

## The University

The summer after high school graduation was filled with preparation and excitement. The sororities were “rushing,” as it was called—meeting incoming freshmen and getting to know them so as to try to get them to join their group. I had invitations to some nice parties and was excited about this possibility—a ready-made way of getting a group of friends. Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Beulah Dooley, was an active alum in Alpha Delta Pi, and I knew that she was recommending me to them, and there were some others who rushed me that summer.

Probably the funniest thing I did that summer, though, as I look back on it, was to decide to learn to drink alcohol, which I had never liked. I decided first of all to get to like beer and that I could do so by taking sips of it with meals. A friend assured me that once you had drunk ten bottles (NOT at once), you would like it—and that was about right. Looking back on it, I remember being with Bobby Lee and perhaps others on dates for dinner and ordering beer—I guess the liquor laws weren’t taken too seriously, because we could evidently order beer quite freely.

This experience then was expanded when I went out to spend some weeks in Junction, in west Texas, with my friend Marilyn Baker, whose original home was there. While I was there I began to date a cousin of hers who was several years older. A big outdoor dance happened during that time, and the big deal was that I was to learn to drink GIN. Cocktails weren’t sold in those days in Texas, but every car had a bar set up in the trunk of the car to mix their drinks. Dusty’s drink of choice was Salty Dogs, a mixture of gin and grapefruit juice (doesn’t that sound repulsive?) I was told to line my stomach before the dance, so I wouldn’t get sick. He suggested milk, but that was out, so then he said tomato juice, which I dutifully did. The dance was on a concrete slab just out of town with country western music and salty dogs and, probably inevitably, I also began to smoke after some drinks. Both my parents smoked, but I had always batted away the smoke and its awful smell. Salty dogs did the trick, though, and I was caught in what was thirteen years of smoking—so stupid. I thought it made me sophisticated, and, of course, there is the factual effect of calming that nicotine has.

When pledge day came, we all met in the big university auditorium to sign our preference cards. I knew that it was between two for me, but deep down I knew I would pledge Mrs. Dooley’s sorority, Alpha Delta Pi. We put our preferences in order and if our first choice also chose us, we were in, and I was. There was quite a gala party, as all the new pledges were welcomed into the sorority house. I had met Windy that summer, as she was in school in Austin and was rushing, and I had hoped she would be my big sister. But this total stranger came up to me, and said, she, Barbara Clark, was my big sister, and I tried to hide my disappointment. I had thought that Windy probably just wasn’t anyone’s big sister, as she was Vice President that year, but when a late pledge joined in, she took her. I was jealous!

Besides a ready-made group of friends (and a ready-made number of votes if you ran for campus office), sorority sisters also got you blind dates, some of which turned into people you dated for a time. The most “famous” one I dated for a short time was Ramsey Clark, whose father was on the U.S. Supreme Court and who himself was later in someone’s cabinet, I think. We got along o.k., but no spark, you know? There was

another guy I dated for much of my sophomore year, though he wanted to “go steady,” and I wasn’t ready for that—at least with him. He was fun, though, and I got to go to some good parties—one I remember was a “hobo” party at his fraternity house—Sigma Chi. You were supposed to dress like a hobo, and your date came for you in a wheel barrow and pushed you down to the fraternity house. Another guy I dated for a while was from Dallas, and I was amused and somewhat horrified that he had regular manicures—Dallas sophistication I was not ready for. He was fun, though, because he was a jazz fan and introduced me to the intricacies of jazz.

When I first signed up to go to Texas, I was offered (and accepted at first) admission to a special program for high achieving students called Plan II for a B.A. degree. There was no major, but a specified, rather demanding, curriculum with special classes and teachers. Then at some point before I actually entered, I got caught in my love of performance and changed to Drama as a major. This is probably why I got put with Barbara Clark, who was an art major. She was from New Jersey and a senior. She lived at the sorority house and was quite sophisticated. She wore incredible clothes, dated the Student President of the University (who was probably actually a communist), and taught me things like drinking Cointreau. She also got me into a class she also took in the spring semester, Intro to Cultural Anthropology, taught by a VERY liberal professor. What an eye-opener that was!

