

THE CORBIE is Occasional Paper  
No. 3, published by the author, J.C.  
in 1973. It contains a collection of  
poems and is intended to be read and  
enjoyed by all. (The poems are  
not meant to be read only by  
those who are interested in  
poetry, but by all who are  
interested in the world.)

# TWA CORBIES

The title of this book is  
an old English saying about a dead  
man. "The Corbie" is a poem  
by Chaucer. It is a very famous  
poem of a bird often known as  
"The Raven". I have recently  
engaged to see two or three  
ravens and I have taken to looking  
for them as a sign that it's  
so be a good day. (The book has  
a good recording of the birds.)

Address: 14125 - 5th Ave. S.W.  
Seattle, WA 98148. A firm & shop.

Occasional Paper #3  
February 12, 1973

THE CORBIE

TWA CORBIES is Occasional Paper  
#3 perpetrated by Frank Denton. It  
dashes off thoughts that I consider  
may be of interest to friends and is  
sent gratis to them. Everybody else  
who wants it (Ghu knows why) is go-  
ing to have to cough up 25¢. No con-  
tributions, please. Locs need only  
be one postcard long. Or shorter.

The title this time comes from  
an old English ballad about a dead  
knight. "Twa Corbies" is Scotch for  
Two Crows. It's a more gruesome  
version of a ballad often known as  
Three Ravens. Somehow recently I've  
managed to see two or more crows  
everyday and I have taken to looking  
for them as a sign that it's going  
to be a good day. Bert Jansch has  
a good recording of the ballad.

Address is 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W.,  
Seattle, WA 98166. A Bran & Sko-  
lawn Press Publication.

A HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY ISSUE

DECEMBER 8

What unusual weather we've been having. O, c'mon now, I hear you saying, he isn't going to talk about anything as mundane as the weather. Well, er, ah, yes, as a matter of fact, he is. This autumn was one of the most fantastic fall seasons that I have ever experienced in my 40+ years of living in the gre. Northwest. The rains that usually set in somehow never came during the fall. The Indian Summer stayed and stayed. The sun shone nearly every day; there were no clouds around to subvert its efforts to allow us to glory and revel in the beauty of our state. Botanists tried to explain to me about sugar staying up in the leaves of the hardwood trees and there were metabolic reasons for the leaves turning such gorgeous hues this year and staying on the trees much longer. But I wasn't about to listen very carefully; rather I just

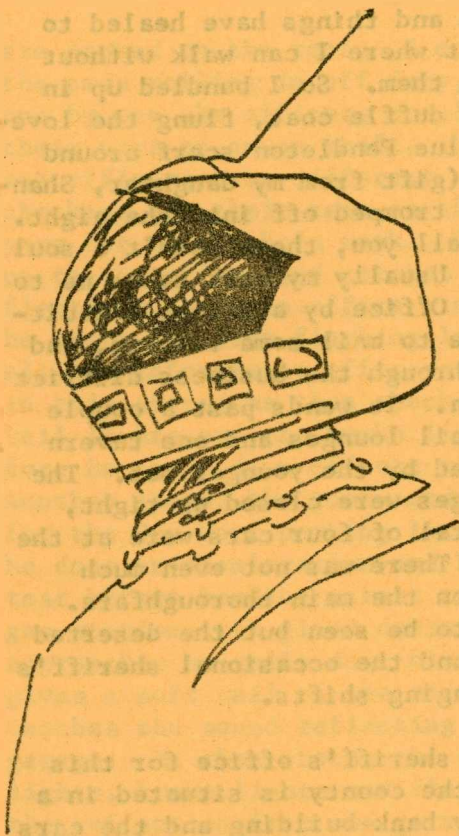
reveled in the beauty and enjoyed it as long as it stayed. Anna Jo and I had one trip over the Cascade Mountain Range via Snoqualmie Pass during this time and enjoyed every mile of the reds, golds and browns that leaped from the hillsides. Later, the first part of November, I was fortunate to cross the range again via Stevens Pass and got another look at the beauty. Temperatures stayed in the mid-40s through most of November.

