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PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

“The Single Biggest Problem In Communication Is The Illusion That It Has Taken Place”

George Bernard Shaw said that. Unfortunately, I’m guilty of believing the illusion myself.

Our newsletter is published just 3 times a year, and the email listservs associated with the club are not official club-sanctioned groups, and tend to cover everything under the sun: Great club history and discussions, yes, but also politics, rants, rooms for rent and random complaints.

As a club and as a board we need to do a better job of communicating with each other, especially as new members are joining by the gaggle and big changes are upon us—from our own in-progress building project and rapidly expanding sports and social events, to America’s Cup and Fisherman’s Wharf redevelopment happening all around us.

Step one to improving communications is simply to do more of it. Step two is logistical: We need a better avenue for it. Membership Commissioner Will Newby has generously taken this on. He’s programming our website so board members can quickly post announcements, event info, news, photos, etc. That way all South End -- and only South End -- information will be in one, obvious place, sortable by sport so it’s easy to find what we’re looking for. Imagine that! We will make it possible for members to receive these announcements via email. We are also considering creating a Communications Commissioner position to lead the charge.

2013 CLUB PRIORITIES

In addition to improving club communications, the board is focusing its efforts on 1) the Building Project (new women’s locker room, expanded men’s locker room, new gym and lower boathouse), 2) Member Safety and 3) Security.

BUILDING EXPANSION PROJECT

In June, the board voted to create a new Building Advisory Board, which is meeting every two weeks to oversee the building project. Members are David Plant, Patrick Allen, Kim Pross, Dan McLaughlin, Ray Zahnd and myself. Peter Ross has also been attending meetings. The committee's purpose is to provide decision-making guidance, share expertise, and facilitate open communication to the board and general membership about the project. Please see page 15 for an important update on the status and direction of the project.

SAFETY

In May the board also voted to create a Safety Advisory Committee, headed by Stephanie Duhau and Jim Bock. Be on the lookout for updates from them.

SECURITY

Late last year, Chris Bruno, Wayne Black and Ray Zahnd agreed to address security issues at the club. Among other things, they’re investigating a video surveillance system, a more secure front door and new fencing for the west side of the dock.

BOTTOM LINE

While we create better avenues for communicating with all of you, please know that there is a ton of hard work going on behind the scenes. Countless volunteer hours go into making this club the Greatest Place on Earth. With homage to Margaret Mead: Never doubt that a group of thoughtful, committed members can guide the club through rough waters; indeed, it’s the only thing that ever has.

Kim Peinado Howard

Welcome New Members 2013!

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TIMELY CLUB NEWS THROUGH THE SOUTH END WEBSITE

Last year we launched the new South End website not only to get a fresh, more modern design but to create a platform that could grow into the communication tool that the club very much needed.

The old site was very cumbersome to maintain so information was rarely updated. Instead, we’ve relied on separate third-party message boards, posting notices around the club and word of mouth to reach the majority of the membership.

The board recognizes the need to enhance communication and to do it in an official and timely manner.

The latest updates to the website make it a reliable and up-to-date source for important announcements, news, event information and photos. Since the new site launched, sports commissioners have been able to update the information within their sections but now with the release of our South End Newsfeed, all board members can easily and immediately post and categorize news information.

(continued on next page)
SURVEY RESULTS: WHO ARE THE SOUTH ENDS?

In preparing a history of the South End, a year ago we had a "free and frank" discussion about doing a South End "Census." This was an attempt to gather information about who we are and how we use our membership in the club. The census was put online and left open for a year. Over 300 of our 900+ members took it. I thought it would take 5-10 minutes to finish but apparently South Ends are thoughtful types and on average it took 22 minutes.

In the world of voluntary censuses and surveys, this is a great response. Thank you to everyone who participated.

What did we learn?

Before answering that, you need to read the usual disclaimers, caveats, and small print. This was a sample—two-thirds of our members didn’t respond—so the results may be biased in some way. Because it was online, we might have missed some of our older members. Or because it was voluntary, the more highly participatory South Ends may be more highly represented.

In this article, the focus is on demographics. A future issue will focus on how we say we use the club.

We are an old (i.e., long-established) club, but are we old? The median age (where half the members are younger and half are older) reported was 54. No one lied about their age, did they? The average age was just the same, meaning that we have a healthy, normal distribution around the median. I would have guessed that the average/median age would have been older, just because everyone seems as old as I am (65—no lie).

