Next Meeting October 16, 12:30!

October Featured Speaker:
Bernard Selling —
Creating Interesting And Important Minor Characters

“What would your life be like if you could see deeper of layers of meaning: if you could see your best character qualities which may be hidden from view; if you could uncover creative abilities which lie within; if you became more aware of your place in the world by seeing it with ‘new’ eyes.”

Musician, photographer, writer, director, producer and writing teacher, Bernard Selling holds graduate degrees in English literature from the University of Michigan and theatre arts/cinema from UCLA. He has written, produced and directed award winning documentary and short fiction films based on stories by major American authors.

He created the autobiographical writing program for the adult division of the Los Angeles Unified School District and has taught at the USAF Academy, Loyola Marymount University, University of California at Santa Cruz, UC Riverside and UC Irvine. He gives lectures and writing workshops throughout Europe and the United States and lives in Topanga Canyon, California.

(As part of his presentation, Mr. Selling will use the story: “I’ll Fly Away,” included on page 4.)

Go to story, “I’ll Fly Away”

12:30 Sharp!
MEMBER SHOWCASE

Peter H. Brothers

Peter will be talking about
*Mushroom Clouds and Mushroom Men*
his new book about the life and work of
Ishiro Honda,
Director of ‘Godzilla,’ and countless other Japanese Monster Movies.
Marcia Meier, the former director of the Santa Barbara Writers Conference, was the speaker at our September 11th meeting when we kicked off our new season. What a blastoff! Marcia let us in on what is happening now in the publishing world in keeping with the theme of her book, *Navigating the Rough Waters of Today’s Publishing World: Critical Advice for Writers from Industry Insiders*.

Her message for us was: The publishing world has been turned upside down in the past few years, and what was down is up, so to speak. That means, for example, that your chances of getting a major publisher to look at your novel without having an agent submit it for you are about the same as getting hit by a lightning bolt on the way home from a CWC-SFV meeting and perhaps slightly worse as we do get the occasional thunderstorm here in the Valley.

She outlined four major trends in publishing: technology-driven change (and the opportunities for self-promotion it presents); the decline of big publishing houses (the New York “big six”); the rise of smaller presses and advantages of working with them; and self-publishing. Marcia asked us to think of ourselves as “content providers” who are marketing a product that can be broken up into chunks and be sold across many platforms, such as print, dvd, film, audio, and interactive games.

A lively question-and-answer session followed. Among the topics: how to find an agent and submit your work; the process of self-publishing and the costs; what should be in a synopsis; the breakpoint for getting a publisher to notice your self-published book (selling 10,000 copies); and the mostly unknown means for getting your book into bookstores.

If you didn’t get to the meeting, then I encourage you to order Marcia’s book and check out her website, www.marciameier.com. Each offers many resources and tips for you to get going with your writing this year.

For a very gracious note from Marcia, see page 7.

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**Is there intelligent life out there in the universe?** A recent paper by a scientist at the University of East Anglia suggests that the probability of life out there is low, given the time it has taken for humans to evolve on Earth and the remaining life span of our aging planet. In other words, the existence of human life on this planet is probably an extremely rare and incredible event.

Not to be discouraged, last month I started researching a related question: **Is there intelligent life out there in the CWC universe?** Scientist Stephanie is here to say yes, and I can prove it! I attended the CWC Southern region meeting in Anaheim on Sept. 12th where I encountered a delightful bunch of life forms from such diverse planets as the CWC branches in the High Desert, Inland Empire, Orange County, and Long Beach, among others.

These human-like beings engaged in all manner of lively conversation on such diverse topics as possible revisions to membership requirements and other changes to the California Writers Club Policy and Procedures. Your investigator will be on the scene to ferret out more details in Nov. at our next regional meeting. Some good news on the journey—I didn’t need the space nutrition bar I brought as the planetary hosts brought yummy sustenance native to their region.

Back home on planet CWC-SFV, I noticed that our indefatigable Hospitality Chair Pirhiya Goldstein has filled her sign up sheet for the hospitality person of the month. Thanks from me to all of you who stepped up to the plate on this. Now we’re all looking forward to the treats that Doug Douglas selects to bring to our Oct. 16th meeting (no slipping in ghostly grimy gummy bears for Halloween, Doug).

