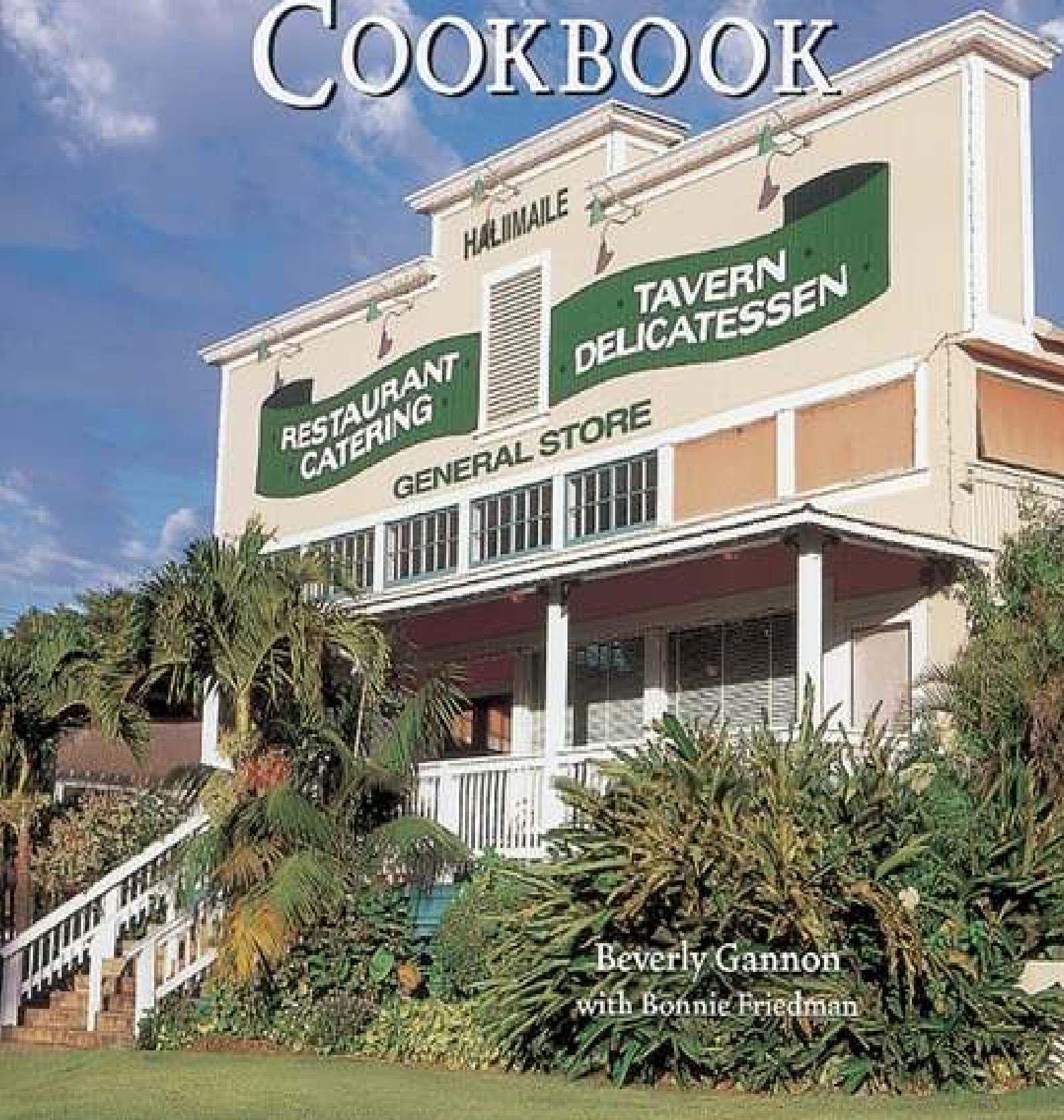


THE HALI'IMAILE GENERAL STORE COOKBOOK



Beverly Gannon
with Bonnie Friedman



THE HALI'IMAILE
GENERAL STORE
COOKBOOK

Home Cooking from Maui

Beverly Gannon
with Bonnie Friedman

Dessert Recipes by Teresa Gannon
Photography by Laurie Smith



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For all those people who've eaten at the restaurant and begged and pleaded for recipes so that they can go home to Wisconsin, Florida, or Louisiana, and easily re-create the dishes they loved at Haliimaile. I've always told those patrons, "One of these days, I'll do a book. Well, folks, here it is! And I hope every single copy gets food-stained, dog-eared, used over and over again, and most of all, enjoyed. 🍃





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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Where do I begin? There are so many people who have contributed to the success of Hali‘imaile General Store. First, there would be no Hali‘imaile General Store without the hundreds of employees that have come and gone over the past twelve years. Each individual left his or her imprint making up the complex and ever-changing character of the store.

