

DOLPHIN LOG

The Bulletin of the Dolphin Swimming & Boating Club

San Francisco

Established 1877



The Eppleton Hall came to US from Newcastle, UK 55 years ago. On board was author John Kortum, son of Karl, who founded the National Maritime Museum. (Keith Howell)

Fall/Winter 2024–25

Dolphin Log

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DOLPHIN
SWIMMING & BOATING CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO, CA.



Retiring dedicated club president Diane Walton grasping one of the few tangible rewards.

President's Report

by Diane Walton

I thought about getting sentimental about all we have been doing together these past few years, but naming each and every one of you who has contributed to the Dolphin adventure would take more space than I have! And I decided it'd be way more interesting to get us thinking about our shared future!

Where will we be in 2027? The Club will have been operating for 150 years. We will light the Golden Gate Bridge blue Muni Pier and City Hall, too (easier!). We will dance in the street and on the dock. Many of us will go in and on the water at least 150 times. We will celebrate 150 people and things from our past and build on them for our future. We will still be being grateful to those who generously made the new weight room and new galley and new deck possible. Some of us will commit to doing new things as part of the year-long celebration, creating personal bests. Some will re-find the joys of things done previously but somehow lost (77th birthday row around Angel Island, anyone?). We will celebrate each other over and over again. My biggest commitment is getting more kids in and on the water and knowing more about our Bay, and I know you will help me make that happen!

Do keep sending thoughts about ways to celebrate the Club and ways you think the Club could be even better. E-mail 877-2027@dolphinclub.org.

Commissioners:

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Swim Commissioners: Alex Kroeger, Lindsay Stripling, Ben Chun, Michael Tschantz-Hahn
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Learn to Row: Dominic Lusinchi, **Grizzly Challenge:** Zack McCune
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John Selmer, in Memoriam

by Laura Zovickian

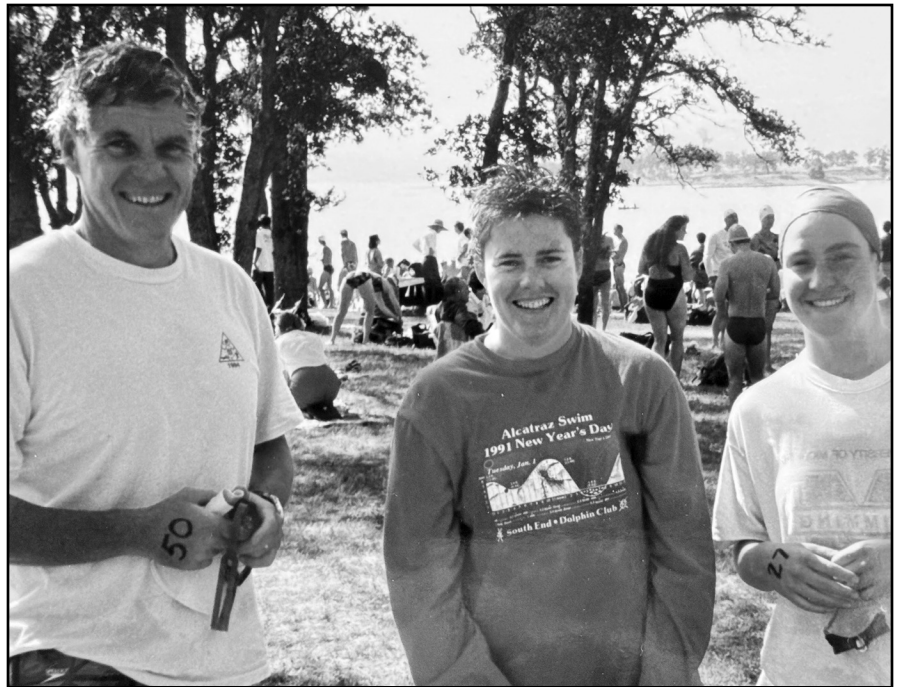
We lost John Selmer this past June. John was an incredible man. His contiguous Dolphin Life started in 1985 after a false start a few years earlier in the late 70s, when he added open water swimming to his regular Masters Swimming plan. John was a very accomplished Masters Swimmer, and brought his exceptional swimming prowess and modest demeanor to the Dolphin Club. He was a regular top finisher for many decades, completing numerous Polar Bears, including one all backstroke.

John got bit by the “marathon fish.” I was the incredibly lucky recipient of a training partner who brought the mentality, dedication, and drive of a Naval submariner with a great sense of humor and a huge heart. Now you all know my secret to a successful Channel swim. Latch on to the strongest, most dedicated training partner, and you have only one path: success.

John was quietly outstanding in everything he did. He was more dependable and reliable than you could expect. He was funny with a dry practical joker streak—and always folded his clothes precisely before hopping in the water. We would swim stroke for stroke for hours and hours of training.

Many Dolphins would experience John’s incredible calm and support when he selflessly piloted swims or offered encouragement. When in an Avon with a conked-out motor mid-span of the Gate and a tanker headed your way, it’s a good thing to be with John Selmer, complete in his Gorton fishermen’s outfit, teaching me the universal distress signal and asking if my kick was strong.

John received many trinkets and even created his own trinkets if one was lacking. He assembled all these items into his carefully curated “I love me



Channel swimmers in training: John Selmer, Laura Zovickian and Becky Fenson

shed” which no one would believe existed because of his overwhelming modesty. After he retired, the “I love me shed” transformed into the exceptional archives and workshop in his house, where he made model boats of the Dolphin fleet, carved wood and built so many other incredible things in that space—amazing and so quintessentially John.

The dedication I received from John was huge for me but it was small in comparison to the fierce love, support, and loyalty he had for his family. John was an amazing role model for me as I watched him navigate life with teenagers, then adult children and grandchildren and more grandchildren. John loved his family with strength, devotion, and endurance. John also had to cope with the tragic, untimely death of his son, Doug. While crushing, he refused to let this loss be the undoing of his

family. He stood by his wife, Kristin, and their children: Lisa, Sarah, and Molly, and all the grandchildren.

We were lucky to have John as a Dolphin and I was lucky to have him as a training partner and friend. He has had an indelible impact on my life. His passion for swimming and willingness to keep going, most importantly with an open heart filled with love, is the gift John has given me.



To view John’s Whitehall models, see Artifact 261 in our Archives: <https://hub.catalogit.app/375>

Club House

Gardens: Susanne Friedrich, Andy Stone
Deck Landscape: Steve Krolik
Green Team: Janice Wood

Social

Entertainment Commish: Robin Rome
Club Mixer: Todd Bloch, Davis Ja
Joe Illick Forum: Krist Jake, Stuart Gannes
Ukulele Club: Carolyn Hui

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Facebook: James Dilworth **Groups.io:** Ward Bushee
Instagram: Mackenzie Kirk, Anne Hamersky
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Club & Women’s Locker Room: Piper Murakami
Men’s Locker Room: Hal Offen

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DC Youth Swim Fund: Laura Zovickian
Government: Ken Coren, Diane Walton
Renovation Committee: John Hornor, Peter van der Sterre
Save Aquatic Park Pier: Diane Walton
Swag: John Ingle, Brendan Sheehan, Maile Smith

The Dolphin Ukulele Club: Just Keeps Strumming



Top row: Johanna Pitocchelli (co-founder), John Thorpe, Carolyn Hui, Nanda Palmieri.
Bottom row: Nancy Hornor, Bob Barner, Eric Shackelford, Beth Chanson

Carolyn Hui

The Dolphin Ukulele Club meets every week to strum, sing, and have some fun. This year marks the Club's six year anniversary. As I think back, I'm reminded of how and why it got started in the first place.

The Dolphin Ukulele Club was formed on the heels of an annual Dolphin Club event. A group of us had just finished weeks of practicing hula and gave a rousing performance at the 2018 Pilots Appreciation Dinner. Our Hawaiian hula teacher, Duke Dahlin, stressed the importance of community, caring, and respect the Aloha Spirit as we learned the dance. After our performance we knew

we were going to miss this spirit that we shared. We also knew we were going to miss the feeling of working together to make something good, even beautiful.

As we chatted while folding Duke's hand-painted hula skirts, someone brought up the topic of playing the ukulele. We discovered several of us had a ukulele at home that was lying there waiting to be played, myself included. There were others who didn't have a ukulele, but had always wanted to play. Then and there the Dolphin Ukulele Club was born!

I'm not a master of the instrument by any means, but I do have some musical experience and I've been a schoolteacher, which was enough

to qualify me to lead this group of enthusiastic strummers.

We started a weekly meet-up/practice/jam (*kanikapila* in Hawaiian) in the cold and echoey handball court. We later moved to the sunshine and fresh air of the deck and garden, regaling the weekend swimmers and loungers with our strumming and singing. We've played everything from The Beatles to Frank Sinatra, Otis Redding to The Grateful Dead, and, in the spirit of aloha, always include Hawaiian music. People enjoyed our playing and commented on how our music added a special treat to their visit to the club.

Then COVID-19.



The world shut down and we were banned from the Dolphin Club and each other. But we didn't let a little pandemic stop us, and continued strumming together through Zoom. We met every week on our computer screens, though the technology didn't allow us to hear each other. Instead, everyone muted their mics and played to the sound of solely my strumming and singing; but you could plainly see the joy on everyone's faces as they strummed along. After each song we unmuted ourselves to check in with each other, share stories, laugh, and sometimes cry. We called it "Zoomalele," and it proved to be an anchor that grounded us and a salve that soothed our souls during that unnerving and uncertain time.

Finally, when the threat of COVID had passed, the Club was back open for business, and we were able to strum together in person again. We moved our meetings indoors to the Sancimino Room to avoid the changeable weather and to hear each other better (much to the delight, we hope, of the folks in the women's locker room, which shares a wall).

Since its inception, the Dolphin Ukulele Club has performed at a number of Dolphin events, including the most recent 2024 Pilots' Appreciation Dinner. We played "Down at the Dolphin Club," a song I wrote to the tune of "Under the Boardwalk" by The Drifters. It was thrilling to share a little fun and music with the exuberant and supportive audience that night. Everyone joined us in song and together, dare I say, we made something good, even beautiful!

You can find us in the Sancimino Room on most Saturdays from 11:30 to 1:00. Please join us! Everyone is welcome!

Keep on strumming!

Down at the Dolphin Club

Melody: Under the Boardwalk by The Drifters
Lyrics: Carolyn Hui

Oh when the sun comes up it's time to head down to the club
Check in, mark your arm and put the orange cap on that we all love
Down at the Dolphin Club, down by the bay...yeah
We may be crazy but love to swim and row in San Francisco Bay

D A T D C - down by the bay, D A T D C - swim and row everyday
D A T D C - people think we're insane, D A T D C - when it's cold don't complain
Down at the Dolphin Club, Dolphin Club!

