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## Dedication Remarks

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## DEDICATION REMARKS

### THE HONORABLE ILANA DIAMOND ROVNER\*

The year was 1964, and as a transfer student from one of the great eastern university schools of law, how well I recall my first glimpse of Chicago-Kent College of Law—if one blinked or looked up, one missed the small building on Franklin Street—the compact, tiny, boxy edifice with the arch-like doors—so unimposing—so modest.

And perhaps one ought not to be faulted for not realizing at first glimpse that this was . . . the little law school that could.

Inside, the school was filled with determined students, many of whom worked nights and studied days, or studied nights and worked days—and there was a spirit of helpfulness and what one came to know as a loving atmosphere. And if at times the place seemed a bit eccentric, as when one learned that the Dean personally assigned student lockers—well, that was part of the offbeat charm of the little law school that could.

There was a feeling that the professors truly cared about their charges, many of whom struggled long and hard to succeed. What a varied group those charges were—every race and creed and economic stratum was represented, and they were working together and learning from the teachers who were always available—even though many of them worked days and taught nights, or taught days and worked nights. The education was special because there was the caring that permeated the little law school that could.

And when one graduated and left the funny little building—which, among other firsts, had been a pioneer in admitting women and was the school where the first legal sorority, Kappa Beta Pi, was founded—one learned that there was a group of alumni so fiercely loyal to their school that they actually loved the place. Who had ever known of a law school so beloved? But then, this was the little law school that could.

And these graduates remained involved and interested in every facet of the school, from its facilities to its involvement and eventual affiliation with a great university, and the name of the school became almost as big as the little school that had sat on Franklin Street—The Illinois Institute of Technology Chicago-Kent College of Law. And then there was a new

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and larger building and a larger student body, but certain things never changed—the caring professors, the diverse and hard-working pupils, and above all, the loving atmosphere.

And now it is 1992, and the little law school lives in the building of the 21st century and houses a library like that of the great eastern university schools of law, and has what is universally recognized as the finest legal writing program in the country, and is a member of the Order of the Coif—and still it retains the loving atmosphere and the caring teachers and the students of every creed and persuasion—and the little law school that could has become the little law school that *would* and *did* and *will*.