

Tribute to a Caddy

by Craig Schroeder

For March/April
we focus on:

April Foolery

1975. I was enjoying my new job packing the amplifiers at Crown Int'l. Among my fellow employees was a retest bench operator whom I called "The Eyes," Steve Myers. He earned this nickname because of the glazed-over look in his eyes that accompanied arriving for work after staying up all night.

Among the recreational activities that we both engaged in after work was golf. As with many sports we often had a friendly bet going on the outcome of the match. On one occasion The Eyes suggested that the loser be required to wear a bag on his head at work the next day until first break. I accepted that wager and lived to regret it. At work the next day I arrived to find a paper bag decorated with large paper moose ears. I earned the nickname "Mooseface," but have since been known as simply "Moose."

Fast-forward to 1992. Both of us are working at Crown Int'l and still playing golf. This year The Eyes suggested that we consider a new wager on a longer term golf contest. We decided that the winner would be the first one to win one hundred holes. But what about a wager? I found myself thinking about revenge, calculating the payback

required for the humiliation and degradation of two hours with a bag on my head, making adjustments for depreciation, the cost of living index and the price of processed paper as affected by global markets. We thought about betting large sums of money, cars, vacations in Bermuda, but eventually arrived at the more psychologically damaging idea that the loser be required to caddy for the winner for a full eighteen

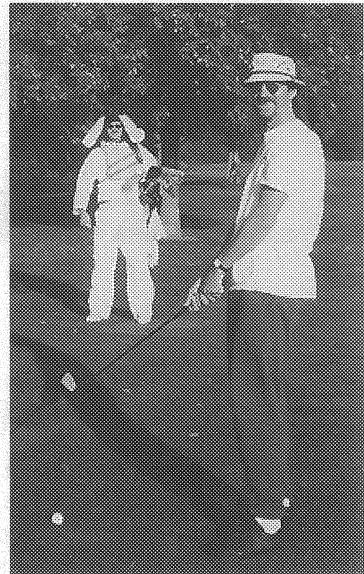
holes. Later, Steve came up with the added incentive that the caddy be required to wear anything that the winner specified.

The ups and downs of the golf game would only interest golf nuts. The result was that I won. Early in October, five golfers including Rod Growcock, Greg Neff, Randy Schlemmer, former Crown employee Steve Hamilton and me, arrived at Oak Hills golf course for a 7:00 am tee time. My caddy arrived early and was most helpful getting my clubs out of the car. While the golfers' dress was unexceptional the caddy was attired in the most fashionable of caddy styles. One of the golfers contributed an all-white set of paper overalls.

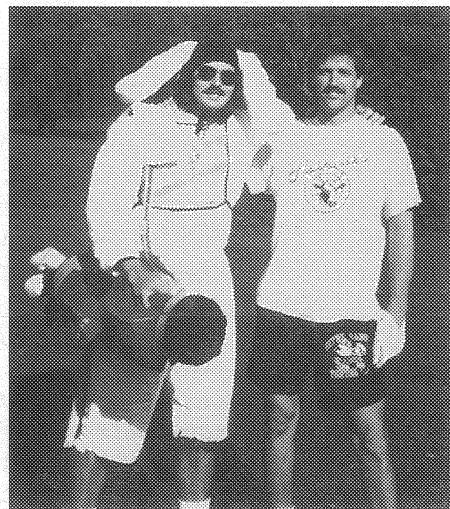
This ensured that Steve had high visibility as he was walking the course. It also helped to distinguish him from some of the larger game animals that sometimes are seen at that time of year. This was needed since his headgear was a custom-made set of floppy moose antlers.

Steve's wife, Nina, generously supplied a day-glo vest which read "Moose Jr" to supplement these antlers.

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Craig Schroeder with caddy Moose Jr., alias Steve Myers.



Steve (Moose Jr.) Myers with Rod Growcock

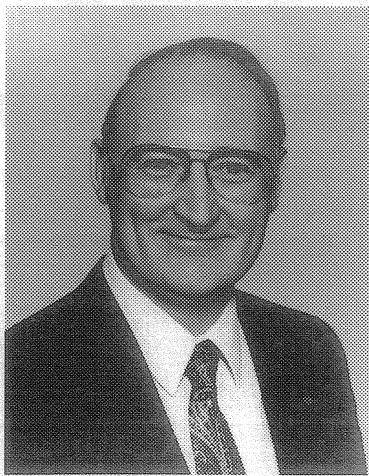
*"A cheerful heart is
good medicine."*

- Proverbs 16:22

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Word From the President



It's obvious that our need has outgrown our present facilities. Therefore, we need to build, look for another place in the area or look elsewhere.

After looking around both in Elkhart and elsewhere, I discovered a few good possibilities. Right now the local governments of L.A. and the Watts area are providing major incentives due to the large labor force available. Another area that looks good is Florida due to the labor coming in from Latin America. Arizona is also a possibility due to the influx of labor from Mexico.

After much consideration, I have decided to locate a new plant in Sarasota, Florida. The deciding vote on this was my wife who has bribed all the board members to approve this move.

Transfer requests for the plant in Sarasota will be based on seniority. For those transferring, all expenses will be paid including the fact that Crown International will buy your present house and take on the responsibility of seeing that it is sold. We have already purchased a large plot of land for a housing subdivision. Carpentry prices in Florida are comparable to Indiana.

