

COWBOY LAWYERS



NEWSLETTER

Vol. 6, No. 3, December 1997

Editor: Sunny Miller

Twangs of Heart Bar

By Marshal Oldman

The scented pines, the crisp mountain air, the meadows of the Santa Anna river, the sounds of raccoons growling in the night added majesty to the Cowboy Lawyers' third and last weekend ride of the year. Approximately 30 brave souls attended and pulled their horses up steep switchbacks in order to spend the last of Summer or the first of Fall along Heart Bar creek at the edge of the San Geronio wilderness.

Evenings huddled by a roaring campfire alternated with breathtaking rides up the Pacific Crest Trail or along the headwaters of the Santa Anna river. A placid end of season atmosphere enveloped the gathering and left the participants lighthearted or nearly euphoric. When describing the ride to my partner, Walter Leighton (our El Presidente), I said it was the ride of the year. He was naturally greatly pleased that we enjoyed a ride that he was forced by evil circumstances to miss. He was even more pleased when I amended the description to the "ride of the millennium!" Of course, considering the size of our membership, Walter wasn't the only one to miss this incomparable occasion. Well, for those who could not make it, be assured that you have missed one of the rare opportunities of your lifetime. Your memories of 1997 will necessarily be sadly incomplete and devoid of this fine moment.

Of course, Fall comes early to the mountains at 7,000 feet. Campfires last only so long and the temperature on clear nights at that altitude can leave one feeling the effects of exposure. (A condition invariably used to describe those



"Happy Trails" - Bud Katzman and Jim Nichols at Heart Bar.

who are stuck in the mountains for an extended period of time. Some believe that it has almost as much meaning as the loss of "valuable watershed" during a fire.) Fortunately the injunction against complaints was observed, and the hardy souls who gathered at breakfast each morning did not grouse about the cold as a renewed campfire and scalding coffee gradually restored natural coloring to the blue lips and digits of the participants.

Naturally, I too did not complain about the onset of Fall and freezing temperatures at night. Jayne and I were comfortably housed at Cathy's Cozy Cottages and Wedding Chapel in Big Bear Lake. At a mere \$195 per night, we were supplied with a private cottage and Jacuzzi in which

to rest and caress our weary bones and sinews. Breakfast was kindly provided in a refrigerator while we were absent, along with an after-dinner mint. Imagine the thrill of knowing that we could return to such accommodations after a hard day of riding and evening partying at the camp.

Well, it wasn't perfect. The refrigerator was cold enough to freeze the orange juice and the muffins. I wish I could recommend microwaved orange juice that has been partially heated and only incompletely thawed, but I can't. At night, the room was a little warm and stuffy and the ceiling fan wobbled too much to seem safe and usable. However, I was surprised by the somewhat unfriendly reaction of

COWBOY LAWYERS



ASSOCIATION ©

From the Editors

In this last newsletter of 1997, we want to thank the many contributors who have shared with us their unique story telling styles. From "Sunny" Haith's rapturous musings about "Shane" Katzman to the hygiene-free fare at the Armadillo Cafe, it's been a great year.

Next year, we hope to receive more articles from past contributors and folks who have not yet ventured into the shallow waters of Cowboy Lawyer journalism. In fact, the sorry state of affairs is that we have written about all of the 1997 rides. When it comes time to publish the next newsletter, we'll be a mite short of material. That's where you come in. We decided that the February edition will be an anthology of member submissions.

In particular, (but without limitation, as our brethren at the bar are fond of saying), we'd like to pay tribute to the many critters who make this organization possible. For those of you who can't commit beyond a few lines, send us a paragraph or maybe some poetry about your horse. Something like "my horse Shane is really independent," or "before Jack Daniels was a gelding..." or "Chile Pepper always gets his calf." If you don't have a horse, write about one you've ridden or tried to ride, or just make one up. We'll even be awarding big prizes.

