

THE PILOT

The Monthly Newsletter of the Inverness Yacht Club

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YOUTH SAILING

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COMMODORE'S COLUMN

March 2009

If you were lucky enough to attend the Bistro By The Bay Dinner in February, I am sure you will join me in thanking all those who put on such a wonderful evening. The food was great, the music was great, and by the second month of the year, I had used up my total annual allocation of dance time with my wife. And so I thank very much the Speys, Chases, Gillmars, Hutters, Scales and Munsons for a really lovely evening. One of the best!

I have another volunteer to thank also. The second Saturday of each month is when we hold our Board meetings in the morning and the Open House in the evening. During each Board meeting the same person comes in and quietly helps herself to coffee and one third of a pastry. (I know it's a third because it is me that cuts them up). Once fortified this lady then lays out all the tables for Open House, sets everything up with flowers and table cloths and bowls and all that stuff that guys like me have occasionally been known to not notice. Well, Nancy Jo, I have noticed, and want to also thank you for all your efforts in setting up for our Open Houses.

I recently sent out an e-mail about sailing a race on Saturday Feb 28, and asking for some volunteers to help drive rescue boats. If you received that e-mail, and do not want to receive any more, please let me know and I will remove you from my list. If you did not get the e-mail but would like to receive them on sailing issues, please let me know and I will add you to the list. Our off season races are planned for Saturdays on February 28 at 1.30 pm, March 28 at 2.00 pm and April 25 at 1.00 pm.

Inside this edition you will see that our two Port Captains, Richard and Millie Biller, have been hard at it again, dealing with the underside of the dock structure. Soon they will be organizing grading of the driveway and getting rid of our pot holes.

You can also read about Mark Darley's winter rescue, and the safety equipment he now always carries on his boat. I would like to second his sentiments regarding safety and proper clothing when on the Bay.

And finally, you can read how to spend your money in yet another unique way. An online auction with the proceeds going to Youth Sailing. So spend, spend spend.

I look forward to seeing you all at March's Swedish Dinner.

Peter Lassetter.

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INVERNESS YACHT CLUB P.O. Box 186 · Inverness · CA · 94937 · 415-669-7184		
COMMODORE	Peter Lassetter	415-472-2010
HOUSE CHAIR	Jan Aston	415-669-1406
PORT CAPTAINS	Milly & Richard Biller	415-663-1442
FLEET CAPTAIN	Peter Ackley	415-485-0653 packley2@comcast.net
PILOT EDITOR	Mark Darley	415-381-5452 markdarley@mac.com
WEBSITE	John Speh	invernessyachtclub.org IYC@svn.net

THE ZEN BEAN DIET

Yes, economic times are tough and we all want to save money and be green, even though we likely have lost a lot of it.

So, I want to share a very special diet with you that I have discovered and have used to good effect when Bambi has a book club meeting or other lofty evening diversion and I don't want to cook. It is called the Zen Bean Diet.

It is simplicity and elegance in the extreme. Take one can of high quality baked beans from the larder and open it up with a hand-turned can opener. A hand can opener saves energy and is less likely to spill the beans. I hate electric can openers anyway.

Pour off the excess bean juice from the top of the can. Then put a goodly portion of the beans in a bowl, preferably one of Japanese porcelain to get the full Zen effect. Note: do not heat the beans. Do not, under any circumstances, use a plastic bowl. It destroys the effect.

Contemplate the pile of beans in the bowl for a while, noting especially the plump even shapes, the lovely, warm color and the subtle scents emanating from the bowl. One does not rush a Japanese tea ceremony—ditto the Zen bean experience.

After this contemplation, take up a pair of wooden chopsticks. The chopsticks should be wood, not plastic. We want to reduce our carbon footprint as much as we can.

Get the chopsticks in the right position in your hand and, lowering the chopsticks to the bowl, carefully grab hold of one bean and raise it to your lips and eat it. Chew the bean carefully and deliberately as you allow the bean's taste to resonate in your senses.

Do the same procedure with the second bean, then the third until all the beans are accounted for.

You will be surprisingly satisfied. You can recycle the can. The chopsticks can be washed off with a dash of cold water—hot water just wastes energy.

In addition, the diet is healthy, inexpensive, and just wacky enough to impress your friends. I am sure it also would work for a dinner party, but so far, I have only done this solo. Finish with a nice cup of green tea.

It works.

Ed Schwartz

NOTICES

PORT CAPTAIN'S REPORT

The week of February second had enough low tides to enable us to complete another section of under deck renewal. Just east of the bar stairs and against the west railing we knew that badly rotted timbers existed, but we did not realize how bad they were until we started to replace them.

