

He has successfully sailed round the world as part of the BT Global Challenge in 1996/7. This is his story of that epic journey.



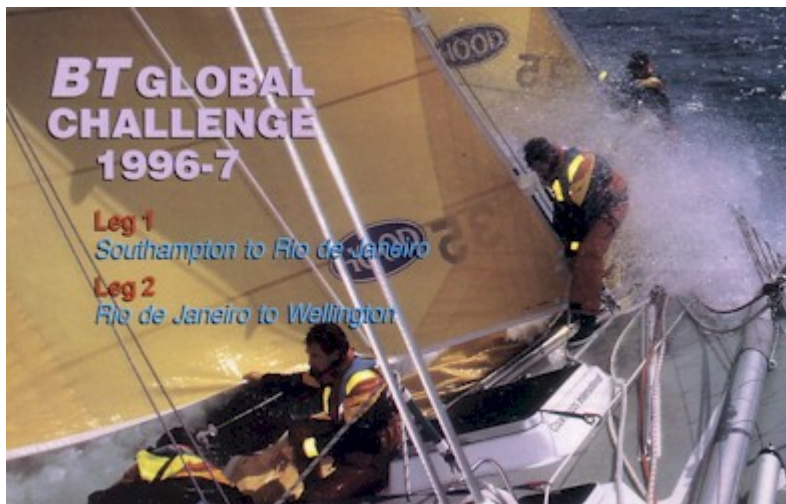
Background

I first heard of Chay Blyth's Global Challenge race in 1992 when the fleet of boats for the first race visited St Katharine's Dock in London before their race start. I can remember thinking that the crews were mad to be going round Cape Horn and across the southern oceans, the wrong way around the world. I little realised that four years later I would be one of those crews - and this time feeling proud, excited and a little apprehensive about taking part. I was a late recruit to "Courtaulds International", one of the fourteen 68 ft, 42 tonne steel yachts. I only signed up in June 1996. Just enough time to hand in my notice from my contract in Hong Kong and arrive back in the UK at the end of August, 4 weeks before the start.

In those four weeks, I got to know the rest of the crew very well socially but with little opportunity to understand their sailing abilities. All of them had sailed before, though most only on the three years of weekend training provided by The Challenge Business run by Chay Blyth.

Leg 1 - Southampton to Rio De Janeiro

The start on the 29 September was a sudden awakening to the realities of ocean racing with 45 kn winds, lumpy seas and driving rain. "Courtaulds International" performed well and gave us early confidence of its ability to sail well in bad weather. We were first over the line and were glad to clear the Needles after an exhausting series of tacks up the Solent. Then, as we settled into our first long reach, I took advantage of a chance to rest on the windward rail. I never saw the wave that picked me up and threw me over my colleagues' heads and dumped me upside down on top of a winch. Six hours later, my back had seized up and I was in agony - an injury that took three weeks to overcome. However, with 11 of my colleagues seasick, I had little choice but to continue to do my watches.



Skipper threatens to get off Boat!

One of the basic rules of long distance sailing is to only sail with people you know. Here I was setting off on a 10 month race of 30,000 miles with 13 strangers (12 other volunteers and a professional skipper) with our only shared experience being a trip to London and a few days of corporate entertaining. As the newcomer to the boat, I assumed that I would have much catching up to do; but I was soon to be disillusioned. On my first night watch, with neither the skipper nor mate on deck, I discovered that the helmsman was blindly following a veering wind due north! Then as we approached Ushant, there was a hasty calculation of the tides only to find

that we had missed the tide gate and would have to punch a 7 kn current when most of the fleet had already flooded through. By the fourth day, after crossing the Bay of Biscay, we had miserably demonstrated our lack of teamwork in hoisting, gibling and peeling spinnakers. At which point, Boris, our South African skipper and not renowned for his patience or good language, was threatening to get off the boat. Four days into the race, I was beginning to wonder whether I had made a good decision to sign up. The challenge was becoming one of motivating the crew rather than to race a yacht around the world in difficult conditions.



On "Courtaulds International", we opted for a two watch system, with two 6 hour watches during the day and three 4 hour watches at night. One effect of this watch system, is that every time you wake up to go on watch, it seems like another day; so events that happened only hours before seem like days ago. The advantage is that you can quickly put mistakes behind you - and this the crew resolved to do.

Even with greater commitment to teamwork, we were still to be plagued by further incidents. One early incident was with me downwind helming with the 2.2 oz spinnaker at night with a large following sea and the wind increasing to 30 knots. We were beginning to dip the boom in the water on every wave; and the helm was becoming increasingly difficult to hold a straight course. Eventually I broached, laying the boat on its side for about 30 seconds while the crew struggled to release the sails. We were fortunate not to tear the spinnaker but the spinnaker pole buckled. This left us with only one pole for the rest of this predominantly downwind leg - a major disadvantage not being able to gibe the kite. At least the experience gave us more confidence in the boat's ability to handle difficult situations - which was of great help when sailing in bigger seas in the southern oceans.

The next day when Boris was helming downwind in similar conditions, a local fishing boat came quite close. Suddenly Boris announced that he was taking avoiding action, pulled over the helm and shouted at us to sheet in the spinnaker - but the spinnaker ripped before anyone could respond, leaving us to carry out 25m of repairs. We completed these repairs within 24 hours, just as we bounced the 1.5 oz spinnaker over a large wave and tore it across the middle and up both seams; this repair requiring over 300 man-hours of sewing. Two days later, a 45 kn gust destroyed our 2.2 oz spinnaker beyond temporary repair. From this point onwards, we often used twin headsails of No 1 and poled out No 2 instead of a spinnaker; almost as fast and a lot easier to helm particularly at night.

With the Canary Islands right on our rhumb line, we decided to sail through the middle rather than take another 20 miles around the outside. At 8 pm, the lights from the pubs onshore were quite alluring and we joked about swimming ashore for a quick beer. The joke was not so funny the next morning as we were still in the middle of the Canaries in a hole with the rest of the fleet again extending their lead. It began to seem that however hard we tried, we could not do anything right.

By day 10, we had reached N22° and the weather was beginning to warm up. Below decks became unbearably hot. Flying fish became a regular occurrence, as were sightings of pilot whales and dolphins. These dolphins were spectacular at night in



area of high phosphorescence as they provide an amazing underwater laser show as they streak through the water. Even with us being over 200 miles from the African coast, the boat was being coated in fine sand and plagues of dragonflies.

By our 16th day, we were down to N9° and contemplating how we would tackle the doldrums (or ITCZ - Inter Tropical Convergence Zone - as the chart calls it). The wind was varying from light breezes down to nothing; plus the occasional tropical storm bringing half an hour of 30 knot winds and deluges of rain. Most of the fleet had headed west towards an area where the ITCZ was fairly narrow and relatively fixed in its position. We decided to take a risk and stay east in an area where the ITCZ was wider but had more movement in the hope that it would pass over us quickly and gain us a few days. For once our luck held and we passed through the ITCZ without delay; only to find the rest of the fleet had not been delayed either and they were better positioned!

Equator Slops



We gained some light relief as we crossed the equator on day 20 at W27°. Boris dressed himself up as Neptune's emissary and required us all to make an oath to Neptune and then be anointed with several ladlefuls of the most revolting mixture of food slops.

Food on board was mainly dehydrated meals with pasta or rice plus some tinned meals - not very exciting but you ate everything to keep your energy levels up. We had an 8 day menu to give us some variety. All the sailing and domestic duties were carried out by the on-watch (so that the off-watch could sleep) - so everyone had their turn at cooking (which added more variety!), baking bread, cleaning, pumping bilges, checking rigging, etc.