Send in your musings by February 1, 1998, so that we can put out a respectable publication and not get fired from our cushy jobs here at the Cowboy Lawyer Press. Submissions should be sent to Sunny Miller at Munger, Tolles & Olson, 355 So. Grand Avenue, Suite 3500, Los Angeles, California 90071.

Happy holidays and thanks for a great year.

The Editors

From the President

The arrival of the holiday season reminds me that our venerable group has a lot to be thankful for -- this year particularly, and we have many more great times to look forward to in the future. So I thought I'd take a second to tell you what I've been thinking, which is, how special you cowboys and cowgals and significant sidekicks are in my life and how different things would feel if you weren't there -- even if we don't get to see each other as often as we might like.

And that's where the overnight rides come in for me. A chance to put the brakes on the outside world and be with old friends -- and new ones -- where we can enjoy a campfire and let loose a little in a safe and beautiful natural environment. If you've not previously done so, try to join us for an overnight ride in 1998.

Meanwhile, Claudia, Judd and First Dog Buffalo join me in wishin' each of you a joyous holiday season and a healthy and prosperous New Year -- which brings me to one last important request. Protect the evening of Saturday, February 7, 1998 on your calendars because that's the night of the President's Party, and you don't want to miss this one. There will be a few surprises. I'll be sending you more details in the near future, but for now, plan to be there and maybe bring a friend or two. I look forward to seeing you.

Walter

CLA Members Note: Please fill out the enclosed directory update form. Make sure you include your e-mail address and any new area codes.

Cowboy Lawyers Association

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Upcoming Events

February 7, 1998
President's Dinner

1998 Ride Preview
Cuyamaca
Lake Tahoe
Malibu Creek State Park
Santa Ynez Valley Wine Ride
and more

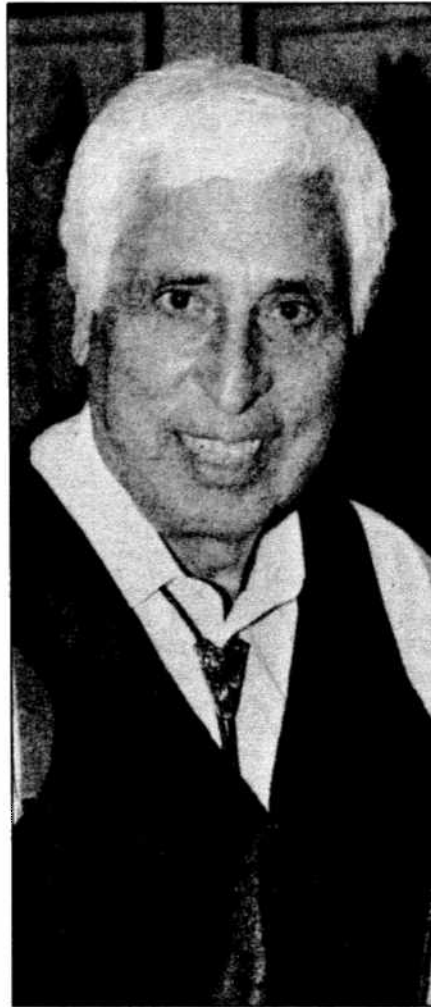
Twangs
Continued from p. 1

a camper who had nearly frozen in his tent when he asked how I enjoyed the cottage and I complained that it was a trifle warm for total comfort.

Jack Denove did his usual job of deep massage on creaking backs and joints. The riders lined up for the cold steel of Jack's caressing fingers deeply probing for those knots and kinks that cause so much distress by the end of a six-hour ride. He has developed the ability to achieve cranial disconnect as a nervous system reacts to the ministrations of his soon to be registered hands. I was somewhat distressed by Jack's constant employment in this highly salubrious fashion. As the masseur, he never received the pleasure that he so freely supplied to those who asked for his services. Fortunately, a remedy came to mind and I offered Jack my own special but rarely used talents along this line. Within a very few minutes he reached the same level of nirvana that he had achieved for the rest of us. Imagine Jack singing the praises of Newt. His happiness was sublime!

