



# In Search of Eldorado

Link to the Eldorado Song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VczD1olutQ8>



Day 47  
Tuesday,  
February 18th

Surf City  
To  
El Segundo

Weather  
50's to 60's Sunny

## Hello to Family & Friends

Other than the lawn mower at 6:45, the night wasn't too bad.

I spent a good amount of time trying to find and purchase a Groupon for the Catalina Ferry, planning what to do next, and checking on the LA GoCard, like the one I had in San Diego.

I bypassed the International Surfing Museum since I did the one in Oceanside, and I didn't bother to bike the beaches. That took me up the PCH through Naples, just an island with Italian street names and mostly residential, through Belmont shores, nothing of note to see there, I bypassed the Shoreline village, I didn't feel like shopping.

As I drove into Seal Beach I saw a sign that said 'WWII Submarine Memorial'. Not on my list but I'll check it out. It was located at the Naval Weapons Station shown above, kind of next to the parking lot before the guard gates.

## In Search of Eldorado

By Edgar Allan Poe

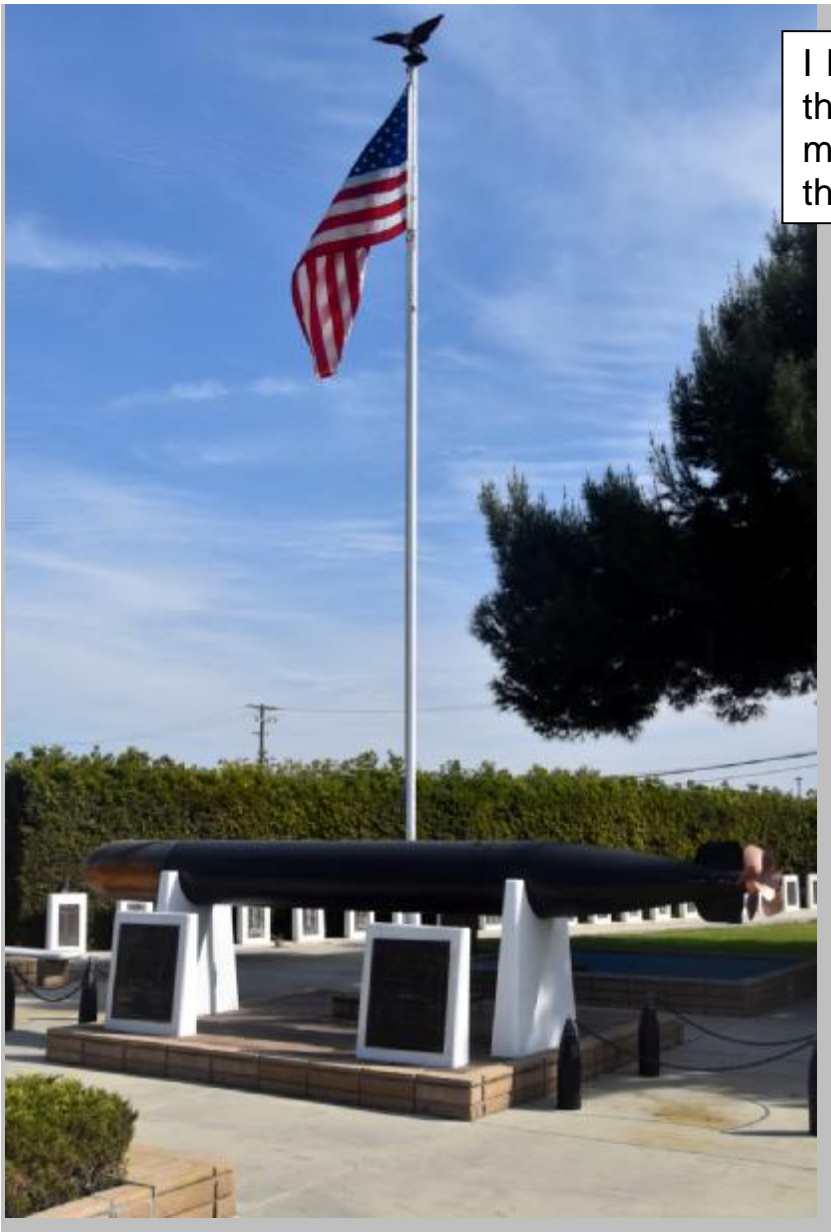
Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—  
This knight so bold—  
And o'er his heart a shadow—  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

