

COWBOY LAWYERS ASSOCIATION ©

NEWSLETTER

Vol. 7, No. 1, May 1998

Editor: Sunny Miller

A RIVER RAN THROUGH IT

By Sunny Miller

Anyone who attended this year's President's Dinner will recognize the title of this article. It refers to Calamigos Ranch and, more particularly, its parking lot, where only Dodge Rams and Ford F100s were secure and the Jaguars and other city slicker-mobiles threatened to float rapidly downstream toward the far reaches of said ranch. The good news was that the room Calamigos usually gives us was flooded, so they were forced to give us a cozy wood-paneled room upstream. No one complained about having to give up the traditional outdoor plumbing we have come to expect from Calamigos.

The dress for the dinner was 1850 through 1880 New Mexico Territory duds. Outgoing President Walter Leighton took the lead, sporting a souvenir hat from south of the border, a Mexican throw rug with a hole cut through it, and enough bandoliers of ammunition to incinerate any Wells Fargo branches that might think to locate in the Territory. Mike Martindill and Linda Sue French came as Wyatt Earp and his lovely bride; Richard Heller and Velvet were a banker and his respectable lady; Marshal and Jayne Oldman also appeared as upstanding Territory folk; notwithstanding Marshal's sidearms, which he refused to check at the door, and Cheryl Daniels opted for Indian wear.

Wilkie Cheong was installed as President to the spirited tunes of what sounded like an Otovaldo Indian ensemble (from Ecuador, we think), whose music everyone really enjoyed. New buckles were awarded and Mary Bennett, our 1998 ride chair, announced a lot of great rides for the upcoming year.



Four Bad Hombres: Marshal Oldman, Mike Martindill, Richard Heller and Tom Borsari



Four Beautiful Ladies: Linda Sue French, Jayne Oldman, Velvet Heller and Dana Adams.

COWBOY LAWYERS

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From the Editors

This thing you're reading may look like your regular old ho-hum Cowboy Lawyer Newsletter, but hold your horses, hang onto your hats, and white-knuckle your front porch swings. You have the First Annual Cowboy Lawyer Poetry, Prose and Haiku Roundup in your hands. Penetrating as a Special Prosecutor, relevant as the Piltdown Man, and fundamental as sushi, the literature you will find in these pages is, above all, ours. In the last newsletter, we asked for your contributions and here they are. We like them. So much, in fact, that we've decided to ante up for two grand prizes -- one in the field of poetry goes to Jim Nichols for "Hurricane Blower." The other, for prose, goes to Scott Haith for "That Ol' Line-Back Dun." So look for Jim and Scott on the next ride, sporting brand new Cowboy Lawyer caps. (These can be yours as well, for a minimal investment of \$15.00, sent to Gretchen Nelson.) And sharpen your pencils. We'll do this again next year. Thanks for all the great stuff.

The Editors

1998 Ride and Event Schedule

February 7, 1998
9th Annual President's Dinner
Dance
Calamigos Ranch

May 2, 1998
Palos Verdes Brunch Ride
Palos Verdes, California

May 28-31, 1998
Cuyamaca State Park
San Diego County, California

June 20, 1998
Vasquez Rocks
Aqua Dulce, California

July 25, 1998
First Ever Al & Margie
Margolis Midsummer's Night
Margarita Party (No Horses)
Los Angeles, California

August 28-31, 1998
Tahoe Donner/Squaw Valley
Lake Tahoe, California

September 27, 1998
Veterinary Clinic
Moorpark, California

October 16-18, 1998
Santa Ynez Wine Tasting Ride
Santa Ynez Valley, California

November 7 or 14, 1998
Malibu Creek
Calabasas, California

Cowboy Lawyers Association

Established 1989
1998 Governing Board
Officers

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Scott Haith, Secretary
Marshal Oldman, Treasurer

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Newsletter

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

A Fall From Grace

By A.C. Margolis©

Some of you have asked how Margie and I got to be trail riders. This story may surprise you.