I still remember his dramatic gestures, such as tiptoeing to the door to fling it open as if someone were listening to his lecture. The university was really in the throes of a conservative-liberal battle in those days over all kinds of issues—most notably, probably, getting blacks admitted. This professor and my friends and I were firmly on the liberal side. I also still remember his writing a Langston Hughes’ poem on the board: “Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is like a broken-winged bird that cannot fly.” The whole thing was quite seductive, and I fell for it—and probably still would!

Meanwhile, my first semester, I had taken the required drama courses, which included English (mostly composition), World History, Math, Intro to Drama, Art Appreciation, and the required gym. (I was able to pass the swimming test, so I didn’t have to sign up for swimming, but I was put in a corrective class for bad posture. They tried to teach me to walk without pointing my toes out, but probably only succeeded in making me self-conscious about it.) I also tried out for the clubs associated with drama majors—both the theater one and the radio one.

I’m sure I learned many things, but one day stands out. My Drama teacher came in on a Monday and told us he wasn’t at his best, as he had spent the weekend on some trip and been drunk the whole time, and he was hung over. I was really shocked, and I’m sure that was part of my decision to change majors. Another part was probably that I was being encouraged to be more active in the sorority and in campus politics, and drama just took too much time for that. I went to the Dean and asked about getting back into Plan II, but he said I would have to take the whole year’s English over, as theirs was so different. I wasn’t willing to give up six hours of A, so I didn’t do that. I really didn’t know what to do, so off the top of my head, I picked Sociology. I really didn’t know what it was, but I had to pick something.

The most traumatic occurrence of my first year was in a math class. I was in an exam, and one question had stumped me. I very wisely did all the rest and then went

back to that one. As I worried over it, the person next to me whispered what I was doing wrong. Just at that moment, the prof walked back in and looked at me. I just turned the paper in, furious that I couldn't work on it any more. But nothing was said, but when the grades came out, he had given me a C. That kept me out of the freshman honorary, and I had really wanted that. I went in to talk to him. He never would accuse me, so I couldn't defend myself. He just said, "For me the line between a B and a C is very small, but once I make up my mind, nothing will change it." At that point, I glanced down to his open grade book, which I could see before he slammed it shut. He had written a B as my final grade and then drawn two lines through it and put a C. But I was helpless. I did finally make the honorary the second term.

I got a big boost with money with a summer job my Uncle Dick helped me get. He was Casualty Insurance Commissioner for the state—a job to which he had been appointed by his friend Jimmie Allred while he was Governor. He helped me get a job with the Fire Insurance Commission, on the same floor with his office in one of the state buildings. I worked as a secretary all summer (and the next summer as well), taking secretaries' places when they went on vacation. I also learned to give the fire insurance agents' exams and grade them and even to work the telephone switchboard to relieve the regular operator. It was sure a better job than Stecks, and instead of being paid by the hour, I got (as I recall) \$150 a month—hey, that was three semester's tuition!

As I entered my sophomore year, I was appointed Treasurer of the Sorority. This was one of the top jobs and very unusual for a sophomore to have, but it required that you live in the sorority house, which was an expense we hadn't counted on. It was so much work that I got a small stipend for it, but still my parents were very generous to let me move in. Windy was President until she graduated at mid-year, and we roomed together. I had never lived with people—at least not since the Waters, and I did not adapt well. I had trouble sleeping on the sleeping porches, which one of each room was supposed to do, and they usually took turns. I wasn't crazy about the food, and I wasn't used to the curfew hours. All in all, not a happy experience. Well, I guess I did a good job as Treasurer, because they changed the rule at midterm and let me move back home, though I continued as Treasurer for two years. My parents helped that enticement, because as Windy graduated, they invited her to move home with me. So she lived with us for several years till she shared an apartment with a prof in the Phys Ed department, where Windy worked in an administrative job, having been hired as she graduated—she'd been a phys ed major, and they knew her.