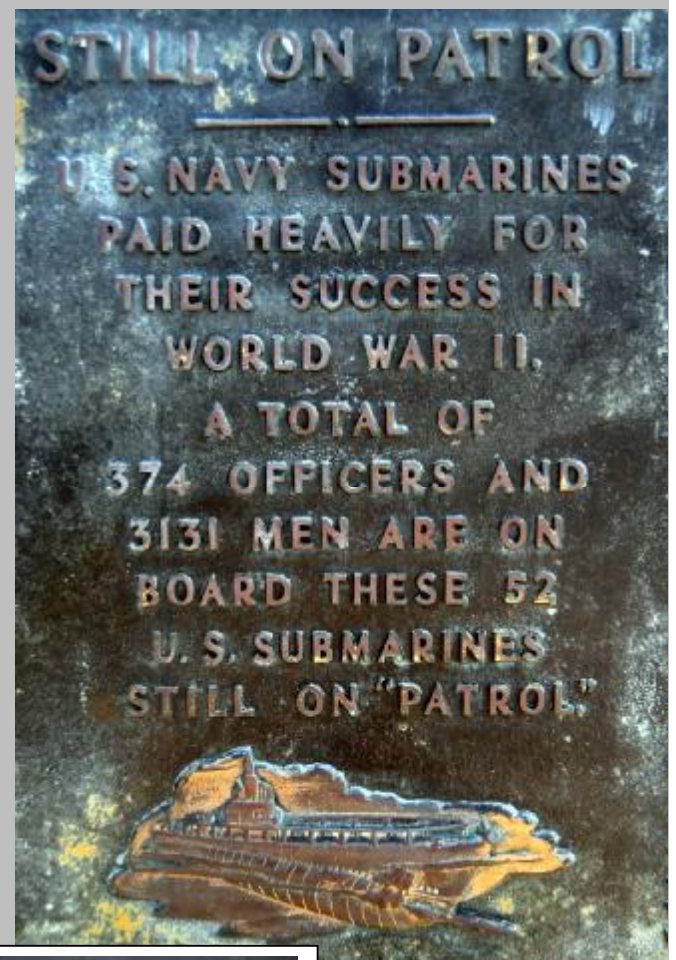
And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow—  
'Shadow,' said he,  
'Where can it be—  
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains  
Of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,'  
The shade replied,—  
'If you seek for Eldorado!'





I had no idea we lost so many subs during the war. Of course when a sub goes down, most likely there are no survivors. Most of the plaques say 'All Hands Lost'.



Set up somewhat like headstones, there's one for each sub. I was proud to have stopped and honored them.

I could find no sign for Naples, so this street sign had to serve.