Sex? (No, the choices were not Yes! or No.) We asked about Gender, and there were only two choices available: Male or Female. We have two boys for every girl (194/105). Several people declined to reveal their gender.

How long have people been members? The average was 11.4 years, but the median was only 7. Here the average was skewed by a few outliers who have been members a very long time. So the census did pick up at least some of our older members, and we learn that there are lots of relatively new-ish members (like me, six years and loving it). Sexual orientation? 2.5% of those who responded (only 280 answered this question) described their sexual orientation as being other than “Heterosexual.”

Race is generally associated with physical characteristics and ethnicity with shared cultural, geographic and historic roots. For race, 87% of the 289 people answering described themselves as “White/Caucasian.” You might like to know the others: Asian/Pacific Islander (4%), Black/African American (1%), Hispanic (1%), and Native American (1%). Nowhere near as diverse as San Francisco, which is only 41% non-Hispanic white. There was no “Mixed-Race” option available for selection.

Ethnicity is another matter. We think of ourselves as coming from a great many ethnic backgrounds, and indeed we do. But most of that diversity is within the white community. The club had many Irish among its founders, and today a third of South Enders say they are “Irish.” The two other large groups were German (28%) and English (25%). The Asian community is smaller but equally diverse, with members asserting backgrounds from China, India, the Philippines, and Vietnam. The answer options provided did not include Africa.

Education: 83% have completed at least four years of college, and 48% have some sort of post-graduate degree. This is much greater than for San Francisco as a whole (48%). Income: Nearly 74% described their work as either “Executive/Official/Manager” or “Professional” (doctors, finance, teachers, lawyers, librarians, programmers, architects, artists, and engineers). This helps explain why household income is comparatively high. 30% of respondents said their household income is over $200,000 a year, and two-thirds of respondents said it is over $100,000. Another factor helping to explain high household income is the fact that the South End is not a singles club. 70% are married or in a long-term relationship.

Where do we live? Over half of the respondents do not live in San Francisco, and 11% live outside the Bay Area’s seven counties. Some who don’t live in the city may have lived there earlier, but there is still a lot of commuting being done by members getting to 500 Jefferson St.

Are we from San Francisco? No, we are a bunch of auslanders who have gravitated to this magical place. Only 11% say that they grew up in the city, while 65% say they grew up outside the Bay Area. This helps explain answers to some of our other questions. For example, “Were members of your family SERC members before you?” Only 11% said Yes.

We’ll explore the findings on how we use and participate in the club in a future newsletter.

Bob Barde

Running Commissioner and Director-at-Large
Walk out onto the promontory and there are stone steps, laboriously carved into the rock by prisoners, to take you down to the sea. Several years ago I joined a group of young French paratroopers in a spontaneous swim across the cove. All of us were wary about the possibility of sharks, but the water was only a few meters deep, so we reasoned that there was little chance of meeting one there; sharks only attack from below, we said. After our swim they wanted to demonstrate their mastery of the law of gravity, doing dive after dive from the cliff into the water that was a bit too shallow for my taste. But not wanting this aging American to be shown up by a bunch of young Frenchmen, I joined them in their insanity, finishing off with a back flip to uphold the honor of my country. Their sergeant pulled a bottle of red wine from his knapsack and we all toasted La Fayette, Vive la France! Vive la amitie! It is the kind of memory that always makes me chuckle, and I thought about it during my most recent visit. A fence has been built to discourage people from going out onto the promontory, along with a sign that says in French, “No diving, swim at your own risk.” Well, it was only a sign, and the fence was easily negotiated. The wind was blowing into the cove from the north and hundreds of coconuts had been washed into the cove, forming a raft about 50 feet across. My friend Scott and I did our swim across the cove and back, looking like two more coconuts among the rest. As we swam through the murky sea, but the water was refreshingly cool compared to the 100-degree air temperature. Life has sweet moments to savor: take them while you can.

The swim was satisfying, but I still felt incomplete. Across the water in front of me, just a couple of hundred yards away, was Ile du Diable. I could see it, I could smell it, and I could hear it calling out to me: “It is just a short swim, Joe. Give it a try. You can do it.” Wees it was only a sign, and the fence was easily negotiated. The wind was blowing into the cove from the north and hundreds of coconuts had been washed into the cove, forming a raft about 50 feet across. My friend Scott and I did our swim across the cove and back, looking like two more coconuts among the rest. As we swam through the murky sea, but the water was refreshingly cool compared to the 100-degree air temperature. Life has sweet moments to savor: take them while you can.

