

CROWN CRIER

Over the River and through the Woods

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way,
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.



NOVEMBER

1985

The CROWN CRIER is the monthly newsletter of CROWN INTERNATIONAL, Inc., 1718 W. Mishawaka Road, Elkhart, IN.

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE - NOV. 18

EDITOR.....Libby Marshall

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TRY THIS!.....Gloria Baloy

KALORIE KORNER.....Bill Raventos

BIRTHDAYS/MILESTONES..Shelda Jensen

NEW EMPLOYEE PROFILE..Shelda Jensen

CONTRIBUTORS.....Gloria Baloy
.....Dave McLaughlin
.....Kim Laffoon
.....Julie Towns

ILLUSTRATION.....Mark Bradley

PHOTOGRAPHY.....Don Peterson

PUBLISHING.....Margaret Eaton

TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE...Rox Ann Hart
.....Shelda Jensen

TYPESETTING.....Sheryl Gingerich

DISTRIBUTION.....Sherri Miller
.....Mary Miller
.....Shelda Jensen

THANKSGIVING NOSTALGIA

"Thanksgiving" immediately evokes certain pictures in my head - a cold blustery, cloudy day with a bit of sun peeking through occasionally - a touch of snow blowing here and there across Ohio fields and country roads - "Over the River and Through the Woods" singing through my thoughts as we drove along - hugs, teasing and laughter of two brothers and wives, sister and husband, nieces and nephews all together after long separations - rosy cheeks - the smell of roasting turkey - cherry and pumpkin pies ready and waiting - the expectant hush when everyone is finally seated - the catch in my Father's voice as he says grace - Mother's glow as she looks around her.

I can't help remembering my first roasted turkey - its bag of giblets safely intact beneath the stuffing inside the turkey; the stuffed feeling amazingly turning to hunger for left-over turkey, cranberry salad, and pie; my Grandmother's glazed hot rolls; the fun of a rousing game of "Tripoli" or "Hearts"; the wonderful relaxed feeling of just being together after the dishes were washed.

We were always thankful! It was a treasured time - never taken for granted.

Just count the blessings!

Lm

Thanksgiving

Thank You, Lord, for deep green hills,
Homes with laughter, love, and song,
And bread that comes by sweat of brow,
New strength to work the whole day long.
Knowing Thee, we praise in prayer,
Safe and warm from winter's cold;
Give us peace of mind and soul,
Instill new love as we grow old.
Vanquish our selfish hearts and plans,
Inspire us to be forgiving
Now, and may we be content
Giving thanks for each Thanksgiving.

on the other hand



I SPY

- R. David McLaughlin

Recent reports of high level defections in the spy business have left me a tad concerned. Each evening I read tense newspaper accounts of the latest departures of valued espionage officials to their erstwhile enemies, then watch the details on television. A little calculation has led me to the surprising conclusion that at the present rate within 4 more years we will have all of their spies and they will have all of ours. My calculations did not indicate who will come out ahead in this deal. After months of trying to understand this saga, I have sifted out some important conclusions about the state of spying in general.

To begin, the position now occupied by this formerly honorable profession is lower than a rattlesnake's bellybutton. It used to be that spies snuck into the enemy camp or ammunition factory and skulked around disguised as cooks, itinerant tie salesmen, or even enemy soldier. They collected information by keeping their ears open and stealing classified paperwork and then squirreling it back to their own side. They did all this out of a varying mix of patriotism, greed, and a taste for excitement of the dangerous kind. When they got caught, they were summarily shot and those who remained went on to bigger and better secrets.

Things are different now. Spies are chosen and put in place years or decades in advance. Blackmail is more in vogue than patriotism and bribery, and secrets

are transmitted by technologies that would astonish Luke Skywalker. When spies are caught they are no longer disposed of. Instead, we trade them like baseball cards. An Israeli and two Swedes are worth twenty-six Russians and two Bulgarians. (The Russians aren't worth much in trade because apparently there are so many more where those came from.)

Besides highly skilled practitioners of the spy profession, we have satellites that can tell whether or not the population below is eating well and getting their hair cut regularly. All secret projects have to be protected by heavy steel buildings or other means of keeping nosy satellites out.

Viewing this demise in ethics and the rise of technology led me to dig deeper into the present state of espionage. For this I went straight to one of my best sources. Boris Smith is actually a man who paints smiley faces for the Have-A-Nice Day Society (HANDS), but he does do a little spying on the side. Twenty-five years ago he was thrown out of an Eastern Bloc country for political instability. He promised to act as a spy if his former government promised not to let his mother-in-law follow him to the USA. He is now a Republican and a member of Espionage International.

Soon Boris found that he could not afford an American lifestyle on a spy's salary, so he took up smiley faces and went to spying part-time. I think Boris Smith may not be his real name. I met him at a tractor pull.

"Boris," I said to him as we sat at lunch recently in a little outdoor cafe in Northern Indiana, "has any one ever asked you to become a double agent?"

"They used to," he responded. "Look, if I didn't have to work 8 to 5, I'd be happy to do it. Think about the efficiency. Take a bunch of secrets in one direction and return with another bunch. A secret's a secret."

"Why are you still spying for the commies?" I wondered. "Why not become a U.S. spy? Surely we can pay better."

Boris shrugged, "Just inertia I guess. You know how you get stuck in a job just because it's familiar. I'm only a year or two from tenure and I'm too old to start over. Besides," he went on in a conspiratorial whisper, "you guys have all the good secrets."

"Really?" I answered. "How do you know?"

"How do you think!", he snorted. "I'm a spy! It's my business."

"But I've heard that in your old country they build cardboard submarines to fool our satellites. That sounds pretty clever."

"That wasn't a bad idea", he admitted, "at least till the wind made them bend in the middle, but it doesn't stack up too well beside the complete operating plans for O'Hare Airport."

"You sent those plans home?" I gasped. "Whatever for?"

"Easy question," he beamed, pleased that I was impressed. "We've never been able to deal with traffic patterns. That's why we have so few cars and airplanes. We keep running into each other, so we're afraid to build more. Now that we have the O'Hare plans, look out!"

"Isn't your job dangerous?" I continued, trying to uncover the hidden feelings of this intriguing man.

"Sure it is. Send in some wrong information and they get real testy. Like a couple of years back I sent in plans for a new super-sophisticated airbourne strategic attack. My trained spy instinct told me it was a perfect plan, and we'd better devise a defense or we'd be out in the cold without our babushkas."

"Did you get an award?" I asked, awed at this casual revelation.

"Sort of," Boris answered. "They told me six months later if I ever tried that again they'd give my mother-in-law my new address. The plans I sent were for a new Coleco video game. We all know how far those went."



Just then a furtive looking man sauntered up to the table. "Dogs that howl at the streetlights make lousy house pets," he muttered.

"So do sheep," Boris replied. The other man nodded and eased away.

"Spy talk," Boris told me with a mischievous grin. "He's one of yours. When things get slow, we trade secrets. Keeps us from getting bored and keeps both our bosses happy. We're all safer when they know each other's secrets. That way they're less nervous."

He sat back with a contented sigh. "Is this a great country or what?" he said. "Here I am, a man of few talents and modest ambitions, and I live comfortably in the richest country in the world and sell secrets to the world's most belligerent country where all my old friends live."

"It certainly is a success story," I said admiringly. "What do you plan to do when you retire?"

"Why should I retire?" he asked in wonderment. "I love what I do and taxpayers everywhere are supporting me. Would you ever quit?"

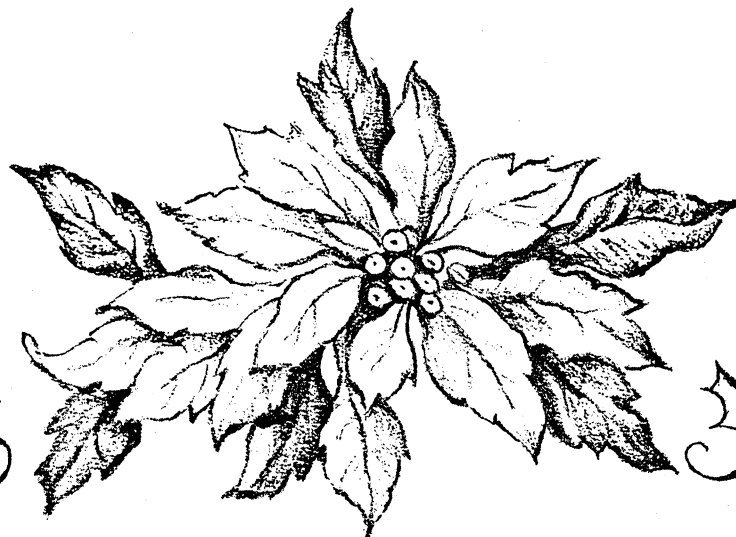
"No, I guess not," I said. And I wouldn't, would you?

