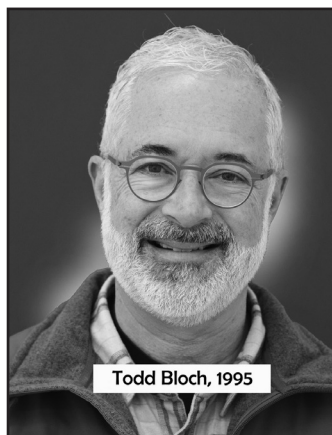


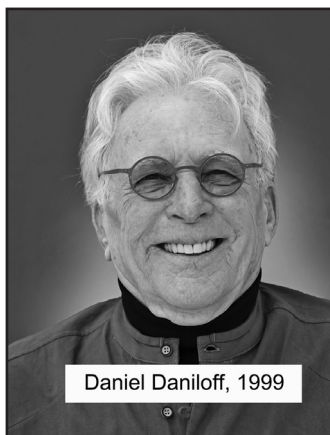
Three Cheers for the New Life Members!



Todd Bloch, 1995



Camille Cusuman, 1999



Daniel Daniloff, 1999



Kate Cronin, 1996

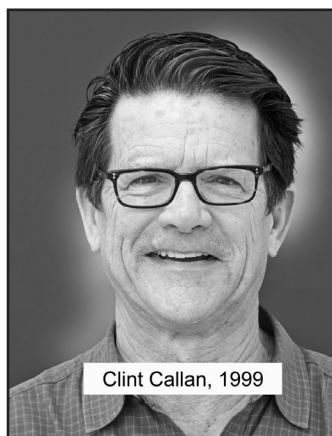


Celeste Mc Mullin, 1997

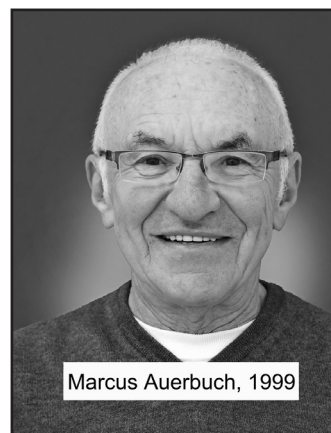


50 years and counting

Mike Garibaldi, Ed De Cossio, and John Davis
at the 2024 Old Timer's Dinner



Clint Callan, 1999



Marcus Auerbuch, 1999

New 50 year members:

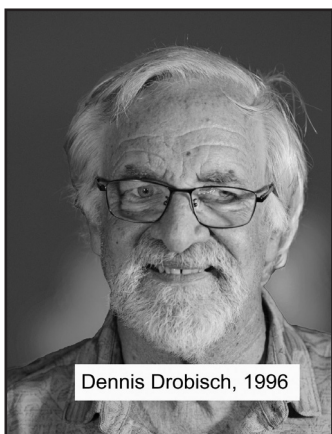
Ivan Balarin,
Michael Cerre,
George Kebbe,
Randy Pinetti,
Rollin Schroth,
John Sylvester,
John Tansley

New 60 year member:

Gerald Cullen

New 70 year members:

