

SURF BOATS. RACE.

And now to Harbord Beach --- here's another kind of rowing race among the life guards in the surf boats. It's a tough ride, but all these men are magnificent athletes, and they love it. Some people take up boxing because they ~~like~~ love a punch on the nose. After the turn the real race begins --- and they ride to the beach, borne on the white-swirling surf. Watch those two in the middle --- a collision puts paid to them --- but the rest, with superhuman skill, glide on ~~-----~~

And when daytime dwindles into twilight, the white sails come out to make a study in black and white. Romance comes back like a king to earth --- to gaze upon the mystic picture ~~picture~~ of sails in the sunset. The ~~insistent~~ song of the wind in the rigging --- the whispering rush of the sea along the proud timbers of the little ~~craft~~ ship --- romance has come back like a king to earth and enchantment holds the evening in its faery spell¹