We had both ridden horses from the time we were quite young. Margie had excellent English training. I rode most of my teen years in a McClellan saddle but that's another story. No trail riding yet.

Thanksgiving 1967 we took our three children to Rancho de los Caballero in Wickenburg, Arizona. We had not ridden in some twenty years. The first morning we were "loping" and my horse stumbled and went down. Fortunately, I missed the cactus and didn't hit a rock hard. I renamed the horse "Grace."

I was the only guest who rode that afternoon. A wrangler, Red Altrum, showed me the way. He told me that he worked in the summer at "Wits in Ranch" in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. They took people on pack trips.

The next summer, 1968, we packed our station wagon and the five of us visited many of the National parks in the west. It was great!

The highlight of our adventure was the pack trip out of the ranch that Red had told me about. One night at the campfire the then owner of the ranch who was our guide and leader, Darden Jasper, a real cowboy, asked me if I could take a week in April to go on a

trail ride. I said "sure, if I have plenty of advance notice."

Sure enough, the next April, about one week before the ride, Darden called. I was not home when he called but Margie assured him that I would cancel everything else and go on the Desert Caballero ride.

When I arrived in Wickenburg I did not know anyone except Darden. I had no notion of what was ahead. It was for me as very new and different experience. I had a wonderful time. The rest is history.

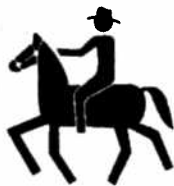
As for Red. He was not at the ranch in Colorado when we were there for the pack trip. We were told that he had been injured. I never saw him again. I haven't seen Darden for twenty-five years.

The "Trail Riding Bug" hit Margie as well. We have both ridden with a number of groups and have enjoyed tremendously the experience we have had and the beautiful country we have seen. Most of all we treasure the wonderful friends we have met through trail riding over these several decades.

I have often thought of the effects of that chance happening on each of our lives.

Thanks Grace, Red and Darden.

Al



1998 CLA Officers: Mary Bennett, Wilkie Cheong, Marshal Oldman and Scott Haith

Cowboy Lawyer Lippett Ramey Has Another Cowboy

Our own Cowboy Lawyer and recently appointed Municipal Court Judge, Elizabeth Lippett Ramey gave birth on January 13, 1998 to Aidan Brock Ramey who weighed in at 7 lbs, 11 oz. and 19 1/2 inches. Aidan is said to be the sweetest little cowboy. Congratulations Elizabeth and Jeff. We hope to see all of you and Boz out on the trail soon!

Equine Vet Clinic

Ever wonder which end of a horse ya put the thermometer in? Want to know what to do if your horse gets bit by a rattler? Want to find out how to worm your horse and save money? Or maybe you just want to spend some time with your cowboy buds knocking back a few cold ones while enjoying a beautiful afternoon and bar-b-que at Trey and Tina Robertson's Double R Ranch in Moorpark.

Trey and Tina have graciously agreed to put on a vet clinic with one of the prominent equine veterinarians in the area on September 27. The clinic will cover topics like first aid on the trail, how to give intramuscular and intravenous injections, how to listen for vital signs, how to take your horse's temperature, how to perform a capillary refill test to see if your horse is dehydrated, when to call the vet if you believe your horse is tying up or colicking and a host of other FAQ's. There will be hands on demonstrations of all routine health care procedures like worming, sheath cleaning (if you care to do it yourself) and hoof and dental care. (See teeth actually float.)

Attendance will be limited to 25 people on a first-come first-served basis. The cost will be \$30.00 which includes coffee and donuts in the morning and a bar-b-que in the afternoon. Plan on arriving at 8:30 a.m. so we can be ready to start at 9:00 a.m. An announcement will be sent out approximately one month before the date along with instructions and directions on how to get to the Double R. See ya there.



