

COWBOY LAWYERS

NEWSLETTER

Vol. 6, No. 2, August 1997

Editor: Sunny Miller

Brio Bravo

By Sunny Miller

We looked like the Seventh Cavalry (before it was wiped out), cresting the hill, tall in our saddles, riding in a neat column, two abreast. At first you could only see our upper bodies, unusually still, as our horses moved forward at a brisk trot. As the leaders cleared the hill, you could begin to see the horses beneath us. This was not the Seventh Cavalry. No cavalry horse ever looked like that. These horses' legs were stuck on fast forward, paddling the air and spewing up pebbles, while their upper bodies glided smooth as a caterpillar over the bumps in the road.

These were Paso Finos. For about eight of us, our first chance to ride these horses was on April 27, 1997, courtesy of new member John Rowell and his partners Martha Coolidge, Charles and Michael Minter. John, Martha, and the Minters operate Rancho Paso Bravo, probably the largest Paso Fino ranch in the country.

Rancho Paso Bravo is near Agua Dulce. After a two-mile drive down a bumpy dirt road, you come to the top of a ridge and look down at the mouth of a valley glowing with the delicate yellow-green of desert plants holding tenuously to their color in mid-spring. A cool breeze whispers in the grass. Below you sprawls a complex of barns and corrals.

The barns house one hundred Paso Finos in box stalls. The centerpiece of the 235-acre ranch is a cool, dim, earth-smelling indoor arena, surrounded by forty or so stalls. The stallions are arranged next to each other on one side, showing minimal interest in the mares across the way.

The horses, smaller than the average riding horse, come in all



Martha Coolidge riding her Paso Fino stallion Regalo

(Photo Courtesy of John Rowell)

colors. Charles Minter saddled up 1997 West Coast Grand Champion Performance Horse, Flamante Bravo and took him for a spin in the arena. Flamante is a golden palomino stallion with a long thick platinum mane, that rippled and shimmered as he glided like the equine version of an exotic dancer around the arena. In contrast, Martha's stallion, Regalo de Marichallo, is a crisply colored black and white paint, incredibly mellow for a guy who during breeding season is bred just about every day of the week. His father was only the second or third paint in the Paso Fino breed. Martha also showed us Carillon Bravo, an exquisite dappled silver mare who circled the arena with tiny delicate steps sounding like a flamenco

dancer as she pranced down the wooden gangplank set in the arena floor.

Rancho Bravo houses some serious champions, most of them descended from Bochica Tres, a three-time Grand National Fino Champion. John tells me the thing to look for in Paso Finos is "brio," a Spanish word suggesting fire, spirit, and a joy in movement.

For the ride, we split into two groups, the Paso Fino group (horses provided courtesy of Rancho Paso Bravo) and the rest. The two groups were necessary because the Pasos travel at such a fast clip. Martha led the Pasos with her stallion, Regalo, a remarkably well-behaved trail horse. John rode drag on his gray gelding, who just won the title of

COWBOY LAWYERS

ASSOCIATION ©

Home of President and First Lady Up In Smoke

For the next year or so, you can find the President and First Lady at a new address. No. Not the 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue folks. THE President, Walter Leighton and our First Lady, Claudia, and First Son, Jud. At 2:00 a.m. on June 7, the Leightons were awakened by the First Dog, Buffalo, who announced that the garage was disappearing in flames. Everyone got out safely but the garage is no more and the house suffered extensive damage. After spending three weeks at the Best Western, their temporary digs in Ventura are looking pretty good. Their new address (for nine months to a year while their house is being rebuilt) is 900 Scenic Way, Ventura 93003, (805) 642-7969.

The President's Ramblings From the Upper Bunk at the Best Western

I am pleased to report that my family and I are doing great and we thank you all for your thoughts, prayers and messages. I truly feel I am one of the luckiest people in the world to be saying "howdy," at this moment to a group of people like you. First and foremost, I have to thank The Big Bullrider in the Sky for watching out for me.

Ian Tyson and I have something in common. We never sold our saddles -- mine melted, though. Nichols, please bring me an extra saddle for the upcoming rides so I don't have to try riding Skeet bareback. Two thoughts on the alleged fire referred to elsewhere in this volume: First I suggest all you little buckaroos consider slapping a smoke alarm in your car corrals; second, in retrospect, I wish I had consumed a few more cervezas on the evening in question. I think a few more Zorro's and I would have had the fire out!

