

Sea Sledding a Mile a Minute - Society's Latest.



Miss Blanche Watson (left) and Mrs. Beulah Card, Aquaplaning at Coronado Beach, Cal.

**Even Flying Is Too Tame This Year
for Young Millionaires
Who Are Enlivening**

Society
Visitors
Enjoying
an Aquaplane
Ride at
Miami, Fla.

**Fashionable Seaside with Their
Newest
Aquatic
Thrillers**

Miss Lora Boyd MacTaggart, of Seattle, Wash., Enjoys Her Lunch While Seated on a Surfboard Traveling at Express Speed.

THE starter's pistol cracks. Six sea sleds zip across the water like six flashing comets. Each comet has for a tail a long rope hitched to a flat board. Each board has for a rider a pretty girl in a bathing suit, who stands upright, tugging at a pair of taut rope reins.

The sea sleds whiz a mile a minute. The boards hit the waves—pop! pop! pop!—with the rapidity of machine-gun fire. The girls, their hair streaming in the wind and spray dashing over them, are a picturesque combination of water babies and broncho busters.

Ahead stretches the finish line, gay with flags. Along the course are yachts, motor boats, express cruisers and other craft. The beach is a gay panorama of parasols and colorful costumes. People shout and wave hats and handkerchiefs madly.

"A thousand on number four!" "Fifty on the red!" "Take you!" "Watch out—there she goes!"

One of the riders wavers, loses her balance and pitches headlong into the blue sea—to be fished out by the rescue boat, half laughing with excitement and half crying with disappointment.

The other sleds put on a new burst of speed. The waves roll higher. The boards pitch wildly. The riders shriek and the spectators howl. In a flurry of foam, ringing bells and shrilling whistles the five surviving sea sleds roar across the line—with Number Four winner by inches.

Wherever society congregates this Summer, from Newport to

Coronado and from the Great Lakes to Ponchartrain, such sportive scenes as this are enacted. For society, like a bad little boy, has "run away to sea," and no little boy looking for adventure on the Spanish main gets a bigger thrill out of blue water than society is getting.

Not pirate luggers, but a type of vessel intensively developed only within the past few years and brought to its highest point of perfection in the United States, is making blue blood beat faster. The motor boat—in particular the sea sled—is the new rage among the rich.

It used to be yachts. Every Grade A millionaire had one. It was his "floating palace." He raced it against other yachts.

Miss Lois Huggins Ski-Planing Near Washington, D. C.



Miss Gertrude Arteldt, Chicago's "most perfect bathing girl" in a Water-Plane Race.

The sea sled was, perhaps, the most radical departure from the usual boating lines. The sled looks like it sounds—a boat with a square instead of a pointed bow; a V-shaped underbody; two runners sweeping high in front, so that when the sea sled hits high speed it does not cut through the water so much as it skims over its own foam, like some great gull.

Society suddenly woke up to the fact that life ashore no longer offered the ultimate in sensation. And, almost overnight, the old-rich and the new-rich and the near-rich declared for a life on the bounding main.

Some took to the "sedan boat," a beautiful limousine of the waters equipped and appointed with all the luxury of a trans-Atlantic liner. Others bought cruisers, fitted with every convenience of the old steam yacht and capable of developing much more speed.

Commodore Gar Wood, of Detroit, America's "father of motor boating," drew the eyes of the world of the new sport when he drove his "Gar Junior Second" from Miami to New York, a distance of 1,357 miles, in forty-seven hours and fifteen minutes, beating the record time of the Everglades Limited, the fastest train between Florida and New York, by exactly twenty-nine minutes.

"Flying is tame compared to this!" de-

clared Charles Chapman, editor of Motor Boating, who accompanied Commodore Wood on this trip. "We hit the waves faster than a clock ticks—full speed all the way, yet not a meal missed, and each meal served as elaborately as though we were ashore."

On the heels of this stunt George Leary, Jr., set a world's record at Miami with his sea sled "Orlo Second," going forty miles an hour over a two-and-a-half-mile course.

Last Winter another type of sea sled appeared which smashed even this time. The builders are now offering sleds they declare can go sixty miles an hour—a mile a minute! Eighty-eight feet every time the second hand of a watch trembles!

To this thrill society tacked on another. The favorite sport at Miami, Palm Beach and other east coast resorts last Winter was aquaplaning. Flat boards were hitched to sea sleds. Water nymphs mounted the boards. And away they went.

Today, wherever there is blue water, you will find blue bloods. There are races, luncheons, dinner parties, short cruises and long cruises. And always there is within grasp the big thrill of sea-sledding along at sixty miles an hour—a mile a minute! eighty-eight feet a second!

The
Thrill
of
Being
Towed
Like a
Comet
a Mile a
Minute.

He cruised in it to the Caribbean in the Winter and to Norway in the Summer. A millionaire without a yacht—in the public's mind, anyway—was as inconceivable as an omelette without eggs.

But yachting lost its savor. Fast motor cars drew society ashore. Fast planes got society up in the air. The big ocean liners were there when one wanted to travel by sea. There was no more thrill on the water. So it came about, a few years ago, that only a comparatively few millionaire yachtsmen were left in the world.

And then came the power-boat—smaller than the yacht, but many times swifter. Engineers, inventors and manufacturers began to develop new types with amazing rapidity. The hydroplane, the express cruiser, the sedan, the runabout and the sea sled were put on the market in swift succession. Now each season witnesses the introduction of some new variation in motor boats, every one a little faster than its predecessor.



Sea-Sledding, Mile-a-Minute Style, at Miami. (C) Edwin Levich