

COWBOY LAWYERS

ASSOCIATION ©

NEWSLETTER

Vol. 9, No. 1, March 2000

Editor: Sunny Miller

Getting There Is Half The Fun

By Sunny Miller

You leave the Grapevine at Frazier Park. Soon the two-lane dips and rises through yellowed grasslands, backed up against stands of evergreen. Cattle stand motionless in their pale pastures. You imagine autumn in Sweden.

The left turn onto Lockwood Valley Road drops you into different country. The road snakes deeper and deeper into a narrow valley. Red sandstone hills begin to rise steeply around you, juniper and pinon pine clinging to their slopes. Then, just when you fear you've driven into a Tony Hillerman Twilight Zone, a three-legged coyote appears, skipping purposely along the center line right toward you. You wonder whether it will stop and speak to you in Navajo-accented English. You are disappointed when it disappears into the brush.

You begin to think you've gone more than the allotted 23.7 miles, somehow suspecting your odometer has stalled under the spell that surrounds you. You look for signs marked Taos, Rancho de Chimayo, Angel Fire. Instead, you see one that says "CLA". With reluctance, you allow the shadow world to slip away.

A sandy track leads you off the highway. You skirt little meadows, blue with sage. You spot pastures with mares and foals, lingering over their evening meal. Bill Daniels' Arab careens crazily back and forth across a huge arena, his tail a vertical plume, spooked by rainbirds misting nearby fields of oats.

A bunch of Cowboy Lawyers are



Ride Committee meeting at Wegis Ranch

gathered under a huge black walnut tree, brought from Germany as a sapling and planted on this spot more than 100 years ago by the grandfather of our host, Ralph Wegis. Ralph, who is a lawyer in Bakersfield, runs 35 to 50 cows and calves on his 160-acre spread. He also has a passion for cutting horses. The mares and foals we saw coming in are all cutting stock. In addition, Ralph has four cutting horses in training on the ranch and his trainer and friend, Doug Williamson, holds frequent cutting clinics in Ralph's large cutting arena, which even has a grandstand. Doug is a world champion in several events. He's the Reserve World Champion for 1999 in the Senior Working Cow Horse event and won the World Championship Snaffle Bit Futurity in 1992, to name a few of his buckles.

The Wegis Ranch ride was kind of

a novel event because it was catered by our first cowgirl President, Mary Bennett, and sidekick Gretchen Nelson, with an assist from everyone west of Barstow who owns an ice chest and who knows the way to the 7-11 ice department. We sure did have a lot of ice.

Friday night started out like Octoberfest in July, in honor of Ralph's grandfather and ranch founder Gihardt Wegis. We stuffed ourselves with barbecued bratwurst, kielbassa and spicy sausage, along with German potato salad and sauerkraut. Ralph's two dogs, Bandit and Boots, easily ate three times their weight in kielbassa, and everyone kind of expected them to burst like cartoon doggie-balloons and pfffffftttt around the campsite. Fortunately, they seem to have supernaturally strong constitutions and did not become airborne or even aromatic.

Continued on p.3

COWBOY LAWYERS

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Thanks To Our Newsletter
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Wikie Cheong
Bill Daniels
Susan Graysen
Scott Haith
Richard Heller
Bud Katzman
Al Margolis
Mike Martindill
R.J. Molligan
Jim Nichols
Marshal Oldman
"Trey" Robertson
Andrea Scott
Dan Simon

and especially, Gretchen Nelson, who is retiring from her duties as co-editor of the newsletter to devote an even greater amount of time to the Ride Committee. Keep those stories coming — that's what makes it fun.

