

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

Officers

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

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Minutes of Meeting

Perry's and Sinbad's

Wednesday, July 27, 2011

**A Night on the Embarcadero**

*"One day if I do go to heaven, I'll look around and say,  
'It ain't bad, but it ain't San Francisco.'"*

-- Herb Caen

Every meeting of the DHSOS is unique, and each takes on a distinctive tone and flavor. Tonight was no exception, as the DHSOS explored San Francisco's Embarcadero and tried out a new (to us) restaurant and unique drinking establishment. All DHSOS officers were present; Da Burd\* was not.



Selecting dining establishments for the DHSOS is not an enviable task, which is why it has been assigned to the PoV. It's difficult to find new and exciting venues that meet the DHSOS criteria, but he came through again ...

*We will meet at Perry's, his new place at 155 Steuart Street, for cocktails at 6 pm and then dinner at 7:30 pm. Perry's on Union Street has been a popular San Francisco hangout for about 40 years and still attracts large crowds. The*

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\* Da Burd is the original copy of the Maltese Falcon and mascot of the DHSOS, which occasionally accompanies us at our meetings.

*new place is better; has a bigger bar, is less crowded, isn't as noisy, and has a more manly decor with lots of dark wood. We will enjoy a semi-round table. We can be assured that it is not a place our wives would ever choose to dine in. After dinner, I suggest we go out the back door and across the street for a late night Irish Coffee at Sinbad's, which has a very old bar that looks out on the Bay Bridge."*

**Perry's**

Perry's is well-suited to the DHSOS as it has strong drinks, a manly menu, and an attractive wait staff – which are essential ingredients to a successful outing. Here's the history of the joint:

*In 1969, Perry Butler, a 26-year-old Dartmouth College graduate, was working as an advertising executive, when he set out to follow his dream of opening his own restaurant. Freshly relocated to San Francisco, and compelled to recreate the hustle and bustle of the New York neighborhood saloons that he missed, Butler opened Perry's on Union Street.*

*Perry's trademark touches include mahogany-paneled walls adorned with memorabilia, tile ceilings evocative of stamped tin, white tile floor, blue-and-white checkered tablecloths, and, above all, high quality food served with warmth and friendship.*

**Call to Order**

DUH PREZ called the meeting to order at 7:55 PM and then launched into a lengthy account of Da Burd's absence being due to an illness. The Czar called DUH PREZ on this explanation,

and extracted a promise to bring Da Burd to all future meetings. The rest of the DHSOS focused on Perry's manly menu, which includes meatloaf, lamb shank, pot roast, and petrale sole.

## Run, Ed, Run



In January, San Francisco lawmakers named Ed Lee, an administrator with over two decades in local government, to serve out the remainder of Mayor Gavin Newsom's second term, after Newsom was elected California's lieutenant governor. The appointment was conditioned on Lee not becoming a candidate for mayor.

As recently as late June Lee insisted he wasn't interested in being mayor full time, even after supporters started circulating petitions and raising money to persuade him to change his mind. With former Mayors Willie Brown and Dianne Feinstein calling for him to jump in, and after supporters collected 51,000 signatures on a petition for him to run, Lee's insistence grew less steadfast.

Should Ed run? The DHSOS thought so, and we agreed that he has a good chance of winning and a decent chance of getting some positive things done. And, after seven years of infighting and politics under the previous administration, that would be a welcome change.

*"I've changed my mind. I know it might be hard for people to understand that change ... but my change of mind in seeking this office has everything to do with wanting what's best for this city."*

-- Ed Lee

*Better a broken promise than none at all.*

-- Mark Twain

## Bullet Train



California's proposed high speed rail system was an interesting topic of discussion for the DHSOS – should or shouldn't it be built?

Initially running from San Francisco to Los Angeles/Anaheim via the Central Valley, and later to Sacramento and San Diego, high-speed trains would travel between LA and San Francisco in around 2 hours and 40 minutes, at speeds of up to 220 mph.

The plan calls for 800 miles of track, up to 24 stations, and (because it's California) the most thorough environmental review process in history.

So, does the DHSOS think the Federal Government should fund the bullet train? We were unanimous -- all were opposed to building an expensive rail system that more than likely wouldn't be used sufficiently to cover its costs.

## Drakesbad

Drakesbad is a secluded getaway in northern California's Lassen Volcanic National Park, and it has been the prime summer getaway for the DHSOS and their families for many years.

An occasion like our annual trip to Drakesbad doesn't just happen – it requires careful and diligent planning, and we dedicated a portion of our meeting to this endeavor.

DUH PREZ assigned drink duties to each DHSOS officer, including rum drinks (Czar), Mint Julips/Cosmos (PoV), Gin and Tonics (ListMan), Margaritas (DUH PREZ), and white wine (Notes).

We discussed the hikes we would take, what tools and clothing items to bring (including our FlairHair<sup>†</sup>), and which night we would conduct the annual marshmallow roast-off.

We also talked about the changes we would experience this year, which included the demolition of Dream Lake (a popular children's fishing hole) and the final year of Drakesbad's outstanding managers, Ed and Billie.