1st Place - Poetry

Hurricane Blower

By Jim Nichols©

My birthday came as it had before
And my heart beat fast as she opened the door
Dragging a big box across the floor
On which was printed "Hurricane Blower."

I'm a man of letters and not good with tools
But admire all God's children, the wise and the fools;
Yet, car phones and law books have been my jewels -
And now my Hurricane Blower.

Gassed and greased, I gave it a try
Flattening plants and making dust fly
Blowing lawn chairs into the sky.
I loved my Hurricane Blower.

I blew the porch, the lawn, and the walk
My motor hummed without a knock
I accidentally threw a rock
With my magnificent Hurricane Blower.

Through my neighbor's window that missile flew!
I knew there'd be some explainin' to do,
But strictly between me and you,
I was impressed with my Hurricane Blower.

Days slipped by and I made no excuses
For what some claimed were serious abuses
But what I called the intended uses
Of my fabulous Hurricane Blower.

I blew our cat in front of a truck,
And blew hanging laundry into the muck.
Anyone can have a bit of rough luck
With a wonderful Hurricane Blower.

Those with dogs know they poop --
It's a daily chore to hunt and scoop.
But I made it fly like boiling soup
With my kennel cleaning Hurricane Blower.

My wife a bit touchy, began to grouse
When I took my machine into the house
To clean out the vermin, both cockroach and mouse,
With my all-purpose Hurricane Blower.

The china cabinet began to fall
As the pictures ripped loose from off the wall
And the rugs went flying down the hall
From my powerful Hurricane Blower.

So over my fiefdom I did lord
Not with lance or gun or sword
But with metal, plastic switch and cord:
My mighty Hurricane Blower!

Then came the day which still causes me hurt
When I looked for my toy to blow some dirt
Off my cowboy hat, pants, and shirt
But I couldn't find my blower.

The mem'ry brings bitter tears to my eyes;
I finally found my vehicle in the drive
Under radial tires and no longer alive.
She demolished my Hurricane Blower!

"I had to do it" she said with sighs.
"That devil machine was ruining our lives."
"It consumed you honey from boots to eyes"
"Get used to no Hurricane Blower!"

A new birthday came, and I called my Pa
To tell him "hi" and "hugs" to Ma."
Said "I gifted myself with something of awe
A beautiful new chain saw!"

1st Place - Prose

That Ol' Line-Back Dun

By Scott Haith©

It was his color that first struck me. A red line-back dun with two white socks and a blaze. He was all Quarter Horse. A chest as wide as the Yellowstone River and feet as big as dinner plates. He was well over 1100 pounds if he weighed an ounce. With canon bones and fetlocks as big as tree trunks there was no mistakin' him for anything but a ranch horse. Fat and slick with a coat that shined like a new copper penny, he was livin' proof that the grass had been good that Montana summer.

The cavy of horses was brought into the catch pen by Roger, the ranch manager. We selected our mounts for the day's work. I choose the dun. His forelock and mane were tangled with burrs. He bore only one brand, the C Bar, but there was ample evidence that he had been a ranch horse all his life. He had the usual wire cuts, rope burns and skinned knees from a lifetime of chasing yearlin' calves through all kinds of country and being loaded in the back of pickup trucks. There was nothin' refined about him except his head. He had that big jaw, short muzzle, broad forehead and large soft eye that reminded me of Doc Bar and his get.

I led him into the saddle shed, and began pickin' the burrs and foxtails out of his mane and tail. He turned his head to look at me with a eye that said, "What the hell do you think you're doing?" I had to let out my cinch two full notches to accommodate his deep girth. The rear cinch was just barely long enough.

We left the barn on that cold morning wrapped tightly in our Carhart's and Filson's. Steam rolled out of ol' Dunny's nostrils like a locomotive leavin' the station as we started down the road to work Big Woody. It had been a year since I had last seen the Dun and the C Bar. I was happy to be back. There is no greater pleasure than ridin' a fine horse through beautiful country. I think the Dun felt the same way that mornin' as he lined out slicker than an ol' cow at feedin' time.