There's New Year's Day Cove, Pier 41 and the Relay
Gas House Cove, Pier 39, Yacht Harbor, Crazy Cove and John Nogue
Coghlan Beach, Bay Bridge, Fort Point, Pride Swim, oh yeah
Doc Howard, Walt Schneebli, Golden Gate and Alcatraz.

D A T D C - down by the bay, D A T D C - where the sea lions play
D A T D C - row & swim, swim & row, D A T D C - there's always someone you know
Down at the Dolphin Club, Dolphin Club!

The pilots keep us safe, help us when the current's strong
They get there early, row out and stay with us 'til the end, all day long
They paddle kayaks, whitehalls and stand-ups too, oh yeah
The Airias, Spirit, Stack and Moon round out the crew

D A T D C - down by the bay, D A T D C - pilot's say, "Are you okay?"
D A T D C - "Keep swimming, you're doin' great!"
D A T D C - "PILOTS WE APPRECIATE!"
Down at the Dolphin Club, Dolphin Club!

Interlude

Down at the Dolphin Club,
We love it don't you? OH, YEAH!
Polar Bear and the Grizzly Bear Challenge too

D A T D C - down by the bay, D A T D C - swim and row everyday
D A T D C - people think we're insane, D A T D C - when it's cold don't complain
Down at the Dolphin Club, Dolphin Club!

On the Dolphins' boardwalk.



Sharon Wong, Athena Kyle, Sue Robbins, Carolyn Hui, Johanna Pitocchelli, Eric Shackelford



Welcome Eppie

The Eppleton Hall arrived in the cove from UK in 1969. Eppie left the cove in 2025. Will she ever return?

John Kortum

As the swimmer goes, just 40 yards north of the tip of the Dolphin Club dock lies the Eppleton Hall. When I was a little lad of 11 years, I sailed across the Atlantic Ocean on this paddle wheel steamboat. I served as cabin boy, keeper of the kerosene lights, watchkeeper, and helmsman on the 4 to 8 watch, both afternoon and morning; and once I had learned a thing or two, I was dubbed ordinary seaman.

That was a long time ago—55 years, the same age as the Beatles' Abbey Road—but my memories are still vivid. I remember storms, calms, sea snakes, foreign ports, hard work, learning the seaman's craft, discovering the poverty of elsewhere, the small world of a ship's crew, nearly fatal dysentery,

and the way people of our world lived, just differently from San Francisco.

From the early 1950s, my father, Karl Kortum, was the Director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum. In fact, he had proposed the whole idea of a Maritime Museum to the editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, Scott Newhall. In those glory days of newspapering, there were four major papers in the city, and none opposed the creation of a maritime museum. Decisions were easier then.

As a deep water sailor who rounded Cape Horn and ran down the Roaring 40s to Tasmania during WWII in a ship similar to the Balclutha, my father liked real ships far more than the models found in most maritime museums. He had a keen sense of authenticity, and actual ships

were authentic. He felt they tell a better history, a better story than miniatures.

The first vessel acquired was the Balclutha, which he found derelict in Sausalito. The museum purchased it in the '50s, and a remarkable coalition of shipping companies, shipyards, labor unions, and volunteers restored her. Admission fees to the Balclutha financed the museum. The C.A. Thayer, Wapama, Eureka, Alma, Hercules, and a few smaller craft followed, creating the Hyde Street Pier State Historical Park.

My father's first loves were square-rigged sailing ships like the Balclutha. He had a mission to preserve them. They had become an endangered species after 1819 when the paddle wheel steamship Savannah crossed the Atlantic. Since that pioneering voyage, steamships

slowly eased out sailing ships as the mainstay of world commerce.

My father caught the tail end of the square rigger era, and caught the bug to preserve the last survivors. So did Scott Newhall, the inspired editor who brought the San Francisco Chronicle from just another paper to becoming the city's finest, with compelling reporting and brilliant columnists like Herb Caen, Art Hoppe, and Charles McCabe. Scott liked steamships also. Somehow the notion of being the master of a paddle wheel steamer caught his fertile imagination. When Scott heard that the last active paddle tug in England, the Reliant, née Old Trafford, was being retired, he wanted her. But the Greenwich Museum in England had first dibs and wanted to chop her up for a landlocked display. Scott's effort to buy her through a ruse called "Friends of the Greenwich Museum" was foiled by Scotland Yard. Charges were not filed.

But had heard that another paddle tug had been sent to the knacker's yard up the River Tyne a year or two earlier. On a hunch, he inquired. The Eppleton Hall hadn't been scrapped. But its woodwork, decks and all, had been burned out. He bought the fire ravaged derelict. "She's all mine," he exclaimed. In 1969, the River Tyne was still alive with major shipbuilding so rebuilding the Eppie at the R.B. Harrison shipyard Tyneside was like a duck in water. There were even engineers on hand who had spent a lifetime operating her archaic engines.

The Eppie was born to the cold drizzle of North England in 1914. She was built as a tugboat for the coal trade, working the rivers Tyne and Wear. These rivers flow to the stormy North Sea, but she was a river tug, designed to turn on a shilling in these narrow rivers. She had side paddle wheels and two steam engines, one connected to each wheel. Forward on starboard and reverse on port spins the Eppie in place.

The "side lever grasshopper" steam engines, dating back to the Industrial Revolution, were ancient technology even in 1914, but they were workhorses. Under steam, down in the engine room, each engine has a single vertical cylinder that strokes up and down and raises and lowers the massive side levers. For part of the stroke, cold water injected into the cylinder creates suction, just like the earliest of James Watt's steam engines. Those side levers are connected to a crank on the horizontal paddle wheel shaft. When maneuvering in harbor, one



Karl Kortum started the National Maritime Museum in San Francisco, including gathering all the ships now moored along Hyde Street pier.

engineer would use a lot of skill and his brute strength — more than I had as a kid of eleven — to push and pull a lever to operate the steam valve for the port engine and another engineer would do the same for the starboard engine, all the while doing an intricate dance on floor pedals that controlled the steam flow. Her basic boilers took on river water, not salt — even that of the polluted Tyne. "Don't fall in," the shipyard workers told me.

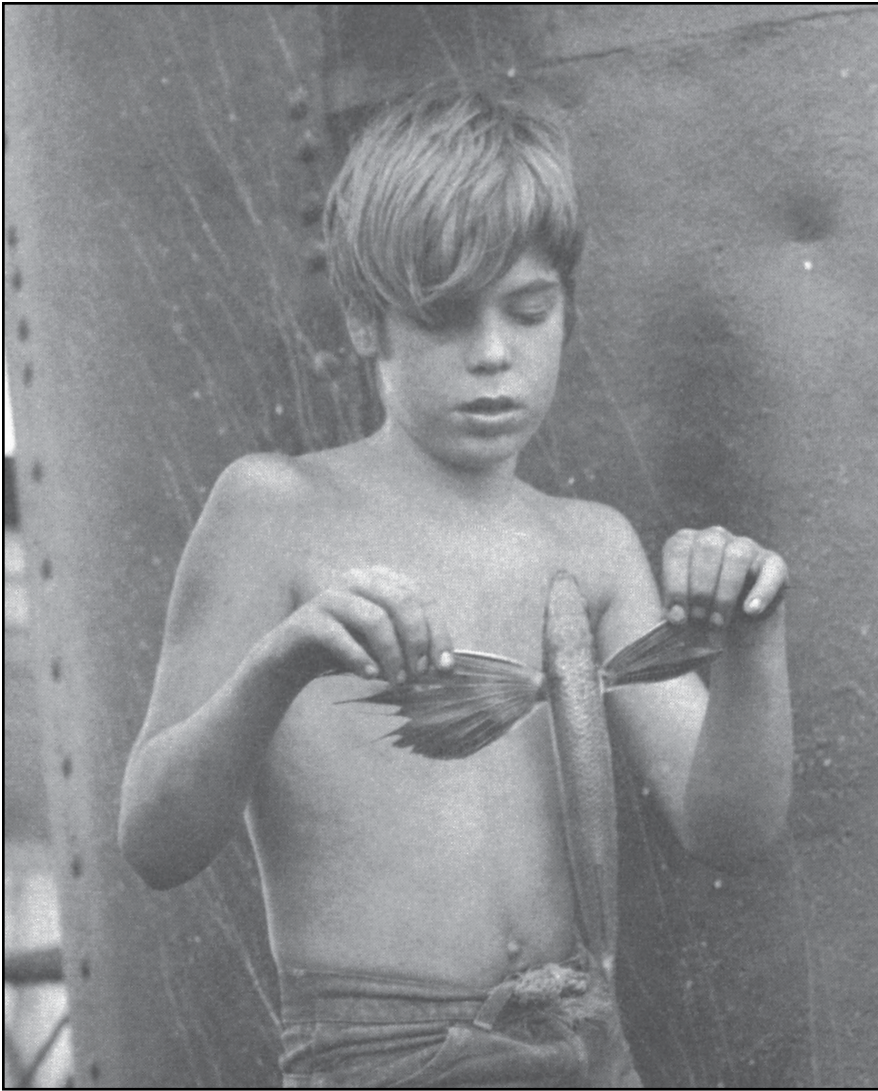
The Lord Mayor of Newcastle, replete with ribbons and medals, hosted a ceremony for our departure. The local press covered the send off of this zany — maybe foolhardy — voyage to San Francisco. Down the Tyne we paddled to the open North Sea, right into a storm that blew tiles off roofs onshore. We discovered the Eppie took the weather well. At age 11, I didn't know I'd have to stand watch twice a day. I threw a fit that was quickly shut down. No shirkers tolerated. From then on, I stood watch.

Scott was Captain and my father was Chief Mate. Scott's 23 year old nephew, Kip Waldo, was 2nd Mate and celestial navigator. I stood the 4 to 8 watch with 3rd Mate Bill Bartz, no breaks. Up at 4:00 am. Bill, a former square rigger shipmate of my father during WWII, was a hard-driving man. I've never met his equal. He kept ship, and did it well. But that meant I had

to work. Two of seven of his kids were aboard, Billy as 3rd engineer, Heidi as deck crew and watch keeper. My cousin Max Durney was promoted to Chief Engineer at age 20, when the original Chief departed in the Canary Islands. A Balclutha hand, Richard Childress, served as 2nd Engineer. Franci Neale served as cook and purser for most of the voyage, and was assisted by Jeanne Maher up to the Canary Islands. We were a mix of young and old, greenhorn and old-timer.

