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Tribute to Barbara Salken

Barbara Wolfert, Esq.*

I am speaking this evening as a former student of Barbara's but also as one of her closest friends. I first introduced myself to Barbara eight years ago when I was a second year law student at Pace and realized that Barbara was a neighbor of mine in Chappaqua. She made a point of using this information when as a timid third year law student in Criminal Procedure, I was called upon and asked to describe her curtilage to a class of over one hundred students. Our friendship developed and deepened when I was privileged to be among sixteen students in an experimental interactive Criminal Procedure II class. Others also can describe her energy, enthusiasm and genuine gift for teaching but, in addition to that, I enjoyed exchanging the personal information that made us appreciate what we had to offer to each other as friends.

As I studied for the Bar exam, we began to jog together, so that she could exercise, while I alleviated the stress of preparing for the impending exam. Barbara could run for miles without exhausting, so I cleverly would ask her a question about criminal procedure or evidence as we started uphill, and I wouldn't have to say another word as I panted in her wake. I considered her my private tutor enhancing the information spewed out by Bar/Bri.

In our time together we ran hundreds of miles and when she could no longer run, we walked them. We gossiped endlessly about faculty intrigues and romances, and I asked her whether she really kept drugs in her underwear drawer as she had told her class. During those many hours, I confess that I would have learned more about the Fourth Amendment and those illegal searches if I hadn't been distracted by those dangling earrings she wore to class. I would wonder, did the blue on the parrot's feathers really match the turquoise in her blouse? And would I have worn gorillas with that red suit or

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would mixed fruit have been a better choice? I might have learned more criminal procedure if Barbara wore sedate pearl earrings, but it wouldn't have been nearly as much fun.

All of you have your own stories of how Barbara encouraged or inspired you. For me, she was not only to be admired as a successful professional woman. She was my friend and my advocate always. She inspired me to do the things I didn't think I could do. She loved the law and her students, and particularly her job teaching here at Pace. She loved her family. She loved her friends and you knew who you were. She loved beauty, and flowers, and red. She was intrepid—bold, dauntless, and very brave. I loved her and will miss her forever.