trapper

deer editur

hav yall mist mi well if yu havnt
notist ive ben gon for the lass fu das
i mite az wel tel ya the trooth
actuly i wuz los and i alwaaz thot
i new mi waa arun crown lik i no the bak
of mi six leggs or ar ther ate
eneway i took a strol ovr to tecron
to see if mi frends howard dave or bill
mite hav leff mi an aftrnon snac lying
arun they mak the bes popcorn so if yu evr
git an urg four somthin to nibble on
maybee they wil leev som arund for yu two
wel i thot id tak the long waa bak hom
so i wanderd thru the frunt dor an arun an
thaz whin i fel in thiz jungle evr way
i wint al i culd sea wuz oranj an brown
an redd an gren things all arun me i thot
id nivr se the lite agin whin finely
i tuched the pavmint dont yall no whin a
roach iz scremin four helpp i guez not
cauz no won cam to mi resqu
i loked bak an relissed i wuz covrd bi
al thos falen leeves
anibodi got a rak handi
glad to bee bak with yu





**CROWN INTERNATIONAL
BOARD OF DIRECTORS
EMPLOYEES, RETIRED EMPLOYEES
(and SPOUSE or GUEST)**

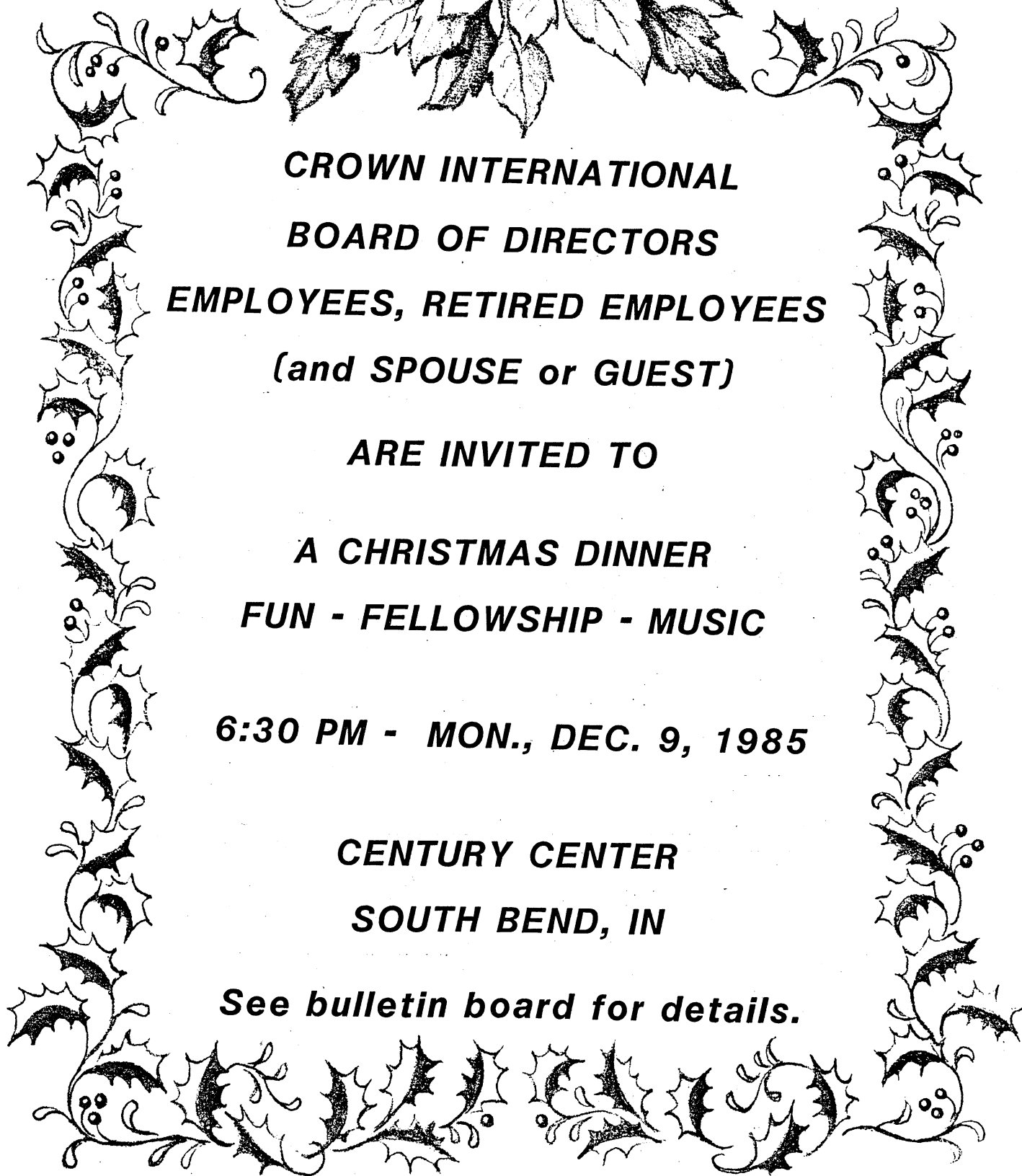
ARE INVITED TO

**A CHRISTMAS DINNER
FUN - FELLOWSHIP - MUSIC**

6:30 PM - MON., DEC. 9, 1985

**CENTURY CENTER
SOUTH BEND, IN**

See bulletin board for details.



love-life

TAKE IT EASY, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU (Relaxation)

If someone were to ask you what you would rather be doing right now, would you have an answer? You bet you would. It would take you about a half-a-second to respond. Your mind would immediately conjure up thoughts of floating in a sun-filled pool while sipping an exotic drink, dining in an elegant restaurant, fishing in a mountain stream, or even slouching on the couch in front of the TV.

Most of us have no trouble visualizing a serene environment where we can kick off our shoes and just take it easy. Unfortunately, the average American lifestyle does not always accommodate this urge for relaxation.

There are all kinds of reasons for this. Time is one of the biggest. Too often we spend our time like we spend our paychecks. When we get paid we have to pay some bills. We pay the rent, the car payment, the utilities, the credit cards and if there is anything left, we spend it on ourselves.

We go about our lives the same way. We go grocery shopping, do this for our boss, do that for our spouse, help our neighbors and friends, take care of the kids, volunteer for civic groups, and if there is any time left, we do what we want to do. This kind of lifestyle can be very stressful.

We encounter stressful situations all the time, whether it's money or job worries, large or small emergencies, illness of a loved one, or simple daily frustrations.

Our bodies are equipped to protect us from stressful situations we perceive as threatening. This instinctive response is known as "fight or flight." It is an automatic reaction that either prepares us to do battle or run away. When we reach this state, our bodies change. We receive a shot of adrenalin, our heart beat, breathing rate, blood pressure,

and blood flow to the muscles quickly increase to help us react.

An occasional physical condition, "fight or flight" serves us well. The problem occurs when this stress response is called upon too often in situations that need not require an alarmed reaction. The reoccurring physical changes can lead to headaches, diarrhea, fatigue, insomnia, tense muscles and cramps and can also be linked to hypertension, ulcers, back pain, heart disease, arthritis and cancer. This is why we must work more effectively to control the stress in our lives. Learning to relax, and making the time each day to relax, can help.



There are an unlimited number of relaxation techniques that effectively provide a temporary release for stress. You can decide which ones work best for you. Some examples include breathing exercises, back rubs and body massages, meditation, listening to soft music, taking a hot bath or shower, fantasizing and reading. The activities should be calming, rather than arousing. The focus should be on the here-and-now, using your sensory equipment to experience sound, tastes, smells, touch, and sights that draw attention away from thoughts and feelings that cause stress.

Once you incorporate relaxation into your daily routine, you will begin to notice and enjoy more of life's little pleasures. Your attitude will be more positive and you will more effectively cope and deal with those things that normally cause you stress. With any luck, perhaps the next time someone asks you what you would rather be doing, you can reply, "I'm already doing it!"

vital statistics

NAME: Brenda Miller

BIRTHDAY: April 20

BIRTHPLACE: Elkhart

DEPARTMENT/POSITION: Fabrication

CURRENT HOME: Elkhart

MARTIAL STATUS: Married

CHILDREN: On the way

PROJECTS WORKING ON: Refinishing a dresser

FIRST JOB: Clerk at City News & Bookstore

FAVORITE FOOD: Steak & Shrimp

FAVORITE PERFORMER: Bill Murray

FAVORITE TELEVISION SHOW: The Cosby Show

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Ceramics, softball

FAVORITE CHILDHOOD MEMORY: Christmas time

PERSONAL HEROES: Princess Di

EVERY NEW YEAR'S I RESOLVE: To lose weight

MY WEAKNESS IS: Chocolate

THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD: To be a mother

IF I WERE GOING TO THE MOON, I'D TAKE: A parachute

THE ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IN PEOPLE: Being two faced

THE WORST TIME OF MY LIFE: My husband's accident

THE BEST TIME OF MY LIFE: My wedding day

IF I'VE LEARNED ONE THING IN LIFE, IT'S: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.