Until this voyage, the Eppie burned coal. For this voyage, her boilers were converted to diesel. There was no history of consumption. We put into Dover for fuel. I recall I joined my shipmates in a local pub and, being underaged, hid behind a newspaper to read the Andromeda Strain. Next stop, Lisbon.

We hit another storm crossing the Bay of Biscay. Before it had ended, the engineers sounded the tanks. Diesel was low, then it was out. We couldn't raise steam. The storm abated and the next day it was relatively calm. Radio calls went out. A "reefer," that is, a refrigerator ship, came to our rescue. We rafted together and with a small hose we took on fuel that carried us to Lisbon. It probably took days for the reefer's master to recover from the drink Scott plied him with. "Cast off fore and aft," he slurred as the ships fell off.



Author John Kortum, aged 11, inspects a flying fish caught during the Atlantic crossing

Despite my youth, I had a sense that Lisbon was a trip back in time. Like a painting in a museum, the magnificent Tagus River was decorated with graceful sailing lighters. An ancient steamer lay down the quay from us, awaiting scrapping. The historic city showed little signs of modernity.

After Lisbon, we punched through yet another storm on the way to the beautiful, verdant, terraced island of Madeira. Then to Las Palmas in the Canaries, which for some ships is the departure point for a transatlantic crossing. But the Eppie needed the shortest distance across the pond, so we next headed to the arid Cape Verde Islands. We anchored at Mindelo, São Vicente. Ashore, I saw the shanties of the utterly impoverished and saw children I was told had been maimed to become more pitiful and so more successful beggars.

For the crossing, we took on a deck load of 175 fifty-five gallon drums of diesel fuel. As the deck was full, I had to slip and slide over their oily tops to tend the kerosene running lamps.

The steady thump, thump, thump of the paddle wheels took us across the Atlantic day and night. When the engine's flapper valves needed maintenance in mid-Atlantic, we shut down and drifted for a few hours. It's a funny feeling going for a swim with the bottom thousands of feet down.

As we inched to South America, Kip emptied the drums one-by-one into the fuel tanks. Would we make it to Georgetown, Guyana? My father suggested that Scott should throw his wooden leg into the boiler's fire tube — his leg had been amputated in the 1930s after being bitten by a bug on his honeymoon sailing voyage down the

coast of Mexico. Kip took sun sights and computed how far we had to go by a hand wound chronometer. The sea changes as land is near and birds appear. We could tell we were close. We had crossed but did we have fuel to reach the Demerara River? We did. Barely. Maybe a half-day's worth after twenty-one days at sea.

The muddy Demerara flowed out of the South American jungle alive with catfish, a few of which ended up on our plates. I've steered clear of catfish ever since. The Demerara rum was a hit, but not for me with my father aboard. We visited a native tribe up in the jungle that squeezed cassava root packed into a woven tube that hung from a tree and stretched in length and compressed in girth when someone sat upon a stick on the bottom end. It was a food and a way of life I had never imagined. It seemed like vintage National Geographic stuff to me, not the way people really live.

On to Port of Spain, Trinidad, for Christmas. Fresh eggs, not powdered, first for a long time. But there was a brouhaha when the cook scrambled them. We thumped, thumped, thumped—the sound of the paddle boards hitting the water—down the Spanish Main to Willemstad, Curaçao to arrive off the port in the dark to the sight and sound of New Year's Eve fireworks. I scrounged for firecrackers the next day in the gutters of that beautiful town and terrorized the cook.

We steamed west, past the Gulf of Maracaibo and its oil wells, destined for Cartagena, Colombia. Somewhere, during my morning 4 to 8 watch I dozed off while steering. I was standing, my 4 foot 11 inch frame resting against the wheel, my head between the spokes, eyes drooping, the binnacle before me. I caught myself and saw I was off the compass course. I swung the wheel hard and drove a spoke into my mouth. I tasted ivory and blood. No one cared. Get back to steering! And, to make it worse, my watchmates said that we weren't going to Cartagena, which sent me into a crying fit. That turned out to be a joke. It was a cruel morning.

One evening my shipmates and I returned from the old colonial town of Cartagena and crossed through the gate into the dock lands. On foot, we had long way to go to the Eppie. An old truck with running boards came by and we ran to it to snag a ride. It passed. I asked my shipmates why that man over there had a silver thing in his hand. It was a gun. Maybe he would have fired it if we had jumped the truck.



Eppie's last sail from Newcastle UK, to San Francisco.

Anasty, sharp storm hit as we approached Colon, Panama. It knocked out the light on the jetty end, but we threaded the channel in the dark. It also washed trees and debris into Lake Gatun, the lake in the middle of the Panama Canal that feeds the locks in both directions. That's not a big issue for propeller ships, but it's a danger for a paddle wheeler to catch a tree in a wheel. The canal company generously sent a tug and two barges ahead of us to sweep the waters.

On the other side, now in the Pacific, we turned right and steamed north along the coast of Panama. We slipped between the islands of Jicarón and Coiba, the latter Panama's Alcatraz, in calm seas infested with poisonous sea snakes, which no doubt enhanced prison security.

Having weathered a sharp Papagayo off northern Costa Rica, we entered Corinto, Nicaragua for fuel and boiler maintenance. A crew of local laborers, skinny enough to fit through the manholes, climbed inside the two boilers with chipping hammers and chipped off the salt encrustation layer caused by taking on salt rather fresh water. To this day, I think it must have been a job from hell. This work lasted days, giving the crew time to go up country to visit a finca owned by the Somoza family, who somehow Scott knew. On his visit, my cousin Max was handed a pistol just in case it was needed, and was asked casually, "do you know how to use this?"

Leaving Corinto, I came down with a really bad case of dysentery. It must have been the chitlins and raw milk in Corinto. With my father, I was put ashore at the roadstead of San Jose, Guatemala. After two IVs in a doctor's breezy beach front cabana, we drove inland through

a terrain of glowing volcanoes to a sanatorium in Escuintla. Better care, but I wasn't shaking the runs. I was then taken to the country's best hospital in Guatemala City, where I was seen by doctor who studied at UCSF. There was a day of no medicines to clear the system, a day for tests—diagnosed as Shigella—and then a day beginning new medicines. I strengthened within days.

My father left to rejoin the shorthanded Eppie. I stayed for a while with an American couple who worked for our fuel supplier, and then flew to California, and rejoined the Eppie in San Diego for the coastal passage to San Francisco.

It's been 55 years but I remember the night clearly. The sea was calm, low rollers, and the fog socked us in but not so thick that the moon was obscured. I had the midnight to 4:00 am watch with Kip and we steamed slowly back and forth outside the Golden Gate, killing time, so as to arrive triumphantly in daylight. Bill Bartz, a man of incredible energy, had been cleaning up the vessel even more than usual. We were ready. The men had shaved and donned their khakis and epaulettes.

Six months had passed since we departed Newcastle on September 18, 1969. It had taken much longer than anticipated, and long enough for the truant officer to knock on my mother's door.

For the older among us, I suppose arriving home was a relief. For me, still 11, I wasn't sure why it had to end. I had ridden on a jet airplane, studied model steam engines at the Science Museum, used the steam hammer at R.B. Harrison's shipyard, learned to stand watch, lived through vicious storms and calm, seen London, Newcastle, Dover, Lisbon, Las Palmas, São Vicente, Georgetown, Port of Spain, Curaçao, Cartagena, the Panama

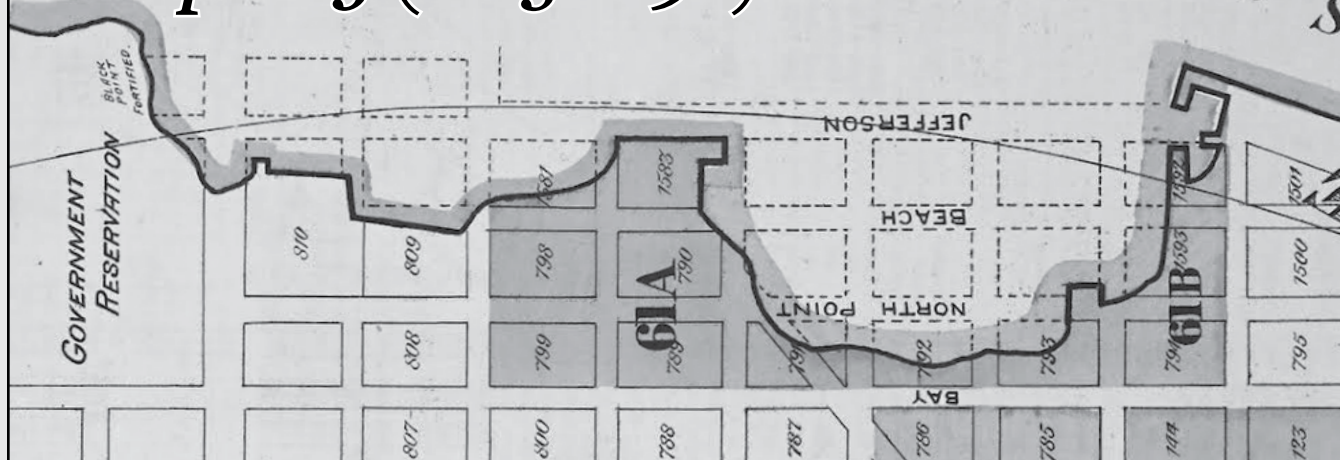
Canal, Corinto, parts of Guatemala, San Diego and now, home. I had seen wealth and the ancient Westminster Abbey in London, worked sail in Lisbon, taken the knock out of brass engine bearings. I had seen poverty in the shanties of São Vicente, walked the oily tops of the deck load of 175 drums of oil for the Atlantic crossing, gone swimming in the middle of the Atlantic, seen jungle life outside Georgetown, poisonous sea snakes between Islas Jicarón and Coiba, the sorry lot of laborers who were hired to climb inside the boilers to chip away the encrusted salt. I had learned about steam—where 19 pounds of pressure could get us—and steam engines—contraptions of water, fire, oil, iron, and brass—and showered under the safety valve runoff tank in warm fresh water. I had been entrusted with responsibility and treated like crew. I had found a kind of music in the thunk-thunk-thunk of the paddle wheel blades hitting the water and that slow, powerful sound made by the side-lever grasshopper engines as they slid up and down, seemingly forever.

