

COWBOY LAWYERS

ASSOCIATION ©

NEWSLETTER

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Editor: Sunny Miller

South Surrenders To North Beside Lake Tahoe

By Sunny Miller

Maybe it was the grand cuisine of Northern California. Maybe it was the towering pines or the view from above of deep blue lakes. Maybe it was air that doesn't have those nutritious chunks we're used to. Whatever it was, on August 28, 1998, a ragtag, dusty bunch of southerners surrendered to the North without a shot being fired. (It should be noted that we were mostly unarmed, although Jack Denove did keep talking about his 9 millimeter.)

The southerners were encamped in a grove of trees in Euer Valley, named for the Euer clan that still roams those parts. The pungent smell of roasting marshmallows hung in a cloud over the camp. A sweet, clear stream flowed just south (or was it north) of the small cluster of tents. (Most of us were billeted in condos at the time.) When those northerners crossed that stream on pretty Palominos and Morgans, brandishing Don Amado tequila and calamari steaks, the southerners could barely muster any resistance at all. General Bennett, who had been injured in an earlier skirmish with her horse's hoof, surrendered her trail map to General Rubenstein, who took command of the cavalry.

Okay. Had enough of the Civil War babble? On Friday afternoon, many of us met lakeside at Jake's for lunch, sitting on the deck sipping Pina Coladas and enjoying Lake Tahoe. The 1:00 ride got going promptly at 3:00. Some of the riders had opted instead for a float trip down the Truckee, so the ride was small enough that Ann Rubenstein (one of our most longstanding Northern California members and one of the ride chairs) could lead at a brisk pace on her Morgan. This was a happy coincidence for new



Cowboy Lawyers enjoying their first view of the Northern Sierras.

member Margie Oldendorf. She had been assigned a rental horse who had portrayed Trigger in some recent Western extravaganza, and was trained to rear if you pulled on his reins. Made you kind of appreciate the stuffed version of the old Palomino. Bob Sherlock was in paradise, on a rental mare of the same name, who really moved out. I was happy too, with my rental mare "Bonnie" and her smooth Western jog. The trail was one of the loveliest we saw all weekend, with high views of pine forests, a beautiful long, green valley far below, and lots of wildflowers. We lost Gretchen Nelson and Charles Minter for awhile when they lit out chasing two stags.

Back at camp, one of our new Northern California members, Francis Scarpulla, introduced many of us to the joys of a Don Amado margarita. (1/3 Don Amado, 1/3 Cointreau and 1/3 mix.) Our spectacular caterer, Jerry Strong, showed the first signs of the wonders to come. The hors d'oeuvres included stuffed mushroom caps to die for and chile rellenos. (Or was it little pizzas Friday and chile rellenos Saturday? So many

goodies, so little interest in taking notes.) Dinner included Caesar salad, sautéed calamari steaks, breaded chicken breasts, creamy mashed potatoes, blackberry cobbler and God knows what other delicious items.

Around the Friday night campfire, the entertainment consisted of watching the puzzled expressions on the faces of our new friends as they observed the strange initiation rite of the CLA tribe - Jack Denove's ritual mutilation of the flesh. Northern Californian Jennifer Hainstock demonstrated courage and an appropriate lack of inhibition, allowing Jack, a total stranger, to virtually rearrange her ribcage, without so much as a whimper.

This would probably be a good place to tell you about some of our new members. Jennifer Hainstock is a family law specialist in San Francisco. She used to be a sole practitioner and now has joined Leland, Parachini, Steinberg, Matzger & Melnick. Her grandfather and aunt raised Arabians, but she seemed completely at home on a real horse despite this blot on her credentials.

Francis Scarpulla is a plaintiff's antitrust class action lawyer with many reported

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COWBOY LAWYERS ASSOCIATION ©

**From El
Presidente!**

**Mark Your
Calendars for the
1999 CLA Annual
Installation Dinner
Dance**

The 1999 Cowboy Lawyers Association Annual President's Party and Installation Dinner will be held on Saturday, February 6, 1999. This is always a fun event for all and a highlight of the year for our Association. It gives all of our members, spouses, s.o.'s, and friends who don't like to ride a chance to get all spiffed up and join in the fun. This year's party will be particularly memorable, since it will mark the beginning of the Association's 10th year. So plan to be there, and invite anyone you know who may have even the slightest interest in cowboys, lawyers, horses, or just plain partyin'. Be sure to mark the date on your Roy Rogers or Gene Autry (RIP) calendar, and look for the formal invitation to be sent to you soon.

It's hard to believe that it's been almost 10 years since a bunch of rowdy lawyers, judges and other misfits, led by Jim Nichols, came up with the unusual concept of forming an organization composed of judges and lawyers who have an undying fondness for horses. As strange as the organization may have seemed to some, it caught on like wildfire, and by the end of 1989, 66 cowboys were showing off their silver belt

buckles and extolling the virtues of our fledgling organization. The association has grown into what it is today with members throughout the world and is well-recognized (or infamous) among equestrian circles.

The Association continues to evolve, both in membership and in activities. The original focus of the group was to put on about three or four overnight rides per year. Eventually, we introduced the concept of a day ride which became an instant success. A few years back, under the stewardship of Walter Leighton, the Ride Committee staged the first ever Family Ride and Picnic which was well-attended and enjoyed by all, along with our first-ever cattle drive. In 1998, under Chairperson Mary Bennett Denove, our Ride and Event Schedule included several innovative activities in addition to our typical rides, including a Margarita Party, a ride at Lake Tahoe, a veterinary clinic, and a wine-tasting ride. Despite the fact that there are limited locales in Southern California that can or will accommodate a group of our size with horses, the hardworking Ride Committee always comes through with a perfect mix of old and new favorites.

