

**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

The Old Clam House

Wednesday, April 17, 2013

The Old Clam House

The PoV summoned the DHSOS to a meeting with this missive:

From time to time the Old Clam House on Bayshore has come up as a possible venue for the DHSOS because it is old and has lots of history. I checked it out several years ago and decided it was not suitable. It was way too shabby. It didn't even meet my standard for being labeled a dive bar. So I scratched it off my list of potential venues.

About two years ago it changed hands, and the new owner remodeled it. It was reviewed by Michael Bauer in the *Chronicle* and given an "okay" evaluation, but not great. DUH PREZ read the article and immediately started helping me with my job, as he is prone to do, since he has nothing to do himself.

So I decided to check it out again, and had dinner there last Thursday. My opinion is that it is now passable. It is not a high end restaurant. It is a neighborhood place with reasonable prices. The food is good, not gourmet, but the presentation is very basic.

The place is packed at lunch, but not packed at dinner. There are families present at dinner (think kids). There were men in suits and men in t-shirts. There

were some well-dressed women, and some women in blue jeans (some can wear them, some can't, these can't). There were no hotties to be seen anywhere. The bar is quite adequate, though the bartender smiles at you too much and in an unnatural way. The worst part is that there is no round table (damn, I hate that). But we are going there Wednesday night anyway, because DUH PREZ and I want to go there. DUH PREZ sez that the foodie stiff asses in the group will just have to grin and bear it.

Old Clam House, 299 Bayshore Blvd.

Meet at the corner of the bar between 6 & 6:30. We will eat dinner when we damn well please.

Da Burd

Our mascot, the jewel-encrusted gold sculpture from *The Maltese Falcon*, joined us for dinner. DUH PREZ wrestled him from his carrying case and perched him majestically in the center of our table, where he quietly kept an eye on the proceedings.

What's the Raven For?

We had the best table in the place. It wasn't round, but it was set off by itself (so it was quiet) and it was near a window (so

we could keep track of our cars parked outside). But the best part of our table was Yvette, our waitress. She was cute, she was attentive, and (best of all) she had a sense of humor.

Yvette got the evening off to a good start when she sauntered over to our table and innocently asked, "What's the raven for?"

That got the attention of the Czar, who crisply replied, "That ain't no f#^*#@ raven!" The DHSOS cracked up. Yvette cracked up. We knew we were going to get along with Yvette.

Call to Order

DUH PREZ rapped a swizzle stick on his martini glass and called the meeting to order at 7:12 PM.

The AgendaMeister was ready, and he sprang into action. His list of topics had been carefully prepared and thoroughly vetted.

Hanging 'Em Up

The AgendaMeister had a stirring announcement! He and Mrs. AgendaMeister are hanging up their workin' shoes this year, after a combined 80+ years of toil. A toast was conducted in their honor, which included raised glasses and many kind words. This is truly a big deal, as some DHSOS officers assumed that Mrs. AgendaMeister would continue working into her 90's.

When asked about his plans for his new leisure time, the AgendaMeister replied that he intends to increase his time on the golf links by 100-150% -- from his current average of around three times per month to 6-8 times per month.

That provoked a round of hearty congratulations and another toast from the DHSOS.

Ashland/Drakesbad

This is a discussion that regularly comes up at DHSOS meetings. We were planning our annual sojourn to Ashland and Drakesbad and we discussed routes, cars, drinks, etc. -- all very male-oriented topics. The general plan is to arrive in Ashland on Friday, August 2.

Da Czar arranged for rooms in Ashland and purchased tickets to a music fest on Saturday, and *My Fair Lady* and *Taming of the Shrew* on Sunday.

Failing Bolts



Duh PREZ gave a stimulating review of the Bay Bridge Bolt Snafu. Last month, 32 bolts on the new Bay Bridge snapped after workers tightened them; bringing into question the safety of the bridge and the sanity of the people who built it. So which of our well-paid public officials are responsible for this colossal screw-up, which could delay the opening of the bridge and end up costing California taxpayers millions?

