

# COWBOY LAWYERS

ASSOCIATION ©

# NEWSLETTER

Vol. 7, No.2, July 1998

Editor: Sunny Miller

## Tales From The Cuyamaca Campfire

By Sunny Miller

Brian Faulkner should have never sat in Jack Denove's massage chair during a reading of Waddie Mitchell's "Catastrophe." It seems Jack likes cats. Before you could say "Kill that kitty," Brian's limbs were tangled in a wreck of twisted metal, the likes of which we haven't seen since Marshal Oldman forced Jack to mutter "Newt is great." You would have thought Brian had more sense. The last time he got near the Denove clan, he ended up with four broken ribs and a punctured lung.

There were other dangers as well. Talk about cereal killers. The bacon, sausage, eggs and biscuits with gravy consumed by President Wilkie Cheong inspired an impromptu CLA Board meeting to discuss key man insurance for Wilkie. Then there was the bog ballet performed gracefully by Victor Chavez on Margarita and Marshal Oldman on Bill. The Spanish Riding School might have dubbed it "Airs Below The Ground." Most terrifying of all was Bud Katzman's effort to play a tape fondly referred to in knowledgeable circles as "the horse murderer."

Those two most irritating words in the Spanish language, "el nino," contributed to the beauty of the ride. Cuyamaca was the greenest we've ever seen it. Hip deep grass in the valleys swayed and rustled in the breeze. Deer chomped on tiny purple, yellow, white and red flowers on the outskirts of camp. So many people sighted wild



"You'll be a 'catastrophe'" Brian yelled as he lunged at Jack .....

turkeys that we just couldn't blame it on the CLA bar.

Our evenings were spent in the best CLA tradition. Friday we read cowboy poetry into the wee hours and Bob Sherlock shared a story about his "lunch" with Pancho Villa. Sometime between the end of the poetry and the 2:30 a.m. wake-up call provided by the Denove truck's security alarm, Wilkie presented buckle number 179 to Cyndy Burch.

On Saturday the "Vulcan Mountain Boys" (and one girl) serenaded us with banjo and guitar. Claudia Leighton joined the "Boys" in song much to the benefit of the band. Linda Sue Martindill "clogged" along with the music and Tamia Hope two-stepped the night away. Despite it all, we missed Peggy Luty's fireside antics. Where are you Peggy and Bob?

Marlene Chavez pronounced it

"the best cowboy lawyer ride ever."

There are lots of folks to thank for this terrific ride. Mike Lyden, Bob Sherlock and Bill Daniels were the ride sponsors. Scott Haith drove down and did one of the pre-rides. As always, Mary Bennett provided support and expertise on lots of details. Mike Martindill (Buckle #150) found the band, and great food was dished up by Main Street catering of Hesperia. Jayne Oldman bought the soft drinks, Gretchen Nelson supplied the wine, Bob Sherlock brought the beer, and the Denoves lugged the bar. Lee Graham supplied a particularly intelligent string of horses, one of whom exited his pipe corral at will by stepping daintily between the chains. Brian Faulkner and Gretchen Nelson scrubbed the bathrooms, and Brian, Bob Sherlock, Richard Heller and Sunny Miller pulled manure duty for the rental horse corrals. Thanks all!

# COWBOY LAWYERS ASSOCIATION ©

## BITS & PIECES

The Honorable Judith Chirlin was named in May as the recipient of California Women Lawyers' Joan Dempsey Klein Outstanding Jurist Award. Judge Chirlin is a life member of CWL and has been active in the organization for many years

Mike Petrie recently got quite a write up in the Coto de Caza News. It seems that upscale Orange County community found out that Mike was a man with a past. In particular, he spent several years on the professional rodeo circuit riding Brahmas. The young journalist seemed surprised at the notion of a lawyer slinging around 2,000 lbs. of bull.

### Happy Trails, Roy 1911-1998



And you're in our thoughts, Dale.