From READERS DIGEST
ANSWERS TO DANGER: LOADED QUESTIONS

1. "FRUIT OF KNOWLEDGE." The Bible merely refers to the fruit of "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." There is no evidence to suggest it was an apple.
2. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. This comment, generally attributed to Mark Twain, was actually made by Warner, a friend of Twain's.
3. BETWEEN THE YEARS 8 AND 4 BC. The monk Dionysius, in the sixth century, first calculated Jesus' birth date, but later examination proved Dionysius wrong.
4. ABOUT SEVEN TIMES AS MUCH. At full moon the sun's rays shine straight down on the part we see so that none of the surface is in shadow. At half-moon the sun strikes obliquely on the part we see so that the tall mountains shadow much of the surface.
5. FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. Frankenstein was the name of the scientist who created the monster.
6. NOBODY. There were never any snakes in Ireland.
7. DICTATOR. Caesar was never emperor—the empire was not formed until some years after his death. But he was made dictator for life.
8. ON BREEDS HILL. Bunker Hill is nearby.
9. THE 119TH. Nine planes and two dirigibles (one of which made two flights) preceded Lindbergh. He made the first nonstop solo flight.

29

thinking out loud

WHEN A MAN won't listen to his conscience, it's usually because he doesn't want advice from a total stranger.

puzzle power

LEFTOVERS

Thanksgiving is a time for good and plenty feasts. Refrigerators are not only full before the holiday, but contain leftovers afterwards. For many, Thanksgiving is more than just a Thursday celebration. One such reason awaits you in the "leftover" letters.

S L L O R D R E S S I N G D E
M L I O F W A X P A P E R V D
A T W M U C H B D L U U A E I
Y S N O I N O O E R M S V K S
S N E K B T S N S S E M Y A H
A A S O T E T A T B E R Y C E
N P R L T Y L I C A R R O T S
D A E R B A C E T G I R G T A
W S H X D K T G F S N N O R S
I T C A T S I O W T I N E O E
C R T D A R K R P F O Z O R M
H I I E C U A S F S E V E N O
E E P K F P R U T E I D E D H
S S J A R S T U R N I P S R A
W H I T E S N F Y C O V E R S

1. BAGS
2. BOTTLES
3. BOWLS
4. BREAD
5. CAKE
6. CARROTS
7. CIDER
8. CONTAINER
9. CORN
10. COVER
11. DARK meat
12. DISHES
13. DRESSING
14. DRUMSTICK
15. EXTRA
16. FOIL
17. FREEZER
18. GRAVY
19. JARS
20. LEFTOVERS
21. Too MUCH
22. NUTS
23. ONIONS
24. PANS
25. PASTRIES
26. PEAS
27. PITCHERS
28. PLENTY
29. POTATOES
30. ROLLS

31. Find ROOM

32. SALAD

33. SANDWICHES

34. SAUCE

35. SAVE

36. SODA

37. STORE

38. STUFFING

*39. "TAKE HOME
with you"

40. TURNIPS

41. WAX PAPER

*42. WHITE MEAT

43. WRAP

44. YAMS

Add a Little Something

- By inserting the same letter 16 times in appropriate places this jumble of letters will be transformed into a sentence of some sense: VRYVNINGRNSTARNDIGHTNCNTSXCDINGLY-ASILY.

MORRIS MANDEL

- Add the missing vowels to these three well-known proverbs:

BRDNTHHND SWRTH TWNTHBSH
LKBFRYLP
STTCHNTMSVSNN



baby faces!?

sports shorts

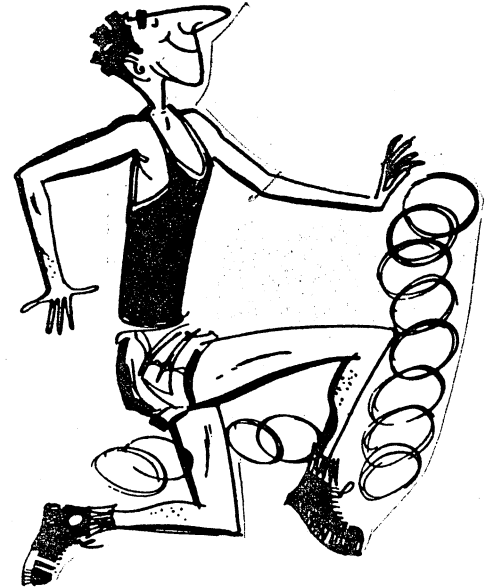
Our women's bowling teams are doing very well! We've been trading back and forth for 4th place the last few weeks. We will play each other in the next few weeks to see who is better! It is a fun time we are looking for and we get to do that while bowling.

Our league is small this year so we get to play each team more often than most leagues. The "Crown Jewels" have been working hard to get the "wiggles" out of the pins (or should it be the players?). The "Crown" team keeps the others in step by using one ball instead of two!

- Mary Miller

The Thursday night "Church Fellowship Mixed League" is looking for a full time male bowler. League starts at 9:00 PM at Astrobowl in Dunlap. If interested call Mary Miller, Ext. 227.

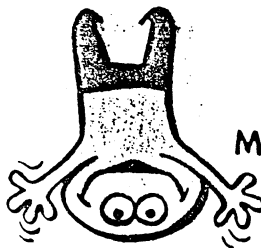
CAPTION CONTEST



CROWN's basketball team is working up steam for beginning play about November 18th. The schedule will be published when the Elkhart Parks and Recreation Dept. makes it available.

In the meantime practice is underway every Monday evening at 8:15 PM at Harley Hoban Elementary School. Anyone interested in playing should contact Randy Secor, Manager or Enos Yoder, Coach.

Anyone interested in helping with funds and a good lunch as well, should buy tickets for a FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH CHICKEN BARBEQUE lunch here at Crown. The tickets are \$2.50 for a half of delicious chicken and are available from team members.



MANY PEOPLE AIM TO DO RIGHT,
BUT ARE JUST POOR SHOTS.

special contribution

IF YOU GOTTA GO, GO EARLY

This story from Mrs. Clifford, a Texan, is about a rather strange reply to a request for a campground reservation. Mrs. Clifford says that it actually happened to one of her friends, but we will let you be the judge. Here is the tale, in the words of Mrs. Clifford.

My friend is a rather old-fashioned lady, always quite delicate and elegant, especially in her language. She and her husband were planning a week's vacation in Florida, so she wrote to a particular campground and asked for a reservation.

She wanted to make sure the campground was fully equipped, but didn't quite know how to ask about the toilet facilities. She just couldn't bring herself to write the word, "toilet", in her letter. After much deliberation, she finally came up with the old-fashioned term, "Bathroom Commode". But when she wrote that down, she still thought she was being too forward, so she started all over again, re-wrote the entire letter and referred to the bathroom commode merely as the "B.C.". "Does the campground have its own B.C.?", is actually what she wrote.

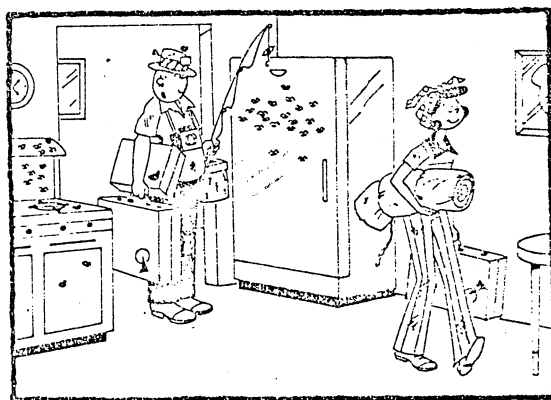
Well, the campground owner wasn't old-fashioned at all, and when he got the letter, he just couldn't figure out what the woman was talking about. The part about the "B.C." business really stumped him. After worrying about it for a while, he showed the letter to several campers, but they couldn't figure out what the woman was talking about either. So the campground owner, finally coming to the conclusion that the lady must be asking about the location of the local Baptist Church, sat down and wrote the following reply.

"DEAR MADAM: I REGRET VERY MUCH THE delay in answering your letter, but I now take pleasure of informing you that a B.C. is located nine miles north of the campground, and is capable of seating 250 people at one time. I admit it is quite a distance away if you are

in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you will be happy to know that a great number of people take their lunches and make a day of it. They usually arrive early and stay late. The last my wife and I went was six years ago and it was so crowded we had to stand up the whole time we were there. It may also interest you to know that right now, there is a supper planned to raise money to buy more seats. They are going to hold it in the basment of the B.C.

I WOULD LIKE TO SAY IT PAINS ME VERY much not to be able to go more regularly, but it sure is no lack of desire on my part. As we grow older it seems to be more of an effort, particularly in cold weather.

IF YOU DO DECIDE TO COME DOWN TO OUR campgrounds, perhaps I could go with you the first time you go, and introduce you to all the other folks. Remember this is a very friendly community."



"What are these lipstick marks on the refrigerator and stove?"

