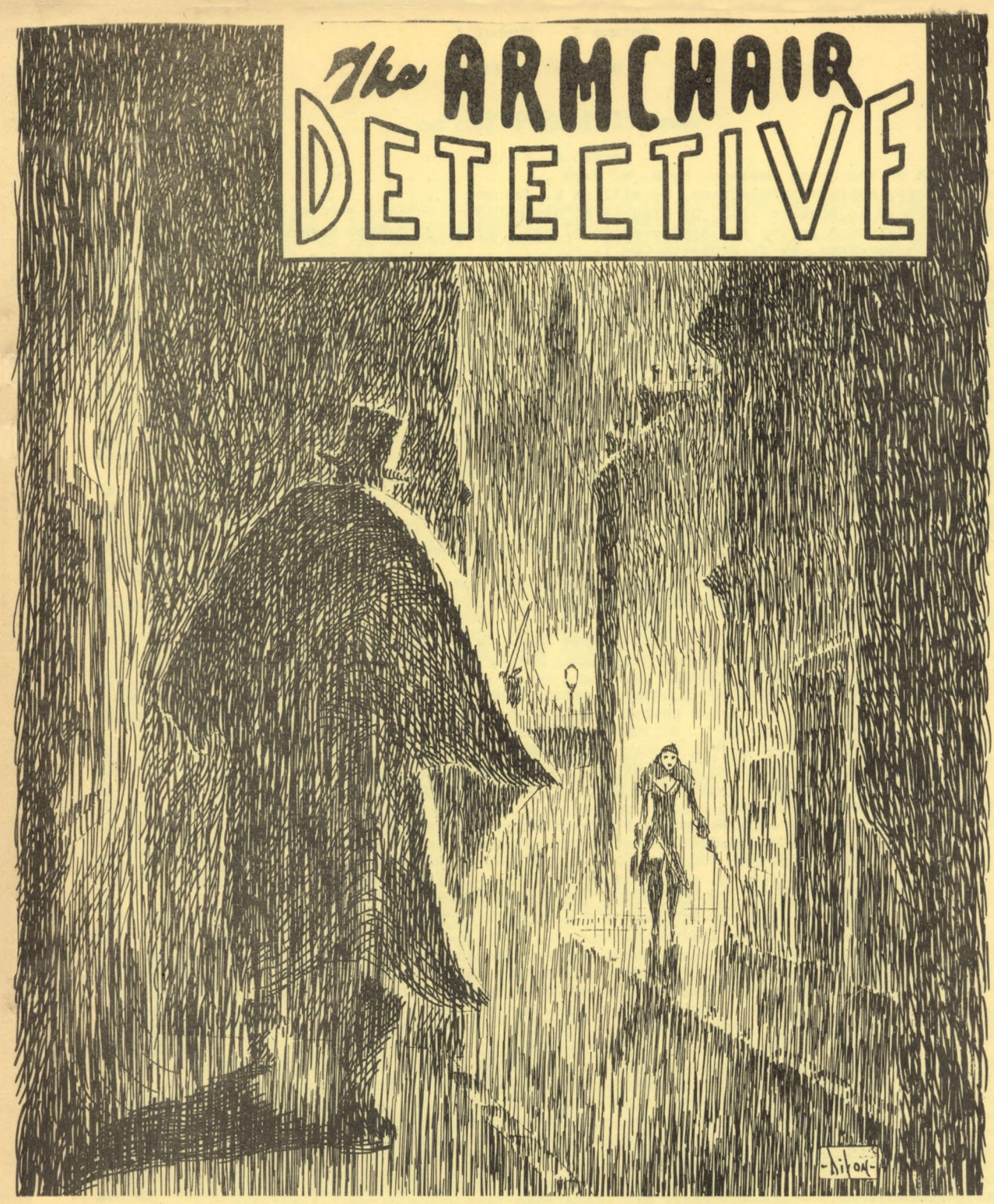
The ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE



A QUARTERLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE APPRECIATION
OF
MYSTERY, DETECTIVE AND SUSPENSE FICTION

Volume 7 Number 1

Volume 7 Number 1

November 1973

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Cover artwork by William Dixon. Subscription: $6 U.S.; $7 elsewhere; next deadline: Jan. 15, 1974. Submissions welcome.

THE CLUE OF THE DYING MESSAGE

by R. W. Hays

Recent publications contain numerous references to the use of the dying message in detective fiction, but I know of no systematic study that compares, for example, with Donald A. Yates's treatment of the locked-room puzzle.[1] A difficulty in discussing the dying-message clue is the necessity of giving away the solutions to the mysteries of many of the stories under consideration. The reader is hereby warned that the present essay reveals a number of solutions, some directly and some indirectly. The discussion will deal only with cases in which the dying message is given by a murder victim and in which the investigators' purpose is to use the message as a clue to some important factor in the murder, usually the identity of the murderer. Killings that do not fall into the legal classification of murder are included, but stories in which,,for example, a man dying of natural causes attempts to tell where he has hidden his money or his will are not dealt with here -- not because their classification would lack intrinsic importance, but because a discussion such as this, that attempts to break new ground, has a better chance of saying something worthwhile if it limits its scope. No claim is made here to anything approaching completeness or difinitiveness, but the following considerations may provide a foundation on which further conclusions may be built.

The dying-message clue is perhaps unusual in being a common and important detective-story device that was not originated or used by Edgar Allan Poe.[2] Neither did such outstanding writers as Gilbert K. Chesterton and Melville Davisson Post show much interest in it. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle used it in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," and "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane."[3] The acknowledged master of the device is Ellery Queen, including his alter ego, Barnaby Ross, while second place must surely be accorded to John Dickson Carr.

In classifying dying messages, consideration will first be given to cases in which another character arrives on the scene before the victim has died, and the victim is able to speak. For convenience, I shall use "he" throughout this essay, rather than the strictly correct "he or she." In this first type of case, the question immediately arises, why does the victim not simply name his murderer, thus at once putting an end to the investigation, or at least shortening it considerably and eliminating most of the interest? Parodies have been written in which the victim has no reason, but the serious writer must provide an answer to the question. All or most of the following suggestions have been used by respectable writers.

1. The victim does not know who the murderer is.

(a) The victim does not even realize that an attempt at murder has taken place. A good recent example is "Mr. Strang Hunts a Bear," by William Brittain.[4]

(b) The victim knows that he has been fatally attacked or otherwise molested -- e.g., poisoned -- but does not know who is responsible. In this case, it is difficult to incorporate a useful clue into the message, but there are still possibilities. For example, the victim might be able to describe some article he had seen in the murderer's possession, although he had not seen the murderer's face, or he might give some piece of information about the murder method that would in turn yield a clue to the murderer's identity. Can any reader locate a good illustration?

(c) The victim saw the murderer but did not know or did not recognize him. A further subdivision of this category includes cases in which the victim, misled by disguise, similarity of appearance, or otherwise, mistook the murderer for someone else.

2. The victim gives the murderer's name, or equivalent identification, but is misunderstood. This idea has been shown to be capable of especially brilliant variations.

(a) The victim is able to give only an incomplete version of the name, and this version conveys a wrong idea. A classic example occurs in Dashiell Hammett's Red Harvest (Knopf, 1929).

(b) The victim pronounces the name in a foreign way. Carr's Patrick Butler for the Defence (Harper, 1956) provides a brilliant example. Queen has used the idea in a story involving a victim with an English cockney accent.

(c) The victim gives a name that is clearly understood, but might have a good reason, other than identification of the murderer, for mentioning the name. A good example is in Mignon G. Eberhart's Fair Warning (Collins, 1936), in which the victim's words, "Get Graham," are ignored as a clue, because Graham is a physician. The title of this book seems to have little to do with the plot and apparently refers to the warning given to the reader by this clue. Agatha Christie used the same idea in The Mysterious Affair at Styles (Lane. 1920) and The Seven Dials Mystery (Collins, 1929), with a double twist in the latter. Another occurrence is in Sarah G. Millin's Three Men Die (Harper, 1934).

(d) As in the category just mentioned, the victim makes an unequivocal referen-

ce, but the evidence seems to show that the person named cannot be guilty. This trick is especially well performed in Carr's The Three Coffins (Harper, 1935).

3. A story that appeared a good many years ago in This Week magazine concerned a situation in which the victim gives a complex and obscure clue because, if he gave direct information, the murderer would hear him and kill the only other witness. The story involved the name "Ramshill," in which each letter is the initial letter of some motive for murder; the victim's reference to the sixth letter conveys the information that the motive in this case is inheritance. Can any reader identify the story by author and title? It is not suggested, of course, that this story contains the only use of this plot device.

4. The victim wishes to shield the murderer, either because the latter is closely related to the victim himself or to someone the victim holds dear, or as part of the gangster "code." The latter motive has functioned in real life, for example in connection with the murders of Arnold Rothstein and of one of the victims of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. James Thurber has employed an amusing fictional adaptation of the idea.[5] In this category, the clue may lie in the absence, rather than the particulars, of the message.

5. The victim rambles on in a state of shock or speaks the murderer's name in a voice too weak to be heard. This situation, possible enough in real life, seems to me to constitue a cheap and illegitimate trick in a detective story, as when, in one of Queen's later novels, a victim indicates that his murderer is a movie actor but cannot give his name, or when, in a story by H. F. Heard, a dying woman, instead of naming her murderer, connects the crime with an incident involving a crayfish.[6] Christie's Why Didn't They Ask Evans? (Collins, 1934) American Title: The Boomerang Clue) is open to similar criticism, although the clue is so ingenious and amusing as to constitute partial justification. Her The Big Four (Collins, 1927) is a worse offender, since one of the two words that Captain Hastings thinks he hears, turns out not be part of the message at all, although the other word may be thought to provide a legitimate clue. An incident in Ross's Tragedy of Z (Cassell, 1933) seems at first glance to fall under this same general heading, but in this case, the victim's words prove to be innocuous: the real clue, an exceptionally fine one, lies in the victim's being alive and able to speak, although the murderer had left him for dead.

6. Hammett, in his story "Fly Paper,"[7] has produced a variation in which a dying woman mentions a name in a context implying that she has named her murderer, but in fact means something different.

7. Post used his legal knowledge in "The Virgin of the Mountain,"[8] which contains a situation in which the victim gives his murderer's name, but the dying statement cannot be used in evidence. Two experienced lawyers realize that it cannot, but a younger lawyer fails to do so. Judge Paul R. Hays, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, tells me that on this last point the story is unrealistic, since the legal issue involved is so elementary that no lawyer could overlook it.

Cases in which the supposed dying message is delivered over the telephone lend themselves particularly well to the use of false clues, but do not seem to constitute a basically distinct category. Cases in which another character arrives while the victim is still living, but finds him unable to speak, are not in principle distinguishable from those in which the victim dies alone. The next broad category, therefore, consists of cases in which the victim is alone or cannot speak, but has access to writing materials. These may be of a normal variety or otherwise. Queen has written a story in which the victim uses his own blood to write on a mirror and another in which he carves with a knife on a wooden desk-top, and Jon L. Breen has recently had a dying man use a baseball message board.[9] So long as words or some similar symbols are used, the nature of the writing materials does not affect the general classification. Here again the question arises, why not simply give the murderer's name?

1. a,b,c. The same answers apply as in the situation discussed above.

2. a. The victim starts to write the name but cannot finish. As with a spoken name, the unfinished version must convey some incorrect meaning, or the clue becomes too obvious. Queen has used this idea.

b. The victim gives an incorrect or obscure version of the name, for example, by using a foreign alphabet.

3. The victim does not try to write the murderer's name because

a. The victim is afraid of not being able to complete the name and thinks of a shorter clue.

b. The victim is afraid of not being able to complete the name and realizes that an incomplete version might be taken as pointing to the wrong person. Queen has used this idea too, in a fantastically unbelievable story, originally a radio play. In this example, the detectives see the victim's reason for not starting a name, but this does not help them, since each of the four suspects in the case has names, both first and last, that start with the same three letters as the name of another suspect.

c. The murderer is still present, or will return, and will destroy any clue he sees. The victim must therefore write something that others will understand, but not the

murderer.

d. The murderer is known; the victim wishes to convey another piece of information about the crime. A superb example of this situation appears in Queen's The Scarlet Letters (Gollancz, 1953).

[e. A facetious interpolation: has anyone ever written a story in which the victim does not try to write his murderer's name because he does not know how to spell it?]

In the third and last broad category, the victim is alone or cannot speak, has no writing materials, and so must concoct a clue out of whatever is at hand. An obvious possibility is the use of one of the graphic arts, and again Queen has tried the idea: in "The Adventure of the Bearded Lady,"[10] the victim leaves a clue by painting a beard on the face of a woman in an unfinished picture. Another writer has similarly used sand sculpture. In Queen's The Siamese Twin Mystery (Stokes, 1933) and H. H. Holmes's (Anthony Boucher's) "Coffin Corner,"[11] a pack of playing cards provides the medium for information. In the latter story, the main clue is delightful, but it is regrettably easy to think of a simpler way to leave the same clue. In Ross's Tragedy of X (Cassell, 1932), a victim leaves a clue by the position of his fingers. A recent horror story concerns a dying policeman who cuts on his own face scars similar to his murderer's. The variations seem limitless, and the situation lends itself particularly well to the use of the false or planted clue, as in The Siamese Twin Mystery and Queen's "The Adventure of the Glass-Domed Clock."[12]

This essay could easily be extended, more variations suggested, more illustrations found -- for example, by comgining two or more classifications. No more is intended here than a preliminary investigation that may perhaps be of some interest and usefulness.

NOTES

1. "An Essay on Locked Rooms," in The Mystery Writer's Art, ed. Francis M. Nevins, Jr. (Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1970).
2. See Robert A. W. Lawndes, "The Contributions of Edgar Allan Poe," and J. R. Christopher, "Poe and the Tradition of the Detective Story," in The Mystery Writer's Art.
3. The first two of these stories are in The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (1892), the third in The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes (1927).
4. Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, Vol. 58, No. 5, Whole No. 336 (Nov. 1971).
5. "The Remarkable Case of Mr. Bruhl,: The Thurber Carnival (Harper, 1945), reprinted from The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze.
6. "The Crayfish," in The Great Fog and Other Weird Tales (Vanguard, 1934).
7. In The Big Knockover: Selected Stories and Short Novels, ed. and with an introduction by Lillian Hellman (Random House, 1966).
8. In The Corrector of Destinies: Being Tales of Randolph Mason as Related by His Private' Secretary, Courtlandt Parks (Edward J. Clode, 1908).
9. "Diamond Dick," EQMM, Vol. 58, No. 4, Whole No. 335 (Oct. 1971).
10. In The Adventures of Ellery Queen (Stokes, 1934).
11. In The Female of the Species: The Great Women Detectives and Criminals, ed. Ellery Queen (Little, Brown, 1943).
12. In The Adventures of Ellery Queen.

