

Thank you for your thoughts and prayers at the passing of our father, grandfather, and friend, Charles O. Krause Jr. In his memory we would like to share with you his epitaph.

Born March 27, 1928 to Charles and Lonieta Krause he spent much of his younger years with his grandmother Eulah Gillette. After attending Flint Central High School he joined the US Marine Corps in 1945. He was stationed in Tientsin China for a year as a battalion wire chief achieving the rank of corporal. After the war he returned to High School graduating in 1947. He attended DeForrest's School of Radio and Electronics in Chicago from 1947 to 1949 studying T-V repair, Industrial Electronics, and basic engineering. He worked for Graybar Electronics and AC Spark Plug before joining Sears Roebuck Co. in 1953 where he was employed until 1963. He attended Flint Community College part time until 1963 when he left Sears and attended college full time graduating from the University of Michigan-Flint in 1965 majoring in English with minors in Biology, German, and Social Studies. He subsequently taught at Flint Northern, Holy Redeemer, and Atherton High Schools. He was most recently employed by Occupational Industrialization Center of Saginaw. In addition to teaching he was the Director of many school plays and sponsored ski clubs. He did graduate work at Michigan State University, Eastern Michigan, and Michigan Tech. While at Michigan Tech. in 1971 he was among a group of 20 graduate students selected to write a field manual for outdoor biology on Isle Royale National Park.

Chuck was a member of the Flint Community Players since 1951 participating in over 50 major productions including "A Man For All Seasons", "Write Me A Murder", "Rose Tatoo", "The Odd Couple", "J.B.", and "The Bells Are Ringing". He also Directed several plays including "Goodbye Charlie" and "The Absence of a Cello". He most recently had the leading role in Mott Community College's "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest". He was appast member of the board of directors and editor of the monthly newsletter Backstage .

A creative person, he designed many games from war planes to Bingo golf. He was the last active member of a traditional annual football game the Fingerbowl. The Fingerbowl originated in 1947 by members of the ABC club and is played each year at 11:00 AM New Year's Day at Flint Central High School. The original Fingerbowl lineup included:

Red Team

Russ Lunsden
Tom McWhirter
Don Brockway
Bob Grills
Bill Hyde Capt.
Chuck Reer
Said Farah
Jim Dollars

Yellow Team

Loring Bunyan
Jerry Caryl
Warren Bunyan
Dick Miner
Tom Quinlan
Jack Taylor
Chuck Krause Capt.
Paul Shively

The Yellow team won the first game 13-12. The game tradition goes on with high school friends of son Fred vs. friends of sons Paul and Scott.

An avid sports fan Chuck enjoyed golf, bowling, baseball, football, horse racing, and skiing. He was never afraid to do something different. His brightly colored socks were his trademark. Once he and son Fred golfed 101 holes in one day! He never said no to a friend who needed a TV set or stereo fixed.

We'll all miss most his laugh and never-say-die sense of adventure. He was truly an unselfish person in a sometimes selfish world.

In closing we would like to share with you in his memory 3 items found among his personal things. The first is a poem he wrote just 3 months ago on 2/1/79 entitled "Treasure Chest". The second item is a paper he wrote in 1944 at the age of sixteen and last is an article in this month's Reader's Digest.

Fred, Betty, Fred Jr., Kristopher, & Melissa Krause
Paul Krause
Scott Krause

From "Absence of a Cello" 1975

THE DIRECTOR

CHUCK KRAUSE is so well known to FCP Theater audiences that he hardly requires an introduction. His creative roles have been innumerable and outstanding. Among these, was "Uncle Harry", in the title role of that play. His most recent onstage stint for FCP was as the hilarious "Sandor" in "Bells are Ringing". A few other acting credits include, "Man for All Seasons", "The Odd Couple", "The Playroom", and "Elizabeth the Queen". He has performed at Whiting with the Flint Ballet Company and Flint Civic Ballet, and appeared in "The Nutcracker Suite". He has been featured on various local TV Channels.

Chuck's last directing job for FCP was "Goodbye Charlie" in 1974. He has worked both backstage and onstage in children's shows and directed high school plays when he was a teacher of biology at Ather-ton High. He has served The Players in almost every capacity during his many years of membership.

His hobbies? Too many to enumerate; but presently he plays Bloop-er Ball with the Davison team. If all his community service enthusiasms were of the remunerative kind, Chuck could call himself a wealthy man.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

KENNETH LAMBERT, whose acting credits in the area are many, was last seen in "Hot L Baltimore" at Flint U. of M. and for MCC. A member of the "City Stage" Theater Company, he has been in "Look Homeward, Angel", "She Stoops to Conquer", "Tartuffe", "Happy

Birthdays", "Wanda June" and others. He played a bellhop in "Lullabye", for FCP. Ken and his wife, Diane (she's 'Marian' in this play), travel a lot and ski together, as well as share their love of Theater. Diane does not join him in wrestling, but does play tennis. He's noted in Flint tennis circles as very good. He plays daily. Professionally, Ken is a representative for a pharmaceutical firm.

BEA ENDERS (Celia Pilgrim) has had 28 years in Theater, from M.S.U. College Theater to Summer Stock, in which she performed roles in "Anastasia" and "The Silver Cord" and others. Her last role for FCP was in "Silent Night, Lonely Night". Bea is a Language Consultant for the Intermediate School District. Her daughter, Gena, is attending Western University and Rise' is an eighth grade student at Swartz Creek. Bea enjoys canoeing, reading, skiing, gardening and "Horoscopy". She also has a fine writing talent, which her friends urge her to develop. One of her plays, "Mississippi Mud", was produced by FCP for an Active Membership meeting some seasons ago.

JIM STREBY (Andrew Pilgrim)— Jim's last acting job for FCP was as "Renfield" in "Count Dracula" last year. He is deeply involved in all phases of Theater, but particularly loves children's theater. He assisted Mark Sterner in the recent FCP Children's production of "The Red Shoes". Whatever the task, Jim 'throws his heart over the hurdle' and follows after it with all his being. He has been a member of

'Treasure Chest'

IN ALL THE STORED UP MEMORIES THAT EACH OF US POSSESS
ARE THOSE THAT MADE US LAUGH OR CRY OR FEAR, OR CAUSED US STRESS
SOME ARE BURIED, SELDOM VIEWED, BECAUSE THEY CAUSED US PAIN.
SOME WE HOPE THAT, WHILE WE LIVE, WE NEVER SEE AGAIN.
A GROUP OF THEM WE USE EACH DAY FOR ALL THE THINGS WE DO
AT WORK, AT PLAY; IN MANY WAYS THEY'RE CONSTANTLY IN VIEW.
BUT SADLY, FOR THE MOST PART, THESE DAILY MEMORIES FAIL
TO GIVE US STRENGTH, OR FEED OUR SOUL, OR PENETRATE THE VEIL
THAT CUMBERS US WITH LONELINESS AND FEELINGS THAT OUR LIFE
IS SPENT IN FUTILE NOTHINGNESS AND FILLED WITH CONSTANT STRIFE.

IT'S AT THESE TIMES WE NEED TO CALL UPON THAT SECRET STORE
WHEREIN WE KEEP THE MEMORIES FROM LONG, LONG DAYS OF YORE,
AND CALL THEM OUT TO COMFORT US - REMEMBER SOMEONE CARED.
REMEMBER TIMES THAT BROUGHT US PEACE; REMEMBER TIMES WE DARED
TO BARE OUR SOUL, NOT PLAY A ROLE, BE ALL WE WERE WITHIN.
REMEMBER CHILDHOOD'S CAREFREE DAYS, REMEMBER TREASURED KIN.
REMEMBER HAPPY HOURS SPENT, PERHAPS, WITH SOMEONE DEAR
A SHARING TIME, A LOVING TIME, A JOY THAT BROUGHT A TEAR.
A LOVER'S TOUCH THAT MEANT SO MUCH, THE DAYS THAT WENT SO FAST...
THESE ARE THE KINDS OF MEMORIES ON WHICH WE DRAW AT LAST

TO SOOTHE THE PAIN AND EASE THE STRAIN WHICH OCCUPY US NOW
THAT AGE HAS STREAKED WITH SILVER BRUSH OUR HAIR AND FURROWED BROW
- BE HAPPY THAT YOU LIVED A LIFE THAT MADE YOU DARE TO BE
AN ARCHITECT OF DREAMS AND HOPES FOR WHICH THE ONLY FEE
EXTRACTED WAS THE WILL TO TRY WHAT OTHERS DARED NOT DO
THOUGH SORROW SURELY FOLLOWED THE ENCHANTMENT THAT YOU KNEW
THESE MEMORIES SUSTAIN YOU WHEN ALL IS DARK AROUND.
AND WHO'S TO SAY THEY'RE ENDED... IF ANOTHER DREAM YOU'VE
FOUND?

A

THE TWILIGHT OF THE FEMALE SEX AND
LOVE; THE DYING EMOTION.

LOVE, THE DECEDANT IDEALISTIC MAN'S CON-
CEPTION OF SUPREME HAPPINESS WILL SLOWLY PASS
INTO THE DUST OF TIME IN THE NEXT FEW GENERATIONS,
PROVIDING THE BEINGS OF THIS WORLD OF OURS CON-
TINUE THEIR PROBE FOR SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE. THIS
VERY IDOTIC EMOTIONAL TRACT WILL NOT BE ABLE TO
SURVIVE THE SCIENTIFIC AGE INTO WHICH WE ARE NOW
PROGRESSING. EMOTIONAL STABILIZATION WILL BE ONE
OF THE MANY RESULTS DUE TO THIS COMING AGE IN
THE PROGRESS OF MAN. LOVE, IN ITS PRESENT FORM OF
EGOTISTICAL, ROMANTICAL TRASH WILL NOT REMAIN IN
HARMONY WITH ITS EVER CHANGING SURROUNDINGS.
THERE WILL BE NO LOVERS LANES, NO TROPICAL MOONS,
NOTHING TO ENCOURAGE A QUICKENING OF THE EMOT-
IONAL PULSE. HERE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS WHY.

FIRST THE CONDITIONS NECESSARY FOR LOVE
MAKING WILL NOT BE PRESENT. THE WHOLE WORLD
WILL BE A VAST SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY WITH EVERY
MAN A LINK IN THE SCIENTIFIC CHAIN OF PROGRESS.
MANKINDS FUTURE IS WHOLLY SCIENTIFIC FOR HE WAS
PUT UPON THE EARTH AS THE SUPREME PRODUCT
OF AN UNKNOWN CREATOR FOR THE PURPOSE OF
PROBING INTO, AND ULTIMATELY SOLVING, THE RIDDLES
OF THE UNIVERSE. THERE WILL BE NO ROOM IN THE

PRECISE WORLD OF TOMORROW FOR EMOTIONAL CONNECTIONS, BECAUSE EMOTIONAL TRENDS DELAY AND OFTEN PREVENT MEN WHO ARE POTENTIAL SCIENTIFIC GENUSES FROM EVEN HAVING A REMOTE CONNECTION WITH THE LIFE THEY HAVE BEEN FITTED OUT FOR.

WHY DO YOU THINK EINSTEIN HAS PROGRESSED SO FAR IN HIS THEORY OF THE RELATIVITY OF TIME AND SPACE? I CAN TELL YOU. EINSTEIN IS A BACHELOR. NO SILLY WOMAN INTERRUPTS THE THOUGHTS OF THIS GENIUS. EINSTEIN DIDN'T SPEND HIS YOUTH MOONING OVER THE INFERIOR FEMALE SEX. HE IS A TRUE PIONEER OF THE COMING AGE.

MARK MY WORDS! GRADUALLY WOMEN WILL LOSE THEIR PLACE IN THE WORLD DUE TO THE EVOLUTION OF ARTIFICIAL REPRODUCTION. WOMEN WILL NOT BE NECESSARY IN A SCIENTIFIC WORLD.

THIS ELIMINATION OF ONE-HALF OF THE HUMAN RACE WILL BE A GIANTIC TASK TO ACCOMPLISH, BUT IN THE END, DETERMINATION PLUS THE SUPERIOR BRAIN OF THE MALE WILL BRING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF MANS GREATEST OBSTACLE TO IMMORTAL GLORY, THE FEMALE SEX, AND WILL END FOR ALL TIME THE MOST IDOTIC OF ALL THE EMOTIONS KNOWN TO MANKIND; THE CAUSE OF THE RISE AND FALL OF COUNTLESS EMPIRES, AND THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WEAPON AGAINST THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, LOVE.

I was going to, but . . .

There Wasn't Time

Condensed from NEWSDAY

ERMA BOMBECK

TIME. It hangs heavy for the bored, eludes the busy, flies by for the young and runs out for the aged.

Time. We crave it. We curse it. We kill it. We abuse it. Is it a friend? Or an enemy?

We know very little about it. To know it at all, to know its potential, perhaps we should view it through a filter called memories.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, Mama was going to read me a story and I was going to turn the pages and pretend I could read. But she had to wax the bathroom and there wasn't time.

When I was young, Daddy was going to come to school and watch me in a play. I was the fourth Wise Man (in case one of the three got sick), but he was having his car tuned and there was no time.

When I was young, Grandma and Granddad were going to come for Christmas to see the expression on my face when I got my first bike,

but Grandma didn't know who she could get to feed the dogs and Granddad didn't like the cold weather and, besides, they didn't have the time.

When I was older, Dad and I were going fishing one weekend, just the two of us, and we were going to pitch a tent and fry fish with the heads on them. But at the last minute he had to fertilize the garden and there wasn't time.

When I was older, the whole family was always going to pose together for our Christmas card. But my brother had ball practice, my sister had her hair up, Dad was watching the Colts and Mom had to mop the kitchen. There wasn't time.

When I grew up and left home to be married, I was going to sit down with Mom and Dad and tell them I loved them and would miss them. But Hank (he was our best man and a real clown) was honking the horn in front of the house, so there wasn't time.