

The Award Winning
Malibu Rotary Club Surfwriter

July 24, 2013

Official Newsletter of the Rotary Club of Malibu

Malibu Rotary Club President William Wishard

Edited by Dr. John W. Elman
Pictures by Dr. John W. Elman

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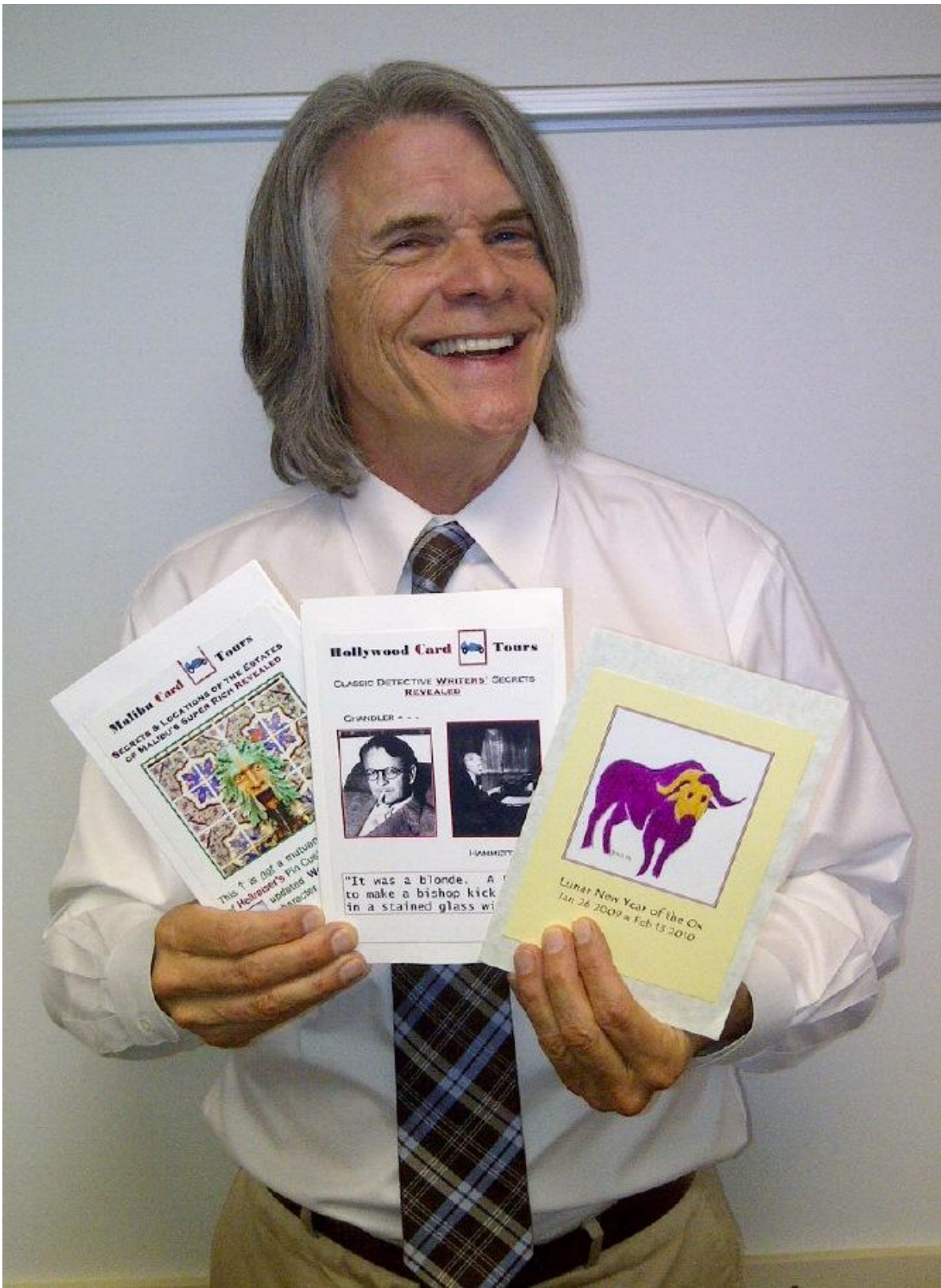
- **Next Malibu Rotary Club Meeting July 31st at noon in LC 155 (near the normal meeting room of LC152) at Pepperdine Drescher Campus. Speaker will be Hubert Luckcrath Who will Report on his Participation at the Rotary International Convention in Lisbon, Portugal**



