



The old plane got up early in the morning. He went to work and started to shave, shave and smooth the wood.

He stopped and scolded himself, "you are an old worn out shoe and can't take thin shavings. You might as well be scratching a tree!"

He thought about his past years of work, "there was a time when the shavings twirled and twirled and wrapped around me, again and again. You were a good plane and worked how many boards? But this old plane is now of little use. It's time to rest on the shelf."

The other tools heard the old plane talking to himself and were upset.

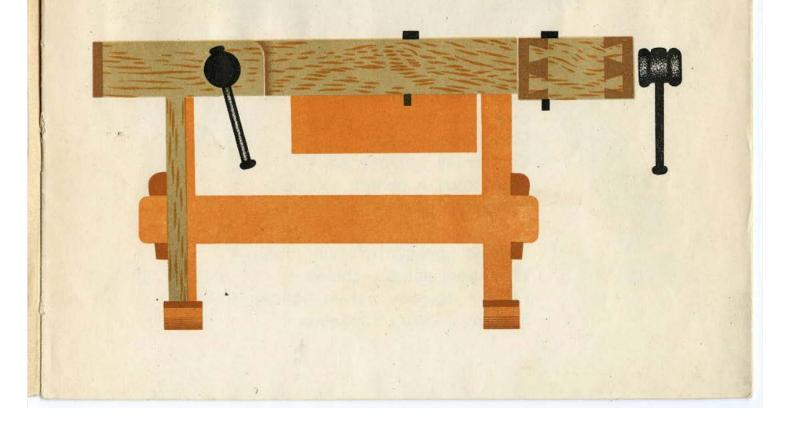
The chisel pounded, "Uncle what are you talking about?"

The mallet rattled, "what will we do without a plane?"

The brace creaked, "everything will go the other way around!"

The fillister whistled, "without a plane we are lost!"

Old grandfather workbench grunted, "we're done!"



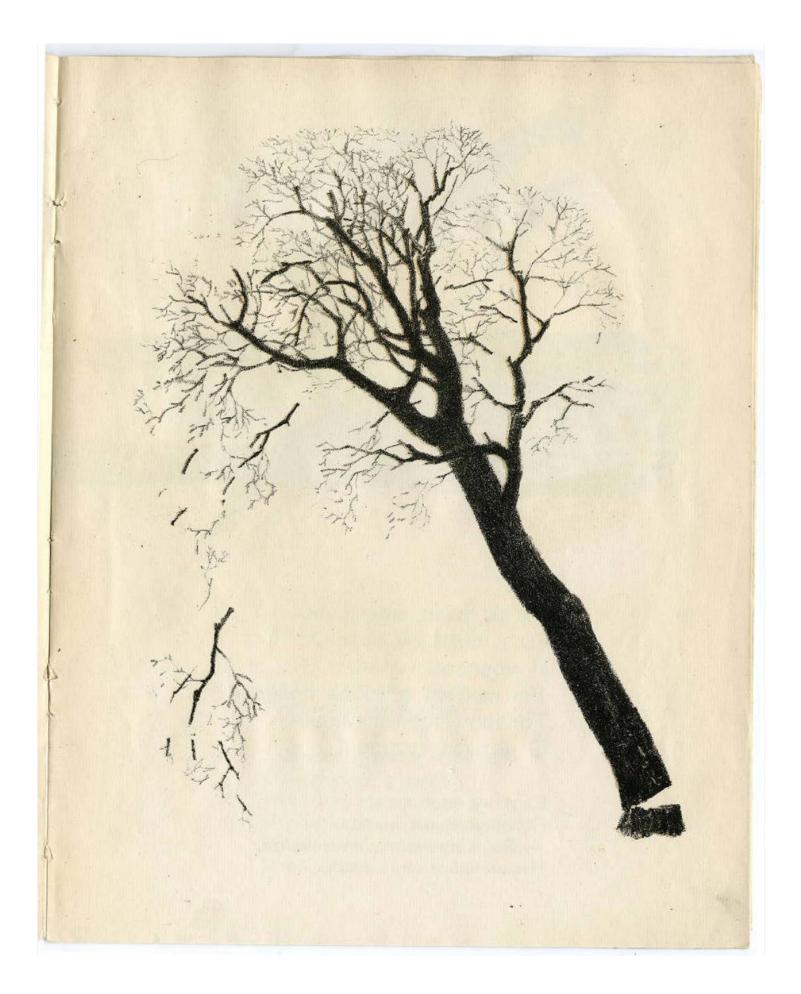
The old plane replied to the other tools, "brothers, why are you upsetting yourselves? I spent a hundred years in the workshop and it is time for me to rest. But the workshop needs a handplane, and I will help you find my replacement."

