

CROWN CRUIER

Volume 22

August Issue

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State of the Arts.....Dave Stuber

Well, I counted eight new employees
and one returned employee.

I guess I'll start with the new ones
first.

The most recent one to be added is
Carol Wiebe who is working in the Sales
office.

Sandra Haab is giving Rachel Eger
a helping hand with the paperwork
chores in the Service Dept.

Anne Edel is working in the Produc-
tion office.

Linda O'Neal is working on the Amp
Line.

Dave Engstrom is working for Incoming
Inspection right now, and will eventually
end up in Set/Comp to be one of Miller's
Monkeys.

Frank Sutley is a new member of the
Incoming Inspection Dept. also.

Gloria Baloy is helping out in the
Stock Room.

Robert Kollar is back in the Board
Room, assisting Robert is the returned
employee, Lynn Scholfield.

The Crown Family welcomes you-all
aboard!

FAULTS STATEMENT

Persons won't admit faults
Though they have many.
But I surely would
—If I had any.

—Edna Elsaser.

Confused?!?!?.....Lois Moeller

I sit on two old tires in a wooded
piece of snow, my mind is loose and
open as the sun is turning in it's sleep.
My face is burrowed in my coat while I
wonder, huddled and closed up like
a cabbage in it's leaves, I sit in star-
ing solitude, listening and wondering
about the future. I know why I came here,
for as I sit in aching coldness I can
feel God near and know he will lead me
in my future. It is something to look
forward to, being a senior, but the
responsibility and decisions are great.

Bedpans....medication....syringes...back-
rubs....and sore feet! That will be my
school work for the next year with the
hopes of graduating as a full fledged
Licensed Practical Nurse...with fallen
arches!

I am entering IV Tech. in South Bend
on September 24 and will be commuting
back and forth with several others from
the Goshen, Elkhart area.

My floor training will be at Elkhart
General Hospital, so if you want to help
me get some practise just stop by Elkhart
General!!

Lucy Miller

HELP
WANTED

The Carpenter of Galilee
Comes down the street again,
In every land, in every age,
He still is calling men;
On any day we hear him knock—
He goes from door to door;
Are any workmen out of work?
The Carpenter needs more.

—Hilda W. Smith.

CONTINUING OUR EDUCATION

by Max Scholfield

Whether we realize it or not our education continues all thru life. Sometimes we work at it a little harder than at other times. Sometimes it's a little more formalized than at others.

Education is a good investment. Returns from the investment range from the obvious financial returns to the somewhat less obvious, but perhaps more important personal enrichment.

Its been said that a truly educated man can entertain 3 things:

1. another person
2. himself
3. a new idea

Although formal courses are not necessary for the educational process to continue, they are a very definite help, especially in the area of the discipline we all often need to prod our learning process along. We have many opportunities in this area worth investigating further. A few are listed below:

Elkhart High School ----- evening courses--general
vocational, crafts, art

Business Schools:

Elkhart-Carter ----- Secretary
SO. Bend-College of Commerce Accounting

Colleges & Univ.

Goshen
Bethel -- So. Bend.
IU ---- So. Bend. -----many night courses available
Notre Dame --So. Bend nearly all college subject matter.

College courses:

Goshen/Bethel ----- see bulletin board
at Elkhart High School

Technical Schools:

Rets -----Electronics
Elkhart Institute -----Medical & dental assistant
I V Tech.-----see bulletin board

I'm sure there are some I've missed, at any rate with a little effort a person should be able to find training for just about anything without going too far away from the Elkhart area.
I even saw an advertizement for a nursery school in the phone book!

Birthday Corner....Sept.

5--Dolores Barhydt
7--Debra Frick
10--Dave McLaughlin
11--Vic Thorne
12--Randy Lehr
19--Bernita Struble
23--Mike Toman
24--Jim Wordinger
28--John Rader

Little boy with report card: "I was the highest of all who flunked."

"WHAT'S THIS big item listed on your expense account?" asked the sales manager.

"Why," answered the salesman, "that's only my hotel bill."

