I. Introduction

How did two young women from the Midwest end up as justices on the supreme courts of neighboring Rocky Mountain states? The short answer is that we were classmates and roommates at Harvard Law School (HLS).

In the fall of 1965, Pamela Burgy from Ohio and I, Mary Mullarkey from Wisconsin, met on the steps of Wyeth Hall, then the only dorm for female graduate students at Harvard. Both of us were twenty-one years old, just out of college, and about to become first-year law students. Today, we are Justice Pamela B. Minzner of the New Mexico Supreme Court and Chief Justice Mary J. Mullarkey of the Colorado Supreme Court. That chance encounter on the dormitory steps led to a lifelong friendship, forged during those three years in law school and sustained through our many years and experiences since then.

II. First Impressions

I grew up in a town of five thousand people in rural northeastern Wisconsin and attended a small liberal arts college, St. Norbert College, in the nearby Green Bay area. My parents, neither of whom had attended college, highly valued education and sacrificed a great deal to send all five of their children to college. When I went to law school, I was living out my mother’s dream. I grew up hearing stories about her career as a legal secretary in a district attorney’s office and as a court reporter. At a time when admission to law school did not require an undergraduate degree, my mother applied and was admitted to law school at the University of Wisconsin. When she announced her plan to begin law school, however, her widowed mother forbade her to go, and she backed down. She never seemed bitter about her lost opportunity, though, and she sent me off to HLS with her blessings.
I had never been to Boston before arriving to begin classes. When I met Pam, I decided that her background, as a graduate of a state university (Miami of Ohio) and a member of a military family that moved often, seemed much better preparation for law school than mine. Pam remembers having the opposite reaction, thinking that “Mary, [her] new friend, looked much brighter and ready for what lay ahead” than she was.¹

However, both of us experienced culture shock. Harvard Law School was big and highly competitive, and Boston was socially stratified. We found ourselves in a world where people were categorized by their family backgrounds, whether they went to prep school, where they went to college, and even to what clubs they belonged during college. Rumors of the cutthroat competitiveness of law students thrived. Was it true that a student slept with the lights on and a tape recording of typing running so that other students would think he was working all night? Did students really hide assigned books or cut cases out of reporters to disadvantage others? It was hard to reconcile this new world with my Midwestern notions of egalitarianism, honesty, and politeness.

Moreover, before I met Pam on the dorm steps, I had already had a rude introduction to HLS. As I walked around the campus, looking at the buildings and mentally pinching myself because I could not believe I was really there, I met a young man who turned out to be one of my classmates. After we introduced ourselves, his first words were: “What are you doing here at Harvard Law School taking the place of some guy who is dying in Vietnam?” I was so surprised by his attack that I have no idea what I said in response. He was referring, of course, to the student exemption to the ongoing military draft in an increasingly unpopular war. The perfect response would have been to turn the question back on him and ask him why he had not enlisted to save someone else from that terrible fate. I have since learned that variations of this question were routinely put to female students at HLS, reflecting a widespread skepticism among faculty and male students about the ability of women to practice law.

Originally, I had not been worried about being in a male-dominated institution. I had grown up with four brothers and no sisters, and the college I had attended was originally an all-male school that had become coeducational only a few years before I started. But the male-dominated culture of Harvard seemed to have a mean edge to it that I had not experienced before, perhaps because HLS was one of the last major law schools to admit female students.² Louis Toepfer, vice dean and director of ad-

¹ Justice Pamela B. Minzner, Address at the Pre-Law Summer Institute for American Indians and Alaska Natives at the University of New Mexico (July 7, 1995) (on file with author).
missions, played an important role in that decision and in its implementation. As a scholarship student, I had numerous part-time jobs while at HLS, including waiting tables for law school banquets. At one of those banquets, Toepfer told me that he had admitted me to the Law School because of my summer jobs as a cocktail waitress. As he put it, “I figured anyone who could handle a bunch of drunks could handle Harvard Law School.” The comment was vaguely insulting, and I chalked it up to the Dean having had a few too many drinks. I know now, however, that the Dean anticipated the obstacles women would face and handpicked those he thought could succeed. For my part, I was happy to be at HLS but wished that the admission of women students had not been stuck for over a decade at a token level. Admitting fourteen women in 1950 and only twenty-two women in 1965 did not seem like much progress.

