



# Tracy Edwards Log Book

**9th November 1989**

This leg is proving very tactical and psychological but I think that Rucanor and L'Esprit are making desperate and panicky decisions which is good for us! It has become bitterly cold and we are sick to death of beating. We must be the only people in the world to beat in the Southern Ocean. The Maxis have caught the first low and are doing 350 mile days surfing. We're doing 175 miles berating. Nerves are wearing thin. I have to control my temper when it's like this; the slightest thing sets me off – and it so bloody cold. Even with the heater on the Nav Station is freezing; I have to wear as many layers down here as on deck, just without the foul weather gear – we are all wearing five layers now.

We saw two icebergs today. Nancy was on deck when we had a glint of sun and she started to say 'over there looks like an iceberg' and so it was! We saw another one later on. The bad news was that neither showed up on the radar.

We spent the whole day going way too far south but not being able to tack because Rucanor was catching up. Praying for the wind to come aft and free us. No weather map again. It seems that the low above us is finally moving though. Time to go north.

The wind came up early this evening and we tacked finally. I calculated that if we went north for five hours we would hit 50' at 2300 and Rucanor would catch up 20-40 miles. But we had to go, we can't go any further south. When we did tack the waves were very bad, lots of freezing water on deck. We have no stayed hard on the wind for five hours. While we were beating our brains out and wishing we were somewhere else I got a telex from the office saying that tensions around the Berlin Wall are getting to breaking point with millions of people from both sides gathering at the checkpoints and people demanding to be allowed to cross from East to West Berlin. How amazing that news is. The wall that was built the year before I was born and hundreds of people have died trying to cross, is under siege.

Extraordinary news. The power of people. I wonder what will happen tomorrow.

Back to our own small reality at the bottom of the world – we have just tacked back at 50'S when the wind swung right on cue and let us do the course exactly spot on! But of course it dropped too. Tanja (sailmaker and dentists!) had to speak with E&L this evening as they have a tooth problem. Surreal day.

Miles to go; 4,900