

.....One of the cheeriest of old salts is the vice-commodore of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron, Mr. William Fisher. When "Winter lingering chills the lap of May" his trim-built yacht *Reverie*, whose symmetrical lines and beautiful accommodation below have excited jealousy in the breasts of his fellow yachtsmen is laid aside, the handsome ship is stripped of all the outward accessories incidental to a yacht, and she is consigned to the stocks. During this period Mr Fisher demotes his time to the eminent winter pastime, being the president of the Port Football Club, and there is no more enthusiastic supporter of the magenta colors than he. With 'summer's ripening breath' Mr. Fisher is in his true element again. The *Reverie* is once more put in commission, the burgee flaps in the breeze, the vice-commodore resumes his old place at the, tiller, and the vessel is scudding before the wind truly 'like a thing of air'. As a host Mr. Fisher has few equals, and once you step on to the deck of the *Reverie*; and don the yachting costume you can well say, with John Heywood - "Let the world slide by, let the world go,
A fig for care, and a fig for woe."