That part of the dock needed to be jacked up and supported while the defective timbers were removed. Several of these 6x6 timbers between 16ft and 20ft long were so rotten that we literally removed them with our hands. In all we replaced 120ft of timbers. The very appreciated help of Alphonso Ramirez and his skilled crew had the heavy work completed in less than a day. After that we worked on deck replacement, a continuing work in progress. We are inching close to closure on the "Don't look under the dock" for at least a while.

I still appeal to those not using their boats to remove them from the yard, and store them at home. This also applies to kayaks, rowing shells, lasers etc. There are many active people who would love the use of that spot!

Milly Biller

NOTICE FROM THE CHIEF MEASURER, FLYING SCOT.

The requirement for bow bags and transom ports was added to the Specifications as the requirement by a vote of the FSSA Membership at the 2007 NAC. *This change is mandatory for all boats effective on 1/1/2009.* Boats that intend to participate in the 2009 Midwinter Championship, the North American Championship and the Wife Husband Championship need to make a special effort to install these items, as they will be checked at these events and others. These venues are known to be windy *and installation of this equipment will facilitate rescue and recovery in the event of a capsiz.*

The builder of Flying Scots has installed these as standard equipment on new boats manufactured since 1992.

Bob Neff, Chief Measurer

MEMBERSHIP

Proposed:

Thomas and Mary Stubbs

Proposer: Mark Darley

Seconders: Bryan Hemming and Katherine Landreth

Approved...rejoining.

Joan Carlson

Lee Richardson

Resignations:

Bob and Mary Kroninger

Robert and Audrey Gerber

G. Michael Yovino-Young and Alison Teeman

Nathan and Mary Lane

YOUTH SAILING AUCTION

The 2009 Youth Sailing benefit auction is about to begin. We are starting out with a few wonderful items donated by Rigdon Curry. We are looking for additional items for the auction.

Got some time you can't use at your timeshare in Madagascar, Minneapolis or Mozambique? Donate it.

Gold Doubloons, pieces of eight or miscellaneous treasure? Donate them.

Nautical knick knacks, bric-a-brack or other covetable item? Donate them.

A skill, talent or a service you can offer? Donate them.

Art work, cases of wine or plates of hors d'oeuvres? Donate them.

Shoot off a description or picture to IYC@SVN.net or contact John Speh.

To see current items and their high bids visit the auction web page by clicking on the word auction on the Youth Sailing page at www.invernessyachtclub.org

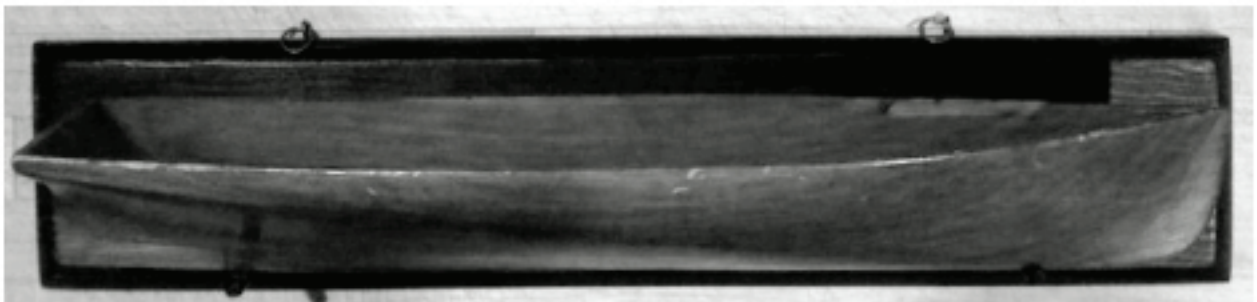
To bid on an item via email: Send an email to IYC@svn.net with the item number and your bid amount.

To bid on an item by phone: Call (415) 663-8850 and leave a message with your name, phone number, the item number and your high bid amount.

The auction will conclude this summer at an event to be named later. Stay tuned for more details and more items.

If you don't want to play but do want to support youth sailing you may send a check made out to the Inverness Foundation with youth sailing written elsewhere on the check to either the IYC at PO Box 186 or the Inverness Foundation at PO Box 382, Inverness, CA 94937. These gifts are tax deductible.

Item Number one:



100 year-old plus full hull model of a skiff. 18"x3-3/4"x5" deep. Probably cherry on a black mounting board.

