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# Dining

The New York Times

Matzolah featured in  
 "Granola is Sowing its Wild Oats"  
 New York Times 2.20.13



# Wild Oats

Once-humble granola is now a high-end growth industry.

By JEFF DOORBIE

For years, granola was the health-wisdom creator of the food world. You dipped your spoon into that healthy bowl of oats, nuts and dried fruit in the same way you might slip on a third layer of

clothing on a cold evening. Granola has always signified back-to-the-earthness, the whole-grain ally that separated out of America's consciousness in the 1970s and '80s — so much so that its very name became a synonym for hippie living. Granola could be messy stuff, from a mere spoon heaped in a plastic yogurt tub to a wad dunked in the ch...

back in your supermarket, or the name of their innovative gastropub around the corner. Granola has climbed the lucky ladder for a little black dress. All over the country, small-but-robust entrepreneurs see granola as a booming growth sector, able to sell more than 100 million and well-over a dozen for culinary experimentation. Here in the better-paying corners of the late-20th century, and revived a half-century ago as an earnest health food, granola is suddenly serving its wild oats in restaurants that are health, wellness and otherwise gastronomically interesting.

Any one of this new world should start by looking at one's handful of Sunny Day, a California island granola restaurant in Southern California founded in 2011 by Ben Chen, the man who introduced the world to the granola can. At Sunny during the holiday months, Sunny Day serves a granola...

Orlando, from left, at Longman & Eagle in Chicago. Granola includes blueberry, yogurt, banana, almond, hazelnut, wildflower honey, and organic granola from Australia. California, at the first business, granola over a mile northeast, which, based on proper granola with long grain rice. See the chapter in Philadelphia.



When Chefs Hit the Larder  
 'Locally grown' gets elastic in winter. Page 6

## A Tropical Madeleine

A day with my mother-in-law: mallocaes with café con leche.

By MIRELLA NAVARRO

Back in the 1970s, I was a teenager growing up in Puerto Rico and my mother-in-law, Mirella, was always ready to show me the home talk, as best as we could afford, like small plates with fresh herbs and a green strength from a fresh vegetable for my grandmother.

Together we'd shop for herbs or vegetables at the outdoor market in Old San Juan, and then, before heading home, we'd stop at a coffee shop called La Bombonera and get us a little. My father and I got our coffee while we ate mallocaes, the fluffy, sweet, buttery bread all over the island.



La Bombonera in Old San Juan, P.R., where the author ate mallocaes with coffee and a teenager.

Sometimes the mallocaes is used as a sandwich with some creamy or garlicky ham and cheese. But at La Bombonera, we parties liked the sweet fruit mostly sliced in two, topped up and pressed flat between the two bread pieces of a griddle. There it was allowed with a flurry of condiments' sugar, from the top-top of plastic shakers. That usual — salt, butter, vanilla — was performed hundreds of times throughout the day as customers at the counter watched.

That, which has never been common for the "mallocaes bread" that is sold at Starbucks, which is handed to you in your imagination in a brown paper bag. La Bombonera's mallocaes is made of two sheets. You eat it from a plate, with a fork, with the remnants of tea. It was so common to eat it...

