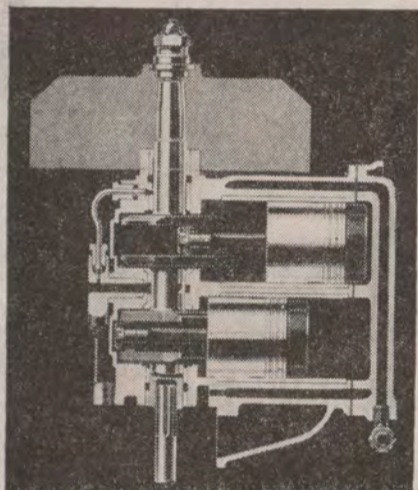


# The "BIG THREE" of Outboard Motoring



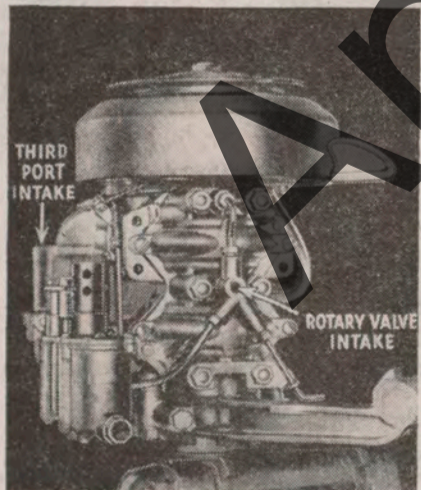
### ALTERNATE FIRING

Twin cylinder Alternate Firing for outboards was developed and perfected by Johnson. It means easier starting, smoother running, with a satisfying "sweetness" of all-around operation.



### REVERSE

Steer forward, sidewise, around, backward, just by turning the motor. The motor locks automatically against tilting when in reverse.



### DUAL CARBURETION

Provides third port operation at high speed and rotary valve operation at low speed. Each system is timed for perfect performance. Open 'er up and go! Throttle down to a crawl and troll!

It is *Johnson* that offers you this great combination of features: 1. Perfected Alternate Firing for silken smoothness; 2. 360° Steering and Reverse for complete maneuverability; 3. Dual Carburetion for full range, quality performance, at both high and low speeds.

In addition to the "big three" Johnson offers you 27 other quality features for performance, long life, convenience and **DEPENDability**. All yours in the most beautiful motor we have ever built—with a sparkling Sea-Green finish.

And for extra measure, the Johnson dealer organization offers you expert, nationwide service. That's important!

*Johnson makes Sea-Horse motors only!*

## JOHNSON SEA-HORSES for **DEPENDability**



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**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE**

China at peace with Japan, if not internally—apparently is a diplomatic secret. Washington guesses of the cost of the champagne, whisky and Martinis, the turkey, hams, tea, Chinese sweets and other items, ranged from \$15,000 to \$20,000 American.

Although the Chinese set the pace for size, it remained for the Guggenheims to launch the current winter season with a ball which reminded one Spanish diplomat of the days of the court of King Alfonso. Col. M. Robert Guggenheim, the host, took special precautions at this party to ward off those banes of all Washington hosts and hostesses, the gate crashers. Guests not only had to show their invitations at the door, they had to wait until an attendant found their names on the list of 500 who were invited.

Washington's social gate crashers make One-Eye Connolly look like a piker. If they can't chisel an invitation, by methods ranging from the ingenuous to downright sinister, they will go anyway. Hostesses have had as many as forty crashers at a party to which they invited 150. Which brings up this definitive note on Washington parties.

A hostess murmured to a guest at a recent affair, "My dear, see that couple over there? I haven't the slightest idea who they are, but they look nice, and maybe I really did invite them. Go over and talk to them, won't you?"

There have been crashers who joined the receiving line, lady crashers who took over the tea pouring, and one little old lady who used to bring along a marketbag and drop sandwiches and other tidbits into it. On one occasion she tried to get away with a whole cake.

During the prohibition era, foreign embassies became a haven for thirsty gate crashers, for the embassies, being technically on foreign soil, were not included in the great experiment. The climax was reached when Samy Pasha, then the Egyptian minister, discovered that his parties were being listed in *What's Going On in Washington This Week*, a free publication distributed at

all the cigar counters in town. He'd been wondering where all those strange people were coming from.

There are other types of crashing. For a price—a considerable price—a newcomer to Washington with no distinction except a beautiful bank balance, may enter the capital's social stratosphere with the aid of an impoverished Washington socialite who acts as sponsor. Some sponsors even provide a historic Georgetown mansion as a background for this "fascinating new personality."

