

Turpitude

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There is nothing like a girl.

I have spent quite a little of my spare time flitting through images on eBay, photographs from the past. With a quick click I can capture that image ~ and that's what I have done a thousand times. I am surprised at how well the scans reproduce, although, of course, it depends a lot on how the scan was made. For just a small sum I can have an actual photograph ~ and for no cost at all, I can have the scan.

I am interested in many facets of these photographs. The clothes they're wearing are intriguing; the fact that, clothes and age aside, they look like contemporaries never ceases to amaze me. And I must admit, too, that I collect nudes. Somehow those old French Postcards of the turn of the century are more quaint than prurient. Granted that there are

some quite off-color ones that appear in collections I have bought, I am quick to delete them.

Ahem, you ask what do I mean by collections. Well, folks, I was cutting and pasting images from eBay one at a time when I stumbled on "33,000 Vintage Nudes CD." What a concept. I bought one for only \$9.95. I still haven't looked through the whole thing. I have deleted about ten per cent. as being in bad taste.

In fact, I bought several of these collections, spent quite a bit of time weeding them of noxious photographs, and now market my own DVD of "66,000 Vintage Girls in Good Taste!" Not all my girls are nudes, but they make up the bulk of the DVD. I have sold one to date.

You will be seeing some of my new collection of images. They are perfect for a fanzine. Oh, I don't

just mean the nudes. I also collect, take a deep breath now, Russo-Japanese War, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Panama-California International Exposition, World War One Patriotics, Japan, Manchuria/Manchouko, Stamps (Pictures of) on postcards, Lewis & Clark Exposition, small towns in Latin America, Haiti, Dominican Republic ~ and that's just to name a few!

You know me, never one to go into something halfway. Sigh.

I began collecting postcards when I was in sixth grade. I discovered them on their racks in little grocery stores we'd stop at on a trip. I numbered and dated them (on the back, in pencil) and put them in acquisition order in a shoebox just the right size. I still have that shoebox full of postcards, and it is more fun today than ever! As a child, I liked the main street shots and now I am grateful as those are the cards I still like (also the ones that are the most expensive to buy today).

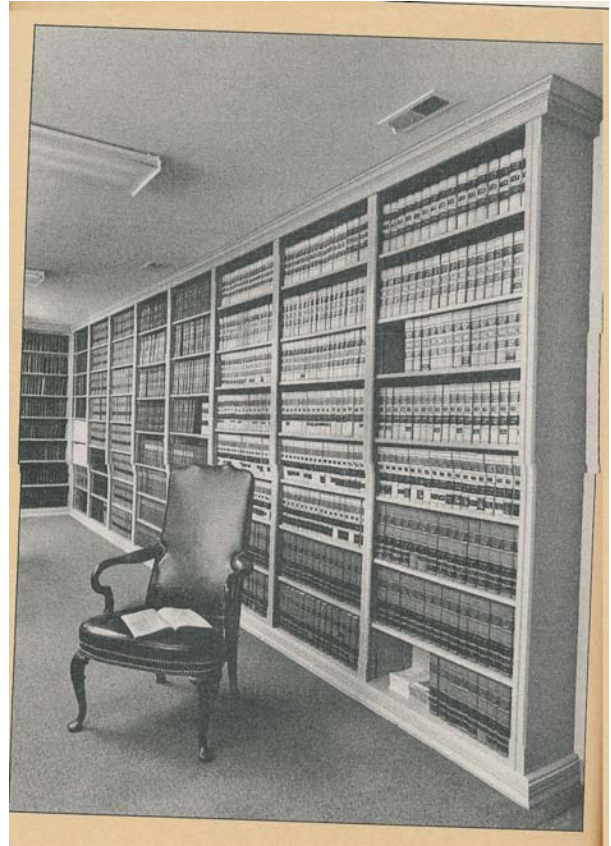


Actually, the postcard pictured above is of my home town, Pittsburg, California, but I had to use a copied scan from eBay since my stuff is still boxed up and in the garage from the remodelling project.

You wonder how it could still be relegated to the garage six months after the project began. I'll tell you. The remodelling is done ~ oh, except for a light fixture or two and painting the doors and some of the trim. Things in the garage do not seem to be coming down into the basement. I find that I really enjoy having an uncluttered nest. I will only be able to bring back approximately ten per cent. of the stuff I took out and still keep it looking nice. What a drag. Lots of stuff to winnow and sell on

eBay! I have started; sold a few radios. The bulk of the stuff is in boxes and there is no place to put it for sorting, grading, and decisions on disposal. What to do? What to do?

The first thing to do is to build bookcases. This will be the first time -- EVER -- that I have real bookshelves for my books. I am pretty excited at the prospect. And once I have a place to put a lot of books, boxes will disappear from the garage, progress will be made, and Sue will be happy! All those things from just a few boards, wow!



This is what the book says they will look like. I am hoping that I can do a workmanlike job of it. You know me, I am timid about trying anything new. I have grokked the fullness of woodworking, but I have not done much of it. I even bought a complete set of *Fine Woodworking Magazine*.

My dad left me a Shopsmith and quite a few other tools when he died, so I've got the stuff to be a success. I also am excited about woodworking as a substitute for all the time I squander on eBay spending money. It will also keep me closer to dad, for every time I turn on the table saw, I can feel him over my shoulder saying, Do it right the first time!



Stamp Collecting Lives!