## 1998 Ride and Event Schedule

July 25, 1998

First Ever Al & Margie  
Margolis Midsummer's Night  
Margarita Party (No Horses)  
Los Angeles, California

August 28-31, 1998

Tahoe Donner/Squaw Valley  
Lake Tahoe, California

October 4, 1998

Veterinary Clinic  
Robertson Ranch  
Moorpark, California

October 16-18, 1998

Santa Ynez Wine Tasting Ride  
Santa Ynez Valley, California

November 7 or 14, 1998

Malibu Creek  
Calabasas, California

## Cowboy Lawyers Association

Established 1989

1998 Governing Board  
Officers

Wilkie Cheong, President  
Mary M. Bennett, Vice-President  
Scott Haith, Secretary  
Marshal Oldman, Treasurer

### Directors

Jack Denove  
Tamia Hope  
Bud Katzman  
Walter Leighton  
Bob Luty  
Mike Lyden  
Sunny Miller  
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Bill Thon

### 1998 Ride Committee

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Mike Lyden  
Gretchen Nelson  
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### Newsletter

Sunny Miller  
Gretchen Nelson  
Dan Simon, Editor Emeritus  
1990-96

### Past Presidents

1989-91 - Jim Nichols  
1992 - Manuel Hidalgo  
1993 - Bill Thon  
1994 - Bob Luty  
1995 - Tom Borsari  
1996 - Scott Haith  
1997 - Walter Leighton

# So You Want to Buy a Horse!

By Richard Heller

There are dozens of books and articles on how to buy a horse but relatively little has been written about the strategic process of horse selection. Almost fifty years ago the mathematical community was intrigued by a problem known as the "secretary" or "marriage" problem which, in its simplest form, has to do with how one should go about selecting the best secretarial or marriage candidate from a field of many candidates.\* The following example presents the now famous selection theorem in the context of buying a horse.

First, we must posit some basic assumptions or strategic premises. Let's assume you have identified  $N$  potential horses for inspection and test riding (e.g., there are, say, 20 potential trail horses owned by 20 different owner/trainers). Let's further assume that, due to limited time and the existence of other prospective buyers, your visits (i.e., horse inspections and trials) must be sequential and that at the end of each visit you must decide whether to accept or reject the horse on the spot. (In other words, once you pass over a particular horse that's it--a return visit is impossible--the horse will be gone!) Once you get to the last horse you will have to purchase that horse by default because there will be no other horse left to purchase.

Second, you must realize that without any strategic selection process the probability that you will select the best horse is only  $1/N = 1/20 = 5\%$ . Can you improve the odds? According to the selection theorem, to maximize your chance of picking the best horse, you must select some number  $K < N$  and then immediately proceed to inspect, ride, and reject the first  $K$  horses. Then you are to continue the horse evaluation process until you find a horse that is better than the best of all the rejected horses. You are supposed to buy that horse. But what is  $K$ ?

The optimal strategy is to choose  $K = N/e$ , where  $e \cong 2.718\dots$  (a mathematical constant used in biology, engineering, and physics). Thus if there are 20 horses to inspect and ride, you should reject the first  $K \cong 20/2.718 \cong 7$  horses. (You must still inspect and ride them, but you must reject every one of them.) Then you must continue the interviewing and evaluation process and purchase the next horse that is better than the best of all the rejected horses. That horse might be the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, ... or even the last (20th) horse. For example, after inspecting and riding the first 7 horses (remember, you must reject all of them), you might inspect and ride (but reject) numbers 8, 9, and 10, but decide that horse number 11 is better than the best of all the rejected horses (i.e., horses 1 through 10). If, indeed, horse number 11 is better than the best of all the rejected horses, the theorem claims you should "buy" horse number 11.

By using this method you will maximize your chance of picking the best horse when all the horses are examined in random order; i.e., if there are 20 horses to evaluate, you must place all their names in a hat, draw them one by one, and inspect and ride them in the order drawn. The theorem claims that no other selection and evaluation strategy will yield a better probability of success. Unfortunately, the optimal probability that you will pick the best horse happens to be only  $1/e \cong 37\%$ . But that's certainly better than  $1/20 = 5\%$ .

