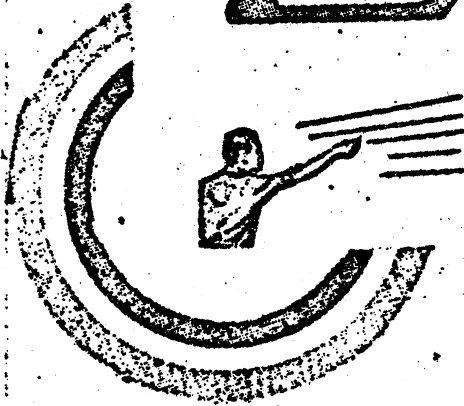


the

CROWN



CRUER

*Giving thanks always...  
... for all things...*

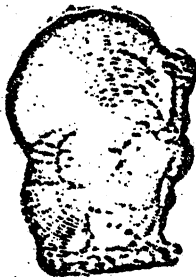
THANKSGIVING DAY 1971

T'is a time of ghosts and witches  
To the food and fun we call;  
For the harvests and the blessings  
Let us be thankful for them all.



May we also think of others  
Whose provender may not be  
Quite as bountiful and blessed  
As that given to you and me.

Yes, may all of us be grateful  
Not just today, but all year through  
As our kind and loving Father  
Has given much, Let us give too.



WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the  
fodder's in the shock,  
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the  
struttin' turkey-cock,  
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the  
cluckin' of the hens,  
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tip-  
toes on the fence;  
O, it's then's the times a feller is a  
feelin' at his best,  
With the risin' sun to greet him from a  
night of peaceful rest,  
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and  
goes out to feed the stock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the  
fodder's in the shock.  
They's something kindo' harty-like about  
the atmsufere  
When the heat of summer's over and the  
coolin' fall is here--  
Of course we miss the flowers, and the  
blossoms on the trees,  
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and  
buzzin' of the bees;  
But the air's so appetizin'; and the  
landscape through the haze  
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly  
autumn days  
Is a pictur' that no painter has the  
colorin' to mock--  
When the frost is on the punkin and the  
fodder's in the shock.  
The husky, rusty russel of the tossels  
of the corn,  
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves,  
as golden as the morn;  
The stubble in the furries--kindo' lone-  
somelike, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns  
they grewed to fill;  
The strawstack in the medder, and the  
reaper in the shed;  
The hosses in theyr stalls below--the  
clover overhead!--  
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the  
tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the  
fodder's in the shock!  
Then your apples all is gethered, and the  
ones a feller keeps  
Is poured around the celler-floor in red  
and yeller heaps;  
And your cider-makin's over, and your  
winnefn-folks is through

With their mince and apple-butter, and  
theyr souse and sausage, too!...  
I don't know how to tell it--but ef  
sich a thing could be  
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and  
they'd call around on me--  
I'd want to 'commodate 'em--all the  
whole-in-durin' flock--  
When the frost is on the punkin and the  
fodder's in the shock!  
-- James Whitcomb Riley

\* \* \* \* \*

Thankful that:  
Lowell is a Grandpa  
Mac's eye operation went o.k.  
Tom Brock has new living quarters  
Rachel's mother is discharged from the  
hospital

\* \* \* \* \*

Message to Former Crowners:  
Send in your special prayer requests  
and we will print them in Crown Crier.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary had a little Crown  
She put it on a shelf  
And when it came to  
shipping time,  
It was taken by an elf.  
So if you ever see this amp  
That wandered astray  
Take it by the power cord  
And lead it back this way...  
-- D 437

\* \* \* \* \*

ATTENTION: All CROWN Women  
Crown Crier is starting a page just for  
us women. Please let me know what you  
would like to see on this page. What  
about:

- Recipes
- Crossword puzzles (easy ones)
- Tips and notes on knitting, crocheting, sewing, needle-work, housework, cooking, etc.?

Please send ypur favorite Christmas  
recipe to me for our Christmas issue.  
Also send your comments, n tes, tips  
to me for future issues. See y;u  
next month...Donna Borrer

## BABY SHOWER

by Lucy Miller

Hey! It's six o'clock, Nov. 18 and the lights are on in the chapel room! Let's investigate!

What a mess! The chairs are pushed back against the wall, streamers hanging from the ceiling, Mary Miller is standing on top of the table, Sherrie Martin is underneath it, Phyllis Gates is running in circles and Lucy Miller is fixing the p-p-punch!

Here comes a whole car load of ladies right up to the front door. That voice sounds familiar, it's Sandy Kauffman! Take it easy girls, she's a Mother in waiting! I see, they are having a baby shower for her.

There are about 30 girls sitting in a semi-circle ready to play some games. They all have a piece of paper and it seems that they are drawing pictures. Yes, that's what they are doing. They are using their imagination to draw their idea of how they think the baby will look. They must give it a name, weight, date and time of birth. Some are real artists! These were made into a scrap book for Sandy to take along home with her.

My, Sandy is having quite a time getting a four foot gift unwrapped! Wonder what's in it? There, it's finally out of it's box, a folding dressing table from several of the office girls. There were a lot of other very lovely gifts ranging from sleepers to diaper bags.

