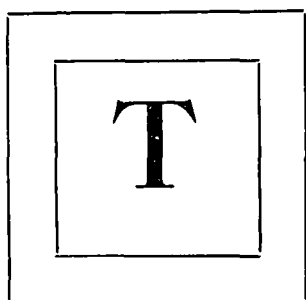




The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club

FROM COCKLE-SHELLS TO THE
FLOATING PALACES OF MILLIONAIRES

By Robin C. Baily



HOSE twin-powers of marine modernity—steam and electricity—already dominate the seas, but while there are still alive men with the Viking strain in their blood,

the billowy sail will never be entirely swept away.

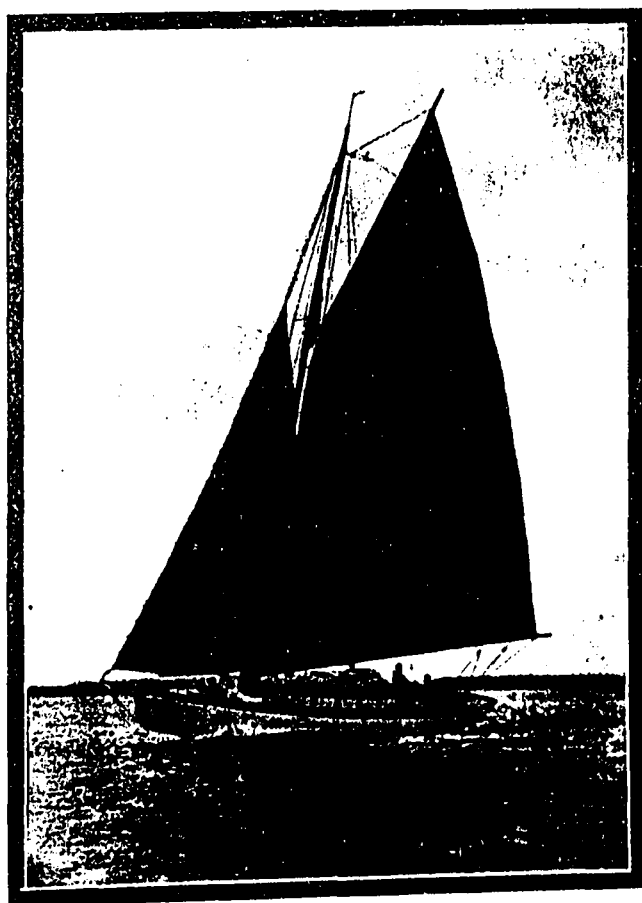
Thus it is that in Vancouver, the last word in twentieth-century civilization, the ready adapter of the most recent wrinkles of workshop and laboratory, the yacht is still the most beloved of craft.

This city laves its feet in the finest cruising ground of the Seven Seas. Both the dinky little dinghy cheekily exposing a sail, and the majestic queen of the yachting realm that measures her spread of canvas by the acre, find here ideal conditions. The small fry possess the Fraser River, a whole world of water with two mighty arms threading their way amidst wondrous fairy lands into the very roots of the Rockies. It would take the owner of one of these trim, if tiny, vessels a century to explore the countless inlets, nooks and crannies, each with some intrinsic beauty of its own, all immune from bold winds and stormy seas. The larger craft have the far-flung Gulf of Georgia, from Juan de Fuca to Seymour Straits—a matchless reach of partially protected waters, where sometimes "stormy winds do blow" and there is just enough of the swing of ocean surges to lend zest to the pleasure of the Saturday afternoon sailor.

Canadians make the most of their opportunities, and therefore naught is surprising

in the fact that Vancouver has the best and biggest yacht club on the Pacific Coast.

How it came to be started and has matured from a humble bevy of cockle-shells to a powerful club commanding a squadron of scudding greyhounds worth half a million or more of dollars is an interesting story. Also, it has a quaint beginning. The first yacht race in Vancouver waters to compel public attention to any considerable degree was that now historic contest 'twixt the Pirate and Haleyon in 1902. The course was from English Bay around Bowen Island and back. A desperately exciting struggle terminated at midnight in a gale of wind, and there was



CAPT. R. K. SCARLETT'S CANUCK