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

Mission Rock Resort

Wednesday, July 16, 2014

DHSOS is a San Francisco-based literary society dedicated to camaraderie, good food, and strong drink, and influenced by the life and contributions of Dashiell Hammett.

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It was time to meet. The DHSOS hadn't been together since April, and a lot of water had gone under the bridge since then. We needed some "man-time" together to hash things out. We were summoned to meet by the PoV:

Studs –

Trying to guess San Francisco weather is always a risky proposition. But the last couple of weeks have produced warm, sunny afternoons in the City. We don't get to eat outside very often here in the City, so we should take advantage when we can.

All Studs are to convene at the Mission Rock Resort at 6pm in the upstairs bar area. We will celebrate something or other with cocktails for the next hour. Please take notice of this very important item. ***The MRR serves 99 cent oysters until 7pm.*** *This is a rare treat in a city where oysters go for as high as $3 per oyster. It is a well-documented fact that Dashiell loved oysters, and was known to eat as many as two dozen before dinner. I expect the PREZ to eat two dozen in order to live up to the standard Dashiell set.*

We will have dinner a few minutes before 7pm, also upstairs. The few minutes before seven allows us to have more oysters at dinner. If it is warm and sunny as I expect it to be, we will eat outside. If it is cool and windy with no sunshine, we will eat inside. The big negative in all of this is that they will not provide us a round table. I told the manager to go buy one, but he didn't like the idea. We could all teach him a thing or two about world class service.

Everybody probably knows where the MRR is. It is in old China Basin near the shipyards just off Third Street at Pier 50. I will assume everyone knows their waterfront. If not, that is a pity.

The MRR has a rich history that starts in 1926. The MRR has had its ups and downs. Mostly downs. That is why I like it. It is no longer as raucous as it once was. And no one has been shot and killed there for several years. So even though it is located on the down low waterfront, it is totally safe for the genteel Studs.

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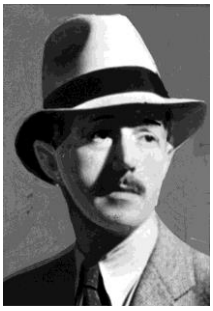
"*Talking is something you can't do judiciously unless you keep in practice.*"
— Dashiell Hammett, *The Maltese Falcon*



Mission Rock Resort

The Mission Rock Resort was a new experience for the DHSOS. We like new experiences – sometimes – and we generally liked Mission Rock.

Here's what the restaurant has to say about itself:

Bring your sunglasses, because Mission Rock Resort is San Francisco's destination for fun in the sun, our vibe is casual and our food is phenomenal.

Mission Rock Resort is brought to you by the same folks who brought you King Street's triple play: MoMo's, Pedro's Cantina, and Pete's Tavern. Just like these three San Francisco legends, Mission Rock Resort is a true San Francisco experience. No fuss, great food, and great times.

And here's what SF food critic, Michael Bauer, wrote about it:

Sometimes dining offers escape, pure and simple. The food has to be good enough, but it's the surroundings that elevate the experience.

That's the way I feel going into the aptly named and newly refurbished Mission Rock Resort. On a sunny day, eating lunch on the umbrella-shaded deck overlooking the bay feels like a vacation. Even the crumbling pier nearby looks charming.

Whenever the weather is mild, Mission Rock, which used to be Kelly's Mission Rock, is the place to be.

The restaurant was taken over by Peter Osborne, who sank a tanker of money into the remodel to revive its crumbling decks and deteriorating interior. The owner knows a thing or two about playing to the location; he's done it successfully at MoMo's, Pete's Tavern and Pedro's Cantina, all in the shadow of AT&T Park.

Martinis and 99 cent Oysters

The DHSOS started the evening with a round of martinis and three dozen oysters. The martinis were good, but not full. The Czar brought to the attention of the waitress the pathetic pour of the martinis, which were at best two-thirds full. The waitress said "maybe you spilled some." That did not sit well with the Czar so he proceeded to inform the bartender how to mix and serve a drink. All forthcoming drinks were properly filled to the top. It was excellent work by the Czar, and we raised our very full glasses in a toast to him!

The oysters were good ("pretty damn good," as one Stud put it), but small. All around, the bar probably got a C+ from the studs.

Call to Order

DUH PREZ called the meeting to order at 6:29 PM. All officers were in attendance. Da Burd was not, as he was once again left in the trunk of DUH PREZ's car.

Who Owns a Sledgehammer?

Just as we were coming to order a text came in from Becker, the DHSOS trainee. He had concrete in his back yard he wanted removed and he wanted to know if the Studs would loan him a sledgehammer to do the job.

Just enough gin had soaked into the stomach linings of the DHSOS to provoke a rousing response:

The DHSOS response is you are out of your freaking mind. Put it on Craig's list, as to how many square feet, and ask for bids. If you still want to do it yourself, factor in a visit to the hospital. If you are still intent on being stupid, Geoff has a sledge hammer.

That was the first of many text messages and emails that flew back-and-forth that evening, and for several days. It seems that the DHSOS had been there and done that, and we recommended that the trainee hire it done. But the trainee, as had the DHSOS before him, was intent on doing his own concrete demolition. As the days and messages went on their clarity grew dimmer and their offensiveness increased and at times it was difficult to tell if all the parties were talking about the same issue.

In the end, Becker did the work, he didn't wind up in the hospital, and the DHSOS backed off. Maybe the kid is closer than we thought to being a Stud.