- **Last Week: David Yardley, Esq. Has Malibu Rotarians Laughing as he Tells His AutoBiographical Story: *Mystic Lifeguard Tower No. 3 (Or, How I Lived Bankrupt In The Malibu Colony)***
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- **Hubert and Tom Send Greetings From RI Convention in Lisbon and Hubert will be Speaker July 31**
- **Check [Calendar](#) on Malibu Rotary website MalibuRotary.org**
- **Malibu Rotary Club Website: www.MalibuRotary.org**
- **Rotary International Website: www.Rotary.org**
- **Rotary District 5280 Website: www.rotary5280.org/**
- **Rotary District 5280 “Rotarians Doing Business With Rotarians” Website: <http://yp5280.org/>**
- **RI President (2013-2014) Ron D Burton**
- **Rotary District 5280 Governor (2013-2014): Doug Baker**
- **Assistant Governor for Malibu Rotary Club: Joe Vasquez (2013-14)**

David Yardley, Esq. Has Malibu Rotarians Laughing as he Tells His AutoBiographical Story: *Mystic Lifeguard Tower No. 3 (Or, How I Lived Bankrupt In The Malibu Colony)*

David Yardley had lost everything, except his health, sense of humor, and hope, during a low point in his life. Now he is back practicing law, and feeling like his life is on an upswing. He was going to read excerpts from his yet to be finished autobiographical book, *Mystic Lifeguard Tower No. 3 (Or, How I Lived Bankrupt In The Malibu Colony)* at the Malibu Rotary Club meeting on July 24th, but instead talked extemporaneously about the many unlikely things that happened in his life to get him where he is. Besides being an attorney, he is also an actor, and his stage presence in the 30 odd minutes he was in front of the Rotarians proved he can be humorously entertaining talking about his life in retrospect. He brought a lot of fiends to the Rotary meeting, and one of the friends was his constant critic and heckler Brian Pietro. Why someone would bring their own heckler to a performance could be very disconcerting. Pietro might say anything, but he keeps David on edge so he doesn't drive too far off the road of life and take any setback too seriously. It seems David needs Brian's needling to keep going.



“Pick a card, any card.” When David Yardley had lost his home, car, law license and driver’s license he was able to survive by creating and selling greeting cards in front of Malibu Starbucks to buy food.

David was born in Northern California and graduated from San Mateo, California. He hung out in the 70's Haight Ashbury District and while in college was able to land a job as a bay area Limousine driver. Both David and his critic and heckler Brian like to drop celeb names, and for David this started when he was that cool limo driver around San Francisco. Among the celebs he met drove during that time were pop musicians Neil Young, Keith Richards, Joe Cocker and Alice Cooper among others. David admits the celebrities fascinated him. So much so he wanted to be one.

What he lacked in talent he made up for in ego, and with that chutzpah and charming smile he had some head shots made and took them to Hollywood. He didn't get a lot of calls for his services and ultimately found himself working as a private investigator for law firms, later landing a job with Los Angeles Clippers owner Donald Sterling as a Law Clerk. He went to law school and passed the bar the first time he took it. He represented Donald Sterling in properties Sterling had in Malibu, often appearing before Judge Merrick at the now defunct Malibu Courthouse. He also got married and his wife gave birth to his son.

David opened his own law office in Malibu in 1994, in the building on Pacific Coast Highway and Rambla Pacifico next to A & B Plumbing and the post office. He also lived in an apartment upstairs in the same building when his wife left for Indiana with their son.

At that time a financial Tsunami hit David. His wife had gotten a \$50,000 judgment against him for child support. He didn't have that much money. His law practice barely paid his overhead. When he couldn't pay the judgment his law license was suspended, and so was his driver's license. He lost his car, and was forced out of his office and his apartment. He was now homeless.

He still had a bicycle for transportation and started to design gift cards which he sold in front of Malibu Starbucks for food. He used to talk to a cab driver named Chris who would stop at the Shell station at night. Sometimes he would see Mel Gibson getting gas.

He also liked to go to the old Malibu Lagoon at night, go through the trail where it would end at the beach near Life Guard Tower 3. It was there that David would commune with nature. And ask what he should do.