A multitude of *mahalo*:

To my investors, Shep Gordon, Richard and Lauren Shuler Donner, Steve and Rose North, Tom Collins, and the Joseph sisters, for helping to finance my dream. You made me richer with your trust only wish I could have made you richer with your investment. Maybe next time.

To Colin Cameron, who believed in me before I believed in myself. I miss you.

To Doug MacCluer for tolerating my need to always get my way. You’re the best landlord one could have.

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To Richard Roderick and David Perlini, who came to work for me in the “converted garage kitchen. Little did you suspect you would be involved in the birth of a catering business turned take out food shop turned restaurant. Thank you for the crash, hands-on course in Restaurant Business 101.

In the restaurant business, you need someone you can trust completely to make sure that a piece of fish or a handful of bananas does not “walk out” the back door. Big Larry, you have been watching my back for almost twelve years. You call me “Ma.” I call you “Son.” I took you by the hand to a rehab center ten years ago and saved your life. You now save mine every day.

What would I do without Tom Lelli? You are the cornerstone of the kitchen. You understand the level of taste I demand in my food. You know how to translate my ideas into the menu, and your creativity is evident in every menu change. Your passion for what you do extends to each dish that is placed on a table. You make me very proud of every morsel of food that comes out of the kitchen.

To Shaun Waite, Scott Idemoto, Edwin Santos, Kris Sugihara, Brandon Shim, Dominic Paonas, and Paul Lamparelli. You are an awesome support team. Each of you brings your own style and creativity to the kitchen. To Joe Plansei, Sharleen Passkiewicz, and Dave Ferreira. The kitchen would be a mess without you.

To my old, dear friend Rebecca Schillaci. You instinctively know me so well, that you run Hali‘imaile General Store exactly the way I want it run. I have entrusted you with my “first-born,” and I have never regretted it for a moment. I hope you are well planted in Olinda, for “you can check on me any time you like but you can never leave.”

Twelve years later, Joanie Jolley is still talking about retiring. We will not let her. You were the first “floor” staff we hired, for part-time work. You helped clean the store before we opened. Then came Debbie Mercado, Lorie Bolte, Julie McDermott, Carol Schramm, Tim Jones, Stacy Wood, and Tina Russell. You have all been around longer than we care to remember.

To Patrice, Julie, Miya, Annie, and Shye for making sure over the years everyone gets paid!

To the “great” Henry Blenner. If you ever quit, I shall quit, too. You have become an indispensable part of my business and my life. ~~Move over, Joe.~~

To my assistant, Jayanne Jefferys, for wanting to learn how to be “me” so that I do not have to work so hard. That is the greatest compliment I have ever had. Now if you could just learn how to cook!

To my daughters, Cheech, Cathy, and Jana, for making Hali‘imaile a “family affair.” You all make me so proud. I love you more than you can imagine. You are my treasures.

To my co-author, Bonnie Friedman. Let’s face it. The book is here because of you. For me, the most wonderful part about the whole process was watching our friendship flourish. I plan on continuing “Sundays with Bonnie” and having Joe pamper us with lox, eggs, and onions. *Mahalo mai kuu pu‘uwai*. It was a great experience.

To Phil Wood, Jo Ann Deck, Lorena Jones, and Holly Taines White at Ten Speed Press. Thank you all for giving me the opportunity to fulfill one of my life’s goals. You made something I thought would be difficult, easier.

To Laurie Smith, Wes Martin, and Nancy Austin for making my food look so appetizing, and for caring enough to make the finished product so perfect. You are an awesome team.

To Barbara Fitzpatrick for even giving up your birthday to finish typing the recipes. We shall drink that bottle of Dom Perignon soon!