Roger split us up with me and Dunny headin' toward the eastern boundary. We had 50,000 acres of rollin' Montana plains to cover in order to gather the 2200 head of cattle that needed to be sorted, vaccinated and weighed. I pointed his nose down the steep hillside and was thankful that he was so surefooted. It took us nearly two hours of ridin' up and over hills, down draws and finally up that last climb before we reached the eastern boundary of the C Bar. We began our sweep

knockin' pairs off the fence line and down the draws into Big Woody. We were ridin' through clouds that hung so low along fence lines that it started to sprinkle.

We could see the other crew members across Big Woody pushing the pairs off the hills, down the cedar lined draws into Big Woody. As the day wore on we were able to peel off our coats, and enjoy the sunshine coming out of that big Montana sky. At the end of that day the dun and I were spent. We had covered a lot of ground gatherin' those pairs and driving along down the jeep trail toward ranch headquarters. I pulled the saddle off him and went into the calvin' pen to get ol' Dunny a ration of oats. We had both put in a good day's work and made it back to ranch headquarters just before the sky opened up with thunder and lightnin'. I looked over his broad back through the steam rizin' from his back and through the barn door just in time to see the lightnin' show begin. It was like a picture out of the Western Horseman Calendar. I turned to my C Bar buddies, but no one said a word. We were all thinking the same thing. It just don't get any better than this.

Dedicated to the
Fall Round-Up Crew,
C Bar Ranch
Mud Flats, Montana

METROPOLITAN NEWS-ENTERPRISE THROWS COWBOY BASH FOR JUDGE CHAVEZ

When a Cowboy Lawyer gets an award, you can generally hear the whoopin' and hollerin' in the next county. When it was the Honorable Victor Chavez, Assistant Presiding Judge of the Los Angeles Superior Court, buckle number 3 to some of us, they heard us clear back in Dodge City. Heck even Sheriff Wyatt Earp (or at least that look alike Hugh O'Brien) showed up to see what all the ruckus was about.

The Metropolitan News-Enterprise chose wisely this year, both in selecting Judge Chavez as its Person Of The Year, and in booking the biggest room it could find for the event. We understand a record number of about 450 people crowded into the Regal Biltmore Hotel on January 16, 1998 for a western-style barbecue and dance complete with the Riders of the Purple Sage. Dozens of Cowboy Lawyers showed up to cheer Judge Chavez. We filled about four tables, not counting the Bonne, Bridges, Mueller, O'Keefe & Nichols table and the Mike and Maureen Thomas table, which were equally raucous.

Chief Justice Ronald George of the California Supreme Court called it "the biggest assemblage of judges who paid to go to dinner." City Council members John Ferraro and Nate Holden presented Judge Chavez with a scroll from the City of Los Angeles. We think the County of Los Angeles presented a scroll too, but the Cowboy Lawyers were making so much noise that nothing much in this article is certain.

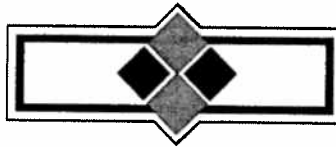
Awards followed from Chief Justice George on behalf of the California Supreme Court and Justice Mildred Lillie on behalf of the California Courts of Appeal who presented Judge Chavez with a beautiful crystal plaque adorned with a horse. Additional honors were bestowed on Judge Chavez by the State Bar Board of Governors, the Los Angeles County Bar Association, the Los Angeles County Public Defender's Office and a passle of others. Chief Justice George explained the Supreme Court's failure to come up

with an actual tangible plaque or scroll by saying that the Court had been unable to agree on the language and that any effort at specific wording would have resulted in concurring and dissenting plaques. Of course the most spectacular gift of all was the pair of spur straps presented on behalf of the Cowboy Lawyers Association by Jim Nichols, who made a wonderful presentation speech (standing in the shadow of two authentic fiberglass horses) that was mostly drowned out by more Cowboy Lawyer boot stomping.

