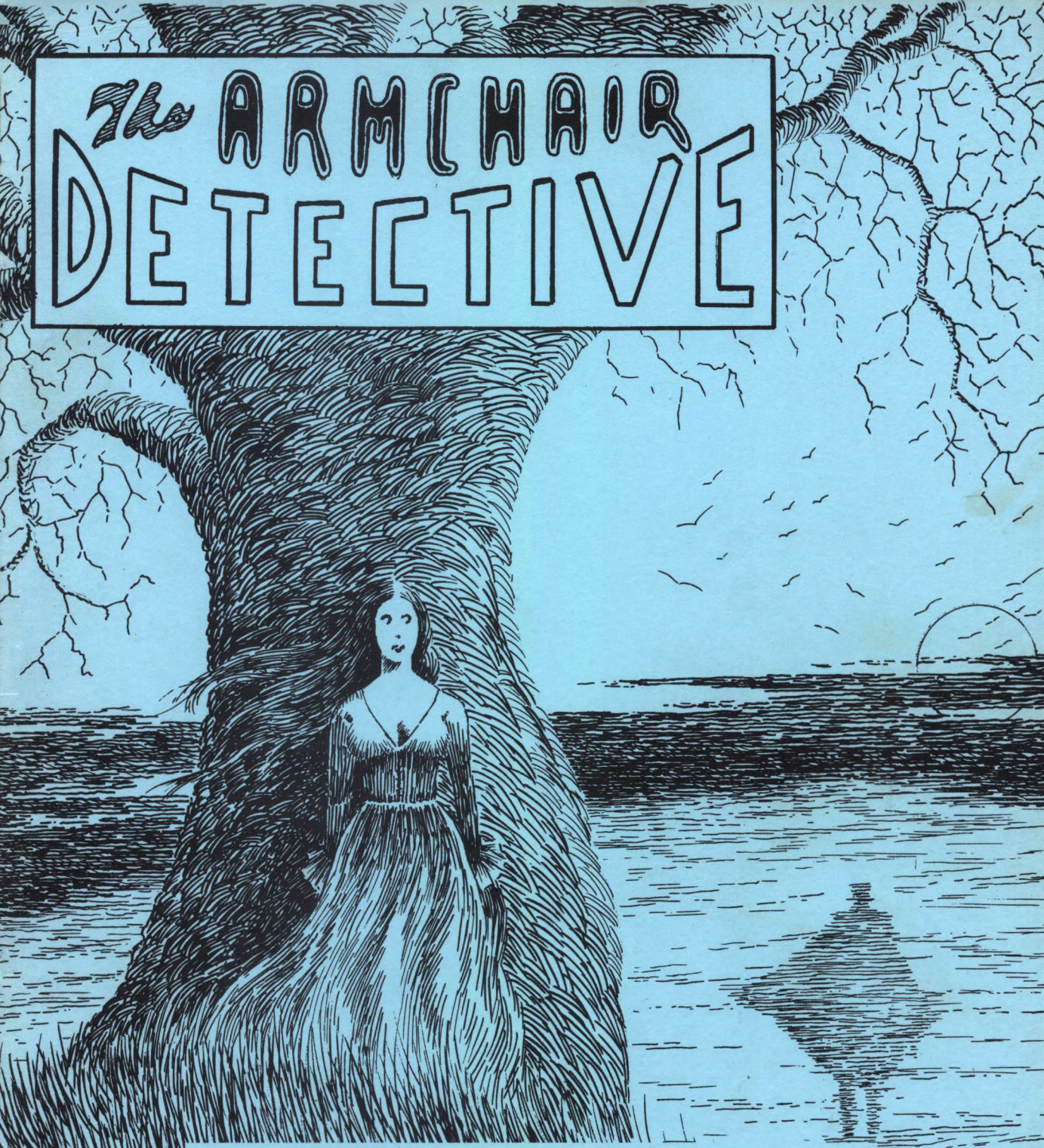
The ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE



A QUARTERLY JOURNEL DEVOTED TO THE APPRECIATION
OF
MYSTERY, DETECTIVE AND SUSPENSE FICTION
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February 1975

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AN OLD FRIEND - THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB

BY MICHAEL L. COOK

With the close of 1974, the Detective Book Club will have published 409 triple-volumes of mystery and detective stories, over an unbroken period of thirty-two years. The Club was launched with a full-page test advertisement in the New York Times on February 15, 1942, offering charter memberships with the right to obtain monthly triple-volume selections for $1.89 plus postage. There was no free offer or special introductory price. The first volume offered included The Case of the Empty Tin, a Perry Mason story by Erle Stanley Gardner, Evil Under the Sun, a Hercule Poirot tale by Agatha Christie, and A Pinch of Poison, a Mr. and Mrs. North novel by Frances and Richard Lockridge. With the exception of minor changes in binding, and the original dust-jacket design becoming the cover design, the triple-volumes have continued unchanged. Inflation has caused a change in price, to the present cost of $3.89 plus postage, but new membership offers have become more liberal, now offering eleven complete mystery and detective novels for $1.00 plus mailing charges.

With the firm conviction that "good literature could and should be made available at reasonable prices which people of moderate means could afford to pay,"[1] Walter J. Black, founder of the Detective Book Club, started his first publishing venture in 1923. This was a limp-leather one-volume edition of Shakespeare, offered in a New York Herald advertisement on Sunday, November 11, 1923, for $4.95. With only $600 saved from his salary by his wife, Elsie J. Black, and the belief that a one-volume Shakespeare could be sold by mail, Walter J. Black rented a small office at 7 West 42nd Street, in Manhattan, using the name "Plymouth Publishing Company." This was named after Mrs. Black's father's Brooklyn butcher shop, Plymouth Market.

Miss Sue M. Gorman, now the firm's Chairman of the Board, joined Mr. Black that first year, followed shortly by Miss Marion C. Day, retired Senior Vice-President, and Miss Genevieve M. Carter, now Executive Vice-President and Secretary. The company's name was changed to Walter J. Black Co. in 1926 and incorporated in 1927, moving to larger quarters at 171 Madison Avenue. During the Depression, Walter J. Black, Inc. moved into department-store sales, with Mr. Black himself traveling to sell low-priced classics to the stores. The company moved to Two Park Avenue in 1934, then to the McGraw-Hill building at 330 West 42nd Street in 1938, as a serious, prolonged illness prostrated Mr. Black and brought the firm to the brink of failure.

With the introduction of the Book Coupon Exchange the firm recovered. Under this plan, books were sold at low prices to newspaper readers who clipped coupons and presented them at neighborhood stationery stores. With the change to handling the coupons by mail again, in 1941, the operation became America's first specialized book club, The Classics Club. Shortly after this, with the country at war, The Detective Book Club was formed to broaden the operations.

A move to One Park Avenue, an address still familiar to many of the Club's present members, followed in 1944. Mr. Theodore M. Black, the only child of Walter J. Black, joined the company on October 3, 1945 while on terminal leave as a Captain in the U.S. Army after combat services in Europe.

In 1948, Black's Readers Service was formed to sell the firm's early classics in a series form; this affiliate became a partnership of father and son in 1949. In 1950 the firm began promoting the complete works of Zane Grey in a 64-volume set.

The 30th anniversary found the company, in 1953, occupying more than 14,000 square feet at the Park Avenue address, renting for $42,000 per year—a far cry from the humble office in 1923 that rented for $480 a year—and it was in this year that Mr. Black decided to move to Long Island. Mrs. Black located the present property in Flower Hill, and ground was broken in May, 1953, the cornerstone laid in October, and, despite a concrete-mixer strike, the construction, supervised by Mr. Black himself, was completed in time for the move from New York on January 28, 1954 into 23,000 square-feet on two floors.

Another new idea by Mr. Black resulting in selling through insertion of cards into paperback books, commencing in 1956, and this still continues as a major part of the advertising program. In 1957, Walter J. Black, Inc. commenced publication of the works of another famous Western writer, Max Brand.

Then, on April 16, 1958, less than two months after the birth of his grandson and namesake, Walter J. Black II, Mr. Black passed away at St. Francis Hospital, in Roslyn, following a serious operation. The Board of Directors acted to name Miss Gorman Board Chairman and Theodore Black, President and Treasurer—posts they continue to hold.

In the family tradition, Theodore Black has continued to search for new ways of bookselling. In 1963, he established the Erle Stanley Gardner Mystery Library, a 64-volume series. And in 1971, the "Inner Circle" was formed, a club-within-a-club offering one additional triple-volume with each two of the regular volumes, available only to members of the Detective Book Club. Since only new mysteries are offered as selections by the Club, books are chosen after only a few months of over-the-counter sales by the trade publisher, and Mr. Black felt that by

limiting output to just three titles per month, some of the good titles could not be included. The Inner Circle expands the Club's offerings by 50%.

Quoting from a letter[2] from Mr. Theodore M. Black,

"Over the years, the DBC has prospered through the good efforts of a number of fine editors, beginning with Ruth Berry MacDonald and continuing with Cecily Curran, the late Katherine Maule Holske and our present editor-in-chief, Bettina C. Peterson, with the very able assistance at various times of Lucy Cores, Frank and Mary Pearson, Ralph D. Somerville and our present associate editors, Katherine V. Horton and Edward A. Mearns. Our non-resident expert on ballistics and forensic medicine is Major Thomas L. D. Lynxwiler of San Diego, California.

"Your readers might be interested in our selection process. Hundreds of typescripts and galley proofs are received during the year from original publishers. Incidentally, we have not since the beginning of the Club accepted books not already chosen for publication by a trade house;[3] unsolicited scripts are returned to their authors with regrets. Our editorial staff reads each publisher's submissions carefully. Being a member, you would know that we make extra efforts to avoid material which would be offensive to our family readership; that is but one element of editorial consideration, however. What our editors always look for are first-rate mystery/detective yarns--not only by authors who have made their mark but also by promising new authors whom we can encourage by selecting their books. Your practised eye will find examples as you scan our complete list of titles enclosed. We like whodunits, suspense stories, police procedurals, tales of espionage and intrigue, "capers", Gothic mysteries—in short, those kinds of mystery/detective novels which a family audience prefers and which do not capitalize on explicit sex, excessive violence and the like. Reviewer's opinions are circulated to our top executives for their observations and comments. Selection conferences are held six times a year; at each of these, we choose nine novels (no short stories) for inclusion in two monthly triple-volumes and an Inner Circle triple. The final combination which emerges from each of these conferences will, we hope, reflect not only a high level of writing but also a judicious mix of the various types of story I have mentioned above, as well as of locales and other factors. Contracts are then negotiated with the trade publishers involved, and the machinery is set in motion for actual publication."

The background of Walter J. Black is of interest. He was born May 12, 1893, in Brooklyn New York, the fourth of five sons of Loring M. Black and Elizabeth (Mahoney) Black. He graduated from Fordham University in 1915, worked as a cub reporter for Hearst's New York American at $10 per week, and was secretary to Col. George Harvey, publisher of Harper's, in 1916. He served as a civilian with rank of First Lieutenant in U.S. Army Ordnance, Frankford Arsenal, Pennsylvania, during World War I, helping to develop the Thompson submachine gun—the "Tommy gun". Walter J. Black was married to Elsie A. Jantzer of Brooklyn on November 6, 1918, and their only child, Theodore M. Black, was born October 3, 1919. He was employed as Manager of the Direct Mail BOok Department of P. F. Collier & Sons in 1920, just prior to establishing his own firm. He was a collector of rare books and fine bindings, as well as autographs of famous literary figures; he was also an avid sports fan, fisherman, photographer, animal lover and world traveler. Mrs. Black passed away at her home on July 5, 1963.

Theodore M. Black graduated from Princeton University in 1941, Phi Beta Kappa, summa cum laude, and as Class Valedictorian. He enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army in 1941 and was assigned to Counter-Intelligence; he completed Infantry O.C.S. at Ft. Benning, Georgia, as 2nd Lieutenant, in 1943. He was commander of the 503rd C.I.C. Detachment, Third Armored Division, 1943-1945, serving in five campaigns in the European Theater. He was awarded the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, and French and Belgian Fourragere awards. He retired as Lt. Colonel, Military Intelligence Reserve, 1967. He married Barbara A. Somerville of Plandome Manor on November 10, 1956; their son Walter J. Black II was born February 19, 1958, and a son, Theodore M. "Mike" Black, Jr., January 19, 1968. The Blacks reside at Sand Point, New York.

A tour through the company's building at 1075 Northern Boulevard, Flower Hill, Roslyn, New York, would be of interest to all Club members, and includes these items in particular:

Upper floor, Outer Office - a permanent display of advertising, including the first advertisement of November 11, 1923, and the first Detective Book Club advertisement.

President's Office - copies of all major club and series titles published since 1941; part of Walter J. Black's collection of rare books and fine bindings; autographs of Kipling, Longfellow, Dickens, Mark Twain, Emerson, Washington Irving, Thackeray, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Exec. Vice-President's Office - copies of all books published by the firm between 1923 and 1941; part of Mr. Black's rare book and fine bindings collection; autographs of James Madison, Henry Clay, and Woodrow Wilson; part of Theodore Black's collection of military and political prints; letter from President Eisenhower to Theodore M. Black in 1957, acknowledging with thanks a set of Zane Grey books.

Editorial Office - All recent DBC volumes with their original counterparts; literary reference library; photos of Erle Stanley Gardner, Frank Gruber, John Creasey, Russell Kirk, among others.

Lower Floor, Direct Mail Department - the club's own lettershop, which includes a multilith printing press, a folding machine, a P-B gravity inserter, a tying machine, and postage meter applicators. Books and circulars are stored here and shipped from here (as well as from warehouse facilities in New Jersey). Returned books are unwrapped, noted for credit, checked for damage or imperfection, separated by Club and further by title, rejacketed and replaced in the stacks for future use.

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1. Quote from letter from Theodore M. Black, dated 29 August 1974.
2. Letter dated 29 August 1974.
3. At least two titles have been included in the series that were not first published in trade editions. Murder in the Stork Club, by Vera Caspary, does not bear a copyright notice nor special arrangement notation, and possibly was not first published in a regular trade edition. The Famous McGarry Stories, by Matt Taylor, according to a later letter from Theodore M. Black, "were never to my knowledge published in trade book form. They did appear in various periodicals including This Week magazine. Mr. Taylor was a personal friend of my father and this special arrangement for his old friend was one of the last things my father did toward the end of his life. You will note that our book came out the month after my father passed away." -- Letter dated September 24, 1974. [Editor's Note: One further title published by the DBC apparently never had a U.S. trade edition: Murder Most Familiar, by Marjorie Bremner, "published by special arrangement with Hodder & Stoughton".]

Complete Checklist
Detective Book Club Selections

1	Apr. 1942	The Case of the Empty Tin Erle Stanley Gardner Evil Under the Sun Agatha Christie A Pinch of Poison Frances & Richard Lockridge	7	Oct. 1942	The Case of the Drowning Duck Erle Stanley Gardner Fear Comes to Chalfont Freeman Wills Crofts Mystery in the Woodshed Anthony Gilbert
2	May 1942	With This Ring Mignon G. Eberhart The Mighty Blockhead Frank Gruber The D.A. Cooks a Goose Erle Stanley Gardner	8	Nov. 1942	The Affair of the Splintered Heart Clifford Knight Ringed with Fire Alice Campbell Death Rings a Bell Courtland Fitzsimmons
3	June 1942	The Body in the Library Agatha Christie The Rio Casino Intrigue Van Wyck Mason Double or Quits A. A. Fair	9	Dec. 1942	Hanged for a Sheep Frances & Richard Lockridge Bats Fly at Dusk A. A. Fair Cue for Murder Helen McCloy
4	July 1942	The Unconscious Witness Austin Freeman Death on the Aisle Frances & Richard Lockridge Lady Killer Elizabeth Sanxay Holding	10	Jan. 1943	The Yellow Violet Frances Crane The Gift Horse Frank Gruber Blue Murder Harriet Rutland
5	Aug. 1942	Black Orchids Rex Stout Tinsley's Bones Percival Wilde The Six Iron Spiders Phoebe Atwood Taylor	11	Feb. 1943	Wolf in Man's Clothing Mignon G. Eberhart The Shudders Anthony Abbot A Body for Bill Ione Sandberg Shriber
6	Sept. 1942	Name Your Poison Helen Reilly Folio on Florence White Will Oursler Phantom Lady Cornell Woolrich	12	Mar. 1943	The Case of the Smoking Chimney Erle Stanley Gardner The Attic Room Katherine Wolffe She Died a Lady Carter Dickson

13 Apr. 1943
Nothing Can Rescue Me
Elizabeth Daly
Murder Wears a Mummers Mask
Brett Halliday
Final Appearance
Jeannette Covert Nolan

14 May 1943
The Affair of the Jade Monkey
Clifford Knight
A Corpse by Any Other Name
R. A. J. Walling
Corpses at Indian Stones
Philip Wylie

15 June 1943
The Case of the Buried Clock
Erle Stanley Gardner
Headlong for Murder
Merlda Mace
To Catch a Thief
Daphne Sanders

16 July 1943
Do Not Disturb
Helen McCloy
The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope
C. W. Grafton
Court of Shadows
Giles Jackson

17 Aug. 1943
Death Takes a Bow
Frances & Richard Lockridge
Fall Guy for Murder
Lawrence Goldman
Painted for the Kill
Lucy Cores

18 Sept. 1943
Evidence of Things Seen
Elizabeth Daly
Dark Duet
Peter Cheyney
Lady in a Million
Susannah Shane

19 Oct. 1943
The Pink Emerald
Frances Crane
Cats Prowl at Night
A. A. Fair
The Woman in Red
Anthony Gilbert

20 Nov. 1943
The Case of the Drowsy Mosquito
Erle Stanley Gardner
Motto for Murder
Merlda Mace
The Fainting Butler
Clifford Knight

21 Dec. 1943
Blood on the Black Market
Brett Halliday
The Great Yant Mystery
A. B. Cunningham
The Blackbirder
Dorothy B. Hughes

22 Jan. 1944
Murder with Love
Garland Lord
X Marks the Dot
Muriel Stafford
The Stars are Dark
Peter Cheyney

23 Feb. 1944
The D.A. Calls a Turn
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Applegreen Cat
Frances Crane
Invitation to Murder
Ione Sandberg Shriber

24 Mar. 1944
The Goblin Market
Helen McCloy
Deadline at Dawn
William Irish
Killing the Goose
Frances & Richard Lockridge

25 Apr. 1944
He Wouldn't Kill Patience
Carter Dickson
You Only Hang Once
H. W. Roden
Fire Will Freeze
Margaret Millar

26 May 1944
Arrow Pointing Nowhere
Elizabeth Daly
The Hornet's Nest
Bruno Fischer
The Deaths of Lora Karen
Roman McDougald

27 June 1944
The Delicate Ape
Dorothy B. Hughes
Six Silver Handles
Geoffrey Homes
And the Deep Blue Sea
Raymond Knotts

28 July 1944
The Man with the Lumpy Nose
Lawrence Lariar
The Case of the Crooked Candle
Erle Stanley Gardner
Beyond the Dark
Kiernan Abbey

29 Aug. 1944
The Corpse Without a Clue
R. A. J. Walling
The Black Path of Fear
Cornell Woolrich
Death Strikes at Heron House
Kerry O'Neil

30 Sept. 1944
The Book of the Dead
Elizabeth Daly
Button, Button
Marion Bramhall
A Date with Danger
Roy Vickers

31 Oct. 1944
Till Death Do Us Part
John Dickson Carr
Intrigue for Empire
Kathleen Moore Knight
Give 'Em the Ax
A. A. Fair

32 Nov. 1944
Five Bullets
Lee Thayer
The Amethyst Spectacles
Frances Crane
The Affair of the Dead Stranger
Clifford Knight

33 Dec. 1944
The Case of the Black-Eyed Blonde
Erle Stanley Gardner
Death Comes as the End
Agatha Christie
Not Quite Dead Enough
Rex Stout

34 Jan. 1945
Too Busy to Die
H. W. Roden
Too Much Poison
Anne Rowe
Crime on My Hands
George Sanders

35 Feb. 1945
Blood Upon the Snow
Hilda Lawrence
They Never Say When
Peter Cheyney
Pattern for Murder
Ione Sandberg Shriber

36 Mar. 1945
The Indigo Necklace
Frances Crane
Orchids to Murder
Hulbert Footner
Death at the Door
Anthony Gilbert

37 Apr. 1945
Stream Sinister
Kathleen Moore Knight
Murder on Angler's Island
Helen Reilly
Payoff for the Banker
Frances & Richard Lockridge

38 May 1945
Murder is my Business
Brett Halliday
Crime Wind
Marion Holbrook
Whatever Goes Up
Bertram Millhauser

39 June 1945
The Outsiders
A. E. Martin
Fatal Purchase
Anne Rowe
One Angel Less
H. W. Roden

40 July 1945
The Case of the Golddigger's Purse
Erle Stanley Gardner
Died in the Wool
Ngaio Marsh
Pearls Before Swine
Margery Allingham

41 Aug. 1945
Out of Control
Baynard Kendrick
Too Many Suspects
John Rhode
An Eye for an Eye
Oliver Weld Bayer

42 Sept. 1945
The Murderer is a Fox
Ellery Queen
Dread Journey
Dorothy B. Hughes
The Curse of the Bronze Lamp
Carter Dickson

43 Oct. 1945
You'll Be Sorry
Samuel Rogers
The Lost Caesar
Ruth Fenisong
Four Past Four
Roy Vickers

44 Nov. 1945
Port of Seven Strangers
Kathleen Moore Knight
Sinister Errand
Peter Cheyney
Up to the Hilt
Anne Rowe

45 Dec. 1945
Girl with the Frightened Eyes
Lawrence Lariar
The Case of the Half-Wakened Wife
Erle Stanley Gardner
Dark Prophecy
Marjory Alan

46 Jan. 1946
The One That Got Away
Helen McCloy
The Double Take
Roy Huggins
The Fifth Man
Manning Coles

47 Feb. 1946
The D.A. Breaks a Seal
Erle Stanley Gardner
Murder Within Murder
Frances & Richard Lockridge
The Pavilion
Hilda Lawrence

48 Mar. 1946
Whisper Murder
Vera Kelsey
Death Lifts the Latch
Anthony Gilbert
Somewhere in the House
Elizabeth Daly

None published April & May 1946

49 June 1946
The Innocent Mrs. Duff
Elizabeth Sanxay Holding
Death in the Limelight
A. E. Martin
The Trouble at Turkey Hill
Kathleen Moore Knight

50 July 1946
He Who Whispers
John Dickson Carr
The Unsuspected
Charlotte Armstrong
Crows Can't Count
A. A. Fair

51 Aug. 1946
Dead at the Take-Off
Lester Dent
Go Down, Death
Sue Brown Hays
Benefit Performance
Richard Sale

52 Sept. 1946
Five Passengers from Lisbon
Mignon G. Eberhart
Wake for a Lady
H. W. Roden
The Murder in the Stork Club
Vera Caspary

53 Oct. 1946
The Case of the Backward Mule
Erle Stanley Gardner
Honolulu Story
Leslie Ford
My Late Wives
Carter Dickson

54 Nov. 1946
The Cinnamon Murder
Frances Crane
As Good as Dead
Thomas B. Dewey
The Wrong Way Down
Elizabeth Daly

55 Dec. 1946
The White Dress
Mignon G. Eberhart
The Silent Speaker
Rex Stout
The Hollow
Agatha Christie

56 Jan. 1947
Lady to Kill
Lester Dent
Punch with Care
Phoebe Atwood Taylor
The Case of the Borrowed Brunette
Erle Stanley Gardner

None: February 1947

57 Mar. 1947
By Hook or by Crook
Anthony Gilbert
The Shadowy Third
Marco Page
The Whispering Death
Roy Vickers

58 Apr. 1947
The Sleeping Sphinx
John Dickson Carr
The Beagle-Scented Murder
Frank Gruber
Death of a Doll
Hilda Lawrence

59 May 1947
Two Clues
Erle Stanley Gardner
Overdue for Death
Z. H. Ross
The Chinese Doll
Wilson Tucker

60 June 1947
Another Woman's House
Mignon G. Eberhart
Cheer for the Dead
Eli Colter
Shadow for a Lady
J. Lane Linklater

61 July 1947
The Case of the Fan-Dancer's Horse
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Silver Leopard
Helen Reilly
Bedeviled
Libbie Block

62 Aug. 1947
The Woman in Black
Leslie Ford
Murder in the Town
Mary Richert
Ghost of a Chance
Kelley Roos

63 Sept. 1947
The Farmhouse
Helen Reilly
Dark Interlude
Peter Cheyney
Fools Die on Friday
A. A. Fair

64 Oct. 1947
Too Late for Tears
Roy Huggins
Murder on the Purple Water
Frances Crane
The Whispering Master
Frank Gruber

65 Nov. 1947
The Case of the Lazy Lover
Erle Stanley Gardner
Untidy Murder
Frances & Richard Lockridge
Let the Tiger Die
Manning Coles

66 Dec. 1947
Black Opal
J. Lane Linklater
I Found Him Dead
Gale Gallagher
Dead and Dumb
Edmund Crispin

67 Jan. 1948
The Blank Wall
Elizabeth Sanxay Holding
Death in the Wrong Room
Anthony Gilbert
Search for a Scientist
Charles Leonard

68 Feb. 1948
Too Many Women
Rex Stout
Night Walk
Elizabeth Daly
Draw the Curtain Close
Thomas B. Dewey

69 Mar. 1948
There is a Tide
Agatha Christie
T as in Trapped
Lawrence Treat
Borderline Murder
Alan Amos

70 Apr. 1948
Lethal Lady
Rufus King
Nightfall
David Goodis
Root of Evil
Eaton K. Goldthwaite

None: May and June 1948

71 July 1948
Dance Without Music
Peter Cheyney
The Case of the Lonely Heiress
Erle Stanley Gardner
Explosion
Dorothy Cameron Disney

72 Aug. 1948
The Missing Widow
Anthony Gilbert
The Scarlet Feather
Frank Gruber
I Want to Go Home
Richard & Frances Lockridge

73 Sept. 1948
The Book of the Lion
Elizabeth Daly
The Whip
Sara Elizabeth Mason
No Tears for the Dead
Rae Foley

74 Oct. 1948
The Devil's Stronghold
Leslie Ford
Rendezvous in Black
Cornell Woolrich
The Case of the Vagabond Virgin
Erle Stanley Gardner

75 Nov. 1948
The D.A. Takes a Chance
Erle Stanley Gardner
She Walks Alone
Helen McCloy
Voice Out of Darkness
Ursula Curtiss

76 Dec. 1948
The Fourth Postman
Craig Rice
Among Those Absent
Manning Coles
The Lock and the Key
Frank Gruber

77 Jan. 1949
The Witness for the Prosecution, and Three Blind Mice
Agatha Christie
Dark Abyss
Clifford Knight
Murder is Served
Frances & Richard Lockridge

78 Feb. 1949
Black Cypress
Frances Crane
Bedrooms Have Windows
A. A. Fair
The Hollow Needle
George Harmon Coxe

79 Mar. 1949
Dark Wanton
Peter Cheyney
The Face of Hate
Theodora DuBois
The Case of the Dubious Bridegroom
Erle Stanley Gardner

80 Apr. 1949
More Work for the Undertaker
Margery Allingham
Spin Your Web, Lady
Richard & Frances Lockridge
The Innocent Bottle
Anthony Gilbert

81 May 1949
Dying Echo
Kathleen Moore Knight
Duet of Death
Hilda Lawrence
The Darker the Night
Herbert Brean

82 June 1949
Lady Killer
George Harmon Coxe
Girl from Nowhere
Rae Foley
Place for a Poisoner
E. C. R. Lorac

83 July 1949
Staircase Four
Helen Reilly
Dead Lion
John & Emery Bonett
The Dark River
Philip Clark

84 Aug. 1949
The Hangman's Tree
Dorothy Cameron Disney
Dig Me Later
Miriam-Ann Hagen
The Leather Duke
Frank Gruber

85 Sept. 1949
House of Storm
Mignon G. Eberhart
He Didn't Mind Danger
Michael Gilbert
Trial & Terror
Lawrence Treat

86 Oct. 1949
Deadly Duo
Margery Allingham
The Stalking Gun Man
Wilson Tucker
The Gun in Daniel Webster's Bust
Margaret Scherf

87 Nov. 1949
And Dangerous to Know
Elizabeth Daly
The Man Nobody Saw
Peter Cheyney
The Flying Red Horse
Frances Crane

88 Dec. 1949
The D.A. Breaks an Egg
Erle Stanley Gardner
Hangover House
Sax Rohmer
Shark River
Richard Powell

89 Jan. 1950
Veiled Murder
Alice Campbell
The Case of the Negligent Nymph
Erle Stanley Gardner
Four Lost Ladies
Stuart Palmer

90 Feb. 1950
Lady, Be Careful
Christopher Reeve
Bones of Contention
Rae Foley
So Young a Body
Frank Bunce

91 Mar. 1950
It's Raining Violence
Theodore DuBois
One of Those Things
Peter Cheyney
Do Not Murder Before Christmas
Jack Iams

92 Apr. 1950
The Bass Derby Murder
Kathleen Moore Knight
The Corpse with the Missing Watch
R. A. J. Walling
The Second Sickle
Ursula Curtiss

93 May 1950
Death Knocks Three Times
Anthony Gilbert
The Dark Corner
Marie Blizard
Something About Midnight
D. B. Olsen

94 June 1950
The Neat Little Corpse
Max Murray
Murder's Web
Dorothy Dunn
Sudden Vengeance
Edmund Crispin

95 July 1950
Homicide House
David Frome
What Rhymes with Murder?
Jack Iams
Blues for the Prince
Bart Spicer

96 Aug. 1950
Through a Glass, Darkly
Helen McCloy
Maid to Murder
Roy Vickers
Shell Game
Richard Powell

97 Sept. 1950
Death and Letters
Elizabeth Daly
Of Missing Persons
David Goodis
A Murder is Announced
Agatha Christie

98 Oct. 1950
Murder of a Nymph
Margot Neville
Hunt with the Hounds
Mignon G. Eberhart
Jewels for a Shroud
Walter DeSteiguer

99 Nov. 1950
Dangerous by Nature
Manning Coles
The Hidden and the Hunted
Howard Swiggett
Stolen Goods
Clarence Budington Kelland

100 Dec. 1950
Between Us and Evil
Charlotte Murray Russell
Murder, Twice Told
Donald Hamilton
Lady, Beware
Peter Chevney

101 Jan. 1951
Legacy of Fear
Garnett Weston
Cat and Mouse
Christianna Brand
The Case of the One-Eyed Witness
Erle Stanley Gardner

102 Feb. 1951
The Frightened Fiancee
George Harmon Coxe
Too Long Endured
Lee Thayer
Episode of the Wandering Knife
Mary Roberts Rinehart

103 Mar. 1951
Never Say Die
Ione Sandberg Shriber
Bachelors of Broken Hill
Arthur W. Upfield
The Hundredth Door
Rae Foley

104 Apr. 1951
Murder is the Pay-Off
Leslie Ford
The House in the Forest
Marten Cumberland
Happy Holiday
Thaddeus O'Finn

105 May 1951
Murder Steps Out
Christopher Reeve
The Silent Partner
Kathleen Moore Knight
The Green Ace
Stuart Palmer

106 June 1951
Dark Bahamas
Peter Cheyney
The Book of the Crime
Elizabeth Daly
Strangler's Serenade
William Irish

107 July 1951
Night Man
Allen Ullman & Lucille Fletcher
Murder Comes Home
Anthony Gilbert
The Case of the Fiery Fingers
Erle Stanley Gardner

108 Aug. 1951
The Sole Survivor
Roy Vickers
The Corpse with One Shoe
Margaret Scherf
Judgment on Deltchev
Eric Ambler

109 Sept. 1951
Alias Basil Willing
Helen McCloy
Accident by Design
E. C. R. Lorac
The Watch Sinister
Marie Blizard

110 Oct. 1951
Ladies Won't Wait
Peter Cheyney
Murder in the Family
Mary Hastings Bradley
The Great Mail Robbery
Clarence Budington Kelland

111 Nov. 1951
Gold in Every Grave
Hugh Lawrence Nelson
The Wrong Body
Anthony Gilbert
An Ape in Velvet
Rae Foley

112 Dec. 1951
Fowl Play
Theodora DuBois
The Long Divorce
Edmund Crispin
The Case of the Angry Mourner
Erle Stanley Gardner

113 Jan. 1952
Lament for the Bride
Helen Reilly
The Cat and the Capricorn
D. B. Olsen
Blood Will Tell
Agatha Christie

114 Feb. 1952
Nipped in the Bud
Stuart Palmer
By-Line for Murder
Andrew Garve
Panic in Paradise
Alan Amos

115 Mar. 1952
Top of the Heap
A. A. Fair
Night Train to Paris
Manning Coles
Under Dog and Other Stories
Agatha Christie

116 Apr. 1952
The Bahamas Murder Case
Leslie Ford
I Could Murder Her
E. C. R. Lorac
Good Luck to the Corpse
Max Murray

117 May 1952
Dead Yesterday
Ruth Fenisong
Murder in Two Flats
Roy Vickers
Stamped for Murder
Ben Benson

118 June 1952
Double Man
Helen Reilly
The Urgent Hangman
Peter Cheyney
Wake the Sleeping Wolf
Rae Foley

119 July 1952
Death Goes to a Reunion
Kathleen Moore Knight
Murder Through a Looking Glass
Andrew Garve
To the Tune of Murder
Helen Mabry Ballard

120 Aug. 1952
The Case of the Moth-Eaten Mink
Erle Stanley Gardner
Death and Little Brother
Clifford Knight
Grow Young and Die
William O'Farrell

121 Sept. 1952
The Key Man
Clarence Budington Kelland
The Man Who Looked Back
Joan Fleming
The Missing Heiress
Bernice Carey

122 Oct. 1952
Dead Men's Plans
Mignon G. Eberhart
Death Begs the Question
Lois Eby & John C. Fleming
It's Her Own Funeral
Carol Carnac

123 Nov. 1952
The Doctor and the Corpse
Max Murray
Valse Macabre
Kathleen Moore Knight
A Case for Mr. Crook
Anthony Gilbert

124 Dec. 1952
Eyes That Watch You
William Irish
Downbeat for a Dirge
Brandon Bird
Look Behind You, Lady
Margaret Erskine

125 Jan. 1953
The Case of the Grinning Gorilla
Erle Stanley Gardner
Ambush for Anatol
John Sherwood
The Sleep is Deep
Hugh Lawrence Nelson

126 Feb. 1953
The Man in the Shadow
Rae Foley
Vanish in an Instant
Margaret Millar
Something to Hide
Philip MacDonald

127 Mar. 1953
Funerals are Fatal
Agatha Christie
The Black Iris
Constance & Gwenyth Little
Death of an Intruder
Nedra Tyre

128 Apr. 1953
Akin to Murder
Kathleen Moore Knight
The Iron Cobweb
Ursula Curtiss
Widow's Mite
Elizabeth Sanxay Holding

129 May 1953
Let the Dead Past
John Stephen Strange
Collector's Item
Amber Dean
The Department of Dead Ends
Roy Vickers

130 June 1953
Out of the Past
Patricia Wentworth
A Checkmate by the Colonel
George Griswold
Killer Loose
Genevieve Holden

131 July 1953
The Case of the Hesitant Hostess
Erle Stanley Gardner
Murder by the Day
Veronica Parker Johns
The Fence
Hugh Lawrence Nelson

132 Aug. 1953
The Unknown Quantity
Mignon G. Eberhart
Drag the Dark
Frederick C. Davis
With Murder for Some
H. C. Huston

133 Sept. 1953
Murder Must Wait
Arthur W. Upfield
The Big Ear
Stewart Sterling
Doubles in Death
William Grew

134 Oct. 1953
Some Women Won't Wait
A. A. Fair
The Mysterious Suspect
John Rhode
A Big Hand for the Corpse
George Bagby

135 Nov. 1953
Three of Diamonds
Kathleen Moore Knight
The Big Water
Mark Derby
The Frightened Wife
Mary Roberts Rinehart

136 Dec. 1953
No Vacation for Maigret
Georges Simenon
The Figure in the Dusk
John Creasey
Justice Has No Sword
Max Franklin

137 Jan. 1954
The Case of the Green-Eyed Sister
Erle Stanley Gardner
Murder of the Well-Beloved
Margot Neville
Dead Drunk
George Bagby

138 Feb. 1954
Kill With Care
Hugh Lawrence Nelson
Black Death
Anthony Gilbert
Murder in Bright Red
Frances Crane

139 Mar. 1954
The Case of the Fugitive Nurse
Erle Stanley Gardner
Utter Death
John Hymers
The Waikiki Widow
Juanita Sheridan

140 Apr. 1954
Man Missing
Mignon G. Eberhart
Dead Fall
Dale Wilmer
Murder Most Familiar
Marjorie Bremner

141 May 1954
The Lonesome Badger
Frank Gruber
Sound an Alarm
Genevieve Holden
Murder Will Out
Roy Vickers

142 June 1954
Cold Poison
Stuart Palmer
Dead by Now
Margaret Erskine
Beat Back the Tide
Dolores Hitchens

143 July 1954
Three for the Money
James McConnaughey
Which Doctor
Edward Candy
High Rendezvous
Kathleen Moore Knight

144 Aug. 1954
Hawk Watch
Brandon Bird
Death Won't Wait
Anthony Gilbert
Conspiracy of Silence
Marie Blizard

145 Aug. 1954 (2nd Aug.)
The Case of the Runaway Corpse
Erle Stanley Gardner
Go, Lovely Rose
Jean Potts
The Third Bullet
John Dickson Carr

146 Sept. 1954
The Better to Eat You
Charlotte Armstrong
The Moon Gate
Carroll Cox Estes
The Corpse That Came Back
Peter Piper

147 Sept. 1954 (2nd Sept.)
Tell Her It's Murder
Helen Reilly
Coffin for Christopher
Delano Ames
Don't Hang Me Too High
J. B. O'Sullivan

148 Oct. 1954
Invitation to Murder
Leslie Ford
The Body in the Basket
George Bagby
Dead Man's Shoes
Michael Innes

149 Nov. 1954
He Never Came Back
Helen McCloy
Dead Reckoning
Lee Thayer
The Benevent Treasure
Patricia Wentworth

150 Dec. 1954
The Limping Goose
Frank Gruber
The Coral Princess Murder
Frances Crane
Fatal in My Fashion
Pat McGerr

151 Jan. 1955
The Case of the Restless Redhead
Erle Stanley Gardner
Another Morgue Heard From
Frederick C. Davis
Six Murders in the Suburbs
Roy Vickers

152 Feb. 1955
The Last Straw
Doris Miles Disney
The Pale Door
Lee Roberts
The Dead Don't Speak
Margaret Erskine

153 Mar. 1955
The Case of the Glamorous Ghost
Erle Stanley Gardner
Death and Mr. Potter
Rae Foley
The Man in the Green Hat
Manning Coles

154 Apr. 1955
So Many Steps to Death
Agatha Christie
Maigret in New York
Georges Simenon
Death in Lilac Time
Frances Crane

155 May 1955
The Robineau Look
Kathleen Moore Knight
Twist of the Knife
Victor Canning
Vanished
Marjorie Carleton

156 June 1955
The Estate of the Beckoning Lady
Margery Allingham
Dead, She Was Beautiful
Whit Masterson
Sudden Squall
Jeannette Covert Nolan

157 July 1955
The Case of the Sunbather's Diary
Erle Stanley Gardner
The House That Died
Josephine Eckert Gill
The Pinned Man
George Griswold

158 Aug. 1955
Murder Makes an Entrance
Clarence Budington Kelland
Poison in the Pen
Patricia Wentworth
The Tooth and the Nail
Bill S. Ballinger

159 Aug. 1955 (2nd Aug.)
The Frazer Acquittal
Stephen Ransome
The Mask of Alexander
Martha Albrand
Walk a Wicked Mile
Robert P. Hansen

160 Sept. 1955
Passport for a Renegade
Kem Bennett
Dark Destination
Jean Potts
All Through the Night
White Masterson

161 Sept. 1955 (2nd Sept.)
Murder Comes to Eden
Leslie Ford
The Judge and His Hangman
Friedrich Durrenmatt
A Question of Murder
Anthony Gilbert

162 Oct. 1955
Shadow on the Window
George Bagby
Who Benefits
Lee Thayer
Flight Into Terror
Lionel White

163 Nov. 1955
The Case of the Nervous Accomplice
Erle Stanley Gardner
Innocent Bystander
Barbara Frost
Trick or Treat
Doris Miles Disney

164 Dec. 1955
Compartment K
Helen Reilly
Night Drop
Frederick C. Davis
Double Image
Roy Vickers

165 Jan. 1956
Insp. Maigret and the Dead Girl
Georges Simenon
Long Body
Helen McCloy
Enough to Kill a Horse
E. X. Ferrars

166 Feb. 1956
Man in My Grave
Wilson Tucker
Burden of Proof
Victor Canning
Borrow the Night
Helen Nielsen

167 Feb. 1956 (2nd Feb.)
The Case of the Terrified Typist
Erle Stanley Gardner
They're Going to Kill Me
Alan Amos
Backfire
Edna Sherry

168 Mar. 1956
No Tears for Shirley Minton
Kenneth Lowe
Shoot a Sitting Duck
David Alexander
A Room at the Hotel Ambre
Anthony Armstrong

169 Apr. 1956
Postmark Murder
Mignon G. Eberhart
Insp. Maigret and the Burglar's Wife
Georges Simenon
Wanted for Murder
Nancy Rutledge

170 May 1956
Death Keeps a Secret
Clarence Budington Kelland
Die, Little Goose
David Alexander
Don't Look Back
Miriam Borenicht

171 June 1956
The Case of the Demure Defendant
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Beauty Queen Killer
John Creasey
Murder is Where You Find It
Robert P. Hansen

172 July 1956
Blonde Cried Murder
Brett Halliday
And Death Came Too
Anthony Gilbert
The Strange Bedfellow
Evelyn Berckman

None: August 1956

173 Sept. 1956
The Men in Her Death
Stephen Ransome
The End of the Track
Andrew Garve
Death Walks on Cat Feet
D. B. Olsen

174 Oct. 1956
Horror on the Ruby X
Frances Crane
We Haven't Seen Her Lately
E. X. Ferrars
The Bad Blonde
Jack Webb

175 Nov. 1956
The Case of the Gilded Lily
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Crime is Murder
Helen Nielsen
Riddle of a Lady
Anthony Gilbert

176 Dec. 1956
Dead Man's Folly
Agatha Christie
What Crime is It?
Dorothy Gardiner
Man in the Net
Patrick Quentin

177 Jan. 1957
The Case of the Lucky Loser
Erle Stanley Gardner
Unappointed Rounds
Doris Miles Disney
Kill Once, Kill Twice
Kyle Hunt

178 Feb. 1957
Beware the Curves
A. A. Fair
The Last Gamble
Rae Foley
Mark Three for Murder
Robert P. Hansen

179 Mar. 1957
Two-Thirds of a Ghost
Helen McCloy
Kill or Cure
E. X. Ferrars
Malice Domestic
William Hardy

180 Apr. 1957
Canvas Dagger
Helen Reilly
Run for Your Life
Rae Foley
Murder of Whistler's Brother
David Alexander

181 May 1957
You Can Die Laughing
A. A. Fair
Guilt is Where You Find It
Lee Thayer
Reservations for Death
Baynard Kendrick

182 June 1957
Girl from the Mimosa Club
Leslie Ford
A Shadow in the Wild
Whit Masterson
Method in Madness
Doris Miles Disney

183 July 1957
The Case of the Screaming Woman
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Late Miss Trimming
Carol Carnac
Death of an Old Sinner
Dorothy Salisbury Davis

184 Aug. 1957
The Nameless Corpse
Clarence Budington Kelland
The Frightened Murderer
Nancy Rutledge
The Big Frame
The Gordons

185 Sept. 1957
Hush-A-Bye Murder
David Alexander
Poor Harriet
Elizabeth Fenwick
Death of an Ambassador
Manning Coles

186 Oct. 1957
Man With the Cane
Jean Potts
Some Slips Don't Show
A. A. Fair
Judicial Body
Margaret Scherf

187 Nov. 1957
The Case of the Daring Decoy
Erle Stanley Gardner
Count the Cost
E. X. Ferrars
Once a Widow
Lee Roberts

188 Dec. 1957
Captive
The Gordons
Murder on Trial
Michael Underwood
The Stairway
Ursula Curtiss

189 Jan. 1958
The Case of the Long-Legged Models
Erle Stanley Gardner
Murder Off the Record
John Bingham
My Neighbor's Wife
Doris Miles Disney

190 Feb. 1958
Another Man's Murder
Mignon G. Eberhart
Back to the Wall
Robert P. Hansen
Death of Humpty Dumpty
David Alexander

191 Mar. 1958
Invitation to Violence
Lionel White
How Still My Love
Doris Siegel
Fatal Harvest
Alan Amos

192 Apr. 1958
Three-Time Losers
George Bagby
Death Against the Clock
Anthony Gilbert
Escape to Fear
Rae Foley

193 May 1958
The Case of the Foot-Loose Doll
Erle Stanley Gardner
Still No Answer
Lee Thayer
The Famous McGarry Stories
Matt Taylor

194 June 1958
Singing in the Shrouds
Ngaio Marsh
A Stir of Echoes
Richard Mathieson
The Malignant Heart
Celestine Sibley

195 July 1958
The Count of Nine
A. A. Fair
Seeds of Murder
Jeremy York
Something for the Birds
Theodore S. Drachman, M.D.

196 Aug. 1958
None of Maigret's Business
Georges Simenon
Man in Gray
Frances Crane
Death Paints a Portrait
William Herber

197 Sept. 1958
Dishonor Among Thieves
Spencer Dean
Deadly is the Diamond
Mignon G. Eberhart
Death Watch
John & Ward Hawkins

198 Oct. 1958
Reach of Fear
D. L. Mathews
Depart This Life
E. X. Ferrars
A Little Sin
William Hardy

199 Nov. 1958
The Case of the Calendar Girl
Erle Stanley Gardner
Violence
Cornell Woolrich
Sight of Death
Jeremy York

200 Dec. 1958
Ding Dong Bell
Helen Reilly
The Obituary Club
Hugh Pentecost
Deadly Purpose
Robert P. Hansen

201 Jan. 1959
The Case of the Deadly Toy
Erle Stanley Gardner
Seven Chose Murder
Roy Vickers
The Merchant of Murder
Spencer Dean

202 Feb. 1959
Killer Among Us
Robert Martin
The Girl Who Cried Wolf
Hillary Waugh
Requiem for a Blonde
Kelley Roos

203 Mar. 1959
Pass the Gravy
A. A. Fair
Open Season
Bernard Thielen
A Long Way Down
Elizabeth Fenwick

204 Apr. 1959
Dangerous Passenger
Thomas Walsh
My Brother's Killer
Jeremy York
The Fifth Caller
Helen Nielsen

205 May 1959
Ordeal by Innocence
Agatha Christie
The Fatal Amateur
D. L. Mathews
Where There's Smoke
Clarence Budington Kelland

206 June 1959
Beauty is a Beast
Kathleen Moore Knight
The Sleepless Men
E. H. Nisot
The Big Blackout
Don Tracy

207 July 1959
The Case of the Mythical Monkeys
Erle Stanley Gardner
Dead of Winter
Constance Cornish
The Dark Fantastic
Whit Masterson

208 Aug. 1959
Melora
Mignon G. Eberhart
The Black Gold Mystery
John B. Ethan
Prelude to Murder
Anthony Gilbert

209 Sept. 1959
The Listening Walls
Margaret Millar
The Girl Who Wouldn't Talk
Roy Vickers
Key to the Morgue
Robert Martin

210 Oct. 1959
Scandal at High Chimneys
John Dickson Carr
Did She Fall (Or Was She Pushe
Doris Miles Disney
Two Ways to Die
Lee Thayer

211 Nov. 1959
The Case of the Singing Skirt
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Buttercup Case
Frances Crane
Hot Red Money
Baynard Kendrick

212 Dec. 1959
Not Me, Inspector
Helen Reilly
Hit and Run
John Creasey
Exit Running
Bart Spicer

213 Jan. 1960
The Case of the Waylaid Wolf
Erle Stanley Gardner
Dangerous To Me
Rae Foley
Death Casts a Long Shadow
Anthony Gilbert

214 Feb. 1960
The Lonely Target
Hugh Pentecost
Walking Shadow
Lenore Glen Offord
There's Always a Payoff
Robert Hansen

215 Mar. 1960
Concrete Crime
Manning Coles
No Next of Kin
Doris Miles Disney
The Country of the Strangers
F. S. Wees

216 Apr. 1960
A Hammer in His Hand
Whit Masterson
Come Here and Die
Jeremy York
Warning Bell
Stephen Ransome

217 May 1960
False Scent
Ngaio Marsh
The Man Who Followed Women
Bert & Dolores Hitchens
Tiger on my Back
The Gordons

218 June 1960
The Girl Who Wasn't There
Thomas B. Dewey
Venetian Blind
William Haggard
Bullet Proof
Amber Dean

219 July 1960
The Case of the Duplicate Daughter
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Golden Deed
Andrew Garve
Murder Out of School
Ivan T. Ross

220 Aug. 1960
Jury of One
Mignon G. Eberhart
A Borderline Case
Brad Williams
The Aluminum Turtle
Baynard Kendrick

221 Sept. 1960
Follow Me
Helen Reilly
A Pact with Satan
Leonard Holton
The Berlin Couriers
James McGovern

222 Oct. 1960
The Valley of the Smugglers
Arthur W. Upfield
Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?
Henry Farrell
Road Block
Hillary Waugh

223 Nov. 1960
Kept Women Can't Quit
A. A. Fair
The Man in the Cage
John Holbrook Vance
Dead on Arrival
Lee Thayer

224 Dec. 1960
Pennies From Hell
David Alexander
Murder One, Two, Three
John Creasey
Death Wish Green
Frances Crane

225 Jan. 1961
The Case of the Shapely Shadow
Erle Stanley Gardner
Out for the Kill
Anthony Gilbert
Invitation to Vengeance
Kathleen Moore Knight

226 Feb. 1961
The Ferguson Affair
Ross Macdonald
Murder After a Fashion
Spencer Dean
Sing Me a Murder
Helen Nielsen

227 Mar. 1961
A Stranger in My Grave
Margaret Millar
Some Must Watch
Stephen Ransome
If She Should Die
Forbes Rydell

228 Apr. 1961
The Deadly Friend
Hugh Pentecost
Devil's Due
Maurice Proctor
It's Murder, Mr. Potter
Rae Foley

229 May 1961
The Case of the Spurious Spinster
Erle Stanley Gardner
Encounter with Evil
Amber Dean
The Killing Strike
John Creasey

230 June 1961
Maigret Rents a Room
Georges Simenon
Call the Witness
Edna Sherry
Oscar Mooney's Head
Wm. E. Huntsberry

231 July 1961
Bachelors Get Lonely
A. A. Fair
Death on the Sixth Day
Henry Farrell
Heir Apparent
E. L. Withers

232 Aug. 1961
Thunderball
Ian Fleming
Murder Clear, Track Fast
Judson Philips
Deadlier Than the Male
Genevieve Holden

233 Sept. 1961
The Cup, The Blade or the Gun
Mignon G. Eberhart
Search for a Sultan
Manning Coles
Night of the Kill
Breni James

234 Oct. 1961
A Very Welcome Death
D. L. Mathews
One for My Dame
Jack Webb
The Old House of Fear
Russell Kirk

235 Nov. 1961
The Case of the Bigamous Spouse
Erle Stanley Gardner
Missing, Presumed Dead
Carlton Keith
Choice of Violence
Hugh Pentecost

236 Dec. 1961
The Sinister Strangers
Clarence Budington Kelland
Double Sin & Other Stories
Agatha Christie
The Secret of the Doubting Saint
Leonard Holton

237 Jan. 1962
The Case of the Reluctant Model
Erle Stanley Gardner
Certain Sleep
Helen Reilly
The Eye of the Needle
Thomas Walsh

238 Feb. 1962
A Grave Undertaking
Lionel White
After the Verdict
Anthony Gilbert
The Green Stone
Suzanne Blanc

239 Mar. 1962
Shills Can't Cash Chips
A. A. Fair
Should Auld Acquaintance
Doris Miles Disney
Murder, London—New York
John Creasey

240 Apr. 1962
Brothers of Silence
Frank Gruber
And One Cried Murder
Lee Thayer
Old Students Never Die
Ivan T. Ross

241 May 1962
The Artless Heiress
Clarence Budington Kelland
Chain of Death
Nancy McLarty
Without a Trace
Stephen Ransome

242 June 1962
The Wife Who Died Twice
Edgar Bohle
Thicker Than Water
Jeremy York
Passage to Danger
Edwin Lanham

243 July 1962
The Case of the Blonde Bonanza
Erle Stanley Gardner
Jade for a Lady
M. E. Chaber
The Cannibal Who Overate
Hugh Pentecost

244 Aug. 1962
Death of a Racehorse
John Creasey
The Borrowed Alibi
Lesley Egan
Home and Murder
Aaron Marc Stein

245 Sept. 1962
Try Anything Once
A. A. Fair
Girl Missing
Edna Sherry
Trouble in Burma
Van Wyck Mason

246 Oct. 1962
How Like an Angel
Margaret Millar
The Prisoner's Friend
Andrew Garve
The Five-Day Nightmare
Fredric Brown

247 Nov. 1962
The Pale Horse
Agatha Christie
The Well-Dressed Skeleton
Brad Williams
The Lady Finger
George Malcolm-Smith

248 Dec. 1962
Enemy in the House
Mignon G. Eberhart
A Dead Ending
Judson Philips
Repent at Leisure
Rae Foley

249 Jan. 1963
The Case of the Ice-Cold Hands
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Day She Died
Helen Reilly
Thief in the Night
Thomas Walsh

250 Feb. 1963
Find the Woman
Doris Miles Disney
Uncertain Death
Anthony Gilbert
Against the Evidence
Lesley Egan

251 Mar. 1963
The Case of the Mischievous Doll
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Unquiet Sleep
William Haggard
The Tarnished Angel
Hugh Pentecost

252 Apr. 1963
Deliver Us from Wolves
Leonard Holton
The China Governess
Margery Allingham
The Chase
Richard Unekis

253 May 1963
Fish or Cut Bait
A. A. Fair
Deadly Contact
Amber Dean
The Night, the Woman
Stephen Ransome

254 June 1963
The Man on a Nylon String
Whit Masterson
Back Door to Death
Rae Foley
Isle of the Snakes
Robert L. Fish

255 July 1963
The Wasp
Ursula Curtiss
The Man Who Could Do Anything
Ivan T. Ross
Craig's Spur
E. S. Madden

256 Aug. 1963
After the Fine Weather
Michael Gilbert
Lion in Wait
Dorothy Gardiner
The Big H
Bryan Peters

257 Sept. 1963
The Case of the Step-Daughter's Secret
Erle Stanley Gardner
No Dust in the Attic
Anthony Gilbert
The Late Clara Beame
Taylor Caldwell

258 Oct. 1963
Bridge of Sand
Frank Gruber
The Weird World of Wes Beattie
John Norman Harris
Undercover Cat
The Gordons

259 Nov. 1963
Run Scared
Mignon G. Eberhart
The 12th of Never
Douglas Heyes
Run to Evil
Lesley Egan

260 Dec. 1963
Zanzibar Intrigue
Van Wyck Mason
The Scene of the Crime
John Creasey
Here Lies...
Doris Miles Disney

261 Jan. 1964
The Case of the Amorous Aunt
Erle Stanley Gardner
Mute Witness
Robert L. Pike
Prisoner's Plea
Hillary Waugh

262 Feb. 1964
A Sad Song Singing
Thomas B. Dewey
The High Wire
William Haggard
Egypt's Choice
Daniel Broun

263 Mar. 1964
The Case of the Daring Divorcee
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Shrunken Head
Robert L. Fish
Quest of the Bogey Man
Frances & Richard Lockridge

264 Apr. 1964
Flowers by Request
Leonard Holton
Ring for a Noose
Anthony Gilbert
Fatal Lady
Rae Foley

265 May 1964
Up for Grabs
A. A. Fair
The Hospitality of the House
Doris Miles Disney
Teacher's Blood
Ivan T. Ross

266 June 1964
Maigret's Dead Man
Georges Simenon
Only the Rich Die Young
Hugh Pentecost
The Yellow Villa
Suzanne Blanc

267 July 1964
To Hide a Rogue
Thomas Walsh
Policeman's Dread
John Creasey
Verdict Suspended
Helen Nielsen

268 Aug. 1964
Meet in Darkness
Stephen Ransome
Shannon Terror
Theodora DuBois
The Ransomed Madonna
Lionel White

269 Sept. 1964
The Case of the Phantom Fortune
Erle Stanley Gardner
Out of the Dark
Ursula Curtiss
The Quarry
Robert L. Pike

270 Oct. 1964
The Greek Affair
Frank Gruber
The Antagonists
William Haggard
The Misty Curtain
Lucy Cores

271 Nov. 1964
The Clocks
Agatha Christie
Counterstroke
Patrick Wayland
Ax
Ed McBain

272 Dec. 1964
The Laughter Trap
Judson Philips
The Departure of Mr. Gaudette
Doris Miles Disney
Six Who Ran
M. E. Chaber

273 Jan. 1965
The Case of the Horrified Heirs
Erle Stanley Gardner
Is There a Traitor in the House?
Patricia McGerr
The Shape of Fear
Hugh Pentecost

274 Feb. 1965
Call After Midnight
Mignon G. Eberhart
Hang the Little Man
John Creasey
One-Man Jury
Stephen Ransome

275 Mar. 1965
The Case of the Troubled Trustee
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Gentle Assassin
Clay Richards
The Malabang Pearl
Frank Archer

276 Apr. 1965
The Tenth Point
Thomas Walsh
A Knife for the Juggler
Manning Coles
Suffer a Witch
Rae Foley

277 May 1965
Cut Thin to Win
A. A. Fair
The Black Glass City
Judson Philips
The Diamond Bubble
Robert L. Fish

278 June 1965
End of a Party
Hillary Waugh
The Fingerprint
Anthony Gilbert
The Bank with the Bamboo Door
Dolores Hitchens

279 July 1965
The Sniper
Hugh Pentecost
The Hiding Place
Carlton Keith
Alias His Wife
Stephen Ransome

280 Aug. 1965
Necessary Evil
Kelley Roos
Look Three Ways at Murder
John Creasey
The Corpse with the Flannel Nightgown
Margaret Scherf

281 Sept. 1965
The Case of the Beautiful Beggar
Erle Stanley Gardner
Mysteriouser and Mysteriouser
George Bagby
The Waiting Game
Patrick Wayland

282 Oct. 1965
Relative to Death
Stanton Forbes
Strictly a Loser
Edna Sherry
Who Lies Here
Ellis Peters

283 Nov. 1965
R.S.V.P. Murder
Mignon G. Eberhart
The Twisted People
Judson Philips
Come Out, Come Out
George Malcolm-Smith