Our first sight of Brazil was about 100 miles from the finish - a glorious sight after 29 days at sea. Fourteen hours later we were in sight of Rio, the Sugar Loaf and the Christ statue on top of Corcovoda. That last 10 miles took us an agonising 12 hours to complete - slowly drifting towards the finish line in no wind - ticking of every hundredth of a mile on the GPS just to make sure that we were still going forwards. We were 13th across the line, 3½ days behind the first boat. In comparison with the 1993 race, our time would have put us in 3rd position. Whatever the result, the finish was wonderful - a great reception from our sponsors, Courtaulds International, and from the other crews. Then long awaited delight of our first beer, real food, solid land and other humanity. This had been my longest journey - 30 days and 5,400 miles.

We had 3 weeks in Rio before the start of the next leg to Wellington. Time for some relaxation and a bit of space away from the rest of the crew; but also a lot of work to maintain the boat and prepare it for the unknowns of the southern oceans. We also changed over three of our crew in Rio. Two were expected as they were what we called "leggers" - only doing one leg of the race; but we also lost our doctor, Patricia, who decided that with her frequent bouts of seasickness, it would not be sensible to continue.

Leg 2 - Rio De Janeiro to Wellington

The restart on 20 November was in contrast to Southampton as there was hardly any wind but still plenty of rain. At least this time, there were fewer of our crew seasick; though Boris was lucky to be on the boat as he was ill with food poisoning.



Courtauld's International and the Sugar Loaf in Rio



Sleeping arrangements

The first week was very competitive with much down wind sailing. Even "Courtaulds International" took the lead for a few hours. The only strategic decision was on which side of the Falklands to go. It was 2300 miles on the shortest line to Cape Horn; with an extra 200 miles if you went east of the Falklands. Four years previously, one boat had taken the long route and gained an enormous advantage - but this time everyone stayed to the West.

All the boats carry two GPS interfaced with B&G instruments. This was all linked through our satellite communication system such that Race Headquarters (RHQ) in Southampton could download our position whenever they liked. RHQ then faxed this information back to the boats four times per day in the

form of interim result sheets (as well as being issued to the media and the internet - www.btchallenge.com) We also had our twice daily chat show at 0700 and 1900 GMT through our SSB radios. The main purpose was to alert or assist other yachts with problems and emergencies, ranging from medical advice to mending the water maker. These chat shows were also useful to keep contact with friends throughout the fleet and for some of the more enterprising boats to provide short pieces of comic entertainment and inter boat quizzes.

West of the Falklands – Crashing into Freefall

By day 12, we were west of the Falklands and 300 miles from Cape Horn. The wind pattern had changed to westerlies with a distinct drop in temperature that had everyone reaching for their thermals. With the barometer dropping to 990 mm, we met with our first taste of southern ocean storms with gusts of 45 knots. Ensnared in our Musto HPX drysuits, the work was exhilarating as there was no concern about getting soaking wet. You could still be tumbled down the deck by the waves. Even with your harness shortened around some deck fitting, you could still be spun round like in a spin dryer filled with ice cubes. You hadn't a clue which way was up until the water cleared and gave you a few seconds' respite before the next wave arrived. Communication was difficult until we able to perfect our routines with a series of hand signals to guide us through each step. Gone was the luxury of the calm of the tropics with time to talk about the right way to do things. With our hoods up and the wind, waves and sails lashing around us, nobody could hear even your loudest curses! This was far more serious sailing where you only went on the foredeck with people you could trust. This initial experience was in 3m waves; later we would be on the foredeck in 8m seas where the wave vanished beneath you and 42 tonnes of yacht went into freefall, crashing into the trough at the bottom and burying the bow into the next wave. You can never trust the sea and there were injuries. On our boat, only bruising and one badly twisted knee from having a wave wrap him around the inner forestay.

Generally our clothing was very good. The Challenge Business had issued us with a Musto two piece HPX Ocean suit ("foulies"); and our sponsors, Courtaulds International, had issued us with virtually everything else. Most of the crew had also decided to buy a drysuit - almost a necessity for the southern oceans. Many layers of man made fibre is the rule with a good external waterproof (preferably breathable) layer. Hands were my biggest problem. My fleece lined drysuit gloves eventually got damp and cold resulting in my end finger joints losing sensitivity and having continuous cramp. Drying clothing was almost impossible on a cold boat especially as our heating failed for the last 25 days of the trip. As we were limited to the amount of clothing we could



bring on board, clothes' management was very important. You cannot afford to use up all your dry clothes quickly. Often wearing damp clothing was the best way to dry it. Eating plenty of food was the best rule for keeping warm - even so, I lost 12 lbs in the 42 days it took us to reach Wellington.



Transferring fuel to the stricken Concert (above) and Christmas Day (left)

We rounded Cape Horn on 4 December (day 15) though with beating into the wind, we were nearly 100 miles south of the Horn, which meant we avoided the more notorious shallower waters closer in. By 6 December, we reached our most southerly point at S 59° 40'. Fortunately most of our wind was from the north-west; but when a southerly blew, the wind was so bitterly cold that we rotated the on-watch every ½ hour to allow them time to warm up below deck.

On Friday 13 December, Black Friday, as the storms continued, one of our yachts broke its forestay but kept its

mast up. Over the next few days, seven other boats reported problems with their rigging. On 18 December, the yacht Concert, lost her mast due to one of the diagonals breaking. We avoided problems with our rig. We tried hard when helming over large waves to avoid crashing into the voids the other side that severely jarred the rig - though this was not easy and even more difficult at night when you could not see the waves.

Fate decided to leave the worst weather until last. On 29 December, as we sat



in the calmest water that I had seen since the doldrums, the weather forecast brought warning of the approach of Hurricane Fergus; the prediction

was for sea-state to turn to "severe" and then "phenomenal" – whatever that meant, and we were about to find out. Gradually the signs began to appear - the halo around the sun, the sudden increase in swell and the rapid drop on the barometer. By 0800 on 30 December, we were into a full blown gale. At it's height, we had constant winds of 50 knots true with gusts over 60 knots. The sea was a long 10m high swell with multiple crests. On one side the waves were whipped to a froth, on the other they were glassy smooth. The only good thing was that a tropical storm is not freezing cold. Helming was hard work fighting against the waves; all the time keeping a watch out of the corner of your eye for that one rolling crest that might break over the boat. On my helm, I saw one large crest coming but I was not prepared for the amount of water that came in to the cockpit. I ended up in a tangle at the bottom of the wheel. It was only after the water had cleared that I learnt that we had been knocked down. By 1400 the wind had reduced to 35-40 knots but remained like that until 0800 the next day (this being 1 January as we had crossed the dateline and missed our New Year's Eve celebrations). My body ached all over from the helming. The boat had performed brilliantly; but, like a hangover, I would not want to do that again in a hurry - until the next time.



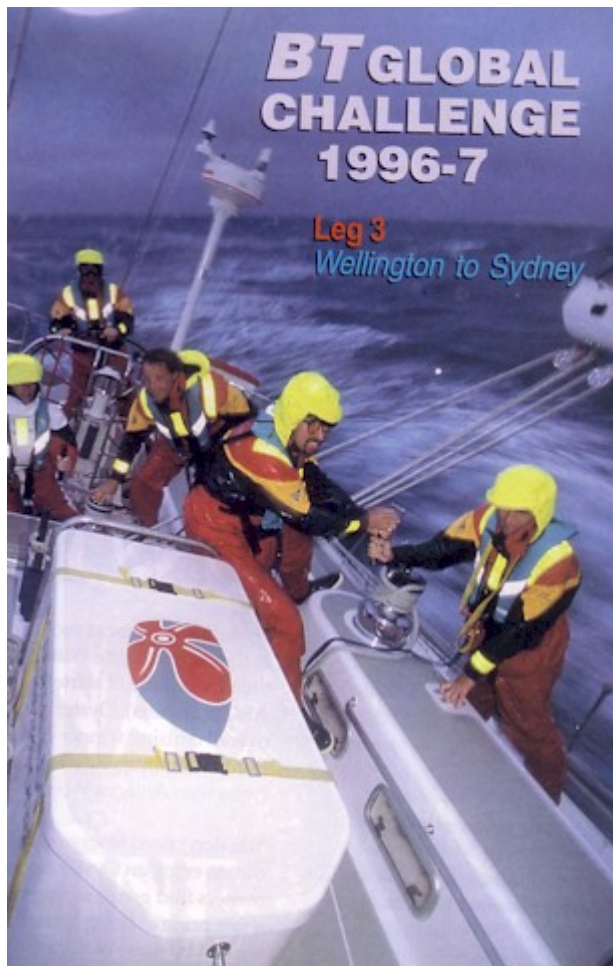
By 2 January, we had the spinnaker up and were in sight of New Zealand. We were 12th boat across the line, within one hour of two other boats after 42 days at sea. Many boats came out to greet us and the dockside was packed. The noise from the crowd was overwhelming.

