

COWBOY LAWYERS

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NEWSLETTER

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Editor: Sunny Miller

12th Annual Roundup Mixes Good Clean Fun And Dirty Politics

By Sunny Miller

Dateline Burbank, February 3, 2001 — As his last official act, outgoing President Bud Katzman tonight pardoned wealthy lawyer and cattle baron Brian Faulkner for being a no-show at the Annual President's Dinner. Faulkner, a native of California, has been hiding out in a well-appointed Motel 6 in Enid, Oklahoma for most of the ride season. Despite the seriousness of the offense, Oklahoma does not permit extradition of no-shows. Katzman's act was not without controversy, as rumor has it that Faulkner's wife, Cristina, may have showered Katzman with lavish gifts, including a manure spreader and a sheath cleaner, just prior to the pardon. Colleagues of Katzman's are believed to be attempting to persuade him to return the manure spreader, pointing out that, during his enthusiastically-awaited retirement from public life, he will have fewer occasions to spread manure. After passing the branding iron, Katzman was unavailable for comment, as he was prospecting for new office space in Long Beach that could be leased for \$700,000 or more per year.

Incoming president Gretchen Nelson wasted no time in distancing herself from other politicians of the hour. She stated in her inaugural speech: (1) Not only did I attend college -- I graduated; (2) I DID take English; (3) I know that "hopefuller" is not a word; (4) I have

never bankrupted any company; (5) I will never in my life state that "the world is on an irrevocable course toward freedom and democracy, but that might change;" and (6) I am aware that the words "Roe v. Wade" do not refer to the choices confronting George Washington when he contemplated crossing the Delaware River.

However, after this auspicious start, she did seem to mirror other politicians by taking credit for her father's military record, while downplaying her own lack of military credentials. She pointed out that with Dick Freeland at the helm, and her father, a retired Navy Commander, convincing the Marines that we're all right, CLA has a permit to ride at the hitherto untouched Camp Pendleton. President Nelson included a self-serving reference to her own stint at "the Academy". However, our investigation has revealed that this institution is none other than St. Mary's Academy for Girls. A report from a small town newspaper close to St. Mary's suggests that a student of President Nelson's vintage was arrested on a wintry night for riding a Clydesdale off the road and into a ditch. The investigation continues.

After her inaugural address, President Nelson called for a vote on her choices for her cabinet. The nomination of Marshal Oldman, the Alan Greenspan of the CLA Treasury, provoked some debate when he declared his support for a dues rebate to CLA's three wealthiest members.

Despite this, a vote was taken Palm



Hanging Judges

Beach style and the entire cabinet was confirmed, including Bill Daniels as Vice President and Ride Committee Chair, Mary Bennett as Secretary and Marshal Oldman as Treasurer. Board Members include: Jack Denove, Scott Haith, Tamia Hope, Dick Freeland, Bud Katzman, Mike Lyden, Mike Martindill, Sunny Miller, Jim Nichols, Patty Templeton and Terry Walsh.

Buckle numbers 193, 206 and 207 were awarded respectively to Larry Forbes, Sheri Maier and Janet Miller.

Past presidents in attendance were Jim Nichols, Manuel Hidalgo, Scott Haith, Walter Leighton, Wilkie Cheong and Mary Bennett.

Many folks traveled great distances to be with us, including Jim Nelson from Washington, Jennifer Hainstock from Glen Ellen, Dan and Pat Simon from Solvang, Bob Lorbeer from Sacramento, Ann Rubenstein and Jon Zerlin from

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COWBOY LAWYERS



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*President's Dinner
Continued from P.1*

Grass Valley, and our hearty San Diego contingent of Mike Martindill, Sheri Maier, Dick and Lynn Freeland, Jennifer Betts, Bill Nimmo, Janet Miller and her husband, Michael Malek (who flew in from Hawaii for the event).

For the first time, CLA also recognized the power behind the cowpoke -- the secretary -- and anted up for gift certificates to those gracious folks who work with Marshal Oldman, Scott Haith and Mary Bennett, who do so much work for this hitherto ungrateful gang of varmints.

We danced into the wee hours to the tunes of The Bum Steers, featuring vocalist Lisa O'Kane. These folks always show us a good time, and the 12th Annual Roundup was no exception. Thanks to everyone who worked so hard to put together another great party.

Should We Issue Buckle #208 To This Gent?

Last September, Municipal Court Judge Paul Stansel of Hamilton, Georgia made the news when he found himself in contempt of court and fined himself \$50 -- two weeks' pay -- after missing a day of work while taking care of a sick pony.

