

# Lawyers, Toys and Hobbies

Arizona attorneys let loose with out-of-the-ordinary toys and hobbies

by Cara Miller

**A**fter months of grueling depositions and trial dates, Valley attorney **Todd Julian** “relaxes” by strapping on a backpack and trekking up Mt. Kilimanjaro. But Julian isn’t alone in his interpretation of what vacations and free time should entail. Even when time permits a couple of hard-earned vacation days (or hours), the majority of the Valley’s attorneys remain hard at work...on their hobbies.

For some, hobbies are just that. But for others, a hobby can become a second career incarnation. **Robert Young**, for example, retired after 25 years of criminal law practice to concentrate on his passion for restoring and preserving historical homes—a hobby he literally walked into. On his way home from court each day, Young passed a deserted bungalow-style home on the corner of Fourth St. and Pierce that had stood with a “For Sale” sign for months. Possessing a skilled eye for architecture and a heart for history, Young knew what it would take to restore the beauty and grandeur of 623 N. Fourth St., and threw him-

self wholeheartedly into this labor of love.

But it wasn’t until Young removed the metal Koolvent awning and gargantuan side-draft cooler that the home’s true treasure was revealed. Underneath the modern air conditioner were the original spindle banisters and fish-scale pattern shingles typical of the Queen Anne influence. Other Queen Anne details include ornamental wood tracery at the porch, a diamond and triangle light upper panel in the window, and a recessed front entry.

After much research and a lawyer’s due diligence, Young uncovered the contextual and architectural elements that would qualify his home for historic preservation. The home was constructed in 1902 by Louis Emerson, a local butcher, and the home’s contextual significance lay in its location within the Churchill Addition, an area named for Arizona Territory Attorney General Clark Churchill, who subdivided the residential area into streets and lots in 1890. The home was later



*Todd Julian—Zambezi River, Zimbabwe, Africa*

inhabited by Owen Kane, a state legislator who is believed to have proposed the use of copper plates for Arizona license plates, and was the practical mind behind the modern conveniences.

The home's architectural significance is evident in the numerous Queen Anne-style details that were hidden beneath the awning. "Once you see that style of ornamentation, it's entirely distinctive," Young explains. "The fishscale shingles and sunburst cut into the wood window overhang led me to believe that Emerson was probably a person with a fairly well-paying position and he wanted to make a statement by making his home distinctively different."

Despite these unique details, however, the home was almost lost to modern developers, who saw it only as an impediment to progress. Construction of the Arizona Center in downtown Phoenix necessitated the relocation of Fourth St. to allow for the Fifth St. crossover. "They wanted to put the trenching in and I had 30 days to move the house," Young explains. "It was an eleventh-hour effort to save it, but we were able to move it back 44 feet." Which was just enough to keep the bulldozers from taking off his front porch and maintain the home's historical orientation.

Safe in the knowledge that the home's new tenant, Robert Young Jr., will continue to maintain the legacy and integrity of the Louis Emerson House, Young is now tackling a territorial-style home at 517 S. First Ave. A central corridor flanked by several bedrooms—each with its own outside door—distinguishes the almost 2,000-square-foot home. Although historical documents have yet to confirm his suspicions, Young believes the outside doors indicate that the home was designed for use as a brothel.

Young says there is still much to be done to restore this house to its original elegance, but sadly, there is even more to be done to restore this state's appreciation for historic properties. "It's a constant struggle," he says of the effort to keep historical homes and locations from being razed. "The mentality here is that if it's old, it needs to be demolished. But what's represented by an old house is history." Officially, Young is no longer a practicing lawyer, but the negotiation, cognitive thinking and problem-solving skills honed with years of practice are as applicable in his restoration efforts as they were in the courtroom.

**Ron Rubin** is another Valley attorney who is handy with a hammer, a nail and a coat of paint. Beginning in 1986, Rubin spent close to eight years completing the interior carpentry of his home in Prescott. In the midst of that undertaking, Rubin delighted his wife with some small fanciful animals that he had carved out of leftover plywood. She suggested he try making a larger one that



Robert Young—House Restorer

would fill a wall in the guestroom—and a hobby was born. Since the birth of the original "Creature" in 1993, Rubin has designed about 45 other creatures, some of which have served as gifts, home decorations and donations for such organization as the Valley Boys & Girls Club, Liberty Wildlife and Hospice of the Valley.

A former construction litigator, Rubin may have picked up a few tips along the way, but his work reflects a more artistic flair that Rubin attributes to leaving the law practice in 1990. "My guess is that discontinuing active practice allowed me to discover this side of me," he explains. "I had never done anything like this before."

Some of the creatures are extensions of doodles done during "boring classes" in high school, and some are borne of ideas that come when he's not really thinking about it. "Ideas for new creatures seem to come in bunches and then, for periods of time, don't come at all. It's not something I can make happen." When it does happen, Rubin sketches the creatures in pencil, cuts them out of larger plywood, and then sands, seals and paints them with acrylics—a process that takes about 30 to 40 hours to complete.



