

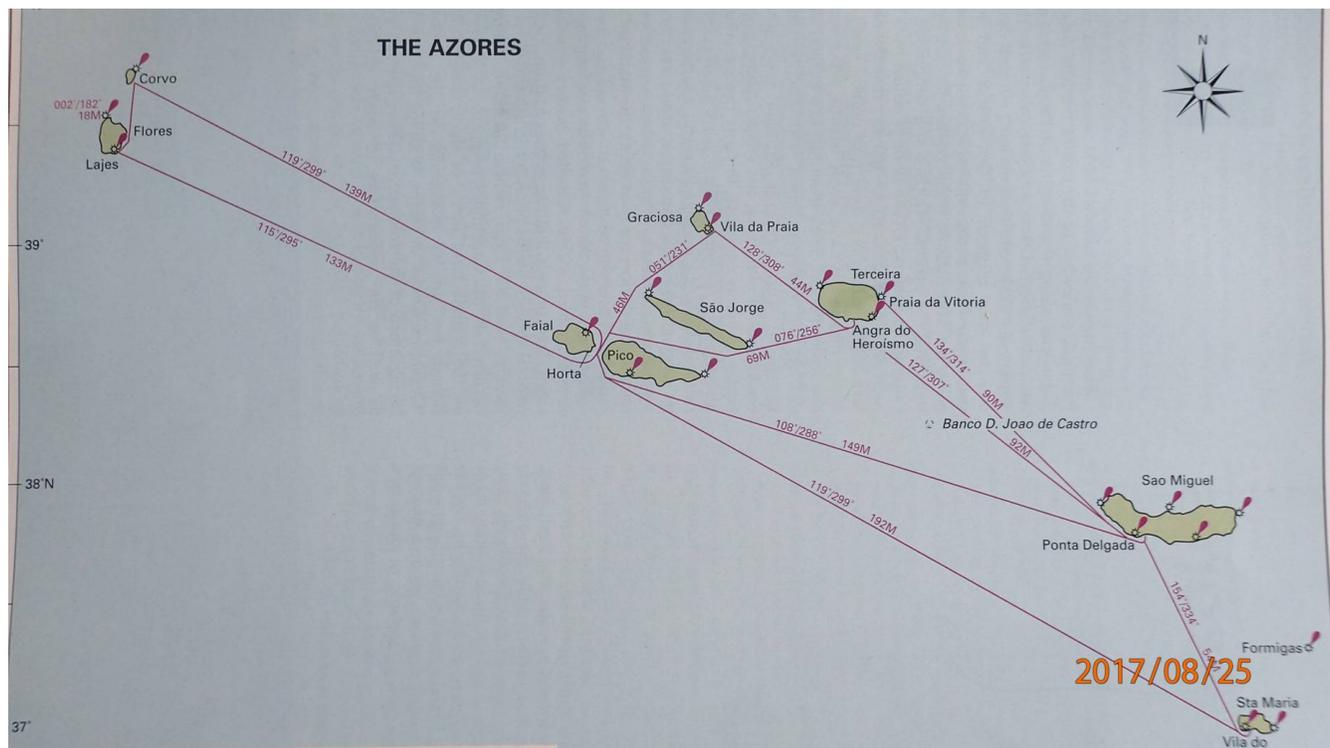
Sunny Spray's travels, episode 22

Alvor, the Algarve (Portugal), August 29, 2017

Translated and edited September 2-3

Dear all,

The last episode described our crossing from the British Virgin islands (BVIs) to the island of Flores on the Azores. I am writing this episode whilst at anchor in front of Alvor, in the Algarve, Portugal. In other words, in the intervening weeks we have not only visited several islands in the Azores, but have also made a successful, but not altogether easy, 900 nautical mile long crossing from the Azores to Southern Portugal. So there is much to tell.



The Azores are formed by nine Atlantic islands, all of volcanic origin. There is a Northern group (Flores, Corvo), a middle group (with e.g. Faial and Terceira) and a Southern group (Sao Miguel and Santa Maria). We visited Flores, Faial, Sao Jorge and Terceira. The distances between the islands are quite large.

So, let us continue where we left off chronologically. On July 4 we arrived in Lajes on the island of Flores, together with Corvo, the most northerly of the nine Azorean islands. As I wrote earlier, Flores strongly reminded us of Ireland, albeit with a better climate! Now that we have visited more islands, we can say that Flores is definitely our favourite. It is relatively large, but sparsely inhabited, with an overwhelming nature. There are only two municipalities, Lajes (in the South) and Santa Cruz (the capital, in the East); some smaller villages belong to these two municipalities. Further, there are quite a number of volcanoes, strangely coloured volcanic lakes, steep cliffs, and bordering all roads and meadows, row upon row of blue hydrangeas.



Sunny Spray moored at the quay of Lajes, the only harbour fit for sailing yachts. There was not much space. The arriving sailboats came in waves, all having left their port of departure in the same time and weather window. Thus, one moment we would be nearly alone in the marina, whilst the next day we would be moored three rows alongside each other.