**A final “Mint Tulip” with Billie and Ed**

And DUH PREZ bragged a little about the waterwheel he built last year (from all natural components), which set a record for revolutions per minute, and which is still running a year later,



**Re-launching DUH PREZ's waterwheel**

## 1060 Miles on the Pacific Crest Trail



The DHSOS has a succession plan that includes outstanding young men who have potential to mature into DHSOS members. The fact that they have not expressed any interest in the DHSOS is beside the point. One of those young dudes, Sam-the-Man (a.k.a. “Slate,” a.k.a. “Lunchbox”) McClure, recently completed

an incredible feat -- hiking more than a thousand miles of the Pacific Crest Trail, which extends from the Mexican border to the Canadian border; Sam started in Mexico.

At Drakesbad, Slate regaled the DHSOS with stories of his adventures, which included hiking through snow, fording ice cold streams, and trudging through scorching deserts<sup>‡</sup>. Following are excerpts from Slate's adventures:

*There are several main challenges on this trail.*

*The first is hiking through seven hundred miles of dirty desert. I say dirty because it is not filled with saguaros and pastel hues, but rather it is a gritty landscape that the creator has endowed with countless spiny, venomous and unsavory life forms. In some places there is no on-trail water for thirty miles. In every place the local rattlesnakes hate you*

*The second challenge is the Sierra, especially this year, considering record snowfall in many areas. I ended up skipping a two hundred and fifty mile section that I had done two years ago and resuming my walk at Tuolumne Meadows. Let me tell you what you already know: snow is tough to hike in, and your easy twenty-five mile days turn into difficult eighteens. Here's something that some people haven't grasped: when you have a three to six foot drift covering several hundred square miles the thought of walking on dirt—ANY dirt—becomes as wishful a dream as a New York steak.*

*The third challenge is you have to cross the rivers. I did most of them alone, which was extremely dangerous and I would not recommend to anyone. The water is rarely warmer than forty-five degrees and it numbs you almost instantly (there were times when I had to cross multiple sections of a forked river and I needed to warm myself between crossings because my legs were not working properly). The crossings also included "exciting" extra challenges like unstable or slimy footing. I was waist deep on many of them, chest deep on a few, and I went neck deep and swam desperately for my life on one of them.*



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<sup>‡</sup> Slate was partially funded by the DHSOS, and was therefore carrying the DHSOS with him every step of the way.



*A fourth challenge is to survive the less obvious things that start to get under your skin. Your socks and shoes are wet when you put them on in the morning and when you take them off at night. The joints of your tent-poles freeze solid. And of course you're tired, you're dirty, you're hungry, but that's customary by this point. Luckily by this time I had found a great group of people to hike with and I was really enjoying the camaraderie and security of these other hikers. They were the reason I got through this section.*

*The final challenge is to finish. This may sound ridiculous, but the hiking from Sierra City north is so easy compared to the first twelve hundred miles that it becomes boring and mentally tiresome just to do that beloved marathon every day. Psychologically speaking, you're pretty fried, you've lost all of your emotional fat and you've probably hit your low-point on the trail (the time when all you want is a satellite phone so you can call mom and cry like you are back in the first grade). It's a grind, and the only thing people have to run on is the fact that in about fifteen hundred miles they get to touch a wooden post in another country.*

*I'll leave you with some trail words of wisdom and a few statistics about my hike.*

- *I saw eleven rattlesnakes. Ten of them rattled at me.*
- *I burned roughly three hundred thousand calories so far this summer (hiking plus basic metabolism).*
- *My fastest three-day stretch was eighty-nine miles.*
- *One bee stung me—luckily this was my most painful wildlife encounter.*
- *My hiking pace is almost precisely three miles an hour (I timed myself several times when I had reliable mileage data.*

*I walked 1,060 miles in eight weeks. Three of those weeks were rest days or injury recovery days. When I was on trail I averaged about twenty-six miles per day.*

*There was roughly 120,000 feet of elevation gain and loss. This is a very rough estimate because so much of the hiking was done over snow. This is equivalent in altitude change to hiking from sea level to the summit of Everest. And back. Twice.*

*That's what distance hiking all about. The physical stuff is easy. Mentally there's some wear and tear. How much did I give? I gave it a thousand miles, and I'm ecstatic. There's no doubt in my mind I'll go back and finish up when I make the time, but for now I'm going to enjoy the rest of my summer.*

---- Sam a.k.a. "Slate"

## Sinbad's



Sinbad's is a waterfront watering hole next to the ferry building on San Francisco's Embarcadero. It's dark inside and smells of stale beer, but the joint serves decent Irish Coffees and has fantastic views of the Bay Bridge.

By this point in the evening there were few problems left to resolve, so we sipped our drinks, engaged in mindless banter, and watched a group of corporate suits stagger into the bar, order one too many drinks, and fine-tune their inevitable hangovers.

## Adjournment

It had been an enjoyable and tradition-filled evening with an appropriate mix of fine food, good drink, and noble friends.

So we paid the check, issued hearty handshakes all around, and walked out into the foggy night air.

That's it for now, man.

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