

**Dining and Wining ...
Where To Go ...
Where Not To Go**

**THE BEST
RESTAURANTS OF HONGKONG ...
AND THE WORST !**

Name of Restaurant

Woolloomooloo Steakhouse

Address of Restaurant31/F and Rooftop, The Hennessy, No. 256, Hennessy Road, Wanchai,,
Hongkong**Date of Visit**

Thursday, July 16, 2009

Category**TARGETs Rating****Service**

First Impression	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Attentiveness to Customers' Needs	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Flexibility	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Product Expertise of Serving Staff	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Speed of Service	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Cleanliness of Uniform and Serving Staff	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor

Ambiance

Lighting	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Music	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
General	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor

<u>Food</u>			
Presentation	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Taste	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Quantity	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
<u>Wine</u>			
Choice	Extensive	Limited	Unbalanced
Cost	Reasonable	Unreasonable	Expensive
Storage of Wine	Good	Poor	Unknown
Expertise of Sommelier --	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor

Total Cost of Meal

Very Expensive Moderately Expensive Very Reasonably Priced

General Manager

Ruby Sanchez

Name of Executive Chef

Sebastian Guevara

Comments

There is only a small number of things that are very good at this 7-week old, Wanchai restaurant, but there is a plethora of bad things.

The very good things are the US steak and the Caesar Salad.

The very bad things include:

1. Extremely poor service;
2. The stupidity of the majority of the serving staff;
3. The lack of sufficient toilet facilities; and,
4. Beware of the lift doors – because the sensor is not working!

The restaurant is Woolloomooloo, located at Number 256, Hennessy Road.

After being seated at this restaurant, last Thursday night at about 6:45 pm, **TARGET** () asked the Chinese waiter to explain the unusual name of the eatery.

'I done know,' was the answer.

'Could you ask somebody, please?' **TARGET** suggested.

About 2 minutes later, another of the serving staff, a Filipino, came over and said that Woolloomooloo was a park in Sydney, Australia.

Now, this reviewer has visited Sydney on a number of occasions and knows of no park by that name.

It turned out that it was not a *'park'*, at all, but a *'part'* of Sydney.

'Part' was intended to mean, according to Ms Ruby Sanchez, the Restaurant Manager, a suburb of Sydney, but she went on to volunteer that there was, also, an Australian bird by the same name.

Nearly all of the serving staff is either from The Philippines or from Nepal – which is the reason that their pronunciation of English words is so difficult for the poor dears.

If **TARGET** Subscribers do visit this restaurant – and this medium is not suggesting that they should – it would be well to understand that there is a good chance that one's orders will not be fully understood – if at all.

After studying the menu, this is that which **TARGET** ordered on this memorable occasion:

Corn, Lemongrass and Yabby Soup
\$HK90

Classic Caesar Salad
Crisp Romaine Lettuce, Garlic Croutons, Bacon Bits, Shaven Parmesan,
With Woolomooloo Caesar Dressing
\$HK90

U S Rib Eye Steak, 12 Ounces
Horseradish Cream Sauce
Meyer 100 Percent, Natural USDA Prime Beef, Hormone and Antibiotic Free
\$HK580

Baked Potato
With Sour Cream, Spring Onions and Bacon
\$HK45

Kurobata Pork Cutlets
Served with Apple Sauce and Aged Balsamic Vinegar
\$HK320

Wooloomooloo Lemon and Lime Pie
\$HK70

Baked Alaska for Two
(Our Executive Chef developed a very personal receipt to perform this true classic)
\$HK135

Wine by the Glass

Penfolds Private Release,
Shiraz Cabernet, Vintage 2007
\$HK65

Frog Rock Creek,
Cabernet 2005, Mudjee
New Zealand
\$HK70

The Soup

When the soup arrived, it was lukewarm.

It was sent back to the kitchen without any fuss, and, about 2 minutes later, another iron pot of soup arrived.

It was hot.

This was a milky, flavourless liquid with a hint of lemongrass and, in the depths of the white opaque soup, there were some chunks of what was said to be the remnants of an Australian, freshwater crayfish – a yabby.

After 2 spoonfuls, it was enough – the soup course was over.

The Caesar Salad was as good as it gets, however, and it was eaten to the final leaf.

It is difficult to believe that it could have been better.

The US steak was another winner and it had been cooked to perfection, in this reviewer's opinion.

With the steak, a baked, Idaho potato with all the trimmings was devoured.

TARGET cannot fault either the steak or the accompanying Idaho potato.

However, the pork chop was terrible.

One could be forgiven for considering using a saw to cut the dead piece of meat.

Further, the meat was completely and utterly insipid.

This was a disaster area.

As for the desserts, well, they, to be polite, were mediocre, at best.

Both were similar except one did not have a lemon and lime flavour.

To describe them would be a waste of time so, suffice it to state, after one mouthful, that was it.

About the wine, which is sold by the glass in Woolloomooloo, stick with the Australian stuff because the New Zealand plonk is not a patch on the Penfolds's wine.

Also, while the Penfolds is full of flavour and is smooth, the Frog Rock Creek, New Zealand wine is devoid of taste, body and resembles watered-down grape juice.

The Restaurant

Woolloomooloo is a nice-enough eatery, although its location is not exactly pleasant.

Then, again, near the red-light district of Wanchai, what area could be considered pleasant ... unless one is hunting for some paid company.

It seats 80 people, comfortably.

The toilets are very small and the guests have to share them with the serving staff.

The female toilet was dirty, having been used by staff members who, obviously, are not used to flushing down their excrement. Also, the female staff members must be playing some of funny game because the floor was wet on the evening of **TARGET's** visit.

With an estimated staff of about 15 people, it means that some 95 people have to wait in line if nature calls – which, in fact, did happen with regard to **TARGET's** female assistant.

About the serving staff, it appears that very few of them know of the food and wine offerings, printed on the menu.

The steak course, for instance, was supposed to come with a horseradish sauce.

When it was pointed out to **TARGET's** waiter that there was no horseradish sauce, the human robot said, something along the lines: *'Oh! It did not come?'*

He looked carefully at the table – perhaps he thought that **TARGET** had hidden it? – and, then, went to the kitchen for the elusive sauce.

The robot was supposed to have brought the sauce with the steak.

Another example: When the so-called Baked Alaska was placed on the table, there was a stainless steel container, in which there was an orange something-or-other.

When **TARGET** asked the server (not the waiter) as to the reason for the container, he said: *'I donna know.'*

And off he went, never to be seen again.

Woolloomooloo is a small, Hongkong chain of restaurants, all going by the same name.

There are 2, American-owned, franchised restaurants in Hongkong, both of which specialise in serving steak.

The serving staff of these American-owned eateries are trained so that many of them are able to recite, word for word, the offerings on the menu.

They may be parroting the names of the dishes, but they do know them off by heart.

These people are called professionals.

Woolloomooloo has no professionals on the staff, only a bunch of Filipina/Filipino or Nepalese rank amateurs.

***While TARGET makes every attempt to ensure accuracy of all data published,
TARGET cannot be held responsible for any errors and/or omissions.***

*If readers feel that they would like to voice their opinions about that which
they have read in **TARGET**, please feel free to e-mail your views to
editor@targetnewspapers.com. **TARGET** does not guarantee to publish
readers' views, but reserves the right so to do subject to the laws of libel.*