Being young, when time is slower, I did not have the feeling it would end. But perhaps no longer scrubbing the heads, chipping and painting, cleaning lamp black from the lantern chimneys, or even getting up in the middle of the night would not be so bad.

After dawn, the former Coast Guard cutter Alert appeared out of the fog with our relatives. While the Alert was rolling wildly and her passengers were sick, the Eppie, with her paddle wheels and sponsons, rolled gently in the same waves. Old, good technology: a sound ship. The Eppie had gotten us home.

Dolphin Doldrums

Chapter 3 (1885-1890)



This is Chapter 3 of Sid Hollister's history of the Dolphin Club. For the previous installment, see Fall 2023

Recovering from the tragic death of John Wieland and his daughter, Bertha, took the Dolphins—and the rowing community—some time, but, as many Dolphins know, the water, whether you are in it or on it, can ease the pain of many losses. Calm days continued to entice rowers out onto the Bay, even though squalls, then as now, could spring up at any moment and risk swamping them. The uncertainty added an edge to intra-club competitions, including two four-man Dolphin barges racing around Alcatraz, which won 20 French dinners for the victors. Winning such dinners or an elegantly designed medal of gold or other precious metal instead of money preserved the winners' amateur standing. Most clubs, including the Dolphins, had both amateur and professional crews.

Canadian Ned Hanlan continued to dominate head-to-head competition, setting a record in Detroit for a two-mile course, though records on such courses were always iffy because of variable weather conditions. Hotels drawing crowds for such competitions often put up side bets for as much as \$2,500. Competitors from the United States and Australia kept Hanlan from always taking first place.

With races between the world's top rowers drawing thousands, the contests became a magnet for anyone looking to try their luck at wagering, or, forgoing luck, applying their dubious skills to the ancient occupations of picking pockets and strong-arming spectators. A race near Philadelphia drew thousands to the banks of the Schuylkill River. Once the spectator area was filled, duplicitous promoters closed the gates, letting in only their low-life brethren. Pickpockets and their sidekicks moved through the crowd. When a race was on a river along a railroad line, its cars were packed with spectators buying refreshments and cheering on their favorites. Pickpockets had an easy time swiping purses and pocketbooks. As long as they got their share of the gate, race promoters paid no attention to the larcenous shenanigans of their "associates."

Boxing had given way to rowing and baseball emerged, becoming a popular sport in the Bay Area from the 1860s on. For example, a baseball game between Dolphins and South Ender's in July of 1887 was won by the South End boys, 28 to 27, the losers having to treat the winners to a French dinner. Multi-game series between teams around the Bay Area drew thousands, as did a three-game series between the Eagles from the City and the Wide Awakes from Oakland. By the 1880s, an original Dolphin, Val Kehrlin (who had become a Triton), was the captain of San Francisco's first team, whose uniforms carried the City's name. This rage for "America's game" was so great nationwide that it gave birth to the unforgettable popular classic, Casey at the Bat by Ernest Thayer, first published in the San Francisco Examiner in 1888.

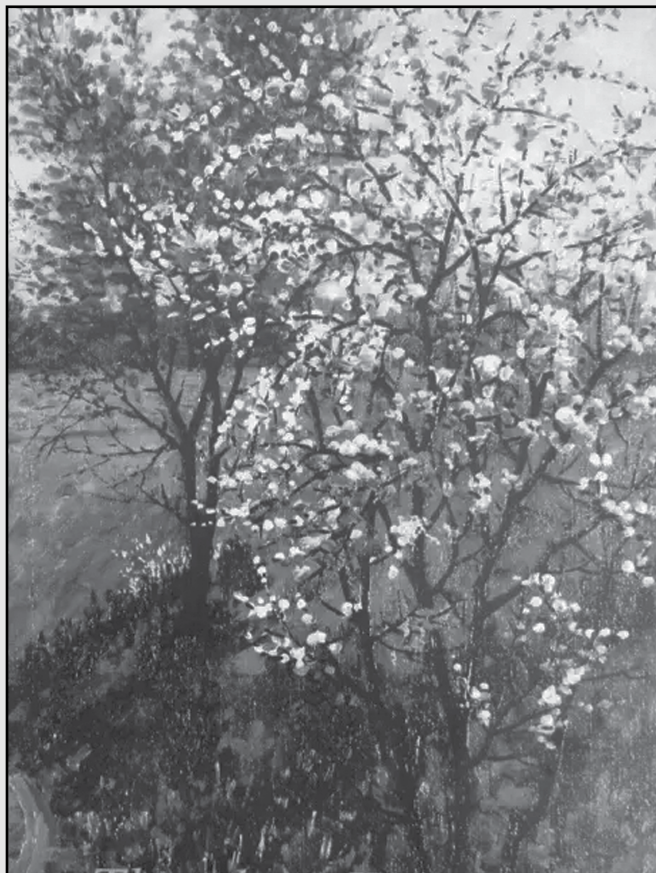
Another popular sport at annual outings held by the Dolphins and other social organizations was tug-of-war. It became such a regular event at these picnics—the Club's annual outing usually drew over 2000 people—it became an Olympic event from 1900-1920.

The neighborhood of Fisherman's Wharf continued to change, with people always searching for ways to cut corners. Ships regularly stole sand from North Beach for ballast, though it was sorely needed to support bay-side roads. The City was constantly quarreling with the scavengers, asking them to move their malodorous sand dumps into the main channel of the Bay from their more convenient location—for them—in North Beach. One paper reported: "The horrible stench from the dumps has already caused so many deaths that the residents there protest ...against the constant presence of zygotic (severely infectious) diseases," among them diphtheria, scarlet fever, and whooping cough. The dumps did have their supporters, however, who scavenged through the fetid sludge for any item that might have value. It could always be cleaned up. Those with hip boots waded into the muck to pull out possible treasures, while the fish heads and spines tossed on top of the surging filth near the shoreline always brought boys a few coins from crab fishermen looking for cheap bait.

Near Black Point Beach, women workers at the Pioneer Woolen Mills, which made uniforms for the Union Army until a few years

after the Civil War, would take breaks resting on the hillside next to the factory or on their way walking home, The ladies often became spectators of the swimmers and sunbathers. As The San Francisco Chronicle noted, "the young men among them often cavorted in a stage of almost complete undress to tease the observing ladies, who were more amused than shocked." Nonetheless, the police sometimes hauled a couple of the rascals in for a "dressing down and a charge of misdemeanor. After a few days, of course, the lads were back at it, undressed as usual.

The beach was not the only place where males used a state of partial nudity to draw female attention. "Living Statuary" became a major attraction for the ladies at the Olympic Club after one club member "attitudinized" as a famous piece of sculpture, carefully placed clothing draping his well-toned physique. Such posturing became a craze, quickly spreading to the other clubs, and, Zeus knows, maybe to Chicago and New York. Men posed to imitate famous figures sculpted in stone or depicted in paintings. Such a physique reflected, at least in female minds of the day (has it changed all that much?), a spirited intelligence as well as manly physical grace. A newspaper article astutely commented that these qualifications are not often combined. Nevertheless, the chosen few for this activity were considered the City's exemplars of physical and intellectual refinement. Women quickly joined the exhibitions, their subtle sensual beauty and poise reflecting an intelligence to match



Artist: Dolphin Club member Theodore Wores who traveled to Japan in the 1880s.

the more muscular men. "Attitudinizing" caught on with the many fit members of the City's rowing and swimming clubs.

A more conventional artistic creation that won a Dolphin international acclaim were the oil paintings of Theodore

Wores. Upon returning to San Francisco in late 1887, after three years in Japan, Wores earned widespread praise for his depictions of traditional Japanese life, equaling the praise he had earlier received for his paintings of San Francisco's Chinatown and traditional landscapes.

A *Popular Science Monthly* article in July, 1886, highly recommended sea bathing as a "most health-giving and enjoyable diversion." Among its many words of advice, however, the article admits that "...such bathing does not agree with everybody." That helps explain why rowing was so popular, above all when ladies were invited to be escorts. Sunday destinations were opportunities for a picnic or a lively merriment, such as at Harbor View in the Marina near the foot of Fillmore Street, which provided dancing, dining, hot salt water baths, and even a shooting range, and. The *Wieland*, a large six-oared pleasure barge built in San Francisco by Art Rogers, and named for the Club founder, joined the Club fleet in May 1887, and was especially suitable for such jaunts. It was claimed that "...she has not her equal on the Bay." So often were the ladies passengers in the splendid craft that they created not only a miniature American flag for its stern but "a blue satin, white-bordered pennant of the Club, with the initials D.C. embroidered in white satin." Maturing from passengers to rowers did not take women long.

Since they had already taken to the water, they also received some counsel on what to wear while swimming. One writer, for the *Chicago Record*, had this advice: "A stocking-net garment that goes from heel to shoulder is best...Over that a long Russian blouse of silk or alpaca, loosely belted and with short sleeves. Every muscle can then work smoothly, the blouse throwing off the water and remaining light."

With this spiffy and assuredly practical attire, any woman can swim, the writer wrote. In the warmer late summer and early fall months some San Francisco bathers no doubt proved his point, donning both stylish and slapdash attire to enjoy the Bay's bracing waters. What the men wore was no less fashionable

Female visitors to the Bay's many rowing and swimming clubs found the water—being in it or on it—more and more inviting so that pleasure barges accommodating several delighted passengers became common. In fact, in the South, a Louisiana Boat Club made it a custom to have a woman with each rower whenever a boat went out.

San Francisco developed a reputation for crafting wooden boats. The boat shop of J.D. Griffin built a four-man barge for the Dolphins, so admired by followers of the rowing scene that it was said that the "big crew of the Dolphins would make a good race in it with any crew on the Bay." In February of 1889 the rowers were Edward Peterson, stroke; G. Promack, after waist; F. Conway, forward waist; G. van Guelpen, bow, with Ed Griffen, cox.

In San Francisco, swimming continued to be as popular as rowing, with the same names popping up frequently.



Joseph P. Flemming, the West Coast champion swimmer, and George Collins rescued many swimmers in Alameda. Flemming challenged George Goetz, a London swimming teacher, to a quarter-mile open water swim for \$2,500. Goetz refused but did accept a swim from the Cliff House to Seal Rock for a stake of \$250. Flemming won, as he usually did.

As usual, they both carried knives to ward off sharks. One of the feared white sharks, ten feet long and weighing around 300 pounds, got tangled in a fisherman's net off Black Point. After a tremendous struggle, in which the shark demonstrated its "enormous strength... striking with its tail and endeavoring to bite anybody who would molest it..." it was finally hauled out on the docks and subdued with the help of some local soldiers.