To the right the typical Azorean architecture: a very simple structure, with a highly ornamental front more or less "glued" to the main building.

Apart from walking there is not much to be done, so the authorities have created an extensive network of well kept and well-signposted walking trails. Most of these can be reached with the rudimentary bus system (1x daily to Santa Cruz, and 1x daily to Faja Grande). The only tourists in sight are the hardened walking types or the (accidental) sailors. It is too far out of the way of the accidental tourist. It is all very relaxed.



An age-old cobble-stone paved road leads to a walking trail sheltered by high, hydrangea-overgrown walls. These walls served to provide shelter from the wind against winter storms, as you will also find in Western Ireland. The farther away from the village, the lower the walls.



Two volcanic lakes next to one another. The lake on the right is called Lagoa Comprida, the one on the left is called Lagoa Negra (the black lake). It is true! The picture on the right shows the beginning of a very steep descent towards a pebbly beach. Since it was also very beautiful at the top, we did not venture down the steep path!



Following a steep ascent on a stone path we suddenly came upon a large lake fed by dozens of waterfalls. Nowhere recommended, found by accident (Poco das Patas, near Ribeira do Ferreiro).



We took the bus to Faja Grande, a pretty village in the Western part of the island, reputed to have the most westerly placed house in Europe! A true walking paradise, with a very easy walk to the waterfall behind the village (yes indeed, I went in again, and it was not as cold as the waterfall in Dominica).

In Faja we pioneered a walk that should be doable according to maps.me; and indeed, we found the trail, but the path was occasionally overgrown to man-high, so we had to force our way through.

After about a week in Lajes a substantial group of sailing boats arrived from Bermuda. Among these the Dutch-flagged *Raver*, who found a place behind us on the quay. On board was a nice young and colourful couple, Sanne and Robin. Sanne's profession was being a dj, and hipster Robin was an expert in styling and design. To our luck Sanne was not only knowledgeable in music, but also very knowledgeable with engines. According to Robin he was an expert analyst, who methodically dissected a problem and would not give up until he had identified the problem and found a solution. To us this sounded like the right man for the recurring problem of the V-belt wear and tear.

Sanne came on board and within ten minutes he had identified the most likely cause for the excessive wear and tear: although the pulleys were all aligned well in one plane, the waterpump's axle was a bit angled, so that in a second plane the pulley was off alignment for a couple of millimeters. Using ultrathin pieces of stainless steel (which Bob had been carrying around uselessly for a number of years), Sanne and Bob made some 0.6 mm thick packing. Since that day the axle stands corrected. To our great relief we did not find a single trace of black rubber dust beneath the V-belts during our crossing to Portugal, so now we can say: the problem with the V-belts has been identified and solved! (Sanne, thanks and thanks!) In return I did four machine washes for Robin, who was extremely happy that not only their clothing but also their moisture-stained towels and sheets were once again clean and sweet smelling. Me happy, them happy.

But on the face of it, it remains a disgrace that, since the problem started in Surinam, we have had five (!!!) official mechanics on board, none of whom managed to pinpoint and solve the problem.

On July 17 we left Flores to arrive 130 nm later in Horta on the Island of Faial. What a contrast to Lajes! Horta is a very large harbour, with busy ferry traffic, a large inner anchorage, and at the quays sailing boats lined up three rows deep; that is to say, you are alongside another (or two) boat(s), together occupying one space. Some old hands told us that the three-row deep mooring was nothing; the previous weeks the boats had been moored eight rows deep!!! No wonder it was that crowded: between April and June more than 1,200 sailing boats arrive in Horta, who all have made a Transatlantic crossing and all are looking for a place to tie up to and sleep and rest!

We and *Sunny Spray* had nothing to complain about: we got a fine spot at a quay, just in front of some

megayachts, occupying a left-over 15 meter spot. We were assigned that space because we needed a sailmaker to come alongside and a mechanic to come aboard. To our great surprise, both the sailmaker and the mechanic showed up the same evening, and next day work already started on repairing our sail and closing an oil leakage. Costs: less than the fee charged in St Martin for coming by and checking out what's the problem!



The harbour of Horta, Faial. In the background the long quaysides. In the middle a large basin for anchorage and sailing. The picture on the left shows the hulls of old whaling boats, now used for recreational sailing; to the right one of these boats, sailing past the stern of Andrea Helena, the sailing boat of our friend Juul, a South-African sailor we had last met in French Guyane.