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Our Tahoe Rowing Stars from left to right: Jessica Gammell, Catherine Howard Lovazzano, Vanessa Blyth Marlin and Christine Corral

THE NEW ROWER’S ROW

On Saturday, June 22, seven seasoned rowers teamed up with nine new rowers for the New Rowers Row. Our lofty goal was to row out to Pier 39 and back through Fish Alley, but conditions and wind sent each of us on a different path, dependent on our mentors. The wind was quite the challenge and the portside oars and arms got a fair better workout while we headed out of the opening. After some challenging circular rowing (in other words, we didn’t row anywhere), my partner and I finally found our rhythm and were able to make it back through Fish Alley and into the cove with style. Thanks to all the experienced rowers who lent their expertise and coaching to the newbies, especially Tony Gilbert: the mastermind behind organizing the event.

Ellen Campbell

AMERICAN RIVER 50-MILE ENDURANCE RUN

On April 6, I set my personal record for running a marathon (26.2 miles): 4 hours and 46 minutes. I felt great the entire distance! However, it was the next 23.8 miles that would prove to be the real challenge.

The American River 50 miler starts in Sacramento, following a beautiful flat bike trail along the Sacramento River for about 25 miles, then along rolling trails before a final (infamous) climb into Auburn. There were about 1000 runners at the starting line. You’re supposed to have a race plan so you don’t get caught up in the moment, run too fast early, and burn out. My plan was to average a 12-minute mile pace. 10:30/mile at the beginning would allow me to slow to a 13:30 pace later. I also figured on an extra hour for the hills at the end. 11:00:00 finish.

I started near the back of the pack. Kept telling myself “slow…slow.” Yet it seemed like EVERYONE was passing me. I assured myself they would all regre their fast pace in later miles but I started to worry that I was going too slow. Around 4 miles, I realized that barely 40 minutes had passed. Uh-oh. I’m running FASTER than planned, and still everyone is passing me. I must be way out of my league! The 10:00 pace felt good, and I stuck close to it for much of the early race.

About a quarter mile into the race, I first noticed “The Annoy”. This guy would run 10 quick steps, then walk 10 steps. Repeat. Endlessly. Running, he would pass me. Then walking, I would pass him. Again, and again. I became paranoid that he was trying to get inside my head. The way he scraped his feet on the ground was annoying. And his orange shoes were annoying. His feet were annoyingly large. Even the way he carried his two water bottles, outstretched in front of him, got on my nerves. Fortunately we fell out of sync at the 8-mile aid station. (He would return to annoy me when I checked the results: Runner #625 was only 16 years old, and finished nearly 30 minutes ahead of me.)

I met my friends Michael, Gabby & Raf at the 27-mile mark. Michael patiently paced me from there to mile 32. By then I was sagging—walking some portions, even flat trails. Raf paced me the next 9 miles. This was my darkest stretch of the race. I complained a lot and was questioning the idea of running 50 miles. I asked Raf to talk me out of any future long races. For more than 2 hours, I didn’t want to eat, but forced myself to swallow the Gu packets. I felt like throwing up. I didn’t want to run. I wanted to talk. I told Raf all of these things. I didn’t tell him that I really wanted to lie down next to the trail. He never argued with my negative words, just steadfastly kept moving – and kept me moving.

Approaching the 41-mile aid station, I resolved to put on a positive show of strength – impress my crew, which now included my wife Marta. Instead, I came trotting in, high-fived everybody, and then … and then I simply put my hands down on my knees. But when I stood up – swirling, throbbing dizziness. Hands back on my knees, then down in a squat. More than anything, I wanted to curl up on the sweet ground. Maybe in that shade by the tree. Finally, I struck a deal with myself and my crew: I could walk as much as I wanted. All the last 9 miles. Walking seemed possible. Marta accompanied me up the next hill, worried. Then I pushed onward, walking.

What does it take to run a 50-mile race? I started running 3 years ago. 3-5 miles at first, then pushed to 13.1 – a half marathon. Then 50km (31 miles) 8 months ago. With modest goals for the 50-miler (finish the race!), I ran twice a week: 15-20 miles on the weekend, and 6-8 miles midweek. My big training run was 50km four weeks ago. I didn’t want to get injured while training.