Jack Daniels (the horse, not the bottle) and I are looking forward to the next 10 years.

Wilkie

**Happy New Year
from the Board and the
Editorial Staff - May
1999 Bring You Lots
of Carrots**

Cowboy Lawyers Association

Established 1989
1998 Governing Board
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1996 - Scott Haith
1997 - Walter Leighton



Al Margolis held his head in dismay as he remarked to Bob Luty: "Oh my goodness, Bob, we forgot the horses."

Margarita Ride Much Improved By Deleting Ride

Like Rover rolling over for a milkbone, in times past we were known to plod through a landfill for a Cuervo. Never ones for plodding, Al and Margie Margolis conceived a new idea: a riderless ride. Not a tail twitched, not a saddle creaked, not a clip clopped. Despite it all, we got great margaritas (without feeling the pain riding back home over the Hollywood Hills), delicious Mexican comida prepared by Amy Nichols (without wondering whether we were going to hang on to those comidos as the rental pony jiggled all the way home) and lots of laughs.

Your editors are cowpeople, not society dames, so don't expect us to tell you who was there, with whom, or wearing what. In this organization, if you want to know that sort of thing, you just have to show up.

But beware. The riderless ride was so successful, the Ride Committee is considering holding next year's Cuyamaca ride in the Polo Lounge.

Vino, Ambrosia, Equus et Incendium

They say there is truth in wine, *a fortiori*, lawyers, always being in search of the truth, go together with wine like presidents and interns. Rumpole has his Chateau Fleet Street, Socrates his wine spiced with hemlock and finally, on October 16th, the Cowboy Lawyers had their first wine ride. And what a ride it was.

At 12:00 noon on Friday afternoon, trailer after trailer began pulling into Live Oak Camp just north of Santa Barbara. Lawyers, judges, two doctors, a dentist and a significant number of significant others converged in the bucolic quiet of a huge campsite that was dedicated entirely to the Cowboy Lawyers . . . or so they thought. The crowd settled in nicely, spreading out their tents and trailers throughout the campground, and old friends and new began to meet and greet in the beauty of a field of live oaks. The horses turned out into the arena kicked up their heels in delight and spent the first twenty minutes or so flying around an area that was at least the size of a football field. They settled down real quick when Jim Nelson drove his truck out into the arena and deposited three bales of timothy hay that he'd hauled all the way down from Washington.

Patty Friedland and Cress Templeton debated for some time where to set up their tent, finally opting for a spot under a lovely live oak tree relatively close to the food and wine area but also near the dirt road running through the camp. Cress expressed concern that there might be traffic in the night. Patty, noting Cress' seeming lack of knowledge of woodsy things, remarked that traffic occurred in cities -- not in the woods. "No one will be arriving or driving through the camp in the middle of the night," said Patty. She continued on, "the only sounds that you will hear in the night will be the barking of coyotes, the rustle of deer, the muffled snorts and nickers of the horses or the soft hooting

of owls." Words she was soon to regret.

Lee Graham having suffered through miserable traffic in Solvang finally arrived with a trailer filled with horses and the festivities began. The first ride left camp at around 3:00 p.m. The 50 riders were divided into three groups -- mainly because stragglers kept arriving throughout the afternoon. Gretchen Nelson and Mary Bennett led out the first group. After crossing the Santa Ynez river we followed a trail that gracefully wound its way around the hillsides behind Lake Cachuma. After riding in Horse Canyon the group stopped briefly to water their mounts and then rode up to a meadow looking out over the lake. Great blue herons sat like centurions on logs in the lake. Some even gave us an aerodynamics demonstration by launching themselves effortlessly out of the water and circling lazily over the lake. We meandered in and out of small groves of live oaks and eventually up a trail that led up to a plateau where the Santa Ynez Valley stretched out below. After a brief break to "ooh" and "aah" at the panoramic vista, we continued down a switchback that eventually brought us back to the main trail and a short ride back into camp.

Groups 2 and 3 copied this ride, sort of. Jack Denove leading group 2 on his trusty steed General, valiantly tried to insure that every one in the group enjoyed themselves as much as group 1. The views were the same, the meadows were as beautiful, the flora and the fauna as lovely. However, some of the horses were not. Judy Laub, a wonderful heart surgeon from Los Angeles, had a great time until her horse refused to cross water. When Jayne Oldman attempted to pony him across, he climbed up piggy back on her pony using him as a life preserver. Ultimately, Jack had to teach Judy's horse a few things about water -- like walking through it. Jack then started working on teaching the horse to walk on water but Wilkie Cheong leading Group 3, caught up at that point and explained to Jack that although he may be able to convince jurors he can walk on water, horse are a different matter. Margie Oldendorf had an equally fun time landing on her rear end when her horse took umbrage at the efforts of Bob

Please see *Vino* on page 8.

cases to his credit. He works in San Francisco and is a friend of Gretchen Nelson, that other fancier of Arabs. More important from our perspective, he owns a beautiful cattle ranch along the ocean in far Northern California and may be convinced some day to host a CLA ride. To his credit, he rode a pretty weird rental horse without incident or remark. No one told him the horse was weird, figuring that maybe he'd think that was just the way rental horses act. (When Debbie Briskin's rental horse ran head first into a tree, we told her the same thing. She immediately went riding with Velvet Heller on Richard's horse just to remind herself that a real horse usually puts one foot in front of another and does not charge any but the scariest trees.)