Horta is a “must” for boats crossing the Atlantic. There are two things one “must” do: one is paying a visit to Cafe Peter Sport, and the other is leaving a painting behind somewhere on the quays or harbour walls. Cafe Peter Sport was the first stop on the very first solo-around-the world-voyage of a sailing boat, carried out by captain Joshua Slocum (1896) in his sailing boat “Spray”. Our own “Spray 40C” has the hull shape derived from Joshua Slocum’s *Spray*. The 19th century owner of Cafe Sport received Joshua Slocum with all due regards, took a multitude of pictures and started the tradition that ocean sailors are received with high regards in Horta. Above the cafe (still run by a great grandson of the then owner), there is a small museum, adorned with pictures of Joshua Slocum and his “Spray”. Inside the cafe, sailors leave behind mementos of their ship or of themselves. I was thrilled that our own *Sunny Spray* was moored not more than 50 meters distance from this historic spot!



Interior of Cafe Peter Sport.

The second tradition is leaving behind a painting on the quay or on the harbour walls. For the last two decades more than 1,000 sailing boats have passed each year, and most have left behind a painting, so it will not come as a surprise that it is quite difficult to find an unoccupied spot. Fortunately, most paintings fade after a couple of years, and when they are nearly undecipherable a newly arrived sailor looking for a spot gets out the whitening brush and makes himself a free spot. I did the same for a painting of *Sunny Spray*. Although when we arrived it was by no means certain we would make a painting. That came about as follows.



My favourite paintings on the quay where we were moored. The empty bottles and drink cans serve to delineate a newly made painting, warning it is still wet. After all, the quays are being used daily by cars and walkers alike!

The change of heart with respect to leaving behind a painting came after we had been spotted by a Lithuanian filmcrew (Benjamin River Productions), who were in the process of filming to make a documentary film about the ships annually arriving in and passing through Horta, and the stories behind those ships. Among those thousand plus boats there will be many an interesting story, of course.

They spotted us because they were surprised by the colourful and funny appearance of *Sunny Spray*. This the more since most boats are white, occasionally you will spot a blue or a black or a dark green boat, but a ship as multicoloured as *Sunny Spray* is rarely to be seen! According to the filmmakers, *Sunny's* appearance would provide a beautiful change-over from the colourfull paintings on the quayside to a colourful ship in real life time, so please, could we make a colourful painting of the boat? And maybe would we also allow them to film inside? (I was just busy repairing the sail cover on the sewing machine, so that were nice real life situation shots). And wow, could they also film the hoisting up of the repaired sail and battens, which was as usual quite

an undertaking. They kept coming back, and made shots on five different occasions. They promised us that, if shots of us and *Sunny Spray* were indeed to be selected to feature in the film, we would be notified, and also receive an invitation for the premiere. We will wait and see what comes of this and which shots they will use. In the meantime it was a really nice experience.



The making of the quayside painting (above left), the end result (above right) and how the filmers imagined how the storyline would develop (left): camera zooms in on the quayside painting of Sunny Spray, camera pans upwards, Sunny Spray shows up, with in the background the Pico Alta, the 2,351 m high mountain on the island of Pico.

Apart from all the filming and the usual jobs that need to be done (composing a workable sail from sailcloth and battens, sewing work on the sail cover, mechanic coming to address the oil leak), we did some walks and saw a bit of Faial and Horta. Since it was impossible to rent a car (but madam, you should have made a reservation weeks ago!!), we either had to stay in or close to Horta, or we took the bus (there was a 1x a day bus going North and East, stopping at most "not to be missed points". This bus, however, turned back directly, so in practice it was a one way ticket and see how you come back.

A very nice outing was the "Entre Montes" walk, which started in Horta, crossed over a first mountain (Monte Queimado), went steeply down to a land bridge with a white sandy beach, and continued with the ascent of a second mountain (Monte da Guia, an old volcano). Beautiful sights, and *en passant* we learned that the whaling

industry only started at the beginning of the 19th century, with the American consul in Horta starting a trading house that guaranteed the sale of whaling products in the USA.