Another key aspect of a long race is food – you need to eat regularly to keep going. Without it, you “bonk.” The race’s aid stations were a buffet: I ate brownies, peanut butter & jelly sandwiches, potato chips, Oreos, orange slices, salty nut bars, salt pills, salted cold potatoes, Gu gels, Coca-Cola, 7-Up, electrolyte drink, etc.

The other secret of long distance running is walking! Especially up hills. Even flat ground that looks like a hill when you’re tired.

As I walked, runners passed me. I couldn’t believe there were still runners behind me. I walked a good bit of the next 3-4 miles, most of an hour. But around mile 45, the brain fog lifted, and I discovered I could still run. The trail turned uphill, and I could still run. My thoughts returned to an 11-hour finish. Soon, we were passing spectators. Then I heard “only 100 yards more!” and saw the timer at 10:52:24. No euphoria. Just relief and a reckoning that I was sore but unhurt.

My time was good enough for 512th place. There were 300-some people behind me. Breaking 11 hours qualifies me to enter the lottery for the Western States 100-miler. The Super Bowl of ultra-running. A race I have no right to enter.

Mostly, I’m pondering my resurgence. Something extra when I had given up. Running a mile after traveling 49 miles. Running up a hill. Smiling at cheering strangers.

Deep thanks to Michael, Gabby, Raf, and Marta for spending their day supporting me. And to the 350 volunteers who buoyed all the runners. And a shout out to my mitochondria, for quietly taking it to the next level.

Jim Ruppert
As age group running goes, this year Marty finished first in the Bay trail 4-mile race and also participated in the pre-Dipsea orientation hike on April 21st. Last year, Marty teamed up with another South Ender, Gary Aguiar, to participate in the Lake Merritt Joggers and Striders Couples Relay around Lake Merritt (both teammates running a 5K). They finished 6th. She teamed up with another SE running great, Pat Cunneen, in 2009 and 2010. Both times they finished first at the Couples Relay. Now that is what I call South End synergy! A little further back (1998) – Marty and I crossed paths at the Tilden Tough Ten – a 10-mile run – through the Berkeley hills. Marty won her age group while I was a distant 15th in mine. Further back in time (1988) Marty ran a 3:30 marathon at Cal International and ran the Ohlone 50-kilometer (about 31 miles), winning both. As I reviewed Marty’s illustrious running career and her many accomplishments, I decided to settle on one year: 1984. Besides bringing an Orwellian prophecy, a few things occurred that don’t normally happen. First was that Marty and I crossed paths several times, in other than the normal DSE runs, and second, the Western States 100-mile Endurance Run did not start on the same day as the DSE Double Dipsea. Linda and I drove up to “Pacer Central” in Forestville – about 62 miles into the WS 100 run – so we could encourage runners at this major aid station. Forestville was a great place to see the runners as it was accessible by paved road and most runners passed through while it was still light out. That year Marty ran 22:46 – her fastest WS 100 time and an age group record that held for several years. In 1984, in addition to the Western States, Marty and I competed in the DSE Double Dipsea. Linda and I drove up to “Pacer Central” in Forestville – about 62 miles into the WS 100 run – so we could encourage runners at this major aid station. Forestville was a great place to see the runners as it was accessible by paved road and most runners passed through while it was still light out. That year Marty ran 22:46 – her fastest WS 100 time and an age group record that held for several years. In 1984, in addition to the Western States, Marty and I competed in the DSE Double Dipsea – a 14-mile hilly trail race. Marty ran a 2:23, defeating her nemesis Ruth Anderson, by more 17 minutes, and winning her age group. The race was won outright by another South Ender, Russ Kieman, in a time of 1:48. I ran 2:06 and was nowhere near the front of my age group. Marty and I also competed in the Skyline 50K race. As was my first ultra marathon I was happy to just have finished. Ultra veteran Marty, of course, won her age group! Happy Birthday Marty and continued happy trails!

Keith Nowell

PROUD OF OUR PRIDE SWIMMERS

Gay pride has always been about community, togetherness and being your most authentic self. At this year’s pride swim all of those things were accomplished. From its humble beginnings the pride swim had grown to 95 swimmers and numerous pilots from both the Dolphin and South End Clubs.

