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The growing role of the landscape architect in residential design/build

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Grubs: get 'em before they grow fat and sassy, Dr. Shetlar says.

[LAWN/LANDSCAPE]

Gary, who's sprayed more than a few lawns in his time, tells me about the time he was standing inside a customer's front door writing out a service order when the homeowner's hound walked over, cocked his leg and watered Gary's trouser leg.

"But here's a better one," says Gary. "Let me tell you about this crazy Shih Tzu that almost caused me to have a heart attack right there on this lady's lawn."

I interrupt him.

"What's a Shih Tzu?" My curiosity's growing because I can see that Gary's getting himself in a fine fever remembering the details.

"It's one of those fancy little dogs with short legs. Got the hair hanging down. Kinda yappy," he says. "You know, the kind that women like to keep in the house."

"So what about the Shih Tzu?" I ask.

"Well," continues Gary, "the one I'm talking about wasn't in the house.

It was in the backyard, but I didn't know this. Always before it was in the house. So when I open the gate to treat the backyard, the dog runs out. It just takes off and before I know it, it's around the house and gone. I don't know where it's gone.

"What am I gonna do? I gotta get the lady's dog back."

So Gary says he ran to the front of the house and he started calling for the dog, except he didn't know its name. Then he started walking down the sidewalk peering into peoples' backyards hoping to spot the little critter. But it's like it had just vanished into thin air.

After about a half hour or so, Gary says he went back to his truck and called on his mobile radio for his helper, and since his pal was in the neighborhood treating other lawns, in no time at

all he was there looking for the Shih Tzu, too.

The two of them resumed the search, but they still couldn't find the dog.

"Finally, I go to the neighbor's house and the neighbor tells me how I can contact the lady who owns the dog," says Gary. "She's at her office. I call. She says she'll come right home. She gets home in about 10 minutes or so, calls the dog, and right away here comes the dog out from under a bush in the neighbor's yard. It's right there. Maybe it was afraid. Maybe that's the reason it was hiding.

"The dog's real happy; it's smiling; its tail is wagging," says Gary.

"It's been sitting there the whole time watching me, I guess."

"Was your customer angry?" I ask.

"No, not at all," says Gary. "She laughed about it, put the dog in the house and went back to work.

"She's still a customer, a good one. But it gave me a few gray hairs. Here...see for yourself.

"And it cost me and my partner a couple of hours, so we had some catching up to do the rest of the week."

Got a "shaggy dog" (or humorous) service story you want to share? Telephone: (216) 891-2636. Fax: (216) 891-2683. E-mail: 75553.502@compuserve.com. **LM**

Shih Tzu on the loose: a 'shaggy dog' tail/tale (?)



Ron Hall

RON HALL
Senior Editor