Countless artist friends, neighbors, and even one of our former cooks have displayed their art in the restaurant over the years. Everyone is an upcountry neighbor. We consider each one a Calabas Cousin, a local term of endearment for friends who are more like family. We are grateful to them all. Four have been central to Hali‘imaile General Store since the beginning—floral designer Masako Westcott, ceramist Karen Jennings, sculptor Tom Faught, and painter Jan Kasprzycki. You’ll see samples of their work in each section of the book.

I have left the most important thank you for last. To the love of my life, my husband, Joe Gannon. You were unaware when you married me twenty years ago that you would have to share me with my secret passion. And you have braved the years with undaunting support. You are my biggest fan and my greatest support. You allow me to be my intense, crazy self, and have learned to just “go with the flow.” You bring me coffee in bed, rub my tired feet, lend me your shoulder to cry on, and wipe away my tears. You are truly the “perfect mate.” Thank you for putting up with me all these years. I love you more every day.

I now know how it would feel to make one of those acceptance speeches at an awards show. There is not enough time or space to thank everyone, but as they say, you all know who you are and I thank you all from the bottom of my heart.



INTRODUCTION

THE GANNON FAMILY

Looking back at my family life—both my growing up in Dallas and the twenty-plus years since Joe and I were married—I probably shouldn’t be surprised that I ended up in this business. I was raised in the Jewish tradition of “eat, eat, eat.” It’s what got me interested in food and its preparation. I think it’s still what people want: the kind of warm, comforting food that came out of “Mom’s kitchen” provided, of course, that Mom was a good cook!

Before embarking on a culinary career, I was road manager for Liza Minelli, Joey Heatherton, and Ben Vereen. After five years, I realized it was time to get serious about my life, and I went off to Le Cordon Bleu in London and then took classes with Marcella Hazan and Jacques Pépin.

When I returned to Dallas, I worked for a caterer for a short time before starting my own catering company. In 1980, I bumped into a man I’d met briefly seven years earlier. But this time it was love at first sight. We moved to Maui several months later, then shortly after that, we married.

Joe Gannon is a lighting designer by trade and a producer—by necessity—of mega-rock ‘n’ roll shows. His show business friends and clients were my first “customers.” Whenever any of them planned a trip to Maui, someone back in Los Angeles or New York would tell them, “Call Beverly. She’ll cook for you.” Just about every one of them did! After five years, I thought, “Maybe I can make a living at this.” I started catering “officially” in May 1985 under the company name Fresh Approach. Today, we call the catering division Celebrations, because that’s really what we do: plan and execute celebrations of every size and description.

Our three daughters, at one time or another, have all been involved in our business. Two are very much a part of it today, as is Joe, who handles the financial end of the business, keeps the wine list in shape, and often “works the room” during service.

Our oldest daughter, Cathy, came to Maui in 1984, to get married and moved here with her husband two years later. Cathy had worked as a server and bartender for years in California so she knew much more about the restaurant business than I did. It was great that she was here when we opened Hali‘imaile. Her husband worked on the construction of the store and she became our bar manager. She stopped working when she became pregnant with our first grandson, Tyler, in 1990, and then came back to work at the restaurant in 1998 as a bar and day manager. It’s nice to know that a family member is keeping their eye on the business.

Jana, the youngest, moved to Maui with us in 1980. After she graduated from high school in 1982, she’d often help with catering, usually doing prep work. Jana was in a serious car accident right around Thanksgiving 1986. She broke both her wrists and was in casts above her elbows. New Year’s Eve that year I had both a small party and a big party to cater. The big party needed all the staff I knew of on the island at that time. So I sent Jana and a friend’s daughter to do the small party. Imagine her carrying trays of food *on* her casts! Only a family member would be that devoted. Jana is now married with two children and lives in Los Angeles, where her husband, Greg, is a screenwriter/director.

Middle daughter Teresa, affectionately known as Cheech to family and friends, is our pastry chef. She began baking as a little girl with her grandmother and was soon making cookies and pies for Joe's rock 'n' roll soirées. She turned "pro" in the early 1980s at Charmer's Market in Los Angeles and also worked with pastry chefs from Michael's Restaurant and L'Orangerie, both in Los Angeles.

Then Teresa packed up her pastry bags and headed to Europe for a couple of years. She worked for the famed Roux brothers at their three-star Michelin restaurant Le Gavroche in London, and after a short course at the highly acclaimed French pastry school, École Le Nôtre, she decided to stay in France to work and study.

