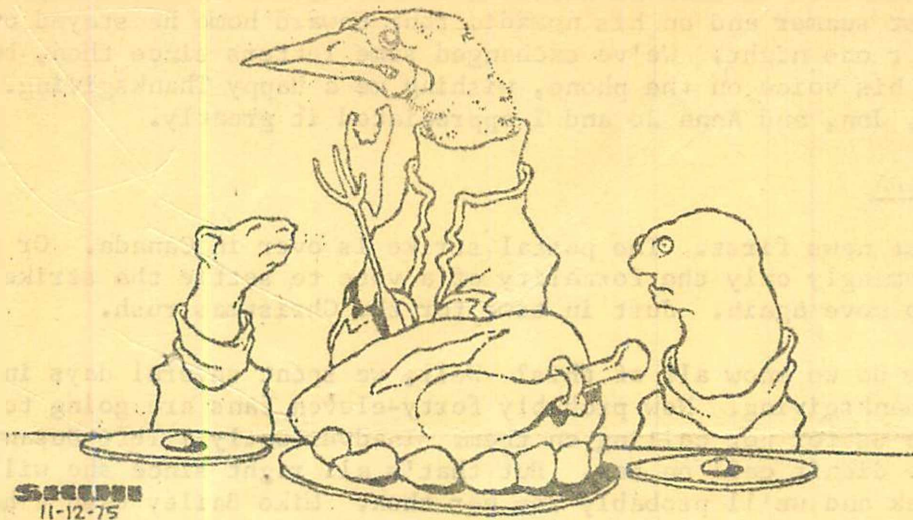


Isn't it funny that this colophon is all squished over here in one corner of the page? It was not intentional; at least, I didn't mean to do it that way. But Jim Shull came up with another of his fine Raven drawings and I didn't want to squeeze it in too much. You have to be careful with these artist persons, you



know. They (ahh! I can breathe again.) sometimes are a little temperamental and if you don't treat them with great humongous portions of respect you find yourself on the non-receiving lists again. Aw, that was all just in good fun, and thank you, Jim, once again. Looks like the Rogue and his friends are just about to have at that ol' Thanksgiving bird and I hope that all of the Ravenfriends had good friends and relatives about them and mounds of turkey, dressing, two kinds of potatoes, two kinds of pie, cranberry sauce and all of the other good stuff upon which we make gluttons of ourselves. I really tried, folks, I really did. I promised myself that I would not make a pig of myself this year. I intentionally took small portions, but just a little of each, you understand. Even so I was terribly uncomfortable for the rest of the day. Well, let's get on to the business of setting down a colophon like any decent editor is supposed to. Right! Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. There, it's quite simple when you put your mind to it. This is THE ROGUE RAVEN 19 and can generally be had at 10 issues for \$1. Thisss (who let Gollum in?) is the issue for December 1, 1975. Yep, counting down to Christmas. Get out there and buy!

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THANKSGIVING DAY

To resume. Yep, over the freeway and through the mist to grandmother's house we went. Now, grandmother is getting up there in years. Almost 80 now. This is Anna Jo's mother. So she's not quite capable of putting together the big Thanksgiving meal, but I'm not a great one for going out to a restaurant on what I feel are family holidays. She has suggested this more than once. There are few things that I put my feet down on, but that's one of them. So we organized a sort of potluck Thanksgiving with everyone bringing a part of the meal. Turkey, ham, salads, yams, mashed potatoes, shrimp cocktail, hot biscuits, pumpkin and mince pie. We didn't miss a bit of the traditional meal. It all got there in good time, was hot and tasty. What more could you want?

Anna Jo's sister, Wilma and her three kids came from Olympia. Joe and Shannon and Aaron (who is crawling now) came and brought Sean (who insisted on a band practice even on Thanksgiving day. Gryffyn opens for a week at My Place tonight.). With us that made a grand total of 11 people. Nice; a little hectic, as always, but nice just the same.

One of the nice things which happened on Thanksgiving Day was a phone call from Jon Singer. From one side of the country to the other. Holy mackerel! Jon is a grad student in physics at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. We met at Westercon this past summer and on his nomadic tour toward home he stayed overnight at the Denton abode for one night. We've exchanged some letters since then, but it was a real shock to hear his voice on the phone, wishing me a Happy Thanksgiving. It was a very nice thought, Jon, and Anna Jo and I appreciated it greatly.