Adding to the enjoyment of the ride were the ancillary services. The caterer came from Victorville to provide breakfast and dinner. The portions were well-made and generous. The Forest Service also provided Nick as host for the campsite. A congenial fellow, he was kind enough to join our meal and campfire activities. We were lucky that the host of the neighboring camp did not service our camp. Jayne, Jim Nichols and I ran into her. Sternly, she made known her dislike of horses and the reminders that they sometimes leave behind and ordered us to leave immediately. We suggested that we were lost and wanted directions to a good trail. This mild request was met with only sterner directions to return from whence we came and threats of what might happen if we failed to depart at once. Jim suggested that she might have made a model prison matron in World War II Germany.

New members demonstrated the continuing vitality of the Cowboy Lawyers and Little Paws (Rene Molligan) received her buckle. Alison Clarke, Erin Burke and Cynthia Burch also were present



for their qualifying ride and added to everyone's enjoyment of the weekend. At the Somis ride, Alison and Erin received their buckles and became full-fledged paladins in the association.

To a surprising extent, the horses behaved, the riders were proficient, the trails well explored and marked, the countryside inspiring, the food and appetizers of gourmet quality, and the company incomparable. Certainly, the ride of the year, if not the millennium.



Cowboy Lawyer Judge Victor Chavez to be Honored

The Metropolitan News-Enterprise has named the Honorable Victor Chavez "Person of the Year." The annual dinner is usually black tie, but this year the Metropolitan News-Enterprise wants to acknowledge Judge Chavez's love of all things cowboy with a "Wild West Salute To The Cowboy Judge." The promotional flyer mentions that Judge Chavez was one of the co-founders of the Cowboy Lawyers Association. In fact his buckle is #3.

The dinner features the Riders of the Purple Sage and will also honor Los Angeles Superior Court Presiding Judge Robert Parkin. It will be held Friday, January 16, 1998 at the Regal Biltmore Hotel downtown at 6:00 p.m. The cost is \$100 per person.

Back in May a wild bunch of Cowboy Lawyers stampeded to the Los Angeles County Bar Association luncheon honoring Judy Chirlin as Outstanding Trial Jurist for 1997. The whoopin', stompin' and hollerin' made quite an impression on that other Bar Association.

We're hoping to put together a group for the event. If you are interested in attending, please call Gretchen Nelson by December 30, 1997, to reserve your spot. Or you can just send her your check made payable to "Person of the Year Dinner," by December 30, 1997. Her particulars are: Corinblit & Seltzer, 3700 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 820, L.A., 90010 (213) 380-4200.

Searching for Stocking Stuffers

Check out the CLA hats,
on the enclosed order form.

Surf and Turf

By Bud Katzman

Turns out there was plenty of room for everybody when we arrived at Montana De Oro's Hazard Horse Camp on August 8, 1997. The scorching heat that had hit Southern California the week before seemed to disappear, and we were provided excellent cloud cover for this infamous dirt camp experience. We sat around on Friday afternoon eating lunch and swatting flies while we awaited Lee Graham's ponies. Then a thundering herd of 13 riders headed out of camp, across the main highway and descended to the dunes several miles away and into the surf. Someone shouted, "Surf's up, dude," and though the surf was only one to two inches at that point, many of the horses panicked. We will disallow shouting on future rides. Well, we tracked up and down the sand scaring up a few sand crabs and throwing sand in the faces of the local sun bathers and headed back for the cocktail hour. I've got to tell you that when we got back, there was Gretchen Nelson with a spread for 40 or 50 of the finest homemade tapas you have ever seen. The bar was cold where it should be and hot where it should be and we commenced drinking it. Dinner, as you may recall from your flyer, was a do-it-yourself and we did it. Some barbecued, some ate so many pretzels they didn't have a chance at dinner and others ate delicious sandwiches. (No one was able to get room service on their cell phone down in that holler.)