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MOVIE NOTE

Manhattan Melodrama (MGM, 1934). Director: W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by David O. Selznick; screenplay by Oliver H. P. Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz from a story by Arthur Caesar; camera: James Wong Howe; special effects: Slavko Vorkapich; song "The Bad in Every Man" by Rodgers and Hart (later rewritten as "Blue Moon"). With: Clark Gable, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, George Sidney, Isabel Jewell, Muriel Evans, Thomas Jackson, Claudelle Kaye, Frank Conroy, Mickey Rooney, Noel Madison, Jimmy Butler, Samuel S. Hinds, Sam McDaniel, Leonid Kinskey, Wade Boteler, Emmet Vogan, Philo McCullough, Edward Van Sloan, Dot Farley, Vernon Dent, Shirley Ross.

Famous as the film that Dillinger sneaked out of hiding to see before being mown down in an FBI ambush, Manhattan Melodrama is typical of the kind of film that (unfairly) caused Van Dyke to be dismissed as just a slick Hollywood director. Its plot is high-powered soap opera, filled with larger than life characters, an ultra-busy canvas, and quite unbelievable nobility from all concerned. It is also undeniably slick and glossy. But it is also an incredibly fast-paced and well-made film, full of solid craftsmanship. The rapid juxtaposition of images in the early boat-disaster scene pre-dates the far more complex montage (both Russian and Griffith-inspired) with which Van Dyke introduced the earthquake in San Francisco two years later. Van Dyke worked quickly, economically, rarely needing re-takes. Executives loved him for his commerical success, but critics and fellow directors never took him seriously—despite The Thin Man and Trader Horn. The score by the way makes curiously un-MGM-like use of canned music, including a chunk of the old Sunrise score.

---William K. Everson

ELLERY QUEEN IN WRIGHTSVILLE*

by Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee published their first book under the byline and about the character Ellery Queen in 1929. By the end of 1939 their fiction had passed through two quite different periods. During the first (1929-35) they had written magnificently involuted "Problems in Deduction" influenced by but surpassing the Philo Vance stories of S.S. Van Dine. During the second (1936-39) they had come increasingly under the spell of Hollywood and the high-paying slick-paper magazines and the tone of their work had grown progressively lighter, more exuberant, less analytical. By the beginning of the Forties they were ready to synthesize the rigorously deductive and the touchingly human aspects. In the best work of Queen's third period (1942-58) the formal deductive problem is combined with rounded characterization, superb writing, and intellectual and imaginative patterns of a depth long believed both impossible and inappropriate in mystery fiction. The novels are now called novels, not problems in deduction, and although Ellery is still the central character he is no longer the Ellery of the first and second periods. He has dropped his Vancean pince-nez and polysyllables and is not a detached intellect resolving terrible events but a human being involved in and torn by them.

The initial novel of the third period, Calamity Town (1942), opens on the afternoon of August 6, 1940, when Ellery steps off a train and into Wrightsville, a small tight-knit American community that with the outbreak of war in Europe has become a boomtown. He needs a place to stay where he can write a novel, but neither hotel rooms nor furnished houses are available---except for Calamity House. Old John F. and Hermione Wright, heads of Wrightsville's first family, had had the house built next door to their own home, planning to give the house as a wedding present to their daughter Nora and her fiance, Jim Haight. But Jim had vanished from town the day before the wedding, and later a potential purchaser had dropped dead of a heart attack in the house itself, and the house developed a reputation as a jinx. Ellery rents it nevertheless, and is quickly lionized by the Wright family, and comes close to falling in love with the family's youngest daughter, Pat, who is herself on-again-off-again in love with county prosecutor Carter Bradford. And then Jim Haight comes back to town, and he and Nora are reconciled and married and move into the house built for them three years before, and little by little the marriage goes bad---threats, arguments, and the shadow of hints, slowly rising to near-certainty, that Jim Haight is planning to kill his wife.

Murder comes with the new year. At the traditional family party, one of the drinks with which the Wrights toast the beginning of 1941 is poisoned. Wrightsville's first homicide in twenty years tears apart both the Wright family and the town; indeed this is one of the very few novels which makes the reader feel what it would be like to have murder strike among loved ones. The investigation, the town's reaction, the sensational trial and the events thereafter are evoked not as pieces of a puzzle (although a fine plot is hidden among them) but as nightmare events happening to real people; and Ellery is simply one among these people, powerless to affect the events and making no contribution until the last chapter.

Several commentators on mystery fiction have written of Calamity Town as if it were a simple-minded tribute to the goodness of an unspoiled American community. Actually, however, Queen's Wrightsville is a fairly realistic microcosm of the United States, with plenty of rot and inhumanity and strife alongside all the grace and bucolic peace. And the bad qualities are not confined to selected citizens in black hats, like the bitterly jealous Frank Lloyd, and the kids who stone Jim Haight on the street, and Aunt Tabitha who runs out on the Wright family in its crisis. Such qualities are also evident in the "good" people, like Hermione Wright when she made her divorced daughter Lola an outcast. No one in this novel is overwhelmingly good, and almost no one is overwhelmingly bad, but some are clearly better than others, and the very few like Pat, who give fully of themselves and expect nothing in return, are better than most.

However, Calamity Town is not only a novel of society but also and perhaps even primarily a novel of nature, and the rhythms of nature are at the heart of the book. The central imaginative pattern of the novel is a dialectic. One: In the midst of life, death. Nora Haight's illnesses come on Thanksgiving and Christmas, death strikes with the toast to the new year, Jim is arrested on St. Valentine's Day, Nora dies on Easter Sunday. Two: In the

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*Excerpted from the forthcoming book, Royal Bloodline: Ellery Queen, Author and Detective, by Francis M. Nevins, Jr., to be published early in 1974 by Bowling Green University Popular Press.

midst of death, life. The child born of Nora's dead body lives. The old trees in the cemetery sprout every spring "with sly fertility," as if nourished by the dead in their graves, "as if death were a great joke." Out of the horror of the full truth, revealed by Ellery on Mother's Day, comes the possibility of happiness for two young people and a baby. Ellery's explanation is itself counterpointed by quotations from Walt Whitman, the poet of nature's rhythms. The action of the novel covers nine months, the cycle of gestation.

One of the clearest evocations of this dialectic occurs at the very beginning of Chapter 28.

> He was looking at the old elms before the new Courthouse. The old was being reborn in multitudes of little green teeth on brown gums of branches; and the new already showed weather streaks in its granite, like varicose veins. There is sadness, too, in spring, thought Mr. Ellery Queen.

And so, even though the book ends on notes of hope, Queen gives us no cause to believe that this is anything more than another moment in the eternal alternation of nature's rhythms. Among all the giants of the genre Queen is the most somber in world-view, except for Cornell Woolrich.

In view of its central imaginative pattern, it's especially fitting that Calamity Town is itself the outgrowth and flowering of Queen's far less successful experiments of 1936-39. The long trial sequences are a considerable improvement over those in Halfway House, and the intuitiveness of much of Ellery's reasoning recalls The Door Between. The superb evocation of Wrightsville marks a tremendous advance over the picture of Hollywood in The Four of Hearts, which didn't work because its different facets canceled each other out. In Calamity Town Queen employs even more divergent facets than in the Four but remains in full control, playing them creatively upon each other so that they mutually reflect and illuminate.

Some mention should be made of a few of the influences on Calamity Town and of a few later works which the novel itself influenced. The volume which Dannay in conversation with me has stressed as most influential is Edgar Lee Masters' Spoon River Anthology (1914-16), that sardonic free-verse classic in which the dead of a "typical American town" speak their own stories from their graves. Both books do in fact share a similar bleak tone and outlook and a sense that everything changes, everything passes. But I believe that a deeper influence on Calamity Town was exerted by Thornton Wilder's famous play Our Town (1938), to which Queen obliquely refers on page 137 of his very next novel, There Was an Old Woman. Although Our Town takes place at the beginning of the century and has no criminous elements, it has much in common with Calamity Town. The physical description of Wrightsville contains many echoes of the tour through Grover's Corners at the beginning of Wilder's Act One, and in both works the graveyard is central to the author's vision and there is a similar intuition of the flux of life and a similar sense that beneath the superficially happy small-town existence of Middle America are bottomless "ignorance and blindness."

On the criminous level, the central influence on Calamity Town seems to have been Alfred Hitchcock's 1941 film Suspicion, to which Queen refers directly in his next novel but one, The Murderer Is a Fox. In both Suspicion and Calamity Town, a charming but mysterious male outsider marries a superficially unattractive girl whose family is at the top of the pecking order of a closed small-town society, and much of both stories deals with the corrosion of the marriage relationship and the fear that the husband is, for financial reasons, in process of murdering his wife.

Of course Calamity Town's milieu, people, plot details, overall framework, and everything else about it are fully organic to Queen's own vision, not yanked bodily from any prior source but shaped in part by earlier work just as everything we say and do is shaped at least in part by what others have said and done before us. And just as our own words and actions shape the subsequent work of others, so Calamity Town seems to have been quite influential on later work in the mystery genre, and especially on another extraordinary film of Alfred Hitchcock, Shadow of a Doubt (1943), whose primary scenarist was---and this is not coincidence---Thornton Wilder. The town in Shadow of a Doubt bears some resemblance to Grover's Corners in Our Town but even more resemblance to Queen's Wrightsville. The girl Charlie in the film (played by Teresa Wright) is not like any character in Our Town but is a near-perfect cinematic image of Pat Wright in Calamity Town, even to the point that both girls' fathers are bankers. The theme of "ignorance and blindness" beneath small-town placidity takes several forms in the film, such as the idiot neighbor who keeps blatting about the corking good murder mystery he's just read, while a mass murderer is only a few feet away. Another example is in the last scene of the film, the town's glowing eulogy at the death of Uncle Charlie. A few years later came another magnificent suspense film that showed Queen's influence, Orson Welles' The Stranger (1946), in which again we find the insular New England town, the newcomer who mar-

ries the daughter of the local aristocracy, the corrosion of the marriage, the fear that husband will kill wife, the gallery of shrewd-seeming Yankee types blissfully ignorant of the horrific drama taking place around them.

So Calamity Town is not just an autonomous unit but an integral part of a great tradition. Queen took some things from predecessors, used them in ways suited to his own needs, added to them and shaped them into a work uniquely his own which then took its place in the stream of tradition and itself served as source and influence for others' work and others' visions. This is what it means to be a part of a cultural tradition, and it is fitting that the Queen work which has most influenced others is also the choice of many as the greatest of Queen's own works.

Dannay and Lee were uncertain that Calamity Town with its radical departures from earlier Queen books would be a success, so the next adventure of Ellery was deliberately planned as a return to the old Queen manner of the Thirties. However, There Was an Old Woman (1943) turned out to be a far more radical departure from the norm in its own black-humorous way. By the time Dannay and Lee were preparing to write their third novel of the 1940's, Calamity Town had proved itself and so another Wrightsville story seemed called for. But in order to provide that story they first had to rewrite the town's history slightly. In Chapter 14 of Calamity Town Chief Dakin had remarked to Ellery: "Ain't never had a homicide in Wrightsville before, and I been Chief here for pretty near twenty years." However, in The Murderer Is a Fox (1945) Ellery probes a twelve-year-old Wrightsville murder.

The time is the summer of '44, and the problem grows out of the return of Captain Davy Fox to his home town. Twelve years before, Davy's mother had died of a dose of digitalis administered in a glass of grape juice, and her father, who alone had had opportunity, had been convicted of her murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. Ten-year-old Davy had thereafter been raised by his Uncle Talbot and Aunt Emily, and their adopted daughter Linda became first a sister to Davy and later his wife. Davy's adolescence had been a nightmare of failed attempts to escape the stigma of his father's crime and the fear of his own "tainted blood" and "killer instinct." Then came the War, and two days after marrying Linda, Davy had been sent as a fighter pilot to the China-Burma-India theater, where the blood of many men stained him. A series of unsigned letters arrives from home, intimating that Linda has been unfaithful, and upon his return to the States, nerve-shattered Davy finds himself wrestling with an uncontrollable compulsion to kill his wife. Linda, remembering the trouble in the Wright family, asks help of the man who had helped then---Ellery Queen. And Ellery concludes that the only way to release Davy from the trap in which the past holds him is to reopen the twelve-year-old murder case, to try to prove that Davy's father did not kill his mother and that he is not the son of a murderer.

Parts Two and Four of The Murderer Is a Fox deal with the investigation of Jessica Fox's death and might well have been subtitled The Detective As Historian. Ellery's loving and meticulous reconstruction of the exact events of June 14, 1932 in the house of Bayard and Jessica Fox is carried out with the historian's intellectual tools and generates the same sense of excitement that spurs the conscientious historian in his search for truth. To merge the detective story and historical reconstruction is a diabolically difficult feat (the classic work in this vein being Josephine Tey's 1951 The Daughter of Time), and a lesser artist than Queen would probably have fallen into the trap of gifting all or most of the parties to the ancient crime with implausibly photographic memories. But Queen skirts all the pitfalls, permits the witnesses to forget a great deal, and lets not a moment pass when someone's recollection of events seems after twelve years too precise. The book culminates, as do a large number of Queen novels since, in a false or partial solution which is followed by the true, final and stunning solution, although here as in The Door Between Ellery's ultimate solution rests not on reasoning but on intuition in the Maigret manner.

The Murderer Is a Fox does not have the thematic unity or imaginative design of a Calamity Town, but in no other novel does Queen communicate so well the excitement of the quest for truth. I suspect this is why Ellery's ultimate solution is left completely unverifiable, for the truth historians seek is also unverifiable and in the search for historical truth there is no analogue to the device of the murderer's confession in detective fiction. Even if its characters were far less well drawn, its prose much flatter and its plot a great deal clumsier, The Murderer Is a Fox would still be noteworthy for its depiction of historical thinking in action, for its images of the intellectual exhilaration which Aristotle hinted at when he said: "The activity of mind is life."

The movement from Fox to the next Queen novel is from philosophy to religion. "In the beginning it was without form, a darkness that kept shifting like dancers." A reader sensitive

to atmosphere and allusion may perceive even in that first line, with its echo of Genesis I:2, the direction of Queen's next book. Ten Days' Wonder (1948) marks another radical departure for Queen, probably the most radical of his whole career up to that time, although its full audacity does not become apparent until the novel's final phases.

Throughout mystery fiction and films of the last years of World War II and the immediate postwar era---Hitchcock's Spellbound, for instance, and Queen's own The Murderer Is a Fox---there is the recurring figure of the mentally disturbed young veteran with fears of past or future blood on his hands. In the opening chapters of Ten Days' Wonder Queen again takes up this theme, but this time he retains the psychiatric approach throughout the book. Howard Van Horn, sculptor son of the multimillionaire Diedrich Van Horn, comes desperately to Ellery for help after a series of amnesic blackouts that began on the night of his father's marriage to the beautiful girl Diedrich had raised from childhood. Howard believes that he has done or will do something dreadful during one of these blackouts. Psychiatrists having proved unable to help him, Howard invites Ellery to visit the Van Horn estate and watch over him. The location of the Van Horn estate is a town called Wrightsville.

And so Ellery returns for the third time to the town where twice before he seemed to have failed, and being the kind of man he is, he finds himself drawn into the hopeless trap in which Howard and Sally Van Horn are caught. Against his better judgment he agrees to act as their go-between with an anonymous blackmailer, and comes very close to being jailed for grand theft. A midnight chase through a stormtossed graveyard, an old religious fanatic woman who prowls in the night, and a missing necklace combine with other less obviously sinister elements to create constant undercurrents of familial intrigue among a cast of (excluding Ellery) only four central characters. In the final quarter of the novel there is a murder, followed by one of the most dazzling reconstructions of a crime in the history of the genre, which is itself followed by an even more stunning solution, revealed by Ellery to no one but the murderer.

