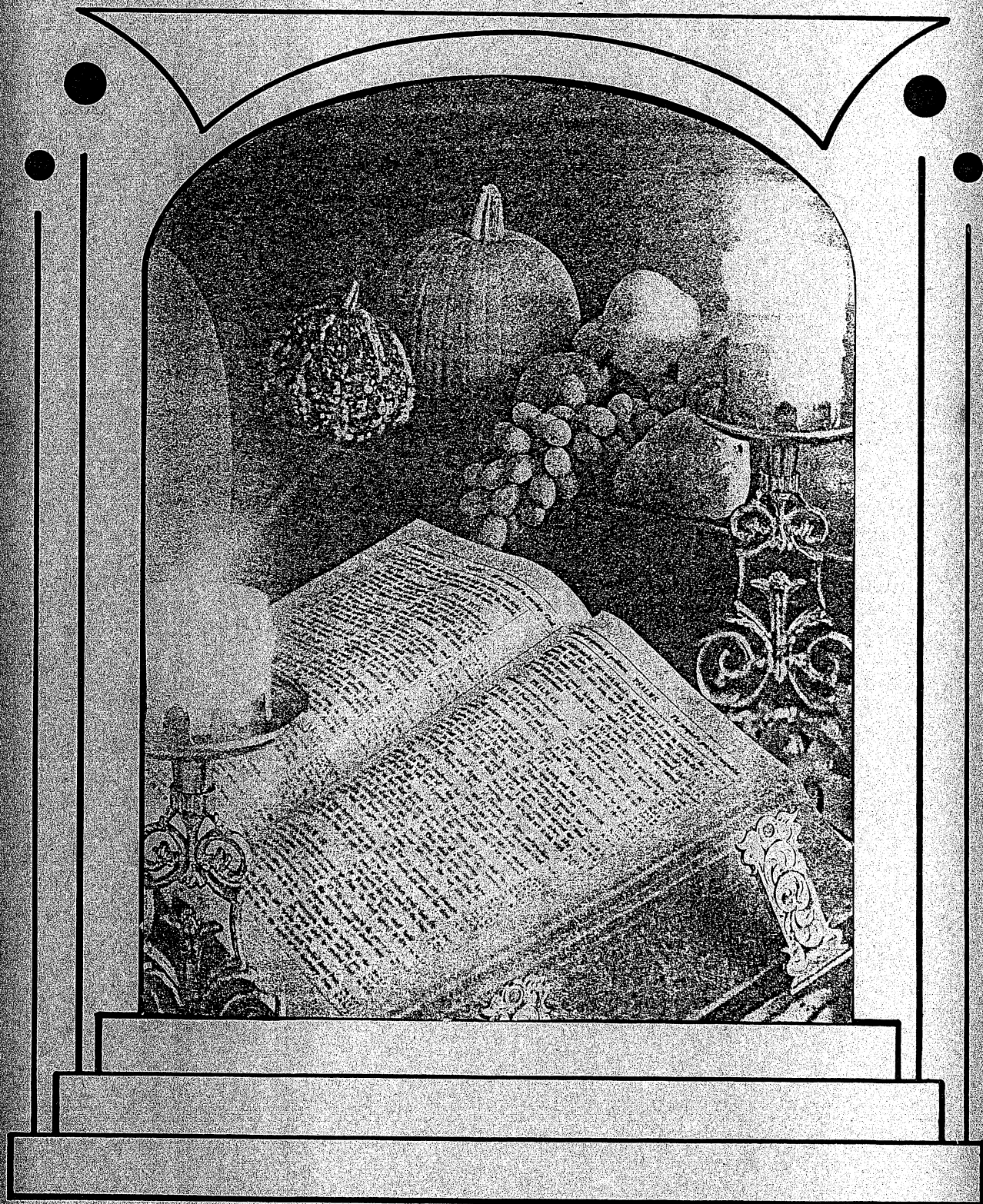


november



*crown crier
nineteen-eighty-two*

The CROWN Crier is the monthly newsletter of CROWN International, Inc., 1718 W. Mishawaka Road, Elkhart, Indiana

