

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

CROWNCRIER

Holiday Issue - Volume 24

November 1973

State of the Arts.....

Ghost Writer for Dave Stuber

It's been a long time since the Crier has reported new employees! We have had quite a few additions to the Crown Family.

We'd like you to meet Shirley Sousley, -Mrs. Moore's "right hand girl." She is getting initiated but proper since Mr. & Mrs. Moore have gone on vacation.

Dolores Moser is our "mailman." When she's not enroute, she works in Sales. A sports enthusiast no less!

Mary Scholfield is a "board" worker. She enjoys knitting, crocheting, music, and sports.

An addition to the Stockroom is Lenna Vee Wixon. Lenna hopes to be a full time teacher one of these days.

Theresa Maloney, Debra Weldy, Mary Nuku, Cheryl Hevelin, June Kulp, Jean Davidhizar, Pat Herman, David Perkins, Randy Gangwer, and Debra Holdeman have all joined the Assembly force.

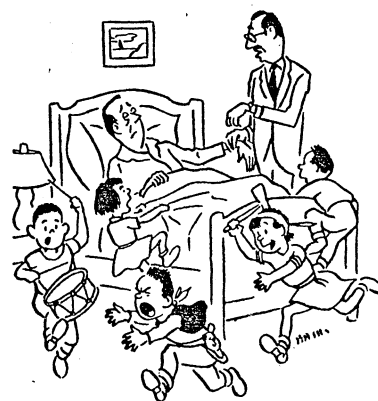
Douglas Leinbach really moves the stock through. Shipping is going, going, gone! So Craig Miller is helping to shove it out the door.

Margaret Thompson and Irma Shank are helping to meet the expanded production schedule in the Boardroom.

Steve Bachman is learning the techniques of Set-up and Zelma gets to borrow Bill Brennan for awhile until he is moved on to another department.

Get Ready for Christmas

1. Up date last year's gift list.
2. Buy Christmas cards and prepare them for mailing. Address and stamp them now.
3. Hint early. Shop same.
4. Dust off last year's extra wrapping paper and ribbon.
5. Find that Christmas tree stand in back of the closet.
6. Replace the broken ornaments.
7. Ready all packages going overseas, and MAIL EARLY.
8. Stamp all letters and parcels with Christmas Seals.
9. Get plenty of aspirin ready for the day after.
10. Start saving for next Christmas, and this year, be sure to have a Merry...



"You need quiet and rest . . .
Why don't you go back to
work?"

A Modern Fable.....John Rader

Once upon a time, in the land of Organized States, a great hue and cry arose because food prices had gone up sharply. People wrathfully descended on the princes and nobles of the king's court and demanded a price freeze on food. The king's wisemen pleaded in vain that price ceilings destroy the incentive to produce more, that they lead to black markets and long-run problems far worse than the original one. So the decree went forth that food prices must remain low so that the people could continue to spend most of their gold for other things.

The yeomen of the land, numbering only five percent of the populace, received the news with dismay. For generations, they had produced an abundance...so much so that the townsfolk spent a smaller and smaller portion of their gold for food. But the tillers of the soil could not bring themselves to join the irresponsibility of their time...the definance of law, and the violence that filled the land with fear. But neither would they accept consignment to serfdom.

So they sold their livestock at the markets, and they cut back their efforts in the fields...and a great shortage of food came upon the land. The people's rising hue and cry now made the former commotion seem tame by comparison. "What does it profit us," they cried, "to have the price of beefsteak fixed at 50 shillings per pound...but have no beefsteak?

Fearing revolution, the king decreed that every yeoman must increase forthwith his production of food by twenty-five percent...and that cattle must henceforth be ready for market by weighing 1,100 stones at six months of age. The yeomen chuckled at such uninformed fuming...and went fishing. The moral of the story is that issuing decrees does not produce any more food...and that price ceilings on food create only a fool's paradise.

---Gordon Conklin in
American Agriculturist

Thoughts...thoughts

The future is that time when you'll wish you'd done what you aren't doing now. To be agreeable when we disagree is a goal most of us have to keep working at. A group becomes a team when each member is sure enough of himself to praise the skills of others. We all have a right to be wrong in our opinions, but not in our facts. When rejecting the ideas of another, make sure you reject only the idea and not the person. Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more: whine less, breathe more; talk less, say more; hate less, love more; and all good things are yours. No one ever FINDS life worth living. One always has to MAKE it worth living.

Submitted by Clyde Moore



Crown

from the desk of:

PUZZLES

GERALD STANLEY

Date

Answers to issue 23's problems.

11. The Benevolent pastor

The pastor had 70¢ to begin with.