284 Dec. 1965
The House on K Street
Lionel White
The Mind Readers
Margery Allingham
Police Blotter
Robert L. Pike

285 Jan. 1966
Maracaibo Mission
F. Van Wyck Mason
The Powder Barrel
William Haggard
711 - Officer Needs Help
Whit Masterson

286 Feb. 1966
Little Hercules
Frank Gruber
Call It Accident
Rae Foley
The Sin File
Stephen Ransome

287 Mar. 1966
Brazilian Sleigh Ride
Robert L. Fish
Murder, London - Australia
John Creasey
Grave Danger
Kelley Roos

288 Apr. 1966
Hide Her From Every Eye
Hugh Pentecost
The Voice
Anthony Gilbert
Girl on the Run
Hillary Waugh

289 May 1966
Widows Wear Weeds
A. A. Fair
The Unexpected Mrs. Pollifax
Dorothy Gilman
The Resurrection Man
Thomas Walsh

290 June 1966
Dream of Fair Women
Charlotte Armstrong
The Holm Oaks
P. M. Hubbard
Dusty Death
Lee Thayer

291 July 1966
The Hidden Hour
Stephen Ransome
After Midnight
Helen Nielsen
The Children are Gone
Arthur Cavanaugh

292 Aug. 1966
Wild Night
Rae Foley
Devilweed
Bill Knox
The Heir Hunters
Bill S. Ballinger

293 Sept. 1966
The Case of the Worried Waitress
Erle Stanley Gardner
A Door Fell Shut
Martha Albrand
The Midnight Man
Henry Kane

294 Oct. 1966
The Evil That Men Do
Hugh Pentecost
The Cat Who Could Read Backwards
Lilian Jackson Braun
No Peace for the Wicked
E. X. Ferrars

295 Nov. 1966
Deadline
Thomas E. Dewey
Passenger to Nowhere
Anthony Gilbert
One False Move
Kelley Roos

296 Dec. 1966
Run, Fool, Run
Frank Gruber
Faceless Enemy
F. S. Wees
Out of the Depths
Leonard Holton

297 Jan. 1967
At Bertram's Hotel
Agatha Christie
A Business of Bodies
Stanton Forbes
Conceal and Disguise
Henry Kane

298 Feb. 1967
Pure Poison
Hillary Waugh
Danger Hospital Zone
Ursula Curtiss
Dirty Pool
George Bagby

299 Mar. 1967
Witness at Large
Mignon G. Eberhart
Always Kill a Stranger
Robert L. Fish
Scared to Death
Rae Foley

300 Apr. 1967
The Face of the Enemy
Thomas Walsh
The Man Who Cried All the Way Home
Dolores Hitchens
The Crimshaw Memorandum
Lionel White

301 May 1967
Traps Need Fresh Bait
A. A. Fair
The Rose Window
Suzanne Blanc
Smiling the Boy Fell Dead
Michael Delving

302 June 1967
The Twilight Man
Frank Gruber
A Killer in the Street
Helen Nielsen
The Power House
William Haggard

303 July 1967
The Case of the Queenly Contestant
Erle Stanley Gardner
Fear of a Stranger
Rae Foley
Deadly Delight
Aaron Marc Stein

304 Aug. 1967
The Looking Glass Murder
Anthony Gilbert
Night of Clear Choice
Doris Miles Disney
The Damsel
Richard Stark

305 Sept. 1967
The Golden Trap
Hugh Pentecost
Along a Dark Path
Velda Johnston
Weave a Wicked Web
Paul Kruger

306 Oct. 1967
Death and Taxes
Thomas B. Dewey
The Tower
P. M. Hubbard
The Hochmann Miniatures
Robert L. Fish

307 Nov. 1967
Play Like You're Dead
Whit Masterson
The Eyewitness
Mark Hebden
The Shelton Conspiracy
Rae Foley

308 Dec. 1967
Thursday's Folly
Judson Philips
The Visitor
Anthony Gilbert
The Trouble with Tycoons
H. Baldwin Taylor

309 Jan. 1968
The Woman on the Roof
Mignon G. Eberhart
A Man in the Middle
M. E. Chaber
Who Saw Maggie Brown?
Kelley Roos

310 Feb. 1968
Act of Fear
Michael Collins
Corpse Candle
George Bagby
Blacklight
Bill Knox

311 Mar. 1968
Dead Woman of the Year
Hugh Pentecost
Money for the Taking
Doris Miles Disney
The Murder of the Dainty Footed Model
Frank E. Hewens

312 Apr. 1968
The Gold Gap
Frank Gruber
A Very Quiet Place
Andrew Garve
Incident at Hendon
Jennette Letton

313 May 1968
Endless Night
Agatha Christie
The Bridge That Went Nowhere
Robert L. Fish
The Banker's Bones
Margaret Scherf

314 June 1968
The Conspirators
William Haggard
The Trash Stealer
Jean Potts
The Iron Sanctuary
Robert MacLeod

315 July 1968
Maigret and the Headless Corpse
Georges Simenon
Malice Domestic
Rae Foley
The Big Dig
Slater McGurk

316 Aug. 1968
Laughter in the Alehouse
Henry Kane
Cargo of Eagles
Margery Allingham
The Third Figure
Collin Wilcox

317 Sept. 1968
The Case of the Careless Cupid
Erle Stanley Gardner
If Two of Them are Dead
Stanton Forbes
To Save His Life
Kelley Roos

318 Oct. 1968
Fuzz
Ed McBain
A Taste of Sangria
Carlton Keith
Wild Midnight Falls
M. E. Chaber

319 Nov. 1968
Maigret's Pickpocket
Georges Simenon
The Jackal's Head
Elizabeth Peters
Murder Most Fouled Up
Tobias Wells

320 Dec. 1968
Rook Takes Knight
Stuart Palmer
Don't Open That Door
Ursula Curtiss
A Touch of Jonah
Leonard Holton

321 Jan. 1969
An Easy Way to Go
George Harmon Coxe
Picture Miss Seeton
Heron Carvic
A Howling in the Woods
Velda Johnston

322 Feb. 1969
Murder Anonymous
Anthony Gilbert
Too Old to Die
Gretchen Travis
The Dame
Richard Stark

323 Mar. 1969
Message from Hong Kong
Mignon G. Eberhart
Figurehead
Bill Knox
Hot Summer Killing
Judson Philips

324 Apr. 1969
A Cool Day for Killing
William Haggard
The Little Lie
Jean Potts
Merry Go Round
Richard Martin Stern

325 May 1969
Night Before the Wedding
The Gordons
Maigret in Vichy
Georges Simenon
Honest Reliable Corpse
George Bagby

326 June 1969
The Etruscan Bull
Frank Gruber
The Brass Rainbow
Michael Collins
The Girl with Six Fingers
Hugh Pentecost

327 July 1969
The Xavier Affair
Robert L. Fish
Allegra's Child
Jennette Letton
"I, Said the Demon"
George Baxt

328 Aug. 1969
Die Quickly, Dear Mother
Tobias Wells
No Hiding Place
Rae Foley
Missing from Her Home
Anthony Gilbert

329 Sept. 1969
Girl Watcher's Funeral
Hugh Pentecost
The Deadly Isles
Elizabeth Peters
The Deadly Isles
John Holbrook Vance

330 Oct. 1969
The Last One Kills
Whit Masterson
The Watchers
Hilda Van Siller
The Caper
Thomas B. Reagan

331 Nov. 1969
Shotgun
Ed McBain
Death of a Hittite
Sylvia Angus
The Blackbird
Richard Stark

332 Dec. 1969
Hildegarde Withers Makes the Scene
Fletcher Flora & Stuart Palmer
A Clutch of Coppers
Gordon Ashe (John Creasey)
Saxon's Ghost
Steve Fisher

333 Jan. 1970
The Case of the Fabulous Fake
Erle Stanley Gardner
Girl on a High Wire
Rae Foley
The Love-Death Thing
Thomas B. Dewey

334 Feb. 1970
The Young Can Die Protesting
Tobias Wells
I Came to the Castle
Velda Johnston
Decoy
Arthur Maling

335 Mar. 1970
Halloween Party
Agatha Christie
The Name's Death, Remember Me
Stanton Forbes
A Problem in Angels
Leonard Holton

336 Apr. 1970
Troubled Journey
Richard Lockridge
The Yellow Gold of Tiryns
Helena Osborne
Double Identity
George Harmon Coxe

337 May 1970
All Grass Isn't Green
A. A. Fair
The Protege
Charlotte Armstrong
The Spanish Prisoner
Frank Gruber

338 June 1970
Blueback
Bill Knox
The Phantom Cottage
Velda Johnston
Incident at 125th Street
J. E. Brown

339 July 1970
Jigsaw
Ed McBain
The Spoilers
Desmond Bagley
She Was Only the Sheriff's Daughter
Stanton Forbes

340 Aug. 1970
The Amazing Mrs. Pollifax
Dorothy Gilman
Alp Murder
Aaron Marc Stein
Miss Seeton Draws the Line
Heron Carvic

341 Sept. 1970
Reardon
Robert L. Pike
Autumn of a Hunter
Pat Stadley
What Did Hattie See?
Kelley Roos

342 Oct. 1970
Dinky Died
Tobias Wells
The Blessing Way
Tony Hillerman
The Dead Sea Cipher
Elizabeth Peters

343 Nov. 1970
The Hot Rock
Donald E. Westlake
Beyond This Point are Monsters
Margaret Millar
Boomerang
Andrew Garve

344 Dec. 1970
The Death of Me Yet
Whit Masterson
High Tide
P. M. Hubbard
Die Like a Man
Michael Delving

345 Jan. 1971
El Rancho Rio
Mignon G. Eberhart
Mr. Crook Lifts the Mask
Anthony Gilbert
Hijacked
David Harper

346 Feb. 1971
The Taurus Trip
Thomas B. Dewey
Blood Money
Thomas B. Reagan
Manuscript for Murder
Richard Martin Stern

347 Mar. 1971
The Saint in Pursuit
Leslie Charteris
A Calculated Risk
Rae Foley
Go-Between
Arthur Maling

348 Apr. 1971
Suddenly One Night
Kelley Roos
The Light in the Swamp
Velda Johnston
The Golden Years Caper
Robert Carson

349 May 1971
The Case of the Crimson Kiss
Erle Stanley Gardner
The People on the Hill
Velda Johnston
The Inside-Out Heist
Thomas B. Reagan

350 June 1971
A Plague of Violence
Hugh Pentecost
Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate
Doris Miles Disney
The Green Hell Treasure
Robert L. Fish

351 July 1971
The Underground Man
Ross Macdonald
The Sad, Sudden Death of My Fair Lady
Stanton Forbes
The Bonded Dead
M. E. Chaber

352 Aug. 1971
Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here
Ed McBain
The Kidnapped Child
Gordon Ashe (John Creasey)
This Woman Wanted
Rae Foley

353 Sept. 1971
A Fine and Private Place
Ellery Queen
Letter of Intent
Ursula Curtiss
I Gave at the Office
Donald E. Westlake

354 Oct. 1971
The Deadly Joke
Hugh Pentecost
Witch Miss Seeton
Heron Carvic
The Gravy Train
Whit Masterson

IC-1
Lemons Never Lie
Richard Stark
Three's a Crowd
Doris Miles Disney
Tenant for the Tomb
Anthony Gilbert

355 Nov. 1971
The Late Bill Smith
Andrew Garve
The Baxter Letters
Dolores Hitchens
Jink
Thomas Patrick McMahon

356 Dec. 1971
The Other
Thomas Tryon
Inspector Ghote Breaks an Egg
H. R. F. Keating
The Face in the Shadows
Velda Johnston

IC-2
Loophole
Arthur Maling
Rub-A-Dub-Dub
Robert L. Fish
Ominous Star
Rae Foley

357 Jan. 1972
The Case of the Crying Swallow
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Foo Dog
Tobias Wells
Nemesis
Agatha Christie

358 Feb. 1972
Slayground
Richard Stark
The Chandler Policy
Doris Miles Disney
A Conflict of Interest
Brad Williams & J. W. Ehrlich

359 Mar. 1972
Two Little Rich Girls
Mignon G. Eberhart
The Fly on the Wall
Tony Hillerman
Seafire
Bill Knox

360 Apr. 1972
Gideon's Art
J. J. Marric
If You Want to See Your Wife Again
John Craig
The Mourning Tree
Velda Johnston

IC-3
Bad Trip
Kelley Roos
The Elusive Mrs. Pollifax
Dorothy Gilman
Dead Aim
Collin Wilcox

361 May 1972
The Case of the Irate Witness
Erle Stanley Gardner
The Phone Calls
Lillian O'Donnell
A Shadow of Himself
Michael Delving

362 June 1972
The Saint and the People Importers
Leslie Charteris
Three Minutes to Midnight
Mildred Davis
The Gremlin's Grandpa
Robert L. Pike

363 July 1972
Maigret Sets a Trap
Georges Simenon
Be a Good Boy
Joan Fleming
Birthday, Deathday
Hugh Pentecost

364 Aug. 1972
Wait for Death
Gordon Ashe (John Creasey)
Sleep Without Morning
Rae Foley
Death in a Sunny Place
Richard Lockridge

IC-4
Woman With a Gun
George Harmon Coxe
The Other Maritha
Constance Leonard
The Mirror of Hell
Leonard Holton

365 Sept. 1972
To Cache a Millionaire
Margaret Scherf
The Case of Robert Quarry
Andrew Garve
A Person Shouldn't Die Like That
Arthur D. Goldstein

366 Oct. 1972
But I Wouldn't Want to Die There
Stanton Forbes
Murder's a Waiting Game
Anthony Gilbert
Five Pieces of Jade
John Ball

IC-5
Relentless
Brian Garfield
Take a Body
John Creasey
71 Hours
Michael Mason

367 Nov. 1972
A Splinter of Glass
John Creasey
The Kid Who Came Home with a Corpse
Hampton Stone
Flight into Fear
Duncan Kyle

368 Dec. 1972
The Day Miss Bessie Lewis Disappeared
Doris Miles Disney
Sadie When She Died
Ed McBain
A Tough One to Lose
Tony Kenrick

IC-6
A Rabble of Rebels
Gordon Ashe (John Creasey)
Inspector Ghote Goes by Train
H. R. F. Keating
The Chickens in the Airshaft
Steve Franklin

369 Jan. 1973
The Case of the Fenced-In Woman
Erle Stanley Gardner
The First Mrs. Winston
Rae Foley
Gideon's Men
J. J. Marric

370 Feb. 1973
Death Wish
Brian Garfield
Appointment with Yesterday
Celia Fremlin
The Champagne Killer
Hugh Pentecost

IC-7
The Lame Dog Murders
John Creasey
Avery's Fortune
William M. Green
Montezuma's Revenge
Harry Harrison

371 Mar. 1973
Why She Cries I Do Not Know
Whit Masterson
The Deadly Homecoming
Theodore George
The Protectors
William Haggard

372 Apr. 1973
The Silent Witness
George Harmon Coxe
The Troublemakers
Jean Potts
Inspector West Takes Charge
John Creasey

IC-8
A Die in the Country
Tobias Wells
Arson and Old Lace
Sylvia Angus
The Wilby Conspiracy
Peter Driscoll

373 May 1973
The Case of the Postponed Murder
Erle Stanley Gardner
Alas Poor Father
Joan Fleming
The Finger
Aaron Marc Stein

374 June 1973
Smokescreen
Dick Francis
A Change of Heart
Helen McCloy
A Wolf by the Ears
Roy Lewis

IC-9
A Matter of Confidence
B. Williams & J. Ehrlich
Hanged for a Sheep
Rosemary Gatenby
Grave Doubt
Ivon Baker

375 July 1973
Maigret and the Informer
Georges Simenon
Ransom
Jon Cleary
Only Couples Need Apply
Doris Miles Disney

376 Aug. 1973
Walking Dead Man
Hugh Pentecost
The Theft of Magna Carta
John Creasey
Death in the Snow
Richard Martin Stern

IC-10
Stormtide
Bill Knox
The Croaker
Gordon Ashe (John Creasey)
The Roxburg Railroad Murders
K. C. Constantine

377 Sept. 1973
Murder in Waiting
Mignon G. Eberhart
The Night Hunters
John Miles
Inspector Ghote Trusts the Heart
H. R. F. Keating

378 Oct. 1973
The Undertaker Wind
Whit Masterson
A Life for a Death
Gordon Ashe (John Creasey)
A Palm for Mrs. Pollifax
Dorothy Gilman

IC-11
The Golden Soak
Hammond Innes
Blue Bone
Martin Woodhouse
Undercurrent
Bill Pronzini

379 Nov. 1973
Reckless
Rae Foley
Conquest Before Autumn
Matthew Eden
Born to be Hanged
M. E. Chaber

380 Dec. 1973
A Handy Death
Robert L. Fish & H. B. Rothblatt
Borrower of the Night
Elizabeth Peters
The Notch on the Knife
William Haggard

IC-12
Sabotage
Owen John
Deal Me Out
J. S. Blazer
Be Home by Eleven
Amber Dean

381 Jan. 1974
The Turquoise Lament
John D. MacDonald
The White Pavilion
Velda Johnston
Gideon's Press
J. J. Marric

382 Feb. 1974
The Devil to Pay
Leonard Holton
Inspector West at Home
John Creasey
Brenda's Murder
Tobias Wells

IC-13
The Little Brothers
Dorothy Salisbury Davis
The Curious Affair of the Third Dog
Patricia Moyes
The Locked Room
Maj Sjowall & Per Wahloo

383 Mar. 1974
Maigret and the Bum
Georges Simenon
The Lost Victim
T. A. Waters
The Dark Side of the Island
Mark Hebden

384 Apr. 1974
The Beautiful Dead
Hugh Pentecost
The Thirteenth Trick
Russell Braddon
Jetstream
Austin Ferguson

IC-14
Peter's Pence
Jon Cleary
You Won't Let Me Finnish
Joan Fleming
The Leavenworth Irregulars
William D. Blankenship

385 May 1974
Slay Ride
Dick Francis
Curiosity Didn't Kill the Cat
M. K. Wren
The Lester Affair
Andrew Garve

386 June 1974
Murder with Mushrooms
Gordon Ashe (John Creasey)
Bank Job
Robert L. Pike
A Nice Little Killing
Anthony Gilbert

IC-15
In Connection with Kilshaw
Peter Driscoll
Bargain with Death
Hugh Pentecost
Ripley's Game
Patricia Highsmith

387 July 1974
Maigret Loses His Temper
Georges Simenon
I Came to the Highlands
Velda Johnston
The Three Persons Hunt
Brian Garfield

388 Aug. 1974
The Inside Man
George Harmon Coxe
One O'Clock at the Gotham
Rae Foley
Don't Go Into the Woods Today
Doris Miles Disney

IC-16
The Man with Two Clocks
Whit Masterson
The Power Killers
Judson Philips
Meet a Dark Stranger
T. E. Huff

IC-17
The Painted Tent
Victor Canning
The Thing at the Door
Henry Slesar
A Pinch of Snuff
Michael Underwood

IC-18
Whitewater
Bill Knox
You're Never Too Old to Die
Arthur D. Goldstein
Mark One: The Dummy
John Ball

389 Sept. 1974
The Venice Train
Georges Simenon
The Wager
Robert L. Fish
Black as He's Painted
Ngaio Marsh

390 Oct. 1974
Jimmy the Kid
Donald E. Westlake
The Brownstone House
Rae Foley
The Olmec Head
David Westheimer

HENRI BENCOLIN

BY FRED DUEREN

Paris in the late 1920's and early 30's had a special magic and charm as we look back on it today. Roughly mid-way between the gas-lit Victorian era and the present, it undoubtedly belongs completely to the earlier times. It was the one place that an inspired young author would go—following Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Stein, hoping to emulate and perhaps meet them. One such young author, not at all well known, was Jeff Marle. How great his literary talents actually were is a closed subject. The only evidence we have of those talents is four or five narrations, presented as case histories rather than literary efforts, of some of the most mystifying crimes of the period. They are told by Marle, an insider, who personally knew and worked with Europe's powerful and "dangerous" detective, Henri Bencolin. And Marle's literary agent was, of course, John Dickson Carr.

Since Marle was primarily interested in recording the cases themselves and the atmosphere of horror and the supernatural that surrounded them, he unfortunately left out much of the background of Bencolin's personal life. What we do know is picked up in bits and pieces, inferences, references to past events. Although we don't know Bencolin's exact age, we do know that he was old enough to serve in World War I, old enough to be Marle's father, and actually was a close friend of his father in college in America. In 1937 he had resigned "during those political rows a couple of years ago" and was at that time in his mid-fifties. After college he returned to France and somehow became a spy (to use a blunt term) covering most of Europe. During that time his primary opponent was von Arnheim; the two of them played a cat and mouse spy game for years. As any spy worth his secrets, Bencolin is fluent in several languages—French, German and English. He has the cold-blooded ability to leave a poisoned drink on the table, knowing several of von Arnheim's men will drink it. How or why he turned from the criminal aspects of spying to the justice-oriented police department is one of his best protected secrets.

When we are first introduced to Bencolin he is a judge d'instruction, an advisor of the courts, and the director of the Paris police in It Walks by Night (1930). Marle usually describes him in Satanic or Mephistophelean terms. He had drooping eyelids under hooked eyebrows, a thin, aquiline nose, deep lines running down past his mouth, a small moustache and a pointed black beard. His black hair was parted in the middle and then twirled upward into horns that were beginning to turn grey. Bencolin rarely had to gesture or raise his voice when he spoke, but he always made the listener feel conspicuous. He also had an uncanny "goblin quality of sudden appearances." Later, in The Lost Gallows (1931) he is described as a "tall and lazy Mephisto" with high cheekbones and unfathomable eyes. His face was "brilliant, moody, capricious, and cruel." His mouth "showed...the glittering edge of a smile." He was, in total, "the head of the Paris police and the most dangerous man in Europe." At various times Marle makes references to his Satanic mask, his devilishness, his charlatanism.

Bencolin smoked either cigars or cigarettes. He must also have been a somewhat flashy person since he wore rings on his fingers, and also wore an "emblem" to show he was a Mason; he occasionally carried a silver-headed sword stick, and usually wore a white tie.

Upon meeting this charming Mephistopholes most people felt an immediate liking and respect. He had a reputation for never doing anything without a reason—a reputation that he wished to be free of in The Four False Weapons (1937). Marle also tells us that he had a Gallic taste for devious theatrics, and that he liked to create dramatic effects. Spoiling his effect would spoil his pleasure and possibly the solution of a case. Obviously he has not had too many effects spoiled because he is able to say in The Lost Gallows, "In all my career no murderer has ever escaped me."

Much like Dr. Gideon Fell, Bencolin has an amazing capacity for liquor, and when not too deeply involved in a case will spend his evenings touring the cafes of Paris. The city's underworld knows, however, that if he wears evening clothes he is not actually there for pleasure, but is on someone's tail. He drives a big Voisin around Paris; and frequently he spends the night in a private room provided for him at the top of the Palais des Justice—not an office but a small den overlooking the Seine and Paris. He is something of an insomniac who needs drugs to sleep; when on a case he pays no attention to time at all. He also reads mysteries to ease the boredom of life, finding the people in his own cases dull and uninteresting. But subconsciously he finds them (or their problems) interesting enough that he got a reaction when a case was over. "He looked old and tired, and the harsh light brought out the patches under his eyes..." and the "grey patches at the temples." He has an unexplained fascination for the Invalides—he'll sit for hours outside it, watching and meditating.

As any internationally known detective would do, Bencolin frequently moves far beyond his Paris. The Lost Gallows takes place in London. Bencolin and Marle had gone over to see the opening of "The Silver Mask" at the Haymarket Theatre, written by Edouard Vautrelle, a suspect from It Walks by Night. We have no narration of it but we know he had also been in London before and helped Scotland Yard on the Grovane Case. In a discussion of that we learn that this Satan can get violent or furious, and once broke a man's back. Castle Skull (1931)

Continued on page 123

JIM THOMPSON: A WALK IN THE JUNGLE

An Addendum to "Judge Crater and His Fellow Travellers"

by Frank D. McSherry Jr.

One of our millionaires is missing.

In 1967 on the Cameron Highlands of central Malaysia well-known silk manufacturer James H. W. Thompson walked out on the world, and, like Dorothy Arnold and Michael Rockefeller, left more than a million dollars untouched behind him. No trace of him has been found to date, and about him is growing the same aura of legend, fantasy and horror that grew up around the cases of Judge Crater and other vanishers. Already, two books, one fiction, one fact, have been written about him.

A well-known account by one who knew Thompson personally, The Legendary American, by William Warren, appeared from Houghton Mifflin in 1970. The back of the jacket refers to Thompson in these words: "...the remarkable American from Thailand who has vanished as totally and as mysteriously as the celebrated Judge Crater."

Why has this aura of mystery grown about Thompson, while thousands of other people who disappear every year are forgotten so quickly by the public mind? The information given in Warren's book provides the answer: Thompson's case shows the characteristic pattern of the classic Vanisher, a pattern unconsciously recognized by the public mind. Thompson, too, is one with Dorothy Arnold, Paula Weldon, Richard Colvin Cox. . .

For Jim Thompson liked to walk. Throughout the book are comments on the remarkable physical stamina and endurance of this man who was 61 when he disappeared. "One of his special pleasures...was walking" (p. 13, Warren's book, as are other page numbers unless otherwise indicated). "Some of his happiest hours had been spent with a few friends who shared these enthusiasms, clambering through thick jungles and scaling precipitous cliffsides..." (p. 13). He had suffered for a year before his disappearance from gallstone attacks and carried some anti-pain pills with him in an antique silver box in case an attack came suddenly, but "Despite such problems...his general stamina was remarkable to many of the less hardy residents of tropical Bangkok. They marveled at his ability to dash about the city in the hottest part of the day, his refusal to install an air conditioner in his bedroom or, until recently, in his office, and his unwillingness to waste a part of a weekend by taking a nap... He entertained almost nightly..." (p. 13). And this at the age of 61.

"A Bangkok resident who was present at many of these gatherings still marvels at Thompson's sheer physical fortitude, which rarely seemed to flag even after an exhausting day of work..." (p. 103). His doctor testified that Thompson, whom he'd known for years, was "extraordinarily active." (p. 249). He had always been so. "Thompson had always led a highly active life," says Warren, "getting up early in the morning to visit his silk weavers and seldom getting to bed before eleven or twelve at night..." (p. 12).

"He preferred walking alone, or at least with a companion who could keep up with his rapid pace and was willing to undergo a little hardship in the interest of exploration (p. 252-3)

If, as Warren suggests, the second half of Thompson's life is out of a novel by W. Somerset Maugham, the first half is straight J. P. Marquand, the story of the well-to-do American who has everything necessary for what most of us would call the Good Life, and finds it less and less satisfactory as time goes by.

James Thompson was born in 1906 in Greenville, Delaware, to a socially and historically prominent family. He was brought up among children of affluence, graduated from Princeton (naturally), worked for years as an architect in New York. He was talented and capable, specializing in the design of country houses. He had a considerable flair for unusual color combinations, a strong factor in his later success in Thai silk manufacture. This love of color led to his becoming director of the Monte Carlo Ballet for a few years.

On the surface a successful life, as most of us would define the term, but it was a life with which Thompson grew more and more dissatisfied. Shortly before World War II began in Europe, Thompson changed from the strict Republican position so often traditional for those of his financial and social background, told his friends they were only interested in trivial matters, and joined the Army. He became a member of the secret Office of Strategic Services, a circumstance later to give some support to rumors about the reason for his vanishing. He married a lovely blonde ex-Powers model and six months later went overseas.

As a secret agent Thompson served with the French in North Africa and then in Italy and France, actions so secret that, even years later, he never discussed them even with intimate friends.

After Germany's surrender he volunteered for overseas duty again, this time in the China-India-Burma Theatre, was assigned to Thailand (Siam) and sent to Ceylon for a rigorous two-month training course in jungle survival. The terrain in this course (you've probably seen it,

since it was the background for the jungle scenes in the film Bridge on the River Kwai) was quite similar to that of Thailand and Malaysia. Thompson completed the course successfully, though he was forty years old then, another indication of his excellent physical condition.

His group was actually airborne for a night parachute drop on Thailand when the radio brought news of the Japanese surrender. They landed openly on a Bangkok airfield crowded with armed Japanese soldiers. In this way Thompson got his first look at the exotic land where he was to spend so much of the rest of his life.

Thousands of tall gilt temples, fantastically carved with intricate bas-reliefs of gods long known and gods forgotten, rose jaggedly beneath brass-bright skies of hot, burnished blue. Through the scorching heat small brown people glided on boats down canals that gave the name of Venice of the East to the city. Floating through the air came the tinkle of temple bells, the smells of incense, rotting vegetation and sewage.

The people, the culture, had charm. One incident is characteristic of the Thai approach to serious events: "During the war...an American who was interned there recalls being regularly let out of prison to attend various balls and other social functions." (p. 47).

Thompson saw something else—thai silk, luminous with rich colors, like nothing the Western world had ever seen. It was dying on the vine, the very manner of its making being forgotten. No one in the country made a living solely from the weaving of this magnificent, almost lost fabric.

The point kept coming back to Thompson when he went home later and found, like servicemen everywhere, that either he or the world or something had changed forever. He found the bride he had known for six months and had left for three years, and almost her first words were, I want a divorce.

He went back to Thailand, and there, like the characters in Maugham's stories, found a new life and a second, more exotic and happier, home.

In 1948 he founded the Thai Silk Co. on a shoestring. He did not make the error of using Western factory methods unsuited to the easy-going Thai personality and culture; another silk company that tried that went bankrupt. Not that he didn't make changes at all; in introduced modern, unfading dyes and startling designs combining ancient Thai themes with his modern flair for vivid, striking color combinations.

He was a superb salesman. During his months-long vacations to the States each year he would introduce the silk to designers in every city he passed. (Once in Paris actress Paulette Goddard admired his suit of Thai silk and wished one just like it for a friend; gallantly Thompson gave it to her and went back to his hotel in a borrowed raincoat, which is salesmanship by anybody's standards.)

Business began to boom. "The company paid dividends from the very first year of its operation..." (p.68). It boomed more when designer Irene Sharaff used Thai silk for the costumes for a new musical by Rogers and Hammerstein called The King and I; Thompson worked with her on the project. When the world got a good look at Thai silk in the play and later in the film, orders began to pour in. From 1954 on the company paid a cool 100% on its dividends. By 1967 Thompson's firm had sales of a million and a half dollars a year and was easily leading a field of thirty-five competitors. There were now 20,000 people making a living in Thailand from weaving alone.

Thompson was also reviving and collecting Thai art forms, painting and sculpture and gathering a fabulous collection that he planned to leave to Thailand in his will. He was internationally famous, the Tahi-style house he'd built a gathering place for famous tourists the world over. A few years after he'd started the silk company a distant relative died, leaving Thompson more than a million dollars to add to his modest (considering the company's value) slary of $33,000 a year.

In short, a successful, happy man; a man with apparently no possible, no conceivable, reason to disappear.

Only one incident in his life seems to have anything outre about it, and even it may quite well have been an utterly ordinary, mundane event. In 1954 Thompson and several friends were exploring the ancient ruined city of Sri Thep when they heard from the natives a story right out of the Arabian Nights. Not far from here, they said, hidden deep inside the nearby mountain Khao Sam Rat, guarded by dense jungle, was a cave filled with wonderful sculptures. A hunt for this cave was prevented by the onset of the rainy season, and circumstances forced even longer postponements.

In 1962 a Bangkok dealer sent Thompson five white limestone heads, two Bodhissatvas, and one of a totally unknown god, all of remarkably fine workmanship and over a thousand years old. Each had, apprently, been attached to a wall somewhere. Thompson was fascinated by them; where had they come from? After much questioning the dealer told him: a cave near Sri Thep.

In February 1962 Thompson and two friends returned to Sri Thep, and began a search of Khao Sam Rat Mountain. They found a cave, with six headless Buddhas in it, but the workmanship was so different that the linestone heads could not have come from there. Was there then another cave? Local hunters said yes, and started to lead them there, then changed their minds

and went home. The second cave, if it existed, was never found. Whether it exists, or whether it's just a story for tourists, or whether it has anything to do with Thompson's disappearance, are matters still unknown.

Outside of this Arabian Nights story, the events leading up to Thompson's disappearance are perhaps the most ordinary-seeming of all the Vanishers. Only the presence of the Vanisher pattern, and the public response to that vanishing, mark them as unusual.

In the Fifties Thompson's reputation as an expert in expanding local production of native products into wide-scale industries had grown to such an extent that the Burmese Government and the U.N. asked him to go to Burma and advise the Burmese on starting a silk industry. Thompson did so successfully. "In the years that followed, similar invitations came from groups and individuals in other countries, among them Syria, West Pakistan, and Malaysia." (p. 101). We can see here another part of the characteristic Vanisher pattern: Mr. Thompson is a teacher, and a famous one.

In 1966 he took his regular yearly vacation. Warren does not give the exact date, saying only that Thompson went every year "in the late summer and coming back...in the fall." (p. 137). On this vacation he met his former wife, single after a second divorce, who wanted to see Thailand. Before plans to this end could be completed she had a brain hemorrhage and was still in the resulting coma. No precise dates for these events are given by Warren, so I do not know if Thompson's vacation was altered by this severe illness of his former wife. If the illness had occured when Thompson was still in the States, it seems likely it would have caused Thompson to alter the length of his stay to some extent. I cannot say definitely that the Altered Vacation or Holiday characteristic of Vanishers is present, though it is likely.

(I can find no record of any temporary promotion, particularly to a position having something of an understudy quality about it. Otherwise the Vanisher pattern is complete in Thompson's case.)

In February of 1967 two of Thompson's friends, Dr. and Helen Ling, asked Thompson and Mrs. Connie Mangskau, a fifty-nine year old widowed grandmother who was one of Bangkok's leading antique dealers and a mutual friend of Thompson and the Lings, to visit them during the Easter holidays at their cottage in Malaysia. Their cottage, called "Moonlight Cottage", was located on top of a hill plateau called the Cameron Highlands in southest Malaysia. Due to its height—6666 feet above sea level—it was comfortably cool in the daytime and cold—below forty degrees—at night, which made it a popular resort area during the hottest parts of the year. Thompson had vacationed there with the Lings twice before.

Early in 1967 he was asked to meet an American businessman in Singapore, at the southern tip of the Malay peninsula, to advise him about starting a textile industry there after the Easter holidays. Thompson accepted both invitations.

In March Thompson opened a large new store in downtown Bangkok and worked on an enlarged edition of a book about his famous Thai-style house and art collection. (The proceeds from the sale of the book went to a school for blind children in the city.) A package of the photographs for the book arrived from the New Zealand photographer, Brian Brake, and Thompson was delighted with them.

A week before he left on his last oliday, he had an interview with Warren, who was writing the text and wished to check the photo captions for accuracy. Warren says Thompson seemed reluctant to give him the interview. "It was the kind of necessary but niggling detail that Jim hated, and he had made, and canceled, several previous dates to go over the captions. Once, about a week before, I had arrived by invitation ready to go to work only to find him entertaining about twenty visitors, a gathering I think he got up just to avoid the chore." (p. 274). The session, with Charles Sheffield, Thompson's assistant at the silk company, also present, lasted several hours. It was quite ordinary, said Warren, "simply another evening with Jim." (p. 275).

On the evening of March 21 he gave a small dinner for a few friends to celebrate his sixty-first birthday. On the morning of the 23rd he worked for a few hours at his office and then left for the airport, saying goodbye to the people he happened to meet and telling several of them he would be back in a week or so.

At the airport with Mrs. Mangskau he found he had forgotten to get his cholera shot and tax clearance certificate, without which one cannot legally leave Thailand.

Thompson had had more than a month to prepare for this trip. Is there then something sinister in his neglect of these necessary details? Is this a picture of a man not entirely confinced that his coming vanishing is a good thing, and who is dragging his feet as a consequence? No, says Thompson's friend. Thompson was often neglectful of such details, despite much experience in travel, and this sort of thing frequently happened to him.

But one interesting, even peculiar, fact does arise at this point. Though a millionaire, Thompson carried with him only about a hundred dollars in American money for a trip to another country lasting a week or more! At the end of a week, even though much of that week would be spent as a guest in a friend's house, there would not be much left of that hundred, after subtracting payments for hotel rooms, food, entertainment, long taxi trips (one of five hours dur-

ation), and other incidental expenses. Like every other Vanisher, in short, he disappears without money—or with very little. Another part of the Vanisher pattern becomes apparent.

These details of the inoculation and the clearance certificate were soon settled to everyone's satisfaction—apparently the Thai people are stern about dinky details—and Thompson and Mrs. Mangkau left on the first leg of their journey, landing at Penang, an island off the northwest coast of Malaysia. They spent a day touring the island and the next morning left for the mainland by taxi via ferry. (There is no direct air service to the Highlands.) On the way to the ferry their driver changed places with another driver. Again, nothing sinister; one driver didn't have a mainland license; his friend did.

There was another switch, this time of cars, on the five-hour trip to the Highlands. The west coast road turns eastwards at Tapah to go up to the steep heights of the Highlands, and here their driver requested they change to another taxi. The police found that this was routine for drivers, who wished to save the wear and tear on the engines inflicted by the steep climb. The other taxi had two passengers in it, and Mrs. Mangskau said no, she had paid for a private trip for a rest; how restful can a trip in a taxi jammed with four passengers be? Finally the matter was settled, the other two passengers got out and Thompson and Mrs. Mangskau went on in the second taxi. At some point of the trip Mrs. Mangskau saw Thompson's passport lying on the seat. He told her to keep it in her purse when she warned him against losing it. They arrived at Moonlight Cottage shortly after Dr. Ling. At eight Mrs. Ling arrived and after an early supper they retired. The next morning Thompson and Dr. Ling went for a walk in the jungle and, briefly, got lost. Thompson, using his jungle training and experience, quickly located the road again. The ladies spent the day shopping, going down the hill from the cottage to the golf course to the small town of Tanah Rata, two miles south, to do so.

The next day, Easter morning, March 26, 1967, was a day of Vanishing. In addition to the expected routine of morning church and afternoon nap, the Lings had planned a variation, a picnic lunch at a scenic site not far away. Thompson started off first that morning, typically walking down the hill while the others got into their car, caught up with him at the golf course, and took him into Tanah Rata with them.

Here Thompson and the others attended the Easter Sunday church services at the little Church of England. Here, in short, Thompson was a spectator at a Theatrical Performance. (The term "theatrical" is used here in the general sense and without any implied disrespect.) Another part of the Vanisher pattern has shown up.

On leaving the church they pick up some newspapers—and another part of the pattern appears. Someone gives the Vanisher a piece of paper, a Ticket to Elsewhere.

They drove back to the cottage and here the Lings and Mrs. Mangskau noticed something out of the ordinary, for in that brief two-mile trip just after getting the newspapers, Thompson had changed a little—he "rather surprisingly, seemed to have lost his enthusiasm for the picnic." (p. 22). He suddenly wanted to have it in the garden at the back of the cottage, not at the scenic site some forty-five minutes' drive from the cottage. The others, knowing Thompson's love of the outdoors, thought this "slightly unusual." (p. 22).

Had he in fact received a ticket, and had that ticket, like most tickets, told where and when his trip would start, where and when he'd have to be in order to get aboard—something?

For though Thompson instantly went along with the others when they preferred the scenic site, he seemed hurried, restless, changed. According to the Lings, "he seemed eager to get the picnic over with; hardly had he finished eating, the Lings remember, than he began to collect things and put them back in the hamper." (p. 22).

They left the site at about two o'clock and reached the cottage at about two-thirty. "Dr. Ling remembers the time because he...was surprised that they had returned so early." (p. 22-3). Once in the cottage the Lings and Mrs. Mangskau went to their rooms for a nap, leaving Thompson in the living room under the assumption that he would soon follow their example.

At three o'clock, while resting in their room, the Lings heard a deck chair being moved on the verandah, and then heart footsteps going down the gravel path to the road down the hill. "They were not Asian footsteps, Mrs. Ling said firmly later, but those of a European: she was sure she could tell the difference." (p. 23). The sound of the footsteps ceased, and they were to stay forever silent, forever still: Jim Thompson had walked into the unknown.

At about 4:30 Mrs. Mangskau and Dr. Ling went out on the verandah and found Thompson's suit coat hanging on the back of the deck chair. Thompson, a chain smoker, had also left his cigarettes and lighter behind, leading the others to believe he would soon be back. Later, in his room, they also found he had lect his silver box of anti-pain pills which he had carried in case of a sudden gallstone attack. But not until evening darkness fell did the first shadow of real worry cross their minds. The night temperature in the Highlands drops into the forties, and Thompson wore no coat, only a short-sleeved silk shirt.

Another part of the Vanisher pattern appears here: like other Vanishers, Thompson was noticeably, oddly dressed when he disappeared. He wore a short-sleeved silk shirt and trousers and no coat, at a time and place where the temperature hit the forties.

Two neighbors made a brief search in the dark, but it was not until morning that a

really efficient, large-scale search was mounted. This was "some fifteen hours after he was last seen." (p. 146). Again, a part of the Vanisher pattern: There is a delay in reporting the vanishing to the authorities.

When the search did get under way it was a good one, as thorough as a search in heavy jungle can be. Over a hundred searchers participated, mostly police and soliders in the Highlands on convalescent leave. Thompson's assistant, Charles Sheffield, was notified in Bangkok. He told Gen. Edwin Black, an old friend of Thompson's from OSS days, and Black arranged for helicopters to join in the search on the second day, Tuesday, when "the search expanded to proportions never before seen in the Highlands or, indeed, anywhere else in Malaysia." (p. 149). There were over 400 searchers, including 325 police, 30 aborigine jungle trackers, and assorted others.

They found absolutely nothing. No blood spots, no torn bits of clothing, no broken branches or marked trees, let alone a dead body. Which was odd. While it is easy to get lost in heavy jungle and have fatal accidents there, it is also easy to find dead bodies there: you just wait awhile, a short while in the tropics, and go where the vultures wheel.

Was Thompson kidnapped? There were well-organized kidnap gangs in Malaysia, but up to date they had specialized in Chinese millionaires and had never been known to kidnap an Occidental. And no ransom note ever showed up. Again, the Vanisher pattern: he never says goodbye. There's no note, letter, ransom demand whatever. Only silence, total, complete, and eternal.

Did he simply get lost? "There have," says Warren, "...been no other cases of permanently lost walkers in Highlands recent history" (p. 261), excluding wartime and guerilla activity periods of some ten years past; and in any case Thompson was a trained and experienced jungle traveller. He had demonstrated this Saturday, when he had easily and rapidly led himself and Dr. Ling back to the road when they lost the trail briefly.

Thompson had once been a genuine secret agent. Had he, after the end of the war, continued his undercover work for the U.S. Government, and had he, as a consequence, been eliminated by the Communists? No, said many highly placed individuals in the U.S. Government to Thompson's relatives and friends, Thompson had done nothing of this sort since he had left the OSS more than twenty years before. Warren wisely points out that if a man has two full-time jobs, the better he does at one the worse he must necessarily do at the other. Thompson's very success at his silk company management job militates against his being a secret agent for anybody, let alone one so efficient, deadly and powerful that the Communist cause would find it helpful or even necessary to liquidate him.

The longer the searches lasted the more they continued to turn up nothing, and the more the rumors flew and grew about Thompson. Everybody in Southeast Asia got into the act, including witch doctors (whose social position ishigher in the Orient than here), nightclub entertainers and self-claimed "psychics". Already at least one novel has been based on the case: Gerald de Villiers' S.A.S. Gold of the River Kwai. The book has appeared only in France, part of a series about a golden-eyed prince named S.A.S. Malko, who works as a CIA agent for cash to repair his Austrian castle.

Warren comments that "Whoever De Villiers may be, he had plainly either been to Thailand or had friends who knew about the place, and he also knew a good deal about the Thompson affair. In the book, Thompson becomes a silk merchant named Jim Stanford, who had disappeared on a trip to the River Kwai... Stanford lives in a Thai-style house, and the telephone number of his silk company is the same as that of the Thai Silk Company in Bangkok. The plot is splendidly preposterous in the true Fleming style, with beautiful girls who turn out to be double agents, Chinese mistresses, and chases through Buddhist temples." (p. 240).

By August 1967 another event added more fuel to the speculations about the disappearance: Thompson's older sister, Mrs. Katherine Wood, was found murdered in her Pennsylvania home, beaten to death while her two huge watchdogs had, apparently, merely stood by watching. The killer of the 74-year-old woman has not been found to date, nor is it known if the tragedy has any relationship to Thompson's disappearance whatever.

Just what did, in fact, happen to Thompson? Eyewitness testimony is most unreliable, but it is just possible that there is a witness to Thompson's disappearance. A servant at the Overseas Mission Fellowship house near to Moonlight Cottage said she saw a man standing on the plateau opposite the house at about four o'clock on the afternoon of the Vanishing. "He stood there about half an hour, she said, and then he just vanished." (p. 149).

Was this merely an optical illusion or an error of interpretation caused partly by heat-distorted air? Or did Thompson literally vanish, as I have suggested Vanishers really do?

It may well be argued that such a fanciful conclusion is simply opposed to common sense. But "common sense" means only our understanding of the universe around us, and of the laws governing its operations. Surely no one would claim that understanding to be so complete that there are no errors in it to correct nor mysteries in it to divine. To believe that all our assumptions, even the most basic and fundamental, about how the universe works are correct beyond any possibility of revision or addition is to resemble the famous Patent Office clerk who resigned in 1900 because he believed that all the great inventions possible had already been made. "Life," said the Great Detective, "is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind

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LEW ARCHER'S "MORAL LANDSCAPE"

BY. ELMER R. PRY JR.

"Who is ever quite without his landscape?" So W. H. Auden begins his 1937 poem, "Detective Story," and Auden's readers understand that the "landscape" metaphor throughout his poetry has a fixed meaning. The title of his earlier poem, "Paysage Moralise" (1936), particularizes his meaning of the term: Auden's reference is to the "moral landscape," to the painting of an individual life in brush strokes pointing to the shadowed corners wherein hidden sins and guilt reside. And while the poet Auden examines the appeal of the detective tale as it works upon the reader's own dark sense of guilt, the novelist Ross Macdonald conjures up fictions in which the hero himself is a moral agent observing, reporting, and explaining the nexus between the evil and its society in his California moral landscape.

Ross Macdonald is obviously aware of his panorama as "moral landscape." Detective hero Lew Archer uses the very phrase in a descriptive summary report in The Wycherly Woman (1961):

> *A million people live between the bay and the ridge, in grubby tracts built on fills, in junior-executive ranchhouse developments, in senior-executive mansions, in Hillsborough palaces. I'd had some cases on the Peninsula: violence and passional crimes are as much a part of the* moral landscape [my emphasis] *as P.T.A. and Young Republican meetings and traffic accidents* (p.49).[1]

Archer is both observer/narrator and a representative citizen of his California mileau. He is middle-aged, divorced, usually companionless, of moderate income and average physical attractiveness; in short, he is all that we have come not to expect of our detective heroes. There are neither Archie Goodwins nor Dr. Watsons, few stereotyped damsels in distress, generally no wrongly-accused innocents. Archer's saving grass, then, as a detective hero, is his strength as a moral agent. Not only, as he reminds us in The Way Some People Die (1951), does he use his gun primarily as a "moral weight" against a heavily immoral world (p.208), but also, even more importantly, his vision is clear, his judgment sagacious, his awareness of himself and his society incessant and substantive. And his ultimate assessment of the moral landscape seems to be that California had the promise of Eden; that a perversion of values, especially religious values, has precluded the possibility of Paradise; and that the culprit temptation is neither serpent nor Satan, but a complex convergence of Hollywood posturing, of a confusion between love and sex, and of twentieth-century technology.

The potential Paradise is sometimes explicit, more often implied in Archer's narrations. Note the idyllic picture drawn in the opening paragraph of The Wycherly Woman:

> *Coming over the pass you can see the whole valley spread out below. On a clear morning, when it lies broad and colored under a white sky, with the mountains standing far back on either side, you can imagine it's the promised land.*

Or in the opening lines of The Instant Enemy (1968):

> *There was light early morning traffic on Sepulveda. As I drove over the low pass, the sun came up glaring behind the blue crags on the far side of the valley. For a minute or two, before regular day set in, everything looked fresh and new and awesome as creation.*

So often, however, it is not direct statement, but the implication of art which draws attention to the last paradise. Archer's diction consistently and insistently patterns images of war, of death, and of decay, juxtaposing them with the physical California and its people. Beauty which might be cause for celebration becomes a surrealistic nightmare. For example, in The Underground Man (1971), one of Macdonald's finest novels, there are avocado trees in an orchard which might be subject of a pastoral, but Archer notes that the "fruit hung down from their branches like green hand grenades" (p.31); an athletic field near a school—not commonly an ominous threat—here resembles "a staging area just back of the lines of a major battle" (p.128); and the hardwriting in a valued family manuscript "straggles across the yellow page like a defeated army" (p.147). Thus the most significant Edenic qualities—beauty in nature, innocence, play and leisure, style—are all metaphorically perverted in the California gardens.

Well, what exactly has happened? Why is Lew Archer's world not a paradise? What are the causes for the violence, for the absence of love and sentiment, for the disturbing sense of futility and danger? In The Far Side of the Dollar (1965), Archer suggests diagnosing the illness by examining a prominent symptom: "Somebody with an eye for detail should make a study of automobile graveyards . . . the way they study the ruins and potsherds of vanished civilizations. It could give us a clue as to why our civilization is vanishing" (p.43). And perhaps

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[1]All quotations will be from the Knopf editions of the novels or from the Knopf omnibuses of Archer stories, and will be cited in the paper by page number only.

This article is a slightly revised version of a paper presented at the Popular Culture Association convention, May 1974.

some specialist in America's technoculture may want to do that sort of research, but for the student of literature, Ross Macdonald has fortunately given us some alternatives to open air analysis of Hudson hubcaps and Bugatti bumpers.

We might, for example, listen to Joseph Tobias, the black student and lifeguard in The Barbarous Coast (1956). Tobias blames the "big corporations" and Eisenhower's "businessmen's administration," arguing that "Mass production and mass marketing do make for some social benefits, but sheer size tends to militate against the human element. We've reached the point where we should count the human cost" (p.470). Ross Macdonald was an ecologist long before it became faddish, and Archer regularly criticizes the idea of progress, of big money, big houses, industrial overkill, and swiftly-paced living. In The Doomsters (1958), fast cars damage the body of society, as "highway traffic thrummed invisibly like a damaged artery" (p.23), and later, Archer philosophizes that money may indeed be the root of all evil, for "a house could make people hate each other. A house, or the money it stood for, or the cannibalistic family hungers it symbolized" (p.45). And in the latest Archer novel, Sleeping Beauty (1973), industry, specifically the oil industry, is condemned by particularizing, when Archer cannot immediately recognize the western grebe carried from the water because it is "so fouled with oil" (p.4), and then more broadly attacked through metaphor:

> *It lay on the blue water off Pacific Point in a free-form slick that seemed miles wide and many miles long. An offshore oil platform stood up out of its windward end like the metal handle of a dagger that had stabbed the world and made it spill black blood* (p.3).

Mentally disturbed Isobel Graff in The Barbarous Coast perhaps summarizes most effectively the condemnation of the modern pace: "Miracles of modern science. From a greasy spoon in Newark to wealth and decadence in one easy generation. It's the new accelerated pace, with automation" (p.456).

Other folk Archer encounters are less inclined to blame an anonymous Big Brother or industrial complex, and more willing to assume personal responsibility for their mistakes. Carl Trevor, for example, is an admitted murderer in The Wycherly Woman, but he also has enough insight to recognize and analyze his motivations: "It grew on me like a disease—the realization that I'd had the one thing worth having. A little warmth and companionship in the void. I'd had it and given it up, in favor of security, I suppose you'd call it. Security. The great American substitute for love" (p.275). Valuing security before love is common to the wealthy citizens who populate Archer's landscape, but few are able to recognize their own faults. More are akin to the self-deluded Mrs. Snow, the ironically-named murderess in The Underground Man; her moral villainy has its allegorical physical analogues, especially when she stares "in blank apprehension like a blind woman" (p.59), fully as physically unseeing as she is unaware of her moral errors.

But Archer is quick to indicate that neither greed nor self-delusion can bear the whole blame for society's ills; in The Moving Target (1949), the first Lew Archer novel, he says, "You can't blame money for what it does to people. The evil is in the people, and the money is the peg they hang it on. They go wild for money when they've lost their other values" (p. 182). And if Archer is not himself deluded about his own moral biases, he is at least aware that neither has he satisfactorily resolved his own Trevor-like problems: "The problem was to love people, try to serve them, without wanting anything from them. I was a long way from solving that one" (p.434, The Barbarous Coast). So Lew Archer, as much moral agent as secret agent or private eye, makes his ultimate diagnosis of the germ which enters the body of society to produce such chaotic and violent symptoms: a perverse religiosity is the culprit. I do not mean to imply that Lew Archer is himself religious, for he is not; nor does he argue that either his characters or his readers ought to become more religious or church-going. Rather he argues, often metaphorically, that the moral landscape has been overrun by religious rituals, by icons, by shamans, all in inappropriate contexts.

Who are the deities in Archer's world? Most often, they are the moneyed classes, the leaders of industry. Observe one of the followers, Clarence Bassett, manager of the exclusive Channel Club at Malibu Beach; Archer reports: "His voice took on a religious coloring whenever he mentioned the members. They might have belonged to a higher race, supermen or avenging angels" (p.357). And well Bassett might tremble in awe, for men like Simon Graff carry themselves as gods, condemning those who disobey a financial lord's commandments to satanic employees like Leroy Frost and Theodore Marfeld. Virtually every Lew Archer tale has its wealthy god-figure: the head-of-family in The Underground Man is long since deceased; but like Colonel Sartoris in Faulkner's novel or Pyncheon in Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables, Robert Driscoll Falconer continues to be the center of the family's attention. After all, as Elizabeth Falconer Broadhurst's manuscript of the family history reminds us, the founder of the family fortune had been "a god come down to earth in human guise" (p.147).

There are other human beings playing unnatural religious roles: Jerry Kilpatrick, one of the many lost youth rambling across Ross Macdonald's pages, has an enormous head, "like a papier-mache saint's head on a stick" (p.76); and his father is a "spoiled priest in hiding" (p.89). Complementing the human spiritual perversions are the products of modern technology: the "familiar spirit" for the age is the portable radio (p.83), spreading its gospel with the news of violent deaths, poisonous oil spills, and rampaging fires; the mornings begin not with

traditional masses, but with services offered by delivery men—Archer reports, "It was nearly eight by my watch, and delivery trucks were honking their matins" (Way Some People Die, p.216). Telephones, televisions—so many miracles of modern science and technology come under attack as they incorporate religion into their services. Even the mod circular king-size bed, with its nine-foot diameter, is, to Archer's sensitive probing, a "hopeful altar(s) to old gods" (Black Money, p.557).

The icons of the twentieth-century Californian's renegade religion are legion in Lew Archer's reports; we shall make it sufficient here to examine but two further examples, in somewhat greater detail. In The Underground Man, Mrs. Snow has apparently been shielding a guilty man, her imbecilic son, Fritz; during an interview with Archer, she breaks a teacup and gathers the pieces as if the cup had been "a religious object," perhaps some relic of her life with Fritz, and she is, at the same time, "a faded vestal virgin guarding a shrine" (p. 63). Well, what sort of a shrine is she guarding? She has been shielding Fritz, a nickname for Frederick, and the name Frederick itself means "Abounding in Peace," perhaps suggesting Christ. The extension may seem a little far-fetched, but remember that names in the Archer novels, from followers like Bassett to murderers like Snow, very often have significance. And this reading clarifies the irony in Archer's "shrine": modern religiosity's Christ is imbecilic because his worshippers—some like Clarence Bassett, others like Mrs. Snow—make perverse, confused adorations; if we deify Simon Graff (or should that be read as Simony Graft?) or Fritz Snow, then we are not only murderers of fictional characters in detective novels—we are also slayers of morality, maniacal beasts ravaging the moral landscape.

In an earlier novel, Black Money (1966), Lew Archer's job involves finding a girl named Kitty; to that end, he interviews the girl's mother, Mrs. Sekjar, at her home. When he arrives, the television set is alive with an afternoon soap opera.

> *Mrs. Sekjar switched it off. On top of the television set were a large Bible and one of those glass balls that you shake to make a snowstorm. The pictures on the walls were all religious, and there were so many of them that they suggested a line of defense against the world* (p.569).

The juxtaposition of the television, the Bible, and the innocuous snowstorm seems innocent enough, and the religious barrier on the walls properly characterizes the house's only resident. But there are deeper implications here; the presentation is too directly suggestive to allow us to ignore them. The television set, like the radio, is one of those "familiar spirits" already considered; the unopened Bible is also appropriate to Archer's Southern California—better to read an old family manuscript, as the Broadhurst clan does, to discover the truth about the old family gods; the third member of the new Trinity, however, requires some further thought. The glass ball is a cultural artifact, one of those toys of modern industry, and as such, its presence is contextually appropriate in the novel. But if its presence is natural in that sense, it is unnatural in another, and there is surely a relationship between the naming of Mrs. Snow in The Underground Man and the bauble on Mrs. Sekjar's television set here. Our physical landscape, remember, is Southern California, not a setting hospitable to snow. Mrs. Snow was, of course, both unnatural and immoral, and the fantasy snowstorm in this triumverate, an artificial work of nature, a product of modern technology, is just as unnatural; it is unable to play any role assigned even in this unholy trinity. And the typical Ross Macdonald war trope extends the irony: the pictures are indeed a "line of defense" for Mrs. Sekjar, protecting her aberrant adoration within from a moral landscape without which is, ironically, just as aberrant.

Thus Lew Archer's world, for all its paradisiacal potential, is clearly not an Eden populated by Adams and Eves; it is occasionally, indeed, a purgatory or hell instead. In The Way Some People Die, Archer drives with a sickly villain named Mosquito from San Francisco to Half Moon Bay in search of another representative of California's low-life, a man known as "Speed."

> *We crept on under the smothering gray sky, through the gray cloud-drowned hills. The sun and the other stars had burned out long ago, and Mosquito and I were journeying for our sins through a purgatory of gray space* (p.301).

In The Far Side of the Dollar, Archer surmises that time on earth will "go on endlessly repeating itself, as it does in hell" (p.105). Or, if the milieau is not a hell, it is at least a desert lying beyond the garden: at the Scorpion Club, the boss, a Mr. Davis, "moved warily . . . as if his desert-colored office was actual desert, with rattlesnakes under the rug" (Black Money, p.576). There are not, however, many serpents slithering through Archer's landscapes; there are not even many satan figures. Where, then, is the temptress? How are villains enticed to sin, and the common folk led unto an industrial-technological religion?