EDITOR.....Julie Towns
ON THE OTHER HAND.....Dave McLaughlin
KALORIE KORNER.....Carla Lancaster
NEW EMPLOYEE PROFILE.....Gloria Baloy
EMPLOYEE COUNCIL REPCRT....Norma Miller
trapper.....trapper
PARAPHERNALIAJulie Towns
SPOTLIGHT.....Doris Howard
A VERSE FOR THOUGHT.....Julie Towns
BABY FACEBecky Stuber
MILESTONES.....Arline Bontrager
PROOFREADER.....Margaret Eaton
TYPESETTING.....Sheryl Gingerich

quest editorial

Now Thank We All Our God

If we were to keep a record of the words we say, would it reveal more complaints than words of gratitude? During this beautiful Thanksgiving season, let us pause and find out just how thankful we are to God and His goodness.

Are we truly grateful our tables are never empty? Oh, some of us can't always afford butter, so oleo takes its place and a few have resources enough to serve steak instead of "dressing up" hamburger a bit -- but is this so bad? We all are provided with so much food to keep our bodies healthy. Do we daily thank God for this? While shopping do we complain about a certain item that we cannot find, or do we thank God there is so much to choose from?

Perhaps we are not satisfied with our government and its leaders. Do we constantly complain or do we ask the Lord to guide them in the right direction.

Are we habitual complainers of our jobs? Do we thank God that we have a place to work?

Are we disgruntled because the Lord has called a loved one home, or do we thank Him for the few or many years we enjoyed our loved one?

Food, health, home, loved ones, clothes, the beauty of the earth and so much more -- are we truly thankful for these?

Think a moment. What would it mean to you never to have known Jesus? What does it mean to you because of Him your sins are forgiven and you can enjoy peace in your heart. What does it mean to you that you never fear death since you may walk through the valley with Christ at your side and you can say with Paul, "Living to me means Christ and if I die, I shall merely gain more of Him"!

What does the open Bible mean to you? How grateful are you for a source book that connects you with the Power of Heaven and give us a pattern for life on this earth.

Have you thanked God for the privilege of prayer?

Does it mean anything to you that He has asked you to talk to Him and He in turn will hear us. How often do we use this privilege?

Take inventory -- not only on Thanksgiving Day, but just let us ask God for His help to translate our spoken "thank yous" into lived out gratitude each day.

May we say with the hymn writer --

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices.
Who wondrous things hath done
In whom His world rejoices.
Who from our Mother's arm
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours today.

-- Margaret Eaton



spotlight

dear editor

have yu evr plotted a stratigi

for the pas 2 weeks i hav had to put on

papr mi plan fur atack to entur and pull

off mi vots at the poll booths.

see its easy for yu humins since yur big

enuff to stand in line and hold your ground

and not get stepped on

and thats not the haff of it

them kees are so hard to push down that

sometimes I hav to jump up and down a good

7 times befare i git to place my vot

its every americans rite to vot and i plan

to git mine in and make it count somehow

so if you hapen to bump into me be a pal

and lend me yur finger ok

see ya at the polls



This month our Spotlight fell on Helen Blackwood.

Helen heard of Crown through her Sunday School teacher, Bob and Ann Moore. She was hired to work in the EDP Department as a keypunch operator under Ken Yoder; she is still under Ken but is working in the Literature Room on the Wang Computer. Her job consists of running mailing labels, keeping lists of the many Crown dealers, running monthly sales reports, and more. Helen enjoys her job, but would like to go into programming or problem solving some time in the future.

Some of Helen's outside interests are sewing, cooking, shopping; some newer ones include refunding and going to garage sales. But the most meaningful to her is something one cannot buy and that is her wonderful, understanding husband, Bob; their four girls; her Mom and Dad.

"I hold no records or bear no titles, I am just a 'Child of God'. I want to be a friend to all and want most of all for my life to be a good testimony", says Helen.

Many of you may remember the prayer request that was mentioned in Assembly for her daughter, Sherry, who was to have an operation on her back for a condition called scoliosis. Helen really thanks the Lord for the experience, the loving friends, the strength He gave her and how it taught her to totally depend on Jesus. So she says to you who may be going through something, "By giving it all to Him and believing on His promises, not only will He answer your prayers, but you will grow and count those times as precious."



trapper

kalorie korner.