If x were the original quantity, he would have given:To the first needy person $\left(\frac{x}{2} + 1\right)$ cents leaving $\frac{x-2}{2}$ cents

" " second "

" $\left(\frac{x-2}{4} + 1\right)$ cents "" $\frac{x-6}{4}$ cents

" " third "

" $\left(\frac{x-6}{8} + 1\right)$ cents "" $\frac{x-38}{8}$ cents whichequalled 4 cents, i.e. $\frac{x-38}{8} = 4$ or $x = 70¢$ 40. Another Census StoryThe population was 69696 of the form $ababab$ where the sum of a 's, $3a$ equalled the sum of b 's, $2b$.Which says that $a/b = 2/3$ allowing possible numbersof $(a, b) = (2, 3)$ or $(4, 6)$ or $(6, 9)$. Inasmuch as only $(a, b) = (6, 9)$ results in a square of an integer 264,
69696 is the population.

46. the christians and turks

The captain arranged the passengers as follows:

CCCCTTTTTCCTCCCTCTTCCTTTCTTCCT,

where C denotes a Christian and T a Turk. This order may be remembered by the position of the vowels in the following sentence,

Populeam jirgam Mater Regina ferebat,

where a stands for 1, e for 2, i for 3, o for 4 and u for 5. Then the order is o Christians, u Turks, e Christians, and so on.



Column

from the desk of:

GERALD STANLEY

This Issue's Problems

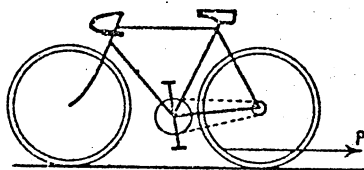
Date _____

A/13

All motion is relative. At least that's what they tried to tell us at school. But look at it this way. If motion is relative it is the same thing, of course, to say the Earth is spinning as to say the Earth is fixed and the stars are rotating round it.

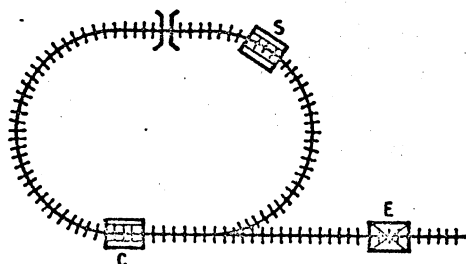
But if a body spins it bulges at the equator. In fact the Earth has done so, which is why it has a slightly greater diameter equatorially than from pole to pole. If you consider the Earth as fixed and the stars as rotating round it, you then have to admit that the effect is to expand the Earth at the equator. And this would be true however small the stars were and however far away they were. But this is a ridiculous state of affairs! What is the explanation?

A/12



We show you here a sketch of the authors' bicycle. It is a perfectly good bicycle except that it has a piece of string caught up in the rear wheel. If we pull the string in the direction *P*, will the bicycle move forward, move backward, or 'stay put'?—assuming that the wheel does not slip on the ground.

A/21



Here we show a small portion of the British Railways shunting yards at East Wapping (you do appreciate we cannot possibly show you all of it). Only the engine can pass under the bridge, and the problem is to reverse the positions of the truck containing sheep and that containing cattle, returning the engine to its present position.

Women's Page

Kate Moore

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A BIBLE?

What is home without a Bible?

'Tis a place where day is night
For o'er life's beclouded pathway
Heaven can shed no kindly light.

What is home without a Bible?

'Tis a place where daily bread
For the body is provided,
But the soul is never fed.

What is home without a Bible?

'Tis a vessel on the sea,
Compass lost and rudder broken
Drifting, drifting, aimlessly!

A HINT! If you have trouble cleaning
a cheese grater before washing, rub a
potato over the grater. This removes
the cheese in a jiffy.

TOFFEE COOKIES, SIMPLE BUT GOOD!

½ lb. butter 1 cup brown sugar
2 cups flour 1 egg yolk, well beaten
1 tsp. vanilla

Spread over thinly on greased cookie
sheet and bake at 325 for 10-12 minutes,
NO LONGER. Place 8 oz. Hershey milk
chocolate bar in double boiler and melt.
Spread on cookies while still warm.

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

We come on this Thanksgiving Day....
with grateful hearts and glad...we thank'
Thee for the air we've breathed...and the
bread we've had....and while we thank Thee
for the gifts....from soil and sun and rain..
we thank Thee, too, for things unknown...
which spared us bitter pain....and for the
oppositions that....have made us better men..
through which we've wrought high victory....
again and yet again....but most of all for
Thine own love.... in gratitude we pray....
and ask, through Christ, Thou help us keep...
Thanksgiving every day!