However, because HLS had been admitting women for fifteen years, I did not give the issue much thought. After all, fifteen years is almost a lifetime to a twenty-one-year-old, and 1950 seemed like ancient history, almost as far in the past as 1920 when women had gained the right to vote. I failed to realize, however, how slowly institutions change. At HLS, the decision to admit women was still a raw wound, and the merits of the decision were not yet fully accepted. On the flyleaf of my HLS yearbook is a two-page picture of the faculty, gathered on the steps of Langdell Hall. Looking for the female faculty member is a little like looking for Waldo in children’s books. There, tucked in a back row, is Elizabeth Owens, who was a lecturer in international tax and had virtually no contact with the regular student body.

Fortunately for us, there were a few more women students than faculty members. But we were a small minority, less than five percent of the student body. The first-year class was divided into four sections of approximately 125 students, and the women were apportioned equally among them. Pam and I felt lucky to find ourselves in the same section, along with three other women.

If the size of the Law School was intimidating, it was also a great benefit because our class included people from all over the country and from a wide variety of backgrounds. Many of the men did not fit the stereotype of the Harvard Law student any more than the women did. It was easy to find male friends and form study groups. Pam felt she had been fully accepted when one of the men in her study group challenged one of her statements as the dumbest thing he had ever heard.

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1 When Dean Griswold, who taught tax, left the law school midyear to become U.S. Solicitor General, one of our classmates, Jean Gleason Stromberg (‘68), asked why Elizabeth Owens could not replace him. She was told that Owens did not have adequate breadth of experience. Griswold was replaced by a man who was one year out of law school. Harvard Law School Celebration 50 Alumnae Directory 1953–2003 (Harv. L. Sch. Ass’n, Cambridge, Mass.), 2003, at 633–34.

4 Minzner, supra note 1.
Still, the beginning of the year was difficult. Pam remembers returning to the dorm after that first day, when we had had three traditional classes and one innovation, a small writing class taught by a graduate student, and contemplating going home: “I think I even imagined going home by airplane, although where I would have found the money I’m not sure; I did think about going quickly (and dramatically).” At that point, I walked into her room, fuming about the other students in my writing class, who seemed so full of themselves. My venting apparently was just what Pam needed: “I didn’t actually care why [Mary] had had a bad experience; I decided then and there to wait another day or two before going home.”

Our first law school class was Property, taught by A. James Casner at 8:00 a.m. on Monday morning. Pam recalls:

I remember my first day vividly. Mary and I were both seated, by pre-arranged seating chart designation that held all year long, close to the front, and I was paralyzed with fear of being called on . . . . My fears went unrealized that first day and for many days later . . . . In that class . . . women were not called upon at all until “Ladies Day” . . . in the spring . . . .

Our turn at Ladies’ Day began when, on a Friday, Professor Casner announced that the following Monday would be “Ladies’ Day” and the topic would be marital gifts. We five women prepared furiously all weekend. As Pam says, “We were so prepared; but we weren’t prepared for what happened.” As the one woman seated in the front row, I was called on first. Leaning over, Casner said to me, “Miss Mullarkey, if you were engaged—and I notice you’re not”—he paused for laughter—“would you have to return the ring if you broke the engagement?” That was the sole question asked of me in a full-year property class. Pam was asked a question about premarital property settlements, and the other questions were similar.

When it was over, we were angry and felt humiliated by the trivial nature of the questions and Casner’s very obvious condescension. Judith Richards Hope describes the women students treating Ladies’ Day as if it were a good-natured form of hazing. But this was no unauthorized student prank done in secret off-campus. It was a very public silencing of women, carried out by two full professors who held named chairs at the school and acted with at least the tacit approval of the administration. Indeed, within a year, Casner became the acting dean of the law school.

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5 Id.
6 Id.
7 Id.
8 Id.
9 Richards Hope, supra note 2, at 97.
Although none of us protested about the Ladies’ Day tradition at the time, I later wrote to the student newspaper, the *Harvard Law Record*, saying that I doubted the practice would have been tolerated if it had been directed at any other identifiable group. Ladies’ Day was a mean-spirited game that marginalized women and reinforced the view that women in the law were not to be taken seriously.

To be fair to the faculty, only Professor Casner and his fellow property law professor, W. Barton Leach, practiced the Ladies’ Day tradition. Other professors coped with women students with varying degrees of success; the younger ones seemed to take women students more in stride. But it made me wonder to see so many brilliant legal minds completely undone at the mere prospect of calling on a female student.

Pam decided not to leave school after all, and she and I both persisted and graduated. We did celebrate the end of our Property class, though, by tearing up our textbooks and throwing them away in Harvard Square.