The anser is multifarious. Archer implies that Hollywood's influence is one source; perhaps no image so persistently pervades the Archer novels as that of the theatrical mask. In The Underground Man, for example, we learn that the rigidly-programmed Kilpatrick family "had been a lonely trio, living like actors on a Hollywood set" (p.107); that Martha Crandall is "an actress forbidden to step out through the proscenium into the welter of reality" (p.221); that the murdered Al Sweetner, caught in the violent charades of his time and place, grins up in death "like a magician who had pulled off the ultimate trick" (p.94); and that Jean Broad-

hurst, whose son has been kidnapped and husband murdered, has "a harlequin aspect, like a sad clown caught on a poor street under a smoky sky" (p.61), and that she is "a lost and widowed Columbine" (p.136), a tragicomic figure in a commedia dell'arte. One may choose, of course, to explain the theatre metaphor by reference to Ross Macdonald's statement in his "Foreward" to the Archer at Large omnibus; there he argues that the "lords of the military-industrial-academic complex may be as subject to tragic flaws as Shakespeare's kings." He may, therefore, be using the drama images to underscore the sense of tragic drama in his fictions. But the theatre and its favorite son, the television set, which so encourage posturing and artificiality, may well also be the serpent, the embodied Satan creating the Hell which is Lew Archer's California landscape.

A second significant force in Archer's world is the blurred union of love and sex. So often an illicit sexual relationship or love in the past becomes the reason for murder in the present: in The Wycherly Woman, Carl Trevor's long love affair with Catherine Wycherly, and the twenty-one year old daughter, Phoebe, who thinks Trevor is her uncle, result in Trevor's murder of Catherine; the motive for murder, as it often is in Archer's world, is love—Trevor loves his daughter, and doesn't want Catherine to tell her that she is illegitimate. In Sleeping Beauty, Marion Lennox killed a woman because her seagoing husband spent his last night ashore with the mistress rather than the wife. And, to cite but one more of the many available examples, Mrs. Snow in The Underground Man murdered Leo Broadhurst two decades earlier because, in her words, "he deserved to die. He was a wicked man, a cheat and a fornicator. He got Marty Nickerson pregnant and let my boy take the blame" (p.272). Her love for her son and an unsanctioned sexual relationship conjoin to drive her to murder. Perhaps these two deterministic forces, the theatre and sex, are most distinctly propounded by an unnamed visitor at Simon Graff's huge party, who parodies Marx by arguing that "Sex and television are the opium of the people" (p.450).

Of course, not all of the characters peopling Archer's moral landscape are either insensitive or villainous or amoral. Archer himself, learning much perhaps because he sees that love itself is so often a motive for murder, may not be a didactic persona, but he does admit regularly to his own moral idealism. In The Goodbye Look (1969), his "passion for justice" is suggested by another character:

> *You have a secret passion for justice. Why don't you admit it? I have a secret passion for mercy* [he responds]... *But justice is what keeps happening to people.*

And people like Joseph Tobias, the college student, and Laurel Russo (in Sleeping Beauty) also live by commandments which demand honesty and integrity. Indeed, one California citizen, Carl Hallman of The Doomsters, is a "positive saint," one who wanted to blend religion and modern science in a positive way by becoming what he called a "medical missionary" (p.9).

But the "saints" are few, and in the end, when the curtain is drawn on Ross Macdonald's tragicomic scenes, the moral landscape is properly surveyed and divided. The villains destroy themselves or are taken away, often like Mrs. Marburg of The Instant Enemy, facing a particular sort of hell. As Archer describes her, she "sat looking down . . . in the way I imagine the damned look down, with pity and terror only for themselves" (p.239). The innocents, on the other hand, come to recognize the landscape, often trying to escape it. Mrs. Marjorie Fellows, the heavy-set and likeable woman who left her husband George in Toledo, very much regrets her second marriage: "I want to go back to Toledo, where people are nice. I always wanted to live in California but now that I've seen it, it's a hellish place. I've fallen among thieves, that's what I've done. Thieves and murderers and confidence men" (p.292). And Archer alone is left to tell us, observing, evaluating, and reporting on his changing moral landscape, as he concludes in The Instant Enemy:

> *I had a second slug to fortify my nerves. Then I got Mrs. Marburg's check out of the safe. I tore it into small pieces and tossed the yellow confetti out the window. It drifted down on the short hairs and the long hairs, the potheads and the acid heads, draft dodgers and dollar chasers, swingers and walking wounded, idiot saints, hard cases, foolish virgins.*

* *

MOVIE NOTE: Beast of the City, continued from page 110

trictures, she is sluttish, sensuous and animalistic—yet doesn't have to be unattractive or uilt-ridden to "compensate". It's a remarkable performance; without the "golden heart beneath t all" patina that spoiled so many other similar roles.

—William K. Everson

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SPORTS AND THE MYSTERY STORY

VI: CRICKET

BY MARVIN LACHMAN

Never having seen a cricket match, I am still at a loss to explain what led me to turn to it before other sports with which I am more familiar. Perhaps some deep-seated, previously unrecognized strain of anglophilism attracted me to this most British of games. Once I began to conjure up visions of peaceful, green cricket fields in the English countryside I knew I was "hooked," and I began research into the rules and traditions of the sport and then set out to read available mysteries.

Cricket, like any other national pastime, is played on many levels in a country. It has many similarities to American baseball, of which it is the forerunner—notwithstanding the legend of baseball springing fullblown from the brain of Abner Doubleday in 1839. English school children learn the sport at an early age, and it is a sport they can play for most of their lives. Josephine Bell's Death at Half Term (1939; U.S. title: Curtain Call for a Corpse, 1965) deals with school theatricals, cricket and murder. An English school is also the setting in Clifford Witting's A Bullet for Rhino (1950), with cricket playing an important role during the traditional "Old Boys' Celebration" (roughly equivalent to U.S. colleges' Homecoming Week).

Another tradition is involved at the girls' school depicted in Nancy Spain's Death Before Wicket (1946). Annually, a team composed of the fathers of the students play a game against the "First Eleven." There is relatively little description of this match though there is a good section on the girls' fielding practice before the game. Miss Spain, like several other English writers including Herbert Adams, Helen Simpson, and John Creasey, manages to combine several sports in one book. She starts with an excellent picture of a woman's steeplechase race at a small country track and moves on to an equally good observation of a women's lacross match in Brighton. She then has some tennis and golf before getting to cricket.

The oustanding cricketers in England vie for the honor of representing their country in what is literally the world series of cricket, the Test Matches in which Great Britain and former members of her commonwealth compete to decide the best team in the world. Among the mysteries using these matches as background are Denzil Batchelor's Test Match Murder (1936), Hal Pink's The Test Match Mystery (1941), and Alfred Tack's The Test Match Murder (1948). In the Julian Symons novelet "Test Match Murder" (in Murder! Murder!, 1961), cricket fan Francis Quarles attends the British-Australian match and becomes involved in solving the poisoning, at lunch, of hated umpire Charlie Bowerman.

The popularity of cricket, like the sun, never sets on those lands wherein British influence made itself felt. In H.R.F. Keating's "Inspector Ghote and the Test Match" (EQMM 10/69), 50,000 fans have jammed Bradbourne Stadium in Bombay to its capacity. Inspector Ghote would like to take his son to the match, but the only way he can get tickets is to accept an offer from a burglar named Anil Divekar. Cricket is also popular in the Caribbean countries. One of the short stories in T.S. Stribling's classic collection Clues of the Caribbees (1930) is entitled "Cricket" and stresses the "Anglo-Saxon values" inherent in the game.

However, cricket is played by blacks as well as whites. In C. St. John Sprigg's The Corpse with the Sunburned Face (1935), also set in the West Indies, a black man is a murder suspect until he proves his alibi: he was playing cricket when the crime was committed. Ironically, the racial policies of another former part of the Empire, the Republic of South Africa, where blacks cannot play for the national team, are important in Gideon's Sport (1970), written by Creasey as J. J. Marric. In addition to dealing with crimes affecting the English Derby and the Wimbleton Tennis matches, Gideon must counter expected violence to protest the apartheid policies of South Africa, which is playing a Test Match against Britain at Lord's, a famous cricket club in London. In an earlier (and totally different) mystery, Death and the Sky Above (1953) by Andrew Garve, Wimbledon tennis and a Test Match (this time Britain v. India) are important to the plot.

To some Englishmen cricket approaches the status of a religion. Two gentlemen named Alington have provided excellent antidotes for those who would take cricket too seriously. In his introduction to Mr. Evans: A Cricketo-Detective Story (1922), Cyril Alington writes: "Cricket which has long had its poets and historians, has so far, to the best of my belief, lacked its detective story. This gap it has been my object to supply." Thereupon, addressing the reader directly in his mildly humorous style, Alington tells the story of Jack Winterton, reputed to be the best slow bowler in England, who would like to compete for Britain in their Test Match against Australia. Unfortunately, Jack's employer (and the guardian of Jack's fiancee) hates all sports, especially cricket and will not give Jack any time off for the match. Jack and his best friend, Reggie Courthope (brother of his fiancee), connive to keep the guardian/employer away from work during the match so he will not realize Jack is missing. As the match proceeds, there are complications in the form of burglary and possible murder.

If Cyril Alington's mystery is mildly amusing, the only mystery of Adrian Alington, The

Amazing Test Match Crime (1939), is downright hilarious—the best book-length satire in the genre I have yet read. An international gang, "The Bad Men," led by a genius professor, has been hired to disrupt the British Empire. The professor plans to have "Imperia," a colony, defeat Britain in a way that will force the latter to make an accusation of foul play. Because of the controversy, Test Matches will cease, and the British Empire will be dissolved because, according to the professor, "It became obvious to me...that the British Empire is held together entirely by a series of contests of this curious crickets [sic]." Doing further research, the Professor finds that the regulations of cricket are of "extreme complexity and can only be comprehended in their entirety by the English who begin to study them in early infancy." He also remarks, "...I have only been able to discover one cricketer who was not also regarded as a pattern of the highest virtue. This was a certain A. J. Raffles..."

Cricket, its veneration and traditions, are mercilessly dissected throughout the book. When the professor discloses his plan to a British member of the gang, the latter protests, "I was ready to join in assassinating the President of Guamelia and in blowing up the National Bank of Gloritania. But to interfere with a cricket match and in particular a Test Match—no, Professor, low as I have sunk, I am not as loathsome as that." Lampooning the secrecy which surrounds the selection of the national team which will represent Britain, Alington has the selection committee meet in a balloon sailing over northern Scotland so there will be no leaks to the press. He gets great mileage out of such cliches as "Lords, the Mecca of cricket lovers in all corners of the globe" and gives us a devastating picture of the hidebound cricket conservative unwilling to change the game in any way. When it is suggested that the players were numbers on their backs for earlier identification by the fans, the traditionalist harrumphs in his best C. Aubrey Smith tones, "I would rather see the entire English eleven dead at my feet than see them with numbers on their backs." Alington's description of a cricket match is funny, but that is not unexpected considering he is writing about a sport whose terminology includes: "sticky wicket" (a rain-softened field); "silly point, silly mid-on, and square leg" (three of the positions on defense); "snick" (similar to a baseball foul tip); "googly" (spin on a thrown ball); and "donkey drop" (a high, slowly bowled ball, similar to the baseball deliveries of Rip Sewell and Steve Hamilton).

When Adrian Alington stops satirizing cricket and international affairs, he turns to the detective story with delightful results. He begins by poking fun at the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim, whom he disguises as "N. Julius Guggenheim." He also has fun at the expense of Scotland Yard detectives and amateurs like Reggie Fortune, here called "Mr. Chance." Finally, he levels his sights on the hardboiled writers. Apparently annoyed by the great success in the late 1930's of the Cheyney-Chase school, Alington pricks the balloon of their popularity with a clever rhyme:

> Sense of late
> Is out of date.
> It is enough
> To be tough.

Though international test matches get the worldwide publicity, it is in social cricket as played in small English villages that the game is at its most appealing. A very well written novel describing cricket at this level is Alibi Innings (1954) by Barbara Worsley-Gough. It tells of an elderly couple, a wife who hates cricket and her husband, the Squire, for whom "the annual cricket match between the Squire's eleven and the village side was the happiest event of the year... He looked forward to it eagerly for six months and enjoyed it critically in retrospect for six months afterwards. It was his favourite topic of conversation all through the summer, and even in mid-winter his friends used to bring up the subject for the pleasure of seeing his enthusiasm."

The author, setting her book during the weekend of this match, offers this excellent explanation of the appeal of cricket (or any other sport) in troubled times: "[cricket] seemed to compress the universe and all time past, present, and to come, into the compass of one afternoon, one field, and the activities of thirteen men in white." She describes the setting as "...a charmed space, an isolated piece of England with the vast, loud, dangerous world outside shut off for an hour or longer."

For the protagonist of Geoffrey Household's Fellow Passenger (1955) cricket "...has about it the atmosphere of fiesta—not of red and gold, but of green and white." An alleged spy and fugitive from the British police, he stops long enough to take part in a village cricket match. He was once a famous cricketer and now, though in disguise, he is almost recognized because of his distinctive "off break" bowling delivery.

Local cricket plays a role, albeit a smaller one, in Michael Gilbert's The Crack in the Teacup (1966). The protagonist is a young lawyer and cricketer who has to deal with murder and municipal corruption in an English seaside town. Cricket also figures in the old-fashioned English village which Lynton Lamb invented for Death of a Dissenter (1969), though according to Barzun and Taylor there is too much hard-to-read village dialect, too many quaint characters, and too much cricket.

Cricket has been the sport of a number of English writers and detectives. John Creasey was a great cricket fan, one who viewed cricketers as "...the heroes of the greatest of games." Six for the Toff (1955) contains a lovingly evocative description of a crowd going to see

Australia play England at London's Oval. The Toff, about to see this Test Match, vows that "nothing in this world that he could prevent would stop him from seeing the first ball bowled in mortal combat." However, an American client in danger soon involves him in jewel theft and murder and interrupts his attendance at the event. The situation (and language) is reminiscent of "Man Bites Dog" (Blue Book 6/39; reprinted in The New Adventures of Ellery Queen, 1940), wherein we find Ellery anxiety-ridden because he is in Hollywood while three thousand miles away "the New York Giants and the New York Yankees are waging mortal cambat to determine the baseball championship of the world..." Queen flies back East for the game, and, predictably, a murder at the ballpark prevents him from giving the contest his undivided attention. However, both Queen and the Toff solve their respective crimes and then are able to devote their attention "to the serious matters of life."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was an outstanding cricketer for the Marylebone Cricket Club. In his first game at Lords he got a century—i.e., accounted for over a hundred runs before being retired. An excellent bowler, he once got three consecutively clean-bowled wickets, approximately as difficult as nine baseball strike outs. He also once "captured the wicket" of W. G. Grace, considered by some to be "the greatest of all cricketers." Unfortunately, there is no recorded case of Sherlock Holmes, that superb athlete, playing cricket.

Doyle's brother-in-law, E. W. Hornung, devoted considerable time to cricket and also made his creation, A. J. Raffles, the most famous cricketer in all of fiction. In the short story "Gentlemen and Players" (The Amateur Cracksman, 1898), Bunny Mathers describes Raffles' cricket prowess" "...he was unique...a dangerous bat, a brilliant field, and perhaps the very finest slow bowler of his decade." According to Bunny, Raffles has lost most of his interest in cricket, being infected with the excitement and challenge of his newly found "sport": burglary. In this story he is invited to play in a weekend match but is riled because the invitation treats him as if he were a professional, not the amateur in cricket he is proud to be. He accepts but gets his revenge by adding burglary to the weekend agenda.

In his version of the Raffles legend Barry Perowne frequently refers to cricket, and the sport is especially important to "Raffles and the Silver Dish" (Saint Mystery Magazine, 12/58; reprinted in Raffles Revisited, 1974, as "The Dartmoor Hostage"). Raffles and Bunny have once again been invited to a weekend cricket match, but this one is against a team of guards on grounds just outside the famous prison. All of Raffles' skill is needed in what turns out to be literally a life or death match.

I'm unaware of any instance in which Dr. Gideon Fell has played cricket, but in The Mad Hatter Mystery (1933) John Dickson Carr has his obese sleuth speak in cricket symbolism when he tells a Scotland Yard inspector: "So far you've reasoned closely and well, but to put it pointedly—don't smash your bat over the wicket keeper's head when you've already made over a century."

A more athletic detective is Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey. In Murder Must Advertise (1933) we learn that he was a star bowler at Oxford in 1911 and, as a batsman, made centuries in two successive innings. In this novel, set 23 years later, he participates in a match between two commercial firms, Pyms and The Brotherhood. Miss Sayers provides an excellent description of the match and its startling conclusion. I could say more about how Lord Peter comes to play in this unusual match and how the match relates to a series of murders—but that would not be cricket.

* *

MOVIE NOTE

Beast of the City (MGM, 1931; released 1932). Directed by Charles Brabin; Screenplay by John L. Mahin from a story by W. R. Burnett; Camera, Norbert Brodine; edited by Anne Bauchens; 9 reels. With Walter Huston, Jean Harlow, Wallace Ford, Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, Tully Marshall, John Miljan, Emmett Corrigan, Warner Richmond, Sandy Roth, J. Carrol Naish.

There was a time, a few years ago, when we thought that Hollywood's rather disturbing series of Fascist-inclined gangster movies—films which advocated ruthless police-state methods to stamp out crime—were limited to a handful of such films as Star Witness, The President Vanishes, This Day and Age and Gabriel Over the White House. The more one uncovers of the forgotten past, however, the bigger—and longer-lasting—this cycle seems to have been. Even Harold Lloyd's Frank Capra-ish comedy, The Cat's Paw, falls very much into this category—and so, certainly, does The Beast of the City. Too often, MGM gangster films lacked the drive and guts of their Warner counterparts. The Wet Parade could never make up its mind as to a point of view, and The Secret Six was basically serial material that didn't have the guts to give itself wholeheartedly to melodrama. The Beast of the City, however, is different. Without a regular "hero" —or at least, without the usual boy-meets-girl complications—it doesn't have to twist and turn to meet formula requirements, or even to match an MGM "image". It's seedy and predictable, and its climax both disturbing, powerful, and perhaps—unintentionally—a little amusing too, since it is such a total transference of the traditional Western climactic confrontation to the gangster mileau. (This is doubly emphasized in retrospect, since later in 1932, in another story written by the same W. R. Burnett, Law and Order, marshal Walter Huston cleans up Tombstone in the O.K. Corral shoot-up in an identical manner!) Another major surprise of the movie is Jean Harlow in what is probably her best non-comedy performance. As the moll who doesn't have to be redeemed for the fadeout, and who of course is uninhibited by not yet introduced Production Code

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DETECTION IN THE GUILT-AGE

by J. Randolph Cox

> A detective story is a tale of ratiociniation, complete with crime and/or mystery, suspects, investigation, clues, deduction, and solution; in its purest form, the chief character should be a detective, amateur or professional, who devotes most of his (or her) time to the problems of detection.

By this definition (found in Ellery Queen's annotated bibliography of the detective short story) we limit our discussion to the detective story proper and thus eliminate all other forms of that vast and various genre which is usually called simply "the mystery story." The layman may make no distinction between the detective story and the thriller or between the crime novel and the story of political intrigue. He wants his entertainment and he knows what he likes. He may not even care who wrote the book or when it was published, just so long as it is not something he has already read. This accounts for the cyclical publication of some of the most prolific mystery writers in paperback. Titles reappear on publishers lists just often enough to meet the demands of the new generation of readers who haven't read the book before.

The serious reader of mysteries may know the distinction between the branches of the genre and may settle on one form or another. Those with a wide range of tastes may even read the best in all branches. They seldom will be able to read everything for even today there are over 300 titles published every year. At present the largest group seems to be the thriller or novel of suspense. In the introduction to their Catalogue of Crime, Jacques Barzun and Wendell Taylor consider "suspense" to be a misnomer, since there should be suspense in every good story, no matter what its subject matter. They suggest "story of anxiety" as a more precise term.

"A detective story asks questions about Who, Why and When" says Julian Symons in The Detective Story in Britain, "a thriller, dealing also in violent matters, simply tells us how." We do not consider writers like Helen MacInnes, Eric Ambler, Mary Stewart, Ian Fleming, John Buchan, John LeCarre, Geoffrey Household, Michael Gilbert, or even Mr. Symons himself, to be writers of detective stories. Instead, they have written thrillers, novels of political intrigue, crime novels. We also exclude the writers of that branch known as the police procedural, in which the solving of the mystery is carried out by the official police in a manner closely approximating real police methods. John Creasey's Gideon of the Yard or Ed McBain's Steve Carella of the 87th Precinct are examples.

There may be a mystery in the works of any of the writers mentioned, but the solution is not arrived at through deductive reasoning, logic, or mental gymnastics on the part of either the detective or the reader. The readermay guess the outcome of one of their books, but he cannot logically work out the solution from hints thrown out (yet artfully concealed) by the writer.

Interestingly enough, it was an American who created what Julian Symons refers to as "this conspicuously British literary form." Edgar Allan Poe, drawing on materials found in Dumas, Voltaire, William Godwin, the Apocrypha, and most obviously, the memoirs of the French detective, Eugene-Francois Vidocq, created the first fictional detective in C. Auguste Dupin. At least, the first fictional detective who arrived at a solution to a case by inferences made from observable facts, explained to an incredulous narrator and an equally incrudulous narrator and an equally incredulous representative of the official police. Dupin was the forerunner of a legion of dillettante detectives. In writing not one but three stories about Dupin ("The Murders in the Rue Morgue", "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter") Poe also began the idea of a series about one detective who would proceed from triumph to triumph.

Robert A. W. Lowndes has suggested 32 separate contributions to the detective story made by Poe in these three stories. We need not list all of them, but a few should indicate some of the points of indebtedness to Poe which most detective stories share:

1) Dupin is an amateur, not connected with the police in any official capacity
2) He is eccentric, with a genius for induction and deduction as applied to human behavior
3) We see him through the eyes of a less astute companion
4) Dupin is attracted by the bizarre features of a case; ordinary crimes do not interest him
5) "The Murders in The Rue Morgue" is a locked-room mystery, a gambit which has become a favorite of a few later writers

6) Several important clues are presented to the reader in the initial accounts of the crime and he is given a fair chance to see most of the truth before the detective reveals it

7) The police overlook something at the scene of the crime

8) An innocent person is accused of the crime

9) Dupin does not tell the police his findings, but sets a trap for the guilty person.

In two other stories not about Dupin, "The Gold Bug" and "Thou Art the Man" there are additional contributions to the genre. "The Gold Bug" is not strictly speaking a detective story but a puzzle story. The clues are not presented to the reader until after the solution has been reached, that is, after the treasure has been found. In "Thou Art the Man" we have an early use of ballistics in fiction (although not the first use -- for that, see William Leggett's "The Rifle" published in 1830). There are also some other favorite devices of many later writers -- the use of the least likely person as the murderer, as well as the use of a psychological trick to obtain a confession, and the planting of false clues. It must be admitted that "Thou Art the Man" is not one of Poe's better stories, which may account for its not being included in any volume of his selected stories, but only in the most complete collections.

The first English writers to follow Poe in using detective themes were only indirectly influenced by him. Dickens was greatly interested in the work of the new detective police force in England and wrote several articles about it for Household Words and created the first detective in English fiction, Inspector Bucket in Bleak House. Many of the Inspector Bucket's methods and mannerisms recur in later detective fiction.

To quote Phillip Collins' study, Dickens and Crime:

> Dickens' fascination with the police can be accounted for, in part, simply be reference to his common-man News of the World interest in crime, or to the ordinary detective-story-addict's delight in the solution of mysteries. The possibilities of self-identification for the reader -- and of course the writer -- of detective fiction were nicely discussed by a reviewer in The Times Literary Supplement [in 1960]: 'The peculiar attraction of the detective story can be explained in many ways, flattering or unflattering, according to taste. One plausible reason is that a detective is the ideal adventurer for an intellectual to identify himself with. His triumphs are cerebral and even sedentary. Bishops and dons and schoolmasters have to stretch their imagination outrageously to see themselves as pirate chiefs or intrepid explorers: but they have no difficulty in being Sherlock Holmes or Nero Wolfe, shrewdly observing what others have missed, expounding the proper deductions from facts that their colleagues have doltishly misunderstood.

But Bleak House is not a detective novel, for the detection is only secondary to the main plot. The Mystery of Edwin Drood, which might have been a detective novel, was left unfinished. Vincent Starrett has suggested it may be the perfect mystery novel; without a definite solution we can play with solving the mystery for the rest of our lives.

The important thing to note here is the fascination with mystery and its solution, as well as with the work of the police, which one finds in increasing numbers of stories in the late 19th century. One interesting branch, or sub-genre, are the "recollections" or "memoirs" of detectives -- the majority of which were pure fiction. The most important of these is the Recollections of a Detective Police-Officer by "Waters" (his real name was William Russell) published in 1856. The American edition of this book was expanded by pirated articles from Household Words, some of which (unsigned) were written by Charles Dickens.

It was Dickens' friend Wilkie Collins who wrote the first English detective novel, The Moonstone. The solution is fairly foreshodowed by the clues which are set out in the early chapters, although at the time of writing (1868) Collins could hardly have known how important "fair play" was to become in the structure of the detective story. But, of course, Collins did not really know he was writing a detective novel or that there should be anything that would set this book apart from serious fiction. This was the age before there were distinctions in literature. His detective was Sgt. Richard Cuff, whose name was used for many years by John T. Winterich to sign the "Criminal Record" column in the Saturday Review.

Cuff may have been the first detective to use the "apparently irrelevant report, the unexpected observation" (to quote Julian Symons). When asked who has stolen the moonstone he says no one has and we feel that the solution must be within our grasp if we only had a bit more information. Perhaps we missed something earlier in the story. It is but a step to Sherlock Holmes and the much-quoted passage from "Silver Blaze" about the dog in the night time.

Although there were a considerable number of detective and mystery stories written in the intervening years on both sides of the Atlantic, the next important development in the

genre was the creation in 1886 by Arthur Conan Doyle of the immortal Sherlock Holmes.

It is difficult to imagine the form the detective story might have taken without the intervention and influence of Sherlock Holmes. Much of the literature concerns mystery and features the work of detectives, but all too often they arrive at their conclusions through chance and not reason. The French writer, Emile Gaboriau, credited with having written the first detective novel of all, L'Affaire Lerouge, in 1866, was more concerned with the unraveling of a family history than with showing how his detective, Monsieur Lecoq, arrived at his conclusions. Although they were very popular in their day, the novels of Gaboriau are of but historical interest today.

The first American detective novelist, Anna Katharine Green, seems to have followed Gaboriau as her model rather than her countryman, Poe. The careers of dime novel detectives (Old Sleuth, Old King Brady, Nick Carter, and others) owe more to Gaboriau and the fictional accounts of the Pinkerton Detective Agency than to the cold logic of Poe's Dupin.

It took a British doctor to return the detective story to its source again (and to greatly improve it in the doing). Dorothy Sayers has said that A Study in Scarlet (the first Holmes novel) was "flung like a bombshell into the field of detective fiction." It must have been a delayed explosion for the story was published in the 1887 volume of Beeton's Christmas Annual and did not immediately cause much excitement. It was three years before the second story, The Sign of the Four was published. It was the next year after that (1891) when The Strand Magazine began publication that Sherlock Holmes became a household word. It was in the series of short stories which Doyle wrote for The Strand and which were later published as The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes that the term Great Detective began to have some meaning.

Sherlock Holmes was given a more solid personality than Auguste Dupin and was not just a collection of accentricities held together by genius. The narrator of the stories of Dupin is un-named; the narrator of the Sherlock Holmes stories is as well known as his associate. John H. Watson (referred to as James by his wife in "The Man With the Twisted Lip", thus setting off one of the points of debate which so delight the members of the Baker Street Irregulars) is less astute than Holmes, and for a very good reason. We must see just so much and no more through his eyes in order to preserve the mystery until the end.

Unfortunately, too many people have formed their opinions of Holmes and Watson solely from the radio and movie performances of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. Theirs was but one interpretation of the characters, and not necessarily one which corresponded to the idea of Conan Doyle. Rathbone's Holmes is a waspish egotist, easily irritated (and these traits while certainly evident in the real Holmes, are not the whole character). Nigel Bruce plays Watson as a bungling idiot, with only a few moments of intelligence (usually when he is called upon to render a medical opinion), a character which was obviously a favorite one in the actor's repertoire, since he essentially played the same character in most of his films. But there is little similarity here to the real Doctor Watson. After all, next to the genius of Sherlock Holmes, who wouldn't appear dense? A more faithful interpretation (evoking the Victorian age itself) is that of Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson in a series originally broadcast on radio in the 1950s and still heard from time to time by transcription on local radio stations.

But the influence of the characters of Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson was immediately felt as their imitators began to appear in rival publications. Among the most credible was Arthur Morrison's Martin Hewitt, a former law clerk turned private detective. (It should be noted in passing that Sherlock Holmes was not an amateur detective, as was Dupin, nor exactly a private detective. He referred to himself as the world's first consulting detective -- that is, people came to him as a last resort -- including the police.)

There were other detectives, more or less cut from the same cloth as Holmes' Inverness cape, who debuted just before the first World War. Most of them were capable of drawing conclusions from observable evidence and, like Holmes, they had their eccentricities. Sometimes that was all they had.

In this Romantic Era of late Victorian and Edwardian England some of the most ingenious heroes came into being. Not all have been forgotten. Ernest Bramah wrote of Max Carados who collected coins and had the distinction of being blind. A.E.W. Mason created M. Hanaud of the Surete. Baroness Orczy, whose most famous character is The Scarlet Pimpernel, wrote also of the exploits of Lady Molly of Scotland Yard and the old man, forever nameless, who solved crimes from the corner of an A.B.C. teashop. R. Austin Freeman turned from recounting the adventures of a rogue named Romney Pringle to create the first scientist-detective, the medico-legal analyst, John Evelyn Thorndyke. Thorndyke could rival Sherlock Holmes for application of the scientific method to the solving of mysteries. The various narrators of the stories (especially the novels) had a habit of falling in love with the damsel in distress and marrying her -- thus making room for another narrator in the next book. And we are given all too brief a look at Thorndyke's rooms in King's Bench Walk. But the structure of the Thorndyke stories is sound and Freeman does play fair with the reader.

What was to become the longest saga in the history of detective fiction (the adventures of Sexton Blake) began in 1893 and was still very much in evidence in the 1960's. Admittedly patterned after Sherlock Holmes, Blake (with his young assistant, Edward Carter...

known as Tinker in the early days; his malapropism spouting landlady, Mrs. Bardell; his Scotland Yard colleague, Inspector Coutts; his Rolls-Royce, the Grey Panther; and -- since 1956 -- his blonde private secretary, Paula Dane) has more often filled the role of adventurer than detective. He had an address in Baker Street, from which he made war on some of the most diabilical villans in fiction: Dr. Huxton Rhymer, George Marsden Plummer, the renegade Scotland Yard man, Zenith the Albino, Mr. Reece of the Criminal Confederation, the beautiful and mysterious Mlle. Yvonne, Waldo the Wonder Man, and -- most arch of all arch-villians -- Leon Kestrel, the Master Mummer. Kestrel could turn up disguised as anyone in the story -- even Blake himself.

It was also the age for T. W. Hanshew's Hamilton Cleek, the Man of the Forty Faces. Once the crook known as the Vanishing Cracksman, he reformed (through the love of a good woman) and placed his peculiar talents (the weird birth-gift of being able to mould his face into any guise) at the service of Scotland Yard. His real identity was known to few -- he was the exiled Prince of Maurevania.

And, although there is little detection in the work of Sax Rohmer, it was in 1913 that Sir Denis Nayland Smith (plain Nayland Smith at the time) began his relentless but futile pursuit of the evil genius, Dr. Fu-Manchu.

Some of these characters would survive the first World War unscathed and remain popular for years. Some have become of historic interest only, kept alive through anthologies of early detective fiction or through references in histories of the genre.

Even before the War, there may have been signs of change. Perhaps G. K. Chesterton began it with the first collection of Father Brown stories in 1911, The Innocence of Father Brown, although Chesterton's stories do not fit the accepted pattern of detective fiction. There is a mysticism about Father Brown's methods and they fit better Chesterton's own definition of detective fiction as the earliest form of popular literature to express "some sense of the poetry of modern life." They embody some of the ideas he puts forth in his essay, "A Defense of Detective Stories:" as

> The lights of the city begin to glow like innumerable goblin eyes, since they are the guardians of some secret, however crude, which the writer knows and the reader does not. Every twist of the road is like a finger pointing to it; every fantastic skyline of chimney-pots seems wildly and derisively signalling the meaning of the mystery.

Robert Louis Stevenson reflects something of this view in his New Arabian Nights, especially the stories like "The Suicide Club" concerning Prince Florizel.

But the accepted landmark pointing to the naturalism of the Golden Age, is E. C. Bentley's novel, published in 1913, Trent's Last Case. The novel was (according to its author)

> not so much a detective story as an exposure of detective stories...It should be possible, I thought, to write a detective story in which the detective was recognizable as a human being.

In an essay written 50 years later, Howard Haycraft re-assessed Trent's Last Case. He considered

> the qualities constituting Bentley's chief contribution to the genre [to be] his easy naturalism and quiet humor, which we have long since come to take for granted. Closely related to these is his use of character as a means of detection; often imitated, it has rarely been surpassed. That the detective could be at once both brilliantly right and wrong remains one of the novel's achievements.

The Golden Age in the English Detective Story covers about twenty years, roughly the period between the first and second World Wars. Every branch of art and writing and life seem to have its Golden Age, a time when, in retrospect at least, things were much better than they have been since and when an art form reached a peak never to be achieved again. It is never the present that is Golden, it is always the past. To quote Mary Jane Higby on radio drama: "It is only when a thing is dead that it becomes golden."

Not that the detective story is dead. It is just that it is not quite the form today that it was during those twenty years. It had been pronounced dead a lot earlier -- as soon as The Moonstone had been published, in fact, and the obituary has been renewed regularly by people who don't seem to have given the matter much thought. Like the novel, the short story, the printed book itself, it is dead...only it doesn't know it. And neither do the readers. And they never will.

Leslie Fiedler pronounced the demise of the detective story in Love and Death in the American Novel. His other equally ignorant remarks on the subject give the impression he had not done much reading in the field, but felt he had to say something about the detective story as long as he was discussing Poe.

But what was it that made the Golden Age golden? One need only mention a few authors who began their careers in criminous matters during the period to give an idea.

1920: Agatha Christie published her first novel about Hercule Poirot, The Mysterious Affair at Styles. It had actually been written some years earlier so that the creation of the fastidious little man with the egg-shaped head and elegant moustache belongs to that age of greater eccentricity in detectives.

That same year Freeman Wills Crofts published his first novel, The Cask. It was to be a few years before his Inspector French would make his bow. And H. C. Bailey's Mr. Reginald Fortune, the cherubic amateur whose hobby was puppetry, whose favorite expression seemed to be "Oh, my aunt!", and who solved his cases with large helpings of intuition (not unlike Father Brown), stepped forth in a series of short stories published as Call Mr. Fortune.

1922: A. A. Milne's The Red House Mystery (except for a play and two short stories his only venture into the field) made light of the detective story conventions -- and became a classic itself. It's the sort of book P. G. Wodehouse might have written.

1923: Dorothy Sayers introduced Lord Peter Wimsey in Whose Body? and G.D.H. Cole (the economist and socialist) wrote the first of the books about Superintendent Wilson, The Brooklyn Murders. It was the only one of the series he was to write by himself; the rest were to be in collaboration with his wife.

1924: Philip MacDonald's Anthony Gethryn appeared in The Rasp.

1925: John Rhode's Dr. Priestley in The Paddington Mystery; Anthony Berkley's Roger Sheringham (who would seem to owe something to Philip Trent and Milne's Anthony Gillingham) in the anonymosly published The Layton Court Mystery; and Ronald Knox published the first of his six detective novels, The Viaduct Murder, the only one without Miles Bredon as the detective.

1928: Margery Allingham's first, rarest, and (according to her) worst novel, The White Cottage Mystery. Albert Campion was to make his first appearance the next year in The Crime at Black Dudley.

Even Edgar Wallace was to turn briefly from the writing of thrillers and stories of African adventure to create a detective in Mr. J. G. Reeder for a series of short stories and novelettes in which there is enough detection (of the cerebral sort) to qualify him for inclusion here.

The 1930s continued the careers of the writers mentioned and added at least four more names:

1930: John Dickson Carr (who is an American, but whose long residence in England during the period, plus his use of British settings, and his work within the tradition of the English detective story qualify him for being included). His first novel, It Walks By Night, a story of Bencolin, the French detective; Dr. Fell and H.M. Merrivale were to come later.

1934: Ngaio Marsh introduced detective Roderick Alleyn in A Man Lay Dead.

1935: Nicholas Blake (the pseudonym of poet C. Day Lewis) created Nigel Strangeways in A Question of Proof.

1936: Michael Innes (the pseudonym of critic J.I.M. Stewart) published the first story of Inspector John Appleby in Death at the President's Lodging.

This was the day of the London Detection Club, to which the best writers belonged, of a set of Rules (proposed in 1928 by Ronald Knox) which would make the detective story follow as rigid a pattern as the sonnet or Restoration comedy (to borrow phrases from Michael Gilbert and Julian Symons). It was actually a time when death in print could be taken lightly and as merely the starting point for an elaborate game between writer and reader: the writer to reveal all while concealing it, the reader to attempt to see where the writer was concealing his all. It was not a form which was obsessed with death itself (as Mr. Fiedler and numerous psycho-analysts would have it) but with the mystery of who was guilty of causing the death, and of how and why.

Edmund Crispin has probably stated this best when he says that

> orthodox detective fiction would seem at a first glance to be guilty of treating serious matters frivolously. Not so. Analyse the stuff attentively, and you will find that in spite of the superficial appearances, it scarcely ever deals

> with serious matters at all. Crime is a serious matter, yes; and yet, odd as this may sound, crime is not primarily what orthodox detective fiction is about. Orthodox detective fiction is about mystery -- a rather different matter. Crime comes into it for the reason that the moment you make up your mind to brighten people's lives with a mystery of some sort, you are brought face to face with the fact that what humanity is most resolutely mysterious about is its misdeeds; which being so, you can scarcely help having a crime in your story. That crime, however, will be purely a pretext.

The murder in a detective story is usually committed off-stage before the story opens perhaps, certainly while the reader's back is turned or his attention is diverted. Otherwise there would be no mystery.

In fact, Mr. Crispin goes on to say that since the true subject matter of the detective story is mystery and its solution you cannot have anything which will take away from that subject-matter. The plot is everything and anything which over-shadows the plot will weaken the story, as a detective story. Hence, you may find that by making the characters more human and the situations more plausible you remove the artificiality which is so necessary for presenting a mystery and its solution and you find you have not a detective story at all, but something else. Perhaps a straight novel with an element of detection.

One of the difficulties of constructing something according to rule is the extreme limitation it puts on the writer. The orthodox detective story in the Golden Age became artificial, contrived, even fantastic. Crime in the detective story bore little resemblance to crime in the street. It became a means by which seemingly irrational events and behavior were made rational at the end. It had to be constructed in such a manner that all of the parts contributed to pointing toward the solution and yet did not at first appear to do so.

In too many instances, in the hands of any but a master, it became a series of magic tricks which, having been explained, lost their magic. There is too often a great let-down at the end of a detective story when you know how the trick was done. This flaw was recognized by Poe himself in an article in which he discussed the construction of Dickens' novel Barnaby Rudge. And so, even during the Golden Age, many of the writers tried to change the detective story, to make it more plausible and less contrived.

One device was the recourse to what is known as the "inverted detective story." This was actually devised by R. Austin Freeman in 1912, but other writers soon tried it. It is perhaps on the surface more closely allied to the straight crime novel since the identity of the murderer is never in doubt. In Freeman's stories in the collection called The Singing Bone, the reader is shown how the crime was committed first and then how the detective solved it. It takes a good deal of skill to make a mystery out of such a tale, but it can be done. The idea is that the reader becomes so occupied with what he thinks is a straightforward narrative that he overlooks the very things which the murderer himself overlooks and the surprise comes when he sees from a fresh view-point how the detective solves the mystery. This is not to be confused with what might be called "detection in reverse" -- the story in which the protagonist is a criminal or rogue (The Saint, Raffles, The Toff) and spends his time eluding the police.

When one thinks of the Golden Age of the English Detective Story one also thinks of the convention of Fair Play. By this, the writer was supposed to state every clue by which the reader and the detective could solve the mystery. The writer need not be too quick to label every turn of the plot with the word clue, but the reader should be able to reread the book and, knowing the solution, tell just how he was fooled and what he missed. He should switch off the bed lamp and "kick himself under the covers" as Ronald Knox put it. How many (or how few) authors actually succeeded in this ideal would be difficult to estimate. This convention belongs to the Golden Age and there has been little recourse to it since in quite the same way. In fact, it may seem strange that the Rules of the Game were ever taken seriously. But some writers were actually able to turn out readable (and even rereadable) stories by following them scrupulously.

One who followed the rules was Freeman Wills Crofts, whose specialty was the unbreakable alibi, and who has been accused of following the rules to the point of dullness. He does afford us a glimpse of the home life of his Inspector French, making him seem more human. Perhaps he showed the way in this for Simenon's Maigret, as well as John Creasey's Roger West and George Gideon. In Inspector French's Greatest Case, published in 1925, we learn that

> When Inspector French felt really up against it in the conduct of a case, it was his invariable habit to recount the circumstances in the fullest to his wife. She, poor woman, haled from the mysterious household employments in which her soul delighted, would resignedly fetch her sewing and sit placidly in the corner of the

chesterfield while her lord and master strode up and down the room stating his premises, arguing therefrom with ruthless logic and not a few gestures, sifting his facts, grouping them, restating them...Sometimes she interjected a remark, sometimes she didn't; usually she warned him to be careful not to knock over the small table beside the piano, and invariably she wished he would walk on the less worn parts of the carpet. But she listened to what he said, and occasionally expressed an opinion, or, as he called it, "took a notion." And more than once it had happened that these notions had thrown quite a new light on the point at issue, a light which in at least two cases had indicated the line of research which had eventually cleared up the mystery.

Another who followed the rules was Ronald Knox, whose stories about Miles Bredon were almost too intellectual to be exciting, but were still somewhat diverting. Both of these writers would have agreed with Jacques Barzun who has admitted that while it is possible to "break some of the rules and get away with it,...it is not possible to break them all and survive -- as a writer of detection."

Perhaps it would be well to cite Monsignor Knox's famous "Detective Decalogue" here as an indication of what we mean by the Rules of the Game (there are other lists as well, including S. S. Van Dine's "Twenty Rules for Writing Detective Stories" which he, himself, kept breaking):

1) the criminal must be mentioned early in the book
2) supernatural solutions are rules out
3) only one secret room or passage is allowed
4) no undiscovered poisons are permitted
5) no Chinaman should appear in the story.
6) the detective must not be helped by luck or intuition
7) the detective must not himself commit the crime
8) the detective must not conceal clues from the reader
9) the thoughts of the narrator must not be concealed
10) there must be special warning of the use of twin brothers, or doubles

Some of the writers who either ignored the Rules or twisted them to their advantage were Anthony Berkeley, Agatha Christie, and Dorothy Sayers. Berkeley, after writing several novels about Roger Sheringham, wrote what can almost be considered a serious burlesque of the whole form in The Poisoned Chocolates Case. By that I mean it can be enjoyed as a detective story or as an irreverant critique of the form. In this novel a group of amateur criminologists each arrive at a different solution to the mystery. It can also be considered a sort of ultimate text-book in detective novel construction since the methods of each detective is carefully exposed to the reader. Berkeley was soon to abandon the form entirely and write three crime novels using the name of Francis Iles before retiring from the field altogether. Until his death last year he reviewed crime fiction for the Sunday Times under this name.

Dorothy Sayers spent 13 or 14 years writing detective stories, most of them about Lord Peter Wimsey, before she too stopped and turned to other literary pursuits. When she began in 1923 with Whose Body? she wished to experiment with the form and her goal was to write detective novels with real flesh and blood characters in them and not stereotyped figures. It is possible to trace her development toward this goal by reading the eleven novels about Lord Peter in sequence, not forgetting her three collections of short stories and the one non-Lord Peter novel (a collaboration with Robert Eustace called The Documents in the Case). Beside these one can with profit read her own studies of the genre in the introductions to the four anthologies she edited, as well as the five essays on Sherlock Holmes and detective fiction in Unpopular Opinions.

Her characters do become more real as she adds details to their histories and confronts them with different dilemmas of life -- including the most famous one of Lord Peter's pursuit of Harriet Vane. The novels become longer and longer and more complex as the detective element becomes less important. Gaudy Night, the next to last novel, doesn't concern a murder at all and one nearly forgets the mystery in the fascination of watching Miss Sayers manipulate her characters into a situation where Lord Peter and Harriet can plausibly become engaged. Although she didn't admit it for awhile, the author had become tired of what she later called the "artificiality" of the detective story convention. Busman's Honeymoon, a play based on the novel, and two short stories to be found only in magazines or anthologies finished off the saga.

In moving closer to the mainstream novel, she may have found she could not enjoy writing detective stories any more. A final collection of short stories which had appeared in magazines earlier was published in 1939, but she never wrote another detective story nor had much time for such trivial material again. For years it was hoped she would write a new Lord Peter novel, but she had found a new career in writing plays, religious essays, and in translating Dante. She began her detective story career near the beginning of the Golden Age and finished it near the end.

Agatha Christie's twisting of the rules may have been an unconscious effort. One can never be quite certain. She had begun in the 1920s to parody the popular writers in the genre in the stories in Partners in Crime and herself as well as Conan Doyle in the novel The Big Four. In The Murder of Roger Ackroyd she carried the theme of the least-likely-suspect to its extreme. It is apparent that she soon tired of Poirot, but kept him around due to public demand. Perhaps she became fond of him again. In later books she has used him as little as possible. "You hold off Poirot as long as you can," she said in an interview. Having him appear late in a book allows her to involve her other characters in the mystery to a greater extent. Poirot can then act as elder statesman and consultant. And "elder" he is if one considers that he was retired from the Belgian police in 1920. She sent his Watson, Captain Hastings, packing to the Argentine about 30 years ago when he became too insufferable. Even Poirot's eccentricities have been toned down and his English has greatly improved.

Her work in the later years of the Golden Age exhibits a remarkable ingenuity at tricking the reader without seeming to do so. The debate over whether she does it fairly or not will probably never be completely resolved to everyone's satisfaction.

It will be apparent to the close reader of the detective story that the Rules of the Game have been not so much ignored in many instances as interpreted from new angles. As it became increasingly difficult to devise new puzzles and new ways of solving them many writers followed the example of Anthony Berkeley and turned to the thriller or crime novel instead. And the new writers who came along kept analyzing their own work and those of their colleagues to see what they could do to put new life into the genre. Some of them brought specialized knowledge to the writing of detective fiction and set the stories against the backgrounds of their own secular professions: Nigel Strangeways in Nicholas Blake's stories solved one of his first cases through his recognizing a quotation from a Jacobean dramatist. The stories of Michael Innes have an equally literary flavor, reflecting the background of their author. Cyril Hare (to move a bit closer to the present for a moment), having been a Judge's Marshal and Legal Assistant in the Public Prosecutor's Department., used the courts as a setting and based many of his stories on legal questions.

Many writers from Freeman to Hare considered that what was important in a detective story was that the solution be most obviously the only solution and not one of several possible choices. Hare was also aware of a failing common to a great many detective stories; that the solution was too often based on evidence that would be inadmissable in court.

> The exposure of the criminal at the end of the book should logically be followed, in imagination at least, by his trial, trial by conviction, and conviction -- since we are all blood thirsty as readers -- by execution. It follows, therefore, that the evidence on which the detective acts should ideally be sufficiently compelling not only to make the spellbound reader kick himself -- or herself -- under the bedclothes, but to satisfy twelve people, not lying cosily in bed, but sitting in a jury box, that the charge is made out -- and that is not quite the same thing.

There is a growing debate among critics and writers themselves on the purpose of detective fiction. Is it entertainment or does it have social significance? It is perhaps within this debate that we can find the seeds of the recurring discovery that the detective story is dead. In a world increasingly concerned with the social usefulness of everything, what purpose is served by an admittedly artificial, contrived, and fantastic genre of literature?

This is, of course, a question to be considered from two angles: the audience for the detective story and what the observer concludes about the audience. It has often been observed that detective stories are the favorite light reading of bishops, professors, statesmen, and national leaders (particularly Presidents of the United States). Once observed, little is said about why it should be so, and if so, what it proves. Are these men intelligent enough to choose such fare or too dense to read anything better?

It is a matter of record that Abraham Lincoln read Edgar Allan Poe, but this does not seem to have enhanced Poe much in the eyes of his countrymen. Theodore Roosevelt once said that he enjoyed Arthur B. Reeve's Craig Kennedy stories. On hearing this, Reeve had a specially bound and inscribed set of his collected works to that date sent to Sagamore Hill. J. S. Fletcher had been writing fiction for some time with indifferent sales. Woodrow Wilson happened upon The Middle Temple Murder, praised it, and Fletcher was hard put to keep up with the demand for his work. The story of what John F. Kennedy's interest in Ian Fleming did for the popularity of James Bond is too well known to repeat in detail here.

It is perhaps too soon to draw any conclusions from this. Poe and Fleming are still read, but only specialists know the work of Reeve and Fletcher. Some of the most popular of crime novelists of the past are completely forgotten today. Even E. Phillips Oppenheim's name is remembered only because he wrote The Great Impersonation. Once the favorite light reading of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, the other 170 books of Oppenheim have been out of print for years.

Considered solely as entertainment -- the purpose of the majority of them -- the detective story is seen as either an intellectual puzzle or a soporific for insomniacs. It can be viewed as entertainment with a plus: a view of a special world where the irrational is made rational, where justice is triumphant, where the order and neatness of things is important, the importance of ritual and tradition is emphasized, and everyone knows his place. The body is discovered, a constable is summoned, and a statement is taken down (as in Inspector French's Greatest Case):

> Slowly the tedious catechism proceeded. The two men formed a contrast. Alcorn, calm and matter of fact, though breathing heavily from the effort of writing, was concerned only with making a satisfactory statement for his superior. His informant, on the other hand, was quivering with suppressed excitement, and acutely conscious of the silent and motionless form on the floor. Poor old Gething! A kindly old fellow, if ever there was one! It seemed a shame to let his body lie there in that shapeless heap, without showing even the respect of covering the injured head with a handkerchief. But the matter was out of his hands. The police would follow their own methods, and he, Orchard, could not interfere.

The characters may be stereotypes or as real as the conventions of the form will allow. We cannot, of course, look too deeply into motivations lest we dispell the mystery too soon. The detective may distract us from this by his brooding on his circumstances or there may be a light love interest. The setting of the story may also serve to distract or add interest (depending on the talent of the writer). One thinks of the Fen country in Dorothy Sayers' The Nine Tailors or the advertising agency in her novel Murder Must Advertise, the publishing industry in Nicholas Blake's End of Chapter, Oxford University in Michael Innes' Death at the President's Lodging or Edmund Crispin's The Moving Toyshop. For some readers the backgrounds and the miscellaneous information acquired make the reading of detective fiction an education in itself.

There is also in the detective story an attention to details of daily existence that can serve the social historian. Mail order catalogues and magazines may show us the implements and fashions of an earlier age, but popular fiction can sometimes shed light on just how these things fit into daily life. The rituals of housekeeping, life in the village, inns, buildings, elevators, (and elevator shafts down which many a body has plunged) occupations, meals and how they were served, prices, means of communication (just when did Sherlock Holmes cease relying on telegrams and begin to use the telephone), modes of travel (and the time it takes to reach the other side of London). All of these are guides (small in themselves) to an age which are not always found in ordinary novels which tend to emphasize less material matters.

But this is an aspect of the genre that wasn't necessarily intended by the writer who wanted to intrigue an audience with his intricate puzzles. Perhaps it can be pursued too far.

Another aspect of the genre to be noted when studying the audience for the detective story is the reflection one may find of the opinions of that audience. In a recent book (which I admit I only know of through a review in the Times Literary Supplement) called Snobbery With Violence, British mystery writer Colin Watson examines this aspect. I would like to quote one or two passages from the review -- one of them a lengthy passage from the book itself.

> Mr. Watson's book is. . .neither a Who's Who of crime writers, nor a comprehensive survey like [Howard Haycraft's Murder for Pleasure]. Its purpose is to discuss 'characteristic samples of the crime and mystery fiction of the past half century ...for clues to the convictions and attitudes of the large section of British society for which it was written.'...
>
> That the British Detective Story of the interwar years was riddled with a deeply class-conscious snobbery, and the British thriller of the same period with a distasteful xenophobia, is now perhaps generally accepted, but it is good to have the case made out in detail...
>
> The detective-story writers who come out most damagingly under attack are Dorothy Sayers and the now forgotten Lynn Brock; but Agatha Christie, the early Margery Allingham and others receive some sharp words...
>
> A passage about what [Mr. Watson] calls 'the air of tennis-club amateur dramatics' pervading the standard detective story of [the Golden Age] will give the flavour [of Mr. Watson's style and approach]
>
> In book after book they appear -- the diffident, decent young pipe-smokers; the plucky girls with flower-like complexions; the wooden policemen, slow but reliable; the assorted houseparty guests, forever dressing for dinner or hunting missing daggers; the aristocrats concealing their enormous intellects beneath a veneer of

assininity; the ubiquitous chauffeurs, butlers, housemaids and the rest of the lower orders, all comic, surly or sinister, but none quite human. The world they inhabit is self-contained, and never changing. We are shown the same flats in Half Monn Street, the same Tudor mansions half-an-hour's Bentley ride from town, with the same libraries and studies, the same French windows opening upon the same lawns. There is no deviation from time-honoured behaviour. All the characters are regular churchgoers, if only to reinforce their alibis. Meal-times are scrupulously observed even when the host lies transfixed or garrotted (no murder is ever committed in a dining-room). The hours of darkness are strictly for sleep or crime, never for sex. Even violence itself, the books' reason for being, is somehow conformist, limited, unreal.

So even the author of such witty novels as Charity Ends at Home, Coffin Scarcely Used, and Lonelyheart 4122 feels that violence is the center of the Golden Age detective story. But it was precisely this conformity, the time-honoured behavious, this self-contained world which were necessary to the detective story of the time. Violence in an ordered setting is all the more disturbing, all the more dramatic. In our world things may seem to be in a continual state of disruption -- as though to prepare us for greater disruptions. Mr. Watson does not realize that what violence there is in the detective story has to be unreal, for in a sense the detective story, like the works of P.G.Wodehouse or Frank Richards, describes an England that never existed except in the fondly remembered past. In the detective story we want to see order restored, but (eternally curious) we also want to find out what lies ahead. From our armchairs we respond to the command of Sherlock Holmes at the beginning of "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" -- "Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot. Not a word. Into your clothes and come!"

But that is another story. . .

Afterword: The preceeding paper was read to the faculty Language and Literature Group at St. Olaf College, September 24, 1971. As a talk, it was not burdened with the scholarly apparatus necessary for a published paper. I am not going to append a lengthy list of footnotes, however useful they might be in identifying the sources from which I have quoted. Instead, I shall merely list here the works which I consulted: The Detective Story in Britain by Julian Symons; Crime in Good Company, edited by Michael Gilbert; The Detective Short Story: a Bibliography, by Ellery Queen; A Catalogue of Crime, by Jacques Barzun and Wendell Taylor; The Mystery Writer's Art, edited by Francis M. Nevins, Jr; The Art of the Mystery Story, edited by Howard Haycraft; Dickens and Crime, by Philip Collins; "Trent's Last Case Re-Opened" by Howard Haycraft, New York Times Book Review (15 Dec 1963); Love and Death in the American Novel, by Leslie Fiedler; "Murder and the Middle Classes," Times (London) Literary Supplement (16 July 1971); Best Detective Stories, edited and with an introduction by Edmund Crispin. Since delivering the talk, I have had opportunity to read Snobbery With Violence and find that Mr. Watson does not entirely believe that violence is at the center of the detective story, however much the passage taken from context would have it.

* *

MOVIE NOTE

Bad Company (RKO-Pathe, 1931). Directed by Tay Garnett; a Charles R. Rogers Production; Associate Producer, Harry Joe Brown; Camera, Arthur Miller; Screenplay by Tom Buckingham and Tay Garnett from a story by Jack Lait. With Ricardo Cortez, Helen Twelvetrees, John Garrick, Frank Conroy, Paul Hurst, Frank McHugh, Kenneth Thomson, Emma Dunn, Harry Carey, William V. Mong, Wade Boteler, Edgar Kennedy, Robert Keith, Arthur Stone, Mike Donlin, Harold Goodwin, Gladden James, George Byron; 7 reels.

One of the least-known and, like Beast of the City, one of the toughest of the early gangster films, Bad Company has more in common with the underplayed and callous crime films of Rowland Brown than with the more traditional and spectacular films from Hawks, Wellman and ReRoy. Like so many pre-1932 talkies, and especially those from RKO-Pathe, it seems at first to be wholly a dialogue film, but it maintains a brittle and brisk pace, and is full of surprises—as in the remarkable foray into a German expressionalistic style for the waterfront sequence. And its slam-bang action climax is all the more effective for being largely unexpected. Director Tay Garnett is a curious minor talent who has turned out some major films (One Way Passage), some thoroughly entertaining ones (China Seas), and a full quota of dogs (Eternally Yours, Trade Winds). But as a kind of lesser league Wellman he has always been worth watching, especially in the 1929-32 period. Bad Company is virtually unknown, but quite undeservedly so.

—William K. Everson

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EDITOR'S NOTE: A WHOLEHEARTED AND ENTHUSIASTIC "THANK YOU!" TO WILLIAM DIXON FOR HIS REMARKABLE AND EXPRESSIVE COVER ARTWORK FOR MANY PAST, PRESENT, AND (WE MAY HOPE!) FUTURE ISSUES OF TAD. I AM ALL THE MORE GRATEFUL AS MR. DIXON HAS GENEROUSLY OFFERED HIS ARTISTIC CREATIONS SPONTANEOUSLY, AND HAS PRODUCED THEM SPECIFICALLY FOR TAD. —AJH

SHADOWING THE CONTINENTAL OP

BY WILLIAM F. NOLAN

With the recent publication of the Random House edition of Dashiell Hammett's The Continental Op I realized that something had to be done about "straightening out" the confusion that will surely engulf any Hammett student seriously in pursuit of the elusive Op. The Random House book is the third Hammett collection to bear this same title, yet each is a totally separate book, bearing no relationship to the others. There are also three books titled The Big Knockover. (Actually, one has a hyphen, printed as The Big Knock-Over, but that really doesn't help much.) Various reprints of these separate editions compound the confusion.

Therefore, I shall attempt, in this listing, to shadow the Op through the various book titles which include his cases, separating first printings from reprints, hard from soft covers. Since my own Hammett collection lacks a title or two I do not have all the publishing dates, but my data is complete enough to suffice for present purposes.