**Speaking of our October meeting, did you get out your short-shorts yet?** We want you to enter our writing contest (details on page 10) and bring your best short-short fiction, poems, or brief prose pieces so that we can all be scared witless when the winning entry is read.

Until next time, rest assured we are still buzzing.

(See ‘President’ pg 5)
BOARD MEETINGS

Our SFV Branch holds its Board Meetings every month after the Speaker’s Presentation.

Non-board members are not permitted to speak or participate, but are encouraged to audit and observe these meetings.

Something To Ponder

When we are listened to, it creates us, makes us unfold and expand. Ideas actually begin to grow within us and come to life.

– Brenda Ueland
I’LL FLY AWAY
By: Dale Crum

(This story will be part of Bernard Selling’s presentation, on October 16th.)

Five letters for the “Fatal Attraction” crossword puzzle clue stump me at LAX. I glance up. A pretty young twenty-ish woman sits down beside me in the United Airlines Terminal. Her short skirt leaves little to my imagination. Whew! Why wasn’t I born in her time, instead of many years ago? Other young women mill about in front of me.

A man about her same age plops down between us. The carpet, ceiling, even the air turns green with my envy. Youth, the best time in life wasted on the young, someone said.

I notice that “Close” or “Glenn” for Glenn Close, the star in the 1987 movie, “Fatal Attraction” doesn’t fit in the crossword space.

Bertie, my wife, touches my shoulder. “Scoot down. Would you believe that the gift shop charged me seventy five cents for a small bag of M & M’s?”

I shrug. “M & M’s used to give me energy when they cost only twenty five cents. This old codger doesn’t need all that sugar. Let me feed them to you one at a time. Make them last ’til we get to Phoenix.”


“You tell me. I look around here and feel real old.”

She frowns. “You look at your wife and feel old? What a thing to say.”

“No, I mean yes. We’ve taken lots of flights together.”

She sings, “Come fly with me, Come fly with me…”

I give her a big hug. “Did you read Erica Jong’s book?”

She squeezes me back. “That book you brought home from Seattle? Oh, I remember the main character’s name, ‘Isadora’.”

I continue, “She wanted everyone to wear zipperless, buttonless robes for easy sex anywhere, anytime.”

The two lovebirds leave. Bertie scoots away. Her lips form the name, “Isadora.”

“Yes, I had an Aunt named ‘Isadora.’”

Words flow from my cupped hands. “I think, ‘Fear of Flying’ meant fear of sex to her. Yet, she acted like a nympho.”

Our conversation makes me think ahead to my mother-in-law’s small two bedroom house in Prescott. I hum Glen Campbell’s “By the Time I get to Phoenix.”

Bertie interrupts, “Your mind’s an open book. My Mom can hear everything you start in her little house. You will stay quiet there for a week.”

I move back to the living room. Bertie and Lily’s voices drone back and forth. Lily comes on as a forceful woman. Why did Rufus, her late husband put up with her? She was right most of the time from what I hear. That and who knows what else? Bertie holds her own with her mother. I see lots of Lily in Bertie. My eyes wander to an embroidered inscription hanging on the wall, Don’t Blame Eve.

Lily takes off her glasses. “Kids, my eyelids feel heavy. See you at breakfast in the morning.”

The mattress feels nice and firm even though it squeaks a little. Just as I feel myself floating away a sweet voice whispers, “Honey, Mom removes her hearing aids at night.”

In an instant my body tingles from head to toe just like old times. Without another word we roll onto the soft hooked rug, oblivious to any sounds we make.

Afterwards I chuckle, “Did the thought of your Mom in the next room give you an extra thrill, too?”

I feel her nod against my shoulder.

For some strange reason the unfinished crossword puzzle and the inscription on the wall pop into my mind. So does the girl giving her friend a bite from her apple. Hmm, five letters… “Apple,” does that fit for “Fatal Attraction?”

No, but wait. The Bible doesn’t say that Eve gave Adam an apple. She offered him fruit. Aha, I visualize the puzzle again. “Fruit” does fit. What a far back and
STRANGE SPLENDOR
(Why Honda is My Hero)
By Peter H. Brothers

There is a moment in King Kong Escapes (1967) where the mighty ape finds himself standing in the middle of Tokyo (his second time around, as a matter-of-fact) when he hears a noise and looks up to see two Chinook tandem-rotor helicopters flying overhead with their navigational lights blinking. The scene lasts for only a second or two and is inconsequential to the plot, yet it perfectly encapsulates all that one finds wonderful about the Japanese monster movie genre: their diversionary exuberance, their preposterous believability, their sheer poetic beauty and a heartfelt human drama directed by Honda which was the essential ingredient — the guts of the fairy-tale — for any of these films to become truly unforgettable.