Ron Rubin—Wood Carvings

But perhaps the most unusual aspect of his creatures is the accompanying poems that describe their personality. "The idea came when we ran into some friends and I tried to describe my work to them," he says. "They suggested I write a poem about each one." Rubin describes the poems that came out of that serendipitous meeting as silly, light-hearted rhymes that represent different aspects of himself. "The creature 'Smug' is one that my wife says best describes me," says Rubin.

Although he has since returned to the law profession as Judge Pro Tempore for Scottsdale City Court, Rubin maintains that not much in the law profession compares to the satisfaction he gets from his creatures. "Most things

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you do as a lawyer, you do and they are out of your head and gone," he explains. "But I like the permanence of this and the fun of creating these carvings."

Rubin's home-cum-art gallery sounds familiar to **Dan McCarthy** of Carnahan & Perry PLC, whose entire guestroom is flanked by row upon row of toy soldiers. Having begun this hobby as a small boy, McCarthy hesitates to guess how many he has painted over the years. "I've never tried to total them, but I began painting them in high school so I'm sure it's in the thousands," he says.

Spurred by an interest in history and a little assistance from his late grandmother, McCarthy began collecting toy soldiers as a young boy. "My grandmother was very supportive of my hobby," he remembers. "When I was little, she would drive me to a very small hobby store in the Maryvale area that was too far to walk to."

Today, his collection boasts everything from knights and Civil War soldiers to cowboys and Indians. But his primary interest lies in the Napoleonic era, which he calls the pride and joy of his collection. "Even as a child I was extremely interested in the Napoleonic era," he explains. "The Battle of Waterloo just seemed like a very critical moment in history."

To ensure the accuracy and context of his miniature pewter replicas, McCarthy utilizes a vast collection of history books to determine the appropriate color scheme and display structure—different armies are kept on different shelves to simulate the correct historical organization. Once he has identified which colors he will be using, McCarthy grabs an army's worth—anywhere from 12 to 50—of soldiers and begins an assembly line process that he considers "the only efficient way to paint them."

McCarthy modestly implies that painting these 15-millimeter figurines is easier than it looks as long as you know the tricks, such as painting the lighter colors first. As is true with any practicing lawyer, however, McCarthy says he doesn't get to spend as much time on his hobby as he would like. "It just depends on what's going on at work,

or at home with my family," he says. "But even if I only get to spend a couple of hours a month on it, it's always a fun, creative release."

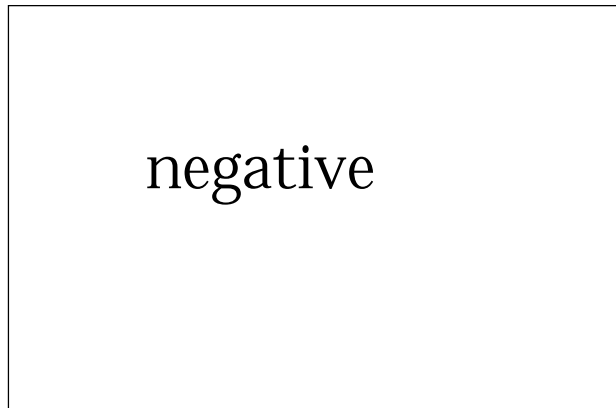


Dan McCarthy

An insurance defense litigator by day, McCarthy says his profession doesn't always give him the same sense of accomplishment he gets from his toy soldiers. "Whether I've completed the soldiers or just painted a couple of details, I can look at them and see what I've accomplished; unlike the law profession, where sometimes you can work all day and have nothing tangible to show for it."

It is exactly that tangible creative outlet that fellow attorney and artist **Maureen Kane** craves. As a personal injury and employment attorney for Jackson White, Kane says there is some creativity in negotiating with insurance adjusters and finding solutions for her clients, but not in the individual sense. Having earned a bachelor's degree in art, Kane knows the personal satisfaction of creating something with her own two hands. "Art is always exciting, always a joy and always fulfilling," she explains. "That's not always the case with the practice of law, especially when you have to keep track of time in tenths of an hour."

Thus, when she saw the Polaroid transfer process techniques of a friend and professional photographer, she immediately recognized how she would be spending her free time. A combination of painting, drawing and photography, the Polaroid transfer process encompasses every aspect of Kane's prior artistic training with little need for expensive equipment. As she explains it, the process involves taking the positive color image of a slide and trans-



Maureen Kane

ferring it onto a piece of Polaroid film. While the film is still developing, it is peeled apart and placed on a piece of wet watercolor paper.

