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Beverlywood



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A March we'll never forget



By Ben Lee

So, March was some kind of month, right? What a nightmare on a truly global scale. As of this writing, I'm relieved to say my family and I are healthy and doing ok. I certainly hope you and yours are doing well, too. What a shock to our collective systems, though, to be thrust into this new normal. Was it only a few weeks ago when we lived in a world without using the terms "social distancing," or "flattening the curve?" I had never heard of the website, "Zoom," but now it seems as though our kids' sole educational connection comes from that now very necessary tool. I can't believe it was March 1st when the family came over to celebrate my mother-in-law's birthday. A week later, March 8th, even more family came over for tea. Now, the mere act of having anybody walk through the door and standing within 6 feet of us is essentially illegal. A month ago, my biggest concern was a broken patella due to an unfortunate surfing accident. Who could've predicted that four weeks later, my concern would be risking the coronavirus just by getting an x-ray to see if it had healed? Never would I have imagined that school would be closed/cancelled/postponed and our three boys would soon undergo remote learning without being able to play or hang out with their friends. But at least the internet has made learning in the traditional sense somewhat

possible. What would we have done if this pandemic had happened a few decades ago without the benefit of being part of the digital age? I can't recall there was ever a time when everyone was freaked out enough to suddenly clear off the shelves of the market, buying and hoarding everything in sight. Maybe the uncertainty and ever changing nature of it all is bringing out our most caveman/survival instincts? It was so eerie to venture into the market only to see empty shelves where the bread and toilet paper used to be. But for every aggressive shopper, there have been so many more kind and considerate individuals trying to help one another. One neighbor has set up a Facebook group (Westside LA Covid 19 assist) so that immediate needs of those with underlying health conditions can be met. Many other neighbors are offering to procure food and supplies for others less fortunate.

And there are other bright spots to this scary time that really show how supportive and adaptable we can be. Families are spending more time together. Dogs are being walked more often. Traffic is lighter. The stress that usually comes from over-planning and over-scheduling has subsided, too. There is fear, yes. But also hope.

As a society, we are sharing this experience together and there is a certain comfort in that. Like other significant milestones in history, while the events themselves may have



been tragic (9-11, the LA Riots, the Northridge Quake just to name a few) the solidarity that resulted in the aftermath brought solace during an otherwise frightening time. Today we are being asked to stay inside for the purpose of stopping the spread and protecting those in our community who are more susceptible to getting ill and possibly dying from this mysterious disease. We are being asked to forego dining out, attending concerts, ballgames, movie theaters, shopping at the mall, even entertaining at home. We have been asked to take our kids out of school and figure out a way to keep them occupied and safe at home while not letting our own careers and businesses fall apart. We have been asked to do all of this so that the real heroes, our doctors and nurses and medical personnel, have a fighting chance to keep the most vulnerable in our population alive. So, while

the sacrifices are indeed plentiful, the rewards of our efforts are worth it.

A few weeks ago I had been excited to take my family to Japan for Spring Break. Now, instead of taking in the sights and sounds of this ancient city: marveling at the famous pagodas and blooming Cherry Blossom trees- we are sheltering at home in Cheviot Hills watching dirty dishes pile up in the sink and old movies on TV. But we are also feeling so grateful to be healthy, and lucky to be with my loved ones. And we are proud to live in a community that in good times and in bad, knows how to stick together. This is a particularly surreal, somewhat frightening and wholly unforgettable time in history. Please be well, stay healthy and stop buying all the toilet paper. Just remember: we are all in this together and will make it through.

My featured listings

BEN LEE PROPERTIES

Represented Seller



9833 Vicar St – \$2,590,000

BEN LEE WAS RANKED #8 OUT OF 94,000 COLDWELL BANKER AGENTS ACROSS AMERICA FOR 2019 THANKS IN LARGE PART TO THE RESIDENTS OF CHEVIOT HILLS, WHO CHOSE HIM TO REPRESENT A STUNNING 58% OF PROPERTIES SOLD, PER THE MLS!

