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Tuesday, May 6, 2014

← *RAKO STUDIOS* →

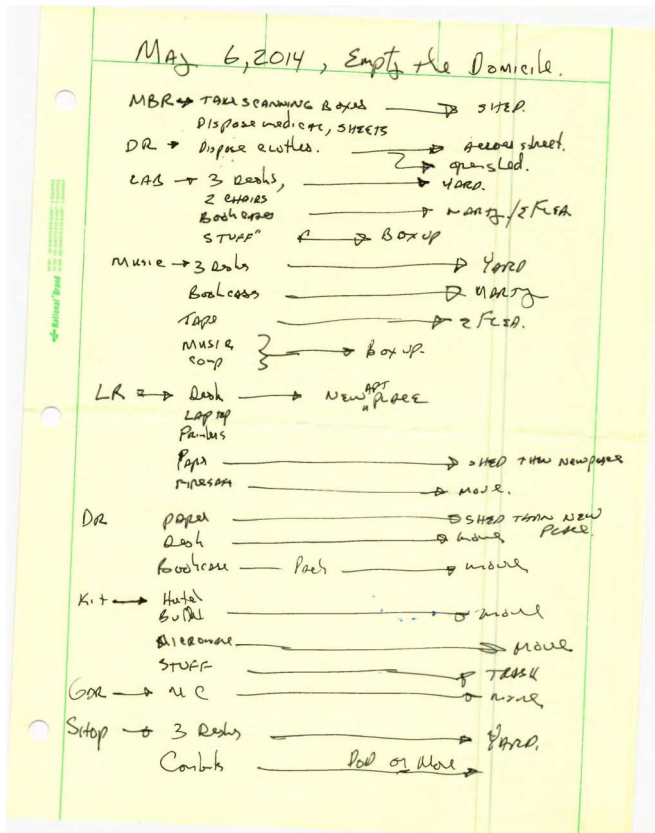
Leave Cali day 22

I toss a steel desk and plan for the move to Florida. I continue scanning documents nightly.

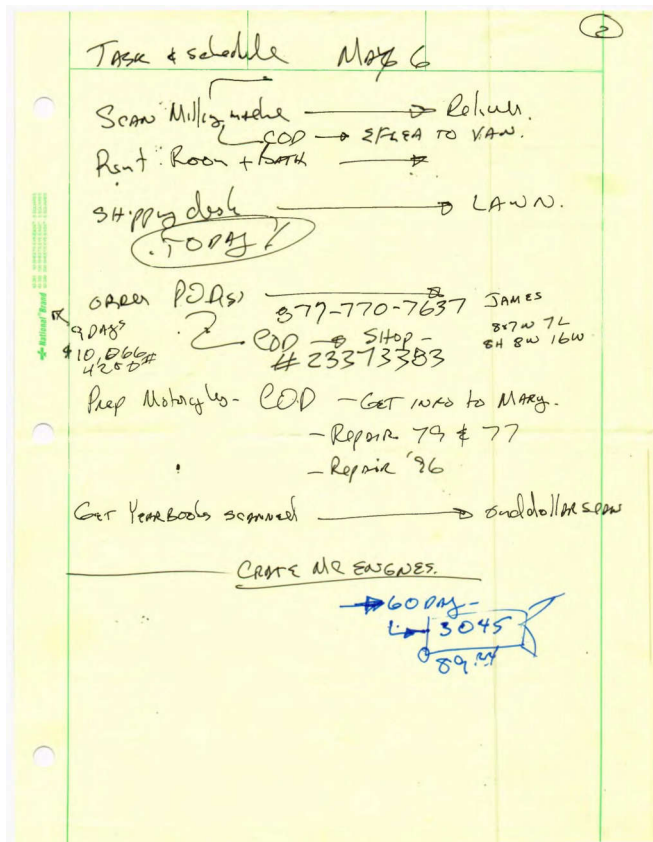


I got this steel desk at the Repo Depot, a used office furniture store in Mountain View back in the 1980s. It is really well built, like all those old 1950s desks. I still have four other desks, of similar design. Those desks have four separate legs, whereas this one has those elongated pontoons. I welded casters to the pontoons, but one of them bent severely over the years. This was a desk I could live without.

