



Tracy Edwards Log Book

7th November 1989

We started iceberg watch on Sunday. The Maxis spotted a whole load around 17° 10' W and 49° S. I now grab sleep during the day so that I can stay up all night and watch the radar. It is difficult as there are chat shows to do, calls to make, telexes to send and received, weather faxes to get but I can juggle. I have got into the habit of not using my bunk and sleep mostly on sails or in the Nav Station anyway.

Mandi saw penguins on Sunday; Penguins, I ask you! The fog has receded today but has been otherwise plaguing us and making the girls constantly wet and cold.

The wind patterns change all the time. We get on the right side of a low, surf with the wind behind us for a day, and then it's on the nose again. I decided to stay north and go south gradually, which has really paid off because all the others boats in our class dived south and lost loads to us. We are still in the lead.

Now they are all following us. They've been all over the place. The girls have been awesome, not complaining about being freezing and wet most of the time. There is lots of laughing and joking.

In the Nav Station I watch as the procession of watch changes get dressed and get undressed. Everyone has their own method of staying warm. The foot, hand and body warmers are very effective. I use them at night because the boat is so cold although as the Navigator (as well as skipper) I am warmer than the girls most of the time. The heater is useless and not worth the fuel it uses. We should have made a curtain further aft and brought more fuel as the batteries are always low.





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The Sat Nav packed up for two days; it also happened to NCBI as well apparently. Not all the satellites used by this system are in position yet. I can work on dead reckoning for a while but worse is the weather fax not producing any maps for two days and I really need to know what's coming at us next. We passed lots of icebergs tonight; we can smell them and hear them groan and crack; it's like they are alive.

It is bitterly cold; the wind just bites through all the layers of clothing. Fingers are permanently unworkable. It is getting to be freezing down below as well so you can't warm up and there is no respite for the misery. The heater is about as effective as a candle! It switches off as soon as the batteries go down, which is most of the time. You can't start it without the generator.

I would not recommend this God-forsaken place. We have all decided that hell is not fire and brimstone – hell is here.

