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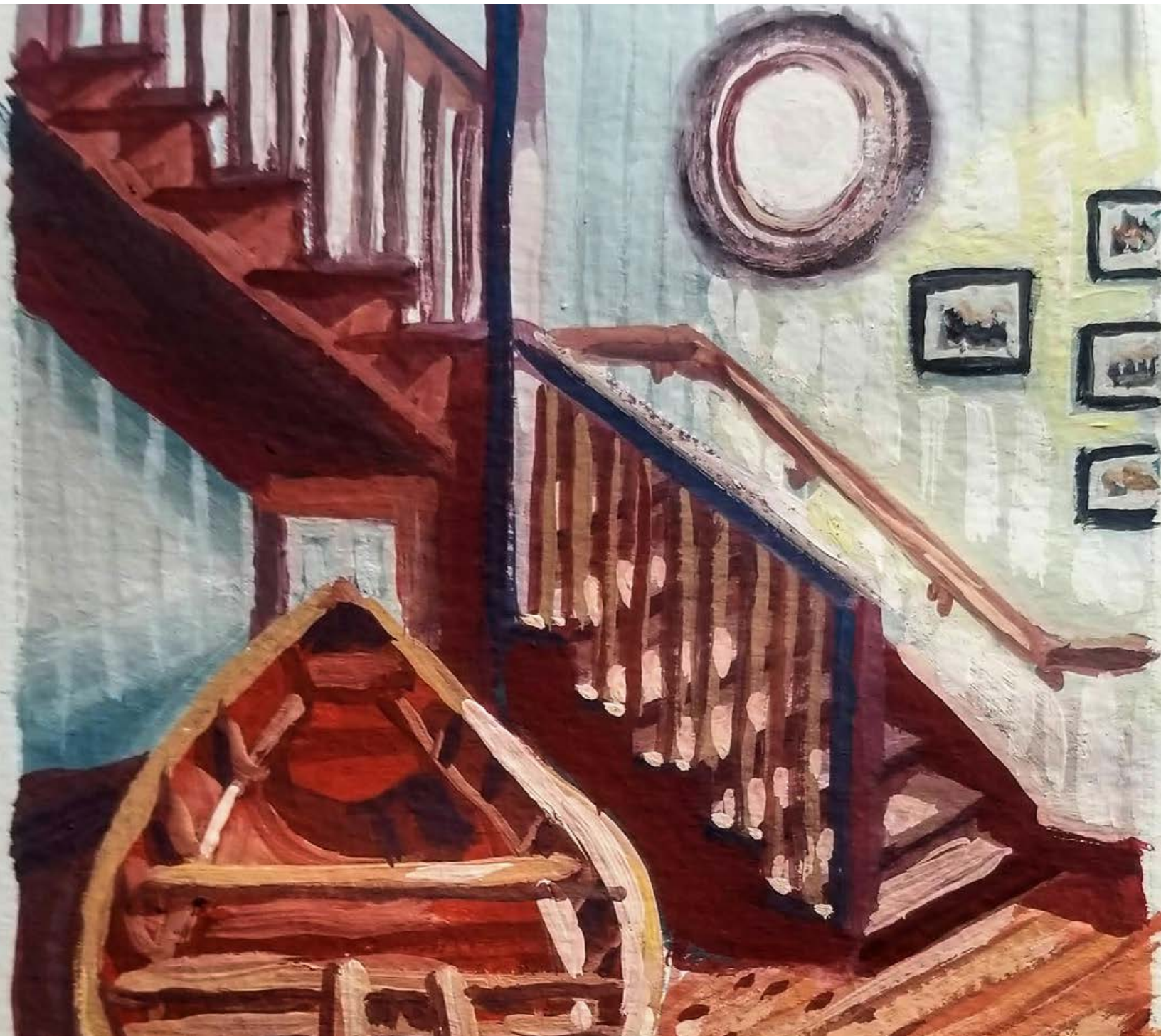
HANDBALL, ROWING, RUNNING & SWIMMING

# **SOUTH ENDER**

February 2020

A Publication of the South End Rowing Club

[www.serc.com](http://www.serc.com)



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The South Ender is the newsletter of the South End Rowing Club, published three to four times per year since 1931. We publish material by our members that reflects the ideals, purposes, and accomplishments of the South End.

You can find digital copies of this and past issues, many in color, at [serc.com/about/newsletters](http://serc.com/about/newsletters).

It's our members who make this newsletter, so please send articles (up to 650 words), poems, jokes, and high-resolution photos to [newsletter@serc.com](mailto:newsletter@serc.com).

We reserve the right to edit all submitted material, but we'll be nice about it, we promise.

# Letter from the President

By *Simon Dominguez, SERC President*

Dear South End Rowing Club members,

Thank you for allowing me to serve a second term as your president. I am honored to have a further opportunity to serve the club in this capacity.

2019 was a great year at the South End. To summarize:

- ▶ We won the Tri against the Dolphin Club, comfortably winning all three events. Congrats to our Swimming Commissioner **Van Cornwell**, our Rowing Commissioner **Eli Rubel**, and our Running Commissioner **Kevin Whalen** on leading the troops into battle and to victory. The plaque is now superglued onto our wall, never to be removed again.
- ▶ We started working on an effort to save Muni Pier—spearheaded by our very own VP **Fran Hegeler**
- ▶ We finalized our lease with the city. This was a huge job and I cannot thank **Peter Ross, Miriam Hiser**, and **Bill Wygant** enough
- ▶ The South End book was completed—special thanks to **Bob Barde** and **Pat Cunneen** for this tremendous achievement
- ▶ We stopped the Dolphin Club from moving forward with a development that blocked our Golden Gate Bridge views. It took a sea of red to do this. And we are now working collaboratively on a solution that works for both clubs.
- ▶ Our Building Commissioner **Jim Bock** was able to get our premises into the best shape it has ever been in. Please thank Jim if you see him.

Our membership continues to grow—we started 2019 with about 1,200 members and finished with about 1,700. Of the total, about 600 are women and 1,100 men. We are an adult athletic club: about 1,320 members list swimming as their main sport, 600



rowing, 440 running, and 220 handball.

Several SERC Board members stepped down at the end of last year or early this year. I would like to thank them for their years of dedicated service to the club:

**Jim Bock**  
**Niland Mortimer**  
**Alan Lapp**  
**Carol Merryfield**  
**Eli Rubel**  
**Paula Moran**

From a financial point of view, the club is in a very good position. We made investments in every major sport: two new boats and one major repair on an old one; a new inflatable and motor; handball courts freshly painted; and the runners have upgraded their safety vests. We purchased new tables and carts and brought in two new commercial stoves. Our special fund has been added to every year since we finished the building addition, and now provides us with a bit of a safety net.

I want to finish with some remarks about the gratitude I have to this community and how it all comes together when it needs to. Participating in our sports together and volunteering are instrumental in building our club community.

We lost some really important people late last year—**Buck Delventhal, Michael Stortz**, and **Mel Patsel**—may they rest in peace. As we start 2020, let's take their passing as a reminder that this club is a special place for all of us and we need to be grateful for what we have and contribute as much as we can to keep the South End Rowing Club the greatest club on earth.

Regards

Simon

# Making South End History

By Bob Barde

Once upon a time, long, long ago, **Pat Cunneen** and I started writing *South End: Sport and Community at the Dock of the Bay*. It is a very large book, and no one really asked us to do it, but there was a beginning.

In the beginning, there was Boat Night—and there still is Boat Night, but at the time we were working on restoring the barge *South End*. At some point one of our BNeRs had a brilliant idea: “Someone should document this!” Having just finished a 10-year book project (*Immigration at the Golden Gate*) and with no other project to monopolize my time, I volunteered.

