

another storm afterwards—a human one—regarding which yacht had won. The race was repeated a week later, and the Pirate then prevailed. This event served a useful purpose in greatly stimulating the general interest in the yacht club, which prior to that time had been carrying on a somewhat obscure existence. Emerson says somewhere that any great institution is but the length of the shadow of a man's shadow, and the R. V. Y. C. corroborates this claim. The man in the case is Mr. Walter C. Graveley. He came to British Columbia exuding yachting enthusiasm and covered with laurels achieved in some of the most famous cutters on Lake Ontario. He found an abundance of boats of various shapes and sizes, but no club to control the pastime, and he straightway set himself to supply the deficiency. Among those who helped launch the new venture were Captain P. M. Thompson, Mr. R. H. Alexander, Mr. A. E. Thynne, Mr. E. B. Deane, Mr. W. E. Thompson and Mr. Alec. Marshall. The last named came from the east bubbling with aquatic zeal, and was for some years one of the most prominent members of the Rowing Club. Indeed, from the start the rigorous training of the oarsman's organization has rendered it an excellent nursery for the Yacht Club.

Very humble were the first beginnings of the fleet that now includes nearly four hundred sail and is privileged to use the proud prefix "Royal" and the right to fly the blue pennant. The pioneer members had little more than a bevy of cockle-shells. They were glad to use part of the Vancouver Rowing Club's headquarters at the transfer barge west of the C. P. R. wharf. In 1903 a migration was made to the present position at Stanley Park, where a new, convenient and comfortable clubhouse was erected last year. The old one was destroyed by fire two Christmases ago. Those in a position to know declare that the success of the club is largely due to the predominance of the small boat. From the first the young yachtsmen who owe allegiance to the burgee of the R. V. Y. C. have learned to endure the minor hardships attached to cruising in the more diminutive craft, and have thus acquired that alert resourcefulness inseparable from intimacy with the sea. Even today, when the millionaire's palace upon the waters may be



MR. R. O. ALEXANDER, COMMODORE R.V.Y.C.

seen flaunting the Vancouver colors, the small vessel (that is the finest school for the true yachtsman) is still in the majority and the crews are the very backbone of the pastime on the coast. The fair-weather sailor, who achieves a nautical appearance on the deck of a luxurious steam yacht, but can neither reef a sail nor steer a course, does not flourish in these parts.

"Let go the spanker boom!" thundered the captain. "I ain't touching anything," replied the land-lubber in a grievous tone. There are none of these in the R. V. Y. C. Four or five years ago the thirty-footer represented the apex of the aspiration of the local large boatowner: now there are fifty-footers, and the style of craft that challenge for the America Cup will soon be here.

A comprehensive history of the races that have been organized at various times would require more space than the scope of this article allows. The civic holiday has always been the occasion of competitions for all the classes to be found in the locality, and of recent years there have almost been too many competitions of divergent importance. It is the purpose of the officers of the club to confine the contests to regatta