One night at about 2:00 a.m. when there was no one around he was driving down Pacific Coast Highway crossing Cross Creek Road on the way into the Lagoon park on his bike, which had a light, and suddenly in front of him there was a figure dressed all in black with a stove pipe hat. Whoever it was did not look at David and walked in front of David as if David weren't there. David was startled and scared. Ever since that night he referred to the Malibu Lagoon Park as Vampire Park, but despite the fear of going into the dark park he went through it anyway to get to Tower 3 and talk with the Universe. Looking to the heavens he pleaded, "Give me some direction." Perhaps his luck and his fortune would change. And perhaps it did. For several days in a row he found quarters on the ground while riding his bike. One day he thought his trend of fortune had changed when, instead of finding a quarter, he found 2 dimes and a nickel.

At his visits to Shell Chris the cab driver told David about Chester, who was an icon of the homeless and well known in Malibu Colony. Chester lived on a cardboard mattress and had been arrested about 30 times for vacrancy. But many in the Malibu Colony knew him and trusted him. Chester was paid to walk dogs for people living in the colony. About 24 years ago Colony resident Bill Littlejohn invited Chester inside his house to live and Chester now over sees the mansion in the colony when the owner is a way.

David met Chester and took over the job of walking 2 golden retrievers. While walking these pets of Malibu Colony owners David met such people as Tom Hanks, who was out walking his own dogs, and Jim Carey. David says that many of the owners of Malibu Colony mansions only live there part of the time, so house and pet sitting is not an uncommon there.

Now that David has been given his law license back he has opened an office in Culver City, sharing an office with tax preparer Mariella. One of the cases he is most proud of in his new location is that of defending a 15 year old Hispanic boy who was being charged for accessory to murder. The boy's mother had no money, but convince David to take the case. The boy went to high school worked fulltime at a donut shop, and had never been in trouble before. David felt that the boy wouldn't have had time to get in trouble working has hard as he was. He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. David assembled a defense team, all of whom worked without pay. The boy was being tried as an adult and if he lost the boy would have gone to prison for at least 20 years. The day of the trial the judge was sick. This afforded David the time to talk to the top District Attorney, who was wasn't aware of the boy's background, and he was able to get his sentence reduced to 4 years.

Review of Mr Yardley by Brian Pietro (Still keep 'em Laughing)

Editor's Note: After the meeting Brian Pietro said he was going to write a review of David Yardley's talk at the Malibu Rotary meeting. He sent the Review to David and I asked David to send it to me with the following e-mail.

John W Elman, Editor

Malibu Rotary Club Surfwriter

David,

I will include Brian's review in my newsletter along with my own impressions of the day. I have put you on the free subscription list for the *Malibu Rotary Club Surfwriter*. I will be writing and e-mailing this weekend. I was going to put Brian on list too, but I don't have his e-mail address. Everyone was passing out business cards except him. People talked about things he used to do--have a store in Trancas center, be associated with Malibu Stage--but now it seems his only job is to be your critic. That's the main job description of a wife--and in your case sound like that got beyond toxic. Hope to see more of you.
John

REVIEW:
(from Brian Pietro)

JULY 24 2013

DAVID YARDLEY SPEAKS EXTEMPORANEOUSLY TO THE MALIBY ROTARY CLUB:

Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. Look! Up in the sky! It's a Bird! It's a Plane! It's Superdave!! Yes, it's Superdave. Strange visitor from another planet who came to Earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men. Superdave. Who can change the course of mighty rivers, bend steel in his bare hands, and who, disguised as David Yardley, mild-mannered attorney in the great L.A. metropolitan area, fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice, and the American way!

All things being equal, I imagine David would have loved such an intro, but seeing as how he couldn't even manage to cue up his still photo slide show, such an intro as this is probably asking just too much. But, had the attendees at today's Noon Rotary Club gathering at Pepperdine Malibu, been subjected to such an opening, it would have spoken volumes about David's (he hates to be called Dave) impression of himself. Cloaked in false irony, borrowed jokes, other people's anecdotes about movie stars, he bombards his audience with a scatter-gun monologue (34 minutes, 4 seconds) that did indeed leap tall subjects in a single bound, and moved around faster than a speeding bullet, from one nonsensical story to another.