We got woke up the next morning and in true Cowboy Lawyer fashion we were able to tack up and get out of camp on the same morning we scheduled to do so. This time we were up to 19 riders and under the able leadership of our President, Walter Leighton, accompanied by First Lady Claudia.

We climbed out of camp into the beautiful coastal mountains, where, because no one had yet showered (I'll tell you about that later) but instead poured cologne all over their bodies, we were attacked by bees. The riders up front noticed that there were bees all around them and took off. The riders in the middle dashed through the bee swarm. Trish Katzman, riding on a bareback pad (some cowboy) did 3 or 4 spins on a 45 degree slope and then ran through the bees.

Most of those riding drag elected to walk quietly around them although some attempted to run through them.

We proceeded without further incident to an abandoned barn where the women paired off to the left and the men paired off to the right. (I believe this was so that each of the sexes could have a frank discussion amongst themselves).

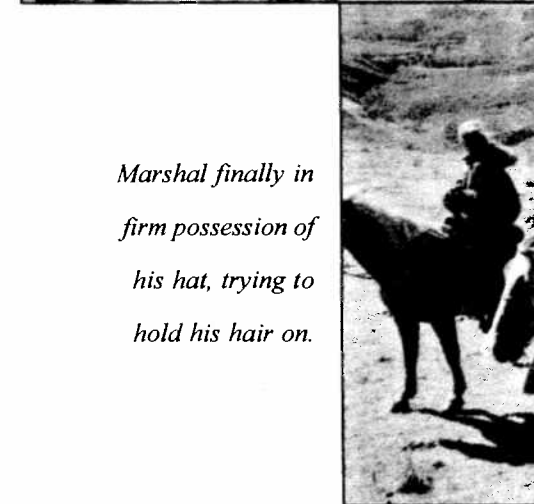
We repaired to Schooner's Cove for lunch. There, amid the tall grasses we rested ourselves, the perilous journey behind us. The grass was so tall and so thick that some were able to sleep caressed by offshore breezes and an occasional fly. We did not linger long and headed back to camp to find our places around the campfire or at the bar.

By then the famous Campo de Californio Desert Caballero shower was ready to be used and we were ready to have people use it. Soon after, the caterers, the Cattaneo Brothers, arrived, and put on a mighty good spread considering this is the first time they've ever catered to cowpokes. While the drinks were being drunk and the fire was at a red hot level, President Leighton delivered his economical econo-ride speech, "Here is your buckle, Faulkner". So much liquid was lost by the tears that flowed at this touchin' moment that we had to toss down yet another round of drinks. It took Faulkner several efforts to get the buckle on. Then we did the usual fire and blood rituals with newcomer Debbie Cohan.

Morning came too soon on Sunday. Some folks rode and others went around pickin' up cigar butts. Then we emptied the famous shower and closed up camp. The Ride Committee should be thanked for this ambitious effort and I would particularly like to thank Richard Heller and send best wishes to his wife, Velvet, and Brian Faulkner and J.J. Gianquinto and Wilkie and Becky and Lee Graham for helping out so much around the camp. Very specially we should all thank Jack and Mary Denove for hauling the shower from Malibu to Montana De Oro and back to Canyon Country and Gretchen Nelson for hauling and providing the bar, the tapas and other accouterments and other necessities demanded by our membership when we go out in the dirt.



Resting at Schooner's



Marshal finally in firm possession of his hat, trying to hold his hair on.



Montana D'Oro



Back at the bar
where the
tequila meets
the cowpoke,
Montana D'Oro



True Grit

Jake and Kathy DeVan's W-D Sence Ranch, Somis

By Sunny Miller

I knew I was going to get my hair mussed when I saw Marshal Oldman's hat fly off for the third time. Patient as Stan Laurel, Marshal would pick up his Stetson, dust it off, place it firmly on his head, hold it in place with one hand, and then release it for just a second to grab the pommel and swing up into the saddle. Naturally, in that split second, the hat would sail off, carried by the Santa Ana. Marshal would dismount and trot agreeably across the field, lagging a few feet behind his cartwheeling headgear until he could lunge to snatch it. After the capture, he would return to his mount and repeat the procedure. I guess the wind got tired of the game, because Marshal eventually rode back to the ranch with a hat on his head.