FROM THE KITCHEN OF CARLA LANCASTER*

Oyster Stuffing

1 bag of bread crumbs (unflavored)	1 8 oz can of oysters
1/2 stick butter	1/4 t. oregano
1 large onion	1/4 t. sage
1/2 C. fresh mushrooms	1/4 t. poultry seasoning
1/2 C. walnuts	Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in saucepan. Saute chopped onion and mushrooms in the butter. Place bread crumbs in a large bowl and pour butter mixture over them. Add walnuts, oysters with liquid, seasonings and enough water to moisten if needed. Mix well. Makes enough stuffing for one small turkey or four cornish game hens.

Carrot Cake

1 1/2 cups oil	2 t. vanilla
2 cups sugar	2 t. soda
3 eggs	1 cup (7 oz) coconut
2 cups flour	2 cups grated carrots
2 t. cinnamon	1 small can crushed pineapple
1 t. salt	

Beat oil, sugar and eggs well. Add all remaining ingredients, including juice from pineapple. Mix well and pour into a 9" x 15" greased and floured baking pan. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes. Frost with a well-beaten mixture of 1 8 oz. package cream cheese, 1/2 stick butter and 2 cups powdered sugar.

Green Rice Casserole

3 cups cooked rice	3/4 cup vegetable oil
3/4 cup fresh parsley, chopped	Salt to taste
1/2 cup Cheddar cheese, grated	1/2 t. seasoned salt
1/3 cup onion, chopped	2 eggs, beaten
1/4 cup green pepper, chopped	1/2 t. seasoned pepper
1 clove garlic, minced	Juice & rind of one lemon
1 can evaporated milk (14 1/2 oz.)	Paprika

Mix rice, parsley, cheese, onion, green pepper, and garlic together. Combine evaporated milk, eggs, oil, spices (except for paprika) and juice and rind of lemon. Blend well. Add to rice mixture. Mix and put in greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake at 350° about 45 minutes. Makes 10 servings.

*I must confess that the stuffing is a receipe from my best friend Karla Kube-McDowell and the rice casserole from Old Apple Farm in Kansas City, Missouri.

on the other hand



THE TELEVISION KNIFE

I will not spoil your fun by telling you whether or not the following account is exactly true. Read it and choose sides for yourself.

A neighbor came to my door one recent weekend in miserable condition. His clothing looked shabby and wrinkled. He had not shaved, and he seemed profoundly upset. In ordinary circumstances he had always been a neat, gracious, even-tempered man.

"I must talk to someone", he blurted, "and I've picked you", because you seem to be a safe and calming kind of person. "A little slow in some cases, but willing to listen. May I come in? Thank you". And he hurried past me into the living room.

Naturally I was pleased by his several compliments, although his abruptness surprised me. I muttered a few words of welcome as he went past.

He sat down and began without preamble.

"I have been confronted with the most mercilessly destructive item ever let loose on civilization. It's only a matter of time and not much of that--until the end, and I do not think anyone else has realized it".

Of course this surprised me. Something had unhinged my friend, something terrifying and malicious was in the neighborhood. I quickly reviewed the nearby children and pets, but none of them quite measured up. "Go on", I urged, although I cringed when I considered what might have frightened him into this dislevelled mental state. He went on. "Last Thursday night I was watching T.V. and I saw an unbelievable display. A man was using kitchen knives to cut up all sorts of items you would ordinarily never think of cutting with a knife like that. Stuff like

tree branches, water pipes, cement blocks, and truck tires. All of it could be reduced to ribbons with a couple of slashes.

"I couldn't help myself. I didn't really believe the ad, but I ordered some knives anyway and they came yesterday in the mail".

"Ah, you were cheated", I broke in, enormously relieved to discover the minor nature of his torment.

"The knives failed to match their advertising!"

His eyes widened in surprise.

"Failed? You ignorant know-nothing!" Would I sit here reduced to a trembling heap of jelly just because something didn't measure up to its advertising? Nothing matches its advertising in these wicked days, and most items don't get within hailing distance.