In recent weeks, more than 300 of Washington's socially ambitious put the bee on Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, demanding inclusion in her Washington Social List. Just about sixty of them made the grade. Mrs. Shaw's publication is an indispensable reference work for Washington hostesses, for it catalogues those whose social desirability has been achieved by official position as well as those who make the more exclusive columns of the Social Register. A Congressional Directory and a telephone book also are helpful.

Bachelors enjoy a particular advantage, for they are, per se, eligible for the ranks of the extra men. This is the group upon which the hostess may draw to round out her dinner party or make a fourth at bridge. One veteran of the social skirmishes takes this view of them, "My dear, they may not all be too brilliant, but they do fill up the chairs."

One thing Washington has been spared, and that is that social excess known as café society. Entertainment in Washington centers in private homes, exclusive clubs such as the 1925 F Street mansion, or cubbyholes like the Hotel Statler's cavernous Presidential Room. The capital's closest approach to a Stork Club is the Mayflower Hotel Lounge, where celebrities do gather spontaneously—for lunch.

Yet, despite the handicap of having to get along without a group of gilded pub crawlers, Washington continues to relax more determinedly than any other American city.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now remember—when everyone unmasks, you put yours on."

(Continued from Page 101)

A slightly befuddled wife of a freshman congressman once startled a cave dweller by gushing, "So you're a cliff dweller!"

The dowager reflectively examined the tip of her own nose for several seconds. "My good woman," she said finally, "I am a cave dweller. Evidently you are referring to those social climbers."

A social climber, by cave-dweller definition, might easily be some upstart whose family has been prominent in Washington only since the War Between the States. This might seem to be straining a point in a search for Johnny-Come-Latelys, in as much as the town is swarming with socially ambitious women of as recent vintage as yesterday afternoon.

One such woman, panicky when she found she couldn't obtain a butler in time for an impressive blowout, demonstrated the crisp, transcendent determination which directs the social-climber species. She dressed her father in livery. Pop, who fortunately was spry, rather distinguished-looking, and fantastically amiable, distributed the canapés with such supreme aplomb that he fooled everyone who didn't observe an unnerving family resemblance.

Then there is official society. The membership requirement is a job in the cabinet, the judiciary or the top brackets of bureaucracy. Each of these groups forms a separate set of its own, with numerous subsets, but the common bond is importance of governmental position. Inhabitants of this social hothouse have varied in the recent past from patricians like the Roosevelts to characters such as former Price Administrator Leon Henderson, who currently is distinguishing himself in Washington salons as the capital's best samba dancer.

The congressional set is of considerably less importance. Perhaps this is a throwback to earlier days when congressmen spent only a few months a year in Washington, lived in hotels while their families stayed back home, and moved in what has been delicately described as "unedifying circles." Congress contributes social lions individually, rather than as a group. Sen. Tom Connally, of Texas, and Rep. Sol Bloom, of New York, chairmen of the congressional committees which steer foreign-policy legislation, are musts on the major diplomatic-guest lists. Senate Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley, Senate Minority Leader Wallace H.

White, and Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn are among "those who get invited." Senators usually rate higher socially than their opposite numbers in the House.

About the only occasions to which all Congress is invited are those arranged by the more ambitious lobbyists. This doesn't mean they all go—not if they're smart. Last winter a war-plant operator invited all Congress to a banquet at the Mayflower Hotel, of which the pièce de résistance was the host's speech against the war-contract-renegotiation law. Only about twenty of the 531 congressmen had the nerve to show up, because the press learned of the affair in advance.

Lobbyists' parties are no less business affairs than those of the diplomatic set, but the latter group certainly does it with more of a flair. The Russians, the Chinese and the British are the most lavish entertainers, although the Latin Americans, by sheer force of numbers and frequency of assemblage, hardly can be considered to be out of the running.

The Army and Navy sets, of considerable size, but rather self-contained, are of much more importance to themselves than to Washington generally. However, any cocktail party in Washington is *déclassé* these days if it has not borrowed at least one lieutenant general or vice admiral from the ranks of the commissioned professionals. The horsey set in near-by Virginia and Maryland has its hunt breakfasts which last all day, and then there is the group which is just plain social—and whether they're rich or whether they're poor, they find it's always nice to have a little money.

All these groups, plus numerous odds and ends, were represented at the year's biggest party, at the Chinese Embassy. To attempt to discover a resemblance between an ordinary social function and this Cecil B. De Mille production would be like trying to compare an old-fashioned duel between two Virginia gentlemen with an Indian massacre. Motor traffic was tied up for five blocks in every direction. Once afoot, it was impossible to circulate among the guests. You could only determine in which general direction you wished to go—toward the bar, the buffet or the receiving line—and then just wait for the tide to wash you along.

The actual cost of celebrating in such fashion the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Chinese Republic—the first anniversary in eight years which found



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