Eventually, she brought her new and improved skills back to Los Angeles, where she was the pastry chef at Le Chardonnay and Champagne. When we opened the store, she worked with us for the first three years and then went to New York and San Francisco to broaden her experience still further. But I guess there's no place like home. She came back to Hali'imaile in 1998, and I'm not sure who's happier, her parents or our customers.

Teresa has come into her own these last few years, and we're very proud that she's generally acknowledged to be one of Hawai'i's best pastry chefs. I think you'll enjoy getting to know Cheech through her wonderful desserts and the notes that introduce them.



I would be remiss if I didn't include in this introduction a bit about the family home. It's been a gathering place for the Gannon family and friends since we moved into it in 1982. Cathy's wedding was here, Jana's wedding was here, and Cheech's wedding was here, and it was also an integral part of the Hali'imaile pineapple plantation.

The house was built by C.W. Dickey, arguably Hawai'i's finest architect, in 1936 for the plantation's field superintendent, William Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle was an innovator who changed the pineapple industry in Hawai'i by, literally, changing the shape of the pineapple. Pineapples used to be round, and a lot of the fruit was lost in the canning process because the shape was not compatible with the equipment. Mr. Tuttle found a way to create the "square-shoulder" pineapple we know today through changing the DNA of the fruit.

Mr. Tuttle died in 1981, but he continued to live in our home until his wife died in 1997, at the age

of ninety-nine. It's obvious to us, and to anyone familiar with this house, that he was waiting here for his wife to join him. Until the time of Mrs. Tuttle's death, every single person who ever stayed in the house asked if it had a spirit in it. Lest you think I'm crazy, let me assure you this is a very common thing in Hawai'i. As a matter of fact, by law you must disclose any spiritual activity on your property if you put it on the market for sale. Once you've lived with a spirit in your house, there is no question that the feeling of a presence of some kind is real. We would always walk in the house and say, "Hello, Mr. Tuttle, we're back." (We still say it, but now it refers to our cat named Mr. Tuttle, in tribute to our home's previous owner.)

I remember the very first "spiritual" thing that ever happened to me here. I was alone. We rarely close bedroom doors in this house. I went upstairs and our bedroom door was closed, the bedroom windows were totally steamed up, the bathroom windows were totally steamed up, and the hot water was on full blast. Hello, Mr. Tuttle!

Mr. Tuttle's presence was felt most fully in the middle bedroom. His grandson came into the store one day and, in the course of conversation, told me something I hadn't known before: the middle bedroom had been his grandfather's. I think his presence was one of the reasons I never felt afraid here, even when alone. There was always someone else here with me.

Anyway, I wanted this house from the first time I saw it because of its big, old plantation-style kitchen. I didn't care what the rest of the house looked like. I wanted a place to cook. Well, not a whole lot of cooking goes on here anymore, but the house is less than five minutes away from the store. There are days when I go back and forth six and eight times. Believe me, we would never have opened the store if we didn't live in this house.

THE PLACE, THE PLANTATION, THE STORE

Names are very important in Hawaiian culture, and place names usually provide at least some information about the locale itself. Hali'imaile is a good example. The Hawaiian word *hali'i* means "covering" or "blanket." *Maile* is a native twining shrub with wonderfully fragrant, shiny leaves. They are used to make prized lei for special occasions, like weddings, and for special people, like an esteemed elder, teacher, or a clergyman performing a blessing for a new home or business. We can assume—and we can only assume since Hawaiian was a strictly oral tradition until the 1820s—that ancient times Hali'imaile was an area strewn with *maile*.

We may also assume that the ancients grew one of their most important dietary staples, sweet potatoes, or *'uala* as they are called in Hawaiian, in the area. There is a story about Chief Kaha'api'ilani, who, during a famine in Kula and Makawao, gathered potato slips from Hali'imaile and Hamakuapoko, took them up the mountain, and planted them. As soon as the slips were in the ground, it began to rain, providing all the water necessary for the new shoots to grow.

Located about twelve hundred feet up the slopes of Mount Haleakalā, Hali'imaile is, however, better known for its pineapple plantation and its plantation "village." According to a building account prepared for Maui Agricultural Company's Pineapple Department in 1931, the camp houses, as the workers' residences were called, were built in 1923 and 1924. The Hali'imaile Plantation Store, at the time a branch of Maui Ag's Pā'ia Store and run by the company, was built in 1925, with an extension added in 1927. Total cost of the building and the extension, including all the fixtures, was less than seventy-five hundred dollars!