"The problem, you slow-witted dunce, [I noticed that his description here was redundant-ed] was that these knives went far beyond their advertising and my fondest expectation. They could and would cut everything they touched without let up!"

He went on with let up.

"When they arrived in the mail, the package was left resting on one edge in the mailbox despite the plain instruction on the wrapper to store the package flat. When I went for the mail only 20 minutes after it had been delivered, one of those steel devils had cut entirely through the package and the bottom of the mailbox, and was sinking out of sight into the ground. It would have cut its way out of sight entirely if a large rock had not gotten in the way and slowed it up temporarily.

"When I had carried them into the house, I set them with great care on the kitchen counter. The only further mishap had occurred when I turned to tell my wife the knives had come and brushed one of them by accident against the frame of the kitchen door. The knife cut cleanly through the frame and part of the wall behind it, so that a large piece of the house fell down with a crash behind me.

"This display of swordsmanship surprised my wife. For a while she was indignant at the mess and destruction. By the time she calmed down, I had gotten well into the instruction book, and was ready to amaze her further. New manuals sprang from every page. These culinary weapons could perform magic with any vegetable I could name, and a great many more I had not heard of.

"Tomatoes could be sliced into transparently thin sections, the book said. My wife, skeptical despite having seen the doorway fall, selected a tomato and commenced slicing with one of the knives.

"I felt I should be helping her out, and began assembling a sandwich to test the tomato slices. When I was ready for this touch, and reached for the tomatoes, I suddenly realized how well the knife worked. My wife had sliced three whole tomatoes, but the slices were so thin I could not see them on the counter top. By feeling around I located enough for my sandwich. It was difficult to tell how many I was getting onto the bread, but after awhile it seemed there must be enough. When I added the top slice of bread, the sandwich was 3 inches thick. The thin slices were certainly elegant, but the practical difficulties warned me that the blessings might not be unmixed.

"My wife soon ran through most of the food in the house -- slicing, dicing, chopping, mincing. There was no task to test these wonderful blades. I admired the piles of food scattered here and there. She had just opened a 6-pack by slicing off the tops of the cans with a delicate cut, and was about to reduce a hard frozed roast to hamburger. I watched her begin the process with a clever little wrist motion.

"Wanting the chance to do some more testing myself, I selected one of the knives and left my wife to her work. On an edge of our property we had an elm tree which amused itself by pushing its roots into a dozen places I did not want them. For years I had struggled without success to chop out and kill the roots that invaded our sewer lines and garden space. I would now have satisfaction.

"I circled the tree, showing it the knife and studying for the last time the sturdy trunk and the huge roots disappearing underground in all directions to produce their disruptive offspring.

"Whistling and smiling to myself, I started the job. Two strokes cut a huge piece out of the west side of the trunk. The tree was destined to fall that way. I had warned my neighbor on that side that he should not have constructed a particularly ugly shed at a certain spot because the tree was liable to fall on it. He had looked at the tree, commented on its evidently excellent health, and laughed at the danger.

"With two more strokes on the east side, another large piece fell out, and the tree began its descent to the west. Just as I had warned, it fell squarely on top of the offensive shed and reduced it to tinder with a satisfying sound.

"I admired the effect while the dust settled. The trunk quickly yielded to the wonderful knife and the branches went the same way. A slice here and a slash there and the wood fell apart neatly. Stacking it all took more time than cutting it.

"To finish up, I cut the stump from the ground and sliced it to kindling. I left the knife in the tool shed and threw an axe, a shovel, and three saws into the trash can on my way inside.

"I found my wife sitting exhausted at the kitchen table among dozens of stacks of wonderfully sliced groceries. Most of the stuff remained in its packaging, which was also neatly cut up.

"We sat in silence for a few moments, considering the possibilities of our new cutlery. What couldn't we do? What couldn't anyone do? Suddenly the terrible dangers also began to dawn on us. Anyone who had \$10.00 plus postage could order these machines and do whatever devilment occurred to him. I saw visions of 15 year olds in gangs carving up whole city blocks, and terrorists slicing the world to ribbons without compassion. My depression was absolute.

"There is not much else to say. I wrote out my will, and went to bed. I could not sleep, and came over here this morning. Now you know the worst. I can see no hope".