When the film is removed, the resulting image is a photograph that possesses the soft quality of a brushstroke. Kane then uses watercolor paint and color pencils to add depth and detail, making it difficult to distinguish whether the

image is a photograph or a drawing. "I do mostly litigation, which means I have very little control over how a case will ultimately turn out," she says. "The outcome depends on the judge, the client, the other side and possibly

a jury, and it's usually hard to predict what will happen. With artwork, I get to decide how things will turn out."

Even more intriguing to Kane is the fact that the remaining half of the image can then be transferred onto glass, cloth or wood—other media on which she has imprinted her artistic abilities. Inspired by an illustration board gift box she received from a law school classmate, Kane has since made decorated balsa wood boxes her signature gift of sorts. Her first endeavor was a wedding gift box that she covered in blue satin and filled with a handmade book, a fur "tickler," a lace-wrapped coin and a candle.



*Terri Zimmerman*

the law profession as a vocation and art as an avocation provides the ideal balance of creative freedom and the freedom to be creative.

Although she depends more on the strength of her intuition than the skill of her hands, Maricopa County Public Defender **Terri Zimmerman** has found a similar freedom in her hobby. Known as a psychic entertainer, Zimmerman uses her skill for both entertainment and practical purposes. "I find myself using some of the things I learned through psychic entertainment that I do when interviewing individuals or questioning people on the stand," she says. "And it may be something simple. For example, there was one person who said they had never had an accident and their face turned red. I delved into it and found they had had a similar accident before."

A member of the Psychic Entertainer's Association for the past 15 years, Zimmerman is often called upon to perform tarot card or pendulum readings at parties or fundraisers. Cold readings were once a Zimmerman specialty, but she says it made people nervous. "I would give them all this information about themselves and they would avoid me for the rest of the night," she says. "And it certainly can be frightening. People thought it was all tricks until I would tell them things that no one else knew about them." She says the tarot card readings are much less intimidating because the focus is on the cards. The same is true of the pendulum, which the person holds and swings themselves to answer their own questions.

"Some of these elements are based on psychology and some of it you just can't explain," says Zimmerman, who grew up in a family that was comfortable with their prog-

nosticating abilities. "One time, my mother woke up from a deep sleep and knew that her half-sister had just had a baby girl and exactly what size it was. She would also point out things about other people that might be construed as just common sense, but they were usually things that would happen to them in the future. I was raised feeling comfortable with that kind of knowledge."

Although her abilities were evident at a young age, they seemed to come to fruition in high school, when Zimmerman predicted that a friend would be injured in a football game and taken to a particular hospital. The football player was indeed injured, but friends scoffed when he was taken to a different hospital. By the next day, however, he had been moved to the same hospital and room number Zimmerman had predicted.

"The only problem was that I could never focus in on his injury, I never knew if it was his arm or his leg because everything seemed to have been affected," she continues. "And it took the doctors a day and a half to find it too." According to the doctors, the young man had injured his vertebrae, which can affect many different parts of the body.

Zimmerman says her feelings are particularly strong when her mind is occupied with other things, such as academic studies. But she often has to stop and evaluate the feeling to determine whether it's a prediction or a fear. "Usually I can tell the difference because I have more of a sureness with predictions," she explains. "But if I can't tell, I just let it go and it usually reveals itself."



*Charles Calleros*

That's an intuition that Zimmerman wants to help others develop. Currently she is putting together a lecture that combines the spiritual elements of psychic entertainment with the more tangible aspects of professional law. "I'm not very good at sports, but I could certainly develop my abilities if I worked at it," she says. "The same applies for intuition."

Incorporating the creative elements of a hobby into the more technical aspects of law is a teaching practice Arizona State University law professor **Charles Calleros** is also utilizing. Drawing upon his experience as a Fla-

menco dancer and percussionist, Calleros uses music to instruct other lawyers on the effectiveness of various teaching techniques. "I teach the participants a simple Flamenco rhythm to remind them of what it's like to learn something completely new and what it's like to be a first-year law school student," he explains.

For Calleros, however, music is more than just a teaching instrument, it's a passion. After learning to play snare drum at age 10, Calleros continued to develop his talent in youth symphony, high school marching and jazz bands and college musicals. Unfortunately, the rigors of law school were such that his drumming was reduced to pencils on a desktop. It wasn't until several years after he began teaching law at ASU that Calleros dragged his drum set out of the closet for the sake of the law-school follies.

In the meantime, however, Calleros' musical creativity flourished in another direction. A serendipitous turn of events spurred by his sister-in-law's visit to Madrid led Calleros to Flamenco dancing. "She came home with a handful of Flamenco records, which I thought were great," he explains. "And I joked that we'd have to learn to dance to this stuff. But a week later, there was an ad in the paper for Flamenco dancing lessons. So my wife, her sister and I drove every Saturday to take lessons."

Calleros continued to hone his fancy footwork until a new restaurant known as Tapas Papa Fritas opened in Tempe in 1990, giving his troupe a venue for their Flamenco show. The Friday and Saturday show quickly extended into Thursday and the group kept up that grueling schedule for four years. "It was a pretty hot scene then," Calleros recalls. "And a lot of people still remember that. When the Tempe location closed, I finally retired in 1994 because it was hard work and I wasn't as young or proficient as some of the other dancers who performed in that show."