Aldo Cuneo,
Bob Demo,
Phil Gaal



Dennis Drobisch, 1996



Doloras Meehan, 1997



Rey Hassan, 1995

~~~~~ Dolphins In Memoriam ~~~~~

Kate Coleman



Kate Coleman, a ferocious journalist, competitive swimmer, and periodic upstairs hostess at Chez Panisse, who chronicled the Bay Area's political and sexual upheaval for more than 50 years, died last June. She was 81.

Kate lived Bay Area history and took notes, even when her research went against her politics. In 1978, she investigated the Black Panther Party's criminality, focusing on the unsolved murder of its bookkeeper, Betty Van Patter. When her life was threatened, she left the country. On her return, she installed window bars, bought a gun, and learned how to shoot.

David Weir, co-founder of the Center for Investigative Reporting, described Kate as a "fearless, indefatigable Berkeley-based journalist who resisted fashions for more than thirty years while writing penetrating, courageous reports on the Black Panther Party both when it was lionized...and when it was demonized." And her 2005 book, *The Secret Wars of Judi Bari: A Car Bomb, the Fight for the Redwoods and the End of Earth First!* challenged environmental orthodoxy.

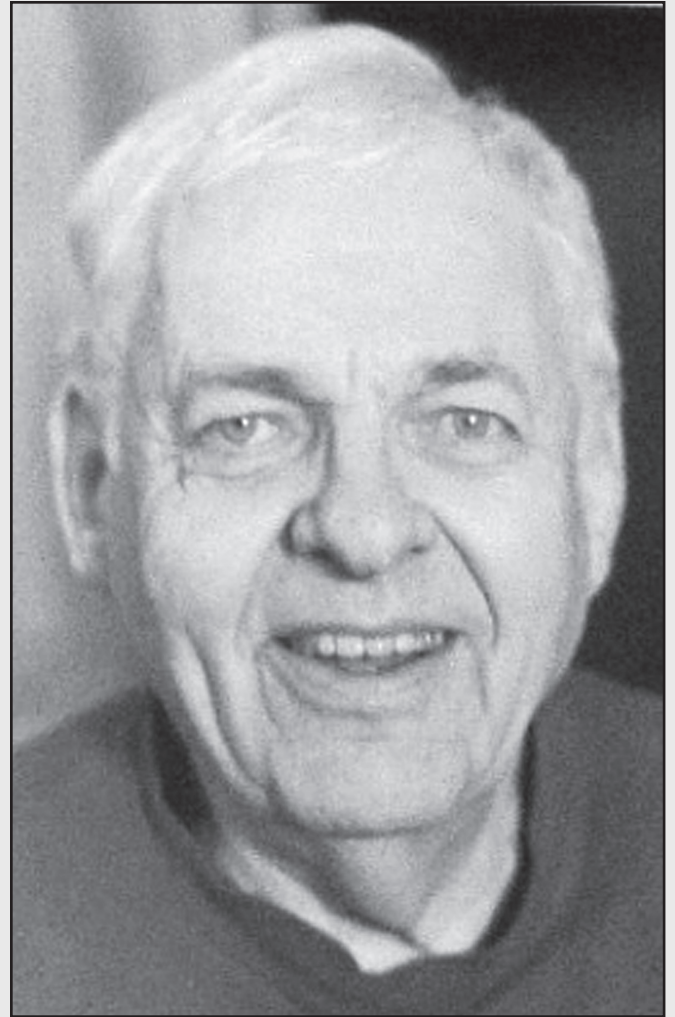
She also wrote about herself. In her early years, she wrote a column about her sexual experimentation in her regular column, "Where Angels Fear to Tread," for the Berkeley Barb. Her extensive files were saved by her friend, Linda Schacht, and are now in the Kate Coleman Archive at Stanford University Libraries. When she was younger, Kate covered the food movement from the inside, working once a week as the upstairs hostess at Chez Panisse.

She became a senior jock, swimming at the Dolphin Club, where she won medals and ribbons. Every New Year's Day, she swam from Alcatraz to San Francisco in a bathing suit. Wetsuits, she said, were for wusses.

Kate was an ardent feminist who didn't mind telling you she preferred the company of men. She never married but had many lovers. Her internal volume was always set to loud, and she often blended Shakespearean quotes with cursing. When Kate learned she had dementia and was asked what medical care she would want at the end of her life, she told me, whom she appointed her medical power of attorney, "Throw me in the water, and if I do the butterfly, save me."

In her last weeks, Kate babbled, occasionally saying something coherent. Several weeks ago, she said, "No more swimming." And a week before she died, she said, "No lovers." A gathering of Kate's friends was held in Berkeley in May. *Carol Pogash*

Ned Hoffman



Life Member Ned Hoffman passed away on February 23, 2024, in Michigan, at age 89. He joined the Club in 1980 and became very active. Ned was a pilot, Boat Captain from 1983 to 1987, Helper of the Year in 1987, and taught boat training. When not serving the club, Ned enjoyed long runs across the bridge and through the Marin headlands and just hanging out with Lou. Rich Cooper

"Ned was a guiding light for me when I got into rowing: always kind, gentle, and knowledgeable about the ways of the Club. I always knew when Ned was or had been around from the lingering scent of his cigar." — Ken Frank

"I miss his smile." — Bob McKenzie

Ned was also a runner. He liked long, slow distances. He once took me out to Ft. Point, across the Golden Gate, up Hawk Hill to Rodeo Beach, back through the tunnel to Sausalito. A long, hilly day. He did that run often. *Mary Cantini*

Fran Collier



Fran Collier was a Dolphin Club friend, a consummate deck conversationalist, weight room captain, and runner. Most of us knew only a part or parts of Fran, but not the whole. Those who never hung out on the dock would have never crossed paths with her. Here's your chance to meet another one of our every-day exceptional members.

Fran joined the Dolphin Club in 1982 in the early days of women's membership. She ran for many years and spent time socializing in the weight room, on the dock, and at Club parties. The Club became an important part of her life; she enjoyed many hours here and found many friends, friends who cut across gender/age/race, and friends she also took into other parts of her life—movies, politics, and travel. She traveled frequently and to most corners of the world. Her last few trips included Georgia and its neighbors, and Iceland.

I met her in the weight room over gym conversations discussing politics and culture. She would stay around so you could talk with her, after a swim and sauna, always curious to know about you, your life.

Before the pandemic, Fran went to multiple movies a week and often attended lectures or special talks where many of us connected with her.