A second big disappointment was coming my way in my sophomore year. There was an honorary and service organization called Orange Jackets which you had to be "tapped" for, and I really wanted it, but didn't get tapped the first semester. My old Central Christian Church Youth Group leader from high school was now an assistant dean, and I had gone to him for some comfort and counseling—especially over my Mother. He taught me how some mothers have trouble "cutting the umbilical cord," and that really was a comfort. I then told him how disappointed I had been about Orange Jackets. I had been secretly told by a member that they had gone to the meeting ready to vote me in, but no faculty person had recommended me, and that was necessary. He was stricken, saying he could have done so, but hadn't thought of it!

Well, one night in the second semester (after I had moved home from the sorority house), I was invited over to dinner. Lo and behold, the Orange Jackets came filing in—and tapped the girl sitting across the table from me! It was one of the worst moments of my life—trying to look pleased for her! I was later told that my face was a study. To make it worse, she was the late pledge that Windy had taken for a little sister.

What I didn't see, but most of the other people in the dining room did, was that they went around to the back and came up behind to tap me as well. There are a series of pictures of me, crying and laughing both. A friend later told me that they had tapped the other girl first because they thought I was too sure of myself. Had they only known!

The other big excitement of my sophomore year was around debate. Having debated in high school, I joined the women's debate squad and was chosen to be on the team when a team from the Oxford Union in England came touring the U.S. Two of our men debaters and one from Oxford, Sir Edward Boyle were on one side, and I was with two Oxford debaters on the other side. They both later became rather famous. David Kenneth Harris (the only commoner of the three) became a well known newspaper man—I think for the Manchester Guardian. The third person was even more famous. He renounced his title so he could be in the House of Commons and was a famous liberal, Tony Benn. Years later, visiting England, I bought a book of his diaries, papers, and letters called *Years of Hope*. Another one of them, I think Kenneth Harris, wrote a book about their tour called *Innocents from Abroad*, (taking off from Mark Twain), but I can't lay my hands on it as I write this. There is a tape of the debate somewhere—or maybe it's a record, I don't remember now.

A line I've always remembered from Tony Benn's talk went something like this: “...[M]eeting your young women who are charming at an age when most English girls cannot spell the word sophistication.” I was 17.

I took a Sociology class as a sophomore, having named it as my major, and that was the end of that. I don't remember how long it was before I declared my major as pre-law. It was strange; I didn't even know what lawyers did. I had never been in a law office. I just knew I didn't want to be a teacher (I was thinking public school, not college level), and what else was there? People said: you like to argue so much; you ought to go to law school—and, of course, I had the debating background.

Law school could be one's fourth year as an undergraduate, if you met certain requirements. That meant I lost six hours in fine arts (that evidently not being academic enough for law school), so I had to go to summer school after my junior year to make up those six hours, so I did that.

Odd things I have thought of years later. I had to take almost nothing but “government” my junior year, and I thought it intensely boring—why did I go on? I took history classes as electives in addition to the required courses every single semester I was in school—why did I never consider it? Probably because I thought it meant teaching in high school.

I did get a bunch of honors—mostly Greek letter national academic things—they are all listed (except that Freshman honorary) in my last yearbook—1952—they were history, political science, speech (I think) and women's law. I also was in one yearbook as a “Goodfellow,” an honor which got me an extra picture in the yearbook. The most amazing things I rediscovered in looking through my yearbooks this morning were my

nomination as a Bluebonnet Belle (!) AND my appearance on the Alpha Delta Pi intramural football team!

I was also elected to the Student Court, which consisted of a Chief Justice and four Associate Justices, of which I was one—a pretty big deal at the time. Somewhere in there I became angry at the Hare Preferential System which was used in student elections at the University. I designed the Dalby System, campaigned for it, and got it adopted in the Constitution—probably my major achievement! I later heard that it was repealed after I graduated—but really, it shouldn't have been. It was much fairer. Anyone who likes can ask me, and I can still tell them what was wrong with Hare and right with Dalby. How about that?