BOB BARNES, REGISTER AND TRIBUNE SYNDICATE

personnel paraphernalia

Everyday is a masquerade in the MODULES DEPT., if not downright spooky! In this case CRAIG HUNTER is the man in the white coat so nobody can take him away! Poor RUTH OVERHULSER just wraps the sweat on her brow and keeps on coordinating! Her motto (according to the sign on her desk) is, "Do not Touch - I'm a conversation piece!".



ANGIE JOHNSTON ate well at Andrew Carpenter's farewell luncheon at the Great Wall Restaurant. In fact she ate a lot better than she thought; the \$8.00 bill came as quite a surprise! Fortunately she could handle it - both the food and the bill!

DAWN MEYER's costume is not so spooky - just Happy, as in Birthday! Thanks to her Modules friends, she sports a hat and balloons (or are the balloons hanging from the ceiling??)



We think that DAVE OLSZEWSKI's "Assembly" was the assembly to end all assemblies. It was beautiful to share (well, somewhat share) in the birth of his son, Paul Nelson, via video tape. Taken from a corner of the delivery room at the hospital, we saw Father cut the umbilical cord and the new son held up by the nurse. Paul definitely has the edge on all those kids with just "Baby Books"! Congratulations to Dave and his family!

Congratulations to TIM KUEPPERS (Engineering) and his new fiancée, ROBIN DUCKWORTH. Robin is a substitute teacher in Kalamazoo. They are planning a wedding August 2, 1986.

Our prayers and thoughts are with DOLLY FULMER, Fab Dept., who is undergoing chemotherapy.

During Assembly Oct. 30th, PAM MALONE, newly appointed CAD/CAM Supervisor in Engineering Services, introduced herself, LARRY DENNISON, DENNY PIERCE, VINCE KOSTOFF, and GREG SERAFINO with much humor and appreciation for a fine staff. Congratulations! It was great to see you all in the light of day!

... continued

The GUSHWA CLAN had a great time celebrating Halloween with family and friends at CHUCK's son JOHN's farm. Good costumes were rewarded, spooks and ghosts appeared out of the dark on a hayride around the 5 acres, games were played in the barn and weiners were roasted over the bonfire. Cousins galore enjoyed the fun, not the least of which were MAE dressed as "Rambo" and CHUCK with a shiney black "bob" and derby on his head! CINDY SWALD did the arranging and had her twin sons helping with decorating the barn. BEV and CAROL LAWS and JULIE GUSHWA were also part of the Crown family joining in the fun.

MARTHA (Night Coordinator, Modules) and DAVID PRITCHARD make SARAH's and JERRY's engagement official.



PRITCHARD-TROXEL

Mr. and Mrs. David W. Pritchard of Rt. 6 announce the engagement of their daughter, Sarah M., to Jerry O. Troxel. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. James Troxel, 351 N. Hartman St., Nappanee.

Miss Pritchard and her fiance are employed by Crown International. She was graduated from Jimtown High School and he, from NorthWood High School and ITT Technical Institute in Fort Wayne.

The couple plans to be married Dec. 21 in Nappanee United Methodist Church.

the Entertainer

3/Sounds

A Melody Is Potent Medicine

By SUSAN DILLMAN

The best cure-all since patent medicines just may be music.

People listen to music much the same way they would take a medicine, according to Gene Walker, operations director for WYEZ-FM. "It's been called a pharmaceutical use of music. I think all people use music," he said.

Listening to a favorite song can elevate a mood; a tear-jerking ballad may console. "Music has been called a drug," Walker said.

Since "Ours is truly a mobile society," said Jim Beattie, general sales manager for Crown International, more people want to take that music with them.

Hand held personal stereos, such as Sony's Walkman, have been refined and miniaturized in the five years since they were introduced. Some models adapt to metal cassette tapes, play both sides of a tape without being removed, a built-in gramophone, and a custom

JIM BEATTIE (General Sales Manager) GETS THE LAST WORD!

boom box sound close to home systems with graphic equalizers, dual cassette decks and turntables. Some units soon will offer laser-read compact disc players.

Car stereo quality also has improved. Some people invest as much in their car stereo systems as they do in home systems, said Bill Templin, owner of Templin's in Concord Mall.

Together, the portable systems have made cassettes the number one-selling medium for pre-recorded music. Vinyl is a distant second with third-place compact discs gaining more of the market share.

"In our over-communicated society where we are bombarded with messages and stimulus all day long, music provides a true escape mechanism where we can revert back to our own world.

"Nothing can do that like music can," Beattie said.

... continued

Summer Work Provides Tuition Funds for Student

For the past two summers and over school breaks, senior electrical engineering student, Steve Marks, has had the opportunity to be employed at Crown International, located in Elkhart, Indiana. The Co-operative Education program in which Mark participates, is attractive to many students because it enables them to gain valuable engineering experience, obtain college credit, and at the same time, earn money to pay for the expenses of college.

Crown International is a manufacturer of professional audio equipment, and employs over 300 people. Large Crown installations can be found at Dodger Stadium, Pontiac Stadium, Disney World, and Disneyland, to name a few. Its founder, Clarence C.

Moore, was a friend of R.G. LeTourneau, and in fact, they worked together on several projects, including one located in Quito, Ecuador (HCJB radio). The company is known for its Christian witness, and continues to hold weekly times for devotions and prayer.

One of the engineering managers at Crown commented, "We are real high on LeTourneau College. It has a great reputation and ministry, both in Christian circles and in the secular world." With students like Steve representing the college, this reputation will continue to grow.

Co-operative education is thus another innovative way LeTourneau College trains its students in the three-fold emphasis of the college—academic, practical, and spiritual.



Steve Marks receives college credit along with valuable experience through the co-op program.

5•NOW•September 1985

STEVE MARKS (Engineering) is recognized in NOW, publication of LeTourneau College.

We also wish JOHN BACHMAN well in his new endeavors. He left Crown October 25th and he too will be missed. He was well "roasted" when he left by his infamous Engineering Dept. cohorts. We were privileged to see a few of their "presentations" on video tape at assembly. We are also anxious to see what his new endeavors are!

looking backward

10 YEARS AGO -

CROWN SPORTS by John Bachman

Coach Clark says the boys are shaping up for basketball. After three weeks of practice the only thing weaker than the team's spirit is their knees. So far those who have pledged their allegiance to the suicide squad are Clark himself, Dave McLaughlin, Ross Swinehart, Steve Myers, John Bachman, Jerry Martin, Brad White and Kim Curry. The squad has its season opener on the 13th of December at the YMCA. It seems the team is trying to convince "Lucy" Stuber to lead the cheerleading chores -- but Lucy has repeatedly refused.

BEST WISHES TO RON GRAY, Senior Industrial Engineer, who is retiring from Crown November 8th. We will miss his insight at assemblies and his warm concern and friendliness. A map has been seen floating around, however, so we can visit him! He and his wife have purchased a home 7 miles south of Indianapolis in Valle Vista.