2000 Ride And Event Schedule

March 11
Hidden Creek Ranch,
Moorpark

April 29
Vasquez Rocks, Agua Dulce

May 26-29
Cuyamaca, San Diego County

July 14-16
Bandito Flats, Angeles
National Forest

October 6-9
Point Reyes National Seashore,
Marin County

November 5 or 12
Palos Verdes Brunch Ride,
Palos Verdes Peninsula



Climbing up from Wegis Ranch

Cowboy Lawyers Association

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1996 - Scott Haith
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There are no cutesy bed and breakfasts within twenty miles of this ranch, so all of us, (that includes you Sunny Miller) rolled out our sleeping bags and got to watch billions and billions of stars circle the night sky, our dreams punctuated by the snort of a mare shifting position in the night or giving her sleeping foal a nudge. Of course, there were no flush toilets either, but Tom Borsari couldn't get over the fancy Porta-Potties, which came complete with wash basins stocked with giant breath mints.

Saturday dawned warm and clear. The morning ride took us up through sage and mormon tea, along Cayuma Creek to a still mountain lake. On the afternoon ride, the choices were steep or very steep, up through the same lovely juniper-clad red sandstone hills. The ride announcement promised straight up and down, brush-covered cow paths, with at least 4 Little Hairies, 2 Big Hairies and multiple Medium Hairies. Being as I am hoping to break Methusalah's record, I can't tell you how the E-ride worked out, except to say, as they say on NBC "and no one got hurt!" For my part, I loved meandering around on the ridges, the most demanding riding skill being keeping my rental horse from eating every blade of grass within a foot of the trail.

Saturday night was Cowboy Karaoke night, a new event which earned a place (right up there with Cowboy Massage) in the Top Ten of weird Cowboy Lawyer after-dark activities. (Cuyamaca bra burning is still my personal favorite.) Ralph Wegis' friend and competitor in the cutting horse world, George Hernandez, brought his karaoke machine. The result was pretty remarkable. A mere machine transformed strong, silent "yep/nope" types we all know and love into Elvis wanna-bes, prancing around in front of a stunned audience like something out of "Elvis, the later years", whining about damaged cowhide footwear and distraught canines.

Much to our dismay, this unsavory spectacle was witnessed by some of our newest members-to-be, that is if they still want to join. Wegis Ranch was a qualifying ride for Terry Walsh, Jennifer Betts and Dick Freeland (accompanied by his wife, Lynn). Jennifer and Dick are talking with

#150 about starting a San Diego chapter of the Cowboy Lawyers.

Hopefully, we saved some face with our new members-to-be on Sunday, when we had some true-to-life cowboy activities planned. First, we attempted to round up the calves, who we planned to brand and ear-notch a little later. Understandably, the critters were reluctant to come with us. Most of us stayed up on the road, waiting for the cows and calves to be delivered from the underbrush so we could herd them down the road to the arena. They showed up for about five seconds, but quickly and correctly assessed the relative safety of the sagebrush and returned there before we could so much as jingle a spur. Eventually, Ralph's friends Patti and John Quintano, along with Scott Haith and other committed cowpokes, got the critters out of the bushes and into the arena. All in all, we counted the cattle herding activity a success, because, although we outnumbered the cattle at least two-to-one, we didn't get in the way more than half the time.

Some of our folks with the strongest stomachs commenced to branding and notching, but the party came to an abrupt end for Margie Oldendorf and others when an army of fire ants marched up their legs, under their jeans and into battle with their skin. All in all, lunch looked like a more attractive alternative, although some hardy cowboys finished off the job, driving the cattle to their new pasture, up by the lake.

After another great meal served up by Mary and Gretchen, and a stint at sorting out whose ice chest was whose, we were on the road again, wondering where the three-legged coyote had gone and who he really was.



Another Letter Found In Sunny's Dusty Old Attic

My dear Festus:

The overland stage journey from Dodge City to this little Mexican town in California has taken many weeks. We passed mostly dull and dusty days rocking along endlessly, although we met up with a lusty bunch of fellers outside Wickenburg, who rode fast mounts with quaint names like Chile Pepper and Jack Daniels. As you might imagine, we spent most congenial times with these gents under the stars in the Arizona Territory and parted only with deep regret.