There were 36 separate Op tales printed (all but two in Black Mask) in the seven years between late 1923 and late 1930. Several of these are "linked" stories. Here they are, in the order of first magazine printing:

"Arson Plus" Black Mask (as "by Peter Collinson") - Oct. 1, 1923
"Slippery Fingers" BM (also as "Collinson") - October 15, 1923
"Crooked Souls" ("The Gatewood Caper") BM - October 15, 1923
Note: This story marked the first use of the Hammett byline in Black Mask, and "Collinson" was dropped thereafter. It appeared in the same issue with "Slippery Fingers."
"It" ("The Black Hat That Wasn't There") BM - Nov. 1, 1923
"Bodies Piled Up" ("House Dick") BM - December 1, 1923
"The Tenth Clew" ("The Tenth Clue") BM - Jan. 1, 1924
"Night Shots" BM - Feb. 1, 1924
"Zigzags of Treachery" BM - Mar. 1, 1924
"One Hour" BM - April 1, 1924
"The House in Turk Street" BM - April 15, 1924
"The Girl With the Silver Eyes" BM - June 1924
Note: This story is a "sequel" to "The House in Turk Street"
"Women, Politics and Murder" ("Death on Pine Street") BM - Sept. 1924
"The Golden Horseshoe" BM - Nov. 1924
"Who Killed Bob Teal?" True Detective - Nov. 1924
"Mike, Alec or Rufus" ("Tom, Dick or Harry") BM - Jan. 1925
"The Whosis Kid" BM - March 1925
"The Scorched Face" BM - May 1925
"Corkscrew" BM - Sept. 1925
"Dead Yellow Women" BM - Nov. 1925
"The Gutting of Couffignal" BM - Dec. 1925
"Creeping Siamese" BM - March 1926
"The Big Knockover" ("The Big Woman") BM - Feb. 1927
"$106,000 Blood Money" ("The Little Old Man") BM - May. 1927
Note: This story was a "sequel" to "The Big Knockover" and was combined with it in several books under various titles. (SEE BOOKS.)
"The Main Death" BM - June 1927
"The Cleansing of Poisonville" BM - Nov. 1927
Note: Revised by H. to form part 1 of Red Harvest.
"Crime Wanted—Male or Female" BM - Dec. 1927
Note: Revised by H. to form part 2 of Red Harvest.
"This King Business" Mystery Stories - Jan. 1928
"Dynamite" BM - Jan. 1928
Note: Revised by H. to form part 3 of Red Harvest.
"The 19th Murder" BM - Feb. 1928
Note: Revised by H. to form part 4 of Red Harvest.
"Black Lives" BM - Nov. 1928
Note: Revised by H. to form part 1 of The Dain Curse.
"The Hollow Temple" BM - Dec. 1928
Note: Revised by H. to form part 2 of The Dain Curse.
"Black Honeymoon" BM - Jan. 1929
Note: Revised by H. to form part 3 of The Dain Curse.
"Black Riddle" BM - Feb. 1929
Note: Revised by H. to form part 4 of The Dain Curse.
"Fly Paper" BM - Aug. 1929
"The Farewell Murder" BM - Feb. 1930
"Death and Company" BM - Nov. 1930
Note: This was the last Op tale H. wrote, and his last appearance in the magazine, though editor Shaw kept hoping he could con-

vince H. to write new Op tales for BM. But Hammett was making better money elsewhere, and was never tempted back.

BOOKS

All 36 Op stories have been collected in Hammett books, but not all in hard covers, as follows:

Red Harvest - Alfred A. Knopf, 1929. Hardcover.
Contains: four novelets (SEE OP LISTING) revised into H's first novel.
Note: This book has seen many reprintings, but since the title has never changed they need not concern us here.

The Dain Curse - Alfred A. Knopf, 1929. Hardcover.
Contains: four novelets (SEE OP LISTING) revised into H's second novel.
Note: Same situation as with Red Harvest regarding reprint editions of this book.

$106,000 Blood Money - Lawrence E. Spivak, (June 15) 1943. Paper.
Contains: the two linked novelets, "The Big Knockover" and $106,000 Blood Money" collected as a "novel." (Not revised by H.)
Note: In 1948 Spivak reprinted this book, abridged, also in paper, as The Big Knock-Over. This should not be confused with the Hellman-edited hardcover in 1966, which contains the two novelets, but which is a separate book. Also, the Spivak book should not be confused with Dell's title, The Big Knockover, which is, basically, a reprint of the Hellman volume. (I'll deal with these titles further along.)

Blood Money - World Publ. Co., 1943. Hardcover.
Contains: the same two novelets as above, but for the first time in hardcover format.
Note: Dell reprinted this one, same title, in the 1940s (no pub. date listed in the Dell edition), as "Dell Mystery No. 53"—with a "crime map" on the back cover and with a contents listing. The two novelets were main-titled: "The Big Woman" and "The Little Old Man" with sub-titles for each as "chapters."

The Continental Op - L. E. Spivak, 1945. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen."
Contains: "Fly Paper," "Death on Pine Street," "Zigzags of Treachery," "The Farewell Murder"
Note: Dell reprinted this one, same title and contents, as "Dell Mystery No. 129 (no pub. date in book), but with a "crime map" on back cover. This Dell edition should not be confused with a much later Dell reprint of part of the Hellman-edited The Big Knockover for which Dell also used the title: The Continental Op. Nor should it be confused with the 1974 hard-cover from Random with the same title. [Dell No. 129 published in 1946.]

The Return of the Continental Op - L. E. Spivak, 1945. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen".
Contains: "The Whosis Kid," "The Gutting of Couffignal," "Death and Company," "One Hour," "The Tenth Clue"
Note: Dell reprinted this one, same title and contents, as "Dell Mystery No. 154" (no pub. date in book), with a "crime map" on back cover. [Pub. 1947]

Hammett Homicides - L. E. Spivak, 1946. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen".
Contains: "The House in Turk Street," "The Girl With the Silver Eyes," "Night Shots," "The Main Death" (and two non-Op stories)
Note: Dell reprinted this, same title and contents, as "Dell Mystery No. 223" (no pub. date in book), with a "crime map" on back cover.

Dead Yellow Women - L. E. Spivak, 1947. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen."
Contains: "Dead Yellow Women," "The Golden Horseshoe," "House Dick," "Who Killed Bob Teal" (and two non-Op stories)
Note: Dell reprinted this one, same title and contents, as "Dell Mystery No. 308" (no pub. date in book), with a "crime map" on back cover.

Nightmare Town - L. E. Spivak, 1948. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen."
Contains: "The Scorched Face," "Corkscrew" (and two non-Op stories)
Note: Dell reprinted this one, same title and contents, as "Dell Book No. 379" (no pub. date in book), with a "crime map" on back cover and seven full-page black-and-white ink illustrations. [Pub. 1950]

The Dashiell Hammett Omnibus - Cassell (England), 1950. Hardcover.
Contains: (in addition to the two Op novels) "Dead Yellow Women," "The Golden Horseshoe," "House Dick," "Who Killed Bob Teal?"
Note: My reason for listing this one British Hammett edition (but no others from England) is that it has special value due to the fact that it offers hard-cover publication for the first time to the above four Op stories.

The Creeping Siamese - L. E. Spivak, 1950. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen".
Contains: "The Creeping Siamese," "Tom, Dick or Harry," "This King Business" (and three non-Op stories)
Note: Dell reprinted this one, same title and contents, as "Dell Book No. 538" (no pub. date in book), with a "crime map" on back cover.

Woman in the Dark - L. E. Spivak, 1952. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen."
Contains: "Arson Plus" (the first Op tale), "Slippery Fingers," "The Black Hat That Wasn't There" (and four non-Op stories)
Note: Never reprinted. (Dell did not include it in their early series of Hammett reprint editions.)

A Man Named Thin - J. W. Ferman, 1962. Paper. Compiled and with an introduction by "Ellery Queen."
Contains: "The Gatewood Caper" (and seven non-Op stories)
Note: Never reprinted. (This collection was published a year after H's death.)

The Big Knockover - Random House, 1966. Hardcover. Compiled and with an introduction by Lillian Hellman.
Contains: "The Gutting of Couffignal," "Fly Paper," "The Scorched Face," "This King Business," "The Gatewood Caper," "Dead Yellow Women," "Corkscrew," "The Big Knockover," "$106,000 Blood Money" (and one non-Op story)
Note: Dell broke this into two books in reprinting, as follows:
The Big Knockover - with "Fly Paper," "The Scorched Face," "The Gutting of Couffignal," "The Big Knockover"
The Continental Op - with "This King Business," "The Gatewood Caper," "Dead Yellow Women," "Corkscrew," "$106,000 Blood Money"
Yet Vintage Books, in paperback, reprinted the full contents of the Hellman edition as The Big Knockover.

The Continental Op - Random House, 1974. Hardcover. Compiled and with an introduction by Steven Marcus.
Contains: "The Tenth Clue," "The Golden Horseshoe," "The House in Turk Street," "The Girl With the Silver Eyes," "The Whosis Kid," "The Main Death," "The Farewell Murder"
Note: And, God help us all, when Dell reprints this one, probably in 1975, we will have yet another paperback book called The Continental Op.

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"Henri Bencolin"—continued from page 98

also takes Bencolin and Marle abroad—this time to an eerie castle overlooking the Rhine.

As already mentioned, most of what we know about the judge d'instruction is from his Watson's viewpoint. Marle knew Bencolin all his life, but his first chance to see him working was in April 1927 in It Walks by Night. Bencolin had promised Marle's father he'd take care of him, but just how long he'd been in Paris isn't clear. The general impression is that he had just moved to Paris and taken an apartment on the Avenue Montaigne. But Marle also was taught fencing at age eight in Paris. Presumably he'd returned to Paris after completing his college education in America. According to Bencolin he is not overly bright or obnoxious and would be "no good as a sleuth." Marle is rather well off, with his own "invaluable" manservant, Thomas (British, of course).

Jeff fell in love (in a manner of speaking, and as so many other detectives and assistants are prone to do) with one of the suspects in It Walks by Night, Sharon Grey. Their love affair is not an idyllic romance, but fraught with misunderstandings and arguments, stemming primarily from Sharon's frigid, easy grace and Jeff's jealousy of her. With Bencolin's help they did go away after It Walks by Night, but were tracked down by her father, who brought her back and held her a virtual prisoner thereafter. In The Corpse in the Waxworks Marle conceeds that he is engaged; if the marriage ever came off is another mystery to be solved.

Bencolin's last recorded case is The Four False Weapons. It takes place after he retired and Marle does not relate it or appear in it. He is mentioned, however, by Bencolin as being "a stubborn but dependable friend." In retirement Bencolin has changed both physically and mentally. He is a "tall, lean, stringy man in the middle fifties" with a deep, slow, genial voice. His moustache and beard have been trimmed to almost a greying stubble. There is not one mention of his hair being twirled into horns, or of his usual Satanic looks and mannerisms. He has wrinkles and pouches around his black eyes. He has become a landowner in the Forest of Marly, wearing a dilapidated hat and a corduroy coat with worn sleeves, smoking a pipe with rank, bad tobacco. In the proper seasons he spends most of his time hunting and fishing. Out of season he reads French and English classics—admitting he gets bored with them too.

The best summary of this man's character is a statement he made himself when discussing his plan of action. "I can tamper with the law when, where, and how I like. I have tampered with the law when, where, and how I liked; and I will do it again."

THE PROBLEM OF MORAL VISION IN DASHIELL HAMMETT'S DETECTIVE NOVELS

BY GEORGE J. THOMPSON

PART VII: CONCLUSION

"Form and Substance: An Overview"

A consideration of the developing moral and social vision of the five novels aids greatly in any attempt to determine Hammett's contribution to the detective form and to evaluate his success as an artist. The traditional detective story is comic in form, and in all, whether by Edgar Allan Poe, Arthur Conan Doyle, Dorothy Sayers, or Ellery Queen, one can locate at least four relatively consistent patterns. First, the endings always portray an expiation of evil in the existing society; secondly, there is always an emphasis on order, an order that comes about through the unravelling of the mystery; third, to one degree or another, the detective's skill in handling his world is stressed and glorified; and lastly, the traditional novel usually concludes with a sense of the renewal of society, generally marked by a return to the everyday rhythms of life pictured--or implied--before the commission of the crime. What is particularly interesting about Hammett is that he uses essentially these same patterns, but with a difference: he complicates, modulates, and expands them to carry his peculiar thematic thrust. Raymond Chandler has argued that the Black Mask story put its emphasis on individual scenes rather than the denouement at the end:

> *" . . . a good plot was one which made good scenes. The ideal mystery was one you would read if the end was missing."*[1]

In the traditional detective story everything works toward the revelation at the end, but in the hardboiled tradition each scene ideally contains "It's own denouement of revelation or action."[2] Hammett discovered this technique and used it to give depth and resonance to his vision.

When we open a traditional detective novel, we know pretty much what to expect from its form. We know a crime will be committed, and we know that the detective will solve it by the end. Our pleasure comes, at least in part, by participating in the mystification with the hero and trying, with him, to discover the correct connections. Part of the aesthetic pleasure comes at the end when, though we have failed to keep pace with the hero's reasoning powers, we see how we have been misled, and yet told all, by the artist. The triumph is in the plotting, and the catharsis is one of satisfaction. It is an all's-well-that-ends-well form. In this sense, the form of the traditional detective story is comic, and, as W. H. Auden suggests in "The Guilty Vicarage," it even has dimly glimpsed metaphysical implications of a divine comedy, a journey toward a revelation and judgment.[3]

Hammett, however, modifies this comic form towards a more complicated ironic one, one more suited to his ambiguous and problematic moral vision. We can return to the analogues with Renaissance drama that we have noted earlier and suggest that the difference between Hammett comedy and traditional detective comedy is the difference between Jonsonian comedy and Shakespearean, or even Shakespeare's problem comedies and his earlier romantic comedies. Jonson's Jacobean comedy darkened and dimmed with irony the earlier Elizabethan comic light in much the same way as Hammett's the traditional detective story. The bringing together of the ironic and the comic give Hammett's novels a resonance and power not previously felt in the detective genre. A final review of the five novels may help to clarify Hammett's contribution to the detective form and to suggest the full range of his moral vision.

The most allegorical of the five, in some ways the most expansive in its image of pervasive evil, Red Harvest is, nevertheless, ironic comedy. The world of disorder becomes a world of order and evil is expunged; yet Hammett leaves us with the sense that such renovation is at best temporary. It is an ironic ending. The delicate balance is suggested by Hammett's indication that Personville is under martial law at the end, and people being what they are in the novel, it is hard to imagine that this sweet-smelling rose will not soon fester. The usual comic emphasis on renewal is here severely limited and qualified. The sense of order we normally feel in the discovery scene of a detective novel is altered as well. Hammett moves his emphasis from the who or what question to the how: how to do a job. The Op's victory at the end comes through his discovery of how to operate in the Poisonville world. There is satisfaction in watching the Op orchestrate the destruction of the villains in such a way that they defeat themselves. His sense of his own vulnerability makes more satisfying our sense that he plays the game as well as it could have been played given the conditions of Poisonville. By such portrayal, Hammett seriously qualifies the comic thrust. Throughout, we have not been allowed merely to assume victory for the Op; we have been made to experience the ambiguous and problematic nature of the game itself. The plot is finally less important than the scenes, the end less crucial than the process.

The Dain Curse, on the other hand, more closely imitates the traditional comic form. Owen Fitzstephan, the evil force in the novel, is exposed and rendered harmless to society by

the end, and though Aaronia Haldron is never tried in court and Mrs. Fink is never found, the immediately corrupting forces in the novel are discharged from the present society. Similar to the traditional detective novel, the mystery of The Dain Curse is a causal question--who or what lies behind the curse?--and the detective comes to perceive the only possible answer, the gestalt of the disparate elements, and the reader's confusion and mystification is removed and replaced by clarity.

But we do not feel satisfied. The peculiar success of The Dain Curse can be explained, I think, by Hammett's failure to harmonize his form with his substance. Hammett chooses to employ the traditional comic detective form, a form in which the denouement overshadows the parts, and yet we realize by the end that his substantitive interest has been in the developing struggle between the Op and Owen Fitzstephan. We recognize that the Op's skill lies not so much in acting as in perceiving, seeing into the nature of the world around him, and the epistemological emphasis throughout suggests that the novel is partly about the problem of perception. The central contrast is between Fitzstephan and the Op, a contrast between romantic delusions and skeptical realism, and, because Hammett has chosen the traditional detective form, one that emphasizes obfuscation and deemphasizes the individual scene, this character conflict is not developed as clearly as it should be.

The result is that in The Dain Curse Hammett fails to write either a good traditional detective story or a good problem comedy. The comic elements are all present--Fitzstephan is punished appropriately by his own stratagems, Gabrielle flowers in the hands of the Collinsons, the Collinson family regains fullness by the adoption of Gabrielle, and the forces of evil are either killed, imprisoned, or scattered--and yet Hammett is not able to harmonize his preparation scenes with the discovery scene at the end. The usual Hammett stress on the ambiguity of life and the savagery of man's nature, on the other hand, is also incomplete because, having decided to make the discovery scene prominent, he cannot develop in depth the individual scenes. The need to mystify prohibits emphasis on the process of detection, and therefore the moral and ethical dilemmas of the Op and his struggle with Fitzstephan are not able to find adequate expression.

The Maltese Falcon, however, successfully weds form and vision. The ending of the novel creates the delicate balance which is particularly the Hammett mark. There is expiation of particular evil, yet the suggestion of little or no improvement of existing society. Brigid is jailed, Gutman killed, and the others imprisoned, but the world goes on as before. The stupidity of the police, and the inflexibility of the District Attorney remain, and there is no evidence that the characteristics of greed, viciousness, and falseness which the villains have represented here in any way disappeared or have been attenuated in the larger society.

The ending of the novel is formally perfect. The three mysteries--who killed Archer, what is to be the relationship of Spade and Brigid, and where and what is the Maltese Falcon--all are resolved in the final scenes. Order replaces dissonance and disorder when these mysteries are unravelled. Spade's rejection of Brigid produces the greatest satisfaction because it harmonizes with, and is precipitated by, his clear-eyed view of the nature of reality. The threatening possibility that he may fall to Brigid's temptations is shown to be an illusion, and though we do not laugh when he turns her in, there is a comic rightness to it all: she gets what she deserves and least expects.

The Maltese Falcon puts the emphasis on the hero as actor. Like Jonson's Volpone, Spade knows the nature of his world and knows that to be effective he must appear to be like it. His success lies in his ability to outwit the knaves at their own game. Unlike Volpone, Spade does not make the comic error at the end; he does not lose perspective and become a fool. He does not let his own roguery and his knowledge of roguery, his ability to play the rogue's game, corrupt his own detachment. In this way the question often raised of his moral superiority is placed properly--it is not the real question. Gutman and the others think of themselves as rogues, but end as fools, and because of this, their fate suggests that folly is in the egotism of roguery. This comic resolution produces a sense of poetic justice, and we laugh at their failure.

But though Spade is victorious, renewal is nowhere apparent in the society. Spade ends an outsider, shut off from his loyal secretary by her failure to understand the meaning of his rejection of Brigid. Perhaps the potential of man and society is imaged in Spade's personal commitment to his own vision, but overall the ironic situation of the humorous society holding its power remains intact.

Hammett's The Glass Key is the least comic of all the works for two reasons. First, Hammett attempts to create a believeable and realistically fallible protagonist in the figure of Ned Beaumont. The abstraction of the earlier novels is here replaced by a particularization rarely found in comedy and rarely compatible with it, and the novel comes very close to being tragic. Comedy generally deals with character types so that the audience will not identify too closely with them, but Hammett tries to make Beaumont a personalized figure, thus lessening the distance between audience and character. Secondly, and in line with his focus on character, Hammett arranges his plot in such a way that solving of the mystery (usually a victory in the traditional form) here proves to have nearly alienating personal consequences. The irony that results from the discovery is painful and personal and therefore prevents a comic catharsis.

Like the novels before it, The Glass Key portrays a restricted expiation of evil. The central villain, Senator Henry, is discovered and the murder mystery is explained. This is in line with the comic form; but again, this formal comic ending is complicated, this time by our recognition that Beaumont's "ordering" of the surrounding disorder leads not to equanimity but to a more disturbing truth, the truth that man is infected by ego, self-interest, and stupidity. There seems to be little hope for mankind. Hammett hints at the conclusion that Paul Madvig may change his ways, but this is left problematic, as is the question of Ned's relationship with Janet. Similar to The Maltese Falcon, the ending shows strength of character to be located only within the protagonist--and possibly Janet--and it places him outside the purview of existing society.

Ned Beaumont is shown to possess the kind of critical intelligence associated with literary rogues from Jonson to Shaw, but we notice that he takes considerably less enjoyment from his ability to outwit his antagonists. The reason for this is that he undertakes a job no one has asked him to, everyone wants him not to, and for unusual reasons: to prove a friend's innocence and to prove to himself that he is no longer a loser. His is an increasingly serious quest and, by the end, despite his perseverance and agility, he is sadly trapped, not by a fall into error--a usual Hammett threat--but by the failure of human relationships in the world around him. Hammett so twists the comic form that when we feel the comic release in the discovery that Ned has not betrayed Madvig to O'Rory we almost immediately discern that our catharsis is premature. The novel reverses our expectations by ending with no real comic release whatsoever. The note of loss, even sadness, on which the novel closes, makes The Glass Key the most painful of all.

Although we feel Ned Beaumont is better off outside the humorous society of The Glass Key, it is an unlooked for and unwanted deliverance. The Thin Man, by comparison, portrays the disengagé who, though he lives in the society, desires no functional connection with it. Throughout the work, Nick Charles maintains a skeptical and distant perspective concerning the disorder around him. Unlike the earlier protagonists, he is not vulnerable to falling because he is committed to nothing in particular, except perhaps, his repeated declamations of non-involvement. He doesn't need a job, he doesn't care about any of those involved, in fact, he dislikes them all.

The purging of corruption in The Thin Man is shown to be highly restrictive. Though Macauley is revealed as the arch-villain at the end, the reader finds little satisfaction in this fact because he realizes that Macauley's violence is simply an extreme manifestation of the prevalent moral and social decay ubiquitously pictured in the novel. Our greatest comic release comes from Nick's perceptive unravelling of the Gordian knots of the mystery, yet even this release is modified by our recognition that such skill no longer brings meaning to the possessor. There is victory without measureable result. The ending suggests no renewal: all will go on as before.

The game is all that is left in The Thin Man. Nick and Nora represent the kind of wit and flexibility that means survival in a lost world. The novel is genuinely funny, and despite the darker overtones, we find pleasure in observing two people who have learned to live with some style and grace in an otherwise witless and graceless world.

Surely, then, one of the most interesting things about Hammett is his attempt to use the comic form to render a serious moral and social vision. Throughout the major novels, he strives to adjust the detective form to suit his thematic interests, and what results is a kind of problem comedy. He expands the range of the comic form by making it unsettle us rather than relieve us. With the exception of The Dain Curse, the plotting of the novels is extremely well handled. In each, the plot strands point to larger, more informing issues, issues concerning the nature of American society, the viability of the moral and ethical hero in a fallen world, the problematic nature of reality, and the problem of identity. Detection as a process is revivified as Hammett examines the dilemmas of pragmatic, morally self-conscious heroes who attempt to do their job efficiently while holding on to their own authenticity.

As we move from Red Harvest to The Dain Curse to The Maltese Falcon to The Glass Key and on to The Thin Man we increasingly become aware of a darkening authorial vision. Red Harvest, with its allegorical typography, represents in full the Hammett world, complete in its portrayal of the infectious mole within human nature. As we have seen, one of the problems Hammett articulates in this first novel is how inescapably ironic must be the ethical man's position in a corrupt world, and it is the problem he repeatedly examines from varying perspectives thereafter. With the creation of Sam Spade, Hammett finds a viable hero, one who is finally able to harmonize his external existence with his internal self, but the Hammett irony persists: to affirm one's authenticity is to necessarily be unlike everyone else.

The Glass Key develops the theme of alienation by focusing on society's devastating influence on the committed man. Beaumont's search for the truth leads ironically to betrayal and to the discovery that, despite good faith and almost super-human endeavor, human relationships are at best illusionary. The total estrangement of the Hammett hero from his society is painfully rendered in this novel, and in the final one, The Thin Man, Hammett extends to its logical conclusion this pattern of the mutilated American hero. The loss of inner integrity and commitment embodied in the ex-detective Nick Charles reflects Hammett's pessimistic con-

clusion that doing and being are forever disjoined, forever separated from dynamic and meaningful connection. In the earlier novels, the hardboiled cover had a raison d'etre; its necessity reflected not only the viciousness of the outside world but as well a commitment by the protagonist to protect what lay within his inner being. But in Nick Charles the hardboiled attitude is only a stance, devoid of meaningful connection with the internal self. Living off the society he distrusts and views with contempt, Nick Charles is content to please himself. Hedonism replaces valuation, and the Hammett vision closes on that note.

To see the novels as I have argued points, I think, to at least one reason Hammett never again wrote a major novel after The Thin Man: he had no more to say. He had worked out as far as he could the possibilities of the questions he had raised concerning individual man and society. Like Nick Charles, he may have succumbed to ennui. There is an order, a beginning, middle, and end to the moral vision he creates as he moves from Red Harvest to The Thin Man, but his inability to change direction or to revivify his perceptions mark him as a minor writer. We must, however, acknowledge that what he did he did almost perfectly. The Maltese Falcon and The Thin Man are triumphs in form and substance, and their influence is strongly felt in the best writers of the genre today. He continues to be read--Random House is reissuing the novels in good quality paperback editions--and he continues to be something more than another detective story writer for those who feel he is a serious writer--serious in form and in substance.

1. Quoted in L. E. Sissman, "Raymond Chandler Thirteen Years After," New Yorker, XLVIII (March 1972), p. 124
2. L. E. Sissman, p. 124.
3. The Dyer's Hand and Other Essays (New York: Random House, Inc., 1962), p. 158.

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BOOK EXCHANGE—continued from page 164

Mike Schmidt (633 Ridgewood Lane, Libertyville, Ill. 60048) wants to buy: Department of Queer Complaints by Carter Dickson; Dr. Fell, Detective and other short stories and radio plays, by J. D. Carr (Mercury); The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes by Adrian Conan Doyle and J. D. Carr.

Ronald Partlow (1003 River Drive, East Grand Forks, Minn. 56721) has for sale: Vol 1-3 of TAD, plus extra copies of 1/1, 1/4, 2/2 and 2/3.

Guy M. Townsend (3313 Wooded Way, Jeffersonville, Ind. 47130) would like to buy (or borrow, with suitable guarantees) Vol 7 #3 and #4 of TAD.

K. E. Bennett, Jr. (12 Garfield Ave., New Concord, Ohio 43762) is looking for issues of TAD Vol 7 No. 2 and earlier. Please write before sending copies.

Richard C. Butler (566-56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11220) is seeking Popular Library paperbacks. WIll pay up to $5 each for certain titles. Interested in #'s 1-200 only (approx. 1942-1950). Also Crime File #1 and 2. Would like to be sent all "for sale" lists.

Robert Hatch (Hendham House, Woodleigh, Kingsbridge, South Devon) is still desperately looking for many back issues of TAD, particularly included Vol 6 #1.

E. F. Bleiler (c/o Dover, 180 Varick St., N. Y., N. Y. 10014) writes: WANTED, TO BEG, BORROW, BUY (PREFERABLY) but not steal, Famous Detective Stories, Nov. 52 and Feb. 53; Smashing Detective Stories, March 52.

J. M. Carter (201 E. 66th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10021) has for sale Vol 7 of TAD, also paperback thrillers by Charles Williams, most out-of-print.

J. & J. O'Donoghue Books (1927 2nd Ave. S., Anoka, Minn. 55303) issues first edition and ex-lib mystery hardcover lists.

John Newton (4013 Glendale St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124) is looking for Born Killer and Other Stories, pub. by Black's Readers Service (a reprint edition of Queen's Awards, 8th Series).

Rea K. Pattenn (Box 188, Orr, Minn. 55771) wants a copy of Nine Tailors by Dorothy Sayers.

Boulevard Bookshop (10634 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064) has a new catalog of 2000 first edition mysteries; list available free--ask for Catalogue 19.

Douglas Powers (811 W. Kenneth Road, Glendale, Calif. 91202) is looking for copies or photocopies of Vol I 1-4, Vol II 1-2, and Vol IV 4 of TAD.

Richard M. Lackritz (Apartment 609c, 3000 Spount Run Parkway, Arlington, Va. 22201) will pay for binding for any full volume of TAD sent to him (Volumes 1-6). He will read the issues within one week, take them to a binder and mail back insured. He also wants the Rathbone biography, Crime File #4, Guy Boothby titles, Detection Club titles, and finely illustrated Poe's Tales.

Steve Lewis (62 Chestnut Road, Newington, Ct. 06111) publishes his Mystery*File about monthly, with reviews, checklists, short articles, plus lists of paperbacks and hardcovers for sale.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT - FOR SALE: 1st & reprint, some with d.j., mostly 20's and 30's; for information on price and condition send SASE to: ED KESSELL, 11540 Sandhurst, St. Louis, Mo. 63141. R.Armstrong, Cavalier of the Night; Bailey, Mr. Fortune Wonders, This is Mr Fortune, Slippery Ann; Blake, Shell of Death; Crofts, Man Overboard, Antidote to Venom, Ponson Case, Fear Comes to Chalfont; Corbett, Death Pool; Dawe, Leathermouth's Luck; Daniel, Slant Eye, Man with the Magnetic Eyes; Davison, Man with Twisted Face, Twisted Face Defends His Title, Devil's Apprentice, Traitor Unmasked; Duncan, Nighthawk, Murder Man, Death Master, Dreamer Deals with Murder, Bastion of Damned, Mark of Leech; Farjeon, Shadow of Thirteen, Yellow Devil, Person Called Z; Fletcher, Fletcher Omnibus (5 novels); Freeman, Singing Bone, Blue Scarab, Puzzle Lock; Fairlie, Yellow Munro; Grierson, Smiling Death; Graeme, Return of Blackshirt; Horler, Nighthawk Swears Vengeance, Harlequin of Death, Horror's Head, Exit the Disguiser, Man Who Walked

continued on page 131

BOUCHERCON V

BY MARVIN LACHMAN

After spending its first three years in the Los Angeles area, Bouchercon has become truly national. Bouchercon IV was in Boston, and Bouchercon VI is looking eastward again. Bouchercon V was held at the Royal Inn at the Oakland Airport, just across the bay from San Francisco, and a number of visitors took advantage of perfect weather and close proximity to visit this most picturesque of all U.S. cities.

Bouchercon V began Friday night, October 4, 1974, with a wine and cheese reception in, of all places, the hotel bridal suite. Fortunately, the evening proved to be a happy marriage of potable claret, edible cheese, and good conversation. The convention proper began Saturday morning with some mildly improper remarks from Adrienne Martine-Barnes, who as chairman helped establish Bouchercon's relaxed mood. She was followed by Willo Davis Roberts and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro constituting a "mini-panel" on the Gothic novel. Giving many uproarious examples of books which present idiot heroines, these women made an effective plea for equal rights in mystery fiction.

Next, Anthony Boucher's widow, Mrs. Phyllis White, gave us some personal reminiscences of the man whose memory Bouchercon honors. A weekend of reference to Boucher brings home dramatically how great a loss to mystery fiction was his untimely death. I still recall my shock at learning of his death while reading the obituary page of the New York Times. Though I had never met him, or even corresponded, I felt as if I were reading of a friend's death.

After a lunch break, during which I found time to purchase ten Dell Crime Map paperbacks in the convention's "huckster" room, the meeting resumed with a panel of Karen and Poul Anderson, Shirley Dickensheet, and Lenore Glen Offord discussing Anthony Boucher as a Sherlockian. Reference to the Sacred Writings appears throughout Boucher's work, most notably in The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars.

Dean Dickensheet and Mrs. Offord then discussed Reviewing the Mystery, a topic which inevitably led to mention of Boucher as mystery reviewer. There must be something about the San Francisco Bay area which breeds good mystery critics. The two best I have ever read are Offord, currently reviewer for the San Francisco Chronicle, and Boucher, of nearby Berkeley, whose "Criminals at Large" column made the Sunday New York Times so essential.

Two hardboiled writers (and Edgar winners), Joe Gores and Frank McAuliffe, spoke about violence in films and literature. McAuliffe came away with top honors, having prepared himself with some very amusing drawings and charts illustrating the level of violence, ranging from Disney (Walt, not Doris Miles) to The Godfather—and worse.

Bouchercon V's guest of honor, Reginald Bretnor, next spoke, describing his friendship with Boucher. His talk was well off the beaten track as he also described Boucher's talents as gourmet cook and poker player. Incidental to Mr. Bretnor's talk were some insights into his own writing. Though best known for his science fiction, he has contributed four unusual short stories to EQMM, of which two, "Paper Tiger" (5/69) and "A Matter of Equine Ballistics" (9/71) are especially noteworthy.

A movie program after dinner began with the very funny Peter Sellers' short, The Mukinnese Battle Horn, in which he plays a bumbling Scotland Yard inspector. This was followed by an old favorite, Alfred Hitchcock's The 39 Steps, which holds up very well indeed. With midnight drawing near, though there was still a Sherlock Holmes film scheduled, the lateness of the hour (and too much Spaghetti Caruso and wine at dinner) made me forego that pleasure.

At 10:45 a.m. Sunday morning I spoke on the American Regional Mystery, describing how mystery writers have used the history, geography, and customs of various parts of the country as background to their mysteries. Considering how early it was, I wasn't entirely disappointed that there were only a dozen people present at the start of my talk. After all, only one person in the audience had to be there (she is married to me). It was an enthusiastic group, and additional people kept drifting in so that by noon there were considerably more people present for the next talk, by Adrienne Martine-Barnes and Ray Nelson on Writing the Period Mystery. Nelson described the book he has just completed, a novel set in the first century A.D., featuring a unique detective, a centurion.

Following lunch Bill Pronzini and Michael Kurland ad-libbed an amusing panel about creating series detectives, and Chairman Martine-Barnes made some appropriate remarks, closing a most instructive, enjoyable, fast-moving convention. She referred to Bouchercon VI, which is scheduled to be held in Chicago in July under the aegis of John Nieminski. If the convention is as well organized as Nieminski's recent index, EQMM 350, it should be the best Bouchercon of them all.

See you in Chicago, John.

* *

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT—continued from page 130

with Death; Hosken, Shadow Syndicate; Hales, Mystery of Wo-Sing; Jacobs, Silent Terror, Curse of Khatra; King, The Ghoul, Greenface, Terror at Staups House; LeBlanc, Return of Arsene Lupin; Langston, Dragons; Macdonald (P), Polferry Riddle, The Choice (=Polferry Riddle); Martyn, Return of Anthony Trent, Death by the Lake, Criminals All; Masterman, Baddington Horror; Muir, Signet of Death; Morton, Alias Blue Mask; Meynell, Odds on Bluefeather; Richmond, Valley of Doom, Hidden Horror; Rogers, Vengeance of Tongs; Radcliffe, Sky Wolves; Snell, "Z" Ray; Seamark, Silent Six, Master Vorst, Web of Destiny, Man They Couldn't Arrest.

THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

BY CHARLES SHIBUK

December 1974 draws to a close. The holiday season fills the streets with red and green decorations. The very air tingles with excitement and harbingers of good things to come. Unfortunately, the whiskered gentleman who usually wears a red suit at this time has not chosen to bless this quarter's harvest with a cornucopia of reprint material. Far from it, I'm afraid.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Tuppence and Tommy Beresford are once again involved with murder and espionage in Miss Christie's latest novel, Postern of Fate (1973) (Bantam). It's a pleasant and enjoyable work, though overlong and prolix. It does not betray the hand of a master, but you will find it a completely civilized and welcome reminder of those good old days.

On a slightly higher level of accomplishment there is Peril at End House (1932)(Pocket Books), wherein murder disturbs the idyll of a seaside resort and poses a real challenge to the ingenuity of M. Poirot and his little grey cells.

Last quarter's column mentioned Murder in the Calais Coach. Lightning has struck again. This volume has just reappeared under its original British title, Murder on the Orient Express (1934)(Pocket Books), in order to cash in on the film version's publicity. It is a familiar and over-reprinted work, true, but you will find that the clever Belgian's solution is unique.

WILLIAM K. EVERSON

The Detective in Film (1972) is the definitive study of this subject. As usual with Mr. Everson's work, it is written with authority and wit, and will be found both entertaining and instructive. It appears in an over-sized edition from Citadel, and is one of the major reprints of 1974.

MICHAEL GILBERT

A dead body is found in the safe deposit box of a firm of British solicitors in the sparkling Smallbone Deceased (1950) (Penguin). This is an expert blend of satire and detection, and one of Gilbert's very best novels. It is also a classic work of major proportions.

JOE GORES

Final Notice (1973)(Ballantine) relates the efforts of Daniel Kearney Associates to find and punish the guilty party responsible for the brutal and senseless beating of one of their most harmless operatives. Murder intrudes and skip tracers become manhunters, while an apparently unbreakable alibi starts inexorably to crumble. A smoother, better written, and less violent novel than its predecessor, Dead Skip, this work proclaims its author as a writer who should demand your time and attention.

PETER LOVESEY

The Detective Wore Silk Drawers (1971)(Dell) is set in 1880 against the then highly illegal and dangerous sport of bare-knuckled fighting, and concerns a headless murder victim whose only identification is his sport-toughened boxer's hands. Abracadaver (1972)(Dell) is set in the English music halls of 1881, and describes a series of silly but near-fatal accidents that culminate in murder. It's well written and plotted, but lacks the excitement and compelling qualities of its author's previous work.

REX STOUT

I was surprised and delighted by the unexpected merits of Please Pass the Guilt (1973) (Bantam), which I think is Stout's best effort in years. His sleuth Nero Wolfe acts and detects like a master in this novel set in 1969 that finds him literally forced to investigate the death of a high level business executive, who unsuspectingly opens a booby-trapped drawer and earns an unexpected promotion to heaven. The veteran author maintains suspense in a disarming performance that features a more than adequate novel-length plot.

* *

S. S. VAN DINE: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY BRUCE R. BEAMAN

Willard Huntington Wright was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1888, the son of Archibald Davenport Wright and Annie (Van Vranken) Wright. He was educated at St. Vincent College, California (graduated 1903) and Pomona College, California (graduated 1904). Wright took postgraduate courses at Harvard, notably in English under Charles Townsend Copeland, and graduated in 1906.[1]

After Harvard, Wright went abroad and studied art with the view in mind of becoming a painter. He also had a yearning to become an orchestra conductor, and he memorized the scores of symphonies and other orchestral works.[2] Neither of these professions was ever his, however, and in 1907 Wright became the literary critic for the Los Angeles Times, a post he held until 1913. Wright was also the literary critic for Town Topics (1910-1914), and drama critic for the same publication from 1912-14. Also during these last mentioned years he was the editor of Smart Set.

Randolph Barlett tells us that during these years Wright "...knew illness and poverty, but he never relinquished his dream of continuing his writing on esthetic subjects. He subsisted on hack work for California newspapers and movie magazines, and even flirting with the movies themselves, but to the few friends who encountered him from time to time he always spoke of the plans he was cherishing for better days."[3]

Wright had published a number of works of art and literature during the early days (see the appended Wright-Van Dine bibliography), but at most these works were largely obscure and unknown.[4] While working for newspapers and magazines he average five columns of copy a day, including Sundays.

When World War I broke out, Wright was living in Paris and in ill-health. He returned to America on the Lusitania's last westward trip, and he entered a sanatorium for two months to regain his health. In the fall of 1925, a friend visited him at the sanatorium, at which time Wright is said to have remarked: "I've worked out the formula for the detective story, because Doctor Jake won't let me do any serious writing or reader and I had to do something. As soon as I am well, I'm going to write six of these novels, and that will give me all the money I'll need for the rest of my life."[5]

During his stay at the sanatorium, Wright had collected a library of over 2000 detective stories which covered a period of some 75 years. Wright decided to limit his detective novels to six because, in his own words, he doubted whether "...any one writer has more than six good detective-novel ideas in his system."[6]

Wright set to work on a 30,000 word synopsis of three novels, and they were immediately accepted by Scribner's. He adopted the pseudonym S. S. Van Dine because (again in his own words) "I rather feared ostracism if I boldly switched from esthetic and philologic research to fictional sleuthing, and so I hid behind an old family name (Van Dyne) and the Steam-Ship initials."[7]

In 1926, The Benson Murder Case was published by Scribner's, Wright's first novel about the erudite and suave detective Philo Vance; the book was an immediate success.[8] In 1928, literary sleuths discovered Van Dine's identity, but by this time the success of the Vance novels had diminished their author's desire to remain unknown.

The character of Philo Vance was patterned by Van Dine after his own character. Van Dine lived an "exotic" life in a New York penthouse, dressed richly, and dabbled in the arts and sciences. Van Dine was also (like Vance) a dilettante and a bit of a poseur.[9] Like Vance, Van Dine was also fond of Regie cigarettes, which, as TAD readers may recall from Jon Tuska's article on The Dragon Murder Case in film (TAD Vol. 6 #1), were introduced to Van Dine by his brother, Stanton Wright.

Van Dine deserted his original purpose of writing only six novels, and instead produced twelve. A number of commentators have remarked that the last six were but weak restatements of Van Dine's "formula."[10]

In addition to his novels about Philo Vance, Van Dine compiled and edited The Great Detective Stories: A Chronological Anthology (Scribner's, 1927), which included an essay on the detective story genre in general.[11]

Each of Van Dine's novels made him more money than his earlier serious works combined, and the screen rights to his books made him a fortune.[12]

Van Dine's frustrations as an actor on the stage of life are well-known. He died of coronary thrombosis in New York on April 11, 1939 at the age of fifty-one. Despite his successes with Philo Vance, Willard Huntington Wright died a very unhappy man.[13] His obituary in the New York Times of April 13, 1939, is painfully brief:

Wright, Willard Huntington. April 11, 1939, beloved husband of Claire E. Pulapaugh[14] and devoted son of Mrs. Archibald D. Wright of Los Angeles, Calif. No services.

Willard Huntington Wright may have been displeased with his own creation (Philo Vance), but he left his mark upon American detective fiction, a mark which to this day has not been erased. So left a man whom Ernest Boyd called "...the most interesting and attractive unlikable man I have ever known."[15]

Requies In Pace, Willard Huntington Wright.

WRIGHT-VAN DINE BIBLIOGRAPHY

--as Willard Huntington Wright:

Songs of Youth (1913)
Europe After 8:15 (with H. L. Mencken and G. J. Nathan, 1913)
What Nietzsche Taught (1914)
Richard Hovey and His Friends (1914)
Modern Painting: Its Tendency and Meaning (1915)
The Man of Promise (1916)
The Creative Will (1916)
The Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters (1916)
Misinforming a Nation (1917)
Informing a Nation (1917)
The Great Modern French Stories (1918)
The Future of Painting (1923)
Modern Literature (1926)
The Mother (1926)
Philology and Literature (1926)
The Great Detective Stories: A Chronological Anthology (1927)

--as S. S. Van Dine

The Benson Murder Case (1926)
The Canary Murder Case (1927)
The Greene Murder Case (1928)
The Bishop Murder Case (1929)
The Scarab Murder Case (1930)
The Dragon Murder Case (1933)
The Kennel Murder Case (1933)
The Casino Murder Case (1934)
The Garden Murder Case (1935)
The Kidnap Murder Case (1936)
The Gracie Allen Murder Case (1938)
The Winter Murder Case (1939)

NOTES

1. Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, editors, Twentieth Century Authors: A Biographical Dictionary of Modern Literature, New York, 1942, p. 1555.
2. Ibid.
3. Randolph Barlett, "The Man of Promise," The Saturday Review of Literature, Nov. 2, 1935, p.10.
4. Wright's only serious novel, The Man of Promise, appeared in 1916 but failed to sell; it was reissued in 1930 after he had become famous as Van Dine, but with the same result.
5. Bartlett, p. 10.
6. Kunitz and Haycraft, p. 1555.
7. Ibid.
8. Van Dine was the first American writer of detective stories whose books made the best-seller lists; his second Philo Vance novel, The Canary Murder Case, ran serially in Scribner's Magazine and broke all records for detective fiction, and was translated into seven languages and into film.
9. Kunitz and Haycraft, p. 1555.
10. See Jon Tuska's article referred to in the text, also Kunitz and Haycraft; in his article "The Man of Promise," Bartlett states: "...since the Greene, their (Van Dine's novels) deterioration has been constant."
11. See Howard Haycraft, The Art of the Mystery Story (New York, 1946), pp. 33-70; also in the same volume, "Twenty Rules for Writing Detective Stories," pp. 189-193.
12. Van Dine said of himself: "I had spent fifteen years building up a cultural reputation for myself in American letters. I was the author of nine serious books into which I put

the fruits of all my research and study and labor. And up to the age of thirty-seven I had barely succeeded in keeping my ledger balanced. Each one of my Philo Vance stories has made more money than all my nine serious books put together. My literary earnings for any six months during the past two and a half years have been more than my entire literary earnings for the previous fifteen years. I don't know why these things should be."--taken from Ernest Boyd, "Willard Huntington Wright," Saturday Review of Literature, April 22, 1939, p. 8.

13. Van Dine: "I'd rather die in want and exile and know I had done something worth while, than to receive all the benefits and emoluments of the world for something I didn't believe in."--taken from Bartlett.

14. Wright married Katherine Belle Boynton in 1907; he divorced her in 1930 and married Claire Pulapaugh.

15. Boyd, p. 8.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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"Jim Thompson"—continued from page 103

of man could invent." (In "A Case of Identity," in The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, in The Complete Sherlock Holmes, by Sir A. Conan Doyle, Garden City, 1938, p. 212.)

There is one last note or footnote to the disappearance of Jim Thompson. Near the end of 1968, his favorite dog vanished. It would be nice to think that Thompson had returned, or had been allowed to return, to bring back the pet he loved.

* *

A CHECKLIST OF MYSTERY, DETECTIVE, AND SUSPENSE FICTION PUBLISHED IN THE U.S., OCTOBER-DECEMBER 1974

BY ROBERT BREYFOGLE GREEN

Ambler, Eric: Doctor Frigo, Atheneum, 8.95
Anthony, Evelyn: Mission to Malaspiga, Coward, 7.95
Ashford, Jeffrey: The Colour of Violence, Walker, 5.95
Ashton, Sharon: The Santa Ana Wind, Doubleday, 4.95
Canning, Victor: The Painted Tent, Morrow, 6.95
Cashman, John: The Cook General, Harper, 8.95
Charyn, Jerome: Blue Eyes, Simon, 6.95
Christie, Agatha: Hercule Poirot's Early Cases, Dodd Mead, 6.95
Claudia, Susan: Clock and Bell, Doubleday, 4.95
Clifford, Francis: Goodbye and Amen, Harcourt, 6.95
Close, Robert: The Boheme Combination, Walker, 5.95
Constantine, K. C.: The Blank Page, Saturday Review Press, 5.95
Cook, Kenneth: Bloodhouse, St. Martin's, 5.95
Creasey, John: Dangerous Journey, McKay, 4.95
Creasey, John: Gideon's Fog, Harper, 5.95
Creasey, John: Secret Errand, McKay, 5.95
Creasey, John: This Man Did Kill, Stein, 5.95
Creasey, John: Mystery Motive, McKay, 5.95
Deighton, Len: Spy Story, Harcourt, 6.95
Drummond, Ivor: The Power of the Bug, St. Martin's, 6.95
Eberhart, Mignon: Danger Money, Random, 5.95
Ellin, Stanley: Stronghold, Random, 5.95
Farris, John: Sharp Practice, Simon, 6.95
Fish, Robert L.: Memoirs of Schlock Homes, Bobbs, 6.50
Gardner, John: The Return of Moriarty, Putnam, 7.95
Gatenby, Rosemary: The Season of Danger, Dodd Mead, 5.95
Gilbert, Michael: Flash Point, Harper, 6.95
Gilman, Dorothy: A Nun in the Closet, Doubleday, 5.95
Goldman, James: The Man from Greek and Roman, Random, 6.95
Goldstein, Arthur D.: You Are Never Too Old To Die, Random, 5.95
Gordons, The: Catnapped, Doubleday, 5.95
Graham, James: Run to Morning, Stein, 6.95
Hammett, Dashiell: The Continental Op, Random, 7.95
Harris, Alf: The Joseph File, Putnam, 6.95
Harris, Marilyn: The Conjurers, Random, 6.95
Harris, Thomas: Black Sunday, Putnam, 7.95
Harvester, Simon: Forgotten Road, Walker, 5.95
Hensley, Joe L.:Song of Corpus Juris, Doubleday, 4.95
Hogstrand, Olle: The Debt, Pantheon, 5.95
Hrabel, Bohumil: The Death of Mr. Balisherger, Doubleday, 6.95
Johnson, Stanley: God Bless America, Doubleday, 5.95
Kirst, Hans Hellmut: A Time for Truth, Coward, 7.95
Knox, Bill: Whitewater, Doubleday, 4.95
Koontz, Dean R.: After the Last Race, Atheneum, 8.95
Kyle, Duncan: Terror's Crade, St. Martin's, 7.50
La Fountaine, George: Two Minute Warning, Coward, 6.95
Langton, Jane: Dark Nantucket Moon, Harper, 6.95
Ludlum, Robert: The Rhinemann Exchange, Dial, 8.95
Mann, Jessica: The Sticking Place, McKay, 5.95
Mann, Patrick: Dog Day Afternoon, Delacorte, 6.95
Marric, J. J.: Gideon's Fog, Harper, 5.95
Macdonald, Ross, editor: Great Stories of Suspense, Knopf, 12.00
McClean, J. Sloan: The Aerie, Nash, 5.95
Michaels, Barbara: House of Many Shadows, Dodd Mead, 6.95
Millhiser, Marlys: Nella Waits, Putnam, 6.95
Mitchell, James: Death and Bright Water, Morrow, 6.95
Parker, Percy Spurlark: Good Girls Don't Get Murdered, Scribners, 5.95
Parker, Robert B.: God Save the Child, Houghton, 5.95
Rider, Anne: A Safe Place, Bobbs, 6.95
Rippon, Marion: The Ninth Tentacle, Doubleday, 4.95
Roberts, Willo Davis: White Jade, Doubleday, 5.95
Rosenblum, Robert: The Good Thief, Doubleday, 5.95
Ross, Albert: If I Knew What I Was Doing, Random, 5.95
Roueche, Berton: Feral, Harper, 5.95
Slesar, Henry: The Thing at the Door, Random, 5.95
Seaman, Donald: The Bomb That Could Lip Read, Stein, 7.95
Shagon, Steve: City of Angels, Putnam, 6.95
Simenon, Georges: Betty, Harcourt, 6.95
Summerton, Margaret: The Saffron Summer, Doubleday, 4.95
Thompson, Anne Armstrong: The Swiss Legacy, Simon, 6.95
Tidyman, Ernest: Line of Duty, Little Brown, 6.95
Tryon, Thomas: Lady, Knopf, 7.95
Tully, Andrew: The Brahmin Arrangement, Coward, 8.95
Walker, Leslie: The Coast of Fear, Doubleday, 6.95
Westlake, Donald: Jimmy the Kid, Lippincott, 5.95
Wolfe, Michael: The Two Star Pigeon, Harper, 6.95
Woods, Sara: Enter the Corpse, Holt, 5.95

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS

Family Matters by Anthony Rolls (C. E. Vulliamy). Bles, 1933.

Here is a murder story that is really different.

It's set 70 miles from London in the small town of Shufflecester that has "all the inconvenience, though not the charm, of antiquity."

We are primarily concerned with the strange and disagreeable Robert Arthur Kewdingham, a long unemployed engineer, whose spare time is filled with foolish thoughts of science, politics, and mysticism. His preoccupations have caused his relationship with his wife Bertha to deteriorate past the point of no return.

She, seeking solace in other directions, decides to end her marital misery by feeding her husband poison with a lead base.

Meanwhile (and now we are really going to stretch coincidence to absurd lengths), the hitherto respectable friend and family doctor, Wilson Bagge, develops a Boris-Karloff-type of mad doctor personality and experiments by giving Kewdingham medicine that contains a poisonous aluminium base.

Kewdingham, whose state of health is always precarious, does not die. In fact he improves. Incredibly, it would seem that the poisons nullify each other. The two would-be assassins increase their efforts, and Kewdingham's health takes a turn for the worse.

A small family dinner party sees the resolution of this situation as Kewdingham exhibits alarming symptoms and expires.

Several friends and relatives are not satisfied for various reasons about Kewdingham's death and take their suspicions to the police. The evidence points to foul play, and the police launch an investigation.

A coroner's inquest is called, and medical evidence establishes that death was due to two poisons—arsenic and atropine!!!!!

Not up to the level of The Vicar's Experiments, but easily outdistancing its immediate predecessor Lobelia Grove, this novel is a serious attempt to tell a straightforward story by Vulliamy, who manages to hold his wit and personal attitude under rigid control.

And it's a minor but interesting entry in the Vulliamy-Rolls canon. It is also an unprecedented work in its genre because the author does not name or in any way indicate the identity of the murderer(s).

——Charles Shibuk

Black'erchief Dick by Margery Allingham, with an introduction by William McFee. New York, 1923.
The White Cottage Mystery by Margery Allingham. London, n.d.

Allen Hubin's kindness enabled me to read at last these first Allingham titles, which I had looked for in vain for many years. Now I know why they have never been reprinted; even a doting Allingham admirer has to admit these are poor efforts. Any reviewer juding the promise of the young author from these works would have advised her to get married and learn how to cook.

Black'erchief Dick, written when the author was eighteen, deals with smugglers in the fens of eastern England during the Restoration period. The title character, a sinister Spaniard ("Dick", of course, is an old Spanish name) spends most of the book scheming to abduct the heroine. ("Once aboard the lugger and the maiden is mine.") The maiden doesn't seem to know what being aboard the lugger implies; neither, I suspect, does the author. The characters frequently swear unspecified bloodcurdling oaths; again, the reader suspects the author of not knowing any.

Characters are stereotypes, dim ones at that. The plot depends entirely on people not telling other people anything about the major preoccupations they share; the tragic ending could as easily be happy if a page or two were changed--it has no inevitability. William McFee in his introduction says that the story was written in four months, and that the young author believes it was dictated to her by the spirits of the characters. She did better under her own inspiration in her later books! The book could have been written without the intervention of spirits by anyone familiar with standard melodramatic plots. Allingham may also have read Hardy: there seems to be an attempt at his doom-laden atmosphere, but it doesn't come off. The book is best forgotten.

The White Cottage Mystery is at least a mystery, but not a very good one. Again the characters are uninteresting: Allingham is trying to write about ordinary people, and her best works deal with very unusual types indeed. Eric Crowther, a satisfactorily unpleasant man, is murdered bloodily, surrounded by many people who have both motives and alibis. The "famous detective", Chief Detective-Inspector W. T. Challoner of the Yard, known to the popular press as "Greyhound", is called in. His son, in love with one suspect to provide the conventional love-interest (which as usual is not very interesting) serves as his Watson. Greyhound Challoner doesn't seem to be very bright—at any rate, he makes all the usual mistakes, pursuing old lags and mysterious Italians before the solution comes clear. When it does, he sits on it for seven years, carrying a Great Detective tradition of being irritating for noble reasons further than necessary. This too is a very forgettable work. It shows no signs of promise, and doesn't even offer hints of the great talents Allingham was to develop.

——David Brownell

Tracks in the Snow (Being the History of a Crime: Edited From the Ms. of the Rev. Robert Driver, B.D.) by Godfrey R(athbone) Benson. Longmans, 1906.

This novel is highly regarded in many quarters, especially by Howard Haycraft, who called it "a modern and eminently readable detective novel," and included it as an entry in his "Readers' List of Detective Story 'Cornerstones'."

Admittedly, I'm not too familiar with this period, but I fail to share Haycraft's high opinion of Tracks in the Snow. Its historical significance (if it has any) seems nebulous to me. Its detection is both minor and misplaced. As far as puzzle, plot, characterization, and detection are concerned, it is inferior to previous works by Doyle—to say nothing of Gaston Leroux's The Mystery of the Yellow Room, which was to be published in France the following year.

Benson's narrative starts in 1896 when the parish of Long Wilton is disrupted by the murder of Eustace Peters, a friend of the clerical narrator, who is found stabbed to death in his bed. Clues seem to point to the gardener and the police arrest him, but an overlooked bit of evidence will proclaim his innocence later.

In the meantime, the Rev. Driver determines to investigate this crime, and does so with the full approval of his wife, who is offstage throughout most of the narrative. Driver makes a few deductions, has a good deal of luck, and thinks he knows the guilty party. Halfway through the story we are placed in Driver's full confidence, and, as far as detection is concerned, we've had it.

The rest of the story details Driver's attempt to gather concrete evidence to place before a jury, but the murderer, whose previous misdeed in 1882 is an integral part of this narrative, has a few devices of his own which he will use in an attempt to prevent this novel's foregone conclusion.

Tracks in the Snow is not a major work nor a classic of crime and detection. It is a leisurely, almost humdrum, sort of tale; pleasant, likable, competently written—though a bit too prolix at times. Yet, after 69 years it is still extremely readable, and this quality is its major accomplishment.

The author was later elevated to the peerage as Lord Charnwood, published a very well received biography of Abraham Lincoln in 1916, but never wrote another mystery story.

——Charles Shibuk

Cornish of Scotland Yard, by Ex-Superintendent George W. Cornish. Macmillan, 1935.

This book comprises reminiscences about cases investigated by the author from 1895 until his retirement in 1934. Cornish writes in an easy, simple, factual narrative style, beginning with gang-buster work at Whitechapel and ending with his most notorious cases, in which he practically singlehandedly left a working man's record of police procedure and criminology through diligent perseverence and deductive skill.

Cornish starts with work as a fledgling constable dealing with vice dens and petty criminals. He reports on the appalling economic conditions and on the reforms designed to keep constant gang warfare and petty crime to a minimum, but rather than crime being lessened through these reforms it became more widespread. Many of the cases are very interesting and exciting—interesting because Cornish details all the minute and obvious clues together with a Sherlockian method of deduction by elimination. No wonder he was chosen as the "fictional" detective in the collaborative novel Six Against the Yard.

The most exciting chapters, particularly because of the heinous nature of the crimes and the desperation of the criminals, are "The Murder of Lady White," "The Regents Park Murder" and "The Charing Cross Trunk Murder." Cornish writes modestly and well.

I tried to get a first-hand verification of Cornish's employment and in answer to my inquiry I received this amazing reply: "I am sorry to inform you that a search of our personnel records has revealed no trace of an Inspector Cornish"--G. F. O'Donnell, Publicity Branch, New Scotland Yard.

——Hal Brodsky

Lobelia Grove by Anthony Rolls (C. E. Vulliamy). Bles, 1932.

