



"The Downtowner"



KIWANIS CLUB OF ROCHESTER

ROCHESTER, MN.

www.kiwanisroch.org

Nov. 13, 2017

Coming Programs

November 16 Nathan Pike...Olmsted Co. Veterans.
 Services Officer...Vet Benefits, Cemetery in
 Preston and barriers to care...(Bonnie)
 November 23 THANKGIVING
 November 30 Students of the Month



The Circle of Service for November is Bonnie Schultz, Scott Oesterle, and Clare Warren. Circle of Service for December is: Colleen, Dan Moore, Mary Tompkins, and Linda Hull. (Circles should send Clare their programs as soon as possible so they can have them included in the Downtowner.)

Stay alert for signup opportunities online at www.kiwanisroch.org



Expense Report:

The only activity this period is the continued exp. In paying the Hotel for our space and meals. The income taken at the door covers the meals, but the room and gratuity come out of the treasury (Our Dues Income) (\$2302 was just sent to Kiwanis International to cover National & District Dues, & Magazine)

Speaking of Dues....

The dues have come in pretty well. At this time there are only 2 members who have not met this obligation. Remember, we need this for operation of the club. Either give Clare a check at the meeting or mail to the address given on your statement. Thanks



Bill Horlitz

...was our program speaker last week. Bill is a Rochester resident with a history of one of those 'unusual' jobs. Until his retirement, he had spent about 40 years in 'bank regulation.' He had 30 years with the FDIC and 10 with the state of MN. He retired in 2013 as Deputy Commissioner of Commerce (Financial Institutions). He was originally appointed by Governor Ventura and then served two terms under Pawlenty and Dayton. He has a wife, Sandy, and three grown daughters with 6 grandchildren.

Bill states that he is not an expert on DMC but then proceeded to give us anecdotes on what that is looking like from the standpoint of banking. It appears that he is quite positive regarding most of it. He agrees that DMC is a good venture jointly with local and state government. He recognizes that 'growth' is inevitable, so why not this cooperative venture?

He was asked about TIF. (Tax Increment Financing) With growth, it should be good for all.

Nice to get his perspective on what often appears to be a hodge-podge to us common folk.



So Very Sorry to get a letter of resignation from long time member, Peg Anderson! She and husband, Jim, spend 3 months in AZ each year. This is her letter:

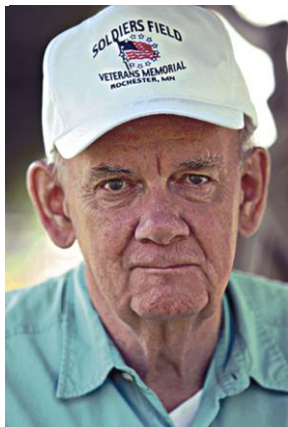
Dear Kiwanis,

This is a tough email to write. But I do think it is time for me to resign from our Kiwanis Club. I haven't been an active member this past year and with Jim and I preparing to spend 3 months in Arizona and my scheduled knee replacement surgery on April 20, I don't see that changing.

I know I will miss the friends I have met and the clubs recent outreaches have made this decision even more difficult. Please keep me on the newsletter distribution list. I will want to keep up with friends and club activities. Give everyone my best wishes. I am so thankful for all my memories of my years with Kiwanis.

Your Friend,
Peg

PS Jim is doing great. He is still in remission and gets stronger every day.



Wayne Stillman

Our member, Scott Oesterle, introduced Wayne, in part, as activity in celebration of Veterans.

For long time residents of Rochester, they will recognize Wayne as the 'driver' in the

development of the Veterans Memorial at

Soldier's Field. He has spent a 'lifetime' of hours in getting all the details assembled for fund raising, construction and follow through.

Wayne showed a short video and commented on some of the stories behind a few of the etchings on the Memorial. He says the cost has been about \$2.2 million. They had planned about 125 pavers to begin with but are now up to 6000. The community thanks Wayne for his dedication and durability on this remarkable tribute.

*****Austin announced that March 21 is our next Pizza Ranch obligation.**

*****Wrapping gifts for the 'Adopt a Family' will be during one of the December meetings.**



As a tribute and recognition of the sacrifice of serving ones country. Dan's whole story was related to the many 'suicides' that are a part of the potential problems vets can face when they have been facing the violence and insecurity of serving. Dan has some personal acquaintances that he has lost due to suicide and war. This was a very thoughtful examination of the problem facing those serving. It can be very destabilizing in other ways also. Thanks again to Dan for his insight and ability to write about it.