During his talk my friend had produced one of the knives and laid it with care on my table. I now picked it up gingerly and examined it. It looked ordinary enough. How could it possibly have done all of the advertised damage?

I set the edge gently on the corner of the table, fully expecting it to sink in like a warm knife on a hershey bar. It did nothing. I pushed it a little. Still nothing. I pushed it hard. A small dent appeared in the edge of the table, as if it had been struck with a plain table knife.

"It won't cut", I announced.

"What!", My friend was incredulous. He seized the knife and sawed away at my table. Scratches and gouges appeared, but nothing that might be considered a cut. Furiously he began stabbing and chipping and chopping. Small pieces of my table began flying around the room as he tried to get his knife to cut.

Suddenly he stopped, "I don't believe it", he muttered. "Ten dollars for these lousy knives and they won't hold an edge one night!"

He stomped out the door with no other comment.

I sat among the pieces of my table, stunned at the strange end of the affair. The world had just been either saved, or lost, and I could not tell which.

personnel paraphernalia

Evelyn Clark (Stockroom) has a new granddaughter.

A baby shower was given for Gra House (Fab) and her new baby son, Titus by Plant #2 ladies.

Martha Pritchard (Modules) has a new LTD.

About a month ago, Jim Putz (Shipping) went fishing and ended up going swimming--after his boat.

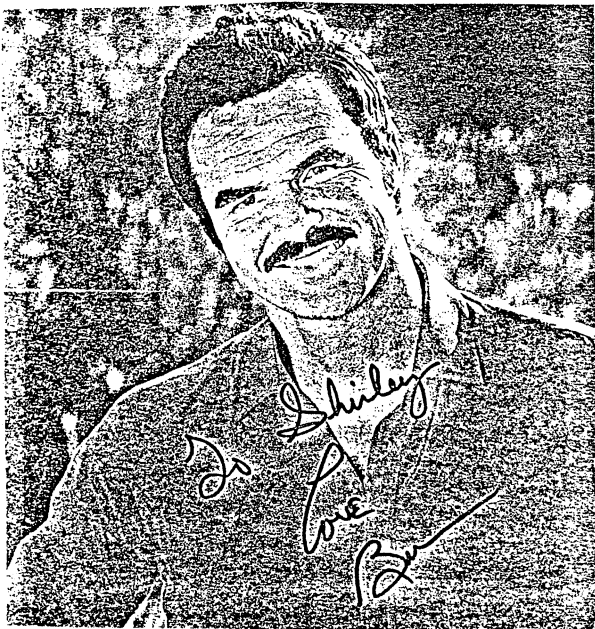
Don Wilson (Engr) was just recently married, the new bride's name is Sharon.

Alyce (Service) was on vacation the week of October 16, she just did her thing, see her for details.

Chris Deak who is now Chris Hartman had a lovely wedding and is now the wife of a farmer.

Vickie White moved from Accounts Payable to the Modules Dept. and for some reason they keep her in the backroom most of the time.

The girls on Line 5 (Betty, Nancy, Betty S., Shirley, Marsha) all received autographed pictures of Burt Reynolds. One of the first PM2's they built was for him so they wrote a letter requesting pictures and put in with the unit.



Linda O'Neal (Line 1) is going to be a grandmother for the first time.

Betty Ivory (Line 3) spent most of her vacation with her granddaughter, Terry, baking cookies, etc. Betty even spent a day at school with Terry on Grandparents Day.

Anyone interested in "Tops n Toys" see Kathy Stout on Line 6.

Congratulations to Jim Stembel (Service) the proud father and Rachel Eger (Line 6) the proud grandma of Kari Lynn.

Specialty Dept. has moved. That room has now been given a new name of the "M" Room and will be occupied by Malone, Marks, Merle, Menges.

Rachel Eger (Line 6) is back from her six month leave. She and hubby did a lot of camping between Upper Peninsula Michigan and Florida.

Cindy Bishop (Line 3) and her fiancée are getting ready for winter by putting a new roof on their house.

Steve (Boardroom) cut his nose while doing pushups, sound strange? Ask him to tell you more about it.

