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In Gibraltar, our "emergency" stop due to late relief, we broke up the at sea period rather handsomely. Sailors romped and cavorted to their heart's abandon. It was a good, clean fun and smacked of the going-home feeling. Main Street was truly the thoroughfare carved at the nether portion of the famous Rock. An appropriate address for it would be not Main Street, USA or Main Street, any other country--but Main Street, World. In this shopping haven, the sailors bought their heads off.