The Beauty of Grass

Charles Johnson, Softs Seed Company (articles from Sept. issue of Seed Trade News

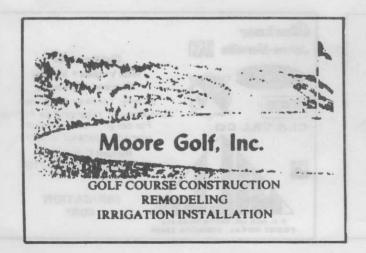
Pollution and litter have taken over the headlines in the United States and millions of dollars are being directed toward curing those social ills. Perhaps the greatest silent battler of both of those maladies is the strange natural phenomenon we call grass. This hardiest of plants seems to come from nowhere and grow on land scraped bare by bulldozers, flood waters or fires. Its color is most pleasing to the eye as it air conditions the earth. Its ability to spread and multiply from one plant to many is truly a miracle. Where grass grows, the soil has a peculiar ability to swallow old bottles, paper and trash, and soon the green of the stately, close-knit leaves is all that is noticeable.

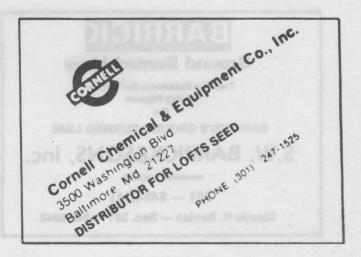
Grass recycles itself. In the fall, new seed on unmown grass falls to the earth and is blown by the winds and carried by birds to places where it is needed. Some stays on the ground to bring new plants to the surface come the next spring.

Men can stomp on it, poison it and shave it close to the ground. With slow, but deliberate, persistence it comes back to hide the scars man made in passing. Grass covers the scars of battlefields, the trails of conquerors and the graves of the mightly and the lowly. It has eaten the cobblestone chariot paths of the old empires and obliterated the mistakes of centuries.

Grass gracefully waving from the fields and roadsides as if to say, "Hurry by and when you are gone and tumult has receded, I will bandage the earth and make it beautiful for the next generation." The patience of grass, the beauty of grass is everlasting.

. . . Scott Lamb Oregon Seed Council





There are two insults no human will endure: the assertion that he has no sense of humor and the doubly impertinent assertion that he has never known trouble.

Sinclair Lewis

Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else.

