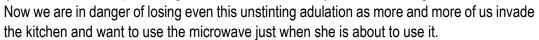
PROFILE OF A TURNER

Ron Limb Founding Member no 7

Hi chaps., I greet all "Lathe Loving Lunies". I am sure our long-suffering wives have names like this for us, perhaps less complimentary. No?? Perhaps it's not the lathes we love but the glorious products of our lathe inspired imaginations – the bowls, the goblets, the lamp holders etc. which decorate our shelves. I might as well confess I have now run out of space. I managed to insinuate a few pieces into the lounge where they have uncertain tenure.

Have you ever wondered why no one else, except adoring wifie seem to sufficiently admire our magnificent creations?





I had better get to my theme suggested, I might say, by our worthy editor Ivor. As I began work in an engineering workshop and had been to the old Perth Tech, I always coveted a lathe of my own. I think it was in the early 20's when Bairds was perhaps the leading hardware shop in Perth. They have some beautiful small metal turning lathes I would have given anything to have, but I left the trade. Many years later I bought a hobby lathe. It had a bed about 20 inches long. I ground up a couple of carpenters chisels and made a couple of poor lampstands. Eventually I gave it to my son-in-law.

After my retirement this wood turning bug began to bite again and I considered a lathe at And's but \$300 seemed a lot to me. Then about three years ago I saw a nice little Taiwanese lathe at Midland Surplus Storers, about \$150 plus tax, so I bought it and just managed to carry it out of the shop, motor and all, together with the basic Marple's chisels. I "cut my teeth"

on it if you don't mind the metaphor. I got two very good books from the Midland Library and my wife bought me a copy of Nish's "Artistic turning" and I was in business. I suppose for the most part it wasn't a bad lathe, except it meant to work off volts and kept burning out condensers.

So, I began to master the craft. I am still learning, unless you are one of those masterly semi-professionals you will know what I mean. I got far enough along the track to realise that the little "pride of my heart" had its limitations and its aggravations. One day with a 10-inch Jarrah disc I wanted to shape up for a bowl, the lathe jumped so much I couldn't keep the chisel on the rest. So, I said "that's it little lathe, you are about to be moved out and I sold it at a slight profit, shopped around and eventually ended up at Tough's. I might say I didn't carry it out in one parcel. I borrowed a trailer, and it took Ivor and three other blokes to load it.

Now this is not a "commercial" otherwise I would go into raptures about this beautiful piece of engineering. I must say it is marvellously versatile and splendidly designed. With it came a wonderful bonus, a highly valued friendship with the leading hand, Ivor Bridges.

This is the wonderful thing about being a wood turner. It introduces you to a circle of maniacs like yourself. You can learn the jargon and be your simple self without being given the "raspberry".

Last October I made a trip to Kukerin and Lake Grace as they were without a Minister. I am a retired Methodist Minister, and I went to help out. After the service at Lake Grace where I used some of my pieces of wood turning as an object lesson for the children a little boy said there is a wood turner around the corner. After lunch he took me to his home. We were like long lost friends. I spent about one and a half hours with him. He showed me his work and I showed him my bits. We were buddies. His work was completely different from mine and mine from his. That is perhaps the best reason for being a "kinky" wood turner.