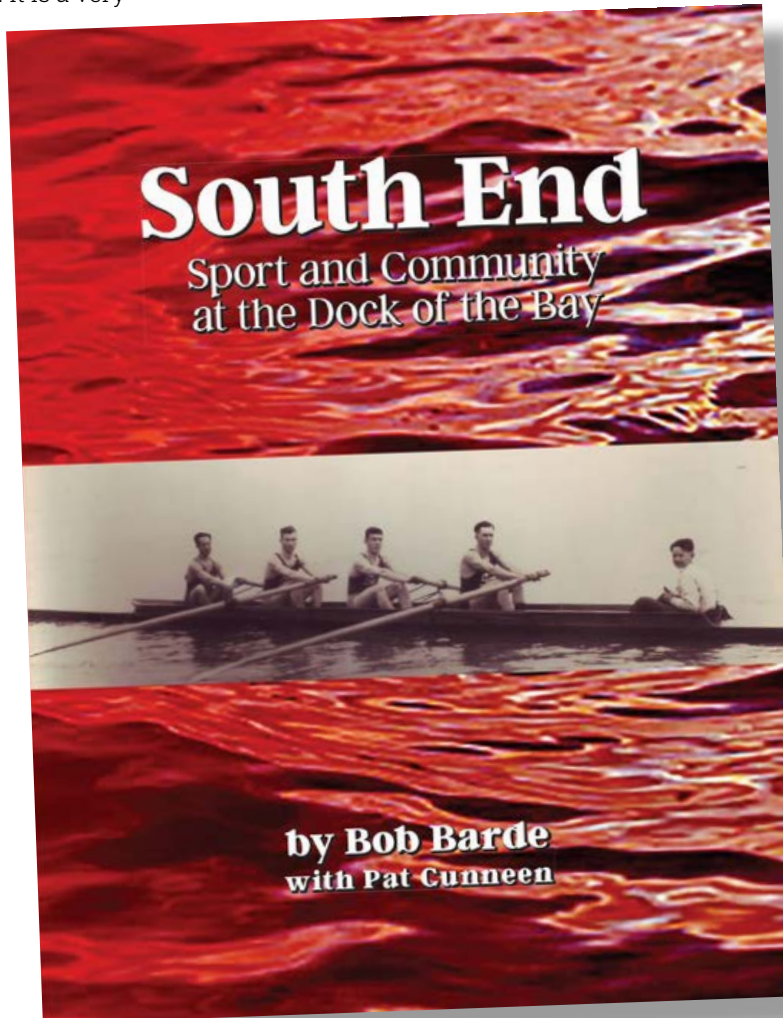
It quickly became obvious that there was no shortage of material to work with. There was Jeremy Fisher-Smith’s marvelous evaluation of the barge and its needs. And there was a surprising amount of information on the launching of the *South End* in 1915, as well as several thousand newspaper articles covering the rowing scene all the way back to 1865 and even beyond. The project quickly swelled to something much larger than a mere, if beautiful, barge.

And then I met Pat Cunneen, who has been the club’s de facto historian since the invention of movable type. Pat had an absolute mountain of material: 19th-century club ledgers, historic

photographs, and “ephemera” of all sorts. Some of the photographs had been donated to the Maritime

Museum, but the rest were just waiting for what became the comprehensive history of the South End Rowing (né Boat) Club encompassed in this weighty tome.

Lady Luck has watched over this project. First I found Pat and all the materials stashed at his house in Santa Rosa. Then Pat wisely gave me nearly all of what he had—“wisely” because later his house was totally destroyed in the 2017 Wine Country fires.



I had hoped that writing “The Book” would be a communal effort, with South Enders writing various chapters about which they were particularly knowledgeable, especially about the “modern” club. By and large, that didn’t happen. **Jay Capell** (on handball) and **Lee Bender** and **Cecile Marie** (the chapter on women) stepped up to write serious chunks of prose, with shorter contributions from **Miriam Hiser** (on the new women’s locker room), **Fran Hegeler** (celebrating the new additions), and **Jeff Gunderson** and **Dan Nadaner** (on artist **Joan Brown**). But like the Little Red Hen, we ended up doing the rest ourselves. On the following page is the table of contents, just to give you a taste of what’s in the book.

The pioneer rowing club on Long Bridge



Researching and writing *South End* was actually a lot of fun—mostly. People who didn't know me helped out—especially once I mentioned Pat Cunneen's name. **Judy Irving** had compiled so much material on epic South End "character" **George Farnsworth** (né Furlong, aka Martini, aka DeWitt, aka Fairchild, aka Childhouse, aka etc. etc.) that she had to read the entire book, giggling all the while. Only one person threatened to sue me for plagiarism—even before I had written anything!

After nine or so years of writing we had a manuscript: over 500 pages, nearly 400 images, and 175,000 words of prose. **Anna Sojourner** read and critiqued every single word; she even rejected most of my jibes at the Dolphin Club (except for my goal of razzing the DC for having nothing even close to *South End*). **Peter Ross** did the same. Photographs were another source of satisfaction: many South Enders contributed to the pictorial history of the club, and all of their photos are credited.

We doubted that any serious publisher would take this on, but we looked anyway. Nope. None of the suspects, usual or unusual, were interested. "Too narrow an audience" they said. "Who aside from South End members would want to read about the South End?" So we published the thing ourselves, as "Gibbons Press" (I just happen to live on Gibbons Drive in Alameda), using IngramSpark for "print on demand" and hoping that we'd sell enough copies to recoup the cost of having hired a layout artist.

Our goal from the beginning was to give (as in "for free") the book to the club, that it might make money off it in the long run. That will happen once we sell about 300 copies. There are copies available in the SERC office (\$60 plus tax), at Green Apple Books (on Clement), or online at places like aerbook. If you bring YOUR copies to the club, Pat and I will autograph your very own first edition of *South End: Sport and Community at the Dock of the Bay*.

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### Introduction

#### Part I: THE SOUTH END IN HISTORY

##### Before the Beginning

The place of sport in early San Francisco; the national craze for rowing; the early rowing clubs in this city; Long Bridge as the place where it all happened.

##### The First South End: 1873-1874

Fact, fiction and lore regarding the founding of the South End Boat Club, what little is known about the first South Enders and their races, and the Club's early disappearance.

##### The South End Re-born: 1880-1889

Reconstituted as the South End Rowing Club, the South Enders become part of the international popularity of rowing as a spectator sport. The club builds its first boathouse, and social life becomes important. Early membership lists show where Club members lived.

##### From the South End to North Beach: 1890-1908

Rowing clubs come and go and the Club changes locations twice and builds a new clubhouse. A new leadership corps develops and a vibrant social life takes root. In 1908, the Club forsakes its roots at the southern end of town and moves to the fringes of North Beach. By that time the Club will have survived turmoil, the great earthquake and fire, and a tragedy of its own.

##### At Home in Aquatic Park: 1908-1945

The South End is definitively in Black Point Cove/Aquatic Park, but will move several times more before finally settling on the spot it occupies today. The Club's relationship with the university rowers deepens, rivalries with other clubs wax and wane, and swimming and handball become important sports at the South End.

##### When Handball Reigned Supreme: 1946-1975

By end of World War II, what had started out as a rowing club has clearly become a handball and swimming club with a few boats. Rowing no longer holds pride of place--handball is king, with a long and rich history at the South End. We also look at the Club's place on the waterfront, the changing popularity of swimming, rowing and running, and the growth in membership.

##### At Last, A Club with Women: 1976-

The early involvement of women in rowing and swimming. Women attempt to join the rowing clubs of San Francisco, but are rebuffed, leading to a series of lawsuits by the six "Founding Women." The clubs are finally forced to drop their discriminatory membership rules and to provide for public access. In 1977, the first women become members of the South End, and the South End is changed forever and for the better.

#### Part II: THE MODERN SOUTH END

##### Swimming at the South End

The pleasures and dangers of swimming in the Bay, and the mystique of swimming Alcatraz. Pushing the envelope: longer, harder swims; marathon swimming. A tribute to Bob Roper, who inspired so many South End swimmers.

##### Rowing (including "Who's That Boat?")

An exploration of the rowing program today (2018), including a look at the various craft making up the South End's fleet and the people for whom they are named ("Who's That Boat?").

##### Restoring a Queen

An in-depth history of our eponymous barge South End and its predecessors, followed by a recounting of the twelve-year effort to restore her.

##### This Old House

A recap of the Club's many relocations, followed by a tour of the landmarks around Aquatic Park. We then trace fifty years' worth of changes to our home at 500 Jefferson St., including the most recent buildout that finally provided equal facilities for women.

##### That Other Club

All about the South End's friendly (mostly) rivalry with the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club next door.

##### Making Community

"Community" is built in myriad ways, from the connections among South Enders to our ties to the world outside. In this chapter, we start with those more intimate connections, then look at how the South End makes itself part of that wider world, then circle back to the various manifestations of the volunteer spirit that holds the Club together.

##### The South End Today....and Tomorrow

A demographic overview of the current membership, the state of the Club's running and handball programs, a peek at social life, a tribute to long-time President Bill Wygant, and a look ahead to challenges that the Club might face.

#### Appendices

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##### B Club Presidents

##### C Regatta Results from PAAO championship regattas

##### D Golden Gate swim winners

##### E Triathlon Results vs Dolphin Club

##### F English Channel swimmers

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580 pages in all

# Who Does That?

*By Van Cornwell*

Every day at SERC there are club members doing things that keep the club running, just for the love of being part of the club. We all see the work and share the appreciation.

But there are also volunteer jobs that we didn't even realize were jobs. Maybe they're jobs we didn't even know existed, but just take for granted. Who does those things?

Here's a look at a few of the unsung volunteers of the South End Rowing Club.

## **SERC Bar Manager: Eric Ahearn**

Stocking the beer cooler, recruiting cooks for happy hour meals, and thinking up the signature drink for the week. If you've been to a SERC social happy hour you're sure to have seen Eric behind the bar at some point. Our master of planning for each biweekly event is hard to miss (the tallest guy in the room usually), but it's not always known how much he does for us.

