



Tracy Edwards Log Book

14th November 1989

I spent the whole day in a dreadful mood because we have come too far north. When I finally thought I had it all sorted out, the Sat Navs both packed up. I started praying my calculations had been right, but have no way of checking them. Dawn, Jeni and I wracked our brains trying to work out what the hell is going on with the equipment. Why did this have to happen when we are in the lead? Well, we won't be much longer; Rucanor will have creamed past us in the night.

I stood by for Creightons all day. Bart is getting better all the time. I relayed a message to them from Satquote Defender.

At the chat show Rucanor were only 39 miles behind us with lots of wind. I had to fight my temper – difficult when I'm so angry with myself. I still can't get weather maps because of being on standby which I know is more important but very frustrating. It was too cloudy to take a sextant sight. I'm beginning to feel that if we can't sort out the compasses in Freemantle then Maiden can get another navigator. I've had enough and am at the end of my tether. I feel pathetic and vulnerable. Rucanor probably can't believe their luck. I hope I have not lost us this leg.

Miles to go: 3,960