I am so sorry the girls and I did not have a proper opportunity to bid you or Chester a loving farewell. Elsa in particular was quite disconsolate at losing the opportunity to be with you a last time and sends her love. As you know, the Marshal made our last day in Dodge rather unpleasant and hurried. His unkind remarks about my girls' need to make a living in these hard times . . . Well, enough about that. What's done is done. The Long Branch is behind us and I don't care a pin that the good citizens of Dodge burnt it to the ground. However, Mr. Dillon did not have to go spreading scurrilous rumors about the state of my health, as anyone in that varmint-infested dust bin of a town knows that's he's peeked out of my second floor window more than once himself.

Although small, this little Mexican town is greatly more refined than that good-for-nothing dot on the prairie we once called home. Elsa and I are being attended by a charming dentist who is quite dapper, except for a somewhat distracting cough. We do enjoy his skill at poker and have benefitted rather substantially from his kind lessons in that delightful pastime.

I have enclosed a medicine pouch containing three ounces of gold dust. You must swallow a pinch mixed with water daily. There should be enough for you to provide some to the Marshal as well, as it will do him some good, as it has done us.

With most sincere affection,
and hopes for a speedy
recovery,

Kitty

Dreams Of V-6

By Susan Graysen, Cowgirl

Getting ready for the V-6 ride was going to be almost as wonderful as the ride itself. At least I would have an excuse to go to Adventure 16 (A16) and buy all those secret camping items which I had only heard about or viewed from afar on Cowboy Lawyer Rides as we traveled back to our motel room.

I didn't feel like a complete outsider when I entered the store. After all, I was wearing my Patagonia wind breaker from our Princess Cruise to Alaska. Furthermore, I felt very secure in my memory of our trip to the Australian Rain Forest where it poured, and 10 of us stood huddled all night under a tiny tarp, passing around a bottle of Jack Daniels — the Jack Daniels which I insisted we buy (like stop the truck, now) prior to entering the Rain Forest — Martha Stewart would have been so proud!

Even those thoughts didn't quite help me blend in. They saw right through my wind breaker, I'm sure. However, I proceeded and calmly said "I need a tent and some sleeping bags." They then asked about the weather conditions we would be facing. I remembered Jack saying that "you really didn't need anything" — but I knew that I was no Jack. "What were the categories of weather?" I casually asked. "20 below" — "Oh," I said with a thoughtful look, "I don't think it will get much colder than that." "Rain?" "Oh yes," I confidently responded, buying one of those tarps for the tent. I knew all about soggy winds. "Better buy the extra stakes, it could get wicked," I agreed, remembering that tragic Mt. Everest climb that I had read about in Vanity Fair.

The best part was when we set the tent up in the middle of the store. I confessed that I'd better be shown how to do it. I needed something easy to set up and break down and move from camp to camp. The Sierra Design Stretch Dome DC seemed perfect, it slept 3, we could have guests and the company had been established since 1965 — before I was even born!

The A16 guy was very helpful — that last pole was tough though and we

had inadvertently set it up backwards. But I was pleased anyway and said "Wrap it up."

It was then onto sleeping bags. Piece of cake: gender specific, could be zipped together, pretty colors and The North Face brand sounded like a name you could trust.

The fun auxiliary items were next. There was this special, pencil thin, red, mini maglite. It could fit into a special pocket, which as luck would have it, those North Face sleeping bags had! Then there was the amazing, all in one toothbrush with a HIDDEN toothpaste compartment. Couldn't pass that up, nope. Nor could I pass up those cute little pillows, each with their own sack and great colorful prints.

On to bug spray. Remember the ticks of Chino Hills (I know Jack and Wilkie do) and the flies of the Margarita ride? I was going to be prepared. But this one brand said that although it only needed to be applied once in two weeks, it did kill animals it came in contact with, so we sadly shook our heads, no, to that one. The Deet I had been familiar with in Australia, unfortunately prior to all the warnings. I had also been taking something for itching which has since been recalled due to fatalities. So I settled on this natural type, healthy killer (oxymoron?) which was safe for all, probably including the ticks and bugs.