A friend gave me a copy of Last Go Round by Ken Kesey, which I have enjoyed and would recommend to any of you looking for a reason to stay out of the sun.

See ya'll soon.

Walter

From the Editors

Well, here it is. The second edition of the renewed newsletter. Thanks to all of you, we have received many wonderful articles to publish. In this edition, "Sunny" Haith has contributed a horse's-eye view of the Rollin' N Ranch ride. Judge Chavez has written on wishes that come true and the report on Judge Chirlin's Trial Jurist Award luncheon proves that we really are lawyers.

The exciting news is that we received more articles than we had room to publish. So keep an eye out for the next edition of the newsletter when Trey Robertson's article on the deductibility of horse expenses will appear. (No, you can't deduct the horses as dependents, but you can deduct the expenses under certain circumstances that Trey will make clear.) In the meantime, thank you all for your kind comments and words of encouragement. And, keep those articles and letters coming.

The Editors

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Upcoming Rides

September 25-28
Heart Bar,
San Bernardino National Forest

October 25
Jake De Van's Ranch Somis,
California

November 22
Malibu Creek or Point Mugu

West Coast Grand Champion Pleasure Horse in the gelding division. A number of Cowboy Lawyers and guests followed on other Paso Finos, including Judy Chirlin, Laureen Monty, Martin Pearlberger, Debbie Howard Bris-kin and Sandee Tripp.

Rancho Paso Bravo is surrounded on three sides by the Angeles National Forest. The Paso group rode toward the mouth of the valley, which fans out into a sandy wooded wash as you move away from the ranch. We passed corrals full of slim, curious yearlings, and a dozen or more mares with small foals. We scrambled up a steep trail to a ridge overlooking the valley and traveled through thickets of mesquite punctuated by clumps of bright purple sage. The ridge provided beautiful high desert views of valley below.

Frankly, I don't know where the main group rode. All I know is that there were a lot of them and good riders kept falling off their horses for no apparent reason. I hear Mike Lyden unknowingly parked his horse over a sleeping rattler and, when Mary Denove pointed out his predicament, Mike tried to extinguish the problem by squirting the snake with his water bottle. The snake, the horse and the water bottle all stood their ground.

Mary had her own problems. At the rest stop, she hobbled her mare, Rebecca, and went off to do whatever it is that Cowboy Lawyers do at rest stops. No one knows what it is about Marshall Oldman. Maybe it's because he's a Republican. Maybe he looks like Evander Holyfield. But Rebecca does not like him. She expressed herself at the rest stop by removing a rib-eye sized portion of his arm with her teeth. The Agua Dulce Athletic Commission is looking into a three million dollar fine.

It was probably at about this time that the Paso Fino group was spotted coming over the hill cavalry style toward the rest stop. Someone who has not cultivated the appropriate level of appreciation for Paso Finos noted that we looked like we were riding a herd of Energizer Bunnies. But the bunnies showed the rest of the group a thing or two. Traveling

twice the distance of the other group in half the time (I'm taking a bit of journalistic license here) we arrived back at the ranch long before the main group, getting first crack at the hors d'oeuvres.

It was a meal worth rushing back to. Charles Minter and his wife Bonnie had roasted up a whole pig and Alaskan salmon (not the blackened kind we've tried elsewhere). The pig was terrific, if you didn't look into its eyes while chewing. The feast also included homemade cole slaw, beans and cobbler.

This was a second qualifying ride for our host, John Rowell, and Brian Faulkner. It also was a first qualifying ride for Laureen Monty and it was Kristin Honold's first ride as a member. Some of our newest members were there too, including Don Forgey, Eric Kunkel and Bill Daniels.

John's partner, Martha Coolidge, has become an honorary member of the Cowboy Lawyers, riding on the Paso Bravo and Rollin' N rides, and planning to join us for more. Martha does not qualify for actual membership because she's a film director instead of a lawyer, poor thing. As Judy Chirlin says, she's one of the rare breed who make movies that people actually go to see. Her latest film, *Out to Sea*, starring Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, opened in early July. She was kind enough to plug the Cowboy Lawyers in a July 8 story in the L.A. Times Calendar Section. (She said: "I also ride with the Cowboy Lawyers Association. There is a whole subculture of lawyers and judges who ride. They think of themselves as cowboys.")