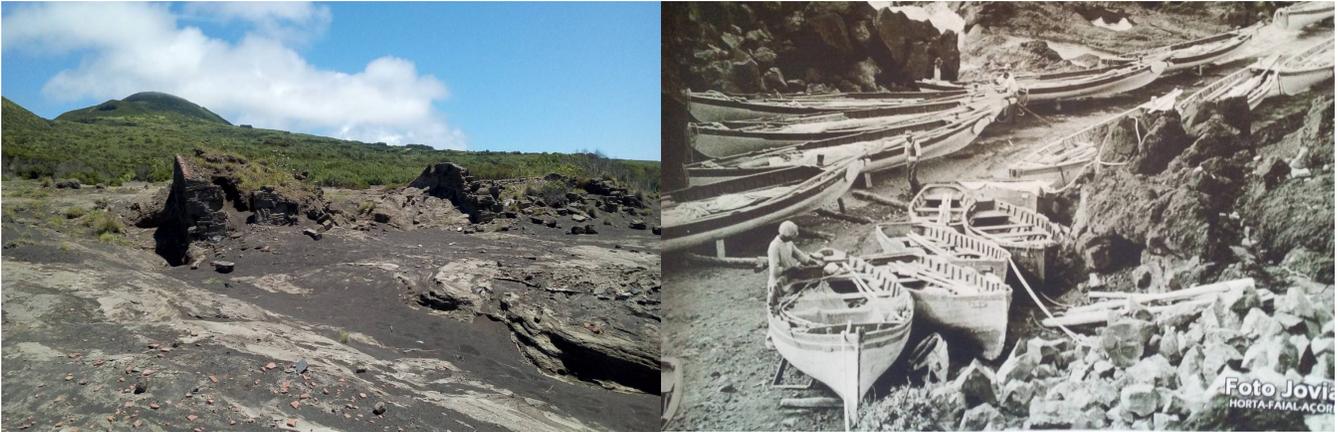


The Entre Montes-walk brought us to this beautiful sea-side crater on Monte da Guia, and to an extremely cheap terrace in Porto Pim, the old sea harbour of Horta.

Another nice outing was with the 1x/day bus going North, to Capelinhos. There is a volcano and new landscape that has been formed over a period of 13 months, starting in May 1957 with some first undersea eruptions and ending in October 1958. Several islands were formed and lost again, but eventually a new peninsula remained, with a highest point of 145 m. During the eruptions the lighthouse of Capelinhos was nearly completely buried under ashes. The lighthouse has been excavated and an underground visitor's centre has been built, connected to the lighthouse. I had expected to see quite a lot of film material, it occurring in 1957-1958, but there were no moving pictures, just a lot of private pictures and newspaper articles.



The newly formed peninsula (left), and the excavated lighthouse with the entrance to the visitor's centre (right).



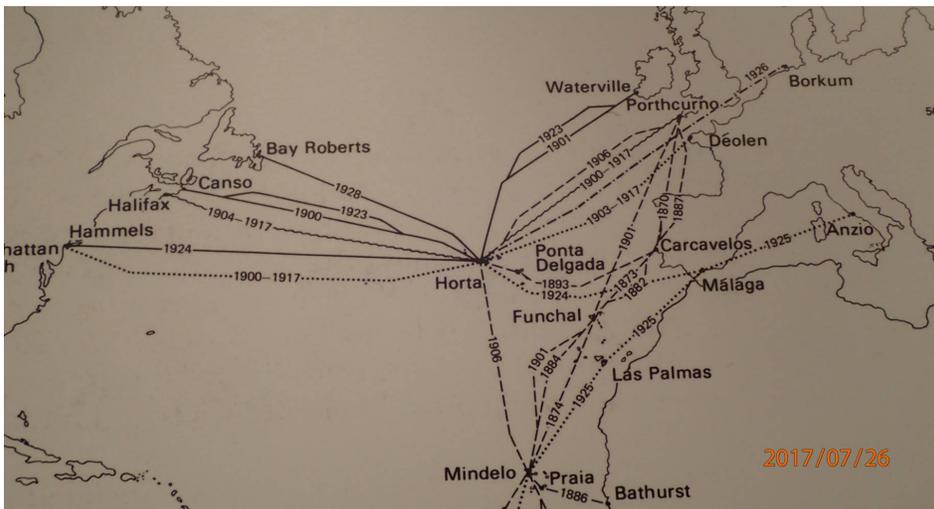
The visitor's centre was a bit disappointing, but the real drama waited for us outside: a couple of hundred meters away from the lighthouse we encountered the remains of a whaling village, nearly completely covered by layers of lava and ash. On the picture at the left you can just see the facade of one of the houses and some walls still standing. One of these houses has been excavated and now houses a tiny whaling museum. The village was dedicated solely to whale hunting, which was done using rather small wooden whaling boats (picture on the right). On the day that the first undersea eruptions occurred, the whale spotter sounded the alarm; each island had and still has a whale spotter, a man who sits all day on top of a high point and scans the sea with large binoculars. In the past to spot whales for hunting, nowadays to spot whales for tourist outings. Anyway, the whale hunters had just launched the boats when they were informed that the bubbles in the sea were not from a whale but from a volcanic eruption! The village's population lost all they had. In a nice gesture of neighbourly love, hundreds of villagers and other island inhabitants were given a visa to come and try their luck in the USA. They were given a warm welcome (yes, that's the way it was then).

Leaving Capelinhos we made a beautiful walk along the coast. When our trail met up with the main road, a car just arrived, and I stuck up my thumb. The car stopped immediately and we got a ride all the way into Horta, even in front of the supermarket we wanted to visit. Never in my life did I get a ride that quickly! It can still happen in the Azores.



Of all the Azorean islands, Faial feels the most international. Initially I thought that was because of the thousands of foreign sailors passing through Horta every year. After a visit to the local museum I now understand the reason lies in its history, which is quite surprising (but also quite logical).

The very small but extremely interesting museum housed exhibits about two groups of events that left a definite impact on Faial: telegraphy and avionics.



This map shows the undersea cables and how they all came together in Horta, Faial. Next to the lines the years in which the cables became operational.