Then I saw it. The perfect funnel, if you know what I mean cowgirls! Perfect width at the top and long pencil thin direction determiner at the bottom. Why you could stand up in your stirrups and shoot if off the side of your horse without even having to dismount! "Oh, yes! I'll definitely take several of these for me and my friends."

Also got to go to the Broken Horn after all these years and buy some real western wear, and I don't mean denim from Guess. So \$1500 later, we were completely ready.

All of this planning and then we had to cancel. Bill wanted to stay in town and win the Jim Brown domestic violence case. Well, congratulations to him, he won it; and now that we have all this camping equipment, we don't ever need no stinking rooms again!

V-6, The Straight Story

By Sunny Miller

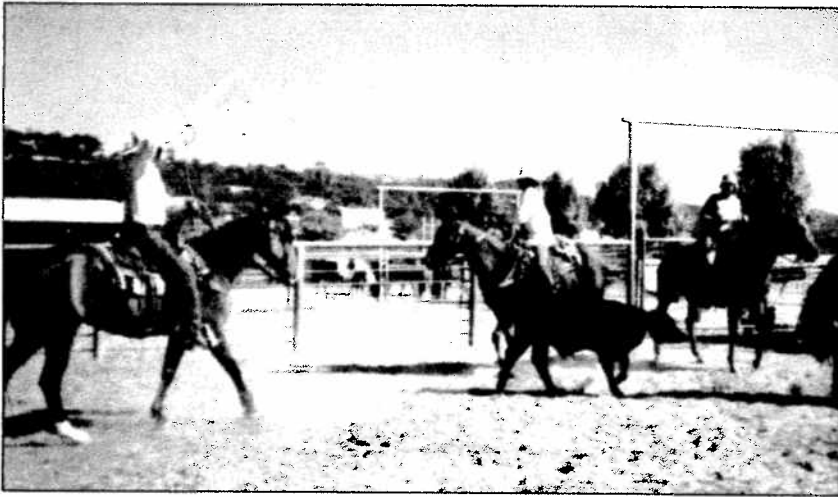
'Round about dusk on October 8, way back in the preceding millennium, a bunch of Cowboy Lawyers started gatherin' on the back porch of the Parkfield Inn, up Paso Robles way. There were at least two things peculiar about the gathering. First, there was precious little booze. Second, there was this flat bed wagon, driving in circles 'round and 'round the Inn grounds, with a dozen or so eight-year old mission Indians and Columbus, complete with penciled in beard and moustache, meeting and greeting each other like it was 1492 all over again. After pinching ourselves, we determined that, due to the aforementioned lack of booze, the Columbus scene unfolding on the back of the flatbed must not be alcohol-induced. Alas, Patty Templeton, who doesn't drink near enough for a Cowboy Lawyer, had misunderstood the demands imposed by the long dusty ride up the Five to Parkfield and had undersupplied the bar, hopefully for the last time in recorded history.

Come daybreak, we all headed out to the Varians' V-6 spread down the road, where we were treated by Lily Varian to a hearty breakfast under the trees. "Z" Varian commenced to match up riders with mounts and, pretty soon, we set off to persuade some critters to come on into the pens for some branding fun.

Greg and Lily Varian showed us how to "head" and "heel" them dogies from horseback, and Cowboy Lawyers then proceeded to take turns "ear" and "nosing" the calves. Brian Faulkner became particularly adept at the "catch and release" method of roping, which, of course, results in unbranded merchandise. Jim Ogden and Charles Richmond each got a hold of one of them and Patty Templeton became pretty good at roping the saw horse near the parking lot. Jayne Oldman looked particularly professional throwing her loop.

After we finally captured a calf, Jack Varian demonstrated the fine points of ear notching, branding, inoculating and, um, castrating. Indeed,

Fun at V-6



Y-2 Kowboys



Gretchen Nelson found herself sporting lovely new dangely earrings, bound to end any blind (or sighted) date at the front door. Mike Martindill and Charles Richmond tried their hands at branding, ear notching and antiseptic application, while Jayne Oldman, Deborah Cohan, R.J. Molligan, Margie Oldendorf and guests Bonnie Sachs and Holly Korbonski branded, inoculated and branded again.