Thank you, Carla, for the special visit of your mother during Assembly time. We really enjoyed her singing.

Sally Peffley has a new T-Bird.

Kathy Stout (Line 6) and husband are building a new house.

Cliff (Line 1) is building a new addition on to his house.

Ask Steve Myers about the new trade he's taking up--hairstyling.

Jody Wilson (Modules) married into the Don Florea family on October 23. Congratulations Jody!

Lynn's (Boardroom) pet hamster is on the loose somewhere in the plant. Please call Lynn if you know of its whereabouts.

Marilyn Bellows is selling "Christmas Brew" for the holidays, you'll find her on Line 6 if interested. (It's not what it sounds like).

Nina Pease (Line 3) vacationed to Texas for a week of relaxation.

The first three winners in the stockroom's jingle contest were as follows:

Make Doris happy
Towel man will be too.
For only on Thursdays
Your laundry is due
-- Margaret Thompson

(Tune: What a Friend we Have in Jesus)
Thursday morning is the right day
To send your towels to Doris dear
If you do that every week folks,
You have nothing more to fear.

Every week we hear her pleading,
"Send your dirty towels again".
If we all obey her calling
She will shout a loud Amen!
-- Margaret Eaton

(Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat)
Wash, wash, wash your rags,
Turn them in today.
If you want a clean one,
Better do what I say.
-- Don Florea

new employee profile



NAME: Brenda Lawrence

BIRTHDAY: July 14

DEPARTMENT: Credit Dept.

POSITION: part-time clerk/typist

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Sewing, needlework and crafts; cooking; reading; raising 1 toddler and 2 preschool children; volleyball. Brenda is the preschool superintendant at her church, she also sings in the choir and serves on the youth advisory board.

AMBITION OR GOAL FOR THE FUTURE: To live my life fully as a wife and mother by helping others and by raising responsible, loving children. To have a daily hand and hand walk with Jesus.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: A relative and many friends work at Crown.

new employee profile



NAME: Peggy Ludwick

BIRTHDAY: August 27

DEPARTMENT: Fab

POSITION: Line skill

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Photography

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Brent Scholfield



NAME: Dan Rowell

BIRTHDAY: April 23

DEPARTMENT: Production

POSITION: prep and pack

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Hunting, fishing, photography; a member of

new employee profile



NAME: Connie Gerard

BIRTHDAY: April 13

DEPARTMENT: Modules

POSITION: Assembly

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: league bowling, tennis, reading, my family

AMBITIONS OR GOALS FOR THE FUTURE: To do the best I can in everything I do.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Husband, Paul

NAME: Brahma Nand

BIRTHDAY: December 24

DEPARTMENT: Fab

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Small engines, woodwork, cooking and learning new trades, gardening, soccer, boxing, fishing, church work.

AMBITIONS OR GOALS FOR THE FUTURE: To be a good Christian, good workman and be a missionary in Fiji when I retire from work.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: I had toured Plant #1 and MCJB project in 1975 and liked everything, so I put in an application.



NAME: Melinda Bussard

BIRTHDAY: September 30

DEPARTMENT: Modules

POSITION: Assembly

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Bowling, managing Big League Girls Softball and Creative Women Home Extension Club, doing special things with my family.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: I enjoy working on circuit boards and the opportunity was there.

new employee profile

NAME: Margaret Fredrickson

BIRTHDAY: May 30

DEPARTMENT: Modules

POSITION: Assembly

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Plants,
bowling, softball, my family

