

Tracy Edwards Log Book

**4th February 1990 – Auckland, New Zealand
to Punta Del Este, Uruguay**

6,255 Nautical Miles

The dock was teeming with people. The whole area was solid, they were all over the wharf. There was absolute chaos on the pontoon – cameras all over the place. We waited until Steinlager (next to us on the pontoon) had left; we were out at 1120.

The cheering and clapping that went with us as we pulled away was incredible. We motored out to the start and I was really impressed at how clear the start area was. It was a lovely day although there was not much wind. We got the main up at 1230 and turned the engine off. Rucanor had problems with their main and changed to the Dacron one. When we got our headsail up the wind just died.

We had a lousy start with Michele and Dawn disagreeing over tactics and me dithering. Dawn took over the steering. I knew I should have said something but didn't – I was just too relaxed. Anyway, off we went, tacking up to the first mark. Needless to say, all the spectator boats crowded in and made life hell, chopping up the water. Then The Card hit an anchored boat.

Their mizzen mast caught to the mast of the anchored yacht and literally pulled it over on its side with one very surprised crew member going right under the water whilst clinging to the deck. The mizzen mast snapped at the base and went over backwards and the other boat bounced upright. They managed to cut it free and dump it before carrying on, we were told later; poor things.

(Below, packing food before departure)





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We went round the first mark last in class. Liverpool Enterprise, Creightons Naturally and With Integrity overtook us soon after. So, we were last. LAST!! The wind died again and the Maxis which had gone inshore got stuck with no wind as well. We almost overtook them. The spectator boats were still appearing every so often. Finally as the wind died, they left us in peace.

Most of us were in sight of each other during the night which was warm and pleasant. But the wind was dreadful. It just kept going up and down; we were going nowhere fast. We slid back into life on board so quickly this time; it felt as if we had never been ashore.

Being together again on Maiden without the distractions of shore-life is so comfortable.

I am really looking forward to this leg. Back into the Southern Ocean where Maiden does so well and of course rounding Cape Horn. The last time I rounded Cape Horn was three years ago and I was on Atlantic Privateer. Bizarrely, Maiden, in her previous guise as 'Prestige', was rounding in front of us with the legendary Bertie Reid sailing solo in the Vendee Globe.

Slept like a log.....

