

THE CRUISE OF THE EVORA (4)

IRISH YAWL OFF ON LAST LEG OF 3,000 MILES

By

MICHAEL
O'HERLIHY

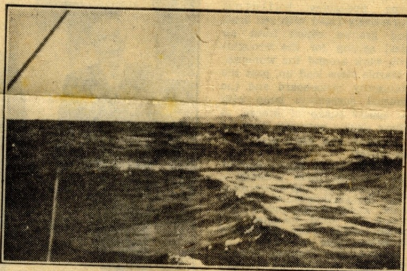
FOURTH ARTICLE

MONDAY, Oct. 8—A lovely day of light southerly breezes. As we get nearer to Madeira's windward shore we can make out the high windswept mountains (6,000 feet) with hundreds of little white houses looking, at this distance, like tombstones, clinging precariously to 60 degree slopes. After trying fruitlessly for three hours to round the most easterly point of the island a local fishing boat full of charming "cut-throats" gave us a tow around it.

I had visions of salvage claims and boarding parties but all they would accept was a tin of "Sweet Afton" cigarettes. 'Mur' then performed another miracle on the engine and by sorcery with paraffin, methylated spirits and even lighter fuel (I am quite serious) got it to take us the remaining three miles to Funchal. We were directed to a berth by the local pilot boat and we dropped our hook beside a flying boat at 7 p.m. (local time). The log read 570 miles in nine days from Lisbon. Again very definitely not a record.

QUAINT STREETS

WE found Madeira a most beautiful, quaint and attractive island with great peaks los-



The Salvage Islands—"in the middle of nowhere."

ing themselves in piled-up rain clouds which usually have a threatening look, but rarely back it up with rain. Down below Funchal basks in tropical warmth and a perfect climate. It is a town of quaint cobbled streets which have given rise to a peculiar method of local transportation, the sledge, which is pulled over the polished stones by oxen, tended lovingly by dear old gentlemen in white suits topped with panama hats.

Liners call here very frequently and debauch thousands of pink-faced, hideously dressed tourists in Birmingham prints which look so ugly beside the restrained and tasteful dress of the locals.

We had excellent meals ashore

of spada (fish like plaice) and tuna fish washed down by a light Portuguese wine called "Vinho Verde Branco," a surprising wine in its similarity to the German hocks. Our footsteps were dogged by a well "tar-brushed" little Portuguese named Junior, who wished to accompany us to the West Indies. We were also shadowed by a young gentleman I christened "The Secretary Bird." He had the manners of a well-bred clerk, protruding ears, tattered jeans and, as a mark of distinction, an umbrella. A charming, hospitable and friendly people. I hope some day to return.

FRUIT DISPLAY