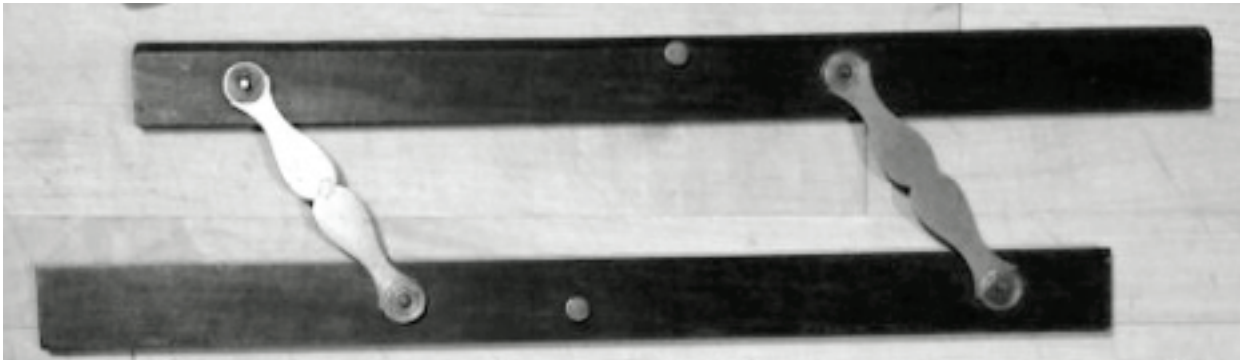
YOUTH SAILING AUCTION

Item Number Two:



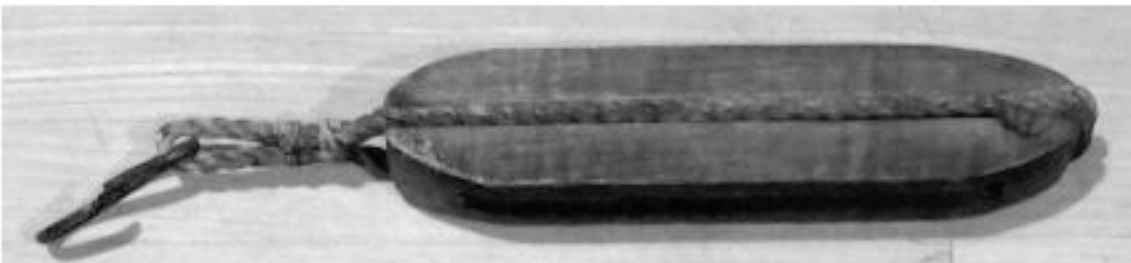
100 year plus half hull model of a cat boat?. 21"x 4-3/4"x3" deep. Probably cherry on black mounting board.

Item Number Three:



100 year old plus wooden (I believe) and brass navigation parallel.

Item Number Four:



100 year old plus wooden rigging block with 3 wooden pulleys and original rope and hook.

A WINTER RESCUE.

At this time of the year in particular, the water in Tomales Bay is cold, conditions on the water can change rapidly, and there are fewer people around to keep an eye on you. As a caution to us all, Ned Congdon and his crew were generous enough to share an account of their recent capsized and rescue on the bay, and it was published in the December issue.

Regardless of our experience or skill, Mother Nature and Murphy's Law can quickly remind us that we are not in charge. To demonstrate this one more time, I thought I would share an experience I had two years ago at this time of the year. Mark Darley

I had a call to my office on a February Monday afternoon canceling a shoot for the following day. Checking the tide and weather for Inverness. I decided I would play hooky from the office and go sailing instead. What is more fun than stealing a beautiful day on Tomales Bay!

Tuesday morning I loaded my car with gear and headed up Route One from Mill Valley. The weather was beautiful; sunny with a light north westerly promised in the morning, picking up in the afternoon. The tide would be high about midday with a strong ebb in the afternoon, but not to worry, I would have enough wind to stem the ebb on the way home from the beach.

Stopping off at the store to pick up Gatorade, a sandwich and a Power Bar, I arrived at the club about 11am, dropped the boat in the water, put on my wetsuit, oilies, lifejacket and trapeze harness, and shoved off the dock about noon.

It was one of those extraordinary winter days on Tomales that are the reason I sail year round. There was not a soul about. I had the bay to myself with the exception of rafts of seabirds. As I tacked up the bay my view from the trapeze was of flurries of Buffleheads launching themselves into the air in front of the boat. Occasionally there would be the gentle thump of a jellyfish on the rudder.

