

DIGGERS DIRT

GENERAL MEETINGS

- December 4th
- January 8th
- February 5th
- March 5th
- April 2nd
- Auction Prep:
- April 14th & 15th
- Auction-April 16th
- May 7th
- June 4th

BOARD MEETINGS

- Monday prior to general meetings
- 12:00 noon
- Mary Anne's
- *Nov 25 mtg*
- instead of Dec. 2

GCA DATES

- Partnership for Plants
- Millard Canyon
- January 9, 2014
- (Jan. 16 rain date)
- Shirley Meneice
- Horticulture Workshop
- Washington D.C.
- Oct. 21-23, 2013
- NAL/Conservation
- Washington D.C.
- Feb. 24-27, 2014
- Joint meeting with PGC & HPGC
- February 25, 2014
- GCA Annual Meeting
- New Orleans
- May 7 - 9, 2014



LITTLE TREE

ee cummings

little silent Christmas tree...
look the spangles
that sleep all the year in a dark box
dreaming of being taken out and
allowed to shine,
the balls the chains red and gold the
fluffy threads,
put up your little arms
and i'll give them all to you to hold
every finger shall have its ring
and there won't be a single place dark
or unhappy

READ ON FOR A HOLIDAY RECIPE ON THE LAST PAGE

GENERAL MEETING - DECEMBER 4, 2013

Holiday Baskets!
Susan Kranwinkle's
10:30 a.m. baskets
12:00 p.m. lunch & meeting
(soup will be provided)

bring clippers, scissors, a few small baskets, clippings from your garden - we'll have some greens, ribbons, bows, goo-gaws etc ...

Great meeting to bring guests!



IF YOU CANNOT ATTEND, PLEASE RSVP TO OUR PRESIDENT, MARY ANNE MIELKE
maac591@gmail.com or 626-441-1476



Diggers visited Muir Ranch in late October.

Front row from left: Marcia Albrecht, Carlin McCarthy, Kathy Miller, Annie Fraser - back row: Yvonne Zaro, Bette Cooper, Tracy Hirrel, Susan Kranwinkle, Sally Miller, Lisa Evans, Hannah Farbstein

• • •
NEXT
FIELD TRIP

Friday, Nov. 22

Meet at Susan K's house at 10:30 a.m.

Visit two secret, surprise gardens & then drive to Alexandra Poer Sheridan's catering kitchen in San Gabriel for the best little lunch ever.

We should be at lunch between 12:30 - 1:00 and finished by 2pm.

Rsvp to Susan K or to Kathy Miller



ROSTER CORRECTIONS

Debbie Hollingsworth

email should have two letter "Ls",
should read:

the5hollys@gmail.com

Gretl Mulder's

email is at yahoo, *not* gmail, should read:

gretl.mulder@yahoo.com

AS THE DIGGERS GARDEN
CLUB APPROACHES ITS 90TH
BIRTHDAY THIS UPCOMING
JUNE 2014, WE ARE
COLLECTING SOME
REMINISCENCES FROM SOME
OF OUR MEMBERS, BOTH
OLD AND NEW



Louisa Miller was the first to entertain us with her Digger moment at our October meeting at the Old Mill. She explained to the group that in the past, two Diggers had actually lived at the Old Mill. Those were the Doerrs and 1958 president Carol Connell and her husband John. She noted that the Old Mill patio was once just dirt and had been planted to look like a Persian carpet - an effort that really didn't pan out! She told the story of Carol's very special trip to China.

When the East and the West opened up in the 1960s Carol was invited as an American of note because of her involvement with the Public Broadcast System. At a banquet for 2,000 guests Carol was unexpectedly asked to give a 30 second toast. After her initial panic she had a bolt of inspiration and toasted all the women of China. This toast was met with absolute silence - then 30 seconds later a thunderous applause. The delayed response was due to the translation time!

From Sally Wenzlau - November General Meeting

"I have kept a five year diary (four lines a day) since high school - am I a bit anal? But with so many new Diggers, I want to relate my history - here it is ..."

February 3, 1966: Mrs. Cockburn phoned me and asked me to be a Digger. I wonder why. Scary!

March 1, 1966: First Digger meeting at Mrs. Bodman's house. So cute and funny. Best I start to garden.

May 4 - Diggers at Mrs. Tileston's. Such a cute group of old people. We drink wine and wear stockings and skirts or dresses.