Noting the musical void in his life, Calleros remembered how much he had enjoyed an impromptu summer blues jam session with friends and decided to form his own band. Among Calleros' recruits were other law professors and ASU alumni, including **Dan Strouse, Jim Weinstein** and Court of Appeals **Judge Noel Fidel**, many of whom hadn't touched their instruments in at least a decade.

"After playing trumpet from fourth grade through college, I put it away and pretty much ignored it after that," Judge Fidel explains. "I did miss it, but it just didn't seem like much fun to play by myself. After 25 years of not playing, it was Charles [Calleros] who persuaded me to play again. He was instrumental in resurrecting a lot of us."

After persuading him to participate in two gigs, Fidel says Calleros was just relentless. "He kept saying, 'You know you want to play again,' and by then he had the hook

in," Fidel says with a laugh. "He would call me every couple of weeks until it was easier to get my trumpet out of the closet than to fend off his phone calls."

The band quickly evolved into a sophisticated 15-piece band complete with backup singers, harmonica player and horn section. Known as the "Blue Laws," the band became the regular house band at the Rhythm Room and subsequently cut an album featuring 18 of the band's favorite tunes, including "Unchain My Heart," "Heat Wave," "Black Magic Woman" and "Take Me to the River." Within nine months, the band sold out of its first 500 copies of "A Change is Gonna Come," necessitating a second reprint.

Although the band no longer plays on a consistent basis, the musicians often re-group for parties or other special occasions, such as the recent half-day lawyer bands showcase that was hosted at the Rhythm Room in October.

In fact, Calleros and Fidel often join jazz pianist John Summers at the Gold Bar Espresso in Tempe for impromptu jam sessions. "This kind of relaxed coffeehouse setting is perfect," says Fidel, who has two college-age children and an 11-year-old at home. "I can just drop by, sit on a stool and play a little bit." Which is exactly what he

does at home, only in front of the piano. During the 12 years prior to joining the "Blue Laws," Fidel joined his youngest child in learning to play the piano and perfecting his improvisational skills.

The appellate court judge now alternates between the two, simultaneously perfecting his embouchure, fingering technique and improvisational ear. Thanks to a brief meeting

with Louis Armstrong at the impressionable age of 10, however, Fidel will remain forever loyal to the trumpet. "I went backstage after a show to get his autograph and I told him I was a trumpet player. He introduced me to the other band members by saying, 'Hey, this cat blows.' What more could you ask for?"

Boasting a similar claim to fame is **Mark Moritz**, drummer for "The Midlife Crisis Band." According to his musician's bio, he's the only grandfather in the band...so



Mark Moritz

far. Despite that familial designation, however, Moritz says that the band makes him feel like a teenager again. In an effort to stave off the aging process, most men buy a convertible sports car, new boat or some other expensive toy. But the six men and one woman who make up the band are using their prescribed midlife crisis period to live out their teenage rock 'n roll dreams.

The band's playlist is a compendium of Baby Boomer favorites such as the Beatles' "I Saw Her Standing There," Steppenwolf's "Born to be Wild" and of course, Bob Seger's "Old Time Rock 'n Roll"—the band's signature tune. Perennial party favorites such as Chuck Berry's "Johnny B Goode" and Chubby Checker's "The Twist" are also part of the group's repertoire.

Although the band is composed of two lawyers, two certified public accountants, one professional musician,



Barry Markson

one legal secretary and one arts installer for Sky Harbor International Airport, they are all bound by a median musical experience level of at least 22 years or more. Moritz, who has been playing since age 10 and counts the "Commitments" among his favorite bands, says, "Part of having a midlife crisis is that you regret not being 19 years old. But with the band, a couple of times a month I *am* 19 years old."

Even though the band has its own CD and a gaggle of fellow attorney groupies, a nationwide tour is probably not in the cards for this group of full-time professionals. The band usually practices once a week for the birthday, anniversary and company gigs they play once or twice a month. "Sure, if I won the Powerball, I would do this full time," Moritz says. "But really, it's all about nostalgia...and vanity."

**Barry Markson** of Jones, Skelton & Hochuli is another lawyer who appreciates the vanity afforded by having an audience. The host of a weekly fantasy sports league radio program on KGME Sports Radio 1360, Markson is often caught off guard by people who recognize his name and voice from the Fantasy Forum show. "It's amazing how many lawyers play Fantasy Football," he says. "And it's funny because I'll meet them in court or in a social situation for the first time and they'll already know my

name from the radio show."

