

RECLAIMED LAND.

An impossible place—mud everywhere, tin cans, dead cats, odd bits of old cars, all the miscellaneous rubbish of a city, strange smells, and rain! A picture of desolation framed in barbed wire. Some humorist had relieved the scene by sticking up Army notices declaring that the place was a "Prohibited Area"—as if any sane person would want to trespass there. An ideal spot for a concentration camp of the worst Nazi type.

Picking my way carefully through the mud, I was at last introduced to the C.O. He appeared to have been specially selected for the job, because he stood an off-chance of keeping head and shoulders above the mess. Here it was intended to establish an Ack Ack camp! Men were busy. W.A.A.C.'s had been sent home—the place was unfit to receive them.

The impossible was accomplished. Things began to take shape. Soon a truck could be driven on to the site without danger of being bogged. Wooden buildings sprang up everywhere. The estate agent could have made a great advertisement about modern conveniences, hot and cold, electric light, even gardens! Feminine voices at first sounded strange as they emerged from figures garbed in male battledress, but as soon as you got used to

the dress you could settle down and feel at home. It was not long before the little god Cupid discovered that there was a job or two for him to do around the place, and he got busy. Already one has visions of some Darby and Joan returning in the years to come, forgetful that this place was once an unwholesome tip, seeing it as the spot where "Romance" ceased to be only a word for them.

Beyond the seas there are some who lived here for a time. We wish them luck in their efforts to reclaim land. Some of us may have the opportunity to join them before the mess is cleaned up. Well, we know that land can be reclaimed, and we'll see the job through to the end. Not only have we learned that land can be reclaimed and made to serve a useful purpose. We have also discovered that it is possible for men and women from very different walks of life to live together as comrades. After the war we'll stick together, comradeship and co-operation shall continue to reclaim land for a decent civilisation. So shall free men win the war. So shall free men win the peace. Once more will God look down on the earth that He made and see that it is good.

—Padre J. H. HARRIS.



GUESSING CONTEST AT THE WINTER SHOW.