

Stan Howser

Stanley, having recently celebrated his 92nd birthday, has a lot of stories to tell.

Originally from Laconia, N.H., Stan is a long term resident of Solera, a virtual pioneer. Married to his wife Karin, a native of Latvia, for nearly seventy years, he's had his share of happy moments as well as some personal tragedies. An Air Force veteran with more than twenty years of keeping planes in the air, Stan's been a problem solver all of his life.

His house is easy to find due to the fact there's a 1954 Buick parked in the driveway.

Beyond his affinity for old cars, classical music surrounds him. Talk to Stanley about Brahms or Liszt and he'll sway to the music in his head.

A quiet man and a man of refined tastes, he likes puzzles. And at 92 years old, he manages to work out regularly on his rowing machine. His optimism is infectious.

As the "senior" among his friends, he holds regular court on Thursday mornings counseling his younger, but not by much, friends, being charitable enough to share his gained wisdom in a gracious manner. If young people were smarter (We oldsters know they're not), they would listen to Stanley and *some* of his friends. Age, while sometimes debilitating, is the only way to really learn some valuable lessons.

A few years ago, 2019 to be precise, Stanley went through a period of introspection that the article on the next page, originally published in *Solera Connections*, details. The reader is cautioned regarding the veracity of this article since no fact checking was accomplished. If there is any truth to it, his many friends attribute Stanley's actions at the time to a mid-life crisis. Which would be very good news indeed. Experiencing a mid-life crisis at 86 indicates that Stanley will be around until he's well over 170 years old. We should all be so lucky.

And, thankfully, like most wise people, he ultimately took the advice from his friends and kept the face his family loved and his friends could relate to.

The Proboscis Update of 2019 (A Cautionary Tale)



Stanley recently announced his path toward self improvement. At least, that's how he defines it.

For some reason he has embarked on a path where the desired result is a mystery to those of us that he has confided in.

As the images above illustrate, the journey is not a trivial one. The picture on the left shows Stanley as he was before he undertook this journey. The middle photo shows him as he appeared when the surgical process began. (Looks uncomfortable.) The image on the right is the projected result when complete.

According to Stanley, he reviewed 1000's of photos of different noses and settled on the one at the right. Of course, there's a waiting period as there aren't many "donors" who meet the criteria. The nose will be harvested from a donor who has passed, not too traumatically one hopes, both for the donor's sake as well as that of the nose. One doesn't want to see the nose damaged by a faulty airbag, for example.

Stanley's decision seems to be partly influenced by his love of classic literature. He says he actually wept upon reading the stories of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. While one might appreciate Stanley's sensitive nature, it's fair to wonder at the extremity of this route he has set upon. One supposes that one sense at least will be even more acute at the end of this journey. His friends may want to avoid using cliches like "It's as plain as the nose on your face." or "Keep your nose out of my business." And never, ever, call him **Nose-tradamus**. Let's hope that Stanley realizes that there will never again be such a thing as a minor snuffle.

Current Author's Note: It needs to be said that while authorship of this article in 2025 is clear, no one is willing to take responsibility for the original article of 2019.