As the swimmers amassed on Coghlan beach there was a feeling of giddy excitement and an eagerness to enter the water. Some people had donned special costumes. One intrepid swimmer dressed in drag and got into the water with dress, wig, and all. I had the good fortune of being able to swim this year and found myself surrounded by a wide swath of both orange and yellow caps. It was fun being carried by a 4.5 knot current and buoyed by good spirits.

While the conditions were a bit chilly and foggy we had just enough visibility to pull the swim off, due to in large part our crack team of pilots. The fog, while not ideal, at the very least kept other pleasure craft off the water. After the swim, the beer flowed and the Whoa Nellies serenaded us while we enjoyed a hot breakfast.

It was great to share in the fun with our neighbors the Dolphin Club. Even though we are two distinct entities with our own significant traditions and history, both clubs love and promote athleticism on the bay. It is important to acknowledge that we each have something special to contribute to the pride swim and the open water swimming community at large. Working together we can learn from each other and help each club further its mission.

In nature diversity is seen as a really good thing. Genetic diversity in a species ensures survival from disease and other hardships. We should take a lesson from nature and understand that the wider we open our doors and the more welcoming we are, the stronger we’ll become as an organization. It gives us room to attract members from diverse backgrounds with unique talents to contribute. Increasing our profile will insure the legacy of our club continues on in perpetuity.

Belonging to a club such as the South End has been essential to my own personal growth and success. It is a really great privilege to be able to call myself a member and also to give back to such a wonderful organization. I never thought I would find myself in a community within a community. I am a gay open water swimmer and proud to be a SERC member.

Sarah Mehl

The Whoa Nellies fill the cookshack with musical fun for Pride swimmers and volunteers.
Handball Hall of Fame Weekend

The South End Rowing Club will host this year’s Northern California Handball Hall of Fame Tournament and Banquet. Along with top tournament participants, the weekend will include the induction of individuals into both the Players and Contributors categories. With Open and Masters play, the event will attract top players and many National Champions. As usual, our hospitality will be unmatched, and a good time will be had by all. Mark your calendars for the first weekend in November: 11/1 - 11/3. Your entries will support the Northern California Handball Association, in its goal to increase tournament play, promote youth handball, and grow our sport.

Wayne Black

Important Building Project Update: Shifting Gears

Thank you everyone who attended our Building Expansion Project update dinner in July -- I counted at least 70 people in the room -- and thank you Robin Kincaid and Suzanne Greva for cooking.

As stated in my President’s Message on page 2, we now have a Building Advisory Board (BAB) overseeing the building project, made up of David Plant, Patrick Allen, Kim Pross, Dan McLaughlin, Ray Zahnd and myself. Past President Peter Ross is also assisting.

Given the magnitude of this project and the current construction climate in the Bay Area, the BAB took the precaution of obtaining, from a prominent local builder, a detailed cost estimate of the project as currently designed. That estimate suggests a construction cost that is twice our targeted budget.

That’s the not-so-good news. The good news is that since we received the estimate before the design is complete, we now have the opportunity to work directly with the architects to scale the project back to something we can ultimately afford (i.e., an amount we can raise and save by the time we break ground).

• Before you receive this newsletter, we will have had meetings with Ogrydziak/Prillinger Architects (aka OPA, aka Luke and Zoe) to take a fresh, creative look at the project to figure out how to get it back within budget.

In the meantime, the City is still processing our request for permits, a process that could take until early 2014. Once in hand, the permits are good for two years, so even if we have to break ground later than expected, our permits will be valid.

Next steps:

• Amend project design to align with budget
• Research and interview possible new Project Managers (done by the BAB)
• Host quarterly meetings to keep you informed of progress on a more regular basis
• Proceed with Fundraising Committee meetings; expand fundraising plan

Kim Peinado Howard  
President

The South End rocks! There are many members who go above and beyond as volunteers. We will be toasting and roasting a member each newsletter via limerick - starting with an uber volunteer Bill James. Send ideas, photos, limericks to newsletter@south-end.org.

When you need help, never fear, Bill James is a ready volunteer. Off the aft of a sailing ship, Was his only time going for a dip In our chilly Bay waters so dear.
The South End was a big part of John’s life. He was not the product of some prestigious university with an eyeball-popping athletic budget and famous swim coach. John started swimming later in life and was the product of another generation of South Enders. Every member with tenure knows John’s Uncle Joe. Joe Flahavan, a longtime SERC member, helped pave the way for the great facility and the magnificent swim program we benefit from today.