Psychologically, Ten Days' Wonder is an in-depth study of the Van Horn family, and especially of Diedrich, Howard and Sally, all three evoked and observed so vividly they all but step off the page. And likewise Queen brings the Wrightsville setting to life with the same photographic clarity. His prose has rarely been so rich nor his plotting so involuted. But the book's heart and soul is not prose or plot or characterization or social observation, but theology. And since I can't discuss the theology of the book without revealing much of its solution, I suggest that anyone who hasn't yet read the novel should skip the next three paragraphs.

The central event of Ten Days' Wonder is the breaking of the Ten Commandments. Diedrich Van Horn, learning that his young wife has committed adultery with his adopted son, manipulates events so that Howard will be made to break or seem to break the other commandments, culminating in the violation of "Thou shalt not kill." Diedrich plans, after the other commandments have been broken, to murder Sally in such a way that (1) Howard will believe he killed her during one of his blackouts and (2) Ellery will uncover the Ten Commandments element but will conclude that the violator in each and every case has been Howard. Throughout the novel Diedrich Van Horn is clothed in the attributes of deity: tremendous power, apparently limitless goodness, awesome knowledge. However, the solution reveals him as a being of monstrously evil nature and with an unerring ability to manipulate weak mortals to his own designs. At the end of the final, thunderous interview, Ellery forces Diedrich to kill himself. The god has been found out to be not the good and loving being he seemed but a moral monster, manipulating the trapped creatures under his sway, coldly determined to degrade and destroy the puny human beings who have usurped his divine prerogative. Therefore the forces of reason and humaneness demand the death of God.

Diedrich Van Horn was not the first puppet-master god that Queen created. As far back as 1932 he had created another figure of deep humanity who became obsessed with the desire to manipulate and who wound up killing others and finally himself---Drury Lane. Nor is Ten Days' Wonder Queen's first attempt to create a theomachy, a war between more-than-human powers, within the framework of the detective story; there were some stirrings in that direction in the 1935 novelet "The Lamp of God." But Ten Days' Wonder is far more ambitious than its forerunners. Queen beautifully integrates his symbolic allegory with psychology, showing how the influence of Diedrich's sadistic hell-preaching father, combined with his childhood immersion in the vengeful God his father worshipped, led Diedrich to become himself a god of the same kind, as if in simultaneous mockery of the proverb "Like father like son" and of the teaching that man was made in God's image.

Once Queen decided to frame his allegory in detective-story terms, he was almost forced to use the device of the satanic manipulator, the Iago-like villain who knows how his pawns

will respond to every stimulus. However, it's almost impossible to make this kind of figure naturalistically credible. From Iago himself down to Gavin in Hitchcock's Vertigo and Yost in John Boorman's film Point Blank, the manipulator is charged with an air of the more-than-human simply because we can't believe that any mere man could see the moves of his pawns that far ahead. And likewise in Ten Days' Wonder, despite all of Queen's skill at explaining, we simply can't accept Diedrich as just a phenomenally perceptive psycho-strategist. But Queen knows we can't accept it and has built the whole structure of this book and all its religious imagery on the basis that we will not accept it, so that we are thrown back willy-nilly into theology and theomachy.

Very few mystery writers have ever dared to mingle crime fiction with cosmic drama. Ten Days' Wonder is Queen's most sustained and successful attempt up to that time to do so, a dazzlingly rich work embracing dimensions that seemed utterly incompatible with the genre until Queen showed that it could be done. It is a nearly inexhaustible book ranking among his half-dozen finest novels. Its recent translation to film, however, left a great deal to be desired. The celebrated French director Claude Chabrol made his version of Ten Days' Wonder in English in the fall of 1970 but it was not released in New York until April 1972. The screenplay by Paul Gardner and Eugene Archer was based on an adaptation of the novel by Chabrol's frequent collaborator Paul Gegauff. Diedrich, his name unsubtly changed to Theo, was played by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins and Marlene Jobert portraying the characters based on Howard and Sally. Ellery's functions are performed by Michel Piccoli in the role of Paul Regis, a philosophy professor in whose classes Perkins lost his faith in God and to whom Perkins comes for help in learning the cause of his blackouts as Howard came to Ellery in the novel. The setting is switched from Wrightsville to an 80-room baronial estate in Alsace, but almost the entire plot structure of Queen's novel is preserved intact. And yet the film is an absolute disaster: slow, boring, full of unbearably pretentious symbolism, almost completely dehumanized except for the figure of Piccoli, whose evocation of somber and humane rationality is probably the closest cinematic rendering of the "real" Ellery we shall ever see on the screen. The source of the trouble is that whereas Queen's symbolism in the novel does not become apparent till near the end and grows out of a wealth of social and psychological detail, Chabrol on the other hand sets his film in an abstract chessboard world and forces us to live with his heavy-handed symbolism and nothing else for a full hundred minutes, without ever a breath of humanity except for Piccoli's performance. I can recommend the movie only to those Queenians who might wish to suffer through it out of a sense of duty.

Following Ten Days' Wonder came perhaps the finest novel in Queen's entire career, Cat of Many Tails (1949), a towering masterpiece that offers permanent testimony as to what can be accomplished within the framework of the detective story. Unfortunately for our present purposes, it is not a Wrightsville novel. His next book did return Ellery to Wrightsville, but Double, Double (1950) is something of a comedown from its two predecessors. The plot, like that of There Was an Old Woman, centers on a children's rhyme, and the relations between Ellery and the female lead and the murderer are quite similar in both books. But whereas Woman had a Theater of the Absurd milieu tied to a "straight" puzzle, in Double the setting is unremarkable Wrightsville and the weight of the Absurd is borne by the plot.

Ellery is sent a series of clippings from the Wrightsville Record, detailing the "natural" death of an old miser who was discovered to have died rich and the "suicide" of a local manufacturer who was discovered to have died broke. Three days later another clipping arrives, describing the disappearance and presumed death of old Tom Anderson, the intellectual alcoholic who had quoted Whitman in counterpoint to Ellery's solution in Calamity Town. The very next day Anderson's daughter Rima visits 87th Street and asks Ellery to find out why and by whom her father was killed. And so Ellery---who falls instantly in love with his beautiful flower-child client---returns to Wrightsville once more, and becomes involved in the lives of a crotchety and terrified old doctor, a nouveau riche attorney, a bitchy female newspaper publisher, a philosophical gardener whose employers have a habit of dying in droves, and other Wrightsvillians fair and foul. The bodies continue to accumulate after Ellery's arrival, and the facts are so equivocal that Ellery cannot even satisfy himself that all the deaths are connected, let alone that they are murders. (The title comes from the witches' incantation in Macbeth but refers specifically to Ellery's observation that reality is Janus-faced, that each set of events can be interpreted in two ways.) Eventually Ellery stumbles across the connecting link between the dead men and the apparent harbinger of additional deaths as well: an old children's counting jingle.

The key to Ellery's final exposure of the person who killed so as to make a rhyme come alive is an analysis of motive, and the pattern which he uncovers stands as a noble specimen of Queenian black humor: the murderer, in the best tradition of the sorcerer's apprentice,

follows the words of the child's jingle up to a certain predetermined point, then to his horror finds the jingle forcing him to conform more and more killings to it. "Think of it in terms of lunacy," Ellery advises, "and it at once becomes reasonable." Unfortunately the formal deductive problem is a poor vehicle for Queen's key concept, since it prevents us from ever seeing and sharing the murderer's horror as the pattern he created runs away with him. There are glimpses, but no more than glimpses, of this missing dimension at certain points, most notably in Dr. Dodd's words: "With all our sulfas and atomic bombs and electronic microscopes and two hundred inch telescope lenses, we don't begin to know the powers that fill the universe. All we can do is wait and try not to be too afraid." It's our loss that Queen did not find a more suitable form in which to clothe the heart of his darkness.

But though not a major work, Double, Double does at least have the warm and wonderful proto-hippie girl Rima who in the early chapters confounds Ellery at every turn, shows up his "wisdom" with her "foolishness," and leaves him no choice but to fall in love with her. Unhappily, as the book progresses she becomes more and more like the silent majority around her, dull and girdled and conventional, so that despite the hint at the end that Ellery may come back for her, we can be thankful that he didn't bother. Wrightsville itself is superbly evoked---how superbly can be measured by the almost personal sense of loss we feel at the casually dropped news that John F. Wright and Doc Willoughby have died since Ellery's last visit---but the sense of place is spoiled by a great deal of overdone satire on the theme of the noble natives vs. the slimy arrivistes, and by a closely analogous little literary attack on Mickey Spillane and his imitators, who in Queen's eyes are related to the classic tradition of mystery fiction exactly as Malvina Prentiss and the other Snopesian interlopers are related to the indigenous solid-American Wrightsvillians. Double, Double is certainly among the lesser products of Queen's third period, but it followed two masterpieces next to which almost anything would be a letdown.

The next Queen novel, The Origin of Evil (1951), brought Ellery back to Hollywood, but in this period Queen could not keep him away from Wrightsville for very long at a time, and in The King Is Dead (1952) Ellery returns to his favorite American community, albeit briefly. The book was an ambitious but flawed attempt to unite a locked-room puzzle, a psychological study and a political fable about fascism and revolution into an organic whole, with most of the action taking place on a secret island from which munitions tycoon Kane Bendigo rules his economic empire. However, in Chapter XIII Ellery returns once more to Wrightsville, where Bendigo happened to have been born and raised, and investigates the childhood and young manhood of the dying king. "Wrightsville, U.S.A., where people lived, worked, and died in an atmosphere of independence and decency and a man never had reason to look back over his shoulder." Absurd though this 1940's-style idealization must seem to those who lived through Joe McCarthy's America, Queen makes it work in fictional terms, so that Wrightsville as seen through Ellery's eyes is still The Great Good Place. And in The Glass Village (1954) Queen was to throw the myth of American political virtue into the rubbish heap and write the most savage critique of "the system" ever seen within the detective genre.

But the glass village was not Wrightsville, and that superb novel is beyond our scope. During the rest of the Fifties Ellery made only three brief excursions back to the town. The first and by far the most interesting of the trio is "The Accused" (Today's Family, 2/53; collected in Queen's Bureau of Investigation, 1955, as "The Robber of Wrightsville"), which brings back one major and two minor characters from Ten Days' Wonder. The major is Wolfert Van Horn and the minors are Delbert Hood, the bellhop whom Ellery had paid to watch the door of Room 1010 in the Hollis Hotel, and Jeep Jorking, the policeman who had been guarding Howard Van Horn just before his death. Ellery returns to Wrightsville on a skiing trip but gets sidetracked into proving Delbert's innocence of a charge of armed robbery and reconciling him with his stepfather who was the robber's victim. In the second story of the trio, "Bride in Danger" (Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 8/55; collected in Queen's Experiments in Detection, 1968, as "Eve of the Wedding"), Ellery is invited back to Wrightsville for a marriage ceremony which comes close to being canceled when the bride starts receiving anonymous threatening letters. Neither the denouement nor the reasoning of the story makes too much sense, but the characters are quite interestingly drawn. The last Wrightsville story of the Fifties, "The Wrightsville Heirs" (Better Living, 1-2/56; collected in Queens Full, 1965), is probably Queen's worst performance of the entire decade. When wealthy Bella Bluefield Livingston dies suspiciously soon after announcing that she intends to disinherit her three dissolute stepchildren and leave her fortune to her paid companion, the now-ancient Chief Dakin asks Ellery to help him find out which of the heirs smothered the old lady to death. The answer is surprising, but only because it's based on reasoning unworthy of a cretin, a ridiculous trap that proves less than nothing, and a colossally misinformed notion of how decedents' estates are administered.

As Queen made the move into his highly stylized fourth period, Wrightsville seemed to become even more of a neutral entity, seemed to grow less and less capable of inspiring afresh such allegiance as it had generated in Calamity Town and even of reminding one of its past innocence. Chief Dakin is gone now, replaced by young Anse Newby who is a pale shadow of his predecessor, and the Wrightsville stories of the Sixties are equally dim reflections of the glory of the first and best tales about the town. The novelette "The Death of Don Juan" (Argosy, 5/62; collected in Queens Full, 1965) concerns the attempt of the local amateur theatrical company to stage a creaky old turn-of-the-century melodrama. When the once-famous alcoholic wreck slated for the leading role of Don Juan breaks his wrist and ribs shortly before opening night and another has-been is rushed in as a replacement, the scene is set for offstage murder, complete with the standard Queen device of the Dying Message. Fortunately Ellery is in the opening-night audience and actually hears the crucial last words himself, but it's only after he eliminates some red herrings through a dental test of his own design that he construes the message rightly and pins the guilt on a fairly obvious Least Likely Suspect.

The next Wrightsville story, "Mum Is the Word" (Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 4/66; collected in Queen's Experiments in Detection, 1968), stands dead center in the most stylized classic tradition, including an isolated houseful of suspects, a missing million-dollar pendant, and another impenetrable Dying Message. Flower seed tycoon Godfrey Mumford, who in retirement has become a fanatic devotee of the chrysanthemum, announces some drastic financial retrenchments to his expectant heirs, suffers a severe stroke, and is stabbed to death in his bed with his own letter-opener, writing the three letters MUM on his bedside pad before breathing his last. Ellery once again happens to be in Wrightsville for the fatality and Chief Newby enlists his aid. But his solution turns out to be uninspired and the murderer's motivation to be incredible, besides which certain plot elements are lifted bodily from other Queen stories (e.g. the Englishwoman and the sleeping pills in the hot milk from "Bride in Danger") and others, like the premise that no hospital room nor even a private nurse would be available for a seriously ill millionaire, are staggeringly implausible on their face. Ellery's analysis of the possible meanings of "Mum" and his explication of "doubleness" are as fantastic as readers of fourth-period Queen have come to expect.

In the last Wrightsville short story to date, "Wedding Anniversary" (Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 9/67), Ellery as dinner guest in one of the town's finest homes witnesses the poisoning of his kindly host, the jeweler Ernst Bauenfel, and solves the puzzle of his death by means of another dying message analysis. The best moments of the story, however, are not those of the detection but the early scenes leading up to Bauenfel's death, which are among the most touchingly human pages to be found in late Queen.

Finally, in the recent novel The Last Woman in His Life (1970), Ellery makes his last pilgrimage to Wrightsville, once again as guest of a wealthy man who will shortly be murdered and leave a dying message. Ellery is invited to rest up at the 200-acre sylvan retreat of his old Harvard classmate John Levering Benedict III, but when all three of Johnny-B's rapacious ex-wives converge on the Wrightsville property for a financial confrontation with Johnny and his attorney, the outcome is murder. Chief Newby enlists Ellery's aid in locating not only the killer but also the mysterious "Laura," the new and final woman in Johnny's life, the woman for whose future security Johnny had been about to reduce his bequests to his three exes from a million to a piddling hundred thousand dollars apiece. The solution is one of the least well kept secrets in the Queen canon, but more important for our purposes here is the last look at Wrightsville. The town has changed, it has "perfidiously kept step with the twentieth century," the good old 1940's look and feel of the place are gone. Ellery finds it "a still-viable Shangri-La" but Queen shows nothing that makes this judgment reasonable so that it sounds like nothing so much as that wistful nostalgia for the vanished Thirties and Forties of which our last few nightmarish years have seen so much. Wrightsville has gone the way of our dreams. Ellery's recurring visits to the town over three decades reflect crucial changes in the American self-image. One wonders if he will ever return.

