

The Chainsaw Course – September 2006

After a week of dreading that the weather was going to resemble snow blizzards, a lovely sunny weekend had finally arrived, and so did we to learn chainsaws, their maintenance, what to put in them where and how to use them.



But the course was everything and then some. After sitting in a nice warm classroom cum backyard shed trying to read the lecture board, set up to catch every beam of sun glare from every possible angle Perspex roof included, to coming out after a three hour roasting (and not by the lecturer) to be faced with a row of bright orange crouching animals

ready to attack. Other people called them chainsaws.

We saw right through them, with the help of a screwdriver or two, and after a temporary return to playschool trying to find appropriate sized chaps from a pile, out to the bottom of the farm to physically follow instructor Steve's commands. The only experience I had of chainsaws was hearing the abuse from someone trying to start one or how much I had to pay for the quote to get it fixed, so this was a whole new world to me.



We came, we saw, we swagged and we got drenched. Saturday was a bright warm sunny day; perfect for an inside lecture, then the practical work on Sunday and rain just kept pelting down. My ever faithful drizabone sat nice and dry in the back seat, you can wear it on a horse in a flashflood but not while using a chainsaw as I found out. It might have

got a little chilly doing the written exam while waiting for a let-up in the rain, luckily we were in our classroom shed so it didn't matter where the water that dripped off us ran, but Lorraine with her 20 litres of hot, reviving and delicious soup could be classified a godsend.

The Chainsaw Course – September 2006

A final cutting into firewood of the two trees we were training on, though I still can't understand why with seven chainsaws in action when I was having a cut it was rather very quiet and all the blokes were standing well back. But I'm sure the seven in our class, ranging from the old boys who grew up with chainsaws to the other end – me - everyone learnt more than a lot. The instructors indeed succeeded in what they set out to do.

