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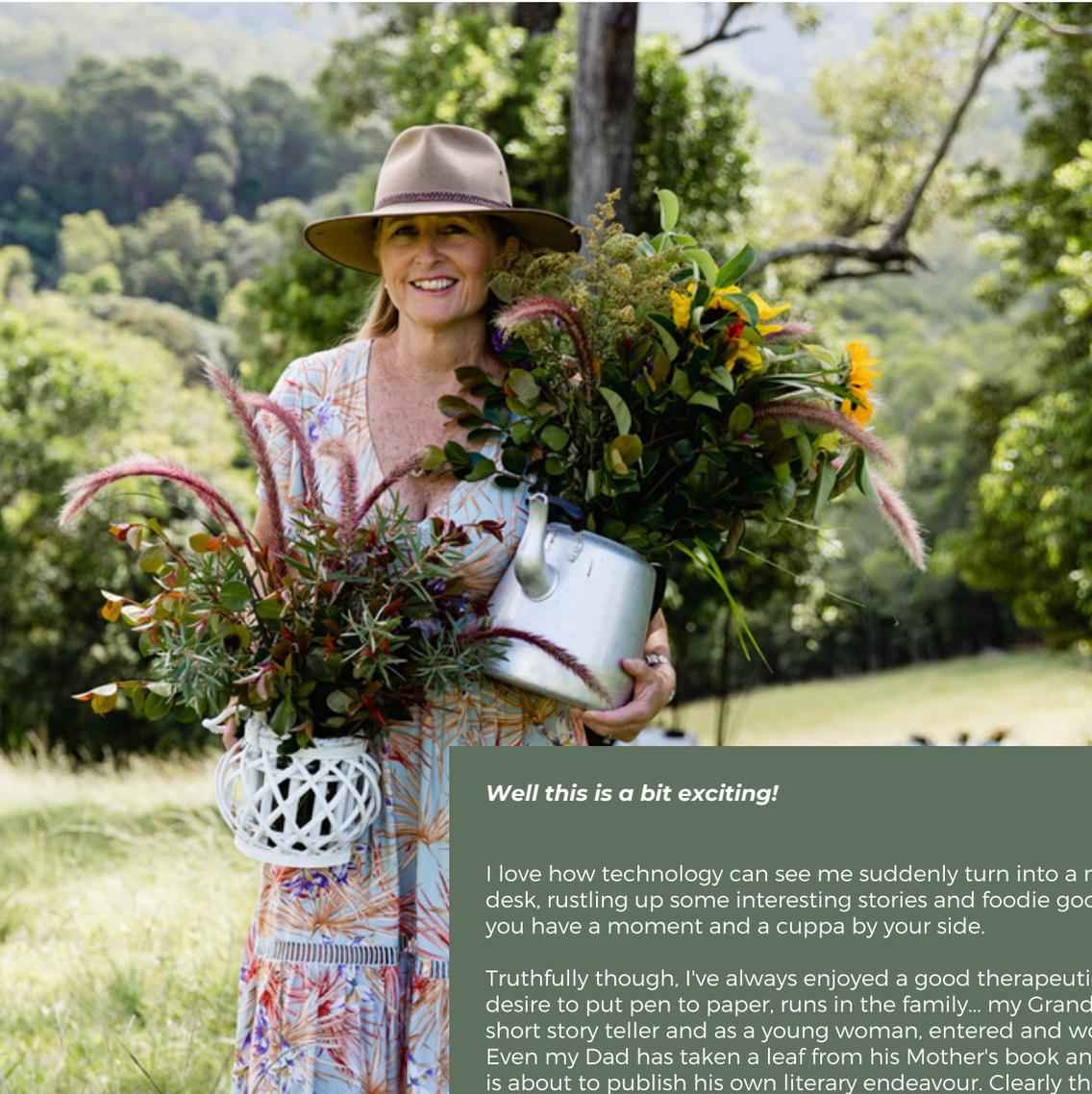
# KITCHEN CONVERSATIONS

ISSUE NO. 01 · FEBRUARY 2020

## A CHAT WITH THE MILKMAN

And why we still like our dairy delivered...

Summer Peach & Rose Tart | Finger Lime Caviar | Events @ Frost Farm



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### *Well this is a bit exciting!*

I love how technology can see me suddenly turn into a magazine editor, sitting at my desk, rustling up some interesting stories and foodie goodness for you to enjoy when you have a moment and a cuppa by your side.

