

**Dashiell Hammett Society of Studs (DHSOS)
San Francisco International Headquarters**

Officers

President (DUH PREZ)	Bill D_____
Communications Czar (Czar)	Geoff Noakes
AgendaMeister (ListMan)	Ken Monk
Archivist of Knowledge (Notes)	Dale Fehringer

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Minutes of Meeting

Buckeye Roadhouse

Thursday, May 9, 2019

Buckeye Roadhouse



Our visit to the Buckeye Roadhouse was a successful venture into uncharted waters. There were challenges to overcome: it is not in The City, it is a place our wives would set foot in, and it is different (and, as our readers know, the DHSOS does not welcome change). But it worked out! The Buckeye is a place Dashiell Hammett would probably have dined in (and maybe he did, since he still lived in San Francisco when the Buckeye opened in 1937 – the same year the Golden Gate Bridge was finished). And the place has a sufficient number of dead animals and fish on its walls to be considered manly.

Our wait person (Sue) was attentive and helpful, knowing just when to show up and refresh our drinks, and when to go away and leave us alone. The food was hearty and tasty enough for our less-discerning pallets.

There have been a lot of reviews written about the Buckeye over the decades; this one sort of sums up our experience:

It's been quite a while since the Buckeye Roadhouse stopped being a dingy highway diner as the name might imply. Today, the Buckeye is a beautiful restaurant offering delicious traditional steaks alongside portabella mushroom lasagna and butternut squash. Exposed beams and a roaring fireplace make one feel as if they're taking warm refuge from some place much wilder than Mill Valley.

Da Burd



Da Burd joined us for the evening, emerging from his wooden coffin and roosting in the middle of our table. He rotated throughout the night, face-to-face with the officer who was speaking.

Sue made a fuss over Da Burd, asking about him, and even recognizing *The Maltese Falcon* when it was suggested to her. And later in the evening the studs at the next door table asked about Da Burd, and even tossed a compliment his way.

Call to Order

As is his custom, DUH PREZ called the meeting to order at 6:15 pm by banging his dinner knife on the side of his water glass. We ordered another round of drinks and got down to business

Agenda

For any readers new to these minutes, the DHSOS operates off of a pre-approved agenda that has been carefully crafted to suit the needs of all officers. The Agenda Meister works diligently to put together a list of topics that will be stimulating and educational; as a result our meetings typically run like a well-oiled machine.

The order was disturbed at the very outset of our meeting when DUH PREZ attempted to subvert the natural order of things and move his agenda topics to the front of the meeting. When he received pushback, he attempted to exert executive privilege. After some negotiating, he was allowed to introduce one topic as the first agenda item. The topic he chose was dog poop.

Dog Poop in Seacliff

DUH PREZ reported that he has signed up for *Nextdoor*, the neighborhood private social network, and the most concerning issue for his neighborhood (and for the future of the planet, according to him) is dog poop – and the neighbors who don't clean it up. That led to a discussion of who does and doesn't clean up dog poop, the techniques of cleaning up after a dog, and what is appropriate to say if you encounter someone in your neighborhood who does not clean up after their dog. And it also led to the Archivist of Knowledge recounting a story about Harvey Milk running for City Supervisor on a promise to clean up the city's dog poop problem.

It seems that as Harvey Milk talked to the people of San Francisco he learned that the quality-of-life issue that most concerned them had less to do with their souls and everything to do with their soles. Milk said, "whoever can

solve the dog poop problem in the city can be elected mayor of San Francisco, even president of the United States." He staged a publicity stunt in Golden Gate Park where in front of camera crews he "accidentally" stepped in a pile. He got elected.

Noe Valley Garden Tour



The Archivist of Knowledge reported that his garden was recently part of the 2019 Noe Valley Garden Tour. On a bright, sunny Saturday in May around 300 neighbors participated in the tour by strolling through his garden (and nine others in the neighborhood). He reported the tour was a lot of work, but successful and enjoyable.

Sports Corner

Normally we would be discussing baseball at this time of year. This season, however, both local professional baseball teams are struggling. But we still have a local basketball team (the Warriors) and hockey team (the Sharks) participating in playoffs, and they have been advancing with several very exciting games. We recounted some of those "game seven" matches and remarked on the fact that the Bay Area offers a huge variety of excellent sports options.

Bouquets to Art

Some of our wives are very active in Bouquets to Art, an annual fundraising show at the DeYoung Museum, which pairs renown art pieces with floral arrangements. We shared stories of abandonment and loneliness as our mates dedicate themselves

to that cause, but also pride in their accomplishments.