I say "I guess" because we had about seventy horses and Santa Ana winds that raised some pretty big dust clouds. When I was near Marshal, there was a stretch where you had to be instrument rated to stay on the trail. It was, however, an ideal trail for Cowboy Lawyers out for a late October ramble. We rode along wide fire roads, gently but steadily climbing through brown hills to surprise us with a view -- Santa Cruz Island sitting out there in the morning sun. We even got to harass some of Kathy and Jake DeVan's cattle, who did not seem impressed by the size of the group or our cattle herding techniques.

As far as anyone can tell, our October 25 ride was the biggest Cowboy Lawyer ride ever, with about 67 riders. The ride was special because it was our first ride at Jake and Kathy DeVan's W-D Sence Ranch in Somis. The ranch is about two miles by two miles and covers about 1700 acres. About 100 quarter horses live at the ranch, many of them boarders. Kathy and Jake have a herd of long horns that they breed and use for roping. The rest of the cattle (more than 200 of them) are domestic black Angus crosses.

Back at the ranch, eighty of us gathered among the pepper trees to chow down on tri-tip, barbeque chicken, salad, beans and awesome hunks of buttery garlic bread. We drank a toast to our pal Judy Chirlin who was, at that point, recuperating in Switzerland from surprise heart surgery performed (apparently very well) in Sophia, Bulgaria.

We also awarded a bunch of buckles. Take heart "150", Beth Altman got #158, Deborah Cohan #175, Erin Burke #176

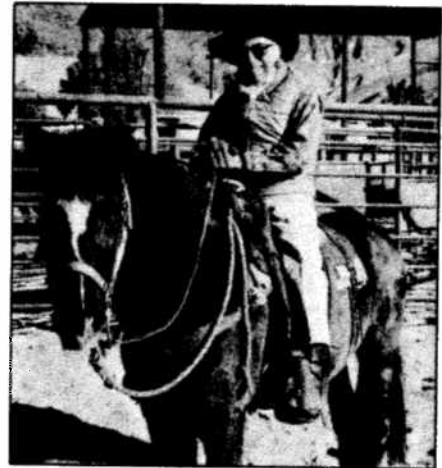
and Alison Clarke #177. Happily, more unsuspecting new prospects keep showing up. It was the first ride for Elizabeth Croom and Sylvia Havens, and a qualifying ride for Jeff Briskin, Bob Palty and Roy Jeppson.

After lunch we got down to the serious business of cow punching. The punchees were nine of Jake and Kathy's calves, each wearing a number. Poor #9 kept losing his. It was quite a sight to see four grown men down on the ground sitting on #9, slathering his sides with crazy glue so the number would stick.

The first event was team sorting. The objective was to get three specific calves, and none of the others, out of one pen and into another. The winner of round one was the team of Kathy DeVan, Susan Graysen and Kim Covey, which was the only team to post a score. The all-female editorial staff of this newsletter wouldn't think of pointing out that ... oh, never mind. A lot of credit goes to Kathy DeVan, who kept bouncing those doggies out of there like hockey pucks. Of the seven teams in round two, three teams scored. The big winner was Jim Nichols, Richard Heller and Gretchen Nelson, who penned three calves in 36 seconds. Not much of a spectator event at that speed. Jack Denove, Brian Faulkner and Roy Jeppson corralled their three calves in 58 seconds, and Betsy Korbonski Kathy DeVan and Jimmy Joe Yanez got the job done in one minute, 23 seconds.

The second event required our cowper-sons to get all nine calves out of one pen and into the other in numerical order. Two teams scored. Jake DeVan, Patti Friedland and Sylvia Havens won in 58 seconds. Bob Luty, Kim Covey and Betsy Korbonski were second with one minute, 53 seconds.