Truthfully though, I've always enjoyed a good therapeutic 'write' and it turns out this desire to put pen to paper, runs in the family... my Grandma Calvert was a wonderful short story teller and as a young woman, entered and won many a writing competition. Even my Dad has taken a leaf from his Mother's book and has recently completed and is about to publish his own literary endeavour. Clearly the apple has not fallen far from the tree!

**So... welcome to my first edition of *Kitchen Conversations*** where once a month I'll share with you a new recipe I've tried or invented or stolen from somewhere.

I plan to feature in each edition of this magazine, an Ingredient that I've taken a fancy to for one reason or another... likely that it's growing in my garden (or my neighbour's), I picked it up at a market or producer's stall somewhere or I actively identified it as a flavour I needed to try out. Either way, I'll be raving on about it's wonderousness right here for you to learn from also.

Then we get to the 'conversations' bit where I'll be having a meaningful chat with someone interesting or inspiring or enterprising... over a cup of tea and homemade cake at my kitchen bench. I want to discover just what makes these characters tick, what their back story is and how it shaped their lives.

And because nothing would please me more than to know that you too were somehow 'uplifted' by the kitchen conversations I've had, you are warmly invited to leave a comment or write me an email perhaps telling me just what your personal take home message was.

Please enjoy with a warm nourishing hug from,

*Mrs Julie Frost xx*



### Mrs Frost's Summer Peach & Rose Tart

Deliciously sweet summer peaches and the exotically heady perfume of rose water is a match made in heaven- a flavour combo that will keep your guests swooning with delight ... and guessing!

#### Ingredients:

##### Peach filling:

- 500gm of fresh peach flesh, deseeded, skinless. Equates to approx. 800gm unprocessed fruit. Easy skin slipping method below. Catch the peach juice and retain as you process the fruit.
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- Juice of half lemon
- 2 tbsp. castor sugar
- 1 tbsp. Cornflour
- 100 ml combined of retained peach juice and water
- 80ml rose water

##### Pastry:

- 1 sheet of store-bought readymade shortcrust pastry. But if you would like to make your own totally-worth-it deluxe pastry, check out the recipe on the next page.

##### Making the filling:

Slip the skins off the whole peaches by blanching them for 3 minutes in a saucepan of boiling water. Spoon them out into a bath of iced water and gently 'slip' the skins off with your hands when they're cool enough to handle. Try to buy peaches that come easily away from the seed, and cut the flesh into eighths wedges.

## summer peaches and the exotically heady perfume of rose water is a match made in heaven-

Reserve any fruit juice you can, add enough water to bring the liquid total to around 100ml and mix this with the cornflour in a little separate bowl, to a runny paste.

In a medium saucepan, add the processed fruit, cornflour paste, all the remaining filling ingredients except the rose water and bring to a quiet boil, stirring gently so as not to break up the fruit too much. Stir in the rose water. Put aside to thicken and cool completely.

##### Blind baking your tart shell:

Pre-heat the oven to 180 deg C. Lightly spray a 24cm Loose base quiche/tart tin with cooking oil. Separate out a sheet of pastry from the freezer and leave to thaw slightly on the bench until just pliable. Pick up the dough over a rolling pin and lay it over your tart tin. Gently push the pastry down into the dish, up the walls and into the corners, be careful not to stretch it. Trim, pinch, mould, repair holes and add bits as required, rustic is all the fashion!

Chill in the fridge for 30 mins. Remove and with a fork, prick holes in the pastry on the bottom of the dish, lots and lots, 20-30 times. Put it in the oven and blind bake for 12 minutes until very lightly coloured.



## This is all a bit of a juggle and nerve wracking but worth being delicate...

Now relax. This blind baked shell, still in its tart tin, will keep in an airtight container, in the fridge for a few days until you are ready to fill it.

Bringing it all together!

Pre heat the oven to 180 deg C. Spoon the fruit filling into the pastry shell, sprinkle the top with a little castor sugar and bake in the oven for approx. 20 minutes or until the pastry edges have browned a little more.

Cool on a cake rack, pop the fluted sides away, slide the round metal base out and centre the tart onto a cake stand or plate. This is all a bit of a juggle and nerve wracking but worth being delicate because it will look beautiful when complete.

Decorate if desired with a dusting of icing sugar, flowers, leaves, fruit or nothing at all. Serve slices with a big dollop of cultured crème fraiche or double cream.



