

THAT SUMMER DAY.

Wednesday, August the fourth - to be remembered by most of us as one of the few really "summer" days of the year. Warm and sunny, it gave us all a chance to get out into the parks, and just sit and think. Some of us, myself among them, and men like ex-Guardsman William Knight, thought about a summer day just like this one forty years ago - the day the first world war began. On the day in 1914, Mr. Knight was mobilised. Soon he was in France.

Yes, a lot's happened since then. Forty years is a long time - there's been a lot of wars since that one they said would end them all - You'd hardly call it true peace-time now, would you? Maybe that's why the Cenotaph has become the Forgotten Monument. Forgotten? Well, maybe the word should be "neglected". All of us used to raise our hats in the old days when we passed by. Now most of us treat it as just another of London's Sights.

You can't blame the kids, but you'd think a few more of us old 'uns would still remember. After all, it's not just a piece of stone - its men and women we salute; millions of them from all over the world. Mind you, some of us haven't forgotten. If you ever fought in a trench, or a foxhole as they are now, you don't forget so easily. You remember the faces of the chaps who didn't come back, their courage and, yes, their fears. I think it's worth saluting them once in a while.

This is Fred Grimwood. He's been around quite a bit in his lifetime. Served on the Western Front with the Suffolks. Served under a great General too. Yes, that's the man; General Sir Hubert Gough. He commanded the Fifth Army out there. He's 84 now. What a soldier he was, and what a fighter. He joined up in 1889, served in India, fought in the South African war, then to France and Flanders and then, when the second world war broke out, he joined the Home Guard - a great soldier. Now a man with his memories - of his colleagues who died alongside him in war. 1914 - 1939, if we remember, must there be a next time?

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