June 1 - Diggers meeting - long and dull

And then I hosted my first Diggers meeting - honestly, I painted the living room and killed myself in the garden and bought about two dozen plastic snapdragons which I stuck in the border way at the rear- nice effect but didn't realize that Diggers would walk way back there. Oops

I called Mrs. Banning (Joan's mother in law) "Mrs. Banning" and she sweetly told me that we all use first names. She invited me to her house to divide her heuchera so I could have something of hers in my garden. Divide? Heuchera?

And then everything settled down and fifty years later it must be obvious how much I love this group.

“Her favorite gin partner”

Tender, buttery Parmesan cheese balls pair perfectly with a martini.

from Anne Willan - LA Times 2005

(her Aunt Louie's husband would have these while drinking gin as his wife visited the casinos in Monte Carlo - apparently she was quite lucky at the tables too ...)

1¼ cups flour, plus up to 3 tablespoons more if necessary

1 cup loosely packed grated Parmesan cheese

½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon freshly ground white pepper (– though Sara uses regular black)

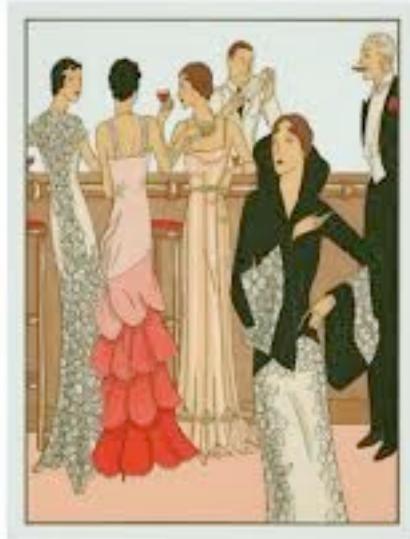
½ teaspoon dry mustard

½ cup melted butter

*grated zest of one lemon (added by Sara Pelton)

1. In the bowl of a food processor, mix the flour, Parmesan cheese, salt, pepper, dry mustard and lemon zest. Add the butter and work it in using the pulse button so the mixture forms crumbs. Press a few crumbs together with your fingers. If it's sticky, add 2 to 3 tablespoons more flour.
2. Butter a baking sheet. Turn the crumbs into a bowl, press them into balls 1 inch in diameter and place them on the baking sheet. Chill in the refrigerator for 30 minutes.
3. Heat the oven to 350 degrees. Bake the cheese balls until lightly browned, 26 to 28 minutes. They keep well in an airtight container, or they can be frozen.

Makes 26 balls (closer to 30)



From Anne Willan -

My Aunt Louie, an English autocrat with piled white hair and a brave bosom, had uncanny good luck and a flair for living. She would drive down the village street, bowing right and left to her friends in the manner of the Queen Mother, on her way to delivering fruit cake for the church tea.

Aunt Louie had a knack for buying a stock just before it took a headlong flight upward in the market. Her lottery tickets invariably won a prize, and once earned her a valuable diamond brooch in the shape of a bow as pioneered by Cartier. I have it to this day.

She was addicted to lethal martinis, which she consumed with verve from a cut-glass coupe originally designed for Champagne. To soak them up she always served her signature hors d'oeuvre -- Parmesan balls -- piled in a Chinese export bowl that had seen better days.

These wonderful little bites, which have long since also become one of my favorite cocktail snacks, have a way of exploding into a thousand crumbs if you bite into them. That's because they're incredibly tender and buttery, and that's why I make them small enough to pop into your mouth whole. Perhaps it's the unlikely combination of gin and Parmesan that somehow sings when you eat these with a martini; whatever it is, it's a match made in heaven.

I once asked Aunt Louie where her recipe came from, and she looked nostalgic. "We went on our honeymoon to Monte Carlo," she said, "and I made rather a lot of money in the casino. Your uncle would get very tired of waiting for me and always said that the only compensation were the cheese balls in the bar. So I tried them at home and they became a family tradition."

They're a snap to make, requiring only three main ingredients -- well, four, if you count dry mustard to pep up the flavor. Parmesan is the best cheese to use, but any finely grated, dry cheese will do. Butter, however, is irreplaceable.

You make them in the food processor: A minute's whirring and the dough is ready. Double, even triple the quantities do fine. The only job that takes a bit of time is pressing the balls in shape, as they must be kept small enough to avoid the shower of crumbs.

Like all good hors d'oeuvres, cheese balls are sharp enough to whet the appetite, encouraging guests to stay and enjoy an extra glass.

Best of all, they can be prepared ahead, and they freeze beautifully. I usually make extras for the freezer for emergencies. That's my excuse, but I have to admit that the emergency is often self-inflicted: I need a quick snack.