

Eat it

Judie Davis

1968

After talking about it for a long time, there finally is someplace to go on Sunday Mornings, someplace to pick up the *Times* and read it over coffee and danish.

Your own Eat It girl is opening Alvin's Finer Delicatessen (Cass at the expressway) on Sundays. We started a few weeks ago with danishes and donuts, my mother's homemade apple pan dowdy, and a special for the day, Sandy Feldheim's cheese blintzes. We had a nice crowd and everyone seemed to encourage us.

The idea for opening a place especially on Sunday morning for the ritualistic *Times* reading came out of much grumblings about the usual Detroit dilemma, NO PLACE TO GO. My friends and I would spend our Sundays at each others houses, the Det. Institute and Johnnies' BTB (before teeny-boppers), and continue to talk about getting a place with a homey atmosphere where We could sit most of the afternoon, talking and reading.

When Al Stillman opened his delicatessen we were all excited because we finally had a place and a guy who grooved what he did and showed it. Al had a few Sunday gigs like Bach and Bagels, but nothing regular. He dug the idea of What we Wanted and said his place could be ours on Sunday.

What I would eventually like to do is get into salami and eggs, or whatever the weekly menu would be, all you could eat for a set price. Right now we're limited to pastry and bagels, but if you help make this a success, we will certainly keep on trying new things.

So come down on Sundays. The hours are 11 to 3 or 4—so long as people are there, we'll be there.

Eat It and Read It on Sundays with Judie at Alvin's.

fifth Estate

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