



Tracy Edwards Log Book

October 2nd, 1989

Beautiful sunrise; I really enjoy the early watch – definitely a morning person. The positions at 1100 were not good, but there is not much we can do really. Meanwhile the wind built up; emerald green sea, bright blue sky scattered with puffy white clouds. The course is not great but our deck work and sailing skills are improving all the time with experience in different conditions. No matter how much training we have done previously or even the fact that we won our first ever ocean race is enough until we get out here where the action is.

In the afternoon we were creaming along at 9-10 knots accompanied by the wonderful rushing, steam train sounds Maiden makes as she slices through the water. We had bursts of 14 knots surfing through gorgeous seas with plumes of water fanning out either side of the hull. Just awesome, lovely, perfect sailing! Jeni and I finally coaxed a weather chart out of the weather fax – but it was wrong!

Everyone is in a great mood because the end is in sight.

Thoughts are turning to steaks, wine, showers and clean clothes!!!

The position report at 2300 was suicidally bad but I must keep the morale up.

I was a bit worried about bunking down after the chat show as Dawn's watch is the youngest and least experienced and she ends up with a huge amount of responsibility.



A photograph showing a person on a boat, looking out at the ocean. The person is wearing a light-colored jacket and is positioned in the lower right of the frame. The background is a vast, blue ocean under a clear sky. The title 'Tracy Edwards Log Book' is overlaid in white text on the image.

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I finally lay down on the sails fully clothed with my boots on just in case. It was just as well really because at 0200 all hell broke loose! The wind rammed up to 32 knots with Maiden broaching merrily away – with her wide flat bottom she is a bit like a sled. Fast but nerve wracking.

I got everyone up to put a reef in and gybe. We then put the 2.2 Flanker up and everyone went back down below. Then we broached again and we were all back on deck to take the 2.2 down and pole out the Blast Reacher. That was a horror show too but we finally got sorted.

Maiden loves romping along with this sail configuration. We were still creaming along at 10-11 knots with bursts of 15 knots but safely and happily. The atmosphere changed immediately from on the edge of terror to relieved laughter. It seemed as if even Maiden was smiling.

Miles to go to the bar: 885