Seal Rocks drew the attention of many aquatic showmen. The famous Captain Paul Boynton put on an exhibition from the rocks in his unique rubber suit, drawing 5,000 spectators to the Cliff House and surrounding hillside. From a raft of old logs, the good captain fired rockets, cooked a meal, and stood up in the water in his famous suit. To cap off his show, he blew up his raft with a "torpedo" of some sort. The unexpected force of the explosion knocked people from their seats on the outdoor balcony of the Cliff House and blew out many of its windows. "A bit unexpected," Boynton commented.

Boynton was not alone in the world of aquatic adventurers. A wide variety of remarkable athletes from all over the world earned newspaper headlines by being the "first" to accomplish one athletic feat or another. William Hermance of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was one of them, rowing 4,500 miles from the Yellowstone River's headwaters in Montana to the Missouri, then to the Mississippi and the Gulf, arriving in January of 1887 after a remarkable fifteen-month journey.

Closer to home, a crew of female Tritons entered the Bay Area racing world in April of the same year, which greatly pleased former Dolphin—and a Triton officer—Val Kehrlein. True to his mischievous reputation he frequently invited a comely

lady to accompany him in his canoe. Its name, "Coffin," accurately reflected how easily it tipped over, giving Kehrlein the opportunity to "save" his passenger from certain death, at least as this inveterate showman would have it somewhere.

This was a city on one of the world's great bays, and the water, though usually a bit chilly, was an ever-present magnet for its lovers. Several thousand men and women showed up on a moonlit August night to swim near Harbor View. Some members of the Neptune and California boat clubs carried torches on that balmy night as they swam into the Bay. It was magical, tempting some revelers to linger in the cold water after the torches went out and most of the crowd had left: they drowned in the darkness.

Swimmers, revelers, and fishermen all risked the same fate. Three close fishing friends, hoping to benefit one night from a strong incoming tide near Hunter's Point, a popular fishing spot, drowned when their boat swamped, as friends watched helplessly from shore, the lights they carried going out one by one. But fortune is fickle, so on a different day two Dolphins, Charles Lewald and H. Liesenfeld, in the Whitehall The Nameless, caught 20 pounds of fish in just a few hours, a normal day for the duo.

In 1886, the Dolphin Club membership was set at 50. With more members, the Club building needed a new foundation for its boathouse and it got one in August of that year. Some administrative reorganization consequently was also called for and in 1889 the Club was incorporated, with H.W. Wieland, G.G. Katz, and H.M. Wreden as directors.

Changes were also being made in the physical aspects of Aquatic Park. Selby Smelter moved to the East Bay in 1885, and in 1889, the Pioneer Woolen Mills also closed, putting its 800 employees, out of work. This gave the Dolphins, in 1889, the chance to use one of its deserted buildings for a famous Club bang-up jollification. More and more party-goers showed up, with others on the way, but when the floor started creaking under the weight of the merrymakers, party organizers told everyone to skedaddle.

In 1893 Dominico Ghirardelli bought the abandoned Pioneer buildings, which had sometimes been the site of several Dolphin Club parties, and reinforced them for his chocolate company.

Dolphin parties continued, of course. One of its largest was always the annual picnic, usually at Camp Taylor, now Taylor State Park north of San Francisco. In 1887 it drew over 2,000 people—adults and children—so many people that two trains were needed to take the revelers north from their terminal in Marin. Two Club members had a wordy dispute in the midst of the merriment that eventually was resolved when a makeshift ring was set up and a referee and seconds selected to keep things on the up-and-up. The Dolphins also built a new foundation for the Club in the summer of 1887, to ensure that its jollifications would survive the many celebrants they attracted.

Life in and around the Bay Area depended, naturally enough, on water transportation. On the cold morning of February 28, 1889, the aging steamer, Julia, was full of young men, huddled around the ships old boilers to get warm as they headed for work at nearby ports. The steamer was about to start its normal route from Vallejo to Port Costa when its boilers blew up, instantly killing 28 men, frightfully injuring 30 more with scalding water, and burning the ship to the water line. One of the those who died was Dolphin Michael Higgins. The owners of such dilapidated ships paid medical expenses for the injured. The families of the those killed in such accidents received nothing.

DINMORE'S SOAP

Washes Everything

BUT

Morals and Conscience.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

WIELAND & DINMORE Make It

The absence of the mill and the Selby smelter, two economic pillars of the Aquatic Park area, led to other changes that directly affected the City's swimmers. The dilapidated wooden changing sheds on the beach, battered by years of rain and wind, slowly disappeared and were replaced by modern comfortable swimming facilities, like the Crystal Plunge at the corner of Lombard and Mason streets, (Dolphin Walt Schneebeli swam at the Plunge as a teenager), the water for which was piped in from the cleaner center of the Bay. A milkman who often swam there nearly drowned one day, but was saved by being rolled back and forth over a barrel to clear his lungs of water.

The palatial Sutro Baths out on the ocean were so expansive that lifeguards in small row boats patrolled its several large pools. None of these pools were open in 1888 to Professor Peter Jackson, a black champion pugilist and swimmer from Australia. New cross-town cable lines brought more people to North Beach, adding more rowers to the summer boaters. In 1889, Frank Staib, for which the Club's weight room is named, was elected to the Club,

Though his high-life style had dropped Ned Hanlan from the top ranks of single scullers, he often raced and won in a double with one of his single rivals as his partner. Managing rowers also became his biggest money-maker, as it did for other well-known rowers, earning him \$5,000 in just a couple of winning races. A recession lasted from the end of the Civil War to the opening of the 20th century, with a couple of depressions thrown in to deepen the despair. The cold waters of the Bay offered terminal relief to those whose lives fell apart under the pressure. Their clothes, with a farewell note in a pocket, were often found in one of the dilapidated wooden bathhouses on Aquatic Park beach. The wobbly economic situation sparked several labor disputes. One of the worst and most deep-rooted was between the Chinese cigar wrappers and the White cigar wrappers, whose treasurer, G.W. Van Guelpen, was a top Dolphin rower.

The best of the rowers were always looking for ways to make a few dollars and promoters were happy to help out. In 1889 some of the world's best scullers participated for a weekend in a "road-sculling" competition in Madison Square Garden, pedaling a contraption whose wheels were turned by a "rower,"

a kind of rowing bicycle. The prize money for the weekend competition was greater than for any rowing regatta, with \$1500 awarded to the top overall rower and \$250 to the top rower of each day. It drew crowds to the new arena and to both bicycling and rowing.

A more conventional kind of bicycling was on the rise—in particular, long road rides. Theodore and Eddie Kragness made headlines by some of their excursions, including one from Minneapolis to San Francisco, which they accomplished in 38 days of peddling on rough roads through river valleys and deserts, sandstorms and blizzards.

In August of 1891, Sophie Weiland, John Wieland's widow, died at the age of 63. Five Wieland sons had died by September of 1890. At his death, John Weiland left a fortune of \$3.5 to \$4 million dollars and a heritage of remarkable generosity, which his wife continued. Son Robert inherited his parents' benevolent character and was voted by an overwhelming margin the most outstanding Native Son of the Golden West in a statewide contest sponsored by the San Francisco Examiner. Of the winner, the Examiner wrote: "His charities have always been liberal, characteristic of true generosity and of the Wieland family...Though he is ever at home among the humble, he is always the peer of the best."

As the Dolphin Club moved into the 1890s, it was losing its appeal; new members considered how to deal with the City's growth, and looked at joining the San Francisco Yacht Club in Sausalito. Older members, fearing a loss of identity were not in favor. And a new decade of City development was about to improve the Club's prospects.



Robert Wieland, son of club founder, John Wieland, was voted "Most Outstanding Native Son of the Golden West". Circa 1889.

A Short Farewell

Twenty summers ago, relaxing in the sauna a couple of months into my retirement, the then club president, Ken Coren casually asked me if I would be interested in editing this newsletter.

Since then, some things in this club have not changed. "1877" on the outer wall still sets a tone which a glance into the Staib Room reinforces. Those boats have been kept shipshape over many decades by master craftsman Jon Bielinski. Our roots are secure and the distinguished shining Whitehalls proudly confirm the club's history.

But much too has changed, especially the boating program which is no longer just for rowers. Under the enthusiastic guidance of James Dilworth, the club's interior overflows with all measure of craft. And the youthful membership—nearly three times what it was when I joined—is lining up to try them all.

Much of the credit for the club's health and expansion goes to two people, the omnipresent Diane Walton who has embraced the role of President many times, and to the multi-talented John Hornor who can build saunas, design buildings, cajole meetings and recite poetry appropriate to any occasion.

But now it is time for someone else to grasp the tiller of the *Dolphin Log*, Raconteur and amateur historian Larry Scroggins has volunteered to take the helm.

Keith Howell, Editor Emeritus

Who won the rowing marathon to Stockton?



The two erstwhile rival crews join for a group photo: Top Row: Don Osbourne (DC), Noah Villagomez (DC), Vanessa Marlin (SERC), James Dilworth (DC), Jay Karimi (DC), Abbie Wolf (SERC), Alli Sillins (DC), Lower Row: Bobby from McAvoy Marina, Adriana Ameri (DC), Charmaine Leonard (DC), Shannon Pierson (SERC)

James Dilworth

In 1927, the Dolphin Club proposed an intrepid 88-mile rowing marathon to Stockton. The South End, Alameda, and Ariel clubs were invited to compete. The race was announced in the Chronicle, and would be a “go as you please affair in which the teams could keep going until the finish without a stop, or make any port they desire for rest or refreshments.”

The water route to Stockton goes up over San Pablo Bay, through Carquinez Strait, along Suisun Bay, and then – once you enter the Delta – there are many different cuts and sloughs that can be followed for the last stretch to Stockton.

But newspaper archives and Dolphin history yielded no information on the results

of the 1927 marathon. What happened? Did it even happen?

We found ourselves discussing this with our SERC neighbors one morning in late September. The Dolphin and South End rowing programs have become friendlier and more connected in recent years. We go on joint rows and camping trips together, we help fix each other’s boats, and we participate in each other’s events, including our new Quadstravaganza series.

And so it was soon resolved that the best way to resolve the Stockton Marathon mystery would be to row it over again.

Fall is probably the nicest time of year to row into the Delta. The strong summer winds and oppressive heat die down, yielding to calm days and mellow temperatures. With the

season coming to a close, we had only a couple weeks to pull together a crew and a plan.

We set off for Stockton on a beautiful sunny Saturday in late October. The departure was timed to coincide with a strong flood to help us along. Each boat has four rowing stations, and a seat for the coxswain, who steers. They’re seaworthy, they’re stable, and they’re very tolerant of knocks and scrapes.