A committee has been working on a work schedule for this new plant. The day will begin at 6AM. Lunch break will be three hours from 11AM to 2PM. The day will end at 5PM. This is only on sunny days. For rainy days, there will only be 1 hour for lunch and you can store up your hours for sunny days. We will be taking applications to fill the 100 jobs that have been identified. The plant in Sarasota will begin manufacturing product in September of this year. Contact the Sarasota personnel office at 813-FUN-IN-SUN.

One of the reasons that we chose Sarasota was due to the new solar powered amplifier we are developing. In order to adequately test this amp, we need a great deal of sunlight. (Note: Any engineer applying for an engineering job in Sarasota must be prepared to work in bathing trunks outside on the sand.) We feel that sales for this product will be especially high in countries along the equator.

(Note: We are also reviewing Siberia as a possible plant location in 1995. Special housing rates are available due to the release of political prisoners. We are looking at exporting product from this area to Russia and Eastern Europe. Also looking at using this location as the test and service site for all our amps due to the fact that it is cold enough that electrons move slower in amplifiers and therefore any tendency to oscillate would be very much reduced allowing more amps to pass inspection.)

Editor's Note

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

"April 1: characteristically marked by the playing of practical jokes." (Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary) Far be it for us to play a practical joke! However, lest we take ourselves too seriously, let's enjoy a few laughs!



Tribute, continued

While I did not play exceptionally well that day, my frustration with my golf game was somewhat lessened by the fun I had watching Steve lug my clubs from one hole to the next. I also enjoyed noticing the sidelong glances and flat-out stares from other groups of golfers on the course. Several of these golfers were interested enough to ask Steve if he had lost a bet. Steve most often replied that, no, he just enjoyed dressing that way.

At the end of nine holes with Steve as caddy, the novelty was beginning to wear off. I thought it might be more interesting to watch Steve carry a variety of golf bags. We devised a contest in which the golfer who had the best score on a hole would get Steve as

his caddy for the following hole. This contest was popular with the other golfers, each of whom as it turned out, got "Moose Jr." as his caddy for two holes.

Of course no major golf event is complete without photographs. Greg Neff was happy to oblige. He got shots of Steve from a variety of angles and volunteered to take orders for prints, posters, 8 X 10's and convenient wallet sizes.

While this may have been both the beginning and the end of Steve's career as a reluctant caddy, I have to give him credit for maintaining a positive attitude through the whole thing. I'm only just a little concerned about the look in those eyes that says, "Wait till next year!"

Horse of a Different Color

by Rob Kroeger

Submitted by Gerald Stanley



I recalled chuckling with George and Mary over an indolent cup of coffee about George's eccentric Uncle Joe, a retired star of "B" Westerns who had stuffed his faithful horse Chester when the creature died. Here in the living room, though, the full-grown Palomino looked so out of place that he almost seemed to violate the laws of nature.

Evidently, the beast was the focal point of bitter domestic strife, for George had pulled me aside when he took my coat and whispered, "Uncle Joe has come to live with us. Whatever you do, don't mention the

H-O-R-S-E!"

It promised to be an evening of treading on egg shells.

Mary greeted me warmly but with eyes still red from recent tears. The living room was her pride and joy, done in simple, clean lines. A masterpiece of harmony and proportion in cream, glass, and lacquered wood. Her heart must have stopped when the movers said, "Where do you want the horse, lady?"

Almost as if he sensed Mary's hostility, Chester stood furtively behind the piano, as if he were trying to hide. I did my best not to gape, but my eyes were drawn there by an evil force of fascination. For one thing, the taxidermy was of poor quality. The stuffing had shifted, and the thing looked something like a camel in a horse costume.

Mary invited me to sit down. George and Mary are good friends, and usually our conversation flows freely, but tonight we could barely force out a trickle of uncomfortable small talk. George made a few solemn pronouncements

about the weather. Mary weakly lamented rising supermarket prices.

As we spoke, Uncle Joe's horse seemed to grow and fill the room. How could we spend the evening without acknowledging his presence, I wondered. His eyes seemed a bit skewed and...suddenly I realized Mary had asked me a question.

"What? Sorry. I didn't quite catch that."

"Coffee or tea?" Mary repeated.

"Oh, nothing for me, thanks," I said absently. At once I realized my error, remembering that it was coffee for which I had been invited.

"Coffee, please!" I blurted out.

George poured three cups. For a while, there was a hiatus in the conversation. The only sounds came from the clinking of the cups against the saucers, the ticking of George's watch, and my own swallowing, which, try as I might, I couldn't silence.

I set my cup on the coffee table and observed to my hosts that education was becoming very expensive indeed. This comment apparently reminded George that the Pirates were in a slump.

Out of the corner of my eye, I detected a pink gleam by Chester's mouth, and I simply had to take a quick glance to reassure myself that it really was just a sag of the lip and not a

Uncle Joe's horse seemed to grow and fill the room.

tongue sticking out.

That glance was a mistake, however, because it left me with the nagging impression that our silent companion stood with a definite list leftward.

A sort of nervous exhaustion began to sweep over me, and my mind drifted for a moment.

"You must be wondering about the horse," Mary said.

With alarm I realized that she had noticed me absent-mindedly closing one eye and craning my neck to compare Chester with the plumb of the Venetian blind cord behind him.