That conversation led to another discussion about the other male subordinate of the PREZ - the son-in-law. Duh PREZ whipped out a copy of the SF BIZ TIMES with a full page article about Andrew's Type A 3D printer business. The rest of the studs were not sure if DUH PREZ was pleased about the article, or pissed because Andrew got more coverage than he did last time. Either way, we raised our nearly empty martini glasses in a toast to Becker, Andrew and DUH PREZ.

Parking and Other SF Dilemmas

Notes reported on a proposed San Francisco program to take 500 parking spaces across the City and give them to car share programs. Two of the proposed spaces are in front of his house, and losing them would make parking even more difficult than it already is. He wrote a note to the authorities to object, and his spousal unit attended a hearing to protest. All of the DHSOS officers were appalled by the proposal and sympathetic with his plight.

Glasses were re-filled and raised in a toast to him and his valiant effort to fight City Hall.

The Bet

It is with mixed feelings that the following item is included in these respected minutes. However, it was a topic of discussion and therefore must be reported.

The San Francisco Giants and Oakland A's recently played a four-game series, two games in each city, and DUH PREZ proposed a bet on the series. The bet was $20 and pitted ListMan against the other officers. The way the bet was worded was a little confusing, and some officers thought it meant that each officer should put in $20 ($80 vs $20), while others thought it meant the four SF-based officers should put in $5 each and ListMan put in $20 ($20 vs $20). It didn't make sense either way. (Duh PREZ stated it was extremely clear and could not understand the commotion.)

The A's won the series, three games to one.

By the time this came up the alcohol had reached our brains, and words flew. At one point, someone said, "This is an embarrassment!"

In the end, ListMan saved the day (after Duh PREZ gratuitously threw in a Jackson.) He collected $20 from each officer and then manned up and contributed his winnings to help pay the bill, thereby ending an otherwise ugly bet.

It was decided that in the future DUH PREZ should avoid making baseball bets.

Travel

The DHSOS has been travelling – not to glamorous places, but to do good:

- ListMan just got home from Utah where he helped his sister-in-law organize her cabin.
- Notes recently returned from Oklahoma where he helped clean up the house his spouse grew up in to rent it.
- DUH PREZ went to Michigan and helped clear out his mother's house.
- The PoV accompanied his spouse to a convention in Florida.
- The Czar spent a week in San Diego taking care of his mother.

That's the DHSOS, full of pure thoughts and kind deeds.

The Graduate

Miss Katharine, the brilliant daughter of the DHSOS, graduated from Carleton College! It was a terrific event, hosted by the Czar and his wife, and attended by the PoV, Notes, and their wives. She looked great and was a perfect social director. (The Czar said she gets it from her mother.) When she returned home, Miss K had surgery on her ankle, from which she is now recovering. We raised our glasses in a toast to her and wished her well!

Ashland/Drakesbad

The DHSOS trip to Ashland and Drakesbad is upcoming, and a good deal of planning goes into this annual sojourn. This year, the Czar will not be able to make the Drakesbad portion of the trip (much to the chagrin of the other officers), and since he does much of the planning, some of it will fall on others.

You could have knocked us over with a feather when DUH PREZ raised his hand and offered to organize the cocktails (a crucial task) and to coordinate the dinner in Mineral!

Life at 12

It was summer and our thoughts flashed back to summers when we were kids. ListMan asked us to describe our lives then, and there were common themes.

Baseball was part of most of our lives, along with swimming, skating, and kickball. Several officers attended summer camp, which involved more than one first kiss.

The PoV reported that at 12 he and his brother had horses and they tried to imitate the stunts they saw on western movies while riding their horses. On one such attempt, he tried to grab onto a low-lying tree limb while riding and wound up flat on the ground on his back.

Best Bar

ListMan asked each officer to describe the best or favorite bar they had ever been in, and that brought a rush of happy memories.

The PoV picked Earl Fain's Mixed Drinks in Kansas City, where he worked part-time as a bartender. ListMan chose MF Buffet, which had a bad bar and a real loser clientele, but it did have cheap drinks and a pool table. Plus it was located directly below his apartment, so it was a short walk home after downing a few. DUH PREZ picked a hotel room at Mackinac Island, where he and a cousin ordered a bottle of hooch from room service and then drank it with the underage employee who delivered it (and she was cute!) Notes told about a western-swing bar where he celebrated after his women's softball team's games.

But our favorite was the Czar's choice. For his 21st birthday, his uncle took him to the Playboy Club in Los Angeles for a drink. When you're 21, it doesn't get any better than that!

Dashiell in the News

Notes recently wrote an article about Don Herron, the tour guide who led the DHSOS around SF to view the sites where Dashiell Hammett lived, ate, drank, and wrote about. Here's a link to that article:

http://www.storyhouse.org/dalef11.html

And DUH PREZ circulated an article from the *New York Times* about Dashiell Hammett and San Francisco Noir. Here's a link to that article:

http://www.nytimes.com/2014/06/29/travel/san-francisco-noir.html?_r=0

Nicasio Valley Road

DUH PREZ is on a mission to find the perfect clubhouse for the DHSOS, and he frequently finds and proposes prospective sites. During dinner, he reviewed a property on Nicasio Valley Road – a beautiful house with four bedrooms and a barn on 60 secluded acres, all for a mere $3.5 million. Several officers expressed interest and DUH PREZ will try to collect from them.

Adjournment

It had been a terrific evening with an appropriate mix of good food, strong drinks, and noble friends. We walked out into the pleasant sea breezes along the San Francisco waterfront, issued firm handshakes all around, and made our way off to our abodes.

That's it for now, man.