As I made my way up the bay, the wind started to pick up from the Northwest, blowing a solid 10 to 12 knots. By now the tide was already on the ebb, there was a small chop and I was flat out on the trapeze making fast progress. I tacked off Marshall and headed over to Kilkenny beach for lunch.

By the time I had the boat on the beach with the sails dropped, I was hungry. I was wet but warm enough, and I settled in below the cliff for some shelter from the breeze. After a short snooze on the ice plants I was ready to push up the bay a bit further, then hoist the chute and fly home.

Launching the boat, I noticed it was distinctly cooler, but decided to push on up to Cypress Point anyway before I turned south. As I crossed the bay it was clear that the ebb had really kicked in and the wind had picked up considerably, gusting over the hills. The wind against tide had built a pretty good chop, and both the wind and tide were still building. It was blowing a good 18 to 20 knots by now. With or without the spinnaker, it was going to be a wild ride home!

Just north of Cypress Point and about 400 yards from shore, having just decided to tack for home, a large gust caught me completely by surprise and literally launched me from the trapeze, through the air and onto the capsized main. In seconds I found the boat on its side broadside to the wind and chop. Knowing I did not have time to swim around the boat, and doubting I could get a purchase on the centerboard and pull myself up onto it anyway, I decided to make a mad scramble up the leeward side of the boat, over the high side and on to the centerboard. I never made it in time. The wind and waves were slamming onto the hull, driving the boat fast to leeward. Before I knew it, the mast with its float, and the mainsail, had been driven underwater and the boat turned turtle.

Floating alongside I thought; “ Good thing I rigged those righting lines to help me bring her up.” Collecting myself for a moment, I swam round to the stern and hauled myself on to the bottom of the boat; a slick wave-washed fiberglass surface. I slid forward to the centerboard which was now sticking vertically into the air, reached below me to the port shroud plate under water and found the righting line. Sliding back to the centerboard on my knees bringing the line with me, I wrapped it on the hook of my trapeze harness and stood on the bottom of the starboard side of the boat, aiming to sink it with my weight, haul myself up the hull and onto the board as it became horizontal, right the boat and climb in. Well, nothing I did seemed to move the mast which was aimed straight down at the bottom.

I decided to take a look around and assess the situation. As far as I could tell the boat was not headed north on the ebb. That meant one of two things; either the wind and chop was pushing me south as fast as the tide was trying to take me north, or the mast was stuck in the bottom and I was anchored. I decided I was anchored with the mast lodged in the bottom. “All right” I thought, “if it won’t budge sideways I had better try moving it on another axis”. I slide to the stern, unsteadily stood up and bounced up and down to see if I could jerk the mast free. The stern settled a little lower in the water but not much else happened. I decided to slide up to the bow and try the opposite approach. No visible signs of change, but time to try the righting lines and centerboard again. Still no movement. It was firmly lodged upside down.

By now I was getting really quite cold and tired. Since the capsize and swim to the stern, I had been wet from head to toe. I had been scrambling around the slick bottom of the boat with a cold 20 knot northwester and chop refrigerating me, despite my wetsuit and oilskins, for a good half hour, or at least it was beginning to feel that long. And to add to that, it was nearly 4pm on a steel grey February afternoon.

I knew I was getting seriously cold and tired when I began to entertain crazy ideas of abandoning the boat and trying to swim across the fast ebb to the beach about 200 yards away. Clearly that was not an option. Even if I made much headway to the east, the tide would carry me north and, if I were lucky, I would end up hauling myself up on a beach above Nick’s Cove totally exhausted. The other possibility was that I would be swept out into the shark basket on the ebb! Neither seemed like a good choice.

Just at that moment, when I was wishing I had some flares, I noticed a boat coming up the bay from Marshall. I stood up on the bottom of the boat, blew my whistle and yelled like crazy. Fortunately for me the boat turned and a crew from Hog Island Oysters was soon with me, wondering what the hell I was up to. After I explained my situation they threw me a line which I tied to the base of the shrouds. I got in their boat and they gunned the engine to windward in an effort to right the boat....no luck. It was blowing hard by now so they swung the oyster boat around and tried pulling at right angles to the wind....still no luck.

By now I was really cold and exhausted, so I told them that I had to get to warm water soon but that we could not abandon the boat here. I got in the water one last time to attach a bow line. I then instructed them to gun the engine to windward even if it broke the mast. Fortunately the boat gave a lurch and tipped up to 90 degrees. The mast was out of the bottom.