"No, I'm not," I yelped. "Not really!"

George gave me a long, meaningful look.

Just then we all heard the clicking of footsteps on the front walk. George turned around to get a look out the picture window.

"Oh, no," he groaned. "Here comes my brother-in-law. Look, whatever you do, don't mention religion!"

QIP and Me

by Dave McLaughlin

I have changed the names in the following account in order to confuse you and because I do not wish to embarrass anyone by using his/her name without permission. Also, since I am dressing this story up in order to make my point, what you are going to read is not strictly true. My conscience is clear, at least to me.

On a recent day I came to work with the powerful feeling that the day was going to be a Quality Day like no other—I could feel it all the way to my fingertips (and would have felt it to my toes, except for the recent cold, which had left my toes unlikely to feel anything). During recent years I had been through Quality Training, Quality Planning, and Quality Reviews. I had read the first halves of several books on quality, participated along with a lot of you in Quality Discussions and Quality Teams, and had seen evidence of changing perceptions and sensitivities to

"We must reek of Quality by now!"

Quality Issues and Quality Goals.

"We must reek of Quality by now!" I thought happily to myself as I pulled into the parking lot. The day took a slightly ugly turn when I backed into the side of someone's dark Firebird near the front door, but I was so juiced up with Quality feelings I hardly had time to think about it. "Whoever it is won't mind," I thought to myself as I went in.

In the hall I passed Don Formica, who handles our Quality programs. "It's a Quality Day," I murmured cheerfully.

"Say what?" he replied.

"It's a Quality Day," I said again. "We've been working on this so much the past few years, I just know today's going to have Quality plastered all over it from A to Q."

Don looked at me with just a hint of surprise. "What on earth possessed you to declare today your own personal Quality Day?" He asked in such a way that I thought I might have annoyed him.

"Just a feeling," I answered, still pretty cheerful.

"Quality is not a feeling," he replied, smiling his own smile. "It's a bunch of hard work, which, if you figure out how to do it right, will reduce the amount of effort and money you spend on mistakes, and improve your service to your customers."

"Well, excuuuse me!" I huffed, a little put off myself. You'd think a person so immersed in Quality issues would appreciate a little moral support. He seemed too serious. I was kind of wanting Quality to be more fun.

"So Quality isn't easy. Is that your point?" I asked.

"Nothing is easy," he answered me. "That's my point. Quality isn't some sort of place where you arrive. It's a bunch of hard, sometimes frustrating work. Sometimes you see a big jump in the right direction. Mostly you see little jumps. Unfortunately, some of the jumps are backwards."

"You're pretty much screwing up my Happy Quality Day," I observed sourly.

"Sorry," he answered, as if he wasn't, really, "but we need more in our Quality Program than people bouncing into work on some sort of Quality High. How much caffeine have you absorbed so far this morning?"

"We can make millions of mistakes a second now, thanks to our computing speed."

I went on my way. I hadn't had that much caffeine, and I thought I was just being aggressively optimistic.

As the day went on, I kept trying out my Quality Mood on people. To be honest, I don't think they appreciated it at all. Some of you may have been part of the group. You know who you are. For the rest of you, and just between ourselves, a lot of the ones I talked to were pretty serious. I'll give you more samples.

Dan Wolgemirth, who is a computer system Jedi, reacted by wondering if I knew how complicated many Quality Issues became when we had to deal with complex systems. I suppose he thinks of our computer systems as complex.

"When we do something wrong," he told me, "we can make millions of mistakes a second now, thanks to our computing speed."

I was impressed. "You actually do that?" I wondered.



"His phone is busy, his fax is busy, his voice mail is busy, and his modem is busy. I'll just walk over and talk to him."

The shortest distance between two jokes makes a perfect speech.

- from Brahma Nand's collection

continued page 5

QIP, Continued

"Not if we can help it," he answered, "but as we get more and more stuff going on, Quality Opportunities get harder to solve."

I was not cheered by this piece of news.

One of our ace production managers, Bob Linemeister, spent five minutes outlining the Quality Opportunities he had run into that very morning. I was suitably shocked.

"We could be done for by noon!" I gasped.

Bob shrugged. "We can deal with this. Not long ago that list would have taken ten minutes. We're better, but if you're fishing around for a defect free day, this ain't it."

Just after this encounter, I happened to hear Beverly Lawless and Steve Peerless considering what I took to be quality issues in what sounded like an exciting conversation. "Get those parts right the first time," Beverly suggested pleasantly. "Get the schedule to stand still for more than ten minutes so we can tell which parts we're supposed to get right," Steve replied genially.

"Discussing Quality?" I asked in a friendly, nosey tone.

They greeted me with looks that reminded me of a vulture analyzing roadkill.

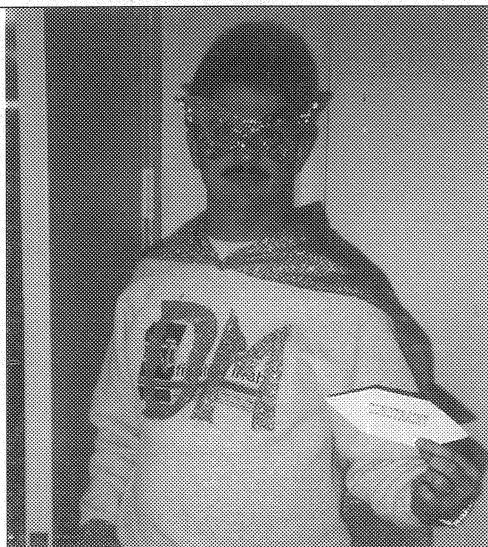
"We're talking," they replied, "about the difficulties that result when we set goals that are not exactly aligned. Improving response time and reducing inventory at the same time can produce conflicts."