Naples LN



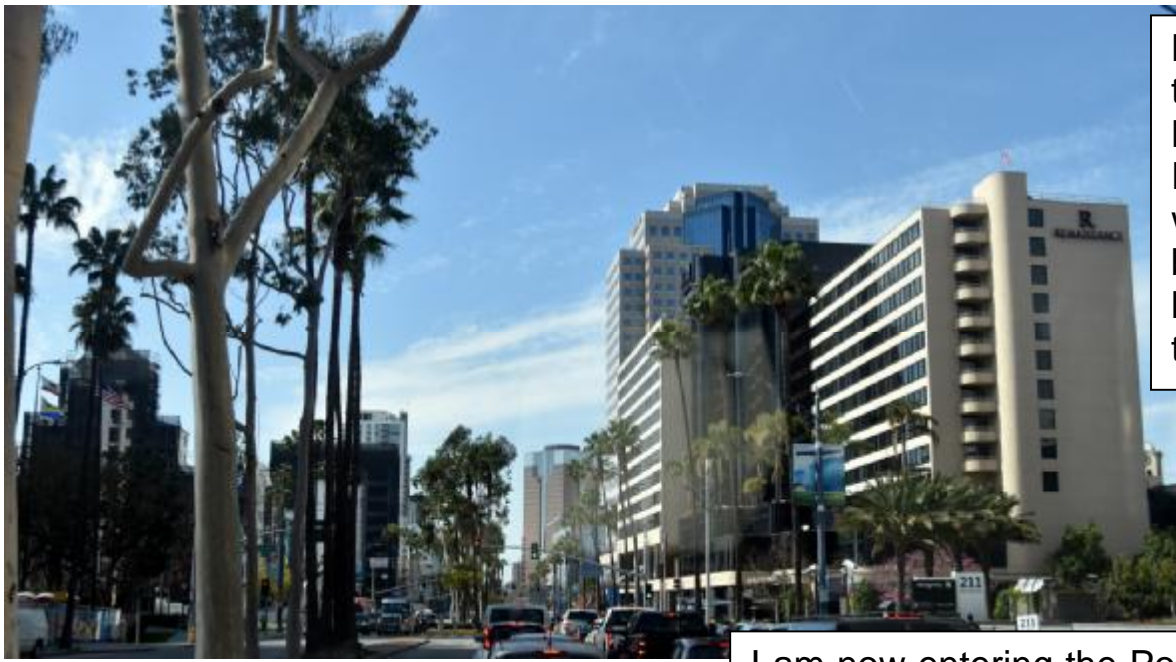
This is the central Piazza of the residential district.



Naples is a series of three islands. Picture looking at your curled fist gripping a shovel handle. The handle is the residential area, the thumb a third island and the hand where the bridges connect to the mainland. This is the canal around the shovel handle. It was a very quiet and peaceful scene, with walkways along both banks of the canal.



This was in the alley. Anyone interested?

