

Tracy Edwards Log Book

11th November 1989

Today I made a stupid decision. I decided we could edge up north to meet the next low. We did really good boat speeds but lost miles to Rucanor.

The wind was up and down and something strange is happening to the compasses, they seem to be sticking. It was much warmer today and the fog lifted as did our spirits. I stayed up all day and got some very good weather maps; another low is coming. I am getting the best weather faxes from the Russian station on Antarctica. We have now been at sea for two weeks without changing or washing. I had a quick flannel wipe. It was VERY cold. No-one seems that bothered but we must all stink though.

When I got on the chat show I found out that With Integrity had lost a man overboard – but recovered him. I said I would call the Race Committee for them. All this time I was trying to work out where Rucanor is. Then I heard that Creightons had had an injury. I spoke to Claire about it. Later I spoke with NCBI – they were very down as they have broken their boom.

Rucanor is now 57 miles behind; talk about nerve wracking! The conditions are perfect for them and bad for us. What we need is a hurricane. The Southern Ocean is behaving like the South Atlantic.