The careful nonentity, Mr. Bertie Quirtle, arrives late one night at the small suburban town of Kipperly Park and heads homeward. As he enters Lobelia Grove he discovers a dead body. He doesn't want to get involved so he abandons it. Other people soon find it and summon the police. They investigate and easily see that it's a plain old case of murder. Scotland Yard is called in to assist.

Rolls spends the next 175 pages dissecting and satirizing many of the local citizens, and exposing their quaint qualities, their snobbery, and their lack of intelligence. Running through this section like a slender thread is our Mr. Quirtle's struggle with his conscience. There is little positive police action, but we do learn that the author is quite knowledgeable --as opposed to his characters, who seem to talk a great deal but really say very little and do less.

It all tends to get a bit tedious, but finally a very suspicious character is apprehended by the police. Next, a prominent local citizen is found dead in almost the same spot as victim number one, but this time it looks like suicide.

As we reach the home stretch the abovementioned suspicious character is heard by a magistrate's court, and the verdict is the usually incorrect one that the reader will find in many

novels by this author.

The next step (and fortunately the last one) is a full confession by the guilty party, whose mind has slowly been deteriorating before us—another of this author's trademarks.

This is a minor and feeble crime novel, and an especially disappointing one after the excellence of The Vicar's Experiments, which was published earlier the same year. The author is just too interested in showing off his own wit and negative view of humanity to write a better or more gripping crime novel.

However, it should be noted that many of the author's devices--used here for the first time--will be repeated with more telling effect in later and better work.

——Charles Shibuk

Mum's the Word for Murder, by Asa Baker. Stokes, 1938.

Davis Dresser has written mystery novels under several pseudonyms: Asa Baker, Matthew Blood, and Hal Debrett. It is as Brett Halliday, writing about Miami private eye Michael Shayne, that he has achieved his greatest fame, however.

Mum's the Word for Murder was Dresser's first published novel, appearing under the pseudonym Asa Baker. It preceded the first Shayne novel, Dividend on Death, by a year. Dell reprinted it as by Brett Halliday in order to cash in on the popularity of the Mike Shayne books. It is noteworthy, not only for being the first work of a popular writer, but as a fine example of the series murder case.

The novel is narrated by Asa Baker, a writer of western stories. His friend, Jerry Burke, carries the vague title of "coordinator of all the law enforcement agencies in El Paso".

A mysterious assailant known only as MUM advises the newspaper of the exact time of his next murder. Each time a thorough investigation is made. Each victim turns out to have several enemies who were very pleased with MUM's work. No connection exists between the murder victims.

Baker and Burke plow through the clues. Burke finally solves the case more through intuition than physical evidence. And there are enough puzzles to keep the reader guessing.

Although Baker is very weak on characterization, there is definite plotting ability. His later Mike Shayne novels have some of the most vivid characters this side of Nero Wolfe. It's a shame his plots dwindled in later works.

——John Vining

The Bravo of London by Ernest Bramah. Cassell, 1934.

There has been a good deal of critical disagreement between the Messrs. Barzun and Taylor, on the one hand, who are not impressed with this novel at all, and E. F. Bleiler, who takes a completely opposite view.

I liked and enjoyed The Bravo of London, but did not find it exceptional in any way. I guess this puts me in the middle, but I do tend to take a step in Mr. Bleiler's direction.

Bravo is a very quiet and slightly old-fashioned thriller (or I should really call it a big caper novel since there really aren't very many thrills until the end) about a hare-brained scheme to steal the special paper manufactured in the obscure and unfriendly village of Tapsfield; the paper is used to print Bank of England notes by a rather rum group of crooks.

One of the instigators of this plot, Mr. Bronsky, is a Soviet agent and his idea is to use these soon-to-be-perfected forged notes to "destroy British commercial prestige in the East for at least a generation...and pave the way for Soviet rule."

The year that all this business takes place is 1921, and Mr. Bronsky, being the mild and trusting agent that he is, doesn't realize that he is being used as a dupe by his trusted assistant, Julian Joolby, who will use any means to turn a dishonest dollar.

Joolby, the owner of an antique shop which specializes in illegal merchandise, is a ruthless and complete villain. He is now making an attempt to rise to the status of master criminal with his forthcoming coup, and no obstacle, it seems, can impede his plans. He is a cripple and must use two stout sticks for locomotion. He is also described as a repulsively bloated creature that resembles a toad (but seems to lack any of that amphibian's charm). All of the above might partially explain his anti-social viewpoint.

The only person who can stand against him is blind Max Carrados, who is making his last fictional appearance, but his first in a full-length novel. Absent, I regret to say, is Louis Carlyle—an enquiry agent and the detective's old friend and occasional "Watson". Fortunately (?) Max's niece, the lovely Nora Melhuish, is around to provide some degree of aid until she really puts her foot in it.

While not up to Bramah's best efforts, which are in the shorter form, The Bravo of London is definitely worth your time and attention—especially if you're in a nostalgic mood, and are fortunate enough to own a copy.

——Charles Shibuk

Monkey Boat by Nicholas Trott. Macmillan, 1932.

This is another "solo" mystery, but the author writes like a well-seasoned veteran. Everything about the book is excellent, and it has all one could ask for in a mystery: bizarre suspense, humor, and fair-play detection.

A group of people are aboard a passenger ship going on vacation. Among them are Professor Appleton Williston Walker, professor of psycho-biology, and his graduate student and

narrator of the story, Mr. Fields. Also among the vacationers is James Brainerd, who reports missing documents from his safe aboard the ship. Soon after Brainerd, a New York newspaper publisher, is found murdered. Walker takes on the job of unofficial detective and questions and investigates everyone on board, including the weird cargo of domestic animals (whence the title "Monkey Boat"). It seems Brainerd has been killed by a strange mixture of poisons, and identifying the murderer among six main suspects eludes Walker until near the very end.

Walker gathers his information in schedule form somewhat similar to Charles Daly King's Obelists at Sea and Obelists Fly High. His ingenious use of time-tables of suspects' actions together with a schedule of all events and activities by everyone aboard, as wejl as the tying together of various clues and the timetables, leads Walker to the final solution. It is interesting that midway through the book Walker gives some philosophical dissertations on animal life and human social life in a true democracy, giving the impression that something about the animal cargo has something very much to do with the murder. The suspense mounts nicely, and I found myself turning the pages avidly. A helpful index of characters and thorough sketches of the ship are included in this, another great mystery from the early thirties.

——Hal Brodsky

Murder in the Air, by Darwin L. Teilhet. Morrow, 1931.

This novel starts with an intriguing premise. Financial wizard Heinrich von Dolbenstein is crossing the English channel, 5000 feet above the water in his private plane. Five guests, a navigator, and a pilot are aboard. Von Dobenstein goes to the lavatory and disappears within ten minutes. The plane's flight has been observed from start to finish and could not have made an unauthorized landing. The cabin door could not have been opened during the flight because of strong wind currents from the propeller. The plane has been thoroughly searched by the passengers before landing in France and immediately afterward by the police. No von Dolbenstein.

Newspaper reporter Peter Blue and his boss Henry Jackson of the Paris Journal get an advance tip on this story, which is going to prove to be a sensation. In their efforts to get the news they take an active hand in trying to find out exactly what happened in that "locked room" situation aboard the plane.

Their investigation encompasses two subsequent murders, a revolutionary new type of diesel engine, several attempts at financial skullduggery, an insurance policy for £500,000, a beautiful red-headed heroine facing trial for murder, and a good deal of thriller-like action and excitement.

Once our heroes stop running around and stop to reflect and detect, they are able to come up with a solution that is adequate, but does not come anywhere near the ingenuity of the author's initial premise.

——Charles Shibuk

Death Slams the Door by Paul Cade. Blue Seal Books, 1937.

Yet another "solo" mystery...

A man is found dead in an apartment, an apparent suicide, but the gun is found six feet from the body. Fingerprints on the gun belong to the owner of the apartment building, one Nigel Rex. Detective Martin Sober suspects Rex at first, but as the story develops one gets the impression that Rex is being framed—or maybe Rex is framing himself in order to throw suspicion away from himself.

Through the first few chapters Sober makes some of the most stupid deductions I've ever encountered—as when he decides the dead man must have known his killer as his muscles weren't tense and he was found in a sitting position when shot.

As the story continues Sober starts sobering up his deductions, and he devises an ingenious timetable which ties all the fairplay clues together to catch the culprit--but only after he murders for the second time.

I had the feeling as I read that the author was developing his art of storytelling chapter by chapter as he went along.

An index or directory of the book's 24 characters and their positions at the time of the murder is listed just after the title page, and there are some helpful sketches of the murder scene. I consider Death Slams the Door a very good example of the Golden Thirties detective story despite the early flaws in the narrative.

——Hal Brodsky

Last First, by Richard Hull. Collins, 1947.

An ill-assorted lot of people, mainly in search of fishing and relaxation, meet at a small hotel in the wilds of Scotland. Unfortunately, the weather and the fishing are poor, and the characters spend their time bickering and annoying each other—for little reason—until it all becomes very tiresome.

One of the least likable people (and he has some stiff competition) in this group foolishly decides to go fishing at the most inconvenient spot during the tail end of a heavy rainstorm.

An urgent message must be relayed to him, and three of the guests are persuaded to carry the message. They pursue alternate routes, but all arrive to find a dead man. A severe and unexplained bruise on the back of his head is an indication that death was not due to natural causes.

Richard Hull, the author of the classic and mordant The Murder of my Aunt (1934), was a notable practitioner of the inverted school, and his pre-World War II novels all have merit in varying degrees.

Critical opinion seems to have written off Hull's postwar novels as being little more than routine. None of them was published here, and they are difficult to find.

Last First provides justification for this critical disparagement. It is often overpoweringly dull. It is filled with wasted dialogue and so many excessive topological details that it would tend to make the lesser work of John Rhode seem entertaining by comparison. It has little plot, less puzzle, no genuine wit, and none of the incisive characterization of his better work.

It is easily the worst Hull novel I've ever read, and would seem to indicate a spectacular decline of Hull's redoubtable talents.

The title, Last First, refers to Hull's one attempt at a creative device—placing the last chapter at the start of the book, which he dedicates to "those who habitually read the last chapter first." Hull, of course, doesn't give away the murderer's identity, but his effort seems wasted.

A somewhat similar device was anticipated by C. Daly King in Obelists Fly High (1935), which begins with an epilogue and ends with a prologue—and which was done with considerably more skill and drama than Mr. Hull has been able to provide here.

——Charles Shibuk

Murder of a Professor, by John Miller. Putnam, 1937.

A further "solo" mystery...

A holdup and shooting in a nightclub and the murder of a professor give this book a suspenseful first two chapters, and then the plot starts to fall on its face. And inconsequential dialogue adds to the dull third-person narrative.

Phillip Waring, biochemist and amateur detective, has to clear himself as a suspect in the murder of the professor who heads the department he works in. Waring's main clues are derived slightly from his investigation of leading suspects, wherein he deduces motives and methods; but in the main it's Waring's test tubes that conclusively point the finger at the culprit.

The story is told in a simple style, usually not longwinded except for one meaningless description of a character that practically takes an entire page. But there is some difficulty in following clearly the flow of the action, and a goodly bit of the narrative seems to involve the characters talking to themselves.

In the end, as suggested, Waring whips out his test tubes and catches the murderer. There is no concern with fair play; chemical analysis and identification of the logical suspect are featured in this, a poor example of the scientific mystery story.

——Hal Brodsky

Do Not Murder Before Christmas, by Jack Iams. Morrow, 1949.

Stanley Rockwell, city editor of the Record, has just met the blonde and gorgeous social worker Jane Hewes, and, not surprisingly, has fallen violently in love with her in spite of the fact that she is about to be engaged to an enemy of Rockwell's employers. There are a few other problems as well.

It seems that the quaintly nicknamed Uncle Poot is the owner of a toyshop that is practically an institution in its small city. Even though the neighborhood in which it's located has become a slum, at least two generations of parents have considered it essential for any present that might be needed for a special occasion. In addition, the old man's annual Christmas Day parties are the high point of the holiday season for many of the neighborhood kids.

Although he's a mild and unassuming character, Uncle Poot is found to be the dead victim of an apparent thief on Christmas Eve. Could it be that he knew just a little too much about one of the people who had recently visited him?

Social and political machinations, friendship with the murdered mann—as well as the investigating officer—and a nose for news cause Rockwell to take a hand in solving the murder.

But he is forced (?) to spend a good deal of time paying more attention to romance than detection—and who can really blame him?

Although this charming love story often takes precedence over the more serious business of finding a brutal murderer, the author has not neglected to provide a good and intriguing story, and a deceptive (though not really fairly clued) puzzle.

Do Not Murder Before Christmas is a brisk, romantic, and delightful novel that will provide excellent entertainment for the holiday or any other season.

——Charles Shibuk

REVIEWS OF CURRENT MATERIAL

Inspector Ghote Breaks an Egg, by H. R. F. Keating. 1970; Penguin, 1974.

I hadn't read any of Keating's books about Inspector Ghote of the Bombay police for some time; I can't recall what put me off them, but this story makes me want to pick up the ones

I've missed. The conscientious Ghote is sent to a provincial town where the all-powerful district political boss has switched parties. The party in power resents his defection, and wants to get him. Ghote is assigned to investigate the suspicious death of the leader's first wife: immediately after she died, exhibiting the classic symptoms of arsenic poisoning, her husband married the daughter of the then local boss, and succeeded him. But all this happened fifteen years ago! And what is more, a local holy man has vowed to fast until death to protest the investigation, and devout local mobs will kill Ghote if they can catch him. And Ghote isn't quite sure whether he is expected the frame the leader; at any rate, if he fails to find something on him, the Eminent Person in Bombay who sent him will punish him.

Despite all these problems, Ghote's conscientious police work brings the case to a satisfactory conclusion—satisfactory to his interfering superior, to himself, and to the reader. Procedural investigation has a new charm in an unfamiliar setting; Keating, however, is careful with his local color, never allowing it to overwhelm the story. Inspector Ghote and the people he deals with are characterized skillfully, and his investigation proves him a clever and sympathetic sleuth.

—David Brownell

"The Queen of Air and Darkness," by Poul Anderson. In Nebula Award Stories #7, edited by Lloyd Biggle Jr., Harrow Books, NYC: paperbound, $1.25.

Devotees of Sherlock Holmes, both Baker Street Irregulars and unorganized addicts alike, are always eager to note any new avatar of the man they secretly believe is the one and only true detective, beside whom the Poirots, the Maigrets and all the rest are but pale shadows. Recently, albeit rather dilatorily, I was fortunate enough to read Poul Anderson's "The Queen of Air and Darkness," which won the 1972 Nebula Award as Best Science Fiction Novelette. I am ashamed that I came upon it so late, but I recommend it to all lovers of mystery, fantasy and science fiction who have not been lucky enough to have already read it.

Poul Anderson has unique qualifications for introducing a Sherlockian figure into fantasy and science fiction: like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Anthony Boucher, he is at home in both the mystery and the fantasy/science fiction genres. His Trygve Yamamura novels are—to this reader at any rate—alas too few in number, offering as they do a detective whose ethnic, residential and intellectual backgrounds offer the special pleasures of detective fictions set in an academic milieu. "The Queen of Air and Darkness" is a most satisfying mixture of fantasy, science fiction and detection. Set on the planet Beowulf, a colony of Earth whose inhabitants include creatures suspiciously like the elves and trolls of Northern Europe, the story is about the spiriting away of a human boy by the strange creatures of the planet--the situation is a classic one in the fairy lore and literature of Celtic lands. No changeling, however, is left, but Barbro Cullen, the distraught mother, seeks the aid of a private detective, Eric Sherrinford (remember that Conan Doyle rejected "Sherrinford" as a possible first name for Holmes), when "the local constabulary" does nothing.

Sherrinford works from his apartment, an apartment that suggests that Baker Street has been partially transported to Beowulf:

> The room was unkempt. Journals, tapes, reels, codices, file boxes, bescribbled papers were piled on every table. Dust filmed most shelves and corners. Against one wall stood a laboratory set-up, microscope and analytical equipment... The rug was threadbare, the furniture shabby.

When Sherrinford welcomes Barbro we are told that "He jackknifed into a lounger. One long shank crossed the other knee. He drew forth a pipe and stuffed it with tobacco." Later on he is seen as even more Sherlockian:

> "You must give me the details of your case, Mrs. Cullen. You've simply told me your son was kidnapped and your local constabulary did nothing. Otherwise, I know just a few obvious facts, such as your being widowed rather than divorced; and you're the daughter of outwayers of Olga Ivanoff Land, who, nevertheless, kept in close telecommunication with Christmas Landing; and you're trained in one of the biological professions; and you had several years' hiatus in field work until recently you started again."
>
> She gaped at the high-cheeked, beak-nosed, black-haired, and gray-eyed countenance. His lighter made a scrit [sic] and a flare which seemed to fill the room. ... "How in cosmos do you know that?"
>
> He shrugged and fell into the lecturer's manner for which he was notorious. "My work depends on noticing details and fitting them together. In more than a hundred years on Roland, tending to cluster according to their origins and thought habits, people have developed regional accents. You have a trace of the Olgan burr, but you nasalize your vowels in the style of this area, though you live in Portolondon. That suggests steady childhood exposure to metropolitan speech. You were part of Matsuyama's expedition, you told me, and took your boy along. They wouldn't have allowed any ordinary technician to do that; hence, you had to be valuable enough to get away with it. The team was conducting ecological research; therefore, you must be in the life sciences. For the same reason, you must have had previous field experience. But your skin

> is fair, showing none of the leatheriness one gets from prolonged exposure to the sun. Accordingly, you have been mostly indoors for a good while before you went on your ill-fated trip. As for widowhood—you never mentioned a husband to me, but you have had a man whom you thought so highly of that you still wear both the wedding and engagement ring he gave you."
>
> ... "Yes," she acieved saying, "you're right." [pp. 7-9]

These quotations from "The Queen of Air and Darkness" show, I think, that Mr. Anderson is offering the tribute of a gently affectionate parody to the Holmesian manner and method (one can almost hear the voice of Basil Rathbone or John Wood uttering Sherrinford's speeches) and also that he adds a dash of Shaw's Professor Higgins to Holmes. Eric Sherrinford is just another in a long line of tributes to Sherlock Holmes that have, happily for Sherlockians, proliferated over the years.

May we hope to hear of Eric Sherrinford again?

—Veronica M.S. Kennedy

The Tick of Death, by Peter Lovesey. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. 188 pp. $5.95.

The year is 1884, and a series of bombs left in railway stations is plaguing the city of London. These outrages are the work of a secret society whose aim is to secure Ireland's independence from England.

Our old friend Detective-Sergeant Cribb of Scotland Yard is called upon to undergo intensive instruction in the science of explosives, and, hopefully, manage to penetrate this dynamite conspiracy at a later date. He has been chosen for this singular honor because a policeman suspected of besmirching his profession by turning informer and traitor is none other than Cribb's hitherto dependable assistant, Detective-Constable Edward Thackeray.

As Cribb is on the road to becoming a demolition expert, Scotland Yard itself is blasted, and stronger action and investigation are indicated.

Cribb manages to insinuate himself into the gang of dynamiters, mainly through his much-needed expertise, and learns that their next plan is to assassinate a certain Royal Personage. Unfortunately, Cribb makes a few slight miscalculations and finds himself imprisoned in a dynamite-laden submarine with a one way ticket to extinction.

I have had several misgivings about recent work by Peter Lovesey. But The Tick of Death is a much more than satisfactory novel. In fact, it's one of his best. This time the author has abandoned detection in favor of writing a quietly understated thriller whose wit, character interplay, clever construction, and narrative momentum lead to a suspenseful and exciting climax.

—Charles Shibuk

Another Wise Detective Story...

The Ross Forgery, by William H. Hallahan. Bobbs Merrill, 1973, 204 pp., $5.95.

Thomas J. Wise, the forger of nineteenth century pamphlets, continues to fascinate both book collectors and writers of mystery stories. During the 1890's and early 1900's Wise produced beautiful literary forgeries which perported to be privately printed pamphlets, often special pre-publication items, written by at least fifty well known authors. The aura of fascination surrounding Wise is due to the near-perfection of his forgeries, to the fact that he fooled so many literary and bibliographical specialists so long, and because the revelations concerning his work were unveiled through true scientific detection involving microscopic and chemical analysis and the limiting dates of specialized type design. Julian Symons based his novel Bland Beginning (1949) on Wise's methods, as Symons makes clear in a postscript to his book (see TAD V: 146-7 for further comment on Bland Beginning), and more recently William Hallahan returns to the Wise scheme in The Ross Forgery.

In Hallahan's novel, wealthy business man Emmet O'Kane hates his rival Thomas Long Pickett, a Dallas millionaire who collects Wise forgeries. Both men have tried to destroy the other's business empires by fair means and foul. O'Kane wishes to drive Pickett nearly insane by owning a heretofore unknown Wise forgery and thereby causing Pickett's collection to be incomplete. Believe it or not, some completist book collectors are so fiercely afflicted by bibliomania that, indeed, they become fanatically frenzied if they do not own all the titles in their field of specialization. O'Kane's plan is to create a forgery that copies all the details of Wise's work but which has never been identified with Wise.

Edgar Ross, middle-aged owner of a small print shop, burdened with gambling debts, is chosen by O'Kane to create the pamphlet that seems to have been forged by Thomas Wise, a forged forgery (!), and Ross soon involves Michael Townsend, who teaches English at a private school and lacks a Ph.D. In contrast to Symons' modest note at the end of Bland Beginning, Hallahan laces his story with a review of Wise's career, Wise's achievements as a forger and the methods by which Wise was exposed—methods which might also be used by bibliographical experts to denounce Ross's newly made forgery. Ross and Townsend have three problems: 1) creating or finding paper with the correct nineteenth-century chemical content; 2) creating or finding the correct type font; 3) creating ink that dries so as to simulate antique ink.

The Ross Forgery is a suspense novel rather than a detective story, and the suspense arises from the efforts of Ross and Townsend to make their forgery. Will the two find the materials and methods they so desperately need, and will the final forgery itself be detected? After much frustration, Ross and Townsend are successful, and they create a pamphlet that was

presumably forged by Wise, a special pre-publication booklet of a Robert Louis Stevenson story. There is a minor subplot concerning a gangster who takes a correspondence course on how to be a detective, and the final result of this correspondence course is startling for the payoff of the forgery. Among other matters, the reader learns, step by step, how to produce a nineteenth century forgery with modern technology—by methods never thought of by Wise (and after this novel how can we ever be certain that a newly discovered forgery is not really a facsimile of Wise's work?); how microwave ovens and photography are useful in forging; and how to murder a man with a roast ham and a pack of dogs. Hallahan develops the motivation of his characters nicely: O'Kane lives only to hurt and destroy his millionaire rival; Ross, a frustrated type disigner, dreams of developing beautiful type faces and sees O'Kane's caper as a chance for artistic freedom; and Townsend dreams of being unchained from his hated teaching job, free to follow his interests as a bibliographical specialist in London. But before the forgery transaction is complete, Ross involves himself and his associates in theft, murder and doublecross. The Ross Forgery will be enjoyed most by readers who have some knowledge of Thomas Wise or of type design and printing. It is interesting, too, to see how Julian Symons and William Hallahan, basing their novels on the activities of Thomas Wise, offer two completely different stories of forgery and murder.

——Edward Lauterbach

Dr. Watson and the Darkwater Hall Mystery. A play by Kingsley Amis. BBC-TV I: Friday, December 27, 1974.

Kingsley Amis has long been, besides a gifted and original poet, novelist and critic in his own persona, a wearer of masks, a deviser of pastiches. In the style of the late Ian Fleming he wrote Colonel Sun, a pastiche James Bond novel; and, following his own highly successful imitation of a 1930s English mystery novel, The Riverside Villas Mystery, he has devised a Sherlock Holmes pastiche for BBC-TV: Dr. Watson and the Darkwater Hall Mystery. It is hardly necessary to remark that there have already been numerous more (and less) successful imitations--parodies and pastiches--of the Sherlock Holmes stories, ranging from the careful pastiches of John Dickson Carr and Adrian Conan Doyle in The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes to the parody series about Solar Pons, by the late August Derleth, and those about Schlock Homes, by Robert L. Fish.

Mr. Amis, in his Dr. Watson mystery, was successful in partly imitating the style of the Basil Rathbone/Nigel Bruce movies (though with an added dimension of sexuality) and in this he was ably assisted by the TV production staff: the designer, Spencer Chapman; the costume designer, Christine Rawlins; the producer, Mark Shivas; and the director, James Callan Jones. The location shots of Darkwater Hall (that name is more reminiscent, to me, of modern gothics than of Sherlock Holmes, but no matter) were tkane in and around Stow-on-the-Wold, one of the most picturesque of Cotswold villages, set in lovely country. The acting and the ambience were impeccable. But alas, two things were missing: the first, a really satisfactory solution to the puzzle of the plot (I will refrain from giving it away, lest the program be presented on U.S. TV); the second, the vital presence: Sherlock Holmes.

No doubt about it, Watson without Holmes is like whiskey and soda without the whiskey: rather too weak.

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Regarding Sherlock Holmes...#1/The Adventures of Solar Pons, by August Derleth. Pinnacle Books, vii+233 pp.; paperback, $1.25

1974 has been called the year of Sherlock Holmes, but this new series from Pinnacle is helping to extend it well into 1975. The Solar Pons Canon consists principally of six short story collections; having resolved a misunderstanding with the agents of August Derleth's estate last summer, Pinnacle released the first collection in early November and will have published all six by the end of next summer. They have been a long time coming in paperback, but are well worth the wait, for these are simply the best short story pastiches of Sherlock Holmes ever written. But the original editions from Derleth's own Mycroft & Moran were published in press runs limited to two or three thousand copies, and many people have had to do without. Pinnacle's paperbacks will help to fill the need, and finally these excellent stories can have the wide distribution that they deserve. Amusingly, the publisher apparently believes that the general paperback audience might shy away from a book clearly labelled as a short story collection, and further, to judge from the slight change of title, that the phrase "in re" poses an arcane mystery. Quite possibly Pinnacle is entirely correct. In any event, it would be ungrateful of us to cavil. Those who have read the Solar Pons stories before will be happy to see them again. Those who have not have a treat in store.

——Jon L. Lellenberg

Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, by Vincent Bugliosi (Prosecutor of the Tate-LaBianca trials) with Curt Gentry. 502 pp., with Illustrations, Cast of Characters, Epilogue and Index. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1974. $10.00. Hardbound. A Book of the Month Club Choice.

Murder fascinates us (we would not be reading this magazine if it did not); multiple murders repel us while they exert their sinister spell over us; and multiple murders committed by many murderers seem to be commentaries on the sickness of society itself.

In Helter Skelter Vincent Bugliosi (with the help of Curt Gentry) has presented a vastly detailed, thoughtful and provocative study of the Manson family and their horrendous career of murder that is perhaps more balanced, and certainly more conventionally written than Ed Sander's earlier work, The Family. As prosecuting attorney, Bugliosi had unique opportunities to evaluate all the persons involved in the case in all its aspects, and to examine all the evidence personally: he did not, however, in contrast to Sanders, investigate so throughly, nor with such insight, the far-out fringes of the bizarre cults, esoteric, even diabolical, that flourish still in Southern California. Bugliosi represents the Establishment, Sanders the Counter-Culture: in a sense, the two books are complementary.

In immense detail, but without ever losing the thread of lucidity, Bugliosi guides us through the labyrinth of crime, investigation and trial, never sparing his criticism of official ineptitude, and trying not to allow his repulsion for the accused and their way of life to stifle his feelings of pity for some of them, until the final verdict is reached.

In his analysis of the "philosophy" (if one can dignify it with such a word) of Charles Manson, Mr. Bugliosi presents us once more with the terrible banality of evil. The thinking behind all the cruelties and deaths was ultimately based on garbled versions of pop songs. One is left, after reading this soberly written, powerful book, with a sense that there is indeed nothing too low and small for the Devil to take note of and to use.

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Magnificent Obsession: The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, by Ronald Burt De Waal. The New York Graphic Society, 1974; xiv+526 pp., $60.

Ronald De Waal is Humanities and Special Collections Librarian at Colorado State University. He is, of course, an investitured Baker Street Irregular. He is also a great Beethoven enthusiast and collector, and an avid mountain climber. But most of all, he is a man with an obsession. This book is an amazing achievement that must be seen to be appreciated fully.

In 1966 De Wall rediscovered his boyhood idol of Sherlock Holmes. At that time he owned only the 1930 Garden City two-volume edition of The Complete Sherlock Holmes, and he wasn't sure just how extensive this newly-discovered field of Sherlockiana might prove to be; but then, he was a librarian and he had an Idea. Now, nine years later, he does know, probably better than anyone else in the world. There are 6,221 numbered entries in The World Bibliography, and many of these have multiple listings—so the total number of items that De Waal has catalogued could easily be twice that, or even more. The Sacred Writings...The Apocrypha ...Manuscripts...Foreign-Language Editions (in fifty languages)...The Writings About the Writings...Sherlockians and the Societies...Memorials and Mementos...Games and Competitions... Actors, Performances, and Recordings...Parodies, Pastiches, Burlesques, Travesties, Satires: the mind boggles at the sheer magnitude of it all. "Most people," De Waal once commented in an interview, "don't give themselves the experience of going all the way with something." This book is not the work of a timid man.

Its subtitle is "A Classified and Annotated List of Materials Relating to Their Lives and Adventures", which is putting it rather mildly. "I had written about Abbots and Archery and Armor and Architecture and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long," Mr. Jabez Wilson told Sherlock Holmes in the well-known passage from "The Red-Headed League". He was speaking of the Encyclopedia Britannica, but he might as well have been copying out The World Bibliography. This magnum opus of all Sherlockian bibliography sets forth an immense array of data, organized in a nicely logical and usable way. This book cannot be all things to all Sherlockians, of course. It is not a complete listing of every item ever written about the world's greatest detective, because that is a task almost certainly beyond the capacity of mortal man. Nor is it a definitive index to the Writings about the Writings, because that was never its purpose. Instead, De Waal endeavored to compile a comprehensive bibliographical survey of that vast international field of literature known as Sherlockiana; and to that awesome challenge he has responded admirably.

But is it worth sixty dollars?

For a price like that, one has a right to expect something extraordinary of a book. This one is not likely to prove a disappointment. It is difficult not to fall silent the first time you open its covers and leaf through its information-laden pages, because the years of patient, arduous, and dedicated work that went into its making are clearly reflected in the serried ranks of entries. If you are a collector of Sherlockiana, The World Bibliography is indispensable as well as a collector's item of the first magnitude. If you have your own bent toward bibliographical or scholarly research in the field of mystery and detective literature, this should prove a highly valuable companion and reference aid. Or if you simply appreciate such acievements of human endeavor as the Great Pyramid, the Sistine Chapel, or the Oxford English Dictionary, then The World Bibliography doesn't seem all that expensive. It is, of course: sixty dollars is not a trifle. But for many this tome will be cheap at the price nonetheless. For others, there is another approach: no metropolitan library of any significance should be permitted to think itself complete without a copy.

It took the New York Graphic Society a long time to publish this book, about three protracted and tantalizing years of postponement and delay. But finally we have been given a handsome beast of a book indeed, with an attractive production job worthy of its subject and the labors that went into it, resposing sedately but sumptuously in its slipcase of appropriate houndstooth. De Waal has spent those three long years in the continuing task of painstakingly assembling thousands of additional entries, both old and new, for the eventual first

supplement to The World Bibliography. Hopefully we won't have to wait another nine years for that successor volume: this one arouses all too many expectations.

"Other Sherlockians might have done it better," De Waal remarked on one occasion, in a moment of characteristic but misplaced diffidence. The point is that he has done it most ably indeed, and that no one else did it at all. Previous Sherlockian bibliographies, many definitely meritorious in their own right, nonetheless pale into relative insignificance beside this one. Only the late William S. Baring-Gould's monumental work The Annotated Sherlock Holmes can stand as its equal for devotuion, tenacity, expertise, and accomplishment. And that is pretty good company indeed.

——Jon L. Lellenberg

Alibi for a Corpse, by Elizabeth Lemarchand. London: Tandem Books, 1973. Paperbound. 222pp. 35 pence.

Some summers ago, I had the pleasure of finding a writer new to me, Elizabeth Lemarchand, whose Death of an Old Girl and The Affacombe Affair I reviewed for TAD, hoping to share with other devotees of the English variety of the classic mystery a new and interesting, yet thoroughly traditional, talent.

Elizabeth Lemarchand's third novel, Alibi for a Corpse, which was first published in 1969 by Rupert Hart-Davis, has been given a second printing by Tandem Books of London (the first was in 1971), suggesting that there is a demand for such books. Alibi is indeed well worth a reader's time. Elizabeth Lemarchand's work has been described by the critic in Argosy (London) as being "... in the best Agatha Christie tradition," and that high praise seems to me to be justified.

In Alibi Elizabeth Lemarchand presents us with a nicely twisting plot, credible yet eccentric characters—I especially liked a witch-like woman, Sybil Peninde, who would have been happy at Cold Comfort Farm, who stalks about the moors on Lammas Eve (sinister night!) but who deftly turns the publicity accruing to her as one involved in a murder case into a national advertising campaign for the herbal remedies and beauty products she has hitherto sold only to local people—and a satisfying solution, with believable motivation in the double mystery involved. We are offered clues along the way to two problems: who did it? and to whom was it done? The solutions are both eminently gratifying.

For lovers of the traditional mystery, then, Elizabeth Lemarchand is a writer to cherish.

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Short notes on more of the current crop. . .

Mystery & Detection Annual 1973 (Donald Adams, 152 S. Clark Drive, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211; $20), the second in the series, has arrived—some months behind the originally intended schedule. As before, it's expensive, very well produced, and quite stimulating and useful in content, with a strong academic orientation. Particular emphasis is placed on hardboiled detective fiction: an interesting comparison of Chandler's The Long Goodbye with F. Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby by Leon Howard; a heretofore unpublished novelette by Horace McCoy ("Death in Hollywood")—a very nicely done tale, this—with critical introduction by Thomas Sturak; an interview with Ross Macdonald by Ralph Bruno Sipper. Other rewarding essays include an analysis of James Hogg's Confessions of a Justified Sinner by Robert L. Chianese; an imaginative study of Poe's "The Purloined Letter" by Martin Roth; a survey of recent commentaries on Poe by Benjamin Franklin Fisher IV; a most instructive overview of the gothic fiction of William Godwin, Jr., by Donald K. Adams, Chairman of the Department of English and Comparative Literature at Occidental College and editor/publisher of Mystery and Detection Annual; a fascinating look at one of the first journals (from 1859-1860) devoted to detection by Albert D. Hutter and Mary W. Miller; and a convincing justification by Wilbur Jordan Smith of his estimation, in the 1972 Annual, that 6000 titles of mystery fiction were published in the 19th century (he includes 3750 Gothic novels). And there's more: a brief discussion of her own technique by Ngaio Marsh; a very illuminating interview with Georges Simenon by J. Stuart Whiteley; the autobiographical "Progress of a Crime Writer" by Julian Symons; and several other articles, reviews and poems. These Annuals can hardly be done without by the serious student of crime fiction or the reference library with an interest in the genre.

Horror, blood, gore, depravation, psychoses, wrenching tension, all of this is our fare in Sharp Practice by John Farris (Simon & Schuster, $7.95), shortly to be filmed. If that sounds as if I might not have enjoyed the book, I'm not sure that I did—there's one of the more ghastly characters in recent memory, and another that would be equally ghastly in another way if it wasn't so piteous. But I will admit much is well done here, even if technical excellence doesn't necessarily lead to pleasure. Pretty Boy—so he calls himself—has been butchering girls in Oxford and displaying his handiwork proudly. The police are at a loss. Then a brilliant female mathematician is attacked and survives—barely. We know her attacker, the police suspect but cannot prove. She recovers health (but not memory of the attack), and joins her writer-brother at a small college in this country—where her attacker is also in residence. I must admit I strongly suspected who the various concealed identities were, but the book was a shocker nonetheless.

The Wind Chill Factor by Thomas Gifford (Putnam, $8.95) is an entirely different matter—technical excellence leading to pleasure, and without the great gobs of graphic gore and sex. Gifford is a Minneapolitan—he once spent an evening with me amongst my books a couple of years ago, when he was producing an old-time radio rebroadcast show—and the partial Minnesota setting for this novel is particularly fresh and appealing. John Cooper, trying to write a novel in Cambridge while recovering from his marriage, gets a cryptic telegram from his brother, bidding his return to the family homestead in Cooper's Falls, along the St. Croix in Minnesota. He arrives by car in a blizzard, surviving a murder attempt on the way, and finds his family tree, bedecked with a famous World War II Nazi sympathizer, has risen to smite him, and death comes to visit Cooper's Falls, which is inexplicable and devastatingly beseiged. Searching for an explanation, John backtracks his brother's trail: Buenos Aires, Glasgow, London, Munich. You may think you're tired of books that discover left-over Nazis behind every hedge, but this is a very superior specimen of the breed: uncomfortably plausible, with credible characterization, a good sense of atmosphere and timing, and solid plotting. The Wind Chill Factor is a first novel, and a $15,000 Putnam Award Novel—welcome, Mr. Gifford!

Even though Hans Helmut Kirst is better described as a mainstream novelist occasionally operating within the detective story framework than as a detective story writer per se, he does appear to be the only German author being translated into English whose activities come within our purview. When in Germany I have seen evidence on paperback shelves that a number of Germans produce crime fiction, but I am assured that very largely the product is imitative and of low quality and richly deserving of its untranslated status. Kirst seems to enjoy a good reputation in the mainstream, and in fact I found his earlier The Night of the Generals (1963) very pleasant. Thus I wish I could speak more highly about his latest, A Time for Truth (Coward McCann & Geoghegan, $7.95), but the book is depressing in themes and awkward in its bits-and-pieces structure and sometimes confusing in chronology. And Kirst has seen fit from time to time to drop coy hints into the narrative about later developments, a stratagem to which I did not take kindly. The book is clearly in our field: a Munich reporter with a keen nose for sniffing out the most malodorous secrets of his employers, the owners of his newspaper's chief competition, and the wealthy, is run over several times on a Munich sidestreet by a black limousine. We then follow the investigation by Homicide Detective Martin Zimmermann and his team, an investigation which has a disconcerting overlap with the activities of Zimmermann's rebellious son and which drags us through the dankest sewers of highest Munich society, in which nearly everyone seems to be venal and a nymphomaniac/satyr to boot. Which in turn naturally provides Zimmermann with a goodly number of suspects, but very little to help choose among them. But be not mislead: the book is by no means entirely without merit in its dissection of Munich's privileged and their interplay, its procedural treatment of police investigation, and its exploration of character.

A recently published collection of detective short stories has probably been completely overlooked on these shores because of the absence of an American edition, and this is highly unfortunate. I refer to The Mournful Demeanour of Lieutenant Boruvka by Josef Skvorecky (Gollancz, £2.50), a book with the subtitle "Linked detective tales featuring a highly intelligent member of the Czechoslovak police force and his agreeable colleagues." These stories were written in Czech and translated for British publication, but the author now lives in Canada, where he is a professor at a university and operates a publishing house on the side. Boruvka contains twelve stories, of which most are top quality, and I hope I may be forgiven for documenting them in some detail. In "The Supernatural Powers" Boruvka oversleeps after an evening's immoderate celebration and consequently arrives at a death scene hours late. His young subordinate, Sergeant Malek, has meantime marshalled all the scientific resources available, not to mention volunteers from local schools, in his search for conclusive evidence to fit his theory—a theory with which he regales Boruvka with such velocity and enthusiasm that the latter can only manage to insert an occasional "But...". We come to suspect that the good Sergeant has overlooked a detail... "That Sax Solo" deals with the murder of a jazz singer. The most likely suspect was heard to be practicing his sax the whole time. Boruvka recalls an overheard argument regarding a fish jumping in a fishless lake and adds his own knowledge of the respective ranges of the sax and clarinet to pin the crime on the guilty, whose has used a fictionally overworked gimmick... "The Scientific Method" is a particularly interesting tale of a murdered dancer, who was showering in a room with other girls when it happened. Various romantic entanglements are uncovered, and an unusual stimulus triggers Boruvka to discover the weapon. Then keys that fit more than one lock steer him to the actual murder site—and the killer... "Death on Needlepoint" is an enjoyable variant on the locked room or impossible crime. Three mountain climbers, roped together, are going up a needle-shaped rock with a small flat top. The second arrives to find the first with a knife in his back. Boruvka finally figures out how anyone other than #2 could have done the job... In "Whose Deduction", Boruvka has planned an evening of dalliance with a pretty young policewoman, but when attempting to call his wife with an excuse, he finds crossed lines have allowed him to listen to a conversation that seems to portend murder. Regretfully he attempts to follow the slight clues he has, and succeeds in thwarting a blackmail plot—not to mention an incidental robbery scheme... "The Case of the Horizontal Trajectory" is another locked room type story. An old woman is found dead in bed with a sharp projectile driven into her head through an eye. The door is locked on the inside, but the window is wide open and the position of the body suggests the projectile came in that way. But no other evidence does. Boruvka does (or gets his daughter's

mathematically inclined boy friend to do) some ballistics calculations, which lead to both murder method and killer... "A Tried and Proven Method" is yet another variant—or near variant—on the impossible crime. A sick woman seems to have jumped to her death from a cable-car in the Italian mountains, where Boruvka is vacationing from his duties in Prague. No one can figure out how it could be other than suicide—but murder is what Boruvka is able to show, even though the cable car in question arrived at the other side of the valley empty... "Falling Light" takes us to an Italian villa, securely locked, full of people who couldn't have committed murder and a murdered man. Boruvka uses the translating and athletic abilities of his daughter, who has accompanied him on vacation, to uncover a murderer and his access route... "Aristotelian Logic" is the pleasant tale of the murder of a model at a fashion show. The obvious suspects—her fiancee, a notorious rake—seem to have alibis, and Boruvka's wits are befuddled by the attractive policewoman, who has to steer Boruvka to the solution... "The End of an Old Tom-Cat" is the enjoyable story of the poisoning of an unsavory public prosecutor. The victim's wife seems to be innocent, and a ripe suspect turns up in the restaurant where the victim had recently eaten. However, Boruvka remembers a weeping old woman, the prevalence of cats, and The Roman Hat Mystery by Ellery Queen, and correctly pins the guilt... "His Easiest Case" is a short one, related to an earlier investigation. Boruvka's fingerprint (and that of his sergeant) is found on the toilet handle in the apartment of the pretty policewoman, who has suffered a murderous attack. The implications make Boruvka an outcast, but the policewoman lives and Boruvka figures out who done it and why... "Crime in a Girls' High School" is a lesser story, in which Boruvka reminisces of the earlier time when he was a teacher and money appeared to have been stolen from one of the school rooms... Skvorecky's intentions in these tales are not only to entertain: he's also poking fun at the detective genre and a few of its sacred cows.

Some years ago I read one or two of Tobias Wells' tales of Knute Severson, Boston police detective, and from the latest, Have Mercy Upon Us (Doubleday, $4.95), it would appear that Knute is being buried under gothic trappings. Mercy Bird (who writes mysteries under the name Tobias Wells about Knute Severson, Boston detective, and lives next door to Knute Severson, Boston detective) finds her finances a bit low and answers an ad offering an all-expense-paid retreat for aspiring music writers. She does not, of course, write songs or poetry, but the place is free. The "place" is an old mansion, once a Catholic Seminary, and the song-writers' benefactor is Countess von Hohoken from Brooklyn. An idiot would know something was fishy, and Mercy is only a near-idiot, so she only suspects; the rest of the victims do not. She confides her suspicions; but the police are not overly persuaded by near-idiots. Knute is going on vacation, but he exercises a modest neighborly concern... Predictable as the recent elections, the novel nonetheless has a few neat tricks and commendable succinctness.

Charles Merrill Smith, "a card carrying clergyman of the United Methodist Church" and author of a number of religious satires (like How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious) has added Reverend C. P. Randollph to that short list of Protestant Clergymen-detectives in Reverend Randollph and the Wages of Sin (Putnam, $6.95). Randollph, an inhabitant of academia, is lured by his bishop to Chicago's troubled and wealthy Church of the Good Shepherd to serve a year's interim ministry. The portrayal of a large urban church found here (the mileau of this book may be unique in all detective fiction) is wholly fascinating—and not a little chilling, at least to one of evangelical persuasions like myself. (Good Shepherd is a huge social organization, with a certain compassion and occasional religious overtones—but overtones of a religion in which the sweet light of human reason has banished the more unpallatable aspects of scriptural teachings on God and man and sin.) At any rate, the bishop is concerned because money is not coming in from the Good Shepherd like once it did, and Randollph (who of yore was an NFL quarterback) launches a flying wedge at the church's trustees, an ingrown, fat and comfortable lot. Shortly thereafter one of the choir's most beautiful sopranos is found nude and dead in the choir room, and the fat is truly in the fire. Succeeding revelations, both financial and sexual, would put lesser men to rout, but, only partly distracted by his own libidinous interactions with a TV talk-show hostess, Randollph sorts out the fairly simple murder matter and hands un unrepentent killer over to Lt. Casey of Homicide. Mr. Smith, D.D., has an attractive way with words, wryly and penetratingly humorous, and the book abounds in shrewd observation and detail. The puzzler of the year it is not; its pleasures, as indicated, lie elsewhere.

Another first novelist is Reymoure Keith Isely, once a Canadian boradcasting executive and actor and now a writer/farmer (during the appropriate seasons) in Saskatchewan. His winter crop, A Strange Code of Justice (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.50), is a competent job, a bit fuzzy in spots, but attractive in delving into conflicts between characters. In Titan, a small California city, the long term, revered Sheriff Sandy Marshall has died and his daughter Justine, out of filial duty perhaps, has run for and succeeded to his office. Her deputy, and one-time lover, is experienced cop Sam Powell; there is also an acutely ambitious D.A. of the trampling variety, and a high powered state senator, whose son is found dead in his smashed car, surrounded by curious circumstances. Sam and Justine's emotional tangle plays into the hands of the politically motivated D.A., and they find themselves in a game with more at stake than a killer...

For my sins, I like a good private eye story; I liked Robert B. Parker's Spenser and his first caper, The Godwulf Manuscript (1973); and, by Godfrey, I like his second, God Save the Child (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), even better. There's nothing immoderately new about Spenser:

he's a humorist, in part to hide his feelings; he's tough, unmarried and inclined toward the occasional short-term alliance; he's a bit hung up on people. I suspect he'll wear very nicely over the long term. Nor does the job he's asked to take by contractor Bartlett and his drunken sexpot wife establish precedents in innovation: the recovery of the Bartlett's runaway teenage son. But Parker is a fine storyteller; he's a Professor of English and clearly enjoys working with the language. The result is a most diverting novel.

Stanley Ellin, an adherent to the Quaker faith, has long wished to incorporate a Quaker background in a crime novel. Stronghold (Random House, $6.95) is that novel, and it's been worth waiting for. Marcus Hayworth is a Quaker who profoundly espouses the tenet of nonviolence; he's also a wealthy banker in the small Quaker settlement of Scammons Landing in upstate New York. Jimmy Flood, the most unsuccessful result of the town's social concern, returns with his henchmen after sojourns in various prisons. The plot hatched in his inflamed brain: hold Hayworth's family at gunpoint in his country home and send Marcus off to collect $4 million from his various banks. There's a goodly bit of low cunning in Jimmy's madness—and how does a committed pacifist like Marcus react to such peril to his loved ones? Ellin has worked out both plot and characters carefully; one has the impression that the latter are acting as they do because that's the way they are rather than because the author is pulling strings. The effect is fine high tension, without easy resolutions or cheap answers. Stronghold is more masterful Ellin storytelling.

Willo Davis Roberts is a prolific author of paperback gothics and nurse stories who has recently achieved hardcover publication, and White Jade (Doubleday, $5.95) is the first of her books I've read. It seems to be an archetypal gothic, carefully fulfilling the structural requirements, which perhaps only seem ludicrous to us male chauvinist pigs. At any rate, it's 1885, and Cecilia Jade Cummings and her younger and crippled brother, both orphans of a deceased missionary to China, travel the many months to California, hopefully to live with their grandfather, whom they've never seen. They arrive to find him wealthy, dying, and surrounded by grasping relatives. The latter include three nephews, each of whom proposes to Jade—regarded as another contestant for the old man's money—within days of her arrival. She ends up wed and very nearly dead; murder has been around before, and the new target seems to be Jade. There is, of course, a missing will, and you will doubtless grasp instantly where it's hidden, though it takes the characters the whole book to find it. And, to be sure, Jade plays heroine in the night in traditional gothic fashion. Ms. Roberts writes well enough; I suppose fanciers of the form will like the book...

Six Nuns and a Shotgun by Colin Watson (Putnam, $5.95) is about 90% of a thoroughly enjoyable book—if it only didn't have a slapdash, get-it-out-of-the-way ending... Anyway, we're in beleaguered Flaxborough, wherein redoubtable Insp. Purbright receives a curious communique seeming to say that an American gangster is on his way over to waste some prominent Flaxborovian who has apparently fallen behind in his dues. Meanwhile, The Floradora Club, a hotbed of palpitating and not altogether legal sex, is gearing for a big blast, and its owner, who is feuding with a neighboring magnate, is not greatly impressed that Purbright thinks he's the target. Then there's that dark-jowled American prowling about the town... Humor aplenty, both broad-beamed and subtle and all well done; nice scene-setting, nice confrontations—as I say, about 90%...

I believe that Gideon's Fog (Harper & Row, $5.95), the 20th Commander George Gideon novel by J. J. Marric (John Creasey), is the penultimate volume in the series. Creasey died in 1973, but had written his series books through 1975, so we should have a final tale, perhaps late this year... The Gideons have been a remarkable series, representing—according to the nearly unanimous critical viewpoint—Creasey's best, most creative, most dynamic and individual writing. He coined the pseudonym and deliberately set himself to writing in a different vein—the police procedural, which at the time "Marric" began was an infant, hardly even a recognizable subgenre. As the titles suggest, the character of Gideon has always been central to the stories, but Creasey used the series also to explore family relationships, the structure and pressures of Scotland Yard, the position of police in the public view, demanding social problems, and political and moral issues which troubled England (and Creasey). Perhaps one day someone will read the series from stem to stern and describe the portraits that emerge... In the meantime, we have Gideon's Fog, wherein the curious matter of lady vigilantees who object to freelance sex under the bushes of London's parks comes to Gideon's attention—as does, hot on the heels of this, the kidnapping of his deputy, with whom his daughter is very much in love I admit to some difficulty in taking the ladies and their machinations and some of the plot entanglements as seriously as I think Creasey intended, but the handling of the characters and they personal, emotional reactions to stress and danger is handled as deftly as ever. Read and enjoy...

A 72-year-old man reluctantly playing detective and looking into the facts surrounding a death or two in a California rest home may not strike one as the most exciting context for a crime novel, and You're Never Too Old to Die by Arthur D. Goldstein (Random House, $5.95) is a tranquil sort of affair, as are most of its retired inhabitants. Some credit should be given for this offbeat backdrop and for several interesting though only partially resolved characterizations, but more suspense is generated by wondering if these representatives of the geriatrics generation won't die of old age before they solve the puzzle. Max Guttman was a cutter in the textile trade in New York, but his daughter lured him to California for his

retirement years. He spends weekdays at the Golden Valley Senior Citizens Center, in which an old man recently expired under circumstances which seem mysterious only to the old lady who was planning to marry him. Her disquiet spreads to others, who drag Guttman into the affair protesting that his successes in A Person Shouldn't Die Like That (1972) do not a Sherlock Holmes make him.

I really can't take The Gordon's Undercover Cat stories seriously as crime fiction; juveniles, yes, or even fantasy. And I'm no cat lover at all—I don't think the breed contains a warm feeling for humans anywhere—and the antics of besotted cat lovers in the third of the series, Catnapped! (Doubleday, $5.95) leave me aghast. There is this Randall family, you see; motherless, temporarily fatherless, with Patti, engaged to an FBI agent, 17-year-old Ingrid, younger brother Mike, and Damn Cat, a 7-year-old black feline around whom the Randall universe revolves. DC is kidnapped—er, catnapped—one day by a nut with a money-making scheme. The universe flies to pieces, of course, along with the FBI, and what follows defies description. A couple of nice characterizations—like the gun-toting neighbor woman—are wasted on this nonsense, which is supposed to be funny.

By my count, Bread (Random House, $5.95) is Ed McBain's 29th 87th Precinct novel, and it gives me pause to wonder if the author is a bit jaded with the old rut, in spite of past glories therein. Perhaps the fact that a non-87th McBain novel is due in a few months supports this idea. The cops at the 87th seem tired, the plot is undernourished, and the telling does not sparkle. Oh well, doubtless there are 5-10,000 institutions/people who buy 87th Precinct novels habitually by now, so neither Random nor McBain will go hungry. At any rate, it's August and hot, and some of the precinct boys are away on vacation. One of them, name of Parker, was looking into a warehouse fire, and the owner tracks down Carella and bugs him about resolving the affair so he can collect his half million in insurance money. So Carella and company poke around a bit, turning up some human carrion and assorted misdeeds, and end up with a solution for the whole mess that takes more salesmanship than it was given.

I was much impressed with Marion Rippon's first two novels, which were gothics-of-a-sort with a French setting and considerable character. The Ninth Tentacle (Doubleday, $4.95), while set in France, does not quite fulfill the promise of its predecessors. The story is well enough told: Fiona Rolland, not very intelligent, is married to brilliant computer designer Viktor, a cold, calculating so-and-so who rubs everyone he meets the wrong way. Retired policeman Ygrec knows her, knows the village, lives for the periodic visits of his friend Inspector Michelin. Some computer drawings disappear, a local rake distracts Fiona, and murder visits. Ygrec worries the things he knows in his mind... The central characterization of Fiona is too much of a void to be greatly of interest, and suspicions of the truth come fairly readily to the reader's mind.

The Thing at the Door by Henry Slesar (Random House, $5.95) is one of those comforting novels that re-establishes the old values: the villains, who wear black hats, get their just deserts, justice prevails, guy gets girl—all regular and predictable as the tides. Gail Gunnerson was spooked when she was six years old and her mother had just committed suicide: something came to her door. Now she's 26, beautiful and wealthy. She has a psyche tied in knots, she hears noises in the night, her banker wants her declared incompetent so she can't pick up her money and play elsewhere. Then she starts seeing corpses that haven't died, and sometime private eye Steve Tyner, alias hero, has of course fallen in love with Gail while trying to decide whose on which side.

It's no coincidence, I'm sure, that Black Sunday by Thomas Harris (Putnam, $7.95) was published just 9 days before the January 12 Super Bowl. The novel is one of those high-powered thrillers with a political slant. A psychotic Vietnam vet with a powerful death wish hatches a scheme to turn the 70,000 people attending a Super Bowl game into so much dead meat. He succeeds in interesting Arab terrorists in his dementia, propelling us into a taut duel between terrorists and Major Kabakov of Israeli Intelligence. The Arabs think a stadium full of dead spectators might fit in with their own happy objectives, and everyone develops his own ideas of how the final scenario is going to play. Crackling suspense here...

I've done it again—only caught up with a promising new craftsman in our genre at his third book. The author is Charles Larson and the book Matthew's Hand (Doubleday, $4.95); the first two were The Chinese Game and Someone's Death.

Hand is expert storytelling, demonstrating a fine sense of timing, smooth integration of story elements and an acute ear for dialogue. Jesus Mary Chavez has a restaurant in a Mexican slum in Oceanport, out California way. The town has about the usual concentration of bigots, whose necks are more red than usual since Chavez maintains he's a communist. The townspeople show their affection by heaving bricks through the restaurant windows and the like, and so Isabel Chavez, Jesus Mary's niece and star of a tottering TV series, scuttles the shooting schedules and heads to Oceanport to help. Closely trailed by Nils-Frederick Blixen, the show's producer, who has a serious defect in his character for success in show business: he has some. Character, that is. He also has concern for Isabel—and more when a headless, handless corpse is found in a barrel behind Jesus Mary's place. The sheriff, neck glowing, has his own ideas about murderer and murderee; Blixen has others, and has to prove them.

As the subtitle suggests, Corpus Delicti of Mystery Fiction: A Guide to the Body of the Case by Linda Herman and Beth Stiel (Scarecrow Press, P.O. Box 656, Metuchen, N. J. 08840)

intends to provide guidance for librarians and collectors in assembling a nucleus collection of crime fiction. It offers brief chapters on "Definitions and Terms", "Reference Works and Basic Tools", and "History and Development of Mystery Fiction", and then discusses (and provides checklists for) "Fifty Representative Authors". I'm afraid this volume pays the common penalty of brevity: the text too frequently oversimplifies and misleads. And proofreading and checking should have been done more carefully; numerous unfortunate errors were found. Some of the latter include a statement that the term "private eye" arose in the 40's—although lineage is traced to the Pinkerton Agency before the turn of the century; Graham Green [sic] will doubtless be surprised, at the least, to discover he's lumped with Cain, Chandler, Hammett and Spillane as a member of the "guts, tough or hardboiled school"; Arthur Upfield and Robert van Gulik are listed with John Creasey and Georges Simenon as police procedural writers; a group of very dissimilar books are listed together on p. 15; the summary of the 19th century history of mystery fiction avoids mention of Anna Katharine Green, Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens, among others; Josephine Tey seems to be suggested as typical of the British product of the "Golden Age". Like any limited list of recommended authors, the 50 given here will be criticized both for inclusions and exclusions (why not Donald Westlake, for example), but it generally seems acceptable. I daresay there's a need for the sort of book Corpus Delicti; with a little care it could have fulfilled it quite a lot better. The price, by the way, is $6.50.

Frank M. Halpern has done for science fiction what desperately needs doing for mystery fiction in compiling his Directory of Dealers in Science Fiction and Fantasy (Haddonfield House, 300 Kings Highway East, Haddonfield, N.J. $7.95). Halpern lists over 130 dealers, and identifies areas of specialization and special services provided; there is also a subject index. Related areas of specialization (like mystery fiction) are occasionally mentioned. Nicely done; now for our field...

My French is not equal to the task, but there may be some bilingualists out there who would be interested in Mythologie du roman policier by Francis Lacassin (Union Generale D'Editions, 8, rue Garanciere, Paris VI; 2 volumes; paperbound; price not known). The intriguing chapter titles include Le Chevalier Dupin ou Les Faux Mysteres de Paris; Sherlock Holmes ou le Matin des Logiciens; Arsene Lupin ou du Cambriolage Comme un Service Public; Father Brown ou a la Recherche du ciel Perdu; Le Coup Solitaire ou le "Marche Commun" du Cambriolage; Charlie Chan ou le Sage aux Sept Fleurs; Dashiell Hammett ou la Litterature a Haute Tension; Pierre Very ou la Police au Pays des Fees; William Irish ou l'oeil quie Voit L'interieur des Etres; Philip Marlowe ou le Clair de Lune du Roman Noir; Jean-Louis Bouquet ou L'exploration des Ames en Crise; Le Grand Horloger ou le Poete, le Destin et la Mort; Fredric Brown ou Alice de ce Cote du Miroir; Boileau-Narcejac ou la Province et L'absence; Chester Himes ou le Fete des Fous. The books have numerous filmographies and bibliographies. Someday I'll brush up on my French...