Pretty soon it was time to mount up for the ride up the hill to cow camp. The late afternoon sunlight brought out the gold of the hills and you could see across the ridges to the place where San Simeon sits just below three peaks. We had to hustle to get our tents up before dark, especially Patty Templeton, whose tent is referred to among experienced Cowboy Lawyers as Le Petit Trianon, because it is not quite as lavish as Versailles itself. This camping experience was particularly difficult for Patty, as her hairdryer, which operates off the cigarette lighter of her Saab on most rides, could not be operated due to leaving the Saab a few miles down the hill.

Lily and "Z" Varian cooked up a fantastic dinner of chile relleno casserole, chicken, fresh apple pie and all the fixin's, which we had barely snarfed down when The Grumpy Grandmas from some "Gulch" or other commenced to singing and playing. No sooner had they got going than Bill Thon and R.J. Molligan took over on tambourine. At one point, Bud Katzman joined in with Raoul from Sonora for a stirring rendition, in Spanish, of Malaguena.

But the real entertainment didn't begin until we'd all bedded down and the coals in the fire had cooled to grey. The first thing that shattered the peaceful silence was the sound of a wild pig rooting around in the camp. Some say it was Bud Katzman sawing logs, but it's hard to believe, because Bud didn't get much sleep that night anyway. The sky was so beautiful, full of stars and all, that Bud bunked outside. However, he did not go the full eight seconds: he was bucked out of his bunk before you could say "Brahma Bull."

Then there were Gretchen Nelson

and Jennifer Hainstock, who were sharing one of those big old tent-o-miniums, complete with air mattress and ceiling fan. Unfortunately, some time between three and four, the air mattress became an airless mattress, deflating property values in that neck of the woods considerably. Later in the morning, Gretchen found a real mattress (the kind that goes with box springs) and was carrying that back to the tent-o-minium when someone remarked, "Keep walking around with that and you're bound to get some business."

It was almost a relief when we had to rise and shine and ride out, which we did gladly, in gloriously balmy Indian Summer weather. We split into three groups to dig the cattle out of the nooks and crannies where they were holed up. Jack, "Z" and Greg Varian led the groups, with Jack's heading for the highest crests of the hills and the others for lower elevations. Mick, the V-6 wrangler from Down Under kept us amused with jokes and stories as we hunted literally high and low for hiding dogies. It was a day full of individual adventures and lots of great riding, which we repeated yet again the next day. All told, we dug out about 750 head of brown, yellow, white, red and black cattle and drove them proudly back to the Varians' homestead at the base of the hills.

There's some good news and some bad news for those of you who didn't get to enjoy this great ride. The bad news is that you missed it. The good news is that we've reserved the V-6 for Memorial Day weekend 2001. Hope you can make it!



Cookies And Cowpies

By R.J. "Little Paws"
Molligan, #166

It's about 4:00 p.m. on a Sunday afternoon and I'm sitting here next to a bay window at the Ritz Carlton in Dana Point. High Tea is about to begin. I'm looking out at the ocean. The clouds are receding into the horizon. At last, there is sunshine after endless hours of gloomy drizzle.

Secure in the moment, my thoughts wander back to the V-6 ride at the Varian Ranch in Paso Robles where riders roam crunchy blond rolling hillsides covered with semi-masculine cows; big beautiful filets prancing about in their own bovine bliss, unaware of the brand invisibly stamped to their derrieres, "EAT ME."

The cattle drive was full of interesting challenges; not the least of which was staying alive. The first day of the ride I felt sorry for the cows. I was like that wicked witch in Hansel & Gretel who lured those unsuspecting children into the gingerbread house. Then I got cornered by a big boy cow who tried to use me as a scratching post. Up to that point I had never thought of cows as vicious, an understandable oversight in a field full of lawyers. I was not going to let a cow get my goat. After the scratching post incident, an inexplicable urgency came over me to understand "the cow." It was as if my survival depended upon becoming one with the cow.