Finally, as long as the interviewing process is random you may substitute "mates" and "lawyers" for "horses" and obtain the same result. For example, a client should identify a set of  $N$  potential lawyers to represent him or her, visit each, but automatically reject the first  $K \cong N/e$  lawyers. For income maximization purposes, the trick is to avoid being in the first  $K$  lawyers.

\* See Thomas S. Ferguson, "Who Solved the Secretary Problem," *Statistical Science*, 1989, Vol. 4, No. 3, 282-296. A popular description appears in John A. Paulos, *Beyond Numeracy: Ruminations of a Numbers Man* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1991), p. 64.

# The Rain God vs. The Sun God

By Gretchen Nelson

Waking up in Eagle Rock on Saturday morning, the sky was gray and low. Stepping out to collect the morning Times, misty rain greeted my face. Assuming it was the mere by-product of early morning fog and never imagining that rain was lurking in those clouds, I grabbed my cup loaded with Bristol Farms' Breakfast Blend, jumped in the Suburban and took off at a rapid clip down York Boulevard to the Harbor Freeway -- leaving behind my genuine New Zealand, guaranteed to have water run off your back like a duck, oil slicker.

I actually thought about taking the slicker but having been frustrated twice at Vasquez Rocks in an effort to experience the joy of riding with the greatest bunch of cowboy lawyers ever born, I decided instead to defy the Rain God and trust the Sun God. My reasoning was simple -- if I took the slicker, the Rain God would assume that I wanted to ride in the rain since I would be protected from any deluge that she might throw my way. But, if I left the slicker behind in the closet, the Sun God would protect me and chase the Rain God away.

Driving onto the freeway at Avenue 54, the misty rain seemed to be clearing up and I was convinced that my instincts were correct. Trust in the Sun God and she will protect you. However, by the time I reached the next exit on the freeway, I was forced to turn the intermittent windshield wipers onto the lowest setting. By the next exit, the wipers were not keeping up with the volume of water that was splattering onto my windshield so I increased the wiper speed. By the next exit, the misty rain was no longer misty and singing to Clint Eastwood was not improving things. I began to have second thoughts about my analysis of the Gods, Rain and Sun -- maybe they're male and they don't like being considered female.

By the time that the Suburban was flying by the downtown skyline, I knew I was in big trouble. The windshield wipers were slapping time faster than Janis Joplin ever sang and the rain was coming down

(Please see God on p.6)

# Palos Verdes Ride

By Bud Katzman

We wuz sittin round the 'ole Red Onion wondering what happened to all the Cowboy Lawyers on Saturday, May 2, 1998. Well, after a few beers and a few Margaritas, tongues got loose and ol' what's her name opined that the theme "Defy El Nino" kind of angered the kid and that's why we had drizzle on Saturday morning.

Then whatchyamacallit sounded off and said that he tried to cooperate with El Nino by coming all the way to Palos Verdes to celebrate Spring, enjoy the wild flowers, hear the babbling brooks, glory at the immense growth of poison oak, and ride on the first Cowboy Lawyer ride of 1998 and not have any dust in his nostrils.

One of the sassy gals in the bunch said she was happy that a bunch of people didn't sign up and a whole other bunch didn't even show up, cause that left more donuts and orange juice and coffee before the ride, beer on the ride and all that buffet stuff for her.

No matter your outlook those who made it got a beautiful tour of a small part of the Palos Verdes Peninsula with a view of Catalina Island on the left hand side and the Los Angeles basin on the right.

Lori Cornell, a local resident, member of the Empty Saddle Club and good friend of the restaurant, led us on a three hour trek from the Empty Saddle Club, with breaks at Hesse's Gap and at the fire station on the top of Crest Road.