*Mrs Julie Frost*

# CHATTING WITH THE MILKMAN

...STUART HOLLINDALE

I'm part of a family that settled in Queensland in 1852 and the seventh generation of that family. I grew up in Ashmore and went to school at TSS, Southport. I was a keen cricketer so Mum and Dad would drive me all-over, playing cricket for Southport Labrador and Coomera Hope Island. I also played at school on a fairly competitive level and still love watching it and play now in the over 40's for Coomera Hope Island, the sixth generation in my family to play cricket for them.

I was pretty average in school, though good in math and English, science was okay. I most loved my religion: my faith is pretty strong and I always loved a banter with the religious teacher about life. I got expelled at the end of year 11 for doing something I shouldn't have been doing with friends, though I had the best time, then went to Dalby Ag College after Mum and Dad gave me a big push to go West and take the opportunity at Dalby.

The first year I failed miserably because I was the Gold Coast kid who could talk the talk and enjoyed the company of ladies too much. Those country boys were a bit slow on the uptake, and I was always in front with the girlfriends.

Though I did learn how to fight and keep my teeth straight, I just didn't want to be there and had a bad attitude. Then the second year I improved my marks substantially and would have passed with my certificate had I not been caught with the headmaster's daughter and promptly expelled. Umm, again!

By that stage I had my own ute, an esky, a swag and bag of clothes; Dad met me at the Dalby carpark, gave me 500 bucks and he said "You can't come home. You gotta go find a job, we love you but get on your way." So, I left and went West.

**Where did that lead you?**

I first headed to Taroom; about as far as my \$500 got me. Got a job with a bloke out there that only lasted three weeks because his eldest 17 year old daughter returned from boarding school; I got caught with her and received a flogging from him that I won't ever forget.

"You can't come home. You gotta go find a job, we love you but get on your way."

Having left there quite unceremoniously, I then stopped at a place called Scart Water and found a job with the Old King Ranch up in Claremont, Charters Towers country where the bloke, Reg Hayward, who ran it and his father Charlie, had a fixed wing and chopper pilot school as well as cattle and grain Station.

Over the three years I worked there as a young ringer, I was in and somehow survived two plane and three chopper crashes. It was amazing country. We used to shoot camels and brumbies and all the wild stuff from the helicopter. I spent numerous days and weeks on the outstations just in a swag, rain or shine; you had your team of horses to look after and you spent all day riding mad horses and chasing mad cows. It was pretty tough but good fun.

By 25 yrs, I'd worked around a number of stations, the Stanbroke Pastoral Company for about three years and a bit of time down in South Australia, working in the desert. It was good experience and I had grown up a lot, but it dawned on me that \$110 a week plus board and keep, wasn't going to get me far, so I came home to Mum and Dad in Ashmore.

I began work at the Gold Coast Bulletin newspaper, as a runner and press hand and spent 12 months there on night shift. During the days, my mate and I would go in his dodgy old boat over the bar, fishing and snorkelling at the seaway for sinkers and lures, so we could stock our tackle boxes up. They were good times.

Eventually, I moved on to the farm here in Guanaba and lived in what is currently a 70-year-old shack that my grandparents built. While I was out West, I met a girl that I ended up marrying at 26 and we settled down on the farm and had three kids. I'd just started a brand-new job with Logan Moulders who were interstate manufacturers looking to expand into Queensland. The owner was building a factory here to supply dairy, water and juice bottles to the industry. I had the grand title of Warehouse Manager at 26, and with this job, I got a brand-new Holden Ute which I thought

was pretty good and forty thousand dollars a year. That was my start in packaging.

I worked with them for 16 years, went into sales and on into management, growing from a dozen staff to 180 in that time and in the end, I was General Manager. It was a full-on 24/7 business and very successful. It's not surprising since dairy is still a strong staple and Australians are only second to the Canadians in the world, for per capita consumption of fresh milk.



**Do you find it ironic that you have come back into the dairy industry when as a young bloke you ran away from it?**

Dairy has been in our family for a long time. Dad was still milking cows here on the farm as a boy of 12. We had a small herd that was supplying Southcoast Dairy Cooperative, which my grandfather and his business partner Russ Hinze, that you might have heard of, and other farmers, started together. The first factory was built in the 1940s, just after Grandpa came back from the war, where Australia Fair Shopping Centre is now. On Scarborough Street, there was the rural cooperative down one end, the dairy in the middle and about six pubs up and down the street!

But even though I worked at the factory off and on, I knew the milk processing side of things wasn't for me. I enjoyed the manufacturing of packaging a lot more, which is what I ended up doing.

For the last 8 years, I've been selling bottles and caps to the big guys and other little independent dairies but I'm still dealing with the same farmers and industry contacts that I've dealt with for the last thirty years.