5 YEARS AGO -

NEW EMPLOYEE PROFILE

NAME: Ron Gray

BIRTHDAY: August 30

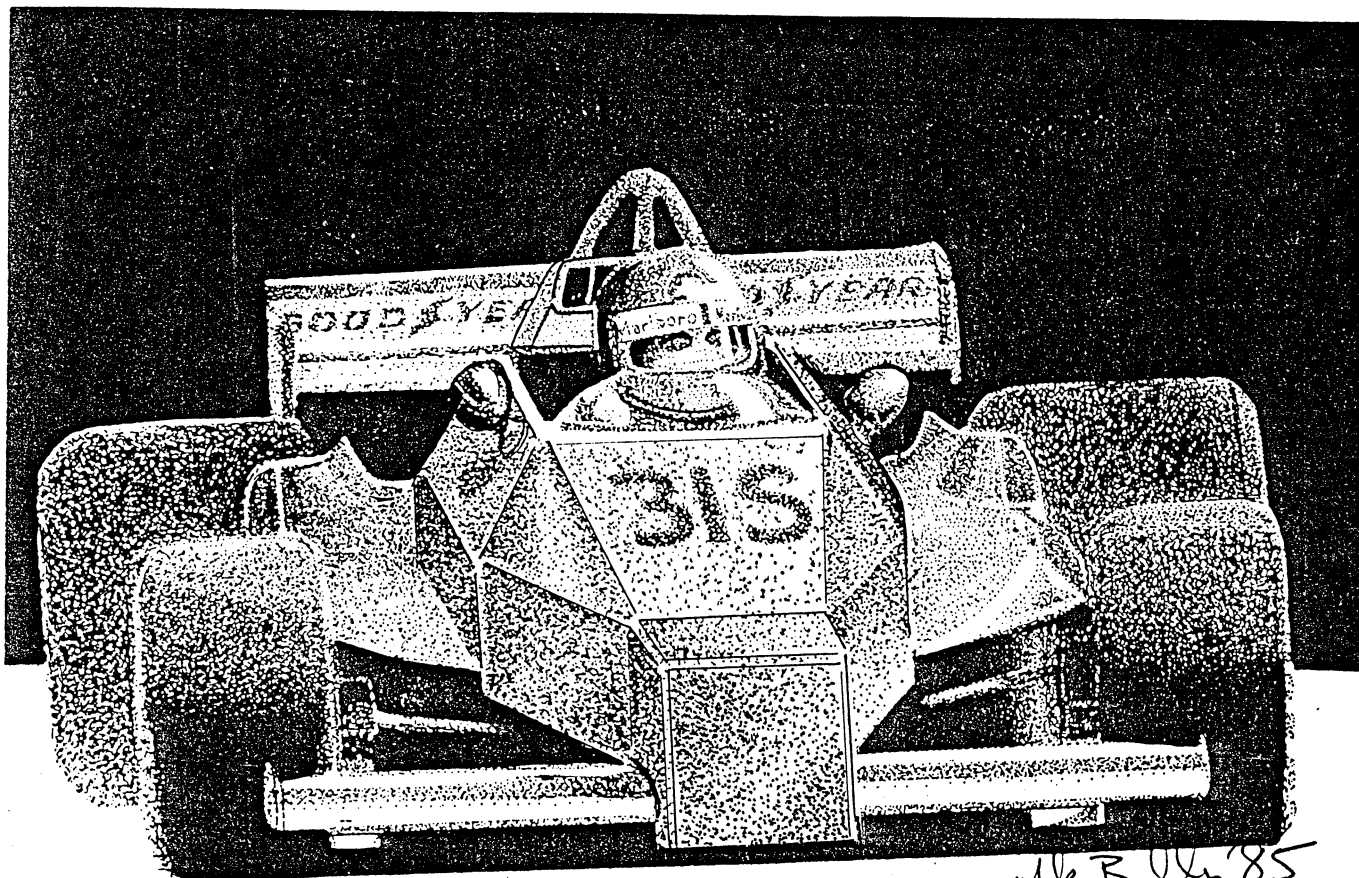
DEPT: Engineering

POSITION: Industrial Engineer

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Sailing, guitar playing, small group studies.

AMBITION OR GOAL FOR THE FUTURE: To be a working partner with this exciting group that is CROWN.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: An employment counsellor.

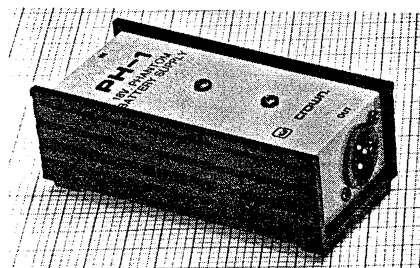


Mike Bally '85



audio views

Crown Introduces PH-1 Battery Phantom Supply



From MIKEMEMO, October, 1985

Now there's an inexpensive alternative to the PH-4 phantom power supply: The Crown PH-1.

The PH-1 is a single-channel, transformer-isolated, phantom power supply operating on two 9V batteries. It supplies simplex phantom powering for the Crown PZM® or PCC™ series microphones. The PH-1 will also power other condenser microphones that operate on 18 volts or less, simplex powering. Supply voltage is +18 VDC on pins 2 and 3 with respect to pin 1 of the input connector.

For PZMs using a PX-T interface, the PH-1 is used in addition to the PX-T as a source of phantom power. PZMs using the PX-18 or PA-18 interfaces do not require the PH-1 supply.

Since the PH-1 includes a high-quality 1:1 isolation transformer, its output can be unbalanced with no ill effects.

The rugged steel-and-aluminum chassis and XLR-type connectors help the PH-1 withstand the rigors of daily professional use, while also providing excellent shielding.

The Country Humorist

How I Edited an Agricultural Paper

BY SAMUEL CLEMENS

I DID not take temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse and gave me passageway, and I heard one or two of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattered couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young rural-looking men whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face entered and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief he said, "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No; I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:

"Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree."

"Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door and halted, motionless, with finger on lip and head and body bent in listen-

ing attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tiptoeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped and, after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom and said:

"There, you wrote that. Read it to me—quick! Relieve me. I suffer."

I read as follows; and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come, I could see the drawn muscles relax and the anxiety go out of the face and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it



Samuel Clemens, failed agricultural editor, meditates on the complexities of the publishing world.

should be kept in a warm place where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his cornstalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the pumpkin, this berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit-

(Continued to page 37)

Country Humorist
(Continued from page 26)

cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying, but it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.

"Now, as the warm weather approaches and the ganders begin to spawn—"

The excited listener sprang toward me to shake hands, and said:

"There, there—that will do. I know I am all right now because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I *am* crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin directly.

I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people and have got one fellow up a tree where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it is certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him sure, as I went back. Good-bye, sir, good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good-bye, sir.*"

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them. But these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! [I thought to myself, Now if you had gone to Egypt as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.]

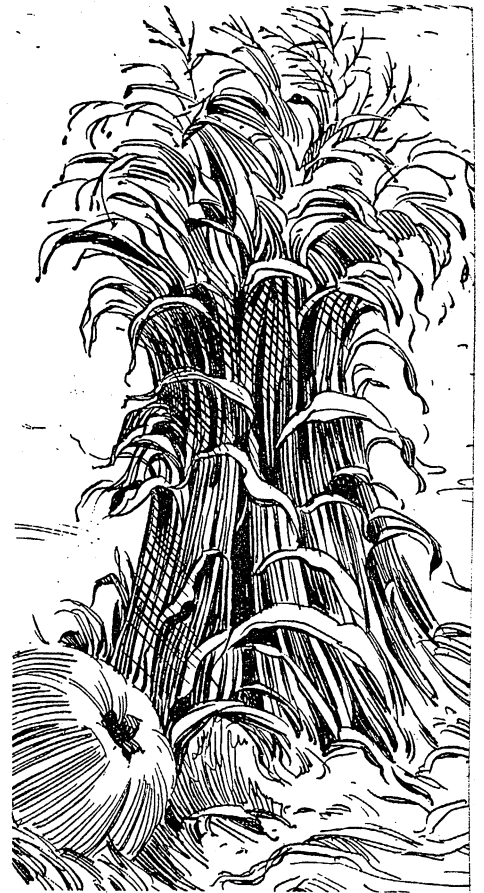
The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and those two young farmers had made, and then said: "This is a sad business—a very sad business. The reputation of the paper is injured—and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it

never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity—but does one want to be famous for lunacy and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. I never saw anything like it. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Oh! why didn't you *tell* me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower? It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on 14 years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who reviews the books? People who never wrote one. Who writes the temperance appeals and clamors about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edits the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-colored novel line, sensation-drama line, city-editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poorhouse. *You* try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger the noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had but been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon tree from a peach vine to save his life. *You* are the loser by this rupture. not me, Pie-plant. *Adios.*"

I then left.



A CHURCH GARDEN

Three Rows of Squash

1. Squash indifference.
2. Squash criticism.
3. Squash gossip.

Four Rows of Turnips

1. Turn up for meetings.
2. Turn up with a smile.
3. Turn up with a visitor.
4. Turn up with a Bible.

Five Rows of Lettuce

1. Let us love one another.
2. Let us welcome strangers.
3. Let us be faithful to duty.
4. Let us truly worship God.
5. Let us give liberally

Ceramic tile plant stands

You can create these dramatic indoor/outdoor planters using ordinary ceramic tiles. Black and white tiles were glued onto red clay field tiles and lengths of flue liner to form the handsome art deco designs shown here. You could also design your own in another motif—try an Indian or Egyptian design, or opt for a simple geometric pattern. Draw it on graph paper and then transfer it to your container.

Plants potted in standard clay or plastic pots will fit inside the containers. Keep the planters indoors or move them outside to a patio or deck; try growing a pot of herbs or colorful flowers.

You'll use $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch square ceramic tiles for your planters. After they're glued onto the field tile or flue liner, spaces should be filled in with grout, a white powder that's available at most building supply or paint shops.

Field tiles (sometimes called drain tiles) and flue liners are also available at building supply shops; check lumber companies and farm supply stores, too. They are sold by the foot in several different diameters.

Ceramic tiles come in 12x12-inch sheets. They are mounted on a net backing that can easily be cut with scissors, allowing you to make any shapes you need. The tiles come in solid-color sheets of black, white, and pastel shades; multicolor sheets often are available.

Each of the five planters shown in the drawing is somewhat different from the

rest. To make shopping a little easier, here is a list of materials needed to make each of them.

The first planter at far left (Planter A) is one foot tall. To make it you'll need one field tile one foot tall and six inches in diameter, one sheet of white tiles, one sheet of black tiles, and four ounces of white multipurpose glue.

The second planter (Planter B) is two feet tall and uses a flue liner instead of a drainage tile. Purchase a flue liner that is two feet tall and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches square. You'll also need two sheets of white tiles, two sheets of black tiles, and six ounces of white multipurpose glue. The design for Planter B has been duplicated on page 112. Use it as a pattern for making the planter, or as a guide to planning your own container design.