* *

TRAITOR'S PURSE

A Double-Dactyl by R. W. Hays

Jiggery-pokery:
Margery Allingham
Wrote of a plan to spread
Counterfeit notes
Thwarted by Campion's
Criminological
Genius, assisted by
Stanislaus Oates.

MYSTERY MASTER

A Survey and Appreciation of the Fiction of George Harmon Coxe

by J. Randolph Cox

Chapter Four

"Caribbean Cruise---Danger Guaranteed"

George Harmon Coxe will probably be remembered longest for his Flashgun Casey and Kent Murdock stories, but nearly half of his published novels to date have not been part of any series at all. If I give some less attention than others, it is not that they are less entertaining, but that to do more than to indicate the trend of the story would rob the reader of his own pleasure. The heroes and villains bear resemblances to ones already met in this survey, but there is more freedom for the author to develop the characters, to tell different kinds of stories, and to use different backgrounds.

It is possible, even in discussing the non-series novels, to find ways to group them for comparisons. Fifteen of the books constitute a kind of series in themselves since they are set in the Caribbean, Central or South America. To the reader who approaches detective fiction not for characters but for the exotic backgrounds these yield definite delights. They also afford the critic an opportunity to study the way a writer researches a background to make it authentic.

Before discussing the Caribbean novels we will take a look at the dozen books which have miscellaneous settings and different heroes.

No Time to Kill (1941) was Coxe's first non-series novel. There is an apparent effort to get deeper into his characters' motivations than most popular fiction. Gary Marshall, junior law partner in Leland, Carey, and Marshall has successfully defended Taylor Armstrong on a murder charge. Now he's asked to help the widow of the dead man—she's afraid someone is trying to kill her. The lawyer then turns bodyguard until there is a murder (of Powell Cameron, newspaper publisher), when he turns sleuth. Coxe manages to shift viewpoints from Marshall to the widow and back again in telling the story to heighten the suspense. The dialogue is rendered in a very natural way.

"Death is a Gamble" appeared in The American Magazine in 1939, the second of his novelettes to appear in that publication. Coxe didn't turn it into a novel for nearly ten years when he wrote Venturous Lady. In point of fact, he took very little from the novelette when writing the longer work. The background in both is a summer stock company in New England and the surname of the murdered man is the same—Fenton—but there the similarities end, for they are entirely different stories. Publicity man Bill Raeburn acts as the detective in the novel, the part that acting D. A. Jim Halliday had in the novelette; Anne Watson has been replaced by Pat Trumbull. The deeper characterization and the more extensive material devoted to the theater—making the Fellhaven Playhouse more important to motive and plot—are additions that are welcome. Since all he really took from the original were a name and an idea, he could conceivable go back to the source again some day and make a whole new book out of it—and make use of that device of the poisoned oranges.

Alias the Dead (1943) tells the story of a man who is hired to impersonate a dead man and very effectively draws the reader into concern over Tony Kenyon's problem. Coxe was to use the idea of an imposter in a number of his novels; these will be noted later.

The Groom Lay Dead (1944), both novelette and novel, is narrated by Alan Wallace[1], an ex-marine suffering from a leg wound and combat fatigue after Guadalcanal, who finds his girl married to millionaire Johnny Marshall. Marshall, a much-married man, is famous (or infamous) for the way he mistreats his women. He is found dead in a winery on his estate in the Finger Lakes region of New York state—apparently killed by an exploding champagne bottle. There is an added bizarre touch in the presence of the leader of a cult called the Brotherhood of Horus, a man who bears an unusual name for a Coxe character: Dr. Samson Penzance.

One of the obvious advantages to writing a mystery about a character who does not have to survive unchanged for another book is the way the reader is allowed to get inside his skin. The feelings of Spence Rankin in Dangerous Legacy (1946) in the opening fight scene in the bar could not be expressed in the same way for Murdock or Casey. One thinks he knows all along who is to blame for the killing of Irish-American Filipino Ulio Kane, but not how to prove it. But the author still is able to surprise the reader and tell the story of what it feels like to be a stranger in a strange land. There is a sense in which this story reads like a Humphrey Bogart film. The Manila background is based on notes Coxe made in 1945 when

he was in the Pacific as a special correspondent. His own story of how he approached the chief of police for information is both interesting in its own right and for the information on methods a writer can use to research a story:

> I can't get in to see the head of secret police, like in Caracas and Panama. . .but I can see any police commissioner. . .almost anywhere. If you know what to say. . ./for instance/ you say you're a writer to a secretary and the secretary says, "There's a writer out here." Well, a writer can be anything. . .he can be digging, he can be a reporter, he can be a slanderer. . .they don't think of fiction too much. So they'll see me. . .like for two or three minutes. They figure, "I'll give this guy some time." Then I tell them I'm a fiction writer. One of the most interesting experiences I had was when I was over in Manila during the War. . .I wanted to write a story when the War was over and I wanted to get the material while I was there. I knew some people there, but I didn't know the head of the police department. . .the United States police. He had a counterpart (they were both colonels); a Filipino took care of the native crime and the American colonel took care of the American crime.
>
> He was set up in Bilibid Prison, which had been recaptured 8 or 10 months before and he had a nice air-conditioned office. All the fellows I knew (and there were a lot of correspondents there), none of them knew this guy. His name was Ryan, and he sat in this big air-conditioned office and I'm sweaty and skinny and had just a correspondent's patch on my shoulder and I tell him I'm a writer and I live in Old Lyme, Conn., and I'd like to get some information about how the police is set up here so that when I get hom after the War is over I can write a book—a mystery book—about post-war Manila. He just leaned back and kind of looked at me and said, "Why should I tell you anything at all?"
>
> So I said, "Well, Colonel, you can have it one of two ways: you can tell me what I want to know or have somebody show me around and figure that I'll treat your department properly, or I'll make it up, and if I make it up, you're going to come off damn bad in that story . . .you and your whole department."
>
> And he looked at me for a minute and I could see a twinkle and then he pushed a button and a young fellow came in with no insignia and a .38 in the holster on his hip. . .very smart-looking. . .clean. And he said: "This is so-and-so." And he introduced me to a pal of his, an ex-FBI man. . .well, this guy was really The Man. The colonel was the boss, but the ex-FBI man, detached for duty, was the man who knew what the score was. So he said, "This is Mr. Coxe from Old Lyme, Conn. This is so-and-so. He wants to know about the police department. Show him everything he wants to know and if he doesn't do a good job, look him up after the War."
>
> You can put a little pressure on as a fiction writer, because it is fiction. It's my story. I can do anything I want with it as long as it's not libelous. And if the guy's not going to treat me well, neither is the police department going to get treated well. . .I'll put 'em all on the take. . .as long as I keep it out of his city. I can't identify the city, or the streets, or his name, but it's not too hard.[2]

Fashioned for Murder (1947) returned to Boston and New York for its setting. The hero is another photographer, but a fashion photographer this time. Jerry Nason's interest in model Linda Courtney is more than professional and he insists on involving himself in the mystery of the stolen costume jewelry. A rifled apartment, a man in the shadows, and a disappearing model agency and studio contribute to the mystification.

Inland Passage (1949) was another milestone in the career of its author—the dust jacket proclaims it as his 25th novel. Knox Randall, unemployed copywriter, answers an advertisement for an "experienced man to take 74 ft. cruiser to N.Y. via inland waterway. . ." Trouble follows him down that passage.

Never Bet Your Life (1952) was based on an American Magazine novelette, "Weapon of Fear." Jim Gannon had made two attempts at suicide after his daughter was killed in an auto crash—a crash in which his less than admirable son-in-law survived. The third time he faces death the cause is murder. Coxe cleverly works the radio station the murdered man was listening to

and the date of a Boston holiday (April 19—Patriot's Day) into vital clues to the solution.

Top Assignment (1955) was Coxe's 35th novel. Another newsman detective joined the corps led by Casey and Murdock and a circulation war between rival newspapers furnishes an interesting milieu for Larry Palmer of the Morning Bulletin.

In Suddenly a Widow (1956) Ann Harrington brings breakfast on a tray to her husband's room and finds him dead (heart attack, suicide, or murder?) and a note accusing her of infidelity.

Slack Tide (1959) was based on a 1953 American novelette, with the intriguing title of "The Captive-Bride Murders." Oliver Kingsley is reminiscent of Johnny Marshall of The Groom Lay Dead, in his way with women. His current wife is trying to escape his tender ways and runs into Donald MacLaren, owner of the MacLaren Boatyard on the Connecticut River. In the fracas that follows, someone bounces a short length of two-by-two off Kingsley's head. If there is one thing consistent in Coxe's novels, it is that the fellow who is done in usually gets what he deserves.

The manuscript title for Mission of Fear (1962) was "Mission to Mobile." The Haydens are expecting their first child (the only time an expectant parent appears in Coxe's works) when word comes that Marion Hayden's first husband may still be alive, which would mean they are not legally married. When the informer is murdered, John Hayden feels his only chance to prove he and his wife are innocent is to find his wife's first husband. . .and the trail leads to Mobile, Alabama.

* *

Although the first of the Caribbean novels wasn't written until 1941, the planning had begun as far back as 1934 while Murder with Pictures was being written. As usual, Coxe tells it best in a letter to the present writer:

> I first went to the Caribbean in 1934, taking one of the three Lady boats that ran from Canada to British Guiana. I was selling then to Black Mask, Argosy, Detective Fiction Weekly, et al. I'd saved a few bucks and wanted to see if I could find a cheap cottage, but a livable one, on a beach for a year. The ship turned around in Georgetown, B. G. with a three day layover and on the previous advice of a writer friend, I kept notes and took pictures. (In 1942, looking for a background, I resurrected those notes and photos and wrote Assignment in Guiana, causing the late William Lyons Phelps, Yale professor and mystery buff, to write Knopf saying I was a master of the mystery story.) I settled on the island of St. Vincent, went to Barbados and a better hotel to wait for my wife and two small children. It was there, during that stay on St. Vincent, that I wrote my first book.[3]

He elaborated some on this in an interview with the present writer:

> the stories with foreign locale (he said). . .I've always been there. I don't fake a story. I've been there or I don't write it. . .The last story I wrote /Woman with a Gun/ is laid in St. Vincent. . .there's a reason for that. I lived there for a year many years ago and I stopped there briefly for a day just to see how it had changed and to see if I could get another story out of it. The story before last was laid in Surinam and I'd been there twice. . .I was there once 10, 12 years ago and there was nothing for me there. I mean the police commissioner, the editor, and the guy who ran the hotel spoke English and that was it. There was no communication and no way I could get a story unless I wanted to go into the bush and I wasn't equipped and didn't have the clothes and didn't have the time. . .but it interested me enough so that later I went back and found it considerably changed and it was fine. . .
>
> It isn't too hard to get the stuff if you put your mind to it, and you don't have a hangover every day and you get out and dig and you keep notes. I used to take a camera along, so I knew what the streets looked like, I could describe them. . .I knew what the traffic cop looked like. . .I knew where various buildings were so I could write the story. . . Well, now I don't take pictures very often. I buy postcards (because the postcards are so good) of the things I want to use. . .and I always get a map. Sometimes I get a map of the whole area, like Surinam, and then the map of the city that I know a little better. /That way/ when you are writing you can be at least geographically correct and if you say they get Bauxite in this area and diamonds in this area, you'll know that you're

right.

> I remember one time I wrote a story set in Caracas. These people had discussed it before they met me and wondered how long I had to be there to write the thing to make it real to them. They guessed two or three months. Well, it was about six days because I know how to work when I get into a place. I don't sit around the hotel swimming pool. . .there are ways I can get with people and find out what I want.[4]

Imagine, if you will, a travel poster in a tourist bureau window. The sea is there, a palm or two, a sandy beach, a modern hotel; the lettering reads: "Come to every man's dream of the islands! Join the legion of lean, bronzed men, beautiful girls with long, suntanned legs, in danger and excitement?" Our first stop? Georgetown, British Guiana.

Assignment in Guiana was serialized in six parts in Argosy between December 13, 1941 and February 21, 1942 after which it was published as a book. The texts of the two differ in part. Coxe cut the first few paragraphs from the magazine version and rewrote the opening to introduce Lane Morgan, the young American architect who hurries to Georgetown at the request of his uncle, Johnny Hammond. The first issue of the magazine to feature the story has a Virgil Finlay cover painting to illustrate a tense moment from the story, a man in a sun helmet and whites with a hand over the mouth of a terrified girl. The chapter divisions differ between magazine and book versions and two sets of chapter titles are available if one picks up the Dell paperback in place of the Knopf clothbound and uses that for comparison with the magazine. A close reading of both will reveal where the author rewrote sections to expand a description here and tighten up a passage there. There are other points to observe as C. C. Caswell, Assistant Supervisor of the Georgetown Library instructs Morgan in the proper way to drink a rum swizzle and we learn what there is that makes the sound of footsteps on a tin roof so distinctive.

From British Guiana, our Caribbean tour would move to pre-Castro Cuba and the city of Havana for the story of Andrew Talbot's holiday. Talbot is an engineer who has done some work for the government in the War. When a man falls to his death (or is pushed) from Talbot's room in the Habana Hotel, and some papers he is carrying are photographed, he realizes a war-time holiday is no holiday at all. . .not with a Nazi submarine around. The policeman in this book, as in the next one, is Luiz Rodriguez.

The last of the war-time Caribbean novels (Woman at Bay) is also set in Havana. It was first serialized in a slightly shorter version in Collier's in the Summer of 1945. Paul McKinnon is sent to Havana to get a manuscript from the widow of Vichy collaborationist Armand Sevigny (something comparable to Churchill's war memoirs). The manuscript contains enough evidence of pro-Nazism to make it a hot and much sought item. There is added intrigue and complication because Sevigny's widow had once been married to McKinnon—which was the reason he was chosen for the task.

It was nearly ten years before Coxe found another story in the Caribbean; the island of Barbados is the setting for the next two stops on our tour: The Man Who Died Twice (1951) and Uninvited Guest (1953).

The imposter has an old and honored place in the traditions of the detective story. Things are not always what they seem (the thriller is full of deceptions on the part of its characters) and names given are not always the real ones. As has been mentioned, Coxe last used this device in Alias the Dead, but there the reader knew at once who was the imposter and what his reasons were. In The Man Who Died Twice it is soon apparent that the Jim MacQuade who steps off the plane into the hot sun that day may not be the Jim MacQuade who is expected.