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Kathy Stout



NAME: Russell L. Jones

BIRTHDAY: January 10

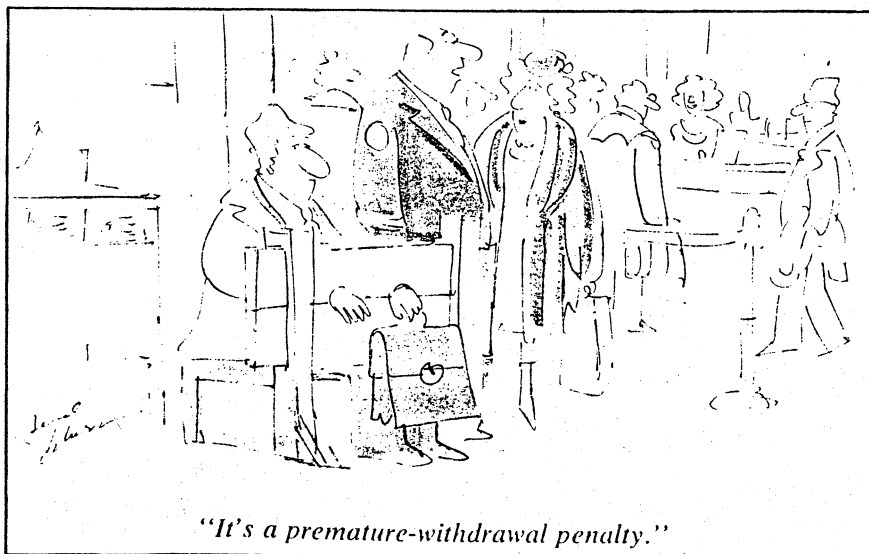
DEPARTMENT: Production

POSITION: Night tech

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Electronics
and fishing.

AMBITIONS OR GOALS FOR THE FUTURE:
Complete a B.A. degree at Indiana
University.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Teaching
staff at Indiana Vocational
Technical College.



"It's a premature-withdrawal penalty."



'Twas the week of Thanksgiving
 In old Plymouth town,
 The housecleaning over,
 The crops bedded down,
 When townsfolk decided
 This great harvest hoard
 Be shared with others,
 In praise of the Lord.
 A runner was chosen
 Who hurried away
 To invite the Indians
 To a thanks-giving day.
 They began preparations
 As soon as the sun
 Came up the next morning;
 There was much to be done.
 Monday was scheduled
 For washing the clothes,

'Twas the Week

Sorting and mending
 And drying in rows.
 On Tuesday the women
 Were baking supplies:
 Apple, gooseberry,
 And dark mincemeat pies.
 That old kitchen fragrance
 In so many ways
 Was a special reminder
 Of their sweet childhood days.
 When cool, pies were sorted
 And placed upon shelves
 So high up that children
 Could not help themselves.
 The baking continued
 On Wednesday, and then
 There were puddings, fruitcakes,
 And pound cakes in tin.





of Thanksgiving

Wild turkeys for cleaning,
Enough for a week
With panfish and seafood
From Bay shore and creek.
Indians sent venison
Which the men helped prepare;
They added some wild geese
With popcorn to share.
Then on Thursday morning
When the fire coals were hot,
The meat turned on spits,
Stews simmered in pots.
Lobster and oysters
Roasted over hot coals
And Indian pudding
Baked in heavy crock bowls.
Biscuits and hoecakes,
Butter, fresh churned,

When this festive array
Was done "to a turn,"
The Governor spoke
In his most reverent way;
He asked for God's blessing
On Thanksgiving Day!
It must have been grand
And fun, so to speak,
The celebration lasted
The rest of the week.
Then Pilgrims of Plymouth
And Indians, too,
Were changed ever after;
The feeling was new.
They broke bread together;
Shared grateful amens,
They met as rank strangers,
They parted good friends.