****The last talk that Dan gave us on reflections back to youth is going to be printed NOW:**



In my Rochester boyhood at least two Saturday afternoons were spent getting ready for winter. Dad worked Saturday mornings so that limited us. This duty began in late October about when the Gopher border battle with Wisconsin was taking place, so we had Ray Christensen's radio play-by-play barring away as we worked. Our mission demanded two weekends because of the Lord's admonition to "Remember the Sabbath" and so we were idle Sundays for fear that a passerby might mistake us for Unitarians. Our division of labor required this to be a man's or boy's job so Mom was limited to providing the fica - which is Swedish for coffee perhaps with stale Premium Saltine crackers with jam. Dad could never work half a day without stopping for coffee and some carbs to go along with it. Dad took care of the Buick and the '53 Ford himself. The Buick was brought into Postier & Eggers nearby his office. There they replaced the points, plugs and re-mounted the Goodyear snow tires. From then until spring our ride was rougher and louder. Prestone was added so the coolant was good to sixty below even though winters never got that cold. The to-dos included: cleaning the rain gutters and raking the leaves to the street where they were burned, hosed down and gently brushed into

the catch basin. To this day burning leaves evoke vivid childhood memories for me. Dad applied a winter lawn feeding - usually at dusk so that in spring we saw where the spreader went astray. He trimmed lilacs so much Mom nearly cried. The last task was draining the two outside spigots so that those pipes would not ice up and burst in the dead of winter. The regimen taught me that most lapses of common sense could be overcome by ritualistic routine or by an insurance policy that covers human error. When our house had combination windows we replaced them only after cleaning the glass. That way Mom and Dad could see the snow piles outside and compare the snow depth to that of their youth. Mom helped wash the windows as this virtually defined gender equity back then. Our picnic table was stout enough to support a bull. Dad bought it from Curt Taylor at Rochester Park and Rec. Some of those models remain in service sixty years later. Moving this albatross was chancy without insurance covering hernia repairs. During winter the table was stowed in the garage rafters. Six months later it was removed, given a yellow coat of high gloss enamel and reassembled for Mother's Day. During winter the carriage bolts were sealed in a Folger's mountain grown coffee can and squirreled away to a place we could never clearly recall in spring. Sometimes we forgot the Crescent wrench in the rain gutter and had to survive the winter by using pliers for the home plumbing chores. In the early 1960s my sister and I lobbied for Christmas lights but Dad, the child of the Depression he was, saw this as a foolish luxury. He still recalled the low wattage kitchen light he studied under in high school. To him frivolous waste was sin. Eventually he did hang Christmas lights along the front of the house. A number of IBMers

had inundated Rochester - inveterate planners all it seemed. These men were devoted to strategic planning - meaning they plotted out even their plans. Those corporate nomads put up the lights when it was still warm. Dad did the job in the cold and dark. But he drank his coffee, ate his Saltines and soldiered on. This was my life in the autumns of my youth. As I look ahead to this year's winterizing agenda I will perform none of these tasks - as True Green has already done the winter feeding. I have gutter helmets, a leaf blower, a mulching lawn mower and our patio table stays out all winter long and is tempered glass so it requires no paint. No misplaced Crescent wrenches for our family! And, until the Trump EPA restores curbside leaf fires, the leaves blow freely in the wind and the air is clean and pure. Nor have the Gopher's been to Pasadena since 1962. But in my mind's ear I still hear Ray Christenson mention our hometown heroes - Roger Hagberg, Tom Robbins and Steve Kareokos, thrilling us to the core as we prepared for Old Man Winter's arrival. Much later in life I joined the Rochester Male Chorus and sang bass with Steve Kereakos and recalled those days in the yard with fond affection and I could almost smell the leaves burning.

Daniel Carlson

Florida

A Florida senior citizen drove his brand

new Corvette convertible out of the dealership. Taking off down the road, he pushed it to 80 mph, enjoying the wind blowing through what little hair he had left. 'Amazing,' he thought as he flew down I-95, pushing the pedal even more.. Looking in his rear view mirror, he saw a Florida State Trooper, blue lights flashing and siren blaring. He floored it to 100 mph, then 110, then 120. Suddenly he thought, 'What am I doing? I'm too old for this!' and pulled over to await the trooper's arrival. Pulling in behind him, the trooper got out of his vehicle and walked up to the Corvette. He looked at his watch, then said, "Sir, my shift ends in 30 minutes. Today is Friday. If you can give me a new reason for speeding, a reason I've never heard before- I'll let you go.."

The old gentleman paused then said, "Three years ago, my wife ran off with a Florida State Trooper. I thought you were bringing her back."

"Have a good day, Sir," replied the trooper.

