

TROOPS FROM THE GOLD COAST.

From the four corners of the earth they come; Men from the far flung British Empire upon which the sun never sets. African troops of the desertlands are in the front line in the Defence of Democracy.

Bronze giants of nature, every man strips to display muscles calculated to make Joe Louis look to his Biceps.

The Army cooks prepare African food to which the soldiers are accustomed. If it produces physique like this, Lord Woolton might be interested in its ingredients. The Nazis say our African troops lead a "hand-to-mouth" existence. They do! But not as the Jerries mean it!

Their fathers fought with spears, but these men handle their modern weapons as expertly as crack white gunners. They are not conscripts, but volunteers who have found the Union Jack worth living under, and worth fighting for. They join the people of the other Colonies and Dominions in the great march towards a free world.