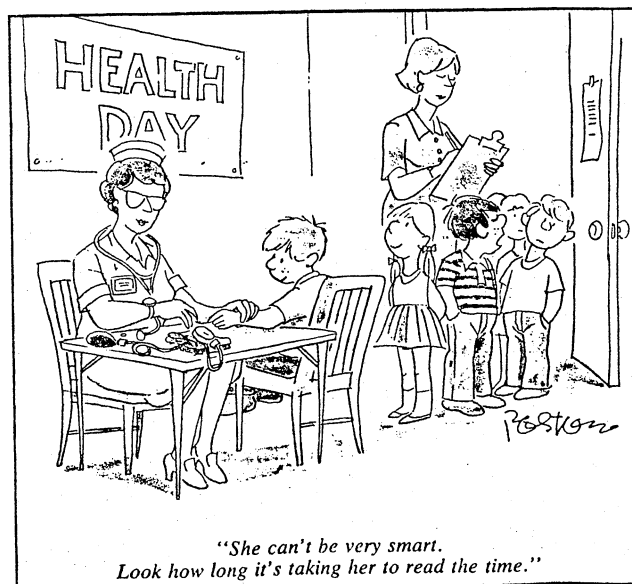
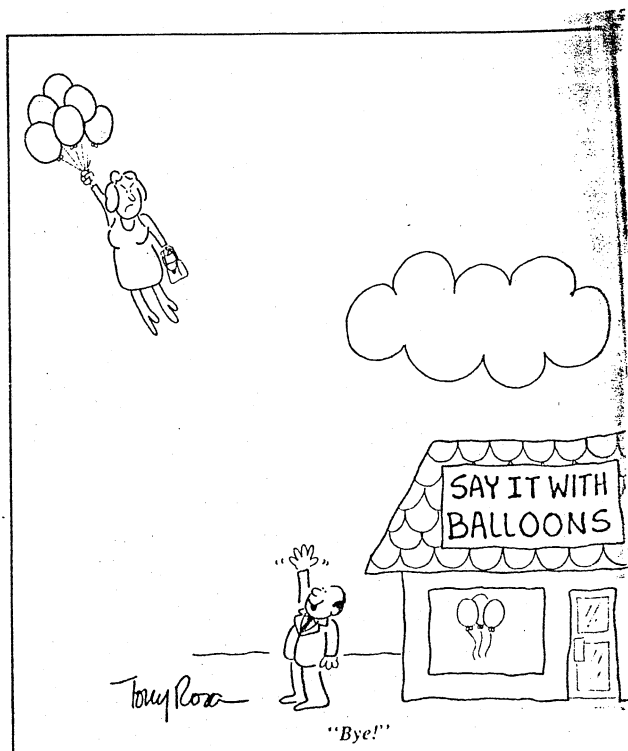
Alice Leedy Mason



baby face



This little gal's on Cliff's line,
Comes from the warmth of Texas
sunshine.



new employee profile



NAME: Ernest Bird

BIRTHDAY: August 26

DEPARTMENT: Engineering

POSITION: Tech

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Bicycling, bowling

AMBITION OR GOAL FOR THE FUTURE:
To buy a house

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Brother, Terry



NAME: Richard Porter

BIRTHDAY: April 12

DEPARTMENT: Fab

POSITION: Machinist

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Hunting, four-wheeling, coin collecting, gun collecting.

AMBITION OR GOAL FOR THE FUTURE:
To be able to work regularly in the tool & die, machinist field.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Indiana Job Security Division

milestones

November Anniversaries

Mel Smith	10 years
Kate Moore	10 years
Linda O'Neal	9 years
Margaret Thompson	9 years
Irma Shank	9 years
Peggy Skirvin	8 years
Bob Ryman	7 years
Bob Leininger	7 years
Peggy Curry	6 years
Linda Vest	4 years

old timers



happy birthday



November

1	David Juday
2	Melvin Smith
	George Thurston
11	Pamm Malone
14	Gerald Stanley
15	Betty Mohr
17	Jim Stembel
20	Bill Miller
	Johnnie Bryant
	Becky Stuber

a verse for thought

In all thy ways acknowlege Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

Proverbs 3:6

Hold firm the lantern of truth and it will guide you aright.

employee council report

EMPLOYEE FUND

BALANCE as of August 16, 1982	275.95
ARA Income	266.49

	542.44

EXPENSES:

Ice cream	51.22	
Flowers	42.60	
Coffee pot (plant 2)	18.69	
Baby gifts	35.29	

	147.80	147.80

Balance as of October 21, 1982		\$ 394.64

-- Norma Miller

answer corner

Baby Face: Shirley Searer
Old Timers: Gene Gevaert
Lowell Huffman

*All Crown Employees
Are Invited*

*TO: Crown Christmas Party
(You are invited along with your spouse or guest)*

DATE: 6 December 1982 (Monday)

*WHERE: Arthur's Restaurant
Elkhart, IN*

TIME: 6:30p.m.

Plan now to attend and enjoy an evening of fellowship with current Crown employees and their guests, the Crown Board of Directors and their guests, and fellow retired employees and their guests.

*Max W. Scholfield
President*

