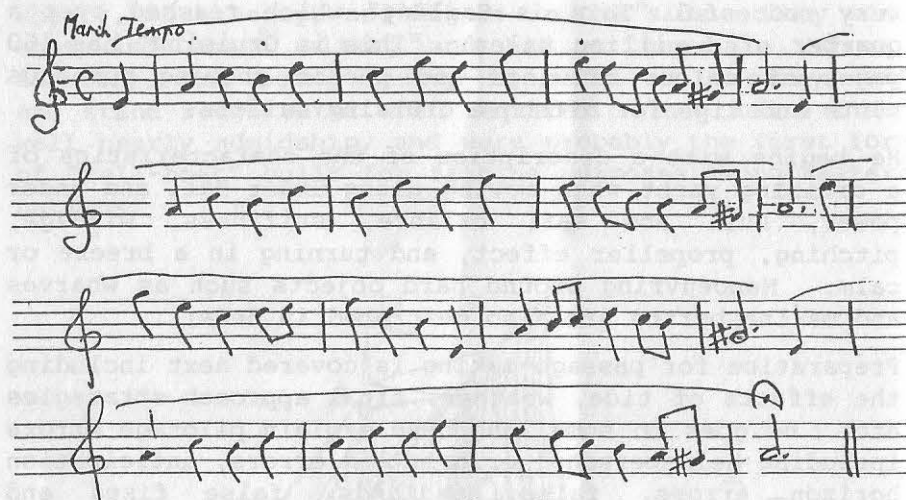


"THE SQUADRON SAILORS"

Words and music by Murray Swann, ex SYLPH VI

A min.



OVER

We're sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing over the waves of the Gulf,
We're sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing into the crest and the trough,
We'll sing yo ho, get our rail down low and press through the spray if we can,
We're sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing watching the wake where we ran.

We're racing, racing, racing, racing round all the buoys and the sticks,
We're racing, racing, racing, racing using the rules and the tricks,
We'll round Neptune by the silver moon and lay for the new Trouie light,
We're racing, racing, racing, racing - up with the blooper and kite.

Slow

We're cru'is-ing, cru'is-ing, cru'is-ing, cru'is-ing o-ver to Vin-cent and
back,

We're cru'is-ing, cru'is-ing, cru'is-ing, cru'is-ing ho-ping we stay on the
track,

March tempo

We'll sail till night, get our pick down tight and stay where the water is
calm,

We're cruising, snoozing, musing how it's costing a leg and an arm.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EXPEDITUS CONTINUED

Los Christianos is a popular port and tourist spot on the southern coast of Teneriffe in the Canary Islands. It is a gathering spot for many yachties, some on their first ocean trip out from France or Spain, and others on their way back from the States or South Atlantic. Gay had a quick flight back to the UK from there to say "hello/goodbye" to her folks, while I amused myself with some boat maintenance, socialising and trying to learn French. I also spent a day collecting cochineal, a small insect that lives on the prickly pear cactus and is used for food dye. After a full day's work I earned about \$5, enough to pay bus fares and have a couple of beers at the end of the day!

We had some more heavy socialising once Gay returned and we finally sailed off to Gomera Island, mindful again of the strong wind that funnels between the islands. Gomera had much better water to top up our water tanks than Los Christianos, and it also gave us a chance to "dry out" and get ready for sea again. Unfortunately we managed to go for a dip with our camera when we were pulling ourselves ashore along the stern line our our rubber dinghy. Our hasty attempts to dismantle and dry the camera were in vain and we were unable to replace it until we reached South Africa. Gomera was a precipitous island with quaint little villages and small fishing boats that caught very big fish, mainly tuna and bonito.

The trip to Gambia on Africa's west coast was quite slow with only 3 days of trade winds and 7 of calms. One evening we were becalmed 90 miles off the African coast and found our decks covered in fine dust which had blown out from the Sahara Desert. There were also a lot of weird and wonderful bugs blown out to us. The landfall in Gambia was a little bit dubious due to missing navigation markers, the very wide river mouth, and very low land. We were lucky enough though in being able to follow a ferry up the river mouth and into Banjul,

the rather dilapidated capital. Banjul was alive with hawkers trying to sell everything from carvings to batik, but food was of very poor quality and we did no stocking up there.

The weather was exceptionally hot and humid as it was the end of the rainy season and our memories are of a perpetual sweat. We journeyed up the river to Albreda and James Island which was one of the main shipping out places for slaves many years ago. Adjacent Albreda was the small village from which Kunta Kinte of "Roots" fame came, and we visited some of his direct descendants there. We were shown over the local school where children learn English and Arabic (for their Moslem religion) as well as their local dialects. The headmaster encouraged the children to plant various vegetables at school which were then eaten at lunchtime. Desks, pencils and paper were almost non existent in the school. After our visit we invited the headmaster and students to visit EXPEDITUS, and we had 72 students come over for a private guided tour of our vessel! We were disappointed not to be allowed to travel further up river to see the crocodiles, monkeys, hippos, etc, but we did borrow a motorbike and travel a further 30 miles inland. That was a great experience as the village people were all very friendly and we were able to break the ice knowing the traditional Moslem greeting. Further conversation was by pantomime as hardly anyone speaks English outside of Banjul.