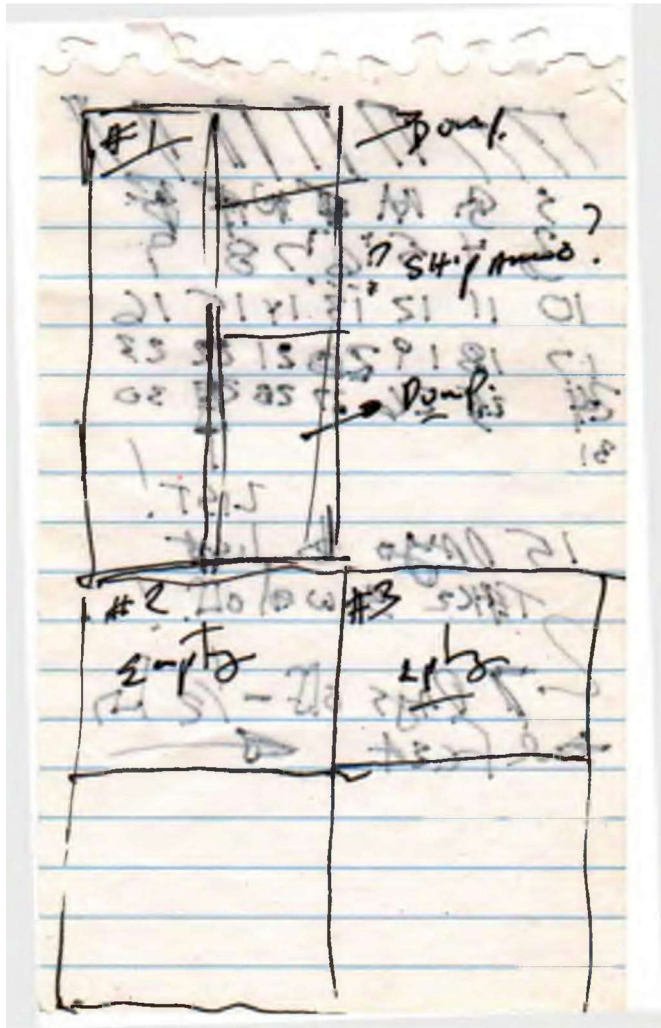
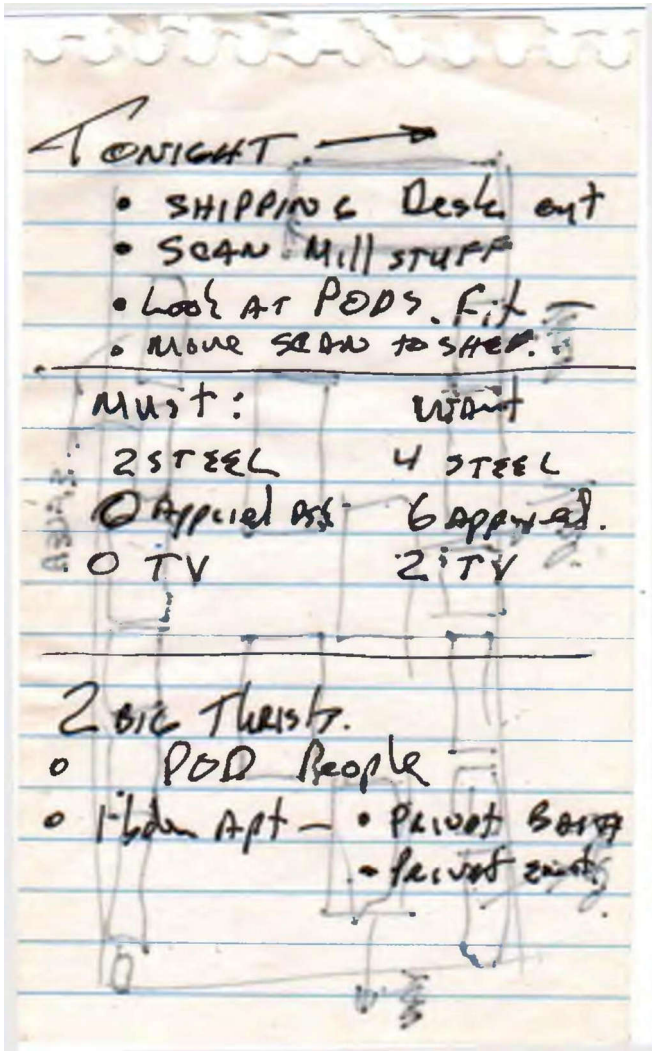
Fortunately, in Sunnyvale in 2014, you could put **anything** made of metal on you front curb, and the next morning it would be gone. Apparently the value of scrap steel had exceeded the gasoline cost for all those mini-pickups roaming the streets in the early mornings. I wandered if the metal people were disappointed when they saw my house listed for sale. No more metal treasures.



