

# Tracy Edwards Log Book

**28th February 1990**

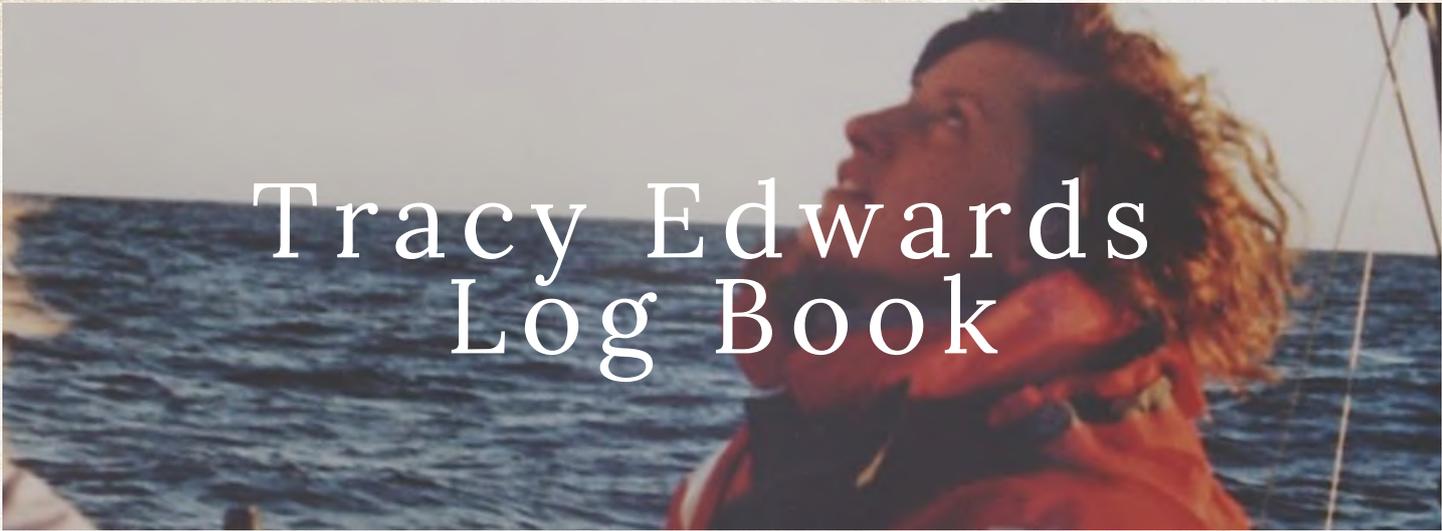
No wind and all day our position has been getting worse. I am about as depressed as I have ever been. The girls have stopped asking how we are doing and I have stopped volunteering the information. I know that the leak has put paid to our chances of catching the leaders but I feel as if everything is my fault. We still can't find the leak but we have got into a system of the boat filling up when we are heeled over to port and then we tack to empty it out! To cap it all Tanja and Michele both nearly went over the side today. They were swept with the crew half the length of the boat. While the rest managed to hang onto something, they didn't. They just kept going and both of them went under the lifelines. Thank god they just grabbed them in time. It all seemed to fit the mood.

We are now wondering whether the water is coming in through the mast but then how is it dissipating if we fill up faster on one tack? It's been filling up when the deck floods and then spilling out at the base, but it has always done that so why is it so drastic now? It just doesn't seem possible that so much can come in that way.

We have other problems with the rig though. The mast seems to be shaking itself to pieces and the gooseneck fittings look none too secure. What a bloody, bloody leg this has turned out to be. The only good news is that the four hairline cracks in the mast that were fixed in Auckland are holding though.

We are now just focused on staying afloat, keeping the mast up and getting to Punta Del Este alive and in one piece. I hope we can hang on to our lead but, with the five hours hove to, I doubt it. So gutted.





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