"Well, don't buy any more hotels," said the disgusted sales manager.

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a teacher of a class in American history.

"To worship in their own way and make other people do the same," was the reply.

THE TIME FOR learning is about an hour before your ignorance teaches you an expensive lesson.

AUGUST, WAIT

Paint August in oils.
Cover canvases with its goldness,
Dew-spangled greenness, and
deep-shadowed
Blueness.
Photograph August's city streets
In that haze of gray and shimmering
White heat.
Capture with a movie camera,
Set in slow motion,
An August surf as it breaks
Over you, over you, over you.
Write a song of the shooting stars.
Press a piece of summer in a
book.
Do these things quickly, and soon,
And hold August,
If you can.

—CATHARINE M. HOLLADAY.

DECEPTION

Just sitting here and thinking—
t'was just awhile ago.
Was I coming or agoing? I really
didn't know.

I had settled fights that lasted
from June to Labor Day,
Put trucks and dolls back in their
place—they never seemed to
stay.

The floor? A sandy shorefront
which some sneaker brought in-
side

And by the first of August I was
tempted just to hide.

I took the annual journey through
the Land of School Supplies.
Climbed mountains of materials
to brighten up their eyes.

I got it all assembled and said,
"Boy, will I shout—

The minute that big bus pulls up
and those four kids pull out!"

And then the big day happened
and much to my delight

The four lined up with school sup-
plies, the bus drove out of sight.

I yelled and screamed and said,
"Hurray, at last there goes my
gloom;

I'll move the furniture around and
vacuum every room!"

No more shouting! No more fight-
ing! How lucky can one be?

Radio, hum out your songs. Sweet
silence, come to me!

I laid aside the dust cloth and
walked out of the room,

I walked into the sunlight—who
wants to clean a tomb?

—SANDRA DUNHAM.

Supervisor's Notes.....John Miller

I am to tell you what is happening in Set/Comp Dept.

I could tell you all about the frozen flies or the spiders & crickets in captivity. There were also chair races when someone lost a wheel. What a catastrophe, but first let me tell you what we are supposed to do!

There are many people who lie awake nights plotting & planning ways to keep a DC300, D150, D60 or IC150 from working correctly. Some send us capacitors with no capacity, others sneak us a few resistors that won't resist. Some manufacturers send us busted transistors, sometimes we even get a light without any light!

Our job is to foil the plotters and make them lose more sleep plotting & planning and then as quickly as possible put covers on the units and carefully place them into boxes for shipment.

Each unit is individually tested. That means they go through a chamber of horrors known as a test bench. The first torture is a heat test. The amps are run so hard they become too hot to touch. After passing that horror & most of them don't until the 2nd or 3rd try, they are subjected to various types of physical abuse, threats of violence, scowls, etc. Finally the technician fills out a performance sheet telling how good the unit is. (Some in Sales would dispute this claim.)

The next chamber of horrors is the prep table. Here they are individually attacked with hammers, fists, drills, air drivers, etc. This is all to insure

(continued in next col.)

conformity to "Crown Standards of Quality" which are known nationwide.

The next torture is a high voltage shock, this tells us if there are any bare wires close to the chassis. It also shows most wires which may have gotten pinched and cause customer gastric problem sometime in the future!

Next is packing where grease, dust, fingerprints and other unsightly's are lovingly removed from the units. The performance sheet is put into a manual and a warranty card attached. These are all gently laid to rest in a shipping carton and taken to shipping.

Finally, the unit is ready to be thrust into the uncompromising world of Audio Land to shine gloriously among lesser pieces of audio gear.

Sports Column.....John Bachman

As Crown's softball team prepares for its last week of humility, a new sound is coming from the practice field. There are some sounds of "We can do it", "Let's win this one", and "We know we can do it". Strangely enough, they believe it! Odd as it may sound, they can do it. At times this season the Crown Clowns have looked invincible. Then there were other times.

Never the less we all know we wouldn't have even had "times" if it weren't for our sponsor. A very deep and sincere thank you comes from all of us who played.