Eric has been a member of the South End for over two years. He moved to the Bay Area in 2015 and, after several seasons of doing triathlons, decided to focus primarily on swimming and has never looked back! When not in the water, he can usually be found trying a new beer on a sunny patio, perfecting his smoked salmon recipe, or cruising down some blue groomers on the ski slopes. Running the South End bar takes tons of volunteers, so if you are interested in getting involved with happy hour, shoot Eric an email: [eric.ahearn@gmail.com](mailto:eric.ahearn@gmail.com).

## **Sunriser Schedule Managers: Diana Craig and Jane Koegel**

If you have never participated in a SERC Sunriser swim you are missing something special. And if you have, it's these two devoted and glamorous ladies you have to thank. Diana and Jane create our monthly calendar of Sunriser swims that the pilots generously support. Together they are masters of calendar coordination and tidal divination.

Both Diana and Jane became members about 17 years ago while training to swim from Alcatraz. They quickly started enjoying the Sunriser swims



*Eric Ahearn*

and consider those early Sunrisers a thrilling and magical time in both their lives. Both have completed around 200 Alcatraz crossings. Diana may actually hold the record for hypothermia (11 times), and Jane has served as the entertainment commissioner for several years. Her annual decorations for the SERC holiday party are legend.



*Diana Craig and Jane Koegel*

# Marty's Silver Belt Buckle

By Kevin Whalen

You can find **Martha "Marty" Maricle** working the finish line of most SERC running events. She'll likely be sporting one of her Western States sterling silver belt buckles, awarded only to those who finish the 100-mile course in less than 24 hours.

Marty began running one winter when the zipper on her ski pants snapped. As a self-proclaimed thrifty person, she opted not to replace them and instead to get in shape by running. At first, Marty simply ran around the Marina Green (fondly referred to as "the South End track" by many SERC runners), then expanded her boundaries to the Golden Gate Bridge, and eventually, to the Marin Headlands. She soon found a particular passion for running on trails, finding these treks similar to backpacking, but more free absent a heavy pack. As an avid trail runner, Marty holds a disdain for pavement similar to that which some ocean swimmers hold for pools. Marty once left a note for a friend to meet her at Inverness and then took off from the Marina Green with only a water bottle and a pocket full of raisins. Long before energy gels, she found that raisins kept well, were easily digestible, and served as a fine source of nutrition during long runs.

At the time, the overwhelming majority of participants in races were male. In the late '70s, when organized running came into fashion, Marty found herself being edged off of the podium by faster women. She also wanted to run farther, rather than faster, so she began entering longer and longer races. It didn't take long before she caught wind of a newly formed race: the Western States 100-Mile Endurance Run.

Like many fine physical challenges, the idea of the Western States was hatched as a bet. The founding organizer, Wendell Robie, wagered that he could traverse a 100-mile stretch of California trail in

under 24 hours on horseback. After winning the bet and holding the horse race, now known as the Tevis Cup, for 20 more years, participant Gordy Ainsleigh's horse went lame but he was determined to complete the course in 24 hours on foot. Ainsleigh crossed the finish line in 23 hours and 43 minutes, which motivated others to challenge him—and the running version of the horse race was born.



The trail was originally created by Native Americans and later used as a major thoroughfare for miners travelling between Nevada silver and California gold. Stretching from Squaw Valley to Auburn, CA, the trail boasts 18,000 feet of climb and 23,000 feet of descent. Racers trek through several feet of snow and freezing temperatures at Emigrant Pass and a scorching 110 degrees in the valley of low flatland. Physical obstacles include notorious climbs to peaks at Emigrant Pass, Robinson Flat, and Devil's Thumb; a river that

must be traversed by boat when the water is high, and "No Hands Bridge" just three miles from the finish line, dreaded by delirious runners who must cross the narrow bridge with no handrails, often in darkness. The finish line is mentally punishing with a mundane lap around the track at local Placer High School in Auburn.

Marty ran her first Western States in 1980 at the age of 47. She went on to complete four more, three of which were under 24 hours, earning three coveted "100 miles in 24 hours" belt buckles. Her best time was an impressive 22 hours, 42 minutes in 1984. In one picture, Marty can be seen wearing her ERA (Equal Rights Amendment) shirt while trekking through snow. She embodies the South End spirit of nonchalance and perseverance and is a running legend. And it all started with a few laps around the old South End track.

# Triangle of Doom Swim Report

By Zach Margolis

I think that my favorite club swim is the Triangle of Doom. It's up there in that top tier of longer South End swims like Bay to Breakers or Candlestick Park.

The course is, unsurprisingly, a big triangle in the bay. We start at the club beach, swim out to Anita Rock, swim up to Alcatraz (around the green Little Alcatraz buoy), and then back to the club.

I believe **Reptile** invented this course around 2014, and attempted it himself. Then I believe it made its way to the club calendar starting in 2015, which is coincidentally the year I joined the South End. It was my first club swim, and I was slightly underprepared for how taxing the roughly six-mile course would be—but I still made it!

Flash forward four years later

to this year's Triangle of Doom: I was much more prepared for my second Triangle of Doom. 2015 me didn't know to bring any feeds or to coordinate with kayakers and pilots ahead of time, and hadn't ever attempted a swim that long. Luckily 2019 me knew to do all of those things and had some experience with longer swims!

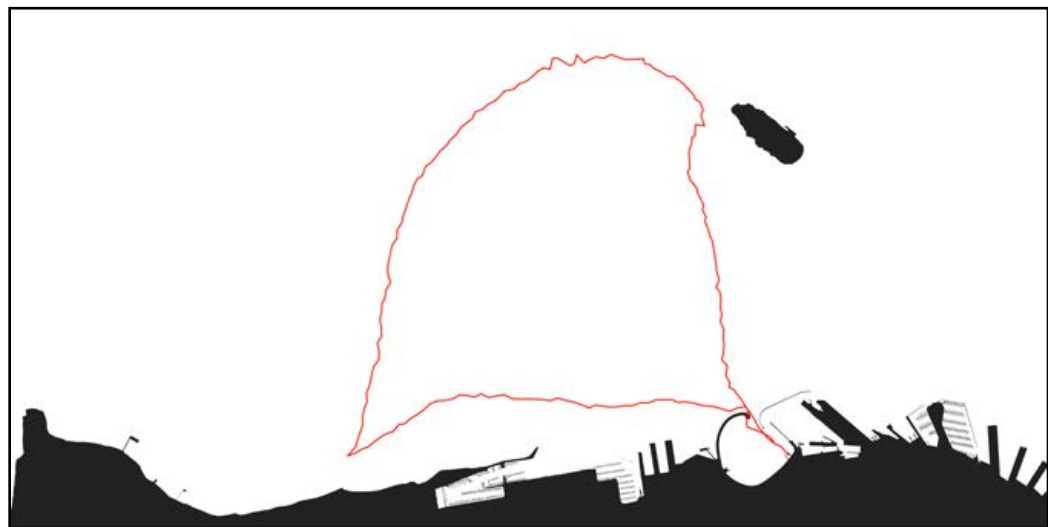
We had 17 swimmers this year and we got grouped into pods, except **Collin Baratte** who is so fast he gets his own personal kayaker.

The tides were fine. With a triangular course like that, you're bound to fight the current on at least one leg. The fog, however, was not fine: It was oppressively thick. I was surprised the swim didn't get called off due to the fog, but Reptile didn't flinch and the swim still happened.

When we got in the water in the beginning, you could barely see Alcatraz at all. We were told to sight

on Angel Island, but in the fog, Angel Island and Alcatraz, and even the SF shoreline, were a little tough to distinguish. Once we rounded the Little Alcatraz buoy, you could barely make out the city.

Last time I did the swim, I remembered feeling like I wasn't making any progress from Alcatraz back to Aquatic Park, and feeling really defeated. I was expecting a slog this time. **Sarah Roberts** reminded me before the swim that there's a "river" on the southwest side of Alcatraz so 1) I was mentally



prepared for it and 2) she tipped me off that we should aim for Fort Mason instead of directly at the opening to manage the tides better.

I had a rowboat escort from Alcatraz back to the club and I needed to be reminded to aim west so I didn't get swept past the opening. Eventually I made it into the opening and onto the South End beach, just a few minutes behind **Van Cornwell** and **Deb Kory**. Swim success! I finished in just under three hours. Out of the 17 swimmers, 14 completed successfully and the longest was in the water over 4 hours! Big shout out to **Kevin Whalen** and his epic endurance—it was chilly in the water that day!

Big thanks to all our pilots, kayakers, rowers, and the ground crew. We couldn't have swum it without them. I can't wait to see how next year's Triangle of Doom turns out!



# Rivers and Tides

*By Leslie Absher*

Like many of us here at SERC, I've swum in oceans, bays, and rivers, but this summer I got the unique opportunity to swim inside the Queen's Lock, part of Liverpool's famous and now defunct complex of docks located near the River Mersey.

