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Introducing LESCO TFC[™] Herbicide. The new, easy way to remove unwanted clumps of tall fescue without digging or spottreating with a non-selective herbicide. LESCO TFC is the first

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by Edwin Wollenberg, Retired Supt.

Many golf course superintendents all over the country have initiated their members to a panoroma of beauty with their wild flower plantings in non-playing areas.

Beauty in July

July, and the early weeks of summer, bring into focus two of my favorite flowering plants and, which, I would incorporate into my mixture if I were still an active superintendent.

One is considered by horticulture standards a weed and, the other as an old-fashioned plant that dates back to the colonial days. I am referring to the milkweed found along roadsides, ditches and fence lines, and the stately hollyhocks persisting beside old cellar ruins and abandoned farm dwellings, as well as in tended and cultivated gardens.

The common milkweed with its tasselly tufts of small lavendar and white flowers, are full of sweet fragrance that permeates a vast area where it habitats. My first awareness of this nature dispensing Chanel #5 aroma was, while still employed at the Innsbrook Country Club. It took me several days to track down the source of this pleasurable and exotic scent along the fence line separating it from the now 13th hole. I couldn't believe a so-called weed could generate so much fragrance.

The milkweed, weed though it is, has other qualities beyond a pretty flower and sweet scent — although not considered important anymore today. Its milky sap contains a raw material for rubber, and which was tested by rubber researchers during World War II. Also, the fluff from the mature pods was substituted for life-vest and other buoyant products, when kapok from the tropics was no longer available because of Japanese invasions in those areas during the Big One.

The flowers, or florets as they should probably be referred to, are fertilized by bees and ants. Many times when stopping to smell or admire a milkweed flower, I noticed dead bees and ants. I have been told that by some quirk of nature, each floret is an insect trap. One misstep and the ant or bee fertilizing the flower is caught by a leg and doomed to a starving death. But for centuries they have fertilized the milkweed bloom, never learning. Insects never learn, it seems, perhaps because their lives are too short to do more than obey simple impulses and instinct. And so the milkweed survives and multiplies. Thank God, for the world is a sweeter place for it.

Hollyhocks are as old as the country itself, and I can remember them as a small boy in my grandparents garden and adjacent landscapes. Because they are too persistant and will crop up in abandoned places, the oldtimers called them "escapees or volunteers". They are tough hardy independents which have adapted themself to a hard way of life and, which grow and reproduce not only without help, but often in the face of man's opposition. I admire their beauty, vigor and independence.

To me they are a welcome symbol in a world of insistent conformity. They go their own way, meet conditions as they are, and survive by sheer persistence. They need no coddling. They chose their own soil and climate. They have fought their own battle to survive for generations.

It does my heart good to see a rejected and neglected hollyhock blooming in a place where all the odds seem to be against success. I love a pretty fighter.

Always read and follow label instructions before

using any chemical product.