"Just aim for maximum Quality," I advised wisely. When I left, Beverly was doing her best to prevent Steve from hitting someone, possibly me, with a large, dangerous-looking Daytimer. Some people are more easily offended than others.

There is no evidence that the tongue is connected to the brain.

- from Brahma Nand's collection

The Disaster Master pauses before his appearance at a Fabcom meeting. His goal: elevate those constraints! ...among other things. His true identity will be revealed as the Theory of Constraints (TOC) takes hold at Crown Int'l.



The list is long. In Engineering, Mike Stonewell informed me gently but firmly that designing for Higher Quality was always a prime goal, and, no, we were not doing it perfectly yet, and, no, we were not backing away from that goal, and, no, he did not think I was doing much good by declaring unilateral Quality Day, and, yes, I was grating on his nerves just the tiniest bit.

I tried the sales area, and talked to Jim Beauty, whom I knew to be an excellent salesperson. He gave evidence of being amused when I asked if our Quality Blitz was blowing the competition out of the water.

"Everyone is getting better," he informed me. "We need to improve our reliability, our performance to spec, our value for the dollar, and our customer response time JUST TO KEEP UP!" When he said these last four words, his voice grew substantially louder and he hit his desk hard enough to make the desk lamp flicker. Salesmen can be very emphatic.

Eventually I visited Terry Frack, who has been messing around with Quality Stuff longer than just about anyone at Crown.

"I'm truly bummed, Terry F.," I told him. "I came in today with a glorious vision of Quality flowing out of every crack and crevice of Crown Int'l. Our Quality Emphasis just overwhelmed me, I guess. It seemed like we must have reached some significant plateau by now, but everyone who's actually doing Quality Activities acts as if we've just begun and we're going to have to keep working very hard at this just to last through the '90s. Who knew it could get so serious?"

"All of us who paid attention in all those classes," Terry pointed out. "Measuring our results and preventing problems has to become part of our culture that we always try to improve, just like our technology, and our sales efforts, and our financial resources."

"I think I upset a few people today on this issue," I confessed.

"That's what they all said," Terry agreed. "You might want to take that sign off your back before you go anywhere else."

One of those yellow sticky notes was on the back of my shirt. It said, "Kick me! I'm having a Quality Seizure!" I remembered Jim Beauty slapping me on the back when I left him.

I was almost back to my office, considerably subdued but a bunch smarter about Quality than when the day had begun. I had begun to feel better. Then a voice said, "Yo! About my Firebird!..."

ABC's of Being a Good Supervisor

The many roles supervisors play in serving their customers and employees.

by the Modules Department

- A** action-taker (can make head bands out of shop rags)
- B** blush easily, balding, battered
- C** caring (if not enough, your plants all die), cute
- D** dog-tired, disciplined - (doesn't scream—only jumps—if frightened by a huge rubber rat!)
- E** eager (to leave)
- F** firm, funny (pounds desk and says, "Shut up!" It makes the team laugh!)
- G** guide - (if can get someone to follow!)
- H** helpful - (for example: try so hard to help a worker get a thumb unglued from the top of a circuit board, that you are willing to get your thumb stuck to the bottom)
- I** innovative - (wear walking shorts under pants)
- J** jumps to conclusions (For example: dismantle the bending machine if it grabs one the worker's shirts and won't let go)
- K** knowledgeable (know you can open only one file drawer at a time)
- L** laid back
- M** manageable
- N** never needed
- O** optimistic - (can drive over a snowman)
- P** picky person
- Q** quick (to leave)
- R** restless and young
- S** silly, serious, smirking
- T** teachable, tie-conscious, enjoys 12 days of Christmas
- U** under the weather
- V** very testy, vague
- W** wunderbar
- X** x-ceptional
- Y** young at heart - (enjoy balloons that pop out from under your boat cover when you arrive at the lake)
- Z** zirconium-in-the-rough, zee best!

Editor's note: This was documented before the hiring of a new Modules Supervisor to replace Craig Hunter, now Fabcom Manufacturing Engineer. The saga of Craig's role was presented in a scrapbook at a farewell carry-in for him in February.

A Tree Grew on Line 3

by Libby Marshall

Irma Shank's birthday tree was fertilized with Mt. Dew to give it a real high! It produced dollar bills and cards with wishes such as, "You'll probably look at this card and laugh 20 years from now, and you'll still be talking to yourself, too!"



Ebbleen Cornish, Margaret Thompson and June Kulp with Irma Shank (in front)

Peggy Thomas made her a pair of cardboard and foil glasses so she couldn't see her shadow on that bright, sunny day, February 2. Various baskets and gifts of sweets surrounded the tree. A little groundhog (alias koala) hung on to it. Banner and balloons waved above the work bench.

Irma came to the United States from Canada with her family when she was four years old. She wishes she were older so she could remember more!