I called the Sunnyvale house *The Domicile of the Future*. It was a step up from living in a van inside a tilt-up industrial building. I did that for 27 years, before buying this house, at the worst time, 2008. The shop landlord learned I was living there and would not renew the lease. So here I am planning what has to happen to keep the move to Florida going. MBR is master bedroom, and boxes of scanning are going to the shed. The dressing room gets clothes donated. The lab gets three desks put on the curb, bookshelves given to [Marty McGrath](#). The music room has three desks going to the curb, some stuff going to [the eFlea](#), and some getting boxed up. The living room has a desk going to the apartment I rented for six months. The dining room has paper going to the shed for scanning at the apartment and desks and a bookcase to move to Florida. The kitchen has stuff to move and stuff to trash. The garage has motorcycles to move. The shop area has desks to the curb and "contents" to put in a pod or move. I decided against using pods to move.



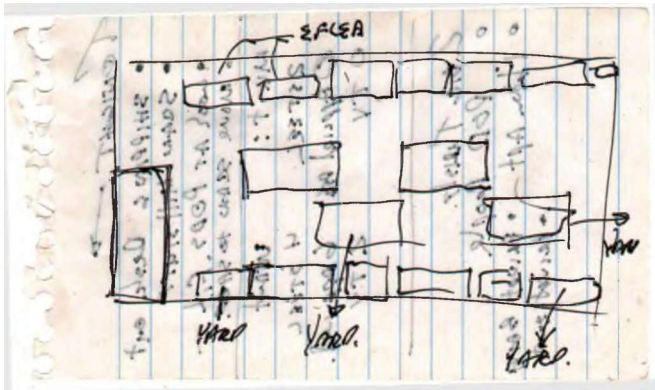
Here I noted to scan the [milling machine project](#) files and deliver the hardware to the guy that bought the stuff at [the eFlea](#) via the COD (*chain of dependencies*) to get it to the eFlea and van. I noted I had to rent a room with a bathroom. I put the shipping desk I used to pack eBay auction sales on the front lawn, as the pictures below will show. I was going to order PODS to move with. After a friend noted they can't put the pods near the curb, I decided against it. They had this goofy delivery trailer that needed a couple of feet on either side to load and unload the pod. I had to prep the motorcycles for shipping, with a note to call the great Mary Wilker at Allied Van Lines. I also had to repair two motorcycles prior to shipping them to Florida, the 1979 and 1977 models. The 1996 Sportster broke and needed some shifter parts. That one I gave away to a biker buddy after fixing it. I tagged my college yearbooks for scanning at [1DollarScan](#). I also had to crate a couple of extra motorcycle engines..