David billed this smorgasbord of stories as being about "hope". Not as in "I hope this speech ends soon so I can eat Jack's Birthday cake" but "hope" in another sense, one would suppose.

Rotary International is, in a sense, in the business of hope and for that they are to be commended. In David's case, it's more like he is giving us the business. But, not to be overly harsh, there was lots of hope to be found in his stories, such as, I hope I get to talk to Mel Gibson while he fills his tank up with gas. I hope my friend will be at the Shell station tonight so I can corner him and torture him with descriptions of my plans for the future. I hope if I stand by this lifeguard station enough times, in the dark, in the middle of the night, someone over in the Colony will assume I am worthy of saving, and save me.

Oddest of all was his riff on some poor guy, dressed up apparently like Abraham Lincoln, walking across the street, legally, minding his own business, in the dead of night. From this, David leaps into a soliloquy about vampires. Seriously, I'm not making this up. And then, this

pedestrian, this top hat wearing low life bum, had the audacity to not even look at David. Can you imagine the utter and unbelievable rudeness of that? Someone not wanting to look at David? It's hard to believe that David could even summon up the courage to retell the horror of it. Well, I certainly hope it doesn't get any grittier or macabre than this, I will tell you!

But through all of this, this listener is asking, Where's the Beef?

Where are the gruesome heart-wrenching stories about his violent and sadistic ex-wife? His battles with drugs, apparently LSD still having its lingering side effects on his train of thought. What about the horror story about the State removing his law license? Is that really all there is to the story..? And his riding Neil Young around - are we to gather that he and Neil never spoke? Not even one little teeny weeny anecdote about one of the most iconic rock musicians of our time? What do we get to hear about instead? A couple of Golden Retrievers.

I did notice, however, that David did manage to tie his tie correctly and that his lapels on his suit are of the proper width, which is important these days, with everyone judging everyone else. It was also nice to see his hand-wrought greeting card samples. Looking at that work, I certainly did not get the impression that they were created by a person with a 51 card deck. Yeah, right.

Also, it was indeed heartwarming to see so many people apparently glad to see David there, or leastways, glad to see that it was over and they could all return to planet Earth where the afternoon began. Perhaps if the Rotary gives him another opportunity to speak, he will share with us what it has been like to go through life with a stunning resemblance to Frankenstein's monster, and perhaps he can treat us with stories about Little Big Horn, space travel, the Mayan culture, catching lobsters in Maine, and discovering a vaccine that cures arthritis. We will all hold out hope that he returns for yet another installment. Until then, look to the skies, keep you eyes on the sky, he could be anywhere.....

It didn't end there, because along with Brian's review David sent me the following e-mail:

Hi John,

Very funny comment about Brian, "but now it seems his only job is to be your critic." You know, he used to be a regularly working and excellent film actor. You've seen him in dozens of movies, third or fourth lead, including *The American President* with Michael Douglas and Annette Bening. Then, as things go in the industry, roles became scarcer, and he "pastured" to Malibu Stage Co. where he also did some very fine work, but he never seemed to let go of his movie heydays. I've tried to help him through it by being a friend, offering encouragement, setting up auditions for him, things like that. I guess because I'm one of his closest friends and he has witnessed all the blessings I've received in the last year, he tends to be a little critical of me. I understand, though, it's human nature. I stick by friends.

I can't wait to read your review in the Malibu Rotary Surfwriter, and thank you for the subscription!

We'll stay in touch . . .

David

And then Brian sent the following e-mail to David which turned out to be another critical addendum review of David:

Hi Dave:

Of course I would like to receive writings from John. He seems a nice sort, smart, and with a keen sense of humor. My email address is here contained for his use. I hope he does not interpret that as an indication I have an interest in joining though. As you know, but I doubt you conveyed, I have a consistent and long history of not joining any group or organization (the Groucho Marx line comes to mind), not to say I did not enjoy myself that afternoon, which I did. It was nice being back on campus as well - Jennie spent a good long, and I do mean, long year up there working as a consultant to the Straus school boys so I went up on the hill frequently. But that ended last May, so it was fun. Also, I go with John to see their Baseball games from time to time, but this occasion of yours was different and rewarding for me. But, it seems the screw turns.....

