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BRIEFLY OVER BREAKFAST

With DIANA FISHER

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wooden spoons. We learnt so much.

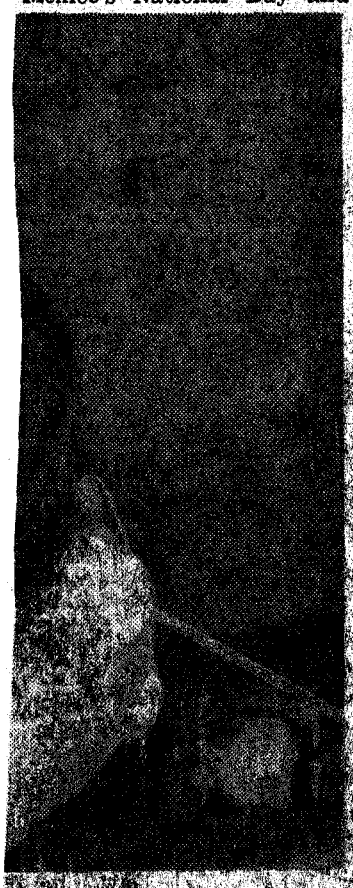
Having been shown how to do it all, we were then allowed to rescend upon the magnificent cooked fare like a pack of ravenous wolves — all manners went with the wind! What a way to learn the art of French cookery.

There's always next week to start my slim-in . . .

Old friends everywhere

FROM Mexico came some lovely color pictures of a party we had for Alfredo Bouret and Lex Aitken. Such a nice surprise, and even more so when they are so good! With them a letter from Alfredo, who should be back here mid-October.

But before that we have Mexico's National Day and at his colorful and exotic Mexicana Bazaar in Rose Bay this Friday evening the lace, and the pin-tucks, the embroidered shirts, and ponchos, will swirl into a gay and glorious Fiesta Parade with Angela Packer.



I seem to be bumping into people everywhere this week. There was Vera Fels just off to Melbourne with her Rocher Collection, and news that Eleanor Arrighi's beautiful and famous daughter Luciana is coming to Australia next month with her husband Rupert Chetwynd.

Luci is the very talented designer who's worked with Ken Russell on many television productions and latterly with him on Women In Love. She has just completed Sunday, Bloody Sunday for John Schlesinger.

Then there was Ted Moloney — the travelling cook! Home from several months in London, which he said was marvellous. He went to masses of shows and first nights with Ian Bevan the famous entrepreneur, and the show that impressed him most was a good old revival of a glittering Show Boat. "Sitting with Ian is marvellous," Ted said. "Everybody knows him — Kenneth More came to talk and Anna Neagle waved down from the box above . . . and so on."

Ted dined and wined with so many interesting people but enjoyed being Barbara Cartland's "ration for the day" when she was in the London Clinic. He said she looked wonderful. Of course, he had great times with all the famous cooks, but most of all with Robert Carrier at his home and at his restaurant in Camden Passage. "And I've come home with hundreds of his recipes!" he said.

"The restaurant I loved most was Inigo Jones." In fact, it was one of the ones I sent him to — an old mission house, where the action plays in the heart of Covent Garden, and which was once the workshop for William Morris. Now restored, it has some of the original stained glass windows which were discovered among all the rubbish in the cellars when it was being cleaned up.

Leo Port's great day

FRIDAY was Leo Port's day. The rain stopped, the crowds came out in their thousands and with balloons and flowers, fanfares and fol-de-rols, Martin Place plaza was officially declared open by the No 1 citizen of Sydney, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Emmet McDermott, in his flowing scarlet robes.

The official guests gathered in rows in front of the royal blue dais as the pretty girls walked around presenting carnations to everyone from their laden baskets.

Their bright blue sashes told us in golden letters it was Martin Place Opening Day.

The children scampered around clutching their brightly colored balloons which bonked passing strangers on the nose. Mrs McDermott accompanied the Lord Mayor in a coat of rich royal plum and a white mink beret.

Dear George [illegible], the architect for the project, came prepared for rain with mackintosh and umbrella. While fellow planner George Clarke was set for sunny [illegible] in lilac-and-white [illegible] shirt and bright purple tie. The Honorable J. C. Beale, Minister for Environment Control, was there representing the Premier.

The city councillors were there, and in the front row the [illegible] Martin Place [illegible] took their place under the chairmanship of Leo Port, [illegible] Andrew [illegible], Alderman Nicholas [illegible], the deputy Lord Mayor.

[illegible] The fanfares sounded [illegible] hundreds of balloons [illegible] and burst [illegible] sky and blew colorfully away as the crowd in Martin Place [illegible] from the Nimrod Theatre.

[illegible] regional band, under the excellent [illegible] Officer Fisher, Officer M. A. Butcher [illegible] and the grand parade was on. Martin Place was open for one and all to enjoy.