Portland, Oregon, may seem like an unlikely place for a world class stamp exhibit and show, but that's what happened in August. Three weeks ago the American Philatelic Society's StampShow was held there. This is the United States' premier event, drawing attendees from all over the world.

As you know, I am an obsessive/compulsive stamp collector, so I made arrangements with my daughter and her family to spend the four nights with them in Portland and to spend four glorious days surrounded by stamp collectors! In the Real World, philatelists are few and far between. Salem, the state capital, is lucky to have ninety in its three hundred thousand population. The APS show drew over two thousand. What fun it was.

Every stamp show is divided into three parts: an exhibit, seminars, and a bourse. There was a huge exhibit hall to display world class entries. We're talking near-perfect exhibits, fine tuned in lesser shows; it made my socks go up and down. The seminars were stacked four to six deep, so there was always something going on that I wanted to see, from Judging Techniques to The Classic Stamps of Portugal. The bourse is a collection of dealers from all over the world who bring their very best stock; it was a time to see and handle the rarest of the rare. In fact, the ONLY block of four of the famous inverted Jenny was there on display. I spent most of my time in seminars, primarily judging and exhibiting classes. These three things made up a show I will never forget!

Back when I had my print shop, I printed *Portu-Info* for the International Society of Portuguese Philatelists. The cream of that society was at the show; it

was pleasant to re-new acquaintance with people I had not previously seen in person. I hung around long enough to get an invitation to join them for dinner. They chose a restaurant near the convention center where the least expensive dinner was \$22. Some of you may recall my niggardly habits when attending science fiction conventions; what a change! And what a dinner! The conversation was erudite and there was plenty of it. I embarrassed myself a couple of times by joining in, so I soon just settled back with a beer and enjoyed the swirling words. This was, of course, the high spot of the convention.

I went to the Local Post Collectors' Society and ACE Cover Club meeting. It was poorly attended and the people there were on the "geeky" side, but very nice. I enjoyed chatting with them for an hour. I may even join ACE. It turns out that they have a special category of membership for Local Posters. I've done a few stamps recently and find my interest piqued with Suzie's acquisition of a superb printer.



John Bullis came by for a quick visit. I tried to lure him back to SLANapa, but could not. He and Lettie are doing well. She is retired now and he is preparing for it. I hope to see more of him in that Great Come and Get It Day when he is no longer shackled to a high school.

John is busy selling 50,000 movie posters on ebay; he made a "great buy" on them and is now trying to recoup some of his investment ~ and get rid of some of the stills. Good old John; my hero.



Walt Kelly Lives!

In my heart, certainly, if not in this world. I have been working on getting complete collections of Kelly for each of my children. I am doing pretty well, having found all the common stuff and given that to them. I'm talking just books, now, as there are some Wade figurines that are priced somewhere in the stratosphere. *Pogo Puce Stamp Book* is about the scarcest. I just got one of those for my collection. Now I just need three more! Bear with me on my illustrations; I am still learning what will print well and what won't.



Panama-Pacific International Exposition

The PPIE has fascinated me for years. It took place in San Francisco in 1915, to celebrate

the opening of the Panama Canal. I picked up a few items as a child, but just started seriously acquiring memorabilia lately. The above photo is of the admittance pass for the last day of the fair. There is a similar one for the first day, but I haven't found that in my price range so far. I mostly collect postcards from the fair. There was a post office on the grounds and it is really "special" to find a card that was actually sent and postmarked there. I only have one so far. I love the architecture from the fair and the whole expression of American pride and optimism that the fair exhibits. Those were great days.



I almost couldn't help also collecting stuff from the Panama-California Exposition. Most dealers can't tell the difference and frequently describe it incorrectly. San Diego was a sleepy little town in 1915; why they decided to run a fair in competition with San Francisco, I don't know. San Diego was the first American port of call for ships passing through the Canal.

Recently, Sue and I went to Phoenix for Matthew's second MBA graduation, from the prestigious Thunderbird University. Then we rode with Matthew back to San Diego to help Rebecca move into her new digs.

The Kids showed us a real fine time. Part of the entertainment was to go to the Dead Sea Scrolls exhibit in Balboa Park. I was shocked to learn that Balboa Park was the site of the PCIE! While San Francisco only has the Palace of Fine Arts left from PPIE, San Diego has many buildings left over ~ and they are spectacular! I was entranced, completely captivated. Frankly, the Dead Sea Scrolls took a back seat to the building they were in.



MATTHEW, JUAN, AND SUE

The interesting thing I came away with from the Scrolls exhibit was how tiny the fragments are and how small the writing is. I had hoped for some partial translations and/or comments about the Book of Judas. There was nothing like that. In fact, it concentrated on the nearby city of Cumran far more than on the Scrolls.

And that's about it

Not much going on in Stayton these days. There has been a tempest in a teapot in the local amateur radio club, causing the president to resign and quit the club. I hate this kind of thing, but guess it happens everywhere and all the time. I am trying to get the local telephone company to let me have their empty, used billing envelopes for the "Stamps for the Wounded" program through the Lions Clubs; they used to do this for me, but since 9-11 they are concerned with me getting the return addresses. They are considering. Oregon has a new medal available to Oregonians who have served in the military; nice looking medal, but I think it is a money-making scam like return address labels.

Best Wishes to you all!



This is me on Field Day, 2007



I collect WWI postcards, too. This one shows Germany in 1914, with enemies on all sides.