Irma's husband is farming and wants to keep at it. He encourages Irma to keep working because she enjoys it! At 73 she is in good health, likes her friends and work, and enjoys having money to do some of the things she likes. Then there's the insurance! Besides that Irma is a valuable link in the production team which produces our D-75 amplifiers. We plan to celebrate more birthdays with Irma.

Harold Greeley Has the Last Word

by Cindy Swald

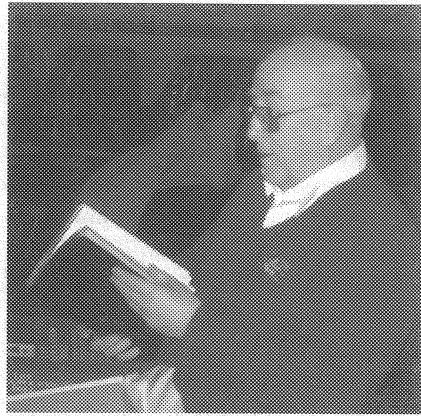
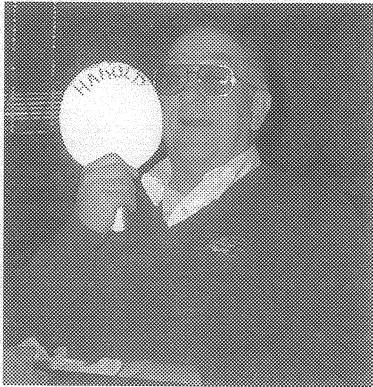
The Finance Department presented Harold Greeley with a gold ping pong paddle during his retirement luncheon at the Matterhorn, February 17. This poem was read to honor Harold's personality:

Harold's a guy who loves hitting the ball,
Never the table, always the wall.
He dives, and he leaps,
His moves can't go wrong.
You just gotta wonder,
Who taught him to play pong?

His sneezes are ghastly,
At least that's what's been said.
Rumor has it they're able
To wake up the dead!!!

They'll miss him in finance,
If you know what I mean;
Take a look at his desk,
It'll soon be clean!!!

So take off your tie, Harold,
Just trash it and burn it;
Have a wonderful time, Sir,
Believe us, we've earned it!!!



The Finance Team also gave Harold a LIFE APPLICATION NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION of the Bible. His new life will include traveling and golfing with his wife, Bonnie. They will continue to volunteer for worthy organizations such as Big Brothers and Big Sisters. Harold is a top bowl-a-thon scorer and fund raiser.

Harold was asked if he had any advice for the people left to work for another 20 or 30 years. His answer: "They should have started sooner!!!"



Dah Boys at Alcatraz

The January Audio Engineering Society (AES) Show was held on the Island of Alcatraz, California. The sales team seemed to pick up some new body language for "positioning and attitude," among other things.

Yes, it is true...stress causes people to do weird things! Shown here are some of the Ace Sales Team members being influenced by Chuck Gring to take up smoking! Ah! The peer pressure!

Design a New CROWN CRIER Nameplate

Entries will be accepted through April 28. We'd like a more contemporary, eye-catching look to the CROWN CRIER nameplate. The nameplate includes the information at the top of each front page.

You don't have to be an artist. Draw your design with black ink or marker on white paper.

Our newsletter will continue to be on 8 1/2 by 11 inch pages.

The winning entry will be selected by the CROWN CRIER staff and used as soon as it can be reproduced for publication. The winner will also be rewarded with a gift certificate for a dinner for two at the Olive Garden.

Secretarial Encounters of an Engineering Kind

by Sue Ramsby

Sitting in the Rose Room recently with two engineers conversing during lunch break took me to a different world. The words in their dialect ranging from oscilloscopes to frequencies to scalar analyzer systems had my head spinning to the point where my mind was transported to an electronic twilight zone. Who were these engineering creatures, and where did they come from?

Being a secretary who works closely with engineers is a profession that not many choose to take. One of the prerequisites of getting this job was to be able to wear a pocket protector on my Gucci sweater containing mega mechanical pencils. I was desperate, so I was willing to forsake making a fashion statement to the world, and adhere to the engineering world.

One of the things an engineering support secretary must remember is to listen closely to the instructions of an engineer as he dictates a justification to be typed for purchase of an expensive piece of test bench equipment. Oh, oh, here come more high-powered words...fully synthesized transitions, controllers, Gaussian filters, multiparameter graphic display... Yes, these are the real words of this "other world" dialect. Remember when "nano" (as in nano-farad) was Mork's favorite exclamation on TV's "Mork and Mindy?" And doesn't "ISO9000" sound like a new superstrength laundry detergent?

I have seen engineers compare their schematics with the intensity and intellect of doctors discussing someone's intestinal X-rays. A schematic reminds me of a map that you can buy for \$.50 in downtown Chicago to show where you can find all the tourist hot spots. Why does a little triangle represent an IC chip in a schematic? How is a little squiggly line supposed to represent a resistor? No wonder these guys go to college to learn this stuff. It probably takes them three of the four years to accomplish Schematics 101!