What started out as a whim for Markson and his friend Chris Lewis has since become the longest-running sports radio show in Arizona. "We pitched the idea to this new sports station startup at the end of 1993," Markson explains. "The programmer had no idea what I was talking about but she asked us to send in a demo tape and three-page proposal. Chris [Lewis] and I sat in front of the boombox making this demo tape, and we were laughing so hard that we had to erase over most of it. It was just awful."

Although the station's first programmer didn't really know what to do with the show, her replacement invited the duo down to fill a two-hour Sunday morning slot. Figuring that not many people would know what Fantasy Football or Fantasy Baseball were, they started explaining the ins and outs of the process and got no response.

"At the break, we figured anyone who was actually listening to us already knew what it was," he explains. "So we launched right into it and started throwing out stats. The phone lines just lit up and stayed lit throughout the morning. It turned out to be a huge success."

When the program first aired, the Internet did not exist, making Fantasy Forum a prime source of information. "We subscribed to a lot of newsletters that nobody knew about, so a lot of times we were reporting information that nobody else had," he says. "Now, because the statistic and injury information is available anywhere, we are providing more strategy. It's kind of like being a lawyer because you analyze a situation and provide a solution."

In addition to the one-hour show that airs Wednesday nights, Markson participates annually in the station's 24-hour Radio-Thon, which benefits Special Olympics. This year marked the station's fourth Radio-Thon and the first for Markson, who stayed on the air the entire 24 hours. "I was so tired and wired at the same time," he says. "But it was a great experience and I'll be doing it again next year. We netted \$239,000 this year, which made it the second biggest fund-raiser for Special Olympics."

Although Markson's official hobby is being a radio host, it's actually more of a hobby within a hobby. "I love sports and I'd be doing all this preparation for my own Fantasy Football teams anyway," he says. "Having the radio show gives me the 'ins' and keeps me in touch. It's a fun diversion and other people seem to enjoy it as well."

On the more technical end of the radio spectrum is **Dean Norris**, whose broadcasts are often heard in countries few others realize exist. A former electronics wizard and current criminal defense attorney for Phillips & Associates, Norris has put both professions to work in extending ham radio operations into other countries. Since earning his first radio operator's license at the age of 14, Norris says he is among fewer than 200 people in the world who have contacted all but two countries—North Korea and North Yemen, neither of which has ever allowed ama-

teur radio operators within their countries to communicate with other countries.

"I can literally recall the day amateur radio operators were allowed to talk to Russians in 1956," he says. "The same with China. Until they opened up communication, if the Russians found you with radio equipment you would be killed. No questions asked. Sometimes when I'm communicating, I forget that we're the only country that really has freedom of speech."

Of the 349 countries he has communicated with, many don't even exist anymore and some were inhabited only once or twice for the sole purpose of allowing others to communicate with that country. Heard Island, located off the coast of Antarctica, for example, has only had radio communication three times, thanks to radio amateurs who spent about \$75,000 each to broadcast from there.

When Norris, or K7NO, first began working the radio dial, the process closely resembled what is seen on such television shows as M\*A\*S\*H and old war movies. "I would spend hours tuning the radio dial and listening for any spark of sound," he says. "Now, it's all done digitally. Someone types in the frequency and sends it in digital form to another radio, and that radio rebroadcasts it to another one, and so on until it reaches the entire world virtually within 10 seconds."

So the process of logging 100 different countries, which took Norris more than 10 years to complete, can now be accomplished in a weekend competition. While Norris concedes that the advancement of digital technology has increased the ease with which radio operators can communicate, he also says it has taken away some of the challenge.

"Like a hunter who bags a trophy elk, the chase was part of the fun," he says. "The thrill of hunting for that 100th country was unbelievable." But it's also the atmosphere that Norris misses. "In the old days, most of the guys drank a lot of coffee and smoked cigarettes," he remembers. "And when you walked into a guy's station, that smell mixed with the heated wax smell of the equipment was tremendous."

Like many amateur radio operators, Norris has been somewhat wooed by the Internet. Not because of the Internet itself, but rather because the challenge of "country hunting" just isn't there anymore. "No one from North Yemen or North Korea is going to come on without me knowing about it," he says. Still, Norris finds great satisfaction in being able to go to his radio room in the middle of the night when his mind is racing with a client prob-

lem and focus his mind on something on the radio going on somewhere else in the world.

Norris may even have stumbled upon a country that **Dick Taylor** of Taylor & Associates PLLC passed through in his 1962 Willys station wagon during the 1997 Peking to Paris Motor Challenge. Intrigued by an article in *The Arizona Republic*, which detailed the various destinations of the classic car rally described as the longest to date, Taylor decided to enter the 1966 Morgan that he had restored. "My daughter calls it the ice cream car because we take it out once a week to go for ice cream," he says.

Although contest officials accepted Taylor's application, they rejected the Morgan on the basis that it wouldn't make it through the seven-week trek. Having found the ideal replacement vehicle in the Willys at the Barrett-Jackson classic car auction, Taylor recruited two mechanic friends to join him on the grueling 10,000-mile tour.