And her politics. Fran was passionate about politics and invested in her own education, subscribing to and reading a range of publications. Politics influenced her travels, movies, and cultural adventures. I knew not to ask her age; she was also a private person. To the end, Fran was a strong-willed, open-minded, inclusive, and active woman. She was a loving mother and grandmother. *Laura Atkins*

Jimmy Vanja



Walt Schneebeil, Miss Golden Gate Swim, and Jimmy Vanya

Jimmy Vanja was a Dolphin Club member since 1955, very soon after he arrived in San Francisco. For many years he was swimming or piloting in all the events. He swam Alcatraz in under an hour and, per his recent recollection, his best time for the Golden Gate was 26 minutes and 33 seconds. He also ran to the GG Bridge and back every afternoon, accompanied by Walter Stack, Andy Berli, and Ray Talavera.

But his fondest—and scariest—memories were nights rowing beside people attempting to swim from the Farallons. A fishing boat would take them out, then leave them without “blinkers” or radios. During the night, the swimmers would disappear behind the waves. And the fog didn't help. Sometimes, someone would build a fire at Stinson Beach—the closest mainland point—to guide the boats. Jimmy had to pull the heavy Ike Pape over the transom. George Farnsworth, a mile from shore, couldn't take the 53 degree water, while a 15 year-old girl from Sacramento, who wasn't in either club, got lost in the fog. “We found her eventually,” Jimmy said, “but she never went swimming again.”

But any excitement in San Francisco paled beside his early years when his large family farm in Yugoslavia was requisitioned by the Germans for a hospital. Along with his mother and siblings, they were relegated to living in the kitchen. His father, the unofficial mayor of Cerovo, had disappeared after protesting the treatment of the villagers. But at least they ate well until the Russians arrived and kicked them out. Time to emigrate: first to Italy, then Canada, and finally the City. His family soon followed. While in a refugee camp, he learned the electrical trade, which made him very employable in the City. He later became an inspector, until he retired at 83.

Jimmy was alert and in a good mood right up to his death. He would have been 96 in August. *John Selmer*

Dan Taafe, an athlete of mind, body, and spirit



Dan Taafe was a Dolphin for twenty-five years when he died in 2023. If you never had the pleasure to meet Dan, who stood six-feet-two tall, it's because he moved quietly amid the noise and haste. Although Dan, a retired land-use attorney, was a man of reserve, he took to the Bay, the Club, and its camaraderie like, well, a harbor seal. He was often amused by the seldom-dull conversations in the sauna. Dan was born September 28, 1940 into a native California family. The Taaifes are descendants of the Murphys, who were among the first to discover gold in 1849. Dan grew up in Los Altos and inherited his family's love for the Sierra Nevada, where he backpacked many a summer. Some of Dan's paternal antecedents came over Donner Pass the year before the fateful Donner Party. Even before his Dolphin-hood, Dan was drawn to dipping in the icy snowmelt of cold mountain streams. Yosemite was in his blood from his childhood, where he marveled at the now discontinued firefall over Glacier Point.

Dan was a true-blue San Franciscan. He was healthy, active, running or power-walking and swimming until, a few months before his death, he was suddenly felled by extreme fatigue. It took a few weeks to get a correct diagnosis—metastasized

pancreatic cancer. He faced dying with grace, equanimity, and humor as friends and family rallied round. Dan loved his life and was not eager to leave us, but he reckoned he had lived his time fully, successfully, and with love for the good stuff. As a close friend, I think I can say he had no regrets. He is survived by many nieces and nephews, his older sister Julie, and his beloved Patty Mills. *Camille Cusumano*

James Morino



James Morino a 75-year Life Member, passed away on March 28, 2024, at age 93. He was our longest living member, joining the club in 1949 along with his brother Ray. The brothers were our celebrated Pacific Coast championship crews from 1949 to 1952. Also a strong swimmer, Jim swam the Golden Gate many times, including a second-place finish in 1950. Away from the Club he was a plumbing inspector for the City before retiring in 1991. Jim remained loyal and generously donated his scrapbook, photographs, rowing medals, and crew letter sweater to our Archives. *Rich Cooper*