There is a lot of the sort of lore that readers of foreign locale mysteries look for in this book. Once again we learn of the right and wrong ways of drinking a rum swizzle and in addition pick up comments on the corruption of English pronunciation, the reasons for using wicker furniture (to withstand insects and mildew) andthat breakfast on the plantation is "a slice of papaya with lime, eggs, rolls and coffee." (The meals in a Coxe novel are never elaborate, but they are good and filling and send one to the kitchen between chapters.) The owner of the plantation, John MacQuade, is "a figure right out of Jack London or Rex Beach or Peter B. Kyne" and both Jim MacQuade and his imposter (Duncan Ward) went to Coxe's own college, Cornell. This and the next book use the character of Frank Morgan and his Club Morgan, for which Coxe received permission, and which represents one of the rare instances in which a real person enters the pages of this fictional world.

Uninvited Guest was serialized in the Chicago Tribune earlier under the title Nobody Wants Julia. Both titles are apt since it is Julia Parks (who claims to be still married to Keith Lambert) who is the unwelcome interloper and confounder of ordered lives. No wonder someone takes the hint that she would be better off dead as a mandate for murder. The hero is another Alan—Alan Scott. Anthony Boucher commented that this novel was a bit disappointing but that "the descriptions of Barbados, one of Mr. Coxe's favorite locales, are unusually

vivid and interesting."[5]

Boucher was also disappointed in the next one, Death at the Isthmus (1954), but found the setting fresh. As with most of the novels in this series, the opening scene shows the arrival of the stranger—Jim Russell this time, responding to a call for help from his friend Max Darrow—to the new land, Panama. Danger and a slim girl with high cheek-bones and suntanned legs and the death of that good friend follow; the pattern is familiar, yet comforting, and the mixture is a smooth one.

Man on a Rope (1956) returns the armchair traveler to British Guiana and a story of stolen diamonds and a wealth of lore concerning gems. Barry Dawson, called in to appraise the stones that Colin Lambert has, finds himself a prime suspect in the eyes of Detective Superintendent Mark Kerby when the owner of the gems is murdered. Boucher's verdict:

> An unhackneyed and interesting setting; and while every reader will be caught up in the excitement, the connoisseur will relish the faultless object lesson in the firm but unobtrusive planting of clues and the maintaining of suspense after the denouement."[6]

Our traveler then moves west along the South American coast to Caracas, Venezuela, for the next two books: One Minute Past Eight (1957) and One Way Out (1960). The second title may not seem to belong to the series since most of the action takes place in New Orleans. Rick Marston has spent two years as a journalist in Caracas and runs into trouble after he leaves the country. The story has its roots in the politics of a South American country and the fact that Marston is the double of the chief of the national police of Maraguay. He is hired to pose as Raul Delagado as part of a plot to overthrow a dictator.

In One Minute Past Eight Coxe manages to combine two antagonistic stepbrothers (one of them the protagonist Jeff Lane), a will, a $120,000 gambling debt, the secret police, a detective named Julio Cordovez, and a gallery of other interesting characters against an authentically rendered portrait of Venezuela.

From Caracas and New Orleans there is another stop (the third) at Barbados for a Moment of Violence (1961). Lawyer David Payne goes there to help the niece of a client stay out of trouble. She has gone to Barbados to keep Mike Ludlow from swindling her uncle. Someone helps by stopping him dead. This novel was an expanded version of the novelette "The Barbados Beach House", which had appeared in Cosmopolitan.

One Hour to Kill (1963) is based on a 1951 novelette, "The Fatal Hour." There are a few differences between the versions, in addition to length. The novelette is told in first person by American artist Martin Wallace. The novel has its hero named Dave Wallace and is told in third person. In both stories the setting (Barbados and Trinidad) is the same as is the basic situation. Mrs. Wallace is found dead and Mr. Wallace is the logical suspect. This, Coxe's 50th mystery, evoked the comment from James Sandoe that "it could as easily have been Long Island as Trinidad."[7] The criticism is just. One could, however, argue that, human passions being universal, there should be no surprise in murder being no different in Toledo or Timbuctoo. The more pragmatic view would have to notice that since the main characters are all transplanted Americans, it is no wonder they behave as most Americans seem to behave in foreign lands—as though they had never left home.

Belize, British Honduras, is the stop for With Intent to Kill (1965) and a strange vendetta against Barry Sanford by millionaire King Hubbard. Hubbard blames Sanford for the death of his brother Arthur and keeps him on the run until a bizarre situation in British Honduras forces all cards on the table. Coincidence would seem to have placed the nearly folklore-like names onto the dead man and the avenger: one can only think of Mother Goose with a name like Hubbard, and Camelot with names like King and Arthur. The brief mention of the assassination of President Kennedy also raises the Camelot image. The "idea" behind the book may have come from the assassination as comparisons are drawn between the difficulties in protecting President or citizen from such a fate. Echoes of the them of the thin line between civilization and barbarism which is found in Buchan and Graham Greene may be seen here as well as a wry comment on the lot of writers when George Breck says "Free-lance writers don't have jobs."

The Candid Imposters (1968) presents Gary Manning (a reporter idled by the New York newspaper strike) with the task of impersonating a friend in order to collect a check for the friend. Some of the ideas in this book can be traced back to Assignment in Guiana, in which the author first tried them out. The setting, once more, is Panama.

Back to the coast of South America and Surinam for Double Identity (1970) for our traveler. The "doppelganger" theme of One Way Out may be seen here as Alan Carlisle is mistaken for Ames Stanley (the long lost son of millionaire John Stanley) and carries through the deception to learn who killed his double. Coxe's skill at precise descriptions of what his characters do, and what they eat and drink, would seem to have slipped a bit here when Car-

lisle orders a martini, then follows it with a hamburger and a Heineken's. The mixing of the drinks seems inappropriate. But, as A. J. Hubin commented in his review, "the plot is well and convincingly spun."[8]

Woman with a Gun (1972) is a reprise of a number of threads from the past, some more apparent than others. Alan Maxwell is an architect escaping from the power of his wife's money as well as her explosive personality. He has just landed a job with the Island Development Company whose maneuvers cannot disguise its suspicious relationship to the Syndicate (or perhaps the Mafia) when Louise Maxwell arrives to disarrange his plans. When she is found dead he realizes that he is only the logical suspect.

> The Casurina Inn was the last in a row of beach houses beyond the Aquatic Club, and the only two-story one. Originally it had had a wide veranda on three sides. Now only the front remained, the two sides having been built out flush with the foundation to give more inside room. Even so, there were only six upstairs rooms and a communal bath at the rear end of the hall. Hardly more than a guest house in spite of its name, its chief advantages to Maxwell were that it was ideally located for his purpose, and cheap.

The average reader of that passage from Woman with a Gun would not realize its autobiographical aspects. As has been mentioned, Coxe rented a cottage on St. Vincent in 1934; there he wrote his first book, Murder with Pictures. He relates in a letter: "Although I stopped at many of the islands later and spent several winters in Barbados, I did not go back to St. Vincent until two years ago. Having checked the progress and looked up my old cottage, now a small inn, I used it as the background for Woman with a Gun."[9]

And so (the tour guide might say) we take leave of the dangerous Caribbean of George Harmon Coxe and return to our own homes once more. It is largely a tourist's-eye-view of the Caribbean that we have been given, but a very real one for all of that. The people of his fictional world would encounter danger at the same levels as his readers might imagine doing themselves. . .in the night clubs and on the beaches, as well as on yachts and smaller vessels. The natives of these islands are seen in their natural and professional capacities (mostly as business men or police officers), fulfilling their parts in the stories as they would seem to be visitor. There are no machete fights in the jungles or entrapments in dark caves.

We seem to have come full circle in theme and background. Glancing back on the Caribbean stories, one has an impression—an image—(perhaps remembered from some magazine illustration or movie set) of a beach at night, a beach house; the moon overhead lights the scene. A body lies half-hidden in the shadows, a man stands over it (arms perhaps oustretched to steady himself against a post)—light and shadow—vivid yellows and reds—and deep, deep black.

Casey would have loved it.

Notes for Chapter Four

1. Coxe seems to have a fondness for the name Alan; several of his heroes have this first name.
2. Interview.
3. Coxe in a letter to the present writer, 29 October 1972.
4. Interview.
5. New York Times Book Review (18 October 1953), p. 48.
6. New York Times Book Review (18 November 1956), p. 44.
7. Library Journal, LXXXVIII (1 October 1963), p. 3650.
8. New York Times Book Review (29 March 1970), p. 21.
9. Coxe in a letter to the present writer, 29 October 1972.

George Harmon Coxe: A Chronological List of His Writings

This list is as complete as possible at this time. Additions and corrects will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Only the first U.S. edition is listed for books; unless otherwise noted, the publisher is Alfred A. Knopf. While the books have appeared in foreign countries, in hardcover reprints (Grosset & Dunlap) and paperbacks (Dell, Popular Library, and Pyramid, as well as Avon) no attempt has been made to list these. Reprints of novelettes and short stories will be found listed under the date of the original appearance. An asterisk (*) marks all material not considered to involve crime or mystery. Items which have not been seen are noted.

1922

"No Provisions for Picnics." Street & Smith's Detective Story Magazine, XLVIII (1 April).
* "Playing One's Way Through College." American Boy, XXIII (October).

1923

"Timed to a T." Street & Smith's Detective Story Magazine, LVII (21 April).

1932

"Special Delivery." Top Notch, XC (15 July).
"No Work, No Pay." Top Notch, XC (15 August).
"Stop Sign." Top Notch, XCI (1 September).
"Bad Medicine." Complete Stories, XXX (15 December).

1933

"Hot Hunches." Clues (Clayton), XXX (February). (A Tom Flagg story)
"Mad Masquerade." Clues (Clayton), XXX (April).
"Full Payment." Argosy (CCXXXVII (1 April).
"Face Value." Complete Stories, XXXI (15 April).
"Murder at Eight." Dime Mystery Book Magazine, II (May).
"Ahead of Death." Street & Smith's Detective Story Magazine, CXLI (10 May).
"Fisherman's Luck." Open Road for Boys, XV (June).
"Fifteen a Week." Detective Fiction Weekly, LXXVI (10 June).
"Counter-Evidence." Detective Fiction Weekly, LXXVII (24 June).
"Trustworthy." Argosy, CCXXXIX (24 June).
"The Weakest Link." Complete Stories, XXXII (1 August).
"Invited Witness." Dime Mystery Book Magazine, III (August). (Reprinted: EQMM, July 1950; Will Oursler (ed.), As Tough as They Come. NY: Permabook, 1951; Ellery Queen's 1960 Anthology.)
"Planned Luck." Detective Fiction Weekly, LXXIX (30 September).
"Cyclops." Complete Stories, XXXIII (1 October).
"Material Witness." Detective Fiction Weekly, LXXX (28 October).
"Slay Ride." Dime Detective, VIII (1 November). (A Tom Flagg story)
"Special Messenger." Complete Stories, XXXIII (1 November). (A Tom Flagg story)
"Testimonial." Argosy, CCLII (4 November).
"Alias the Killer." Complete Stories, XXXIII (15 November). (Novelette; same title used on a 1944 Collier's story)
"The Perfect Frame." Thrilling Detective, IX (December). (Coxe is credited in the by-line with having written a story called "No Quarter." This story has not been seen.)
"Protection Promised." Complete Stories, XXXIV (1 December).
"The Last Witness." Detective Fiction Weekly, LXXXI (9 December).
"The Death Club." Complete Stories, XXXIV (15 December). (Novelette; a Walt Harper story)

1934

"Touch System." Complete Stories, XXXIV (1 January).
"Turn About." Complete Stories, XXXIV (15 January).
"Psychology Stuff." Thrilling Detective, IX (February).
"Return Engagement." Black Mask, XVII (March). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"The Missing Man." The Phantom Detective, V (March).
"A Letter of Death." Complete Stories, XXXV (15 March). (Novelette; a Walt Harper story)
"Special Assignment." Black Mask, XVII (April). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"One for the Book." Thrilling Detective, X (April). (Reprinted: Giant Detective Annual, 1950)
"Blackmail Incorporated." Complete Stories, XXXV (1 April). (Novelette; a Kramer and Clarke story)
"Clip Killer." Dime Detective, (1 April).
"Licorice Drops." Complete Stories, XXXV (30 April).
"Two-Man Job." Black Mask, XVII (May). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"Solo!" Clues (Street & Smith), XXXI (May).
"Jailed." Thrilling Detective, X (May).
"Push-Over." Black Mask, XVII (June). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"The Twelfth Woman." Complete Stories, XXXV (11 June). (Novelette; a Kramer & Clarke story)
"Hot Delivery." Black Mask, XVII (July). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"Easy Money." Complete Stories, XXXVI (1 July).
"Final Appeal." Detective Fiction Weekly, LXXXVI (7 July).
"Party Murder." Detective Fiction Weekly, LXXXVI (14 July).

"One-Buck Pay-Off." Dime Detective, XIII (15 July).
"Mixed Drinks." Black Mask, [illegible] (August). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"Pinch-Hitters." Black Mask, XVII (September). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"It's Teamwork That Counts." Complete Stories, XXXVI (24 September). (Novelette; a Kramer & Clarke story)
"The Murder Schedule." Clues [illegible] Smith), XXXII (November). (Novelette; Reprinted: Street & Smith's Detective [illegible] Annual, 1943)
"Stuffed Shirts." Complete St[illegible] XVII (5 November). (A Kramer & Clarke story)
"When a Cop's a Good Cop." T[illegible] Magazine, X (December). (A Detective Sullivan and Jack Boyd story)

1935

"Murder Picture." Black Mask, XVII (January). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"Greed Crazy." Detective Fiction Weekly, XC (5 January). (A Detective-Sergeant Jansen story)
"Casey—Detective." Black Mask, XVII (February). (Novelette; a Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted: Flash Casey—Detective)
"The Murder Bridge." Thrilling Detective, XIII (February). (Coxe is credited in the byline with being the author of a story called "The Black Box." This story has not been seen.)
"Earned Reward." Black Mask, XVIII (March). (A Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted as "Reward for Survivors" in The Saint Detective Magazine, August 1958)
"Hot Assignment." Clues—Detective (Street & Smith), XXXIII (March). (Novelette)
"Reprisal." Complete Stories, XXXVIII (8 March).
"Women are Trouble." Black Mask, XVIII (April). (Novelette; a Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted: Flash Casey—Detective)
"One-Man Job." Complete Stories, XXXVIII (22 April).
"Murder Date." Dime Detective, XVII (1 May).
"Thirty Tickets to Win." Black Mask, SVIII (June). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"When a Lady's Involved." The Mystery Magazine, XI (June). (A Detective Sullivan-Jack Boyd story)
"The Seventy Grand Bullet." Detective Fiction Weekly, XCIII (1 June). (A Detective-Sergeant Jansen story)
"Unfair Bargain." Maclean's (Canada), XLVIII (1 June).
"Buried Evidence." Black Mask, XVIII (July). (A Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted as "Guns in Action" in The Saint Mystery Magazine, January 1959)
"Murder Set-Up." Detective Fiction Weekly, XCIV (6 July). (A Detective-Sergeant Jansen story)
"Guiana Gold." Blue Book, LXI (August).
"Mr. Casey Flashguns Murder." Black Mask, XVIII (October). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"Murder Touch." Detective Fiction Weekly, XCVII (9 November).
"The Dead Can't Hide." Detective Fiction Weekly, XCVIII (23 November).
"The Isle of New Fortunes." Blue Book, LXII (December).
"Ungallant Evidence." Complete Magazine, XXXIX (December). (formerly Complete Stories)
Murder with Pictures (a Kent Murdock novel)

1936

"Portrait of Murder." Black Mask, XVIII (February). (A Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted: The Saint Detective Magazine, October 1954)
"You Gotta Be Tough." Black Mask, XIX (March). (A Paul Baron story; Reprinted: EQMM, May 1958; The Saint Mystery Magazine, April 1963)
"Letters Are Poison." Black Mask, XIX (April). (A Paul Baron story; Reprinted: The Saint Mystery Magazine, September 1963)
"Murder Mix-Up." Black Mask, XIX (May). (A Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted: The Hard-Boiled Omnibus. NY: Simon & Schuster, 1946)
"Fall Guy." Black Mask, XIX (June). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"Trouble for Two." Black Mask, XIX (July). (A Paul Baron story)
"Head-Work Payoff." Ten Detective Aces, XXVII (August).
"Too Many Women." Black Mask, XIX (September). (Novelette; a Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted: Flash Casey—Detective; The Saint Mystery Magazine, July 1962)
"Double or Nothing." Black Mask, XIX (November). (A Paul Baron story)
"Going My Way?" Elks Magazine, (date not known). (Reprinted: Fiction Parade, IV (December); EQMM, December 1952; Ellery Queen's 1961 Anthology)
The Barotique Mystery (a Kent Murdock novel; Reprinted as Murdock's Acid Test, NY: Dell, nd)

1937

"The Camera Clue." The American Magazine, CXXIII (February). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; expanded for book version)

The Camera Clue (a Kent Murdock novel)
"Peril Afloat." Thrilling Detective, XXIV (July). (Coxe is credited in the byline with being the author of a story called "Murder Debt." This story has not been seen.)
"Consider the Mystery Story." The Writer, L (December).