I'm afraid I've omitted calling attention to another foreign language volume that I strongly suspect of having considerable merit: Spionen i Spegeln, an anthology of essays about spies and spy fiction edited by Jan Broberg (Bo Cavefors Bokforlag, Stockholm). American and British works (including those by Julian Symons, Anthony Boucher, Jacques Barzun and Kingsley Amis) are included in translation, plus 10 by Scandinavian commentators. Numerous photographs of spy fiction writers illustrate the text. (Swedish is one of the half-dozen languages I'm going to learn—someday...)

As has been widely observed (and my introduction to the 1975 Best Detective Stories of the Year will discourse in this vein), 1974 is the year of Holmes. One of the very large number of Sherlockian items published during the year was The Adventure of the Peerless Peer by Philip Jose Farmer (The Aspen Press, Box 4119, Boulder, Colorado 80302, $5.50). This is a pastiche short novel (111 pages in this hardcover edition) in which Holmes and Watson head for Africa at the behest of War Office during World War I in 1916. There's a matter of a German spy to be dealt with, and the journey is made with the help of pulpdom's The Shadow and The Spider. Owing to a storm their airplane is blown off course, and they end up in darkest Africa, from whence they are rescued by Tarzan. Good fun, I suppose, but I put Peer among the lesser of Holmesian pastiches.

George Locke at Ferret Fantasy (27 Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, London SW17) publishes and edits the occasional and very valuable Search & Research (price variable). This little magazine deals with a wide range of subjects, and frequently provides information unobtainable elsewhere about mystery fiction. Volume 1 No. 2 (June 1974) contains, for example, an excerpt from an 1894 featuring Sherlock Holmes; an essay (with complete bibliography) on "Fantasy and Mystery Fiction in the Yellow Magazine", a publication which appeared in England during 1921-1926; and a similar treatment of Lambert's Magazine from the 1890's. Of great interest is the first installment of a series by R. C. S. Adey on "The Detective Short Story", in which attention is called to obscure collections of such short stories.

An exhaustive checklist of the varied writings of William F. Nolan is available from Charles E. Yenter (Tacoma, Washington; $2). While most of Nolan's work is nonfiction or science fiction/fantasy, TADians will know of his great interest in mystery fiction through his appearances in TAD and his publication of Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook, as well as his two Bart Challis private eye novels and numerous crime and sf/crime short stories.

A final note: your attention is drawn to the series Contemporary Literary Criticism (Gale Research Co.), which contains useful excerpts of articles and reviews of numerous writers, including the more important in our field. Volume 3 is just out ($35), and 14 mystery writers are noted.

LETTERS

From Michael L. Masliah (9339 Encino Ave., Northridge, Ca. 91324):

The Sherlock Holmes Society of Los Angeles is planning a Sherlock Holmes film festival this fall.

Edward Connors' excellent article (Films in Review, Aug.-Sept. 1961) lists most of the bona fide Holmes' pictures. But we are having trouble finding out about the myriad of pseudo-Holmesian films, the cartoons, and the out-and-out parodies.

I would appreciate hearing from any reader who has information regarding these films.

From Mrs. Donald Jackson:

The November 1974 issue welcomed comment about "The Paperback Revolution" column. I am very familiar with Christie, Carr, Stout, etc. I only need an author/title listing of new paperbacks by such well known authors; I have most of their books already.

Are less well known writers published in paperback these days?—like Henry Wade, Fiona Sinclair, Jean Scholey, for example? If these more obscure authors are published, I would devour an author/title listing (or more if space permits). At least then I could refer to Catalogue of Crime, Julian Symons, or start browsing bookshops.

I would also be very interested in listings of British publications—new or reprint hardbacks as well as paperbacks. I'm probably in a small minority there, though.

In summary, "The Paperback Revolution" usually disappoints me, but that may be more the fault of publishers than of TAD policy. You and Mr. Shibuk will have to decide whether most of TAD's readers are young and progressive (?) enough to need introductions to classic authors' works.

One more comment: Current inventory control systems, in Los Angeles bookshops at least, somehow mean that most of the same paperback authors and titles are stocked over and over. The "mystery" sections are very monotonous these days. Therefore, I think people who have been avidly reading detective stories for a long time need all the help we can get in finding out about titles and authors less often published in paperback.

From Jo Ann Vicarel:

Do you know how many Superintendent Folly titles have been published by John Creasey under the name Jeremy York? I have read First a Murder and Run Away to Murder, both printed in the last four years but obviously written in the forties. Any information you or TAD readers can supply will be welcome. The books themselves are find puzzle mysteries in the grand tradition and worth the reading.

From Orin McFarland:

I have a copy of the Detective Short Story Bibliography and Index by Mundell and Rausch, and, as a whole, it is a great disappointment. Perhaps you don't share my opinion, but I will try to clarify my statement.

The book should never have been divided into classifications. Nine-tenths of the reading public don't know what classification a book comes under, such as Secret Service Stories, Sherlockiana, etc. For instance, I was looking up The Knife Behind the Curtain by Williams. It wasn't under "Detective Stories—Author Collections" but placed under "Secret Service Stories". This is only one instance out of many. To have to go through three or four sections of a book in order to find your titles should be unnecessary. Coding the titles would have been much more desirable. If Mundell and Rausch wanted to classify their short stories (as they undoubtedly did) they should have had only one complete alphabet. I would have suggested to them to have had a preamble stating that most of the titles were detective short stories and where they wanted to pin-point a particular type of short story they were using a code, and to use this code throughout, such as: Sherlockiana, use Sher.; Detective Anthology, use DA; Secret Service Stories, use SSS. And the majority of detective short stories (which the book consisted of) would need no code.

The above was only one objection to the book. The biggest objection and disappointment of all was that half of the stories, yes almost exactly half, was a re-hash of Queen's Detective Short Story and Queen's Quorum titles and subtitles used in Queen's Quorum. It was my understanding that this venture of Mundell and Rausch was to be an updating of Queen's endeavors. So I am at a loss to understand why they took some titles by a single author and left off other titles. They should never have been included in the first place. I spent six hours one night going through Ellery Queen's two books to make a comparison of what had been repeated in Mundell and Rausch's book and came up with over 700 titles which had been duplicated. The book would have been much more desirable if it had been composed only of additional new titles. It also would have been less to print and could have been given to the public at a little more reasonable price, thus encouraging the public to buy more copies.

Also many paperbacks are included in the bibliography. Why didn't they indicate that certain titles were only in paperback? Not everyone is aware that certain publishing houses have only paperbacks; and this doesn't have to be necessarily true either. But it would have been nice to know.

Actually if you analyze the book thoroughly, you will find, after you eliminate over 700 titles repeated from the Queen books, eliminate the true short stories, which the majority of detective story readers are not interested in anyway, and if you wanted to, eliminate all the

recent anthologies (which all or most of the readers know about anyway) such as The Queen's Awards, Best Detective Stories of the Year, Mystery Writers of America anthologies, you have only a little over 300 titles in this bibliography which are really new.

The one redeeming factor about the book is that it is nicely spaced and easy to read and, also, the new additions (the older ones) are eagerly read. A most provocative chapter is entitled "Titles Not Examined". It includes some titles which I have never heard of and I have been in the business and reading and examining detective stories since 1930.

The section "Index of Detectives and Agents" must have incorporated a prodigious amount of work. I don't think the amount of use it will be put to will ever warrant the amount of effort which was involved in its makeup. This section is the most unique factor of the whole book.

> I will leave any final defense of Mundell & Rausch's book to its compilers, and as I indicated in my review last issue the book certainly has many shortcomings. But one of us (Orin or myself) seems to have grossly misunderstood the purpose of the book.
>
> My understanding is that the intention was to examine and reexamine (the latter in the case of books already cited by Queen), and to provide an independent and comprehensive index to the field. Forcing every user to find a copy of Queen's work (which is virtually unobtainable in the limited first edition and probably out-of-print in the more recent edition) to see the field as a whole, as Orin seems to advocate, would have been to my mind both stupid and shortsighted. As a result of reevaluation, some books cited in Queen were omitted as not containing detective short stories; those that were included also provide the additional identification of short story titles, not found in Queen. And finally, to omit reference to recent collections and anthologies would also have been shortsighted, as the book is intended to be comprehensive, and, Orin to the contrary, most collectors (of which I am one) are not familiar with all relevant recent volumes in the field, nor do they have bibliographic data (and contents listings) for them close to hand.
>
> I am not greatly discommoded by the classification system the book uses, although what Orin suggests could certainly have been done. And it should not be forgotten that the book has an index which will betray precisely where every entry is. ——AJH

From Mrs. Allene J. Davis (5201 Cannon Blvd., Las Vegas, Nevada 89108):

In the middle 1930's, or thereabouts, a man from a detective magazine came to my grandfather's home to get a story on my great uncle who had been an outlaw. My grandfather was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. His brother, Ned Christie, was killed while an outlaw and Oklahoma was still Indian Territory. This story was told to this man by my grandfather, Go Back Christie, and they printed pictures both of him and of my Uncle Ned. This story came out in a detective magazine, for I saw it and read it, but I was too young to recall which detective magazine it was published in. It was the middle to later 1930's I am almost sure.

Do you have any information on this story, or could you tell me anything I might do to go about finding this magazine? I would truly be grateful if you can help me and will be willing to pay whatever...

Anyone? ——AJH

From Ron Goulart:

It's interesting to watch (in TAD 8/1) errors expanding and spreading. Boston Blackie didn't start as a comic strip. I imagine Mr. Lofts got his information from Leslie Halliwell's The Filmgoer's Companion, where this particular mistake originated.

Which brings me, subtly I hope, to the main point of my letter. I think some of your TAD readers will be interested in my forthcoming book, The Adventurous Decade: Comic Strips in the 30s. There's a long chapter on the detective strips (about 12,000 words). I cover Dick Tracy, of course, as well as Dan Dunn, Radio Patrol, G-Man!, War on Crime, Jim Hardy, etc. And also the detectives taken from books—chiefly Inspector Wade (inspired by an Edgar Wallace novel) and Charlie Chan. Plus lady ops such as Myra North—Special Nurse and Invisible Scarlet O'Neil. For people interested in something beyond cops and robbers, the book also has chapters on funny paper cowboys, science fiction heroes, moppets, Tarzan, Captain Easy, Terry and The Pirates, supermen and the boys in uniform. Arlington (without any help from Rockefeller in this case) is the publisher. It'll be a selection of the Nostalgia Book Club and should be out in the late spring (otherwise known as July).

As the country's only practicing Kenneth Robeson, I feel I ought to reply to McSherry's attack on the Avenger novel titles (I'm assuming his comment of "glurk" is an attack.) When I took on the new series I deduced that pulp novels ought to have bright colors in their titles, and also a couple of provocative words. The Purple Zombie has long been one of my favorite godawful titles (it was originally the name of a minor early 40s comic book character), but I never had an opportunity to use it before. At this writing, by the way, it looks as though the Avenger will last until #36. And possibly, on a less frequent basis, beyond.

From John Vining:

In Chap. 8 of The Great Radio Heroes, Jim Harmon mentions a Johnny Fletcher radio series. I've consulted several authoritative works on old radio, but cannot find anything more. Does anyone have additional info?

In 1952 or 53, there was a radio series titled Amicus Curiae (Friend of the Court). It was introduced as being created by Erle Stanley Gardner. Does anyone know if this was based on any of his literary works?

Everyone has been heaping praise on Francis Nevins' Royal Bloodline. I think it is excellent myself, as far as it goes. I was very disappointed that Mr. Nevins didn't cover Queen's paperback originals, particularly the Tim Corrigan and Mike McCall series. There isn't much literary worth in them, which indicates that Dannay and Lee didn't collaborate on them. It would be interesting to all TAD readers to know the full story behind these paperbacks.

I found a glaring omission of Sir Compton Mackenzie in the Bibliography. His spy stories, written in the late twenties, are among the finest ever written. His fiction was overshadowed by his other literary works, however. Several of his spy-adventure novels have been reprinted in paperback in recent years.

I really enjoy Charles Shibuk's The Paperback Revolution, but do agree with Fred Dueren in wishing he'd review more contemporary books. There isn't too much about Carr, Christie, or Stout that I haven't read before.

I hope someone comes up with some info in answer to Bill Loft's query about Jack Boyle. The New York Times Directory of the Film lists Boyle as original author of four films: Through the Dark (1924), The Sporting Chance (1925), Meet Boston Blackie (1941), and One Mysterious Night (1944). The last two are definitely Boston Blackie films. Boyle was the screenwriter for The Silent Accuser (1925).

From Helen Commodore:

I enjoy TAD very much—especially Mr. Shibuk's paperback information column. It's a great checklist just in case I missed a book that I would have liked to read.

From Estelle Fox:

For the past 13 weeks—Sept. 30 to December 30, from midnight to 1 a.m.—the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. (C.B.C.) has been showing the Boney series, all filmed in Australia, on location in New South Wales, Central Australia, Sydney—and wherever the stories were set by Arthur Upfield. The topography was therefore authentically shown, the salmon-pink rock formations, the red earth, the unusual trees, even the cries of the kookaburras and other birds. The TV plays followed Upfield's stories quite faithfully, giving the same names, places and characters as in the original novels, except in a few instances where some slight changes were made to bring the plot together.

James Laurensen plays the part of Boney—the spelling used in the episodes. Tall, suave, but a more rugged-looking Inspector Bonaparte. One difference—he doesn't roll nor smoke any cigarettes! He brings to the characterization intelligence and humor, and it's a joy to watch him as he uses his tracking skills and mingles with white men and aborigine alike. His complexion is light brown.

Enclosed is a copy of the promotional material sent to me by the C.B.C. [I wish I could reproduce it here. ——AJH] The second series will not be shown here, due to financial reasons. Starting in two weeks, The Baron series will begin, to which I look forward. The second Boney series are not all based on Upfield's novels, so the C.B.C. did not purchase them.

> Wouldn't it be nice if such wonders as the Boney series appeared on U.S. television...? ——AJH

From Marv Lachman:

I received Vol 8 No 1 of TAD, and I may be the only reader who will admit to not devouring the issue immediately. With three months to wait until the next issue, TAD is too good to rush through. I like to savour each issued, and take as long as I can to read it. I especially enjoyed Mrs. Donaldson's article on Upfield in this issue. Mr. Dueren, who has written some good biographies of fictional detectives, certainly missed the boat in his comments on "The Paperback Revolution." Shibuk's column is a lot more interesting and imaginative in its own right than 99% of all paperback mysteries being published and should be continued in TAD.

From Jeff Banks:

Thanks for publishing my piece on Carmody, and for running my radio query! I suspect that the Vee Brown show, and possibly the Mr. Bingle, were one-shot tryouts that never made it to the networks—however, both were supposedly run on NYC network affiliates. Bingle (named deliberately to suggest Bungle) was a humorous character; Vee Brown was Carroll John Daly's version of Philo Vance (plus a bit of The Saint). Both were moderate successes in the pulps in the Twenties or early Thirties.

As usual, I read your November issue more nearly completely than any other publication that I receive. "Shades of Dupin" was delightful; I wish it had been longer, as I can think of literally dozens of good quotes that were left out. However, George Dove used enough (and well selected they were, too) to make his point. I hope you will have something more from him in the future.

Baird's article on Barzun left me with kinder feelings for Barzun than anything of his

own I've ever read. The regular features were as helpfully informative as always; I particularly appreciate the "Movie Notes", as Everson is ever reminding me of something I've forgotten seeing that didn't deserve being forgotten.

I teach a class on detective fiction, and I am thinking of adding The Thin Man as an additional text. George Thompson's chapter on the book provides some genuine new insights into the book (as all his chapters have done). Also, he says nothing that I vigorously disagree with—a rare achievement as I'm a vigorous disagreer where it comes to most 'tec' criticism. I will probably circulate my two copies of this issue among my students if/when I do teach The Thin Man. Another thing that draws me to the book, besides a gut feeling that it is probably Hammett's most underrated work, is the photocover of the current paperback edition. Every 'tec' fan should have that.

Now, at last, to the letters:

I heartily second Don Hutchison's call for articles on the paperback series. I hope that Steve Mertz will not confine himself solely to Don Pendleton's work in his promised article; or that he will do a followup, covering the Assassin, and the other series which more-or-less derive from the Executioner. Hutchison's half-paragraph tribute to The Shadow (which I thought was well-deserved) indicates to me that he should do a pulp hero article himself. That's another one I would like to see.

As for your question regarding "The Paperback Revolution", my personal tastes are probably nearer those of Fred Dueren than of your columnist. I usually skim the column for news it sometimes provides of something that I don't want to miss, but I rarely read for comments. However, I know TAD is not published just for me (even if it almost seems that way sometimes), and I imagine that most of your readers cherish the column.

Tell reader Kolesnik that that mysterious fellow who brings on the credits for each of NBC's Mystery Movies is obviously looking for viewers. Over the years he's found lots of us. Seriously, though, I have always thought he symbolized mystery itself—the detective's meticulous search for clues, etc. If it's anything more specific than that, I'd like to know about it too.

I'll sign up right now for J. T. Browne's pressure group to get pulps microfilmed. Just tell me who to write to... Please! In fact, I'd like to see some other pulps (especially the early Western & SF ones) microfilmed as well. I wrote University Microfilms about this the day TAD arrived. Is there someone else I should write to? Maybe Browne will circulate a petition.

No doubt Clay Kimball is right about Stark-Westlake re-writing Hammett. But then most of the hardboiled writers have been doing it for years.

Page two of this letter languished in my typewriter while I looked for the answer I had expected to find so easily for reader Williams. No dice, after all, as 95% of my collection is (and will be for the next couple years) stored in cartons and practically inaccessible. However, I did run across copies of Suspense Magazine which formerly stood on my shelves cheek-by-jowl (if magazines can be properly said to have such) with The Mysterious Traveler Magazine. It's a very similar case. Not a pulp but a digest magazine on good paper, it published four issues, beginning Spring 1951 and ending Wint. 1952. Published by Farrell, its covers bore the legend: "Inspired by the C.B.S radio and television program"; many of the readers will, of course, remember that show as some of William Spier's finest hours. The magazine ran from 11 to 15 stories in each issue, dividing them into as many as 7 almost comically overlapping "categories", but in reality they were the kinds of fiction offered by detective and science fiction magazines. Three or more stories in each issue were reprints; the only author to appear more than once was Ray Bradbury. I believe The Mysterious Traveler Magazine ran the same number of issues; I know it offered the same sort of fare.

Now for my own question: How many mystery-detective-crime fiction magazines (or at least magazines that gave that sort of material considerable space on a regular basis) were inspired by radio programs? Except for the two mentioned above (and I recognize the sharing of influence with TV in the case of Suspense), I can count only The Shadow Magazine. Some might want to include the Alonzo Dean Cole Witch's Tales of the mid-1930s, which was surely radio inspired—but from what I know of it, the contents were almost entirely supernatural fiction (as would fit the title). Of course, there was a Lone Ranger pulp for awhile too; again, definitely radio-inspired, but certainly all Western in contents. Can the readers of TAD name others?

From Robert J. Randisi:

TAD 8/1: First, the cover. The blue cover is a welcome change from the yellow used the past few issues. Can we look forward to more color in the future? I'm rather partial to red, myself.

Can we learn something of William Dixon's cover illustrations? Are they of his own making, or does he take them from instances described in some stories? (TAD 7/3 of course was The Shadow, 7/1 Jack the Ripper? What of 8/1--Fu Manchu?). I think I would not be the only reader interested in the history behind the cover illustrations.

Not to be picky, but I would like to add to R.W.Hays' article on "Religion and the Detective Story", a story by the Granddaddy of Prolificity (is that a word?), Edward D. Hoch: "The Thing in Lover's Lane (MSMM 7/71), featuring Father David Noone. Does anyone know if he's written any other stories featuring this same character? If not, I wish he would. And speaking of wishes, I realize that Ed Hoch is probably the most prolific short story writer of our time, but I do wish he'd do some novels on his great characters—Captain Leopold, Nick Velvet, Rand, Sebastian Blue, and, my personal favorite, Private Eye Al Darlan. How many others out

there wish the same thing?

I found "Carmody: Sagebrush Detective" by R. Jeff Banks very interesting and it was the push I needed to add him to my selective collection of Westerns—of which Fargo is the leading figure. Does anyone know if John Benteen is a house name? I notice that, if the last two Fargo books are any indication, he has been taken off Fargo and replaced by John W. Hardin, who handles it well, but not as well. Would Hardin be a house name?

I don't usually judge a book by its cover, but I did in the case of Chip Harrison's Make Out with Murder. After Jon Breen's review I went out and got it, read it, and liked it. I hope there will be more of Chip and Leo Haig, the little Nero Wolfe.

I thoroughly agree with Don Hutchison about more attention being paid to the original soft cover series. He mentioned Donald Hamilton and John D. MacDonald. I would like to add Edward S. Aarons superior Sam Durell series, Philip Atlee and his Joe Gall series, Dan J. Marlowe and his Earl Drake series. Funny how all these good series are published by Fawcett. There is, however, one new series that recently appeared that is not put out by the Fawcett people, but by a company that, until this year, I had a thorough dislike of: Popular Library. The series is billed as Hardman, by Ralph Dennis, and you could easily be put off, as I was in the beginning, if you say HARD-man, thinking it to be a cheap series about a hip character who's Hard, man! Well, try saying the name with no emphasis on either syllable and read it. It's a better than average addition to the hardboiled private eye field. (Okay, before someone who has already read it writes in, I'll admit that Jim Hardman is not a licensed P.I., but an ex-cop who takes odd jobs which don't necessarily have to be legal. It's a good series and I recommend it highly.)

Thomas Show, Jr., mentioned the reissue of Black Mask. I had already picked up the first issue, 8/74, back when it came out, but do I live in a bad neighborhood where I cannot get hold of the subsequent issues, or has it been discontinued already?

Okay, before this letter becomes a novel, just let me mention how ecstatic I was to learn from Richard Leyman about the two new mystery magazines, The Executioner and The 87th Precinct Mystery Magazine. I myself already have some stories ready to go out to both, but in case, as I mentioned above, I live in a bad neighborhood, could we get the mailing address for subscriptions as well as submissions?

Further from John Vining:

You've mentioned several times about offering extra copies of the Bibliography for sale upon its completion. Are these copies of the Biblio as printed in TAD, or will they have updated changes? Many readers are probably wondering this, so perhaps you could put a little blurb in TAD.

> This might be worth clarification again. When we finish going through the alphabet, I'll run an extensive alphabetical addendum, which will carry all sections through 1975 and correct the substantial errors uncovered in the main Bibliography. I will then make available a limited number of extra copies of the whole Bibliography, including addendum—as published in TAD. These will be distributed in a manner giving all TADians an equal chance at a copy. ——AJH

From Karen Lauterbach:

Jeanine Larmoth errs in Murder on the Menu when, on p. 152, she attributes to Sir Impey Riggs the discussion on the preparation of an omelet which is used as a headnote to the chapter "The Omnipresent Omelet and the Immortal Sole":

> "The final course was a sweet omelette, which was made at the table in a chafing-dish by Philip Boyes himself. Both Mr. Urquhart and his cousin were very particular about eating an omelette the moment it it came from the pan—and a very good rule it is, and I advise you all to treat omelettes in the same way and never allow them to stand, or they will get tough." Dorothy L. Sayers, Strong Poison

Actually, this gratuitous bit of advice is given by the judge himself during his summing up of the evidence against Harriet Vane. Of course, this mistake makes absolutely no difference to the preparation of an omelet, but following the excellent example of Randy Cox, Al Hubin, and my husband, I thought I would call this to the attention of the readers of TAD.

From Bruce R. Beaman:

There are two points which I should like to make concerning the November issue: First of all, I misspelled Dr. Julian Wolff's name in my review of The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook. I have done this twice before when corresponding with Dr. Wolff in reference to matters Sherlockian, and I apologize to him for my error, citing that I had been reading too much Rex Stout of late, hence Julian Wolfe. I make the same apology again, and promise to be more careful in future.

Second, in response to Fred Dueren's letter about Charles Shibuk's "The Paperback Revolution", I find this feature in TAD to be worthwhile. I disagree with Mr. Dueren's statement that "...most readers of TAD are already well acquainted with Christie and Stout and Marsh..." Mr. Dueren seems to imply (and I have felt this implication from other readers) that people who send we editor six bucks for a subscription are experts in the genre, people who have

studied mystery/detective literature for years. Mais non, M. Dueren. At the ripe age of 23, there is a good deal of material that I am not yet familiar with, and I find a column like Mr. Shibuk's a great help in providing me with some data about numerous writers I have not been exposed to as yet, not to mention some books I might care to obtain and read. Speaking of age, I was glad to read Robert J. Randisi's letter to find that I'm not the only TADian of more tender years.

From Frank D. McSherry, Jr.:

V8/N1 maintains the high standards one has happily come to expect from TAD. Again George Thompson's article on Hammett and his thoughtful, original views about his least appreciated novel take first place. Second place goes to Betty Donaldson's well-researched, complete and thorough survey of Upfield, his life, his work and his detective, after a hard struggle with Newton Baird's engaging work on the detective story's major characteristic—its upholding of the values of reason. While Baird's work loses a bit by its supposing that the reader (well, one reader at least) knows more about philosophy than he actually does, it has the nicest opening sentence of any article in TAD's history: "I love a detective story." Cheers for Mr. Baird; obviously, he's one of us.

Dove's article on what fictional detectives say about detectives in fiction is next—now why didn't I think of that for a subject?—while Hays' article on religion and detection shows the solid competence we have come to expect from this author, losing only because the work is too short, really an introduction to the theme... Banks on Carmody provides valuable light on books we might otherwise have overlooked: more articles along this line would be welcome.

Reader Kimball, who suggests that "Westlake is rewriting Hammett", will be interested in a short passage from The Handle (Pocket Books, 1966), in which professional criminal Parker is hired to wipe out a gambling establishment on an island off the Texas shore—blast it right down to the rock—with the help or at least the non-interference of the U.S. government, which badly wants the owner, a Nazi war criminal. Of course there are minor difficulties—the place is full of enough guns and thugs to start a small-scale revolution and part way through the Nazi learns about Parker's planned operation...

> "'Scrape him clean. Don't just rob the place, burn it to the ground... throw it in the sea. Gut it, like Couffignal. Or don't you know that one either?'
> "Parker didn't. He said, 'What's in it for me?'"

Mrs. Donaldson might be interested in an account of an unusual event in the life of author Upfield, indeed one of the most unusual in the life of any detective story writer. Upfield investigated and helped solve a murder committed by a killer who copied it detail by detail from one of Upfield's books, and was trapped, ironically, almost eerily, when he made exactly the same mistake the fictional murderer made! Alan Hynd reports it as "The Case of the Man Who Solved His Own Murder," in Violence in the Night, Gold Medal, 1955.

For his book, The Sands of Windee, Upfield thought up a perfect method of murder: shoot the victim in the back, burn the body to ashes and sift the ashes through a sieve to recover the tell-tale bullet, teeth fillings and anything else that hasn't been destroyed by the fire that may identify either the killer or the killed. Unfortunately for Upfield (and his detective, Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte), it was a perfect method; Upfield could think of no way in which his detective could solve the crime! After wracking his brains in vain for a way out, Upfield rode over to Narndee Station, a camel-breeding ranch near Dromedary Hill, and offered a prize to the man who gave him the answer. Rancher Louis Carron, a young man soon to be married, did: the murderer accidently makes a bigger hole in thesieve through which, unnoticed by the killer, falls a metal disk belonging to the victim. Shortly after, Carron disappears, and with him a large sum in gold pieces he carried around with him in a bag secured with a metal ring. Everyone assumed he'd wandered off to duck marriage, but he hadn't seemed like that to Upfield. Curious, Upfield asked questions, both at Narndee and in Perth where Carron's fiancee told him Carron wasn't the type to duck out on marriage. The police weren't interested until Upfield got Carron's bank to show him the missing man's last check—and proved that the endorsed name was forged. Upfield accompanied Detective Sgt. Jock Manning of the West Australian State Police in the resulting official investigation. They found the scene of the crime by an ingenious joint deduction: the killer would want as much privacy as possible for his act; and the physical layout of the ranch is such that only one direction offers much chance of being unobserved. Here they find, among other things, the partly-burned autographed copy of The Sands of Windee Upfield gave the victim for helping him with the plot, with four pages missing, the four pages detailing the murder method—the one actually used by the killer, and copied directly from the book. (Nor is the killer a mere imitator; he provides a tricky double clue that Agatha Christie would envy.) Upfield's testimony helped to convict the murderer. "While the trial was in progress," says Hynd, "The Sands of Windee was appearing as a serial in a string of Australian newspapers. On some days, Australian readers were trated to two versions of practically the same detective work in two different crimes—that of Detective Manning in the actual crime and that of Napoleon Bonaparte in the fictional one." As far as I know, in spite of the enormous ingenuity of murder mystery writers in creating clever methods of crime, this is the only known case of any killer ever deliberately using one. (I have a vague recollection that there was another such case recently but cannot recall the details—if there was one. Does any reader know?)

Reader Williams asks how many issues of The Mysterious Traveller Magazine appeared. There

were 5, the last slightly retitled as The Mysterious Traveller Mystery Reader, appearing Nov. '51, Jan., March, July 1952, and No. 5 (undated but issued in 1952). This digest-sized magazine ran an excellent selection of stories, mostly mystery but with at least one and sometimes two fantasy or sf in each issue; most of the stories had however appeared earlier in EQMM, which may have lessened the appeal of the magazine.

Some further sidelights on digest-sized detective magazines of the Fifties appear in an article by Larry Shaw, "Footnotes to Fan History," in the Nov. 1974 Alien Critic. Shaw writes about the days near the end of 1955 when publisher Irwin Stein decided to bring out two digest-sized fiction magazines, one sf and one detective. "The last sf magazine boom had busted within recent memory, and everyone told him he was crazy to start a new one, but Irwin liked science-fiction. The same everybody told him that a new detective magazine was sure to sell. Hah. I joined up...on a part-time, freelance basis, working evenings and weekends, but nevertheless as editor-in-chief...of both. We launched Infinity Science Fiction and Suspect Detective Stories. And everybody was wrong. Infinity was an immediate if modest success...Suspect was an immediate disaster, although I still (sincerely) believe we published some very good stories in it."

Shaw feels the title may have been the main reason: "I've...decided that negative-sounding titles turn potential readers off. Forgotten Fantasy, for instance, was probably licked before it started. Suspect seemed clever to us when we thought it up, but it's entirely possible that newsstand browsers thought the stories themselves were to be suspected of something...like being terrible. In any event, after five unprofitable issues, Suspect Detective Stories became Science Fiction Adventures. At least, we tried." Distribution may have been one of the causes, too; the American News Company collapsed in 1953 and distribution has been a problem for most magazines ever since. I only saw one issue of Suspect on local stands. (Perhaps Mr. Laymon, editor of the forthcoming magazines The Executioner and 87th Precinct, might give us their addresses and subscription prices? I have a feeling they won't show up here either...)

Some additions to Reader Albert's Bibliography: Nancy Drew meets Patty Hearst when she investigates "The Case of the Missing Heiress" (National Lampoon, October 1974) by Doug Kenney, a takeoff on the famous series of girls' books ("Peeking through a small openeing under the doorknob which from past adventures Nancy instantly recognized as a keyhole...") Another parody, an 8-page digest-sized insert, of the pulp detective story, is included in the current (January 1975) Playboy, "The Playboy Dime Mystery," featuring "The Case of the Cockamamie Sisters," by John Blumenthal. Private eye Munroe is asked by Myrna Leroy to locate her missing sister Gesundheit, once shipwrecked on a desert island and brought up by apes. Munroe takes the case ("Her big brown eyes tell me she's on the level. Since this is the first time I've ever had a pair of big brown eyes talk, I decided to listen") and ends up facing a villain's .38 ("marked down from .45 because it's secondhand"). The same issue includes a brief article by Sean O'Faolin, "Good Night, Sweet Sherlock," suggesting that today's technological problems of smog, pollution and fuel shortages make Holmes, as the product and representative of the optimistic dawn of the Scientific Revolution when "Every horizon glowed" and everyone believed that the "Systematic Deployment of the Intellect must inevitably lead to the Millennium", unbelievable now. That "certain London door that once opened onto magic" does so no longer; "I shall be reading my Holmes again tonight. Not anymore for his detection, but for the enduring attraction of his Adventures, which far from dwindling since they were first published 82 years ago, have multiplied with the years—the nostalgia they evoke for...the London of my boyhood: the clop-clop of the hansom cab...the fogs, the gas lamps, the quiet nights...that betokened...peace."

Ms. Bakerman, who did a nice job on women in Emma Lathen's novels, will be interested in another critical article, "Dorothy L. Sayers and the Tidy Art of Detective Fiction", by Barbara Grizitti Harrison, in the November 1974 MS. The article quotes Dorothy Parker as saying that it's not the tragedies that get you down, it's the messes they leave; that's why she loves Sherlock Holmes, his life is so tidy and neat. Ms. Harrison says that's one reason so many women read and write mysteries: it's the one form of fiction wherein all the puzzles and problems are neatly cleared up and solved (in full agreement with Baird's thesis). The three major Lord Peter/Harriet Vane novels are examined from a woman's point of view in a most interesting way. TAD readers might appreciate seeing this article here.

Speaking of Holmes, Donald A. Webster, in "Never More Seen In This World," Baker Street Journal, December 1974), suggests that my TAD article about Vanishers should have included some more cases of the great detective besides that of Mr. James Phillimore; for example, "The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter" and "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor". I'm grateful to Mr. Webster for pointing these out; I don't know how I managed to miss them—Ah, Watson, you see, but you do not observe!)

Meanwhile, the Vanishings continue: the latest is that of the Richard Cowden family at Copper, Oregon, September 1st: father, mother, two small children, last seen wearing only bathing suits, clothing left behind them neatly folded at picnic grounds with food still on the table; no signs of violence or any disturbance. Again, there was a delay in notifying the authorities, who were contacted only when the family's basset hound turned up alone at a store about a mile from the picnic grounds. "That camp," an Associated Press dispatch quotes state trooper Erickson as saying, "it sure was spooky. Even the milk was on the table."

From George Thompson:

Many thanks for the kind words from Robert A. W. Lowndes, Mike Nevins, Frank D. McSherry,

Jr. and others conerning my work on Hammett's novels. I am presently working on the short stories of Hammett and hope eventually to publish the full study. If anyone has suggestions of possible publishers, I would appreciate hearing from them. BGPP didn't want it; they said it lacked wide appeal.

I enjoyed George N. Dove's "Shades of Dupin," but I wish he had gone to develop in some depth the idea of fictions within fictions instead of stopping with Frye's idea of displacement. The use of one story to set off another has interesting psychological and epistemological ramifications as does the use of one detective's name to off set another.

I liked also R. W. Hays' "Religion and the Detective Story," and Mike Nevins' review of Reuhlmann's Saint with a Gun. Useful and provocative as the book is, Nevins is quite right in citing its narrow point of view, especially with regard to Hammett, Chandler, and Macdonald. Finally, accolates to Al Hubin for bringing color to TAD's cover. It enhances the publication considerably!

To my horror I just noticed that on p.29 of the November TAD and my article on The Thin Man there is a grievous error. The sentence beginning, "In The Dain Curse the Op is . . ." should read, "In Red Harvest the Op is pulled into the proliferating cases by a desire to finish a job and exact personal satisfaction, and in The Dain Curse, by a desire to find the answers to what seem three separate cases." Somehow I failed to correct this error in the ms I sent Al. Sorry.

From Gene Christie:

Did anyone note the similarity between the description of Fu Chu Fang's eyes on page 247 of TAD 7/4 and Rohmer's description of Fu Manchu in the first novel of that series? Membrana nictitans and all... Does the introduction of Fan Chu Fang in the Dixon Brett stories antedate Fu Manchu?

From Steve Mertz:

Another great issue, as usual. R. Jeff Banks' article on Peter McCurtin was especially satisfying. While I certainly appreciate (and enjoy) the articles on those writers, characters, etc. we already know and love, I particularly look forward to things like the Banks piece on people in the business who could really use some exposure. Lord knows there are enough of them!

Marvin Lachman may be interested in two other Michael Avallone short stories to add to his list of tales with baseball settings. "Better Off Dead" (Private Eye, July, 1953) concerns a reporter covering the murder of a player who's been brained with a baseball bat in the team's locker room, with the rest of the team thrown in as suspects. Avallone later rewrote the story to fit into his Ed Noon series, and it again appeared, only slightly altered, as "Murder at the Ball Park." (MSMM, Dec. 1963).

Here's a correction for your bibliography: the listing of Six Graves to Munich should be as by Mario Cleri, not C. Mario. An interesting note is that the book, a paperback original, is copyrighted by Mario Puzo, who is of course author of The Godfather. The Cleri byline appeared often during the sixties under adventure and "expose" stories in men's pulp magazines like Male and Stag.

And lastly, I hope Richard Laymon will give us the address of the two new magazines he's editing, as that will help greatly those of us not near news dealers, who would still like to obtain copies.

From Mike Nevins:

Thanks as always for another excellent TAD. I was especially interested in R. W. Hays' discussion of religion and the detective story, since I'd done some research in that direction myself several years ago but never got much beyond the point of summarizing the work of three earlier investigators of the subject. As far as I could learn, the first suggestions at a specifically Christian interpretation of detective fiction were made—privately, to be sure—by none other than Sergei Eisenstein, the great Soviet film director. His friend and biographer Marie Seton, in Sergei M. Eisenstein: A Life (1952), reports that he was a close student of detective fiction and filled the margins of his copies of Van Dine and Christie with extensive notes in English, French, German and Russian. Although Eisenstein remained an atheist and a Marxist to his death, there seems to have been a strong Russian Orthodox undercurrent in his thinking, which decisively influenced his viewpoint towards crime fiction. He equated the search for truth in detective stories with the search for the Holy Grail in Christian legend, and believed that intuition rather than reason was the faculty by which the detective came to the truth.

Around the time of Eisenstein's death, W. H. Auden published his now-classic essay "The Guilty Vicarage" which first appeared in Harper's for May 1948. This is the most famous religious interpretation of detective fiction, and employs the neo-orthodox theological categories that were prominent shortly after World War II. Auden claimed that detective fiction requires a closed society where there is no contradiction between the aesthetic-individual and the ethical-universal until murder is discovered. The detective's function is to expose the apparently guiltless person as the murderer and to show that those who seemed guilty were relatively innocent. Thereby society is restored to its before-the-fall innocence and the reader sustains his illusion that he bears no guilt. Sounds pretty forbidding, wouldn't you say? But Auden's ponderous essay is enlived with some excellent insights into the genre. My favorite quote: "To surprise the reader when the identity of the murderer is revealed, yet at the same time to convince him that everything he has previously been told about the murderer is

consistent with his being the murderer, is the test of a good detective story."

More recently Robert D. Paul, a professor of church history, did an article for Student World in the late Sixties (my photocopy has no date, unfortunately), called "Theology and Detective Fiction." Paul begins by saying—and I agree—that "the primary aim of the detective story is to demonstrate that within a given set of bewildering circumstances there is an inner logic and rationality which can be demonstrated." Clearly this aim has nothing to do with Christian theology, and Paul says as much. But he goes on to argue that Christianity and crime fiction share five important beliefs: (1) that the world is rational and consistent, (2) that human nature is part good and part evil, (3) that everything in the world is significant, (4) that human life is supremely valuable, and (5) "that law, justice, truth, and rationality are absolutes, written into the very nature of the universe." Of these five beliefs, however, the first comes from Greek philosophy, the second is a truism shared by thinkers the world over, and the other three are accepted by some types of Christianity, rejected by others, and—with the possible exception of #3 which is the crux of Jacques Barzun's theory of detective fiction —not particularly important in our genre. You can find stories that illustrate Paul's five points, and even more stories that illustrate their opposites.

The trouble with this kind of theory, in both its secular and religious varieties, I think, is that the writers who espouse these approaches tend to ignore, argue out of existence, or condemn as perversions whatever doesn't fit the schema. I was very glad to see that Mr. Hays didn't fall into this trap.

I liked Frank McSherry's comments on the about-face Dirty Harry performed in his second adventure, except that Frank implied that the same people made both the original Dirty Harry and the sequel Magnum Force. Actually, although Clint Eastwood of course starred in both, each picture had a different director and writers. The viewpoint of Magnum Force was much less repulsive, but I have to confess (after being given my rights!) that I think Dirty Harry is by far the better movie simply as a movie.

Sorry, Bob Randisi, but Donald Westlake personally confirmed my guess that the Mitch Tobin series has come to an end. Let's hope Westlake has second thoughts.

The magazine Ross Russell wants is probably Detective Action, but it may be impossible to figure out which of Erle Stanley Gardner's stories for that magazine Chandler used as a model. ESG was in every single issue of this monthly from October 1930 to December 1931, plus a sixteenth and final tale in the April 1932 issue. At least one of the sixteen, "The Gloved Mystery" (11/31) was a Rex Kane story, but the others may have been Kanes also. Sorry I can't help with copies of any of these tales; perhaps Bill Clark can.

From Richard Lackritz:

It might be interesting to TAD readers that I've received a letter from Ian Carmichael and he's just beginning filming Five Red Herrings and Strong Poison for the BBC and PBS for 1975. Of course The Nine Tailors has already been shot and will be shown here in the U.S. in the Spring.

From Henry Wenden:

Absolutely every item in 8/1 is welcome, enjoyable and well-done; but I must make special mention of the fine biography-critique-checklist on Arthur Upfield. Such brief but clear and complete studies are needed on all the major and many minor writers. Retrospective Reviews is another particularly valuable service and helps dispel the fog of bias, inaccuracy and punning take-downs generated by that irritating monstrosity, COC. If I could read as fast as Charles Shibuk, I'd try to make some contributions myself, but during the school year, all the mystery reading I do is a few pages before I drop off to sleep. John Rhode beats sleeping pills anytime!

From Robert Kolesnik:

In George N. Dove's article in TAD 8/1 he discussed the device of people in detective stories referring to other people in other detective stories. He might have mentioned a variant on this which has been employed several times in the Mike Shayne books, where Shayne will say, "Brett Halliday writes all of my adventures."

I would like to see an article in a future TAD about the Falcon, who was created by Michael Arlen. I have seen a few movies about this character and would be interested to learn more about him. How many books did Michael Arlen write that involved the Falcon?

From Steve Lewis:

I enjoyed the latest TAD very much, even though I haven't had time to tackle the long articles. I read in this order: letters, reviews, short articles, bibliography. An article like the one on Carmody forces me to go pull all McCurtin books out of stock; he never tempted me before.

Incidentally, my reaction to Shibuk's column has been the same as Fred Dueren's—he doesn't tackle the unfamiliar very often. Not that useful to me, especially with the large number of paperback originals to be covered. I'd offer to tackle a column on the latter, but am leaning towards more of the same in Mystery*File, as there's room.

> As there seems to be appreciable sentiment in both directions—in favor of Shibuk's coverage of more traditional/classical authors, and also in favor of more coverage of other reprints and paperback ori-

> ginals—perhaps the solution is to have two regular columns: one being "The Paperback Revolution" in its present format, the other covering the second area. Volunteers for the latter? ——AJH

From John Harwood:

I'm sorry about the incorrect date in the list of Hugh Wiley's stories in Collier's. I checked again in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature and found that Randy Cox's correction was the right date.

I liked the reviews of Nicholas Meyer's The Seven-Per-Cent Solution and Samuel Rosenberg's Naked is the Best Disguise. Later I got the books from the local library and liked them both as well.

Although I enjoyed the Meyer book, I think I still prefer those stories written by DOyle himse.f There were some parts of the Meyer story, especially in the beginning, in which the action was a bit slow. However, as the plot thickened, things started getting more exciting. The last part of the story reminded me somewhat of a scene from one of the Marx Brothers' pictures.

Mr. Rosenberg's theory of the influence of famous personalities or the works of other authors on the Sherlock Holmes stories is intriguing. Sometimes the author sounds very convincing, but at other times he seems to be reaching too much. However, the examples he uses seem to point to the fact that there may be some truth behind his idea.

I've known for a long time that Doyle grew to hate Holmes and thus killed him off in "The Final Problem," but I hadn't realized that Doyle was so emotional about it. On page 40 of his book, Mr. Rosenberg says:

> (During a visit to the Conan Doyle Museum at Lucens, Switzerland, in 1971, Mrs. Adrian Conan Doyle told me: "My late husband told me that once, when he violated the unspoken family rule never to mention Sherlock Holmes, his father became livid and shouted: 'Don't mention that name to me! I forbid it! I hate him!'")

The author also mentions that Doyle referred to the stories as "fairy tales"--one such mention occurs in "The Adventure of the Empty House." Perhaps one of your contributors, who is also a Sherlockian, could write an article showing such passages throughout the canon.

When he wrote A Study in Scarlet did Doyle show signs of satisfaction at creating a new character? Or did he show signs of resentment, even then, because he had to stop work on a more serious work to sell a shorter tale to make a little money?

Did the succeeding stories show more and more resentment over the character until he killed off Holmes in "The Final Problem"?

Would there be passages in the later books showing that he had toned down his dislike of Holmes, or did he still show the same or increased resentment for the character?

From R. W. Hays:

I want to thank some of your correspondents in TAD 7/4, and earlier: Mr. Loeser for his kind words about my article, "The Clue of the Dying Message"; Mr. Adey and Mr. Armato for supplying references on points that I had mentioned, although I was merely commenting on items that had appeared in TAD; and particularly Mr. Ashley and Mr. Kolesnik, for adding to my articles on chess in detective fiction. I had J. J. Connington's Dangerfield Talisman on my list, but have not been able to locate a copy. I had read Edward D. Hoch's "Will-o-the-Wisp Mystery", cited by Mr. Kolesnik, but had overlooked it when compiling my list.

Marvin Lachman's articles on sports in mystery fiction continue interesting. Another detective novel involving golf is Carter Dickson's My Late Wives. A recent one about tennis is Richard Lockridge's Death on the Hour.

I continue to be impressed by Fred Dueren's quiet, unobtrusive research. But doesn't he know that it is insulting to call a Chinese gentleman a "Chinaman"? This point is raised in Chapter Eleven of Biggers' Keeper of the Keys.

From Ronald E. Graham:

This contributor was interested in the review of A Round Trip to the Year 2000 by AJH in TAD 7/4, page 294, and would like to offer a few additional comments.

This story appeared originally as a five-part serial in Argosy Monthly, July to November 1903. AJH states after acknowledging this first publication "then only once again in the Street and Smith Adventure Library paperbacks in 1925". AJH apparently extracted this information from Sam Moskowitz's introduction to the Hyperion edition under review.

Moskowitz has written a fine introduction, but he has overlooked an earlier book publication. In this contributor's library is a copy of an earlier Street and Smith book edition (in card wraps) dated 1903.

Only briefly toched on by AJH is SM's argument that this story introduces mechanical men into a story for the first time (Cook calls them "muglugs"). SM contends that the long hiatus between magazine and book publication of the story precluded the recognition generally that Cook had invented "robots". Cook's story pre-dated RUR by seventeen years but Capek is given the credit for inventing robots.

The existence of the 1903 book greatly weakens SM's argument, but in addition the "muglugs" of Cook's book are an extremely weak and very distantly related version of Karel Capek's powerful and spellbinding "Robots".

RUR had the additional advantage of a very fine stage presentation and in this contributor's opinion, Cook's "muglugs" are of some minor interest but Karel Capek fully deserves the credit for the invention of the intellectual "Robots".

From Barry Pike:

I'm pleased to see my hunch re Lathen/Dominic confirmed. I've only done this once before with Kenneth Giles/Edmund McGirr: after reading several Giles books, I knew after a few pages that one of the Piron books was by the same writer. I never read any of the Drummond books, but I bet they were similar! Giles has just died, according to Gollancz, and they should know. Some Beasts No More, his first book, is a really brilliant achievement, but he tended to parody himself in later books, though I always enjoyed Supt. Hawker.

I much enjoyed TAD 7/4 and was gratified to see my "literary" quiz in it. "Mingworth" in the Dalgleish clue should have been Illingworth—it looked wrong, so I checked and Illingworth it is. Blame my awful writing.

I agree that Ronald Knox is a dull detective writer. I struggled through both The Body in the Silo and Still Dead, but gave up Footsteps at the Loch half-way. But I did enjoy The 3 Taps—in fact, I remember finding it delightful, as did my brother, the sternest critic I know (he disapproves of nearly everyone I like except Edmund Crispin)—so I feel it must have more merit than Norman Donaldson and Robert Speaight allow. Knox's story "Solved by Inspection" is clever, and Still Dead has an additionally interesting feature in that Knox supplies page references as footnotes as points made earlier in the narrative are reiterated or interpreted in the closing stages.

Why do you feel the need to apologize for enjoying Michael Innes' new book? (Incidentally, there's a newer one still, called The Mysterious Commission, with a painter called Honeybath as detective.) Innes is a master, and very seldom does he let his readers down—Appleby Plays Chicken is a feeble thing, and I can't honestly recommend Money from Holme or Old Hall, New Hall. But there's something good about all the others, even the much-maligned Bobby Appleby trio, and how many masterworks Innes has given us!—Stop Press and Appleby's End and at least ten others. I read Death at the President's Lodging (your Seven Suspects) in 1955 and have been hooked ever since—and coming up to some for the third time. So don't apologize—exult!

Charles Shibuk's estimates of Murder is Easy and Overture to Death are fair, but he ought to have said that the killers are not hard to guess in both—they can't be, since I identified them.

Re E. R. Punshon, it's pleasant to read something favourable about him, as our leading pundit, Julian Symons, despises him and all his works. (In a letter to me he once prescribed as punishment for giving away too much information in a review, being condemned to read the collected works of Punshon and Crofts!) I've enjoyed those I have read, though I can't really bring myself to read any more—although I might try the Sunbathers on Lauterbach's recommendation. I've always felt he must have some real merit to have earned Dorothy Sayers' glowing and oft-reiterated (by Gollancz) tribute.

Re Mr. Hoch's claim to have been an inspiration for the denouement of "The Body on the Tennis Court" in Sleuth, could it not be that Anthony Shaffer simply thought of something really preposterous to get his play off to a rousing start? He was a detective novelist himself, and in any case why does he need a source for a joke? Incidentally, there's another variation on ballet shoes in Suddenly at his Residence by Christianna Brand.

I'm sorry you dislike the new Ruth Rendell. I've been dazzled by this incredible woman so often in the past that I've come to think she can do no wrong. One Across, Two Down jolted my faith considerably, but the books that followed, No More Dying Then (despite its outrageous reliance on coincidence at the end), Murder Being Once Done and Some Lie and Some Die have restored it. And what beautiful books she has given us—some, like Wolf to the Slaughter and The Secret House of Death quite brilliant, to my mind—and again and again she presents human behaviour with astonishing perception, compassion and what one might call reader-involvement, except that it sounds like jargon. She has a marvellous insight into sexual abnormalities, or deviations, if you prefer—the killer in From Doon with Death, the fur fetishist in No More Dying Then, the whole extraordinary set-up in Some Lie and Some Die (a masterpiece once the pop festival is over). No one seems to like her as much as I do, so perhaps I've over-enthusing—but for my money she's a modern Allingham.

I'm enthralled to learn (from the Bibliography) that Pamela Hansford Johnson wrote two crime novels under an improbable pseudonym with a man I've never heard of. Can it be true? I feel like writing to ask her, but she may not wish to be reminded of her youthful indiscretions. If I do write, I'll let you know what happens!

Can anyone settle the chronology of Philip MacDonald's Crime Club books between 1930 & 1933? I have at present: Noose, April 1930; The Link, ? 1930; Rynox, October 1930; The Choice, February 1931; The Wraith, ? 1931; Murder Gone Mad, ? 1931; Persons Unknown, Doubleday 1931 = The Maze, CC April 1932; The Crime Conductor, Doubleday 1931/CC 1932; Rope to Spare, August 1932; Death on My Left, 1933; R.I.P., 1933. What I want to know is: (a) is this the right order? (b) were any others (of these, I know about the later books) besides The Maze and The Crime Conductor first published in America?—and was Warrant for X before The Nursemaid That Disappeared, or the other way round? (I know it's the same book.) (c) I have a copy of The Link with no date that I like to think of as a first edition, but I don't think it can be as The Choice and The Wraith are mentioned among his other titles—can anyone confirm or deny or in any way comment on this? (It has red cover, black lettering, Collins on title page, Crime

Club on spine—it looks like a first, doesn't it!)

There's a new Christie volume called Poirot's Early Cases that gives us many stories you've had for years—but the publishers say only one story has appeared here (England) in book form previously—and I think they must mean "The Market Basing Mystery" from Thirteen for Luck! This overlooks "The Case of the Clapham Cook", which is in a volume called Whodunit?, ed. Neville Teller, pub. Edward Arnold 1970, but I suspect this is genuine ignorance on the publisher's part, as it's a book designed for schools rather than the general public. More perplexing is the "Case of the 3 Missing Stories", as it were, from Poirot Investigates.

Your Christie bibliography mentions this book as having 14 stories, and this is supported by Paul McCarthy's (much appreciated) Christie story checklist (TAD 6/1, Oct. 1972). But my current edition of Poirot Invesigates has only 11 stories in it, and I suspect that "The Chocolate Box," "The Lost Mine" and "The Veiled Lady" do not form part of the English edition—or if they do, Collins is seriously wrong in saying only one story in Poirot's Early Cases has seen book publication before. You say that certain U.S. paperback editions are incomplete—is the English first edition 'incomplete' as well?

If anyone can clarify this situation for me, I should be most grateful.

From Gianni Menasce (Milan, Italy):

I enjoy your magazine very much, but I find that the reviews of old books are cruel to the reader to whom they give a longing for reading books that I believe are impossible to get at! Anyhow, I have an impressive wants list of out of print books; sometimes I get some of them through English pen-friends, but I haven't anyone in the States; also because, in spite of modern civilisation, it is sometimes difficult to communicate. It is even impossible to order American paperbacks through ordinary channels. Bookshops here have to order 25 of each title, with the risk of having 24 unsold. But I believe I already wrote you a long letter about the abominable taste of Italians about "giallo"!

Perhaps you could suggest somebody dealing in o.p. books, and some bookshops that make a mail service of paperbacks. I happen to need Mildred Davis' The Room Upstairs, that has long been on my list. Does it exist in paperback in the States? I have been trying to get it for six months. I am very interested in the early work of this author, whose Strange Corner and Sound of Insects were good and very good, respectively. Recently she wrote more trivial novels, but I have read in a French magazine that Room Upstairs is outstanding.

I hope I don't bore you too much with this—I perhaps don't express my concepts very well in a language in which I don't think directly. Translations are always impossible! Believe it or not, I learned English in order to read mysteries in their original versions. Fifteen years ago I couldn't read a single word of English, and I practically learned it reading and reading and reading. I believe I didn't do so badly as I could read through The Demolished Man by Alfred Bester, which in my opinion is an extremely difficult test. The only ones I could never clearly understand are the so-called "hardboiled" novels (Hammett, Chandler & Co.), but I was never certain if that is because they are difficult, or because I find them, in the final analysis, extremely dull. The only exception: The Ivory Grin by Macdonald.

Perhaps you would like to know the tastes of one of the very few Italian lovers of mystery fiction. Authors: Ellery Queen (the king), Agatha Christie (the queen); at four or five lengths, the no order of preference: Pat McGerr, Helen McCloy, Patrick Quentin, Robert van Gulik, Celia Fremlin, Margaret Millar, Boileau-Narcejac (a wonderful team of French authors you surely know), Julian Symons, Shelley Smith. As for books: Ten Days' Wonder, Ten Little Niggers, The Hollow, The Seven Deadly Sisters, then a lot of Queen's and Christie's, and many Dickson Carr's (but how can such a good yauthor write such bad books, when writing with his left hand?), and Cat and Mouse by Christianna Brand (a wonderful book by an usually dull enough author), and also How Like an Angel, The Bad Seed, The Lodger, Through a Glass Darkly, Beast in View, almost all the Van Gulik's, and many others. And particularly the book that decided me to learn English. I read it in a cheap Italian translation, and I guessed that under confusion of translation a powerfully sensitive study of human feelings and the human mind was concealed. It was by Lawrence Goldman, the story of a girl who entered, as a governess, a house where the parents of a girl her age who had perished in a fire lived. The original title was not mentioned, I believe, in the TAD bibliography, but it was Dangerous Design. I wrote to all my English correspondents in order to find it again, but nobody seems to have ever heard of it. It's the book I most of all want to read, prepared, of course, to meet with an awful disappointment. I was in my teens at that time and may have misjudged it completely. — Speaking of books, I forgot to mention the wonderful Anthony Berkeley and his delicious books.

Thank you for the addresses you gave to me [of used book dealers, in response to the request above, which formed part of an earlier letter that I've run together here ——AJH], and I will contact the booksellers in question, but only for out of print books, as I am no longer interested in new ones: I bought new books till a few months ago, but at a certain point I found my house loaded with books that weren't wroth in the least the paper they were written on. Of more than 300 books I have bought in the last five years I could read only thrity or forty all the way to the end. I believe that in the Seventies the decay of the crime novel has reached its bottom—symptoms of decay existed in the Sixties, although some masters, like the wonderful Robert van Gulik, or Julian Symons, gave us their best in that period. Even then one could count on only ten or twelve really good novels. But now...there are a very few that I can save. Some English authors, like Bill Turner with Another Little Death and A Circle of Squares; or D.M. Devine who gave us an excellent novel in 1971, Three Green Bottles. Curiously enough, Devine's books up to that date were only a bit above average (well plotted and no more),

while this one, besides being well plotted, was a good study of characters and of psychology.

Dick Francis I find very good, but I am afraid that my love for horses makes me partial towards his novels. I am sure some procedural novesl by Jeffrey Ashford make good reading, but his novels of ten years ago, signed Roderick Jeffries, were much better. P. D. James and Ruth Rendell are, in different ways, good enough, but surely critics overrate both of them. Patricia Moyes, very promising some years ago, is no longer up to her earlier standards. Some scattered books by different English authors (like Jeremy Potter) provided pleasant reading, but in a routine way, and anyhow each book was an isolated case. (I would like to know what you think of Keating: I can't stand him, honestly because I think he is a cheater. Of course he can write, and Inspector Ghote is a pleasant enough character, but when I read a crime novel I want a plot. And that I can't find in any of his books, so I stopped buying them. I repeat: I feel cheated.) So the whole panorama is squalid, but splendid compared to the pack of American crime novels. I couldn't find lately more than three or four which satisfied me. I loved some books by Alexandra Roudybush, but I believe I enjoyed them more as comedies of character than as crime stories. George Baxt is good too, but his best work came out in the late Sixties.

I feel sick when I think what became of my favorite writers: let's consider, for instance Margaret Millar. She wrote only two novels in more than ten years: the first one was very weak in plot, but acceptable in psychology and style; her last one was one of the dullest stories I ever read. As for Helen McCloy, she has written three duds in the last few years, each book sillier than the preceding. Dear Basil and Giselle, where are you?