Along the way there were many figurative and literal bumps, including dirt roads or no roads, excess sun exposure, two accidents and a huge learning curve. "We were rather discouraged at one point," he explains. "We had a maximum speed of 57 mph, and at one point, we were literally passed by an ox cart. It was pretty frustrating. We also had two accidents, but we managed to keep things together with baling wire and whatever else was available."

Although the trio finished 41<sup>st</sup> out of 96 cars, they were encouraged by the simple act of completing the race. "The

fact that we finished made the tour a resounding success," he says. "Several cars were sent home because they couldn't make it, and one guy even had a replacement car sent by Federal Express from London."

Since not everyone has the financial resources to courier a car from London to somewhere in the middle of China, each driver must

carry a duplicate car part for every last nut and bolt, as well as the appropriate tools for fixing them. "You can't stop into your local Auto Zone to have something fixed," he says in all seriousness. "You may have to remove the engine and work on the clutch at the side of the road, and you learn to carry just the elementary stuff."

Taylor also learned the skill of fixing just about anything on the fly in a MacGyver-like fashion. Eager to practice that knowledge, within months Taylor was on the road again, this time in a late-model Land Rover with his wife and daughter. The tour, which began in London on October 21, kept Taylor's wanderlust satisfied



Dick Taylor

until December 1, when the cars rolled into Cape Town, South Africa.

"That trip was thoroughly fun, but it wasn't the challenge the first race was," he explains. "We were driving a new car and the road just wasn't as difficult to navigate." Taylor is therefore in search of a new adventure—two, in fact. The first is a cannonball run. Like the '70s Sally Field/Burt Reynolds farce, this Cannonball Classic will clock participants on a specific route from New York City to Redondo Beach, California that awards points on a daily basis. Drivers who fail to meet the set time will be assessed penalty points.

Taylor has commissioned two almost identical Saabs for that race, which he will set up differently in order to determine which one will perform the best during the 2000 Around the World in 80 Days rally. Scheduled to begin May 1, the Around the World rally will take participants across five continents in 80 days. Taylor says he has been preparing for that race since the moment he returned from Paris.

"After that race, we sat down and listed everything we wanted in a car and which car would maximize the greatest number of things on that list," he explains. "The Saab was the best choice because it's a very simple car. It's small, it has a tremendous engine, the parts are readily available, it handles marvelously well and it only weighs 1,800 pounds, so it will literally fly."

Something that Taylor is willing to get used to, given their late arrival each night at the Peking to Paris Rally. Due to their slow pace, the trio was greeted each night with cold buffet food, warm beer or no beer. Still, Taylor is eager to share his experience with others and frequently hosts lectures on the race, its participants and the countries he has visited. "So many people tell me I am doing what every 55-year-old male in the United States would like to do, which is driving around in old cars."

Jennings, Strouss & Salmon PLC's **Quinn De Angelis** enjoys a similar

vantage point of success in a sport that most 30-somethings have probably never done, but would be thrilled at the chance to try. The captain of his own Hobie 16, De Angelis has participated in, and won, numerous state and national Hobie championships. A Michigan native, De Angelis learned boating at the knee of his father on some of the nation's biggest lakes.

Since he arrived in Arizona, De Angelis' ability to practice his skills has been considerably lessened by the



*Quinn De Angelis*

distance between Lake Pleasant and downtown Phoenix. But local and national competitions beckoned, and in 1998, De Angelis and his sailing partner, Sue Lindley, competed for top honors in the Hobie 16 State Championship. Although the duo was not expected to contend, they wound up winning all three of their races on the second day, narrowly beating out the 1997 champion.

Their subsequent participation in the 10-day World Hobie Championship in Australia was less than stellar. "We got clobbered," De Angelis says. "Still, we learned a lot and met a lot of interesting people."

When not sailing competitively, De Angelis enjoys a "leisurely" sail



with his wife. "Most people imagine sailing as a leisurely boat ride with wine and cheese," he says. "But as my wife found out, the harsh reality is that it involves harrowing acts of physical ability that entail many bumps and bruises. You can never let up on what you're doing or you'll end up swimming."

Even when tied to the boat with a tight wire, however, De Angelis says boating gives him the mental break he needs from months of practicing law codes. "Not only does it relieve stress, but it is also physically challenging," he says. "All my day practice is law code, so it's not a high level of excitement."

The aforementioned **Todd Julian** of Burch & Cracchiolo PA, whose annual Christmas card reads like an encyclopedia of exotic locales, is another young Valley attorney living experiences that many people only dream about. "I've always been fascinated by new people and new cultures," says Julian who majored in history.



*Todd Julian—El Alcázar, Segovia, Spain*

"But I'm not really an adrenaline junkie or thrill seeker so much as I am curious and always looking to expand my horizons."

