

In 1963 I was a 20 year old dropout, a non-student hanger-on with a group of drama nerds at USF. For a few months I shared a flat with three other drama nerds. At least one, maybe two of my flat-mates were actual enrolled USF students. One of them -- the handsome one who got the leading roles in our productions -- eventually went on to a minor career in television.

Except for the occasional party, no actual food preparation went on in the kitchen of our flat. The enrolled student(s) could eat at the student dining hall on campus. The rest of us, when we wanted a cooked supper, usually walked down the street a block to the Good CAFE Eats. That's what its sign said:

Good
CAFE
Eats

I have no record of my address from this period, but after some virtual walking of the streets using Google Street View I conclude that the flat was probably on Hayes street near Cole. The Good CAFE Eats would have been in the little commercial block of Hayes between Clayton and Ashbury. A year or two later, around the corner, the Grateful Dead would be living in a victorian on Fell street.

It was a neighborhood restaurant, run by a grumpy older man whom I remember as having a strong accent, probably middle-European. You could have a decent supper for a very reasonable price. Don't hold me to it, but it would have been around \$2, maybe less, for stew and veg with coffee on the side. Mind you, this was the pre-ATM era when I would routinely go to the bank on a Friday afternoon and cash a personal check for \$25 in order to have cash for the weekend.

The Good CAFE Eats is of course long gone -- a Good Eats Cafe exists today, in the financial district downtown on Pine, but no relation -- but for a year or so in 1963 it nourished me.