"If you screwed up and missed court. I would fine you. I don't think judges are above the law," Stansel said.

The judge got carried away and forgot to go to court while tending to Bubba, a 15-year old pony with bad feet. "The pony ain't worth \$50," Stansel said. "I've spent over \$1,000 on his feet. But my grandchildren dearly love him."

The issues are : 1) Should we issue buckle #208 to this gent? And 2) If so, should we do it because he's a judge who fined himself or because he's kind to kids and ponies?

Honorary Degree --- Inside Information From 150's Sources

A rich trial lawyer, Jack Denove, walked into the offices of the President of Loyola Law School and said, "I'd like to donate a million dollars tax free to this institution. But there's a condition. I would like to have an honorary degree."

The President nodded agreeably, "That's not a problem. We can certainly arrange that!"

Jack said, "An honorary degree for my horse. "General".

"For your horse???"

"Yep, you betcha. He's carried me for many years and I owe him a lot. I'd like him to receive a Tr.D, a Doctor of Transportaion."

"But ... we can't give a degree to a horse."

"Then I'm afraid I'll have to take my million dollars to another educational institution."

"Well, wait a minute," said the president, seeing the million slip through his fingers, "Let me consult with the school's trustees."

A hurried Trustees' meeting was brought to order and the President related the deal. All of the board reacted with shock and disbelief -- except the oldest Trustee. He appeared almost asleep.

One Trustee snorted. "We can't give a horse an honorary degree -- no matter HOW much money is involved"

The oldest Trustee opened his eyes and said, "Take the money and give the horse the degree."

The President asked, "Don't you think that would be a disgrace to us?"

"Of course not, the wise old Trustee said. "It would be an honor. It'd be the first time we ever gave an honorary degree to an ENTIRE horse."

Cowboy Lawyers Association

Established 1989
2000 Governing Board
Officers

Gretchen Nelson, President
Bill Daniels, Vice-President
Mary M. Bennett, Secretary
Marshal Oldman, Treasurer

Directors

Mary M. Bennett
Wilkie Cheong
Jack Denove
Scott Haith
Tamia Hope
Dick Freeland
Bud Katzman
Walter Leighton
Mike Lyden
Mike Martindill
Sunny Miller
Jim Nichols
Patty Templeton

2001 Ride Committee

Bill Daniels, Chair
Jack Denove
Brian Faulkner
Dick Freeland
Mike Lyden
Mike Martindill
Patty Templeton
Terry Walsh

Membership Committee

Mary M. Bennett, Chair
Hon. Judith Chirlin
Scott Haith
Jim Nichols

Newsletter

Sunny Miller
Gretchen Nelson, Editor Emeritus
Dan Simon, Editor Emeritus

Past Presidents

1989-91 - Jim Nichols
1992 - Manuel Hidalgo
1993 - Bill Thon
1994 - Bob Luty
1995 - Tom Borsari
1996 - Scott Haith
1997 - Walter Leighton
1998 - Wilkie Cheong
1999 - Mary M. Bennett
2000 - Bud Katzman

Palos Verdes --
 Adventures in
 Urban Riding
 By Margie Oldendorf

Ever seen a picket line tied to the bumper of a catering truck? Set up in the parking lot of a restaurant, no less? Well if you have, you probably went on the Palos Verdes "brunch" ride on November 4, 2000. We had over 40 people riding through people's backyards on that day.

We started out at the Empty Saddle Club, one of Bud Katzman's favorite hangouts, for some coffee and socializing. After what seemed like a long while, people got their equine act together, and we started up the hill. It was a little overcast and cool, but that didn't seem to affect anyone's spirits.

The group wended its way up the great PV horse trails through some super real estate. Some of the homes in this area are spectacular, with large lots and a definite country feel. Surprising they would let the likes of our group invade their privacy! Maybe they thought we were the Long Beach Mounted Police Auxiliary or something....

We stopped for a break at the top of the hill, in front of the beautiful home of Jerry and Carla Routt (they really are in the Long Beach Mounted Police). Lee Graham and his crew met us there with his truck and refreshments. After watering the horses and making numerous visits to check on Carla and Jerry's plumbing, we were on our way to the Red Onion for brunch.

The locals who frequent PV probably haven't seen such a sight, as we crossed the highway and rode up the street to the restaurant. Then, it got even better, as everyone tied up to the impressive, hundred foot-long picket line that Lee and the guys had set up behind the restaurant. Even the horses seemed a little unsure about the setup, slipping and tiptoeing on the concrete parking lot.

Wonder what the restaurant patrons thought when they left to go to their cars. Hopefully they saw that smelly bunch of horses after they had eaten!