Like all of the locks, the Queen's Lock is closed to boat traffic, but what makes it unique is that it has been turned into a large outdoor swimming pool, home to the Liverpool Aquatics Center. The center, a small floating building near the side of the lock, has the feel of a community pool, and the day I visited, as I stepped into the tiny office to pay my 10 pounds, I overheard someone excitedly describing a recent swim in the sea off of Ireland. The current was so swift, the man said, "It was like swimming on a conveyor belt." His accent was strong and I didn't catch everything but the joy he felt was clear. Tall and with light brown hair still wet from his dip in the lock, he beamed as he described the power of the sea that day, and what was, for him, a grueling, hard-fought swim.

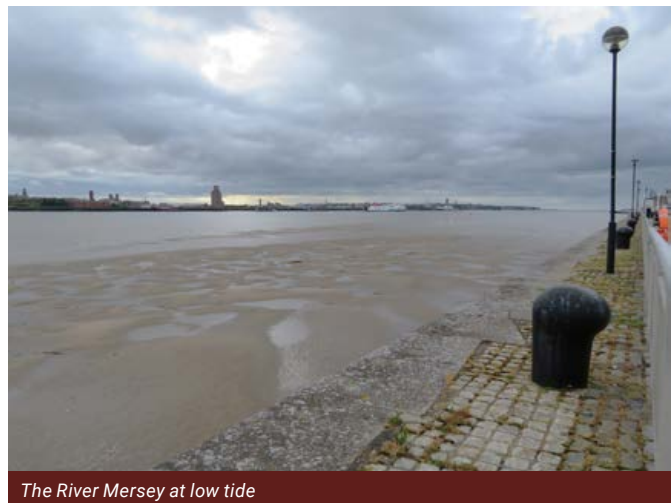
All swimmers love to tell tales of their swims—the hard ones, the freakish ones, the sublime ones—but not everyone's sublime swim is the same. As I listened, I thought about how much I love to follow the current. It's a special feeling to experience the effortless push of the water taking you where you want to go, but he had a point. Pushing against the current has its charms. You feel like you're meeting something—a kind of embrace maybe. A kind of power definitely.

As an open water swimmer, I never want the water to be too much for me, but it is always thrilling to meet the challenge of big water.

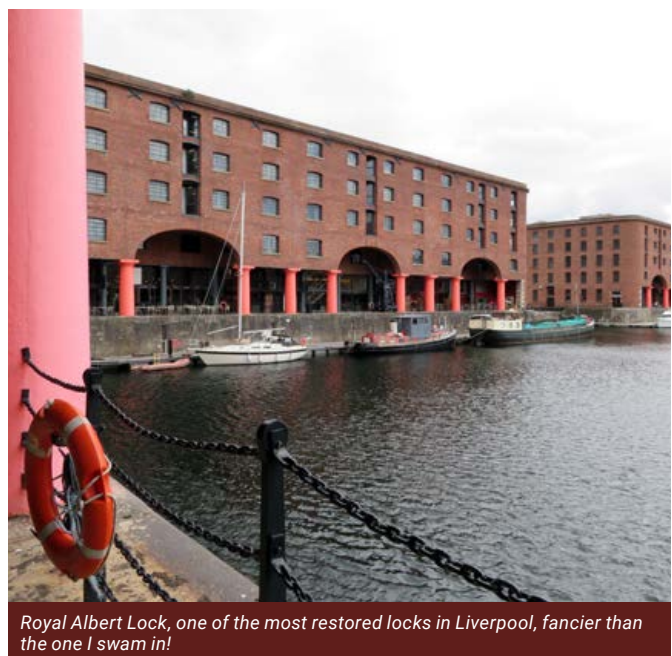
Once I paid, I changed into my suit, slipped into the lock and swam wide circles inside its dark brackish water, as harmless opalescent jellyfish the size of small plates gently skidded into me. It was a mysterious and gentle experience. My kind of sublime.



*Me with my post-swim glow*



*The River Mersey at low tide*



*Royal Albert Lock, one of the most restored locks in Liverpool, fancier than the one I swam in!*

# Swimming at the Bondi Icebergs

By George Rehmet

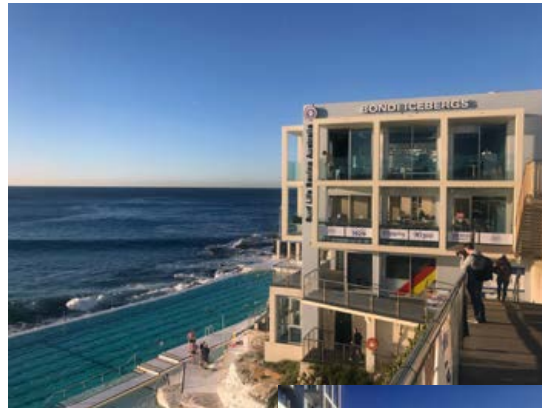
Members of our sister club the Bondi Icebergs visited us last August, and plans are in the works for a SERC visit to their club in Sydney, Australia, this coming May. This past July, my wife and I traveled all over Australia (or “Oz” as the Aussies call it) in honor of our 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

We had chosen Oz as we had been there for our honeymoon and had relatives there we had not seen for a quarter century.

Given the lovely experiences with the Icebergs, I had made plans to visit their facilities in Bondi. Boarding the bus from downtown or the CBD (Central Business District), I noticed that this club has quite a presence in Sydney, because on the bus line map, the name “Bondi Icebergs” was underneath the stop “South Bondi Beach.” After a 30-minute ride (note: buses and trains in Sydney are very clean, unlike Muni and BART), I got off in Bondi. Bondi Beach can be considered the most famous beach in Australia. In fact, there is a popular reality show about their lifeguards called “Bondi Rescue.”

The Icebergs’ facility has great views of Bondi Beach in one direction and Mackenzie Point in the other, which can be accessed by the Bondi to Bronte Coastal Walk. Upon entering the facility, I was greeted by a “G’day” and welcomed by the clerk. The cost was A\$8 or US\$5.40. Upon entering the locker room, one could see several large wall photos that hark back to Bondi’s long swim history. In addition, the walkway had banners celebrating the Icebergs’ 90th anniversary.

Once I changed into my swimsuit and SERC cap, I went down to the pool and left my bag on the stone benches. I felt comfortable with leaving my items unattended, as Australia is not only a friendly nation but fairly safe. Before plunging in I savored the views of Bondi Beach, while waves crashed over the deck and into the pool lane. Just like our SERC swimmers,



there were a variety of swimmers wearing skin suits or wetsuits.

Filled with salt water, the pool is 50 meters long and the temperature is around 60 degrees. The ocean waters are warmer, ranging from 61 to 70 degrees. So what was it like

swimming? After not being in the SF Bay for a few weeks, I did feel a chill, but when a wave came over the deck, it was nice to get a dose of warm water.

In addition, the waves crashing over the deck created a small but fun challenge in swimming straight. Swimmers swim clockwise, so if you choose to swim in the lane closest to the ocean, you want to breathe on the side facing the building or else you’re going to get blasted in the face.

In all, I had a great time and it helped that the pool was not crowded. In addition, there was enough space in the lane to pass slower swimmers.

Once out of the water I went into the sauna, which is located outside the locker rooms and overlooks the pool and bay. The sauna is co-ed and folks are required to keep their swimsuits on, but it was nice to talk with women for once while getting my core temperature back up! Once I was warmed up, I headed back to the locker room to take my shower.

Feeling refreshed, I went to the facility’s café and enjoyed some tucker (Aussie for food) and a latte while watching the swimmers below me. Afterwards, I went my way to explore the Coastal Trail and the rest of Bondi.

In all, the iconic Bondi Icebergs pool is a place to experience. But when it comes to open water swimming, I think SERC has the edge on them!

# Swimming Around Angel Island

By Neil Heller

What seemed beyond insanely misguided yesterday seemed reasonable and within reach today.

SERC had planned a late October swim from Angel Island to San Francisco that I was looking forward to, but then SERC canceled the swim.

So I conspired with my swim buddy **Sarah Roberts** about other options. We thought it would be fun to swim around Angel Island and invited a few of our podmates to join the adventure. **Darlene Comstedt, Elizabeth Kurfess, Laura Hovden,** and **Vanessa Lea** all (willingly) agreed to swim with us.

We booked the swim with Pacific Open Water Swim Company, operated by South Enders **Sylvia Lacock** and **Bryan Temmermand**. Before we knew it, the day of our swim arrived and we were carpooling to meet the boat at Fort Baker.

After a complete and thorough briefing, we motored over to Angel Island. Bryan had told us the actual currents have differed significantly from the tide book predictions, but he and Sylvia had accounted for the variances. All we needed to do was follow their guidance. Pacific Swim Co. provided two safety boats to optimize coverage for all six of us.

When we arrived at the jump site, the sun shone brightly, the winds remained calm, and the air temperature hovered in the upper 60s. We applied one final coat of sunscreen, put on our caps, goggles, and earplugs, then jumped in.