**How have your parents helped shaped who you are and what would they say they're most proud of in you?**

It's probably not one thing in particular. We come from a very strong, solid family, and while in seven generations, I'm the first person to get divorced in our family, we still stick together through thick and thin. Dad was always working. He was the dad that wasn't around often but when he was, it was really good; or, we were in trouble and getting a belting! My three sisters and I grew up in a home that wasn't perfect, but where Sunday dinners were still at the dinner table. Yeah, no elbows on the table, with place settings and all that.

I remember when I brought a young bloke named Jock, home to Mum and Dad's for Christmas, he was the ringer working with me out West. We're having Sunday roast and Jock, who's a pretty simple country boy, is sitting down and the first thing he asks Mum is "I just wanted to get some tomato sauce thanks". Mum was horrified, as we were, but she quietly gets up, gets the tomato sauce and gives it to him. Well that beautiful roast meal was covered, I don't mean by a little bit, I mean covered. But Jock was happy. That's the sort of environment we grew up in. And although it was strict, it was loving.

Right up until about 10 years ago, we were still returning home on a regular basis for a Sunday family lunch. Everyone knew that you could count on the Hollindales for a free-for-all seafood lunch of prawns, crab and avocado, fresh bread with potato scallops and chips as the hot side of it.

We had some good times out around that table on Sundays and shared a lot of stuff. So, I think the biggest value I'm proud of and that Mum and Dad are proud of too, is how close their family is. I still count my three sisters as my best friends, and I hope they think that about me! We rely on and support each other.

**What would be something that people misinterpret about you? A first impression you give that is actually not true.**

I've been in sales of some sort most of my life and always had the gift of the gab, so I guess, if people meet me for the first time and I'm on song and in a good spot, then they probably think I'm full of shit.

**But you're not really?**

Until they get to know me, they don't actually understand what depth I've got. And how loyal I can be. I come across as pretty blaise but I rely on both giving and receiving loyalty. I've got a strong personality which does rub people up the wrong way probably 90% of the time but the other 10%, I do manage to make some pretty good friendships. People just see the exterior, the showmanship, the rubbish but I'm a good listener too.

**"People just see the exterior, the showmanship, the rubbish but I'm a good listener too."**

**Changing subject a little, are you a cook Stu?**

I like cooking, though I'm pretty basic. Travelling around in stock camps etc, we had to cook for ourselves. On station, we always had a cook, but we learned how to cook a good steak and a good roast and since we didn't kill ourselves with the stews that sat bubbling away for days, we must have been okay. We were pretty regular after stew night though!

When I got divorced eight years ago, I had three little children, only four, six and seven. I had quit my corporate job and all of a sudden, I've got to feed them and didn't realise how fussy these little shits can be. The night before, the kids always chose what they wanted; bacon, pancakes or French toast, then I was up at six every weekday filling their orders! Weekends were a bit of catch and kill your own though; always a fair bit of mince and spag bol hanging around.

Now they've grown up, I've sort of branched out a bit and I don't mind having a go at mixing anything or following recipes.



### Did you have a mentor, or did you just learn through necessity?

Definitely necessity, but I enjoy getting in the kitchen, mostly I like hosting and catering and having friends and family around; looking after them. It's back to that family around the table thing and if I can put a feast or a platter of food on, that everyone sits around and enjoys, then I'm all good.

And I still enjoy my family roasts.  
And the tears and the laughter.

### So, if you had your choice of a last meal, what would you choose Stu?

Mum's crab mornay.

I go crabbing a lot especially for mud crabs, they're the best ones, though we do keep the others to give away. The deal is: I always catch the crabs; my friends and family always get them. My sisters still happen to magically arrive in town 3 days after I've been crabbing. But Mum's first, she and Dad get their mud crab and about 3 days later, Dad delivers Mum's mornay.

### Would your Dad's last meal be crab mornay too?

Maybe not. He makes sauces, preserves and Jams and he calls them Poppies mint sauce or tomato sauce. But if he's around a campfire he would usually cook something pretty tasty but basic. Again, it all starts with the preparation, and having a couple of beers, where everyone comes together to cook.

### So, I hear you've got a new enterprise on the go?

About 12 weeks ago, Dave Frost and I started talking about how we can help out the community, do something that we enjoy and make a little bit of money. And I said to him, "look, me being in the dairy game, understanding farmers,

I think home delivery is going to make a comeback." So, on a handshake deal, we bought a trailer and cold room and started up a little home milk delivery business, called **Guanaba Valley Milk**. From that point on, we were 50/50 partners and in business.