All our thanks to Kathy and Jake for a terrific time and great hospitality!



Al "True Grit" Margolis

Deductibility of Horse Expenses

By

Alex "Trey" Robertson IV, Esq.

While few people around the stable pen will admit to getting rich from their horse activity, the issue of whether your activity is a hobby or conducted with a profit motive is critical in the eyes of the IRS in analyzing the deductibility of expenses incurred from your horse operation. If you have been in the horse business for any amount of time, you have probably heard of the "2 Out of 7 Rule." One of the biggest misconceptions about this rule is that the horseman must have 2 profit years out of 7 or else they can no longer write off their horse business expenses. As this article will explain, that is not the intent of the law and, in fact, satisfying the "2 Out of 7 Rule" only creates a presumption in favor of the taxpayer that he or she has conducted his or her horse activity with an intent to make a profit. This means that even if you don't make a profit in 2 out of 7 years, consideration of your horse operation will still be based upon whether you can demonstrate you have conducted your horse activity with the "intent to make a profit." In a recent tax court memorandum, a surgeon's deductions with respect to his horse activity were limited to the amount of gross income generated by the activity because it was not conducted with a profit motive. The Arizona surgeon had deducted \$492,158 in expenses over a 12 year period between 1979 and 1992, and had only reported receipts from winnings and sales of \$61,852. In short, the good doctor had reported losses of \$430,306 over a 12 year period relating to this horse activity.

In deciding that the taxpayer was only entitled to deduct expenses from his horse activity in an amount equal to the gross income earned from that activity, the IRS focused on whether he had conducted his horse activity with the required "profit motive." The definition of "profit motive" is an activity in which the taxpayer has an actual and honest objective of making a profit. However, the profit expectation does not have to be reasonable, but merely entered into or continued with a bona fide objective of making a profit.

In conducting the profit objective analysis, the courts have relied on a non-exclusive list of 9 factors enumerated in the regulations under Internal

Revenue Code Section 183. Close adherence to as many of these 9 factors as possible will increase your chances of convincing the IRS that you are conducting your horse activity with the required "profit motive." These 9 factors are: (1) the manner in which the taxpayer carries on the activity; (2) the expertise of the taxpayer or his advisors; (3) the time and effort expended by the taxpayer in carrying on other similar or dissimilar activities; (4) the expectation that the assets used in the activity may appreciate in value; (5) the success of the taxpayer in carrying on other similar or dissimilar activities; (6) the taxpayer's history of income or losses with respect to the activity; (7) the amount of occasional profits, if any, that are earned; (8) the financial status of the taxpayer; and (9) the elements of personal pleasure or recreation involved in the activity.

Anyone who reviews the nine (9) factors set forth in the income tax regulation would probably conclude that very few professional trainers, let alone an average horseman, could possibly comply with all of them. However, the determination of a profit objective is factually based and requires a consideration of all of the surrounding facts and circumstances. There is a saying that lawyers are fond of quoting: "Bad facts make bad law." In this case, the court found that the doctor undertook his horse activity with no concept of what his ultimate costs might be or how he could achieve any degree of cost efficiency. At trial, the doctor was asked whether he was aware of the amount of losses he had incurred since the beginning of his horse activity and the doctor stated he was unaware of the amount of total losses incurred. The court concluded that it was "peculiar" that someone claiming a particular activity is motivated by profit would not know whether he had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in pursuit of his activity.

The court also found that the doctor's records were incomplete, contained many omissions and inconsistencies and were not maintained in a businesslike manner. Also, the court found that the taxpayer lacked any meaningful degree of expertise and relied completely upon his horse trainer for the boarding, feeding, exercise and training of his horses. Although the doctor maintained that he spent ten to twelve hours a week (primarily weekends) riding or showing his horses, he failed to produce any credible evidence explaining the type of work he performed in pursuit of his profit-motivated horse business. The court concluded that because the doctor relied heavily upon his trainer to maintain and train his horses, he avoided the rigors of his horse activity and instead only involved himself with its

"pleasantries."