Be The Cow,
Be The Cow,
Be The Cow,

became my mantra — which brings me to cookies and cowpies. You see, a chocolate chip cookie dropped out of my saddle bag as I was attempting to pull out an ice cold beer I had smuggled onto the ride. The cookie fell onto the cowpie which had become crispy from baking long hours in the sun; like a chocolate chip cookie left overnight to harden on the tin. I had no shame at the thought of tasting one. If only I had the courage. I could be one with the cow and thus, Be The Cow.

I popped open the can of beer, bent down and chipped off a generous portion.

You know, I think the cow gods appreciated the effort. From that point on, I wasn't just feared, I was respected by my bovine brethren.

Y-2Kowboys Reboot

By Sunny Miller

The Eleventh Annual Roundup logged onto the millennium without a glitch. One hundred e-cowpersons mosied on down to the E-center for a rollicking e-vent. What a dot org!

CLA welcomed a big byte of new members to the first party of the millennium. In 1999 CLA acquired a menu of virtual ikons of the legal world including Jennifer Betts, Larry Forbes, Dick Freeland, Marilyn Heise, Paul Kiesel, Carol Perrin, Charles Richmond, Steve Stevens and Terry Walsh. Marilyn, Steve and Terry collected their buckles at the Roundup, with Marilyn snaring lucky #200. (Tom Borsari can finally stop bossing around #150!)

A lot of folks showed their commitment to the org by traveling long distances to be with us. Jim Nelson came all the way from Washington State, Bob Lorbeer from Sacramento, and Mike Martindill and Jennifer Betts from San Diego.

Outgoing President Mary Bennett passed the branding iron on to incoming President Bud Katzman. The official CLA toilet seat could not be passed to any of this year's airborne cowpokes (Air-Denove, Air-Katzman Air-Palty and Air-Leighton) because no one would fess up to being the recipient of the "seat for the unseated" last time.

Bud showed up with a "Bud Lite" sign, seemingly advertising his presidential aspirations. He'd been told by Tom Borsari that being President was like being turned out in a pasture knee deep in alfalfa. Said Tom in his usual way: "The President don't do jack shit." Apparently disagreeing with Tom, Bud remarked that, although the President don't do jack shit, Mary does Jack. (See sidebar on Jack Schitt.)

As outgoing Ride Committee Chair, Bud took the opportunity to present his Ride Committee members with gifts. He chose autographed copies of "The Lone Ranger's Code Of The West," reviewed by various notable contemporaries of Mr. Ranger. The only dissent about the book came from Billy the Kid. The Kid is quoted on the jacket as saying "It just didn't resonate with me."

Incoming Ride Committee Chair Gretchen Nelson gave us a preview and schedule of the rides for the year. One highlight of the season will be the Cuyamaca ride, which Mary miracu-



lously obtained for us for Memorial Day weekend, with an infinite number of redialed calls at the prescribed instant in time when the reservation line was opened up. Another is the Point Reyes National Seashore ride in October, which will feature a rainforest, a waterfall, a wine tasting and beach riding. If you miss either of these, the By Laws require you to go on the Palos Verdes Brunch ride, complete with the traditional crossing of Crenshaw Boulevard in rush hour.

Since Gretchen is the new Ride Committee Chair, the Board immediately voted to augment CLA's fire safety regulations to require fire extinguishers on each ride from now on (for the sake of those of you who were nearly barbecued at Gretchen's rides at Santa Ynez and Rollin N).

Somewhere between the margaritas and the margaritas Mary talked about a group in San Diego led by Mike Martindill and Dick Freeland who want to join up with us. New members Jennifer Betts and Charles Richmond are part of this group, along with prospective members Penelope Farmer and Bill Nimmo.