I have to admit that engineers are pretty good at working on bar graphs and charts in Windows. They can do amazing things on the computer screen with a click of a mouse. The colored graphs are works of art, but don't tell them that. They just laugh when you try to compliment their art work. However, if you need help to learn how to construct a graph, they will jump right on your lap, and the next

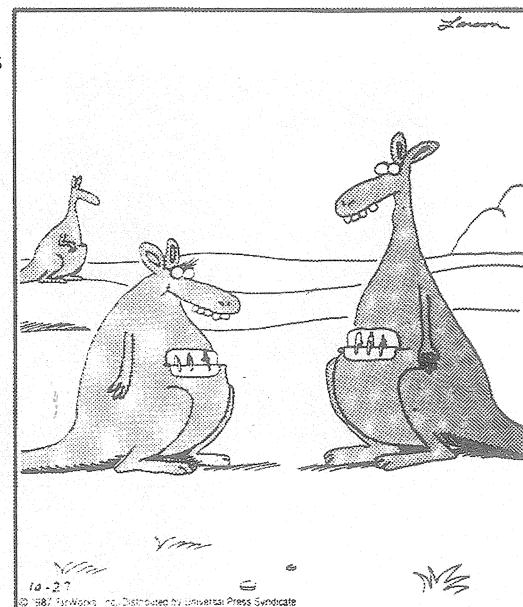
thing you know your learning project is done.

I do love my job even though I work with engineers, technicians, and other people who talk funny. The key to success is to pretend that you understand their language (or go to Engineering School to learn it). It is best not to project the image that you are floating away into that twilight zone of engineering talk. Act like you understand every word and smile politely, and they'll never know. After all, engineers are not bad people to work with. In fact, they are great! And they really are smart! Where would Crown Int'l be without them?

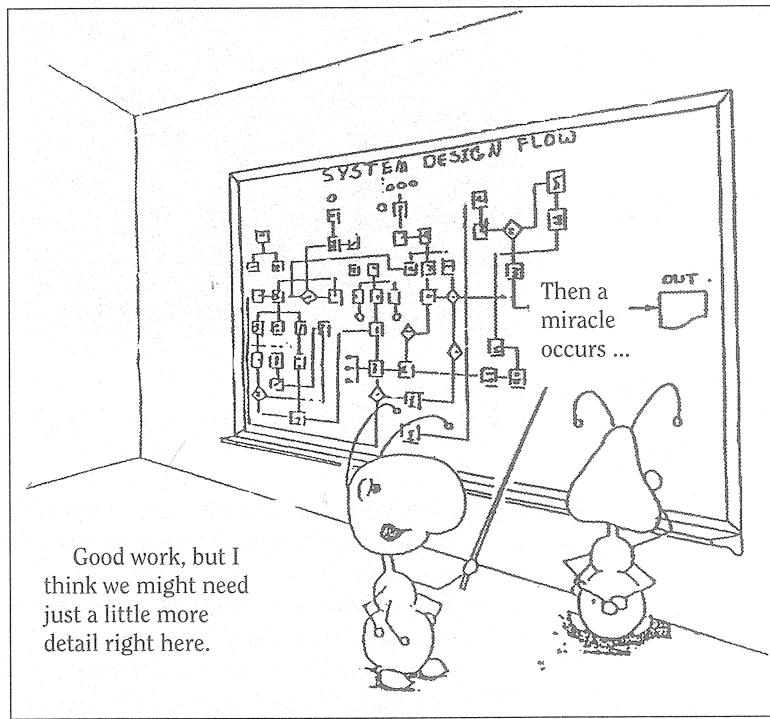
I find myself at least once a month sitting in a conference room with Master schedulers and planners. I take notes for their meetings as they discuss forecasts, deleting, adding and moving out schedules. I once again feel that familiar "lost" feeling as I float into another twilight zone of different words, phrases, and terminology. Hold onto your seats because here we go again. Perhaps I will discuss this type of different and wonderful species in another issue...

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



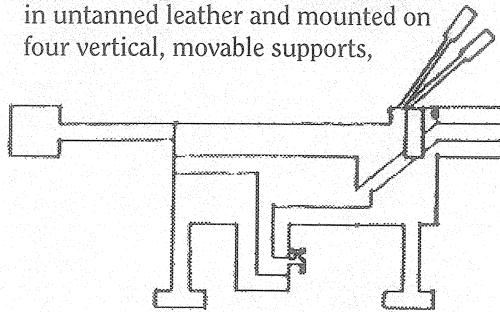
Kangaroo Nerd



The Cow

by W. E. Scheer

A cow is a completely automated milk-manufacturing machine. It is encased in untanned leather and mounted on four vertical, movable supports,



one at each corner.

The front end of the machine, or input, contains the cutting and grinding mechanism, utilizing a unique feedback device. Here also are the headlights, air inlet, exhaust, a bumper and a foghorn. At the rear, the machine carries the milk-dispensing

equipment as well as a built-in flyswatter and insect repellent. The central portion houses a hydrochemical conversion unit. Briefly, this consists of four fermentation and storage tanks connected in series by an intricate network of flexible plumbing. This assembly also contains the central heating plant complete with automatic temperature controls, pumping station and main ventilating system. The waste disposal apparatus is located to the rear of this central section. Cows are available, fully assembled, in an assortment of sizes and colors. Production output ranges from two to twenty tons per year. In brief, the main external visible features of the cow are: two lookers, two hookers, four stander-uppers, four hanger-downers, and a swishy-wishy. There is a similar machine known as a bull. It gives no milk, but has other uses.



