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Leave Cali day 9

A lot of paper hits the dump, and I get rid of a nice parts washer too big to move to Florida.



Hitting my stride, I started to do something to contribute to the move to Florida nearly every day. If I was not tossing stuff, I was going to flea markets or listing things on eBay. Not only did this give much less to move, it brought some income. The parts washer above was given to me by Bob the Grinder who worked across from my shop in Sunnyvale. It had a slow leak and they didn't want to fix it. I could have wheeled it 10 feet to the curb, and it would have disappeared by morning. Metal scavengers would prowl the street every morning. Instead, my buddy Dave Mathis (RIP) took it off my hands. He had a heck of a time fixing the leak, but he did get it done.

Meanwhile, I tossed a lot of paper into the trash, and started to make a real dent.



As I scanned documents, I would toss them into these boxes. Some stuff I had computer files on and those could go right in the trash.



Schematics and other stuff that had red-line markups got scanned, but probably not needed.



The empty folders were ready to dump.



I added some clothes to the pile. I learned to look at everything in order to toss it out.



Here is that parts washer. It was pro stuff.



The pump worked and so did the heater. The problem was a slow leak, that required my buddy to dismantle the thing in order to fix.



The drain pan hooked onto the side, but stowed away to make things more compact.



The "Made in USA" was a nice touch.



The wheels were a little torn up, but the thing rolled fine, though I never tried it full of fluid. It's easy to bolt on some new casters.



The garbage gets filled with notebooks.



Then in goes a lot of paper. My trash was full every week until the house sold.



I had to repair this Teac 1440 4-track so I could play recording into my computer. I gave the tape player to my buddy Steve Williams.