So, it was two boats, ten people, an anchor, food, and a motley collection of dry bags with camping gear lashed to the decks.

The crews settled into a rhythm of rowing for about an hour, followed by a quick break on convenient beaches, rotating crew through the cox seat at each stop. The water was calm up until Point Pinole,

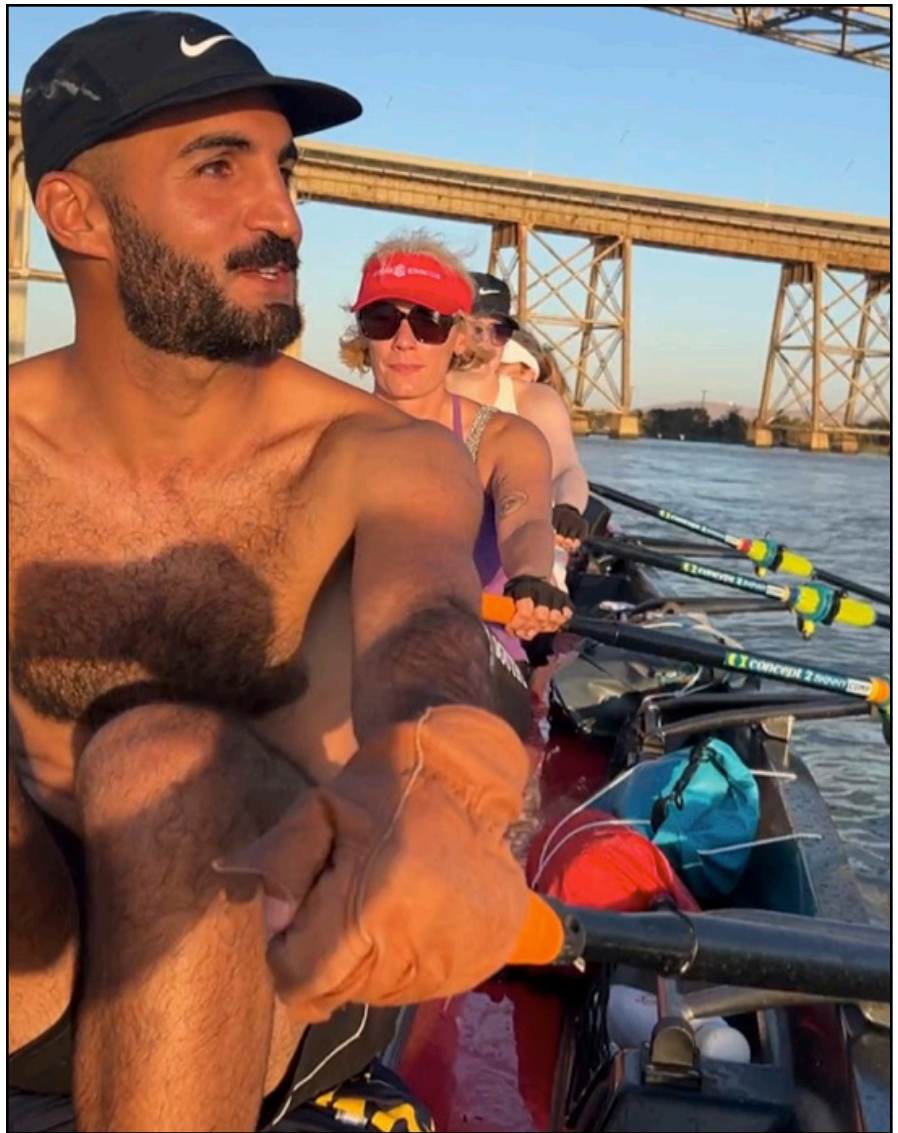
but then as we approached the Carquinez Strait, the wind grew stronger until the seas were quite choppy and difficult to row through. It was a long slog to Benicia, where we pulled in for a late lunch.

It turns out the first lesson in long distance rowing is not to stop for lunch when the current is in your favor. We ate a full meal, and then napped as the afternoon sun dropped in the sky. By the time we were on our way again, the current had turned and we were rowing into an ebb.

Suisun Bay is a big stretch of water with a marshy shoreline, and there aren't a lot of places to stop and camp. After a couple hours of difficult rowing and slow progress, we stopped on a muddy beach to evaluate our options. Adriana fell in the water. Everyone was tired, and we would have happily given up if it weren't for the rapacious mosquitos and the lack of any place to set up a tent.

It seemed like a low point, but a break and a stretch can do wonders. We discovered shards of broken Chinese crockery lining the shore. We passed around a bottle of grog, and then we watched a full moon rise over the islands to the east. That lifted our spirits. We got back in the boats, rowing east into the night, for who knows where, with the light of the moon guiding our way. It was a magical experience. Camaraderie and tunes overcame aches and blisters. We hugged the shoreline as close as we could, looking for current relief behind piers, until we made it to a run-down marina at 10 pm, where we were finally able to camp for the night.

The next day was calm, beautiful, and sunny. We had a leisurely breakfast and set off together bound toward Stockton, but not really in a hurry to get there. We'd covered almost 50 miles on the first day,



All thoughts of competition abandoned, Jay Karimi (DC) and Vanessa Marlin (SERC) row beneath the Benicia-Martinez bridge. (James Dilworth)

but there were still another 40 to go. As we rowed east we took time to explore channels off the beaten path, and navigate through Sherman Lake. We took breaks, relaxed in the sunshine, went for a swim, laughed and played. As the afternoon wore on, we decided that Charmaine's brother's house on Bethel Island would be a fine eastern endpoint for the weekend. Stockton could wait for another year.

The following weekend rotating crews took three days to row the boats back to the clubs. More laughs were had, more calluses were made, more friendships were formed. A fun video can be viewed

of the full journey here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FkObIpNclpw>

So who won the race? Well, just as we'd given up on looking for clues to the 1927 event, Daniel Marshall recalled seeing a trophy in the SERC cabinet. We went looking for it, and found the Stockton Rowing Marathon Trophy. It was awarded to SERC for an impressive time of 15 hours and 32 minutes.

So next year, we'll have to set our sights on taking back the plaque, and the Stockton Cup! - or at the very least just have more fun.

Dolphin/SERC Triathlon 2024

For what was likely the lengthiest duration of the annual Dolphin-SERC Triathlon from start to finish, the 2024 competition was officially completed Nov. 2, almost seven weeks after the Sept. 15 event commenced, because of a weather postponement of the Row event. The Dolphin Row crew, led by our barge team, ultimately came in first, as did our Walk team. The DC team finished second in overall points to the South Enders, who retained the TRI plaque by prevailing in the Run, Swim, and the newly added Handball event.

Swim			
Team name	Competition	Participation	Total
DOLPHIN CLUB	178	73	251
SOUTH END ROWING CLUB	227	105	332

Run			
Team name	Comp	Participation	Total
DOLPHIN CLUB	162	31	193
SOUTH END ROWING CLUB	220	76	296

Handball			
Team name	Comp	Participation	Total
DOLPHIN CLUB	20	13	33
SOUTH END ROWING CLUB	20	16	36

Walk			
Team name	Comp	Participation	Total
DOLPHIN CLUB	0	73	73
SOUTH END ROWING CLUB	0	59	59

Row			
Team name	Comp	Participation	Total
DOLPHIN CLUB	119	19	138
SOUTH END ROWING CLUB	100	18	118

Triple & Quad Bonus			
Team name	Triple	Quad	Total
DOLPHIN CLUB	18	8	26
SOUTH END ROWING CLUB	12	12	24

Total			
Team name	Comp	Participation	Total
DOLPHIN CLUB	505	209	714
SOUTH END ROWING CLUB	501	271	772

Dolphin Club Swim Results—Fall 2024

Baykeeper (Crissy Field) Swim—August 31, 2024

This year's Crissy Field swim was co-hosted by Baykeeper and in collaboration with the San Francisco Giants. 45 swimmers completed the Crissy Field swim with a decent flood. The weather was great. Folks said the water got choppy along the Muni Pier, but otherwise it was a very smooth swim. Baykeeper provided Irish coffee and trinkets post-swim. The SF Giants provided 80 free tickets for the evening game on September 3rd. Thanks to our pilots and volunteers and all the organizations that collaborated with the Dolphin Club.

Place	Swimmers Name	Swim Time	LCP	Place	Swimmers Name	Swim Time	LCP
1	Felicia Lee	00:41:09	10	24	David O'Reilly	00:55:27	
2	Matt Korman	00:42:43	9	25	Elsbeth Farmer	00:55:42	
3	Ben Chun	00:43:48	8	26	Joe Spallone	00:55:57	
4	Stephanie McGee	00:44:00	7	27	Tony Payne	00:56:17	
5	Lissi Knell	00:44:02	6	28	Mickey Lavelle	00:56:20	
6	Suzanne Heim	00:44:38	5	29	Danny Wohlner	00:57:00	
7	Miranda Rouse	00:44:53	4	30	Brooke Blume	00:57:34	
8	Lauren Brinkmeyer	00:44:58	3	31	Denise Sauerteig	00:57:38	
9	Mackenzie Kirk	00:45:20	2	32	Kathleen Sheridan	00:57:51	
10	Dominick Kirk	00:45:48	1	33	Virginie Eskenazi	00:58:00	
11	Andrew Cunningham	00:47:20		34	Karin Christenson	00:58:05	
12	Bill Gardner	00:47:33		35	Margaret Keenan	00:58:08	
13	Juliet Cox	00:48:02		36	Joe Ferrero	00:58:08	
14	Steve Schatz	00:48:31		37	Julia Peterson	00:59:55	
15	Tor Lundgren	00:48:35		38	Holly Reed	01:01:03	
16	Stephen Balhoff	00:49:07		39	Robert Blum	01:01:30	
17	Nick Dolce	00:49:55		40	Nancy Booth	01:01:51	
18	Teague Harry	00:50:13		41	Brooke Wentz	01:03:57	
19	Devan Nielsen	00:52:31		42	Lisa Domitrovich	01:05:25	
20	Barnaby Payne	00:54:02		43	Eliana Agudelo	01:05:42	
21	Kristoffer Milonas	00:54:23		44	Robin Hart	01:08:57	
22	Lacey Smith	00:54:48		45	Peter Neubauer	01:09:40	
23	Alice Jones	00:54:57					