Margie Oldendorf lives and works in Pasadena. She is a litigator for CalPERS. She got much of her experience as a partner at Adams, Duque & Hazeltine. She looks great on a rearing Appaloosa trying to look like a stuffed Palomino.

Valerie Colb is a family law specialist who lives in La Crescenta with husband Jim Ogdan. Jim and Val met when Jim owned a dude ranch in Washington state. Having joined Valerie in Southern California Jim traded in his hayride outfit for a piano tuning business. (Gretchen Nelson has already gotten a tune-up.) Jim and Valerie keep horses near little Tujung Canyon and ride every weekend.

Saturday dawned bright and beautiful and we were off on our all day ride. We climbed through open hillsides densely covered with manzanita to a high overlook with spectacular views of Donner Lake. Ann Rubenstein and Bob Lorbeer (another long-standing Northern California member) had pre-scouted the trails (along with Mary Bennett and Jack Denove and probably other hardy souls I have omitted to recognize). We tried a new ride technique, breaking into three groups. The first was composed of those who are amused by jogging for three hours at a time, the second for the only slightly demented, and the third for "others." Wilkie Cheong and Becky Miller rode drag in the third group on Jack Daniels and Sundance, so we can all be pretty sure the pace was not a crawl.

Back at camp, Val and Jim were caught frolicking necked in the crick with their margaritas while the rest of

us utilized the showers for our necked frolics. That crick did become a popular spot. Sunday Rene Molligan and guest Molly Murphy were spotted with their lounge chairs half immersed, sipping cocktails while the rest of us got dirty and thirsty. Molly, who is a first year law student, claimed to be studying at the time.

Can I talk about the food again? Saturday night's program started with shrimp cocktail and other delicacies. From there we went to prime rib and ravioli, garnished with a salad and more great stuff.

Quirky is probably the best word to describe our evening's entertainment. Dakota Sid (and son) are a cowboy singing group out of North Dakota, apparently by way of Berkeley in the '60s. My favorite of their tunes was an ode to the dinosaur entitled "Their Brains Were Tiny And They Died." You have to understand that Bob Sherlock, our designated fire tender, had had a few cocktails by the time this song rolled around. By then, the fire was only singeing the eyelashes of the horses in the nearest corrals. Bob got the idea to get more wood from the bottom of the 8 foot stack. The content of the song was not lost on the audience, as Bob and the stack swayed in time to the music. Bob was particularly entertaining Saturday night, supplementing Dakota Sid's offerings with a reprise of his tale of lunch with Pancho Villa. This was about the time Dakota Sid was taking requests. Unfortunately, he was ignorant of the words for "Take Your Tongue Out Of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Goodbye!" Really folks, you missed something if you did not see Dakota Sid. Yet another reason to come back to Northern California.

Sunday's ride took us once again up into pine forests. We climbed to a spot where we could see Frog Lake far below, among densely packed trees, with snow capped peaks in the background. Bill Graysen provided ample entertainment, riding a beautiful big blonde brat aptly named "Barbie", who took exception to anyone passing her on the trail. Sunday was our poker ride, with Jack Denove and Gretchen Nelson handing out cards

at various points along the trail. Coincidentally, congratulations are due to Jack and Gretchen, who came in first and second in the poker game. Apparently, Jack also had the third best hand, but hid the cards so Jonathan Zerlin (Ann Rubenstein's husband) could appear to win third place money. The experience gave new meaning to the adage that the deck is stacked in favor of the house.

We arrived back at camp, hot and tired, to be greeted and provided with personal cooling services by Renee Molligan and "Mister Mister," a squirt bottle and fan contraption which certainly don't belong in no red blooded cow camp.

Can we talk about food again? Lunch was the best sandwich I ever ate, tri tip on garlic bread smothered in wine sautéed onions. I promise, I have only one more dinner to talk about. Sunday's to die for (are you detecting a pattern?) pork spare ribs and chicken with barbecued beans and . . . OK I'll stop.

On Monday, we trailered the horses over to Alpine Meadows and rode under the tallest trees yet. The trails were deeply shaded and lined with all sizes of Christmas trees. We could see Squaw Valley across the way and, at the top, had a beautiful view of Lake Tahoe. Things got kind of interesting because Jack Denove rode "Barbie" this day. John and Kathleen Rowell and Charles Minter on their Paso Finos took it in stride, keeping at least a quarter mile behind Barbie's elegant heels. Bob Sherlock was too busy keeping an eye out for wild life in the form of ski bunnies to worry about much.

This ride was truly wonderful. We all have to thank Ann Rubenstein, Bob Lorbeer, Mary Bennett, Jack Denove and the other pre-riders who also organized the ride. Euer Valley provided a spectacular site for camp and, as you probably can tell, Jerry Strong provided spectacular food. Here's hoping we can do it again soon.