Honda was born in Yamagata, a small village north of Tokyo, and when he was six years old moved with his parents to the Big City where his father would work as a Buddhist priest. As the Fates would have it, it was during a “movie night” at Takaido Elementary School that Honda was exposed to his first cinematic screening. For the other children it was mere entertainment, but for Honda it was a night that would change his life forever.

Honda’s career covered nearly the entire spectrum of filmmaking. Not only had he learned screenwriting, editing and camera-work during his tenure at Toho Studios, he also directed films of various types: documentaries, promotional films, films about man’s conflict with nature and with his fellow man, social dramas and even “Salaryman” comedies. But it was not until 1954 when he reluctantly accepted an assignment turned down by another director that his life and career took a profound turn in another direction. The film was about a monster, and the monster and the movie were called, “Godzilla.”

A mere 20 years later — when Honda’s career as a director of full-length feature films came to an end with Terror of MechaGodzilla (1974) — he still had nearly 30 years left of life to ponder where his career might have gone had not Godzilla come along. Would he be remembered as a director of conventional movies or be remembered at all?

For Honda, the thrill of filmmaking never left, reflected in moments such as Kong’s wonderment seeing those two helicopters soaring in the sky: the curiosity of what had just happened and what was going to happen next — in a world populated by monsters innocent of their origins and destructive in their designs — was a titillation Honda found irresistible and one he couldn’t wait to demonstrate. For to Honda, filmmaking was a magic canvas upon which to paint a mosaic of fantastic events made somehow believable, and the earnest integrity by which he made his movies was the defining factor as to why they are still so fascinating to watch today. Yes, you could say that Honda is my hero. His fantasy films are filled with scenes which stay in one’s mind forever: the plummeting into the bubbling pit of Chika and the Abominable Snowman (1955), the deadly embrace of Fujichiyo and The Human Vapor (1960) and the ghastly approach of Gorath (1962) have a strange splendor all their own.

Unfairly derided by those with preset prejudices unwilling to accept them on their face value and raised only on their horrible American mutilations, those seeing the fantasy films of Ishiro Honda for the first time in their original versions with an open mind are always pleasantly surprised to discover that they were made not by a hack, but by a craftsman of the highest order who loved movies as he loved moments of life itself: such as during that mystical twilight-time when a dark curtain rings down upon the day with the promise of a new nighttime act where the next thrill is just around the corner.

(Peter H. Brothers is the author of the new book Mushroom Clouds and Mushroom Men – The Fantastic Cinema of Ishiro Honda, available at AuthorHouse.com, the worldwide web and as an E-book.)
Status Quo

It has come to my attention that there is currently a discussion within the Central Board concerning Member Status: “Active” vs. “Associate.” I would like to add my opinion, for what it’s worth.

Currently, the status is defined in terms of “published” vs. “non-published.” It often seems to be viewed by members as a hierarchy, with “Active” somehow superior to “Associate.” I have heard that there are two major questions:

1. Should there be different statuses?
2. If so, how should they be differentiated?

Judgments such as this are difficult. Competence is not an issue. Membership in CWC, in itself, implies a level of skill in using the written word sufficient for accomplishing the member’s goals. This is a requirement for joining.

Commercial success is really not a valid criterion. Market tastes swing wildly, and generally — by definition — lag behind talent and innovation.

History has shown us that “medium” is immaterial. There was a time, when “pulp” publications were not deemed as “publishing.” I’m sure there was a time when those who wrote on parchment were considered dilettantes — leaving the status of journeyman to those who carved in stone. The same is now true for “House Publishing” vs. electronic — in all its forms. The medium is secondary.

I believe it is the intent — the targeted audience — which is important.

In my experience with the membership, I seem to see two major foci. There are members who seek mainly to express themselves to friends and acquaintances. Their primary goals seems to be illumination of their personal experience and a certain indelibility. I applaud that.