In my junior year I was elected to a national honorary-service organization called Mortar Board. It was only women then, but has since become co-ed. This had a tapping procedure like Orange Jackets, only more formal. At nine on a given morning in the spring, the Tower chimes played *The Eyes of Texas* after chiming the hour, and the campus knew Mortar Board was tapping. They checked with your profs beforehand and took you out of class. They came in a long line with their white blouses, black skirts and Mortar Boards, and you were told to bring your books, join the line, and follow them. I only had two classes that morning—my chemistry lab (which I figured wouldn't be the place, if I was getting tapped) and a government class. Sure enough, they came and got me out of the government class.

All this time I was working in the summers and during school as well. I can't remember all the jobs. One of the most interesting was working for the University Architect's office. I had to answer all the phone calls that came in asking what the style of University buildings was. They had a prepared answer—something about its being a combination of Spanish, French, and something else colonial. In other words, who knows? During the year at some point Windy helped me get a job working as an aide in the Phys Ed department—which is where I got to know Miss Anna Hiss, the Chair of the Department, and Alger Hiss's sister—so that's how I've always known he was innocent of the charges Whittaker Chambers brought against him.

A big deal came up in the summer of 1949. My Dad (still working at the Manor store and Chevrolet dealership) had helped Windy get a car—very hard in those post-war years when everybody wanted the first new cars to come out. So we decided we'd take a trip. We spent weeks planning all the details, and we were ultimately joined by two other friends—Pat Taylor from Dallas, a friend from ADPi, and Marty Ware, a friend from Orange Jackets and later law school. We planned a six-weeks trip, which we called "The Economy Tour." At the last minute, my Dad traded his brand new Chevrolet for Windy's somewhat older (and two-door) one. I've always thought that was one of the nicest things anyone ever did for me. Windy and I took turns driving the whole way. I had gotten tour books and had reservations for us at cheap motels along the way for most of the days, and we stayed for about 10 days in the L.A. area with a friend who had just graduated from the university. We ate most of the meals out of ice boxes in the trunk.

"Girls" just didn't do that sort of thing in 1949, and everyone both marveled at us AND tried to help us. My, it was exciting! I'd only been out of Texas for that summer in Oklahoma and across the Arkansas border in Texarkana. We drove the first day from

Austin to Carlsbad Caverns and spent the next morning going through the Caverns. Pat's southern-accented comment, "This is worth the whole trip," became our slogan.

We went the next to Albuquerque and heard there was an outdoor concert in the college football field, so we went. I still remember looking around and realizing I was sitting in the first integrated audience I had ever sat in—I was thrilled! As best I recall, we went next to the Grand Canyon and stayed a couple of days looking at it from various of the viewing sites, staying in one of their four person cabins.

Our next stop, selected strictly because it was half way between Grand Canyon and L.A., was a place which (believe it or not) we had heard nothing much about—Las Vegas. It was just beginning its rise to its present state, and we were startled to notice all the neon signs—I remember particularly that Ella Fitzgerald was on one of the stages. We got to our little inexpensive motel—two double beds in one room for the four of us—and expressed our amazement to the owner. He told us that we could go into any of the shows in town. "Just wear your jeans," he said, "and order a soft drink, and you can see any of the shows free." There was no cover charge in those days and even no lines. So we did that and had a great time—though we were shocked that the cokes cost \$1.25 each. And also we were startled at the dazed people feeding coins into slot machines up and down row after row.

We spent about ten days with our friend in L.A., seeing all the sights around, including a day over to Catalina Island by boat, Hollywood Bowl (I think we went to some show there) and all the movie places, which were then in full swing—all movies being made by those companies, then. I can't even remember all we did there, but the time came to move north, and we hit the first place we had no reservations—going up that beautiful highway one along the coast to Monterey Bay. There we hit a problem. We hadn't realized what a famous place it was (believe it or not), and there were NO motel rooms. A tourist place found us rooms in a home, which had to do—and from then on Pat and Marty never complained about how scheduled we were, which they had been inclined to do up to then.

Next we spent two days in San Francisco, being charmed by it as all are, eating at Fisherman's Wharf, crossing the Golden Gate bridge, going over to see the University in Berkeley (never dreaming I would live and have two daughters born there), down to Stanford—all being in college (or just out, in Windy's case) we always went to see the colleges near where we went.

