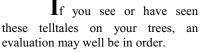


Owner Beware!

Like mug shots on the post office wall, take a good look at these two villains. If you should see them in the vicinity of your trees, there may be trouble ahead. Both of them are pathogenic and known to be destructive . . . destructive to wood tissue and vascular function, that is. Both are recognized as fruiting bodies, the reproductive spores of two common types of tissue decay (sometimes popularly called "rot") in southern hardwoods. Older trees in particular are susceptible to ganoderma, which occurs on and in the roots right at the place where they connect to the lower trunk (the root



collar). As the disease progresses, this disease travels up into the lower trunk itself. Unaddressed continuation of this process can spell serious mechanical compromise and elevated susceptability to tree failure.





What sort of tale...?

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For a not-so-subtle and almost hauntingly prescient query that asks about who we are and the purpose of our lives, I love few things more than this excerpt from a traveling conversation between Frodo and Sam Gamgee.

"I don't like anything here at all," said Frodo. "Step or stone, breathe or bone. Earth, air and water all seem accursed. But so our path is laid."

"Yes, that's so," said Sam. "And we shouldn't be here at all, if we'd known more about it before we started. But I suppose it's often that way. The brave things in the old tales and songs, Mr. Frodo; adventures as I used to call them. I used to think that they were things the wonderful folk of the stories went out and looked for, because they were exciting and life was a bit dull, a kind of sport, as you might say. But that's not the way of it with the tales that really mattered, or the ones that stay in the mind. Folk seem to have been just landed in them, usually – their paths were laid that way, as you put it. But I expect they had lots of chances, like us, of turning back, only they didn't. And if they had, we shouldn't know, because they'd have been forgotten. We hear about those as just went on — and not all to a good end, mind you, at least not to what folks inside a story and not outside it call *a good end*. You know, coming home, and finding things all right, though not quite the same — like old Mr. Bilbo. But those aren't always the best tales to hear, though they may be the best tales to get landed in! I wonder what sort of tale we've fallen into?"