The greater fall was perhaps made by Pat McGerr: After Murder is Absurd (1967), a very good one indeed, she stayed retired for some years; I was very sorry for that, when in 1971, she came out with a new novel, For Richer, For Poorer, Til Death. Oh, she should have stayed retired! That was one of the most assinine stories I ever read, and I could hardly believe that the author of such a lousy book could be the same one celebrated for her excellent "search for the victim" stories, one of which, the wonderful The Seven Deadly Sisters, was a real "tour de force," a virtuoso performance in which you had to find out who the murderer was, as well as who the victim was. A masterwork of psychology and plotting: one of the most cunning novels I ever read, and one of the few books where indeed the solution was extremely startling and absolutely logical at the same time. Well, I am straying, as we were speaking of the 70's, not the 40's.

In my opinion, Julian Symons too was very deceiving in his most recent books. The critics praised The Players and the Game greatly, but I personally found it very boring, and awfully pretentious. Perhaps Symons tried to wade in the mainstream, with very objectionable results. The Plot Against Roger Rider, his other novel of the Seventies, was less cerebral and a bit more readable, but the solution came out of the blue—and gratuitousness in the solution is in my opinion one of the most abominable faults a mystery writer can be accused of! How far we are from The 31st of February or The End of Solomon Grundy. Anyhow, his masterpiece was The Colour of Murder, going back perhaps to '57 or '58.

Another man I praise very much, John Dickson Carr, always was uneven; in his recent works, over the last 10 years, he is consistent in writing at his lowest standards. I don't think that the inanities that some persons have been writing for some years under the names of Agatha Christie and Ellery Queen are worth mentioning, but for the fact that they constitute traps set yearly by the publishers, traps in which I fell regularly for some years. I don't think Messrs. Queen and Mrs. Christie even read the inanities that are published under their names; and I can't understand why those wonderful characters who were the most shining stars in the sky of criminal literature didn't take their retirement from active writing in due time. I threw away their recent books: I couldn't have Elephants Do Remember anywhere near Five Little Pigs on my shelves, or A Fine and Private Place near Calamity Town or any of the other magic tales about Wrightsville!

It would be good to research the causes of all this involution, but perhaps when the world seems to go to pieces more every day it's pointless to inquire why mysteries are now not at all what they used to be.

* *

BOOK EXCHANGE

Ed Kessell (11540 Sandhurst, St. Louis, Mo.) is looking for: The Yellow Document, Marcel Allain; Grey Man Walks, Henry Bellamann; The Ghost Hunters, Collin Brooks; The Whispering Ghost, Stephen Chalmers; Hidden Hand, Mr. Strang, Murder Won't Wait, Snarl of the Beast, The Third Murderer, Carroll John Daly; The Reaper, Gerard Fairlie; The Avenger, Shadow Man, John Goodwin; Clue of the Clock, Marion Harvey; A Life for Sale, Sidney Horler; The Ivory Ball, C. C. Hotchkiss; Profile of a Murder, Rufus King.

Mrs. Cecilia Walsh (209 W. Warburton, S. St. Paul, Minn.) has for sale: 6 titles by Beeding; 4 Cheyney; 10 Manning Coles; 6 Fletcher; 4 Hanshew; 11 Kelland; 12 Packard; 5 Van Wyck Mason; 6 Louis Joseph Vance; 72 Edgar Wallace; and 120 Oppenheim.

Stephen Mertz (2234 W. 35th Avenue, Denver, Colo. 80211) has a paperback reprint copy (undated, c.1925, Westbrook) of The Mystery of a Hansom Cab by Fergus Hume which he would like to put up for auction. Deadline for bids on this item is April 1; winner will be notified no later than second week in April. Book is very "cheap" printing but is in very good condition.

Mary Louise Koenig (1322 Rockland Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15216) has Vol 6-7 of TAD for sale at $10, including postage; also Vol 5 #4 at $1.

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MEAGHER, GEORGE E.
Tomorrow's Horizon. Dorrance, 1947

MEAGHER, JOSEPH W.
Miss Bantling is Missing. Macdonald, 1958

MEAKER, MARIJANE. Pseudonym: Vin Packer, q.v.

MEANS, MARY and SAUNDERS, THEODORE. Joint pseudonym: Denis Scott, q.v.

MEARSON, LYON. 1888-1966.
Footsteps in the Dark. Macaulay, 1927; Hutchinson, 1928
Phantom Fingers. Macaulay, 1927; Hutchinson, 1929
The Whisper on the Stair. Macaulay, 1924; Hutchinson, 1924

MECHEM, KIRKE. 1889-
A Frame for Murder. Doubleday, 1936

MECHEM, PHILIP. 1892-1969.
And Not for Love. Duell, 1942. Also published as: Murders I've Seen. Croydon pb, 1945, abr.
The Columbine Cabin Murders. Scribner, 1932
Murders I've Seen; see And Not for Love

MEDUSA, K.
I Spy. Scion, 1951
Lowdown on G Men. Scion, 1951
They Kill by Night. Scion, 1952

MEE, HUAN
The Jewel of Death. Ward, 1902 ss
Weaving the Web. Ward, 1902

MEGAW, ARTHUR STANLEY. 1872- . Pseudonym: Arthur Stanley, q.v.

MEGGS, BROWN
Saturday Games. Random, 1974

MEIK, VIVIAN. 1895-
The Curse of Red Shiva. Philip Allan, 1936; Hillman-Curl; 1938
Devils' Drums. Philip Allan, 1933 ss
Veils of Fear. Philip Allan, 1934

MEIRING, DESMOND
The President Plan. Constable, 1974

MEISSNER, HANS
Duel in the Snow. Morrow, 1972

MELCHIOR, IB
Order of Battle. Harper, 1972; Souvenir, 1973

MELIDES, NICHOLAS. 1912- . Pseudonym: Nicholas McGuire, q.v.
Buns from the Gutter. Paladin Press, 1951 ?

MELTON, WILLIAM
Nine Lives to Pompeii. McKay, 1974; Weidenfeld, 1974

MELVILLE, ALAN. Pseudonym of William Melville Caverhill, 1910-
The Danube Flows Red. Skeffington, 1937
Death of Anton. Skeffington, 1936
Quick Curtain. Skeffington, 1934
The Vicar in Hell. Skeffington, 1935
Warning to Critics. Skeffington, 1936
Week-End at Thrackley. Skeffington, 1934

MELVILLE, JENNIE. Pseudonym of Gwendoline Butler, q.v.
Burning Is a Substitute for Loving. Joseph, 1963; London House & Maxwell, 1964
Come Home And Be Killed. Joseph, 1962; London House & Maxwell, 1964
A Different Kind of Summer. Hodder, 1967
The Hunter in the Shadows. Hodder, 1969; McKay, 1970
Ironwood. Hodder, 1972; McKay, 1972
Murderers' Houses. Joseph, 1964
Nell Alone. Joseph, 1966
A New Kind of Killer; see A New Kind of Killer, An Old Kind of Death
A New Kind of Killer, An Old Kind of Death. Hodder, 1970. U.S. title: A New Kind of Killer. McKay, 1971
Nun's Castle. Hodder, 1974; McKay, 1973
The Summer Assassin. Hodder, 1971
There Lies Your Love. Joseph, 1965

MERCER, CECIL WILLIAM. 1885-1960. Pseudonym: Dornford Yates, q.v.

MERCER, IAN
Curs in Clover. Earl, 1948
Epitaph for a Blonde. Boardman, 1959
The Green Windmill. Crowther, 1945
Journey into Darkness. Boardman, 1958
A Man Gets Into His Tomb. Earl, 1948
Mission to Majorca. Boardman, 1958

MEREDITH, ANNE. Pseudonym of Lucy Beatrice Malleson, 1899-1973. Other pseudonym: Anthony Gilbert, q.v.
Home Is the Heart; see There's Always Tomorrow
Portrait of a Murderer. Gollancz, 1933; Reynal, 1934
There's Always Tomorrow. Faber, 1941. U.S. title: Home Is the Heart. Howell Soskin, 1942

MEREDITH, DAVID WILLIAM. Pseudonym of Earl Schenck Miers, 1910-
The Christmas Card Murders. Knopf, 1951

MEREDITH, K. LINCOLN
The Golden Chalice. Boardman, 1958

MEREDITH, PETER. Pseudonym of Brian Arthur Worthington-Stuart. Other pseudonym: Brian Stuart, q.v.
Checkmate. Ward, 1950
The City of Shadows. Warne, 1952
The Crocodile Man. Ward, 1951
The Denzil Emeralds. Ward, 1954
Floodwater. Ward, 1950
Invitation to a Ball. Ward, 1949
Oasis. Ward, 1951
Sands of the Desert. Ward, 1953

MERITON, PETER. Pseudonym of (Alfred) John Hunter, 1891-1961, q.v. Other pseudonyms: John Addiscombe, L. H. Brenning, Anthony Dax, Anthony Drummond, qq.v.
The Affair of the Fraternizing Soldier. Amalgamated, 1946 (Sexton Blake)
After Darvray Died. Hurst, 1938
Captain Dack. Hurst, 1939

Conspiracy. Hurst, 1945
The Man from Madrid. Amalgamated, 1943 (Sexton Blake)
Plunder. Hurst, 1948
Three Die at Midnight. Hurst, 1937

MERLAND, OLIVER.
All titles below feature Sexton Blake and were published by Amalgamated Press
The Branded Spy. 1919
The Case of Larachi the Lascar. 1924
The Case of the Man in Black. 1923
The Case of the Nameless Man. 1920
The Face in the Film. 1923

MERLE, ROBERT
The Day of the Dolphin. Simon, 1969

MERRETT, CHARLES H.
Hidden Lives. Long, 1929
Sacrifice. Garamond Press, 1935 (1-Act Play)

MERRICK, CHARLES
The Stolen Heiress. Hodder, 1938

MERRICK, GORDON
Between Darkness and Day; see The Vallency Tradition
The Eye of One; see The Hot Season
The Hot Season. Morrow, 1958. British title: The Eye of One. Hale, 1959
The Vallency Tradition. Messner, 1955. British title: Between Darkness and Day. Hale, 1957 ?

MERRICK, LEONARD
Mr. Bazalgette's Agent. Routledge, 1888

MERRICK, MARK
The Great Travers Case. Street, 1888

MERRICK, MOLLIE
Mysterious Mr. Frame. Ives Washburn, 1938
Upper Case. Ives Washburn, 1936

MERRICK, WILLIAM
No One of That Name. Holt, 1964 (marginal)
The Packard Case. Random, 1961; Gollancz, 1961

MERRILL, JAMES M. Pseudonym: Morris Redwing, q.v.

MERRILL, P. J. Pseudonym of Holly Roth, 19 - 1964, q.v. Other pseudonym: K. G. Ballard, q.v.
The Slender Thread. Harcourt, 1959; Macdonald, 1960

MERRILEES, FRANCIS
The Pit. Macdonald, 1945

MERRITT, A(BRAHAM). 1884-1943.
Burn, Witch, Burn! Liveright, 1933; Methuen, 1934
Creep, Shadow! Doubleday, 1934. British title: Creep, Shadow, Creep! Methuen, 1935
Creep, Shadow, Creep!; see Creep, Shadow!
Seven Footprints to Satan. Boni, 1928; Richards, 1928

MERSEREAU, JOHN. 1898-
The Corpse Comes Ashore. Lippincott, 1941
Murder Loves Company. Lippincott, 1940

MERTINS, GUSTAVE F.
The Storm Signal. Bobbs, 1905

MERTZ, BARBARA. Pseudonym: Barbara Michaels, q.v.

MERWIN, BANNISTER
The Girl and the Bill. Dodd, 1909

MERWIN, SAM(UEL KIMBALL) JR. 1910- . Series character: Amy Brewster = AB
Death in the Sunday Supplement. Gateway, 1952
Killer to Come. Abelard (NY), 1953; Abelard (London), 1959
Knife in My Back. Mystery House, 1945; Quality, 1947 AB
A Matter of Policy. Mystery House, 1946; Quality, 1952 AB
Message from a Corpse. Mystery House, 1945; Quality, 1947 AB
Murder in Miniatures. Doubleday, 1940

MERWIN, SAMUEL
Lady Can Do. Houghton, 1929

MESERVEY, RUSS
Masquerade into Madness. GM, 1953; Red Seal pb, 1957

MESSENGER, ELIZABETH (MARGERY ESSON). 1908-
Dive Deep for Death. Hale, 1959
Golden Dawns the Sun. Hale, 1962
Growing Evil. Hale, 1964
A Heap of Trouble. Hale, 1963
Light on Murder. Hale, 1960
Material Witness. Hale, 1959
Murder Stalks the Bay. Hale, 1958
Publicity for Murder. Hale, 1961
The Tail of the 'Dozing Cat'. Hale, 1965
Uncertain Quest. Hale, 1965
The Wrong Way to Die. Hale, 1961
You Won't Need a Coat. Hale, 1964

MESSER, MONA (NAOMI ANNE). Pseudonym: Anne Hocking, q.v.
Mouse Trap. Jarrolds, 1931; Putnam, 1931

MESSMANN, JON
A Bullet for the Bride. Pyramid, 1972
City for Sale (Revenger #5). Signet, 1975
Fire in the Streets (Revenger #2). Signet, 1974
Jefferson Boone, Handyman #5. Pyramid, 1974
The Moneta Papers (Handyman #1). Pyramid, 1973
Murder Today, Money Tomorrow (Handyman #3). Pyramid, 1973
The Revenger. Signet, 1974
The Stiletto Signature (Revenger #4). Signet, 1974
Swiss Secret (Handyman #4). Pyramid, 1974

METCALFE, EDITH
Pyramids of Snow. Newnes

METCALFE, HERBERT
The Amazing Dr. Khan. Church, 1966
The Packet of Death. Church, 1967

METCALFE, JOHN
The Smoking Leg and other stories. Jarrolds, 1925; Doubleday, 1926 ss

METCALFE, WHITAKER
Two Weeks Before Murder. Arcadia, 1959

METHLEY, VIOLET M.
The Last Enemy. Blackie, 1936

METHOLD, KENNETH
All Suspect. Macdonald, 1960
The Man on His Shoulder. Macdonald, 1962

MEYER, BILL
Ultimatum. Signet pb, 1966

MEYER, CHARLES
The Power of Gold. Warne, 1895
The Shadows of Life. Warne ss

MEYER, NICHOLAS
The Seven-Per-Cent Solution. Dutton, 1974; Hodder, 1975
Target Practice. Harcourt, 1974

MEYERS, ALFRED
Murder Ends the Song. Reynal, 1941; Rich, 1941

MEYERS, R. L.
The Man They Couldn't Kill. Blackfriars, 1944

MEYNELL, LAURENCE (WALTER). 1899- . Series characters: George Stanhope Berkley = GSB; Hooky Heffernan = HH
The Abandoned Doll. Collins, 1960
And Be a Villain. Nicholson, 1939
Asking for Trouble. Ward, 1931
Bluefeather. Harrap, 1928; Appleton, 1928 GSB
Break for Summer. H. Hamilton, 1965 ?
The Breaking Point. Collins, 1957
The Bright Face of Danger. Collins, 1948
Camouflage. Harrap, 1930. U.S. title: The Mystery at Newton Ferry. Lippincott, 1930
Consummate Rose. Hutchinson, 1931 ?
The Creaking Chair. Collins, 1941
The Curious Crime of Miss Julia Blossom. Macmillan (London), 1970
The Dancers in the Reeds. H. Hamilton, 1963 ?
The Dandy. Nicholson
Danger Round the Corner. Collins, 1952 HH
The Dark Square. Collins, 1941 ss
Death by Arrangement. Macmillan (London), 1972; McKay, 1972
Death of a Philanderer. Collins, 1968; Doubleday, 1969
Death's Eye. Harrap, 1929. U.S. title: The Shadow and the Stone. Appleton, 1929
Die by the Book. Collins, 1966
The Door in the Wall. Nicholson, 1937; Harper, 1937
Double Fault. Collins, 1965
The Echo in the Cave. Collins, 1949
The Empty Saddle. H. Hamilton, 1965 ?
The End of the Long Hot Summer. Hale, 1972 ?
The Evil Hour. Collins, 1947
The Fairly Innocent Little Man. Macmillan (London), 1974
The Fatal Flaw. Macmillan (London), 1973
The Fortunate Miss East. Hale, 1973 ?
The Frightened Man. Collins, 1952 HH
The Gentlemen Go By; see Watch the Wall
Give Me the Knife. Collins, 1954
His Aunt Came Late. Nicholson, 1939
The House in Marsh Road. Collins, 1960
The House in the Hills. Nicholson, 1937; Harper, 1937
The House on the Cliff. Hutchinson, 1932; Lippincott, 1932
The Hut. Nicholson, 1938
The Imperfect Aunt. Hale, 1966 ?
The Lady on Platform One. Collins, 1950
A Little Matter of Arson. Macmillan (London) 1972
The Man No One Knew. Collins, 1951
The Mauve Front Door. Collins, 1967
Moon Over Ebury Square. Hale, 1962 ?
More Deadly Than the Male. Collins, 1964
The Mystery at Newton Ferry; see Camouflage
Odds on Bluefeather. Harrap, 1934; Lippincott, 1935 GSB
Of Malicious Intent. Collins, 1969
"On the Night of the 18th..." Nicholson, 1936; Harper, 1936
One Step from Murder. Collins, 1958
Paid in Full. Harrap, 1933. U.S. title: So Many Doors. Lippincott, 1933
Party of Eight. Collins, 1950
The Pit in the Garden. Collins, 1961
Saturday Out. Collins, 1956; Walker, 1962
Scoop. H. Hamilton, 1964 ?
The Shadow and the Stone; see Death's Eye
Shadow in the Sun. H. Hamilton, 1966 ?
The Shelter. Hale, 1970 ?
Sleep of the Unjust. Collins, 1963
So Many Doors; see Paid in Full
Storm Against the Wall. Hutchinson, 1931; Lippincott, 1931
Strange Landing. Collins, 1946
The Suspect Scientist. H. Hamilton, 1966 ?
Third Time Unlucky. Harrap, 1935
The Thirteen Trumpeters. Macmillan (London), 1973
Too Clever by Half. Collins, 1953 HH
A View from the Terrace. Hale, 1972 ?
Virgin Luck. Collins, 1963; Simon, 1964
Watch the Wall. Harrap, 1933. U.S. title: The Gentlemen Go By. Lippincott, 1934
Week-End in the Scampi Belt. Hale, 1967 ?
Where Is She Now? Collins, 1955
The Woman in Number Five. Hale, 1974

MEYNELL, MARY
Week-End at Green Trees. Bles, 1955 ?

MEYRICK, GORDON
Body on the Pavement. Eldon, 1942; Mystery House, 1945
Danger at my Heels. Crowther, 1943
The Ghost Hunters. Crowther, 1947
The Green Phantom. Eldon, 1941
Pennyworth of Murder. Eldon, 1943

MIALL, DERWENT
The Powers of Darkness. Ward, 1905

MIALL, ROBERT. Series character: Jason King = JK
The Adventurer. Pan, 1973
Jason King. Pan, 1972 JK
Kill Jason King. Pan, 1972 JK
The Protectors. Pan, 1973

MICHAELS, BARBARA. Pseudonym of Barbara Mertz
Ammie, Come Home. Meredith, 1968; Jenkins, 1969
The Crying Child. Dodd, 1971; Souvenir, 1971

The Dark on the Other Side. Dodd, 1970; Souvenir, 1973
Greygallows. Dodd, 1972; Souvenir, 1974
House of Many Shadows. Dodd, 1974
The Jackal's Head. Meredith, 1968
The Master of Blacktower. Appleton, 1966; Jenkins, 1967
Mystery on the Moors. Paperback Lib., 1972
Prince of Darkness. Meredith, 1969; Coronet pb, 1971
Sons of the Wolf. Meredith, 1967; Jenkins, 1968
The Witch. Dodd, 1973

MICHEAUX, OSCAR
The Story of Dorothy Stanfield. Book Supply, 1946

MICHEL, M(ILTON) SCOTT. 1916- . Series character: Wood Jaxon = WJ
The Black Key. Mystery House, 1946
Murder in the Consulting Room. Hammond, 1954 (U.S. title?)
The Psychiatric Murders. Mystery House, 1946
Sweet Murder. Coward, 1943; Hammond, 1945 WJ
The X-Ray Murders. Coward, 1942; Hammond, 1945 WJ

MICHELSON, MIRIAM
A Yellow Journalist. Appleton, 1905 ss

MIDDLEMASS, JEAN
Hush Money. Digby, 1895
The Mystery of Clement Dunraven. Digby, 1894

MIDDLETON, J. E.
The Clever Ones. Nelson, 1936

MIDDLETON, TED
Operation Tokyo. Avon, 1956; Boardman, 1958

MIERS, EARL SCHENCK. 1910- . Pseudonym: David William Meredith, q.v.

MIKES, GEORGE
The Spy Who Died of Boredom. Deutsch, 1973; Harper, 1974

MILBROOK, JOHN
A Bridgeport Dagger. Lane, 1930

MILES, DAVID. Pseudonym of Brendon Leo Cronin. Other pseudonym: Michael Cronin, q.v.
Inside Out. Hale, 1960
Nice and Easy. Hale, 1961
Over the Edge. Hale, 1964
Split Down the Middle. Hale, 1962

MILES, JOHN
Dally with a Deadly Doll. Ace, 1961

MILES, JOHN. Pseudonym of John Miles Bickham
The Blackmailer. Bobbs, 1974
The Night Hunters. Bobbs, 1973
Operation Nightfall, with Tom Morris. Bobbs, 1975
The Silver Bullet Gang. Bobbs, 1974

MILES, RICHARD
The Moonbathers. Pyramid, 1974

MILES, STELLA
Murder at the Arab Stud. Jenkins, 1951
Murder Knows No Master. Jenkins, 1952
Prescription for Murder. Jenkins, 1954
Saddled with Murder. Jenkins, 1953

MILFORD, F. C.
In Crime's Disguise. Trischler, 1891
Fifty-Five Guineas Reward. Trischler

MILL, HARRY
His Downward Path. Ogilvie, 1895
The Mossbank Murder. Ogilvie, ca.1895
The Woman Stealer. Ogilvie, ca.1895

MILLAR, FLORENCE N.
Fishing is Dangerous. Gifford, 1946
Grant's Overture. Gifford, 1946

MILLAR, KENNETH. 1915- . Pseudonyms: John Macdonald, John Ross Macdonald, Ross Macdonald, qq.v. All titles are presently published as by Ross Macdonald.
Blue City. Knopf, 1947; Cassell, 1949
The Dark Tunnel. Dodd, 1944. Also published as: I Die Slowly. Lion pb, 1955
I Die Slowly; see The Dark Tunnel
Night Train; see Trouble Follows Me
The Three Roads. Knopf, 1948; Cassell, 1950
Trouble Follows Me. Dodd, 1946. Also published as: Night Train. Lion pb, 1955

MILLAR, MARGARET. 1915- . Series characters: Dr. Paul Prye = PP; Inspector Sands = IS
An Air That Kills. Random, 1957. British title: The Soft Talkers. Gollancz, 1957
Beast in View. Random, 1955; Gollancz, 1955
Beyond This Point Are Monsters. Random, 1970 Gollancz, 1971
The Cannibal Heart. Random, 1949; H. Hamilton, 1950
The Devil Loves Me. Doubleday, 1942 PP
Do Evil in Return. Random, 1950; Museum, 195
Experiment in Springtime. Random, 1947
The Fiend. Random, 1964; Gollancz, 1964
Fire Will Freeze. Random, 1944
How Like an Angel. Random, 1962; Gollancz, 1962
The Invisible Worm. Doubleday, 1941; Long, 1943 PP
The Iron Gates. Random, 1945. British title: Taste of Fears. Hale, 1950 IS
The Listening Walls. Random, 1959; Gollancz, 1959
The Lively Corpse; see Rose's Last Summer
Rose's Last Summer. Random, 1952; Museum, 1954. Also published as: The Lively Corpse. Dell pb, 195 .
The Soft Talkers; see An Air That Kills
A Stranger in My Grave. Random, 1960; Gollancz, 1960
Taste of Fears; see The Iron Gates
Vanish in an Instant. Random, 1952; Museum, 1953
Wall of Eyes. Random, 1943 IS
The Weak-Eyed Bat. Doubleday, 1942 PP

MILLAR, R.
Half a Corpse. Eyre, 1935

MILLARD. JOE [JOSEPH] (JOHN)
The Devil's Dollar Sign. Award, 1972
The Hunted. Award, 1973
The Hunting Party. Award, 1971; Tandem pb, 1971 (Novelization of the movie.)
Mansion of Evil. GM, 1950
Thunderbolt and Lightfoot. Award, 1974 (Novelization of the movie.)
The Wickedest Man. GM, 1954; Muller, 1960

MILLARD, OSCAR
A Missing Person. McKay, 1972

MILLER, AGNES
The Colfax Book-Plate. Century, 1926; Benn, 1927
The Obole of Paradise. Hutchinson, 1930 ?

MILLER, MRS. ALEX McVEIGH
The Mystery of Suicide Place. Westbrook

MILLER, ALICE DUER
Death Sentence. Dodd, 1935; Allan, 1936
Manslaughter. Dodd, 1921; Parsons, 1922

MILLER, BILL. 1920-1961. Pseudonyms: Whit Masterson, Wade Miller, Dale Wilmer, qq.v.

MILLER, D(OROTHY) B(LANCHE)
The Unpardonable Crime. Houghton, 1935

MILLER, DENIS
The Chinese Jade Affair. Milton, 1973

MILLER, ELIZABETH YORK
The Blue Paroquet. Brentano's (London), 1928
The Macowen Murder. Gramol, 1935
Marked Dangerous. Wright, 1935
The Mark of Yekel. Bles, 1927

MILLER, FLOYD C.
The Savage Streets. Popular Library, 1956

MILLER, HUGH
Feedback. New English Library pb, 1974
King Pin. New English Library, 1974
The Open City. New English Library, 1973

MILLER, JOHN
Murder of a Professor. Putnam, 1937; Hale, 1937

MILLER, LAURITZ
Operation Godiva. Tuttle, 1971

MILLER, MARC. Pseudonym of Marceil Genee Baker, 1911-
Death at the Easel. Arcadia, 1956
Death Is a Liar. Arcadia, 1959
Plaid Shroud. Arcadia, 1957

MILLER, MARY BRITTON. 1883- Pseudonym: Isabel Bolton, q.v.

MILLER, MERLE. 1919-
A Secret Understanding. Viking, 1956; Heinemann, 1957

MILLER, SIGMUND. 1910-
One Bright Day. Dramatists Play Service, 1952 (3-act play.) ?
The Snow Leopard. GM, 1961; Ward, 1959
That's the Way the Money Goes. Crown, 1962 ?

MILLER, WADE. Joint pseudonym of Robert Wade, 1920- , q.v., and Bill Miller, 1920-1961. Other joint pseudonyms: Whit Masterson, Dale Wilmer, qq.v. Series character: Max Thursday = MT
The Big Guy. GM, 1953; Red Seal pb, 1958
Branded Woman. GM, 1952; Fawcett (London), 1954
Calamity Fair. Farrar, 1950 MT
Deadly Weapon. Farrar, 1946; Low, 1947
Devil May Care. GM, 1950; Fawcett (London), 1957
Devil on Two Sticks. Farrar, 1949. Also published as: Killer's Choice. Signet, 1950
Fatal Step. Farrar, 1948; Low, 1949 MT
The Girl from Midnight. GM, 1962
Guilty Bystander. Farrar, 1947; Low, 1948 MT
The Killer. GM, 1951; Fawcett (London), 1957
Killer's Choice; see Devil on Two Sticks
Kiss Her Goodbye. Lion pb, 1956; Allen, 1957
Kitten with a Whip. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960
Mad Baxter. GM, 1955; Fawcett (London), 1956
Murder Charge. Farrar, 1950 MT
Murder—Queen High; see Pop Goes the Queen
Nightmare Cruise. Ace, 1961. British title: The Sargasso People. Allen, 1961
Pop Goes the Queen. Farrar, 1947. British title: Murder—Queen High. Allen, 1958
The Sargasso People; see Nightmare Cruise
Shoot to Kill. Farrar, 1951; Allen, 1953 MT
Sinner Take All. GM, 1960; Muller, 1961
South of the Sun. GM, 1953; Red Seal pb, 1953
Stolen Woman. GM, 1950; Fawcett (London), 1958
The Tiger's Wife. GM, 1951; Red Seal pb, 1958
Uneasy Street. Farrar, 1948; Low, 1949 MT

MILLER, WARREN
The Banker's Millions. Street (Magnet)
The Confession of a Thug. Street (Magnet)
The Crimson Glove. Street (Magnet)
The Deed of a Night. Street (Magnet)
In Terror's Grasp. Street (Magnet)
The Man Who Made Diamonds. Street (Magnet)
A Midnight Vigil. Street (Magnet)
The Missing Bullet. Street (Magnet)
The Power of a Villain. Street (Magnet)
The Price of Protection. Street (Magnet)
The Sleepless Eye. Street (Magnet)
An Unfortunate Rogue. Street (Magnet)

MILLET, F. D.
A Capillary Crime. Harper, 1892

MILLHAUSER, BERTRAM
Whatever Goes Up. Doubleday, 1945

MILLHISER, MARLYS
Michael's Wife. Putnam, 1972

MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE. 1889-
Three Men Die. Chatto, 1934; Harper, 1934

MILLINGTON, FRANCES
The Crime Across the Way. Phoenix, 1937

MILLS, ALGERNON VICTOR. 1905- Pseudonym: Rupert Latimer, q.v.

MILLS, ARTHUR (HOBART). 1887-
The Ant Heap. Hutchinson, 1934

The Apache Girl. Collins, 1930
Black Royalty. Collins, 1933
The Blue Spider. Collins, 1929
Brighton Alibi. Collins, 1936
The Broken Sword. Collins, 1938
Cafe in Montparnasse. Collins, 1936
The Danger Game. Hutchinson, 1926
Don't Touch the Body. Collins, 1947
Escapade. Collins, 1931
French Girl. Collins, 1937
Gentleman of Rio. Collins, 1933
The Gold Cat. Hutchinson, 1925
Intrigue Island. Collins, 1930
Jewel Thief. Collins, 1939
The Jockey Died First. Staples, 1953
Judgment of Death. Collins, 1932
Last Seen Alive. Evans, 1951
Live Bait. Hutchinson, 1927
The Maliday Mystery. Staples, 1954
Modern Cameos. Hutchinson, 1928 ss
One Man's Secret. Collins, 1932
Paris Agent. Collins, 1935
Pillars of Salt. Duckworth, 1922 ?
The Primrose Path. Duckworth, 1923 ss ?
Pursued. Collins, 1929
Shroud of Snow. Evans, 1950
Stowaway. Collins, 1931
Ursula Vanet. Bale, 1921 ?
White Negro. Collins, 1940
White Snake. Hutchinson, 1928
The Yellow Dragon. Hutchinson, 1924
Your Number is Up. Evans, 1952

MILLS, CARLEY
A Nearness of Evil. Coward, 1961

MILLS, HARRY
The Mossbank Murder. Ogilvie, 1896
The Woman Stealer. Ogilvie, 1896

MILLS, HUGH TRAVERS. Pseudonym: Hugh Travers, q.v.
The Early Doors. Cresset, 1966 ?
The House by the Lake. Evans, 1956 (Play.) ?
In Pursuit of Evil. Triton, 1966; Lippincott, 1967

MILLS, JAMES. 1932-
One Just Man. Simon, 1975
The Panic in Needle Park. Farrar, 1966; Sphere pb, 1971
The Prosecutor. Farrar, 1969; Allen, 1970
Report to the Commissioner. Farrar, 1972; Barrie, 1972

MILLS, JOHN
The October Men. Musson, 1974

MILLS, MERVYN
The Long Haul. Macmillan, 1956

MILLS, OSMINGTON. Pseudonym of Vivian Collin Brooks, 1922- . Series character: Chief Inspector Baker, in at least those marked B
At One Fell Swoop. Bles, 1963; Roy, 1965 B
The Case of the Flying Fifteen. Bles, 1956 B
Death Enters the Lists. Bles, 1967; Roy, 1967 B
Dusty Death. Bles, 1965; Roy, 1966
Enemies of the Bride. Bles, 1966; Roy, 1967
Ghost of a Clue. Bles, 1970
Headlines Make Murder. Bles, 1962
Many a Slip. Bles, 1969
The Misguided Missile. Bles, 1958 B
No Match for the Law. Bles, 1957
Stairway to Murder. Bles, 1959 B
Sundry Fell Designs. Bles, 1968; Roy, 1968
Traitor Betrayed. Bles, 1964; Roy, 1966
Trial by Ordeal. Bles, 1961; Roy, 1961
Unlucky Break. Bles, 1955; Roy, 1957

MILLS, (HARRY ROLAND) WOOSNAM
Biting Fortune. Nelson, 1939
Blind Reckoning. Hodder, 1951
Dark Encounter. Nelson, 1938
Dusty Coinage. Hodder, 1953
French Hazard. Hodder, 1942
Grim Chancery. Nelson, 1937
Knaves Rampant. Nelson, 1938
Phantom Scarlet. Hodder, 1940
Shadow Crusade. Hodder, 1941
Tarnished Gold. Hodder, 1951

MILLSON, JULIE
The Face of the Foe. Hale, 1970
The Night Has Red Eyes. Hale, 1970

MILLWARD, EDWARD J. Series character: Inspector Gil Flicker = GF
The Aero Clubs Mystery. Harrap, 1939 GF
The Body Lies. Harrap, 1936 GF
The Copper Bottle. Methuen, 1929; Dutton, 1929
The House of Wraith. Harrap, 1935; Houghton, 1935

MILN, H. CRICHTON. -1957.
The Case of the Rival Race Gangs. Amalgamated Press, 1924 (Sexton Blake)

MILN, LOUISE JORDAN
The Invisible Foe. Stokes, 1920
The Purple Mask. Stokes, 1918; Hodder, 1918

MILNE, A(LAN) A(LEXANDER). 1882-1956.
Four Days' Wonder. Methuen, 1933; Dutton, 1933
The Fourth Wall. French (London), 1929. U.S. title: The Perfect Alibi. French (NY), 1929 (Play.)
The Perfect Alibi; see The Fourth Wall
The Red House Mystery. Methuen, 1922; Dutton, 1922

MILNE, SHIRLEY
Beware the Lurking Scorpion. Hale, 1966; London House, 1967
False Witness. Hale, 1964
The Hammer of Justice. Hale, 1963
Stiff Silk. Hale, 1962

MILNER, GEORGE. Pseudonym of George Hardinge
The Crime Against Marcella. Hodder, 1963
A Dying Fall. H. Hamilton, 1957
A Leavetaking. Hodder, 1966; Dodd, 1966
The Scarlet Fountains. Collins, 1956
Shark Among Herrings. Collins, 1954
Stately Homicide. Collins, 1953
Your Money and Your Life. H. Hamilton, 1957

MILTON, DAVID SCOTT
Paradise Road. Ellis, 1974

MILTON, GLADYS ALEXANDRA. Pseudonym: A. Carlyle, q.v.

MILTON, JOSEPH. Series character: Bart Gould, in all titles
Assignment: Assassination. Lancer, 1964. Also published as: The Running Spy. Lancer, 1967
Baron Sinister. Lancer, 1965
The Big Blue Death. Lancer, 1965
The Death Makers. Lancer, 1966
The Man Who Bombed the World. Lancer, 1966
Operation: World War Three. Lancer, 1966
President's Agent. Lancer, 1963
The Running Spy; see Assignment: Assassination
Worldbreaker. Lancer, 1964

MINCHIN, DEVON
The Money Movers. Angus, 1973

MINOT, GEORGE E.
Murder Will Out, Jones-Marshall, 1928

MINTON, PAULA
The Dark of Memory. Lancer, 1967
Engraved in Evil. Lancer, 1965
Hand of the Imposter. Lancer, 1965
Loom of Terror. Lancer, 19
Orphan of the Shadows. Lancer, 1965
Portrait of Terror. Belmont, 1967
Secret Melody. Lancer, 1964
Shadow of a Witch. Belmont, 1967
Thunder over the Reefs. Lancer, 1967

MITCHAM, GILROY. 1923- Series character: Nick Marshall
The Dead Reckoning. Dobson, 1960; Roy, 1960
The Full Stop. Dobson, 1957; Roy, 1957
The Man from Bar Harbour. Dobson, 1958; Roy, 1958
Uncertain Judgement. Dobson, 1961; Roy, 1962

MITCHELL, GLADYS. 1901- . Series character: Mrs. Adela Beatrice Lestrange Bradley, in all 28 titles inspected.
Adders on the Heath. Joseph, 1963; London House, 1963
Brazen Tongue. Joseph, 1940
Come Away, Death. Joseph, 1937
The Croaking Raven. Joseph, 1966
Dance to Your Daddy. Joseph, 1969
The Dancing Druids. Joseph, 1948
Dead Men's Morris. Joseph, 1936
Death and the Maiden. Joseph, 1947
Death at the Opera. Grayson, 1934. U.S. title: Death in the Wet. Macrae Smith, 1934
Death in the Wet; see Death at the Opera
Death of a Delft Blue. Joseph, 1964; London House, 1964
The Devil at Saxon Wall. Grayson, 1935
The Devil's Elbow. Joseph, 1951
The Echoing Strangers. Joseph, 1952
Faintley Speaking. Joseph, 1954
Gory Dew. Joseph, 1970
Groaning Spinney. Joseph, 1950
Hangman's Curfew. Joseph, 1941
A Hearse on May-Day. Joseph, 1972
Here Comes a Chopper. Joseph, 1946
A Javelin for Jonah. Joseph, 1974
Lament for Leo. Joseph, 1971
Laurels Are Poison. Joseph, 1942
The Longer Bodies. Gollancz, 1930
The Man Who Grew Tomatoes. Joseph, 1959; London House, 1959
Merlin's Furlong. Joseph, 1953
The Murders of Busy Lizzie. Joseph, 1973
My Bones Will Keep. Joseph, 1962; British Book Centre, 1962
My Father Sleeps. Joseph, 1944
The Mystery of a Butcher's Shop. Gollancz, 1929; Dial, 1930
The Nodding Canaries. Joseph, 1961
Pageant of Murder. Joseph, 1965; London House, 1965
Printer's Error. Joseph, 1939
The Rising of the Moon. Joseph, 1945
St. Peter's Finger. Joseph, 1938
The Saltmarsh Murders. Gollancz, 1932; Macrae Smith, 1933
Say It With Flowers. Joseph, 1960; British Book Centre, 1960
Skeleton Island. Joseph, 1967
Speedy Death. Gollancz, 1929; Dial, 1929
Spotted Hemlock. Joseph, 1958; British Book Centre, 1958
Sunset Over Soho. Joseph, 1943
Three Quick and Five Dead. Joseph, 1968
Tom Brown's Body. Joseph, 1949
Twelve Horses and the Hangman's Noose. Joseph, 1966; British Book Centre, 1958
The Twenty-Third Man. Joseph, 1957
Watson's Choice. Joseph, 1955
When Last I Died. Joseph, 1941; Knopf, 1942
Winking at the Brim. Joseph, 1974
The Worsted Viper. Joseph, 1943

MITCHELL, HUTTON
The Deviations of Diana. Philpot, 1923
The Fourth Man. Selwyn & Blount, 1931

MITCHELL, JAMES. 1926- . Pseudonym: James Munro, q.v. Series character: Callan = C
Among Arabian Sands. Davies, 1963 ?
Callan; see A Magnum for Schneider
Death and Bright Water. H. Hamilton, 1974; Morrow, 1974 C
Here's a Villain! Davies, 1957. U.S. title: The Lady is Waiting. Morrow, 1958
Ilion Like a Mist. Cassell, 1969. Also published as: Venus in Plastic. Corgi pb, 1970 ?
The Lady is Waiting; see Here's a Villain!
A Magnum for Schneider. Jenkins, 1969. U.S. title: A Red File for Callan. Simon, 1971. Also published as: Callan. Corgi pb, 1974 C
Russian Roulette. H. Hamilton, 1973; Morrow, 1973 C
Steady, Boys, Steady. Davies, 1960 ?
Venus in Plastic; see Ilion Like a Mist
A Way Back. Davies, 1959; Morrow, 1960 (as The Way Back)
The Winners. Cassell, 1970 ?

MITCHELL, LEBBEUS. 1879-
The Parachute Murder. Macaulay, 1933

MITCHELL, SCOTT. Pseudonym of Lionel R. H. Godfrey
Come, Sweet Death. Hammond, 1967
Dead on Arrival. Hale, 1974
Deadly Persuasion. Hammond, 1964
Double Bluff. Jenkins, 1968
The Girl in the Wet-Look Bikini. Hale, 1973
A Haven for the Damned. Hale, 1971
A Knife-Edged Thing. Cassell, 1969
The Lonely Shroud. Hammond, 1964
Nice Guys Don't Win. Hale, 1974

Over My Dead Body. Hale, 1975
Rage in Babylon. Hale, 1972
Sables Spell Trouble. Hammond, 1963
Some Dames Play Rough. Hammond, 1963
You'll Never Get to Heaven. Hale, 1972

MITCHELL, WILL
The Goldfish Murders. GM, 1950; Red Seal pb, 1958

MITFORD, BERTRAM
The Curse of Clement Waynflete. Ward, 1894
Fordham's Feud. Ward, 1897
A Frontier Mystery. White, 1905
The Heath Hover Mystery. Ward, 1911
The Sign of the Spider. Methuen, 1896
A Veldt Official. Ward, 1895
A Veldt Vendetta. Ward, 1903
The Weird of Deadly Hollow. Sutton, 1891

MITFORD, C. GUISE
The Dual Identity. Long, 1915
The Hidden Mask. Greening, 1914
The Paxton Plot. Long, 1908

MOBERLY, L. G.
In a Fair Ground. Ward, 1931
The Mystery Chain. Ward, 1932
A Tangled Web. Ward, 1908

MOCKLER, GRETCHEN
Roanleigh. Signet, 1966

MODELL, MERRIAM. 1908- Pseudonym: Evelyn Piper, q.v.

MOFFAT, GWEN
The Corpse Road. Gollancz, 1974
Deviant Death. Gollancz, 1973
Lady With a Cool Eye. Gollancz, 1973

MOFFATT, JAMES
Blood is a Personal Thing. Compact
Blue Line Murder. Roberts, 1965; Leisure, 1970
Course of Villainy. Compact, 1966
Curtain of Hate. Compact
The Eighth Veil. Compact
Justice for a Dead Spy. New Eng. Lib., 1971
The Tangled Web.
Terror-Go-Round. Compact, 1966
Time for Sleeping. Roberts, 1965; Leisure, 1970
The Twisted Thread. Compact

MOFFETT, CLEVELAND. 1863-1926.
The Bishop's Purse, with Oliver Herford. Appleton, 1913
The Master Mind. Appleton, 1927
The Mysterious Card. Small Maynard, 1896
The Seine Mystery. Dodd, 1925, Melrose, 1924
Through the Wall. Appleton, 1909; Melrose, 1910
True Detective Stories. Doubleday, 1897
Unseen Hand. Appleton, 1911

MOISEIWITSCH, MAURICE
Post-Mortem. Marlowe, 1947
She, the Accused. Heinemann, 1956
Wolf Sarason, Special Agent. Muller, 1941

MOLE, WILLIAM. Pseudonym of William Anthony Younger, 1917-1962. Series character: Casson Duker = CD
Goodbye Is Not Worthwhile. Eyre, 1956 CD
The Hammersmith Maggot. Eyre, 1955. U.S. title: Small Venom. Dodd, 1956. Also published as: Shadow of a Killer. Dell pb, 1959 CD
The Lobster Guerrillas. Eyre, 1953
Shadow of a Killer; see The Hammersmith Maggot
Skin Trap. Eyre, 1957. U.S. title: You Pay for Pity. Dodd, 1958 CD
Small Venom; see The Hammersmith Maggot
Trample an Empire. Eyre, 1952 ?
You Pay for Pity; see Skin Trap

MOLINEUX, ROLAND BURNHAM
The Room with the Little Door. Dillingham, 1903

MOLLOY, JOSEPH FITZGERALD
An Excellent Knave. Hutchinson, 1893; Street (Magnet)
His Wife's Soul. Hutchinson, 1893. Also published as: Sweet is Revenge; or, His Wife's Soul. Hutchinson, 1895. U.S. title: Sweet is Revenge: A Sensational Novel. Ogilvie
How Came He Dead. Lovell, 1890
Sweet is Revenge; see His Wife's Soul

MOLL, ELICK
Night Without Sleep. Little, 1950; Davies, 1951

MOLNAR, LOUIS; see SAXBY, CHARLES

MOLYNEUX, C. B.
Poison Cocktail Murders. Pemberton, 1945

MONAHAN, JOHN. Pseudonym of W. R. Burnett, 1899- , q.v.
Big Stan. GM, 1954; Fawcett (London), 1955

MONIG, CHRISTOPHER. Pseudonym of Kendell Foster Crossen, 1910- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Bennett Barlay, M. E. Chaber, Richard Foster, Clay Richards, qq.v. Series character: Brian Brett, in all titles
Abra-Cadaver. Dutton, 1958; Boardman, 1958
The Burned Man. Dutton, 1956; Boardman, 1957. Also published as: Don't Count the Corpses. Dell pb, 1958
Don't Count the Corpses; see The Burned Man
The Lonely Graves. Dutton, 1960; Boardman, 1961
Once Upon a Crime. Dutton, 1959; Boardman, 1960

MONK, ELIOTT; see BASKERVILLE, BEATRICE

MONMOUTH, JACK. Pseudonym of William Leonard Pember. Series character: Tom Langley
The Donovan Case. Jarrolds, 1955
Lightning Over Mayfair. Hale, 1958
Lonely, Lovely Lady. Jarrolds, 1956
Not Ready to Die. Hale, 1960
Sleepy-Eyed Blonde. Hale, 1957

MONNOW, PETER
The Hooded Skull. Hale, 1972
The Killing of Alquin Judd. Jenkins, 1969

MONRO, GAVIN
A Bent for Blackmail. Hale, 1967
Marked with a Cross. Hale, 1968
Trip to Eternity. Hale, 1970
Who Killed Amanda? Hale, 1967

MONROE, ROY. Pseudonym. 1913-
The Judge Speaks. Exposition, 1958

MONSARRAT, NICHOLAS. 1910-
Castle Garac. Knopf, 1955
Licensed to Kill and other stories. Chapman, 1972
The Nylon Pirates. Sloan, 1960; Cassell, 1960
The Ship That Died of Shame and other stories. Sloane, 1959; Cassell, 1959
Smith & Jones. Cassell, 1963; Sloane, 1963
Something to Hide. Morrow, 1966

MONSKY, MARK
Looking Out for #1. Simon, 1975

MONTAGUE, CHARLES HOWARD
The Countess Muta. Belford, 1889
The Face of Rosenfel. Burt, 1888
Two Strokes of the Bell. Harris, 1886
Written in Red, with C. W. Dyar. Brentano's, 1896; Cassell, 1896

MONTAGUE, JEFFREY
John Jeremy, Cracksman. Allan, 1936
The Mandarin's Pearl. Quality, 1942

MONTAGUE, JOSEPH
Whose Millions? Chelsea, 1925

MONTANYE, CARLETON STEVENS
Moons of Gold. Lippincott, 1936; Harrap, 1937

MONTEILHET, HUBERT
Andromache; or, The Inadvertent Murder. Simon, 1970; Hodder, 1971. (Translation of Andromac ou le Meurtre par Inadvertance. Paris: Denoel, 1968)
Cupid's Executioners. Simon, 1967; Hodder, 1967. (Translation of Les Bourreaux de Cupidon. Paris: Denoel, 1966)
The Cupidevil. Simon, 1970; Hodder, 1970. (Translation of Le Cupidiable. Paris: Denoel, 1967)
Murder at Leisure. Simon, 1971; Hodder, 1972. (Translation of Meurtre à Loisir. Paris: Denoel, 1969)
A Perfect Crime, Or Two. Simon, 1971. (Translation of De Quelques Crimes Parfaits. Paris: Denoel, 1969)
Phoenix from the Ashes; see Return from the Ashes
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The Praying Mantises. Simon, 1962. British title: Praying Mantis. H. Hamilton, 1962. (Translation of Les Mantes Religieuses. Paris: Denoel, 1958)
The Prisoner of Love. Simon, 1965; Chapman, 1966. (Translation of Le Vorcat de l'Amour. Paris: Denoel, 1965)
Return from the Ashes. Simon, 1963. British title: Phoenix from the Ashes. H. Hamilton, 1963. (Translation of Le Retour des Cendres. Paris: Denoel, 1961)
The Road to Hell. Simon, 1964; Chapman, 1965. (Translation of Les Pavés du Diable. Paris: Denoel, 1963)

MONTGOMERIE, JAMES
Implosion. H. Baker, 1974

MONTGOMERY, IONE
Death Won a Prize. Doubleday, 1941; Withy Grove (abridged), 1944
The Golden Dress. Doubleday, 1940; Boardman, 1944

MONTGOMERY, MARY
Somebody Knew. Arcadia, 1961

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT BRUCE. 1921- . Pseudonym: Edmund Crispin, q.v.

MONTROSE, GRAHAM
Angel Abroad. Hale, 1969
Angel and the Nero. Hale, 1970
Angel and the Red Admiral. Hale, 1972
Angel at Arms. Hale, 1971
Angel in Paradise. Hale, 1970
Angel of Death. Hale, 1968
Angel of No Mercy. Hale, 1968
Angel of Vengeance. Hale, 1969
Ask an Angel. Hale, 1970
Fanfare for Angel. Hale, 1971
A Matter of Motive. Hale, 1969
Send for Angel. Hale, 1970
Where Angel Treads. Hale, 1968

MONTROSS, DAVID. Pseudonym of Jean Backus
Fellow-Travelers. Doubleday, 1965
Traitor's Wife. Doubleday, 1962; Gollancz, 1962
Troika. Doubleday, 1963; Gollancz, 1963. Also published as: Who is Elissa Sheldon? Paperback Library, 1967
Who is Elissa Sheldon; see Troika

MOODEY, MARTHA LIVINGSTON
The Tragedy of Brinkwater. Cassell, 1888

MOODIE, EDWIN
The Great Shakes. Museum, 1956

MOODY, A. B.
House in Ralston Place. Gem, 1926

MOODY, LAWRENCE
Some Must Die. Hale, 1964

MOONEY, JAMES. See also John W. Postgate
A Millionaire's Folly; or, The Beautiful Unknown. Ogilvie, 1888
The Trail of the Barrow; or, The Brother's Revenge. Ogilvie, 1888

MOORCOCK, MICHAEL. Series character: Jerry Cornelius = JC
The Chinese Agent. Hutchinson, 1970; Macmillan, 1970
A Cure for Cancer. Allison, 1970 JC
The English Assassin. Allison, 1972; Harper, 1974 JC

MOORE, ARTHUR and MATTHEWS, CLAYTON
Las Vegas. PB, 1974

MOORE, AUSTIN. Pseudonym of Augustus Muir, 1892- , q.v.
Birds of the Night. Hodder, 1930; Smith, 1931. Reprinted as by Augustus Muir: Methuen, 1937

The House of Lies. Hodder, 1932; Doubleday, 1932. Revised and published as by Augustus Muir: Methuen, 1939

MOORE, BRIAN
The Revolutionary Script. Cape, 1971
Torn Curtain. Dell, 1966 (Novelization of the movie.)

MOORE, CARLYLE and GEORGE R. JENKS
Stop Thief. Fly, 1913

MOORE, CHAS. K.
A Case of Blackmail. Arrowsmith

MOORE, DONALD
Highway of Fear. Hodder, 1961

MOORE, DORINNE
Flight from Eden Key. Berkley, 1974
A Legacy of Emeralds. Berkley
Masquerade at Monfalcone. Berkley, 1974

MOORE, EMMA
Shallow Runs the River. Belmont, 1967

MOORE, FREDERICK FERDINAND
The Devil's Admiral. Doubleday, 1913; Richards, 1913

MOORE, H(ARRY) F. S.
Death at 7:10. Doubleday, 1943
Murder Goes Rolling Along. Doubleday, 1942
Shed a Bitter Tear. Doubleday, 1944

MOORE, IRVING; see BERGQUIST, LILLIAN

MOORE, PHILIPS
Death Drives the Lead Car. Arcadia, 1961
Once Upon a Friday. Tower, 1965

MOORE, ROBIN
Court Marshall, with Henry Rothblatt. Harrap, 1972
The Family Man, with Milt Machlin. Pyramid, 1974
Fifth Estate. Allen, 1973
The London Switch, with Al Dempsey. Pinnacle, 1974

MOORE, RUTH
Lizzie and Caroline. Morrow, 1972

MOORE, WINNIE FIELDS
Wings of Destiny. Wetzel, 1930 ss

MOORHOUSE, HERBERT JOSEPH. 1882- Pseudonym: Hopkins Moorhouse, q.v.

MOORHOUSE, HOPKINS. Pseudonym of Herbert Joseph Moorhouse, 1882-
The Gauntlet of Alceste. Hodder, 1922; McCann, 1922
The Golden Scarab. Hodder, 1926

MORAN, MIKE
Double Cross. Popular Library, 1953

MORDEN, T. R.
Steps in Mystery. Smith, 1935

MOREAN, BEATRICE
The Tragedies of Oak Hurst. Donohue, 1891

MOREL, DIGHTON
Moonlight Red. Secker, 1960

MORELLI, S.
Coffin for a Cutie. Harborough, 1952
Give It To Me Straight. Harborough, 1953
Take It and Like It. Archer, 1951
You'll Never Get Me. Archer, 1950

MORETTE, EDGAR
The Sturgis Wager: A Detective Story. Stokes, 1899

MORGAN, ALLAN
Blood. Award, 1974: Tandem, 1974
The Spandau Warrant (Blood #2). Award, 1974; Tandem, 1974

MORGAN, BETTY
Pursuit. Houghton, 1966

MORGAN, BRYAN (STANFORD)
The Business at Blanche Capel. H. Hamilton, 1953; Little, 1954

MORGAN, CLARINDA
Devil's Cavern. Lancer, 1967

MORGAN, DAN
The Richest Corpse in Show Business. Compact, 1966

MORGAN, DEAN
Assassin Trail. H. Stafford, 1952
Assignment to Sante Fe. H. Stafford, 1952
Contract for Homicide. H. Stafford, 1951
Four Guns to Carson City. H. Stafford, 1952
Desperate Justice. H. Stafford, 1952
Four of a Kind. H. Stafford, 1951
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Murder on Coney Island. H. Stafford, 1952
Nevada Alibi. H. Stafford, 1952
Rogue Ransome--Manhunter. H. Stafford, 1951
Rogue Ransome--Racketbuster. H. Stafford, 1950
Rogue Ransome--Triggerman. H. Stafford, 1951
The Rostron Outfit. H. Stafford, 1951
Rostron Outfit in Chicago. H. Stafford, 1952
Rostron Outfit in Mexico. H. Stafford, 1952
Rostron Outfit in Rio. H. Stafford, 1951
Rostron Outfit to Texas. H. Stafford, 1952
Rostron Outfit--Undercover Agents. H. Stafford, 1951

MORGAN, GEOFFREY
Crimson Cobra Mystery.
Heavenly Body. Robertson, 1953
Murderer's Moon. Jenkins, 1942
No Crest for the Wicked. Robertson, 1952

MORGAN, JOHN
Death to Comrade X. Hale, 1969
The Ivory Penguin. Hale, 1974
The Killer's Manual. Hale, 1972
The Midnight Murder. Hale, 1971
Murderers Don't Smile. Hale, 1969
The Nicest Corpse. Hale, 1970
The Perfect Frame. Hale, 1970
The Spy in the Tunnel. Hale, 1969
To Kill a Hero. Hale, 1969

MORGAN, JOHNNY
Involved. Heinemann, 1967

MORGAN, LORNA NICHOLL
Another Little Murder. Macdonald, 1947
The Death Box. Macdonald, 1946
Murder in Devil's Hollow. World's Work, 1944
Talking of Murder. Harrap, 1945

MORGAN, MICHAEL. Pseudonym of C. E. Carle and Dean M. Dorn
Nine More Lives. Random, 1947

MORGAN, MURRAY C(ROMWELL). 1916- . Pseudonym: Cromwell Murray, q.v.
The Viewless Winds. Dutton, 1949

MORGAN, PATRICK. "Operation Hang Ten" series.
Beach Queen Blowout. Manor, 1971
Cute and Deadly Surf Twins. Manor, 1970
Deadly Group Down Under. Macfadden, 1970
Death Car Surfside. Macfadden, 1972
Freaked Out Stranger. Manor, 1973
Hang Dead Hawaiian Style. Macfadden, 1969
Too Mini Murders. Macfadden, 1969
Topless Dancer Hangup. Macfadden, 1971

MORGAN, THOMAS CHRISTOPHER. Pseudonym: John Muir, q.v.