OH, CANADA

Best news first. The postal strike is over in Canada. Or so we've been told; it's seemingly only the formality of a vote to settle the strike and the mails will begin to move again. Just in time for the Christmas rush.

How do we know all of this? Well, we spent several days in Vancouver, B.C. just after Thanksgiving. Now probably forty-eleven fans are going to jump on us next time they see us for not calling on them. Inadvertantly I left Susan Wood's address at home, so didn't call on her. But that's all right since she will be down this way next week and we'll probably see her then. Mike Bailey wasn't home when I called on Saturday night, but that's all right too. He was down here just a couple of weeks ago and will probably be through here around Christmas time. So I don't feel too badly about it all.

Mostly we went just to nose around, buy a few books, window shop a lot and do whatever else crossed our minds. There were several things specifically in our minds from the time we left home. One of our first stops was C.E. Sorvin on Hastings Street. The Sorvin family have a Scandinavian furniture store, but they also carry most of the Christmas plates available. We have been buying the Danish and Norwegian Christmas plates from them for several years, as the prices are slightly better in their store than you usually see them here in the states. We buy the Royal Copenhagen and the Bing and Grondahl plates from Denmark and the Porsgrund plate from Norway. They are beautiful works of art as well as being limited editions and thereby collector's items.

Secondly, there is a young Canadian artist by the name of Carl Chaplin. He also happens to be an sf fan. We had seen his work before at V-Cons, but didn't have a chance to meet him until this past Westercon. He was having a display at the Royal Centre, in one of the banks, I forget which one. Carl works in several different media. He is successful in all of them, but especially so with airbrush work. We had had a notice of the show and wanted to see it while we were there. There were probably about 20 paintings and pen-and-inks all together, and it was well worth our time to hunt up the display.

Finally, we invariably go to the Planetarium to see the show. Whatever is on; it doesn't seem to make a great deal of difference. We always enjoy it. This show happened to be on UFOs and dealt mainly with natural phenomena of the sky which might be mistaken for "flying saucers". It was quite well done. The commentator followed with a brief look at the night skies for the next few days, pointing out where to look for certain constellations and for two planets which are visible at these latitudes.

One good dinner at The Schnitzelhaus and other meals merely for sustenance with no pretensions to gourmet dining. Stopped in lots of different bookshops, mainly to pick up used books. I'm afraid to mention how many used paperback mysteries I dragged home. I did pick up a lot of Creasy stuff as I have a fascination for the tremendous output of the man. May eventually do an article on him, his work, his pseudonyms, etc. I also picked up some Michael Delvings, Margery Allingham, H.R.F. Keating, Richard Stark, Josephine Tey and assorted others.

There were several other nice finds. A William Rayner which I didn't even know of. You may remember that he's the gentleman we visited in Porlock, Somerset this summer. Then an old, worn, war-time edition, with paper restrictions standards on the verso, of a book about The Lake District. It's entitled Wanderings in Lakeland and is by William T. Palmer. It cost me all of 50¢. It's got some lovely old photos of various Lakeland scenery. They have to be older than the 30 years or so that the book is. And it looks at a casual glance that there are some tales that are closer to being contemporary of some of the things we've heard about on our several trips there. The Skiddaw Hermit, for instance, was evidently alive when Palmer wrote the book. And he relates tales about Kitty Dawson and the Finsthwaite Princess, two female recluses of the Lake District, both now dead. Should be excellent stormy night reading, thinking about how the district must be in the winter when the mists come down off Helvellyn and the gales blow across Thirlmere and Windermere. Hell, I've hardly even peeked into it and I've had 50¢ worth of pleasure from it just reminiscing.

Two other good finds were books by Robertson Davies. See what you've done, Susan and Doug. Hi, Sharon. First I found a nice mint (albeit book club edition) of Fifth Business. Man was I tickled. I already had a hardback of The Manticore. Then, wonder of wonders, in Duthie's I look at the new fiction shelf and find World of Wonders, the last book of the trilogy. I think I'll save it for the Christmas holidays, if I can control myself for that long.

Finally, and not the least of my purchases, was Rupert, the Daily Express Annual. Rupert is a bear who has many adventures. The book is a combination of illustration and text and is just plain juvenile fun. Nothing heavy here. No hidden symbolism. Just adventure after adventure with Rupert and his friend, Bill the Badger. Great Stuff. Does anyone know how long these annuals have been published?

