

# The Place That God Forgot

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Jack Payne, in charge of Personal Services at the Canadian Legion centre at Camp Borden, sends along the following poem and explains that he's indebted to Cpl. J. L. Berg, of the Lake Superior Regiment, now in the East, for a letter in which he enclosed said poem written by Bdr. W. A. Morton (Canadian Army Overseas). The poem completes the reflections developed by a short poem which was published in the "Bullet" some time ago and is reprinted here in part.

Incidentally, Cpl. Berg. met Mrs. Morton, mother of the chap who wrote the poem, in St. John, N. B., and through her kindness the poem was submitted to the Editor of the "Bullet." It is titled "The Place That God Forgot."

God could have worked another day  
And spent it here quite well  
But I guess he left the place this way  
To show us part of Hell.

The sand is over ten feet deep  
The sun is scorching hot  
They call this place, Camp Borden,  
The place that God forgot.

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You claim God could have worked another day  
And spent it in your camp quite well . . . .  
Why in Camp Borden, Boys, it's Heaven  
It's England now that's Hell.

The sun doesn't shine now in England  
It's carry on through slush and mud  
It's better to walk through sand, Boys,  
Than to walk through human blood.

It's not what you want to do in England,  
It's do it, like it or not.  
And when Victory is jointly ours Boys,  
You'll know, God hasn't forgot.

In England today, it's wire or phone,  
But you boys in Camp Borden take a train and go home.  
Mothers are smiling to cover their fears  
Biting their lips to keep back their tears,  
Sons in England in the most dangerous spot  
You boys in the place you claim God forgot.

You should thank God you're here Boys  
Where we really know the word called "PEACE"  
Where the bombs are not dropping around you  
Or the air raid alarms never cease.

God has done wonders for that camp, Boys,  
And done His job quite well  
In keeping a spot called CANADA  
From the blackouts of war and hell.

So carry on, and chins up, Boys,  
Thank God for the freedom you've got  
And when peace rings out on a midnight clear  
Remember **GOD HASN'T FORGOT!**