Although the court did recognize "that appreciation in the horse industry often requires the passage of many years and is frequently dependent upon a successful breeding and training program," it was not enough that the taxpayer hoped his horse activity would eventually become profitable without any evidence suggesting that his activity had any realistic chance of recovering the enormous losses incurred.

Because a significant amount of audits are generated by Schedule C losses, many breeders are setting up limited liability corporations to conduct their breeding horse activities. Recent California law has made it much simpler and cheaper to set up this personal type of corporation, which has all of the benefits of a traditional corporation without the requirement of double taxation. It is also a good idea to create a written business plan incorporating some market research concerning the breeding of your horses, and maintenance of proper records is a must. Anyone who pursues a serious horse operation or intends to claim significant expenses from their horse activities should consult an attorney or tax professional experienced with equine law.

Point Mugu State Park

We had a sad day at Point Mugu State Park on November 22, 1997. Bill Daniels' gray arab gelding, Algernon, was injured fatally in a fall and Bill broke his wrist. Algernon's nickname was "The Great Gray" and Bill feels that Algernon took great care of him in those last moments.

We're sure all the Cowboy Lawyers join us in mourning for Algernon and in wishing that Bill heals quickly. A bunch of Cowboy Lawyers stayed with the pony for hours and everyone there agreed that the club should take care of arranging to have the pony removed from the park. Thank you to Wilkie for making all the arrangements and meeting people at the park at 7 am Sunday morning. This sort of caring characterizes our organization and makes us proud. We're also grateful to Dr. Larry Dresher from the Conejo Valley Veterinary Clinic who came out on an emergency basis and hiked into the canyon to take care of Algernon.

Judge Judy Chirlin Looking Forward to Getting Back in the Saddle

Sitting in a restaurant in Sophia, Bulgaria is probably the last place that you want to have your heart decide to take a short vacation. But that's exactly what happened to Judy Chirlin in September, while she was in Bulgaria on an ABA-related trip.

Thank goodness she's a Cowboy Lawyer because in true Cowboy Lawyer style she didn't take it sitting down. With quick assistance from a fellow diner who just happened to be a doctor, Judy's heart was convinced to get back to work. After a few days in one of the finest medical facilities in Eastern Europe and many telephone calls between Judy's California physicians and the Bulgarian docs, open heart surgery was performed to fix a valve that was a little broken.

Judy then took a few weeks to rest and recuperate in Zurich -- you just can't beat that Swiss air and chocolate. She flew home in November and is now doing great. She'll be taking a few months off and will be back in her courtroom soon.

We all join in sending our best Cowboy Lawyer wishes. And, we look forward to seeing Judy back in the saddle for the upcoming 1998 CLA rides.

Cowboy Lawyer Elizabeth Lippett Ramey Named to Municipal Court

Another one of our own, Elizabeth Lippett Ramey, was recently appointed to the Municipal Court. Elizabeth is sitting in Division 17, downtown, handling criminal trials.

Prior to her appointment to the bench, Judge Lippett was an Assistant District Attorney in Santa Monica. She is married to veterinarian David Ramey, and they have a son, Jackson, who is 19 months and another on the way -- which explains why she's not been on many of rides of late. Elizabeth's pony, Boz, is enjoying a vacation but looking forward to seeing all her Cowboy Lawyer pony friends in 1998 rides. Congratulations Elizabeth!



Pony Express

I'm happiest out of doors. Happier still when I'm outdoors on a horse. Hard to say why, that's just how I am. I'm my father's son in that regard.