So, on Saturday evening it began to snow. And it snowed all night. In the morning I looked out of the window to find something like 9 inches piled on top of my car. It was on other cars as well, and even on the ground. Ugly stuff, when one has to think of driving home in it. One fellow did my door in trying to get his car out of the parking lot. Fortunately he was 1) from Seattle, and 2) a body and fender man who will fix it when I bring it out to his shop. I finally made up my mind to face the ordeal at about 10:30 in the morning. I didn't have too much trouble getting out of town, but the snow was coming down hard and visibility was less than good all the way to the border. In addition, the windshield was icing up and we had to stop to get it clear. Anna Jo had to push to get the car rolling again and fell down and got a fat lip. I hope she doesn't tell her school colleagues that I did it to her. It was rather a strain driving through the stuff and wondering if you were still in the middle of the lane. When we finally reached the border it took almost an hour to get through customs, what with stop and go and a bit of slithering in between. It was somewhere below Bellingham that the road improved and it had taken us 3½ hours to go those 60 miles. From there on it was a breeze, however. So we made it home all right.

ALASKA TALES

I had some Ravenfriends write to say that I ought to include more tales of the derring-do young marrieds who went north to make their fortunes. When we last looked in on Tim and Candy they had set off on their honeymoon to make beautiful cans of crab together. I'll condense what some of the last letters have had to tell. Tim has been putting in an average of 11 hours a day in the freezer room. When the crab has been prepared it is sent down to the freezers and Tim is on the crew that gets it stacked in properly. He's happy with the work because there is breathing space in between the stacks of clusters that come down. He can at least grab a smoke. Candy, at last report was still separating white meat and red meat.

Tim relates that when they have a little time off they've been sledding down Bun-

ker Hill on improvised sleds of cardboard. He sent a picture of the First Unisea Sled-
ding Team. Oh, a motley crew. Candy and another girl are wanting me to send a Russ-
ian text and dictionary so that they can play Russian Scrabble. They've also asked
for certain books to give to friends for Christmas. I'd mention a title, but The Rogue
is read by others on the Unisea, so they'll just have to wait until Christmas to find
out. Tim related one story of rowing out into the harbor with winds whipping at nearly
30 miles an hour to rescue an albatross. He doesn't know about The Rime of the Ancient
Mariner. Anyway, they nursed it back to health and put it on the dock and someone
came along, tossed it into the air and it flew away. So that was a good deed. He
also related that the winds are picking up now for the winter and will go as high as
120-140 mph. He was on the dock the other day and had just come back aboard the ship
when the gangplank was picked up, with his buddy hanging on for dear life, and set down
several feet to the side. Nasty winds. Lots of food to eat, four meals a day plus
snacks. Seemingly good friends, although some people have quit and others been fired
already. Plenty of guitars, so lots of music makers about. And with the overtime they
are making good money.

OTHER FOLKS WRITE, TOO

I got a post card from Dale Goble the other day. I'd given him up for dead. It
is the first time in nearly a year that I'd heard from him. I figured that he was out
there tearing up those sand dunes with his four-wheel drive Blazer. Probably has been,
come to think of it. Anyway, he told me that post cards were neat, so I fired him
back one. He wanted to know if there was ever a post card apa. I think there was,
you know, but I don't know anything more about it. Anybody? Then he sent along a
package with a cup with an Irish saying on the side: "May you be in Heaven an hour
before the Devil knows you're dead." Neat. Thanks, Gobe.

Ronald Salomon has written several times from Framingham, Mass. and sent me a page
from Harrison's Tape Guide about that group, Iguana, that I was asking about. It seems
that they set out to record "The Winds of Alamar" strictly in quad sound, so I guess
I won't be hearing that for a while. Not likely to get into quad any faster than I
got into stereo. It took me years to accept that.

Laurine White wins the Christmas card race. Hers is the first one we've received
this year. Gads, I've got to be about that, too, don't I? And I was going to pub an
issue of Ash-Wing before the year ran out. And the Travel Report. And The Seattle
Times wants books reviews. If Ford can bail out The Big Apple why can't he legislate
a 48 hour day? Huh? // Saw Treasure Island and Dr. Syn as a double bill the other nite.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

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