TAHOE ON MY MIND



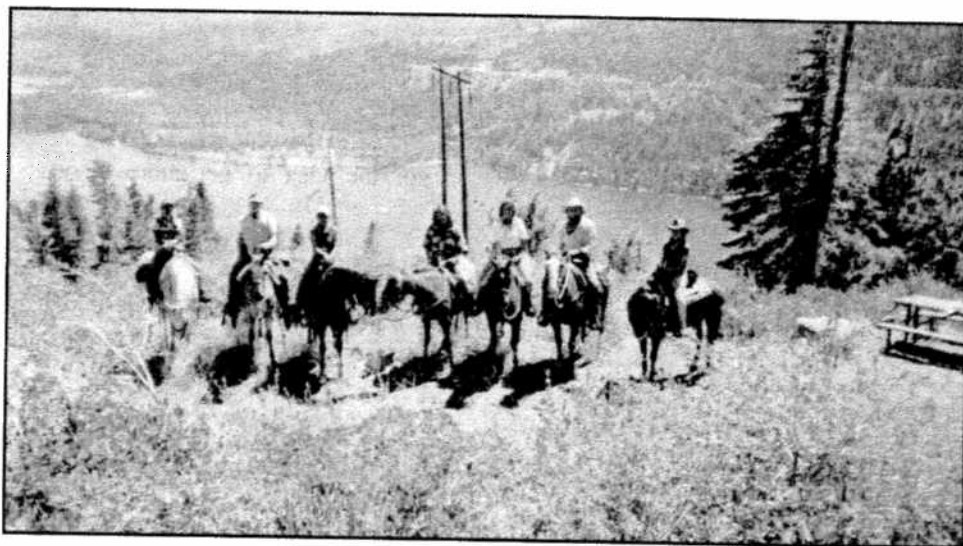
"It doesn't get any better than this!"



Mary Bennett raises her foot to the Tahoe ride.



"I had luunch with Pancho Villa."



↑ *The "Donner Party"*



Dakota Sid and son crooning cool tunes.



↪ *John Zerín, Jennifer Hainstock and Francis Scarpulla learning the tricks of the Cowboy Doctors, Becky Miller, M.D. and Jack Denove, D. M. (Doctor of Massage)*



On Bein' a Cowboy Lawyer by Bill Daniels



Now some folks think that bein' a Cowboy Lawyer means nothin' more than riding fat ponies and eatin' tri-tip by the fire. I know better.

Time and time again through history, Cowboy Lawyers have stood up for what is truthful and right out here in the West. And I'm not talkin' about those dime-novel tales neither. Zane Grey and Louis L'Amour both did their part to glamourize cowboy lawyer life. But those are made up stories.

What I'm talkin' about are the true stories from back just after the Civil War, when the Cowboy Lawyers Association was born. Back then, Los Angeles was a dusty cowtown and Vasquez Rocks was still home to various bandito gangs terrorizing the countryside. Life was simpler than today. A man's word was his bond, a handshake was as good as any writing, and the entire California annotated code fit into one side of your saddlebag. We're talkin' books here, not no CD-ROM.

Well, I was rootin' around the attic the other day, and came across some journals that once belonged to my great-great-grandfather, Francis A. Daniels. He was a sometime newspaperman who worked for a spell up in San Francisco during the gold rush days, then migrated south when a local vigilante committee expressed their concern about his reportorial zeal.

He settled not far from old Mission San Fernando and failed at several trades. Then, one spring day, a German couple passin' through on a wagon traded him several dozen old law books for three live chickens and two dozen fresh eggs. Quick as my ancestor could hand-letter a sign he was thriving in the legal business. Life was simpler then and the California State Bar either hadn't been created or was anticipatin' Governor Pete Wilson.

In any event, Frank Daniels pursued the legal profession up to his dying day, which was prematurely brought about by an unhappy client and the free availability of Colt revolvers. Sometime along the way, he became a sort of unofficial chronicler for a group of cowboy lawyers.

The ink is faded and the handwritin' a bit hard to make out. But here are some passages from the fall of 1869:

We were up half the night, sittin' round the campfire, just talkin' like

you do in those situations. More and more we were findin' ourselves campin' out in the hills, no particular plan in mind. Just gettin' free from town and clearin' our minds of courts and cases and laws and such. I've always believed it is critical to take a step back from time to time and think about what you're doin', as opposed to constantly bullin' ahead without ever wonderin' why.

Seein' as how we were all ridin' together under a flag with the words, "Cowboy Lawyer Association" embroidered in big gold letters, the conversation was slightly more refined than usual cow camp talk. The flag was the Judge's idea. He said otherwise some desperado might mistake us for a posse and commence objectin' to our presence with a Winchester before we had the opportunity to correct him. Big Bill Graysen liked the idea on account of if we did run into a desperado on the lam, he might approach our camp seeking legal assistance and Big Bill had overhead he needed to address on a regular basis.

Jesse J. Nichols, Scotty Haith and Hoss Borsari were covered head to toe with a fine layer of white dust that made them appear slightly ghostish there in the flickering yellow campfire light. They'd been ridin' drag all day long, and seein' as we had made a dry camp in the desert, there wasn't no opportunity for any of the three men to opt for his Friday night bath a few days premature.

Jack Dempsey Denove was busy rearranging the shoulders of various womenfolk in the group, practicing somethin' he represented as a massage technique he learned while back East. It wasn't until years later that ole J.D. would confess he'd never taken a massage course in his life, 'cept for some pointers he picked up from two Union officers whose duties included interrogating southern prisoners during Sherman's march to the sea.

