By eight o'clock we had sailed Monday morning arrival. We hour trip turned into a day and sailed in ballast for Plymouth. whatever he found!

Although I'm still puzzled about standard set of experiences. eating machine, my new be an enormous scrap-metal- economically depressed and temporarily parked in an search of a disco, he had found aboard. One of the ABs had also to another town and our man previous but distant visit sold Going alone, he was looking for that their run ashore had gangway it was pretty obvious or so plastic bags had been them to the Harbour Lights. None to be had in the empty cheap phone card. There were camaraderie ashore. I went off to find a Mission in such a small place and they weren't too surprised when I doubted their place and they hadn't seen the signs. They were ready for my verdict that a "good run ashore" in February was improbable. But was there a Mission or a seafarers' club where they could make a cheap phone call home, or somewhere to buy a cheap phone card, pick up some magazines, swap, trade in or buy cheap videos? They didn't expect to find a Mission in such a small place and they weren't too surprised when I doubted their chances with phone cards etc. they had well lost 1,500 tons of copper ore little ship of 2,500 dwt had an international crew. The master was UK-resident Omani and the mate was Croatian; the engineer was British and his Romanian cook had had cook was Romanian and so also was one of the two ABs. The other AB was a Cape Verdean. A crew of seven with six nationalities. Everything about the ship was a credit to them, including their camaraderie ashore. I went off with the old man and the mate and the engineer. I think they had hopefully the much-vaunted cheap phone card. phone. No one was there to help him. The ship was a credit to the city. It is the most impressive sight for several hundred people. On this night there were seven, including us three. We talked ships and ports and families as the “rules” require, brought a round each and set off back to the ship, only to bump into the crew and the intrepid Cape Verde AB, Ernesto. So it was into another pub (a lot busier) and the old man stood up to get more talk but this time focused on a bright yellow jacket our bursting-with-life engineer had made for him in Madras, but had subsequently traded for goods...