Telegraphy dates from the second half of the 19th century and was of huge importance to countries with colonies in Asia and Africa, and for communication between Europe and North and South America. Since the Azores are located smack in the middle of the ocean between Europe and North America, it will be obvious that the Azores became a hub of interconnecting undersea cable networks. Nearly every world power had its own telegraphy network, and the major interconnecting stations of these cable operators were located in Horta, Faial. All these foreign operators employed their own people, all living in Horta. There were so many foreigners that they could form separate football teams: the Germans against the Americans, the English against the French etc. The museum in Horta houses a beautiful collection of 19th century telegraphy equipment, accompanied by a nice video how all these, now obsolete, machines were used and why they needed to be used, with issues of synchronisation and automatic morse signals coming out of typewriters etc. I found it utterly fascinating!

The second series of events with a huge influence was the pioneering aviation age. The first planes to cross the Atlantic did so from the USA, attempting to land at Horta, Faial. Because of the telegraph network these flights could be well coordinated, and rescue operations could easily be mounted. For the very first Transatlantic Crossing, (in May 1919), four planes left the United States. One of the four already suffered a mishap in the US, and has since been named “*The Lame Duck*”. The other three were initially more successful, but ultimately all three had to ditch into the ocean and the only one that managed to arrive at Horta was “*The Lame Duck*”!! The museum shows a nice replica of this plane. After this successful crossing commercial aviation followed soon, and since the thirties all major aviation companies such as Lufthansa, PanAm and British Airways, had offices and maintenance facilities on Faial.



Replica of the “Lame Duck”, and a view into the cockpit. Steering was rope based.



The “Pico Alto”, 2,351 m high, dominates the equally named island.

On July 29 we left towards Terceira, with an overnight stop in the harbour of Velas on Sao Jorge. While underway we had a fantastic view on the “Pico Alto”, the high volcano on the island of Pico (and with its 2,351 m also the highest mountain in all of Portugal), as well as on the long coastline of Sao Jorge. The moment we got out of the lee of these two islands we were back in full ocean, with a strong following wind and substantial waves. Under sail only we nearly flew direction Terceira. We arrived around 4.30 pm in the harbour of Angra do Heroismo, Terceira’s capital. In a really nice marina, with water and electricity on the finger pontoons, and for the same low price (14 Euros per night) we had also paid in Lajes (Flores) and Horta (Faial).



The marina of Angra do Heroismo. From the marina it is a really short walk into the city centre.

Angra do Heroismo is a beautiful city, which rightly has a place on the World Heritage List. The entire city looks like new, all well painted, and hardly any historical buildings that look old or badly maintained. Which is no wonder, considering that the city suffered from a severe earthquake on January 1, 1980. Three-quarters of all buildings were then destroyed, but funding was found to rebuild everything. So now there is a beautiful “new” historic city.



From the marina one gains access to the old city centre by means of this nice modern fountain.



Vasco da Gama had a special relationship with Angra do Heroísmo, so they gave him a modern bronze statue. To the right the cute main street.

As for well painted buildings, it needs to be said that on all the islands we visited the houses are well painted with colourful accents. The grassy roadsides are well maintained, and even the low dry stone walls along the roads are painted, at least the tops. Once you have noticed this, you see the love for the paintbrush everywhere. In Praia da Vitoria, a town in the East, we found a large advertisement in the middle of a roundabout. On it a picture of two happy looking young people, both with a paintbrush in hand, and the text: “a friend that comes to help with the painting is a friend for life”. Well said! It is also indicative of the priorities to be found in an Azoreans life.



During our stay in Angra do Heroísmo it rained frequently, and since the mountains are then covered in clouds we decided not to rent a car. Instead, we took buses (that do serve the entire island, but with a low frequency). This way we visited Praia da Vitoria, a lovely small town dating back to the 15th century, with a beautiful church dating to 1456 (picture left). There was in Praia a good marina and a large bay to anchor. However, they also had ten days of noisy fiestas on the quays adjacent to the marina, so we decided to stay put in Angra.

We also made beautiful walks on Monte Brasil, which is a peninsula with a nature reserve within walking distance of Angra city centre, a coastal walk through meadows with cows near Sao Sebastian, and an inland walk starting in Serreta. The latter two destinations we reached by bus.

The Serreta walk was quite a steep one and led to the top of a volcano. At the top was a small, rather disappointing volcanic lake, and it rained cats and dogs, so huddled beneath an umbrella we ate our crackers and started the descent. Despite these inconveniences it turned into one of the most beautiful walks we have ever made, through impressive woods, along mountain streams, and on ravine ridges with smooth meadows with hydrangea hedges on the sides. On the way back we missed the afternoon bus by a mere twenty minutes, meaning we had to wait another four hours for the next bus. There was very few traffic, most of it was local, so we did not get far hitch hiking. Fortunately we found a bar with a nice girl behind the counter, who promised to take us back to Angra after her afternoon shift was done. Waiting in a bar with some cold beers was not bad at all and much preferable to waiting alongside the road!