Represented Seller



2751 Motor Ave – \$3,675,000

Represented Seller & Buyer



3001 Cavendish Dr – \$5,999,000

Represented Seller & Buyer



3029 Cavendish Dr – \$2,599,000

Represented Seller & Buyer



3225 Club Dr – \$2,499,000

Represented Buyer



3043 Earlmart Dr – \$4,795,000

Represented Seller & Buyer



3062 Earlmart Dr – \$2,575,000

Represented Seller



2880 Motor Ave – \$2,995,000

Represented Seller



3118 Patricia Ave – \$3,295,000

Represented Buyer



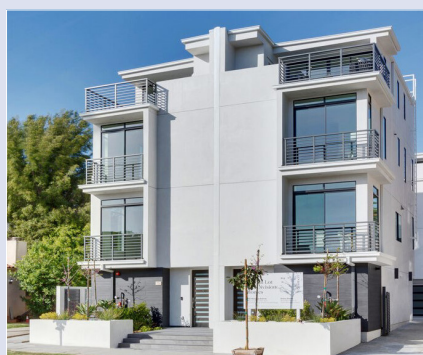
3049 Queensbury Dr – \$2,149,000

Represented Seller & Buyer



9832 Vicar St – \$1,699,000

Represented Buyer



1954 1/2 Manning Ave – \$1,649,000

Represented Seller



3217 Castle Heights Ave – \$1,895,000

Represented Seller



10637 Northvale Rd – \$1,549,000

Beverlywood happenings

Westside Stories

By Michael Harris

A quarantine order based on the coronavirus is not new to the neighborhood. In the early 1950's before the Salk vaccine had been developed, children and their parents were frightened greatly by the threat of the polio virus. Franklin D Roosevelt had been stricken and he had started the March of Dimes to confront the scourge. It was a particularly scary time in post WW II west side Los Angeles where public swimming pools were off limits and crowds were to be avoided so that the virus could be isolated. The specter of children in ungainly iron lungs with little

faces peeking out from the opening of the machines filled the newspapers.

In Cheviot Hills, Marshall Nims who lived on Wigtown Road was stricken. Immediately, the public health authorities posted the home with a QUARANTINE sign. No one was permitted to go near the house. Unfortunately, Marshall was confined to a wheel chair for the rest of his life which was cut short by the infection. No other members of his family were infected and his brother Roger was later a star on the Hamilton High School baseball team and his father was well known in the film business but the fact of a quarantine because of a fearsome virus is history repeating itself.



If you enjoy reading these vignettes each month, you may want to check out my father-in-law's book, Westside Stories. It's a memoir/history of growing up on the Westside of Los Angeles in the 1940s and 1950s with great photos, anecdotes and stories. Perfect for the history buff/enthusiast in your family! It's available for purchase on Amazon, just search for Westside Stories by Michael Harris.



Go Yankees!

By Ben Lee

Our middle son Spencer was recently accepted to the Academy of Music & Performing Arts at Hamilton High School. Exciting news, however, not an easy decision because he is still happy at his current school, the Geffen Academy at UCLA. His love of the arts ultimately won out and Spencer decided to give AMPA a try, much to the delight of his grandfather (Hamilton High Class of 1953). The following is a note from my father-in-law to Spencer, reprinted with their permission. Go Yankees!

Dear Spencer,

I did not want to influence you in any way but if you do choose to go to the Hamilton Academy you will have my support and approval. Hamilton today is far different from when I attended. For example, smoking in the boys' lavatory is no longer cool; sitting in someone else's car to listen to the radio is not done anymore; the musical presented when I was there was OH Susannah which I doubt would be very popular today; the girls did not wear pants and there were rules about how short their dresses could be; there is no longer making-out on Hamilton Hill (now known as Anchor Avenue); the football team won one game when I was there and now I believe it is pretty good; the front parking lot was a beautiful green lawn; the auditorium was known as Wiedlock Hall

and now it is named after the guy who started a radio network and contributed to its refurbishment; the swim team practiced at a Catholic school on Beverly Drive near Cattaraugus which is now covered in houses; the girls had social clubs; the teachers were mostly WW II vets or their spouses and their political views were pretty far right except for the most popular Mrs. Bettington who was on the left; and there were slide rules for physics not computers. So if you do decide to go there it will be in a tradition carried out by your great uncles and grandfathers and grandmother and I am sure you will make us all proud. All I suggest is that when you are giving the valedictory please say that you owe it all to Poppa Michael.

Love,

Poppa Michael

Raffle News

By Ben Lee

Thank you to all those who entered our raffle for Robertson's delicious new sweet spot: Edoughble! Congratulations to Marsha Nakashima. You are the lucky winner of a \$50 gift card to this local and delectable cookie dough emporium. To everyone else who entered and didn't win, don't worry! There is always another raffle

around the corner. This month we are trying something a little different. In an effort to support all the smaller, "mom & pop" type restaurants in the area undoubtedly affected by the pandemic, here's our plan for April: Take a picture of yourself (or child, spouse, dog, etc.) with a take-out order from a favorite neighborhood, family-run restaurant. So many of our favorite places are offering delivery or take-away options since (as of this writing) dining-in isn't an option. Places like: Food, John O'Groats, Marty's, Apple

Pan, etc... the ones we know who could really use our help. If you are able to support these businesses by ordering take-out or delivery, snap a picture with your meal and email it to: ben@benleeproperties.com. Just write: SUPPORT in the subject line and send me a photo. That's it! We'll send everyone who enters a little prize and possibly use a photo in an upcoming newsletter. Thank you and happy eating!