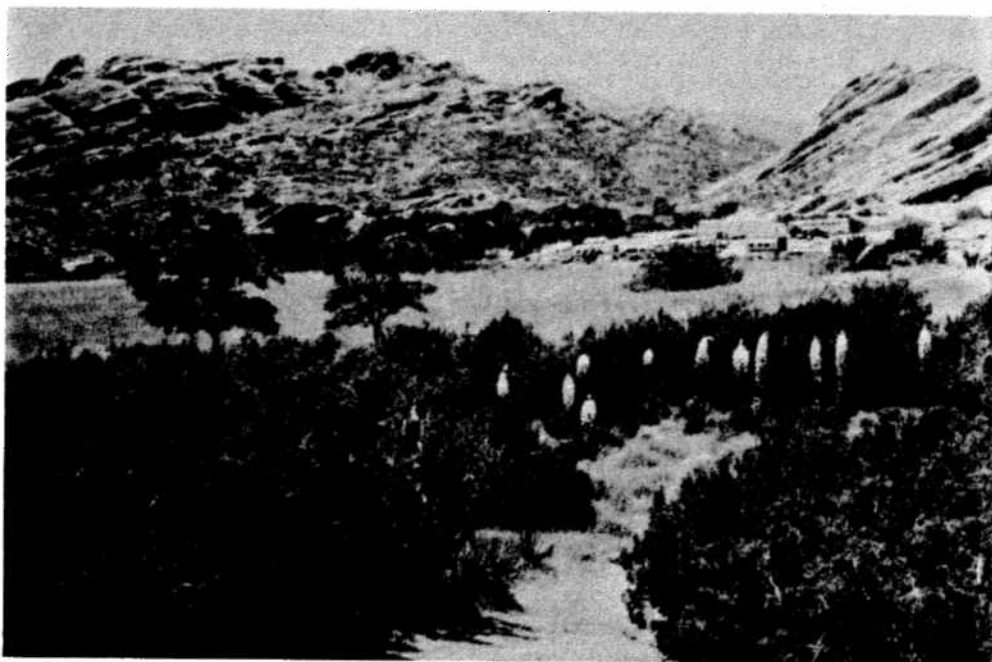
After a magnificent spread, in a restaurant that had washrooms separately marked for men and women, it was remarked by some feller that it would take a heap of work to make Montana de Oro as colorful and commodious as was the Red Onion. About 2:00 we reluctantly pulled the horses off the picket line and scrambled down the street for the ride back, making a stop at Hix's Ring, down

the hill to the Empty Saddle Club and all of us dry to the bone.

The ride committee specially thanks Bob Luty for getting us into the Empty Saddle Club, Lori Cornell for leading the ride, Lee Graham for putting up a picket line in the parking lot of the restaurant and all the members who supported this most beautiful spring outing.

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Vasquez Rocks and the comforting glare of automotive chrome



There's nothing like the campfire at Cuyamaca to bring out the smile in a Cowboy Lawyer.

The melodic



"We swear, Mr. Ranger, wild horses couldn't drag us into those wild flowers in Cuyamaca!"



## The Gang That Couldn't Ride Straight

By Sunny Miller

We never did find that guy Vasquez's hideout, and it wasn't for lack of trying. Led by local law enforcement, in the person of the park's ranger, thirty-five of us crossed the same steep muddy creek bed three times before we

got pointed in the right direction. The extra seventy crossings were unfortunate because some horses demonstrated a time-consuming reluctance to cross even the first time, causing significant wear and tear to Jim Nichols' rope. Once we quit milling around and closed in on the trail, we were in for a great ride.

We wound our way among towering rock formations under blue skies fanned by a cool breeze. We splashed through shallow streams fringed by unexpected greenery and watched birds circling above, perhaps in the expectation that we would lose our way one last time. After we descended a particularly long, steep hill, someone's inner child announced that we had gone the wrong way and had to turn around. This proved untrue and we soon sighted the comforting glare of sunshine on automotive chrome, right where we were headed. Best of all, the way back to the parking lot did not involve a fourth crossing of the now familiar creek bed.