Now we are into one of the coldest spells I can remember. The temperature has dropped to the mid-teens during the day, and was -4 degrees last night. We don't have spells this cold in this part of the country. We usually consider that it's cold when it gets down below freezing at night and in the upper 30s during the day. The sky has been cloudless, a bright blue and you can see forever. Each morning

on my drive to work I travel by a viaduct that is a couple of stories high overlooking the waterfront of Elliot Bay. For the past few mornings it has been all I can do to stay in my own lane and not drive off of the viaduct. I can look across Puget Sound to the Olympic Mountains, a part of the Pacific Coast Range, and I can see all of them standing out against the sky, from the southern end near Hood'sport to the northern end at Port Angeles. Forgive me for raving on about the unusual weather conditions and the beauty they have brought, but they have really charged up the people who live here. I've never heard so many individuals talk so much about our natural beauty and they do so with huge smiles on their faces. It's one of the reasons I have no desire to live in any other part of the country. End of Chamber of Commerce report.

JANUARY 1

There's almost something sad about the evening of New Year's Day. Everybody is all wrung out. The holidays have done it to them. They have had all the parties that they want for a while, all the drinks, all the rich food. The football has nearly breathed its last gasp (just one more game to go; the Superbowl). For science fiction fans, I'd guess that, if Santa was on the ball, there was some kind of an sf book under the tree or wherever he leaves those packages at your house. Maybe the book wasn't even sf, but at least I would hope that there was something to relax with for a while (no, George Wells, not a bottle of Irish) because the morrow brings everyone back to the workaday world and it's a long haul to President's Day which is February 19th, if I recall correctly. For me the evening brought back the walking program. It's been about six weeks since the operation on the



toenails and things have healed to the point where I can walk without favoring them. So I bundled up in my great duffle coat, flung the lovely new blue Pendleton scarf around my neck (gift from my daughter, Shannon) and tromped off into the night. Let me tell you, there wasn't a soul around. Usually my walk takes me to the Post Office by a rather circuitous route to mail some letters, and thence through the business district of Burien. It wends past a couple of cocktail lounges and one tavern frequented by the younger set. The two lounges were closed up tight, and a total of four cars were at the tavern. There was not even much traffic on the main thoroughfare. Nothing to be seen but the deserted streets and the occasional sheriff's cars changing shifts.

The sheriff's office for this part of the county is situated in a one-story bank building and the cars



are parked on the roof. I could see the cars rolling in off duty, and one by one the officers crawling into their cars to go on shift. Different officers have different ways of checking out their cars as they prepare for the night's work. One backs up to the office and catches the reflections from the office window as he tests the blue flashing light that all law enforcement officers now use in this state; he then checks the tail lights and the brake light before he comes down off the roof. Another leaves the roof and heads for the Gov-Mart parking lot where he does an acceleration and braking test before heading across toward a gas station with glass doors. As he approaches he rolls down his window gives a soft wail on the siren and catches the sound reflecting off the garage. He then checks the tail lights, brake lights and flasher by the reflection from the garage doors. Well, that was about the extent of

the excitement of my walk of New Year's night. Everybody home, snug, surfeited by the overindulgence of the holidays. A quiet way to start the New Year. Wouldn't it be nice if it could remain that quiet throughout the year. And mayhap the quiet could spread around the world to places like Vietnam and the Middle East and Northern Ireland? A bit too much to ask, I guess, but sf fans do dream, don't they? (Well A little peace in VN did come, didn't it?)

JANUARY 11

What with the Christmas season just past, I find that I haven't written a great deal for this magazine for some time. I've been furiously trying to finish up my magazine, Ash-Wing, and hope to have it in the mail by the end of the month. Unfortunately, this magazine has suffered and only Ghu knows whether it will be on time or not. It only remains for me to pick up some of the pieces and try to stick them to-

gether into some semblance of order to make up for all of the lost days.