1938

Peril Afloat. Akron, Ohio: Saalfield Publishing Co. (A Little Big Book; presumably a reprint of the story of the same title from Thrilling Detective, July 1937; this book has not been seen)

1939

"Death is a Gamble." The American Magazine, CXXVIII (October). (Rewritten as the novel, Venturous Lady, 1948)
Four Frightened Women (a Kent Murdock novel; reported to have been adapted to comic book format; this adaptation has not been seen)
Murder for the Asking (a Max Hale novel)

1940

"Casey and the Blonde Wren." Black Mask, XXIII (August). (A Flashgun Casey story)
"Starting That Mystery Book." The Writer, LIII (December). (Reprinted: A. S. Burack (ed) Writing Detective and Mystery Fiction, Boston: The Writer, 1945; rev. ed., 1969)
The Glass Triangle (a Kent Murdock novel; Reprinted: Triple Exposure)
The Lady is Afraid (a Max Hale novel)

1941

"Vigilance." Collier's, CVII (19 April). (Reprinted as "Observe and Remember," EQMM, January 1948)
"Once Around the Clock." Black Mask, XXIV (May). (A Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted: Flash Casey—Detective; Black Mask, July 1951)
*"See How They Run." Saturday Evening Post, CCXIV (16 August). Reprinted: "Red" Smith (ed) The Saturday Evening Post Sports Stories, NY: A. S. Barnes, 1949; P. Schwed and H. W. Wind (eds) Great Stories from the World of Sport. NY: Simon & Schuster, 1958. 3 vols)
"Killers Are Camera Shy." Black Mask, XXIV (September, October, November). (Serial; a Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted as Silent Are the Dead in 1942)
"All Routes Covered." Coronet, X (October).
"Boy, Are You Lucky." Liberty, XVIII (29 November). (Reprinted as "The Simplicity of the Act," EQMM, March 1963)
*"This is My Chance." The American Magazine, CXXXII (December).
"Assignment in Guiana." Argosy, CCCXI-CCCXII (12 December to 21 February 1942). (Serial; book publication in 1942)
No Time to Kill
Mrs. Murdock Takes a Case (a Kent Murdock novel)

1942

"Surprise in a Bottle." This Week (1 February).
*"Smoke on the Horizon." Liberty, XIX (14 March).
"Intelligence from the Reich." The American Magazine, CXXXIII (April).
*"A Full Gold Stripe." Saturday Evening Post, CCIV (16 May).
"Murder in the Red." Black Mask, XXV (June). (Novelette; a Flashgun Casey story)
*"White Lie." This Week, (14 June).
"The Fourth Visitor." Cosmopolitan, CXIII (August). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: Frank Owen (ed) Murder for the Millions. NY: Frederick Fell, 1946)
"The Doctor Makes It Murder." Cosmopolitan, CXIII (September). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: MWA (ed) Murder Cavalcade. NY: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1946; Harold Q. Masur (ed) Dolls are Murder. NY: Lion, 1957)
Silent are the Dead (a Flashgun Casey novel)
Assignment in Guiana
The Charred Witness (a Kent Murdock novel)

1943

"Blood on the Lens." Black Mask, XXV (January, February, March). (Serial; a Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted as the book: Murder for Two)
*"Girl Wanted." Collier's, CXI (1 May).
*"Johnny Get Your Girl." Collier's, CXI (8 May).

*"Torpedo Shy." Saturday Evening Post, CCXV (15 May).
"Murder in Havana." The American Magazine, CXXXV (June). (Novelette; expanded to book form)
*"Citation for a Sailor." Cosmopolitan, CXV (December).
Alias the Dead
Murder for Two (a Flashgun Casey novel)
Murder in Havana

1944

*"No Hard Feelings." Collier's, CXIII (8 January).
*"Week-End Pass." Collier's, CXIII (19 February).
*"Partners in Blue." Collier's, CXIII (4 March).
"The Groom Lay Dead." The American Magazine, CXXXVII (April). (Novelette; expanded to book form)
"Courage Isn't Everything." Collier's, CXIII (17 June). (Reprinted: Dorothy Gardiner (ed) For Love of Money. NY: Doubleday, 1957)
"Alias the Killer." Collier's, CXIV (26 August). (Another story with this title was published in 1933 in Complete Stories. Reprinted: The Saint Detective Magazine, November 1955; as "The Killer Cop," EQMM, July 1961; Ellery Queen's Anthology, 1970)
*"So Right for Laura." Collier's, CXIV (16 September).
"The Jade Venus." The American Magazine, CXXXVIII (October). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; expanded to book form)
The Groom Lay Dead

1945

"The Painted Nail." Liberty, XXII (5 May). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: A. L. Furman (ed) The Fourth Mystery Companion. NY: Lantern Press, 1946; Avon Detective Mysteries, No. 1, March 1947)
"Woman at Bay." Collier's, CXV (2 June - 23 June). (Serial in 4 parts; revised and expanded to book form)
"The Fifth Key." The American Magazine, CXL (October). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; expanded to book form)
"The Canary Sang." Mystery Book Magazine, I (October). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: Frank Owen (ed) Murder for the Millions. NY: Frederick Fell, 1946; as "The Frightened Canary" in The Saint Mystery Magazine, May 1959)
"The Unloved Corpse." Mystery Book Magazine, II (December). (A Detective Sullivan-Jack Boyd story)
The Jade Venus (A Kent Murdock novel; Reprinted: Triple Exposure)
Woman at Bay

1946

"Three Guesses to Guilt." Mystery Book Magazine, III (March). (A Detective Sullivan-Jack Boyd story)
"Murder to Music." Liberty, XXIII (7 September). (A Paul Standish story)
"Post Mortem." Liberty, XXIII (16 November). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted as "The Doctor Calls It Murder" in The Saint Detective Magazine, October 1957; as "The Doctor Takes a Case" in 20 Great Tales of Murder (Helen McCloy & Brett Halliday, eds). NY: Random House, 1951. This collection was reprinted as two paperbacks: You Killed Elizabeth, NY: Hillman, 1960, and Murder, Murder, Murder, NY: Hillman, 1961. The Coxe story appears in the first title)
Dangerous Legacy
Flash Casey—Detective. Avon Book Company (Murder Mystery Monthly No. 39). (Four novelettes from Black Mask: "Women are Trouble", "Too Many Women," Casey—Detective," "Once Around the Clock"; Reprinted as Flash Casey—Hardboiled Detective by Avon)

1947

"Cause for Suspicion." Liberty, XXIV (1 February). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: EQMM, March 1957)
"Speak No Evil." The American Magazine, CXLIII (June). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; Reprinted: as "Seed of Suspicion" in EQMM, December 1964; Ellery Queen's Anthology 1970; expanded to book length as An Easy Way to Go)
"Death Certificate." Liberty, XXIV (December). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: EAMM, July 1948; Ellery Queen's Anthology, 1963; Four-&-Twenty Bloodhounds (Anthony Boucher, ed), NY: Simon & Schuster, 1950)
The Fifth Key (a Kent Murdock novel; Reprinted: Triple Exposure)

Fashioned for Murder
"George Harmon Coxe Selects. . ." Mystery Writers of America Present Murder by Experts (Ellery Queen, ed), Chicago; NY: Ziff Davis.

1948

"The Hollow Needle." The American Magazine, CXLV (January). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; expanded to book form)
"No Loose Ends." Liberty, XXV (July). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: MWA Anthology, Eat, Drink and Be Buried (Rex Stout, ed), NY: Viking Press, 1956; this anthology published in England as For Tomorrow We Die, London: Macdonald, 1958)
"Lady Killer." The American Magazine, CXLVI (September). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; expanded to book form)
Venturous Lady
The Hollow Needle (a Kent Murdock novel)

1949

"The Hidden Witness." The American Magazine, CXLVII (May). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; expanded to book form as Eye Witness)
"Circumstantial Evidence." Liberty, XXVI (September). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted: Ellery Queen's Anthology, 1965; Ellery Queen's Shoot the Works, NY: Pyramid, 1969)
Lady Killer (a Kent Murdock novel)
Inland Passage

1950

"The Widow Had a Gun." The American Magazine, CXLIX (May). (Novelette; a Kent Murdock story; expanded to book form)
Eye Witness (a Kent Murdock novel)
The Frightened Fiancee (a Sam Crombie novel)

1951

"Black Target." The American Magazine, CLI (March). (A Paul Standish story; Reprinted, as "The Appearance of Truth," EQMM, December 1968; basis for novel, The Ring of Truth)
"The Fatal Hour." The American Magazine, CLII (November). (Novelette; basis for the novel, One Hour to Kill)
The Widow Had a Gun (a Kent Murdock novel)
The Man Who Died Twice

1952

"Weapon of Fear." The American Magazine, CLIII (May). (Novelette; basis for the novel, Never Bet Your Life)
Never Bet Your Life

1953

"The Captive-Bride Murders." The American Magazine, CLVI (July). (Novelette; basis for the novel, Slack Tide)
The Crimson Clue (a Kent Murdock novel)
Uninvited Guest (serialized in the Chicago Tribune as Nobody Wants Julia; this version has not been seen)

1954

Focus on Murder (a Kent Murdock novel)
Death at the Isthmus (serialized in the Chicago Tribune; this version has not been seen)
Butcher, Baker, Murder-Maker (Mystery Writers of America anthology, edited and with an introduction by Coxe)

1955

Top Assignment

1956

Suddenly a Widow
Man on a Rope

1957

Murder on Their Minds (a Kent Murdock novel)

One Minute Past Eight

1958

"When a Wife is Murdered." EQMM, XXXI (February). (Reprinted: Ellery Queen's Anthology, 1965 Mid-Year Edition)
"Two Minute Alibi." EQMM, XXXII (August).
"A Routine Night's Work." EQMM, XXXII (November). (Reprinted, Ellery Queen's Anthology, 1968)
The Impetuous Mistress (a Sam Crombie novel)
The Big Gamble (a Kent Murdock novel)

1959

"Characters for Mystery Fiction." The Writer, LXXII (September).
"There's Still Tomorrow." EQMM, XXXIV (October). (Reprinted: Ellery Queen's 15th Mystery Annual. NY: Random House, 1960)
Slack Tide
Triple Exposure: A George Harmon Coxe Omnibus (Contains: The Glass Triangle, The Jade Venus, and The Fifth Key)

1960

"A Neat and Tidy Job." EQMM, XXXVI (October). (Reprinted: Ellery Queen's Anthology, 1969; Ellery Queen's Mystery Jackpot, NY: Pyramid, 1970)
One Way Out
The Last Commandment (a Kent Murdock novel)

1961

"The Barbados Beach House." Cosmopolitan, CL (May). (Novelette; basis for the novel, Moment of Violence)
Error of Judgment (A Flashgun Casey story; Reprinted as One Murder Too Many, NY: Pyramid, 1967)
Moment of Violence

1962

The Man Who Died Too Soon (a Flashgun Casey novel)
Mission of Fear

1963

"The Girl in the Melody Lounge." Cosmopolitan, CLV (December). (Novelette; a Flashgun Casey story; basis for the novel, Deadly Image)
The Hidden Key (a Kent Murdock novel)
One Hour to Kill

1964

Deadly Image (a Flashgun Casey novel)

1965

With Intent to Kill
The Reluctant Heiress (a Kent Murdock novel)

1966

The Ring of Truth (a Paul Standish novel)

1968

"On the Nostalgic Side." Mystery Writers Annual (Edgar Allan Poe Awards Dinner)
The Candid Imposter

1969

An Easy Way to Go (a Kent Murdock novel)

1970

Double Identity

1971

Fenner (A Jack Fenner-Kent Murdock novel)

1972

Woman with a Gun

1973

The Silent Witness (a Jack Fenner novel)

1974

(Work-in-Progress: To Be Announced)

Appendix: Mostly About Casey

Adaptations:

Ayres, Paul (pseud. of Edward S. Aarons). Dead Heat: a Crime Photographer Mystery. Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania: Bell Publishing Co., 1950.

Bristol, Stephen. Crime Photographer (drama). NY: Samuel French, 1950.

Films:

Women Are Trouble (1936) M-G-M

Here's Flash Casey (1937) Grand National

Radio scripts (a partial list):

"Murder for Breakfast" (1943) (written by Alonzo Deen Cole)
"Clue in the Clouds" (1945)
"Truth or Tooth" (15 July 1945)
"The Duke of Skid Row" (14 Sept 1946)
"Holiday" (25 Nov 1948)
"Wanted, a Gun" (19 Jan 1950)
"Bad Little Babe" (2 March 1950)
"The Upholsterer" (17 Nov 1950)
"The Butterfly" (nd)
(Scriptwriters included Ashley Buck, Alonzo Deen Cole, Harry and Gail Ingram, Milton J. Kramer, and Charles Holden)

"Life's Pictures." Life, VIII (11 March 1940). p. 18. (News item about Life photographer Stedman Jones, who was nicknamed "Flash Gun Casey" (sic) because of "his resemblance to the fictional news photographer." Illustrated with a sketch of Jones at the front in World War Two. See also the editorial in Black Mask for August 1940.)