New Zealand is a great place. They have looked after us well and it will be sad to leave on the next leg to Sydney on 9 February; followed by the second southern ocean leg to Cape Town.

Leg 3 - Wellington to Sydney

It was a shame to leave Wellington on 9 February for the start of the third leg of the BT Global Challenge to Sydney. Wellington was our longest scheduled stopover of the whole race; six weeks in which all fourteen boats had their masts removed, the rigging completely renewed, and the boats lifted from the water for inspection and repair. My boat, "Courtaulds International" had suffered relatively little damage on the southern ocean crossing from Rio. Like the other boats, our bow panels were noticeably concaved from the heavy pounding of the waves, though the paint systems and anti-fouling (all provided by Courtaulds International Paint - see below for specification) were still in excellent condition. Our steering seemed to have suffered the most; seven out of eight of the spokes on the helm had broken such that the wheel was lashed together with a piece of plywood; and the steering cable had worn down from seven strands to two. A few more hours of Hurricane Fergus just before our arrival in Wellington might have seen us in serious trouble with our steering.

Wellington and New Zealand looked after us well - almost too well. Like most of the boats, our crew managed about two weeks holiday away from the work on the boats. After the rigours of the southern oceans, anyone would think that the crews would welcome the opportunity to stay on dry land. The South Island is a large adventure playground which allowed us to try everything possible in, over, through or under the water including bungee jumping (142 feet over the Kawarau Gorge), white water rafting, black water rafting (through cave systems), etc..



With the numerous onshore parties, it did not take too long to regain all my lost body weight. The main function of the stopover was the prize giving ceremony at Government House attended by the Governor, the Prime Minister, Jim Boulger (who Chay Blyth, enjoying too much champagne, referred to as Mr Bollinger) and Sir Peter Blake. Although "Courtaulds International" had only finished twelfth on the second leg, we did receive a special award for our assistance in transferring fuel to the dismasted yacht "Concert". In our own little ceremony, Boris, our skipper, was presented with a pair of Sir Peter's lucky red socks to help us on the rest of the race - and just maybe, they work.

After six weeks ashore, our first few practice sessions before the start dragged us back to the hard reality of ocean racing. We had five new faces on board as a result of the normal change over of the "leggers" and the resignation of one of our more disruptive crewmembers. So there was a lot of teaching and learning to do, with all the associated cock-ups that had Boris in full voice.

Even though the third leg was only twelve hundred miles, it was still much further than a Fastnet or a South China Sea race. On the previous legs, we always felt as though we were on our way home when there was less than two thousand miles to go. So for us, this was going to be a short, tight race.

For the start on Sunday 9th February, "Windy Wellington" lived up to its name with 30 knot winds and yet again, it rained. In order to give the public a good view of the boats, the initial part of the race was a tight course within Wellington harbour. With more wind than expected, this proved to be rather exciting with fourteen 42 tonne yachts racing in a very tight pack around the four harbour marks. Fortunately, there were no incidents and we finally squeezed our way out passed Barretts Reef into the Cook Straits.

Thirteen in Front

With wind against tide, the seas in the Cook Straits were short and confused, so it wasn't long before the first bouts of seasickness began to appear amongst the crew. It might have been this seasickness that led to a lack of concentration; but when my watch came on deck at midnight on that first night, it seemed that we were falling back into our old errors. The log showed that we had been heading north on a non-making tack for about four hours. The tack angle was so bad that "Courtaulds International" was just moving away from Sydney rather than closer to it. Admittedly, our strategy had been to go north as that was where we were expecting the best winds but not at the expense of giving our rivals a four hour head start. When the first interim position report arrived from Race Head Quarters early on Monday morning, my worst fears were confirmed - the other thirteen boats were in a tight pack spread over nine miles and we were fifty miles to the north and twenty nine miles behind! Last again.

It was not clear what was the catalyst for motivating our crew; but by Monday lunchtime, the whole crew were expressing a group determination that somehow we were going to make up the deficit and not come last. Even Boris, nursing a severe cold, began to take a major part on the helm - something that he has not done on previous legs. Even though we were last, there was a general undercurrent of excitement about the race that we had not felt on previous legs.



Gradually over the next four days, as the leading boats extended their lead to eighty miles, "Courtaulds International" slowly closed the gap on the twelfth and thirteenth placed boats. By Friday 14th February, with 400 miles to go, we had reduced the deficit to 3 miles and 10 miles. It had not been easy with the wind backing slowly from the north around ahead of us to the south east. With a very fickle wind, that Friday saw us go through seven spinnaker changes in five hours. The last change being after we had blown out our 1.5 oz spinnaker - though this time as a result of Boris urging us to press harder with the spinnaker rather than due to any failure of the crew. The excitement on board was high because the boat felt that it was going well; and we had a real race on to close the last few miles to move up to twelfth place.

By Saturday lunchtime, with our track still about 50 miles north of the rest of the fleet, the latest position report not only showed that Courtaulds International had moved into thirteenth place but that we had also taken thirty miles out of the lead boats.

By Sunday morning, it became apparent that the rest of the fleet had fallen into a hole. For some reason, Courtaulds International is the last boat to be called on the twice daily chat show. That morning, as boat after boat radioed in that they were drifting around going nowhere, our crew could hardly contain their glee as we continued to enjoy a fresh breeze. When the morning position report arrived from Race Head Quarters, the two boats that we had been chasing were still in thirteenth and fourteenth places; but "do not adjust your computer screens", there was Courtaulds International in second place and less than one hundred miles to go to the finish.

Courtaulds Third

From that point onwards, our watch system seemed to disintegrate as the whole crew wanted to be on deck either trimming the sails or sitting on the rail. Boris helmed for most of that last day. As Sydney Heads came into view in front of us, so more and more spinnakers of the other boats came into sight behind us. We also learnt that another boat had already slipped through ahead of us below the horizon, putting us into third place.

The nearest boat behind us seemed to be enjoying a much higher boat speed than us but with their larger 1.5 oz spinnaker could not point as high as our smaller 2.2 oz spinnaker. So, although they closed on us quite fast, they eventually crossed behind us at an angle that would not make the harbour entrance. It was only after the race had finished that we discovered that they had blown their 2.2 oz spinnaker otherwise the finish might have been even tighter.



"Courtaulds International" crossed the finish line by Sydney Opera House in third place at about 9 p.m., only 20 minutes ahead of the next boat. The last boat finished only six hours after the first boat, a margin of only 4%. This had been our shortest, tightest and most exhilarating race so far. And for once, the "Courtaulds International" crew were on the dockside to greet the other boats in.

As at our other stopovers, Courtaulds International have looked after us very well. Not only did they provide us with a magnificent welcome at the dockside but they have provided us with some marvellous apartments on the edge of Darling Harbour for the duration of the stopover. All this does not come cheap for a sponsor whose ultimate aim is not to win but to

get maximum publicity for their company. Conservative estimates for leasing the boat for the race, providing clothing and accommodation for the crew, employing a project manager and a public relations company to manage the whole event, etc. come to more than £1,000,000. Our feedback says that our sponsors, Courtaulds International are very pleased with the results they are getting from their involvement in the race. It is now down to the crew to see if we can continue to improve on our race results.