Buck Katzman and Wil Cheong were debating the relative merits of Kentucky bourbon versus our local brew made from chicken scratch, brewer's yeast, molasses and spring water. Buck insisted that nothin' surpassed Southern California moonshine, which was not only good for toastin' friends, but could be applied

to helpin' start a campfire when the kindling was green. Wil, on the other hand, was a proponent of jug whiskey imported by wagon train, and pronounced that once he had sampled them all he intended to name his horse after his favorite brand.

The rest of us were nodding at each other around the fire when Marshal "Probate" Youngboy rode in with his prisoner and an escort.

Now the Marshal, aside from being a duly-appointed representative of the United States, was also a member of our group who practiced what he liked to refer to as "post-need" law. He found his twin occupations mutually beneficial, since with most legal offenses punishable by dancin' at the end of a rope, he was in a unique position to offer his services to folks just prior to post need.

I recognized the man the Marshal was ponyin' behind him as Aaron Sheffield, and the escort as the prisoner's wife, Faith, and his brother, Hezekiah.

The Sheffieldds were miners, who as long as folks could remember had worked a small hard rock mine somewhere back in Placerita Canyon. Aaron had his hands bound with rope behind his back and the whole clan wore grim scowls on their faces. There was no doubt there was serious business here and most everyone capable of perkin' up did so post haste.

Someone called out for the Judge, and I glimpsed him comin' out from behind a tree, tuckin' in his shirttail and lookin' slightly annoyed. Judge Wick Enburg was a diminutive fellow, slender as a willow reed and even tempered as a young grizzly. We all regarded him as having exceptional judicial temperament, meaning he could sentence a man to hang without ever meaning to get into a foul temper. Judge Enburg was law and order in our parts, and the Marshal was seekin' him out.

"What's all the durn fuss about here," barked the Judge as the Marshal and company walked their horses up to the campfire. Marshal Youngboy and the two unbound Sheffieldds dismounted, while the prisoner sat stone-faced.

"I caught this man horse thievin'," the Marshal replied. "They said in town you were out here ridin' and I

didn't see no reason to wait for you to find your way back."

The Judge looked up at the prisoner and squinted, tryin' to get a better focus on things in the dim campfire light. For the first time, I noticed that Aaron Sheffield was bruised head-to-toe and his clothing torn as if he'd wrestled through a mile of cactus and tumbleweed. One leg was bandaged, the other looked crooked, like it was broke.

Our local medicine woman, Doc Miller, saw the same thing, and after a couple of the boys lifted Aaron off the paint he'd been ridin' commenced to treatin' his complaints as best she could. He was able to sit uncomfotably against a sandstone boulder there, so the rest of us gathered round him and commenced to discussin' the situation.

"I caught Aaron here on a stolen paint," the Marshal said evenly to the Judge. "I'm assumin' it's okay with you if I go ahead and hang him, see'in how that's the law 'round here."

That caused a buzz in the crowd that took even Marshal Youngboy back a step or two. The Judge stalked into the center of us all, raisin' his arms in the air like he wanted some attention.

"There, there. Now calm down," he shouted. "No need to get your drawers in a knit."

Then the Judge set his jaw and looked the Marshal square in the eye. "Probate," he barked, "you know this ain't the wild west no more. There's rules and procedures we got to follow here. First a fair trial. Then we hang 'im!"

That drew a roar of approval from us all. For too long, we'd suffered from frontier justice, where the mob ruled and retribution was a matter of spontaneity and the liberal application of rope. That worked fine in the old days. But now, we was becomin' civilized. That, and we all had mouths to feed, not to mention association dues, and lynchin' cut down on legal fees somethin' substantial.

"Someone fetch Tamalpais Hope," ordered the Judge, namin' our local prosecutin' attorney.

The Marshal, bein' more comfortable with the traditional means of handlin' horse rustlers, raised a protest.

"It's no good, Judge," he complained. "There's no safe lockup

within twenty miles of here. If we delay the hangin' much, I can't guarantee that Aaron here will stick around long enough for us to decide whether or not his neck needs stretchin'."

"Not to worry," the Judge assured. "I wasn't ponderin' no serious delay." About that time, Tamalpais eased up to the campfire with a deliberate look on her face.

"You reckon you can argue for the people, Tam?" the Judge inquired.

"Just name the time and place, Judge," she replied evenly.

"I'm thinkin' here and now," he replied. "Just cause there's laws and procedure don't mean we need to dawdle. I hereby declare it a local rule that rustlers go to trial within, how long you been here Marshal?"

"About six minutes, Judge," the Marshal offered.

"Within seven minutes of charges bein' filed, which I deem as happenin' about six minutes ago," the Judge said. "Any objections?"

"I have one," the alleged perpetrator said. "I ain't no horsethief! It's my brother Hezekiah you should be holdin' accountable, on account of he stole my wife and started out for San Francisco. He shooed my horse away and left me with nothin' but his ornery old paint to catch the both of them on. He knowed I'd have to try to ride that paint to chase him and that it likely as not would toss me in a ditch, which it did and which accounts for my bruises, broke leg and such."

J.D. pushed forward forcefully. "Judge," he intoned, "what we have here is a serious personal injury caused by Hezekiah's wrongful pigheadedness and apparent lust."

He turned aside to look at Aaron. "Any insurance you know about?"