Planter C is also two feet tall, but it is made with a field tile. You'll need one field tile two feet tall and six inches in diameter, four sheets of white tiles, four rows of black tiles ($\frac{1}{4}$ sheet), and six ounces of white multipurpose glue.

Planter D is the smallest of the five containers. For it you'll need one field tile one foot tall and four inches in diameter, $\frac{1}{2}$ sheet of white tiles, one sheet of black tiles, and four ounces of white multipurpose glue.

The last container (Planter E) has an interesting motif which can be duplicated following the illustration shown on page 112. You'll need one field tile one foot tall and eight

inches in diameter, $1\frac{1}{4}$ sheets of white tiles, $1\frac{1}{2}$ sheets of black tiles, and four ounces of white multipurpose glue.

In addition to these specific materials, you will also need the following supplies for any of the planters you decide to make. You may already have many of these items on hand: scissors, grout (allow $\frac{1}{4}$ pound per planter), rubber gloves, a nylon or rubber spatula for spreading the grout, a two-quart container for mixing the grout, silicone sealer to waterproof the grout on the finished planter (a little less than two ounces per planter), and a good supply of soft, clean rags to wipe up excess grout and other spills. One rag should be moistened slightly.

Begin making your planter by counting the squares along one section in the top row of your design. Following the design pattern, cut out enough tiles to cover one vertical section. Lay out design on a table or other flat working surface, ready to put into place on the tile. Always begin at the top and work downward. When you've finished applying one vertical section, roll the field tile (or move the flue liner) to the next area to be covered. Doorstops will keep tile from rolling as you work.

1

Spread glue onto the tile surface heavily and smoothly. Use a little scrap of cardboard or hard plastic to apply it quickly. Work in areas no larger than can be handled before glue dries.

2

Now start putting tiles in place, beginning at the top of the design and being careful to align the top row of ceramic tiles with the top edge of the tile or flue liner. Continue working one area at a time until you have covered the entire surface with ceramic tiles. Refer to your graph paper pattern frequently as you work.

3

In some areas tiles may have to be pushed closer together than they were on the net backing. This is easy to do since the backing is flexible. You'll probably have to make similar adjustments at the meeting point of the first and last areas you've worked. Also, since the

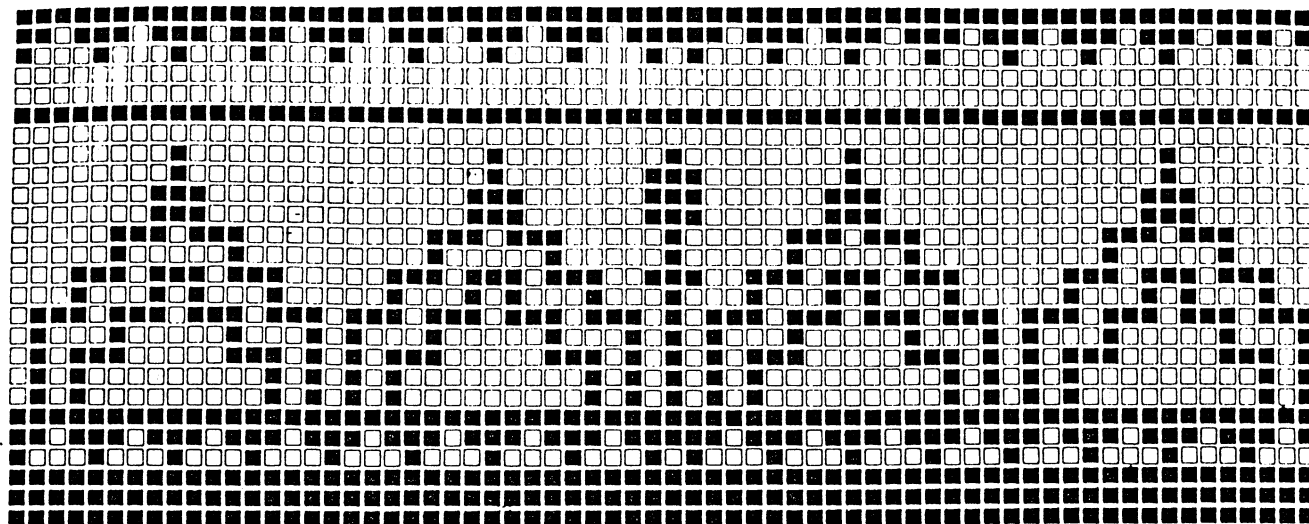


try this!