We went inside to a buffet brunch that included eggs, pork chops, salads, cerveza and coffee. The food was pret-

ty good, but, as usual, the company was even better. There was some swapping of photos from the Point Reyes ride held the previous month, and then it was time to go out to the parking lot and figure out how to mount up on concrete recently flooded by our equines.

Eventually, everybody got on their (or somebody's) horse, and we started down the hill taking a different route to the Empty Saddle Club. Although the entire trip took a little longer than expected, that was just bonus riding time, and another CLA good time was had by all.

Barbara Beck's Dayvorce
 Practice Observations

If you love something, set it free. If it comes back, it will always be yours. If it doesn't come back, it was never yours to begin with. But if it just sits in your living room, messes up your stuff, eats your food, uses your pick-up truck, takes your money, and doesn't appear to realize that you HAD set it free, you're probably married to that cowboy.

Let Me Teach You

(A Touching Equine Poem)

Author Unknown

When you are tense,
 let me teach you to relax.

When you are short-tempered,
 let me teach you to be patient.

When you are short-sighted,
 let me teach you to see.

When you are quick to react,
 let me teach you to be thoughtful.

When you are angry,
 let me teach you to be serene.

When you feel superior,
 let me teach you to be respectful.

When you are self-absorbed,
 let me teach you to think of
 greater things.

When you are arrogant,
 let me teach you humility.

When you are lonely,
 let me be your companion.

When you are tired,
 let me carry the load.

When you need to learn,
 let me teach you.
 After all, I am your horse.

And Now The Real Story

When you are tense, let me teach you that there are lions in the woods, and we need to leave NOW.

When you are short-tempered, let me teach you how to slog around the pasture for an hour before you catch me.

When you are short-sighted, let me teach you to figure out where, exactly, in 40 acres I am hiding.

When you are quick to react, let me teach you that herbivores kick MUCH faster than carnivores.

When you are angry, let me teach you how well I can stand on my hind feet, because I don't FEEL like cantering on my right lead today, that's why.

When you feel superior, let me teach you that, mostly, you are the maid service.

When you feel self-absorbed, let me teach you to PAY ATTENTION. I TOLD YOU about those lions in the woods.

When you are arrogant, let me teach you what 1200 pounds of YAHOO-let's-go suitably inspired event horse can do.

When you are lonely, let me be your companion. Let's do lunch. Also breakfast and dinner.

When you are tired, let me remind you of the 600 lbs of grain that still needs to be unloaded.

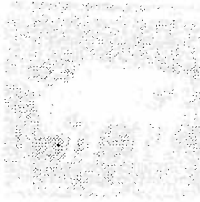
When you are feeling financially secure, let me teach you the meaning of "Veterinary Services Additional".

When you need to learn, hang around Bud, I'll learn ya!

After all, you are MY human.

12th Annual President's Dinner





WANTED PREFERABLY ALIVE
 BOB SHERLOCK
 LAST SEEN AT TAHOE RIDE
 A NO SHOW AT THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER
 BOB, WHERE ARE YOU?

Judge Chavez Honored In Strict Compliance With The Cowboy Way

By Sunny Miller

The LAPD may or may not have a Code of Silence, but the Cowboy Lawyers have the Code of Yee-Haw. Whenever one of our own is honored, CLA members stampede over, dern near as numerous as consumer lawyers around the Firestone tire plant these days. We come on out, stompin' our Tony Lamas and a wavin' our 4X Stetsons, accompanied by the requisite level of whoopin' and hollerin', to give our fellow cowpokes a cat-callin' tribute that makes other folks wish they were totin' a big silver buckle on their belts too. The technical term for this conduct is the Code of Yee Haw.

This phenomenon has been observed over and over again, when Judge Judy Chirlin (the real Judge Judy to those in the know) was honored as Trial Jurist of the Year by the Los Angeles County Bar Association, when Judge Victor Chavez was named the Metropolitan News Person Of The Year, when Jack Denove was installed as the President of the Consumer Attorneys Association of Los Angeles and when Sunny Miller was sworn in as a judge.

Well, it up and happened again on December 8, 2000, when Los Angeles Superior Court Presiding Judge Victor Chavez was honored for his achievements during his term as Presiding Honcho of the Superior Court. Judge Judy Chirlin of the Cowboy Lawyers (big hoots and hollers at mention of this) introduced Comedian Shelly Berman, who served as the MC.

