, indeed, the argument in favor
it to the municipality for general
urposes can hardly be gainsaid.

TESY IS FIRST STEP

-General of Medical Forces in
ell be asked to examine the con-
ich men are given physical tests
upon their application to enter
s of the Dominion. Figures for
ection of those at first accepted
was the first intimation that all
ct with the examining system.
ere have been many individual
proportion of which could with
er investigation.
ial instances prove little, two
ow that the courtesy, at least,
ig bodies could be improved. In
e a veteran of the last conflict
or service in this one, in a clerical
n of some business experience,
record, he was encouraged to
uld be of some help. Assurances
accepted led to his disposing of
saying good-bye to his friends,
work for three weeks in his new
e was sent before a medical
l laughed at his shell-torn body
e. That was an expensive laugh
use it disillusioned a good man,
ved this country under fire.
ance concerns another service
ore recently! It is of a man with
ions in a special field. He, too,
es to his country. For a month
ppened; and then he was called
board at the point of applica-
n with a considerable group of
he was paraded before a still
nel. The performance, he said,
harply of the examination of
ry fair. After the examination,
oard discovered who the man
ips five men in all Canada with
ations. They apologized to him.
snobbery in that, and that was
ent. No apology was offered to
treated in precisely the same

suggested that these instances
at they are even frequent. The
uld happen at all is the astound-
re not cattle. They are entitled
by competent people, and one
e all, any man who offers his
untry is entitled to be treated
d courtesy and respect. The
one within the control of the
l of Medical Forces in Canada;
smattering of complaints being
sible men telling of their own
haps the time has come to
miners, and to make sure that
t Canada could desire. War
, are no laughing matter.

-FEEDING POLITICS

virile men around who object to
or nothing" policies advocated
lits. One of these is Mr. Joseph
M.P., who has taken issue with
F. Party for sops being thrown
rmers. Mr. Dechene was born
vent West, endured the West's
he present-day amenities were
success in farming, and here is
y to Mr. Coldwell, Leader of the

the Leader of the C.C.F., has
lons in some shacks. When he
in and in swaddling clothes, I,
shack of that kind; homestead-
her, some fifty years ago. In
d not have Mr. Coldwell's kind
us something for nothing. We
sort of policy that seeks to have
do something for you. We had
e of the kind which developed
qualities which are still able to
If you put the right man on
can make a living, and a fairly

rmer," says Mr. W. L. Clark,
Windsor Star, "who has been
thought that courage and work
n the land. His idea is to make
ss by individual effort, rather
kitchen by the stove and wait
ent to spoon-feed him."

'KENS IN CAMP

e moon was slowly drifting.
er sang below;
om beyond, uplifting
unarets of snow.

fire, with rude humor, painted
ldy trials of health
id form that drooped and faulted
fierce race for wealth.

Note and Comment

By SANDHAM GRAVES

There is something inexpressibly comical about men bombing volcanoes. Not that the remedy is not effective, because there is some ground to suggest that it is, but that the volcano has been the oldest bombardier in the business. The volcano has been throwing it back since the world began. At first, we are told, our moon was nearer to the earth, and all surface demonstrations were more violent than is the case today. Considerable numbers of volcanoes were erupting, and on a continuous basis. Every now and then there would be an extra convulsion, and large masses of matter would be thrown up high into the air. It must have been a very explosive business, with sulphurous fumes, rivers of lava, and descending ashes; the embodiment of the ancient conception of Vulcan's forge. There is even a suggestion that some particles from the earth's interior were thrown clear of our atmosphere, to wander forever in space, or to fall back on to this planet, as the case might be. Bombing upsets a volcano, and puts it out of countenance. Fancy, however, throwing fire into the centre of fire. There is a gesture of defiance.

* * *

Volcanologists have been setting off explosives more or less in the maw of volcanoes for many years now. Long before the airplane was achieved, daring men climbed to lip of one or other of the earth's active craters, and more or less camped there. They studied the great, grumbling monster at first hand. They learned to watch for the welling up of new concentrations, new forces gathering, which might give warning of the approach of renewed activity. On numbers of occasions explosives were thrown in by hand, to see what would happen. Sometimes, the record suggests, the explosions broke up the concentration, stopped the welling up, and prevented an actual overflow by the somnolent, but still dangerous, monster whose breath is fire. On other occasions the volcano reacted violently, and it became a race between the outpouring lava and the volcanologist to see who would win first to the bottom of the hill. Sometimes, indeed, the volcano won in this unequal contest; and a brave man went to his doom in the interests of science, as many had done before.