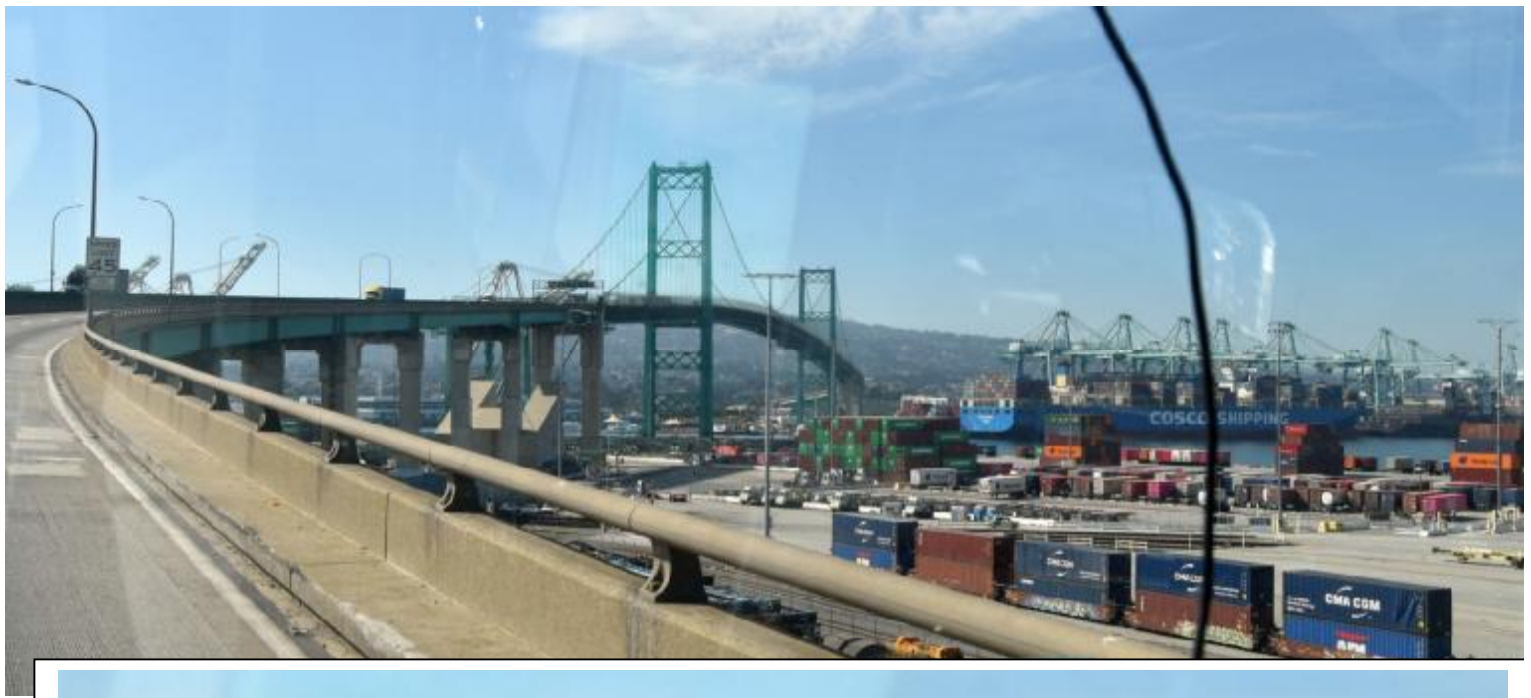
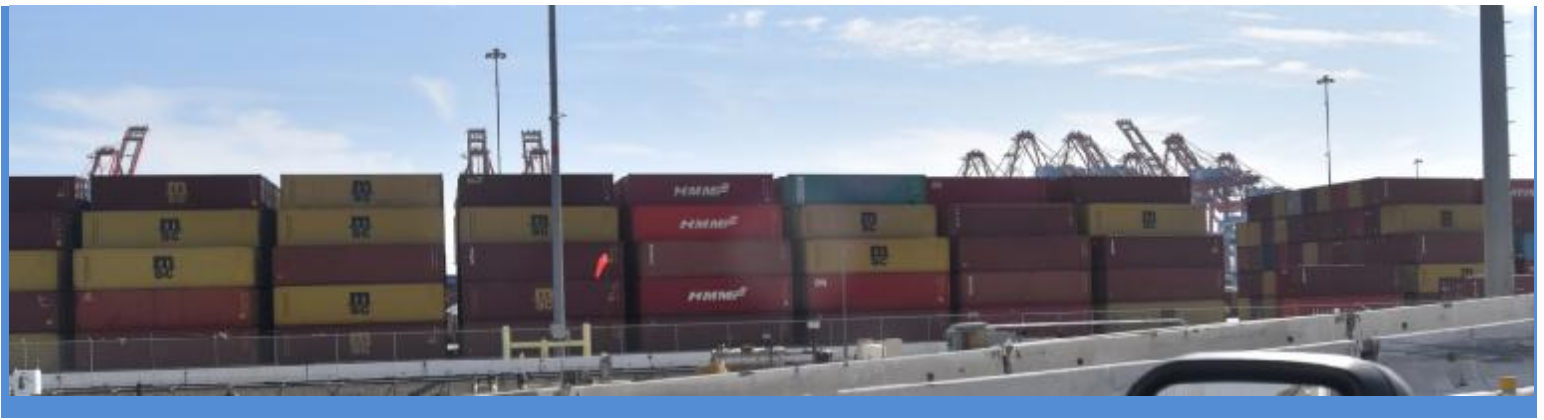


Next was a drive through Long Beach to San Pedro. I could tell I was back in the big city with all the high rises facing the beach.

I am now entering the Port of Long Beach. Various listings have it from #1 to top ten in largest ports in the world. I can attest that it is REALLY big. The following shots were taken while driving.



You would not believe the size or number of these cranes.



Check out the containers on the stern of that ship, stacked 10 high and 20 wide, each as big as a semi trailer.