You, on the other hand, are still writhing around, like a wounded earthworm, conjuring up falsehoods about me at every given or stolen opportunity. Is this some primal survival instinct thing of yours? Attack before being attacked? Who knows - it would take a team of clinical psychiatrists and Watusi witch doctors ten years to get through your labyrinth of deception and self delusion.

Case in point, by suggesting that I have been in "dozens" of films. Well, I suppose that is true if we count all the high school movies I did, and all the grad (thesis) films I did for various film school students at various universities around the area - but if we were to limit that number to actual professional films, the list becomes, sadly, quite small. But you know this. Additionally, my role in "President" was a bit part - perhaps a key and pivotal one, but a bit part nevertheless. For you to inflate that to something far loftier and impressive is not only (typically) deceitful of you, but simply (typically) inaccurate. It was a big deal for me, though, and for you to constantly needle me, to by compliment remind me that my role was in fact quite small, is just another hurtful jab at me - it seems I will never run out of blood under your scalpel, will I, Dave? Did I set out to not accomplish my goals, Dave? Did I somehow wish to fail at my attempt to become more successful at an acting career, Dave? Do you enjoy making light of me and my life's dream, Dave? Does this give you pleasure? Does it make you feel bigger, more important, more intelligent, Dave?

Much to your chagrin I am sure, I have quite a few fond memories of that experience (being an actor in "American President"). Those four days I got to spend on the set, over at "Sony" (formerly MGM), being in that heady atmosphere, walking in the sound stage canyons,

working closely with some pretty heavy duty people was a delight. We did 42 takes of that particular scene, so that Rob Reiner could catch Michael Douglas in every conceivable angle, giving his fiery speech, take after take. Me? One take. My most memorable connection those days was with Michael Fox who became very chatty with me and we hit it off quite well - huddled backstage, chatting like schoolgirls, in hushed whispers, about everything imaginable - I also learned a lot from him about basic acting, auditions, presence, attitude and such. That experience alone was wonderful and valuable. Comically, that movie marked the third time I have been on a movie that Martin Sheen was on, a person whom I know pretty well from my retail days at Zuma Beach General Store, and also through Jennie, but every time I see him on a set, it's as if he doesn't know me in that way - odd - so then we develop a distant silent friendship instead - odd also. This time, when he would see me, he would always give me the James Dean "hello" wave (that low slice through the air with his hand flat that he would do in "Giant"). One time, he yelled out "You know who did that?" and, luckily for me, I yelled back "Dean". Marty was mightily impressed it seemed. Perhaps the headiest day was the first: Our initial read-through of the script, on a rainy day, in an empty and old sound stage. There were maybe two dozen tables formed in a huge rectangle, with tablecloths, pitchers of water, scripts, pencils and munchies. Craft Services had laid out a huge banquet of snacks nearby. Reiner was at the helm next to the empty chair that he had hoped might include Robert Redford (a driving force behind the movie, a producer of the movie, and at one time, cast as the lead but he removed himself - he thought he would be a distraction to the shoot, to the storyline, to the audience). Then we had, scattered about in no particular order or rank, the entire cast - maybe thirty of us. And we started reading, just as with some play over at the Old Church (Malibu Stage Co.) with Reiner reading all the stage and camera directions. It was almost like being back in High School, with all that heady excitement of that first read-through but this time, it was in the big league and in a sound stage full of ghosts - it was in this stage (I later found out) that Bogart, Grant, Cooper and Tracy had worked - there is nothing more intoxicating to me than the smell of a sound stage, especially an older one, such as this. The smell of the ocean and tradewinds in Kauai, the smell of the pines, aspens and rushing water over granite rocks in the Sierras, and the smell of an old sound stage - those three are tops. Well, actually, there *is* a fourth, but I will keep this clean.

Excuse me if I became too poetic but it serves a purpose: A fun peek behind the curtain and a backdrop to your insidious and constant tearing down of me. And this new storyline you have invented recently - that in some way *you* tolerate *me*. Ha! That's the biggest laugh since New Coke. Perhaps you are forgetting, Grasshopper, that it was *I* who took *you* in, with your knees knocking in sheer terror, and showed you the way - rule number one in acting - how to be comfortable on stage (and have *fun*) - not the easiest task in the world, to be sure, but you managed just fine after a couple of weeks of rehearsal and my constant unseen hands all about you, directing you while the actual director bellowed and quipped, distracting the hell out of you. But, for the chance to make a joke at my expense to someone who does not know better, I suppose is worth it all to you.....A cheap joke for a cheap suit. I'm grateful that your formative experience with me allowed you the presence to go before the Rotarians. You're welcome.

