

YACHTING YABBER.

(BY JACKYARD.)

The preliminary evolutions which usher in the season of the Royal S.A. Yacht Squadron were carried out on the Port River on Saturday afternoon last under most auspicious circumstances. Roughly speaking a score of yachts participated in the manoeuvres, and the sight would have been a superb one had the *Alfreda*, *Winfreda*, *Pastime*, *Beatrice*, *Maggie*, *Ada*, and *Nellie* been engaged therein. But the Squadron can always command a decent muster of ships, and the absence of these yachts was in a certain measure compensated for by the vast amount of bunting that was displayed by almost every ship in harbor, the procession down stream being nothing less than a grand triumphal march. The *Magic*, a magnificent 28-ton yacht belonging to Messrs. William Russell, Vice-Commodore Fisher, R. Woolnough, M. Wald, and Captain Osborne, was placed at the disposal of Commodore Creswell, and throughout the proceedings the orders emanated from this vessel. The wind was beautifully fresh, and in most cases necessitated a double reef, but in spite of all this many of the vessels carried numbers of the gentler sex, who greeted with apparent delight the very hearty reception which the river water at times gave them.

the river water at times gave them. After the evolution the fleet were soon at liberty to show their friends on the tugboats what their crafts could do when no restrictions were placed upon them. A number of the skippers liked the idea of the "tug trick," and for a time the Atalanta persevered in this direction to a heavy extent. On the occasion which was destined to be the last a nasty incident occurred. Mr. J. P. Boucaut, jun., was steering at the time, and the tug had evidently determined to administer a rebuke for the previous action of the Atalanta in endeavoring to scrape the paint off her sides. All eyes were centred on this boat. On she came with graceful step, and midst the poetry of motion the helmsman forgot the tide, with the result that the tug and the Atalanta were soon embracing one another in a manner that was not indicative of friendship. The Atalanta smacked the tug, the tug banged the Atalanta, and so on for a few seconds. At last the tug rose in anger and tore the port stays clean out of her rival. It was a rude thing to do, and furthermore necessitated the Atalanta dropping the rest of her calico. All the people shut their eyes, but Jim Boucaut, as is his wont, stood up and with a perfectly cool mind said, "Well, in case of dispute, good night, tug." And the Atalanta dropped back and anchored while temporary repairs were effected.

The Holdfast Bay Club are fast completing arrangements for their season. The opening day has been fixed for December 1, and the gathering will be on a more elaborate

gathering will be on a more elaborate scale than usual.

A welcome social to Commodore Munton has been arranged for the 8th of this month.

The breezes from the direction of Port Pirie bring no messages bearing on the pastime of yachting. I have heard that the Port Pirie people are losing heart. Through what! Awake, ye Port Pirieans, success hovers round you. If ye shrink it will depart for Port Augusta.