We then towed her on her ear over to the beach north of Cypress Point. There, I got back in the water and checked the rigging, board and rudder. The only damage I could see was that the masthead float had a big dent in it. It looked like it had lodged in rocks. Everything else seemed to be intact, so I folded the board up into the boat, flipped up the rudder, walked out to the masthead and pushed her upright. The oystermen gave me a thumbs up and headed back out to their racks.

With my teeth now chattering from the cold and a little apprehensive, I pushed off the beach with a rolled up jib and mainsail, planning to take it easy with a one sail reach back to the clubhouse. In 20, gusting 25 maybe 30, against a ripping ebb, I ran back down the bay through the chop. I sat in the bottom of the boat, teeth chattering, worried that if I tipped up again or fell overboard, I might truly be unable to get back in. The colder I got, the more tempting it was to roll out the jib to speed my trip home to warm water. That was when it really occurred to me that if I was thinking so crazily, I might in fact be hypothermic. Better go a little slower and safer and stay upright, and in the boat.

When I arrived at the IYC dock I simply tied the boat head to wind, dropped the main, stuffed it in the bottom and headed straight to the hot shower. There, I filled my wetsuit with warm water and sat in the bottom of the shower with hot water running over me for what must have been the better part of half an hour before my teeth stopped chattering. Eventually, in warm dry clothes, I summoned my strength to lift the boat out and pull it back to its place in the yard. I did not bother to put the cover on.

After a rest on the sofa up in the bar, I drove home replaying the afternoon in my head, and thinking what I should have done differently and what safety equipment I should have from now on.

The next day I put together a waterproof pouch with a floating vhf radio and 4 waterproof flares. This is velcroed to the floor of the boat just inside the open transom. If I turn turtle again and need to attract help, I can now call a Mayday and shoot flares. I strongly suggest that any boat sailing during the winter on Tomales Bay carry the same pack.

In the winter I now sail in a far thicker wet suit with a hydrophobic fleece layer underneath, oilskins on top of that, and a lifejacket with a whistle attached. The Australian manufacturer rates this combination as good down to a water temperature of 38 degrees F. It suits me fine on cold days on Tomales, and with a lighter summer suit and layers of hydrophobic fleece, I can get just the right warmth for the weather and water temperature.

Finally, I am more cautious about the conditions in which I single hand, and I tell someone where I am going and when I expect to be back at the club.

Now that I am a little wiser and better equipped, I enjoy my winter sails alone on the bay even more. It truly can be some of the best sailing of the year. As one Norwegian friend once told me; "There is no bad weather, just bad clothing!"

Oh, and by the way, three very large bottles of tequila found their way to Hog Island Oysters. Thank you Hog Island. I will find a way to eat your oysters as long as you grow them!

Radio and flare resources:

<http://www.westmarine.com/1/1/16885-m34-floating-handheld-vhf-radio-from-icom.html>

<http://www.keepitdrycase.com/emflpo.html>

<http://www.orionsignals.com/Marine/Products/aerial.html>

HYPOTHERMIA: The dangerous lowering of core body temperature that can lead to death.

Anyone who gets into or onto a small boat on Tomales Bay should make it their business to know about hypothermia and its dangers, and probably most of our members are very aware of it.

What you may not know is how quickly it can occur in water that you may not think of as especially cold.

Survival curves show that an adult dressed in average clothing may remain conscious for perhaps 2-3 hours at 50°F (water temp.). The crisis is more serious than these numbers suggest. Any movement in the water accelerates heat loss. In colder water survival time can be reduced to minutes. Hands rapidly become numb and useless. Without thermal protection, swimming is not possible. The victim, though conscious, is soon helpless. Without a life jacket, drowning is unavoidable.

Even with a wet suit/dry suit on, one's hands rapidly become useless in water in the low 40's °F. (Thankfully Tomales doesn't get this cold, but Sierra Lakes certainly do). Shivering occurs as body temperature drops from 97°F down to about 90°F. Uncontrolled rapid breathing follows the initial gasping response and may cause loss of consciousness. The victim must attempt to recover control of his/her breathing rate.

Muscle rigidity and loss of manual dexterity, physical helplessness, occurs at about 93°F. Mental capacity also deteriorates at this point.

Unconsciousness occurs when the body's core temperature reaches about 86°F. If drowning doesn't occur first, death occurs at a core temperature of about 80°F.

Treatment of Hypothermia

1. Mild hypothermia (victim shivering but coherent). Move victim to place of warmth. Remove wet clothes; give warm, sweet drinks; no alcohol or caffeine. The core of the body must be rewarmed and this may be done through close body contact from a companion. Keep victim warm for several hours.