For those of you who had the bad judgment to miss this ride, there is good news. First, we hope to do it again. Second, John Rowell is a real friendly guy. He told me that if any of you want to come and try out a Paso Fino, call him any time and arrange for a demo ride. His phone number is (818) 247-6300 and the ranch number is (805) 268-0200. But remember, John is in the business of breeding and selling Paso Finos. If you go out there, you might come back with a trailer full of horses.

Paso Fino Facts

Paso Finos are descended from Andalusians, Barbs and the now-extinct Jenets. The ancestors of modern Paso Finos came to the Americas with Columbus.

Paso Finos have three principal gaits: The fino, the quarto and the largo. All these gaits utilize the same foot movements as a normal horse's walk. However, the tempo is much faster. The fino, in which the horse takes quick tiny steps, is the slowest of the three gaits. The quarto is the middle gait, which is almost as quick as a trot. The largo is the fastest, and involves the most extended gait. However, none of the Paso Fino gaits throw the rider out of the saddle; they are comfortable and easy to sit. Paso Finos can also walk, trot and canter like a non-gaited horse.

John Rowell estimates there are about 1,000 registered Paso Finos in the western United States and 5,000 in the country. The largest Paso Fino ranch in the world is in Columbia and houses approximately 8,000 Paso Finos.



Perfect Horse: 4 year old unregistered pinto gelding; walks quietly when 60 other horses are jiggling around him; walks, trots or lopes up hills, down creeks and into a lake if asked and then return to a quiet walk; never tires; will let you throw ropes at, give chase to and any other silly thing you want to do with cattle; walks on plastic tarps, and any other fool thing you ask without spookin or getting upset. Clips, trailers and ties quietly. Sacrifice \$3500. Call Trey or Tina Robertson (818) 227-0770 or (818) 706-2818.



Sunny calling in her story from the phone booth at the Mile High Inn.

Note: The Rollin' N Ranch is available for events, including day and overnight riding trips. The ranch has a nice collection of horses for rental and an arena for on-the-spot rodeos. Please contact Rollin or Sara Joe Rauschl at 805-261-9261.

Rollin' N Ranch By "Sunny" Haith

Ohhhh Noooo! This doesn't look good for me. Here he comes, halter and lead rope in hand. It must be time for that dang blasted Cowboy Lawyer Memorial Day ride. Every spring he leads me over to this large metal box with wheels on it, throws some feed in the manger, shuts the doors and then shakes it up for a couple hours until I'm ready to puke. Then the shaking stops, he opens the doors, lets me out and it's like magic. Wow, I'm in a totally new place. I mean like this guy's some kinda magician.

This year was worse than most. I'm bouncing around choking on dust just about ready to pass out when all of a sudden the shaking stops and the doors open. Wow, this place is beautiful. And my own pipe corral right next to my favorite geldin' "Shane" Katzman. All right, hee's my boyfriend. I know, he is kinda' dense, but he's a real gentleman and a great guy to be corralled next to. And he makes the best alfalfa soup. But sometimes, I could swear that I see daylight through those ears 'a his.

About the time I get finished with a good roll, we saddle up and head for the Mile High Inn. Pretty country and Lee Graham is giving us the guided tour along some of his limestone claims. We head down a nice little creek (pronounced "crick" if you're a cowboy) onto the road for a short distance to the restaurant. I'm tied under a shade tree that my owner is warned is crawling with ants, but this guy ain't none too bright to begin with. The riders head off for some burgers and Red Dog Beer leaving me to keep the tree ants from crawling down my ears and up my nose.

We get back to the Rollin' N Ranch purd' near the same way we came. These Cowboy Lawyers can't wait to get our saddles off, get us fed and hit the Two Bit Saloon for refreshments. I finally get a chance to take this place in and it's mighty purdy. We're right between the high desert with Joshua Trees and the high country with pines, firs and cedars. MMMMMM smells like chicken and ribs for dinner. What am I sayin, I'm a vegetarian! These guys sure know how to party. Kept us up most of the night. I'm gonna look a mess tomorrow and they ain't got no hair dryers up here.