Then, there are members who seem to be seeking illumination of the more general human experience. The fact that they may do this in terms of personal experience is incidental. Their target audience is humanity in general. I think this is the essence of “art,” and of the concept of “Publishing.”

There is also a large group for whom ‘personal esthetics’ is secondary to ‘personal competence’; ghostwriters, copywriters, editors, et. al., who simply sell their skills to others.

I try to put myself into the minds of our founders, to imagine why they made this distinction.

It would seem that at that time, the general level of writing skill would surpass most of our present-day skilled writers. Yet the concerns of the self-focused writer would always be different from those of the public-oriented writer. I imagine the distinction was important to members at that time. It still is. The fact that any artist or craftsman is willing to subject him (or her) -self to the judgment of anonymous strangers makes his position different from one that who is writing for friends and family.

And money changes the rules. As one who has recently been accepting writing ‘commissions,’ I can attest to the fact that ‘commercial’ writing is always an artistic compromise. Indeed, the professional lore of writing is rife with stories of commercially successful writers who dream of being able to “write for themselves.” There is a huge difference between “selling to the market,” and “writing to the market.”

I don’t believe that there is anything intrinsically ‘better’ about either position. The “public” writer may well think of the “private” writer as “narcissistic.” While the “private” writer may think of the “public” writer as “crass” or “commercial.” And neither category implies skill or insight, per se. It is simply a matter of “focus.” (To illuminate this, I point your attention to some of the execrable “commercial” successes we have seen “published.” Then I offer Anne Frank, who would have been mortified to find her diary distributed. I don’t believe we would call her an “Active” member — in the spirit which I’m espousing.)

Certainly, there are differences in “why we write.” Whether these should be delineated by an overt “status” is the question. If it didn’t imply some sort of hierarchy, I can see no reason why a member would not want his/her focus known.

Perhaps the names should be changed, but I can’t think of better ones.

Fortunately for me, it’s not my decision. -rm-
J-Ray Explains It All
From time-to-time, guest columnist, J. Raymond Kent will expound on the world’s larger issues.

Cellulite

Every so often, a new concept enters our consciousness and obsesses us. It just seems to appear, like a huge zit the night before the Prom. Yesterday, it wasn’t there. Today, no one can avoid staring at it.

Several decades ago, the term, cellulite suddenly appeared. (We were originally admonished that it was pronounced ‘SELL-u-leete,’ but saner heads seem to have prevailed, and one now commonly hears ‘SELL-u-light.’) This is a ‘medical’ term for the lumpy fat deposits that appear on our thighs and buttocks. Apparently, it is a huge concern — a medical pandemic on the order of the Spanish Influenza!

I must confess that a dimple here and there on a backside doesn’t appall me. But the origins of this plague do concern me. Where did it come from? How did it develop? Is it the remnant of some Cold War biochemical scourge? Some research gone suddenly rogue — like Africanized Bees? Will there be a Telethon? AM I, PERSONALLY, IN DANGER?!

I have done my research, and I find this interesting:
In the early 1970s, a new boon to mankind was introduced: Teflon. This magical stuff provided a cooking surface that nothing would stick to. (The resulting decline in scouring-pad sales may be the single most important factor in the demise of the American Steel Industry.) Millions of non-stick pots and pans have been sold. The only ‘weevil-in-the-flour’ is the fact that, eventually, the surface wears off. But the utensil can easily be replaced.

My question is, “Where does the Teflon go?” (Many of you are now way ahead of me. You may need to stop reading to go into the other room and expel your gorge.) My belief is that the Teflon flakes off, mixes with our food, and is ingested. It then enters the blood stream, where it happily migrates to our thighs and derrieres. There, it accumulates as (wait for it) cellulite!

Shocking? Unbelievable?
Well, visit any cocktail lounge! Notice the disproportionate number of people slipping and falling off their stools! Coincidence? I think not! Non-stick posteriors!
Ever have a dinner napkin slide off your lap? Teflon!
Underwear ride up and bunch?
I think you’re getting the picture.
Unfortunately, experiments have shown the one thing cellulite WILL stick to is a naugahyde sofa. (For this reason, prudence dictates people with excessive cellulite eschew “short shorts.”)
But I can personally attest to the fact that it works really well on water slides.

Next time: A sure-fire way to get the kids out of the pool — using only an unwrapped Baby Ruth candy bar. Don’t miss it!