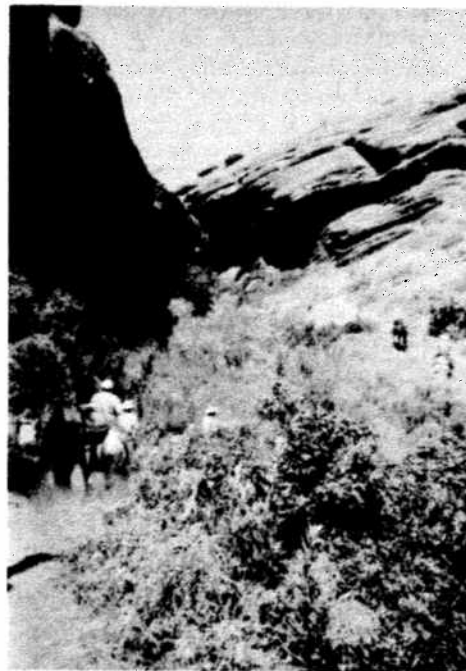
We arrived in the parking lot to find the Leightons had arrived to pick up a new mount (supplied by Lee Graham) for son Jud. It turned out to be the chubby little buckskin mare that Linda Sue French rode in Cuyamaca this year.

We lunched in the shade of a pepper tree on tasty barbecue supplied by Rattler's of Santa Clarita. We took time off from chewing our tri-tip for Wilkie Cheong to present buckle number 162 to Gary Dordick. Vasquez Rocks was also Paul Kiesel's first ride with CLA.

Thanks go to Jack Denove and Bill Daniels who organized this ride — three times. Ranger Mike Sharp was extremely helpful and would love to see us back again. We're glad we weren't snowed out this time.



Vulcan Mountain Boys and adoring girl.



Vasquez Rocks The Gang heading East... or was that West?

God (continued from p.3)

like stairpoles. I was seriously contemplating pulling off on Sixth Street, returning home like a drenched cat and crawling back into bed. But the thought of that 7-hour round trip drive up to Santa Ynez the day before to bring Sara down to Palos Verdes convinced me that I was not going to let the Rain God stop me from riding. I was going to ride. It was not going to rain. And, I was going to have a great time!

The prospects for all three dimmed as I whizzed by the Coliseum. The rain was now driving down so hard that the white stripes on the road and Mr. Botts' dots were invisible. Cars slowed to a crawl, water slammed over the divider from northbound cars like tsunamis and my hands were clenched around the wheel in a death grip to keep the Suburban from bouncing all over the freeway. I implored the Gods: "Haven't we already had more rain this year than ever before?" "Aren't the reservoirs and aquifers more than amply filled?" "Is the 1998 Ride Committee going to have to be renamed the Rain Committee?" "Are we going to have to rename Los Angeles, Seattle?" "Was I a serial killer in my former lifetime who drowned my victims and this is the pay-back?" All justified thoughts that crammed my brain as the Suburban slogged ever diligently south while my genuine New Zealand, guaranteed to have water run off your back like a duck, oil slicker hung forlornly in the closet at home.

As the Century Freeway loomed ahead, I came to the conclusion that I had hauled Sara 250 miles to spend the night in Palos Verdes, breakfast at the Red Onion and haul her back to Santa Ynez where I could soak my woes in a bowl of pea soup.

At about Rosecrans Boulevard, thoughts of hot coffee, scrambled eggs and bacon and a leisurely drive back to Santa Ynez became my goal. But then, the Sun God took pity. The windshield wipers began to croak as they struggled across the drying glass. I flipped the switch down to medium intermittent and then dropped it down even slower.

I crossed under the 405 and I swore I saw the barest sliver of sun peeking out from the clouds way out on the horizon. Afraid to become optimistic, I kept the wipers slowly slapping as I pulled off the freeway. By the time I turned onto Crenshaw, I defied the Rain God and turned the wipers off completely resorting to just pulling the toggle switch for one swipe at a time. I began to think about riding and lurching at the Red Onion. I remembered how much I dislike pea soup.

