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From the forthcoming book, "Ask The Lawn Doctor" (Macmillan - Spring, 1976)

Question: My wife and I realize this question is unusual but we would like you to answer it—seriously. You see, we like to enjoy ourselves outdoors, *au naturel*. But with so many busybodies around, we find it hard to frolic in our backyard in *complete* privacy. It seems that Lake Forest at this point is not yet ready for our act of...well, courage. Is it possible to erect a suitable protective screen as well as some very soft grass that will enable us to indulge our favorite sport?—and I don't mean golf.

Answer: Shades of Masters and Johnson! And it's great for the grass! But frankly, such a usage has never been explored in turf literature. In my various pieces of writing I've discussed lawn bowling greens and putting greens, but never a rutting green. Well, why not. Hence, this last piece is for lovers only (and for sunbathers).

Here's how to grow the best grass, with a prying-proof protective screen, for frolicking outdoors in Nature's (and nature's) splendor in your own backyard. My recommendation is an arborvitae hedge. These small trees should be planted close together in a double row, or what we agrostologists call a staggered planting line. It looks like this:



When nearly mature, the tall and green arborvitae will make an almost impermeably thick hedge to shield you from slinky Peeping Toms and Tomisinas. To make sure you also have a good defense against Creeping Carls, plant a multiflora rose hedge, which is lower-growing, just inside the hedge line. Believe me, now nothing will see through or get through—just don't roll near it. However, there's another word of caution I hope you'll take. Until the arborvitae grows good and high, do your frolicking at night. And then you'd better get in touch with an entomologist—to advise you on how to get rid of insects. Of course, if you're impatient, a quicker screen is a high stockade fence.

From personal experience, the best turf grass for this type of sport is creeping bent grass. It's a "springy" and soft grass that I usually don't recommend for the average homeowner. But your situation is different (and more interesting), so I think it calls for this grass's special mattress quality. In addition to

it being the Englander of grasses, creeping bent is as smooth as a Springmaid sheet (and remember: it's "a buck well spent"). Buy creeping bent grass sod from a sod nursery if you can't wait for it to grow.

If you don't have a creeping bent lawn, don't despair. An upright cool-season grass, such as Kentucky bluegrass, will do just as handsomely. But I recommend that you don't keep it low cut at bristle height (for obvious reasons). Let it grow long so it bends slightly, as when touched by a gentle wind. About 3 inches. (This is the height I've been advocating strongly throughout the book, never realizing until now that there might be another great reason for this ideal cut.) So now you have it! An *au naturel* glade, a delightful mini-meadow, or-in your case-a climax prairie (agrostologically speaking). And why not?—Grass and suchlike have been going on for...well, what do *you* think Eden was paved with?

By Paul Voykin, "no mustache supt."
Briarwood C.C.

Editors Note—one wonders if *Paul* will ever grow up.

God, Forgive Me When I Whine

Today, upon a bus, I saw a lovely girl with golden hair, I envied her...she seemed so gay...and wished I were as fair. When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle. She had one leg, and wore a crutch. But as she passed...a smile! Oh, God, forgive me when I whine, I have two legs. The world is mine!

I stopped to buy some candy. The lad who sold it had such charm. I talked with him. He seemed so glad. If I were late 'twould do no harm. And as I left he said to me: "I thank you. You have been so kind. It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see," he said, "I'm blind." Oh, God, forgive me when I whine, I have two eyes. The world is mine!

Later, while walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue. He stood and watched the others play. He did not know what to do. I stopped a moment, then I said, "Why don't you join the others, dear?" He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew he could not hear. Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I have two ears. The world is mine!

With two feet to take me where I'd go, with eyes to see the sunset's glow, with ears to hear what I would know...Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I'm blessed indeed. The world is mine!

Author Unknown

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