



CROWDER

OCTOBER 1986

on the other hand

THE CAR

By R. David McLaughlin

It all depends on when you're born. Seventy-five years earlier and I could have beaten out Henry Ford. As things turned out, I was only a noisy neighborhood nuisance. It started with hills. The town had been dumped in a small depression amid a collection of steep hills. Roads clung to the slopes by their fingernails. People learned to park with their tires turned into the curb. Parking brake repair was the big item at all the local garages.

In the winter, which got miserably cold and produced considerable snow, we did a lot of sledriding. When the snow melted, however, we needed wheels. An older neighbor of mine had access to more money and better technology than I did, so he led the way. He had a set of genuine ball-bearing wheels, and he had enough basic skills and enough outside help to produce a sophisticated four wheeled soapbox racer that could negotiate the hills at high speed and even stop if necessary. I scrounged a set of wheels from a defunct wagon that were in danger of becoming defunct themselves. The body of my vehicle was made of scrap wood, the minimum needed to hold everything together and provide a place to sit. The steering column was attached to the front axle through pieces of wire coat hangers attached to the outboard ends of a pipe tee. The steering ratio was tight. An eighth of a turn was a sharp right. The brakes

were deluxe, with real pieces of discarded brake lining pressed against the rear wheels when the brake pedal was pushed. The lack of springs and the solid rubber tires would kill you on a fast downhill run on bricks, but it worked fine on ashphalt.

Our usual procedure was to push these machines about a mile uphill, across Main Street and through a maze of alleys to the 2000 year old high school which sat on the hill north of town. Just getting there would require us to sit for a few minutes, enjoying the satisfying feeling of getting the pushing over with, and letting the anticipation of the long ride down build up. Then we'd leave, off on a weaving journey through the narrow alleys and streets, speeding up on the steep parts, and slowing down on the level sections that ran along the side of the hill. When our route crossed other streets, we would have to slow down, but just enough to see if anything else was coming, before dashing across. Good timing and brakes were important. Sometimes we were tempted to take chances. Sometimes we actually took them. But we lived.

Then my friend got his hands on a 3 horsepower lawnmower engine that still had some of the original paint on it. It was a wonderful piece of technology which he mounted on the back of his machine. He mounted a large pulley on the left rear wheel and ran a belt over that pulley and a centrifugal clutch mounted on his engine. He hooked the

continued...

gas feed on the engine to a foot pedal and was in business. He could drive almost anywhere except that he didn't have a license and neither did his car. Once or twice he let me drive it. Mostly he let it sit around. He was getting older and it was plain to see that his sense of priorities had fallen apart on him.

I had plans for a gasoline powered racer that had come from a magazine. I knew how I would connect the engine to the drive wheel and so forth, but I had no engine. I finally advertised in the paper for something cheap, and found the perfect thing. What I found was an antique washing machine engine designed just after the Revolutionary War. It weighed about 70 pounds and had put out three quarter horsepower in its youth. Washing machines did not have to go anywhere fast. It had a foot crank to start it and was rusty all over. Its most impressive feature was the ten dollar price tag. I happened to have ten dollars.

My friend helped me take my ancient Briggs & Stratton apart. We replaced the pins and cleaned everything up and reassembled it. After a lot of cranking we got it to run. It sputtered a lot, and after it got hot you didn't want to shut it off until you were through for awhile because it wouldn't start again until it cooled down. We found out that the needle valve, a critical part of the carburetor assembly (isn't this high-tech engine talk fun?) was broken off inside the carburetor. The local sellers of small engine parts told me I needed a whole new carburetor. It would cost me four dollars and forty cents, which at that point I could not raise. So I settled for a rough-running engine and got on with the business of powering my car.

I bolted everything together and put on the needed pulleys and belt. The front was rigged with a board that pivoted in the middle. By pushing with my right foot the brakes were applied. When I pushed with my left the belt to the

drive wheel was tightened and everything started moving. A cord ran along the chassis where I could reach it to regulate engine speed. I could tear along the alley behind my house at probably 15 mph., as free, although not usually as fast, as the wind.

Most of the morning for the rest of that summer, when the sun was just up making long shadows, and the grass was wet enough to soak your tennis shoes in three steps, I went up to our garage on the alley behind the house and fired up my car. For fifteen minutes or so I would drive back and forth along the bricks, turning around in driveways and being careful not to kill the engine since it wouldn't start again for awhile. I was King of the Alley, and it was the best time of the day.