Stacked containers, not sure if they're coming or going.



Once in San Pedro I spent another hour trying to find this place. Part of that time was spent on the phone with RiverPark, the makers of the Infotainment Center in the RV. The last two times I filled up, I had to enter the beginning mileage in the log as well as the current. They never heard of this problem. Well Surprise, Surprise Sergeant Carter, now you have. They're supposed to call me back with a solution.

Anyhow, marine mammals which have been injured or dehydrated or emaciated are brought here to rehab and/or learn to eat. They're not sure if the damage below was a shark bite or a propeller, either way it looked nasty.





Cute little guy. In a couple months they will probably host a bunch of harbor seals. Once they're weaned the mother takes off and lets them fend for themselves, no advice on swimming or feeding. So they are found starving and dehydrated and brought here to learn how to survive. Last year there were 80 of them brought in.

This guy seemed to be watching over the inmates.



There are 31 seals here right now, all sea lions. Admission is free but I left a donation.

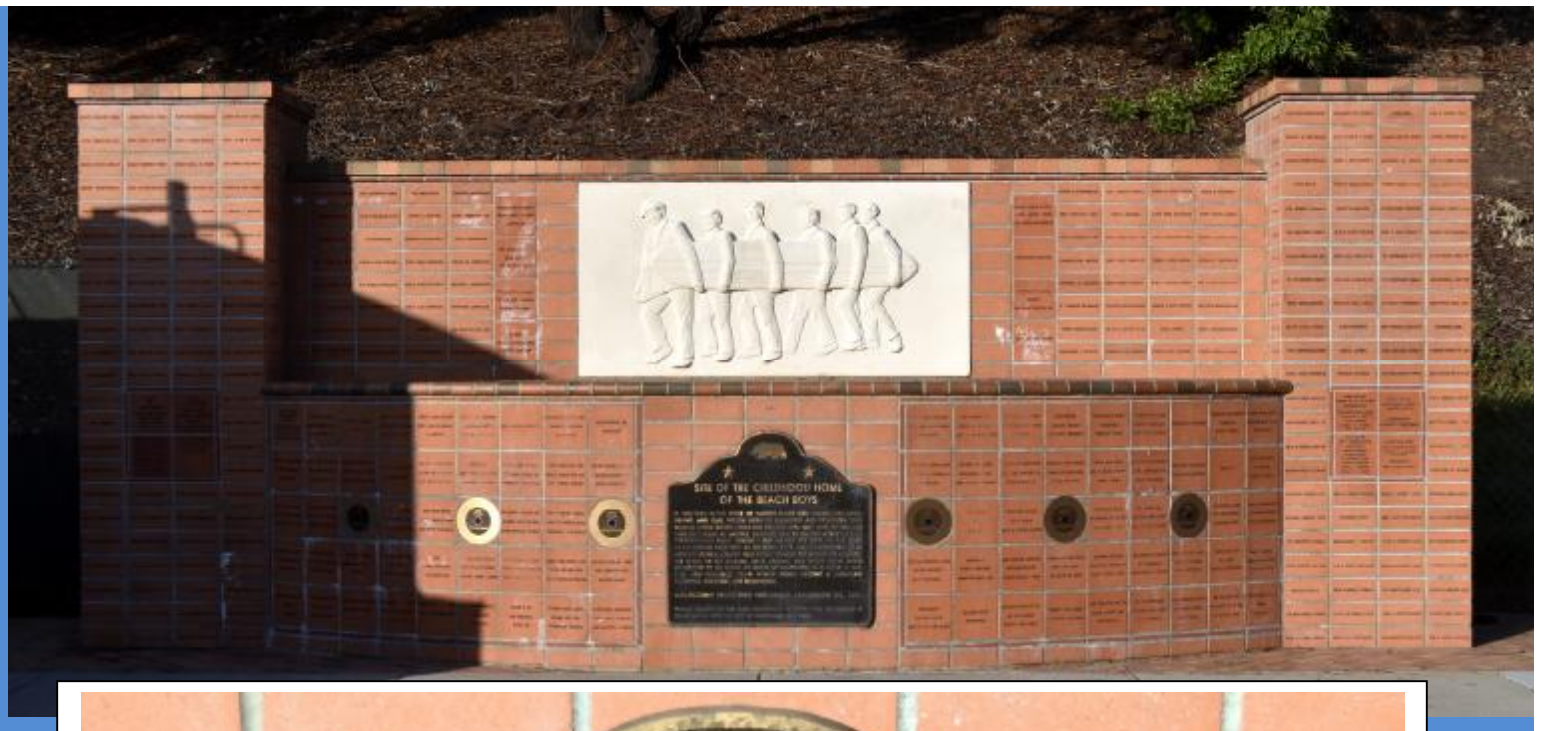


I spent some more time trying to figure out where to go so I could see something but not end up too far away from the Queen Mary, which I will hopefully do tomorrow. Up in Carlson is one of the three Goodyear Blimp bases in the U.S. I was glad to see one on the ground. Well, sort of on the ground.



Next stop is in Hawthorne. It's getting towards 4 p.m. and home bound traffic is picking up, I'm only 25 minutes from downtown LA. Google maps has to make some changes, like when I make a left turn and then the immediate next right turn. It's about 300 yards from the left turn to the right turn. Google tells me with about 100 yards left to 'turn right ahead'. Idiot, I have to cross three lanes of traffic if I you want me to do that. But fate stepped in. I had to keep going to the next intersection then turn left and turn around. As I looked left before turning right I noticed the building across the street. I never even thought of looking for the SpaceX headquarters, but it was pretty neat to see it. I said a silent hello to Elon Musk. (did you get all those rights and lefts?)