**III. Finding Our Place at the Law School**

Law school had many ups and downs from that first day. Ours was one of the last entering classes in which women students were invited to dinner at Dean Griswold’s home. In her book, Judith Richards Hope discusses many women feeling that the dinner was an ordeal, especially when the Dean asked each woman why she had decided to come to the Law School.\(^\text{10}\) Personally, I thought the dinner was a kind gesture meant to ensure that women felt welcome, although it did have the unintended negative consequence of emphasizing how few women there were in our class. Still, I felt then, and continue to feel, grateful to the Griswolds.

Both Pam and I made many good friends and found professors we admired. Pam has special regard for Professor James Chadbourn, who was nearing the end of his career, and Professor Lloyd Weinreb, who was in his first year of teaching:

Professor Chadbourn was my Civil Procedure teacher. . . . [He taught] with hypothetical after hypothetical, returning to particular students for particular forms of action. . . . [One student knew that when he was called on,] the answer would be “troyer.” And for another, the answer would be “replevin.” . . . Professor Chadbourn found ways to help us remember[,] he made it fun . . . . For me, [his approach] was dead-on; for me it was the

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\(^\text{10}\) *Id.* at 104–09.
history of the forms of action that helped explain the direction, limits and potential of the common law.  

Professor Weinreb, on the other hand, made the law come alive by bringing in the real players, including a man who had been the defendant in a criminal case. A new professor, Weinreb seemed almost as nervous as we were, and, consequently, he was approachable. Pam describes him as “a gentle man” and says:

I even felt brave enough around him to go up after class and ask a question. And I remember feeling encouraged, even elated, when he said my question did not have a good answer. The procedural inconsistency I had thought must have an explanation was in fact an anomaly, about which some courts had worried and others had not.

For my part, I enjoyed the few small seminars I was able to take. Away from the large classes and the relentless Socratic method, there were greater opportunities to become engaged with the professor, other students, and the subject matter. I remember particularly Professor Jerry Cohen, who taught Chinese criminal law during the time when China’s borders were closed to foreigners. He spent his summers interviewing refugees in Hong Kong to learn how the Chinese criminal process really worked. Professor Cohen opened my eyes to a legal system that seemed entirely different from ours and showed me that, in fact, the two had elements in common. The Chinese “struggle sessions,” in which passersby and witnesses were gathered in an effort to reform petty criminals, sounded much like the old American common law juries.

Professor Louis Jaffe taught my Administrative Law seminar and supervised my third-year paper. His only requirement for a topic was that I write about something that was new to him. That he thought he could learn something from me was empowering and completely unexpected. I did my research as part of an interdisciplinary team at the Harvard Design School that was designing a prototype of a new community under a grant from the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. My paper studied how the new community would be governed. It was later published in the Harvard Journal on Legislation.

Beyond the classroom, both Pam and I participated in various activities. Pam worked in a community legal assistance office and discovered that she could help people solve real problems such as landlord-tenant dis-

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11 Minzner, supra note 1.
12 Id.
putes, child support enforcement, and adoptions. She learned a lesson that was “extraordinarily important: that mistakes are rarely irrevocable, that by paying attention and not getting too up or down by successes and failures one can fix problems, correct errors so that the balance is just.”

The Ames Moot Court competition was my refuge in law school. As 1Ls, we were required to join a moot court club so that 2Ls and 3Ls could teach us to brief and argue cases. Similar to college sorority or fraternity rush parties, the clubs held “sherries” or “smokers” to recruit 1Ls. Some of the clubs were exclusive and invited only certain people to join. Pam and I joined the Blackstone Law Club, however, which took all comers.

Although only the initial round of moot court was required, I so enjoyed it that I continued in succeeding years. Eventually the Blackstone team reached the semifinals, and I was one of the two oralists in that competition. I loved the research and writing as well as the theater of making an oral argument. But what was most rewarding was the opportunity to work as a team with other students. We could debate, argue, and challenge each other as we analyzed the case and prepared the briefs. The process was much more satisfying than the routine of classroom lectures and solitary examinations. The Ames competition provided a realistic view of what practicing law could be like.