Crown Stew

4 lbs. boiling beef	4 lbs potatoes	1 qt. port and beans	1 lb. assorted mixed vegetables
1.4 lbs. stew meat	1 large and 6 small onions	1 lb. 3 oz. chunky beef soup	3 lbs. chicken
2 lbs. 12 oz. tomatoes	1.5 lbs. arm roast	4.5 lbs. frozen stew vegetables	5 hot dogs
21.5 oz. tomato soup	12 oz. canned roast beef	2, 8 oz. cans mushrooms	2 lbs. Beefaroni
3 lbs. Veg-all	3 lbs. frozen corn	3 lbs. hamburger	8 hard boiled eggs
11 large carrots	1 lb peas	1 can fancy mixed Chinese	8 pkgs. gravy mix
10 stalks celery	1 qt. peas	Vegetables	

mmmmmm good!! (last sampled at the Crown company campout, July 1973.)

Employee Committee

Financial Report

Balance as of January, 1993	\$1,716.17
<i>Receipts:</i>	
*Canteen	\$624.05
<i>Total receipts</i>	<i>+ \$624.05</i>
	\$2340.22
<i>Expenditures:</i>	
* Flowers	\$84.12
* Baby Gifts	176.36
<i>Total expenditures</i>	<i>- \$260.48</i>
Chiphone Balance 2/28/93	\$2,079.74

Coming Events:

Michiana Savings Card

With 10 to 15% off of some area restaurant bills and other special offers on goods and services, the Michiana Savings Card pays for itself within a few uses. If 250 or more people at Crown Int'l buy them, the cost will be \$10.00 each; if less, \$12.50 each.

Kathleen Stout will give a temporary card to anybody who wishes to try it, or whose current card has expired. The Employee Committee is circulating a sign-up sheet in each department for those interested.

Easter Egg Hunt

Saturday, April 3 at 10:00 am, Crown Int'l.

Sign up your children on the sheet posted on the Employee Committee Bulletin Board, Plant 1. Please bring in plastic eggs for the committee to fill with candy for the hunt.

Spring Carry-in

Noon, May 11 -Watch for the sign-up sheets.

Scouts Don't Fool Around...

But they are "very active," according to organizer and Boy Scout Leader Roy Pickler. Nineteen girls and boys between the ages of seven (or in first grade) through 18 (or seniors in high school) meet in the Crown Int'l Assembly Area every Monday from 7:00 to 8:00 pm.

The Elkhart Police Department put their canine unit through its paces for the scouts March 1. Leaders Terry Bird, Vera Leinbach, Tammie Putz, Gerry Barclay, Steve Sachs, Tammy Perry and Pamela Pickler are on the lookout for other people who can teach or share something fun or educational with the

children. They want you! Crafts, hobbies, collections, jobs, community activities—your interest is needed. Call Roy at Extension 517.

Besides meetings, they plan many activities. A potluck banquet was consumed March 29. On April 7, **Jeff Cherry**, Elkhart District Executive for the Boy Scouts, will present the charter to the Crown Int'l Boy Scouts. Scouts will sell barbecue chicken that day to raise funds and whet appetites of Crown Int'l employees. Weekend trips involve whole families.

Obviously this is serious business, and much fun is had by all!



"A Matching Game"

The Office of the President

Match the names with the tools of the trade, responsibilities, or characteristics of their jobs. There are four words/phrases for each name.

Kay Branch

Ed Collins

Terry Frick

Libby Marshall

Dave McLaughlin

Clyde Moore

Gerald Stanley

Risa Wright

1. CROWN CRIER
2. TO-3 Can opener
3. Corporate Seal Keeper
4. Purveyor of chocolate vitamins
5. Keeper of paper drill
6. Voter Registration
7. Tree Designer
8. Doing It Right
9. Notary
10. OMS Board
11. Forecast
12. "Closet" Organizer
13. Daily Bread
14. TOC Jonah
15. Manufacturing Scan
16. YFCI Board
17. Stock Transfer Agent
18. Sales Projections
19. Assembly Coordinator
20. Manufacturing Research
21. Developmental partner
22. Sales/Operations Minutes
23. Annual Report Editor
24. Algorithm Collector
25. Shop Floor Scheduling
26. Marketing Scans
27. Keys
28. BOD luncheons
29. CDROM software access
30. Disaster Master
31. Process Capabilities Team
32. Contributions

"Matching" Answers:

Key Branch - 3-12-17-23	Ed Collins - 21-25-30-31	Terry Frick - 7-14-15-20	Libby Marshall - 1-9-22-27	Dave McLaughlin - 8-11-18-26	Clyde Moore - 4-10-16-32	Gerald Stanley - 2-5-24-29	Risa Wright - 6-13-19-28
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A Swimming Time was Had by All

by Bev Laws



Bev Laws

Who says it never rains in Southern California? My mother, cousin **Cindy Swald**, her mother and I spent our annual Santa Barbara vacation in January practicing flood survival. The drought had ended, so we bought rain ponchos in a mountain store and off we went to enjoy the scenery.

We didn't let the rain stop us. Our ponchos kept us dry but after the first day of sloshing through

the rain, our feet were literally soaked. It was Cindy who devised the wearing of plastic bags over our feet which worked fine until she discovered hers hanging out of her shoe one morning at Zack's on the Beach Restaurant in the Sheraton Hotel. So much for class!