Pulling into the Empty Saddle Club, I began to wonder if the word "saddle" was necessary - it was an empty club. Lee Graham wasn't even there. As I grabbed a flake of hay to feed Sara, I heard the sound of car engines. Slowly people began to arrive and eventually we had quite a group huddled over by the cow arena - Jack and Mary looking warm and cozy in their Australian oil slickers, but without Rebecca and General, Richard Heller, Bob Luty, Al Margolis, Patty Friedland and Bud Katzman. And then Lee Graham arrived. As soon as Lee started unloading those ponies, I knew that we were going to ride. Yippee!

Even better the clouds began to disappear and the sun struggled to make her face known like an actor just arriving in LA. Spirits lifted and we started to count heads. Lee announced that he had extra horses because of all of those pessimists who didn't believe in the Sun God. Jack and Mary jumped into Lee's line-up of clients along with Wilkie and Becky. More rain clouds blew away and the sun began to dry out the crowd. Bud riding his fancy new Palomino hollared out "riders up!" and within minutes there wasn't an empty saddle in the place.

As we rode over the ridge, looking out over fields of wild oats shimmering like the ocean, with big globs of mustard grass high as a horse's eye rustling in the wind, I glanced back to downtown Los Angeles far in the distance. Huge black angry rain clouds were roiling in the mountains above La Canada miles away. I looked up at the sky and I swear I saw the Sun God wink.

## Cowboy Words of Wisdom

Seems some cowboys spend their time moseying 'round the Internet. Bill Daniels found the following posted on rec.equestrian.

Never kick a fresh cow chip on a hot day.

There's two theories to arguin' with a woman. And neither one works.

Don't worry 'bout bitin' off more'n you can chew. Your mouth's probably a whole lot bigger'n you think.

If you get to thinkin' you're a person of some influence, try orderin' somebody else's dog around.

If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop diggin'.

Never smack a man who's chewin' tobacco.

Always drink upstream from the herd.

Never ask a barber if he thinks you need a haircut.

Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgment.

If you're ridin' ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there.

When you're throwin' your weight around, be ready to have it thrown around by somebody else.

Lettin' the cat outta the bag's a whole lot easier than puttin' it back.

Always take a good look at what you're 'bout to eat. It's not so important to know what it is, but it's critical to know what it was.

The quickest way to double your money is to fold it over and put it back in your pocket.

Never miss a good chance to shut up.

# IT'S THE PITTS

by Lee Pitts

## The Happy Wanderer

Few things will test a friendship more than a romantic bull.

Educators and researchers may suggest differently, but I am here to tell you that the single most important economic factor in today's cattle business is "the Neighbor's Bull." He is responsible for all the poor doing calves, deadly diseases and broken fences in our business. There's not a problem on any ranch in America that cannot be blamed on one's wife or the neighbor's bull.

For example, whenever one of your excellent cows gives birth to an ugly or frail looking calf you can darn sure bet it was sired by "The Neighbor's Bull." It doesn't matter that the neighbor is a shepherd who would never allow cattle on his ranch or a rancher in his home.

The only disease "The Neighbor's Bull" doesn't have is homesickness. Bulls that won't stay home are responsible for most of the disagreement between neighbors and have started 80% of the range wars in this century.

I know all of this because I once had a bull that we called "The Happy Wanderer." He was the result of an interracial marriage. His mother was a Holstein cow of ill-repute and his father was a Corriente steer. (The knife was dull).

The Happy Wanderer cost 42 cents a pound at the local auction. Now, why, you might ask, would I buy such a bad bull for my herd sire when I myself am such an extraordinary example of the power of genetics? That's a fair question. The answer was, I didn't plan to get any calves out of my crossbred bull. All my calves are sired by my neighbor's performance tested \$4,500 bulls. One year, I forgot to turn out my bulls and I still got an 80% calf crop.

Last year my neighbor spent \$5,000 for a bull in hopes that he would sire an outstanding calf crop. He did...for me. The last time my neighbor went to the sale

to buy bulls I tried to advise him on what kind of bulls to buy. He didn't seem to appreciate my advice but I offered it anyway. After all, I didn't want my cows bred to just any bull!

The Happy Wanderer went AWOL for the same three reasons that men carouse around: food, drink and sex. I have tried everything to keep him home. One year we turned him out on my neighbor's place in hopes that he would break into my pastures. But he knew where he belonged.

