalted and the other a burl.



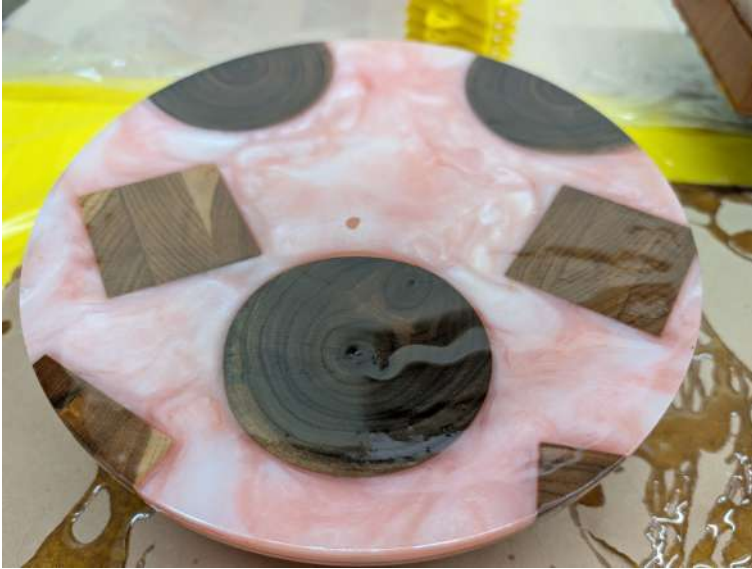
Randy Patzke



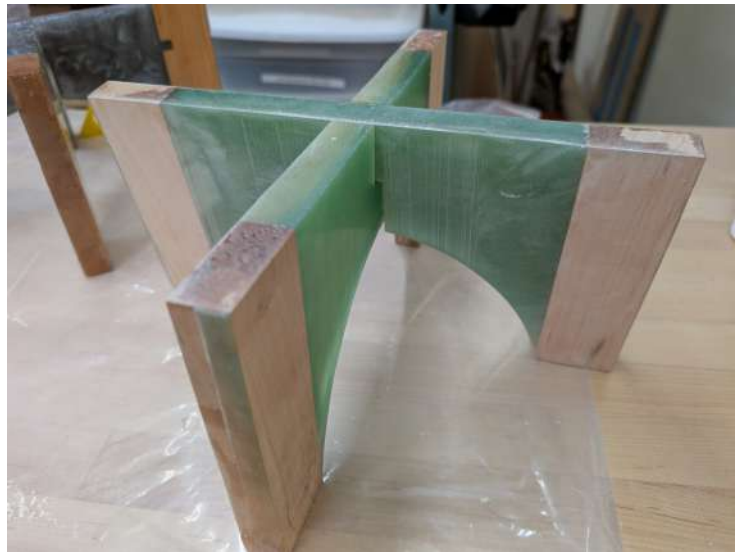
Randy made cribbage boards
and at bottom is a tray.



Randy Patzke



Randy made plant stands with all three incorporating resins.





SWAT

August 28 - 30, 2026
Waco, TX



Rocky Mountain Woodturning Symposium

September 18 - 20, 2026
Loveland, Colorado



Yellowstone Woodturner's Symposium

September 25 - 27, 2026
Billings, MT



Segmented Woodturners Symposium

September 18 - 20, 2026
Northbrook, IL



Mid-Atlantic Symposium

September 25 - 27, 2026
Lancaster, PA



Bowl and Spindle Turning with Stuart Batty

October 5 - 9, 2026
Boulder, CO