I felt very comfortable with my swimming except my goggles were really foggy. Other than Elizabeth's pink cap, I couldn't see very well. The shore was fuzzy, the sky was fuzzy, but I kept swimming. We fed after 45 minutes and I drank a few ounces of my protein-based electrolyte drink. I also ate a chocolate Clif Shot.

We kept swimming, and before we knew it, we fed again. Sylvia and Bryan anticipated we would be swimming into the shore current through Raccoon



Strait, which separates Angel Island from Tiburon and is known for having the fastest moving currents anywhere in the San Francisco Bay. Accordingly, they gave us our feed early to ensure we wouldn't get pushed too far backward while fighting our way through the current.

Shortly after my second feed, swimming started to feel difficult. My stroke felt labored, my legs sank, and I still couldn't see through my foggy goggles. My mind had gone to all the negatives of open water swimming—cold, shivering, hungry, impatient, and generally grumpy. All I could think to do was change out my goggles. I swam up to Bryan and likely barked out I wanted my back-up goggles. I threw the pair I wore at him with all my might. By this time, my might wasn't so much, so he likely laughed at my misdirected energy.

After putting on the new goggles, I could see clearly—finally!

After an energy gel, I started to feel a bit better and my mind calmed. I emerged from the grumpy period and started to enjoy the swimming tremendously. We rounded Point Campbell, and I just put my head down and swam. The water felt warm, my stroke felt relaxed, and my body seemed to glide through the water.

Brian positioned the boat where we would climb out. Sure enough, we all completed the swim, climbed on the platform at the back of the boat, and enjoyed a nice hot freshwater shower before drying off and heading off for a celebratory feast.

I swam for three hours and 20 minutes, stopping no more than five minutes during the five-and-a-half-mile course. During the swim, I consumed four Clif Shots (chocolate) and 35 ounces of fluid.

While the journey around Angel Island had some challenges, I couldn't be more pleased with the experience. I absolutely loved and learned from it all.

I have no plans for "what's next," but I'm very much looking forward to whatever it will be!

# Mindful Swimming

By Cappy Benton

Recently while wandering around inside Moe's Books on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley I chanced upon a book named *How to Walk (Mindfulness Essentials)* by a Buddhist monk named Thich Nhat Hanh. It's about a type of meditation called mindful walking.

For some time now, my goal has been to walk 10,000 steps a day because it's good for my waistline, and it's good for my back. The opportunity to squeeze a mindfulness routine into my walking time seemed like a no-brainer. So I bought the book.

The goal of mindful walking is to clear your head, and be more focused on the present moment. Every step should bring you joy. The book shows how mindful walking can be a technique for diminishing depression, recapturing wonder, and expressing gratitude.

So I tried it out. And then as I gradually absorbed Thich Nhat Hanh's teachings I realized that they could probably be applied to open water swimming. So I chose three passages from the book, and set about converting them from walking to swimming.

The results are listed below. See what you think. And then give it a try the next time you drop into the San Francisco Bay for a swim.

## Three Passages from *How to Walk* by Thich Nhat Hanh Reimagined for Open Water Swimming

### Touching Peace

The possibility of peace is all around us, in the world and in nature. Peace is also within us, in our bodies and our spirits. The act of swimming will nurture the seeds of peace that are already there

inside us. Our mindful strokes help us cultivate the habit of touching peace in each moment.

### Intention

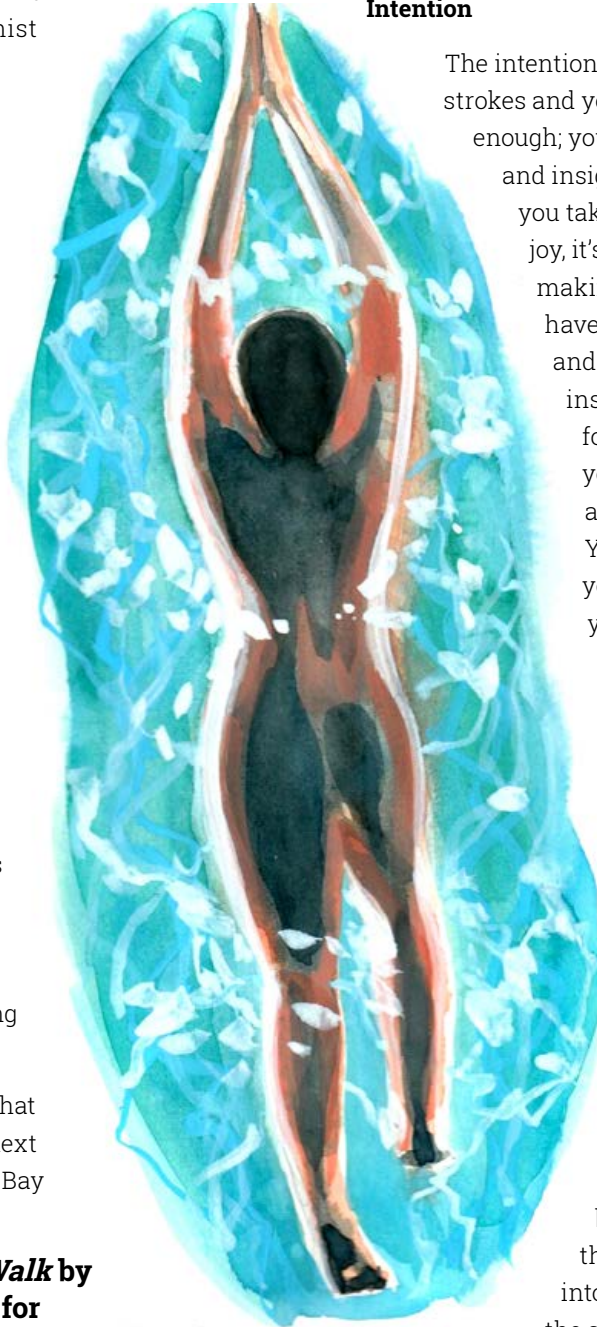
The intention to enjoy your strokes and your breath is not enough; you need mindfulness and insight. If every stroke you take brings you joy, it's because while making a stroke you have mindfulness and insight. Without insight, it's impossible for you to enjoy your in-breath and out-breath. You can't force yourself to enjoy your breath or your strokes. Breathing mindfully, making strokes in awareness, joy comes naturally and easily.

### Swimming as the Sun Rises (Based on "Morning Walk")

Many are the mornings I wake up determined to be swimming as the sun rises. I slip into the water while the sky is still dark and I swim gently, aware of nature

all around me and the fading stars. When I think of San Francisco Bay and our ability to swim there, I think, "I'm going to go out into nature, enjoying everything beautiful, enjoying all its wonders." My heart is filled with joy.

*Swimmer Gliding by Rene Rodriguez*



# SERC's Rodent Control Commissioners

By Lynn Sywolski and Eddie Peinado

American, British, and French Navies, seafarers, and pirates kept cats on-board specifically to eradicate rodents. The South End armada couldn't be left behind on the long-term solution to rodent problems. And in fact, SERC has had a history of mousers. Fluffy, Daisy, and their offspring were the club mascots and mousers for decades.

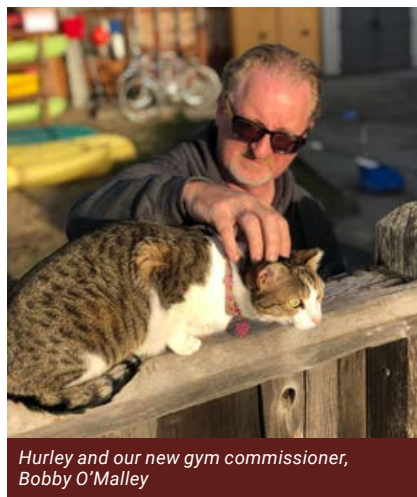
After Fluffy and Daisy "crossed the rainbow," the club went on a 10-year cat hiatus, leaving the club at the mercy of an increasing mouse population. When the SERC Board was brainstorming ideas to fix the problem, the solution appeared from 4,800 nautical miles away: cats from Fiji!

"Fast Eddie Peinado," while piloting Fiji Airways' Airbus A330, used to rescue, trap, neuter, return, and also maintain a cat colony at the hotel he lived in on his layovers in Fiji. Eddie proposed to the SERC Board that we bring back the tradition of having cats in the club. Another option for eradicating the mouse problem was hiring a pest control company, but the idea was turned down due to high costs and the fact that they wanted to use poison that would be deadly to mice but also a threat to South End pooches.

On April 20, 2018, our furry Fijian friends arrived at SFO, and soon after they became SERC's newest members. With the experience Fast Eddie acquired while taming and loving feral cats in the South Pacific and a meticulous "Kitty Installation Plan" designed by Eddie and supervised by Casey M. Quimby, cofounder and managing trustee of the nonprofit organization Animals Fiji (<https://www.animalsfiji.org>), Eddie was able to guide the club members involved in caring for the animals. A Rodent Control Program was created and is now overseen by a committee made up of SERC members



Jameson strides along the dock at sunset. Photo by Evelyn Lu



Hurley and our new gym commissioner, Bobby O'Malley

called the *Itty Bitty Kitty Committee*.