Leg 4 – Sydney to Cape Town

I am writing this article whilst sitting outside my tent in the middle of the Okavango plains in north Botswana. I can see some elephant and impala and a cheetah has passed earlier. The temperature is 36°C and a glass of gin & tonic is to hand. It is five days since the arrival of "Courtaulds International" in Cape Town – now more than a thousand miles away. It all seems a long way from the rigors of the last leg of the race from Sydney to Cape Town. However, it wasn't just a dream – the nightmares persist. I do not need to refer to my personal log to recall many of the events of that leg that took us through 42 days of some of the most demanding sailing that I hope ever to experience. The





"Courtaulds International" leading Yachts out of Sydney Harbour

memories of the storms, icebergs, squalls, blizzards and 15m waves are clearly etched on my mind – as well as being physically imprinted on parts of my body in the form of strains and bruises.

The stopover in Sydney had been relatively short at only two weeks; but then there was not expected to be too much repair work to carry out after only a short race of 1200 miles since the major refit in Wellington.

For once, the restart on 2 March enjoyed fine weather and a pleasant breeze; even the 200,000 dwt tanker that was supposed to arrive in the middle of the start, was properly late. While several of the yachts became involved in incidents as a result of the short start line, "Courtaulds International" slipped through into an early lead to be first out through Sydney Heads.

Damage to Private Parts!

The first week of racing took us south past Tasmania. Our 42 tonne yachts took nearly five days to pass Hobart, so we weren't going to break any Sydney-Hobart records. It was competitive racing with rarely more than 20 miles separating the boats; and both demanding and frustrating with having to deal with the "Southerly busters" and several holes. These infamous squalls claimed an early casualty on another yacht when a crewman slipped on a cleat and pierced himself "between rectum and scrotum"; but every boat carries a medic, so he was eventually patched up and back on deck.

By the middle of the second week, "Courtaulds International" was 1000 Nm into the Southern Ocean and entering the region that Bullimore and others from the Vendee Globe race had got into problems. The next ten days (13-23 March) were probably the most demanding of this leg. Our crew strength was already depleted due to two injuries; not serious but enough to stop them actively working on deck or taking a turn on the helm. However injured crew don't get much rest as they take over all the below deck chores of cooking, cleaning the heads, sail repair, etc. This generally encourages a rapid recovery.

On the 13 March, the first major storm occurred; one of a series of fronts centred on a low pressure system of 940mb. The wind was 35-40kn gusting 50kn. Not unmanageable but made very difficult with the swell arriving from several directions in a very confused pattern creating waves of 8-10m and more. We have a custom on "Courtaulds International" that the helmsman shouts a warning to the cockpit crew if he thinks that a wave might break over the boat. On this occasion, when I was helming, as we rode over the top of each wave, I could see the crest of a significantly higher wave coming towards us. It was easy to spot both by its size and by its white



rolling crest. As we cleared the top of the last wave, I started to call a warning to my colleagues – “Hold on! Hold On!”. By the time we reached the bottom of the trough, my shouts of warning had become a muted cry of despair as we stared up at a 45ft wall of water ahead of us. Somehow the bows lifted higher and higher up the wave until it felt as though the boat would almost stand on its stern; but even then, you know that the boat will never climb over the wave’s rolling crest. At the last fraction of a second, you duck down against the stern of the boat, gripping the wheel tightly, just as the cockpit blackens with a great roar of water. As the water goes still, you scabble to your feet, thankful that the rigging still seems intact and has not come crashing down on top of us. Instinctively, you pull the helm to get the boat back on the wind while at the same time shouting to your colleagues to see if they are ok. And then the boat begins to plummet down the other side of the wave into the next trough. Thankfully the next wave is only 10m high and does not appear to be breaking – no need to shout another warning.

“Courtaulds International” was fortunate not to sustain any damage or injuries. However, the “chat show” the next morning revealed a catalogue of damage particularly on the yachts to the south nearer the centre of the storm; this ranged from split mainsails to crewman who had tried to reshape the boats with their ribs. Four boats had attempted the arduous task of strapping down the main and putting up a tri-sail, only to have the tri-sail destroyed by the wind. A few days later, when we went to do a sail change, we discovered that the inner forestay (which holds the staysail) had snapped at the bottlescrew. We hastily installed a jury rig, which survived for the rest of the leg.

Due to the cold and exhaustion, we rotate our helming duty every half hour. Even with high collars and goggles, as the helmsman has to stand and face into the storm, the spray finds every patch of bare skin to lash. Occasionally a wave will kick the rudder harder than usual and will spin the helmsman off his feet and cartwheel him into the side of the cockpit. Below decks, with the boat heeled over, the bilge water no longer reaches the bilge sump and is now lapping up through the flooring on the lee side. This is when you discover

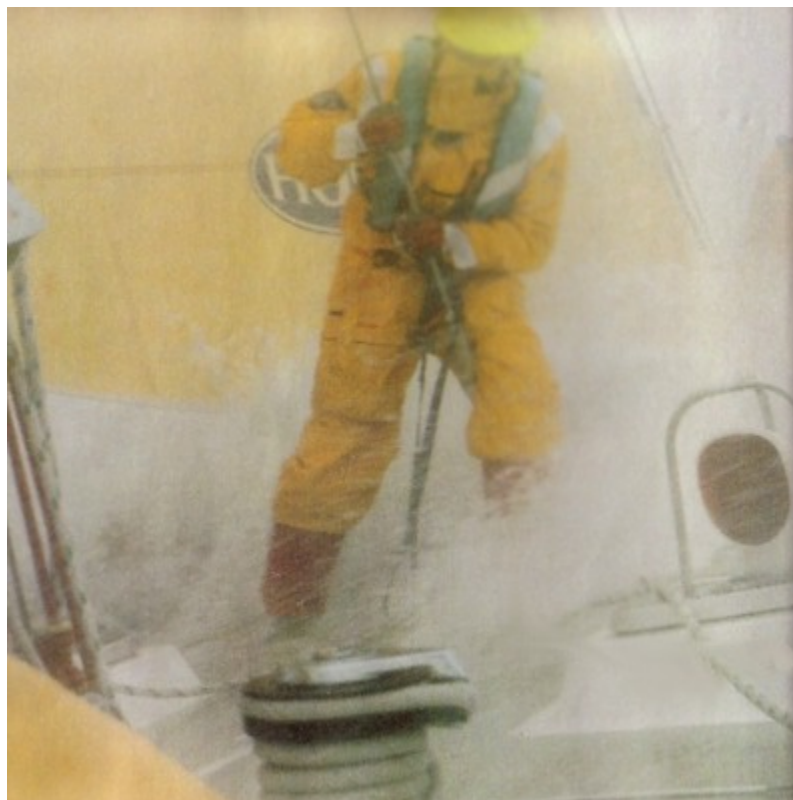


that the damp clothing that you laid out on the hot air heating pipe to dry out, is now soaking wet and greasy from the bilge water.

Aurora Australis and Icebergs

One consolation during this period was to see the incredible show of lights produced by the Aurora Australis – the Southern Lights. This is a huge band of feathery white light that forms a huge arc across the whole of the night sky – an amazing sight.

Over the next five days, the weather changed from storm to holes as each front passed through. This certainly kept us busy – sometimes hoisting a lightweight kite; and other times fighting your way onto the foredeck to reduce the headsails in the face of the next storm. By the night of 18 March, the water and wind became significantly colder, such that it became quite painful to expose your hands for long whilst changing headsails or reefs in the main. The next morning, one reason for the cold became clear, as we spotted our first icebergs. They looked close but the radar showed them to be about 2.5Nm away. We estimated the largest to be about 250ft high above the water – so about nine times bigger below the water!