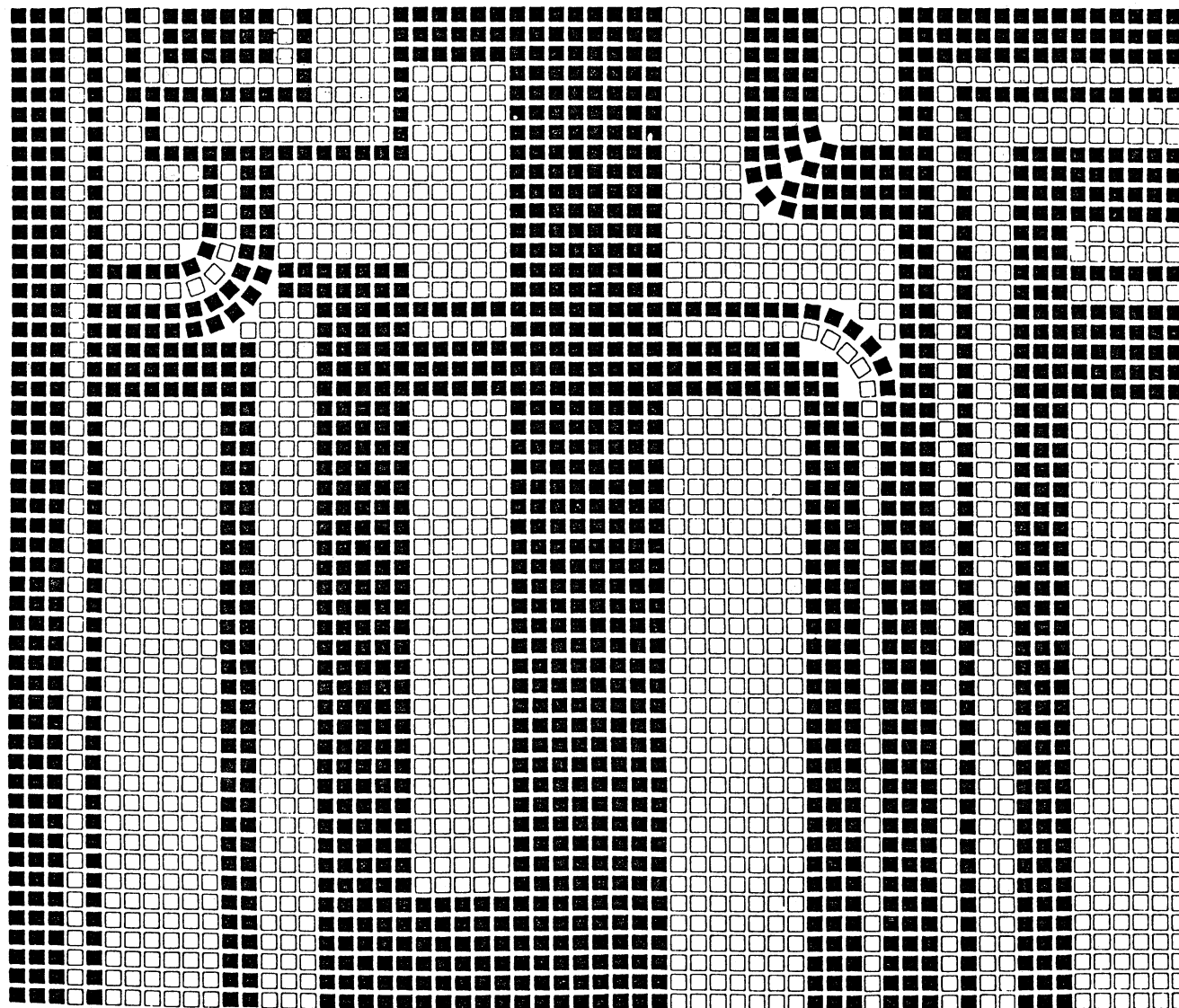
Ceramic tile plant stands

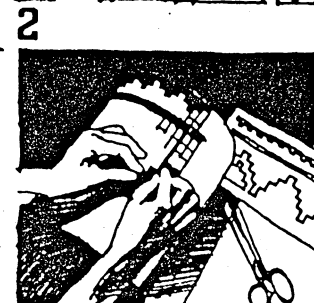
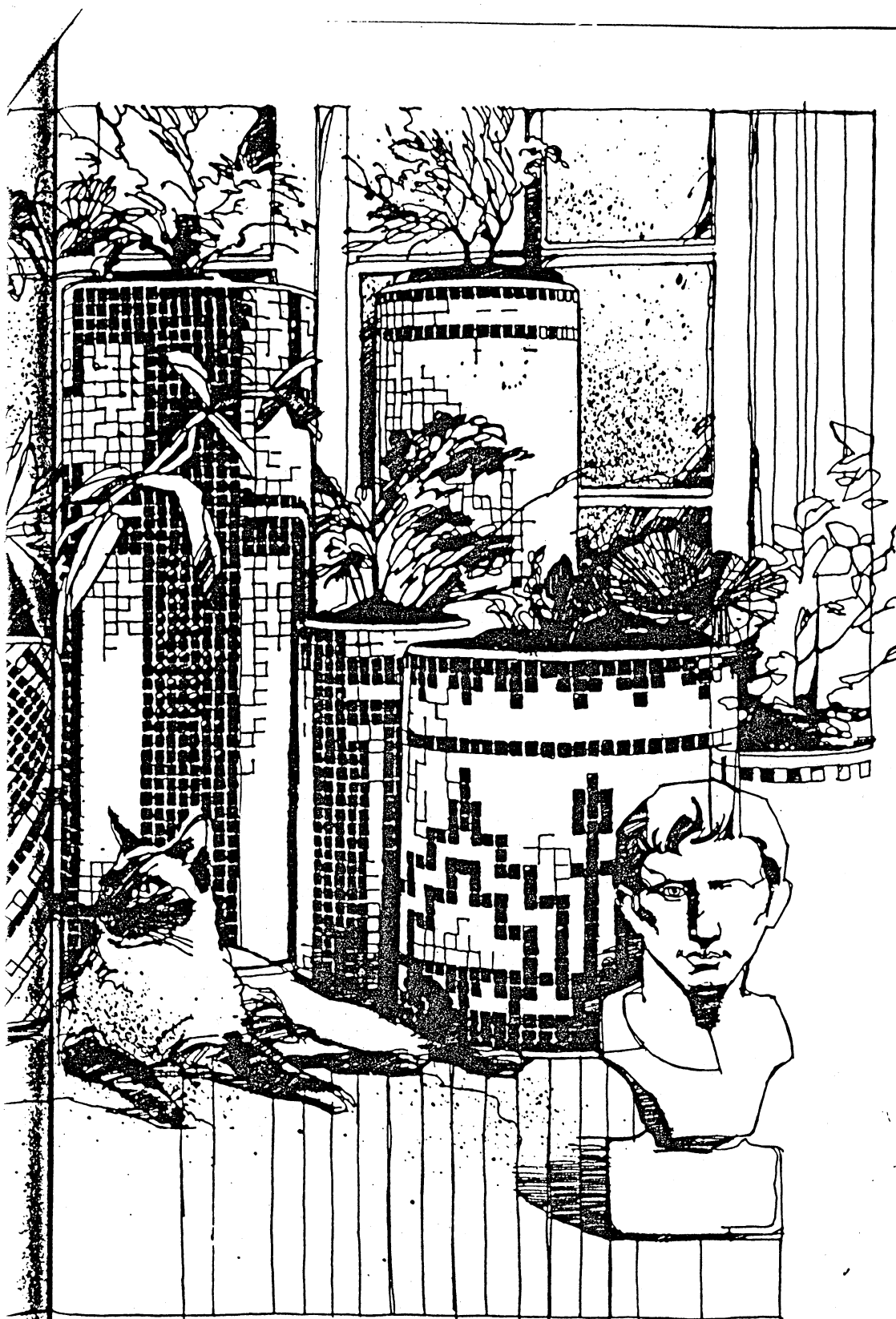
Continued from page 95

DESIGN E



DESIGN B





3

curves in some designs make it impossible for whole tiles to fit in, leave them out and fill the cracks with grout. Finish planter design with a horizontal row of tiles around the top edge of the field tile or flue liner.

To complete the planter, mix grout with water to a paste consistency. It becomes alkaline when

mixed with water, so be sure to wear rubber gloves. Prepare no more than one pound at a time since it dries quickly.

Grout one face of the planter at a time. Fill all cracks and spaces, using a spatula to spread grout over the tiles. Wipe off excess grout with a damp rag before rolling the tile to the

next position. Make sure grout is of uniform depth in crevices, and that the tile surface is clean. Grout will be dry enough to touch in about 15 minutes. With a dry cloth remove the thin film of grout that dries on the tile surface. Let grout dry for ten days and then waterproof, using a thin coat of silicone sealer.

employee council report

| | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Balance as of <u>September 1985</u> | \$ <u>876.67</u> |
| ===== | |
| Corrected Balance from September, 1985 | \$ <u>977.47</u> |
| Receipts | |
| - <u>Bertsch</u> | \$ <u>419.02</u> |
| TOTAL RECEIPTS | \$ <u>419.02</u> + <u>419.02</u> |
| TOTAL INCOME | \$ <u>1396.49</u> |
| Expenditures | |
| - <u>Flowers</u> | <u>95.19</u> |
| - <u>Baby Gifts</u> | <u>26.81</u> |
| - <u>Ice Cream</u> | <u>71.50</u> |
| TOTAL EXPENDITURES | \$ <u>193.50</u> - \$ <u>193.50</u> |
| PRESENT CHIPPHONE BALANCE | \$ <u>1202.99</u> |

COMING EVENTS:

"Shopping Extravaganza" - Bus trip to Woodfield Mall, Schaumburg, IL, Saturday, Nov. 16th. Cost - \$12.00. See Chip Estep NOW!

"Thanksgiving Carry-In" - Wed., Nov. 20th, Noon. Bring:
1. A hearty appetite!
2. A prepared dish - veggies, salad, or dessert.
3. Table Service.

NOMINEES FOR 3 1986 POSITIONS ON THE EMPLOYEE COUNCIL:

DAVE JUDAY - PRODUCTION TECHNICIAN, SPECIALTY DEPT.

FAITH LAWRENCE - LINE 7

GRETCHEN NEELY - LINE 7

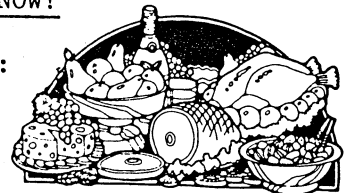
MARY MILLER - SECRETARY, SALES DEPT.

SUE RAMSBY - LINE 2

JAN RODGERS - MODULE DEPT.

SHERRI (MATTHEWS) TOTH - MODULES DEPT.

The election will take place Wednesday, November 27, 1985.
We will be voting for 3 candidates.



kalorie korner ... from the Raventos kitchen!

Looking for something different to add to your traditional Thanksgiving menu?

SAUERKRAUT, NORWEGIAN STYLE (SURKAAL)

Norwegian "sour cabbage" has little in common with the sauerkraut that originates in Germany and Alsace. The Norwegian cabbage is soured with vinegar and is eaten with meats like pork or chicken or turkey. It is claimed that the caraway with which the cabbage is flavored aids in the digestion of fat (from the meat).

1 1/2 lb. cabbage -- green or red
1-2 apples
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. caraway seeds
1 Cup water (or slightly less)
1/2 to 1 T. vinegar --
1/2 to 1 T. sugar

Finely shred cabbage with a sharp knife or an Osthoevel (cheese plane). Cut apples into wedges. Place cabbage, apples and seasonings in layers in a pan; pour water over. If red cabbage is used in this recipe, the vinegar should be added at the start of the cooking process to retain the bright red color.

Simmer cabbage, covered, until tender, 30-40 minutes. Add more water during cooking if necessary to keep cabbage from sticking. Season to taste with vinegar and sugar. The cabbage should have a tangy sweet-sour taste. It is delicious!

BREAD PUDDING (BROEDPUDDING)

Throughout Norwegian history, Norwegians have learned never to waste food--not even old stale bread. It is dried and ground, so that there are always crumbs for breading meat and fish and for a variety of desserts.

Warm bread pudding with red sauce is a popular winter holiday dessert.

3 1/2 oz. (12 1/2 T.) dry bread crumbs
1 Cup milk (or slightly less)
2 T. sugar
4-5 T. raisins or dried currants
Grated peel, and juice of 1/2 lemon
2 eggs

Pour milk over bread and let stand and swell for a few minutes. Add remaining ingredients and pour into a greased casserole. Bake on bottom rack of oven until the pudding is set and nicely browned, 30-40 minutes @345°. Serve warm with red sauce or jam.

RED SAUCE

1 pint currant, raspberry or other red juice
1 T. potato flour or cornstarch

Blend flour or cornstarch in cold juice and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat as soon as it boils. If cornstarch is used, cook longer, until cornstarch flavor disappears (about 15 min.). sprinkle with a little sugar so a skin does not form on top. Serve lukewarm.

