



# Tracy Edwards Log Book

**4th November 1989**

It is extremely cold now, very foggy, wet and grey. Miserable. The girls are still cheerful though. We put the heater on for the first time and shut the hatch. The boat was so cold this morning. It is beginning to be an effort to get out of warm sleeping bags onto freezing cold wet floorboards. I perfected getting dressed in a sleeping bag when we lived in Wales and there was regularly ice on the inside of the windows. A dampness pervades the air and seeps into our clothing and bedding and nothing now feels 100% dry – nor will it until we start to climb out of the southern latitudes. Even then it is only rinsing in fresh water that works. The waves are becoming longer and larger and soon they will become romping rolling mountains of energy bounding under us, alongside and over us.

Everything is becoming an effort. Getting up, getting dressed, brushing teeth, putting foul weather gear on, balancing, eating, keeping dry, keeping the circulation in fingers and toes working – it's all an effort.

As we head into the Roaring Forties bodies will start to deteriorate and we will all need every bit of stamina in the coming weeks.

The wind is almost letting us do course but is still heading south more than I'd like right now. It is better than the alternative tack though. I hope we don't lose out average. There was a good weather map showing a high pressure system to the north, while we remain at the tail end of the front. I am trying to position us sufficiently south to catch the northern edge of the huge westerly air systems which sweep across the Southern Ocean and create the 'Roaring Forties'. We want to go as far south as possible to sail the shortest distance but too far south and we will end up in much worse weather than Maiden should have to cope with. Too far south and we start battling the ice. Too far north and we risk being caught in high pressure systems and squeezed between the next set of depressions.





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The days and nights start to melt into one with the monotony of watches, tasks, eating, sleeping. Bursts of activity punctuate the grey days and make us sweat inside our layers which then cool and chill us. We are all beginning to develop different ways of surviving and little tricks that keep effort to a minimum and effectiveness to a maximum.

At the chat show we found we had kept our lead for the second day. GREAT! The other yachts are following us south.

On the radio to Balls from NCBI after the show I told him we had today stopped wearing our pink shorts and got our thermals out. Bull bugger believed me!!

There is a huge pod of Pilot Whales following us at the moment. As our hull is grey maybe they think we are another whale. They accompany us as we head further south towards the best sailing in the world – and icebergs.....

Position; 46' 24" S - 33' 48" W

Miles to go; 6,376

Course; 170 degrees