Picturesque Sao Sebastian, starting point for a very nice walk (left). The walk led alongside the coast and meandered from fort to fort, most in ruins (right).

Below: the Serreta walk went steeply up to end in a woodland with extremely tall, straight pine trees.



On Monte Brasil, a mountain close to Angra, I stood eye to eye with a deer. I thought it was a wild one, but two weeks later I learned that there is a sort of deer park in the picnic area of that mountain, most probably the home of this breakaway doe.

In Angra we had a mechanic in to change the oil of the hydraulic system (which had not been done in five years time), and prepared the boat for the last big crossing of our trip. Various other sailors we spoke to in the Azores were enthusiastic about the use of radar, in particular in areas with frequent fog. Since the West coast of Portugal is such an area, we decided to study the radar's workings, because in all those years we had never used it seriously. Later, we would be very happy to have invested those study hours!

On all islands the prices were a pleasant surprise. For example, in Flores we paid 2 Euros for a pint of beer, and 1,69 Euros for a kilo apples (instead of the 1,69 USD per apple in the BVIs!). In all the marinas one pays the same fee, which belongs to the cheapest ones to be found in Western Europe (the very cheapest of all is Las Palmas on Gran Canaria though).

For everyone planning to cross the Atlantic from West to East: only stock the boat with the amount of provisions needed to get you safely across (with an ample margin for delays of course); stock up seriously with provisions in the Azores. The same holds true for mechanics, sailmakers, hauling out, getting orders in for parts

from mainland Europe: it is all done quickly, professionally and for very reasonable prices, and as extra bonus, the people are extremely friendly!

Daily we downloaded from the internet ten-day weather forecasts for the area to be crossed. Eventually we decided to leave on August 12. The weather for the first few days would not be ideal (too little wind and one day wind against from the East), but after about five days we should be able to arrive in an area with good westerly or northwesterly winds. We installed a new sensor for the diesel tank and stocked up with 600 liters of diesel oil, sufficient to motor 600 of the 900 nautical miles to be crossed. Although nothing serious would happen, afterwards we would both describe the crossing as difficult.

Due to the lack of wind we motored all of the first three days. Fortunately the engine and the V-belts worked perfectly, so now we can state that our V-belt problems are a thing of the past (Sanne, thank you!). On day four we had, again as per the weather forecast, the unwanted northeasterly wind, so we had to set course to the Southeast. We reduced sail to the max, so that our progress in the wrong direction would be minimal. Although our ultimate goal (Cape Vincent) would lay to the Southeast, our initial course had to be North of East, in order to arrive in an area with favourable winds. Days 5, 6 and 7 went exactly according to plan, with a good wind from the West, so we made good progress along latitude 40 degrees and towards Lisbon.

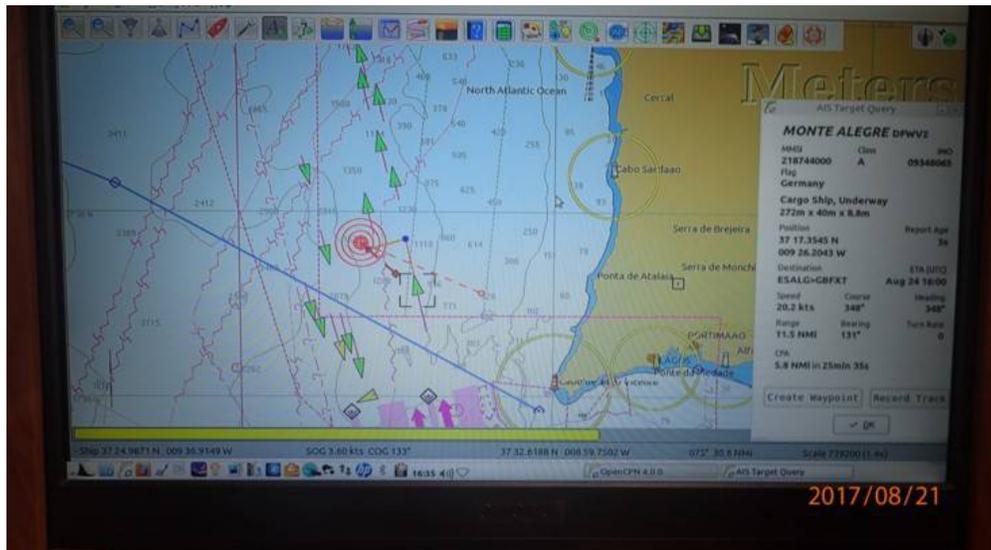


According to the weather forecast we should have encountered on day 8 a northerly wind, but the true wind came much more easterly than expected. This was very inconvenient, we now had to sail close hauled to the wind. It also started to rain for hour after hour. We went very fast though, but with the increasing wind also the waves became higher and higher. In Angra I had been boasting to a fellow sailor that in all those years we had never had seawater over the aft deck of *Sunny Spray*. This trip made an end to that boast, regularly the waves crashed against and over the sides, and also over the (high) aft deck. We hid in the wheelhouse and reduced sticking our head outside to a minimum, in particular since the situation became even worse on day 9. Our windmeter has been broken since the Canary Islands, so we could not measure the strength of the wind, only note that it was "a lot". Later, in Lagos, we met Juul, our South-African friend who had left two days ahead of us. He told us that during those two days the wind had reached 40 knots (Beaufort 8).