CRANBERRY SALAD

1 6oz. package Strawberry/banana Jello
1-2 pkg. "Indian Trail" cranberry/orange relish (frozen)
1 Can (10 oz.) crushed pineapples
1 Cup chopped pecans
1-2 Cups chopped celery

Set in a 9 X 13 pan. Serve cut into squares on lettuce leaves.



milestones

NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| Mel Smith | 13 years |
| Linda O'Neal | 12 years |
| Margaret Thompson | 12 years |
| Irma Shank | 12 years |
| Bob Ryman | 10 years |
| Bob Leininger | 10 years |
| Peggy Curry | 9 years |
| Tony Satariano | 3 years |
| Trilvey Works | 3 years |
| David Horst | 2 years |
| Norma Hill | 2 years |
| Richard Solomon | 2 years |
| Kim Laffoon | 2 years |
| Tammie Putz | 2 years |
| Robert Giver | 2 years |
| Chip Estep | 2 years |
| Angela Quarandillo | 1 year |
| Greg Eby | 1 year |

happy birthday!

NOVEMBER

| | |
|----|---------------------|
| 1 | David Juday |
| 2 | Don Keele |
| 2 | Mel Smith |
| 6 | Dan Steiner |
| 7 | Cindy J. Williamson |
| 11 | Pamm Malone |
| 11 | Trilvey Works |
| 12 | Dave Evans |
| 14 | Gerald Stanley |
| 15 | Betty Mohr |
| 16 | Laraine Crume |
| 18 | Krista Graber |
| 20 | Johnnie Bryant |
| 20 | Bill Miller |
| 20 | Becky Stuber |
| 21 | Tammie Putz |
| 24 | Vince Kostoff |
| 26 | Mike Haun |
| 30 | Jeff Kelley |



PROMISE YOURSELF



romise yourself to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet. To make all your friends feel that there is something in them. To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true. To think only of the best,

to work only for the best and expect only the best. To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own. To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future. To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile. To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others. To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

— Christian D. Larson

New Employee Profile



NAME: Gregory Young

BIRTHDAY: June 18

DEPARTMENT: Fabrication

POSITION: CNC Mill Operator

HOBBIES & INTERESTS: Windsurfing, exotic foods, writing, camping, canoeing

AMBITIONS OR GOALS FOR THE FUTURE: I'd like to go into mechanical engineering

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Newspaper ad



NAME: Steven Thatcher

BIRTHDAY: August 9

DEPARTMENT: Operations/Maintenance

POSITION: Group Leader/Oper.

HOBBIES & INTERESTS: Working on cars and lawn mowers, basketball

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Newspaper ad



NAME: Ann Schrock

BIRTHDAY: January 19

DEPARTMENT: Assembly - Line 2

POSITION: Assembler

HOBBIES & INTERESTS: Reading, sewing, walking, bowling, TOPS Club

AMBITIONS OR GOALS FOR THE FUTURE: Am happy to be contributing to the financial needs of our home once again.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Irma Shank



NAME: Terry Christman

BIRTHDAY: January 8

DEPARTMENT: Paint Room

POSITION: Sprayer

HOBBIES & INTERESTS: Mechanical work

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Newspaper ad



NAME: Carl Bowers

BIRTHDAY: June 30

DEPARTMENT: Paint Room

POSITION: Painter

HOBBIES & INTERESTS: Furniture refinishing and bowling

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: Newspaper ad



NAME: Beth Ann Calhoun

BIRTHDAY: October 4

DEPARTMENT: Modules

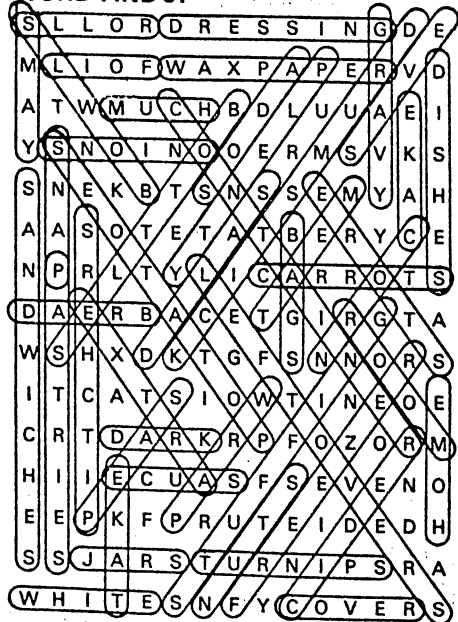
POSITION: Assembler

HOBBIES & INTERESTS: Dancing, knitting

AMBITIONS OR GOALS FOR THE FUTURE:
To make my financial situation better.

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: my cousin,
Sherri Matthews

WORD-FIND 51



BABY FACES: Dave and David Olszewski



NAME: Rodney Schrock

BIRTHDAY: June 5

DEPARTMENT: Stock Room

POSITION: Product Mover

HOBBIES & INTERESTS: Cars and church activities

HEARD OF CROWN THROUGH: A friend

"DEFIC-AID": A Congressional Concert Tour! --

A new definition from Dave Engstrom.

classifieds



GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPIES available just at the right time for Thanksgiving or Christmas giving! The 10 pups were born October 1, 1985 and there are "6 little boys" and "4 little girls" according to Peggy Scholfield, the proud owner. They are available Nov. 26 and AKC registered. Call Peggy or Brent Scholfield for more information, at 641-7062 (616), but not long distance.

A FORMER EMPLOYEE

customer comments

RE: Repair of DC300A

I am writing to thank you for your prompt and thorough repair of my DC300A. Your excellent service affirms my decision to buy the best 11 years ago.

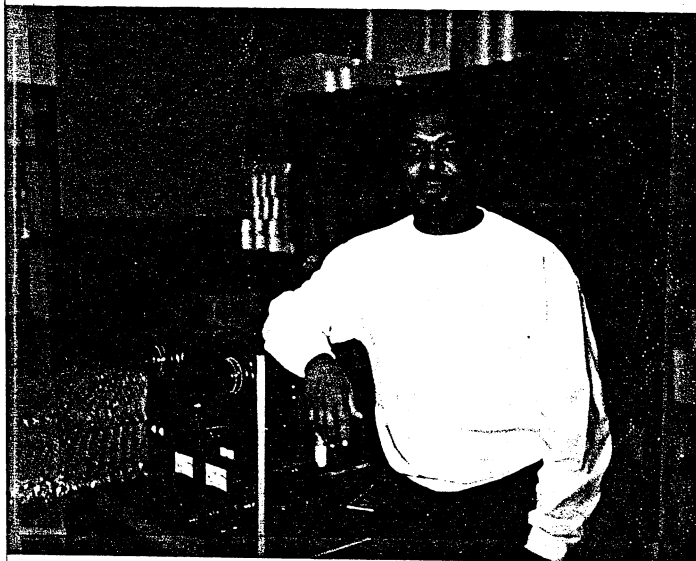
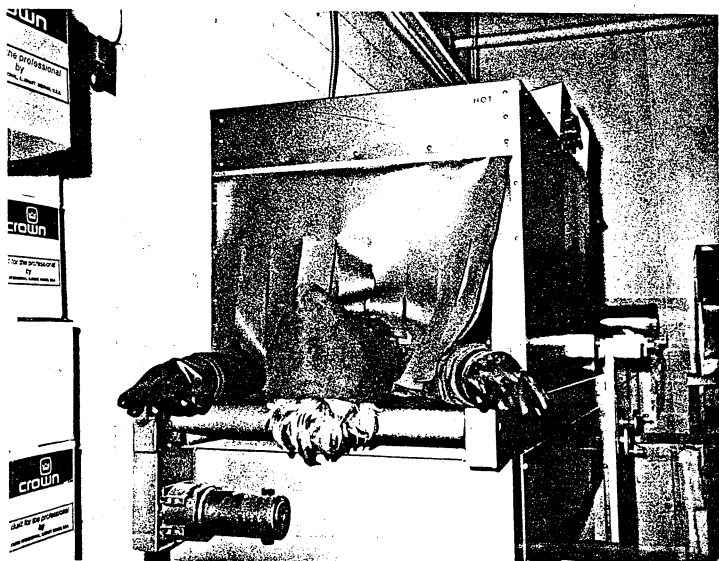
Sincerely,
Jon G. Allen
Topeka, KS

Is this a Crown fan, or is this a Crown fan?

Walter Ray flew in from New York, NY with his 800 series tape recorder in hand to be serviced. He purchased it 11 years ago from a local dealer and has had no trouble with it - just wanted it cleaned! He wanted to buy a newer model but when he learned Crown no longer makes them, he decided to get his unit checked over and some parts replaced.

It is part of his home stereo system which includes a DCA and an SL2, which recently replaced his retired IC150A. He bought his reel to reel recorder after hearing about Crown's quality from a friend. He says he "loves it and wouldn't trade it for the world"! He added that no advertisement beats "word of mouth" so we appreciate his special effort!

A SATISFIED CUSTOMER





Over the river, and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Lydia Maria Child