Car Washing At Home Made Easy—A new, easy-to-apply car washing device now marketed in Canada means motorists can do a professional wash job on their car for only a few cents.

The instrument used is a simple, mop-like pouch containing a special detergent that cuts road film, dust and car grease all in one operation. Attached to a long aluminum handle, with coupling for a garden hose, it can be used without danger of spoiling clothes.

Actual washing action is simple and quick. Water runs through the mophead, dissolving the detergent and washing the car. When the detergent is exhausted the flow of clean water both rinses and polishes the car's finish.

Other uses for the E-ZEE washer are numerous; windows, walls, cellars, ceilings, boats, porches, garge floors and many other places can be washed easily and inexpensively with this new money and time saving device.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

This has been such a peculiar season that I don't really know if the following advice, in regard to pre-harvest spraying of apples, is going to reach you in time to be any good. However, here it is for what it's worth:

* * *

To anyone whose apple crop is really important, the experts say, pre-harvest sprays should prove highly valuable. It has been proved that such treatment prevents a large percentage of premature dropping of the fruit before it has reached proper maturity and coloring.

* * *

To put it another way, pre-harvest spraying reduces the number of windfalls, and lengthens your picking season by holding the apples on the trees until they can be handled properly.

* * *

Down in New Brunswick the Dominion Government Experimental Station made a test, using a naphthalene acetic-acid preparation called parmone, on McIntosh apples and other varieties. The details regarding the test are rather interesting.

* * *

First of all, 12 McIntosh trees were selected — all the same height and size. Six of them were treated. The other half dozen were left untreated. Then, beginning the day after treatment and continuing for another 25 days, the windfalls were picked up and counted from under both the treated and untreated trees.

* * *

Figured on a basis of the percentage of the total crop that fell off, it became clear to the experimenters that the spraying began to exert a real influence on the fifth day after treatment and remained effective up to and including the 18th day.

* * *

(That was the over-all picture, as the rapidity with which the material became effective varied considerably, ranging from two to eight days, and the length of time it remained effective also varied — from 14 to 25 days, depending on the individual tree. I imagine that over in Russia they have apple trees that always behave eactly alike, but over here they haven't yet reached such perfection. Maybe we should start reading Karl Marx to them.)

* * *

To get on with my apple-knocking, these pre-harvest sprays have also been used successfully on such varieties as Crimson Beauty, Melba, Keetosh and Linton. Applied as soon as a few apples began to fall, it definitely reduced the number of windfalls, thereby improving the size, color and quality of the crop. The effect was so pronounced on some very early varieties that some of the apples became over-mature and cracked open instead of falling.

* * *

Trees of the early kind that have been sprayed should be picked before the apples reach the "crack-open" stage — and one application of the spray appears to be sufficient. With the McIntosh, which is considerably more uncertain, the experts think there might be a benefit from applying two sprays, one week apart.

There are a number of different products available for this purpose and their use should reduce some of the worry connected with the harvesting of a high-grade crop of fruit. But don't forget this: No matter what product you use, be sure to follow the manufacturers' directions closely, and don't try any guesswork.

* * *

Which should be about enough for one session — except for this: The best "drought" story we've heard is the one about the chap who stood with a bunch of friends, all of whom were bemoaning what the dry spell was doing to them. After listening to them for a little while, he said, "Heck, you guys don't know anything. If we don't get rain soon, every weed in my garden is going to be ruined."

Postman's Loss — Rose Marie Couch, who short weeks ago was an unnoticed mail girl at Universal-International Studios in Hollywood, has forsaken the mails to please the males. Rose Marie may soon be opening fan letters of her own for her first screen performance in "The Kid From Texas."

Directly above the letter slots in the Hastings, Neb., post office are placards with: "Have you mailed your wife's letter?"

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

Smiling Loser

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

Kirby found the girl seated on an upturned box behind the station crying. He hesitated, feeling awkward, then said:

"Hello. Anything wrong?"

She looked up quickly, appraisingly. "No, please go away."

Instead, Kirby squatted on his heels. "You must have lost some money on that last race. Black Fox fooled every one by not coming in. I lost too."

"I suppose I'm a baby to cry, but I couldn't help it. I—we — father and I staked everything on Black Fox. Then that terrible I'm-a-Runnin,' who nobody thought had a chance, had to win."

She hestitated, dabbing at her eyes. He seemed like a nice young man. And she did so want company and to talk . . .

He discovered her name was Polly Hayden. The next day he called at her house and met her father, a jolly faced old gentleman with white walrus moustaches.

"We really shouldn't feel so badly Polly told her father after the introductions were over. "Kirb lost a lot more than we and he isn't conmplaining at all."

That night Polly and Kirby had dinner at a little inn out on the Tamiami trail.

He knew she was wondering when and how he was going to pay his racing debts, and where he was going to get the money to establish himself in the law business. You just can't hang out a shingle in Miami and expect business at once.

But he didn't offer the information. The next day he hired an office on Flagler street, then called up Col. Stratton and asked that racing enthusiast to meet him at Hialeah.

"Colonel," he said over a sandwich and coffee an hour later. "I'm going to take you up on the offer you made me for I'm-a-Runnin'.

The colonel stared. "Now wait a minute, Kirby. Has the horse died or broken a leg or something?"

"Nothing of the sort," Kirby laughed. "I'm quitting racing for good. It's no business for an energetic young lawyer to be wasting

his time at I hired an office this morning."

They went out to the stables and looked at I'm-a-Runnin'. The colonel couldn't understand it, but he wrote his check for $50,000 and the papers were passed. Conscious of a queer sensation in the pit of his stomach, Kirby headed back for the stables for a last farewell. Outside I'm-a-Runnin's stall he stopped dead still at sight of Polly Hayden talking with his stable boy.