Then we headed east, spending two nights in Yosemite National Park and hiking all around, and going across to Nevada over that terribly scary mountain pass, giving Reno little time. We stopped at a place called Ely, where I bought a pair of cowboy boots on sale from a western store. We entered Colorado from the west and had planned to stop at Craig, again because it was the right distance. Marty Ware turned out to have an uncle in Craig who ran a motel (!), and as I recall, he let us stay free.

As we crossed the divide, we stopped at the top to photograph ourselves in the snow in August—wow—quite a sight for us Texans. We rented a cabin in Rocky Mountain National Park outside of Estes and stayed there a couple of nights, loving it. Again—never dreaming I'd live here.

We had scheduled two nights in Denver, and someone told us about Central City Opera House. Mae West was playing there in Diamond Lil, and we got tickets. We

loved that old Central City (before the gambling changed it all), and also the incredible chance to see her. You know that small house, and the most vivid memory from that time was in the second act. She had on a black dress and was facing the audience wiggling her famous hips as her Latin lover (one of several lovers in the play) caressed her from behind, and the audience got quieter and quieter. He finally put his two hands firmly on her breasts, and in the silence some woman muttered “Oh, how awful!” and it echoed all over the theater to laughter.

We then spent two nights in Colorado Springs, seeing its various sights and then decided we’d just like to drive straight through to Dallas instead of spending more nights on the road. I think Pat’s folks fed us and then we three headed on back to Austin a day earlier than originally planned. We had spent just under six weeks, sharing gasoline costs, eating out of the trunk. Counting my boots, play tickets, park admissions, and everything, I had spent a total of \$169. Isn’t that incredible? I had also been marked for life as one who loves to travel and will try to do so at every opportunity.

Returning to school for what was my senior year, I entered Law School, then housed in a very old building on the south side of the campus—affectionately (?) known as the “Yellow Malignant Building.” There were no LSATs in those days, but I guess they were getting ready for it. They asked us all to take an exam to be given by the Testing and Guidance Department of the University. Then they would follow how we did in law school to test their test. We could go in and find our results if we liked, but it had no effect on our admission. When they gave us the test, they said that it was so long that we weren’t supposed to finish it—that how far we got was only one of the judging criteria. I thought, “I’ll bet I can finish it!” I raced through—I don’t remember if I made it all, but if not, I know I got very near the end.

When I went in to find my results, the guy seemed really mad at me. He said I got a much better result than “I should have” because I went so fast. I really didn’t understand why that was a problem, but I didn’t say anything. Then he told me that if I just did average work I should end up with about an 82 average. I was pretty amazed at that. My friend Beverly Potthoff, a year ahead of me, had about a 76 average, as I recall, and we thought that was good. Their scoring system was A= 85 to 100—but there were very few of those. Then B, I think, was 80 to 84, C was maybe the ten below that—I’m not sure these memories are correct, but, to my amazement, he was right and I graduated with just over an 82 average, which put me in the top ten per cent of my class, which was very good. (It did put a little strain on my relations with Beverly, but she got a great job when she finished and made a great record with her firm in Abilene, Texas, where I was her maid of honor several years later.)

As I look back on it, one of the most amazing things about my going to law school was what happened after my first morning of classes. Windy picked me up for lunch. As she drove us off, she said brightly, “Well, how do you like law school?” To my surprise and hers, I burst into tears. Yet it never once occurred to me that there might be significance in that—that perhaps it needed rethinking. I really didn’t know what I wanted to do in life, and so I went on, though I never really liked it. I liked lawyers, but not practicing law, really.

One of the things I look back on rather with surprise was that one’s rank in the class—from top to bottom, with one’s grade average were posted on the school bulletin

board. At the end of the first year, I was invited because of my rank to three honors. One was the Law Review—probably the highest honor in any law school. You were assigned to one professor to research and write as he directed, and you were also expected to write articles on your own—once you had enough points for your writing, you were on the editorial board—a height I never reached. Women were still unusual in law school, though the top of my class was a woman—one whose husband was in his middle year and his rank definitely in the middle of his class. She didn't finish, as she got pregnant—the joke around school being that was the only way to keep her from outshining him.