Those of us who've spent time wandering about in the wild understand it is a past-time that has certain dangers attached. From time to time we've all reminded one another to "be careful or the mountain will get you!" We've all had our share of close calls and near misses. Happily, they tend to be fairly few and far between. I've got my own share of campfire stories -- like the time I sat next to the rattlesnake, the time the cougar ran through camp at breakfast time and all the trails that slipped or slid and boy, I don't even want to think about what could have happened if ... Of course, the rewards far outweigh the risks. So into the hills we ride.

On November 22 at Pt. Mugu, my wife's gray gelding and I took a fall off the trail at a bad spot. The mountain got Algernon. It didn't get me. Sometimes life is as simple and bittersweet as that.

Luckily, last year good fortune hooked me up with a gang called the Cowboy Lawyers. I'm thankful to God for that. There's a saying that trouble teaches you who your real friends are. The fall at Pt. Mugu was trouble for me and Alger. The Cowboy Lawyers proved themselves true friends.

So thanks Jim Nichols, Mike Lyden and Eric Kunkel for sitting with Alger for three hours in a damp streambed and keeping him comfortable until the vet arrived. Thanks Becky Cheong for the nifty sling for my busted wrist, for the first class urgent medical attention and for loaning me your mount, Sundance, so I could ride out of the canyon instead of walking.

Thanks Jack Denove for letting me use

your back as a mounting block when I had trouble climbing up on Sundance and then ponying us out to the road. Thank you Bud and Trish Katzman for sticking close by and grabbing my gear. Thanks Mary Bennet Denove for looking after me and Alger. Thanks Gretchen Nelson for driving my rig home and taking care of my quarterhorse, Dixie. Thanks Wilkie for returning early Sunday morning to the park to take care of matters. I know I'm leaving some folks out, but it's unintentional and I apologize. In all the excitement I sort of lost track. Thank you all from the bottom of my heart just the same.

Thanks to the Park Rangers who rode to the rescue and let me ride in a real ranger truck with lights and everything! Thanks to the CLA Board, who voted on the plan to take care of transporting Alger out of the canyon so my family and I could concentrate on getting adjusted to having a slightly wounded dad at home. Wilkie, sorry for spoiling your ride, which I really enjoyed up to a point.

Finally, thanks to the Cowboy Lawyers who have called and written their good wishes and condolences at losing Algernon. We've truly been overwhelmed by the outpouring of affection. I'm proud to ride with y'all and humbled to be among the finest bunch of legal minds ever to roam the western trails.

In closing, I know that an experience like we've been through prompts soul searching and an examination of the past to make for a more secure future. That's always a good thing. But still, I for one hope that in our soul searching we are careful to remember to preserve the cowboy spirit that makes CLA so special. Horseback riding is, after all, inherently dangerous. Sort of like liv'n on the planet Earth.

From Cheryl, Billy, Jenny and myself, the fondest season's greetings and all our love.

Bill Daniels



Dates
to
Save



The President's Dinner

On February 7, 1998, we'll repair to Calamigos Ranch for a great evenin' of dinin' and dancin'. So don't forget to mark your calendar.

Cowboy Poetry Time

On March 27-29, 1998, the City of Santa Clarita again hosts its annual Cowboy Poetry and Music Festival at Melody Ranch Motion Picture Studio. This year's performers include Baxter Black, Don Edwards, Waddie Mitchell, Red Steagall, R.W. Hampton and the Sons of the San Joaquin.

Many Cowboy Lawyers have attended and enjoyed the two days of poetry readings and music held on the Old West street set at Melody Ranch in Santa Clarita. There are also many western shops offering items such as cowboy clothes, fancy western tack, cowboy music and art.

Call the City of Santa Clarita at (805) 255-4910 or (805) 286-4021 to get your brochure/order form.

This Edition's Highlights

"I Left My Heart"

Marshal Oldman reminisces on leaving his heart at Heart Bar.

Surf & Turf

Bud Katzman croons about Montana D'Oro.

True Grit

For the true cowboys among us, Sunny Miller tells all about Jack and Kathy DeVan's windy ride and "rodeo."

Cowboy Lawyers Association
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