In 1949 and 1950, there was a bimonthly comic book called Casey, Crime Photographer. The First issue was for August, 1949, the 4th issue (the highest number seen) was dated February 1950. Publisher's Broadcast Features Publications, Inc., later to become the publishers of the "Marvel Comics Group", are listed as publishers. The covers were photographs posed by the cast of the show. Issue one is an effective one of Casey holding his camera; in the lens we see a reflection of a frightened girl. Issue four shows an open-mouthed Staats Cotsworth as Casey, with Ann Williams behind him, confronted by a menacing prize fighter. Each story is "based upon the character Flashgun Casey created by George Harmon Coxe" and is taken "from the files of the famous C.B.S. radio thriller." The stories themselves are not as good as either the original pulps or the radio scripts, but are not as bad as the general run of comic book adaptations of radio, television, or motion picture characters. The artwork is unsigned and undistinguished.

Additional material on the radio series will be found in these books and magazines:

Buxton, Frank and Owen, Bill. Radio's Golden Age. NY: Easton Valley Press, 1966; revised as The Big Broadcasts. NY: Viking Press, 1972. (Comprehensive list of cast and credits; errs in placing the date of the first show later than 1943)

"Finger of Suspicion." Radio Album, I (Summer 1949), 32-35. (Photo story based on the script "Blackout" by Harry Ingram. Parts are taken by the original radio actors. Casey's first name is given here as Steve.)

Harmon, Jim. The Great Radio Heroes. NY: Doubleday, 1967. (Chapter IX, "Gentlemen of the Press" discusses the radio series; synopsis of "Blackout"; sample of dialogue from another episode)

Higby, Mary Jane. Tune in Tomorrow. NY: Ace Books, 1968. (Brief reference; photo of Jan Miner (Ann Williams) and Staats Cotsworth)

Ratner, Victor M. "Are Your Children Listening?" McCall's, LXXIV (July 1947), 18-19. (Discusses the effects of crime shows on young listeners. Illustrated with a photo story based on a Crime Photographer script about an old lady who killed a lodger of hers with a crossbow. Actors in photos are not the cast of the actual show; in some ways they look more like the listener's concept of the characters than the real actors.)

* * * * * * *

Published material about George Harmon Coxe (apart from reviews of individual novels and items in editorial columns of some of the pulps) is not voluminous. Some of this will be found listed in the notes to each chapter of this study. One item which should be noted in addition is the novel, She Woke to Darkness, by Brett Halliday (NY: Torquil, 1954). This 25th case for Michael Shayne is unique in that the author, "Brett Halliday", appears as a character, as do many other mystery writers. Coxe is mentioned several times although he does not actually appear. In the story, the murderer uses Coxe's absence from New York at the time of the MWA dinner (he is in Panama for a few days) to advantage. Posing as Coxe, he telephones Dorothy Gardiner to learn where Halliday is staying in New York.

* *

A MYSTERIOUS QUIZ*

by R. E. Briney

1. Give the author and title of the longest mystery novel ever published in one volume.
2. Give the author and title of the longest "hardboiled" private eye novel ever published.
3. Identify the book(s) and author(s) described by the conditions listed below:
   a) The book's narrator is the murderer.
   b) The book is told in the form of letters from the detective to the murderer.
   c) The detective is the ghost of the murder victim.
   d) The detective spends the entire book in bed with his leg in a cast.
   e) One detective is an agoraphobe and another is not human.
4. Name two mystery novels by different authors featuring a murderer named Arthur Rowe.
5. In his first book appearance, Richard and Frances Lockridge's Captain Merton L. Heimrich had a different first name. What was the book, and what was the name?
6. Name detective novels (and their authors) in which the detective is a) a Gypsy; b) a homosexual; c) a Professor Sanskrit; d) a nun; e) allergic to cats.
7. Name three mystery novels in which the detective is the killer.
8. Name the creators of the following detectives:
   a) Ebenezer Gryce
   b) Trajan Beare
   c) Nathan Shapiro
   d) Chief Inspector French
   e) Theodolinda Bonner
   f) Pharoah Love
9. What do the following people have in common: Joshua Clunk, Anthony Maitland, Arthur Crook, John J. Malone, Ephraim Tutt?
10. In what detective story did the dog do nothing in the night-time?

*Taken from the Bouchercon IV Program Booklet. Answers next issue.

* *

MOVIE NOTE

Criss Cross (Universal, 1949). Directed by Robert Siodmak; produced by Michael Kraike; screenplay by Daniel Fuchs from an original by Don Tracy; camera: Franz Planer; music: Miklos Rozsa; 8 reels. With Burt Lancaster, Yvonne de Carlo, Dan Duryea, Stephen McNally, Richard Long, Esy Morales, Tom Pedi, Percy Helton, Alan Napier, Griff Barnett, Meg Randall, Joan Miller, Edna Holland, John Doucette, James O'Rear, Skins Miller, Tony Curtis.

One of Robert Siodmak's last American films, Criss Cross seemed at the time rather a let-down. Coming on the heels of such big prestige films as The Spiral Staircase and The Killers, it was regarded as little more than a pot-boiler, too similar to The Killers to be a step forward, too lacking in traditional action to be a good thick-ear melodrama. Yet how well it stands up today; rather better in fact than The Killers, which tends to be too overblown and conscious of its cleverness today. Criss Cross is taut, exciting, extremely well-written, and quite one of the best of the sleazy underworld films of the 40's, the closest Siodmak came to capturing the essence of Lang. Yvonne de Carlo—no giant mong actresses, it's true, but a versatile and much under-rated player, forever being dismissed as just another Maria Montez—gives a surprisingly strong performance. But then Siodmak was a whiz at beautiful babes who could be alterantely touching and bitchy—witness Ava Gardner in The Killers, likewise one of her best performances. It's a pity he never got a crack at a real high-level femme-fatale vehicle, a la The Letter.

—William K. Everson

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF ELIZABETH DALY

by Ann Waldron

Elizabeth Daly was a late bloomer. She was more than 60 years old when her first mystery novel, Unexpected Night, appeared in 1940.

She went on to publish 15 other novels -- all but one of them mysteries -- and to win fame and fervent admiration from a select circle of true lovers of the literate mystery story before she died in 1967 at the age of 88.

A great many of her admirers wish she had started writing sooner and written more books, but then, if she had started sooner, she might not have written such utterly delightful mysteries.

She believed that a person was better equipped for writing after he reached the age of 50. "You draw on your experience," she said. "You have seen and done so much more that you have twice the material. It's purely mathematical."

All her life she loved mysteries and puzzles. She wrote and published light verse, and wrote -- but did not publish -- short stories.

"And then one day I decided to write a detective story," she said. "It was so much fun to be doing something I really wanted to do."

She wrote one book, and nobody would buy it.

She wrote another one, and nobody would buy that one either.

Editors, she said, were kind enough to point out her mistakes. They said she was "promising."

She decided her books needed something.

She found it -- Henry Gamadge, her detective.

Of all the detectives in fiction, Henry Gamadge is surely the most urbane and charming -- and the most unassuming. He has none of the bizarre mannerisms of Lord Peter Wimsey nor any of the exotic airs of Hercule Poirot. He is not a poseur. He is not even as dashing as Albert Campion. Henry Gamadge is a very nice man. He has a nice wife, Clara, and a cat named Martin, and a small son.

"I just made Henry up," Miss Daly said. "I just snatched him out of the air. He's the semi-bookish type, but not pretentious. He's not good-looking, but eye-catching. He represents everything in a man eager to battle the forces of evil. He knows a lot, but he doesn't talk about it. He is basically kind, but at times he can be ruthless."

Gamadge was so real to his readers that they wrote to him at Miss Daly's address. "That can be embarrassing to a single lady, you know," she said.

"Every move Gamadge makes, and every sentence he speaks proves him to be a likeable, intelligent gentleman of wide book-learning," Hillis Mills wrote when he reviewed one of Elizabeth Daly's books in the New York Times. "In polite surroundings, among soft-spoken gentlefold, murder and other such sordid goings-on take on an extra edge of horror."

And every move that Gamadge makes and every sentence that he speaks proves his author to have been a gentle, intelligent lady of great erudition. Gamadge is a bibliophile and an author and, for civic work, a detective.

He moves about in a world of townhouses with gardens on New York's upper East Side and bracketed summer homes on the Hudson and in the Berkshires -- always in houses spacious and vast with large fire-lit libraries and plenty of servants.

This is the world where Elizabeth Daly grew up.

Elizabeth Daly was born October 15, 1878, the daughter of Joseph Francis Daly, a justice of the supreme court of New York County, and Emma Barker Daly.

She was named for her grandmother. That first Elizabeth Daly was the daughter of what must surely be one of the most romantic marriages in the world. In Ireland in the 18th century, Margaret Moriary and John Duffey were childhood sweethearts. They were separated by their parents, and each married someone else. Years later, in 1811, both widowed, they met again by chance in a church in Montego Bay. They were married, and their daughter, Elizabeth Duffey, married Dennis Daly, a ship's captain.

Elizabeth and Dennis Daly had two sons, Augustin and Joseph Francis, who grew up in New York City.

Augustin Daly became one of America's great theatrical producers, an innovator in the theater in the 1890's. He owned theaters, employed John Drew and Gilbert Miller and Otis Skinner in his company. He tood the first theatrical troupe from America to England. He revived "The Country Wife" and "The Taming of the Shrew," plays that had been neglected for a century.

He was a collector of art and manuscripts and literary memorabilia. He was the author

of a biography of the actress Margaret Woffington. He wrote plays.

He bought a portrait of Margaret Woffington by Hogarth and a desk that had belonged to Garrick, a portrait of Thackeray by himself, in the frame of which there had lain concealed for years a letter from him to Lady Moleworth. He bought a portrait of Shakespeare that had been owned by the actor, Conway, and a portrait of Junius Brutus Booth in the character of Sir Giles Overreach.

He collected documents, including the original petition of 1842 for the erection of a statue of George Washington in the city of New York which bore the autographs of Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Samuel Morse and other well known New Yorkers.

The whole family, including Judge Joseph Francis Daly's children, enjoyed the warmth of the theatrical circle. Elizabeth Daly recalled all her life the day in 1888 that her uncle acquired a Shakespeare First Folio bound in red morocco.

So from childhood, she was interested in documents and pictures and rare books, the things that provided fuel for Henry Gamadge's detection engine.

The Joseph Francis Daly family lived in New York City and in a big house on the Hudson River in Yonkers. Elizabeth Daly's mother died when she was nine, and she acquired a rather unsympathetic stepmother.

She very largely kept to herself and spent most of her time at home in her bedroom. In the Yonders house it was large and comfortable and had an open fireplace and a view of the Hudson.

Everyone called her Bessie, and she had friends into tea in the afternoons in her room. A lady who often joined her recalls that she was good company -- intelligent and "highly cultivated" with a marvelous sense of humour.

She was extremely interested in the theater, and she loved poetry, expecially Keats and Shelley. She tried to interest her friends in Walter Pater.

She rolled her own cigarettes.

She had beaux, but never married.

She went to Miss Baldwin's school. By the time she was 16, she had begun to publish verse in Life, Puck and Scribner's.

She graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1901 and earned a master's degree from Columbia University in 1902.

In 1904 she went back to Bryn Mawr as a reader in English. She stayed two years -- and then returned to New York where she lived the rest of her life, at 152 Eeast 84th Street, where she could hear the roar of the elevated.

Although she loved the theater, she considered herself no actress. She coached and produced amateur theatricals and plays and pageants in schools for many years. In 1910 and 1914 she produced the Bryn Mawr May Day pageant.

She tutored students in French and English. She traveled a good bit, and went abroad several times. She visited Bryn Mawr, where her good friend, Regina Crandall, taught English. A woman who was a student there in those days recalls her visits and remembers that she had a dry, caustic wit and the "kind of sophistication and urbanity that was vastly impressive to a green undergraduate."

She lived alone, and was apparently happy writing her poetry and trying to write short stories, dabbling in literature and the theater.

Her two brothers were married and had families in Yonkers and New Rochelle. She visited them for holidays. As her brothers' children got older, her nieces sometimes came in town to go to the theater with her and spend the night at her apartment.

"She was always dear and cordial, but one never overstayed one's welcome or sprawled or chatted idly," recalls her niece, Mrs. Eleanor Boylan of Newton, Mass.

There was an aura of intellectualism about "Aunt Bessie" that sometimes daunted her nieces.

"But I vividly recall coming out of a dentist's office on 57th Street one day in 1938 just before I graduated from college, and running smack into Aunt Bessie hurrying along," Mrs. Boylan recalls. "Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes blazing."

"Eleanor!" Miss Daly said. "My mystery story is going to be published!"

Miss Daly took the proofs to her brother, Mrs. Boylan's father, who was a lawyer in New Rochelle, and let him check her legal facts.

"We all made a fuss and lionized her," Mrs. Boylan said.

That first book, Unexpected Night, was a runner-up in the Mary Roberts Rinehart Mystery Novel Contest sponsored by Rinehart and Co. and won publication through the contest. Its portentous title came from Beddoes' Death's Jest Book:

"...eventful unexpected night
Which finished a row of plotting days."

Critics liked it and called Miss Daly a "find," and commented on its "skill and wit

and suavity."

Her second book also appeared in 1940 and was called Deadly Nightshade. Murder in Volume 2 came out in 1941, as did her only non-mystery novel, The Street Has Changed, a novel of manners which pictured the life of a theatrical family over a 40-year period. Critics praised the research its author had done, but Miss Daly remarked she hadn't done any research at all -- she had merely drawn on the members of her own family and her Uncle Augustin.

Her books followed one another rapidly. The House Without a Door, about strange happenings in rural New England, came out in 1942; Nothing Can Rescue Me, set in a summer home on the Hudson called Underhill which is very like the Daly family home, came out in 1943, as did Evidence of Things Seen.

All these books stand up amazingly well after more than 25 years. While most of those wartime mysteries seem wordy and unreal today, Miss Daly's are still fresh and believable. Her people are well-drawn, her settings interesting, and her writing spare and graceful.

Arrow Pointing Nowwhere, which is about a very distinguished family, and the Book of the Dead came out in 1944; Any Shape or Form in 1945; Somewhere in the House and Wrong Way Down in 1946; Night Walk in 1947; Book of the Lion in 1948; And Dangerous to Know in 1949; Death and Letters and The Book of a Crime in 1951.

That's a substantial output for a little old lady in 10 years.

And they're good books. The Book of the Lion, written in 1948, is literate and pictures charming people in the upper strata of conservative New York society. The plot revolves around a forgery ring which operated in Paris in the 1920's and may have tried to forge Chaucer's long lost Book of the Lion.

Through all her books, Miss Daly's knowledge of prints and engravings, manuscripts, old books and literature is the enduring thread on which the plot is hung.

She learned a trick. An aspiring young writer complained to her once that his stories were rejected on the ground that they were too literary. "I used to hear that all the time," Miss Daly said, "and the trick is not to let them know it. Be literate, not literary."

Elizabeth Daly was born two years after Mary Roberts Rinehart, but her first book did not appear until 30 years after Mrs. Rinehart's first book came out. Their lives could not be more different. Mrs. Rinehart saw life in the raw when she was a nurse; she married, had children, became sensationally famous, and mingled with the great people of her day, including presidents of the United States. Elizabeth Daly was a spinster. Her nieces' families, she said, were "mysteries" to her. She stoutly refused to write about sex, and even forewent love scenes. She was a maiden lady, she said, and how could she write love scenes?