The next mornin' looks near perfect for a climb out of the ranch and up into the mountains. We blaze a trail off the main road and out of the ranch through sage and Joshua trees on up to scrub oak, and finally into the pines. As we pass Jackson Lake I take a look back at the ranch far in the distance. Behind it, the eastern Antelope Valley is laid out. Our pack horse "Bar" is strugglin' to keep up but can't seem to keep his head out from under my tail. I wonder what he finds so interesting back there.

We stop for lunch in an oak grove on a knoll that has a beautiful 360 view of the desert to the north and the high country to the south. I finally get this oaf off my back and a chance to grab a snack. These Cowboy Lawyers sure can yak it up. You'd think they get paid for talkin' the way they carry on and the big important words they use. I hear tell that one of them got herself named Trial Judge of the Year. I ain't none to sure what a trial is, but I know that we are on a trail ride, so I guess that means she'll be leadin' us home.

Just about the time I start to doze off some yahoo hollers "mount up." I look over to Bar and he's got this big shit eating grin on his face as they lift the packs on him. He may have packed in the beer, soda and lunches, but now he's packin' out empties and trash. I think I'll volunteer for that job next time. We head back down the mountain the way we came, but everything always looks different. Richard Heller's gorgeous gelding is dancin' and spinnin so he lets Bob Luty ride the little twit for awhile. I saunter over close enough to whisper in the geldin's ear, "swing him over near the edge and let Bob wet those saddle blankets for ya." But Bob's too good a rider and that geldin's too broke a horse to let that happen.

We stop for a short drink at Jackson Lake and let the tourists "oooh" and "ahh" us for a while before we head back down the mountain. Everyone is steppin' out includin' Bar who still has that smile on his face. I figure I can wipe that off with one quick kick in his head but decide it ain't worth the effort and I don't want a red ribbon tied around my tail. Some of the riders take off up the ridge for a view of the entire Antelope Valley and the rest of us head up the road to the ranch. We're tired and hungry, and I could use a shower and a roll -- in that order.

That night, I hear them Cowboy Lawyers braggin' about how good the

prime rib is and how they're lookin' forward to tomorrow's cattle sortin', barrel racin', pole bendin' and the like. I'm just a hopin' someone gets here quick with some bute so I can move from one end of this corral to the other. But there's always someone whose worse off. Switch Luty has got a belly ache and Bob is walkin her around. Wouldn't ya know it, just as she starts complainin' who drives up but the vet. It must be that Luty luck I'm always hearin' about. I hear 'em talkin' about liability, injuries and insurance. I don't know what none of that means, but I sure do like that new three horse slant load aluminum trailer with the livin' quarters that those horses are trailerin' in.

Sunday mornin comes way too early. I remind my owner that it's a day of rest, and he reminds me that I'm a horse and there are cattle to sort, poles to bend and sacks to rope. I tell him to look at my teeth, check my x-rays and haul my poor old butt home. I lose, he wins and we're headed up the hill to the ropin' arena. We split up into 5 teams, 3 each to sort some cattle. I move over a little closer to Rebecca Denove, that gorgeous Morgan mare and kinda whisper to her: "Ya know Rebecca, I hear tell that if ya' gets too close to them cattle, your mane will fall out, you'll grow horns and calve in about 10 months." That's all she needed to hear. Her owner couldn't get her within 100 feet of them stinkin' beasts after that.

Switch Luty, Red Man Lyden and yours truly wade into the herd to show everyone how its done. We pick a number 5 calf that proves tougher to separate from the herd than a dollar bill from my owner's wallet. We finally get him to the back of the arena, but that little bugger won't stay for nothin'. At least we showed them how its done. Now its time for the Luty team to start. Brian Faulkner looks like he's having difficulty deciding which calf to choose for these guys to start with, so Red Man Lyden's owner gets his attention and holds up 5 fingers and that number 5 calf is chosen. I hear words flying out of Switch Luty's owner's mouth that I can't even pronounce. But the team wades into the herd and for the next two minutes chases that number 5 calf around the arena. After the second go 'round by golly, the Luty team ends up getting several calves sorted and wins the first place ribbon.

Brian Faulkner decides he's goin' to ride the General in the pole bending.

