

## To Chart, Perchance to Dream

It's been a minute since I've done any serious voyage planning. Even saying that is sort of sad, but I've been filling my sailing days lately with short trips in familiar waters for which the only planning needed has been what the weather looks like, and do we have enough food, water, rum, and wine (not necessarily in that order).

However, my husband, Johnny, and I have started scheming with our friend, Paul, about a possible trip in and around Nova Scotia's Cape Breton and Newfoundland this summer, and there's nothing about sailing up there that's simple. Between fog, tidal bores, and rocks and ledges that go by the perfectly eponymous name "sunkers," it's a place that requires thorough prep work.

We started reading the pertinent cruising guides, and Johnny pulled out the iPad with a navigation app to evaluate distances. But it wasn't long before I was hauling out a small mountain of paper charts and spreading them all over the floor. Our Australian-built Adams 45, *Osprey*, had a massive chart drawer under the master cabin bunk, and these treasures conveyed when we bought her to go full-time cruising.

Short of sailing to Antarctica, I'm pretty certain we could go most places in the world with them. There are massive Pacific planning charts that stretch from Hawaii to New Guinea and New Zealand. We have Jamaica, the Pedro Bank, all of the West Indies and Caribbean, the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, the Gulf of Maine to the Strait of Belle Isle (including the Grand Banks and Flemish Cap, were we so inclined to visit).

We have the entire North Atlantic from the Bay of Biscay to Chesapeake Bay and Norway to Georgia, the Azores, Canary Islands, and Bermuda. We have charts in French for Tenerife labeled "Service Hydrographique de la Marine, Paris, 1888"

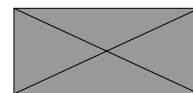
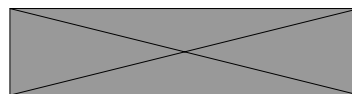
(one of her owners was a Frenchman, whom I suspect also left onboard the stainless steel French press, cast iron grill pan, and some lovely cutting boards).

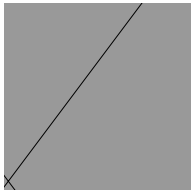
There also are charts we added when we were cruising, including my favorite, Isla de Providencia—a Colombian island off the Nicaraguan coast—which a fellow cruiser gave us on his way north after spending years in the tropics. We were headed to Panama from Honduras, and the chart, which still carries his navigation notes and positions, was among others he didn't need anymore.

When our weather window south started closing, that chart proved invaluable for guiding us into that memorable island's harbor. I think I like it best because it says right up front, "From British Survey in 1853" and conveys information in elegant cursive, including "foul ground," "dark patches," and "always breaks." Rendered in black and white like an etching, with the island's topography shown in varying shades of grey, it's a work of art and history. You feel like Captain Jack Aubrey every time you hold a magnifier over it and let your imagination run.

And what is voyage planning if not an act of the imagination? When we sold *Osprey* (to our friend Paul, with whom we're sailing this summer), I couldn't let go of the charts. Some of them I hung on the walls of my new land-bound office, and visitors would immediately be drawn to them. When I pointed to places we had sailed, they were awed, and I felt a comforting sense of home as my fingers traced lines over the rough paper.

Paul has kitted *Osprey* with all the latest and greatest in nav tech, so I know we won't really need the paper charts this summer, although we'll still carry them as backups. No matter. They may not be required for navigating, but I'll always need them for dreaming.





## Tending the Garden

Back in the 1960s, the ornithologist Roger Tory Peterson was watching a tragedy unfold in and near Great Island saltmarsh, where the Connecticut River enters Long Island Sound. Just a decade or so earlier he'd counted some 150 osprey nests. By 1965 there were only 13. By 1972, when only a single nest remained at Great Island, I was a kid growing up sailing on the northern Chesapeake Bay, and I didn't even know what an osprey was. I'd never even seen one.

Researchers like Peterson determined that the insecticide DDT was biomagnifying—transferring from the fish that are the birds' food source, concentrating in their systems, and causing the shells of their eggs to thin. These birds, who had survived the perils of migration from as far away as South America, returned to their nesting sites in the Chesapeake, Long Island Sound, and elsewhere, only to crush their own eggs as they tried to brood their young. Eventually, DDT was banned, though its presence is still found in the Bay's food chain.

Today, the Chesapeake Bay—what some call the osprey garden of the world—is home to the planet's largest breeding population of ospreys. It's impossible for me to witness their return each spring and not feel immense wonder, gratitude, and hope. Wonder, because they are breathtaking in their ferocious beauty and power. Gratitude, because we humans felt their loss, worked to understand its causes, and took action to change it. Hope, because my kids grew up sailing in a Chesapeake full of ospreys, and they will work to ensure that it stays that way.