Typical plantation communities were self-contained, and Hali'imaile was no exception. In addition

to the store and the houses, the company built and operated a gymnasium, dispensary, theater, school hall, garage, and office.

Plantation stores were not just grocery stores, of course. The Hali‘imaile Store, or Superette, as was commonly called by camp residents, had a butcher shop, a fish market, and a post office inside and sold clothing and household appliances in addition to groceries. In the early days, residents could buy any cut of meat, including T-bone steaks, for twenty-five cents a pound. According to oral histories taken in the 1980s by Maui Land & Pineapple Company, “for \$20 you could fill the bed of your pick-up” with groceries.



Eventually Maui Ag evolved into Maui Pineapple Company, which took over operation of the Hali‘imaile Store on January 1, 1947. Nine years later, according to company records, Maui Pineapple Company, Limited, entered into a ten-year lease agreement with the Shimoda brothers. Rent for the first year for the store, the store porch, two warehouses—one a quonset type—a shed, and the garage was three hundred dollars. The price increased for the last nine years of the lease to six hundred dollars a year, payable in “equal monthly installments of \$50.” It was at that time that the store became known as the Hali‘imaile Super Market and the equipment list that accompanied the lease included such items as a meat scale, meat band saw, meat slicer, meat grinder, meat chopping block, two meat tables, a fish sink, and a potato bin.

After the term of the Shimoda brothers’ lease, several people tried to make a go of the store according to a number of oral histories. At some point during those intervening years, one leaseholder or another changed the name to the Hali‘imaile General Store. Upcountry residents in the 1970s and ‘80s remember it as a not-very-well-stocked place to stop for a six-pack of soda, a roll of paper towels, or a pack of cigarettes and not much more. But that would all change in 1988.



THE RESTAURANT

To this day, I call Hali‘imaile General Store, “the store.” Rarely, if ever, do I refer to it as “the restaurant.” I’ll tell anyone who’ll listen to me that I never, ever intended to be in the restaurant business. But sometimes you just don’t have a choice.

It was Christmastime 1987 when we heard that the Hali‘imaile General Store was going to be available for rent. We thought it would work perfectly as a combination gourmet take-out deli, catering headquarters, and general store, with a few tables where people could snack while they were waiting for their take-out order. After almost six months of negotiations, we finally signed the lease. Everyone thought we were crazy, opening a place, literally, in the middle of a thousand-acre pineapple plantation. But remember, we weren’t opening a restaurant. We just needed a great space from which to run our catering operation.

We had lots of excellent help as we set out refurbishing the building. With drawings by Joe’s good friend, Hollywood set and production designer Jerimy Railton, the renovation team preserved much of the old charm. That included 70 percent of the original Philippine mahogany floor, which remains today. Joe, of course, took care of all the lighting.

The day we opened, October 14, 1988, there were a hundred people waiting to get in. We had five or six tables, maybe thirty chairs, no wait staff, and everyone who came in the door asked, “Where do you sit?” Hali‘imaile General Store is a restaurant, in large part, because that’s what our customers wanted it to be.

We have two dining rooms, and, yes, there are plenty of tables and chairs for everyone. The front dining room, with its high ceilings, exhibition kitchen, and towering pine shelves stocked full of giftware and gourmet foods, is the place to see and be seen. You never know when you’ll spot Alicia Cooper, Arnold Schwarzenegger, or Sharon Stone. Our back dining room is quieter, more softly lit, more intimate. Over the years that back room has been the site of more birthday parties, retirement parties, bon voyage parties, and wedding rehearsal dinners than I care to count. When I think back to the very beginning, I still laugh ... and cry.



We'd been open less than one week. A waiter was bringing a piece of chocolate macadamia nut pie with whipped cream to a table. Somewhere between the pantry and the table, a fly landed in the whipped cream, unbeknownst to the waiter. I was mortified. I asked the customer what I could do to make him happy, "Can I buy you dinner? Can I put your kids through college?" My stomach was in knots, tears welled up in my eyes, I was embarrassed, and I was heartbroken, and I vowed never, ever to serve another piece of chocolate macadamia nut pie again.