About the middle of the season after dropping a close contest, I was leaving the park with a friend complaining about our loss. He looked at me and said; "Yeah, but are you having fun?" We had a "ball". Thanks.

Answers to last month's puzzles....

The statements of all three golfers concern the identity of the middle man. From the presented character analysis two of them will be lying. The man in the rear says that the man in the middle is Tom (the honest one). At this point it should be noted that all statements about the identity of Tom will be false except self verifications. Therefore the man in the rear is lying, which is to say that neither the man in the middle or the rear is Tom. This means that the front man is Tom. He claims that the middle man is Harry, which is consistent with the fact that the man is lying claiming himself to be Dick. Clearly then Dick is bringing up the rear.

30. sonny boy goes on a business trip

Since this cryptogram represents an addition, each letter denotes a different digit; this problem is the same as No. 29. *Last Month's Solution* The reasoning necessary to solve this problem is exactly the same and may be duplicated by substituting T for S and K for V. The sums, as before, are 10562 and 10462.

WAY TO SOLVE IT

The dean of a girls' school was troubled because the girls insisted on crossing the street in front of the school without going to the corner. Warnings, penalties, and lectures did no good.

Finally, the dean had a sign painted and set it up in the middle of the block. From that time on, the girls always walked to the corner before crossing the street.

What did the sign read?
"Cattle Crossing."

7. "However little French I know," says J. E. Littlewood (in explaining why he was not obliged to write an infinite regress of footnotes to an article that a friend translated), "I am capable of *copying* a French sentence."

A PROBLEM CHILD is one who puts two and two together and gets your number.

31. a little business advice

Dad got back from his trip to hear that Sonny Boy needed more money to close a business deal. To let him know how much more he could spend and, at the same time, to give a little advice, Dad sent this telegram.

D	E	F	E	R
-	D	U	T	Y
<hr/>				
N	O	G	O	

If each letter represents a different digit, how much more money could Sonny Boy spend?

"LOOKS like a smart dog you got there," one mountaineer remarked to another.

"Smart?" said the other man. "All I gotta say is, 'Are you comin' or ain't you?' and he either comes or he don't."

2. The Lady or the Tiger?

FRANK STOCKTON's famous short story "The Lady or the Tiger?" tells of a semi-barbaric king who enjoyed administering a curious kind of justice. The king sat on a high throne at one side of his public arena. On the opposite side were twin doors. The prisoner on trial could open either door, guided only by "impartial and incorruptible chance." Behind one door was a hungry tiger; behind the other, a desirable young lady. If the tiger sprang through the door, the man's fate was considered a just punishment for his crime. If the lady stepped forth, the man's innocence was rewarded by a marriage ceremony performed on the spot.

The king, having discovered his daughter's romance with a certain courtier, has placed the unfortunate young man on trial. The princess knows which door conceals the tiger. She also knows that behind the other door is the fairest lady of the court, whom she has observed making eyes at her lover. The courtier knows the princess knows. She makes a "slight, quick movement" of her hand to the right. He opens the door on the right. The tale closes with the tantalizing question: "Which came out of the opened door—the lady or the tiger?"

After extensive research on this incident, I am able to make the first full report on what happened next. The two doors were side by side and hinged to open toward each other. After opening the door on the right the courtier quickly pulled open the other door and barricaded himself inside the triangle formed by the doors and the wall. The tiger emerged through one door, entered the other and ate the lady.

The king was a bit nonplused, but, being a good sport, he allowed the courtier a second trial. Not wishing to give the wily young man another 50-50 chance, he had the arena reconstructed so that instead of one pair of doors there were now three pairs. Behind one pair he placed two hungry tigers. Behind the second pair he placed a tiger and a lady. Behind the third pair he placed two ladies who were identical twins and who were dressed exactly alike.