Christmas was looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation. It's a nice holiday at our house, although as the children have gotten older, it's not quite the same as it was when they were little. For the past couple of years, however, I have looked forward to the days after Christmas because I take a few days vacation then. There has been an invitation from Mike Horvat to camp in his old church building which he calls home down in Tangent, Oregon. This year Bill "Swampy" Marsh from Carson City and Dale Goble from Sacramento made it to the Slan minicon. For those of you who don't know about the Slan, a word. Bob Vardeman and Ed Smith inaugurated Slan-apa just about three years ago. It is an 18-member amateur press association with monthly mailings and one of the finest apas going. The people

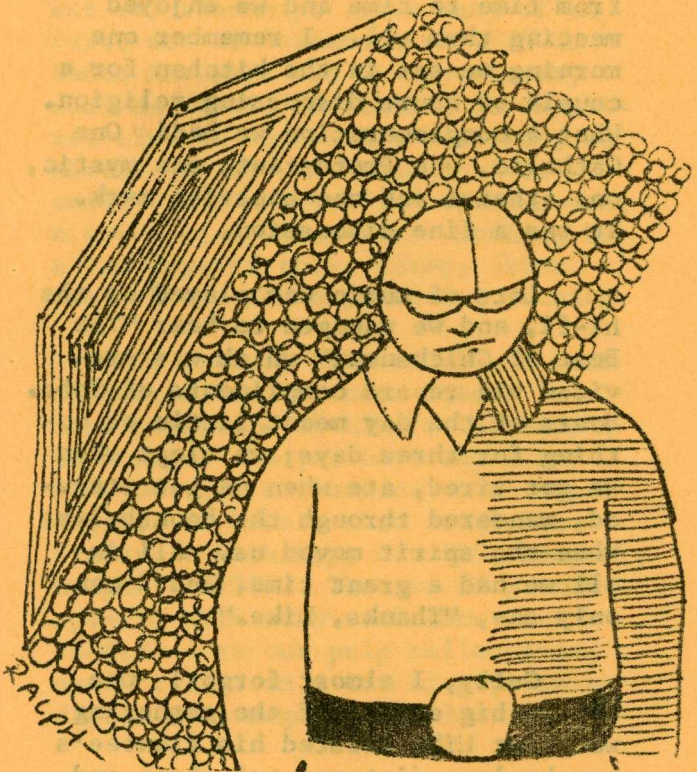
are very compatible and the western Slans, especially, have had excellent relationships since many of us first met at Westercon in 1970 in Santa Barbara. So an opportunity such as Mike's invitation at Christmas time is especially welcomed, no matter how few may show up. It's really just a glorified nothing-con, a rap-con, a Coors-con. Nothing but a few days of talk, sleep, drink Coors beer and enjoy doing nothing.

Of course, Gobe and I are both collectors and we come loaded to take advantage of Mike's "Crabapple Bookshop." Do you have any wants for your own collection? You might enquire of Mike. Just write The Crabapple Bookshop, Box 289, Tangent, Oregon 97385. The two of us managed to walk away with some nice additions to our pulp collections, and I filled in a lot of gaps in my digest-size magazine collection.

Mike's local friends dropped by from time to time and we enjoyed meeting them all. I remember one morning we sat in the kitchen for a couple of hours discussing religion. What a conglomeration we had! One Catholic, one Protestant, one mystic, one atheist and one question mark. It was a fine discussion.

Lots of music was played on the hi-fi, and we managed to hear "The Best of Chickenman" which was provided via record compliments of Gobe. Hours of the day meant little or nothing for three days; we slept when we got tired, ate when we got starved, wandered through the bookshelves when the spirit moved us. All in all we had a great time, and I can only say, "Thanks, Mike."

Golly, I almost forgot! One of the big events of the gathering was that Mike twisted his fiancée's arm by long distance telephone and



got her to come over from her home in central Oregon for a day. Both Gobe and I had met her previously, but Swampy had not. We enjoyed seeing her and meeting her mother very much.

I should put in a word here for my dear, sweet, understanding wife, Anna Jo. She dropped me off, said goodbye, and took the car and headed for the Oregon Coast. There she wandered around, following her fancy and enjoying her whims. She said that she visited wildlife refuges, watched the stormy beach from her motel one evening, discovered new and interesting shops. All of which makes me selfishly happy; happy that she can go off and leave me for a few days to live it up with some of my friends and that she can find enjoyment while she's doing it. If it were a case of her pouting for a month afterward, I know it would not be worth it. Thanks, honey!