The first speaker, Chief Justice Ronald George of the California Supreme Court, spoke of Judge Chavez' term as Presiding Judge, saying that Vic had overseen a sea change in the operation of the Los Angeles Superior Court to a greater extent than any previous presiding judge of the court. He pointed to achievements during Judge Chavez's term including the creation of the Adoption Saturday program, the Homeless Court and, of course, unification. He praised Vic for his diplomacy in achieving and implementing unification and remarked upon Judge Chavez's "lasting legacy" on a statewide basis. He also told us how much he values his relationship with

Judge Chavez, stating that there was never a problem that could not be solved by simply picking up the phone and speaking with Vic. He characterized Judge Chavez as a person who values communication and is eager to come to a solution in the public interest.

Incoming Presiding Judge, James A. Bascue, described Vic as a person who brings people together -- a consensus builder -- who had greatly increased the collegiality on the Los Angeles Superior Court. Judge Bascue remarked that Judge Chavez is a transportation enthusiast -- traveling around by horse, car, trailer, SUV and motor scooter. Consequently, Judge Bascue presented Vic with a shiny new bicycle on behalf of the Los Angeles Superior Court and threatened to get him a razor scooter the next time.

Assistant Presiding Judge Robert A. Dukes was less reverent, pointing out that the capacity crowd of 500 must be people "who want to make sure you're leaving office". Judge Dukes is a smart guy, and threw in some references to the Cowboy Lawyers, who proceeded to drown him out with appreciative hoots and hollers. Consequently, we have no idea of what he said next.

The same was true of Los Angeles County Supervisor, Fifth District, Michael D. Antonovich, who evidently said nice things about Judge Chavez and gave him a beautiful scroll from the Board of Supervisors.

Judge Larry Fidler of the Los Angeles Superior Court spoke of unification as well, and observed how Vic has managed through the force of his personality to get the judges of Los Angeles County to work together for the common good.

John Collins, who has known Vic since their days together at Loyola Law School, told us some little-known facts about Judge Chavez. He reported that, when Vic was asked in his judicial application if he had had any prior bench experience, Vic replied "4 years at Mt. Carmel High School."

On behalf of the Commissioners of the Los Angeles Superior Court, Commissioner Robert Axel thanked Judge Chavez for his mentoring and guidance and presented Vic with a plaque and a gift certificate to Sports Chalet for biking equipment. We hope the first purchase is a helmet, given the fate of Vic's beloved Mexican cowboy hat.

Judge Mary Thornton House described

Judge Chavez as a "charismatic but subtle beguiler of human beings", whatever the heck that means. Maybe someone who don't squat with his spurs on? Judge House got right into the cowboy spirit, pointing out that Judge Chavez follows the "CJP", also known as Cowboy Juris Principles. More boot stomping and carrying on by the rowdies at the CLA tables. (We filled at least four of them.)

John A. Clarke, the Executive Officer and Clerk of the Los Angeles Superior Court, picked right up on the cowboy theme, achieving the intended response of more loud noises from the direction of the CLA tables. Mr. Clarke presented some "Cowboy Maxims" for the tenderfoots at the dinner to live by. For instance, he told these dudes that, when drinking from a stream, they should make sure they are upstream from their horse. Come on. Which of us would drink from a stream when we have Don Patrone in our saddle bags and medallions of venison from Cold Spring Tavern waiting at the campground?

The high point of the evening for people who like to see Sunny Miller look sheepish was when Shelly Berman called her up on the stage in front of 500 people who had already been listening to speeches for several hours past the bananas flambe. Now it's not that Sunny is intimidated by 500 people. It's just that she did not know why she had been called up there. Looking relatively foolish, she got up on stage and asked Shelly Berman why she was there. He told her within earshot of 499 of the 500 that he didn't have the foggiest. Apparently, he thought she was going to make a presentation to Vic. However, Jim Nichols was in possession of the doodads to be presented, and was sitting in the audience enjoying the spectacle unfolding on the stage. He finally consented to join Sunny on stage and presented Vic with a framed photograph of Vic caught in the act of committing Grand Theft Horse, supplied by Mike Martindill, and a case of Saddle sore Rose wine, courtesy of CLA.

Finally, Vic got to speak. He told us that he had had a wonderful evening and a wonderful four years and had enjoyed every minute, pointing out that Los Angeles has the finest lawyers in the world. With appropriate thanks, Vic pedaled out to his waiting SUV.

Congratulations Vic, on your many achievements as Presiding Judge.

Judge
Chavez
Dinner



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LAWYERS** 
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2001 Ride Schedule

Chino Hills

April 14

Lou(is) Bell Ranch

May 25-27

Camp Pendleton

June 23

Heart Bar

August 3-5

V-6

October 5-8

Malibu Creek

November 17