1st November 1989

What a day! Up at 0400 and there was no weather chart. The barometer is dropping, though slowly. One of the mast ‘D’ fittings is coming unscrewed again. I went back to bed. When I got up at 0900 I found that the gas had failed as Jo (back on board now her wrist is healed) was cooking breakfast. Jeni tried to figure it out but couldn’t so went to bed. Jo did cereal in the end.

I called NCB Ireland and asked if they knew what it was. Skip Novak (skipper of Fasizi) came on the radio and said that they were having the same problem. It’s dirty gas from Uruguay. He said to try clearing out the regulator and hose. Ball from NCBI called back and I told him about the rig and he laughed and said “Don’t tack, don’t gybe, go and make yourself a nice cup of tea, hahaha”!

Meanwhile we were trying to figure out if we could survive without cooking food. The conversation was hysterical. Sally was on the wheel and she said “Am I dreaming or are we talking about eating cold freeze dried food?!?”

I was in the Nav Station all day working the computer and running Dawn’s watch. I tried to telex Cougar (our telex link in Hamble) and the electronics went mad; then nothing worked. Jeni and I sat cursing until we realised that Dawn hadn’t switched the batteries back on. Scream! When she turned them on the water maker started working as well.

Shortly after I got a weather map through. It is a joy when everything works. Now we only have to worry about the rig and steering. We had a great early evening session on deck. Today we have had sun and the seas are calm. We are heading further south now to shadow Rucanor and L’Esprit. The air feels much colder tonight and an Ice Report came through.

6,510 miles to go
Course 140 degrees