We've since started a Facebook page, done a lot of word of mouth promoting, and received plenty of local support and are already making, not losing... money! We've gone from 12 customers the first week and currently have about 80 locally.

### Why did you think home delivery would make a comeback?

We know the dairy farms are struggling, especially in Queensland and speaking to one of my packaging customers, Cooloola Milk, I asked "What can I do to help?" He sells milk, cream, cheese and butter and I thought there would be a demand for this around here.

Besides, having lived here in Guanaba for 13 years myself, I knew every valley person's pet hate was having to drive into town when you've forgotten something... like milk!

Dave's our marketing manager, he's designed pamphlets with our full product list and prices and is exploring different sales avenues. In fact, we're going to do our first market stall on Sunday 9th Feb up at Tamborine Mountain Country Markets. It is a bit of 'see how it goes', but we are both pretty confident we'll have the support from the enthusiastic locals.

### How can people buy their milk and dairy from you, what's the process?

We've just letterbox dropped our price list, with contact details, or you can find us on Face Book @Guanaba Valley Milk. It's as simple as sending your email order to us by Friday afternoon each week.

Actually, the cows are milked Friday morning, while we receive and process orders and then we deliver that fresh milk two days later on the Monday. Our products are about as fresh as it gets!

### And how do customers pay you?

Yes, basically it's a system of 'leave your esky out with some ice bricks and the money inside'. We deliver on Mondays at the moment and hope to expand that in the next couple of weeks. If someone forgets to leave the money out, we trust they will fix us up as soon as possible.

Same with eskies, we carry extra cooler bags and ice bricks with us on our delivery so when they get home, their milk that they forgot they ordered on Friday, is still there on Monday, ready to go for them. This is about trust, about community and getting to know people.

Old Marion from Tamborine, she's probably nearly 80, would often spend 45 minutes chatting to me. The first week I did the milk run, with probably 12 customers, it took me four hours to get around. There wasn't one person that didn't want to have a chat.

I think a big part of why this has taken off, is people like to feel they are part of a community which is knowing who and what your milkman's name is.

Dave and I feel like we are giving and getting that back too. We all love our valley and surrounding area and knowing we are helping make real connections, feels pretty good!

Stuart was interviewed by Julie Frost in **Mrs Frost's Kitchen** @ Frost Farm, Guanaba, QLD.



# Finger Lime

## Australia's native caviar

When we first moved to Frost Farm, I was so excited to learn from our botanist's report that we had *Citrus Australasica* or finger lime, growing naturally on the property. I'd had very little experience with these obscure little citrusy fruits as a food and even less with growing them.

Setting off with my marked map, I went looking for our largest 4m high specimen. How could I miss it? Well I did... until the bulldozer found and almost annihilated it whilst preparing our building site.

That particular thorny, tiny-leaved subtropical native has never since fruited but fortunately the one I planted in the garden 15 months ago has been abundantly forthcoming and this season I harvested my first crop of fat and ugly little fingers.

I use a pair of kitchen tongues to pick them because those thorns are vicious then firmly roll them on the bench to loosen the internal vesicles, before cutting them in half through the middle, not lengthwise. By robustly squeezing the leathery skins of each half, these fresh, zingy, blush pink pearls, pop out ready for eating.

And eat I have! With so many, I've been experimenting with a few different ways to store and use them.

