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-RAKO STUDIOS-

## Leave Cali day 6 continued

I throw out 30 years of EDN magazine, nobody wanted to scan them, and I tidy the house a bit.



Above is the dumpster at the Sunnyvale Municipal Dump full of the 30 year's worth of EDN magazine, the electronic trade paper I learned from and where I later worked from 2006 to 2012. It was a real pain, but I just could not justify moving them from California to Florida at a dollar a pound. The issues went from 1974 to 2004. I got them when National Semiconductor closed down its library.

Alan Martin, engineer extraordinaire saved them from the dumpster. I loved to have them since I was working at EDN as an editor, i.e. technical writer. Many times readers wanted an old article and I was able to look it up, scan it, and send it to them. I don't own the copyright, so I could not legally put them online. I contacted EDN management, and they had zero interest in having them scanned.



Here are the boxes full of magazines on the way to the dump. I figured to start the move clearing out my bedroom bookshelves.



I took a lot of pictures, to highlight the tragedy of a publishing industry that does not value content. It would have been \$1500 to scan.



I could have turned right to 1DollarScan, or left to the dump. The dump won out.



1DollarScan would have given me 600DPI scans and searchable pdf files for every issue.



I took pictures as I emptied the boxes.



EDN sales guys spent more on lunches.



Oh the humanity! I could not see spending my own money for something I could not legally use. A writer, I feel I have to respect copyright.



EDN was owed by several different companies recently. The current management might have known to scan these issues and post them.



Box after box went into the dumpster.



Martin Rowe managed to save the hard-bound issues back to 1956 by donating to Harvard.



The issues from the 1980s were 400 pages. Now EDN is just barely a pamphlet.



But that still does not get them online. Tragic.



This is the 1974 van I lived in for 27 years. My first house was 2008, before that, I had a shop.



After tossing the envelopes, I needed some to mail checks. Typical, once gone, you need it.



I found these solid car ramps in one of the dumpsters, and snuck them into the van. I later sold them at the flea market for \$25..



I dig into the desk drawer for stuff to toss out.



Back at the homestead, I toss this desk.



I get a nice pile going. One catharsis of moving is it forces you to discard all that stuff you haven't even seen for a year, much less used.



I found three different name tags from various cubicle jobs I had.



There used to be a desk here. I found I could put steel items on the curb and they disappear.



There must be some significance one was plain, one was Velcro, and one had pins to mount it.



The secretarial desk came from a used office store circa 1982.. It gets tossed later.



The wastebasket welcomes them all. Moving is fractal, from big to little, you look at it all.



I used this desk for a another 6 months, as I continued to sell and toss stuff.



Here is the desk where I can watch TV, it is set up to scan stuff I don't want to move to Florida.



At this point it holds two printers and scanner. I gave both printers away, but kept the scanner.

Once this house I bought in March 2008 came above water in 2014, I felt it was time to leave Silicon Valley and move into the house I owned free-and-clear in Florida. I had inherited half the house from my mom in 2006, and bought my brother's half out in 2009.

Silicon Valley was becoming unbearably stressful to me. I had gotten obese, and my heath will soon start to suffer. In addition to being able to leave a \$2700/mo mortgage behind, I have enough gains in my QQQ and BRK-B stock so I could take a break, at least for a year or two, before starting to freelance.