The finger pointing has begun, and CalTrans and the supplier (Dyson Corp. of Ohio) are trading public barbs.

We sipped our drinks and wondered how such a screw-up could happen. DUH PREZ recounted a visit in an earlier life to a CalTrans office building, where rows and rows of CalTrans workers slept, or smoked, or both. He said he didn't see one person working. So, yeah, he could see how such a screw-up could happen.

Da 'Stache is Back

Some of the DHSOS officers noted a couple of wispy gray hairs on the upper lip of the Archivist of Knowledge. So what's da deal with dat?

"I'm growing it back", he informed the group, "because I never got used to my looks without it". He indicated that he first grew a 'stache when he was in his early 20's to make him look older. By the time he was 60, it was working, so he shaved it on his 60th birthday. Now, two years later, he is growing it back.

This provoked a round of toasts, with clinking glasses and hearty affirmations. Not that everyone was excited about da 'stache – they just wanted another reason to drink.

Patty's Red Sports Car



Da wife of the AoK finally got her red sports car! It had been a long time coming, and she had been talking about it for years, but she could never pull the trigger -- until now.

When Patty's mother died in 2000, Patty's father remembered that she always wanted Patty to have a red sports car, so he found and bought her a car. It was red; but it was a sedan, not a sports car. Patty drove her red sedan for 12 years, because her father gave it to her. But she secretly pined for a sports car.

Finally, this year she made up her mind to get one.

She put the right guy on it. Her brother, Allan, is a car guy, and he can find out anything about any car. He found her the perfect car -- a low-mileage, immaculate condition, red 2011 Audi TT. He and Sue flew to Pennsylvania and drove it across the country.

Patty has been driving her TT for about a month now, and she loves it! She still finds excuses to go for a drive, just so she can sit in her car.

Summer Getaways

DUH PREZ announced the acquisition of a house in the wine country for three summer weekends. The dates are:

- June 21-24
- July 19-22
- August 30- Sept 3

The getaway home this year will be in the Dry Creek area, northwest of Healdsburg,

To find this summer getaway, DUH PREZ looked at 20 places in one day, leaving the Mrs. in the car and dashing around each property.

This one has a swimming pond, a patio beneath oak trees with vineyard views, and is just 15 minutes from Healdsburg, in the Dry Creek area.

DUH PREZ invited the DHSOS to join him for any or all of the weekend getaways.

Attaboy

The Czar proposed an attaboy and toast to the PoV for procuring the venue for tonight's meeting, and the DHSOS raised their glasses in a gesture of gratitude. There were numerous kind words and clinking of glasses. "Don't I always come through?" he asked. "Have I ever let you down?"

Windows 8



In the "technology" section of our meeting, the DHSOS discussed Microsoft's newest version of its Windows operating system -- Windows 8. Those familiar with it are annoyed and/or disgusted, and those unfamiliar listened with a sense of impending gloom. The Czar filled us in:

Microsoft released Windows 8 last October, the biggest redesign of the operating system since Windows 95. Unfortunately, consumers seem baffled by the changes, and Microsoft's hardware partners have been public in their disappointment.

One user's comments were typical: "I found a wonderful fix for Windows 8 -- I deleted it and downloaded Windows 7."

That seems typical of most users over 20. The only "positive" review on the internet was a back-handed one: "Windows 8 is not as bad as they say."

The Czar suggested downgrading new computers to Windows 7, even if it costs extra. Another reviewer agreed with the Czar, and offered three options:

1. There are programs that will alter the Windows 8 "Start Screen" to look and behave more like the Windows 7 Start Menu. This is by far the easiest solution.
2. Pay a computer repair shop to install Windows 7 for you.
3. You can replace Windows 8 with Windows 7 yourself, but it's not easy.