* * *

With the airplane, however, the volcanologist was in a much better position. Now he could reconnoitre the cone, examine the maw of the turbulent monster, and even photograph its tonsils, if one may be permitted to put it that way. The dropping of bombs by air into the volcano was a logical step, after what earlier volcanologists had attempted. Also, the weight of the explosives, and their effect, had increased by leaps and bounds. Now man, for better or for worse, is hitting his volcanoes with stiffer blows; puny yet beside Vulcan's forge, but growing sturdily. It remains to be seen what will come of it. Here and there a tired and sleepy volcano may take the rebuke meekly. Here and there, also, a more active monster may cough up the bombs, and commence a counter-offensive of its own. In that case, the odds are still on the side of Vulcan's workshop. The earth, if it wished to do so, could throw a lot of things at us which we would have some difficulty in dodging. The attempt, at least, is very interesting; and should enlarge man's knowledge of what he can, or cannot, do with impunity. For it is a fact that, for all our knowledge of the earth, we know only fragmentary things about its insides; and some day, in the dim and distant future, we may have to go there for our light, heat, and power.

* * *

There is a rider to this piece, but it must be brief. If bombs will stop the commencing cycle of a volcano's eruption, one day they may break up a storm before it starts. With the airplane, that is within reach. Man flies above the storm.

Sunrise and Sunset

MAY

Times of Sunrise and Sunset [illegible]

Japanese Are Not Allowed To Buy Land

Members of the Provincial Executive yesterday refused thirty Japanese families permission to purchase 160 acres of land near Burns Lake, in the Lillooet district.

Acting Premier R. L. Maitland, who presided at the meeting of the Cabinet Council, explained that the Defence of Canada Regulations provide that Japanese cannot acquire or hold land or grow crops in Canada for the duration of the war, though the Federal Minister of Justice may, at his discretion, grant licences to them for such purposes.

Justice Minister St. Laurent had informed him, Mr. Maitland said, that the Dominion Government would not consider applications from Japanese for land unless the Attorney-General of the Province concerned gave his consent to such applications. This consent, in the case before the Cabinet, Mr. Maitland refused to give.

The application on behalf of the Japanese was forwarded to Mr. Maitland by a firm of solicitors in Vancouver, who explained that the property was in a remote area and that no Canadian families lived near it.

The Observation Car

By G.B.

Probably before long we shall all be singing the tire song. "I'm Just an Old Smoothie" . . . A small boy who lives on our street is famous for his ready answers, right or wrong. Not long ago his school teacher was giving a lesson on Africa, and asked the young hopeful, "Tell me where the elephant is found?" Without hesitation the lad replied, "The elephant is such a large animal that it is scarcely ever lost" . . . The last remaining Japanese have been ordered to leave United States Pacific Coast combat zones by today. Already 85,000 have been moved. A businessman from Vancouver told us there is a rumor that Hastings Park may be renamed "Little Tokio" . . . Across the border no ceiling has been placed on eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, condensed milk, mutton, lamb, flour, fresh fish and sea food, dried prunes and dried beans. Now watch prices soar . . . Between January and the end of April, Seattle courts handled 1,225 divorce actions. Although Victoria figures are not available yet we hear they compare favorably . . . School children at Albany, N.Y., are agitating for less written homework in order to conserve paper. We have a sneaking suspicion that the little dears are thinking first of less work . . . Overheard in a Government Street cafe, "Her boy friend is with a concert party. They say he is good at giving imitations." "He must be. I saw the ring he gave her last week" . . . "You know," Bill, the Broad Street barber, remarked to the shop in general, "I think with my ability I could make my living in pictures." After the laughs subsided, the boss snorted, "You would starve to death selling postcards."