The next leg of our journey was across the Atlantic again to Brazil, as it is almost on the sailing route from West Africa to South Africa. It was an easy trip, 5 days of calm in the Doldrums and then heading south into the South East Trades. Wet and bouncy, but not a difficult trip. After 2½ weeks at sea we arrived in Fernando de Noronha where we stopped for a couple of weeks. Fernando is a spectacular island about 5 miles long with a noticeable spike of rock looming over

1000 ft high right on the coast. We had good company there with other yachts and local fishermen who taught us quite a bit of Portuguese. A great delight on the island was to go swimming with the resident dolphins in a particular bay. They are spinner dolphins and they leap out of the water, spinning ½ dozen times, to splash on their sides, when you approach by yacht. Swimming with them was a tremendous thrill.

We took our rubber dinghy over to a rocky islet and beached it on a rocky 45 degree slope in order to visit a rookery. There were blue footed booby birds and frigate birds with their fluffy white chicks nesting in the low trees and scores of lizards underfoot feeding off scraps dropped from the nests. Going ashore on the main beach of Fernando was quite an event at times with the heavy swell that would come in, but we were only dumped once. Other times we would swim ashore and moor the dinghy behind the breakers, tied on to a floating fuel line.

The 700 mile sail from Fernando de Noronha to Salvador in Brazil was great, and with the SE trades on our beam, we logged 150 miles per day for 5 days. We passed some beautiful golden sandy beaches as we approached Salvador, a big city with skyscraper skyline and a shanty town below. In keeping with other Portuguese places where we had been (Azores and Madiera), Salvador also featured paved sidewalks of black and white volcanic stone with intricate designs built in. The bay at Salvador was a great cruising area with rivers, islands, and calm water. It reminded us of a Walt Disney jungle film set. We washed all our clothes under a very pretty waterfall, and also obtained water there to top up our tanks. Much more fun than going to a wharf and turning on a tap.

On Bom Jesus Island, we careened EXPEDITUS to clean the bottom and paint on our last tin of antifouling around the waterline. While waiting for the tide to come in

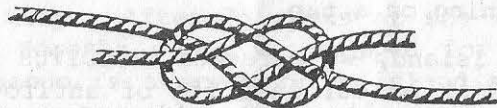
we had an expedition inland with a couple from a French yacht and a local lad, to collect some giant bamboo. It was a wonderful hike through some nice jungle, but also with lovely views across the islands.

Brazil also gave us another fiesta with food, drink, and dancing, as well as a lot of hawkers selling their wares on the street and at markets. The people were all shades of colour from black to white and most seemed to have a very happy disposition. One of our desires was to get a little monkey (marmoset) and although we had the opportunity to buy several, we had to say no because of Australia's strict quarantine laws. Fortunately some friends had a monkey on board and we played with it a lot. We wouldn't let them visit us unless Marmaduke the marmoset came too!

With the southern summer approaching it was time to move off again if we were to get to Australia before winter. Once more we started the trip with 150 mile per day averages with the trade winds on our beam, then into the variables, and finally the grey skies and big swells of the Southern Ocean with albatross winging about. It's cool, grey and lonely, but still an exciting ocean to be in, with another country to visit ahead of us.

To be continued.

MIKE & GAY LEWIS



In the previous edition of "Squadron Quarterly" Beryl described ALONA's experiences following their departure from Darwin up until early December 88 when they left Sri Lanka for India. In this issue we take up her story from the time of their landfall at the southern tip of India.

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Our dawn landfall of Cape Comorant at the tip of India revealed stark mountains and a fleet of tiny raft-like fishing boats, their brown sails bending back in the strong wind as they raced along, giving the appearance of a school of shark fins in the dim light.

The coastal strip is thickly populated with thatched huts close by each other, interspersed with the odd more prosperous red tiled house. Most amazing of all was the large number of huge, many steepled old churches, large as cathedrals, amongst these tiny primitive dwellings. We counted 5 such within about a mile of each other. They were built by the Portuguese long ago, who, after their arrival in India in the early 16th century, introduced the Roman Catholic religion which is still very strong along the SW coast of India.

By chance, we found ourselves off the entrance to Cochin at the same time as BELLE which had come from the Maldives, so we decided to enter and spend Xmas with Megan and Bill, as well as our friends from EAGLES NEST who had arrived the previous day. Such a coincidence we couldn't have planned if we had tried. We all arrived in India in the same order in which we had left Chagos 6 weeks earlier.

Entering Cochin Harbour, we passed close to many Chinese fishing nets. They resemble a huge umbrella frame crudely made of rough bent tree branches roped together and counter balanced with logs weighted with large stones. A net about 40-50' square, suspended under the frame, is periodically lowered into the water then