IV. Practicing Law as Women

When the third year of law school rolled around, we began to look for jobs. Many firms and agencies recruited on campus, and students could sign up for interviews on a “first-come, first-served” basis. If the initial interview went well, the student would be invited to visit the employer’s office for an in-depth interview. Employers also could contact individual law students directly and invite them to apply. That year, an “unusually large” number of women wanted to stay in the Boston area. It was probably only six or so, but it was far too many women for the Boston job market to absorb. Although some women got initial interviews with law firm recruiters on campus, none of the women received follow-up interviews with Boston firms. Pam experienced the difficult Boston job market firsthand. The big firms showed no interest in her, and her only job offer was to be an office manager for a medium-sized law firm. She turned it down.

The federal Civil Rights Act had been passed in 1964 prohibiting employment discrimination based on gender. If law firms were aware of the law, however, they gave no hint. It was commonplace for a law firm recruiter to tell a woman to her face that, although he would be willing to

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14 Minzner, supra note 1.
15 Telephone Interview with Justice Pamela B. Minzner, New Mexico Supreme Court (Jan. 2004).
hire her, his senior partners or the firm’s clients would never agree to have a female lawyer. Moreover, off-campus recruiters targeted our male colleagues and skipped over us. The top 100 or so students were ranked by academic grades, and the list was available to the public. It quickly became known that certain firms would recruit the men from that list but ignore the women. Only our good friend, M. Lee Cross (’68), received invitations to interview. If she had used her given name of Margaret, she almost certainly would have been passed over.

When we became aware that women were not being considered by Boston law firms, we took action. We decided that all of the women would sign up to interview with every Boston law firm recruiting on campus, and we pressed the Law School administration to rectify the situation. I had no interest in practicing in Boston or at a large law firm, but I dutifully signed up and went to the interviews. I distinctly remember one particular interview, in which I walked into the small cubicle where the interview was to take place and saw the interviewer, a well dressed youngish man, who was literally standing backed up to the wall behind the desk. In a harried voice, he told me that I was the sixth woman to come in for an interview and he could not understand how that had happened. I do not remember what we talked about after that, but that was one of the few times when, as an applicant, I had the upper hand in an interview.

To its credit, the HLS administration took the employment issue seriously. By now, Casner of Ladies’ Day infamy was the acting dean. Apparently the insult to the value of a Harvard Law School education outweighed Casner’s personal feelings about female law students. He called in all of the hiring partners of the Boston firms and told them that, unless the third-year female students began receiving follow-up interviews and job offers, the firms could no longer use the placement services at HLS. Soon after, women began to get job offers.

While the problem with the Boston job market was being dealt with, I was having my own troubles finding a job. I wanted to practice in Washington, D.C., as a civil litigator, preferably doing civil rights work, but I was having no luck. I knew it would be an uphill battle to obtain a position that I really wanted because there were few women trial attorneys and civil rights was a hot field. Since I had done well in the moot court competition, I wrote to Erwin Griswold, who was then the U.S. Solicitor General, and applied to work in his office. If he had nothing available, I asked him to refer me for other positions in the Department of Justice. His very prompt reply told me that my grades did not qualify me for consideration; I could not even be interviewed. Thoroughly discouraged, I wrote back to Griswold asking what good it had done me to go to law school if I could not get a job. He replied with some suggestions that led nowhere.
With graduation looming and the need to support myself not far behind, I took a job with the Solicitor's Office of the Department of the Interior, where I had clerked one summer. It did not seem promising. Shortly after I started, Richard Nixon was elected President, and the people who had hired me lost their positions as political appointees. I settled into the routine of reviewing feasibility studies for new reclamation dams and drafting regulations for the siting of electric transmission lines. But things quickly changed for the better. President Nixon launched a major civil rights effort overseen by the Labor Department to enforce the employment nondiscrimination clauses found in all government contracts. As a cabinet agency, Interior was assigned enforcement responsibilities for certain industries, including the oil and gas industry. Civil rights was not considered a plum assignment in Interior, and, as one of the most junior members of the Solicitor's Office, the job fell to me. I was elated. It was the subject matter that I loved, and, less than two years after earning my law degree, I was the department's sole civil rights lawyer, negotiating with lawyers representing the major oil companies.

After declining the office manager offer, Pam secured an associate position at a large Boston law firm. Immediately after graduation, she married one of our classmates, Dick Minzner. After a few years in Boston, however, Pam and Dick realized that they were spending all their vacations going to warmer climates. They picked Albuquerque, New Mexico, sight unseen, visited at Easter in 1971, and moved there the same year. Pam remembers wondering whether they had made a mistake when she again saw the arid New Mexican landscape as they drove into Albuquerque in July. But it turned out to be a wonderful choice. Her first position involved working on a quiet title action concerning lands of a once vast Spanish land grant in New Mexico. From that position, she joined the law school faculty of the University of New Mexico (UNM). When I flew down for Pam's installation as a member of the New Mexico Court of Appeals in 1983, her students displayed a huge banner congratulating "Judge Pam." Pam moved to the five-member New Mexico Supreme Court in 1994.