JANUARY 14

Yesterday we made a one-day trek to Vancouver, B.C. It seems as though it has been aeons since we were last there. As a matter of fact, it has been. The last time was last February when we attended the Vancouver Con. We have been meaning to go up for the last couple of months and spend the weekend. Somehow the foot operation kept postponing the sortee. You remember the Frank Denton and the Toenails Story, don't you? Well, it wasn't pleasant walking for quite a while, so the trip kept getting postponed. But things are much better now, thank you. So we scheduled a one-day jaunt. It seems that the Christmas holiday knocked a hole in the wallet (it does that to a lot of people, so I have heard) and we didn't think a \$16 motel room would help to mend it very much.

So up early and actually got out



of the house in fairly good shape at about 8:30 a.m. The run up to Vancouver takes me about two hours and 45 minutes, and we wanted to arrive well before noon. There was an ulterior motive, of course. The motive was a company called Ward Air.

Some of you will remember that we took a trip to England and Ireland two summers ago. We flew on a charter flight which was sponsored by a club called the American-European Federation. The price was good and the flight stacked up well with scheduled flights that I have taken here in the states. When a plane is full with 189 passengers, one does not expect the service to be quite as good as it might be on a plane half-full. I've even been asked to sit first-class in order to help balance the plane. Well, anyway, some of the charter customers didn't like the service and they griped. So the club changed carriers last

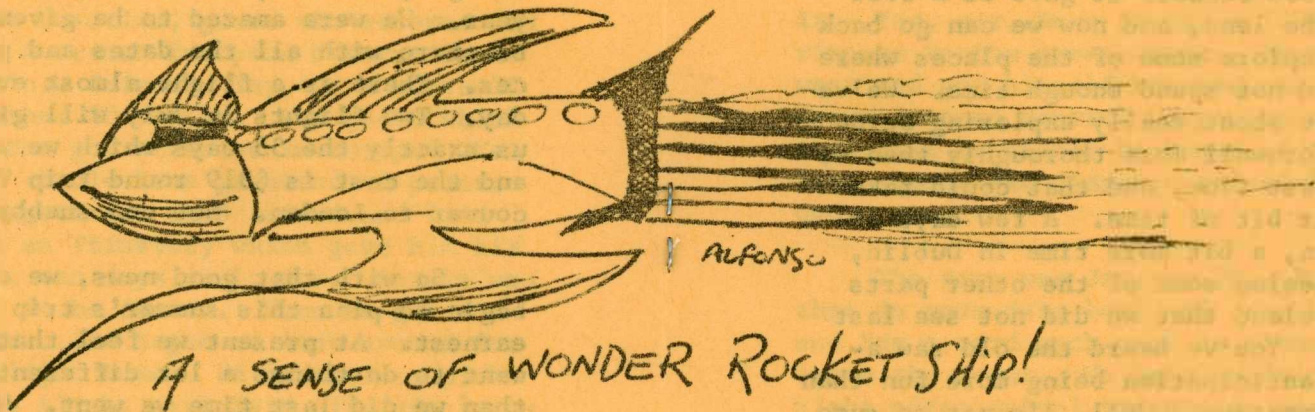
summer to Lloyd's International. Guess what airline folded about mid-summer? Hey, you get 20 points for that one.

Meantime, guess who recommended the American-European Federation to a close friend? Yep, give yourself another 20 points. And guess which friend got stranded in Europe? You now should have garnered 60 points altogether. Said friend had laid out an itinerary which gave him his last ten days in London. And he was not to be denied. When he got to London, he began to look around for a flight home. He managed to pick up a flight with Ward Air and claims that it was the finest flight he had ever taken.

Anna Jo and I had checked into Ward Air when we were looking for a charter two years ago. At that time they could not, according to the rules, tell us anything about cost

or dates. They could only put us in contact with a club and have the club send us details. There didn't seem to be appropriate dates that year, so we didn't pursue it. Rules have changed, however, in the intervening year. We were amazed to be given a brochure with all the dates and prices. There is a flight almost every day. Two flights in July will give us exactly the 35 days which we want and the cost is \$319 round trip Vancouver to London. Not too shabby.