So, you speak of human nature, do you? You speak of sticking by friends, do you? What would you, you gargoyle, you mannequin, you imitation of a human being, know about either of those? When all else tumbled down around you, who was there? Me. When woman after woman abandoned you, or shunned you, or somehow belittled you, or ran away from you like their hair was on fire, who was there for you? Me. When you were arrested for disorderly conduct in a public place (Janss Mall, last February) who was it who bailed you out and drove you, and your bike, home? Me. When the Sheriff's pulled you over for littering on PCH and you ended up being cuffed and deposited in the back of their patrol car (last March) who was it who drove by, stopped, talked congenially to Deputy Winn, my buddy, and managed to convince him that you were (a) not drunk or on pills (b) were not bi-polar and (c) just an over-emotional guy who means no harm to anyone. They let you go with not so much as a citation. I told them that you thought the Big Mac wrapper was bio-degradable and okay to throw out the window. But I suppose you have forgotten all of that.

Alas, how soon we do seem to forget.

Your Best Friend Ever,

Brian..

Other News and Guests at Last Malibu Rotary Club Meeting

Malibu Rotary Club Vice President **David Baird** again kicked off the Malibu Rotary Club meeting July 24, with “This week in History” lessons and a joke about the history of the middle finger and words invoked while using it.

Malibu Rotary Club President Bill Wishard timed his drive from Carlsbad perfectly and was present from the beginning of the meeting. He was most concerned about the two documents discussed the previous week, the 2013-2014 Club Inventory and 2013-2014 Club Planning Guide. They were briefly discussed at the July 17th Malibu Rotary meeting, and he and John Elman worked on them via phone on Sunday. The Club Inventory was sent by John to Assistant Governor Joe Vasquez on Sunday, Printed copies of the 2012-14 Malibu Rotary Club Planning Guide were distributed to the members for more input and Margo and Hubert added to the written pages to be sent to the District. That document was due in the hands of Joe Vasquez before the end of the week.

There were more members and guests at the July 24th Malibu Rotary Club meeting than any meeting in the past couple years. Speaker **David Yardley** had a whole entourage of people who came to hear him speak and assist in a funny video presentation of outtakes from a video commercial he had done for his law practice.

In addition to **Brian Pietro** whom we had mentioned earlier—David's personal critic and heckler—there was **Anthony Galeano**, a realtor who also helped David, as well as

videographer **Harris Gaffin (harrisfromparts.com)**, and Anthony's son **Jean Paul**. Also present were **Kelly Solm** and Culver City Rotarian **Griselda Espinosa**, and **Mariella** the tax preparer who shares office space with David Yardley in Culver City along with her daughter **Carla**. And finally, the Malibu Rotary Club speaker from 2 weeks ago **Ako Eyong**, who had worked at Malibu Stage with David Yardley and Brian Pietro, which is where the three of them met **Maggie Luckerath**. **Ako** was given the fund raising prize from the Malibu Rotary Club Brazilian Bash Blowout for eye exam by **John Elman** that was won by **Tom Bos** who felt he couldn't use it since he was in Michigan.

Charles "Chuck" Green Memorial Monthly Lecture Series at Malibu

In an e-mail **Geoff Ortiz** informed this editor that he was speaking with **Larry Jones, Chuck Green's** son-in-law, after mass at Malibu Methodist Church. Larry told Geoff he is conducting the Charles "Chuck" Green Memorial Monthly Lecture Series at Malibu United Methodist Church, commencing on Wednesday, August 21 at 7:00 pm.

Larry is nationally recognized history and Academic Decathlon teacher. He has some very interesting, Malibu related subjects that he will be discussing.