My husband, Tom Korson, and I moved west in 1973, shortly after Pam and Dick did. Tom and I had met through work when he was assigned by the Labor Department to assist in public hearings that the Interior was conducting on discrimination in the construction industry in Alaska. We moved from Washington, D.C., to Denver to have an adventure and are amazed to realize that thirty years have passed. Like many people, we were drawn by Colorado's spectacular scenery and outstanding outdoor recreation. Perhaps more importantly, it seemed to be an open society where hard work was rewarded, and both men and women could succeed on their own merits.

Specifically, female lawyers seemed to be doing especially well in Colorado. The state had attracted national attention in 1972 when it elected
Pat Schroeder (’64) as the state’s first female member of Congress.\textsuperscript{16} Plus, in a time when trials were not often telecast, we had seen frequent reruns on public television of a misdemeanor trial of a Black Panther activist in Denver. Zita L. Weinshienk (’58) was the judge, and I was particularly struck by her careful handling of the trial.\textsuperscript{17} Since I had a job offer in Denver and Tom could transfer with his agency, off we went.

Denver and Colorado turned out to be the great places that we thought they would be. The legal community in the state was relatively small, and it seemed easy to get to know people. Although Jean E. Dubofsky (’67) and I did not know each other at HLS, we met shortly after Tom and I moved to Colorado, and our paths have frequently intersected; a women’s bar association was just being formed, and, with the friends I made there, I did some legislative lobbying on women’s issues.

The post-Watergate election brought great changes to Colorado’s state government, as it did to state governments all over the country. Suddenly there were elected officials who were committed to civil rights and equal employment opportunity. The newly elected Colorado Attorney General, J. D. MacFarlane, appointed Jean Dubofsky to the number two position in his office. He also hired me to head up the appellate litigation section and later appointed me to serve as the state’s Solicitor General. MacFarlane had more confidence in my abilities than I did. When I pointed out that I had never practiced criminal law, which was a big part of the job, he said it would be no problem because surely I had studied it in law school. With his backing, I plunged in and did it.

From the Attorney General’s Office, I became the legal advisor to Governor Richard D. Lamm, a position that included advising the Governor on judicial appointments. In 1979, Lamm appointed Jean Dubofsky as the first woman to serve on the Colorado Supreme Court.\textsuperscript{18} After I left government service and went into private practice, friends and colleagues, including Jean, encouraged me to seek a judicial appointment. But I was not sure I wanted to take on those responsibilities.


\textsuperscript{17} Zita L. Weinshienk was appointed to the Denver County Court in 1964 and served on that bench when the trial was filmed in 1969. She later served as a Denver District Court judge and was the first woman appointed as a judge of the United States District Court for the District of Colorado. She now serves as a senior judge on that court. Federal Judicial Center, \textit{Judges of the United States Courts: Weinshienk, Zita Leeson}, http://air.fjc.gov/servlet/GetInfo?jid=2538 (last visited Feb. 8, 2004).

Pam became a judge long before I did. She credits her current position on the New Mexico Supreme Court to several factors, beginning with her colleagues at the law firm where she and Dick both practiced when they first moved to Albuquerque. She particularly credits her opportunity to teach and the role of some of the law students and faculty at UNM Law School:

One of the partners in the firm Dick and I joined in 1971 introduced me to the woman who had been hired as the first woman tenured faculty member at UNM Law School. She in turn made sure I was hired as an adjunct faculty member in a legal research and writing course she supervised. The next year, I joined her as a tenured faculty member, as did a woman who had graduated from UNM Law School before there were very many women among the law student population.

I credit my position on the court of appeals and then on the supreme court in part to several women graduates of the law school. Two of them had been instrumental in the law school’s decision to add women to the tenured faculty; they also served on the bar committee that interviewed judicial candidates and made recommendations to the governor when I was applying to be a court of appeals judge. Later, these two and others would encourage and support me in applying for a vacancy on the supreme court.19

Conditions seemed to favor Pam’s decision to seek a judgeship. For some time before the court of appeals vacancy occurred, the number of women law students at UNM had been increasing. Seven women graduated from UNM Law School in 1972; fifty-six graduated in 1983. Several of those women were politically active and, while in law school, organized to encourage women to consider judicial positions.