So with that good news, we can begin to plan this summer's trip in earnest. At present we feel that we want to do things a lot differently than we did last time we went. We had no idea that we would be going back so soon, but things have been going well for us, and we have the time, the money and the inclination. We had better do it again while we have everything going for us. We also didn't realize that we were go-



A SENSE OF WONDER ROCKET SHIP!

ALFONSO

ing to become such confirmed Anglo-  
philes, but we certainly did. We  
absolutely fell in love with all of  
England, but realize that we tried  
to see too much of it. Maybe that  
was good because it gave us a feel  
for the land, and now we can go back  
and explore some of the places where  
we did not spend enough time. We've  
talked about really exploring Devon  
and Cornwall more thoroughly than we  
did last time, and that could take  
a fair bit of time. A few days in  
London, a bit more time in Dublin,  
and seeing some of the other parts  
of Ireland that we did not see last  
time. You've heard the old saw a-  
bout anticipation being more fun than  
consummation. Well, I'm not so sure  
that that is entirely true, but it  
is fun to begin to plan again for a  
trip of this magnitude. I'll keep  
you all posted, without trying to  
make you too jealous. Maybe in-  
stead I will instill in you a desire  
to travel and you, too, can begin to

plan the trip of your dreams. Good luck!

JANUARY 23

Well, Horvat has gone and done it. Yes, sir, here stands a 100% witness to the great event. He done went and got himself hitched up. We drove down to central Oregon to make sure that he didn't back out at the last moment and disgrace all of fandom.

The date was January 20. Put that in your date book and send him and Sue a card each year to commemorate the event. We left on Friday night after school because we were not sure how the mountain pass would be and we didn't really feel like leaving at about 5 in the a.m. to get there on time. So we drove down to a little bit south of Portland and stayed in a motel for the night. The timing was just about right as we arrived in Powell Butte just as

everyone was arriving for the wedding. The trip over the pass was not too bad, though I was a little concerned about having to use chains. You see, I don't believe much in chains. We don't need them all that much in this part of the country unless you happen to be a skier. And I happen not to be. So I never buy them and I manage to get by during the few bad days of snow we happen to have. We did reach a point on Santiam Pass where we ran into compact snow, but just drove carefully on. There were about 30 miles of the stuff, but we just kept going and eventually topped out at the pass and within about five miles on the east side were onto dry pavement again.

Well, enough about the drive. Mike and Sue's wedding was lovely. A very simple ceremony in a small community church with many friends gathered round. There followed a reception at the church and then

Sue's mother was kind enough to invite us to come to a second reception at their house, just a few miles down the road. Well, I'll tell you; there was a feed like only people from farm communities can put on. The food just didn't quit and I'm sure that all of the good neighbors were involved. I didn't think I would have much of a chance to talk to Mike, but he didn't know very many more people than we did, so we did manage to chat with him for a bit. Mike's best man was Steve Johnson, who is also from the Eugene area and whom I have known almost as long as I have been in fandom. So there was another soul to talk to. We watched the shenanigans of the younger set trying to do a good job on the camper that belongs to Sue's dad and which they were taking on their honeymoon jaunt down into the southwest. They had it locked up and ready to go, but evidently not too secure. It wasn't too long before



the security was breached. The back of the camper was opened somehow and in seconds the participants were wading up newspaper and filling the back. I think I saw a couple of big hunks of sagebrush go in along with it. Newspaper had already somehow worked itself into the cab of the camper. Mike just shook his head, and finally went down to encourage them. Ultimately Sue and he were ready to take off and got away without a whole heap of trouble. I mean, after they got the distributor wire hooked back up. A large hunk of galvanized metal dragging along behind the camper conveniently broke loose just as they drove out of the yard so they didn't have that following them.