Charlie Meyers, my property professor (about whom more later), was the newest member of the faculty, having been hired straight out of his graduating class the previous year. As such, he assigned the professors we worked with. I was assigned to one of the hardest professors in the property/oil and gas department. One of the secretaries in the office said of my assignment: "Oh, he and Professor Meyers always like to play jokes on each other." She evidently didn't realize it was not pleasant to be considered a joke!

The second honor was called Quizmaster. One had duties and earned a stipend—we checked role and did some kinds of academic work as well. They all had great fun, of course, trying to decide whether to call me a Quizmistress or a Quizmadame. The third honor was a national greek letter honorary for women in law, which, really, just about anyone who was making it in law school was invited into.

The law school, by the way, operated by strict rules. We were seated in each class in alphabetical order in long rows with graduated auditorium seating—large classrooms, though much smaller by the end of the first year when so many flunked out. Our textbooks were excerpts from cases tried by appellate courts—precedents for future cases—the manner in which the common law is constructed. When a given case came up, a student was called on. You stood and "recited" on the case—perhaps giving a summary of the case and/or answering specific questions about it. In all the years of law school, there was only one course in Criminal Law, and it was taught by a crotchety old buzzard named Stumberg. It was the only class in which I KNEW when I would be called on—anything involving sex automatically heard called out, "Miss Dalby."

I stood out in another way after my first year. The week after school was out our phone rang, and a well-known voice said, "Miss Dalby, this is Charlie Meyers. I wondered if you would like to go for a drive this Saturday afternoon." I was so excited that, as I recall, I changed clothes three times before he got there. He had a red convertible with the top down, and, before we went to dinner, we drove into the pretty hills around Austin, listening to the Metropolitan Opera broadcast. It was *Madame Butterfly*, as I recall, which Charlie described as a monumentally silly story with one magnificent aria. I was totally dazzled! We dated from then on throughout my law school until we broke up in my senior year. Not only did I like him, of course, but it was pretty exotic to be a law student dating a prof. For instance, a number of the faculty had season tickets together to the home football games, so I saw all the football games one year with my professors and their wives.

I guess Charlie was the only other really serious person before Wallace—though at the time I had thought myself serious about others. I think it was early in my senior year that he asked me to marry him, which shocked me. Items I remember from the time:

he said he would want me to go to finished law school, as “I wouldn’t want to marry a layman.” Another: when I told my Dad that Charlie had asked me to marry him, his comment was, “Well, I don’t know, hon. You two fight a lot now, and it gets worse after you marry.” My Mother’s comment when I told her Charlie was a Republican, “You can’t be a Republican in Texas.” How times have changed! Looking back on it, I think it would have been a bad mistake, partly because we were too much alike. Years later, in Houston (in his parents’ house, where Charlie was recuperating from TB, contacted during a year’s teaching in Europe, we spent an evening with him and Pam, his wife—and Pam and Wallace really hit it off—I think they were a lot alike, too. Charlie and Wallace also liked each other, so it was an interesting evening. Charlie went on to become Dean of Stanford Law School for a time, later going with a corporation and moving to Denver! We would see his name from time to time in the paper, as they were very active in promoting the fairly new Denver Opera, but I just never got around to calling them until I felt called to ordination. I thought it would probably amuse Charlie. Pam returned the call after I left the message with the news that Charlie had just died of lung cancer the month before.

I dated other classmates after Charlie and I broke up, even much later including his brother Jimmy, who was in my class (and whose wedding I was in—I had introduced him to his wife). Jimmy was later a District Judge and when he resigned from that, he continued his practice in Austin and still lives there.

When it came time to graduate, I was the only woman in my graduating class in 1952—how times have changed! I was also still in the top ten per cent ranking, but I was the only person near that rank who didn’t get a job in the spring. I was determined to go to a law firm, and the only job offers I got were with title companies (Of course, dear, we’d want you to answer the phones and do a little typing, too) and oil companies (as a—giggle, giggle, “land man”). I hung on, though, refusing these.