Aaron shook his head. "Nope. But Hezekiah and me own that goldmine and she's producin' reasonable dust." J.D. seemed satisfied. "I'm making a claim for my client on account of he's been injured and from the looks of that leg won't ever be engagin' in much hard rock minin' no more."

Buck Katzman perked up. "See'in how Aaron was injured around the mine, I reckon I'll make a miner's compensation claim for him too. J.D., I saw him fore you did, so I reckon I'm entitled to a referral." J.D. nodded his agreement.

Someone perked up that see'in as how Aaron and his spouse were on the

outs that maybe some family law was in order. But we all agreed that it made more sense to put first things first, and splittin' any community property depended upon how the civil liability or hangin' came out.

Well, from there on in, things went mighty smoothly for a campfire trial. J.D. and Wil teamed up for Aaron on the civil side, while Scotty and Hoss signed up Hezekiah, after receivin' specific assurances that his gold mine was indeed still producin' in commercial amounts.

The Judge allowed that tryin' the criminal and civil matters together made practical sense, and relaxed his local rule by several minutes in order to allow for discovery. Doc Miller agreed to testify as a medical expert for Aaron, on account of her treatin' his injuries. Jesse Nichols signed on as medical expert for the defense, on account of his father had been a doctor and he knew when someone was hurt and when they wasn't.

Big Bill took on defendin' the criminal case, while Tamalpais was on the prosecutin' side. The rest of us pulled up some rocks and fallen logs, makin' a fairly comfortable jury box to sit in.

I'm not clear how it all came out, on account of J.D. introduced a jug of corn likker as evidence, and after the Judge allowed it admissible, we all considered it long and diligent like.

I do know that there weren't no hangin'. J.D., Wil, Scotty and Hoss seemed to be new partners in a mine off somewhere's in Placerita Canyon. Big Bill owned himself a fine new paint horse and allowed that Tamalpais could ride it at her pleasure.

The only fellow who didn't seem all that pleased was Marshal Youngboy. But he remained philosophical. "Those Sheffield's got to go home across the desert," he allowed, "and its a long way for three folk with two mounts."

As for the rest of us, we were just pleased that justice had been done and we'd played our part in doin' it. After all, bein' a cowboy lawyer is more than just belongin' to an association. It's a life philosophy.



Sherlock's horse to sidle up and whisper a few sweet nothings in her ear . . . the horse's ear that is.

All's well that ends well and ultimately everyone arrived back in time to drink and feast as the Cowboy Lawyers have never done before. Foley Vineyard and Brander Vineyard were waiting with bottles of brilliant Chardonnays, saucy Sauvignon Blancs, smooth Cabernet Sauvignons and divine Merlots. And, a love affair began with Daniel Peterson of Cold Spring Tavern who provided the first of many demonstrations of his brilliant culinary talents. The 1996 Foley Merlot and the 1997 Brander Pinot Noir consumed with his incredible mushrooms stuffed with venison sausage was a religious experience.

Al and Margie Margolis introduced everyone to Margie's sister Jill Targer who lives with her husband near Paso Robles. Jill conducts wine tasting tours in the Central Coast region and was thrilled to have an opportunity to taste some of the valley's best wines. Jerry Ringler and his wife Bonnie Mass took this opportunity to learn how great cowboy lawyers are. Ron Mente brought along two friends from the Santa Ynez area, Gerry Langager and Dave Jamieson. Jim Nelson, Gretchen's father and an attorney in Washington state qualified for his buckle on this ride. Tom and Dana Borsari were there along with Vic and Marlene Chavez, Bill and Cheryl Daniels, former President Walter Leighton and Claudia Leighton. Ann Rubenstein and John Zerlin drove all the way from Sacramento and Terry and Mary Woolf drove from Fresno.

We segued painlessly into dinner thanks to Daniel and Gainey Vineyard. Daniel delighted everyone with his wonderful grilled chicken and homemade BBQ sauce, tri-tip with fresh salsa, garlic bread and salad. The Gainey Vineyard poured an equally wonderful 1996 Chardonnay, 1996 Pinot Noir, 1997 Sauvignon Blanc and a lovely Cabernet Sauvignon.

Those of you who kept your ride announcement letter may remember that this was the time when "as you finish off the last of the pecan pie and sip on a delightful dessert wine, cowboy music starts to waft in the air." And as "the ponies are softly grazing in the background and the fire crackles you sit around listening to music that cowboys of old played to quiet their cattle . . . transfixed, by the serenity of the moment." Cowboy music was played with great beauty by the Buckaroo Balladeers and the pecan pie was unbelievably great with the Gainey

Reisling, and the fire was crackling. But serenity did not reign.

Earlier in the evening a rather frantic camp-host had run up to Gretchen as she rode back into camp, asking that she call Mitch Mederos, the Ranger at Lake Cachuma, immediately. Jumping off her trusty Arab and hopping into her trusty Suburban, Gretchen telephoned Mitch who said: "Uh, we have a little situation." Turns out the little situation was a raging forest fire in the Los Padres National Forest about 25 miles away. Fearful that the fire would soon be blazing through the campground, Gretchen was heartened when she heard that there was no threat to the campsite, and then was mystified as to why she had to call Mitch to find out there was a fire in a forest miles away that was not heading into camp. It was then that Mitch explained that while the fire wasn't heading into camp, the firefighters were -- 800 of them to be precise.