John was getting out of the Bay one day and I asked him how long he was in the water. “Just under 5 hours” he replied. I can’t remember if he swam from the ballpark, or Angel Island, or another remote corner of the Bay. “It’s tough to follow in Uncle Joe’s footsteps,” he said. “You gotta put your time in.”

John had great athletic ability, and a wonderful spirit; competitive and modest, he was tough as nails. He didn’t need to spend time in the sauna after the swim; he just showered, dressed, and went about his business as if the 5-hour feat was just another check on his “Things to Do” list. “I’m having lunch with Uncle Joe” he said; “Through osmosis and over a cheeseburger I’m hoping to absorb some of Joe’s skill and talent.” He certainly had both, and the character, to add to the great legacy of the South End. My sadness is tempered by the delightful memory of John’s camaraderie and friendship.

Eric Schlelelein

Bruce Hamilton
Born January 14, 1926 in Jackson, Michigan, Bruce lived most of his life in Pacifica and San Bruno, California. He is survived by his daughter, two sons and daughter-in-laws, his sister, granddaughters, great grandchildren and nephews. Bruce was preceded in death by his wife of 37 years, Betty.

Bruce played football in high school, garnering the nickname “Biff Bang Hamilton.” He was a graduate of Western Michigan University, and a U.S. Army veteran having served during WWII in the North Apennine Mountains of Italy with the 10th Mountain Division. He was the recipient of several military honors and medals. Bruce was a salesman, retired from Champion International Corporation and Higgins Lumber Company. He was a life member of the South End Rowing Club where he was an avid handball player.

Bruce was a loving son, brother, husband, father and grandfather. He enjoyed good friends, good food, good wine and, of course, good martinis.

Mike Alvarez

Mike was born on New York’s Lower East Side to Basque immigrants. When he was five, his father, a Merchant Marine, died at sea and his mother eventually returned to Spain. Mike was adopted and raised by his Uncle in New Jersey, then later joined the army and conquered the world—or at least Southern Germany where he discovered that he liked beer.

Mike graduated from Rutgers and his varied career included a job as regional manager for the Berlitz Language School, which he quit because he sided with the teachers in a labor dispute. Eventually he became a financial wiz—a stockbroker, a financial advisor and a secret weapon of the IRS with a part-time retirement job in collections. At one time, he also sold pianos.

Mike sailed, rowed and played handball, which he learned in Golden Gate Park. He later joined the South End Rowing Club where he enjoyed organizing tournaments, with the handball community becoming his extended family. As a result, he was inducted into the Olympic Club Hall of Fame for his efforts. He also hiked, ran and, as he got older, stalked with his dog, Ona and companion Laurie.

He took care of himself and others with dignity, and did what was needed in a forthright and warm manner. His love of people, music, languages and humor made him an endearing companion. All who knew Mike learned to enjoy the humor he saw in everything and will miss him dearly.

**Club Calendar**

**Swims:**
- Aug. 31 Round Trip Alcatraz
- Sept. 13 Evening Gas House
- Sept 29 Alcatraz Invitational
- October 5-14, 2014 PATHSTAR
- Oct. 12 Angel Island to SE
- Oct. 19 SE/DCTRI
- Oct. 27 Club Alcatraz
- Nov. 2 Anita Rock
- Nov. 28 Turkey Day Alcatraz

**Rows:**
- Nov. 3 Bridge to Bridge regatta
- Rowing Clinic: Sept 8
- Boat Night: Every Thursday 6-9pm

**Run:**
- Sept 28 Dolphin Club Escape from Alcatraz
- Oct 19 South End/Dolphin Club TRI

**Handball:**
- Oct. 12 Fleet Week tournament

**December 7: Holiday Party**
Happy Hour most Fridays, alternating with the Dolphin Club

**More South Enders doing good!**
Stevie Ray and Gary celebrate their 1000th Alcatraz crossing with a fund raiser for Hospice by The Bay, SERC and San Francisco Baykeeper. From left to right: Steve Horwitz, Janet Evans of Hospice by the Bay, Kim Howard, Gary Emich and Eliet Henson of Baykeeper.

**NEWSLETTER CREW**

Susan Parker
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