Editorial Comment

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Abstract

War. A black word torturing the tongue-tips...
Thoroughly relaxed, now that they did not have to strain their eyes to see, the sailors enjoyed themselves. The skinny boy on the end studied for a moment before remarking carefully, "What a chassis."

"Yeah," admired sailor number two. "Knee action." Sailor number three and sailor number four remained silent.

Having by this time executed the four-foot expanse, Nancy swung her peroxide blonde hair to a more advantageous spot on her shoulder, pursed her ruby lips and touched one dainty finger to them.

Quick in response, four pairs of lips pursed in return, and as one accord—the chord of a howling coyote—they released a long, low note—full, vibrant and resounding, on the sweet spring air.

There are many kinds of whistles. There are noon whistles and police whistles; wet whistles and five o'clock whistles. There are high whistles and low whistles; tuneless whistles—and the whistle that the boys always give Nancy when she goes by.

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War.
A black word torturing the tongue-tips
Of a thousand mothers.
War—
A black word that yet contains
The hope of all the world.
In a century not yet in her middle years,
Our own blatant, blowzy century—
  She has been a culmination
  Of deceit and dishonor,
  Of sweat and strife
For many,
And also
  Of luxury and leisure,
  Of great knowledge and good
For a few—
There is hope—
A black hope now,
War.

A war that will pour blood
On the dirty falsehoods
Of our century—
The cleansing blood of a mother's son.
And we who are nothing,
Who are not givers, but takers,
Can only pause with that woman
To say we are sorry.
There is nothing else
We can do.

A black word tortures the tongue-tips
Of a thousand mothers.
A black word yet contains
The hope of all the world—
War.