The cruel scheme was as follows. The courtier must first choose a pair of doors. Then he must select one of the two and a key would be tossed to him for opening it. If the tiger emerged, that was that. If the lady, the door would immediately be slammed shut. The lady and her unknown partner (either her twin sister or a tiger) would then be secretly rearranged in the same two rooms, one to a room, according to a flip of a special gold coin with a lady on one side and a tiger on the other. The courtier would be given a second choice between the same two doors, without knowing whether the arrangement was different or the same as before. If he chose a tiger, that was that again; if a lady, the door would be slammed shut, the coin-flipping procedure repeated to determine who went in which room, and the courtier given a third and final choice of one of the same two doors. If successful in his last choice, he would marry the lady and his ordeal would be over.

The day of the trial arrived and all went according to plan. Twice the courtier selected a lady. He tried his best to determine if the second lady was the same as the first but was unable to decide. Beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead. The face of the princess—she was ignorant this time of who went where—was as pale as white marble.

Exactly what probability did the courtier have of finding a lady on his third guess?

A Paradox

The Unexpected Hanging

The man was sentenced on Saturday. "The hanging will take place at noon," said the judge to the prisoner, "on one of the seven days of next week. But you will not know which day it is until you are so informed on the morning of the day of the hanging."

The judge was known to be a man who always kept his word. The prisoner, accompanied by his lawyer, went back to his cell. As soon as the two men were alone the lawyer broke into a grin. "Don't you see?" he exclaimed. "The judge's sentence cannot possibly be carried out."

"I don't see," said the prisoner.

"Let me explain. They obviously can't hang you next Saturday. Saturday is the last day of the week. On Friday afternoon you would still be alive and you would know with absolute certainty that the hanging would be on Saturday. You would know this *before* you were told so on Saturday morning. That would violate the judge's decree."

"True," said the prisoner.

"Saturday, then is positively ruled out," continued the lawyer. "This leaves Friday as the last day they can hang you. But they can't hang you on Friday because by Thursday afternoon only two days would remain: Friday and Saturday. Since Saturday is not a possible day, the hanging would have to be on Friday. Your knowledge of that fact would violate

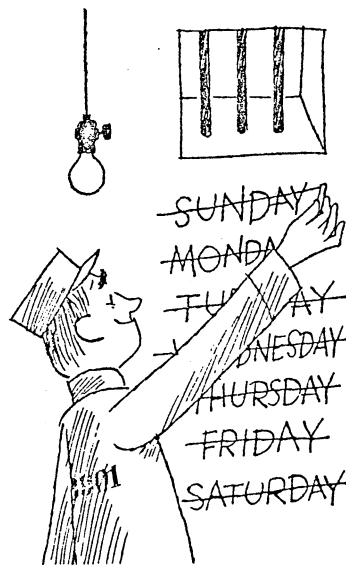


Figure 1
The prisoner eliminates all possible days

the judge's decree again. So Friday is out. This leaves Thursday as the last possible day. But Thursday is out because if you're alive Wednesday afternoon, you'll know that Thursday is to be the day."

"I get it," said the prisoner, who was beginning to feel much better. "In exactly the same way I can rule out Wednesday, Tuesday and Monday. That leaves only tomorrow. But they can't hang me tomorrow because I know it today!"

Then on Thursday morning, to his great surprise, the hangman arrives. Clearly he did not expect him. What is more surprising, the judge's decree is now seen to be perfectly correct. The sentence can be carried out exactly as stated.

.....REMINDER.....Tom Szerencse

Just a reminder on the Electro-Voice tour. It looks as though scheduling for the tour will take place during the normal production week. Management is checking out the possibility of juggling hours to meet the event.

Keep tuned to the Crier and Chapel for more information. Hopefully this will take place in the month of Sept.

WHO's WHO????Steve O'Dell

1. Ken Woodcox--and his "seeing-eye" coffee cup.
2. Dale Kauffman's searing licks of rock music....
3. Rachel Eger's objection to same!

Bord uv Educashun.....Steve O'Dell

As the time draws nigh to returning to school and expectant looks of terror begin to adorn the faces of our educators, our thoughts turn to past years and perhaps we think of some of our more rewarding activities (or extra-curricular, depending on who's reviewing the situation.)

