

FRUIT DISPLAY

THURSDAY, Oct. 11 — With Junior and "the Secretary Bird" we went on safari to the markets this morning. We were stunned by a display of the most excellent fruit and vegetables, great golden heaps reaching to the ceiling and they practically gave them away. We also purchased some first-class Portuguese sardines and tuna fish for next to nothing. Incidentally, we got honourable mention in the local newspaper.

We got our passports back from an official who treated us as if we were a vessel of 10,000 instead of six tons, and in a brisk westerly breeze we set course for Las Palmas in the Canary Islands.

Friday and Saturday we glided along over a flat ultramarine ocean with worried little balls of cotton wool keeping us company overhead. If it were not for the breeze the sun would be unbearable.

Sunday, Oct. 14—At sunrise this morning we espied on our bow the Salvage Isles (Ilhas Selvagem), two lonely little clumps of rock out in the middle of nowhere. They are the peaks of two submarine mountains pushing themselves up more than 12,000 feet from the dark floor of the ocean and populated only by the shearwater and the odd seal.

At sunset, as I was taking a routine look around the horizon, I was startled to see on my starboard bow a huge mountainpeak (and we were 90 miles from land). I rushed down to my charts, and sure enough it was Tenerife with its 12,000-foot central peak. It is the equivalent of seeing Howth from the Tuskar Lighthouse!

We are getting quite blasé about the sunsets we see in these latitudes but to-night it was breathtaking. Straight from a Japanese print and faithful to the slightest change in tone it sent great beams of pink light shooting across the sky, like heavenly searchlights. By midnight we were again becalmed.