On 23 March, we had our closest brush with disaster. At 2300 hrs, I was still asleep snug inside my sleeping bag when I was suddenly awakened by loud shouts of "On deck! Everyone on deck!" Another approaching front had rapidly overpowered our no. 2 headsail. In the process of changing the sail, the headsail sheet had whipped against the staysail and split it in two. The watch leader had then come forward to investigate and assist just as a large wave had come over the bow and wrapped him and two other crew around the inner forestay and the mast in a tangle of bruised limbs. Fortuitously, two of the crew had clung together for support, only to find that one of them was no longer clipped on to the boat. When we arrived on deck, we had three injured crewmen to rescue and bring below; and then to deal with two flailing headsails. Both headsail halyards were now jammed as the tail ends had washed down to the lee side and tangled themselves around everything in sight. I had to tie myself to the lee rail and bury myself in every wave that passed in order to stay in one place long enough to undo the tangle. Even with the halyards

eventually freed, it was quite a fight against the strong winds to get the sails down and lashed to the deck. Fortunately the foredeck team on my watch work very well together; but even then, my bowman badly strained his arm holding down a headsail that might otherwise have thrashed itself pieces and some of our crew in the process. I remember that two nights later, I had a nightmare that I was still tied to the lee rail and couldn't get

free; I eventually awoke to find myself fighting to undo the lee cloth strap holding me into my bunk.



So what is daily life like in these conditions below deck? Food is one of the most important issues in order to keep the crew's "internal fires" burning. But even the simple task of pouring water from the kettle requires a mathematician's brain to work out the angle between spout and cup. I say "cup" but we generally use baby mugs. Some say that this helps to re-assure the crew by being not dissimilar from suckling at their mother's breast; but they do have liquid retention advantages once you have learnt how to avoid squirting three fine jets of boiling hot liquid from the mouthpiece on to your face.

Octopus and Ballerina

Meal times are even more humorous for the spectator. If you are on cooking duty then you will have spent a couple of hours at an angle of 35° ($\pm 20^\circ$ for each wave), dressed in full foulies for protection, nursing pots on the stove. Then comes the dreaded dishing up. With arms of an octopus, agility of a ballerina and the determination of a round-the-world yachtsman, pasta and freeze dried chicken supreme gets passed in large dog bowls (non-spill variety) to an exhausted, hungry crew. To test your patience, there will be thirteen different requests for large, small, pasta only, with chocolate sauce, etc (you'll be surprised what people will eat to get calories inside them!). Fortunately washing up is done by the other watch; but this too requires much juggling between table, sink, and cupboard to avoid bowls and cutlery turning into unguided missiles.

With dinner finished and you are lucky to be off watch, you head for your bunk. Unfortunately, nature sadistically requires you to make the thirty foot steeple chase down the companionway over wet sails and fellow crew to the heads. Here you practice your gymnastic skills of wriggling out of your clothing whilst keeping one leg positioned firmly outside the heads to prevent an unintended visit to the head on the other side of the boat. Once perched on the throne, you brace every muscle in your body to defy gravity as you and the contents of the bowl practice 10m freefall manoeuvres (this is where the rule of "pump while you dump" becomes useful). If you are feeling



optimistic, you attempt a trial of coordination to squeeze toothpaste on to your brush without dropping most of it into your lap. This is then followed by the amazing feat of holding yourself at the basin and washing at the same time – we installed safety harnesses in both heads as this trick was proving difficult. Now you attempt a graceful retreat to your cabin where you scramble like a paranoid rock climber into your bunk and the warmth of your sleeping bag. With practice you can achieve up to twenty seconds between waves to get the lee-cloth tight before the next wave tries to dislodge you on to the floor. Once securely strapped in, you gradually relax your muscles and fall into an exhausted sleep for 2-3 hours.



Exhaustion

on deck. It now only requires to adjust the on deck to relieve the wet and frozen crew on watch.

When you have repeated this cycle of events at least three times each day, you begin to understand why every day seems like a week.

It took us 42 days to reach Cape Town after 7,000Nm of racing. Our first sight of land was the lighthouse on Cape Point. It was with great relief to step ashore to another tremendous welcome from our sponsors, Courtaulds International. The next leg starts on the 4 May and will take us north through the equator to Boston. So it is with a twinge of sadness that I say farewell to the Southern Oceans, as I may never go back there again.



Leg 5 – Cape Town to Boston, USA

If there was one leg of the BT Global Challenge that could be described as the antithesis of Chay Blyth's "The World's Toughest Yacht Race" then it had to be leg 5 - Cape Town to Boston. After the nightmare of the Southern Oceans endured on leg 4, all the crews were hoping for something less rigorous - and we were duly

rewarded. Instead of battling into 50 knot plus headwinds with 10m waves, icebergs and blizzards in survival conditions, the race was predominantly downwind through the tropics and equator. Not that it was all sunshine and spinnakers; we did have a few gales, strong enough to nearly lose one of our crew overboard. The Cape of Good Hope marks a very distinct change in the global weather pattern with the Roaring Forties to the south and the trade winds and doldrums to the north.



As with all our other stopovers, Cape Town had gone out of its way to be bigger and better than all our previous ports of call. All the festivities culminated with an enormous farewell & prize giving ceremony at the impressive Waterfront redevelopment with a floodlit Table Mountain as a backdrop. Although "Courtaulds International" had only managed 12th place on leg 4, we still managed to collect one prize - the safety award. Due to a late change of crew, I had taken on the safety officer's job only two days before we left Sydney - and it was with more than just luck that our boat and crew survived the most rigorous leg so far with the least damage, injuries and best maintained equipment.

Leg 5 started on Sunday 4 May; but not before the whole fleet had received a blessing from Archbishop Desmond Tutu. Shorts and T-shirts donned in the protection of the harbour were soon being swapped for full foul weather gear as we were entertained on the start line with 35 knot winds funnelling around the edge of Table Mountain. By the first mark, the whims of Table Bay were becoming apparent as the wind dropped to 2 knots and even our lightest spinnaker was hanging limp. "Courtaulds International" again excelled itself on the start line, taking full advantage of the local knowledge of our South African skipper.

This leg was always destined to be a tactical race. The shortest distance along the great circle route was not favoured as it crosses through the low wind areas of the Atlantic high pressure systems that are prevalent at this time of year. Clearly the best route would be to stay east of the South Atlantic high; then heading west with the trade winds whilst carefully selecting the best spot to cross north through the doldrums; and finally skirting west of the Azores high pressure and maybe even picking up some advantage from the Equatorial and Gulf Stream currents. The average route from Cape Town to Boston is north-west. The problem was to make the right judgment on how close we could cut the corner on each of the high pressures without falling into a hole. The high pressure systems, whilst generally stable, can move around. The South Atlantic high being particularly prone to being nudged north or south by the series of low fronts running along the Roaring Forties. The doldrums change in size and position from day to day; and the potentially helpful ocean currents can produce both eddies and counter currents with devastating effect on boat speed.

On the BT Global Challenge, unlike some of the other round-the-world races, we are not allowed any outside assistance between the start and finish lines. So we have to rely on our own pre-race planning, any publicly broadcast weather information (mainly faxes) and our own analysis of the other boats' speed and direction from the 6-hourly position reports. On "Courtaulds International", we re-arranged our crew responsibilities again, creating a new "tactician" position whose main job was to obtain and analyse weather reports from the myriad of worldwide information available - assuming that the radio and the weatherfax computer program worked - and you could read the blurred printout that is the final result. I took over as one of the two watch-leaders.