The old plane called to sister saw, "would you go to the forest today? Look in the clearing for good trees to make handplanes."

> "Okay," squealed the saw as she twisted and left for the forest.

The saw called from the forest clearing, "they are cutting down an old maple tree!"

In the clearing a crosscut saw cut through the tree trunk. Bark and yellow sawdust flew through the air. With a great creak the tree went down, down and sank into the deep snow.



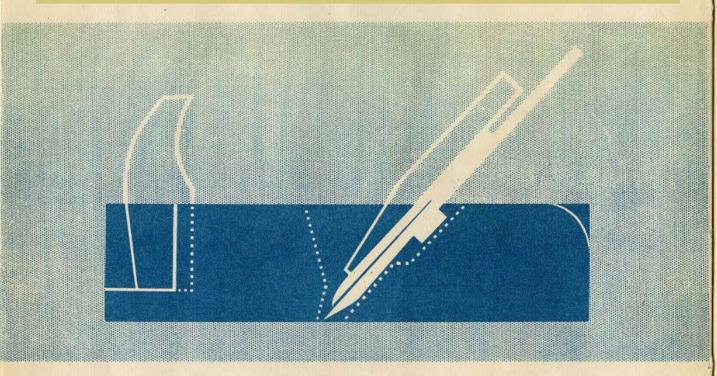
"Oh, maple tree! You have weathered the hot sun and freezing cold. We will get along with you!" said the axe and frame saw.

The axe trimmed off the bark and then squared up the tree trunk. The big frame saw cut the long timber into smaller pieces. The pieces were put on a sleigh and taken to the old plane.

"Good!" said the old plane. "Cut some blanks for me."

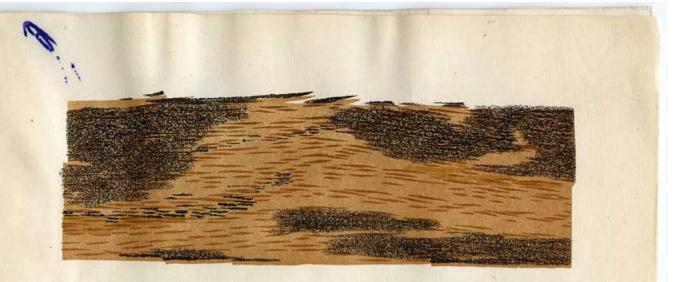
The saw cut the large pieces of wood into small blanks for the old plane. The old plane sorted through the wood blanks saying, "I'll look for my grandson myself. The wood should not be too dry, no knots or other problems so he will be a good and useful plane." "This is a nice blank," said the old plane. "Here's the sole, here's the toe. At the front we'll insert the horn. In the middle is where the iron and wedge will go. And, we will round-off the back."

The old plane could see how this blank would make a nice new handplane.

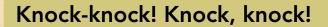


"Well, grandson off to the workbench with you!"

As he turned the wooden blank from one side to the other, the old plane began to plan how to shape one edge and then the other.



"How rough and dirty you are! From one end to the other I will clean you up. You will soon be clean and smooth as glass.



"Don't be afraid my dear grandson," said the old plane. "The mallet hits the chisel and digs a hole for the iron. Stay still and let us finish this work. You are a well-made block. Not yet a plane, but soon you will be. And you look like your grandfather!"

"Look at my grandson!" said the old plane. "Only my grandson doesn't have a tooth."

"Come on, come on, hammer and tap me on the heel. Loosen my cheeks and knock out my iron fang and maple tongue," said the old plane.

"You did it!" said the old plane. "Now my grandson will be toothy!" "Come on, grandson," said the old plane, "get to work!"

"Work the beech board to a glossy shine. Take a shaving then back up."

Thin shavings flew and curled around and around the new plane, the old handplane's grandson.

