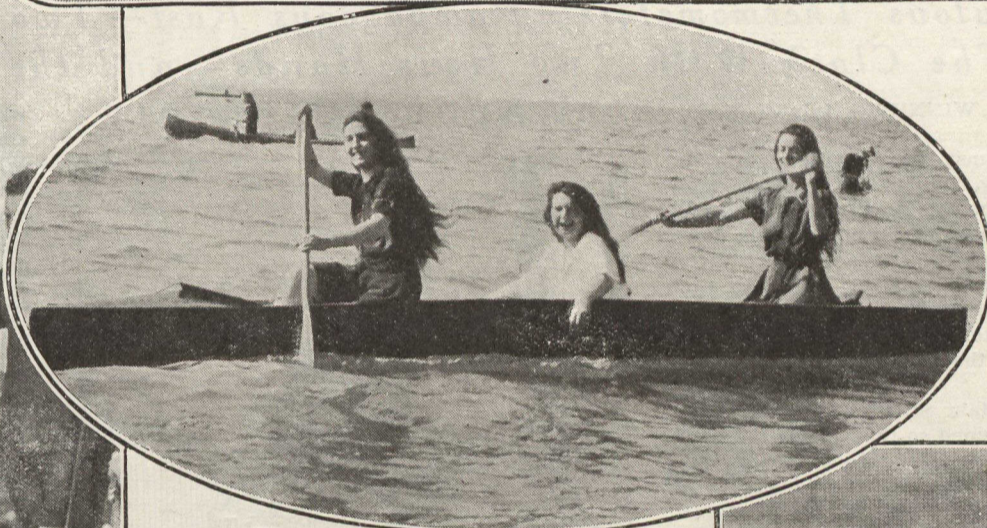


# FIGHTING OFF THE HOT SPELL

## Summer Sports in Wind and Water

YOU know exactly what's happened in this upper righthand picture. One of this jolly party—one who isn't anxious to show herself to the camera—has just had a ducking at the hands of a big, friendly, easy-going wave. The rest of the crowd didn't get quite so much of the wave's rollicking embrace. They can afford to giggle while the unfortunate one gets the water out of her bronchial tubes. The



particular summer resort. You can't pitch yourself into a Canadian lake many times and not have a hankering for your food thereafter. Note the little girl who faces the camera. She is of that round, plump build that floats like a bubble and swims like an eel. All these pictures were taken along the shores of Lake Simcoe during the big hot spell.

herself with her hair down—unless she happens to have no hair worth showing. These girls look cool, capable and barbarous. Perhaps it is the instinct of the cave-women, or memories of hair-ribbon days that makes them loose their tresses to the breeze. Or maybe they've been reading about fairy princes who climbed up to the princess's tower by means of her golden strands. Whatever the reason, it's strictly feminine. These same girls will spend great time and pains doing up this very hair when they get back to town.

In the very bottom picture—not the picture of our small friend the wharf-master—everybody is trying to beat everybody else into the "drink." This sort of thing is frightfully hard on the nervous little fishes, but it's great for the crowd. It is also hard on the people who cook the meals at this

second picture is a very important one, at least important for the camera man to get just right. This kind of a dive isn't a bit hard, but when you jump from a high enough trestle it's exciting enough for the onlookers. The diver himself has all the indifference of a man walking down a street among friends. Hot days make the cool touch of the water feel more than welcome—necessary.

Our canoeists, in the third picture, are obviously women. Why is it that the female of the species never misses an excuse to show



The photographer, on his way to lunch, met the little fellow in the lower-right-hand picture. His mother wouldn't let him in paddling, so he was playing Admiral Jellicoe and the fleet—though to tell you the truth he had only one dreadnought, and a five-cent one at that. But it's surprising what you can do even with a five-cent boat in the way of sinking Germans and settling the affairs of the Empire.