A thank you note from Marcia Meier

Dear CWC-SFV members,
Thanks so much for inviting me to join you for your first meeting of the year. I enjoyed it immensely, and hope I was helpful in sorting through the changes happening in publishing today. Please visit my website at www.marciameier.com for more information about my writing and teaching projects. You can also sign up there to receive my monthly electronic newsletter on all things related to books, writing and publishing.

Again, thank you! — Marcia
It Could Be Verse

October
Lillian Rodich

solitude
motionless
and alive
with barely perceptible pulse
wind chimes
in the distance

dried leaves
leaving lonely branches
and a flutter of sound
muted in frosted dawns

loneliness
without regret
within a gray frame …
crystal reflections

memories
awakened within
energy
diffused from dreams

October evening
canopy of stars
cool and velvet night
embroidered with music
wind chimes
in the distance

The Dance of Life
Edward Louis Braun

Enjoy the comedy of life,
The cocky, poignant, sweet,
Complete sheer nonsense,
The delirium, the serum
Of life and love that fills you
With longing for it, though
At times despising it,
Laughing at it, crying for
Yourself, children, lovers
The ill, old and dying.

To counter the cold emptiness
You and I sometimes feel
The world offers endless joys
That can warm our hearts:

Children racing a kite in flight,
An infant’s bright smile,
A lark’s sweet song,
A hummingbird hovering,
Barely covering a blossom,
The startled look of an opossum,
The comedy of a chimpanzee.

The marvelous exhilaration
From the perfumed trace
Of a lovely graceful
Woman walking by.

There’s jazzy dancing
And happy romancing,
The intoxicating, captivating
Girl and boy of life.

And though I’ll never solve
The unanswerable riddle
Of the beginning or end,
In the middle I can send
A song into the sky.

(More Poetry: pg. 9)
MOONSTRUCK
Lillian Rodich

The moon is a shiny new penny
tossed on the sky's black oilcloth.
I would pluck it, twirl it
and make its magic mine….
a glowing reminder
safe in my pocket….
but how sad the night sky
without its lucky charm!

When I look in the eyes
Of children at play
I happily recall
The days of fun
When I was a child,
Days long past
Of summer suns
And breathless runs
Through meadow grass.

How I wondered about
And took delight
In so many things
That gave my spirit wings:
Flowers and trees
Birds, butterflies, bees,
Lightning storms and rain,
Rainbows in the sky,
Maple leaves rustling
In the evening breeze,
The star embellished sky
That came with night
After a long day
Exciting and bright.

Whenever I see children
Of early years,
Their honest, bright smiles,
The beautiful clarity of
Their inquiring eyes,
I think of all the happy,
Laughing, smiling
And fresh faces
Since time began
That graced our world
With beauty, fun
Happy, appealing innocence,
Leaving their memory
In our hearts and minds,
And I am wrought
With joy and sadness.

Children’s Eyes
Edward Louis Braun

More Verse

Autumn Is
Ray Malus

Autumn is the rekindled smoke of too-long-dormant hearths.
The thrilling shiver of the year's first frost.
The shrouded velvet dusk of hasty sunsets,
and golden cider warmed and spiced with cloves.

Autumn is the waxy scent of freshly-opened crayons.
The gleam of newly polished schoolroom floors.
The smell of pristine notebooks, filled with promise.
The must of textbooks, rife with unlearned lore.

Autumn is a tinkling harpsichord in muted, doily-ed parlors.
The gleam of lemoned furniture in wanly sunlit dens.
The camphor sting of cedar-chest-sequestered woolen blankets.
The medicinal miasma of Vicks Vaporub.

Autumn is the caramel rainbow of a forward pass
etched into an ice-blue sky, one Sunday afternoon,
pomegranates, pumpkin pies and bowls of salted nuts,
and dark arrays of sweet-sticky pitted dates.

Autumn is a meditation on eternity,
A celebration of dearly purchased wisdom.
It is the grace before the evening family meal,
the quiet prayer before a Winter’s sleep.
MISSION STATEMENT OF THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY BRANCH

The San Fernando Valley Branch is one of eighteen branches throughout California, organized and operating under the auspices of The California Writers Club. We are a non-profit professional organization whose goal is to provide a friendly and inclusive environment for members to meet and network; to provide professional speakers who will aid in writing, publishing, and marketing members’ endeavors; and other writing-related opportunities that will further members’ writing enjoyment and careers.