**SITE OF THE CHILDHOOD HOME  
OF THE BEACH BOYS**

IT WAS HERE IN THE HOME OF PARENTS MURRY AND AUDREE THAT BRIAN, DENNIS, AND CARL WILSON GREW TO MANHOOD AND DEVELOPED THEIR MUSICAL SKILLS. DURING LABOR DAY WEEKEND 1961, THEY, WITH COUSIN MIKE LOVE AND FRIEND AL JARDINE, GATHERED HERE TO RECORD A TAPE OF THEIR BREAKTHROUGH SONG "SURFIN'." THIS MARKED THE BIRTH OF THE ROCK GROUP KNOWN WORLDWIDE AS THE BEACH BOYS, AND THE BEGINNING OF AN HISTORIC MUSICAL LEGACY THAT WOULD CHANGE THE RECORDING INDUSTRY. THE MUSIC OF THE WILSONS, LOVE, JARDINE, AND FRIEND DAVID MARKS BROADCAST TO THE WORLD AN IMAGE OF CALIFORNIA AS A PLACE OF SUN, SURF, AND ROMANCE. BRIAN WILSON WOULD BECOME A LEGENDARY PRODUCER, ARRANGER, AND SONGWRITER.

**CALIFORNIA REGISTERED HISTORICAL LANDMARK NO. 1041**

PLAQUE PLACED BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION IN COOPERATION WITH THE CITY OF HAWTHORNE, MAY 2005.

There is no house, just an embankment and a freeway. Obviously there was no freeway there back in the 50's.

From Hawthorne I checked on places to park. Lomita? 1 out of 54 people become a victim, no thanks. Carson? 1 in 37. Long Beach? Ok here, not ok there. El Segundo? One of the safest places anywhere near LA, along with Manhattan Beach and Hermosa Beach. Sounds good to me. Now where's that tire store?

I'm not sure if it will work out or not, but the plan is to visit the Queen Mary tomorrow, Catalina Island on Thursday, in and around LA (Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Burbank, Venice, Culver City, Pasadena, and so on over the next two weeks), hopefully the Channel Islands National Park. So hold onto your hats boys and girls, it's gonna be a fun ride.

And guess what? This newsletter catches me up to date, no longer a day behind.

Until next time....