MORICE, ANNE. Series character: Tessa Chrichton
Death and the Dutiful Daughter. Macmillan (London), 1973; St. Martin's, 1973
Death in the Grand Manor. Macmillan (London), 1970
Death of a Gay Dog. Macmillan (London), 1971
Death of a Heavenly Twin. Macmillan (London), 1974
Killing with Kindness. Macmillan (London), 1974
Murder in Married Life. Macmillan (London), 1971
Murder on French Leave. Macmillan (London), 1972

MORLAND, CATHERINE
Castle Black. Beagle, 1972

MORLAND, NIGEL. 1905- . Pseudonyms: Mary Dane, John Donavan, Norman Forrest, Roger Garnett, Vincent McCall, Neil Shepherd, qq.v. Series characters: Mrs. Palmyra Pym = PP; Chief Inspector Andy McMurdo = AM; Steven Malone = SM
The Big Killing. Foster, 1946 (63 pp.)
Blood on the Stars. Low, 1951 AM
A Bullet for Midas. Cassell, 1958 PP
Call Him Early for the Murder. Cassell, 1952 PP
The Careless Hangman; see The Clue of the Careless Hangman
The Case of the Innocent Wife. Arrow pb, 1947 (31 pp.)
The Case Without a Clue. Cassell, 1938; Farrar, 1938 PP
The Clue in the Mirror. Cassell, 1937; Farrar, 1938 PP
The Clue of the Bricklayer's Aunt. Cassell, 1936; Farrar, 1937 PP
The Clue of the Careless Hangman. Cassell, 1940. U.S. title: The Careless Hangman. Farrar, 1941 PP
A Coffin for the Body. Cassell, 1943 PP
The Concrete Maze. Cassell, 1960 PP
Corpse in the Circus. (Murder Masquerade.) Vallancey, 1945 (16 pp.)
Corpse in the Circus and other stories. Polybooks, 1946 (62 pp.) ss
The Corpse on the Flying Trapeze. Cassell, 1941; Farrar, 1941 PP
The Corpse Was No Lady. Low, 1950 AM
The Dear, Dead Girls. Cassell, 1961 PP
Death and the Golden Boy. Cassell, 1958 PP
Death for Sale. Hale, 1957 AM
Death Takes a Star. Todd, 1943 (16 pp.)
Death Takes an Editor. Aldus, 1949 SM
Death to the Ladies. Hale, 1959 AM?
Death When She Wakes. Evans, 1951
Death's Sweet Music; see Exit to Music and other stories
Dressed to Kill. Cassell, 1947 PP
Exit to Music and other stories. Bonde, 1947. Also published as: Death's Sweet Music. Century, 1974, abr. ss
A Girl Died Singing. Evans, 1952
A Gun for a God. Cassell, 1940. U.S. title: Murder in Wardour Street. Farrar, 1940 PP
The Hatchet Murders. Arrow pb, 1947
He Hanged His Mother on Monday. Low, 1951 AM
How Many Coupons for a Shroud? Morgan Laird, 1946 (34 pp.) ss
A Knife for the Killer. Cassell, 1939. U.S. title: Murder at Radio City. Farrar, 1939 PP
The Laboratory Murder and other stories. Polybooks, 1944 (16 pp.)
The Lady Had a Gun. Cassell, 1951 PP
Look in Any Doorway. Cassell, 1957 PP
The Moon Murders. Cassell, 1935 PP
The Moon Was Made for Murder. Low, 1953 AM
Mrs. Pym of Scotland Yard. Vallencey, 1946 PP ss
Murder at Radio City; see A Knife for the Killer
Murder in Wardour Street; see A Gun for a God
Murder Runs Wild. Halle, 1946
No Coupons for a Shroud. Low, 1949 AM
The Phantom Gunman. Cassell, 1935 PP
A Rope for the Hanging. Cassell, 1938; Farrar, 1939 PP
She Didn't Like Dying. Low, 1948 AM
Sing a Song of Cyanide. Cassell, 1953 PP
So Quiet a Death. Cassell, 1960 PP
The Sooper's Cases. Todd, 1943 (16 pp.)
Strangely She Died. Jenkins, 1946 SM
The Street of the Leopard. Cassell, 1936 PP
26 Three-Minute Thrillers. Arrow pb, 1947 (32 pp.) ss
Two Dead Charwomen. Low, 1949 AM

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER (DARLINGTON). 1890-1957.
The Haunted Bookshop. Doubleday, 1919; Chapman, 1920

MORLEY, FRANK VIGOR
Death in Dwelly Lane. Harper, 1952. British title: Dwelly Lane. Eyre, 1952

MORNINGSTAR, L.
Hour of Death. Phoenix, 1950

MOROSO, JOHN (ANTONIO). 1874-1957.
The City of Silent Men; see The Quarry
The Listening Man. Appleton, 1924
The People Against Nancy Preston. Holt, 1921; Methuen, 1922
The Quarry. Little, 1913. Also published as: The City of Silent Men. Macaulay

MORRAH, DERMOT (MacGREGOR). 1896-1974.
The Mummy Case Mystery. Harper, 1933. British title: The Mummy Case. Faber, 1933

MORRELL, DAVID
First Blood. Evans, 1972; Barrie, 1972

MORRIS, ANTHONY P. 1849-
The Cipher Detective; or, Mark Magic on a New Trail. Westbrook, ca.1920
Electro Pete, the Man of Fire; or, The Wharf Rats of Locust Point. Westbrook, ca.1920
The Head Hunter; or, Mark Magic in the Mines. Westbrook, ca.1920
Mark Magic, the Detective; or, A Story of a Beautiful Woman's Strange Career. Westbrook, ca.1920

MORRIS, CHARLES. 1833-1922.
Cap Colt, the Quaker Detective. Westbrook, ca.1920
The Detective's Crime; or, The Van Peltz Diamonds. Rand, 1887
The Pinkerton Ferret; or, Three Against One. Westbrook, ca.1920
The Stolen Letter; or, Frank Sharp, the Washington Detective. Rand, 1887

MORRIS, EDWARD
The Five Fowlers. Bles, 1953
The Plume of Smoke. Bles, 1952
The Small Hotel. Bles, 1953

MORRIS, IRA
Kidnap. Dobson, 1974

MORRIS, JEAN. Pseudonym of Kenneth O'Hara, q.v.
Man and Two Gods. Cassell, 1953; Viking, 1954

MORRIS, JO ALEX
The Bird Watcher. McKay, 1966; Cassell, 1968

MORRIS, JOHN
The Candywine Development. Collins, 1970; Citadel, 1971
Fever Grass. Collins, 1969; Putnam, 1969

MORRIS, R. A. V.
The Lyttleton Case. Collins, 1922

MORRIS, THOMAS BADEN. 1900-
Blind Bargain. Hale, 1957
Crash into Murder. Hale, 1961
The Crime of Mildred Bentham. French, 1955 (play)
The Crooked Tree. Deane, 1963; Baker, 1963 (play)
Death Among the Orchids. Hale, 1959
Deserted Night. Evans, 1951 (play)
The Horns of Truth. Hale, 1972
Mandrakes in the Cupboard. Hale, 1960
The Muddy Leaf Mystery. Hale, 1971
Murder on the Loire. Hale, 1964
Orchids with Murder. Hale, 1966
The Papyrus Murder. Hale, 1958
Return of a Traitor. Hale, 1962
Shadows on Abu Simbel. Hale, 1967
So Many Dangers. Hale, 1960
Storm in the Sand. Hale, 1965
Third Time Unlucky. Hale, 1973
Undying Serpent. Hale, 1969

MORRIS, WALTER FREDERICK. 1892-
Bretherton: Khaki or Field Grey? Bles, 1929. U.S. title: G.B. Dodd, 1929
The Channel Mystery. Joseph, 1939
G.B.; see Bretherton: Khaki or Field Grey?
The Holdup. Bles, 1933
No Turning Back. Joseph, 1937
Something to His Advantage. Bles, 1935

MORRISON, ALEXANDER
The Crookshaven Murder. Houghton, 1927

MORRISON, ARTHUR. 1863-1945. Series character: Martin Hewitt = MH
The Adventures of Martin Hewitt. Ward, 1896 MH (third series)
The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt. Ward, 1895; Appleton, 1896 MH (second series)
Cunning Murrell. Methuen, 1900; Doubleday, 1900
The Dorrington Deed Box. Ward, 1897
The Green Diamond; see The Green Eye of Goona
The Green Eye of Goona. Nash, 1904. U.S. title: The Green Diamond. Page, 1904
Green Ginger. Hutchinson, 1909; Stokes, 1909
The Hole in the Wall. Methuen, 1902; McClure, 1902
Martin Hewitt, Investigator. Ward, 1894; Harper, 1894 MH (first series)
The Red Triangle. Nash, 1903; Page, 1903 MH

MORRISON, EMMELINE
A Tale Untold. Hutchinson, 1956

MORRISON, HUGO
The Low Road. Methuen, 1930

MORRISON, JAMES W. R.
Operation Steal. Hale, 1972

MORRISON, ROBERTA
Tree of Evil. Paperback Library, 1966

MORRISON, THOMAS JAMES. Pseudonym: Alan Muir, q.v.

MORRISON, WOODS
Road End. Putnam, 1927

MORRISSEY, J(AMES) L(AWRENCE)
Death Never Forgets. Hutchinson
Design for Blackmail. Hutchinson, 1935
The Double Problem. Burns, 1932
High Doom. Hutchinson, 1933
Necktie for Norman. Gifford, 1949
Off with His Head. Gifford, 1947
Poison is Queen. Gifford, 1949

MORROW, SUSAN
Dancing with a Tiger. Doubleday, 1968; Hale, 1969
The Insiders. Doubleday, 1967; Hale, 1967
The Moonlighters. Doubleday, 1966; Hale, 1967
Murder May Follow. Doubleday, 1959; Collins, 1960
The Rules of the Game. Doubleday, 1964; Hale, 1964
A Season of Evil. Doubleday, 1969

MORROW, WILLIAM C.
The Ape, the Idiot and Other People. Lippincott, 1897 ss, some criminous
Blood-Money. Walker, 1882

MORSE, ANNE CHRISTENSON. Pseudonym: Ann Head, q.v.

MORSE, ELIZABETH
The Emerald Buddha. Dutton, 1935

MORSE, FLORENCE VORPE. 1887-
Black Eagles are FLying. Doubleday, 1943

MORTIMER, PETER
If a Body Kill a Body. Mystery House, 1946

MORTLOCK, BILL. Pseudonym
A Planned Coincidence. Gollancz, 1963; Macmillan, 1964

MORTON, ANTHONY. Pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Charles Hogarth, Brian Hope, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, Richard Martin, Rodney Mattheson, J. J. Marric, Jeremy York, qq.v. Series character: John Mannering (The Baron), in all but starred titles
Affair for the Baron. Hodder, 1967; Walker, 1968
Alias Blue Mask; see Alias the Baron
Alias the Baron. Low, 1939. U.S. title: Alias Blue Mask. Lippincott, 1939
Attack the Baron. Low, 1951
Bad for the Baron. Hodder, 1962. U.S. title: The Baron and the Stolen Legacy. Scribners, 1967
The Baron Again. Low, 1938. U.S. title: Salute Blue Mask. Lippincott, 1938
The Baron and the Arrogant Artist. Hodder, 1972; Walker, 1973
The Baron and the Beggar. Low, 1947; Duell, 1950
The Baron and the Chinese Puzzle. Hodder, 1965; Scribner, 1966
The Baron and the Missing Old Masters. Hodder, 1968; Walker, 1969
The Baron and the Mogul Swords; see A Sword for the Baron
The Baron and the Stolen Legacy; see Bad for the Baron
The Baron and the Unfinished Portrait. Hodder, 1969; Walker, 1970
The Baron at Bay. Low, 1938. U.S. title: Blue Mask at Bay. Lippincott, 1938
The Baron at Large. Low, 1939. U.S. title: Challenge Blue Mask! Lippincott, 1939
The Baron Branches Out; see A Branch for the Baron
The Baron Comes Back. Low, 1943
The Baron Goes A-Buying. Hodder, 1971; Walker, 1972
The Baron Goes East. Low, 1953
The Baron Goes Fast. Hodder, 1954; Walker, 1972
The Baron in France. Hodder, 1953
The Baron on Board. Hodder, 1964; Walker, 1968
The Baron Returns. Harrap, 1937. U.S. title: The Return of Blue Mask. Lippincott, 1937
Black for the Baron. Hodder, 1959. U.S. title: If Anything Happens to Hester. Doubleday, 1962
Blame the Baron. Low, 1949; Duell, 1951
Blood Red; see Red Eye for the Baron
Blue Mask at Bay; see The Baron at Bay
Blue Mask Strikes Again; see Versus the Baron
Blue Mask Victorious; see Call for the Baron
Books for the Baron. Low, 1949; Duell, 1952
A Branch for the Baron. Hodder, 1961. U.S. title: The Baron Branches Out. Scribner, 1967
Burgle the Baron. Hodder, 1973; Walker, 1974
Call for the Baron. Low, 1940. U.S. title: Blue Mask Victorious. Lippincott, 1940
Career for the Baron. Low, 1946; Duell, 1950
A Case for the Baron. Low, 1945; Duell, 1949
Challenge Blue Mask!; see The Baron at Large
Cry for the Baron. Low, 1950; Walker, 1970
Danger for the Baron. Hodder, 1953; Walker, 1974
Deaf, Dumbe and Blonde; see Nest-Egg for the Baron
The Double Frame; see Frame the Baron
Frame the Baron. Hodder, 1957. U.S. title: The Double Frame. Doubleday, 1961
Help from the Baron. Hodder, 1955
Hide the Baron. Hodder, 1956
If Anything Happens to Hester; see Black for the Baron
Introducing Mr. Brandon. Low, 1944 *
Last Laugh for the Baron. Hodder, 1970; Walker, 1971
The Man in the Blue Mask; see Meet the Baron
Meet the Baron. Harrap, 1937. U.S. title: The Man in the Blue Mask. Lippincott, 1937
Mr. Quentin Investigates. Low, 1943 *
Nest-Egg for the Baron. Hodder, 1954. U.S. title: Deaf, Dumb and Blonde. Doubleday, 1961
Red Eye for the Baron. Hodder, 1958. U.S. title: Blood Red. Doubleday, 1960
The Return of Blue Mask; see The Baron Returns
Reward for the Baron. Low, 1945
A Rope for the Baron. Low, 1948; Duell, 1949
Salute Blue Mask; see The Baron Again
Salute for the Baron. Hodder, 1960; Walker, 1973
Shadow the Baron. Low, 1951
Sport for the Baron. Hodder, 1966; Walker, 1969
A Sword for the Baron. Hodder, 1963. U.S. title: The Baron and the Mogul Swords. Scribner, 1966
Trap the Baron. Low, 1950; Walker, 1971
Versus the Baron. Low, 1940. U.S. title: Blue Mask Strikes Again. Lippincott, 1940
Warn the Baron. Low, 1952

MORTON, GUY (MAINWARING). Pseudonym: Peter Traill, q.v.
Ashes of Murder. Skeffington, 1935; Greenberg, 1936
Black Gold. Brentano's (London), 1924; Small, 1924
The Black Robe. Hodder, 1927; Minton, 1927
The Burleigh Murders. Skeffington, 1936
The Enemy Within. Saulsbury, 1918
The Forbidden Road. Hodder, 1928
King of the World; or, The Pommeray Case. Hodder, 1927
Mystery at Hardacres. Skeffington, 1936
The Mystery at Hermit's End. Skeffington, 1932
The Perrin Murder Case. Skeffington, 1930; Greenberg, 1934

The Ragged Robin Murders. Skeffington, 1935; Greenberg, 1937
The Scarlet Thumb Print. Skeffington, 1931
The Silver-Voiced Murder. Skeffington, 1933
The 3-7-9 Murder. Skeffington, 1934
Zola's Thirteen. Skeffington, 1929

MORTON, PATRICIA
Caves of Fear. Lancer, 1968
A Child of Value. Lancer, 1966
Destiny's Child. Belmont, 1967
A Gathering of Moondust. Lancer, 1965
Province of Darkness. Banner, 1967

MORTON, T. C. ST. C. and BLACK, LADBROKE
All Square with Fate. Nicholson, 1932

MORTON, V.
The Whirlpool. Dutton, 1916

MORTON, WILLIAM. Pseudonym of W(illiam) B(lair) M(orton) Ferguson, 1881- , q.v.
The Case of Casper Gault. Hurst, 1932
Little Lost Lady. Hurst, 1931
Masquerade. Nelson, 1928
The Murderer. Hurst, 1932
The Mystery of the Human Bookcase. Hurst, 1931; Mason, 1931

MOSELEY, DANA
Dead of Summer. Abelard, 1953; Bodley Head, 1955

MOSER, MAURICE and CHARLES RIDEAL
Stories from Scotland Yard. Routledge, 1890 ss

MOSHER, JOHN S.
Liar Dice. Simon, 1939

MOSLEY, LEONARD
So I Killed Her. Joseph, 1936; Doubleday, 1937

MOSLEY, NICHOLAS
The Assassins. Hodder, 1966; Coward, 1967

MOTT, MARIE MURPHY
The Cape Jasmine Story. Vantage, 1963

MOTTA, LUIGI
Flames on the Bosphorus. Odhams, 1920

MOTTE, PETER. Pseudonym of Richard (Motte) Harrison, 1901- , q.v. See also: Reginald W. Campbell
A Dog's Death, with Reginald W. Campbell. Cassell, 1953
Fall of the Curtain. Cassell, 1958
Fell Clutch. Cassell, 1956
The House at Hog's Curtain. Cassell, 1958
Phoenix from the Gutter. Cassell, 1956
The Village Called Death. Cassell, 1955

MOTTRAM, RALPH HALE
The Crime in Vanderlyndens. Chatto, 1926; Dial, 1926

MOULTON, H. FLETCHER. 1876-
Urgent Private Affairs. Arrowsmith, 1930

MOUNCE, DAVID R.
The Shield Project. Pyramid, 1971

MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON, R.
Blackmail. Routledge, 1885

MOUNTJOY, H.
The Minister of Police. Bobbs, 1912

MOWATT, IAN
Just Schaeffer, or Storms in the Troubled Heir. Harcourt (London), 1973

MOWBRAY, JOHN. Pseudonym of J. G. H. Vahey, 1881- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Henrietta Clandon, John Haslette, Anthony Lang, Vernon Loder, Walter Proudfoot, qq.v.
Call the Yard. Skeffington, 1931
The Frontier Mystery. Collins, 1940
The Megeve Mystery. Collins, 1941
On Secret Service. Collins, 1939
The Radio Mystery. Collins, 1941
The Way of the Weasel. Partridge, 1922 ?

MOWERY, WILLIAM BYRON
The Black Automatic. Little, 1937
The Long Arm of the Mounted. McGraw, 1948
Sagas of the Mounted Police. Bouregy, 1953. Also published as: Tales of the Mounted Police. Airmont, 1962
Tales of the Mounted Police; see Sagas of the Mounted Police

MOYER, FRANK W. H.
McDuff and Company. Abbey, 1901

MOYES, PATRICIA. Series character: Henry and Emmy Tibbett, in all titles
The Curious Affair of the Third Dog. Collins, 1973; Holt, 1973
Dead Men Don't Ski. Collins, 1959; Holt, 1960
Death and the Dutch Uncle. Collins, 1968; Holt, 1968
Death on the Agenda. Collins, 1962; Holt, 1962
Down Among the Dead Men; see The Sunken Sailor
Falling Star. Collins, 1964; Holt, 1964
Johnny Under Ground. Collins, 1965; Holt, 1966
Many Deadly Returns; see Who Saw Her Die?
Murder a la Mode. Collins, 1963; Holt, 1963
Murder Fantastical. Collins, 1967; Holt, 1967
Season of Snows and Sins. Collins, 1971; Holt, 1971
The Sunken Sailor. Collins, 1961. U.S. title: Down Among the Dead Men. Holt, 1961
Who Saw Her Die? Collins, 1970. U.S. title: Many Deadly Returns. Holt, 1970

MUAT, PAGAN
Murder's No Picnic. Gifford, 1947

MUDDOCK, JOYCE EMMERSON PRESTON. 1843-1934. Pseudonym: Dick Donovan, q.v.
Whose Was the Hand? Digby, 1901

MUGGERIDGE, MALCOLM
Affairs of the Heart. H. Hamilton, 1949; Walker, 1961

MUIR, ALAN. Pseudonym of Thomas James Morrison
Death Comes on Derby Day. Jarrolds, 1939

MUIR, AUGUSTUS. 1892- . Pseudonym: Austin Moore, q.v.
The Ace of Danger; see The Black Pavilion
Beginning the Adventure. Methuen, 1932. U.S. title: The Dark Adventure. Putnam, 1933
The Black Pavilion. Methuen, 1926. U.S. title: The Ace of Danger. Bobbs, 1927
The Blue Bonnet. Methuen, 1926; Bobbs, 1926
The Bronze Door. Methuen, 1936
Castles in the Air. Methuen, 1938
The Crimson Crescent. Methuen, 1935
The Dark Adventure; see Beginning the Adventure
The Green Lantern. Methuen, 1933
The Man Who Stole the Crown Jewels. Methuen, 1937
Raphael, M.D. Methuen, 1935
The Red Carnation. Methuen, 1937
The Riddle of Garth. Methuen, 1933
The Sands of Fear. Methuen, 1940
The Satyr Mask. Methuen, 1939
The Shadow on the Left. Methuen, 1928; Bobbs, 1928
The Silent Partner. Methuen, 1929; Bobbs, 1930
The Third Warning. Methuen, 1925; Bobbs, 1925

MUIR, D(OROTHY) ERSKINE
Five to Five. Blackie, 1934
In Muffled Night. Methuen, 1933

MUIR, DENNIS
Death Defies the Doctor. Phoenix, 1944

MUIR, DEXTER. Pseudonym of Leonard Gribble, 1908- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Leo Grex, Louis Grey, qq.v.
The Pilgrims Meet Murder. Jenkins, 1948
Rosemary for Death. Jenkins, 1952
The Speckled Swan. Jenkins, 1949

MUIR, JEAN. 1906-1973.
The Smiling Medusa. Dodd, 1969; Hale, 1971
Stranger, Tread Light. Dodd, 1971; Hale, 1973

MUIR, JOHN. Pseudonym of Thomas Christopher Morgan
Creatures of Satan. Hutchinson, 1956
Crook's Turning. Hutchinson, 1958
The Devil's Post Office. Hutchinson, 1955

MUIR, P. P. and E. D. H. TOLLEMACHE
Green Wounds. Boardman, 1947

MUIR, THOMAS
Death Below Zero. Hutchinson, 1950
Death in Reserve. Hutchinson, 1948
Death in Soundings. Hutchinson, 1955
Death in the Loch. Hutchinson, 1949
Death on the Agenda. Hutchinson, 1953
Death on the Trooper. Hutchinson, 1948
Death Under Virgo. Hutchinson, 1952
Death Without Question. Hutchinson, 1951
Trouble Aboard. Hutchinson, 1957

MUKERJI, DHAN GOPAL
The Secret Listeners of the East. Dutton, 1926

MULHOLLAND, JOHN. See FITZSIMMONS, CORTLAND

MULKEEN, THOMAS P.
Honor Thy Godfather. Stein, 1973
My Killer Doesn't Understand Me. Stein, 1973

MULLALLY, FREDERIC. Series character: Bob Sullivan = BS
The Assassins. Barker, 1964; Walker, 1965
Danse Macabre. Secker, 1959. U.S. title: Marianne.
Marianne. Viking, 1960 BS
The Malta Conspiracy. Hart-Davis, 1972 BS
Man with Tin Trumpet. Barker, 1961
Marianne; see Danse Macabre
The Munich Involvement. Barker, 1968 BS
No Other Hunger. Pan
Split Scene. Barker, 1963

MULLEN, CLARENCE. 1907-
Thereby Hangs a Corpse. Mystery House, 1946

MULLER, MARY
Flagdown. Souvenir, 1974

MULLER, PAUL
Danger—Dame at Work. Hale, 1968; Roy, 1968
Don't Push Your Luck. Hale, 1970
Finders, Losers. Hale, 1968
The Friendly Fiends. Hale, 1972
Goodbye, Shirley. Hale, 1969
The Hasty Heiress. Hale, 1968; Roy, 1969
The Lady is Lethal. Hale, 1968; Roy, 1968
Make Mine Mayhem. Hale, 1968
Slay Time. Hale, 1968; Roy, 1969
Some Dames Don't. Hale, 1970
This is Murder. Hale, 1971
Why Pick on Me? Hale, 1969
The Wistful Wanton. Hale, 1971
You Kill Me! Hale, 1967

MULVIHILL, WILLIAM
The Mantrackers. Signet, 1960
Sands of the Kalahari. Crest, 1965

MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS. 1878-
All in the Night's Work, with George Bronson Howard. Garden City, 1924
Out of the Ashes. Moffat, 1913

MUNDY, MAX. Pseudonym of Sylvia Anne Matheson
Death Cries Ole. Long, 1966
Death is a Tiger. Long, 1960
Dig for a Corpse. Long, 1962
Pagan Pagoda. Long, 1965

MUNDY, TALBOT. 1879-1940. Series character: Jimgrim
Full Moon. Appleton, 1935 (British title?)
Jimgrim. Hutchinson, 1931; Century, 1931
The King in Check. Hutchinson, 1933; Appleton, 1934
The Mystery of Khufu's Tomb. Hutchinson, 1933; Appleton, 1935
Old Ugly Face. Hutchinson, 1939; Appleton, 1940
The Thunder Dragon Gate. Hutchinson, 1937; Appleton, 1937

MUNRO, HUGH. Series character: Clutha = C
A Clue for Clutha. Macdonald, 1960 C
Clutha and the Lady. Hale, 1973 C
Clutha Plays a Hunch. Macdonald, 1959; Ives Washburn, 1959 C
The Clydesiders. Macdonald, 1961 ?
Get Clutha. Hale, 1974 C

Tribal Town. Macdonald, 1964 ?
Who Told Clutha. Macdonald, 1958; Ives Washburn, 1958 C

MUNRO, JAMES. Pseudonym of James (William) Mitchell, q.v.
Die Rich Die Happy. Hammond, 1965; Knopf, 1966
The Innocent Bystanders. Jenkins, 1969; Knopf, 1970
The Man Who Sold Death. Hammond, 1964; Knopf, 1965
The Money That Money Can't Buy. Hammond, 1967; Knopf, 1968

MUNRO, NEIL. 1864-1930.
The Lost Pibroch. Blackwood, 1896 ss, some criminous

MUNSLOW, BRUCE JAMES
Deep Sand. Hodder, 1955
Joker Takes Queen. Long, 1965; Holt, 1966
No Safe Road. Long, 1959; Walker, 1962
Spider Run Alive. Long, 1961

MURIEL, JOHN SAINT CLAIR. 1909- . Pseudonym: Simon Dewes, q.v.

MURPHY, D. J.
Inspector Malone Sails In. Selwyn, 1947

MURPHY, JOHN. Pseudonym.
The El Greco Puzzle. Scribner, 1974
The Gunrunners. Macmillan, 1966
The Long Reconnaissance. Doubleday, 1970

MURPHY, KEN
The Wind in His Fists. Chatto, 1968

MURPHY, MARGUERITE
Borrowed Alibi. Bouregy, 1961
Dangerous Legacy. Bouregy, 1962

MURPHY, ROBERT (WILLIAM). 1902-
Death Serves an Ace, with Helen Wills. Scribner, 1939; Hutchinson, 1939
Murder in Waiting. Scribner, 1938

MURPHY, W(ARREN) B. See also Richard Sapir and Warren Murphy. Series characters: Ed Razoni and William Jackson = R&J
City in Heat. Pinnacle, 1973 R&J
Dead End Street. Pinnacle, 1973 R&J
Down and Dirty. Pinnacle, R&J
One Night Stand. Pinnacle, R&J
Subways Are for Killing. Pinnacle, 1973

MURRAY. ANDREW. 1880-1929. All titles feature Sexton Blake and published by Amalgamated Press.
Across the Divide. 1919
The Admiral's Secret. 1920
The Adventure of the Speed Mad Camden. 1928
Ambergris! 1921
The Barrier Reef Mystery. 1917
The Bathchair Mystery. 1919
The Beachcomber. 1920
Beyond the Law. 1922
The Black Bat. 1917
The Black Chrysanthenum. 1916
The Black Opal Mine. 1921
Blood-Brotherhood. 1920
The Broken Trail. 1919
The Case of the Amber Crown. 1923
The Case of the Burmese Dagger. 1919
The Case of the Cinema Star. 1921
The Case of the Cotton Beetle. 1923
The Case of the Master Organizer. 1923
The Case of the Mystery Millionaire. 1921
The Case of the Paralyzed Man. 1922
The Case of the Seaside Crooks. 1919
The Case of the Two Brothers. 1918
The Case of the Uncut Gems. 1922
The Case of the Undischarged Bankrupt. 1921
The Case of the Un-Named Film. 1922
The Case of the Woman in Black. 1922
The Catspaw. 1917
The Changeling. 1920
The City of Apes. 1921
A Convict by Proxy. 1919
The Crook's Double. 1923
The Ex-Soldier Employment Swindle. 1919
The Fatal Fortune. 1939 (reprint of ?)
The First-Born Son. 1919
The Golden Belts. 1916
The Great Explosion. 1922
The Half-Caste. 1917
The Head Hunter's Secret. 1920
The Hidden Message. 1921
His Excellency's Secret. 1916
Ill Gotten Gains. 1915
In the Midnight Express. 1920
Loot! 1919
The Luck of the Darrells. 1918
The Man Behind the Curtain. 1923
The Mandarin's Seal. 1919
The Man from Kura-Kura. 1920
The Man in the Grey Cowl. 1921
Marooned! 1921
The Missing Ships. 1918
The Mosque of the Mahdi. 1918
The Motor Coach Mystery. 1922
The Mystery of the Clock. 1922
The Mystery of the Hundred Chests. 1921
The Mystery of the Thousand Peaks. 1920
"North of 55°". 1923
Outcasts. 1919
The Oyster-Bed Mystery. 1923
The Palzer Experiment. 1920
The Prisoner of the Kremlin. 1922
The Rajah's Revenge. 1915
The Red Crescent. 1919
The Secret of Draker's Folly. 1917
The Secret of the Glacier. 1920
The Secret of the Green Lagoon. 1928
The Secret of the Hulk. 1918
The Secret of the Hunger Desert. 1920
Settler or Slaver. 1919
The Sheikh's Son. 1920
The Station Master's Secret. 1919
Tinker's Lone Hand. 1921
Vengeance. 1917
Victims of Villainy. 1916

MURRAY, AUDREY ALISON
The Blanket. Vanguard, 1957; Deutsch, 1957

MURRAY, CHARLES T.
Sub Rosa. Carleton, 1880

MURRAY, CROMWELL. Pseudonym of Murray Morgan, q.v.
Day of the Dead. McKay, 1946

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE. 1847-1907.
Bob Martin's Little Girl. Chatto
The Brangwyn Mystery. Long, 1906
A Dangerous Catspaw, with Henry Murray. Longmans, 1889
He Fell Among Thieves, with Henry Herman. Macmillan (London), 1891
In Direst Peril. Chatto, 1894
In His Grip. Long, 1907
The Investigations of John Pym. White, 1895
Paul Jones's Alias, with Henry Herman. Chatto, 1894 ss
A Race for Millions. Chatto, 1898
A Rogue's Conscience. Downey, 1897
Time's Revenges. Chatto, 1893; Fenno,
A Wasted Crime. Chatto, 1893

MURRAY, EDGAR JOYCE. All titles feature Sexton Blake and were published by Amalgamated Press. (1878-)
The Affair of the Phantom Car. 1925
The Calcroft Case. 1926
The Case of the Crimson Wizard. 1922
The Case of the Lone Plantation. 1926
The City of Masks. 1926
The Great Circus Mystery. 1924
The Legacy of Doom. 1925
The Mansion of Shadows. 1923
The Menace of the Silent Death. 1926
The Palace of Terror. 1927
The Pride of the Stable. 1921
The Riddle of the Golden Fingers. 1927
The Tangle of Terror. 1926

MURRAY, EDWARD
The Four Liars. Eyre, 1940

MURRAY, FIONA
Invitation to Danger. Hale, 1964
A Nice Day for Murder. Hale, 1971

MURRAY, INSPECTOR
The Bunco Steerers. Ogilvie, ca.1895
Joseph Prickett, The Scotland Yard Detective. Laird, 1888
The League of Guilt; or, A Great Detective's Greatest Case. Ogilvie, 1895

MURRAY, LIEUTENANT
The Dog Detective and His Young Master. Street, 1888

MURRAY, MAX. 1901-1956.
Breakfast with a Corpse. Joseph, 1956. U.S. title: A Corpse for Breakfast. Washburn, 1957
A Corpse for Breakfast; see Breakfast with a Corpse
The Doctor and the Corpse. Joseph, 1953; Farrar, 1952
Good Luck to the Corpse. Joseph, 1953; Farrar, 1951
The King and the Corpse. Joseph, 1949; Farrar, 1948
The Neat Little Corpse. Joseph, 1951; Farrar, 1950
No Duty on a Corpse. Joseph, 1950. U.S. title: The Queen and the Corpse. Farrar, 1949
The Queen and the Corpse; see No Duty on a Corpse
The Right Honorable Corpse. Joseph, 1952; Farrar, 1951
Royal Bed for a Corpse. Joseph, 1955; Farrar, 1955
The Sunshine Corpse. Joseph, 1954
Twilight at Dawn. Joseph, 1957
The Voice of the Corpse. Joseph, 1948; Farrar, 1947
Wait for a Corpse. Joseph, 1957; Washburn, 1957

MURRAY, PAUL
The Free Agent. Holt, 1952

MURRAY, SINCLAIR. Pseudonym of (Edward) Alan Sullivan, 1868-1947, q.v.
The Crucible. Bles, 1925

MURRAY, W(ILLIAM) H(UTCHISON)
Appointment in Tibet; see Five Frontiers
Dark Rose the Phoenix. Secker, 1965; McKay, 1965
Five Frontiers. Dent, 1959. U.S. title: Appointment in Tibet. Putnam, 1959
Maelstrom. Secker, 1962

MURRAY, WILLIAM. 1926-
The Killing Touch. Dutton, 1974

MUSTO, BARRY
Codename—Bastille. Hale, 1972
The Fatal Flaw. Hale, 1970
The Lawrence Barclay File. Hale, 1969
No Way Out. Hale, 1973
Storm Centre. Hale, 1970
The Weighted Scales. Hale, 1973

MUZZEY, VIRGINIA REYNOLDS
A Quiet Murder. Dorrance, 1973

MYERS, GEORGE L.
The American Duchess. Putnam, 1900 (Plagiarization of Headon Hill's The Queen of Night.)

MYERS, ISABEL BRIGGS
Give Me Death. Stokes, 1934; Gollancz, 1935
Murder Yet to Come. Stokes, 1930; Gollancz, 1930

MYLES, SIMON
Big Black. Tandem, 1974
Big Needle. Tandem, 1974

NABARRO, DERRICK
North from Singapore. Cassell, 1956
The Rod of Anger. Cassell, 1953

NABOKOFF-SIRIN, VLADIMIR
Despair. Long,

NAKAGAWA, KARL S.
The Rendezvous of Mysteries. Dorrance, 1928

NAPIER. GEOFFREY. Pseudonym of John Laffin.
Doorways to Danger. Abelard, 1966
A Very Special Agent. Funk, 1967
The Wrong Box. Dell, 1966 (Novelization of the movie based on Robert Louis Stevenson novel.)

NAPIER, MELISSA
The Possession of Elizabeth Calder. PB, 1973

NARCEJAC, THOMAS; see BOILEAU, PIERRE

NASH, ANNE. 1890-
Cabbages and Crime. Doubleday, 1945; Hammond, 1948
Death by Design. Doubleday, 1944; Hammond, 1954
Said with Flowers. Doubleday, 1943; Hammond, 1953
Unhappy Rendezvous. Doubleday, 1946; Hammond, 1951

NASH, CHANDLER. Pseudonym of Katherine Chandler Hunt
Murder Is My Shadow. Macmillan, 1959; Hale, 1960

NASH, FRANK. 1912-
The House Cried Murder. Phoenix, 1952

NASH, SIMON. Pseudonym of Raymond Chapman, 1924- . Series characters: Inspector Montero and Adam Ludlow, in all titles
Dead of a Counterplot. Bles, 1962
Dead Woman's Ditch. Bles, 1964; Roy, 1966
Death Over Deep Water. Bles, 1963; Roy, 1965
Killed by Scandal. Bles, 1962; Roy, 1964
Unhallowed Murder. Bles, 1966; Roy, 1967

NASIELSKI, ADAM
The Ace of Spades. Macdonald, 1939

NASON, LEONARD (HASTINGS). 1895-
Contact Mercury. Doubleday, 1946
The Man in the White Slicker. Doubleday, 1929

NAUGHTON, EDMUND
A Case in Madrid. Curtis, 1973

NAZEL, JOSEPH
Billion Dollar Death. Holloway, 1974 (Iceman #1)
Black is Black. Pinnacle, 1974
My Name is Black. Pinnacle, 1973
Slick Revenge. Holloway, 1974 (Iceman #2)

NEAL, ADELINE PHYLLIS. 1894- . Pseudonym: A. F. Grey, q.v.

NEBEL, FREDERICK
Fifty Roads to Town. Little, 1936; Cape, 1936
Six Deadly Dames. Avon pb, 1950 ss
Sleepers East. Little, 1933; Collins, 1934

NED, NEVADA
The King of Gold; or, The Mystery of the Lost Mine. Continental, 1891
Mexican Bill, The Cowboy Detective. Laird, 1889

NEELEY, DETA PETERSON
A Candidate for Hell. Meador, 1939
Through Devil's Gate, with Nathan Glen Neeley. Meador, 1941

NEELEY, NATHAN GLEN. See NEELEY, DETA PETERSON

NEELEY, RICHARD
Death to My Beloved. Signet, 1969
The Plastic Nightmare. Ace, 1970; Hale, 1971
The Sexton Woman. Putnam, 1973; Barker, 1974
The Smith Conspiracy. Signet, 1972
The Walter Syndrome. McCall, 1970; Souvenir, 1971
While Love Lay Sleeping. Ace, 1969; Hale, 1970

NEGULESCO, BRIAN
The Woman from A.U.N.T. Exposition, 1970

NEIDER, CHARLES
The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones. Muller, 1957

NEIDIG, WILLIAM JONATHAN
The Fire Flingers. Dodd, 1919

NEIL, JOHN
The Man of Mystery. Gray

NELMS, HENNING. Pseudonym: Hake Talbot, q.v.

NELSON, CHOLMONDELEY. 1903-
Barren Harvest. Doubleday, 1949

NELSON, COUTTS
What Old Father Thames Said. Tinsley, 1876

NELSON, HUGH LAWRENCE. 1907- . Series characters: Steve Johnson = SJ; Jim Dunn = JD
The Copper Lady. Rinehart, 1947; Barker, 1949 SJ
Dark Echo. Rinehart, 1949; Barker, 1949 SJ
Dead Giveaway. Rinehart, 1950; Barker, 1951 SJ
The Fence. Rinehart, 1953 JD
Fountain of Death. Rinehart, 1948; Barker, 1949 SJ
Gold in Every Grave. Rinehart, 1951; Barker, 1953 JD
Island of Escape. Rinehart, 1948
Kill with Care. Rinehart, 1953 JD
Murder Comes High. Rinehart, 1950; Barker, 1952 JD
Ring the Bell at Zero. Rinehart, 1949; Barker, 1950 JD
The Season for Murder. Rinehart, 1952; Benn, 1956 JD
The Sleep is Deep. Rinehart, 1952; Benn, 1955 JD
Suspect. Rinehart, 1954 JD
The Title is Murder. Rinehart, 1947; Barker, 1947 SJ

NELSON, JACK A.
The Paraiacker. Paperback Library, 1974

NELSON, MARG
Mystery at Little Squaw River. Berkley, 1966

NELSON, MOLLY
Terror in Exton. Modern Fiction, 1946

NESBIT, E.
Something Wrong. Innes, 1893 ss

NESS, TOM T. Pseudonym of Thomas L. Thienes
Short of Murder. Phoenix, 1948

NETTELL, RICHARD
Girl in Blue Pants. Hodder, 1967

NETTSON, KLAUS (Killers series)
The Churchill Mission. Pinnacle, 1974 (#2)
Mission into Auschwitz. Pinnacle, 1974 (#3)
To Win and to Lose. Mayflower, 1974

NEUBAUER, WILLIAM
The Golden Heel. Arcadia, 1965
This Darkling Love. Arcadia, 1966

NEUMANN, ROBERT
The Inquest. Dutton, 1945; Hutchinson, 1944

NEVILLE, ALLISON BARBARA. Pseudonym: Edward Candy, q.v.

NEVILLE, MARGOT. Joint pseudonym of Margot Goyder, 1903- , and Neville Goyder Joske, 1893- . Series character: Inspector Grogan, in at least those titles marked IG
Come See Me Die. Bles, 1963
Come, Thick Night. Bles, 1951. U.S. title (?): Divining Rod for Murder. Doubleday, 1952
Confession of Murder. Bles, 1960 IG
Divining Rod for Murder; see Come, Thick Night
Drop Dead. Bles, 1962
The Flame of Murder. Bles, 1958
The Hateful Voyage. Bles, 1956
Head on the Sill. Bles, 1966
Ladies in the Dark. Bles, 1965
Lena Hates Men. Arcadia, 1943 (British title?)
Murder and Gardenias. Bles, 1946
Murder and Poor Jenny. Bles, 1954 IG
Murder Before Marriage. Bles, 1951; Doubleday, 1951 IG
Murder Beyond the Pale. Bles, 1961
Murder in a Blue Moon. Bles, 1948; Doubleday, 1949 IG
Murder in Rockwater. Bles, 1944
Murder of a Nymph. Bles, 1949; Doubleday, 1950 IG
Murder of Olympia. Bles, 1956 IG
Murder of the Well-Beloved. Bles, 1953; Doubleday, 1953 IG
Murder to Welcome Her. Bles, 1957
My Bad Boy. Bles, 1964 IG
The Seagull Said Murder. Bles, 1952 IG
Sweet Night for Murder. Bles, 1959 IG

NEW, CLARENCE HERBERT. 1862-
The Unseen Hand. Doubleday, 1918

NEWBERRY, PERRY. 1870-1938. See MacGOWAN, ALICE, 1858-

NEWBY, PERCY HOWARD
The Loot Runners. Lehmann, 1949

NEWELL, AUDREY
Murder Is Not Mute. Macrae Smith, 1940
Who Killed Cavellotti? Century, 1930

NEWKIRK, NEWTON
Stealthy Steve, the Six-Eyed Sleuth: His Quest of the Big Blue Diamond. A Satirical Detective Story. Luce, 1904

NEWLAND, N. M.
Walk to Your Grave. Phoenix, 1951

NEWMAN, BERNARD (CHARLES). 1897- Pseudonym: Don Betteridge, q.v.
Black Market. Gollancz, 1942
Centre Court Murder. Gollancz, 1951
Cup Final Murder. Gollancz, 1950
Dead Man Murder. Gollancz, 1946
Death at Lord's. Gollancz, 1952
Death in the Valley. Search Pub., 1934
Death of a Harlot. Laurie, 1934; Godwin, 1935
Death to the Fifth Column. Gollancz, 1941
Death to the Spy. Gollancz, 1939
Death Under Gibralter. Gollancz, 1938
Double Menace. Hale, 1954
German Spy. Gollancz, 1936; Hillman-Curl, 1936
Lady Doctor—Woman Spy. Hutchinson, 1937
Maginot Line Murder. Gollancz, 1939. U.S. title: Papa Pontivy and the Maginot Murder. Holt, 1940
Moscow Murder. Gollancz, 1948
Mussolini Murder Plot. Hutchinson, 1936; Hillman-Curl, 1936
Operation Barbarossa. Hale, 1956
The Otan Plot. Hale, 1957
Papa Pontivy and the Maginot Murder; see Maginot Line Murder
Second Front—First Spy. Gollancz, 1944
Secret Servant. Gollancz, 1935; Hillman-Curl, 1936
Secret Weapon. Gollancz, 1941
Shoot! Gollancz, 1949
Siegfred Spy. Gollancz, 1940
Silver Greyhound. Hale, 1960
Spy. Gollancz, 1935; Appleton, 1935
The Spy at Number 10. Hale, 1965
Spy Catchers. Gollancz, 1945 ss
The Spy in the Brown Derby. Gollancz, 1945
Taken at the Flood. Hale, 1958
This is Your Life. Hale, 1963
The Wishful Think. Hale, 1954

NEWMAN, G. E. Series character: Terry Sneed
The Price. New English Library, 1974
Sir, You Bastard. Allen, 1970; Simon, 1971
The Split. New English Library, 1973
You Nice Bastard. New English Library, 1972

NEWMAN, MARGARET
Murder to Music. Long, 1959

NEWMAN, ROBERT
The Enchanter. Paperback Library, 1967

NEWMAN, RONALD M.
The Man with a Million Pounds. Hutchinson, 1923

NEWMAN, TERENCE
Aftermath of Murder. Blackfriars, 1947
Raphael Resurrection. Eyre, 1954

NEWNHAM-DAVIS, LT. COL. N.
"Baby" Wilkinson's V.C. and other stories. Downey, 1899 ss

NEWTON, (WILFRID) DOUGLAS. 1884- . Which of these are adult crime fiction?
The Beggar and other stories. Washbourne, 1933 ss
Black Finger. Mellifont, 1940
The Brute. Cassell, 1928; Appleton, 1924
The Crime Specialist. Mellifont, 1942
Dark Pathway. Cassell, 1938
Double Crossed. Appleton, 1922
Dr. Odin. Cassell, 1933
Eyes of Men. Cassell, 1928
Falcon of the Foreign Office. Mellifront, 1940
The Golden Cat. Cassell, 1930
Green Ladies. Hurst, 1919
I, Savaran! Cassell, 1937
Infinite Morning. Cassell, 1938
The Jade-Green Carter, Cassell, 1929
Laughing Gangster. Pemberton, 1948
The Lover Who Lost Himself. Gramol, 1933
Low Ceilings. Appleton, 1921
Marie Vee. Cassell. 1924
Marked Woman. Eldon, 1949
Of Six Suspects. Mitre, 1944
The Red Judas. Cassell, 1934
Savaran and the Great Sand. Cassell, 1939
The Sixth Director. Fiction House, 1943
Sookey. Cassell, 1925
The Witch of Nun. Cassell, 1936

NEWTON, WATSON JAMES
Cupid and the Creeds. Neale, 1900

NIALL, MICHAEL. Pseudonym of Howard Breslin
Bad Day at Black Rock. GM, 1954
Run Like a Thief. Mill, 1962; Boardman, 1963

NICHOLAS, JEROME
The Asbestos Mask. Hodder, 1948
Deirdre. Hodder, 1952
Salute to Tomorrow. Hodder, 1949
Whispering Steel. Hodder, 1949
The Widow's Peak. Hodder, 1946

NICHOLAS, ROBERT
The White Shroud. Collins, 1961

NICHOLS, (JOHN) BEVERLEY. 1899- . Series character: Horatio Green, in all titles
Death to Slow Music. Hutchinson, 1956; Dutton, 1956
The Moonflower. Hutchinson, 1955. U.S. title: The Moonflower Murder. Dutton, 1955
The Moonflower Murder; see The Moonflower
Murder by Request. Hutchinson, 1960; Dutton, 1960
No Man's Street. Hutchinson, 1954; Dutton, 1954
The Rich Die Hard. Hutchinson, 1958; Dutton, 1958

NICHOLS, FAN. Pseudonym of Frances Nichols Hanna
Be Silent, Love. Simon, 1956
Caged. GM, 1959
The Loner. Simon, 1956; Boardman, 1957

NICHOLS, PETER. Pseudonym
Patchwork of Death. Holt, 1965; Hale, 1967

NICHOLS, SARAH
Grave's Company. Popular Library, 1975
House of Rancour. Popular Library, 1974
Satan's Spring. Popular Library, 1974
That Dark Inn. Curtis, 1973
The Very Dead of Winter. Popular Library, 1974
Widow's Walk. Curtis, 1972

NICHOLSON, JOHN
Costello—Psychic Investigator. Stockwell

NICHOLSON, KATE
Hook, Line and Sinker. Bles, 1966

NICHOLSON, MEREDITH
The House of a Thousand Candles. Bobbs, 1905
The Port of Missing Men. Bobbs, 1907
The Seige of Seven Suitors. Houghton, 1910; Constable, 1910

NICOLAI, CHARLES. Series character: John Nolan, in all titles
Death at Chestnut Hill. Hammond,
A Killer is Loose. Hammond,
Murder in the Fine Arts. Hammond, 1964

NICOLAS, F. R. E. Pseudonym of Nicolas Freeling q.v.
Valparaiso. Gollancz, 1964; Harper, 1964, as by Nicolas Freeling

NICOLE, CHRISTOPHER. Pseudonym: Andrew York, q.v.

NICOLE, CLAUDETTE
Bloodroots Manor. GM, 1970
The Chinese Letter. Popular Library, 1973
The Dark Mill. GM, 1970
The Haunting of Drumroe. GM, 1970
House at Hawk's End. GM, 1970
The Mistress of Orion Hall. GM, 1970

NICOLET, CHARLES CATHCART. 1900-
Death of a Bridge Expert. Simon, 1932; Gollancz, 1933

NICOLSON, JOHN URBAN. 1885-
Fingers of Fear. Covici, 1937

NIELSEN, HELEN. 1918-
After Midnight. Morrow, 1966; Gollancz, 1967
Borrow the Night. Morrow, 1956; Gollancz, 1956. Also published as: Seven Days Before Dying. Dell, 195 .
The Crime is Murder. Morrow, 1956; Gollancz, 1957
The Darkest Hour. Morrow, 1969; Gollancz, 1969
Dead on the Level; see Gold Coast Nocturne
Detour. Washburn, 1953. Also published as: Detour to Death. Dell, 195 .
Detour to Death; see Detour
False Witness. Ballantine pb, 1959
The Fifth Caller. Morrow, 1959; Gollancz, 1959

Gold Coast Nocturne. Washburn, 1951. British title: Murder by Proxy. Gollancz, 1952. Also published as: Dead on the Level. Dell, 195 .
A Killer in the Street. Morrow, 1967; Gollancz, 1967
The Kind Man. Washburn, 1951; Gollancz, 1951
Murder by Proxy; see Gold Coast Nocturne
Obit Delayed. Washburn, 1952; Gollancz, 1953
Seven Days Before Dying; see Borrow the Night
The Severed Key. Gollancz, 1973
Shot on Location. Morrow, 1971; Gollancz, 1971
Sing Me a Murder. Morrow, 1960; Gollancz, 1960
Stranger in the Dark. Washburn, 1955; Gollancz, 1956
Verdict Suspended. Morrow, 1964; Gollancz, 1965
Woman Missing and other stories. Ace pb, 1961 ss
The Woman on the Roof. Washburn, 1954; Gollancz, 1955

NIELSEN, VIRGINIA. 1909-
Dangerous Dream. Bouregy, 1961
The Mystery of Fyfe House. Bouregy, 1961

NIGHTINGALE, URSULA
Devil Tower. Popular Library, 1971

NILE, DOROTHEA. Pseudonym of Michael Avallone, 1924- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Mark Dane, Steve Michaels, Jean-Anne De Pre, Edwina Noone, Sidney Stuart, qq.v.
The Evil Men Do. Tower pb, 1966
Mistress of Farrondale. Tower pb, 1966
Terror at Deepcliff. Tower pb, 1966
The Third Shadow. Avon pb, 1973
The Vampire Cameo. Lancer pb, 1968

NISBET, HUME. 1849-1921?
Children of Hermes. Hurst, 1901
Comrades of the Black Cross. White, 1899
The Revenge of Valerie. White, 1900
A Singular Crime. White, 1894

NISOT, (MAVIS) ELIZABETH (HOCKING). 1893- Pseudonym: William Penmare, q.v.
Alixe Derring. Paul, 1934
Extenuating Circumstances. Paul, 1937
False Witness. Paul, 1938
Hazardous Holiday. Paul, 1936
Shortly Before Midnight. Paul, 1933
The Sleepless Men. Doubleday, 1959
Twelve to Dine. Paul, 1935
Unnatural Deeds. Paul, 1939

NISTLER, ERWIN N. and GERRY P. BRODERICK
Roadside Night. Pyramid, 1963

NITSUA, BENJAMIN. Pseudonym of Benjamin Fish Austin
The Mystery of Ashton Hall. Austin, 1910

NIXON, ALAN
The Attack on Vienna. Bodley Head, 1971; St. Martin's, 1972
Item 7. Bodley Head, 1970; Simon, 1971

NIXON, ALLAN. Series character: Garrity = G
Get Garrity. Avon, G
Go For Garrity. Avon, 1970 G
Good Night, Garrity. Avon, 1969 G
The Scavengers. Avon, 1969

NOBLE, EDWARD
The Issue. Doubleday, 1907
Shadows from the Thames. Pearson, 1901

NOBLE, VERNON
The Parachute Mystery.

NOEL. L. Pseudonym of Leonard Barker, 1882-
Lady All Alone. Paul, 1936
Mystery Street. Paul, 1930

NOEL, STERLING. 1903-
Chain of Death; see Hydra-Head
Death Do Us Part. Boardman, 1959
Empire of Evil. Avon, 1961
Few Die Well. Farrar, 1953; Hale, 1954
House of Secrets. Deutsch, 1956
Hydra-Head. Boardman, 1955. Also published as: Chain of Death. Corgi, 1958
I Killed Stalin. Farrar, 1951; Hale, 1952
Intrigue in Paris; see Storm over Paris
Run for Your Life. Avon, 1958
Storm Over Paris. Farrar, 1955. Also published as: Intrigue in Paris. Avon

NOLAN, FREDERICK
The Algonquin Project. Morrow, 1974
Kill Petrosino. Barker, 1975
No Place to be a Cop. Barker, 1974
The Oshawa Project. Barker, 1974
The Ritter Double-Cross. Barker, 1974

NOLAN, JAMES VINCENT
Meet Mike Desmond. Grafton, 1946
Murder Strikes Twice. Grafton, 1946
Murder Walks Alone. Grafton, 1945

NOLAN, JEANETTE COVERT. 1896-
A Fearful Way to Die. Washburn, 1956; Muller, 1957
Final Appearance. Duell, 1943; Collins, 1943
I Can't Die Here. Messner, 1945
Profile in Gilt. Funk, 1941
Sudden Squall. Washburn, 1955; Muller, 1956
Where Secrecy Begins. Long, 1938

NOLAN, WILLIAM F. Series character: Bart Challis = BC
Death is For Losers. Sherbourne, 1968 BC
Impact-20. Paperback Library, 1963 ss, some criminous
Space for Hire. Lancer, 1971 (sf private eye novel)
The White Cad Cross-Up. Sherbourne, 1969 BC

NONWEILER, ARVILLE
Murder on the Pike. Phoenix, 1944

NOONE, EDWINA. Pseudonym of Michael Avallone, 1924- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: Mark Dane, Jean-Anne De Pre, Steve Michaels, Dorothea Nile, Sidney Stuart, qq.v.
The Cloisonne Vase. Curtis pb, 1970
The Craghold Creatures. Beagle pb, 1972
The Craghold Crypt. Curtis pb, 1973
The Craghold Curse. Beagle pb, 1972
The Craghold Legacy. Beagle pb, 1971
Corridor of Whispers. Ace pb, 1965
Dark Cypress. Ace pb, 1965
Daughter of Darkness. Signet pb, 1966

Heirloom of Tragedy. Lancer pb, 1965
Seacliffe. Signet pb, 1968
The Second Secret. Belmont pb, 1966
The Victorian Crown. Belmont pb, 1966

NOONE, JOHN
The Man with the Chocolate Egg. Grove, 1966

NORDEN, ERIC
The Ultimate Solution. Paperback Library, 1973

NORHAM, GERALD
The Exporters. Hale, 1972
Gallows March. Hale, 1971
A Question of Coercion. Hale, 1972

NORMAN, BARRY
The Hounds of Sparta. Allen, 1967
The Matter of Mandrake. Allen, 1966; Walker, 1968

NORMAN, BRUCE. Are these all adult crime fiction?
The Black Pawn. Arrowsmith, 1927; Dial, 1927
"Late of London Wall..." Arrowsmith, 1931
The Luck of Jocelyn Pinner, R.N. Arrowsmith, 1931
The Thousand Hands. Arrowsmith, 1926; Dial, 1927

NORMAN, EARL. Series character: Burns Bannion, in all titles
Kill Me in Atami. Berkley pb, 1962
Kill Me in Shimbashi. Berkley pb, 1959
Kill Me in Shinjuku. Berkley pb, 1961
Kill Me in Tokyo. Berkley pb, 1959
Kill Me in Yokohama. Berkley pb, 1960
Kill Me in Yoshiwara. Berkley pb, 1961
Kill Me on the Ginza. Berkley pb, 1962

NORMAN, JAMES. Pseudonym of James Norman Schmidt, 1912-
An Inch of Time. Morrow, 1942; Joseph, 1945
Murder Chop Chop. Morrow, 1941; Joseph, 1943
The Nightwalkers. Ziff-Davis, 1946; Joseph, 1948

NORO, FRED
Do No Evil. International Publishers, 1969

NORRIS, KATHLEEN
The Black Flemings. Doubleday, 1926; Murray, 1926. Also published as: Gabrielle. Paperback Library, 1965
Gabrielle; see The Black Flemings
Mystery House. Doubleday, 1939
The Mystery of Pine Point. Murray, 1936 (U.S. title?)
Romance at Hillyard House; see The Secrets of Hillyard House
The Secret of the Marshbanks. Doubleday, 1940; Murray, 1940
The Secrets of Hilliard House. Doubleday, 1947. British title: Romance at Hillyard House. Murray, 1948

NORRIS, STANLEY
For His Friend's Honor. Street, 1900

NORRIS, WILLIAM EDWARD. 1847-1925.
Baffled Conspirators. Lovell, 1890; Blackett, 1890
Not Guilty. Brentano's, 1910; Constable, 191C
Troubled Wanton. Brentano's, 1916; Constable, 1915

NORSWORTHY, GEORGE
Casino. Low, 1934
Crime at the Villa Gloria. Low, 1936; Greenberg, 1936
Dames-Errant. Low, 1935
The Hartness Millions. Low, 1936
A House-Party Mystery. Low, 1935
Murder at Mulberry Cottage. Low, 1937
Murder in Sussex. Hutchinson, 1940

NORTH, ANTHONY
Strike Deep. Dial, 1974

NORTH, BARCLAY. Pseudonym of William C(adwalader) Hudson, 1843-1915, q.v.
The Diamond Button: Whose Was It? Mershon, 1889; Cassell, 1889
The Dugdale Millions. Street, ; Cassell, 1891
520 Per Cent; or, The Great Franklin Syndicate. Street, ca. 1897
Linked to Crime. Street (Magnet)
The Man with a Thumb. Street (Magnet); Cassell, 1891
The Stevedore Mystery. Street (Magnet)

NORTH, ERIC. Pseudonym of Bernard Cronin, 1884- . Other pseudonym: Dennis Adair, q.v.
A Chip on My Shoulder. Dobson, 1956; Roy, 1956
The Name is Smith. Dobson, 1957; Roy, 1957
Nobody Stops Me. Dobson, 1960; Roy, 1960

NORTH, GIL. Pseudonym of Geoffrey Horne, 1916- , q.v. Series character: Sgt. Cluff, in all titles.
The Confounding of Sergeant Cluff. Chapman, 1966
The Methods of Sergeant Cluff. Chapman, 1961
More Deaths for Sergeant Cluff. Chapman, 1963
No Choice for Sergeant Cluff. Eyre, 1971
The Procrastination of Sergeant Cluff. Eyre, 1969
Sergeant Cluff and the Day of Reckoning. Chapman, 1967
Sergeant Cluff and the Madmen. Chapman, 1964
Sergeant Cluff and the Price of Pity. Chapman, 1965
Sergeant Cluff Goes Fishing. Chapman, 1962
Sergeant Cluff Rings True. Eyre, 1972
Sergeant Cluff Stands Firm. Chapman, 1960

NORTH, GILBERT CHARLES
Beware of the Dog. Morrow, 1939. British title: Out of the Dog House. Cassell, 1940

NORTH, JESSICA
The High Valley. Random, 1973; Heinemann, 1974

NORTH, WILLIAM. 1869- Pseudonym: Ralph Rodd, q.v.

NORTON, ALICE MARY. Joint pseudonym with Grace Allen Hogarth: Allen Weston, q.v.

NORTON, BROWNING and CHARLES A. LANDOLF
I Prefer Murder. Graphic, 1956