After a while we moved, and I lost track of my car. Later on I acquired a better engine and built a new machine, a three wheeler with a bicycle wheel in the back. I got chased off the roads a few times by the police (still didn't have a license for myself or the car) and had to find parking lots and fields to drive in. It was still fun, but I had gotten older and harder to impress by then, so it didn't measure up to the early morning rides in the alley.

Of course it couldn't have. If we want to paint the past in brilliant colors in our memory, no amount of reason or reality will make us believe it was any less wonderful than we imagine. So I still wish I could find a brick alley and an old washing machine engine. What a person could do with a fine summer morning!

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CHIPMUNKS
HIBERNATE STARTING
ON OCTOBER 17TH



personnel paraphernalia

CONGRATULATIONS TO JOHN MENDEZ, formerly of the Board Room, who was recently appointed to the CAD Engineering Dept.

ORA HOUSE of Fab injured her hand in an air press accident Friday, Oct. 3. She hopes to be back by the end of October, so she could use our prayers and support.

JULIE TOWNS, Sales, is waving her left hand again, after wearing a heavy cast for a few weeks. She is recovering from surgery on her wrist.

BEST WISHES TO YOLANDA AND ERIC STUBER who were married August 23rd.

BEST WISHES TO JEANNE AND TOM KERN who were married Sept. 27. (Jeanne is our regular Chiphone lady!)

WELCOME BACK TO TONY SATARIANO after his illness.

We hear WAYNE BLAKESLEY'S car has a mind of its own. It was seen slowly backing out of its parking place and across the lot one morning, without a driver. Fortunately (??) WALTER BACHMAN's car was able to put a stop to that!

WELL DEFINED--The instructor in a high school science course graded an answer by one of the girl students in a written quiz in which one of the requirements was "Define a nut and bolt, and explain the difference." Her answer; "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole." The startled professor marked that one with an "A".

From SUNSHINE MAGAZINE, Sep. 1986

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

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE - OCT. 29

EDITOR.....Libby Marshall
VITAL STATISTICS.....Chip Estep
ON THE OTHER HAND...Dave McLaughlin
BABY FACE(s).....Risa Wright
PERSONNEL PARAPHERNALIA
SPORTS SHORTS.....Ed Collins
KALORIE KORNER.....Kathleen Stout
NEW EMPLOYEE PROFILE
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION...Gene Geveart
TYPESETTING.....Sheryl Gingerich
PUBLISHING.....Margaret Eaton
DISTRIBUTION.....Carol Laws
TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE...Rox Ann Hart
.....Shelda Jensen

vital statistics



KIM DOAN Jan. 5
Elkhart MODULES
BIRTHPLACE: Tuy Hoa Phu Khanh, Vietnam
Kim is married and has 5 children.
FIRST JOB: Secretary
BEST JOB: Interesting with good pay!
WORST TIME OF MY LIFE: "When I left my country." BEST TIME: Being in school as a young girl. FAVORITE MEMORY: My Mother taking me swimming.
HOBBIES/INTERESTS: Sewing, cooking, knitting
FAVORITES: BOOK - KIEM HIEP; FOOD - Seafood; PERFORMER - Bruce Lee; TV SHOW: Family Ties, Easy St., 3's Company
PERSONAL HEROES: Ho Chi Minh, Pres. of Vietnam
EVERY NEW YEAR'S I RESOLVE: To improve my language.
NOBODY KNOWS I HAVE A TEMPER!
IF I'VE LEARNED ANYTHING IN LIFE, IT'S: Life can be peaceful!

customer comments

CROWN FOLKS:

We, the technicians of Back Stage, wish to take this opportunity to thank all of you for the wonderful time we had at this September's Service School. Special Thanx to all the individuals that gave the presentations and those that made them possible (who would have thought a presentation on soldering would be so informative and interesting?). It is difficult to put into words but I'll try; In a world where the consumer is only a wallet, where quality is inversely proportional to the demand of product, where shoddy workmanship is acceptable, where the theft of ideas-designs-patents a way of doing business, it is beautiful in the extreme to see a company such as Crown that holds so true to its name in spite of what others may do. If the bulk of American manufacturers were more like Crown this country would be a greater country in the world and that world's marketplace.