There were new cliffs on the beach and new rivers to jump over due to the record rainfall and seven-foot waves. The evening news was full of road closings, houses sliding down mountainsides, rock slides and kids being rescued from drains.

The big event occurred at 2:00 am one morning. People hiked out to be the first to watch water spill over the reservoir dam for the first time in ten years.

My brother Rich lives in that area and we spent a night at his house. He has cats. An

asthma attack hit me but I didn't want to go to a hospital without my insurance card, which was back in our motel room in Santa Barbara. I survived by spending the next night at my brother John's house in Solvang.

We were determined to enjoy this vacation, so Rich, Cindy and I took off on a hike to find an overflowing river. We hiked down the mountainside, hanging onto twigs and branches. In spite of the wetness we felt as though we were having a little vacation fun.

The next morning I looked in the mirror and saw what looked like a burn victim. My eyes and head were red and swollen. We decided we had better make a trip to the local Med-Point. A few hours and \$75.00 later with a shot and pills I was on my way with my family tour group to another rainy adventure. We now know that the twigs we were hanging onto were not tree limbs, but poison oak.

A man managed to walk to my brother's house after his car flew over a cliff. We walked out to find it, but couldn't even see it without walking half way down the cliff. He survived only because he was wearing a seat belt when he flew!

All in all we were a part of an historical event in California. This was not a movie, but a real life vacation experience. Life is never dull when you travel with me. We never did see sunshine except for one day when it rained only in the late afternoon. Just don't ever tell me it doesn't rain in California.



KATSWOT!!?

by Dave Hayden

One problem we have in Amcron manufacturing is trying to keep units with the same work order together. On a particular day, we were having difficulty accomplishing this because of the large number of orders in process. Sometimes, when problems arise, it helps to make light of the situation. So, when Karen Juday, Amcron Production Team Leader, told us to "Keep All These Stinkin' Work Orders Together," we came up with this sign to remind us of her instructions.



(Please)

Tips for Travelers

by Marcia Estep

- Always keep your plane tickets in a safe place. Tracking one application for a lost return ticket, I found out the ticket was packed in the suitcase which was checked with the airline for the trip home...safe and unused.

- Always keep your dry cleaning receipts. They may turn up months later to remind you to pick up your jacket with boat and car keys, money and airplane tickets in the pocket.

- Make sure the travel agent has spare keys to the company cars. You may have to call her in on a Saturday, to meet you with keys to unlock the door of a shuttle vehicle, locked with engine running.

These things happened. Names are omitted to protect the responsible. (They did not happen on April 1.)

Your friendly agent advises that you get signed contracts from the airlines with the



Marcia Estep

quoted ticket prices, so you can sue if fares change by the time you are ready to buy. You are safe only if you already have the ticket.

Good luck and happy flying!



Manual Training

From *Dave Barry's Greatest Hits* (Crown) Submitted by *Orbra Bliss*

Congratulations! You have purchased an extremely fine device, which is why we ask you to read this owner's manual carefully before you unpack it. You already unpacked it, didn't you? And you plugged it in and turned it on and fiddled with the knobs, and now your child, who once shoved a sausage into your VCR and set it on "fast forward," is fiddling with the knobs, right? And you're just starting to read the instructions, right???

We're sorry. We just get a little crazy sometimes, because we're always getting back "defective" merchandise that the consumer inadvertently destroyed. Now let's talk about:

1. UNPACKING THE DEVICE: The device is encased in foam to protect it from the Shipping People, who like to jab spears into the boxes.

WARNING: DO NOT EVER AS LONG AS YOU LIVE THROW AWAY THE BOX OR ANY OF THE PIECES OF PLASTIC FOAM, EVEN THE LITTLE ONES SHAPED LIKE PEANUTS. If you attempt to return the device and you are missing one single peanut, the store personnel will laugh in the chilling manner

exhibited by Joseph Stalin just after he enslaved Eastern Europe.

2. OPERATION OF THE DEVICE: The actual working central parts of the device are manufactured in Japan. The instructions were translated by Mrs. Shirley Peltwater of accounts receivable, who has never actually been to Japan but does have most of Shogun on tape.

Instructions: For results that can be the finest, it is our advising that: Never to hold these buttons two times!! Except the battery. Next, taking the (something) earth section may cause a large occurrence! However, If this is not a trouble, such rotation is a very maintenance action, as a kindly (something) viewpoint from Drawing B.

3. WARRANTY: Be it hereby known that this device, together with but not excluding all those certain parts thereunto, shall be warrantied against all defects, failures and malfunctions as shall occur between now and Thursday afternoon at shortly before two.

WARNING: IT MAY BE A VIOLATION OF SOME LAW THAT MRS. SHIRLEY PELTWATER HAS SHOGUN ON TAPE.

CROWN CRIER

The Crown Crier is the bi-monthly newsletter for Crown International employees. Its purpose is to be informative, inspirational and entertaining.

Your involvement is highly prized. Please contact a CC Reporter with any material you would like to see in future issues.

Publisher: Beryl Moore

Editor: Libby Marshall

Staff: Dave McLaughlin

Bruce Bartlett

J.C. Utter

Sharla Miller

Jim Bontrager

Julie LaFollette

Ron Ray

Cilla Meachem

Reporters:

Cindy Swald

Sue Ramsby

Distribution:

Sherry Hochstetler

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