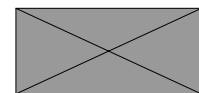
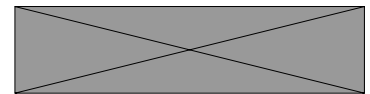
This year, as I watched the beloveds return to the creek where we keep our Peterson 34, my husband and I began a new ritual. Instead of cutting pounds of plastic shrink wrap off the boat, we re-

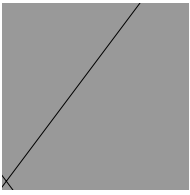
moved the reusable cover we'd installed, folded it up, and stored it until fall, when we'll cover her up again and await the ospreys return in spring.

Why? Because based on the most conservative of estimates, boatowners in Maryland use at least 234 tons of shrink wrap annually—and the number is very likely double that amount. Rhode Island-based Clean Ocean Action has estimated that each year boatowners generate at least 46,000 tons of shrink wrap nationally. The vast majority goes into landfills. I wrote about this for Maryland Sea Grant when I was a science writer there, and after conducting the research, I couldn't stomach seeing the single-use plastic covering our boat in winter. (More on this in an upcoming autumn issue.) My husband and I made the choice to change something we could—and as the service manager of a boatyard, he's encouraging his customers to do the same.

To me, it's tending the garden that is our home waters, our nest, our planet. In this issue, you're going to read about members of the sailing industry who are doing the same. They're setting ambitious goals—like Fountaine Pajot's *Odyssée24* project's goal of carbon-neutral sailing by 2030 (page 10)—and taking real-world steps—like Beneteau's launch of a First 44 built using a recyclable resin (page 34). They're designing boats that motivate us to sail more and motor less, and they're spurring innovations to make sailing more environmentally sustainable. They are looking at environmental loss, assessing what's causing it, and effecting change to address it—much like Peterson and others did all those years ago, to our great benefit today.

They're tending the garden, and when you're sailing this summer and look up to see the graceful arc of an osprey overhead, I encourage you to consider how you can do the same.





# The Big Show

It's fall, and in my neck of the woods (the East Coast and, specifically, the Chesapeake Bay), that brings several rites of seasonal passage. After a long, hot summer, the sailing is perfect with cool, breezy days, crystal clear nights, and quieter anchorages. Overhead, Canada geese are flying in to take the place of the ospreys, most already gone. And as they migrate, so do the snowbirds, a steady stream of sailors southbound for the approaching winter, many of whom come to rest, recharge, and reunite in one place: the U.S. Sailboat Show in Annapolis.

I think I was about 11 years old the first time I came to the sailors' mecca that is the boat show in Annapolis in October. At that time, my dad was still trying to convince my mom that sailboats were vastly superior to houseboats (thank you, Dad). When she toured the brand new Morgan Out Island 41, which had a washer/dryer (!!!), he nearly had her hooked. I'm not sure why my mom thought she needed a washer/dryer on a boat that likely wouldn't be sailed much more than weekends, but I guess it was just the novelty, or maybe something about the comforts of home.

Either way, it was an eye-opener, and that's one of the rare consistencies in a business that has always been fraught with ups and downs—that you could come to Annapolis in October and be certain you'd see something new that would spark your imagination, fuel your dreams, or even change your perspective. For my mom that year, it was the Out Island 41 (Dad did eventually make his case, and they settled on an Irwin 38). For me, over the years it's been all over the map—from clever small boats to gorgeous, fast performance cats to racing sleds to traditional bluewater cruisers.

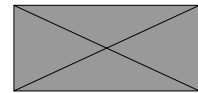
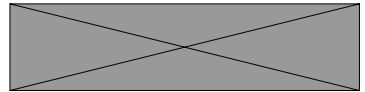
I have a boat problem, and for anyone with a boat problem, the sailboat show in Annapolis is pure enabler.

It's easy to come here and wander, ogle, dream, and drink painkillers at inappropriately early hours, and not acknowledge or even realize the backstory. But like any huge production, this show is many months in the making, a logistical magic trick; if you really want to get a sense of it, stay for the load out on the last day and watch it all break up like a giant jigsaw puzzle undoing itself. For some of the builders displaying their new models here, the boats we see can represent years of effort. It all culminates in a mad rush to finish commissioning new boats, build the docks, and move everything in for the big unveil. That the show organizers, boatbuilders and dealers, and the multitude of exhibitors throughout the tents and elsewhere can make it look easy from the outside is a testament to their skill, commitment, and passion for sailing.

Of course, the show is about boats, and in this issue you can preview the latest models you'll be seeing there. We review the new Dufour 41 on page 30, the new Italia Yachts 14.98 on page 24, and present the 2024 nominees for Top 10 Best Boats on page 36.

But the show is also about the people; for many of us, it's the one time of the year we gather in the same place. Where else would I get to catch up with renowned sailor Lin Pardey, up from New Zealand and her new travels aboard the 40-foot steel cutter *Sahula*? We're happy to welcome her back to these pages with her story "Sea Trials" on page 8.

And where else would I catch up with you, our far-flung readers? See you at the show!



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