Pilots

Jim Frew, Nanda Palmieri, John Blackman, John Thorpe, John Robiola, George Morris, Tom McCall, Dominic Lusinchi, Rachele Mechem, Jeffrey Tong, Barry Christian, Jon Bielinski, Brian Kiernan, Erika Giste, Joshua Loman, Damian Guenzing, Steve Hagler, Steve Hanson, Gina B Rus, Dave Zovickian, James Dilworth, Don Osborne, Timothy McElligott, Heather Kremer, David Buchanan, Nihan Tiryaki, Maeve Lavelle,

Ramsey Williams, Sharon Wong, Lindsay Stripling, Diane Walton, Peter Molnar

Volunteers

Eric Shupert, Eliana Agudelo, Kristoffer Milonas, Felicia Lee, Alice Jones, Aniko Kurczinak, Jamie Robinson, William Schroeder, Amy Brant, Duke Dahlin, Julian Sapirstein, Cheryl Wallace, Derrick Rebello, Sam Maslin, Beth Stein, Ken Miller, Will Powning, Lorna Newlin, Janice Wood, Elmer Tosta, Rebecca Lee Whiting, Luke Whiting, Julie Pan, John Hornor, Kerry LaBelle, Bill

Brick, David O'Reilly, Nick Dolce, Tony Payne, Barnaby Payne, Elsbeth Farmer, Lacey Smith, Nanda Palmieri, Dominick Kirk, Devan Nielsen, Suzanne Heim, Ken Schwarz, Diane Livia, Hal Offen, Sue Garfield, Mackenzie Kirk, Mimi Osborne

Test Swim

Derrick Rebello, Sean Lavelle, Dominic Lusinchi, Karin Christenson, Nathaniel Berger, Lindsay Stripling, Ben Chun, Bobby Lu, Will Powning, Lindzy Bivings

Joe Bruno Golden Gate—September 21, 2024

In beautifully calm conditions, all 76 swimmers who entered the water west of the South Tower this morning completed this Golden Gate swim. We waited for an inbound tug pulling a barge to pass before jumping, and communicated with another outbound that graciously slowed to allow us to safely clear the channel. With a push to the north and then east from the current, the fastest group of swimmers was done in under 25 minutes. We were joined by harbor porpoises who seem to love these waters as much as we do!

Place	Swimmers Name	Swim Time	LCP	Place	Swimmers Name	Swim Time	LCP
1	Dominick Kirk	0:22:15	10	20	Sean Lavelle	0:30:24	
1	Lissi Knell	0:22:15	10	21	Alice Jones	0:30:28	
1	Mackenzie Kirk	0:22:15	10	22	Elizabeth Mayer	0:30:29	
1	Stephanie McGee	0:22:15	10	23	Sara Wessen Chang	0:30:30	
5	Lauren Au Brinkmeyer	0:22:54	6	24	Mickey Lavelle	0:30:35	
6	Miranda Rouse	0:25:00	5	25	Kristoffer Milonas	0:30:45	
7	Steve Schatz	0:25:05	4	26	David O'Reilly	0:32:00	
8	Thorsten Anderson	0:25:11	3	27	Henry Rogers	0:32:01	
9	Ken Schwarz	0:25:27	2	28	Kathleen Sheridan	0:32:04	
10	Jeff Citron	0:25:34	1	29	Merryl Levy	0:32:24	
11	Alex Kroeger	0:25:39		30	Bobby Lu	0:33:29	
12	Ben Clark	0:26:00		31	Joey Murphy	0:33:31	
13	Alisha Kewalramani	0:26:27		32	Katrina Garry	0:33:39	
14	Amanda Stone	0:26:52		33	Holly Reed	0:33:45	
15	Michael Tschantz-Hahn	0:26:55		34	Robert Blum	0:33:50	
16	Bill Brick	0:27:44		35	Laure Darcy	0:33:55	
17	Devan Nielsen	0:28:51		36	Morgan Kulla	0:33:59	
18	Barnaby Payne	0:28:55		37	Ryan Hedum	0:34:06	
19	Donald Thornburg	0:29:10		38	Denise Sauerteig	0:34:13	

Swim Results Summer 2024, cont.

Place	Swimmers Name	Swim Time	LCP	Place	Swimmers Name	Swim Time	LCP
39	Colin McMahon	0:34:44		58	Ken Coren	0:38:00	
40	Clara Ault	0:35:06		59	Peter Neubauer	0:38:33	
41	Peter Cullinan	0:35:40		60	Julie Pan	0:39:00	
42	Diane Campbell	0:35:46		61	Maxwell Audette	0:39:12	
43	Rebecca Tilley	0:35:49		62	John Hornor	0:39:28	
44	Alice Ma	0:35:51		63	Phil Gaal	0:39:33	
45	Nancy Hornor	0:35:56		64	Sarah Roberts	0:39:34	
46	Dean Badessa	0:36:02		65	Mike Mitchell	0:39:39	
47	Marie Sayles	0:36:05		66	Lorna Newlin	0:40:34	
48	Lisa Domitrovich	0:36:08		67	Jim Frew	0:41:39	
49	Laura Grubb	0:36:12		68	John Melcher	0:42:10	
50	Luke Whiting	0:36:14		69	Robin Hart	0:42:14	
51	Rebecca Whiting	0:36:54		70	Kent Myers	0:42:42	
52	Julia Peterson	0:36:56		71	Robin Rome	0:44:47	
53	Marlin Gilbert	0:37:00		72	Kati Hopman	0:44:54	
54	Lewis Haidt	0:37:07		73	Alix Marduel	0:45:37	
55	Kerry Labelle	0:37:11		74	Mary Cantini	0:46:31	
56	Keith Nelson	0:37:13		75	Sheila Gleeson	0:49:55	
57	Kathleen Duffy	0:37:19		76	Will Powning	0:53:02	

Pilots

Jim Frew, Nanda Palmieri, John Blackman, John Thorpe, John Robiola, George Morris, Tom McCall, Dominic Lusinchi, Rachele Mechem, Jeffrey Tong, Barry Christian, Jon Bielinski, Brian Kiernan, Erika Giste, Joshua Loman, Damian Guenzing, Steve Hagler, Steve Hanson, Gina B Rus, Dave Zovickian, James Dilworth, Don Osborne, Timothy McElligott, Heather Kremer, David Buchanan, Nihan Tiryaki, Maeve Lavelle, Ramsey Williams, Sharon Wong, Lindsay Stripling, Diane Walton, Peter Molnar

Volunteers

Eric Shupert, Eliana Agudelo, Kristoffer Milonas, Felicia Lee, Alice Jones, Aniko Kurczinac, Jamie Robinson, William Schroeder, Amy Brant, Duke Dahlin, Julian Sapirstein, Cheryl Wallace, Derrick Rebello, Sam Maslin, Beth Stein, Ken Miller, Will Powning, Lorna Newlin, Janice Wood, Elmer Tosta, Rebecca Lee Whiting, Luke Whiting, Julie Pan, John Hornor, Kerry LaBelle, Bill Brick, David O'Reilly, Nick Dolce, Tony Payne, Barnaby Payne, Elspeth Farmer, Lacey Smith, Nanda Palmieri, Dominick

Kirk, Devan Nielsen, Suzanne Heim, Ken Schwarz, Diane Livia, Hal Offen, Sue Garfield, Mackenzie Kirk, Mimi Osborne

Test Swim

Derrick Rebello, Sean Lavelle, Dominic Lusinchi, Karin Christenson, Nathaniel Berger, Lindsay Stripling, Ben Chun, Bobby Lu, Will Powning, Lindzy Bivings

Alcatraz Swim—October 26, 2024

This year's Yacht Harbor was more of a true swim as we couldn't leave later in the flood due to wind, but we had clear skies, and 57-degree water. We had to pull 2 swimmers but everyone including those pulled did alright and had a good time. Those who finished have a qualifying swim for the Golden Gate and Alcatraz swims.

Place	Name	Swim time	LCP	Place	Name	Swim time	LCP
1	Joby Bernstein	0:26:59	10	34	Eric Wind	0:47:41	
2	Ben Chun	0:29:29	9	35	Morgan Kulla	0:47:46	
3	Stephanie McGee	0:30:18	8	36	Danny Wohner	0:48:12	
4	Lissi Knell	0:30:25	7	37	Mickey Lavelle	0:48:26	
5	Dominick Kirk	0:30:58	6	38	Henry Rogers	0:48:44	
6	Lauren Au	0:31:10	5	39	Sam Maslin	0:49:50	
7	Mackenzie Kirk	0:32:19	4	40	Margaret Keenan	0:50:08	
8	Miranda Rouse	0:32:40	3	41	Lacy Smith	0:50:49	
9	Thorsten Anderson	0:34:08	2	42	Colin McMahon	0:51:00	
10	Bill Gardener	0:34:12	1	43	Liam Ronan	0:51:14	
11	Steve Schatz	0:34:25		44	Clara Ault	0:52:50	
12	Michael Tshanz-Hahn	0:35:42		45	Bob Blum	0:53:06	
13	Alex Kroeger	0:35:51		46	Karin Christenson	0:53:13	
14	Ken Schwartz	0:35:57		47	Luke Whiting	0:54:17	
15	Christophe Crombez	0:35:58		48	Tracy Joyner	0:54:22	
16	Nick Dolce	0:37:54		49	Lewis Haidt	0:54:34	
17	Jeff Citron	0:35:36		50	Nancy Booth	0:54:47	
18	Amanda Stone	0:38:56		51	Dean Badessa	0:55:00	
19	Stephen Balhoff	0:39:10		52	Keith Nelson	0:55:06	
20	Devan Nielson	0:40:04		53	Julia Peterson	0:55:14	
21	Keith Gray	0:40:41		54	Rebecca Lee Whiting	0:55:20	
22	Sean Lavelle	0:40:47		55	Marlin Gilbert	0:55:30	
23	Teddy Chavitta	0:41:17		56	Mike Thoresen	0:55:47	
24	Barnaby Payne	0:41:20		57	Ally Sillins	0:55:49	
25	Tom Bernard	0:41:26		58	Tamar Besson	0:55:50	
26	Bill Brick	0:42:17		59	Jamie Robinson	0:55:56	
27	Ben Hu	0:43:04		60	Kathleen Duffy	0:56:02	
28	Don Thornburg	0:43:19		61	Lisa Domitrovich	0:56:16	
29	Elspeth Farmer	0:45:27		62	John Hornor	0:56:19	
30	Alice Jones	0:45:47		63	Ken Coren	0:56:36	
31	Betsy Mayer	0:46:23		64	Chloe Noonan	0:57:31	
32	David O'Reilly	0:46:47		65	Julie Pan	0:57:38	
33	Sarah Chang	0:47:23		66	Max Audette	0:58:33	