Roger M. Grace, Editor and Co-publisher of the Metropolitan News-Enterprise, spoke of Judge Chavez's many accomplishments and Jo-Ann Grace, the Co-publisher, said it all when she stated that Judge Chavez is a "straight shooter" . . . "one of the legal community's most beloved members."

In accepting all of the honors and accolades, Judge Chavez was particularly appreciative of the Cowboy Lawyers. He pointed out that CLA has meant a great deal to him and his wife Marlene and that he felt "privileged to interact with all these cowpoppers." At least one of us knows the politically correct name for all of us varmints.

In all it was a great evening!



Pony Express

February 13, 1998

Mr. Wilkie Cheong
President
Cowboy Lawyers Association

Dear Wilkie:

There is no adequate way to express my gratitude to you and all of the other Cowboy Lawyers and their spouses for the support that you gave me at the recent Metropolitan News dinner. At no time in the history of this event has there been such an outpouring of good will by any single group. I am still filled with strong emotions of gratitude to all of you for your friendship, your support and your generosity.

It was with great regret that I was unable to attend the President's Dinner Dance in that, as you know, it conflicted with an ABOTA event at which my colleague, a very good cowboy by the name of William MacLaughlin, was honored in the first ever award to a judge by that organization. In that the Presiding Judge was out of the city, it was my responsibility to be present to represent the court on which Bill sits.

I am looking forward to participating in many of the activities of the CLA this year and I certainly wish you good luck in your term of leadership.

Warmest personal regards,
Victor E. Chavez



Jim Nichols draws a big laugh from Judge Chavez.

J.P.S. Brown

By Scott Haith

Most of you have heard of or read Louis L'Amour. He is generally regarded as the premier western author. Many of his novels have been made into movies like Hondo, Conagher, How the West Was Won, and The Quick and The Dead. There is one western author that probably few of you have ever heard of, let alone read. He is my favorite. His name is Joseph Paul Summers (J.P.S.) Brown. There is no contemporary western writer who has a better handle on cowboy ways than J.P.S. I first learned of him in Cowboy Magazine, a magazine dedicated to the cowboy and one for which every Cowboy Lawyer should have a subscription.

What makes J.P.S. Brown unique is that he is a 5th generation Arizona cowboy. His novels come from his personal experiences and stories that he was told by his father, grandfather and great grandfather. He has lived the life of a cowboy despite having to overcome the disability of being a graduate of Notre Dame. (His father always wanted a college-educated son, but ol' J.P.S. just wanted to cowboy.)

I just finished reading The Outfit written by J.P.S. in 1972. I think it is his best work. So does actor Sam Elliot who recently bought the movie rights and plans on starting production later this year. It's the story of Bert Sorrells, a modern day Arizona cowboy who finds himself cowboying on a 1000 section outfit in northeastern Nevada. He tends cattle from sun up 'til sun down for less than the minimum wage, but loves his work. The Outfit gives us a glimpse into why modern day cowboys and their brethren of old toil for low wages when they could make so much more working in town. It speaks of that quality rarely seen today of pride in a job well done.

The characters in the book are the people of the outfit. The cattle boss is Dobie Porter who has dedicated his life to the tending of the wild bovine. J.P.S. writes of him:

"For all his set ways, Porter was a cowboy. He could do any job that could be done horseback. He was always in the right place at the right time. He knew by instinct more than a cow knew and that was what made a cowboy. Old Porter never forgot an old

cow. If he saw her calf once, he could ride on to that calf a month later and know which cow the calf belonged to."

"The old man had dedicated his life to the cow. She was his sole interest. His horse was an appendage of him, a flesh and blood tool he used in his husbandry of the cow the same as his own body was. He had already given his eyesight, the grip and feeling of both hands, half his stomach, and the capability of walking upright on his own two legs in the pursuit of the happiness of the old cow. He believed he still had plenty to give."