The General can be a competitive son of a gun when he wants to but easily distracted. The General is moving through those poles like a knife through butter, and beating my time when I decide something has to be done. I get The General's attention as he's roundin' the last pole, give him a big grin and a wink. He gets as confused as yearlin' bull around first year heifers, runs into the pole, then stops and throws old

Brian to the ground. I'm sorry Brian and I hope those 4 days in the hospital didn't slow ya' down much.

I'm whipped and ready to go home. It's been another fun time with those Cowboy Lawyers. I wander over to Shane, plant a big wet one on his languid lips, say "Hasta la vista baby" to the Pasos and I'm out a here. I had such a good time I can hardly wait for the next Cowboy Lawyer ride.



Here I am with my pals Scott, Bob and Switch showing them Cowboy Lawyers how to be real cowboys!

Rodeo Results

Team Sorting:

- 1st: Bob Luty
Richard Heller
Terry Woolf
- 2nd: Wilkie Cheong
Betsy Korbonski
Bill Grayson
- 3rd: Scott Haith
Patty Friedland
Bill Daniels

Pole Bending:

- 1st: Scott Haith (15:17)
- 2nd: Wilkie Cheong (20:00)
- 3rd: Jack Denove (20:35)
- Last: Brian Faulkner (4 broken ribs)

Sit-A-Buck:

- 1st: Martha Coolidge

Barrel Race:

- 1st: "Al" (16:12)
- 2nd: Scott Haith (17:03)
- 3rd: Gretchen Nelson (17:45)

Keyhole:

- 1st: Scott Haith (5:48)
- 2nd: Richard Heller (5:89)
- 3rd: Bill Graysen (6:30)

Champagne Ride:

- 1st: John Rowell
- 2nd: Martha Coolidge
- 3rd: Scott Haith

Bag Drag:

- 1st: Scott Haith (13:95)
- 2nd: Rollin Rauschl (14:16)
- 3rd: Wilkie Cheong (17:61)

Judge Judith Chirlin Honored as Outstanding Trial Jurist

On May 12, 1997, Cowboy Lawyers stampeded to see Cowboy Lawyer, Judge Judith Chirlin, receive the Los Angeles County Bar Association's Outstanding Trial Jurist Award for 1997 at the Hotel Intercontinental. I counted at least sixteen Cowboy Lawyers, outfitted in slick suits, with the females shod in that other kind of high-heeled footwear. Judge Chirlin remarked publicly that the Cowboy Lawyers present had "cleaned up really nice."

Distinguished speakers noted some of Judy's many accomplishments. The Honorable Victor Chavez, Assistant Presiding Judge of the Los Angeles Superior Court and fellow Cowboy Lawyer spoke of first meeting Judy on a terrifying Cowboy Lawyer ride where she sat "tall in the saddle" with "a great seat" despite sheer drops and switchbacks. We kinda wondered which ride that was -- the possibilities are endless.

Former State Bar President Margaret Morrow told how she made a life-long friend years ago on a hot July morning in the basement of the Glendale Civic Auditorium. It seems Ms. Morrow sat down to type the bar exam on an electric typewriter that refused to work. Judy, who was typing away next to her, simply reached down and handed Margaret her spare. This was one of Judy's many acts of true friendship for women in the legal profession. Ms. Morrow cited Judy's many community contributions, including her work with the American Judicature Society, the Constitutional Rights Foundation, the Women Lawyers Association of Los Angeles, the California Women Lawyers, USC's Legion Lex and the American Inns of Court, among others.

The Honorable Marvin Baxter spoke next about how Judy designed the program called "So You Want to Be a Judge," which has been responsible for helping many people become judges.

The turn out included Judy's



*A fine looking collection of Cowboy Lawyers
(Photo courtesy of Rick Kraemer, Executive Presentations)*

mother, Goldie, Judy's Russian family who just emigrated to America, Tom Beck, Wilkie Cheong, Jack and Mary Denove, Bill Daniels, Don Forgey, Tamia Hope, Bud Katzman, Bob Luty, Mike Lyden, Julie Martin, Sunny Miller, Gretchen Nelson, John Rowell, Maureen and Michael Thomas and honorary Cowboy Lawyer Martha Coolidge. Rick Kraemer of Executive Presentations joined us at one of the Cowboy Lawyer tables and took the photo that accompanies this article.