We look forward to representing Crown in the future as a Service Center and a dealer. We at Back Stage feel your company and your product are the standard to which all other products can be held up to regardless of type.

We also look forward to and welcome any Crown people that come to our area to stop in and visit our shop (it's not large but we love it).

Sincerely,
John C. Backus
Ron Luczak
George A. Slate
Back Stage, Ltd., Staff, Flint, MI

Michael Bricker
Joel M. Swartz

Crown service training seminars are held twice a year and invitations are sent to all authorized service centers (about 150) and our export reps. 16 men representing 12 firms attended in September with 5 people from Crown.

Thanks to all who helped directly or indirectly to make this a successful seminar.

CREDITS FOR SERVICE SCHOOL:

DAVE ENGSTROM - amps, grounding/power distribution, applications
DON PETERSON - microphones, product applications, surface mount
JIM BRADEN - Soldering standards
DON FLOREA - Quality Assurance Input
DALE KAUFFMAN - Service/warranty policy, program coordinator
GENEVA MILLER - Coordinator of mailings, literature, accommodations

sports shorts

YOU'D BETTER HURRY TO CATCH THE CROWN'S COED SOFTBALL TEAM IN ACTION! With a record of 7 to 1, they are definitely the team to watch. The last three games are:

Wed. Oct. 15	6:15 PM	Riverview	3
Tues. "	21	6:15 "	"
Wed. "	22	6:15 "	3

THE TEAM:

GREG NEFF	STEVE MYERS
CHIP ESTEP	LISA WYNN
ED COLLINS	MARILEE HATFIELD
MICHAEL KINSEY	ROX ANN HART
VINCE KOSTOFF	PEG SCHOLFIELD
ANGIE JOHNSTON	SUSAN KAPPES

SCARE TACTICS

Here is a quiz that gives you a ghost of a chance. The answer to each clue is a word containing the consecutive letters B-O-O. For example, the clue "Pioneer Daniel" would lead to the answer BOONE, while "Imaginary hobgoblin" would yield BUGABOO. Can you scare up the following 12 answers?

1. Australian flying toy _____
 2. Tall Asian grass _____
 3. Doglike monkey _____
 4. The hinterlands _____
 5. Cheat through trickery _____
 6. Face-hiding game _____
 7. Shoeshine man _____
 8. Highway collection point _____
 9. Set a surprise snare _____
 10. Forbidden _____
 11. Wasteful government project _____
 12. Mistake _____
-

kalorie korner

From THE ELKHART TRUTH

GREAT PUMPKIN COOKIE CATS

2 cups flour
1 cup quick or old-fashioned oats, uncooked
1 teas. baking soda
1 teas. ground cinnamon
1/2 teas. salt
1 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 teas. vanilla extract
1 cup solid pack canned pumpkin
1 cup semi-sweet real chocolate morsels
Assorted icings or peanut butter
Assorted candies, raisins or nuts

Combine flour, oats, baking soda, cinnamon and salt; set aside.



GREAT PUMPKIN COOKIE CATS

Cream butter; gradually add sugars, beating until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla; mix. Alternate additions of dry ingredients and pumpkin, mixing well after each addition. Stir in morsels. Chill dough.

For each cookie, drop 1/4 cup dough onto lightly greased cookie sheet; spread into round shape about 3 1/2-inches in diameter, using a thin metal spatula. Add a bit more dough to form ears. Bake in 350-degree oven 20 to 25 minutes, until cookies are firm and lightly browned. Remove from cookie sheets; cool on racks. Decorate, using icings or peanut butter, assorted candies, raisins or nuts.

Variation: Substitute 1 cup raisins for morsels.