Place	Name	Swim time	LCP
67	Ken Myers	0:59:22	
68	Pete Neubauer	1:01:30	
69	Robin Hart	1:02:03	
70	Eliana Agudelo	1:05:27	
71	Hal Offen	1:05:42	

Place	Name	Swim time	LCP
72	Phil Gaal	1:06:15	
73	Sarah Roberts	1:07:09	
74	JB Melcher	1:13:44	
75	Joe Gannon	1:13:46	

Pilots

Lead Pilot: Tim Kreuzten / Lead Swim Commissioner: Bobby Lu

Phil Reiff, Nanda Palmieri, Mallory Benedict, John “Boozer” Mervin, John Thorpe, Dominic Lusinchi, Marcus Auerbuch, Jeffrey Tong, Todd Elkins, Phil Rollins, John Robiola, Barry Christian, Jean Ielu, Stu Gannes, Jon Bielinski, Grant Mays, Susan Allen, Brian Kiernan, Tamara Straus, Dave Zovickian, Jennifer Bruursema, Peter Bartu, Carol Clark, Ed Nunez, Amanda Ernzer, Jackson Tejada, Nathaniel Berger, Carolyn Hui, Chris Wagner, Nancy Hornor, Forrest Carroll, Willis Stebbins, Ben Chains, Raine O’Connor, Tim

McElligott, Scott Cauchois, Tim Kreutzen, Dave Buchanan, Ramsey Williams, Damian Guenzing, Nihan Tiryaki, Heather Kremer

Volunteers

Eric Shupert, Eliana Agudelo, Kristoffer Eric Shupert, Nancy Booth, Virginie Eskenazi, Peter Cullinan, Katie Moore, Janine Corcoran, Sue Robbins, Kathy Wallace, Andrew Cunningham, Ruby Lipscomb, Bill Schroeder, Shelby Eklund, Dave Ufferfilge, Alix Marduel, Diana Pray, Julie Marcus, Jeff Kennedy, Derek Cousineau, Julia Murphy, Stephen Hattwick, Emily Nogue, Elmer Tosta, Juliet Cox, Mara Iaconi, Kristen Steck, Diane Campbell, Beth Stein, Marie Sayles, Mary Shea,

Morgan Snyder, Mia Hershiser, Ben Chun, Neal Mirchandani, Joby Bernstein, Nanda Palmieri, Diane Walton, Duke Dahlin, Julian Saperstein, Lorna Newlin, John Henderson

Test Swim

DDominic Lusinchi, John Robiola, Jari Salomaa, Stuart Moulder, Celeste McMullin, Eliana Agudelo, Ally Sillins, Jay Karimi, Bobby Lu, Alix Marduel, Janine Corcoran, Peter Cullinan, Denise Saurteig, Heather Kremer, Virginie Eskenazi, Ramsey Williams, Karin Christenson, Tim Kreutzen, Tom Bernard, Nathaniel Berger, Forrest Carroll

Veterans Day Swim—November 9, 2024

Duke Dahlin writes, “[It] was an awesome, beautiful sunny day in San Francisco day to honor and celebrate our Veterans from the Dolphin Club and South End Rowing Club. Thank you very much to all the volunteers and swimmers who participated. We appreciate all of you very much. I want to especially recognized and acknowledge Diane Campbell for all her great work in helping me organize this event and, making this idea come true for myself and other veterans.”



Volunteers

Eliana Agudelo, Jana Ašenbrennerová, Julie Ask, Fasca Alemayehu, Joni Beemsterboer, Tamar Besson, Barbara Byrnes, Andrew Cassidy, Ben Chun, Jeff Citron, Bevin Daniels, Dorian & Steve Dunne, Sue Garfield, Steve Hanson, Robin Hart, Suzanne Heim, John Hornor, Vincent & Cathy Huang, Justine Juson, Margaret Keenan, Sunny McKee, Laura Merkl, Maryann Murphy, Amber Nishimura, Raine O’Connor, David O’Reilly, Diana Pray, James Ross, Julian Sapirstein, Emily Savinar-Nogue, Marie Sayles, Amy Smith, Beth Stein, Tom Hunt, Chris Wagner, and Diane Walton.

Swimmers

Sue Abritton, Andy Ach, Clara Alt, Georgii Barber, Cynthia Barnard, Bob Blum, Nicholas Blum, Joe Boone, Amy Brant, Barbara Byrnes, Mary Cantini, Bobby Carp, Jeff Citron, Derek Cousineau, Christophe Crombez, Todd Elkins, Sheri Eng, Elliot Evers, Joe Ferrero, Sheila Gleeson, Flash Gordon, Amy Graff, Damian Guenzing, Ellen Halladey, Sandra Halladey, Ernst Halpern, Ashley Hazel, Dave Holmes-Kinsella, Nancy Hornor, John Hornor, Heidi Howell, Chris Igo, Krist Jake, Justine Juson, Joe Kanlewski, Chris Kocher, Heather Kremer, Mickey Labelle, Linnea Landpuit,

Jean Lelu, Ruby Lipscomb, Fiona McCusker, Bob McKenzie, Shane Mervin, Nico Mervin, Elisabeth Meyer, Kent Meyers, Maryann Murphy, Keith Nelson, Peter Neubauer, DJ Nicholls, Emily Nogue, David O’Reilly, Todd Oppenheimer, Tony Phillips, Diana Pray, Jen Rogers, Phil Rollins, Julian Saperstein, Marie Sayles, Scott Schwartz, Brendan Sheehan, Ally Sillins, Clint Smith, Tovia Sobel, Beth Stein, Tamara Strauss, Jeffrey Tong, Dave Ufferfilge, Diane Walton, Brooke Wentz, Laurine Wickett, Otto Williams



The Dolphin Swimming
& Boating Club
502 Jefferson Street
San Francisco, CA 94109

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2025 DOLPHIN CLUB SWIM & EVENT SCHEDULE

Event	Day	Date	Current/Tide (Gg)	Jump
New Year's Day Alcatraz*	WED	1 Jan	09:42 1.7kn F	07:00
New Year's Day Cove	WED	1 Jan		09:00
Pier 41*	SUN	2 Feb	05:30 2.0kn E	07:30
Valentine's Day Singles Regatta	SAT	15 Feb		
Old Timers' Lunch	SUN	16 Feb		
Gashouse Cove*	SAT	1 Mar	09:54 1.8kn F	08:30
End of Polar Bear	FRI	21 Mar		
Start of Walt Stack Challenge	SAT	22 Mar		
Pier 39*	SAT	22 Mar	08:54 1.5kn E	08:00
Blackaller Buoy Run	SUN	13 Apr		
Coghlan Beach*	SAT	26 Apr	09:12 1.6kn F	08:30
Walt Schneebeli Over-60 Cove	SAT	10 May		07:00
Master Mariners Regatta	SAT	24 May		
Yacht Harbor*	SUN	25 May	09:24 1.6kn F	09:00
End of Walt Stack Challenge	SAT	31 May		
Start of 100 Mile Swim	SUN	1 Jun		
McCovey Cove Mixer	SAT	7 Jun		
John Nogue Swim For Science - Pier 15*	SAT	14 Jun	05:18 2.3kn E	07:00
Pride Swim*	SUN	22 Jun	08:24 1.4kn F	
Angel Island Picnic & Overnight	SAT	28 Jun		
Bay Bridge*	SUN	13 Jul	05:12 2.5kn E	07:00
Alcatraz Regatta	SUN	20 Jul		
China Beach**	SUN	10 Aug	11:00 1.8kn F	07:30
Santa Cruz 1 Mile*	SAT	16 Aug		
Santa Cruz 2 Mile*	SUN	17 Aug		
Doc Howard 45+ Swim*	SAT	23 Aug	10:42 2.0kn F	11:00
Ft. Point*	SUN	7 Sep	09:48 1.8kn F	07:30
Escape from Alcatraz Tri (EFAT)	SUN	14 Sep	09:06 0.9kn E	06:45
Swim Across America	SUN	21 Sep		
Alcatraz	SUN	28 Sep	08:30 0.7kn E	07:00
DC/SE Interclub Tri*	SAT	4 Oct		
Joe Bruno Golden Gate	SAT	25 Oct	06:24 0.9kn E	09:15
End of 100 Mile Swim	FRI	31 Oct		
Angel Island Regatta	SAT	1 Nov		
Veterans Day Swim (Cove)	SAT	8 Nov		08:00
Pilot Appreciation Dinner	SAT	8 Nov		
Thanksgiving Day Cove	THU	27 Nov		
New Year's Day Qualifier & Holiday Brunch	SUN	14 Dec		08:00
Start of Polar Bear	SUN	21 Dec		

Swim Program Rules

- Club scheduled swims are restricted to Club members, who are current on their dues and fees and in good standing.
 - Swimmers must have current USMS membership, and abide by each organization's rules and requirements.
 - Swimmers are required to wear orange caps on all scheduled swims.
 - Swimmers cannot use swim aids, including fins and wet suits, on any scheduled swims.
 - New members are not eligible to swim in scheduled out-of-cove swims for either 6 months from the start of their membership, or before successfully completing the 100-mile swim, the Polar Bear swim, or the Accelerated Out-of-Cove process.
 - All out-of-cove swims require a pilot:swimmer ratio of 1:3.
 - Time limits may be imposed at the discretion of the Swim Commissioner(s).
 - All Club boats are reserved for scheduled swims. Co-pilots are encouraged. Riders are prohibited.
 - Swimmers must register during check-in and attend the swim briefing in order to swim.
 - Swimmers must successfully complete at least two qualifying swims and help on at least three swims to qualify for Alcatraz and Golden Gate Swims.
 - Out-of-town members must have successfully completed two of the last three Club scheduled Alcatraz and/or Golden Gate swims or meet Rule 10 above.
- (Nothing in the above rules shall contravene any applicable Federal laws and statutes.)

* Qualifying Swim. Need 2 qualifying swims + 3 helps to qualify for Golden Gate and/or Alcatraz.

** Requires special qualifier, details TBA

2025 Swim Clinics

Day	Date
SUN	4-May
SUN	8-Jun
SUN	3-Aug
SAT	6-Sep
SAT	18-Oct

Alcatraz
Island
1.4 miles

Pier 41½
1.2 miles

Pier 43
1 mile

Aquatic Park
Cove

Gashouse Cove
1 mile

Yacht
Harbor
1.5 miles

Crissy
Field
2.5 miles

Fort Point
3.5 miles

All times approximate & subject to change. TBA = to be announced