



Tracy Edwards Log Book

September 6th 1989

I got up at 0200 and checked our position. The wind had died down a bit, although it was still screaming in the rigging. I got undressed and got in my bunk properly. Arhh, lovely and warm and cosy; sleep, sleep. I was up again at 0400 to check our position, the reefs were out and everything fine.

Everything always seems better in daylight – the sea and the wind were right down although we were still trucking along with the Reacher at 8-9 knots. It was, though, a lovely day. The put the 1.8 Reacher spinnaker up, doing 9 knots all the day down the coast of Portugal.

It is strange how everyone feels the morning after a fight with the elements: total exhilaration; sheer joy at being alive and well, pleasure in everything around, love for everyone on board. WE have moulded together as a team who have challenged and fought the elements and won.

I finally had my birthday cake for breakfast. Dawn gave me a card and present from everyone on board; great. But I have definitely caught Mikki's cold so we both spent the day coughing our guts up and sniffing pathetically.

I got the reports in at 1000. We have overtaken L'Esprit; but Rucanor is still ahead. The Maxi fleet is now 300 miles ahead. We are doing really badly at the moment, steering all over the place. I am not making the right decisions quickly enough. Ah well, we are all learning – fast, I hope.





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We gybed to follow Rucanor although the wind direction was awful. I felt lousy and slept down below from 1530 to 1900. When I got up we were going the right direction at last at 8 knots. Our course on the chart looks awful; I think some of the girls are unsure of my navigation. Dawn tactfully suggested that Jeni should try to get something better from the Weather Fax. I'm feeling pretty low, feeling the pressure doing badly and maybe everyone thinks it is because of who left before we started. But, they are my mistakes, I would have made them whether she was here or not.

Mandi spent the day leathering; Tanja repaired the chicken chute. After dinner I waited for the chat shows. Spent a couple of hours mucking around with the computer - Einstein would have struggled with the bloody thing! Chat show at 2300 did not sound good for us; oh well cheer up at least we are here. I slept from midnight - 0500 - or tried when I wasn't coughing. A miserable bloody night for me, but that didn't matter because we had good speed in the right direction. Nothing else matters!

24 hours run of 191 miles.