Tides at Victoria

MAY

Time of tides (Pacific Standard time) at Victoria, B.C., for the month of May, 1942

Date	H.W. Time	H.W. Ht.	L.W. Time	L.W. Ht.	H.W. Time	H.W. Ht.	L.W. Time	L.W. Ht.
	H.M.	Ft.	H.M.	Ft.	H.M.	Ft.	H.M.	Ft.
1	2 12	8.5	9 20	1.5	16 05	7.9	21 17	6.0
2	2 45	8.6	10 06	1.0	17 26	7.4	22 04	6.4
3	3 16	8.6	10 53	0.6	18 03	7.0	22 5.	6.9
4	3 45	8.4	11 44	0.7	18 36	7.0	23 52	7.1
5	4 13	8.0			19 06	7.0	24 46	7.2
6	4 41	7.5	0 03	0.9	19 36	7.0	25 39	7.1
7	5 09	7.0	0 58	1.2	20 06	7.0	26 33	6.9
8	5 39	6.5	1 58	1.6	20 39	7.0	27 30	6.6
9	6 16	6.0	3 04	1.9	21 20	7.0	28 27	6.3
10	7 05	5.6	4 13	2.0	22 17	7.0		
11	8 06	5.4	5 22	1.9	23 27	7.0	0 18	6.0
12	9 14	5.5	6 26	1.7			1 20	6.0
13	10 16	5.8	7 22	1.4	0 32	7.0	2 16	6.1
14	11 07	6.1	8 11	1.1	1 27	7.0	3 05	6.3
15	11 52	6.4	8 55	0.8	2 17	7.0	3 49	6.5
16	12 34	6.7	9 35	0.6	3 03	7.0	4 31	6.7
17	1 15	6.9	10 13	0.5	3 48	7.0	5 12	6.8
18	1 55	7.0	10 51	0.5	4 32	7.0	5 53	6.9
19	2 33	7.0	11 28	0.6	5 16	7.0	6 34	6.9
20	3 09	7.0	12 04	0.8	6 00	7.0	7 15	6.9
21			12 40	1.0	6 45	7.0	7 57	6.9
22			13 17	1.2	7 31	7.0	8 40	6.9
23			13 55	1.4	8 19	7.0	9 25	6.9
24	6 43	5.5	14 35	1.6	9 11	7.0	10 13	6.9
25	6 53	5.0	15 18	1.8	10 06	7.0	11 04	6.9
26	6 58	4.6	16 06	1.9	11 05	7.0	11 59	6.9
27	7 00	4.3	16 58	1.9	12 08	7.0	12 56	6.9
28	7 00	4.2	17 54	1.8	13 13	7.0	13 54	6.9
29	6 59	4.2	18 50	1.7	14 18	7.0	14 52	6.9
30	6 57	4.3	19 46	1.5	15 22	7.0	15 49	6.9
31	6 55	4.4	20 40	1.3	16 24	7.0	16 45	6.9

ON THE RECORD

—By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A MATTER OF CLIMATE

"In a few weeks the Winter will be finished in the south, and the Spring will advance to the north; the ice will melt, and then we will kill them and take revenge for all those who have become victims only of the frost."—Adolph Hitler, January 30.

"It was weeks earlier than any experience or knowledge gained from scientific forecasts led us to expect that Winter set in upon our armies. It was the only hope of the masters of the Kremlin to inflict Napoleon's fate of 1812 upon the German army, with the help of this unprecedented weather."—Adolph Hitler, March 15.

"When I last spoke to you a Winter was beginning to settle over the east such as had not been seen even in this part of Europe for over 140 years."—Adolph Hitler, April 26.

"Late yesterday the weather took a turn for the worse, hampering air operations and slowing ground engagements. The storm probably brought heavy rains."—Report from the Kerch battle, May 15.

So you can see, it's all a matter of climate. It's not the Russian armies; it's not the Russian air force; it's not the Russian generals or the Russian people. It's just the weather.

But who makes the weather? We thought, up to now, that it was Hitler's personal ally, Providence. Or, we thought it was Hitler's other personal ally, Nature. For this is the great Pantheist, the worshipper of Odin, the follower of the whirling Cross of Fire, which represents the eternal power of inexorable Nature. So I must ask: Is this the beginning of the disintegration of the Axis? Are the allies deserting? Have a quixotic Providence and a whimsical Nature changed sides?

For Nature is indeed whimsical. According to Mr. Hitler this Satanic Nature operates only against the Nazis. Wherever the Russians stand it is fair weather, the temperature is normal. Wherever the German armies stand, the climate is something terrible.

Obviously this war was written by Shakespeare, who brings menace to Macbeth with forests walking and presages the fall of his heroes with thunder storms.

And science. We thought the Germans had a monopoly of that. All over the world German ears are to the ground and to the air, and to report the weather in the city of New York is a military secret. I recall that at the beginning of the war the Nazis boasted that they alone had mastered the science of long-range weather forecasts. Does all of science come into doubt? Here are the most refined brains, equipped with the most sensitive instruments, who apparently thought it was warm in Moscow in December.

