

I Need To Borrow a Saw

One November, I believe Thanksgiving weekend, a number of years ago, I was working in my tiny basement shop in Michigan, when I heard the doorbell ring. Though I didn't know it at the time, it was my new next door neighbor.

My wife answered the door and shortly walked over to the top of the stairs and yelled down, "THE NEW NEIGHBOR NEXT DOOR WANTS TO KNOW IF HE CAN BORROW A SAW". I was ecstatic. He heard that I was a woodworker. Maybe from another neighbor. I must have had 50 saws hanging on my walls on shaker pegs. I was eager to prove that I had just the right saw for the job ... bow saws, panel saws, cross-cut and rip, dovetail saws, back saws, compass saws, fine tooth and course, even a two man cross-cut. Fifty, count them!

"WHAT KIND OF SAW IS HE LOOKING FOR?" I yelled back up the stairs. After a pause she yelled down, "JUST A PLAIN OLD SAW". I was disappointed. This new neighbor could not possibly be a woodworker. He would have at least specified cross cut or rip.

"WHAT'S HE GONNA USE IT FOR?". I knew we would get this right, yet. I could carefully select just the right saw for the job and explain how just any saw would not do!

A pause, then, "HE WANTS TO CUT OFF THE BOTTOM OF A CHRISTMAS TREE!"

Ah! A pruning saw! I need to pick up one of those for my collection.

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