The yellow tabby was named **Jameson** after our favorite whiskey, and the white and gray kitty was named **Hurley Girl**, honoring our all-woman barge rowers.

After three months of intense training that included walking the cats around the SERC on a leash, the "tigers" finally settled down at the club. In the beginning we would even sleep with them so they would not stress about the new environment. As Eddie says: "The success of the program was only possible due to the priceless help, love, and generous donations from SERC volunteers. SERC members come to do their workout and before going home they take care of the kitties."

The cats are also on a rigorous vet schedule that includes annual checkups, vaccinations, and monthly flea and worm control.

If you are interested in helping with the SERC Rodent Control Program while Eddie is flying around the world, the program is always looking for volunteers. Please feel free to send him an email ([edisonpeinado@gmail.com](mailto:edisonpeinado@gmail.com)) or text him at 415-412-0665. Volunteers can help at any time of the day.

The daily duties of the IBKC volunteers include:

- Feeding and watering the cats
- Cleaning their three litter boxes
- Bringing the cats inside SERC every night

Jameson Boy and Hurley Girl came to us on an International Mouse Mission. They are doing a fantastic job keeping the mice (and the raccoons) away and stealing our hearts.

Bula vinaka and meow meow!

# Until We Meet Again

*By Niland Mortimer*

Over the past five years the South End has come to occupy a huge space in my life and in my heart. It's become the place where my friends are, where I have the opportunity to share my love of swimming, where I know I'm at home.

So many people have said that the South End saved their lives—got them through times of hardship, sickness, relationship woes, stress, all of life's left turns and curve balls. This year the South End has saved my life, for which I'll be eternally grateful.

Serving on the board has deepened my appreciation for just how special the South End Rowing Club is. Everything that happens at the club, everything we enjoy often without thinking too closely about it, is the work of volunteers, people who devote countless hours to ensuring that the club runs smoothly, that it runs at all. From maintenance and repair of the building and boats, to the club's complex finances, to working with our city landlord, to keeping the saunas hot—all these are the result of members' volunteered time and expertise, as is this newsletter. The board will appoint my replacement in January; I know I leave the board in good and capable hands.

I'm leaving my daily routine at the South End with a heavy heart. It wasn't my plan when I moved to San Francisco twelve years ago to move back east. Life doesn't always turn out the way you plan. There are times when you just have to put the past in the past and leap forward. Moving to Boston will be my great next chapter. The Atlantic is warmer in the summer and colder in the winter: happy swimming!

But this isn't farewell, only hasta la vista. I'll be an out-of-town member, and with good planning I hope to be a frequent visitor, so my association remains intact and permanent. My South End friends remain my friends for life.

Keep the South End special!

Niland



# Open Water: 2020 Calendar

By Zina Deretsky

I am a medical, science, and technical illustrator. I draw the way our bodies, and other things, work. Telling these stories is so interesting, I have never had the need common to most artists—to “express myself.”



MUNI PIER & MOUNT TAM

Ten years ago I did one of the best things in my life: I joined the South End. Word got out that I was an artist, and for NYD Alcatraz 2011, Swim Commissioner **Cathy Delneo** asked me to design a shirt. She wanted an “icy mermaid” ... and that’s how it started. Thank you Sharkbait!

In 2012 I made my first Alcatraz Invitational art. I was petrified because I liked the geometric logo the club had before me, with the SF skyline and a cutout of the island. I wasn’t sure what I could add. Over the years I have been surprised how many ways there are to skin that cat. So many angles to the Alcatraz experience ...

Ironically, our cold environment has been a very warm incubator to art and creativity for me. I have lost count of how many designs I made here—posters, T-shirts, mugs, hats, plaques, posters, postcards ...

And our swim community is as solidly supportive as the water itself.

Many dear South End members like **Joe Butler, Reptile, Jim Bock, Pat Cunneen, Bob Barde, Van Cornwell**, and so many others (even our longtime vendors Access Uniforms) have encouraged, fomented, and spoken frankly to me about designs that did not work, or aided me in creation.

A consequence of ongoing art volunteerism I could not foresee is that my eyes and heart have opened to new, unnoticed beauty right here in our backyard. Producing swag for the club has taken me from “still life” scale work (as in my work subjects: organs, cells, antibodies) to “landscape.”

It is an education in composition, as well as style. I try to match the Art Deco look popularized by the art of Michael Schwab and others.

For about a decade I have had a dream to produce a calendar of “12 beautiful swims of San Francisco.”

**Kim Howard** gave me

smart, practical advice. She is so good with words. “Call it ‘Open Water: \_\_blank\_\_’, and you can keep producing art for many years, and for many places, not just San Francisco. It will be your series and people will recognize it and look for it.”

Kim touched an even deeper truth: there IS no way to condense “beautiful swims of San Francisco” to just 12 ... EVER. There are hundreds along our wild and varied coastline ... they flash at you and surprise you ... and then each place has hundreds of manifestations: colors, light conditions, moods of the water, participants animal and human. I could treat a single SF swim landscape like Monet treated his haystack.

I have been very touched by the reception of my primary audience: open water swimmers. It means a lot that the art speaks to them.

I was completely floored when Steve Muñatones, leading coach, writer, and figure of open water swimming, told me he nominated my calendar for the WOWSA 2019 Best Offering award. <http://www.wowsa.org>.

Perhaps the Open Water: San Francisco project has coaxed a bit of “expressing myself” into my art. Yes, you can see me right in there: the rapt swimmer drinking in the beauty.

Thank you swim community, thank you club, and thank you San Francisco.

*Editor’s note: You can order Zina’s 2020 calendar here: <https://zina-studio.myshopify.com/>*

# You Know You're a South Ender When ...



This work is a collage titled "Masters of the Bay," created by Mary Bartolucci in 2019. It came to me as a birthday present from the artist (my aunt).  
—Ray Essick

... the idea of a 'sub-100' morning gets you all tingly and giddy. —**Craig Marble**

... you walk into the sauna in the middle of winter and ask everyone if it's on. —**Richard Devlin**

... you take selfies of you sporting a mean bay beard.  
—**Lisa Amorao**

... you can be quoted as saying things like, "I don't know if I'd do that again ... but I'd probably do that again."  
—**Kim Hedges**

... you watch from the safety of our beautiful gym deck a fellow South Ender successfully launch a boat he made with his own two hands in gusting wind to pilot a swim.  
—**Nancy Sorrell**

... you go rowing and get four or more blisters on your hands and you aren't even pissed. —**Alan Lapp**

... you step up to lead an event and can't fail because you have the support of hundreds of awesome people!  
—**Jay Ligda**

... you've learned that sunrises are best appreciated from the water. —**Robert Kane**

... you're in the bar and no longer notice (or mind) the smell of handball sweat. —**Kim Peinado Howard**

... you announce that the party starts at 6:30 and people ask, "Is that a.m. or p.m.?" —**Cy Lo**

... you decide over and over again, with the help of your friends, that you are not enduring an ordeal, but rather, having a most excellent adventure.  
—**Janie Bryant**

... you've learned more about history, engineering, biology, economics, and philosophy while riding in a RIB than you have in your entire graduate career. —**Kat Hall**

... you realize you own a lot of red and white clothing.  
—**Kristine Buckley**

... the first thing you think about when you see a tanker approaching is swimmer safety, and the second is how much air you could catch from that massive wake.  
—**Mary Riley**

... you "borrow" the blinkie off your dog's collar because you forgot to pick one up before a full moon or Sunrisers swim. —**Jim Bock**

... you sign up for a tanker ship diving class to prepare you, just in case, to dive under a moving tanker ship that may come at you during a club swim. You are told you need to be able to dive down 35 feet and hold your breath for two minutes to qualify and receive your certification. —**Sharko**



# Investigating Pollution by Land, Air, and Water

By Sejal Choksi-Chugh



What I saw on the San Francisco Bay shoreline that day worried me.

I asked our volunteer skipper, Robert, to maneuver the Baykeeper boat closer. Since the last time we'd been to the site, more heavy industrial equipment had piled up near the water. And more barges were crowding the dock. It looked likely that during storms, toxic pollutants would run off into the bay.

We needed evidence. So the next time it rained, Baykeeper's field investigator paddled to the site by kayak. She battled high waves, wind, and cold temperatures to get under the dock and collect a sample of water running off into the bay. We then sent the water to a lab to test for heavy metals and other toxic contaminants.

To stop pollution, we first have to find it. A lot of San Francisco Bay's shoreline is privately owned, fenced, guarded, and hidden from public view. From land, it's challenging to investigate these areas. That's why Baykeeper's scientists and attorneys regularly patrol the bay shoreline from our boat. Gathering evidence is the first step we take to force polluters to stop harming the bay.

Investigating bay pollution is complex work. And we don't do it alone.