"I'm Afraid We're in for a
Long Wait, Uncle Bill. Auntie
Just Changed Ears"



"A sweet new blossom of humanity,
fresh fallen from God's own
home, to flower on earth."

WELCOME, MARY KATHRYN YODER!
MIKE WELDY

Tried to open a box of 'Cream of Wheat' lately? Or a 10 lb. box of laundry detergent? Or how about these "zip open" cartons of pop? Tried to find the pull-string on the margarine boxes?

Ever notice the labels read "easy to open"? Ever notice they aren't? A more appropriate label might be: "Enter at your own risk" or "Warning - Opening this box may be hazardous to your health".

F'instance, the other morning, Jay (my 3-year old son) requested (as he usually does) 'Cream of Wheat' for breakfast. Fine. But little did I know what strange events would take place. On the side of the box it says something like "Press on perforated line with thumb, push in and pull up". I pressed. I pushed. Now, I realize I'm a 100 lb. weakling, but this was ridiculous! I mustered all the strength I had into my thumb. Now imagine 100 lbs. of strength forced into one spot. The pressure should open the box, right? Wrong! My thumb joint went out of whack, my nail broke (that's pretty bad considering I don't have any nails), and a fresh, bloody hangnail was created. And I did not say "It is good".

I tried some other healthy fingers, even tho the box specified the thumb, and still got no results. Clearly, firm defiant action was needed. I searched for a sharp object - withdrew a spoon and with the handle pointed down, and a deathlike grip, I proceeded to stab. (Ah, vengeance is mine!) Blood spattered from my hangnail. The countertop sported a new dent. The box didn't.

I glared at this new enemy as Jay, not so patiently wondered where his cereal was. I put it on the floor and tried forcing it in with the heel of my shoe (trying not to think of how we would eat dirty cereal if I succeeded). As I pushed and twisted, disc #4 along my spine decided to get out of line. I stooped to retrieve the box. Discs #5, 6, & 7 followed #4. C-r-a-a-c-k. I couldn't straighten up. I moaned and muttered a few not-so-nice words to the packagers of the world.

In a stooped position, I was more determined than ever to conquer this new enemy of mine. After all, I had mouths to feed! And I love challenges. Once again, I grabbed the box, placed it on the countertop, and very carefully poked the perforations with a knife. Success!

Jay applauded and I didn't have to take a bow since I was already "bowed". The rest was easy and I proceeded to cook the cereal looking like the hunchback of Notre Dame.

My husband finally came downstairs to inquire what the fuss was all about. Seeing the position I was in - he picked me up (he's 6'6", you see) one hand on my ankles and the other around my shoulder and unfolded me. C-r-a-a-c-k. I'll never be the same again - but who needs a chiropracter when I practically live with one?

We heard a suspicious noise behind us. Jay was on a chair, up on the countertop, into the cupboard which I can't reach where we keep our medicines. He proudly showed us that he had gotten his Fred Flintstone vitamins. You know the bottles on which children absolutely can't open? He opened it.

Next time, he can make his own "Cream of Wheat"!!

"CHRISTMAS AT PINES"

The day is: Tuesday, December 4th.
The time is: 6:30 p.m. - Dinner at 7:00 p.m.
The event is: Crown's Annual Christmas Party.
The place is: Eby's Pines Restaurant
State Road 120
Bristol, Indiana

Once again, Christmas creeps up shockingly close - making us all wonder when it happened and if we were asleep or in limbo as it suddenly arrives.

December 4th is even closer, friends. That's a special day for us. The annual party this year will give you a glimpse of the many talents of the people we work with plus some 'outside' talents. Ken Woodcox will be our super emcee and we're not gonna spill too many beans about the program . . . except to say you gotta see it to believe it.

This year, instead of the candle exchange, the committees decided to try something different. It's called "Christmas Elephant Exchange".

(continued . . .)

CHRISTMAS AT PINES . . . continued

Just take some little item you have lying around the house; it can be funny, sad, crazy, sensible or whatever - and gift wrap one per person. The exchange provides a chance to "mix" and for you to get over your shyness at seeing each other at a party. Also, it provides you a chance to get rid of something around the house that you "couldn't bear to throw away". (forget the St. Bernard or your pet rattlesnake please.)

The dinner menu includes two choices of meat plus the fixins'.

Soon, you'll see posters in various parts of the plant - and a list will be put on the bulletin board for you to sign up for reservations.

Remember, this is CROWN's gift to you - so don your gay apparel and have yourself a merry little Christmas . . . we're gonna deck the halls, and celebrate the birth of Christ our Saviour.