Like Pam, I attribute my appointment to the Colorado Supreme Court to several different factors. My experiences in the Attorney General’s Office and the Governor’s Office gave me an understanding of the issues facing Colorado and the major players in the decisionmaking process. Friends and colleagues encouraged and supported me. I knew that my talents and interests were in appellate advocacy, and many of the barriers to women judges had broken down. But, as Pam notes, neither of us would have succeeded without the support of our families.

Pam’s husband played an important role in her becoming a judge:

19 Correspondence from Justice Pamela B. Minzner, New Mexico Supreme Court, to Chief Justice Mary J. Mullarkey, Colorado Supreme Court (Jan. 2004) (on file with author).
My husband, who served in the New Mexico legislature for ten years, ran for the Democratic nomination for attorney general, and served as secretary of taxation and revenue the following four years, consistently encouraged and supported me. He of course has been a great source of common sense and wisdom in the political campaigns that in our state have followed the initial appointment.20

Similarly, my husband Tom has been my constant moral support and reality check. When I was deciding to seek a judgeship, Tom was going through his own career change. After practicing law for almost twenty years, he attended seminary and became an ordained minister. Of course, none of this was in our grand design when we got married. We joked that he never expected to be married to a judge and I never expected to be married to a minister.

In addition, both Pam and I have children, and they have been equally important in our successes. Carl and Max Minzner were eleven and ten, respectively, when Pam became a judge. My son, Andrew Korson, was six when I joined the bench. The child of a judge must have a sense of humor and not be too thin-skinned. More than once my son has told me that a classmate’s parents did not like me because of a controversial decision I had authored for the court.

Personal contacts were also important to both Pam’s and my becoming judges. Governor Toney Anaya, who appointed Pam to the New Mexico Court of Appeals, had appointed one of her law school colleagues to serve in his cabinet. Governor Bruce King, who appointed Pam’s husband Dick to serve in his cabinet, was the same governor who appointed Pam to the New Mexico Supreme Court. It also probably did not hurt Pam that the governor’s son had been one of her law students.

Contacts can cut both ways, though. Twice I made the short list of three persons nominated for a judicial vacancy. The first was a vacancy on the Colorado Court of Appeals, but my former boss, Governor Lamm, selected someone else. Although I was very disappointed, it turned out to be a lucky break because within a year, an unexpected vacancy occurred on the Colorado Supreme Court. Along with two others, I was nominated for the vacancy. This time, however, Governor Roy Romer picked me. He and I had worked together in Lamm’s office, and I had represented Romer when he was state treasurer.

When I took office as a justice of the Colorado Supreme Court in June 1987, I replaced Jean Dubofsky.21 I would have preferred to join her

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20 Id.
21 After leaving the court, Jean Dubofsky became one of Colorado’s outstanding litigators. She was the lead counsel for the plaintiffs in Romer v. Evans, 517 U.S. 620 (1996), a landmark case before the U.S. Supreme Court. The Bell Policy Center, supra note 18, http://www.thebell.org/board.html.
on the bench, but I found being the second woman justice was much easier than it had been for Jean to be the first. Still, my working life definitely improved when another woman was appointed to the court. Today there are four men and three women on the Colorado Supreme Court, and, in 1998, my colleagues selected me to serve as the chief justice. Similarly, the New Mexico Supreme Court now has three men and two women, including Pam, serving as justices. The position of chief justice is rotated among the New Mexico justices, with each serving a two-year term. During the two years that Pam was the chief justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court, it was great fun for us to get together at national meetings and to know that two former roommates were supreme court chief justices in neighboring states.

V. CONCLUSION

Today, women attend law school for all the good and bad reasons that their male counterparts do. In the 1960s, women had to be highly motivated in order to make it through those three difficult years. During my student days, I never met a female law student who was in school because her parents insisted that she go to law school or because she could not think of anything else to do after college. Pam and I agree that having a law degree from HLS has been a definite advantage, particularly early on in our careers. Its reputation for academic excellence and intellectual rigor provided us credentials as serious players in the legal world at a time when women were a tiny percentage of the practicing bar. Although we probably would have learned more and more easily at the Harvard Law School of today, our law school experiences opened extraordinary opportunities for us. We hope that in return we have added value to the Harvard Law degree.