For those who did not experience this ride, you probably cannot appreciate how much noise and commotion 800 firefighters (including low-risk prison inmates and their guards) make. But Cress and Patty can certainly tell you because by midnight on Friday the camp had turned into a scene straight out of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." First, the portable toilets arrived -- dozens and dozens of them. Next, a huge light tower arrived with those football field lights that were immediately turned on shining directly into Patty and Cress' tent. Of course, as you may imagine the lights require an electrical source which, this being the woods, was not So.Cal.Edison but a generator. Have you ever heard a motor that generates a sufficient amount of electricity to run a tower of football field lights, cooking equipment for 800 firefighters, MASH units and a firefighters' field office?

However, around the campfire, everyone was in good cheer. Firefighters joined us, sharing our pecan pie and listening to the Buckaroo Balladeers. Belt buckles 183 and 184 were presented to our two newest members, Jennifer Hainstock, who had driven all the way from San Francisco, and Margie Oldendorf, both of whom had qualified at our Tahoe ride.

By morning the campsite was a beehive of firefighting and cowboying activity. Bill Daniels had met every fireman in charge and was working on obtaining a fireman's hat for his son. Daniel solidified our ongoing love affair with his cooking with a breakfast better than you could have at the Ritz. Fresh squeezed orange juice, scrambled eggs, bacon, sausages, and fried potatoes that were a dream come true. You could even fancy

up your eggs with a sautéed mushrooms, cheeses, salsa, sautéed bell peppers and more. Headaches from the excesses of the night before disappeared rapidly with coffee that could put Starbucks out of business. Daniel even pleased some hungry firefighters with leftovers since their food apparently had not arrived with their meal trucks.

At around 9:30, 50 Cowboy Lawyers, S.O. and medical practitioners rode through a campsite that was now littered with mushroom shaped tents. Trucks and other vehicles drove in and out of the camp like lawyers running in and out of court. However, everyone was very accommodating of the horses and the horses were surprisingly well-mannered around the commotion. The group rode back through the Santa Ynez valley and over to the lake on another trail that rolled in and out of live oak groves. By noon, everyone was getting pretty hungry when Lee drove up in Bill Daniels' truck with lunch.

It was a happy bunch of cowpokes who rode back into camp at around 4:00 p.m. After showering and changing, people began wandering over to the kitchen. Daniel was cooking away and the smells convinced us that we'd died and gone to heaven. Everyone laughed at the rustic cardboard sign taped to a pole that pointed the "Horsemen" in one direction and the "Firemen" in the other. Many ignored the concept and horsemen and firefighters mingled talking fires, horses, and life in general. Tom and Dana Borsari spent some time talking with the firefighters about their experience with a wild fire up in Walker Basin a few years back. Tom and Dana know first hand what a tough job these men and women have and enjoyed the opportunity to express their appreciation to the fire crews for their incredible work.

Bob Senn of Los Olivos Wine and Spirits Emporium arrived with Amy Baird and started pouring an incredible selection of wines from many of the small wineries in the area, including Cold Heaven's 1996 Bien Nacido Vineyard Pinot Noir, Fiddlehead Cellars' 1996 Sauvignon Blanc, Whitcraft's 1997 Santa Maria Valley Chardonnay, Wild Horse Trousseau Gris and Qupe's 1997 Central Coast Syrah (not Petite Syrah!). Bob entertained us with wonderful descriptions of the wines and everyone drank with fervor. It was often remarked "*re vera, potas bene.*"

(Continued on next page)

When dinner was finally served it was everything that us cowboys had been dreaming of. At least three women proposed to Daniel while eating his garlic mashed potatoes. And the meats were equally as divine. Venison topped with a pale ale shallot sauce melted in your mouth. The chicken was quite delightful with a piquant cilantro lime sauce. But it was the rack of lamb with the champagne mint glaze that made everyone forget about Babe and his herd. It was reported that there were also tasty vegetables and salad but honestly everyone just kept going back for more meat and those potatoes. Bob Senn poured a Lane Tanner 1997 Santa Maria Valley Pinot Noir, a super Blackjack Ranch 1997 Chardonnay and a Vandale Sangiovese. Gorgeous wines for a gorgeous meal.

Everyone lingered over dinner . . . mainly because we kept going back for more. Afterwards we meandered over to the fire which by this time had been moved in order to escape the melodious sounds of the generator. Apple cobbler in one hand and dessert wine in the other, cowboys and cowgirls pulled up folding chairs, logs and tree stumps to listen to cowboy poet Jake Copass. Jake has lived and enjoyed life like most people wish they would. As he softly told his tales and poems of horses, loves and life, everyone got to thinking back to a slower, quieter and different time. Eventually the fire died down and the evening came to an end. Some a little sore, everyone a little fatter but certainly happier, the crowd slowly dispersed to their tents, trucks or RVs.

Sunday morning 10 little cows arrived staring with trepidation out of the slats of a trailer. With speed born of experience, the wrangler unloaded the cows into the arena and the fun began. Four teams of cowboy lawyers tried to sort, pen or otherwise convince these little guys to do what the cows didn't want to do but the lawyers wanted them to. Sort of like being in court with a judge who doesn't agree with you. Bob Luty, Bud Katzman, Sunny Miller, Bob Sherlock, Eric Kunkle, Mike Lyden, Ann Rubenstein, Wilke Cheong, Margie Oldendorf (happily riding one of Bob's horses instead of her steed from Friday afternoon), Cress Templeton and Patty Friedland, among others, all enjoyed their sometimes frustrating efforts to move cows. There were repeated utterances of "*vacca foeda*" as they tried to sort em. The high point came when one calf leaped over the fence, clear out of the arena followed by a posse of six cowboy lawyers. The firefighters especially liked this event, lining up along the rail watching a bunch of lawyers play cowboy.

