

Welsh Rarebit Not Good Enough for Coombs

With the abolition of appeals to the Privy Council (which your correspondent as a matter of principle entirely approves although on all other grounds deploring) work in the United Kingdom is sparse. Commercial arbitration however turns out to be a lode for mining. During December, a timely settlement gave me opportunity to drive to the north of Wales. Readers of "The Spectator" will not be surprised that I stayed at the Seiont Manor Hotel just beyond Caernafon. This is an imitation Manor House, 18th Century in style, but 1980's in plumbing and comfort.

There I had one of the finest meals I have ever eaten. In the absence of the party of the third part (or a party of any other damn part for that matter!) I was forced to four courses just to give the chef a fair testing. The watercress soup, made on a beef stock strong enough to prevent the bitterness which often intrudes, green and thick with garlic croutons, was superb.

Wild Gravalax Salmon shaped and wrapped in English spinach and served with a light mayonnaise followed, elegant and delicious.

A fair pause before Welsh lamb cooked en crouete with spinach, fresh rosemary and thyme, carefully extracted from the salt pastry, sliced at the table and garnished with its own juices. This was served with a vegetable accompaniment, a layer of aubergine with slices of courgette fanned, topped with tomato coulis and an overlay of more garden green spinach. Acorn, Pincraig and Llanbeydig Welsh cheeses (roughly Cheddar, Brie and Blue respectively) finished a superb repast.

If you are in Wales, go there, stay the night, get up late and have the full Welsh breakfast of home made sausages, bacon egg black pudding and tomato. You won't eat lunch that day! Mention the Bar. □ J.S. Coombs

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Silks Need Not Apply

The Editor's challenge to the Bar to contribute a review to this journal on the subject of a perfect restaurant is one which I, for one, undertake with a great deal of hesitation. Otherwise - cordial relations with the restaurateur, might easily be affected by encouraging barristers to dine at his restaurant, and not only because they have difficulty with a knife and fork, let alone chopsticks, and frequently don't know how to behave in public. There is also to be considered, a possible difficulty in obtaining a seat at your own favourite restaurant.

I put all these considerations out of my mind to advise your readers as follows. The Da Ly, 559 Crown Street, Surry Hills, 669.8041 (about a hundred yards north of Cleveland Street) serves a selection of Malay and Vietnamese dishes. The menu is in two parts for this purpose and a mixture is recommended. The entrées are all outstanding and there is a good choice of main courses. The modest prices will have particular appeal to those struggling juniors described by Bloom Q.C. in the last Bar News as "trying to make ends meet until they take silk". It will have little appeal to silks, however, as they will find it impossible to spend here at a rate to match their earning capacity. □ A.D.M. Hewitt

Fine Food

Dear Editor,

It is not true that barristers get the food they deserve.

John Close has taken over the Bar Association's take-away food bar and the dining room. He brings catering experience from France, Switzerland and Canada. He was Food and Beverage Manager of the Sydney Opera House. Now he does special sandwiches and carries accounts.

The food is superior to anything else within quick reach of Phillip Street.

He squeezes fresh orange juice every day. If you are too early he won't sell you yesterday's. He personally bakes scones down there fresh every day.

Why does this man prepare food with such care when it is so easy to have pre-prepared orange juices and bakery products?

Do we notice the difference? Is it possible that we may appreciate the superb viennas and cappuccinos (\$1.20), deluxe sandwiches (\$2.50) and boxed lunches (from \$2.00 to \$11.50) that can be eaten on the roof in the brilliant sunny days of autumn in Sydney?

Probably not.

But if anyone appreciates good food and wants to confine her experience of railway refreshment room catering then she might give this bloke a go. He needs to have cash flow or he will have to cut down soon. He simply doesn't have the big capital to carry credit.

But he doesn't cook like a bank manager.

Barristers don't deserve to eat at the bank.

Escoffier (L.L.B. [without hon.] Syd.)

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