We have partners who help Baykeeper protect the bay we all love. Robert and the rest of Baykeeper's team of 12 volunteer skippers are indispensable to our boat patrols.

Since some polluters can't be investigated from water either, Baykeeper takes to the air. We partner with Lighthawk Conservation Flying's volunteer pilots who own small planes, and Autonomous Imagery's volunteer drone operators, to detect pollution that can only be seen from above.

We have other support for our investigations, too. Oru Kayak recently donated a foldable, portable kayak called "The Bay" to get us to places our boat can't reach. And our newest partner, Insta360, donated camera gear to help us capture live videos to record evidence of pollution.

And we have one more important partner—you! Bay Area residents are our additional eyes on the water. You can contact Baykeeper's Pollution Hotline with tips when you see contamination in the bay. If you see or suspect bay pollution, report it to us at [baykeeper.org](http://baykeeper.org). From land, air, and water, our team will investigate and hold the polluters accountable to protect San Francisco Bay.

*Sejal Choksi-Chugh is the executive director of San Francisco Baykeeper. Since 1989, Baykeeper has been defending San Francisco Bay from the biggest threats and holding polluters accountable.*

# Newly Promoted Pilots

By Josh Sale

As you may already know, the South End Rowing Club's swim program includes piloting. The purpose of the piloting program is to ensure the safety of swimmers during out-of-cove swims. Pilots also support some of the rowers' regattas. The program has evolved over many years as we identify new opportunities to improve safety.

The piloting program recognizes four levels of pilot certification: accompanying pilot, pilot, lead pilot, and senior pilot. The various positions represent levels of experience and responsibility. Irrespective of level of certification, every pilot is a club member who is volunteering their time and taking on responsibility for event safety.

The program also includes a piloting class (principally taught by **Jim Bock**), Sunday Drivers (organized by **Joe Butler**), and a small Pilot Committee that oversees the whole program.

For a club member to become an accompanying pilot or for an existing pilot to be promoted to a higher certification level, that individual is reviewed on the water by an assessing pilot who then makes a recommendation to the senior pilots who have the final word on each pilot.

## Gary Emich, Assessing Pilot

The Pilot Committee is very pleased to announce that Gary Emich has agreed to become an assessing pilot. In addition to being an accomplished swimmer and pilot, Gary has served on the Piloting Committee and has directed many large-scale swims (commercially and for SERC). He is extremely qualified to step into this important role.

When you see Gary, please thank him. You might also suggest that he get his head examined!

—Josh Sale

## Marc Glomb, Accompanying Pilot

Please join me in congratulating Marc on his promotion to pilot from accompanying pilot. He brings a great deal of energy and enthusiasm to the program. Next time you see Marc, please thank him for his volunteerism.

—Gary Emich

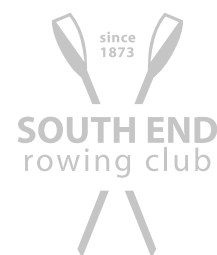
If you are interested in becoming a pilot, participate in Joe Butler's "Sunday Drivers," participate in Jim Bock's annual (sometimes semi-annual) pilot class, and/or go to <http://serc.com/swimming/pilots-corner/> for more information on the pilot program.



Photo credit: Peg Curran

My wife took this photo of the four of us pulling the motor off of Lady Di so it could be taken to the dealer for its annual service. The 30-HP Tohatsu and Bombard C4 have proven very popular with the pilots, and it has become the go-to boat. The board recently authorized the purchase of a carbon copy.

— Josh Sale



# Michael Stortz

By Cy Lo

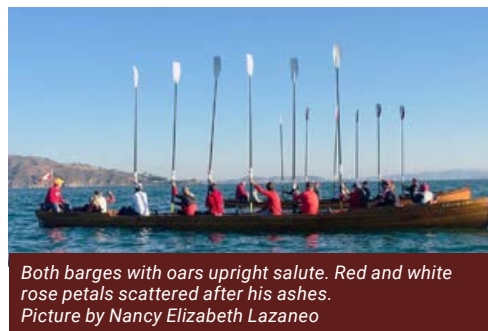


We had a wonderful memorial for Michael on Sunday, November 3. Both barges and rowboats scattered his ashes at Alcatraz, with several of his friends on board. We had the traditional raised oars salute and a very touching scattering of red and white rose petals. Back at the Cookshack a small group sat and spoke about him while eating. It was quite wonderful, intimate, and non-structured.

Michael joined a few years ago and became a regular at Boat Night. He had an open mind, learned a lot, was enthusiastic, and helped set up the then-new boathouse workshop. He volunteered at Last Sundays, and wherever he could he cooked, organized, and cleaned up.

Michael enjoyed rowing and swimming but wasn't an accomplished athlete. His best sport was people. It was always enjoyable to speak with him. He had an innocent inquisitiveness, and in conversation you never felt threatened or offended. He was always asking, always learning; never judging, just accepting people as they were.

He had reasons not to judge. His financial status was on the edge, and his health was precarious. Michael fought cancer and spent months in the hospital, with treatments, regularly recovering from chemo. In spite of that, he was upbeat, positive, and



*Both barges with oars upright salute. Red and white rose petals scattered after his ashes.  
Picture by Nancy Elizabeth Lazaneo*

always looked toward a healthy future. He had the South End spirit, never giving up, seeing beyond his troubles. Though his life was in troubled waters he fought them and was an inspiration to many in the club.

Unfortunately, the challenge that defeated him was not cancer, but a hidden drug addiction. At the club we'd see the positive, healthier Michael, but away from the club, drugs would call, which ultimately led to his death.

Why bring this up? It isn't to besmirch his wonderful character. This is a tragedy that can rope anyone in, and sadly, for this nice man it led to disaster.

Our sports demand that we watch over each other, remaining aware and ready to pull or rescue or pay special attention to those who need watching. In the water, if we raise our hand or oar, we'll get quick assistance. On land, we missed Michael's signs, and he was gone. Maybe if we see a struggling member, we can give care and support as we do to a drowning person. Michael needn't have kept this a secret; if he raised his hand, people would have stepped in to help. Our club can be nurturing and will care, and you shouldn't be ashamed to ask for help.

Many people noted that the club was a good place for Michael, but actually, Michael made the club a better place. He will be missed.

# Buck Delventhal, 1943-2019

By Aaron Peskin

On October 29, 2019, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors solemnly adjourned in the memory of Deputy City Attorney **Burk E. "Buck" Delventhal**, an incredible man who ably represented the city for nearly half a century. Buck was truly "City Hall Royalty," respected by absolutely everyone.

On December 3, Buck got the grand treatment: a city hall send-off usually reserved for former mayors and United States senators. I was touched, humbled, and honored to be one of the folks to eulogize Buck in front of his family, as well as his city hall family and South End Rowing Club family. It was one of the rarest, most incredible mixes of people I've seen in the City Hall Rotunda in the almost 20 years since I first started serving as a supervisor.

If you missed the event, here are a few of the words I shared that sad morning:

I actually didn't meet Buck through politics or anything to do with city hall. That came a decade later. I met him 27 years ago when I joined the "mighty" South End, where Buck was already the stuff of legend. As crazy **Bob Roper** said, "Only the bold swim in the cold." And while I never knew Buck to be religious in the traditional sense, he was a devoted bay swimmer and South Ender—and an incorrigible proselytizer. Buck converted countless souls into the cult of bay swimming and the colorful animal house that is the character-filled, historic South End. He bamboozled and dragged fellow city attorneys, department heads, legal secretaries, and cops. Some went once, others stayed for decades. Half the people in this City Hall Rotunda were at least propositioned by Buck for a bay swim.

Buck's infectious zeal was undiminished by his near brush with death from hypothermia—combined with a wee bit of drowning—that occurred some years before I arrived in 1992. If you happened to be at the

club at the crack of dawn on (I think) December 12, the anniversary of the day in 1987 that he was found face down in the water, you could witness Buck's "rebirth day." After a swim in the dark, he served everyone orange juice, bagels, and cream cheese, and read with his radiant, self-effacing smile his poem—in iambic pentameter no less—of his close call, rescue, and subsequent rebirth. It raised the hair on the back of my neck and made me smile.

Mayor Agnos allegedly threatened to kill Buck if he ever drowned again.

Upon my arrival, Buck generously bestowed a neoprene swim cap on me, which I still use to this day. And more importantly, he gave

me the teachings as to how to endear myself to **Trudy DiLorenzo** in order to get a coveted locker. His advice, like the legal advice he'd be giving me a decade later, was good—and I scored a locker a few feet from his.

His brother Mark said in the hospital that Buck loved San Francisco, but boy did he love the South End!



So I know a few South Ender things that must be shared. First, and this says a lot about Buck: While he was always relatively presentable and put together, he was NOTORIOUS for mismatched socks. We'd all rib San Francisco's most brilliant attorney and city conscience about this, but egoless, quirky Buck just smiled that radiant smile and gave his classic Buck laugh. He didn't worry about appearances.