Everyone was served refreshments and afterwards departed to their various homes.

## THE HISTORY OF CROWN IN PICTURES according to Max Scholfield

During the years that Mr. Scholfield has been with Crown he has taken a series of pictures that tells the story of Crown, its history and growth.

Max will show these during the noon hour on Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1971. Don't

miss this! You may even see proof of the amplines devotion to their jobs. Why Ethel Miller even sleeps next to amplifies!

## THANKSGIVING DINNER

That well-organized Thanksgiving dinner did not come off by accident. Johnnie Bryant, Eva Blosser, and Grace Angel along with Lois Clem, Zelma Morgan and Electa Gaugler organized the table setting, the chicken and the coffee heating.

Walter Myers along with John Branch, Ray Willis and Terry Baldwin did the heavy work. Walter also provided the lovely center pieces.

## FROM ENGINEERING

Jim Marks and Tom Szerencse won the puzzle last month. They tied. They will be glad to explain the answer to you.

Here's this month's junk box puzzle: A six story house (not counting the basement) has stairs of the same length from floor to floor. How many times as high is a climb from the first to the sixth floor as a climb from the first to the third floor. The first one to tell Mac the right answer wins.

Here's one just for fun:

$$\begin{aligned} a &= b \\ a+a &= b+a \\ 2a &= b+a \\ 2a-b &= b+a-b \\ 2a-b &= a \\ 2a-b-b &= a-b \\ 2a-2b &= a-b \\ 2(a-b) &= a-b \\ 2 \frac{(a-b)}{(a-b)} &= \frac{a-b}{a-b} \\ \cancel{2(a-b)} &= \cancel{a-b} \\ 2 &= 1 \end{aligned}$$

+++++

MAN GIVES DOG THE MUMPS..... John Bachman's dog, Pal, is recovering from the mumps. Luckily he only has them on one side. Oh yeh!, John's getting over his mumps too.

## SAILING: PART I

There are numerous ways to sail, but the single most satisfying way involves a boat --- so we will concentrate on that. Well known aerodynamic principles explain why it is that a leaf is blown before the wind, umbrellas turn inside-out on windy days, and boats sail. But hardly anyone cares about the principles as much as he cares about sailing. At it's best, sailing includes the sun, water (which further includes the sub-divisions of waves and spray), mind, graceful hulls and tight sails, the sounds accompanying all of these, and satisfied (and perhaps somewhat fanatical) people, who think of themselves as balancing on the last frontier between the in-electable onslaught of technology and the pure beauty of nature having her own way.

At its worst, sailing includes paddling (when the wind unexpectedly dies), and getting wet (which further holds the subclasses of pneumonia and drowning).

Sailing in a light breeze can be an enormously relaxing way to spend any amount of time, up to and including years. In a stiff wind, sailing can be an exciting and challenging thing, demanding a certain amount of knowledge and a good supply of nerve, to keep the boat running fast and upright at the same time. In a very high wind (gale, hurricane, typhoon, etc.), sailing is also known as swimming.

Several things become necessary at the point where you make the fateful decision to learn to sail. You need someone to share his boat and his knowledge -- either as a gesture of friendship or for money. Either way you discover that even small boats have stuff like masts, cleats, sheets, halyards, outhauls, downhauls, booms, rudders, tillers, leeboards, (or centerboards), keels, hulls, decks, blocks, and other things. And who ever teaches you to sail will smugly let you know that you must needs understand all of these terms (or at least as many as he knows), in order to be any kind of a sailor. The truth (which you may suspect), I will here write out plainly: you can actually sail a boat while knowing nothing about sailing jargon. The jargon exists mainly to maintain the superiority complex of the experienced sailor, and to provide salty phrases for dialogue in novels about sailing. Nothing more important is in view.

The actual sailing is easy. Just like being blown off of a log. A light breeze is the best kind of wind for learning to sail. The reason should be obvious. In a light breeze a sailboat moves more or less slowly and is unlikely to turn over or go out of control in any way. In this situation you can practice and experiment and make mistakes without risking much. Slowly it will dawn on you that, no matter which way the wind is blowing, you can get to any part of the lake you wish by judiciously controlling the rudder and sail. And you can do it quietly and clearly, without the exhaust-oil-slick-noise pollution left by power boats. (For reference, you may contemptuously refer to power boats as "stinkpotters" when you are under sail.)

In the event that you have learned, or are learning, to sail, and begin to sense the urge to own your own boat, various avenues are open. All of them require money. The biggest investment is the boat (unless you also want your own lake). An inexpensive sailboat will cost several hundred dollars, and you can go as high as you want from that point. There may be some relief

Continued next page-----

in the used sailboat market. With a little luck, in an area where sailboats are reasonable abundant, a boat that has been in the water for a few years might be sold at a considerable saving, even as low as half price. Not too many people become disinterested in sailing, but sailors do tend to want to move up to bigger boats, and sell their old ones on the used market.

Beg, rustle, or buy a boat and sail. Sail with your girl friend, your wife, your kids, or your rich uncle. When the whole world has read this article and begun to sail, mankind will discover again the simple joys that can lead to brotherhood and peace. And the water will be so crowded you won't be able to sail an inch without running into someone.

