

April's Gluing Fool: Transcription

April 1, 2025

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Greetings. This is Gary Rogowski for Splinters. Thank you for joining me. Today's chat is one that I think you'll respond to. I want to talk about glue ups and their joys and challenges. They can be stressful events, especially if something goes awry. I have a rule, which I don't always follow, to glue up at the beginning of the day rather than at the end of it, making it the last project of the day.

For if something goes wrong, then I have to think on it. Plus, I'm sharper in the morning, I think, ready to take on the vagaries of glue and clamps, more able to think on my feet. I think there is also some ability earlier in the day to relieve the stress of gluing. My brain is fresher. A former Online Mastery Student, Adam, urged me to describe for everyone how I glue up. He has been around me when I have glued up a piece and I have helped him in an assembly. Why just the other day, he witnessed a particularly difficult glue-up that I pushed through. And from this event, the story emerged. Let me say this about the glue-up experience. If you follow these rules, your glue-up will go more smoothly.

You must first gather all your clamps, collect them, and a few more just in case. Unscrew them. Have them all ready. Set them close by. Get your clamping cauls. Lay them by your clamps. Have a nice stick of wood to spread your glue out with or if you prefer a brush. Have a rag close by dampened just so. If there's glue squeeze out, you can moisten the brow of the piece and remove the excess. Practice the glue up at least once. Twice is better. Practice it. This is a ballet, a pas de trois of you and glue and wood. The clamping pressure coming in just so to pull joints together in an embrace of mortise to tenon, just as we practiced it. Just so, a ballet.

And yet, things can happen even in a well-planned practiced glue-up. The glue is applied, the clamps go on, but the glue somehow has changed everything. I myself mutter a word or two to relieve the stress of this situation. Maybe it sounds something like this.

Half-brained, dirty son of a blowhole, you frog-faced fink. Pathetic excuse for a deranged marble mouthed idiot. You son of a lying rat-faced slob, you miserable piece of meat. Beetle hole cheese. Focaccio! Focaccio! You mold, you piece of fly spit, you fat glob. Lick spittle, dung beetle brother of a goat fart. Pickle brain. Pinhead. Arthritic, syphilitic, brainless lip chewer. You pathetic excuse for a fat gut two-inch fool. You gob swallow. Harebrained scurvy tomcat, smelly skid mark.

Arse licking, simple brained toad. You puke stocking, you garland of nosebleeds, you bag of pus, armpit sniffer, spit slurper, backdoor stench, outhouse fly, sextupled deformity, you smirched flabby pustule of yellow gangrened earwax. Foul breathed, night farting snorebox. Miserable bowel plug. Sniveling, smiling, elevator farter. Stinky wrench. Lying scumbag weasel faced nose hole digger.

That is what I think of you now.

And there I'm done with my glue-up. See how simple it can be? One must simply be prepared. All that practice surely has paid off. Remember to apologize to all those who might be helping you or who stumble in by mistake on the day when you lose your mind. There are two truths about woodworking I

use so often. Perhaps there should be a third truth, carved into stone somewhere so that all who enter a wood shop will know that in the midst of a glue up, you are not a normal person. You've assumed the guise of a spurned monster or a shrieking cuckold or an insane inmate. You're not a normal person.

To wit, glue changes everything. Have a pleasant day. Remember to clean and put away your tools when you're done. Enjoy April. Yours truly, your fool.