

# Franklin Hills

by Thornley/Nett

Foreign and exotic places can be fun to visit, but I like the near to home just as well. I live in San Francisco but Franklin Hills has been moving up as one of my more favorite local trips to make. Part of it is that I have good friends who have lived there for years. They have been such good friends that they almost obscured the fact that they live in such a great area. It is with increasing admiration that I have begun to see the Hills as a community with its own distinct landmarks

I have been coming to LA for over thirty years and while I have friends in other parts of LA, I seem to stay in Franklin Hills. The first time I became aware of the charms of the hill was after a meandering off- the-freeway trip from San Bernardino. I made an effort to drive through and stop at many

cities that I had known only as signs on the freeway. By the time I reached Hyperion the Hills looked absolutely old fashioned and homey.

Though not quite a resident, I guess I'm a (long distance) neighbor. I have a favorite hibiscus. I hope to be in town when a certain cactus blooms near Clayton and when the avocados are ripe in my friend's back yard. I kept track of remodeling projects. Although it's a little steep in places and there is the occasional car to dodge, I enjoy afternoon and after dinner constitutionals. It still surprises me that there are pools on the hillside! It is nice to see other walkers out for a stroll. The new trashcans are a bit of an intrusion. There seem to be less LAPD helicopters at night. The view is disappointing in the smog and exhilarating on a clear day. I almost like being awakened by the birds. That there are so many birds is a wonder. The hill is a little overgrown, but this is a plus, not a detraction.

When I first started visiting the hill, I was afraid I would get lost on the winding streets. It took years to get over this. Then I 'discovered' the Shakespeare Bridge. On my last visit I got to Marshall High School just as classes were over. I have been down Griffith Park scores of times, but this was my first time to experience the pandemonium of fashion, cars, traffic and youth.

It was only a few years ago that I found out the area had a specific name. I had always assumed it had the name of the district just to the southeast. It was after I had returned by arterials from a trip out to ocean. Signs along the road announced the districts. I finally made the connection when I caught the (not so prominently placed) sign on St. George. It took many dinners in the booths at the Derby before I knew it was in the district. Although I have not seen the old library, or the new one, I hope it meets everyone's expectations.

I guess it is a couple of years ago that I saw the first Overview and marveled at the presentation and coverage. Those who work on it should be commended for their effort. It is a first class job.

Sometimes it's nice to hear from the outside.

It doesn't even matter that there is only one hill.

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