Mary Bennett, aka Mary Bennett Lewis & Clark, led out a group of riders on a trail hunt. Leaving from the far end of the campsite, she forged a new trail up the side of the mountain and down through a

beautiful tree-shaded glen running next to the lake. At one point the trail took the riders through a tunnel under the 154 Hwy and onto someone's private ranch. If anyone should happen to win the lottery, the Cowboy Lawyers would greatly appreciate your purchasing this ranch so that future rides can be had from this locale. It was so beautiful!

Returning to camp, a new member-to-be George Shohet, decided he would help out penning the cows for their trailer ride home. Looking a little like Billy Crystal in City Slickers, George teamed up with Jack Denove and Mike Lyden to "push" those cows into loading pens located near the center of the campsite. One hour later, they were still trying to push the cows into those pens.

By high noon, everyone was a little hungry even though Daniel had filled our bellies full at breakfast with fresh fruit, brilliant pancakes and French toast that had Wilkie singing like Maurice Chevalier. If it's possible to say that any one meal surpassed another throughout the weekend, which it is not, lunch on Sunday was up there. Daniel whipped up Cold Spring Tavern's famous BBQ tri-tip sandwiches and grilled chicken breast sandwiches with a choice of salsa, BBQ or horseradish sauces. The potato salad was awesome and the coleslaw great. Firestone Walker brew was poured out of the keg. Coffee and brownies completed the culinary event and as they drove away, each Cowboy Lawyer was heard to say "*in vino veritas.*"

Thanks to Mary Bennett, Jack Denove, Eric Kunkel, Bud Katzman, Bob Sherlock, Gretchen Nelson and Lee Graham and his pardner for pre-riding, helping, working and in general making the ride so wonderful.

Extra special thanks to the following: Daniel Peterson and his incredible crew from Cold Spring Tavern for making food that we will long remember; Theresa and Brander Vineyard, Lisa and Foley Vineyard, Meryl and the Gainey Vineyard, Bob Senn and his Los Olivos Wine and Spirits Emporium for pouring the most spectacular wines. Please purchase from these establishments. They did an incredible job throughout the whole weekend and we would like them to know how much we appreciate their time and efforts. Thanks also to the Buckaroo Balladeers for their lively music on Friday and a very special thanks to Jake Copass for treating us to words of wisdom from which cowboys and lawyers can all learn much.

Vet Clinic By Clyde Hoofinmouth, DMV

Folks gathered at the first Cowboy Lawyer veterinary clinic to find out what keeps those dum horses runnin'. Information in that regards flowed freely.

Trey & Tina Robertson hosted us all at their sprawling Robertson Ranch, L.L.C. in Moorpark. We were all impressed by the first-class cutting horse breeding/training operation Trey & Tina have goin' for themselves, and silently wished for one of those fine Robertson Ranch baseball caps like Tom Bosari was wearin'.

Richard "Doc" Stevens, DVM was the star of the show. Doc Stevens resides at Conejo Valley Vet Clinic. Cowboy cognoscenti recognize Conejo Valley Vet as the clinic where the elite (equine) feet meet. We listened in rapt wonder as Doc Stevens rattled off one hundred and one things that can go wrong with your horse and one hundred and two things you can do about them.

When the talkin' was through, Doc Stevens demonstrated the proper way to administer injections on Mary Denove's ½-arab My Naborr, who graciously tolerated the ministrations without fuss, much to Mary's relief. Walter and Claudia Leighton brought a couple of their horses so that we'd have extra livestock to practice on, and at last report, they'd survived the ordeal as well.

After all was said and done, we retired to a shady spot by the concrete pond for some tri-tip, chicken and such. If you missed it, you missed a good one!

**CONGRATULATIONS TO
TREY AND TINA
ROBERTSON ON THE
BIRTH OF THEIR SON
TUCKER CHRISTIAN.
TUCKER ARRIVED IN
NOVEMBER WEIGHING
IN AT 9 LBS. 9 OZ.**

More Cowboy Words Of Wisdom



A rancher was riding his ranch, tending his cattle on a bone-chilling winter day. He saw a small bird lying near death in the snow. The rancher did not have time to take the bird back to the ranch kitchen. But a large, fresh steaming cow pie caught his eye. He placed the bird in the middle of the cow pie, piling up its sides around the bird for added warmth.

Some time after he rode away, the bird came slowly back to life, stretching its cold-stiffened wings and neck. It became warmer and warmer and, feeling stronger, began to sing joyously.

Right about this time, a ranch hand happened along. He saw the poor bird, stuck in the cow pie, picked it up, and deposited it on the ground. The bird soon froze to death.

An old cowboy derived three principles from these events.

First, it's not necessarily your enemies who get you into it.

Second, it's not necessarily your friends who get you out of it.

Third, when you're up to your neck in it, for God's sake don't sing.

IN THIS EDITION:

North Meets South -
South Capitulates.

Vino, Ambrosia,
Equus et Incendium.

Cowboy Lawyers In
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