In Bounds

By JOHN "JACK" MACKENZIE, CGCS North Oaks Golf Club

For me, fall begins when Orion

shows himself and points me south with his taut bow to North Oaks Golf Club. Perhaps second only to the Big Dipper in Ursa Major, the constellation of Orion is one of the most recognizable patterns of stars in the northern sky.

Orion, the hunter, stands by the river Eridanus and is accompanied by his faithful dogs, Canis Major and Canis Minor. Together they hunt various celestial animals, including Lepus, the rabbit, and Taurus, the bull. According to Greek mythology, Orion was in love with Merope, one of the Seven Sisters who form the Pleiades, but Merope would have nothing to do with him. Orion's tragic life ended when he stepped on Scorpius, the scorpion. The gods felt sorry for him, so they put him and his dogs in

the sky as constellations. They also put all of the animals he hunted up there near him. Scorpius, however, was placed on the opposite side of the sky so Orion would never be hurt by it again.

I imagine that our Greek hunter was adorned in a cotton loincloth for comfort in the swimsuit area, and leather sandals for foot protection. On cool days he wore an extra layer of insulation in the form of an animal pelt. Hunting boots may have included fur-lined wraps for winter protection.

Not unlike Orion, I too have multiple outfits dependent upon the mood of Zeus, the Greek weather God. From top to toe I have some form of protection to help minimize the effects of sun, snow, rain and cold.

My feet will bear witness to multiple footwear changes on any given day in the temperate season. Normally I welcome the dawn wearing low top Muck Boots, a foam rubber, water repellent and insulated soft shoe, which protect my feet from the dew and any overnight rainfall. Warm at first light, but they become too hot any time after 10:00 o'clock.

Because I suffer from sweaty, and sometimes smelly feet if they are kept too wet and warm for an extended period of time, I change up to sandals. Similar to Orion, I dress for comfort. My sandals allow me to wade rain-formed ponds to locate plugged drainage lines, maintain a comfortable toe temperature and, of most importance, dry out quickly to prevent an odor of significant proportion and the discomfort of foot slime. During the shoulder seasons of fall and spring I adorn insulated Gortex hiking boots and in the winter wear insulated Sorrels.

My years of self-dressing have taught me two very important lessons in shoe management for comfort. The first is the importance of an operational boot dryer. These devices are a great necessity for the removal of moisture from the inside of every foot covering I own with the exception of my sandals.

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And they make great glove warmers too!

The second piece of knowledge is the importance of multiple pairs of removable felt insulation liners for my Sorrel boots. A dry foot is a warm foot is a comfortable foot. I have also found that extra insoles go a long way when ice fishing, oops, I mean trimming trees. It is sad that Orion didn't have the choices we have today or he perhaps wouldn't be hanging from the winter sky.

However, I am thankful that technology as afforded me the clothing for protection from the elements, lest I have to change cups in nothing but a brief breech wrap. Again, during the warmth of summer I wear several changes on any given day. Layering is key in the summer as I often wear shorts for mid day comfort covered by stylish and removable warmup gear in the cool of the morning. My days also start with stratum of upper body protection including light jackets, sweatshirts, vests and half-sleeve wind shirts. Should the day be inclement I will don my heavy weather gear and brave the elements.

Perhaps one of the best investments my club made this season was to purchase exceptionally high quality rain suits for the green staff from Gander Mountain during their spring clearance sale Yes they were expensive, but the comfort of my associates was of great importance to me and their appreciation for a dry butt was and continues to be priceless.

Another "group" purchase was the investment in insulated Carharts for my ful-time and shoulder season staff. Each employee working the months of April, May, September and October is given warm bib overalls to fend off the cool temperatures. And this season we came across a bargain clothes dryer at a garage sale. Orion would have given up one of his dogs for warm and dry Carharts in the morning!

And as long as I am talking about warmth, let me give you the skinny on true comfort. My friends, I am referencing the fine feeling of silk undergarments. For Christmas two years ago I was given a pair of silk long underwear. At first I was apprehensive to wear such apparel for fear of losing my masculinity. But one frosty Minnesota morning I gave in and literally slipped into my slinky, kinky

body glove

Now I know why women love the sensual feel of silk and the reason their legs don't become popsickles when wearing skirts in the wintertime. Please don't think that I have begun shaving my legs to accentuate the smooth texture of silk upon my skin, but I freely admit that I am feeling a bit giddy thinking about the cool weather ahead and when I can wear them again!

Wearing hosiery has also allowed me the complete appreciation of what a "run" is all about. My first "run" occurred when bending over to pick up a branch during a winter tree removal project. While doubled up I felt a very peculiar sensation in my private area. Not knowing what it could be I went back to the shop for further investigation. Much to my dismay I had developed a gaping gash of torn silk from my crotch down to the inside of my right knee. It was an opportunity for me to get in touch with my "feminine" side.

If only Orion had the choices we have today to protect ourselves from the wrath of Zeus. But then again had he been so well clothed he might not be in the sky guiding me to my golf course and championing the first frost of fall.

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