2. Moderate hypothermia (shivering may decrease or stop). Victim may seem irrational with deteriorating coordination. Same as above but no drinks. Victim should be kept lying down with torso, thighs, head and neck covered with dry clothes, coats or blankets to stop further heat loss. Seek medical attention immediately.

3. Severe hypothermia (shivering may have stopped. Victim may resist help or be semiconscious or unconscious). Removed from water, victim must be kept prone, on back and immobile. Victim must be handled gently. Cover torso, thighs, head and neck with dry covers to stop further heat loss. Arms and legs must not be stimulated in any manner. Cold blood in extremities, that suddenly returns to the core, may induce cardiac arrest. Seek medical attention immediately.

4. Victim appears dead. Little or no breathing or pulse, body rigid. Assume victim can be revived. Look for faint pulse or breathing for 2 minutes. If any trace is found, do not give CPR. It can cause cardiac arrest. Medical help is imperative. If pulse and breathing are totally absent, CPR should be started by trained medical personnel.

In Tomales Bay the water temperature can be as low as 47°F in the winter, hovers around 54°F for much of the year, with a high of 68°F on the surface in early September. As a result of the fog season in the summer both wind and cold damp air can contribute enormously to cooling at any time of the year. It is not hard to see that a body that functions normally with a core temperature of 98°F, and loses heat 25 times faster when immersed in water than in air, has to be protected when sailing or kayaking.

Wear clothing that permits safe cold-water immersion, and a life jacket. It is the only way to combat the risk posed by cold-water boating. If the chance is high that you will spend time in the water, you should be wearing a wet suit or dry suit.

Avoid cotton clothing. The common advice to wear layers of wool (nylon, polypropylene) is misleading. These fabrics do not effectively retard heat loss in cold water. They are warm when damp, after being wrung out, due to air trapped in the fibers. They must be worn inside a waterproof barrier (shell) having neoprene or latex gaskets at ankles, waist, wrists and neck. Fleece-lined “wetsuit grade” polar Tec clothing is rated equal to 2.5 mm neoprene and is comfortable under outer clothes.

Wind refrigerates wet clothes as it evaporates moisture. If you expect to be consistently wet from rain or spray, wear a shell and pants that are wind and waterproof.

If possible carry dry clothing in a waterproof bag. Tie a bailer and paddle to your boat. Evaluate the flotation in your boat. A short sling tied to the transom, with a footrest in the loop, may assist boat reentry. Attach a whistle or horn to your life jacket.

In the event of a capsize, if your boat is afloat, do not leave it. A boat and crew is much easier to find than a person separated from it. Consider equipping your boat with a waterproof pouch containing a floating vhf radio and flares to attract attention, and make sure it is in a place that is accessible if the boat is capsized and you are in the water.

Tell someone where you are going and when you will return. Inform them of your return. Check the tides and weather forecast for the day and plan accordingly.

Flare and Radio Pack

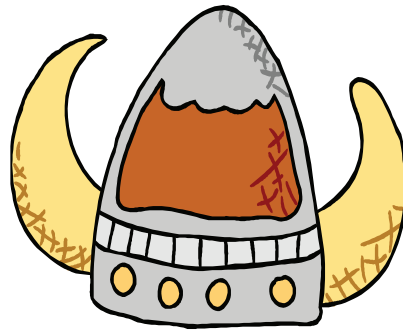
See the links on page 8 for these products.



INVERNESS YACHT CLUB
Presents

SWEDISH SMORGASBORD

A traditional feast



SATURDAY MARCH 28, 2009

COCKTAILS AT 6 :00 PM

DINNER AT 7:00 PM

\$15.00 per person

Your check is your reservation.
Send checks made out to IYC to:
Steve & Carol Skold
5306 Yerba Buena Rd.
Santa Rosa, CA 95409

The Club's sales tax exemption requires that we accept payment from Members only.
Childcare will be provided in the Day Room by reservation

EVENTS CALENDAR

Saturday, February 28th	Winter "Frostbite" Race The Crab Feed	1.30pm 6.00pm
Saturday, March 14th	Board Meeting Open House	9.30am 5.30pm
Saturday, March 28th	Winter "Frostbite" Race Traditional Swedish Smorgasborg	2.00pm 6.00pm

Saturday, March 28th
"Traditional Swedish Smorgasborg"
Viking attire?
Come prepared to pillage!

Inverness Yacht Club
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invernessyachtclub.org



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