Congratulations Judy, we're right proud of you!

Sonny, Tamia Hope's super, experienced CLA registered sorrel paint quarter horse is for sale due to daughter Michelle starting college in September. Fabulous on trails (alone or with groups), well-trained, ideal for teenagers as well as adults. \$2500. Please call Tamia at work (213) 974-8503 or at home.

Be Careful What You Wish For

By Hon. Victor Chavez

Reading the May issue of the Newsletter caused me to reflect on the origins of this organization. At the same time we had our organizational breakfast meeting, I was in the habit of riding weekly with the "guys." My wife (Dr. Marlene Chavez) was not overjoyed with my daylong absences and started coming down to the stables bringing lunch. I then started to go out with her on one of the tired horses at the slowest of paces. Months into this practice she took her first canter and I knew then that she was hooked. She joined the "guys" and she got better and better until now I regularly ask her for riding tips.

She has become so involved that wherever we go she looks into places and ways to ride. This May we were in Egypt and when we checked into the hotel in Luxor, she called the concierge and 20 minutes later, we were crossing the

Please see Wishes, p. 7.

Nile in a rickety boat with a complete stranger. We followed him on foot for a few blocks through a very humble village and the guide took us into his home for a coke. While sitting there, we noticed that his horses had what appeared to us as considerably better living conditions than did his wives. We then rode his well-trained Arabians out through the fields that were being cultivated by water buffalo pulling wooden plows, past ancient temples and into the Sahara. It was a glorious three hours!

When we got back to Cairo, I thought we would stay in air-

conditioned comfort, but no -- she arranged another rendezvous at another stable and this time we galloped around the pyramids and wound up a few feet from the Sphinx.

All this because I married a lady who did not want to be left out of a weekly Saturday ride in Montebello. I truly got much more than I bargained for.

Pony Express Department

Dear Editor:

I'm delighted to use your new feature to express my thanks to all of my Cowboy Lawyer friends who sent me cards and letters of congratulations or who came to my "Trial Jurist of the Year Award" Luncheon (or who were planning on coming but who were prevented from doing so by one of my #\$\$%! colleagues!)

I was truly touched by the outpouring of friendship and support from my saddle buddies especially since I know many of you think the term "bar activities" relates to potent potables rather than legal affairs. The fact that so many of you washed the trail dust off your faces and put on your "Monday-goin'-to-court" clothes for me was a special honor!

I do have one favor to ask: Our friend and sometimes saddle partner, Rick Kraemer (of Executive Presentations), who took the photo of us at the luncheon, has blown it up like one of his fine trial exhibits. Will those of you in the photograph please come by my chambers the next time you are in the Central Courthouse and autograph it for me? A number of people have already commented on the photo, and I think it will be even more interesting and fun with all of your "John Hancocks" and wise cracks on it!

Thanks again. I can't think of a more fun group of people to hang out (or hang on) with, and I'm proud to call you my friends!

Best Always,
Hon. Judith C. Chirlin
Judge, Superior Court

Photo Round-Up



Letters to the Editor should be sent to Sunny Miller or Gretchen Nelson by Pony Express, U.S. Mail or through cyberspace to Mattie10@AOL.com.

This Edition's Highlights

Rollin' N Ranch

"Sunny" Haith waxes poetic about the Rollin' N Ranch ride.

Outstanding Trial Jurist Award

Hon. Judith Chirlin is feted at the LACBA

Outstanding Trial Jurist Award luncheon.

Paso Fino Fun

Smooth riding Paso Finos are the centerpiece of the Agua Dulce ride.

Wishes

Judge Chavez writes of wishes that can come true.



LATE BREAKING NEWS

Horse Molester Ordered Away from Livestock!

A Spring Valley man pleaded guilty in El Cajon Municipal Court to multiple counts of lewd conduct with horses. The offenses occurred in the City of Lakeside and involved mares owned by late night talk show diva Joan Embry and others. The "perp" had been sneaking into corrals late at night for years engaging in "perverse behavior" with the mares. Judge Larrie Brainard took the unusual step of barring the defendant from entering the City of Lakeside. He also ordered him to pay restitution to the ranchers. Court records do not disclose the method of calculation.

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