The horses of The Outfit are no less colorful than the men who ride them. All have vices and none are fully broke, but each does at least one thing good and J.P.S. obviously has an enduring love for the horse:

"Every horse has a least one talent useful to man. He learns to do wrong only through man. He learns to do well if his trainer has good sense. A horseman has the responsibility to find and develop a horse's talent. Every horse alive can do at least one chore helpful to man. He may have no quickness for cutting, but great stamina as a circle horse. He may not be smooth-gaited enough to carry a man on a 40-mile circle without killing him, but have the explosive speed for catching cattle in rough country."

"One man might not have work for a certain horse. Another might be able to depend on the same horse for his livelihood. The value of a horse depends on the need he satisfies in a man, woman, or a child. It might be true that every man has a horse that would be good for him, waiting for him somewhere."

Bert draws Roller as part of his string against the advice of all the cowboys. It doesn't take long to see that we're in for rodeo:

"He caught Roller. He put a horsehair bosal on him and led him to the saddle house. Roller led as though in fear that if he didn't follow close on Sorrells' heels. Sorrells would kill him. He almost ran over Sorrells when he led him through a gate. Big tears ran out of his eyes when Sorrells

stood him at the hitch rail outside the saddle house. He trembled when Sorrells saddled him. Sorrells bridled him and turned him around. Roller moved on three feet of lead rope as though the owls had hold of him."

The Outfit is an opportunity for anyone interested in the psyche of the modern day cowboy. While The Outfit is my personal favorite, J.P.S. also wrote what I consider the best cowboy saga equal to that of Larry McMurtry's Lonesome Dove. It's called the Arizona Saga, and written in four volumes beginning with The Blooded Stock, and ending with Native Born. If you love cowboy actor and roper Ben Johnson, then you will want to get the soon to be published biography of Ben entitled, I Can Hold the Horses. Don't bother to look for these books at Barnes & Noble, you're liable to get a blank stare, and despite Amazon.com's 2.5 million titles, they ain't there. You can order direct from MQM Publishing, 1020 Avenida Aguila, Tucson, AZ 85748, 520-296-4154. J.P.S. will even personally sign them if you ask. Good reading for that long winter before the first Cowboy Lawyer Ride.

Long Dead Ponies

By Sunny Miller©

Long dead ponies gaze indifferently in sepia into the eyes of the small girl, now grown, who stroked their cheeks. Father, in his muscled thirties, holds the halter of a black and white chestnut. That one was Cavalcade Susie, dear friend of Chief Gorge, who used to lower her head, requesting that favored passers by scratch inside her ears. It used to be there were only long dead ponies there.

This Edition's Highlights:

First Ever Cowboy Lawyer Poetry,
Prose and Haiku Round-Up

First Prize, Poetry:

Jim Nichols for
"Hurricane Blower"

&

First Prize, Prose:

Scott Haith for
"That Ol'Line Back Dun"

Al Margolis Tells of His Fall From
Grace

It was a Fun Time in the Old Town at
the Metropolitan News-Enterprise
Dinner Honoring Judge Chavez



IT'S DANGEROUS OUT THERE
PARDNERS... SO BE CAREFUL!

The following excerpt is taken from the deposition of the wife of a plaintiff in a worker's compensation lawsuit. The deponent has previously testified that her husband was "an honest to goodness cowboy."

Q: Even being an experienced cattle person like your husband, you know, it's just a dangerous environment to work in with all the cattle running through there a lot of times. Do you agree with that?

A: That it's a dangerous environment?

Q: Yeah, with people getting hurt a lot. Is that right?

A: No sir, I don't think it's a dangerous environment. No, sir, I sure don't. I think pilots are [sic] dangerous environments. I think being a lawyer and working with irate people would be a dangerous environment.

COWBOY LAWYERS ASSOCIATION

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