Editorial Comments

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EDITORIAL

The manner in which the students and alumni of Marquette Law School have answered their country's call is a source of gratification to the school. Since April 6, 1917, one hundred and seventy-two students and fifty-seven of the alumni, have joined the colors. Of the men enlisted, two were killed in action and two died of disease.

Orley C. Brown, class of '19, and Lieut. A. W. Kath, class of '14, fell on the field of battle in France during the month of October, 1918. Emil Reitman, class of '21, died October 20, 1918, at Great Lakes, Ill., and Ludwig Walter, class of '18, died during October, 1918, at Camp Grant, Ill.

Lieut. Oscar M. Nebel, an alumnus, and Second Lieut. Hugh H. Gaffney, student, have been cited for conspicuous bravery. Lieut. Nebel distinguished himself in the battle of the Argonne forest, where he and a small band of men withstood superior numbers of the enemy for five days and five nights, without food or water. Lieut. Gaffney was cited in a general order, for conspicuous gallantry in the operations on July 18th, to the 23rd, near Soissons. Many Marquette men have been wounded in battle, undoubtedly, but owing to lack of details, we are unable, at this time, to mention them individually.

When the world war began in 1914, the men of Marquette Law School, to whom we now do honor, were living in the Valley of Peace. They were ignorant of warfare, and were content to remain in ignorance of it, so long as the honor of their country was left unimpaired. But near morning on May 7, 1915, they heard, echoing and re-echoing through the Valley of Peace,
the sobs and cries of the thirteen hundred and ninety-six men, women and children who perished with the Lusitania. Thereafter, and during the next two years of submarine ruthlessness, these men heard those same cries, those same sobs, until the very air seemed heavy and the sky seemed blood-red. During this time, these men gradually turned to seek a remedy for the aggressions being made upon human rights, so that in less than two years after the Lusitania was sent to her watery grave, the men of the Valley of Peace were anxious for the advent of war.

On April 6, 1917, the American honor uttered a cry that went around the world; a note that said to those victims on the bed of the ocean, "Arise, for your avenger is at hand." That cry clarified the air and turned a lurid sky to blue; it solaced the minds of the men of the Valley of Peace; it brought resolution stalking down the streets; it licensed us to look the world in the eye; it sent the men of the Valley of Peace marching on to battle. And that cry rang out, as they wended their way toward the crest of the hill that divides the Valley of Peace from the Valley of War; it sounded above them, when, surmounting the divide, for an instant they stood outlined against freedom's sky, and, without daring to look back, plunged into the Valley of War.

What the men of Marquette Law School did in the Valley of War, we need not repeat. The bravest deeds of the Americans, were their deeds; among the last to retreat were they found. They grinned and bore, as only Americans can; they lived and died, as only true Christians can. In the Hall of Fame, they have a niche; in our hearts, they have the whole. The white flag they never knew, but only the Red, White, the Blue. Some of them will return without marks of battle; others will show a limp or scar; others to us will never come, for their country's need and their lives are done. They lie in a land, "where the poppies blow, between the crosses, row on row."

Service men of Marquette Law School; We salute you.