"Courtaulds International" started the race with four new faces on board - three of them on my watch - but then the three core crew on my watch make a very solid team after our experience of the Southern Ocean. What was more of a challenge was the fact that two of the new crew were French and spoke little English - one of them taking over the role of Medic. At least somebody had the foresight to bring a French-English dictionary on board. I mastered "babord" (port) and "tribord" (starboard) fairly quickly; but "le grand foc" seemed to imply more intimate pursuits than just dealing with the main-sail. Although misunderstandings often resulted in

hilarious situations, we also had to doubly rehearse all of our standard sail change procedures in order to avoid disasters, often taxing my recall of schoolboy linguistics to the limit. With three South Africans, an American and a Brazilian, the boat was becoming truly international. (If only we could understand our new crewman from the USA!) Our sole representative from the USA was Steve Callahan who, as well as being a yachting journalist and has dabbled in yacht design and building, has his main claim to fame with his autobiography "Adrift - 76 days lost at sea". This book was compulsive reading amongst the crew (and should be for anyone else contemplating ocean crossings); we just prayed that we wouldn't need to call on his experience. Even our re-hydrated McDougalls rations tasted better after reading of Steve's deprivation whilst drifting in a life raft from the Canaries to the Caribbean.

Equator Again



will be first to finish". For once "Courtaulds International" managed to keep in contact with the lead pack of boats and pulled away from our usual partners at the back of the fleet. "Courtaulds International" had one set back for about half a day. As we tried to clear the top of the South Atlantic high pressure, a small section of the pressure system broke off to the north and left us sitting in the valley between two highs with zero pressure gradient and no wind.

On the 21 May, we had a double celebration. Not only did we cross the Equator but we crossed it at almost the same point that we crossed on Leg 1. For six of the crew crossing the equator for the first time, there was the traditional ceremony when Neptune's emissary doled out liberal anointment of a revolting mixture of food slops. For the eight core crew, there was the celebration of completing our circumnavigation - crossing our outward

The statistics of the first part of the race were incredible to us. In the first four days, we completed 1,000 Nm of this 6,900 Nm leg; an average speed of over 10 knots and often reaching 13-14 knots. Cape Town to the Equator took 18 days of continuous spinnaker run broken only by 2 hours of genoa work while searching for the wind in a hole. Our tactic was to try to follow the 1015 mb pressure contour around the edge of the South Atlantic high in the hope that this would "cut the corner" of the pressure system whilst staying far enough away from the centre to keep in a reasonable pressure gradient and fair winds. Most of the fleet went east, with twelve boats spread out over 200Nm miles on our starboard side and with only one boat daring to go even further west over 200 Nm on our port side (and they eventually finished second!). The interim race results were always based on the calculated distance to finish (dtf) of each boat. It always seemed amazing that whilst individual boat position might vary by only a few miles in terms of the dtf, that the boats were spread laterally over several hundred miles; for most of the race, the nearest boat to us was over one hundred miles away.

Generally the boats to our east were faster as expected and the first to reach the doldrums - a major psychological advantage as it was often said "first through the doldrums



Trimming the spinnaker (left) and core crew of eight who have circumnavigated the world (above)

track after 118 days of sailing.

On the next morning, just to complete our celebrations in style, we had our first major error of the trip. We wrapped our brand new 1.5oz spinnaker around the forestay. Within minutes, it had disintegrated and gone under the boat. Fortunately, we managed to retrieve all the pieces, though now a mottled blue colour from rubbing against the anti-fouling. The sewing circle was re-convened and in three days, a fully repaired spinnaker was packed and ready to fly. The timing of this disaster could not have been better. The wind dropped as we entered the doldrums - and there was not a moment over the next 5 days when we would have needed the 1.5 oz kite. However, when the 1.5 oz kite was eventually hoisted again, the repairs lasted less than 90 seconds before the spinnaker exploded, this time irreparably.

We faired quite well through the doldrums with only about two days of fickle winds. But north of the doldrums, the tactics were changing. The wind was now much more on the beam or ahead of the beam and thus favouring the boats to the north-east as it gave them a better angle for reaching to Cape Cod and Boston. To our annoyance, the boat to the west of us flew through the doldrums without any delay to take second place whilst we languished in eighth place and slowly slipping back.

Decision time. Stick to your tactics and keep heading west of Bermuda or try to cover the rest of the fleet so as to hopefully keep in their weather pattern. In the end, we took a middle line. We didn't want to go too far north as we were still concerned about the Azores high. The lead pack were making good speed but so were we. Over the next few days we were often within the top one or two boats for speed towards Boston (WCV as we called it = waypoint closing velocity). Then on the 30 May, our tactics began to pay off. The lead pack had cut the corner of the Azores high a bit too tight. Every six hours, the interim results showed us making 30 Nm on the lead boats - a clear 5 kn faster. Since we were only managing 7-8 knots, the leaders were barely making 2-3 knots. By the 1 June, we had pulled up to third and were still making ground. Only the lead boat had somehow miraculously got out of the hole to surge even further ahead.

We were not in the clear yet. With 1200 Nm to go, the weather reports showed a low pressure system building up to the north. Where would it go and how fast? To our horror, it pushed the high pressure system south over the top of us, putting us in a hole and freeing up the rest of the fleet. Now we were making 2-3 knots and beginning to see all our gains slip away. The anguish was unbearable. We prayed to every sea god we could think of to lift us out of this mess - and we almost got more than we bargained for - a 40 knot storm on the nose!



Woman Overboard

As storms go, it was nothing unusual. We had been through many storms like it before; but it was the first storm on this leg, so a new experience for half of my watch. When we came to our first sail change, everyone was reminded of safety, everyone was fully briefed on what to do. As it was at night with waves on the foredeck, to play safe, initially only two of the core crew (Suse and I) went forward to hank on the sail - we had done it hundreds of times before. It was the usual problem to clip on the tack before the waves rip the sail out of your hand. As the water cleared from around me, I heard this urgent shout "Richard! Richard!". I looked round - no Suse. Maybe the wave had tangled the new sail behind the staysail and she needed some help. As I prepared to move back, another shout "Richard! I'm over the side!". In the gloom, I could just make out her

knuckles gripping the pulpit on the lee side. I don't remember lifting her back on the boat; I just grabbed her harness and the next moment she was on the foredeck. "Are you alright?", "Yes", "Well, let's get this sail hanked on". It was only afterwards that I realised she still in shock with legs like jelly. It was a sharp reminder of the dangers of the sea. She didn't do anything wrong and she stayed calm; but if she hadn't been clipped on, we would probably not have found her.

The last three days were just a race for the line. The wind still favoured the boats to the north; and the interim results often showed them with slightly better speed. They were also better positioned to beat us out of the Gulf stream counter current that swirls around the southern end of Cape Cod. We monitored sea temperature to check the location of the currents. When we found the edge of the Gulf stream, it was very distinct with a 5°C drop in temperature; but by then, one of the boats to the north had slipped through into third place. Our nearest rivals in the overall results were now just entering the high pressure we had left behind and were falling further and further back - the worst being over 500 Nm behind and eventually finishing more than three days after us. The last day into Boston was a bit disappointing as we fell into another hole and gave away four or five hours to the boats behind that would have been useful to have in reserve for the final leg back to Southampton.