This is the traditional place in our story where we rave about the food The band, Lisa O'Kane and The Bum Steers, was great, especially gorgeous Lisa with her sultry voice.

It was a treat to see some friends who can't get to as many events as we'd like. The Honorable Elizabeth Lippitt Ramey showed up with her spouse, Dr. David Ramey, Manual Hidalgo was there as well, along with the Honorable Marlene Kristovich, Oklahoma Brian Faulkner and Christine, Don and Sandi Forgey, Jo-Ann and Roger Grace, Peggy and Bob Luty, Erin Muellenberg and Jerry Wagstaff, Jake and Kathy DeVan, Dennis and Marlene Morris (who flew in from Colorado just to party with us), Gene Veenhuis, and lots of others who we will get in trouble for not mentioning.

We applied sophisticated polling techniques to achieve a statistically valid sample of Y-2Kowboy opinions about the party. To quote Susan Graysen, "The party was great. There seemed to be a cohesiveness and energy there that was better than ever." No Susan, the bar was just open longer.

Reata

A Restaurant Review

At last a cowboy restaurant conveniently located in the heart of Beverly Hills! And one of the biggest perks is that you can don your western wear and feel as comfortable as if you were at a CLA President's Dinner or on the trail. Bill and I went as soon as it opened and raved about it so much that, two weeks later, we went with Patty and Cress.

The restaurant is called Reata and is located in the Rodeo Collection, with valet parking for your car, only, at this point. It seats 350 including glass enclosed private rooms. You still feel private, but part of the action at the same time. Perfect size for CLA Directors' meetings, Bud!

The decor is none of this tacky, obvious cowboy kitsch (which you know we all love), but rather a sophisticated, warm environment of Texas Cowboy meets Rodeo Drive.

There are two bar areas that are stocked with rare bourbons (Woodford Reserve), exotic Tequilas and anything else you can think of. Patty and I shared many of their incredible, green apple martinis.

The people are real friendly, Texas friendly: easy going, open and charming. And whether you are at the bar or at your table, you are treated to a guitar-playing cowboy (also bull rider) who sings all our favorites, performs western swing and recites cowboy poetry. This guy (Ernie Sites) has CD's etc. and would be great for the next President's Dinner or may be persuaded to show up at our next campsite. Gretchen! (He picks up his messages for jobs out of his Idaho base, ((208)536-2061.) He's a real find of Cowboy talent and is scheduled to be back at Reata after March 26th. Hope you catch him.

The FOOD, at last! Big, Texas-

style portions. Appetizer highlights include quail enchiladas, tamales with pecan mash, and boar ribs with divine apricot sauce — next time I'm getting that as an entree! Main dishes include: pan roasted tenderloin with port wine sauce (to die for), penne with quail, stuffed pheasant breast with Jim Beam cream sauce, to name just a few delights.

The beef and game meats all come fresh from Al Micallif's CF Ranch out of west Texas. He and his dad have, all told, about 125,000 acres including 10,000 head of cattle and great game meats. Al is the owner and creator of Reata.

Desserts are inventive and a must. The chef is Grady Spears, who has a book out: *Cowboy in the Kitchen*. You can find this book and other great things in Reata's gift shop: a beautiful coffee table book, *Texas Cattle Barons: Their Families, Land and Legacy* will just make you want to ride those open spaces and chase those dogies.

Other must-haves at the gift shop include: *Cowboy Love Poetry*, a game called *Cowgirls Ride the Trail of Truth*, *Cowgirl Trail Kit* (to keep us soft and smelling sweet), silver scarf slides (Cress bought one), hand-hammered belts, and soon they are getting in silver Texas Ranger pins! They also have a lot of cowboy art, photos and prints. I bought one of those.

Reata, 421 North Rodeo Drive, (310)550-8700. Outstanding on so many levels.

By Susan Graysen, Cowgirl

In the next edition: Tom Borsari's restaurant review of *La Petite Maison Des Vaches Roses*

That Other Guy Named Jack

At last, an answer to the age-old question: "Who is Jack Schitt?"