One of my neighbors is a farmer. Mostly he grows corn and is unfriendly. He used to borrow my horse from me when my bull broke into his corn field but for some reason he quite borrowing and now he won't even return my wave.

The sex drive of The Happy Wanderer enabled him to leap tall fences in a single bound and eventually led to his demise. For some reason my neighbor called on the phone one day and informed me that The Happy Wanderer had got into a fight and broke the leg of one of his best bulls and asked what he should do about it? I replied that, "he might consider moving to a nicer neighborhood." The next day I found The Happy Wanderer deader than a can of corned beef. He was staring at the sky and seeing nothing. My neighbor suggested deer hunters were responsible but when I saw powder burns and 39 entry wounds I had my doubts. Not that The Happy Wanderer didn't look like a deer, mind you, with his kind eye, antlers and emaciated appearance.

In honor of The Happy Wanderer's years of service, and because the tallow man now wanted \$25 to pick-up a carcass, I decided to put The Happy Wanderer to bed on the ranch with a pick and shovel.

It was most gratifying to see all the neighbors show up for the funeral. I didn't know if it was out of the deep respect they had for him or if they just wanted to make sure he was dead. I nearly cried when my neighbor to the South with the fancy set of replacement heifers bred to The Happy Wanderer showed up with a

tombstone for the grave. The inscription read, "Home At Last."

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Lee Pitts is one of the most widely syndicated writers in the country. His weekly column now appears in newspapers and magazines in this country, Canada and even Italy. Articles by Mr. Pitts have been reprinted in hundreds of newspapers and magazines and his essays are regularly on Paul Harvey News and Comment. Mr. Pitts is the author of six books.

Our former president Tom Borsari is a big fan of Mr. Pitts and obtained his permission to reprint the foregoing article in the newsletter. Let us know if you like it as Mr. Pitts will allow us further reprints at a very reasonable rate. Our thanks to Mr. Pitts for his generosity and to Tom for contacting him for us.

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And speaking of Tom, the following yarns are also from him

Two farmers each claimed to own a certain cow. While one pulled on its head and the other pulled on its tail, the cow was milked by a lawyer.

Three cowboys are sitting around a fire. The first starts to tell yarns about how he's the toughest cowboy ever.

The second disagrees, and starts to tell stories about how he's the toughest ever.

The third just sits silently by the fire, patiently stirring the coals with his penis.



## "The Beverly Cow-billies"

(To the tune of the Beverly Hillbillies)

By Linda Sue Martindill

Now here is a story 'bout a group from the law,  
Bunch of Cowboy Lawyers all shoutin' "Yee-haw!"  
Headed for the hills in Cuyamaca Park;  
Gonna do some ridin' all day 'til dark!  
...Horses that is, equine sports, tall in the saddle!

Now up in the hills on a horse that day,  
Marshal Oldman saw something and started to pray,  
Horse was headin' for a mud-bog deep;  
Next thing ya know, ol' Marshal's in a heap!  
... Mud that is... up to his #!?!

Well that was just the start, next we have ol' Bud,  
Horse was spooked by water, just didn't like mud!  
So his horse took a jump and Bud let out a hollar...  
The horse hit the ground and lost his breast collar!

Well Vic had a moment while on his horse he sat...  
He couldn't throw Vic, but he trampled his hat;  
To add to that coffee was late in the morning,  
And Mary's car alarm went off without a warning!

The Vulcan Mountain Boys came to sing and play guitar,  
And when Claudia sang with 'em she was quite the star!  
There was cloggin' and 2-stepping all thru the night,  
And Cindy-rella kept the campfire glowing real bright!

Happy Trails to the Cowboy Lawyers!



### IN THIS EDITION:

Cuyamaca - Troubles With  
Bogs And Chairs.

Those Mathematicians Are  
Always Right!

Its The Pitts - But Man Is He  
Great!

Palos Verdes - Here Comes  
The Sun -- Finally!

## COWBOY LAWYERS ASSOCIATION

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