PUBLISHING OPPORTUNITY

Bright Light Multimedia is calling for the submission of short stories – 100 words to 3,000 words - on the theme of uplifting, positive, romantic love between 2 people, for possible inclusion on our writer-showcase website, The Bright Light Café, and, more urgently, for possible publication in our anthology of Bright Light Café stories and poems, currently in development and scheduled for release later this year.

Guidelines and online submission form are available at www.brightlightmultimedia.com/SubGuide.htm

SPOOKY SHORTS CONTEST
(Not what you think. Mrrrraaaahhhhh!)

Bring your scariest short work to the October meeting!
Poem, short-short story or nonfiction.
One page double spaced on plain white paper.
Maximum 250 words.
Must have a title.
No identifying author information.
One entry per person.
Theme: “Spooky and scary.”
Entries will be judged on: Scariness, Quality of Writing, Originality.

Out And About
TALKING TURKEY

by Kathy Highcove (InFocus, the Newsletter of The West Valley Branch)

Please bow your heads: We gather together to feast in peaceful breaking of gluten free bread, offering thanks or good thoughts or nurturing mind sets, to the Creator, or The Source or The Universal Truth - yes I know you don’t pray, you meditate - whatever works for you - for the bounty or produce or organic life forms, in memory of the Pilgrim or Anglo-Saxon Survivors or Post-Colombian Invaders, who feasted with the Native Americans or The People or The Wronged Ones, after surviving a hellish winter ordained by God or Buddha or Gaia, and so I’m carving this tofu turkey, stuffed with purely pesticide free products, and everyone will now... please... pick up his or her knives and forks... or chop-sticks. Dig in.

Occasionally, with permission, we will re-print items from other Branch Newsletters.

Worth Repeating

This valuable space intentionally reserved for YOUR contribution.

Fill it, next month!
FREE BEER!!

Setting up for meetings is a large task. If you can help, please come at 11:30.

You’ll get to hob-nob with friends, help the Club and earn our eternal gratitude.

(OK. We lied about the beer.)
MEETINGS ... 
ARE HELD AT 12:30 P.M.
ON THE 3rd SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH
(September — June)
AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Hannibal Hall
7136 Winnetka Avenue, Winnetka – South of Sherman Way
(Directions & Map on last page)
UPCOMING MEETINGS
November: Beverly Gray — Biography
December: Paula Margulies — Book Publicity on a Budget

SUBMISSIONS
Members are encouraged to submit writing contributions to The Valley Scribe. This is your newsletter, and you should be part of it.
Submit your prose and poetry to cwc-sfv@roadrunner.com. Please type “SUBMISSION” in the subject line.
If submitting a hard copy, please bring it to the meeting and hand it to the Editor, Ray Malus, or to the President.

Writings will not be returned and may be included in future issues.

GUEST DONATIONS
Non-members attending meetings, are asked to pay a $5 (tax deductible) donation. New membership is immediate upon application at door.
For more information, contact Lenora Smalley, VP-Membership, at the meeting entrance or e-mail membership@cwc-sfv.org.

UPCOMING MEMBER SHOW-CASES
October 16, 2010 — Peter Brothers
December 18, 2010 — Erica Stux
The Valley Scribe
the Newsletter of the
San Fernando Valley Branch
of California Writers Club

is published monthly.
We solicit submissions from members.
(See Bulletin Board: SUBMISSIONS)

Editor
Ray Malus

Staff
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Columnists Stephanie Sharf, Ken Watts, Ray Malus
Guest Columnist J. Raymond Kent

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California Writers Club
San Fernando Valley Branch

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The Fine Print

ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
7136 WINNETKA AVE
CANOGA PARK, CA 91306

From San Fernando Valley
Take 101 Fwy to Valley. Exit Winnetka. Go North (From Hollywood, turn right. From Ventura, turn left) past Vanowen (almost to Sherman Way). Church is on East side (right side) 1 Bl. before Sherman Way.

From Simi
Take 118 Fwy to Valley. Exit DeSoto. Go South to Sherman Way. Turn East to Winnetka. Turn South 1 block. Church is on East side (left side) 1 Bl. after Sherman Way.

Walk into the campus. Hannibal Hall is at North end.