**KROWN KRUD:** With the Thanksgiving spirit descending upon us, I, being the spokesman, Ombuosman and Loud Mouth for the Sales Department, dezided to take a casual stroll through the "front office" and poll the hard-working personnel. The question was, "What are your Thanksgiving plans?"

Boom-Boom Beattie -- is returning to his homeland way out in Ohio. Yes, Sir, going to throw his wife and pet snail in the family scrap iron and head for the thriving metropolis of Worster (yea-ra-sis-boom-ba Worster)!!!!

Frank (old Scrooge) Stroempl -- "Ba Humberg" which is his standard reply for all 29 holidays of the year.

Shirley Searer -- Just gave me a silly grin, chuckled and said, "What do you think." So, draw your own conclusions.

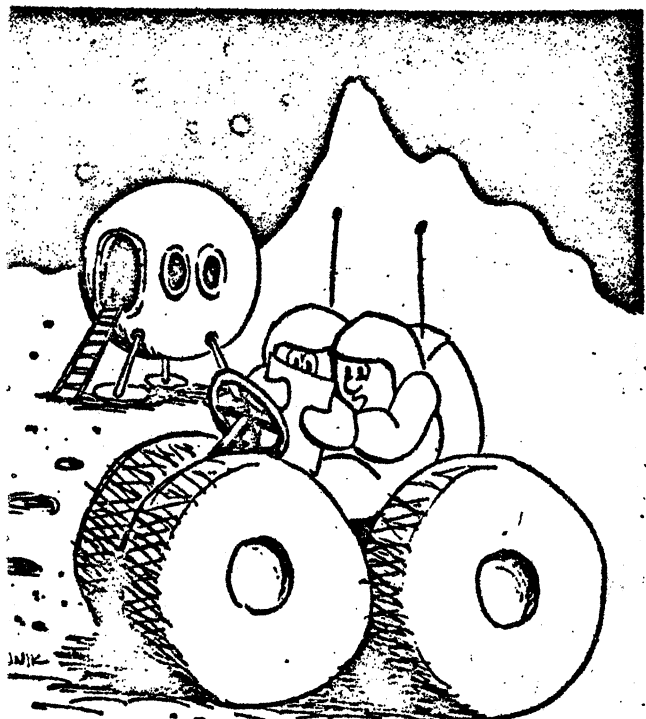
So much for a random sampling of the CROWN Sales Personnel's plans for Thanksgiving. One final word though, I would be most happy to sell this column to the highest bidder "cause my pen is running dry. If you have any further questions, please feel free to contact me. Thanking you again for your interest in CROWN, I remain: (I just had to throw that in for the Secretary pool).....

HAPPY BIRD DAY !!!!!!!!!!!!!

**FORMER EMPLOYEES BACK** ---- LaFern Parks and Ruth Sala, back after an extended vacation.

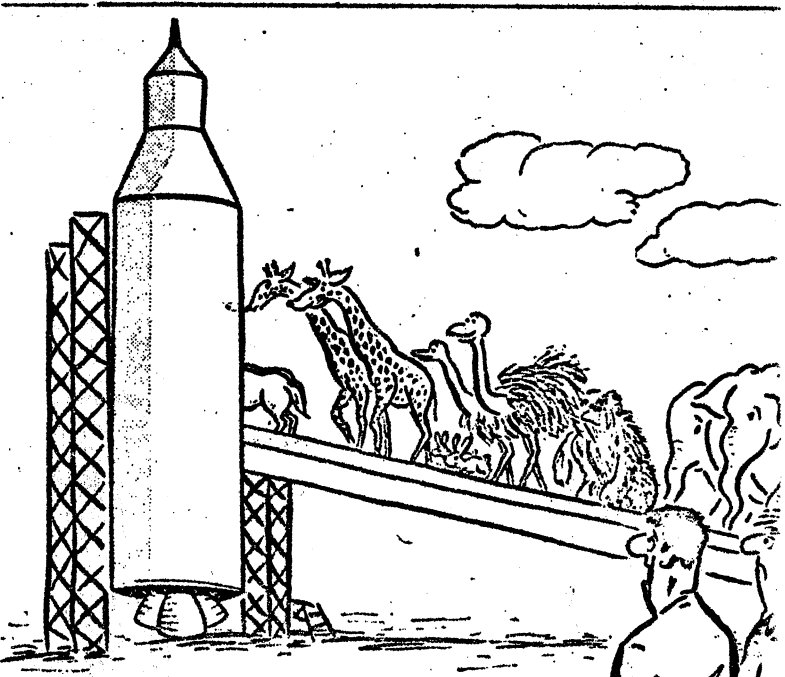
**NEW EMPLOYEES** ---- Cordell Loken is now residing at SetComp packaging area, while Dan Gerber, one of those Bethel boys, is fussily trying to keep the place clean.

WELCOME INTO THE CROWN FAMILY.....



And if it fails to function, return to factory in riginal carton with one dollar to cover handling and postage!"

WOODY'S WIT



"I don't like the looks of that."