Second, Buck wasn't much concerned with material possessions. He was transcendent in that regard. Case in point? He purposely left the key to his locker dangling from a string attached to the front of his locker! Everyone knew that if you needed

anything—goggles, a swim cap, a towel, Zoomers, hand paddles—it was in Buck’s locker. It made him happy.

Third, Buck truly cared about people: their health, mental health, and well-being. This often manifested by his inducting folks into the “Buck Plan,” wherein with abundant glee he’d include you in his insane pre-dawn regimen of biking, running and bay swimming. Of course, no matter how many pounds you’d lose, you wouldn’t come close to looking like Buck. I mean how often do you see a ripped seventy-plus-year-old with a six pack? With the most infectious, cheerful attitude? Coming from anyone else at the crack of dawn it’d be annoying. From him it was so genuine that it’d even warm my grumpy heart and put an instant smile on my face.

Three years ago we celebrated the 100th anniversary of city hall and the board of

supervisors’ chambers. Virtually every living past and present mayor and member of the board were present. Buck sat in the seat he once occupied when he was the legal advisor to the board of supervisors. To think that he advised this city and all of our decision makers for almost half of the time city hall has been here.

Our condolences to his widow Monica, daughter Juliet, son Ivan, brother Mark, and the rest of his family.

We miss you Buck. Thank you for everything.

Note: I introduced an ordinance to rename the entryway rotunda to the board of supervisors’ chambers after Buck. The board of supervisors voted to approve it on February 4 and it will become law in March. There will be a celebration soon thereafter. Please let us know if you want to be informed of the date.

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## Mel Patsel, 1936-2019

**From Legacy.com:** Everyone knew Mel. Whether they were a window washer or corporate CEO, he greeted all he encountered with a handshake and a witty icebreaker that was sure to bring a smile to their faces. He lived for the smiles.

After graduating from high school, Mel ventured out on a brief stint in the U.S. Navy, followed by several jobs throughout San Francisco. He joined the San Francisco Fire Department in 1964 where he found career success for over 25 years alongside many lifelong friends. Mel was promoted to lieutenant and retired as a captain in 1992.

A lifelong “joiner,” Mel was a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, participated in He’e Nalu Outrigger Canoe Club, the Marin Model A Club, the Fire Department Toy Program and a host of others clubs, associations, committees and volunteer organizations. One of Mel’s favorite clubs was the South End Rowing Club, located near Aquatic Park



along the San Francisco Bay. He loved to swim in the bay, and did so as often as possible with fellow members.

**From Pat Cunneen:** Mel and I grew up in the same high school neighborhood in San Francisco. One South End bike trip I recall was fun. In the '70s Mel Patsel, Joe Michaels, Roger Major, Donny Birrer, Curly McPherson, JB Sullivan, Pat Cunneen, and Ray Minkle rented a large motorhome, placed our bicycles aboard at the circle at Lake Merced, said goodbyes to our wives, and traveled to Port Angeles, Washington. We then rode our bikes back home, sightseeing,

swimming, laughing, sleeping, and eating in or out of the vehicle. JB Sullivan was our chauffeur and chef. He also tied balloons as a marker where we stopped for lunch and campsites. (No cell phones then!) We didn’t wish to make it a grind, so if you didn’t feel like riding you just put your bike onboard for a spell and BSd with JB.

# New Members

Margreet Adriani	Alexander Evanoff	Luke Kimmel	Rye Murphy
Elisa Aigamaua	Todd Ewing	Erik King	Tatum Nevils
Zdeni Amadio	Ann Fan	Deb Kory	Nick Newman
Ross Anderson	Laura Feeney	Michael Kovacs	Nicole Nguyen
Brandon Anderson	Oliver Fereday	Barbara Kruse	Thierry Nguyen
David Appel	Mel Fisher	Laureen Langland	Charles Njoroge
Dominic Archuleta	Jean Fraser	Greg Larson	Peter Nulsen
Edward Aten	Rachel Gibian	Mimi Laubach	Colm Ó Riain
Michele Baiano	Paul Giovacchini	Jonathan Lee	Kieran O'Hare
Charlie Bailey	Jake Glodowski	Katie Lewis	Donal O'Sullivan
Bill Banyai	Nolwenn Godard	Tianyu liu	Deirdre O'Sullivan
Peter Bartu	Thris Goodwin	Sarah Luger	Angel Olmedo
Courtney Bauer	Mike Gordanier	Paige Luong	Michael Orr
Rachel Biello	Julia Gorka	Joanne Luong	Don Orth
Allen Blatter	John Gower	Christa Mabee	Jack Oswald
Brian Blatter	James Grafton	Robert MacKimmie	Oliver Ousterhout
Megan Bordes	Monica Griffith	Sean Makarin	Sophia Palmer
Cynthia Bronte	Lisa Haffenreffer	Kristen Manning	Edd Patterson
Gabriel Brown	Amanda Hardesty Dwyer	Meg Marchand	Felipe Pereira
Chris Buck	Jennifer Hardy	Edgar Marroquin	Joseph Perla
Maia Bull	Sarah Harlin	Thomas Martel	Stephanie Peterson
Richard Bullock	Tim Hausler	Douglas McAbee	Victoria Porter
Crosby Byers	Walter Heaney	Alan McCarthy	Angela Rastegar
Stefano Caccia	Katharine Heeringa	Devin McDermott	Brian Ratkovich
Athena Capitanos	Hannah Henderson	Ellen McGlinchey	Marcy Reda
Patricia Carr	Jenny Hodgkin	Brendan McInerney	Michael Reilly
Mitch Casillas	Heidi Hoffman	Patrick McMahan	Nancy Rigamonti
Ange Chao	Jozsef Horvath	Mike McSweeney	Sierra Robbins
Alessandra Cima	Jaynee Howe	Camilo Mejia	Felipe F. Rodriguez
Christine Colon	Chris Hughes	Thomas Melching	James Rose
Courtney Condaxis	Karissa Hurzeler	Christopher Melhuish	Isobel Rosedale
Stefano Congedo	Nita Hylton	Luis Mercado	Alyssa Roy
Phillip Courten	Mykhailo Iakovenko	Ana Carolina Mexia	James Ruggieri
Jordan Crider	Tomas Janik	Luke Michaelis	Beth Ryan
Tim Crow	Shannon Johnson	Daniel Miller	Zoe Salt
Michael Cunnie	Mick Johnson	Stephanie Mindlin	Brittany Schlunt
Ben Davidow	Craig Johnson	Jaimie Monahan	Jim Schwarz
Michael Davidson	LuRay Joy	Eva Monova	Christopher Seaman
Marlena del Hierro	Christian Junge	Ben Moore	Michael Sharf
Ian Dow	Catherine Kaleel	Ned Moorfield	Kimberly Shields
Kit Driscoll	Can Kaynak	Jon Morgan	Kevin Siegel
Helge Eilers	Nicole Kelly	Laura Moriarty	Max Simon-Duenas
Zayd Enam	Molly Kenward	Rene Morkos	Scott Simpson

Joe Smith  
Theodore Soderberg  
Carlos Stoughton  
Brittany Sutphen  
Robin Swartout  
Cornelia Taylor  
Tom Thompson  
Rye Thompson

Ernest Thompson  
Anna Torraca  
Amy Trusso  
Richard Vasquez  
Alban Vidal  
John Vreeland  
Chuck Wallace  
Meredith Walsh

Justin Watkins  
Sarah Weidman  
Erin Wendt  
Jesse White  
Evan White  
Randall Whitney  
Bradley Williams  
Marc Wilson

Gary Workman  
Christopher Wright  
Mark Wurzweiler  
George Yandell  
Kevin Yedid-Botton  
Michael Zanders II  
Stephen Zegalia  
Wenni Zhou

### **New Life Member**

Keith Nowell

### **In Memoriam**

Michael Stortz	September 29, 1961–September 19, 2019
Buck Delventhal	November 12, 1942–October 26, 2019
Jim Scull	March 3, 1934–October 27, 2019
Mel Patsel	May 1, 1936–December 6, 2019
Darrin Connolly	June 17, 1971–January 6, 2020
Tom Gallegos	January 1, 1950–October 9, 2019
Connie Clark	December 31, 1936–October 2019

# **South End Fight Song**

*By Al Jaurique*

**Awesome South End  
Awesome South End  
We are number one  
We swim outside the cove  
Where blue don't go.**

**Awesome South End  
Awesome South End  
We are number one  
We row around the rock  
With lots of fun.**

**Awesome South End  
Awesome South End  
We are red and white  
We run from our great club  
To the Golden Gate.**

**Awesome South End  
Awesome South End  
We are red and white  
We hit that round blue ball  
With all our might.**

Editor's note: Al sang this at the holiday party to the tune of "On, Wisconsin."



South End Rowing Club  
500 Jefferson St.  
San Francisco, CA 94109



Darrin Connolly, 1971-2020