Then one day there was an announcement on the board for a clerkship with the Supreme Court of Texas. Those were ALWAYS granted on the basis of grades, so I thought that would be a great entrée to a later job with a firm. I could get known and get to know lawyers and thus after a year go with a firm. So I went down for an interview with the Chief Justice. He was a courtly gentleman, who taught the adult class at the University Methodist Church for years, and he gave me a courtly interview. Then I later found that after I left he called the placement dean and said, “What do you mean sending a woman to interview for this job. Don’t you know the clerks share an office?”

In those days there was no affirmative action, so there was nothing I could do but shrug and say, well, I’ll have to look some place else. I have wondered in later years what he thought might happen if I shared an office with male clerks.

Another bit I remember was being on the planning committee for the Law Review’s graduation banquet. Jimmy Meyers, who was also on the committee, said we needed a big cake with a “girl” to jump out of it and dance on the banquet tables. Since we couldn’t afford to hire one, he kept after me (jokingly, of course) to perform. He even gave me a name, which, honestly, he called me for decades whenever we met—Fifi la Dalby. Odd, isn’t it, how near it is to Fiki.

Law School graduation had its own unusual patterns. The spring graduation was held outdoors on the concourse in front of the University tower. All the other grads, both

undergraduate and graduate degrees, wore traditional caps and gowns. We wore white shirts with large yellow sunflowers pinned on the side. Who knows how it got started? If I ever did, I have forgotten, but we enjoyed the difference.

I had decided to wait to take the bar exam till the summer. With no job there was no great hurry. My good friend Harold Young had also waited and we studied together. Most of the time we studied at my parents' house, which was quiet. One day we were studying out in the front yard under the shade trees when I heard the telephone ring. I ran inside to hear that the call was from the law firm of Baker Botts, wondering if I could come down for an interview sometime the next week. Needless to say, the answer was a resounding yes, and we made a date—perhaps for Tuesday, I'm not sure.

I ran outside, saying: guess who that was! Harold, along with my other classmates Harry Wright (Law Review Editor) and Alvin Owsley, had already been hired. I later found that they called the placement dean and asked if there were any other graduates who met their scholastic qualifications, and he said, well, there is a woman. At that point, Baker Botts had seventy-five or so lawyers, all male. Harold and I did a little dance around the lawn. I'm not sure how much more studying we got done that day, as Harold told me stories about the firm.

The interview took all day, as (because of the *unusual* nature of the interviewee), I had to meet every single partner. I was taken to lunch by Frank Wozencraft, a "mole," as non-partners were called, who was later one of Wallace's groomsmen. I don't remember exactly when the call came, but I think pretty quickly. I remember that the message was that after I left, they found that all the partners were "enthusiastic about our hiring you." Talk about music to my ears! I don't remember exactly when I was to start, but I think it was probably July, shortly after the bar exam.

Taking the bar exam had one funny aspect. You had to submit a birth certificate, and when I ordered one, I found that my parents had never registered my given names, so it read "Baby Girl Dalby." There wasn't time for an official change before the exam, so I somehow took it as Baby Girl Dalby.

I had one moment of sheer joy during the days we were in the state capitol taking the exam. In the hall during a break I ran into a lawyer from Ft. Worth who was with a small firm I had interviewed with, trying to get a job—never heard from them. He greeted me and found I was taking the bar exam. He then asked if I had found a job. I just said yes, making him ask. When I told him Baker Botts, he said, "OH!" I think honestly in those days that it took a firm with that much status to "take the risk"—oh, dreadful risk, of hiring a *woman*.

I also think Baker Botts was the best firm in Texas. They were an old firm, established originally by a man named Peter W. Gray. He then took a partner in Botts, and it was Gray and Botts. Then they took on Judge Baker, and it was Gray, Botts and Baker. After Gray died, how it became Baker and Botts would be an interesting story, I'll bet. Judge Baker's son was always called Captain Baker, and was evidently a real powerhouse. Since those days, they had changed the last two names only, leaving the Baker, Botts as the first two. When I went there it was Baker, Botts, Andrews, and Parish. In later years, they have just left it as Baker Botts.