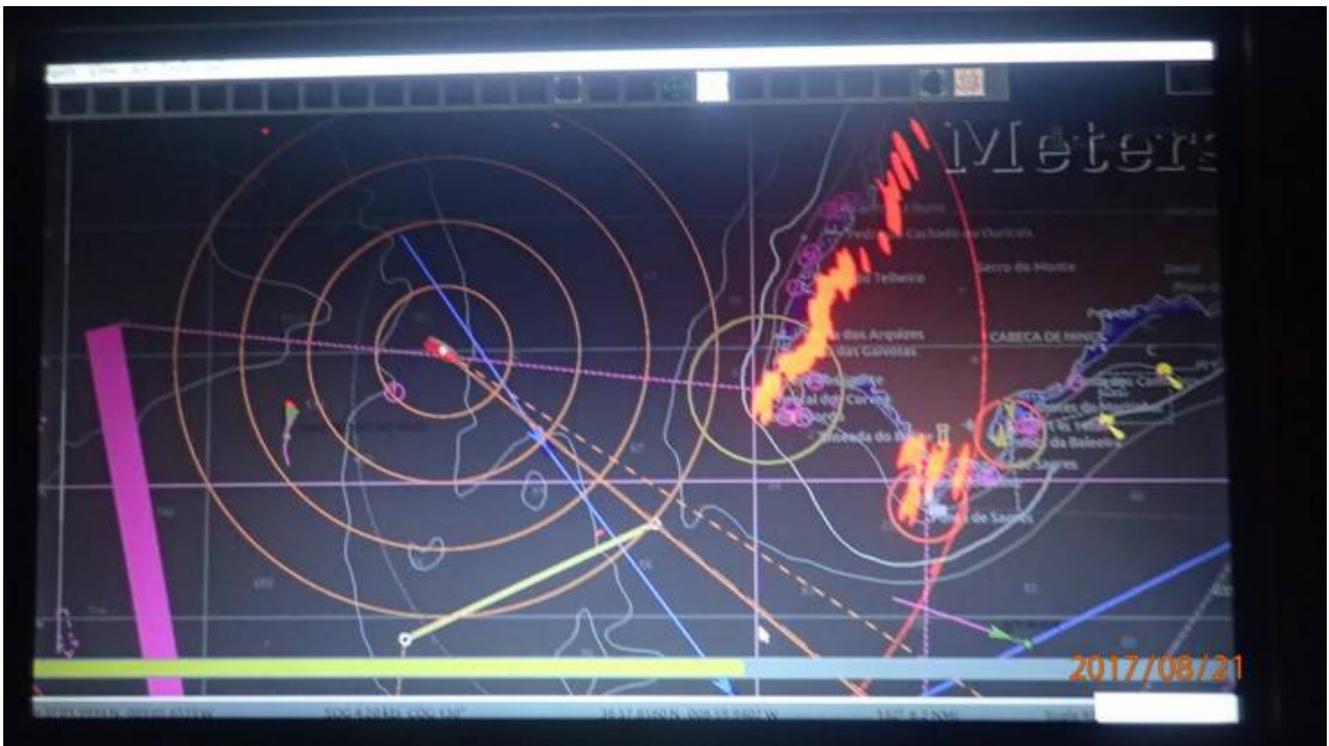
Or too much wind, or too little. And a lot of rain. At the end of the trip we sailed in thick fog. We hid ourselves in the wheelhouse.

On day 10 the wind eased off, the rain stopped and gradually we started to like sailing again. But Mother Nature had one more obstacle for us: fog! In the beginning we stood outside, peering through the dense fog, but it was impossible to see anything. Fortunately the large commercial ships showed up very well on our AIS screen, but smaller vessels, such as fishermen or sailing boats, often do not have AIS so remain invisible to us. Now the use of radar came into its own. It functioned very well and we could see radar signals overlapping the AIS signals, and showing fishing boats and shorelines as well. Never before did we spend that many hours in such a dense fog, and never before did we have to rely for 100% on our instruments, AIS and radar. It was strenuous and very tiring.



Heavy traffic just before the Portuguese coast. Sunny Spray (the red dot) needed a full day to cross the North and Southbound traffic towards the shoreline.

