I stayed in an OK San Francisco hotel called Palomar. Pleasant enough, a little gem, no lobby to speak of, pleasant staff. First question was, did they have a restaurant? Actually, they did, a restaurant on the fifth floor named Restaurant on the Fifth Floor. Well, at least I knew how to find it. It turned out to be remarkable, a Guide Michelin Starred Delight. My two dinners there are another story. This one is about breakfast. Breakfast was an old standby, corned beef hash, but with a difference — the corned beef was not boiled to sogginess, but cut into large 1-inch cubes. The potatoes likewise were baked, not boiled into sogginess, and again, cut into large cubes. A little onion, a little garlic, and two poached eggs completed the cholesterol-laden delight.

Homage Hash started with rib eye steaks, not corned beef hash, but not just any rib eyes. These were dry aged prime and absolutely gorgeous. Some basic red rub, smoked over white oak, and they should be ready to be cubed and prepared into tomorrow morning’s hash.
So the next morning I took out a huge head of garlic, a Vidalia onion, two of the rib steaks, two baked potatoes, and a chili pepper. I patiently cubed and diced everything. I was ready to go.
The chili was mild enough not to add much bite, certainly not enough to notice over the excessive amounts of garlic, but provided a wonderful tint to the sautéing onions. Finally, everything was layered and ready for a final rebaking.
Fry an egg and we’re done. A death-defying plate of Fifth Floor Restaurant Homage Hash.