

**JIHAD SALAAM
Struggled to find peace**

A man who called himself Jihad Salaam died Oct. 9 at St. Francis Hospital at age 45.

In his early 20s, Mr. Salaam adopted Islam and a new name. In Arabic, jihad means struggling or striving, salaam is peace.

By all accounts, Mr. Salaam spent many years as a child in foster care and for years was homeless as an adult. At the end of his life he was wheelchair-dependent.

A ragged memorial for Mr. Salaam unfolded Oct. 22 at Sixth Street's Baldwin House Hotel, where he had lived since January.

In the hotel's cavernous lobby, smelling of paint and disinfectant, five employees of Tenderloin Housing Clinic, the new Baldwin management, were seated in plastic chairs before a makeshift table adorned with bells and incense by Michael Mallory of Quest4Light, a lay ministry of eclectic doctrines who presides over the memorials. As residents and visitors milled in and out of the noisy lobby — bare of decoration save the impassive globe-eyes of four new security cameras — the memorial launched fitfully.

Staff apologized for the absence of flowers on the table, offering cookies instead. Delay ensued while a case manager went off to fetch a picture of Mr. Salaam to place on the table altar.

In the midst of a soft, soothing chant playing on Mallory's iPod, a custodian entered, slamming her wheeled yellow bucket of suds against the janitorial closet, dropping her mop with a clatter.

The assembled absorbed the shock of the disruption as staff shared remembrances of Mr. Salaam, particularly his intense, cantankerous nature and his penchant for inflicting verbal abuse on them. Occasionally, Mr. Salaam displayed a mordant wit in his diatribes, they said.

All agreed that Mr. Salaam had been dealt much difficulty in his life, but he had reached one dream in his short time at the Baldwin. "He got his own space, his own key to his own room where no one could tell him what to do," a case manager said. ■

— Jonathan Newman

**ROEM "BUTCH" SIOSON
'Fun to be around'**

Roem Sioson, who came to San Francisco from the Philippines in the 1970s and never went back, left a lot of enthusiastic friends behind last month when he died down the hall from his room — 119 — at the Vincent Hotel. He was 59.

"I can't believe his nephew's not here," said one of the handful of fellows who gathered, along with Amelia Rudberg and Jessie, two women from the Tenderloin Housing Clinic, a supervisor and a staffer on her first day of work, in the Vincent's community room for a memorial service led by Michael Mallory, of Quest4Light, on Oct. 27.

Facts were difficult to discern — one friend said he thought Mr. Sioson had a son and a daughter, another said he had two sons — but the collective affection and admiration were loud and clear.

"He was a good man, had a good heart, cared about his friends and about everybody," said Rick, speaking right up once Mallory had made some introductory remarks and led the group in "Amazing Grace."

"For us who knew him, we're gonna miss him," another said, "but he'll always be in our hearts. He knew a lot of people, he had a lot of friends, a lot who aren't here."

"Definitely!" another said.

Van Johnson, a longtime friend, said that one of Mr. Sioson's sons had been shot. Another said Mr. Sioson had been separated from his children's mother for a long time. He'd been a carpenter,

at least part-time, but more recently subsisted on welfare.

Johnson, 65, said he'd known Mr. Sioson 10 years. "We'd go catch Dungeness crabs. Get a crab net at the hock shop for \$20, put some chicken in for bait, and dangle it into the water. Boil 'em, and have a party," he recalled. Johnson lamented that the week before, when Mr. Sioson died, it was on his birthday. "He was like a brother. We all homeless, he's not. He's got 10 overnights a month, he'd get off the streets a while" by letting him stay.

"You'd love to see him coming and hate to see him going. But you wouldn't want to hear him, 'cause it was like a pinched nerve!"

Alvin
FRIEND OF ROEM SIOSON

"He'd always tell us about the islands. He's got a big family, a rich family, real rich. His dad died last year. He was sad for a while. We helped him out. He was supposed to get \$90,000. He didn't get it yet." Now, the money will go back into the same legal limbo that kept Mr. Sioson from getting it sooner, Johnson figured.

"I called him the noodle king," Rick said. Apparently, Mr. Sioson, who everybody knew as "Butch" or "Butchie," looked out for his friends, constantly providing them little containers of noodle soup to stay fed.

"We should have had some at this memorial," one person kidded. Instead, there were cookies and coffee, and, late in the proceedings, a man showed up offering a small pizza.

"We had a lot of parties here. He didn't share the crab, but he was the cup of noodles king, for sure," one said.

"You eat! I take care of my people. I love you guys!" Those were his words," Rick recalled.

"As far as sharing his food, bottom line, he had a good heart," Rick said. "I think he had a sister he used to get lumpia from. It was good!"

"He liked his pleasure, like everybody else. Butchie was like that. When he came home sick, had got a little drink at the store and couldn't make it up those stairs, I would help him," Rick said.

"He used to say, 'I'm the bad boy. You guys know better than that.'"

"He was a good Giants and 49ers fan," a man named Mark said. "I watched a lot of ballgames with him. Instead of 'Beat L.A.,' he'd say, 'Eat L.A.!'"

"He was a fun guy to be around," said Alvin. "Always giving what he can. He had a loud voice. You'd love to see him coming and hate to see him going. But you wouldn't want to hear him, 'cause it was like a pinched nerve!"

"He cared about his friends. For a person like that to have that kind of heart, I'm really gonna miss him. I never knew his real name, we just called him Butch. He always gave us a lot of lectures. I just loved his heart."

"I'd see him across from Glide. They'd be partying. I'd just keep on rolling. He was OK, from what I seen," said another, recalling that Mr. Sioson would drink on the street and hang out at "whywham" — Youth With a Mission, down the block and across the street from Glide — where they could play billiards and pingpong.

"God bless your spirit, Butch. I hope it rubs off on us and I hope you make it to heaven."

"God asks one thing of us, and that's to plant his seeds, and it looks like Roem has done his job," Mallory said. ■

— Mark Hedlin

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San Francisco WIC has six offices throughout the City. For more information, call (415) 575-5788.

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**REQUEST FOR PROPOSALS FOR THE
Terminal 3 Pop-Up Retail Concession Program**

The Airport Commission has commenced the Request for Proposals (RFP) process for the Terminal 3 Pop-Up Retail Concession Program. This opportunity is comprised of one retail location measuring approximately 304 square feet, located in Boarding Area E of Terminal 3. The space will be move-in ready with fixtures provided, and will require minimal costs to start up. The successful proposer will be offered an agreement term of twelve months. This concession is intended for the nonexclusive sale of retail merchandise reflective of the Greater San Francisco Bay Area.

The Informational Conference is on Tuesday, November 10, 2015 at 10:00 a.m. at the Terminal 2 Partnering Conference Room No. T2-2-205 at San Francisco International Airport.

Please see <http://www.flysfo.com/business-at-sfo/current-opportunities> on or about October 23, 2015. For additional information, feel free to contact Trevor Brumm, Principal Property Manager, Revenue Development and Management, at (650) 821-4500, or via email at SF311Concessions@flysfso.com.

**Board of Supervisors Regularly Scheduled Board Meetings
November Meetings**

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC –Tuesdays, 2:00pm, City Hall Chamber, Room 250.

- November 3
- November 17

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