Julian's 1998 calendar alone featured everything from a whitewater rafting trip on the Verde River to an African safari, with several hunting and camping trips interspersed throughout the year. Having run with the bulls in Pamplona, investigated shipwrecks in Truk Lagoon and climbed

Mt. Fuji in Japan, Julian was looking for yet another locale that would raise the bar of his adventure expectations. A photo safari trip through Africa seemed a great place to start.

During his three-week adventure, Julian slept among the wildlife, bungee-jumped off a 40-story bridge linking Zimbabwe and Zambia, and navigated the Zambezi River's 29 miles of thrashing rapids affectionately referred to as the "Devil's Toilet Bowl" and "The Gnashing Jaws of Death." The raft flipped as it went through "The

Mother” rapids, sending its entire eight-person crew into a spinning whirlpool that eventually spit them out further down the river. The trip came to a close only after a guided walking tour of Matusadona National Park, which brought Julian within eyeshot of a protective lioness. “She turned around and looked right at me with her enormous golden eyes,” he remembers. “We were looking right at each other and she let out that roar, and it was the loudest thing I’d ever heard.”

Julian’s next face-to-face encounter was with Mt. Everest, an event he prepared for by climbing Squaw Peak on a regular basis. Admittedly, Squaw Peak was not a very accurate simulation of the 18,000-foot summit he was aiming for. But having completed a 13,000-foot hike up Japan’s Mt. Fuji, Julian seemed up to the challenge—one he faced solo.

Although Julian’s first few “vacations” were planned with friends to visit friends, he has since discovered the joy of traveling alone. “It’s nice to be able to set your own agenda,” he explains. “I can stop at a creek for a while if I want or stroll through a museum for hours.” And trav-

eling alone doesn’t necessarily mean being alone. “You almost always meet people when you travel. Fascinating people. And they usually share the same sense of adventure and delight in experiencing something new.”

Whether venturing to parts unknown or just one step away from his own backyard, Julian says there is always a sense of discovery. Each trip has provided him with enough tangible artifacts to start his own museum and the memories to fill a lifetime. “Every place I go, I am able to take something back—in my heart, as well as in my mind,” he says.

**Charles “Chas” Wirken**, a Valley resident for more than 41 years, feels similarly blessed by his numerous travels throughout the state of Arizona. One of the few Arizona sportsmen who has successfully hunted all 10 big game animals—elk, mule deer, white-tail deer, javelina, antelope, black bear, bighorn ram, mountain lion, buffalo and turkey—Wirken says the physical act

of hunting belies the spiritual enjoyment of sharing nature with the animals.

“When you get out there away from everything,” he



*Charles “Chas” Wirken*

explains, "it gives you perspective about the things that are basic in life and things that clutter up your life."

Much like being in the office of Gust Rosenfeld PLC, Wirken's hunting day begins at the crack of dawn and continues with 12 hours of hard work. At the end of the day, he literally comes home exhausted, only to begin it all again the next day. The difference is the obvious absence of cellular phones, fax machines and television. "After a few days you get into a rhythm and I think that's how we were really intended to live," he theorizes. "I've never been healthier, happier or in better shape than when I'm in that rhythm."

Apparently that rhythm is also good for his instincts. Killing a bighorn ram is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity in Arizona that only a few are given the chance to attempt. Arizona hunting permits for bighorn rams and buffalo are distributed via a lottery system and are nearly impossible to get.

Being granted a permit after 15 years of applying was a stroke of luck in and of itself, but Wirken pushed the boundaries of good fortune by passing up 54 rams before setting his sites on a trophy prize. His instincts were right because the one he chose was a record 164.5-point ram that will be listed in the Arizona Wildlife Federation's trophy record book.

Although he thoroughly enjoys the thrill of the chase, he says it does not preclude his love of nature. He emphatically believes that hunting is a necessary measure for managing the overpopulation of certain animals, and that there are some animals that should be off limits. "I would love to go hunting in Africa... with a camera. There are just some animals that should not be shot, such as elephants. There is no reason for that."

A perennial outdoorsman, Wirken also enjoys frequent trips to Lees Ferry for fly-fishing, a sport he considers more intellectual than trolling or bait fishing. "In addition to mastering the casting technique and presentation of the fly, you have to learn

more about entomology and fish behavior," he says. "It's a lot different than drowning a worm."

Like Wirken, **Michael Anthony** of Carson, Messenger, Elliott, Laughlin & Ragan PLLC enjoys the skill of his sport more than the purpose for which it is intended. An accomplished firearm instructor, Anthony trains others in the safe and responsible handling of firearms.

As is the case with many men of his generation, Anthony was taught how to use a gun at an early age. As his interest evolved, he participated in a variety of gun-related sports that encompassed long-range rifles, shotguns and pistols. But his more political interest in police training and concealed weapons developed out of a frustration fueled by the outrageous statements of public figures and media reports. "My view is that a great deal of the public, including our elected leaders, really make firearms decisions based on fear, ignorance and superstition," he explains. "I just got frustrated with it and started talking to people at the legislature and they began calling back with questions about the current law and how it would affect a proposed law, and so on."