Well, we decided that it was time for us to go and said our good-byes and thank you to the host and hostess. We wanted to get the pass behind us, even though it would be

turning dark before long. The long part of the compact snow was on the downhill side on the return to the west side of the Cascades and I felt that it would be no problem as long as I drove at a reasonable speed. I was right and we stayed the night in Salem.

Sunday we drove leisurely home and took the opportunity to stop for a couple of hours at Larry Paschelke's house. I hadn't seen Larry for a while and I always like to see what new things he has added to his collection. He always has something intriguing to show me. This time, among other things were some super reproductions of pages from Little Nemo in Slumberland. I managed to buy a nice hardbound copy of Merritt's The Moon Pool from him also, so I felt a little better. It is a freaky trip when I travel that far, about 700 miles round trip and don't come home with at least one book.



MISERY

LOVES

MISERY!

almost didn't make it this trip and if it hadn't been for Larry, I don't know what I would have done.

Well, anyway, we got Mike and Sue married. Mike has purchased another house, so he told me, and is going to move the bookshop over to it. If I recall correctly, he said the house was built around 1850. Can that be right? That would make the house over 120 years old. Hey, Mike, let me know. Well, I'll be down before the next issue of this comes out and will have a first-hand report. It has something like 13 rooms in it. Gosh, you two could lose each other in that much room. Golly, I hope that doesn't happen. Well, anyway, the best of luck to you two on your marriage. I hope you have as much fun as Anna Jo and I have had. But you have to spread it out over 23 years like we have. We plan to continue on for a bit longer, so no sense trying to catch

up. We'll always be about that much ahead of you. Think about that for a while, Mike, and like a Zen koan enlightenment will come.

JANUARY 29

I don't often write about my work or the things that happened there. The way I look at it, work has never turned me on that much. And when I get home at night and collapse into fannish activities of various sorts, I don't really care to think about work unless I have to. So I never write about it very much.

Other fannish writers do find a certain amount of humor in their work world. Or interest. Or absurdity. Ah, well, for the most part we will leave my work world alone.

But occasionally something very fine happens, and it's hard to pass up the opportunity to comment upon

it.

We employ a number of students in the library I run. Ghu knows that if it weren't for the student assistants that we have, I don't know how we would get by. Most college libraries are like this. Because I have a hip, young girl who runs the circulation system and supervises the student crew, we have excellent rapport with our student workers. They are sort of one big family and we do have a good time together. One of our young workers is a black student by the name of Jimi Mason. Jimi is studying voice privately, as well as taking a college lead. Last Saturday he was chosen as one of the finalists for the Western Metropolitan Opera auditions.

I have never seen a staff so excited, delighted, elated, just plain high over Jimi's success. Everyone is just rooting for him like

mad, and when something like this happens the feeling pervades for days. It's all too infrequent and a boss wishes that it could be more often. But let's give thanks for small favors. The next step for Jimi is February 11. If he's successful then, he will be flown to New York for the finals. Needless to say that we are plugging for him.

#### FEBRUARY 10

It's obvious by now that I did not make the bi-monthly schedule, isn't it? Well, I'm not too far off and if I scurry on with a couple of more things that I want to talk about, I may not be so far behind that I can't get back on the track with the next issue. One of the things that I wanted to mention is the amount of feedback I've had from this. It's been rather astounding. Not that I didn't expect to get some locs, and there are some people who didn't take me at my word

when I said that a postcard was enough. I guess a couple of things I have written about have set off trains of thought that needed more than a postcard. On the other hand Dale Goble sent me a neat postcard with a simple drawing of a funny little man with the caption "Thanks!" Neat. But there has been more response percentagewise than there is for A-W. So it's quite worth the effort. Swampy wanted to know how the mead came out. I don't know for sure yet. I bottled it about four weeks ago and I don't want to try it until it has aged for a while. You'll hear it here. Several people wanted to know if I ever found the recipe for the Irish griddle cakes. And if I did, could I share it. You bet, on both counts. This is a very simple recipe to make, and is really scrumptious. With a nice cup of tea and any kind of jam or jelly that is your favorite it makes an excellent late night snack. We have even served it



to company who were in for the evening. Try it; it's fool-proof.