Well, thousands and thousands and thousands of pieces of pie later, my stomach doesn't knot up, I don't cry, and I don't break out in hives when we make a mistake. But I still do take it personally because I want my guests to be completely satisfied at all costs. I think it's a primal thing—a woman's thing. On one side of the coin, I believe that's why I may not be the greatest businessperson in the world. On the other side of the coin, I still care enough about each customer to do everything in my power to ensure a great experience at Hali'imaile.

We've been fortunate over the years to receive some wonderful recognition locally, nationally, and internationally, in newspapers, magazines, and books. Such recognition is very nice, but my focus remains our food. We've been serving good food for more than a decade, and we plan to do that very thing for a long, long time to come. Some of our dishes have truly become classics here at Hali'imaile, so we've marked those recipes throughout the book, so that you can enjoy the quintessential preparations.

I believe in feeding people great food and lots of it. You have to make customers smile. You have to make them go "Mmmmm." You have to make sure they leave the table satisfied. I believe that's what we've done over the years, and I think it is the main reason for our success. In spite of the long hours and the fact that I continue to deny that I'm in the restaurant business, I'm very proud of how far we—and I personally—have come.



HAWAII THROUGH THE SEASONS

The vast majority of our visitors—even in this sophisticated age—believe we have one season in Hawai‘i, the proverbial Endless Summer. It is surely part of the paradise fantasy that lives in the imaginations of those who dream of coming here. Every upcountry resident on any of our islands will tell you, it’s just not so, and the longer you live here, the more distinct the seasons become. Especially obvious are the vast differences between winter and summer.

The air warms and the entire midsection of Haleakalā is engulfed in an extraordinary purple haze. It’s spring and the jacaranda trees are in full bloom. Grown-ups shed their sweaters and jackets. Children say bye-bye to their closed shoes and begin living in their rubber slippers. Yards and gardens are tended in earnest.

Ah, summer! Mango and lychee trees are so heavily laden with fruits that their branches are in peril of snapping. Neighbors exchange brown-paper grocery sacks full of fruit, and in particularly good years, cardboard boxes marked “Free Mangos” and “Free Lychees” are left on sidewalks and roadsides so anyone without a tree can enjoy the wealth.



The heady aromas of guava and white ginger mingle to fill the air on a Sunday drive to the town of Hāna on Maui's windward coast. You bring a few stalks of torch ginger to a friend's home. But you'll never reveal your secret place for collecting these amazing blooms. It is unmistakably fall and time to buy new school supplies and maybe even a new sweater.

One winter in the early 1990s, the snow (yes, the *snow!*) on top of ten-thousand-foot Mount Haleakalā reached all the way down to the seven-thousand-foot level, something no one here could remember ever having seen before. Local families dug out whatever warm clothing they had kept on hand (usually in a box in the carport, for the occasional mainland trip), bundled up the kids, got in the family truck or van, and took the long drive up to Haleakalā National Park for what may have been a once-in-a-lifetime snowball fight. Granted, we don't outfit our cars with snow tires and the temperature rarely dips below 55 degrees or so down at sea level. But believe me, even downcountry residents pull out their extra blankets at 55 or 60 degrees. We mountain dwellers enjoy gathering around a roaring fire at Christmastime as much as the mainlanders do. And most of us wouldn't dream of getting into the ocean during the winter months. The exceptions, of course, are the surfers who live for the big waves on the north shores and the humpback whales who winter here. The water is certainly warmer than in their native Alaska!

We are fortunate here to have a bounty of fine food products with which to work all year long. But having an upcountry restaurant affords us the opportunity to make the most of the seasonal differences, subtle though they may sometimes appear.

In spring and summer, our guests enjoy lighter fare. More salads, light pasta and fish preparations, lots of tropical fruits, and fresh-from-the-field vegetables make up most of our menu from March to September.

With the first hint of a chill in the mountain air come the flavors of fall. We feature pumpkin, corn, duck, nuts, and berries on every section of our menu.

On our winter menu, we offer hearty, stick-to-your-ribs dishes like thick soups, stews, and roasts. Meats. It's also the best season to enjoy some of our local fishes, such as monchong, onaga, and ahi. Gingerbread, bread pudding, layer cakes, and cream pies fill our dessert tray. We have arranged our recipes by season so that you can experience, albeit vicariously, the wonderful annual subtleties enjoyed by those of us lucky enough to live here.

Before we get to the recipes, a word about one of them. I think I've had more requests for my crab dip recipe than all other recipes combined. It's also one of very few recipes I've never shared. I suspect everyone who knows me—and who loves me for my crab dip—will expect to find it in the book. I guess you'll all just have to read on and see.