Now, Anthony's involvement runs the gamut of firearms instructor, author, community activist and voting member on the oral examination board for the City of Phoenix police recruits. He also teaches the legal portion of the Department of Public Safety's instructor certification class, which utilizes Anthony's text, *Legal Issues Relating to the Use of Deadly Force*.

"As with anything in the law, people think they understand the statute just by reading it," he says. "I tell the instructors that I am giving it to them only after four hours of instruction, because by then they will at least have an idea that simply reading the statute does not mean they know the law. And I ask that they tell their students the same thing."

Anthony's second text, *Gun Laws of America*, has enjoyed an even

broader audience of lawyers, legislators and the general public. Co-authored by Alan Korwin, the book is the only text that includes every federal gun law. “Although it’s mostly used by attorneys or legislators, I have been surprised by someone who brought it to a function and asked me to sign it,” he says.

In addition to a full-time law practice and a budding training corporation known as Robar Firearms Training LLC, Anthony still finds time to meet friends and fellow attorneys for the occasional Friday afternoon lunch of B and B—Bread and Bullets. “We go to lunch, go to the shooting range, tell a few stories and then go back to work. That’s our version of what other people do on the golf course.”

As an attorney more likely to pull up on his BMW R1200C motorcycle than in a BMW sedan, Anthony has a transportation preference that is also a little different. He’s been a motorcycle enthusiast for 40 years, and his current BMW marks the 14th or 15th in a long line of large, powerful bikes complete with windshield and saddlebags. Although time constraints are such that Anthony is no longer able to “get his hands dirty” on the more mechanical aspects of the bike, an occasional “hog” ride provides the much-needed mental release that so many lawyers seek through their hobbies.



*Margaret Downie*

For Commissioner **Margaret Downie**, that release comes on the

shooting range. Like Anthony, Downie is a firearms aficionado. But unlike Anthony, her first experience with firearms dates back less than five years and she now prefers shotguns to handguns. "I saw an article in the sports section on a shotgun sports clinic for women," she says. "I was intrigued, but I sort of did it to get over my intimidation of guns."

As a child, Downie had owned a B.B. gun briefly. But as an adult, she had no knowledge of guns and was a little afraid of them. The all-female clinic seemed to be the ideal non-threatening environment in which to test her skill and fear. "I wanted to learn a little more about guns and I thought I might buy a handgun for protection," she recalls. "But after they brought me to the range and I started shooting the targets, I was hooked."

Her interest sparked, Downie jumped in feet first, practicing at least two or three times per week with 100 targets each time. Within a year, she was competing in local and national events hosted by the National Skeet Shooting Organization—and winning. As she explains it, "I did pretty well my first three years because I practiced a lot."

Since her first-blush attempt on the skeet range in 1994, Downie has been to the world championships four times. She counts the third time among her greatest achievements because she shot her first perfect competitive round of 125 targets. "There was so much pressure and such good competition that I amazed myself," she laughs.

Downie's accomplishment is particularly substantial when you consider her placement in the A class, second only to the AA class. "When you are competing in the A class, someone always shoots a perfect score," she explains. "So unless you're perfect, you're not going to win a lot once you get up there."

Whether she wins or loses, Downie always enjoys the mental aspects of the game, which keep participants competing against them-

selves as well as against other competitors. "Once you master the basics, it's really a very intense mental game," she says. "When you get to those last few targets, your mind keeps telling you that you can't do it, that you're going to choke. You really have to concentrate and keep the negative thoughts out." Competition aside, however, "there's nothing more cathartic after a stressful day than going out and blowing up some targets."

As is true with most Valley attorneys and their hobbies, however, Downie just doesn't have as much time to practice her sport as she would like. Work and time constraints often permit little more than an hour's reprieve at the end of a long day. But as Dan McCarthy sees it, better to take advantage of the 15 minutes you have right now than to spend another week waiting for an hour or two of free time to present itself.

Because in 15 minutes Judge Fidel can practice his scales, Todd Julian can search the Web for his next adventure, Maureen Kane can cut some material to cover her artistic boxes and Dan McCarthy can paint the hats of five more soldiers. What can you do with 15 minutes? 🎯

*Arizona Attorney* would like to thank the record number of readers who called me with the names of partners, friends and colleagues with special interests or hobbies. Your suggestions paid off. For future articles, I would like to call upon you again for names of attorneys who have selflessly given to help a cause, were instrumental in another attorney's success or who practice with an undaunted passion. We would like to feature these success stories in coming issues to give inspiration to new and experienced attorneys alike. Please call me at (602) 340-7301 or e-mail me at [Lisa.Sperry@staff.azbar.org](mailto:Lisa.Sperry@staff.azbar.org).

—Lisa Sperry, Editor