Where did King Kong go?



Don't know how many times I've been down the road shown above, but it's a lot. Started back in the early 70s, and the road was memorable because someone had painted gigantic footprints on alternating sides. If I recall correctly, they weren't there at the beginning (of my riding that road), but appeared shortly after.

They remained in place for years. Must have been a very well-built road, to not need resurfacing (which would have eliminated the painted feet) for so long. They were there long enough to register with me in a very permanent way, so permanent that 50 years after I first came across them, I still look for them, I still imagine that I'm seeing some remnant of the huge white painted feet.

I've searched the 'net for pictures of those feet, or a story referencing them, but nothing. It was 50 years ago. It probably did appear as a story in the Palo Alto Times (back when newspapers were a big thing), but it doesn't appear easy to access archived records on-line.

It's funny, the nature of things you never forget, and imagine them today just as they were then. And interesting that something of such apparent important to me, didn't leave much of a mark on anybody else, at least not enough to reference it on-line.

Today's ride... not much. Kevin was having issues that you'd associate with a bad cold so anything long and challenging was out of the question. It was surprising even to get him on the bike in the first place! Wouldn't have been a good thing having to descend any big hills anyway, as my rear wheel needs some work and doesn't coast well right now. So an easy and very very slow ride to Los Altos, stopping at Peet's for the usual before heading back.

And funny thing about the way back. In a pretty short period of time, shortly after leaving Peet's, the ride went from "ugh" (and an implied, "Why am I riding at all if I feel this bad?") to really feeling good about being out on a bike. For Kevin, it is frustrating how often this happens. And he hates it.