SPRING RECIPES TO AWAKEN THE IMAGINATION



APPETIZERS

Smoked Salmon Bundles with Spicy Shrimp and Lomilomi Tomato Salsa

Hamachi with Sizzling Oil, Seaweed Salad, and Ponzu Sauce

Seafood Martini with Wasabi-Ginger Cocktail Sauce

Terrine of Kula Vegetables with Roasted Tomato Vinaigrette

SOUPS

Curried Squash Soup

Maui Onion and Ginger Soup

Carrot-Ginger Soup

SALADS

Asian Pear and Duck Tostada

Soba Noodle Salad with Passion Fruit Vinaigrette

Niçoise Salad with a Toss

Rock Shrimp and Crab Cakes with Baby Spinach and Mango Mayonnaise

ENTRÉES

Coulibiac of Opakapaka with Passion Fruit Hollandaise

Salmon Strudel

Mixed Grill of Hawaiian Snapper with Chardonnay Sauce

Crab Cannelloni with Lemongrass-Ginger Sauce

Sesame-Crusted Mahimahi with Coconut-Curry Cabbage and Rum-Baked Bananas

Shrimp and Scallop Stir-Fry with Pineapple Fried Rice

Ancho Chile–Marinated Uku with Corn Salsa and Ginger Cream

Angel Hair Pasta with Tomatoes, Basil, and Pine Nuts

Smoked Chicken Tortelloni with a Trio of Mustard Cream Sauce

Crunchy Macadamia Nut Chicken over Tropical Fruit Paella

Spicy Coconut Lobster and Shrimp over Soba Noodles

Shrimp, Duck Sausage, and Goat Cheese Pasta

DESSERTS

Piña Colada Cheesecake

Liliko'i, Guava, and White Chocolate Cheesecake

Guava-Raspberry Crème Brûlée

Double Coconut Cream Cake

Kula Strawberry Shortcake

Lemon Crepes with Raspberry Compote



OUR FLORAL DESIGNER, MASAKO WESTCOTT

Soon after I moved to Maui, I started to shop at Ooka's, a small, local-style supermarket. Five-gallon buckets filled with anthuriums and obaki and all kinds of exotic flowers were always offered for sale. The bunches were tied together in incredible ways, so that when you got home you could just untie them, put the flowers in a vase, and they would look fabulous. I'm not good at arranging flowers, so these bouquets were the solution for me. I asked the checkers where they came from and was told about Masako.

One day Masako and I happened to be shopping at the same time. I asked her if she did arrangements for parties, which she did.

We soon found we enjoyed working together, and from the day I opened, I've had Masako's extraordinary arrangements in the restaurant. I look at what I spend on flowers every year and wonder if I'm crazy. But they have become an integral part of the dining experience at Hali'imaile. In addition to enjoying the food, our customers look forward to seeing "the new Masako." This talented artist lives in Huelo with her husband, Greg, where they grow all their own flowers and foliage. 🌿



SMOKED SALMON BUNDLES WITH SPICY SHRIMP AND LOMILOMI TOMATO SALSA

I made this dish up a long time ago, and it eventually found its way onto Hawaiian Airlines' first-class menu. I added a little Hawaiian flavor with the lomilomi tomato salsa. Lomi in Hawaiian means "to massage or knead," and that's how you make this salsa.

SERVES 8

SAUCE

1 cup heavy cream

1 cup sour cream

1 cup good-quality mayonnaise

1 tablespoon wasabi paste

1 tablespoon Dijon mustard

1 teaspoon sugar

COURT BOUILLON

2 quarts water

1 cup dry white wine

12 black peppercorns

1 lemon, quartered

1 small onion, chopped

1 carrot, chopped

1 bouquet garni

SALMON BUNDLES

1 pound shrimp in the shell

1 cup good-quality mayonnaise

1 cup chopped fresh cilantro

1 tablespoon Vietnamese garlic-chile sauce

1 teaspoon Asian sesame oil

14 slices smoked salmon (about 14 ounces total)

LOMILOMI TOMATO SALSA

- [read To Say Nothing of the Dog \(Oxford Time Travel, Book 2\)](#)
- [Plastic Cameras: Toying with Creativity pdf, azw \(kindle\)](#)
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