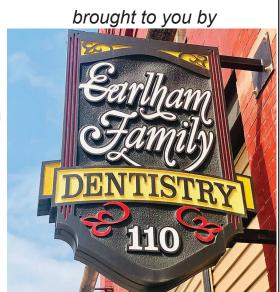
## Cardinal Athlete of the Month



**Evan Maxwell** Senior

Selected as First-Team All District. Invited to play in River Battle Bowl all-star game at UNI Dome on 11/26.



Master **Gardener Training** 

15,000 people have received Master Gardener Training from Iowa State University Extension and Outreach. The hybrid training program provides research-based information about tree planting, plant diseases, growing vegetables, houseplants, integrated pest management, composting, pollinator gardening, and more. Madison County and Warren County Extension Offices have partnered to offer a winter Master Gardener training

Class runs February 20 to April 28, 2023. Pre-registration is required; and will be open January 9 to

Since 1979, more than 27. Registration can be completed via QR code or by stopping at ISU's Madison County Extension of-fice (117 N. John Wayne Dr., Winterset). For more information contact Lisa at 515-462-1001 or lisachen@ iastate.edu.

More information about the Master Gardener program is available on the webpage https://www. extension.iastate.edu/madison/master-gardener-pro-





My dad played a lot of golf. When he and my mom retired and moved to Arkansas, he could play year fround without any problem. But as avid a player as he was, he did have his limits. He told me once that 48 degrees was his temperature threshold. Any lower than that and he'd just stay home and do something else.

I was a little surprised by that. Forty-eight doesn't sound all that cold—until one day when I was playing 18 holes around that temp, in the wind. It wasn't miserable, but it was close, and I couldn't finish fast enough. My dad—as usual—was right. So I adopted 48 as my own minimum golf temperature.

I like to play at least once in each month of the year. In Iowa, that isn't easy. Especially if you're not going to play when it's below 48. This past February, for instance, golf didn't happen for me. It may have gotten above 48 at some point—I don't remember—but there since. Sometimes against cent, and Ouinn was still too much snow just me, and other times it wasn't playing too on the ground. Quinn and I did get in a January round, so I had played in 9 of 10 months in 2022. November looked like it was slipping away, but I made it 10 of 11 when I played a solo round last week. Then I played with Kyle and Quinn last Friday. Before we left, we decided that we would play for 'the trophy.'

Kyle and I came up we played a cold weather round a few years ago. I told him the story about my dad—and it was below 50 the day we were playing so we decided we were playing in his honor. Not only that, but it would also be a competition, and we

could do it every year. Multiple times a year, even, on no specific schedule. Whenbelt. The winner could defend the trophy at any time, trophy at some point. The already low. We'd have to rules were loose—but those pick up the pace. are the best kind of rules.

Kyle. That's unusual, so I felt like I needed an actual physical trophy to mark the occasion and to display. So I or artistic, so the best I could my phone, or 1 do was to slap together two small pieces of wood leftover from some project, paint it, drill a hole in the But I couldn't top, put a tee in it, and glue take a ball to the tee. Voila. My Kyle was hot. Af-

Well, it didn't stay mine 6 holes, he was for long. The next time we around par. Quinn played, Kyle won it, and he and I weren't. I has defended his title ever was playing dewas all three of us.

the year we're playing, we tend to give ourselves and vowed to give up each other various liberties the game. He does on the course. March golf? Plenty of foot wedges and ery time we play, re-putts. July? Not so much. Even with so much on the line last Friday, we were all in generous moods ear- big lead, everyly on. It took a while to get body relaxed a warmed up, and it was No- bit. with the trophy idea when vember golf, after all. Kyle tioned previousand I took our breakfast ly in this column mulligans on the first hole, that matches inwhich is standard for any volving all of us time of year. We all hit balls can get tense, but in the water—or on top of that wasn't hapthe ice—on the second hole, but we decided everybody got a do-over. Or two.

While looking for our again, so instead

bad shots at the edge of the pond, we struck the motherlode. Because of the low ever the temperature was in water level, a ton of balls the neighborhood of 48. It were exposed. We spent could be like a boxing title about 10 minutes fishing some of them out. That was satisfying, but we were against anyone—keeping it now on pace to play one of in the family. Quinn wasn't the slowest rounds in histothere that first day, but he ry. It was the middle of the would certainly play for the afternoon, but the sun was

I thought I would have I won that day against an advantage because the boys were a little distracted, spending a lot of time checking their phones, following a couple of sports bets they

probably would have been doing the same thing.) advantage. ter the first 5 or badly, either, but Given whatever time of after a couple of bad shots, he had that just about evthough, so I didn't

> take him seriously. Given Kyle's I've menpening. It seemed Kyle was like destined to win

of thinking too much about along, but everyone seemed the next shot, we spent time between swings reciting lines from movies and TV shows, searching for and finding more golf balls, and making jokes at each other's expense.

With the sun and the temperature getting lower, we pushed the pace so we could get 18 holes in. That's when the golf started to turn. Kyle ran into trouble—a lot of it. I had a few transgressions, too. Quinn, despite his retirement declaration (or, perhaps, because he might have been annoyed

to have lost track this time around. We finished just as darkness was starting to shroud the course. For the last few holes, we had violated my dad's rule. The temperature had dropped to 46 and the wind was whipping, so we didn't do any scorecard math until we got back to the car. Quinn did the honors and said, "You aren't going to believe this.

It's a three-way tie." I suppose my dad would have approved—although







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World AIDS Day is December 1 | Putting Ourselves to the Test: Achieving Equity to End HIV