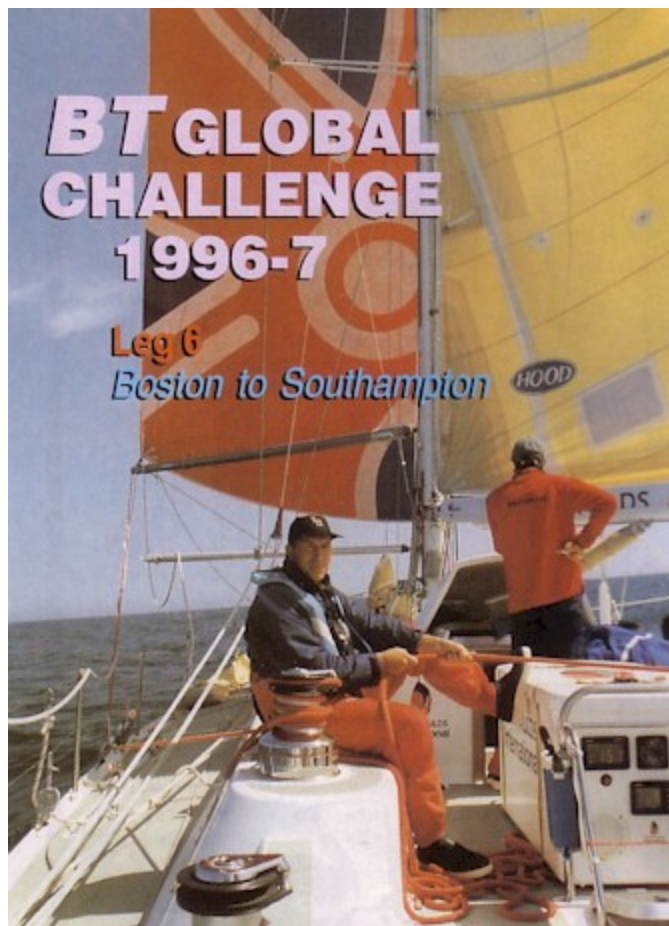
The final result was "Courtaulds International" in fourth place with a time of just over 35½ days. That took us up to eleventh place overall - about 24 hours behind tenth and 15 hours ahead of twelfth. The next leg will be the final leg back to Southampton, which starts on Sunday 29 June and is estimated at 15 to 17 days. Hopefully, "Courtaulds International" will be able to defend its eleventh place and, with a bit of luck and a lot of hard work, maybe squeeze up to tenth.

Leg 6 – Boston to Southampton

The final leg of the BT Global Challenge had always been dubbed as the final sprint home across the "Big Pond". In the event, with wind levels reminiscent of sailing on a pond, the sprint didn't happen. However, it was the final leg of an incredible 10 months at sea culminating in the tightest finish of all the legs. A year ago, the mere idea of setting off on a 3,000 Nm journey across the North Atlantic would have been an inspiring challenge beyond anything that I had sailed before. Now that we had raced and survived in some of the roughest waters the oceans have to offer, to cross the Atlantic was just another leg - but not to be taken lightly as even the North Atlantic can produce some fierce storms.

With the finish line only 3,000 Nm and 18 days away, it was easy to think that the race was virtually over. For "Courtaulds International" to achieve a change in position in the overall results table, we would either have to make up more than 24 hours on the next boat or lose by more than 16 hours to the boat behind; but a race is a race and anything could happen, so we could not afford to cruise home.

The start in Boston harbour on 29 June was in very fickle winds. This was the first downwind start of the whole race. Fortunately there was a long start line, giving us plenty of room to manoeuvre and so avoiding the collisions that occurred at the Sydney start. Although "Courtaulds International" was one of the first boats across the line, we initially had so little wind at our end of the line that we had trouble even in getting the rubber bands to break on our 0.75 oz spinnaker. The winds remained fickle within the limits of the harbour, first favouring one side and then the other with the result that "Courtaulds International" went from



second place to thirteenth and then back to second. By the time we had weaved our way through the islands to the edge of the harbour, "Courtaulds International" was in fourth place and sailing with a genoa into head winds.

Our route across the Atlantic, very much depended on the position of the North Atlantic high pressure (the Azores High). The shortest route would be the great circle route but with the Azores High being much further north than usual (centred at N50° W30°), it was essential to push north as soon as possible to keep within a reasonable wind gradient. (It was this unusual position of the Azores high that was trapping a low pressure system over Great Britain and bringing all the rain to this year's Wimbledon tennis tournament). The race committee had also decided to instigate a waypoint at N42° W49° 30', about one thousand miles out from Boston, in order to keep the fleet south of the reported iceberg limit. The selection of this waypoint eventually proved to be of sound judgment as we came very close to ice fields in dangerously foggy conditions. Initially the waypoint was a major hindrance as it kept the whole fleet so far south that we were well enveloped in the light winds of the high pressure systems and going nowhere very slowly!!



Day 2, 30 June, saw us making slow headway under light weight spinnakers in eleventh place but only eleven miles behind the leader. As this was also a significant day in the history of Hong Kong, some recognition had to be made. We were 12 hours behind Hong Kong time, so the midnight handover ceremony occurred at midday on the boat - and all I had was a RHKYC burgee

to lower at the appointed time! But the thought was there even if I could not watch the ceremony on television with millions of other people from around the world - we had more important things to do such as racing the boat.

The first five days of the race were desperately slow and frustrating. There were many watches that we spent searching the water for those tell-tale "cats paws" flickering on the water surface, indicating the presence of a tiny drop of wind. Then our futile attempts to accelerate 42 tonnes of yacht from one patch of breeze to the next in the hope that we might gain a few miles on our rivals. With no other boats in sight, it was always a concern that everyone else had found wind and were sailing off over the horizon. We had to console ourselves with watching the frequent acrobatic displays from several large schools of dolphins and the occasional sightings of huge whales. Even the regular daily sonic booms from Concorde passing overhead seemed a mocking reminder that we could have been in England within a few hours had we chosen to fly.

As always, our tactician maintained a regular check on all the weather reports, searching for some glimmer of hope to escape the high pressure system that was trapping us against the race waypoint. Even the excitement of a tropical storm heading our way dissipated along with the storm as it became "extra tropical".



Ice damage (above) tuna for 14 crew (bottom)



Our only light relief was listening to the serious but comical plight of two ladies out of control on a yacht off Miami. Their only means of communication was to re-broadcast on one of the weather frequencies where the previous charterer had left it tuned in. The US Coastguard did not dare to ask them to change to another channel for fear of losing them but was also failing to gain any useful information apart from a description of their plight.

First Place

By 5 July we had moved into first place, not a strong position with only 18 Nm separating us from last place. At least we were close to rounding the race waypoint. And we also had some wind. Only about 20 knots but enough to give us 8-10 knots of boat speed. This was the area of the Grand Banks, infamous for its thick fog. With visibility at times less than 50m, this would give us about 10 seconds warning if we came across an iceberg. The Coastguard planes had already reported several icebergs within 5 Nm of us. Some wit had also reminded us that we were now only 60 Nm *north* of where the Titanic sank. With 2000 Nm still to go to the finish, it was becoming doubtful if any of the fleet would make it back to Southampton in time for the BT welcome home party.

By the 9 July, the race had started to become a procession. There was now no chance of changing the overall results. The two boats that were either side of us in the overall positions were now either side of us on the ocean. For three days and over 500 Nm, we raced along the same heading with these two boats never more than a mile away from us. The boats and crews had become so evenly matched that I don't think we could have held better formation if we tried. Even our success at fishing, when we landed a tuna large enough to feed 14 of us for 2 meals each, did nothing to break the deadlock between the boats.

On 14 July, we crossed the Celtic Shelf about 50 Nm south of Ireland. Even though we couldn't see land the evidence was there - Spanish fishing trawlers in abundance, no more frolicking dolphins and the inevitable flotsam of Tesco carrier bags! And of course, it was raining. Welcome to Great Britain!

Lost to next by three seconds

It was that day that we had our moment of disaster with the 2.2 oz spinnaker. In yet another attempt to break away from the two boats next to us, we pushed the spinnaker too hard on the wind and the whole central section of the spinnaker exploded away from the clews and supporting tapes and vanished over the side. As we watched the debris float away astern of us, it looked for a while to be destined to wrap itself around the keel of the boat behind - but it was not to be (I am not sure how the racing rules would have treated this form of unintentional sabotage of the opposition). Fortunately for us, as this was the last leg of the race there were no penalties for damaging sails; and with the spinnaker completely lost, there was no need to convene the sewing circle for hours of repair.