Distillery/Brewery Tour



Kudos were extended to the AgendaMeister on a recent tour of Faction Brewing and St. George Distillery in Alameda. This extended Christmas gift was well-organized, interesting, and appreciated!

Faction Brewing produces a range of beers in their 20-barrel brew house; including lagers, stouts, Belgian style beers, and barrel aged beers. But their true specialty and passion lies in hoppy beers. The DHSOS sat outside in the brewery's expansive open yard, enjoyed views of downtown San Francisco across the Bay, sipped a flight of beers, and enjoyed burgers from a nearby food truck.

After lunch, the DHSOS walked across the lot to the next-door St. George Distillery and enjoyed a tour and tasting. This local distillery has been around since 1982, creating a variety of spirits; including single malt whiskey, liqueurs, gins, vodkas, brandies, and absinthe.

After the tour, we leaned on the bar and enjoyed tasting a variety of distilled drinks, including absinthe. No hallucinations have been reported.

Pot Seeds

Speaking of hallucinations, updates were provided on the growth of the "pot" seeds that were given the DHSOS as Christmas gifts by the Communications Czar. DUH PREZ and the Archivist of Knowledge reported that the seeds have sprouted and are growing in their gardens. And both reported that purple blossoms have emerged from the vines. DUH

PREZ indicated that he ate his blossoms raw and saw flying lizards.

Rat Stories



DUH PREZ related a story about discovering one deceased and one live rat in the basement of his house, and he described each of them in gory detail. Far from ruining our appetite, we all shared stories of rats we had experienced in or near our homes.

Bill's Weekend Places

"How come nobody comes to my great parties up in Sonoma?" is how DUH PREZ introduced this conversation topic. As has been his custom the past several years he has rented a series of weekend homes in the Wine Country, and he has always invited the DHSOS to join his family for part or all of the weekends. Lately, there have been fewer acceptances.

"We are a busy group of people," the DHSOS told him, "And we have things on our schedules. We need advanced notification of your weekends so we can plan to join you."

DUH PREZ agreed that he had not always given sufficient lead notice, and he promised to do better in the future.

Another One (Prepares to) Bites the Dust

At this point, the DHSOS officers are achieving senior status, and all of us are nearing the end of our 60s. Half of us are fully retired, and DUH PREZ is working part-time. Tonight, the Communications Czar announced that he is also preparing to hang

up his spurs in the near future. We raised our glasses in a tribute to him, congratulated him, and assured him that life after work is indeed good, and that he will enjoy it as well.

Moving the Bullpen



The Giants' Oracle Park is known for its pitcher-friendly dimensions, especially Triples Alley in the right-center outfield. However, according to one report, the team is considering moving in the fences and removing the bullpens, one of the most distinctive features of the park. In fact, DUH PREZ reported that only three major league teams still have bullpens on the playing field.

Mac Williamson, an up-and-down member of the Giants, sustained a concussion in April 2018 when he tripped over the mound in foul territory along the Giants' left-field line. He said his game wasn't right the rest of the season because of blurry vision.

Giants management is open to moving their bullpens, but not if it means eliminating "triples alley," which is a distinguishing characteristic of their home field.

The DHSOS devised a solution: convert the edible gardens behind the centerfield wall (just under the new \$10 million scoreboard) into bullpens. There you go, Giants management – no fee for our advice and no thanks needed.

San Diego

The DHSOS will engage in a baseball road trip to San Diego July 26-28. Airfare and lodging have been secured (thanks to the AgendaMeister) who will now review options

for purchasing tickets to a game between the Giants and Padres.

Upcoming Travel

The DHSOS is a group on the move, and we reviewed our upcoming trips. DUH PREZ, Communications Czar, and Archivist of Knowledge will journey to Memphis in May to participate in the World Championship BBQ Cooking Contest. After it's over, DUH PREZ will travel to Michigan to see his mother, Berlin to see relatives, and Prague to join friends on a river cruise down the Danube River. The AgendaMeister is planning an anniversary trip this fall to Europe. And the entire DHSOS will convene in August at Drakesbad.

Next Meeting

The next meeting of the DHSOS will be held Thursday, September 5. The Archivist of Knowledge will be in charge of picking a place and time for the meeting.

Adjournment

This was an outstanding evening at an excellent venue with an appropriate mix of strong drink, manly food, stimulating conversation, and noble friends.

We exhausted our agenda, paid our check, secured Da Burd in his coffin, said goodbye to Sue, and assembled on the sidewalk next to the Buckeye Roadhouse. It was a cool Marin County night and as we said goodbye a thick blanket of gray fog rolled over the Marin Headlands. We exchanged hearty fist bumps and piled into our cars for a very scenic drive home over the resplendent Golden Gate Bridge.

That's it for now, man.

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