Finger lime is utterly superb in a gin & tonic or vodka & soda

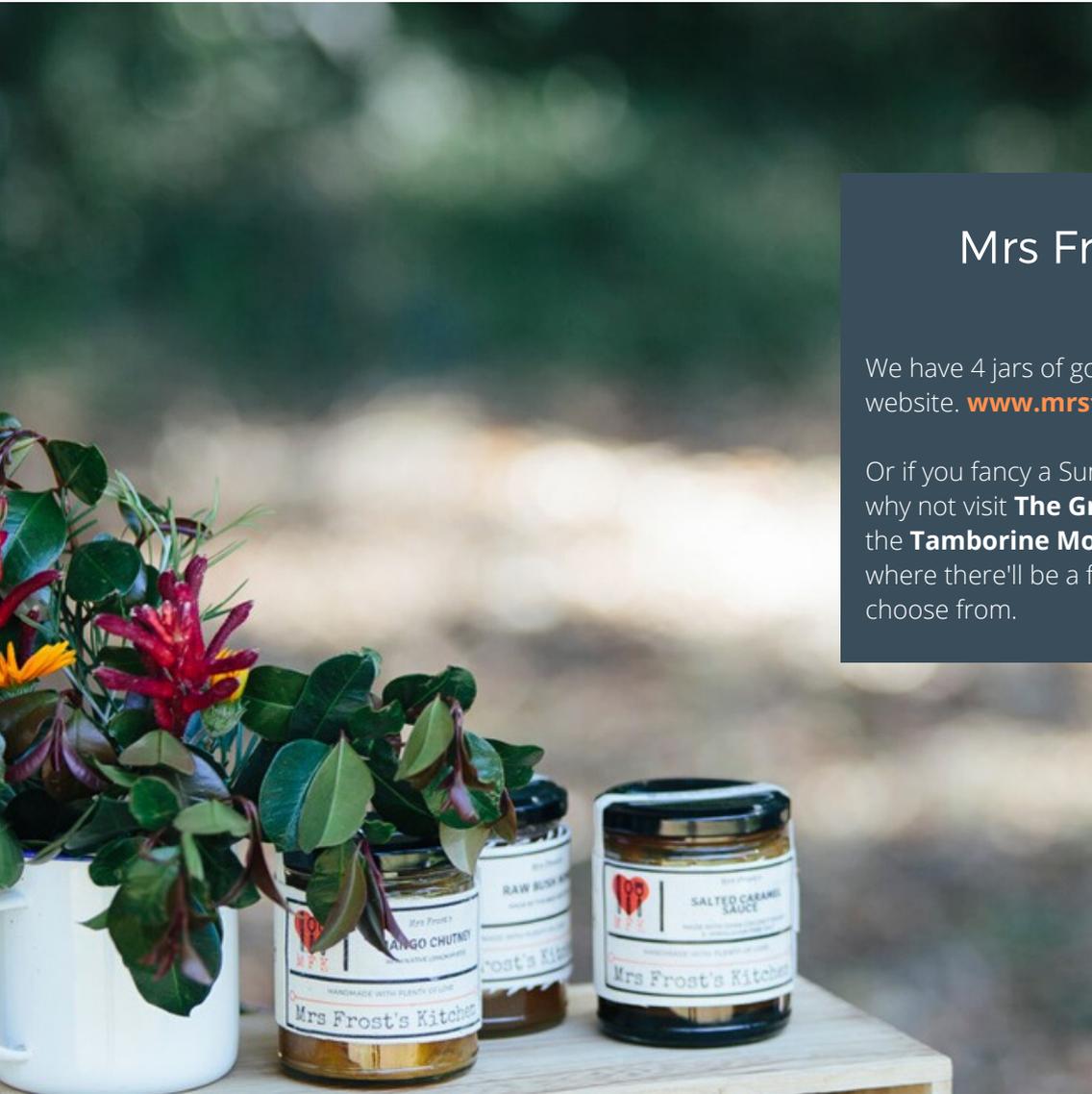
but fiddly to prepare each time. So I have taken to filling large ice cube trays with a teaspoon of FL, a sprig of mint and topping up with lime or lemon juice and/ or a little plain water. I have a baggy of these fruity cubes, sitting in the freezer, ready for a magically quick after cocktail or even mocktail without the booze. I also pop a cube into my water bottle to sip on throughout the day.

Finger lime is also sensational as an oyster-on-the-shell vinaigrette... with rice wine vinegar, white sugar, fresh coriander leaves, white pepper and dash of chilli oil.

Pair Lime Caviar with grilled salmon or white fish ceviche. In a spicy tomato salsa or scattered over a summer prawn, mango and avocado salad.

These pale pink or lime pearls are so delicate and pretty, they deserve to be seen so I always add mine at the last minute for a luxe garnishing bedazzle.





## Mrs Frost in a jar!

We have 4 jars of goodness now available on our website. [www.mrsfrosts-kitchen.com](http://www.mrsfrosts-kitchen.com)

Or if you fancy a Sunday drive in the mountains, why not visit **The Green Shed** on 9th Feb for the **Tamborine Mountain Country Markets** where there'll be a few new MFK pantry items to choose from.



*Deluxe  
Valentines Day  
Picnic for Two*

@Frost Farm

Only 4 dates available in Feb 2020 for a truly delicious celebration with your lover!

Mrs Frost is in cahoots with

## The Blind Guy's First Bush Tour

Join Mark Rankin (the blind guy) this Saturday 8th Feb and explore the Gold Coast Hinterland from a totally different perspective... through the eyes of a Blind Guy.

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