Scenes such as the classroom olympic sessions of yore come to mind:

The Ultra-sonic chalk screech tournies,
The Dubble-bubble chewing gum competition, Spit-wad and rubberband-chain archery;.....and who can forget that old favorite...landing paper planes on the air craft carrier at the front of the room?

Remember the sounds of the menagerie that the teacher never seemed to find? Or the little tricks you so wonderously performed with a bit of chewing gum, a tack, or stick-on labels???

(continued in next col.)

Perhaps you didn't take an active part, but just filled the position of Class Informer from the side-lines. The neighborhood literature-passers, ('A note! A note!'), and when it's finally intercepted it says....'A NOTE!'

But school wasn't all fun. It was hard work, too. Like pass receiving practice across the room with a sneakily borrowed eraser! Or the facial exercises you were asked to demonstrate to the class because you were practicing so hard!

School is the girl or boy you would not have been caught dead with then, but wish you'd forced yourself, now! Remember how organized you were? Always doing things right on time---catching sleep in study halls, studying for finals on the way to school. Or the true and false questions you answered with 'none of the above', because you couldn't tear your eyes off the beauty next to you!

With all that education, you were fortunate to have any playtime. "Gee I knew it yesterday, teach, but I,... uh..I.."

Excuses were always fun. Some instructors wouldn't punish you as long as your imagination was stimulated enough to give an entertaining excuse; "My little brother ate it!" "The neighbor kid stole it, threw it in a mud puddle, and I knew I'd insult you if...." "Late? Well, I stayed up all night studying (choke) and was so tired I forgot my essay this morning, but I'll bring it Monday shu-nough!"

"College is going to be different" you say, so if at first you don't succeed.....

HIS NAME: Joshua Waverley Chambers
AGE: Four Yrs. WT: 255 HT: 6'2"

No, this isn't a criminal lineup, especially not in this case. The above mentioned character happens to be what I call my son (by adoption naturally), coming from the Sanctuary Woods line of St. Bernards.

Since you can now keep his dimensions in mind, I'll share a brief experience with the MOOSE, giving all due heroic credit to my courageous husband, even though Josh outweighs him exactly 100 lbs. not to mention his being 5" shorter!

Putting these little gems into a bathtub takes three or four true blue friends (who don't mind working up a sweat) for a good 2 hrs.

To begin with, just getting Josh into the bathroom was a ¼ hr. project in itself; but I suggest our technique--½ doz. bagels. I presume anything will work since a Saint never uses his taste buds let alone his jaws (except for the drooling). One thing to keep in mind is this---Be sure you have the bathroom door completely shut by the time the last bagel is being "inhaled". Otherwise, you will have to start all over again (like we did!).

Secondly, start with a dry tub, or else just forget the whole thing. Saints have water charted as their no.1 enemy, especially when it is in such close quarters.

One problem we had was the fact that our dog's disposition was naturally grumpy to strangers and even sometimes to us when we'd try to pull something over on him--such as this instance here. Just to confirm this fact, ask cutie Rick Wilson about Josh--that is another story in itself.

After seeing no success in just plain coaxing since my husband was getting just

slightly concerned with Josh's continued snapping and bear-like growl, his ingenious logic once again outdid itself. With only hay twine to work with, a muzzle was devised for Josh with enough slack on the end of it for my husband to hang-on like crazy. After continuous shoving, plus my sickening-sweet voice in the back back back-ground pleading him to budge, VICTORY--his front half was in the tub! Without further ado I ran to the kitchen for the Purina and my old "floor-washing" pan (inherited to the MOOSE for obvious reasons), filled it to the brim, and ran back to the "big scene" shoving the food under his nose (in the tub). By then, he was so wrapped up in that, that it was a cinch to put the back half in.

Following this was an unscheduled 10 minute recess since the food was only ½ consumed by then and I hadn't the guts to reach in there and take it away from him after all he'd been thru'.

Following our brief intermission, it took 6 or 7 times to fill up the tub and keep the dog from drinking it dry. Plus the fact that the dirt rolled off of him as fast as fresh water was put in again.