The last two days produced some changes in boat positions as the skippers chose different tactics to run up the English Channel. We took the inshore route. Lizard Point was our first sight of land and from there on we ticked off the bays and headlands as we closed on Christchurch Bay and the Needles. Almost home!

As we entered Christchurch Bay, we started another head to head race with two boats just ahead of us and another two boats only about 3 miles ahead and well in sight. This is where Boris comes into his own. He is a master of close quarter racing as he has shown at several of the starts and throws our 42 tonnes yacht around like a small dinghy. By the Needles, we had already overtaken the first two boats and were closing on the next. By Calshot Spit, with only 8 Nm to go, we did our last spinnaker drop to headsails - a slightly tense moment as the shackle jammed for a few seconds before our bowman could free it to fire the spinnaker clew. The two boats ahead were now less than a mile away and looked in trouble as they searched for wind. By now, Southampton Water was filled with spectator boats. The Courtaulds International welcome boat was loaded



Home at last, with mother, brother and niece

with about 200 friends and relatives, all cheering, shouting and sounding off horns. It was difficult to concentrate on the sailing while trying to catch glimpses of loved ones; or to hear Boris's commands through all the noise. The situation was electrifying and Boris gave it his all. When we crossed the finish line we looked just ahead of the next boat but, from the double bang of the finish gun, it was obvious that it was going to be tight. Nine boats finished in that last hour, with five boats finishing with us in a nine minute period. After 18 days and 3,000 Nm of sailing, we lost to the next boat by 3 seconds. We had finished eleventh on this leg and eleventh overall.

And now it is all over. As my friends keep telling me "back to reality", whatever reality is. I have no regrets at all about doing the race. It has been an incredible experience and my greatest achievement. Would I do it again? Now that I am sitting comfortably at home, thousands of miles away from the Southern Oceans, I am tempted to say "yes" - but not as a crew on this race again. It would have to be a different challenge - maybe going the right way round the world with a crew that I know and have trained with. Or maybe as a skipper on the next Challenge Race in 2000. Now that would be a Challenge with bigger boats and 18 crew to look after. For me, one of the telling results of this race was that the 3 skippers on this race who were only crew on the first race 4 years ago, came in second, third and fourth, beating many of the professional skippers, even those who were doing it the second time round.

As to my immediate future, I am hoping to arrange a trip down to the Antarctic - but that is another story. Certainly, I will be back in Hong Kong, probably before Christmas, to review the job situation and to do some sailing from the RHKYC. See you there.

RACE RESULTS

Leg 1 - Southampton to Rio de Janeiro

Place	Yacht	Leg Time
		days-h-m-s
1	Group 4	26-03-47-15
2	Toshiba Wave Warrior	26-05-56-11
3	Concert	26-14-52-23
4	Save The Children	26-22-05-39
5	Commercial Union	27-06-58-49
6	3Com	27-09-34-38
7	Motorola	27-14-30-55
8	Heath Insured II	27-16-32-03
9	Ocean Rover	27-18-29-48
10	Nuclear Electric	27-20-30-15
11	Global Teamwork	28-19-43-23
12	Pause To Remember	29-10-36-10
13	Courtaulds International	29-21-14-58
14	Time & Tide	29-23-40-33

Leg 2 - Rio de Janeiro to Wellington

Place	Yacht	Leg Time
		days-h-m-s
1	Group 4	39-07-16-30
2	Save The Children	39-10-08-13
3	Motorola	39-21-09-08 R
4	Toshiba Wave Warrior	39-21-27-23
5	Global Teamwork	40-15-05-24
6	Commercial Union	40-15-15-32
7	Pause To Remember	40-20-23-30
8	Nuclear Electric	41-03-55-37 P
9	Ocean Rover	41-23-05-12
10	Time & Tide	42-06-42-18 R
11	3Com	42-07-42-43 R
12	Courtaulds International	42-11-54-56 R
13	Heath Insured II	43-23-29-06
14	Concert	50-13-48-00

Leg 3 - Wellington to Sydney

Place	Yacht	Leg Time
		days-h-m-s
1	Save The Children	7-07-32-58
2	Group 4	7-09-50-44
3	Courtaulds International	7-10-51-45
4	Global Teamwork	7-11-05-03
5	Pause To Remember	7-11-17-41
6	Concert	7-11-18-32
7	3Com	7-11-19-05
8	Ocean Rover	7-11-33-47
9	Nuclear Electric	7-11-35-34
10	Toshiba Wave Warrior	7-11-39-30
11	Motorola	7-11-41-44
12	Heath Insured II	7-12-01-01
13	Commercial Union	7-12-55-11
14	Time & Tide	7-13-13-48

Leg 4 - Sydney to Cape Town

Place	Yacht	Leg Time
		days-h-m-s
1	Group 4	37-23-05-05
2	Concert	37-23-25-26
3	Toshiba Wave Warrior	38-03-11-30
4	Commercial Union	38-18-49-23
5	Motorola	39-03-25-27
6	Save The Children	39-07-23-39
7	3Com	39-13-43-30
8	Global Teamwork	39-14-18-51
9	Ocean Rover	40-05-15-43
10	Time & Tide	40-19-37-29
11	Nuclear Electric	41-05-37-24
12	Courtaulds International	41-09-13-30
13	Pause To Remember	41-10-03-33
14	Heath Insured II	41-10-25-48

Leg 5 - Cape Town to Boston

Place	Yacht	Leg Time
		days-h-m-s
1	Group 4	34-01-48-46
2	Motorola	34-18-12-16
3	Toshiba Wave Warrior	35-07-50-14
4	Courtaulds International	35-12-31-05
5	Concert	35-19-34-27
6	Save The Children	36-21-32-54 P
7	Commercial Union	36-04-58-38
8	Nuclear Electric	36-07-08-59 R
9	Global Teamwork	36-07-15-58
10	Pause To Remember	36-13-07-07
11	Heath Insured II	36-17-59-43 R
12	Ocean Rover	36-23-57-35
13	3Com	37-15-57-39
14	Time & Tide	38-15-50-58 P

Leg 6 - Boston to Southampton

Place	Yacht	Leg Time
		days-h-m-s
1	Group 4	16-07-36-58
2	Toshiba Wave Warrior	16-09-09-46
3	Concert	16-10-37-41
4	Save The Children	16-21-02-23
5	Commercial Union	16-21-03-59
6	Nuclear Electric	17-00-41-21
7	Global Teamwork	17-00-59-17
8	Ocean Rover	17-01-24-29
9	Heath Insured II	17-01-36-06
10	3Com	17-01-39-55
11	Courtaulds International	17-01-39-58
12	Motorola	17-01-43-24
13	Pause To Remember	17-01-45-27
14	Time & Tide	17-11-04-49

R = Time includes Redress

P = Time includes Penalty

FINAL RESULTS

Place	Yacht	Combined Times	Difference
		days-h-m-s	days-h-m-s
1	Group 4	161-05-25-18	+ 00-00-00-00
2	Toshiba Wave Warrior	163-11-14-34	+ 02-05-49-16
3	Save The Children	165-20-50-46	+ 04-15-25-28
4	Motorola	165-22-40-54	+ 04-17-15-36
5	Commercial Union	167-08-01-32	+ 06-02-36-14
6	Global Teamwork	169-20-27-56	+ 08-15-02-38
7	Nuclear Electric	171-01-29-10	+ 09-20-03-52
8	Ocean Rover	171-11-46-34	+ 10-06-21-16
9	3Com	171-11-57-30	+ 10-06-32-12
10	Pause To Remember	172-19-13-28	+ 11-13-48-10
11	Courtaulds International	173-19-26-12	+ 12-14-00-54
12	Heath Insured II	174-10-03-47	+ 13-04-38-29
13	Concert	174-21-36-29	+ 13-16-11-11
14	Time & Tide	176-18-09-55	+ 15-12-44-37