

In May of 1977, as I preparing to leave Austin and return home to Chicago for a summer clerkship, my friend Chase Dearborn suggested that we should stay an additional couple of weeks and try out for the Law Review in the annual write-on competition. This caught my attention, for a couple of reasons. First, as a card-carrying grammar nerd with just a hint of OCD tendencies, I suspected that cite-checking and editing would be right up my alley. Second, Chase was cute.

There were several consequences of my decision to stay for the competition. I learned that I enjoyed the work of editing, and so was gratified to learn that I was selected. Chase learned that he didn't really enjoy the work of editing, but he didn't much care, because his grades put him on TLR automatically. But we both knew, by the end of the competition, that we didn't want to part for the summer.

Now here is where I wanted to write: "Reader, I married him." Chase has objected, because he says that Jane Eyre riffs are pretentious. So I will simply close by saying that we are very grateful, after almost 44 years of marriage, that the Law Review brought us together!

Nancy Dearborn, Class of 1979