



# West Riding Woodturner

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Next meeting: 07 February 2012

Deadline for inclusion of items in the next newsletter: 17 February 2012

## My Demonstration

As editor of the newsletter, I never quite know how to refer to myself. Should I write as if I were speaking directly to you (like I am doing now), or should I refer to myself as if it were someone else doing the talking 'Bob came, saw, and went home again'.

Well, whichever is correct, I prefer the first option and so...to my demo last meeting. I made an earring stand which I gave to the club raffle. I said at the time that I didn't feel as if I could do an extensive description of my own demo but, if anyone gave me comments I would publish them here unaltered. I've added the initials of the authors, and I'm sure they will recognise themselves.

I only received three comments and the first was tacked onto something else as a post-script:

*"p.s learnt a lot at your demo"* G

*"I attended the meeting last night and enjoyed your demonstration very much, and as a consequence I intend to join the club next month. I'm sorry to say I was too busy watching you to make any notes so I can't pass any views other than I found it very informative."* PBW

*"Thanks for a great evening - I thoroughly enjoyed it! It was nice to have a simple project demonstrated for people like me who are relative newcomers to woodturning. It was well demonstrated with lots of useful tips thrown in with your usual brand of humour! I also appreciated the fact that you did a complete project - including finishing and polishing - which is sometimes missed out of demonstrations through lack of time. I am enthused to have a go!"* RM

After saying I would publish them, I had to fol-

low through, but now I find them a bit embarrassing - like testimonials for an application form. Will I get the job, I wonder?

Next time I do a demo I'd like a club member to volunteer to do the write up, and I don't see why this shouldn't extend to other demonstrators too. It doesn't have to be me who does it, and there is an argument for saying it *shouldn't* be me. I'm supposed to be the editor, not the reporter. Trouble is, I haven't *got* any reporters.

Please think about it and have a word if you think you could have a go at reporting on the next demo.

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**Chris Battersby** has written another of his delightful reminiscences:

## My pal John and a collaborative venture

If you have been inveigled in to taking your wife or sweetheart shopping, Ilkley is a wonderful place to visit. It is safest not to take both! There are numerous essentials but probably one of the perennial favourites is Betty's Café on the Grove. The prices are pretty ambitious but nobody could fault the quality and service. You should also take a walk up to White Wells on the moor edge and view the marvellous Victorian plunge bath in all its gritstone splendour and shiver as you see it being replenished by the icy curative waters of the famous Ilkla' moor. Even sing that famous song but don't forget yer 'at!

A very sound ploy is to point your accomplice towards the many posh frock shops, make your excuses and agree to rendezvous an hour later at a suitable caff. Having cleared the decks you are now free to head towards Mortens, Ilkley's

famous hardware shop which stocks an amazing collection of tools and joiners requisites. Not only is it one of the best stocked shops in the area but it has the most astonishingly helpful staff who have won prestigious awards for their splendid service. The hardware manager is called David a tall, handsome chap with an encyclopaedic knowledge of the labyrinthine contents of this amazing shop. Ask for almost anything and David will produce it from the dark bowels and recesses with a flourish. Then proceed to give you free and very capable advice on how it should fixed/utilised. He also is a very successful bee keeper, but I digress.

One of David's many and very able colleagues is a pleasantly rotund chap with a beaming smile frequently emerging from beneath his very ample beard. I shall call him John for that is his name. Unlike the statuesque David, John's stature is not huge except in the field of wood turning where he excels. John is an old style time served craftsman who is very capable and produces an amazing variety of turned work. He is also a pretty accomplished carver and pyrographer. He is sufficiently senior to remember, as a lad, accompanying his railway "line man" uncle in his daily travels along the now defunct Bolton Abbey to Ilkley railway. They checked the line on the outward journey and craftily set their rabbit snares whilst no one was looking. On the return journey they reaped nature's bounty !

John's home is Addingham where his warm and cosy stone cottage is strategically placed about a spit away from the famous Fleece Inn and what, in its glory days, used to be the British Legion Club. He has excelled in many things over the years, shooting, fishing, fly tying, photography and bird watching to name but a few. But it is woodturning where I believe his heart lies. I was but one of a steady stream of folk seeking help, advice or turned articles from this remarkable chap. At a time when I had difficulty differentiating between bowl and spindle gouges John put me at my ease and generously gave me an extended tour of his amazing workshop. He pointed out the various uses of his huge collection of tools and showed me how to sharpen gouges on his Tormek wet sharpening wheel. He has a substantial bandsaw and has cleverly fabricated a "sledge" so that he can process larger lumps of timber than you might expect. I suspect that if he were to, God forbid, cut through his forearm with this fearsome weapon the logo "Addingham" or more correctly

"Dingham" would be displayed on the cut end along the style of Blackpool rock!

In his younger days John was astute enough to watch and learn from the many "bobbin turners" who still plied their craft in local mills but unlike many of these hard working chaps John has still got a full compliment of fingers. He packed me full of information, loaded me up with free timber and told me to return when I needed further help. What a gent!

And so it came to pass – I returned many times, but on this one particular occasion with an eleven inch wide and six inch deep very thinly turned ash bowl from green stock, but it had a hole in it. I was quite proud of this very small achievement and rather put out about the unsightly shake.

'Not to worry' said John 'you can often turn these things to advantage, leave it with me and I will give you a ring'. I duly got the call about ten days later and could not believe my eyes when I returned. John had drawn an awesome



avenue of trees around the circumference and then skilfully fretted out the outlines. Not satisfied with that he had then gone on to pyrograph a lovely symmetrical fence under the trees and even turn a contrasting pedestal base. What an absolute work of art, and unrecognisable from the humble lump of ash that I had passed to him little more than a week earlier.

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Very nicely done Chris (and John).

All that remains now, is for me to remind you, when in the workshop, of the dangerous consequences of getting out your old (continued p8)