The lineage is finally revealed. Many people are at a loss for a response when someone says "You don't know Jack Schitt." Now you can deftly handle the situation. Jack is the only son of Awe Schitt and O. Schitt. Awe Schitt, the fertilizer magnate, married O. Schitt, a partner of Kneedeep & Schitt, Inc. In turn, Jack Schitt married Noe Schitt and the deeply religious couple produced 6 children: Holie Schitt, Fulla Schitt, Giva Schitt, Bull Schitt, and the twins, Deap Schitt and Dip Schitt.

Against her parents' objections, Deap Schitt married Dumb Schitt, a high school drop out. After being married 15 years, Jack and Noe Schitt divorced. Noe Schitt later married Mr. Sherlock (a relative of our friend Bob), and because her kids were living with them, she wanted to keep her previous name. She was then known as Noe Schitt Sherlock.

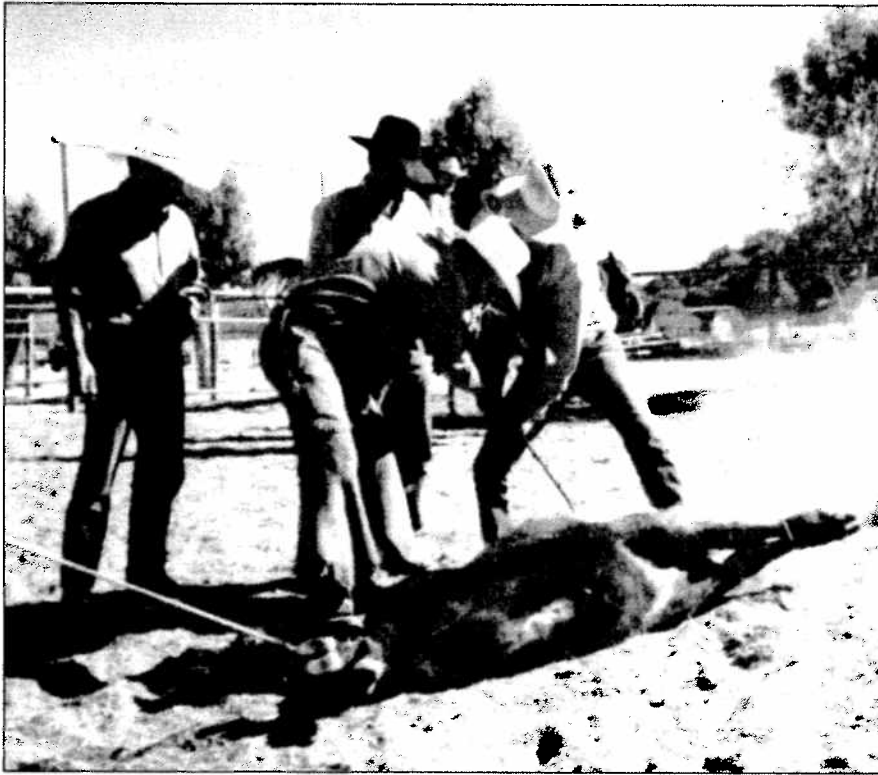
Dip Schitt married Loda Schitt and they produced a nervous son, Chicken Schitt.

Fulla Schitt and Giva Schitt were inseparable throughout childhood and subsequently married the Happens brothers in a dual ceremony. The wedding announcement in the newspaper announced the Schitt-Happens wedding. The Schitt-Happens children were Dawg, Byrd and Hoarse.

Bull Schitt, the prodigal son, left home to tour the world. He recently returned from Italy with his new bride, Piza Schitt.

So now if someone says, "You don't know Jack Schitt," you can correct them. Not only do you know Jack, you know the whole family.





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IN THIS EDITION

The Unspoiled Beauty Of
Frazier Park

V-6, V-6 And V-6 (A trilogy)

Here Comes The Prez!

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Los Angeles, California 900067