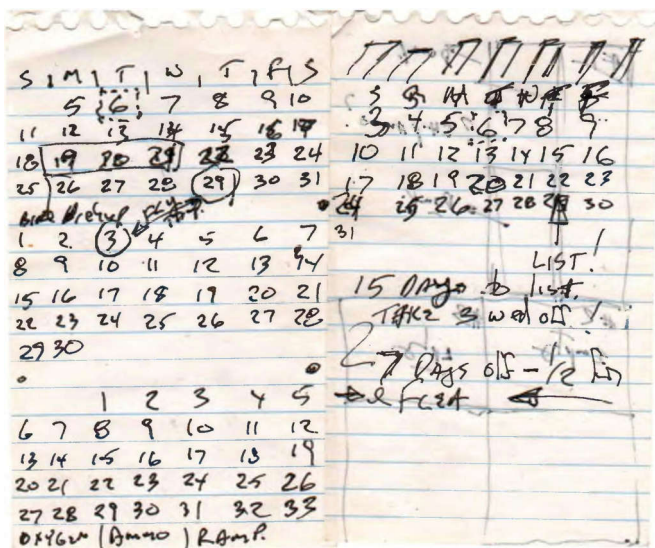
I carried a little notebook in my breast pocket. I would use it at work to remind myself of things that I needed to do to support the move to Florida. This is the precursor document to the previous ones, those I probably wrote up at lunch. This one reminds me that I have to drag the shipping desk out to the curb. It points out I should scan the milling machine project books using the two printers and flatbed scanner I have set up in the living room. It reminds me to check out the PODS moving people, and to move some future scanning documents to [the shed I just cleared out](#). It tries to quantify what desks and TVs I need vs what I want. The two big thrusts are checking out the PODS movers, and finding an apartment I can rent for the last six months in California, after I sell the house.

I think this sheet is trying to figure out how many PODS I would need to do the move. It did seem like an analog solution. I could order a POD, fill it up, then send it to the local warehouse. I could do this for however long it took to fill all the PODS. Then I could store the house contents locally until December, when I was to quit my job and go to Florida, or I could send it right away.

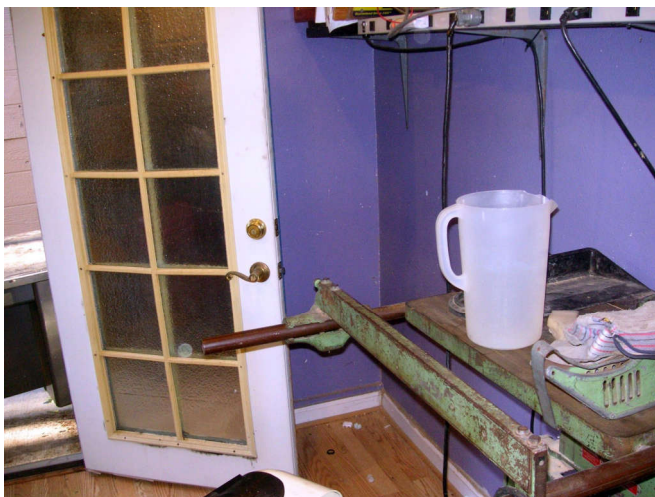
It turned out the PODs were not practical since they don't fit well up against a curb. The plan changed to just hiring a mover. It all went to plan. I had the movers empty the house in early July, then flew to Florida a few days later to wait for the truck, and also the car and motorcycles I had shipped. I wished the small movers could be more specific about dates.



Here is a plan for the shop area, with a lot of the desks going to the yard. Instead, I kept four.



I started to plan things day-by-day. I have to list the house in 15 more days, though that did not happen. The house did sell in September.



Here is where that steel desk used to be.



The steel desk going out the back door.



Here is the caster I welded on, bent to heck from years of abuse.



The desk and an office chair sitting on the curb. It was gone the next morning. I love those Silicon Valley metal scavengers.



The Israeli gas mask made the move. The metal-flake paint additives did not.



I took this picture to remind myself of the stain I used on the the walnut bookshelves. I had ordered the walnut and cut it to size. I had stained and urethaned the smaller ones, but I still had four large shelves to do. I still have to do it, even though it's years later.

I got eight modern office desks when I worked at Applied Materials when they were selling off salvage furniture. I think they were 25 bucks a piece. All of those got put on the curb. This one 1950s desk got trashed, the other four I kept. The fancy secretarial desk I sold on Craigslist. I should have sold the other desks, but time was getting tight, I wanted to move the stuff out in a month, and get to an apartment.