### Irish Griddle Cakes

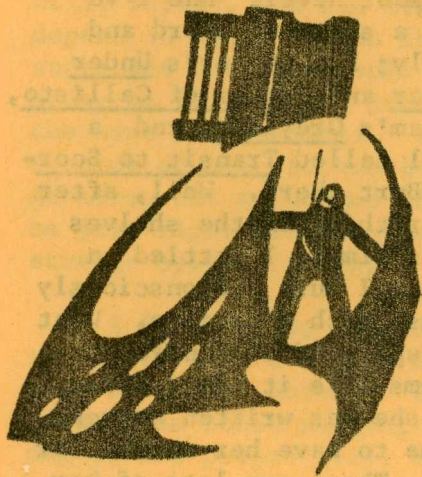
Sift and mix 2 cups of flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt.

Combine  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup salad oil and  $\frac{2}{3}$  cups milk.

Add to dry ingredients. Mix lightly.

Turn out on floured board; knead slightly. Roll  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Cut into 4" squares. Cut squares diagonally into triangles. Fry on hot oiled griddle until golden brown, about 3 minutes. Turn and fry second side. Serve hot with syrup, jam or marmalade.

Do you ever get the feeling that you have read so much sf and it is difficult to find anything on the shelf that looks like it might be fun to read? I guess I stood in



front of the shelves for a half an hour the other night. I had just finished Silverberg's The Second Trip, which, while good, is not exactly a pleasant novel. And I've been through a spate of sword and sorcery lately; Lin Carter's Under the Green Star and Jandar of Callisto, Dave Van Arnam's Greyland, and a strange novel called Transit to Scorpio by Alan Burt Akers. Well, after perusing everything on the shelves at least four times, I settled on an author that I must subconsciously leave for just such occasions. Want to guess? Yep, good old Andre Norton. It seems like it never fails. Fortunately she has written enough things for me to have her around for a long time. There are lots of her books that I haven't touched yet, and it's nice to have just a good juicy adventure story of her type when all else seems to pale. This one happens to be Beast Master. I can hear you all exclaiming now, "liy

ghod, hasn't he ever read that? Why I read it years ago." Well, now you know. I should be careful what all I tell you out there. Pretty soon I'll be accused of being a fake fan. Well, anyway, you can almost always depend on Andre Norton for a good story and this one looks like it is going to fit my mood just fine for the next few evenings. I still have several of her Witchworld books to go also, but maybe one of them will be just right for the next time this strange spell strikes.

I finally got around to sorting magazines that I bought at Christmas time from Mike Horvat. They've been sitting in boxes waiting for a slack day or the proper level of fannish energy or some such. I've been concentrating on trying to complete the magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction and after today's tussle with the collection I know where I stand pretty well. 16 more issues and it

will be complete. Then I can concentrate on something else. That will be nice.

FEBRUARY 12

Yesterday Anna Jo and I decided to shake some of the wintertime blues out of our heads and go for a walk in the country. It wasn't an especially nice day, but we threw caution to the winds and headed out of the house well bundled against the elements. I had picked up a small booklet recently entitled Winter Walks that covers the northern part of our county and the southern part of the next county up.

We chose a hike of about four miles along the Raging River where it flows into the Snoqualmie. It was overcast when we started and we got rained on a little bit before we got back to the car. But it was a nice peaceful walk along the levee on each side of the river which was

built for flood control. We could tell that spring is on its way because a huge flock of robins were the first things we saw after we had left the car. Not a bad day for watching birds; before we got back we had seen crows, red shafted flickers, a kingfisher, wrens, a couple of ducks and a water ouzel. This last guy is kind of rare and is fun to watch. He sits on rocks either in or along the bank of a river or stream. He looks like he has a nervous habit, because he dips his whole body every few seconds. He feeds off the bottom of the stream although he isn't a waterfowl. He simply flies down into the water and walks along the bottom and then flies out to sit and dip again for a while. He's often called a dipper. Well, anyway we came home wet and tired, but feeling good from the exercise.

Art this time: Jim McLeod,  
Ralph Alfonso, and self.

Till next, ciao.

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TO:

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