Her eyes blazed at him. "So! The good loser. The man who can lose everything, who will have to spend the rest of his life paying his racing debts and still smile! Oh, what a fool I've been!"

"Wait a minute! Listen!" He caught at her arm but she jerked away. He followed her out to her car. "You've got to listen," he said desperately, getting in beside her. "I only did it because I thought it would make you feel better. And it worked. I meant it when I said I was through with racing. I've sold I'm-a-Runnin' to Colonel Stratton. Look!" He held out the bill of sale and the check.

She stared at him round-eyed, frightened. "Oh, you shouldn't have! Kirby, you shouldn't You'll never be able—I mean, you love horses. Any one can see that. You loved I'm-a-Runnin'."

Not half as much as I love you," he told her soberly. He put his arm around her. "You believe that, don't you? You must believe it."

"Darling, of course I do. And— I am glad that you're going to be a respectable lawyer, only—only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, sometime, after we've been respectable for a good long while, we'll buy another horse, won't we? A horse as great as I'm-a-Runnin'? Because—we both love horses, don't we?"

"We do," Kirby agreed joyfully

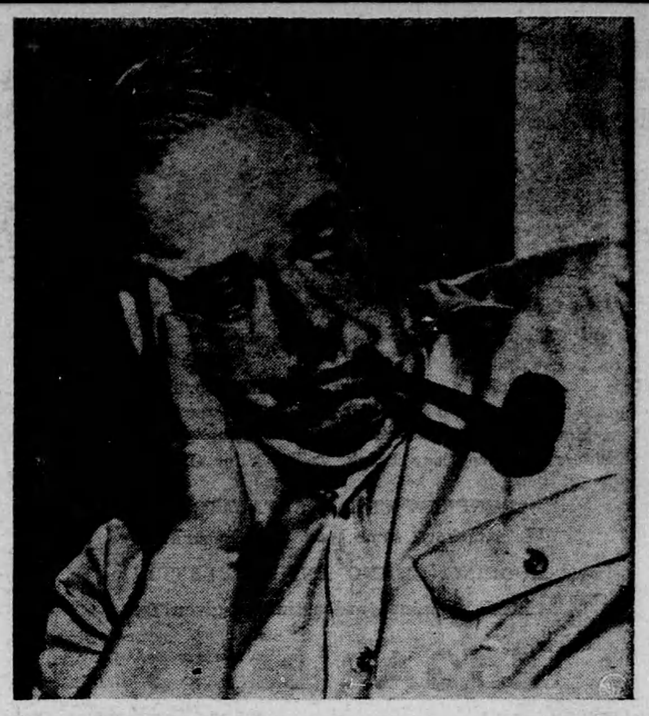
One View Of Britain's Problem

Britain's present grave economic emergency is providing a brilliantly clear X-ray picture of what's wrong not only with Socialism, but what's wrong with so much of today's thinking about the how of curing the world's ills, says The Financial Post.

This is not to imply that Britain's malignancy would have been avoided or cured overnight had something other than a Socialist government been in power. What we are now seeing in Britain are the fruits of a half century of missionizing for a flabby utopianism and a political pandering of votes for which all parties must share some responsibility.

As an illustration, Canadians need remember no further back than our own elections of last month. In that election, Liberals promised the adoption or extension of many policies which were fathered and mothered by Socialist gospels and practice, and the Conservatives promised chiefly to give us more of these measures than the Liberals.

Britain's fundamental difficulty today is, in its simplest, starkest form, the unwillingness of her people to work hard enough. The Socialists find they have been unable to repeal the laws of human nature. As Whaley-Eaton, of Washington, says: "It is . . . Socialism that has broken down, with Britain as the prime example, and only American money until now has prevented recognition of the fact."



Down On The Farm—While the man he accused of helping him supply government secrets to Russia waited for the jury's verdict in New York, Whittaker Chambers relaxed in his Westminster, Md., home. "I've played my part, now it's up to the jury," Chambers said when asked about the Alger Hiss trial.

The BLACK HORSE "Do You Know" Advisory Panel

TED REEVE
well-known sports writer

LOUIS BOURDON
prominent radio singer and master of ceremonies

RICHARD PENNINGTON
University Librarian, McGill University

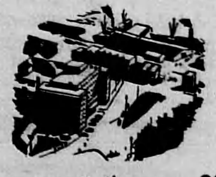
GREGORY CLARK
distinguished columnist

Do You Know...

the population of Canada's 10th province?

The population of Newfoundland, tenth province in the Dominion of Canada, is 321,171.

Do You Know . . . that Newfoundland was discovered by John Cabot on June 24, 1497, and was formally occupied on behalf of Great Britain in August, 1583, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert?



Do You Know . . . that approximately one-third of its area of 42,734 square miles is covered by water . . . the capital of Newfoundland is St. John's, a city of 56,709 inhabitants . . . over 940 saw mills are in operation . . . 206 factories pack salmon with a total pack of some 6,600 cases, and 220 factories pack lobster with a total pack of some 6,300 cases . . . seal fishery, codfish packing, whale fishery are also engaged in . . . large beds of iron ore are being developed and extensive deposits of zinc and lead ore are being cultivated . . . in 1947 a total of 396,998 tons of standard newsprint was exported . . . there are 16 hydro-electric plants with 237,471 horsepower developed in 1948.

Do You Know any interesting and unusual facts? Our "Advisory Panel" will pay $25 for any authenticated readers' submissions if they are usable. All letters become our property. Write Black Horse Brewery, Station L, Montreal, P.Q.

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY