



It has been several years now since a certain remarkable young bird was discovered atop the roof of an abandoned cabin in the Packwood Forest. Since then he has become one of the most eclectic characters in all fandom. Presenting herewith THE ROGUE RAVEN 15. Produced by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Subs are 10 for \$1 and holding, but not for long. This issue is for October 1, 1975.

THAT'S A WHOLE HEAP OF HORSES

Every once in a great while I have this urge to do something foolish that puts me in close proximity with a more natural way of living. It's a complete hoax, of course. I'd be the first to admit that. I really

have no intention of tilling the soil, homesteading, raising livestock or subsistence farming. But I have a great admiration for those who do, even though I recognize that the people involved in these activities are more than likely to be politically and philosophically 180 degrees opposed to my way of thinking. Still I have this attitude that they represent middle America, that which made America great, and on and on. So occasionally I attend a fair or a rodeo or some other event and rub shoulders, however briefly, with a different kind of people. Maybe it was last year in Ash-Wing that I wrote about the Western Washington State Fair. It was held again a couple of weeks ago and smashed all records for attendance as the weather has been holding fair and warm here. (Matter of fact, it was 80 degrees today.) But we didn't attend this year; about once every two years is enough for us.

This past Saturday I attended the Fifth Annual Draft Horse Extravaganza at Monroe, Washington. It cost me a whole \$2 and it's the greatest entertainment value I've enjoyed in a long time. Over 3½ hours of solid action and entertainment. The program claimed that it was the only draft horse show in the country at which you could see all five draft breeds. And I believe that I heard the announcer say that it is the largest draft horse show in the country.

My brother and his wife and I drove up together for the Saturday afternoon show. Anna Jo was taking a class and couldn't make it. It gave me a chance to have a ride in his new Mazda rotary-engined pickup truck. I don't know much about small pickups but it buzzed right along and the ride was fine, although three in the front seat was a little crowded. The weather was nice and balmy, typical fall weather here and the ride up and back was very pleasant.

I don't know how many people the arena at the Evergree State Fair Grounds holds but the place was packed. I'd guess that between four and five thousand people were there. The show was run superbly. There wasn't a wait between classes. As one class left the arena the next class was ready to move in.

The classes which we saw judged on Saturday afternoon were the Single Cart Class with Man Driver, the Light Weight Teams (under 3000 pounds for a pair), the Junior Team Driver (under 18), the Middle Weight Pulling Contest, Draft Teams of Six, Mule Four Hitch Tandem, and the Eight Horse Hitch. For the most part these were judged on driving, although some classes also took into consideration the confirmation of the horses, how well they matched, and how well they worked together in pulling. The arena is good sized but sometimes there were so many teams and wagons that the judge would bring them to a stop lined up in the center of the arena and then take half of them at a time to perform so that he could judge them. Essentially they drove around the edge of the arena, first at a trot, then into a walk, then back into a trot, and then had to reverse, that is, swing 360 degrees and go the other way

around. Then they were brought to a halt once again in the center of the arena where the judge would take a closer look at the condition and confirmation of the horses, then have the drive back the team and wagon up, then forward again.

The Junior Team Driver was most interesting. Most of the young people had an elder riding with them, giving them instructions, and helping them to gain experience in the show ring. There was an 8-year old girl dressed up in a calico gown and sun bonnet and sitting up there driving a pair like an old hand. There was a 9-year old boy and a large class of other youngsters up to the oldest who would turn 18 the day after the show and was driving his last show as a junior.

The pulling contest was most interesting. We saw the middle weight teams, the pair weighing just under 4000 pounds. A sled weighing over 700 pounds was loaded with 1500 pounds of sand in bags. The team had to pull this load a certain distance to qualify. There were four teams and all qualified in the first three rounds. After each round another 500 pounds was added to the load. Finally it was up to 4500 pounds, a total of 5200 pounds counting the sled. It was a marvel to see those big horses lean into that harness and move that much weight. In the last round only two teams were left. The first moved the sled only three inches, and the driver didn't make them take a second effort. I'm sure you could injure the animals and the driver must know their limitations. The winning team pulled the sled several feet. Of course, beside pulling the load, the team had to pull straight, staying between lines which were laid down on the floor of the arena.

What everyone waits for, of course, is the eight-horse hitch. If you've ever seen the Clydesdales on any of the Budweiser commercials, that's an eight-horse hitch. They are beauties to behold. There were five hitches appearing in the class, and none too much room for them to maneuver in the arena. A distillery from British Columbia had a beautiful mahogany wagon with casks up on top. The driver was dressed in a red coat and red hat and was accompanied by a Dalmatian dog. It was a lovely sight. He had eight Clydesdales and was surely the most popular team in the show. On top of that, the judge gave him first place. The judge, by the way, was from Indianapolis, Indiana so not likely to show favoritism.

In between the judged classes a group of men who have teams of small Shetland ponies entertained with chariot races with four ponies, chuck wagon races with four ponies and finally with five eight-horse hitches. The ponies love to run; they can really cut loose in an arena that size while the big draft horses cannot. So they provided a good bit of entertainment.

The five draft breeds shown were the Clydesdale from Scotland, The Percheron from France, the Belgian from Belgium, the Shire from England and the Suffolk from England. The Suffolk is a breed that I had not seen before. It's a beautiful brown and considerably lighter than the other breeds. The others, of course, were originally bred to their size to carry the knights in their armor.

Well, I've ranted on for almost two pages about this show, so by now you've probably caught the idea that I enjoyed myself. Darn tootin' I did. And I'm pretty likely to mark my calendar for next year when the show will happen again. We wandered through the barns afterward and saw all of the horses close up. Gigantic beasts, but quite gentle. I should remark about one pair of mules that were shown. Beautiful animals, perfectly matched both in color, confirmation and gait. They were liquid motion when they were pulling the wagon in the ring.

TELEVISION GOT A SPELL ON ME

You may remember that I'm not much of a television viewer. Danged if this year things seem to have changed a bit. First of all (blare of trumpets) Monty Python's

Flying Circus has finally come west. How long, oh, how long have we been listening to those wild tales from the eastern Canadians telling us about the zaniness of this group. Finally public television has found someone to put up the money and acquire all 78 shows. God bless Ivar, local purveyor of sea foods through his three restaurants in this town. He's sponsoring the entire shebang and we've now had three shows. I must admit that the buildup has been great, but the show lives up to it very well. It's the fastest half hour on television.

GOT A NEW MYSTERY WRITER FOR YOU

The name is Janwillem van de Wetering. I've mentioned him before. You may recall that Eli Cohen has used short excerpts from a book entitled THE EMPTY MIRROR in his fanzine, Kratophany. That book was written by van de Wetering, as well as a more recent one on his experiences in a Zen monastery in northern California. Now he has turned his talents to a mystery set in Amsterdam. It all came about like this. He had evidently been out of his native country, The Netherlands, for some years. When he returned he got notification that he must do his National Service. Not being too keen about the idea, since he was well past the normal age for doing such, he cast about for a way out. He was told that certain lines of work were excused from National Service, one of them being police work. He further found out that there was a branch called the Special Constabulary, a sort of volunteer or auxiliary branch and that this would satisfy the National Service people. Out of his experiences with the Specials, he decided to write a mystery.

And it's a darn good one, too. The plot revolves around the investigation of an apparent suicide. The two detectives who investigate are not quite certain that it is a suicide. The victim was the leader of a pseudo-Eastern spiritual movement which had gone sour. After thriving for a while, it was apparently on the down hill slide. An assortment of young people still live in the house along with a senile mother, and an ex-police officer of the Papuan police who can only find work as a traffic warden in Amsterdam. There are too many unanswered questions and the two detectives, Gijpstra and de Gier, continue to turn the evidence over in their minds. Ultimately, of course, there is a lot more than originally meets the eye; narcotics is a goodly part of it.

The two detectives are most engaging. Although there is a difference in age, they work well together. There seems to be an understanding between them. There are some very nice philosophical bits, partly, at least, based upon van de Wetering's Zen leanings. The book is well paced for being a rather long mystery book. Only available in hardback at present, but you might tuck the title and author away in your memory for when the paperback finally hits the stands somewhere between 6-12 months from now.

A SHELF HERE, A SHELF THERE

I've finally settled down to work on the book shelves and it's going to take a bit more time than I had anticipated. Although I have the use of a power drill and screwdriver, there is still a good bit of work to the job. I am putting together the basic structure first, then it will have to be stained and sealed. The shelves will be the easy part, as they can be done (staining and sealing) while they are flat. But the other structure will be standing before I can get to that part and that will require a bit more work than if I could have done it before assembling. The shelves will all be adjustable and at the rate I'm going I'm just barely going to make Anna Jo's deadline, I'm afraid. An hour or so a night and we'll see how it comes along. One of the most time consuming parts of the job is putting the track or standards into the vertical or upright pieces. Lots of tiny screws hold that track in its groove and it just takes a lot of time. But the one thing which I am pleased about is that I've found that it is not beyond my capability to do the job. I was worried about that, since I'm not all that handy about such things. I'll keep you posted.

BITS AND PIECES, SNIPPETS AND HUNKS

Looks like the faculty will be going on strike next week. It's a very complex situation. It's not that they didn't get a raise. They got a quite handsome one. But it's not the one which was negotiated in the contract of last year. The board of trustees, however, was overruled by a state ruling which said they could not give the raise as stated in the contract. A dilemma. Wanting to meet contractual obligations and being told that they cannot, even though the ruling came almost a year after the contract was negotiated. I look for an injunction, of course, but we'll probably be looking at some empty buildings for a day or two in the meantime.

We got a letter from Tim and Candy saying that they had arrived safely after an eventful flight (it was their first) and found the ship to be very well outfitted. They got a good room with a bit of spare space in it. They are at their jobs now doing something obscene with crab meat. There are four meals a day, and in between time the mess is always open with coffee, tea, cocoa and the makings for sandwiches. It sounds as if they'll make out all right. If they don't go outside, that is. The weather report said that it was 45 in Cold Bay, where they are. And Tim's been told that good sport in the winter time is to go outside in the 100-130 mile per hour winds, hand onto a pole and make like a flag. I think he'd be better off to stay in his room and perfect his guitar.

Books are still arriving from England. Just got a small package tonight with nice things like The Scottish Folk Singer, Arthur's Britain, and a novel by Mark Geston. It's entitled Out of the Mouth of the Dragon and is a sequel to Lords of the Starship. If anyone out there is a Geston fan, be it known that I have four extra copies of this book. I brought them home because I knew that there were some Geston fans out there, and this may be the book that it was rumored had been turned down by all of the American publishers (by Ted White for one of his magazines, too, as I recall.) The first four requests with \$1.25 will get the extra copies.

I seem to be doing a lot of reading lately. Besides the van de Wetering mystery above, I've read Give the Boys a Great Big Hand by Ed McBain, Rocket to the Morgue by Anthony Boucher, A Lively Game of Death by Marvin Kaye (all mysteries), The Computer Connection by Alfred Bester, No Night Without Stars by Andre Norton and The House of the Deer by D.E. Stevenson. // The September Scientific American is devoted to the solar system. You might want to pick up a copy before they disappear.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

You've come a long ways since the broom and tea-bag days.