The entire ordeal after this part was somewhat easier, although totally wet. It must've taken me a month of Sundays to get my tub back to its natural blue shade instead of the gorgeous "nitty gritty black" which Joshua lovingly put there.

Nevertheless, I do have advice to pass on to any of you considering a dog of this massive size. First, reconsider your thoughts and be sure you really want to go thru' with it. Then, when bath time does roll around, throw the MOOSE out in the pouring rain with a bar of soap!



WOMENS PAGE

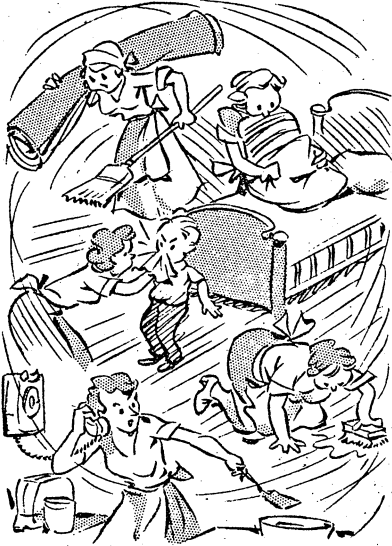
KATE MOORE

"SOMETHING YOU CAN WEAR THAT
NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE."

SKETCHES

By BEN BURROUGHS

A CHEER for every housewife . . . who makes each home look neat . . . a million thanks go out to her . . . who also is so sweet . . . she makes the home a castle . . . by brightening each room . . . with gaily colored curtains . . . that drive away the gloom . . . she must be jack of all the trades . . . from diplomat to cook . . . and she must also be the sweetheart . . . of each little nook . . . she is the axis of each home . . . for it is up to her . . . to do a million little things . . . that make each family purr . . . and I have often wondered . . . what each household would be like . . . if without provocation . . . she would pull up stakes and strike.



Spendthrift Too

A friend rebuked a father for speaking rather strongly to his daughters. "Aren't you a bit tough on those girls?"

"Tough! They're too biased," said the father.

"Biased? In what direction?"

"Oh, it's bias this and bias that—until I'm broke."

FOR DIETERS REMINDERS FOR YOUR TABLE:

It's when you're on a diet that the seconds count!

If you eat as if there's no tomorrow, there won't be!

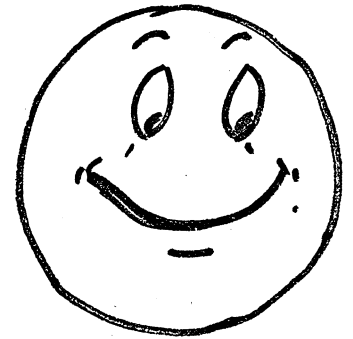
TWO MINUTES in the mouth; TWO HOURS in the stomach; FOREVER on the hips!

DON'T put off until tomorrow what you should take off today!

The longer your WAISTLINE, the shorter your LIFELINE!

He who indulges is bound to have bulges!

OBESITY: an easy way to an early obituary!



REMEMBER THE DELICIOUS JAM WE HAD
AT THE REPS DINNER? HERE IS
THE RECEIPE FROM LUCY'S KITCHEN:

1 pkg. of Sure-Jell
1 cup of hot water, boil 1 minute,
remove from heat, then add:
3½ cups blended berries
1 tlbs. lemon juice
6½ cups sugar
Stir together, then put in glass jars,
let stand one day, then put in freezer.

A PRAYER FOR TODAY:

Since yesterday is past and gone...
and never more to be...and since to-
morrow is a hope..that I may never
see. . . then let me live this day
that Thou. ..hast given me as though
...it were the only day on earth. .
that I would ever know. . .And since
this day is all I have . . what else is
there to do. . . but dedicate it unto
Thee. . .and serve Thee all day
through. . .And since my life is brief
at best. . and passes swift away. . .
then let me give all time to Thee. . .
and serve Thee every day. Amen.

ANY WOMAN WHO WANTS A LITTLE TIME TO
HERSELF HAS ONLY TO BEGIN DOING THE
DISHES.