Uncle George

The Czar related a story about his Uncle George passing away at age 92. The DHSOS knew George, as he had been at a couple of Thanksgiving gatherings at the house of the PoV, and George coulda been a member of the DHSOS if he lived in the Bay Area. George was a cool dude -- he was single, an NBC executive, and a man who liked to party. His last couple of years weren't quality living, however, and he refused further treatment for his cancer, preferring instead to go peacefully. The DHSOS raised their glasses in a solemn toast to a fellow passenger on the train of manly pursuits.

A Question of Loyalty

The AgendaMeister posed a baseball dilemma: Let's say you are at a Giants game, the Giants are behind, the sixth inning rolls around, and you realize that the Giants don't have any hits. This could be your one chance to see a no-hitter!

Do you start to cheer for the opposing pitcher to get a no-hitter -- even though he's pitching against the home team?

Or, do you continue to cheer for the Giants?

That's a hard question for die-hard baseball fans like the DHSOS, and we took some time with it. In the end, we were split into two camps: (1) "homies," who stick with their team no matter what, and (2) "purists," who would forego one home town game for the chance to see a no-hitter.

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"You don't face (Nolan) Ryan without your rest. He's the only guy I go against that makes me go to bed before midnight."

- Hall of Famer Reggie Jackson

Roundball



The DHSOS observed that the NCAA March Madness basketball tournament was a little "lackluster." DUH PREZ astutely pointed out that the Michigan Wolverines made it to the finals after many exciting come-from-behind victories and said, "If we had just left our star three pointer in the game, we woulda crushed them buggers."

Early bracket match-ups were blamed by some for a bland overall tournament. For example, none of us could get too excited by the match-ups between Butler and Bucknell, or VCU vs. Akron.

DUH PREZ pointed out again that the Michigan Wolverines made it to the championship game, and we begrudgedly admitted that was one of the bright spots of an otherwise dull tournament.

Skirt Survey



DUH PREZ has long conducted a semi-annual survey of skirts vs. pants on female pedestrians during the 15-minute walk from his office to the dentist. Over the years, he

has seen a pronounced decrease in skirts worn, and that distresses him. He reported that his most recent survey indicated only 7 of 50 women were wearing skirts, a mere 14%, and a record low.

He is not without solutions, and he suggested writing letters, setting up booths downtown to give away skirts, and carrying signs that say "The end of the skirt is near."

The rest of the DHSOS think he is trying to hold back the tide.

Stand-Up Guys



The PoV saw and enjoyed the movie "Stand-up Guys" with Al Pacino and Christopher Walken. He assured the DHSOS that the movie contains many of the DHSOS's core tenets; such as drinking, partying, and mano-a-mano friendships. He shared his favorite scene with the DHSOS.

The movie opens with Walken picking up Pacino after a 28-year stint in the joint. The two guys are each other's only friends, so it's pretty sad when it's revealed that Walken has been sent to kill Pacino, under penalty of death should he fail. Pacino knows he's doomed, and they've got one last night together to make it count, which they do by banging hookers, boosting cars, and breaking Alan Arkin out of an old folk's home.

Pacino prepares for their wild night by taking a handful of Viagra. Walken cautions him to "slow down" because "those pills are STRONG." Predictably,

Pacino gets the results the pills aim for, and he can't undo it. So he winds up in a hospital emergency room, where the doctor arrives, says Pacino is having a bad reaction to the mixture of drugs he took, and pulls out a huge syringe to take the blood out of Pacino's still erect member.



When telling about the syringe, the PoV burst into uproarious laughter, while the rest of the DHSOS squirmed.

Clubhouse



In his never-ending quest to locate the perfect clubhouse for the DHSOS, DUH PREZ shared his latest find. It's a house on a lake in Penn Valley, California (near Chico) – a mere 8,600 square feet of timber, glass, and brick. It would include a room for each officer, a theater, a card room, and enough space that we would never have to see each other. We could have all of that for just \$200,000 down (per person), and a small second mortgage (per person).

Adjournment

It had been a very special evening with an appropriate mix of good food, strong drinks, and noble friends.

We issued hearty handshakes all around, hopped into our various vehicles, and sped off into the cool and windy evening.

That's it for now, man.