To complicate matters even further, there was a lot of commercial traffic. Not surprisingly, because the area of Cape Vincent is one of the busiest shipping areas in the world, with South going traffic headed towards Africa, Northbound traffic headed towards Northern Europe, and East and West going traffic headed into and out of the Strait of Gibraltar to go to the Mediterranean or further through the Suez Canal to Asia. Theoretically we could have crossed the shipping lane near Cape Vincent in 6 hours, but in order to avoid shipping we had to change course so frequently that it took us a full day to cross.



For the very first time in 2,5 years of sailing, we had to use both our AIS and our radar in order to navigate safely. The AIS data are coloured orange: orange distance circles (with Sunny Spray as a small red boat in the center), and orange course and heading lines. Shipping that is safely out of the way is depicted in green. The fat lilac line to the left indicates the heavily trafficked (obligatory) shipping lane. We have just safely passed it! The bright blue line is our planned course. The data coming from the radar are in red. The red dotted circles give the distance the radar can look. Radar targets are red dots or blobs. On the right, in yellow-orange-red, you can see the coastline of Portugal, as depicted by the radar. Have a look at the area just left and beneath Sunny Spray, in the third circle. The bluish signal is an AIS signal from a fishing boat, and sticking out from under its front is a red blob, which is the radar signal of that same ship. They are practically one on top of the other, which is a comforting sight. It was extremely tiring to peer at the screen hour after hour.

We were sailing through dense fog for two days. On my last morning watch, around 4 am, just after rounding Cape Vincent, I stuck my head out of the wheelhouse. To my great surprise I saw shore lights! All of a sudden the fog had lifted, and without any further obstacles we could set course to Lagos, where we arrived in late morning.

In eleven days we had travelled 976 nautical miles. An average of 88.7 mile per day. During our crossing from the BVIs to the Azores we had realized an average of 90.3 nautical miles per day.

For the statistics: since the BVIs we have covered 2,710 nautical miles to the Azores, on the islands we travelled 210, and from the Azores to Lagos we did 976 miles: a sum total of 3,896 nautical miles, or 7,215.39 kilometers. We travelled at an average speed of 6.945 kilometer per hour, slightly more than walking speed! No wonder we are a bit tired now and want to get ourselves some peace and quiet in the Algarve!

For a smile: About 100 nautical miles before Lagos we were in the middle of heavy commercial traffic. We were also without an up-to-date weather forecast. We called a ship on the VHF and asked for a weather forecast for Lagos. No problem, he would get back to us, he had to look it up. Some minutes later our weather forecast came in just decipherable English: Casablanca 25 knots, Canary Islands 20 knots, Dakar 12 knots, Lagos 18

knots. He was giving us the weather forecast for the route to Lagos, Nigeria!!! Sheepishly we thanked him very much, and maybe he could also give us the weather forecast for Lagos, Portugal? We received it by return.

Animal of the Month: the cow!

In and around the Azores I had made some nice pictures of seabirds, intending to use these pictures for Animal of the Month. But seabirds were not most typical for the Azores, so I hesitated. Very characteristic for the Azores is the small-scale agriculture and horticulture we found on the islands, much to our delight. So the cow was chosen as the Animal of the Month!

Wherever possible the people have well-tended green gardens, and during walks you pass through lush meadows with blue hydrangea borders, where cows and their calves are grazing peacefully. As a result, the local markets offer home-grown fresh vegetables and fresh eggs, the milk you buy in cartons comes from Azorean cows, and all the islands have their own speciality. The one island is famous for its cheese, another for its tender beef, or hams, while a third specialises in fresh fish. And all this produce is very reasonably priced, of very high quality and very delicious.

Unfortunately I only chose the cow as Animal of the Month at the last possible moment, so my cow pictures are not of the highest quality.





With love from Helma and Bob,

Until the next time! Hasta la proxima!

You may still follow our progress on www.marinetraffic.com, ships name Sunny Spray, MMSI: 244780434

Annex I. *Sunny Spray*'s menu, part 2. Crossing the Azores to Lagos, Algarve, Portugal

To complete the list of menu suggestions, here our menu list of our last large crossing, from the Azores to Lagos on the South coast of Portugal. It took us eleven days.

Day 1. Perca (fish) with French fried potato chunks and a green salad.

Day 2. Oven dish with minced meat, yoghurt, beetroot and mashed potatoes.

Day 3. Chickpeas with spinach (from the freezer) and bits of chorizo sausage.

Day 4. Cauliflower from the wok with pork (lomo), boiled potatoes and cheese sauce.

Day 5. Pan fried cookies made from left over chickpeas and ble (grain), melon, boiled carrot and serrano ham.

Day 6. Spaghetti bolognese.

Day 7. Lentil salad with cucumber, ginger, coriander and courgette (zucchini).

Day 8. No cooking done, 40 knots wind, we snack on toast and tuna from a can.

Day 9. Chicken filet with mashed potatoes mixed with chopped leek and basil pesto.

Day 10. Finely shredded white cabbage with fried apple slices, rice and chicken filet.

Day 11. Moussaka of minced meat and aubergine.