Why even Winston Churchill who is not much of a scientist knew that wasn't so. "There's a Winter, you know, in Russia. For a good many months the temperature is apt to fall very low. There is snow, there is frost and all that. Hitler must have been very poorly educated. We all heard about it at school."

Now, at the risk of being prosecuted for revealing military secrets, I dare to write. There is also a Spring in Russia. In the Spring it rains. And then comes the Summer, and in the Summer it is hot. It is as cool in Winter and as hot in Summer as it is in, say, North Dakota. The Russians have a disagreeable climate. It is quite different from the German climate. For one thing there is too much of it. It's like the Russian land—there is too much of that. It, like the Russian population, there are too many Russians. It's even like the Russian army and air force. There is too much of them.

Russia is not in the "temperate zone." Their birth rate, intemperate and out of their airplane production. They have a most intemperate calories to give and be pounded to the earth and live again. As Americans measure, Hitler thirty-five years ago destroyed Russian defense and gain, over three centuries. In the intervening century to gain control over the Caucasus and the Caspian, Russia fought two wars with Persia.

Letters to the Editor

No letter to the Editor will be inserted except over the proper signature and address of the writer. This rule admits of no exception. No letter should exceed 500 words in length.

CANADA'S LIQUOR BILL

Sir,—The Canadian Temperance Federation has made its annual estimate of the consumer cost of liquor in Canada. It covers the liquor year ending in 1941. This estimate is based on the figures given in the reports of the various Provincial Control Boards. In most provinces the liquor year ends in the Spring; in two in the Fall.

Since in provinces where beer is sold in beer parlors or taverns by licencees or authority holders the report of the boards gives only the wholesale value of such beer, an estimate is necessary to cover the spread in the consumer's cost. The cost of permits where they are required is included.

The estimate of liquor expenditures in Canada for the liquor year closing in 1939 was $179,338,353; in 1940 it was $191,628,976; for the closing in 1941 it is $232,456,090. These estimates do not include any item for illegal sales.

Speaking in the House of Commons in reference to the 1939 bill Mr. R. B. Hanson estimated the illegal sales in Canada at $20,000,000 and the total expenditures for that year at $200,000,000. If the same figure for illicit sale holds for 1941 Canada's liquor bill for that year is well over $250,000,000.

In most provinces a year has elapsed since their last report was issued. In some at least it is known that the increase in the legal sales for the year will be about 25 per cent.

A. J. IRWIN, Secretary.
The Canadian Temperance Federation, 30 Bloor Street West, Toronto, May 16, 1942.

"THE PARISH PUMP"

Sir,—May I congratulate you upon your editorial re the Hon. C. G. Power and his theatrical splurge over Canadian airmen in the Royal Air Force. Am I presumptious in suggesting that your editorial omitted the most glaring anomaly of the whole situation?

Is it not possible for Mr. Power and his striped-pant bureaucrats to realize that their chickens are now coming home to roost. Have they forgotten how these same boys left our shores by the hundreds, working their own way on lumber, cattle and any rusty old boat, to reach the land where their desires could be fulfilled? Didn't these pious people, at that time, regard those boys as nuisances, and even as bums? All the evidence points that way. And now the good minister demands of the British Air Ministry that they be regarded as exclusively Canadian heroes.

I doubt, Mr. Editor, if these boys care a darn about anything except the honor of their squadron. They may, of course, be glad for their own parents' sake, if they are lucky enough to bring down two Jerries in one day, but crocodile tears or fulsome praise are the last things they want from the men who told them to go to the devil two, three and four years ago. What a dear parental Government is ours! It makes a good parallel to the woman who renounces all claim to her baby, and then after fourteen years, wants it back from the other woman who has given it all the love and training.

Many of the young eagles may return to Canada after it is all over; but again, many of them may prefer to remain with the people who satisfied their youthful desires and ambitions. We shall see!

In the meantime, I hope you will continue fearlessly to tell these ministers to cut the cackle and get on with the job, to stop trying to create discord or doing anything else likely to add to Churchill's burden.

E. W. GRIFFITHS.
Box 704, Port Alberni, B.C., May 16, 1942.

Doctor (at medical inspection): Say a-a-a-ah.
Tony: Not spika de English.

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