

# Turpitude

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It has been a busy month around the Horvat Household. We finished painting the house and I made some great experiences happen on the world of daily living.

As you may recall, once we were into the house painting project, we discovered that we needed new siding. Then once the siding was off, might as well add insulation to this 1936 vintage home. That stuff was all done by the last issue of *Turpitude*. In the past month, we got the new Hardi-Plank put on and the painting done.

Hardi-Plank is concrete, poured into molds to resemble wood pattern. It is Invincible; it will last, if not forever, at least to the end of my life. Painting it took quite a bit of work. I borrowed a set of scaffolding from a friend in Washington; this made it a lot easier on the peaks of the house. Fortunately, the fellow helping us paint was used to scaffolding; he was up on it like an old time painter. Me, I'd have agonized over each setup. Him, he just threw it together without using all the cross-members. Made me nervous, but it seemed to work out all right. And now I have the scaffolding to assist me in putting up my radio antenna.



Something else you may also recall, is that I have made a real effort to invite new experiences into my life; grabbing things that I want to do that will “spruce up” my days and make Now as interesting as Then. Well, this month was full of such things.

Three weeks ago I was chatting with Larry Paschelke, a friend from Portland. He mentioned that he and Richard Dix were going up to the Seattle Book Fair. I promptly invited myself along. Larry and Richard did a little cogitating on the notion, then said that I would

be welcome to join them. No one mentioned how we would arrange the sleeping at their usual Motel Six. That was left to chance or at least to later decisions. The journey started early; I met them at



Richard's house in Beaverton at 9 am. We packed into Richard's car (mostly empty boxes we hoped to fill with Great Books) and off we went. Two hours later we stopped for breakfast (lunch for me) and had a good time exchanging collector "news" and getting caught up on what one

another was doing. Once in the Seattle area, we went to the Motel Six where they had reservations. I planned on sleeping on the floor of their room at no charge, but Richard is too old fashioned for that ~ he wanted me to go in with him to check in and see if I needed another room. I went in with him, walked in first, and when the young lady asked could she help us, I said, A room for three with two double beds. Shucks, every motel has that, so before Richard could say anything, I was sharing a room with them. Richard lost the draw, too, and had to share a bed with me and my C-PAP machine. It worked out fine.

The trip up to Seattle was highlighted by stops at all the used book stores enroute. Got to see Dave Killian at Tacoma Book Center, as well as lots of "Half-Price Book Stores". We had dinner at a lovely Thai restaurant, then tired trekkers that we were, off we went to bed.

Saturday morning was get up quickly and wolf down a breakfast at their favorite pancake house and off to the Seattle Center for the book show. The reason that the photo above is there is that the show was nestled right at the base of the Space Needle. Larry and Richard know lots of folks at the book fair, from participating for many years. I got to meet many nice people, a joy for the trip.

Once in the book fair, WOW. Fine bindings, limited editions, rare books of all sorts presented themselves. I have to admit that my feet were pretty tired, far sooner than my eyes were. Six hours of looking was exhausting. I got to hold a book that retailed for \$30,000 and got to look at a \$150,000 book. What marvelled me the most was the plethora of fine bind-

ings. One just doesn't see that sort of stuff in bookstores any more. Sigh, it was wonderful. I bought one two volume set of Elizabeth Bird's Travels in Japan, and a small book about the Panama California Exposition and my budget was exhausted.

I had a lovely time and would go again if they asked me.

My second adventure was the following weekend, the Greater Portland Postcard and Paper Show. A friend met me at the Union Station ~ he rode in from Pasco on the Empire Builder Amtrak. I picked him up and we went to the postcard show. We spent about four hours there, then back to my car for his return trip. When he told me some weeks ago that he would be coming in on the train, I thought, What an adventure! I bought tickets to ride back with him to Pasco, spend a day visiting, then the Empire Builder back to



Portland. It worked out perfectly. I parked my car by my daughter's house. Jerry and I caught the bus down to the train station, and with no trouble whatsoever, we were soon sitting in the observation car, sodapop in hand, and chatting away. It was wonderful watching the scenery of the Columbia River Gorge for the two hours of daylight ~ then it was almost as exciting watching the night lights flicker past. We stayed in that observation car the whole four and a half hours of the train ride! It was good to get caught up on the news of a friend, and swell to have a chance to talk about my own adventures.

The day at Jerry's passed quickly. The train trip back to Portland was pleasant and quiet (it left at 5 am). This was an adventure I will remember for a long time.

The weekend following this was to have been a third adventure with a Ham Radio swap meet, but my leg had been spasming so badly I couldn't walk, so had to forgo this. Ah, well. Still can barely walk.