But I remembered her at intervals throughout that afternoon, during which, with a half-masochistic notion of "seeing the sights," I made a circular tour to Kensington by way of the intoxicated West End. With aching persistence my thoughts went back to the dead and the strange irony of their fates—of Roland, gifted, ardent, ambitious, who had died without glory in the conscientious performance of a routine job; to Victor and Geofffrey, gentle and deficient, who, conquering nature by resolution, had each gone down bravely in a big "show"; and finally to Edward, musical, serene, a lover of peace, who had fought courageously through so many battles and at last had been killed while leading a vital counter-attack in one of the few decisive actions of the War. As I struggled through the waving, shrieking crowds in Piccadilly and Regent Street on the overloaded top of a 'bus, some witty enthusiast for contemporary history symbolically turned upside down the signboard "Seven Kings."

Late that evening, when supper was over, a group of elated V.A.D.s who were anxious to walk through Westminster and Whitehall to Buckingham Palace prevailed upon me to join them. Outside the Admiralty a crazy group of convalescent Tommies were collecting specimens of different uniforms and bundling their wearers into flag-strewn taxis; with a shout they seized two of my companions and disappeared into the clamorous crowd, waving flags and shaking rattles. Wherever we went a burst of enthusiastic cheering greeted our Red Cross uniform, and complete strangers adorned with wound stripes rushed up and shook me warmly by the hand. After the long, long blackness, it seemed like a fairy-tale to see the street lamps shining through the chill November gloom.

I detached myself from the others and walked slowly up Whitehall, with my heart sinking in a sudden cold dismay. Already this was a different world from the one that I had known during four life-long years, a world in which people would be light-hearted and forgetful, in which themselves and their careers and their amusements would blot out political ideals and great national issues. And in that brightly lit, alien world I should have no part. All those with whom I had really been intimate were gone; not one remained to share with me the heights and the depths of my memories. As the years went by and youth departed and remembrance grew dim, a deeper and ever deeper darkness would cover the young men who were once my contemporaries.

For the first time I realised, with all that full realisation meant, how completely everything that had hitherto made up my life had vanished with Edward and Roland, with Victor and Geofffrey. The War was over; a new age was beginning; but the dead were dead and would never return.

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865-1936

Kipling wrote, among many other works, The Irish Guards in the Great War (1923), a two-volume history of that unit, in which his son was killed These Epitaphs, which he published in 1919, he once designated "naked cribs of the Greek Anthology."

From EPITAPHS OF THE WAR

A SON

My son was killed while laughing at some jest. I would I knew what it was, and it might serve me in a time when jests are few.

AN ONLY SON

I have slain none except my Mother. She (Blessing her slayer) died of grief for me.

THE COWARD

I could not look on Death, which being known, Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.

THE BEGINNER

On the first hour of my first day In the front trench I fell. (Children in boxes at a play Stand up to watch it well.)
R.A.F. (AGED EIGHTEEN)
Laughing through clouds, his milk-teeth still unshed,
Cities and men he smote from overhead.
His deaths delivered, he returned to play
Childlike, with childish things not put away.

THE REFINED MAN

I was of delicate mind. I stepped aside for my needs,
Disdaining the common office. I was seen from afar and killed.
How is this matter for mirth? Let each man be judged by his deeds.
I have paid my price to live with myself on the terms that I willed.

BOMBED IN LONDON

On land and sea I strove with anxious care
To escape conscription. It was in the air!

THE SLEEPY SENTINEL

Faithless the watch that I kept: now I have none to keep.
I was slain because I slept: now I am slain I sleep.
Let no man reproach me again, whatever watch is unkept—I sleep because I am slain. They slew me because I slept.

BATTERIES OUT OF AMMUNITION

If any mourn us in the workshop, say
We died because the shift kept holiday.

COMMON FORM

If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.

A DEAD STATESMAN

I could not dig; I dared not rob:
Therefore I lied to please the mob.
Now all my lies are proved untrue
And I must face the men I slew.
What tale shall serve me here among
Mine angry and defrauded young?

A DRIFTER OFF TARENTUM

He from the wind-bitten North with ship and companions descended,
Searching for eggs of death spawned by invisible hulls.
Many he found and drew forth. Of a sudden the fishery ended
In flame and a clamorous breath known to the eye-pecking gulls.

DESTROYERS IN COLLISION

For Fog and Fate no charm is found
To lighten or amend.
I, hurrying to my bride, was drowned—
Cut down by my best friend.

UNKNOWN FEMALE CORPSE

Headless, lacking foot and hand,
Horrible I come to land.
I beseech all women's sons
Know I was a mother once.

THE BRIDEGROOM

Call me not false, beloved,
If, from thy scarce-known breast
So little time removed,
In other arms I rest.

For this more ancient bride,
Whom coldly I embrace,
Was constant at my side
Before I saw thy face.
Our marriage, often set-
By miracle delayed-
At last is consummate,
And cannot be unmade.

Live, then, whom Life shall cure,
Almost, of Memory,
And leave us to endure
Its immortality.

IVOR GURNEY
1890-1937

Locked in his mental asylum, Gurney continued writing poetry about
the war until his death.

STRANGE HELLS

There are strange hells within the minds war made
Not so often, not so humiliatingly afraid
As one would have expected-the racket and fear guns made.
One hell the Gloucester soldiers they quite put out:
Their first bombardment, when in combined black shout

Of fury, guns aligned, they ducked lower their heads
And sang with diaphragms fixed beyond all dreads,
That tin and stretched-wire tinkle, that blither of tune:
"Apres la guerre fini," till hell all had come down,
Twelve-inch, six-inch, and eighteen pounders hammering hell's
thunders.

Where are they now, on state-doles, or showing shop-patterns
Or walking town to town sore in borrowed tatters
Or begged. Some civic routine one never learns.
The heart burns—but has to keep out of face how heart burns.

What did they expect of
Hunger—the perfect drawi
Did they look for a book of
Who promised no reading,
Out of the heart's sickness
For delight, or to escape h
When the guns died to sile
Somehow together, and fin
And praise another's noble
There we wrote—Corbie F
Or Fauquissart—our world
One made sorrows' praise I
Opened for the long quiver
Another wrote all soldiers' I
Served his guns, got immo
But Ypres played another t
Kept still the needing and
Gave no candles, and nearl
And no souvenirs, though
Yet there was praise of Yp~
And old Flanders went un

PHILIP

Even before the war was over,
be turned into a harmless
Nation on February 16, 191