

ripeness of fruit that delights the eye of man and provides nourishment for all creatures of earth. Autumn is the second spring when every leaf is in flower. The familiar greens put on a spectacular parting performance, giving way to all the hues of a sunset sky until the flaming woodland is as awesome as a forest fire. At the very end of their usefulness, leaves become their most vivid, noticeable and individual. The colors are not of living, but of dying. Perhaps we feel somewhat uneasy when they fall to the ground, for we are reminded that for us too, such a time will come. In winter, the trees are the elemental shape of life and enduring growth. When the landscape becomes jeweled with ice, every twig will glow and glisten. Oh, the wonder of it all, how snowflakes form and drop to the earth, clinging to every twig and needle, until all is soft and white and fresh.

To see the greatness of a tree, one must keep one's distance; to understand its form, one must move around it and under it; to experience its moods, one must see it at sunrise and sunset, at noon and at midnight, in sun and in rain, in snow and in storm, and in all the seasons of the year. He who can see the tree like this comes near to the life of the tree, a life that is as intense and varied as that of a human being. Trees grow and decay, they breathe and pulsate with life, collecting energies from the air and soil. Trees generate active life around them, give shelter and food to innumerable things. Such is the greatness of trees.

Trees speak to us, if we will only listen. Can we understand the message of the trees? Modern

man, whose ancestors swarmed forth from along evolution in the trees, is now funneling into the nonliving, motionless forests of concrete, glass and steel. What we see mirrored in the man-made structures is a realization that we are losing something vital to us as sentient, questioning creatures whose roots were hammered out on the anvils of human evolution over millions of millenia. Having emerged from a fostering blanket of trees, we are not far removed by a clothing of civilization. It is packed into our genes. Perhaps we sense that we have lost something which we could call peace of mind and spirit, a satisfaction of the heart. A great lassitude comes upon us sometimes, an aversion to the stormy and trivial burdens of everyday life, an uneasiness and a dissatisfaction with ourselves, or with that part of ourselves, which searches for a deeper meaning to our existence, an understanding how everything is so much a part of everything else, how much a part of everything we are. We could well find it among the trees. A tree's peace can flow into you as sunshine into leaves. Planting, tending or watching a tree grow strong is learning what it means to be rooted in the earth, stirring deep within us long forgotten ties to the earth, our home. We could well find peace, tranquility, serenity and contentment among the trees, perhaps hearing the subtle and quiet voices that speak of deeper and forgotten things.

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ABSTRACT

SHURTLEFF, M.C. 1979. **Sprays for diseases of non-woody ornamentals.** *Grounds Maintenance* 14(8): 45-46, 48, 50.

This is the last in a series of articles begun in the May issue of *Grounds Maintenance* listing chemical treatments for diseases affecting ornamentals. The chart lists fungicides and bactericides by common name or by names of representative proprietary products. The chart lists the diseases and their control chemicals for the following host plants: hollyhock, hyacinth, iris, lily, marigold, narcissus, peony, periwinkle, petunia, phlox, snapdragon, sweet pea, tulip, and zinnia.