

heavily searchlights. By mid night we were again becalmed.

LAS PALMAS

MONDAY, Oct. 15—Daylight brought a light N.E. breeze so we donned our spinnaker and had a fine day's race towards Las Palmas. Mounting thunder squalls surrounded us as night fell and all night we were entertained by a fine display of heavenly pyrotechnics.

We arrived off Las Palmas at 9 a.m. on Tuesday with a falling breeze so naturally the engine wouldn't start and instead we got a tow by a gold-toothed dago to a mooring off the Yacht Club.

Our records show $4\frac{1}{2}$ days to do 270 miles, a medium bad passage, but the glorious weather is truly great recompense. The island of "Gran Canarias" is rather forbidding and arid from the sea but ashore you find surprisingly verdant valleys and plantations

Las Palmas strikes one as rather stylised Spanish with its Spanish-Moorish architecture of baked clay and low arched vistas flanked by palm trees and peopled by Moroccans in turbans and Spanish Foreign Legionnaires in their bright red fez. The rich are very rich here and have as rigid a social life as in Spain. They are very hospitable and friendly and entertained us very well indeed.

The other evening we were at a party in a sort of open air night club with the main feature a magnificent swimming pool around which the tables are grouped.

IN A CANOE !

LAS PALMAS appears to be the clearing station for West-bound yachts. There are four here at the moment and yesterday two single-handed yachtsmen left, one of whom, a German, sailed in an ordinary canoe. We now feel that we are sailing in a liner.

I suppose the overcoats are out in Ireland by now, yet as I write this it is 11.30 p.m. and I am sitting in a pair of shorts and it is still too warm.

Oh for the breezes of the open sea. We will sample them again to-morrow (Tuesday, Oct. 16). Evora is resplendent in new gleaming varnish and polished sides, her seams bulging with provisions and water, particularly water, which is the main worry on the next leg.

To-morrow it is back to four hours on and four hours off for a number of weeks, but I am not sorry. One begins to get restless after awhile ashore. The Evora is trim and Bristol fashion, her sails mended, rigging overhauled and the pressure cooker has been cleaned out.

So, next stop 3,000 miles away in Puerto Rico. Goodbye to Europe and the Old World.

Our next dispatch will be from "God's Own Country" and will, no doubt, be written with a bottle of Coke to port and a juke box to starboard.