These sure-to-be-popular cookies let creative creatures satisfy artistic urges and give mom the answer to after-school and play pleas for snacks. The dough and baked cookies can be frozen so be sure to make up extra batches to keep on hand.

special contribution

L to R:

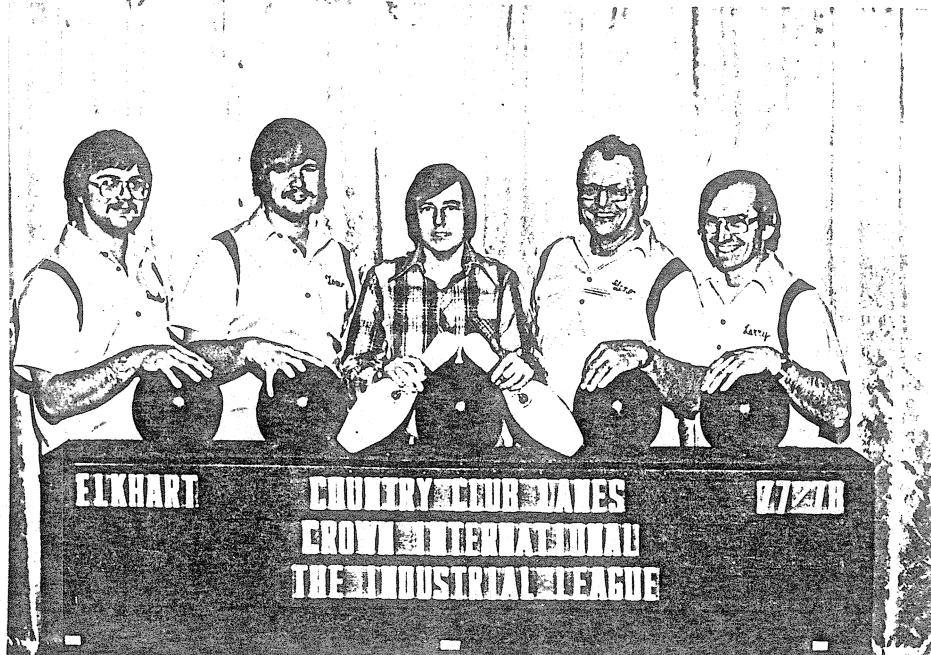
DENNIS
BADTKE

TOM
SZERENCSE

KINGSLEY
BECKERT

GENE
GEVAERT

LARRY
DENNISON



SENTENCES WHICH ACTUALLY APPEARED IN CHURCH BULLETINS:

- This afternoon there will be a meeting in the south and north ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.
- This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Binkley to come forward to lay an egg on the altar.
- The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind, and they may be seen in the church basement on Friday afternoon.
- On Sunday, a special collection will be taken to defray the expenses of the new carpet. All wishing to do something on the rug, please come forward and get a piece of paper.

BEAUTY AIDS

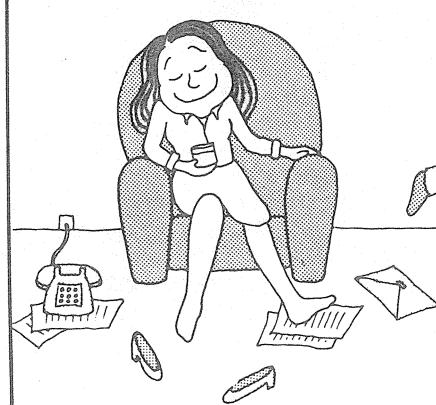


Won't come off even if you die.

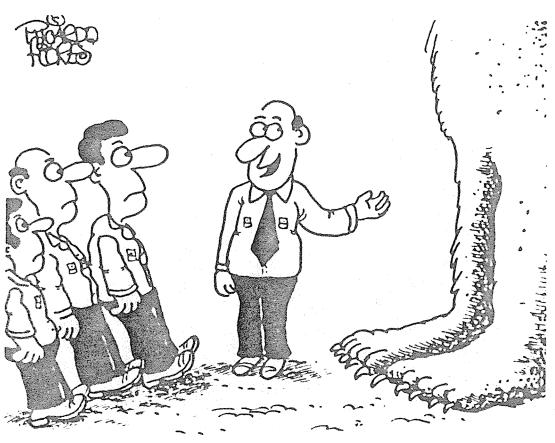


Let's you look like people who sleep at night.

EVERY DAY, NO MATTER HOW BUSY YOU ARE, YOU SHOULD SET ASIDE SOME TIME JUST TO RELAX AND UNWIND ...



... TIME'S UP!



"I'd like to introduce you to our new General foreman."



"How many times have I told you to wear your safety glasses?"

SO MUCH FOR OUR "HUMOR" ISSUE!