At Geoff's suggestion Larry sent the following e-mail to the *Malibu Rotary Club Surfwriter*:

Chuck Green was a long time member and a past president of the Malibu Rotary Club. In his memory, we are starting a speaker series in Malibu that will be taught by another long-time Malibuite, Larry Jones. This is free and open to the public. We are hoping you can help get the following information out to your members. If you send me an email address, I can send you an attached flyer with pictures. Thank you. Here is the information: Charles Green Memorial Lecture Series Did you love your history class in school because the teacher had a passion for connecting the past to the present? This series is for you. Did you hate your history class in school because it was presented as a tedious list of dates and irrelevant facts? Then this series is for you, too. If you are interested in learning about current issues as well as local and global history, in sharing ideas as to how people and ideas of the past are linked to the ongoing struggle for social justice, or in discovering new perspectives about our nation's past, you are invited to a new lecture and discussion series in Malibu. Topics as diverse as the Supreme Court's Voting Rights Act decision, the history of Pacific Coast Highway through Malibu, the human rights lessons we can learn from leaders such as Aung San Suu Kyi in Burma, and how artwork can be used to decipher American history will be part of The Charles Green Memorial Lecture Series, which is free and open to the public. Named in honor of the late Dr. Charles B. Green, a history/current issues lecture and discussion series will be hosted by the Malibu United Methodist Church, with the first session at 7:00 pm on Wednesday, August 21. Chuck Green was a long-time resident of Malibu and Santa Monica, an educator for 72 years, and remained active in politics, drama, civic organizations, and current events until just before his death in 2011 at age 93. Sandy Liddell, pastor of the Methodist Church, said "We are excited to initiate this series in the spirit of Chuck Green's quest to stay informed while helping educate others in the importance of both current issues and historic events. We hope people throughout the community

interested in hearing about and discussing social causes and historic events will attend.” Larry Jones, nationally recognized educator and Chuck Green’s son-in-law, will be teaching the series. Jones, a former history teacher at Malibu Park Junior High School, has ties with Malibu that stretch back to 1951 when his parents Al and Rita Jones moved to Malibu. Jones’ teaching career spanned six decades, starting at Our Lady of Malibu and included eight years at Malibu Park Junior High. For 25 years he taught history at Moorpark High School while also coaching the school’s Academic Decathlon Team to thirteen Ventura County Championships, five California State Championships, and four U.S. National Championships. He and his Academic Decathlon students were honored during Oval Office meetings in the White House during the Clinton, Bush, and Obama administrations. “I am honored to be conducting a series in memory of my father-in-law Chuck Green,” said Jones, who was inducted into the Ventura County Educators’ Hall of Fame last year. “To be doing it my hometown of Malibu is extra special. It was while at Webster School in the late 1950s that I knew I wanted to become a teacher and I’m glad to have the chance to impart some of what I’ve learned through the educational career I had since then. Chuck emphasized the importance of connecting the past to the present and of staying informed and involved, and I’m thrilled to carry on that tradition in his name.” The monthly meetings will focus on current issues, local history, and connecting the relevance of the past to the present, and will be in the sanctuary of the Malibu United Methodist Church, 30128 Morningview Drive.

Hubert and Tom Send Greetings From RI Convention in Lisbon



Hubert Luckerath (L) represented the Malibu Rotary Club at the 2013 Rotary International Convention held June 23-28th in Lisbon, Portugal. Tom Bos (R), a Past Rotary District Governor from Holland Michigan, and a regular visitor to the Malibu Rotary Club, joined Hubert and thousands of other Rotarians from more than 225 countries and geographic areas at the annual event, held in a different country each year. Hubert will be talking about his experience visiting his first RI Convention when he is the feature speaker at the July 31 Malibu Rotary Club meeting. Maggie Luckerath received a message from Hubert while he was in Europe: "going to this Rotary International Convention in Lisbon, Portugal was the best thing I have ever done in my entire life except for marrying you"!

Please see Malibu Rotary Club Website www.maliburotary.org for latest Calendar and future speakers and facebook pages for other news.

Like Rotary Club of Malibu on 

Calendar

(All Malibu Rotary Club meetings are at 12:00 Noon in LC 152 at the Pepperdine Drescher campus Villa Graziadio Executive Center unless otherwise noted).

Jul 31, 2013

Hubert Luckerath

"Report of the 2013 Rotary International Convention in Lisbon"

Hubert Luckerath was the lone representative of the Malibu Rotary Club attending this year's Rotary international Convention in Lisbon. He will give a report back from that adventure at noon at the Malibu Rotary Club meeting at Drescher Campus of Pepperdine University on July 31.

Aug 1, 2013

Hubert Luckerath

Malibu Rotary Club Budget Discussion