



Within the Leather

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Aaahhhh!
That was the collective noise you heard a week ago from all

bet we grew more grass this season than the last two combined. Unfortunately, some of it was not the type we intended to grow, but we have things for that.

things living from the Arrowhead to the Spam Museum and all points near and far. The first shot of cool air compliments of the Canucks reached all points Minnesota and for some, just in time.

But there is something about the fall that I adore. The air just smells different. It is clean and crisp. The sun angle casts deep shadows on the golf course you just don't get any other time of the year. (Yes, I know the angle is the same sometime in the spring, but the course is not in the same condition.) The leaves turn their wonderful shades of orange and yellow and light up the golf course in one final, glorious finale before the inevitable submission to the clutches of winter.

After what proved to be a very above average month of July temperature-wise, the first week in August felt like a long lost friend had arrived with fresh case of 70-degree days and six-pack of 50-degree nights as a chaser. I know I threw open the windows and dusted off cobwebs usually reserved for the early spring in the shop, much to the spider's dismay, and reveled in the cool, dry wonderfulness.

Things slow down. The pressures of maintaining high quality turfgrass seems to fade as fast as the setting sun on a cool fall evening. Diseases fall by the wayside. Pests relent. Crabgrass dies, and all the worries of shaved, compacted, stressed out greens are relieved by one cultural practice or another, before the greens fall into their frost-induced slumber.

Yes, it has been quite the summer in Minnesota, but I seem to recall this initial shot of cool air being an annual thing around here. That welcomed friend usually shows up this time of year with a hint of the good times just around the corner. For you see, I absolutely love the season of fall.

All of which allows all of us to concentrate on other more important things. Family time becomes more abundant. Football and hunting creep into the frontal lobes, taking place of ET rates and fungicide calculations. Just the thought of it makes a superintendent wax poetic.....

Not that I do not like summer. I love summer. Summer grows grass, and that is what we do, right? This summer has been like no other in that category. I

Ode to Fall

*From the first breath of cool air
To the final blustery night
The fall season captures me
And eases summer's blight*

*The sprayer it sits lonely
The heavy lifting through
The leaf blower now takes it's place
As the plow horse of the crew*

*The help has all returned to school
I guess now it's my turn
My back is sort of aching
But it's a righteous burn*

*The pro shop they are calling
Another frost delay
One more coffee, we got time
Of course- it's Saturday*

*The sound of leaves crunching
As I walk out to the stand
Good fortune I hope with me
And keep a steady hand*

*Early order round the corner
The big show I must plan
Projects getting close to over
Blowout is at hand*



*My team is at the goal line
The fans they scream and shout
A fade pass to the corner
We pull another out!*

*A night at the Oktoberfest
To the ears and nose a bite
Gather around the bonfire
The Germans got this right*

*The corn and beans for harvest
The apples red and ripe
No more summer heat my friend
No longer can you gripe*

*So say goodbye to summer
The season it's been grand
But enjoy fall for all its glory
Because winter I can't stand!*