She continued, even after she became well known, to lead a rather solitary life. She gave few interviews. She never visited her publisher, and never stopped in book shops to see how her books were selling.

"I'd be afraid of what they'd tell me," she said. "Besides I have decided in this world what you do is important, not what you say about what you do."

She enjoyed writing. She took as many pains as Proust, she said, and made four drafts of everything she wrote. She worked at a typewriter. She had the plot firmly in mind when she began a book, but then, she said, "All kinds of things turn up later, which helps the writing."

She enjoyed her small fame when it came. She loved to tell the story of an editor at a publishing house whem she had tried unsuccessfully to call several times in the days when her books weren't selling. She realized she was getting the brushoff, and gave up. When she was well-known, she had occasion to call him again, and he began with the unctious works, "Miss Daly, before we speak at length -- are you quite comfortable? I do hope you're not standing in a booth."

She had always liked to read mystery stories -- and she was rather proud of writing them. "I suppose it's simply awful for a little old lady to go around bopping people off," she said, "but I do enjoy this type of writing."

She deplored, in an article in The Writer, the conversational blunt instrument she encountered every now and then. "It is applied after introduction to a detective story writer who has been described as such and it is uttered with a blank, astonished look and in a flat tone of voice: 'I never read detective stories,'" she wrote. "I always have a dark impulse to say, 'Well, they do demand a certain mental agility in the reader,' but I smile faintly and back away. The only proper reply is, 'It is a special taste.'"

She was an animal lover. She rang door bells for cats who were hopefully waiting on doorsteps. At one time she owned nine cats.

She was tiny and distinguished looking, one interviewer said, with dark eyes and dark hair touched with gray.

Mary Louise Aswell, literary editor of Harper's Bazaar, once went to see Miss Daly for a roundup story on women mystery writers.

"I discovered that she lived near my friend, Truman Capote," Miss Aswell said. "He was just beginning to achieve notoriety. Miss Daly was apparently offended by the famous picture of him on the jacket of his first book or by the book or by his publicity, because every time they passed each other on the street where they lived, she made a face at him. Flamboyance was repulsive to her, but she had her own brand of eccentric originality."

Elizabeth Daly continued to read hungrily until her death, and she admired some of the newer writers.

She aged well.

"Age and aging are individual things," she said. "Some people develop more aptitude as they get older. This I know. But this doing what you've always wanted to do beats anything for satisfaction. If I were asked for a recipe for happiness for the late years, I would say to keep busy at something you really want to do about anything else. You don't have to look far to spot scads of people who have found age no barrier to new careers or comebacks to their old ones."

Before her death, she lived in a private room in a nursing home on Long Island. A woman who worked in the home recalls that she was "an elderly woman in full possession of her feculties. She sat upright in bed under a pink, sumptous coverlet, regal and aloof. She seemed to resent any intrusion into her privacy and was most hostile if she was distrubed while she was reading."

Miss Daly's niece, Mrs. Boylan, visited her aunt in the nursing home on the day Mrs. Boylan was 50 years old.

"Your best years are just beginning," Miss Daly told her.

* *

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

On Lolita as a Mystery Story

by J. R. Christopher

I recently re-read Vladimir Nabokov's Lolita for two or three reasons, and as I read I mentally made note of its resemblances to a mystery story. The deft planting of Clare Quilty's name in a page from Who's Who in the Limelight, just after a mention of Agatha Christie's A Murder Is Announced (I.8; Putnam edition, p. 33), for example. It is Quilty who is murdered at the end of the novel, of course (II.35; pp. 304-306) -- surely one of the most drawn-out killings in contemporary fiction.

But in spite of the murder by Humbert Humbert, and Humbert's relationship to Dolores Haze, and his American non-Tragedy with Charlotte Haze (I.20; pp. 88-89), certainly the oddest resemblance to a mystery story is when Humbert tries to trace Dolores and to find him with whom she has run off (II.23-28; pp.250-268): despite the clues of the various aliases he discovers -- including "Arsène Lupin" (II.23; p. 252) -- Humbert the detective fails completely, until Dolores Schiller (née Haze) reveals the truth (II.29; p. 274). (I believe the movie version played the story for suspense, but I did not see it, so I cannot comment on the degree of distortion from the book, nor upon any detective developments: I wonder if the movie expanded this search I have just mentioned, or expanded the role of Humbert's fantasy about detective Trapp [II.18-22; pp. 218-240]?)

Another resemblance to a mystery story involves an allusion to Poe. The third paragraph of the book refers to a young girl "in a princedom by the sea", who is later identified as Annabel (I.3-4; pp. 15-17). Of course, the allusion only sets up an association, for Poe's poems are not detective stories. And more important than this studied allusion is the general tone of the fiction: Poe's heroes were drawn to necrophilia, Humbert Humbert to nympholeptia; further, in both Poe and Nabokov do madmen commit vicious murders. (I judge the later writer to be in the tradition of nineteenth-century "Modernism" which extends back through Baudelaire to the earlier.)

Of course, one can hardly speak of Lolita as a typical mystery. Anthony Boucher once wrote of a certain type of hard-boiled detective story as following the rhythm of boom-lay-boom-lay-boom-lay-boom. Lolita obviously goes lay-lay-lay-lay-lay-boom. The materials may be the same (except for the protagonists' ages), but the rhythm is all wrong. And what detective story ever offered such a catalogue of Americana, as seen from a series of motels (II.1-3; pp. 147-178)? And yet the book does have its moral moment (II.32; pp. 285-289), for, after all, the whole work is a murderer's confession of his guilt.

* *

REVIEW

G. K. Chesterton by Dudley Barker. Stein & Day, $8.95.

Dudley Barker's biography of Chesterton brings a fresh light to bear on the subject, compared with that shed almost a generation ago by Maisy Ward's definitive work.

However, from the point of view of readers of TAD, Mr. Barker's treatment of Chesterton's detective fiction is unfortunately quite brief. Out of a book of some 300 pages, comprising 24 chapters, the Father Brown stories are dealt with in one chapter entitled "Birth of Father Brown". This chapter occupies about sixteen pages but the proper subject of the chapter, according to the title, is dismissed in a mere 3 1/3 pages.

That said, it must be noted that the analysis of the Father Brown stories which Mr. Barker provides is both fresh and certainly from this reviewer's viewpoint more realistic than any which have so far appeared. Brown is not one of history's great technical detectives. As Haycraft observes in Murder for Pleasure, in the final three volumes of Brown stories, there is "an artificiality and fanaticism that tinge all the tales." And Mr. Barker concurs in this analysis, pointing out that not only did the caliber of the Father Brown stories deteriorate in the later volumes, but also did so within each volume. It is interesting to note that the progression continued to its limit, in that the last Father Brown story ever written was posthumously rejected by the publisher to whom Chesterton submitted it! Mr. Barker points out the "contrived improbability—almost impossibility—" of the plot of "The Hammer of God". This particular story has always appeared to me as being almost a deus ex machina. While it does not actually violate the laws of physics, it certainly imposes an intolerable burden of accuracy upon any would-be murderer. Barker does nothing to dispel Haycraft's judgment that too frequently the author "seizes the occasion to intrude personal dogma and mysticism."

For one interested in Chesterton as a man, and for his contribution to English letters and theological thought, Mr. Barker's book would be highly recommendable. To any who expect to get new light on the detective aspects of the breadth of Chesterton's fiction, however, it will be a disappointment.

One last word—it is a pity that the entries in the bibliography are not in standard bibliographical form. They give neither publisher nor date.

—Harold Hughesdon

DEAR ME, MR. VAN DINE

by Robert A. W. Lowndes

When a Sherlockian turns momentarily from the endless efforts to put the adventures of Holmes and Watson into coherent chronological order and picks up the Philo Vance novels by S. S. Van Dine (Willard Huntington Wright), the first reaction is a feeling of vast relief. Now here we have order and consistency. We are told in the introduction to The Benson Murder Case (1926) that all of the cases in which the pseudonymous Philo Vance took a part occurred during the single four-year term of District Attorney John F.-X. Markham. Internal evidence soon indicates that the first case (during Markham's first year) took place early in the Prohibition Era. Therefore, we look for a New York City District Attorney's term that started no earlier than 1919.

Excellent. There was an election for District Attorney in New York City in 1921. Therefore Markham's term ran from January 1922 to December 1925. (He was not re-elected, despite notable service, largely due to Vance's assistance, because the ticket was hopelessly split.) And Mr. Van Dine helps us further by giving the month and week day dates for each day of each case.

What could be more satisfactory? The Benson Murder Case opens, we are told, on Friday June 14th. With a gleam in my eye I turned to my little calendar device through which I can find the day of the week for any date in the 20th century. Alas, in 1922, June 14th falls on a Wednesday. The case takes place quite obviously in Spring. Would any other month fit? Yes, April 14th was a Friday; so was July 14th in 1922. Typographical error? Misreading of notes by the meticulous Mr. Van Dine? Shades of Watson!

The Canary Murder Case, we are assured, took place two months after the abrupt demise of the unlamented Mr. Benson. The date for the opening is Sunday, September 9th. But September 9th is three months, not two, after June 14th; although if the July date is considered for the first case, then this one falls into place. What day of the week was September 9th, 1922? Well, we're a little closer; it was Saturday.

The Greene Murder Case, as we discover, not only began on a night after snow had fallen, but snow was essential to the culprit's plan. Winter came especially early that year, we are informed, and the first of the Greenes to be cut down met her end on Tuesday, November 9th—which the calendar shows to have been a Thursday. We'll have to take Mr. Van Dine's word for it that the case took place in the same year as the Benson and Canary homicides.

You will not be astonished, then, when we find that there was no Saturday April 2, 1923, when Joseph Cochrane Robin was purportedly discovered with an arrow through his heart, as the opening move in The Bishop Murder Case. June 2, 1923 was a Saturday, but internal evidence shows that the academic year was not yet over. The day had to be a Saturday, since Professor Arnesson's absence (normal on a week day) would not be taken for granted. Markham, we are told, had been in office one year and four months. Another plug for the impossible rather than a possible date. Was the college term still going on June 2 in 1923?)

It is when we come to The Scarab Murder Case that the game finally blows up in our faces like a trick cigar. It started, says Mr. Van Dine, on Friday, July 13th. Surprise! July 13th was a Friday in 1923. But we also find that Philo Vance first met Meryt-Amen on the third Bliss expedition, in 1924—a year after he solves the murder of her husband and smooths the way to a second and we hope happier marriage with Salvetor.

One fears that Mr. Van Dine became infected with Willard Huntington Wright's very pawky sense of humor. The ensuing Kennel Murder Case checks out for Thursday, October 11th; with the Dragon Murder Case, the date of Saturday August 11, 1923 checks out; but here we are told that Vance had been interrupted in his study of the Menander fragments, in July, by the malefactions of the "Bishop". (July 2, 1923 is just as impossible as April 2, 1923 for that case.)

The Casino Murder Case took place in the year before the Garden Murder Case, which was in early spring following the casino affair. Saturday, October 15th was a Monday in 1923. Moreover, an important part is played by heavy water (deuterium oxide) in the case. Since Urey isolated deuterium in 1932, receiving the Nobel prize for this feat in 1934, perhaps we should consider The Casino Murder Case as science fiction! The subsequent Garden Murder Case took place on Friday April 13, 1924—which was Sunday.

The Kidnap Murder Case clearly takes place in Summer, Sunday July 20, 1924 having been made a Wednesday; Sunday May 17 becomes Friday if The Gracie Allen Murder Case was in 1924; however, it could have been 1925, and—well!—that date checks.

The fragmentary Winter Murder Case is complete so far as the story goes, but what we have is only an extended outline. It reads like a fast-moving pulp story with a few Van Dine touches, and while I'm grateful that we have it, it's to be lamented that the author did not live long enough to put it into final shape. It cannot take place any later than 1925, since Markham is still District Attorney, although he plays no part in the case. However, Tuesday January 14th did fall on a Tuesday in 1924, and 1924 will do in other respects.

Dear me, Mr. Van Dine. Are you chuckling up there among the immortals?

Ah well, back to A Scandal in Bohemia. Now our Fr. Henry Folsom, of the Scandalous Bohemians of New Jersey, avers that it took place in March. But weren't the costumes being worm by the principals outdoors more appropriate to late Spring or Summer...?

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MOVIE NOTES

Murder (British International Pictures, 1930). Directed by Alfred Hitchcock; producer: John Maxwell; scenario: Alma Reville from Enter Sir John by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson, and an adaptation by Hitchcock and Walter Mycroft; camera: Jack Cox; editor: Charles Frend; sets: John Mead; also made in a simultaneous German version under the title Mary, starring Alfred Abel, Olga Tschekowa, Paul Graetz; 92 minutes. With Herbert Marshall (Sir John), Nora Baring (Diana Baring), Phyllis Konstam (Dulcie Markham), Edward Chapman (Ted Markham), Miles Mander (Gordon Druce), Esme Percy (Handel Fane), Donald Calthrop (Ion Stewart) and R. E. Jeffrey, Mathew Boulton, Violet Farebrother, Drusilla Wills, Esme Chaplin.

Bolstered by the sudden acceptance and success of their late silents which, thanks to German influence and much actual German talent, had raised their films to standards comparable with Europe and Hollywood, Britain was overambitious and overconfident in its first year of talkies. For the most part they were too long, too slow, too dialogue-ridden and too crude technically to match American and the best European sound standards. They faltered, entered a period of economic retrenchment, and began to regain lost ground only in 1932/33. Murder is a typical product from this very early sound period. It opens beautifully with a visual style still very reminiscent of the Germans; it closes excitingly. In between it is less dynamic, its entertainment value today somewhat less than spectacular, but its academic value as Hitchcock's first all-talkie thriller quite considerable. It also remains one of his very few genuine who-dun-it mysteries, a genre that he disliked intensely because of its formula and limitations. It also has some sociological interest in its commentary on changing mores and morals: an important plot element lies in the villain's relations—or lack of them—with the heroine. Murder is a primitive film, one for study rather than relaxed enjoyment, but an important Hitchcock milestone.

The Spiral Staircase (Selznick-RKO Radio, 1945; rel. 1946). Director: Robert Siodmak; produced by Dore Schary; screenplay by Mel Dinelli from a novel by Ethel Lina White; camera: Nicholas Musuraca; music: Roy Webb; 8 reels. With Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, Ethel Barrymore, Kent Smith, Rhonda Fleming, Gordon Oliver, Elsa Lanchester, Sara Allgood, Rhys Williams, James Bell, Erville Alderson, Myrna Dell, Elizabeth Russell.

Robert Siodmak was riding high in the mid-40's as a potential rival to Hitchcock and Lang as a master of the suspense film; actually his style was too lacking in humor to parallel Hitchcock, and had too much of the romanticist to equal Lang. Siodmak was actually closer to Welles; there's a great deal of The Magnificent Ambersons in The Spiral Staircase, and The Killers of course owed a great deal to Citizen Kane—from its overall construction down to such details as Vince Barnett's makeup duplicating Welles' as the older Kane. The Spiral Staircase is a film of pure style rather than suspense; its romantic flavor, particularly in its (over-scored) musical themes, robs it of any chance of Hitchcockian sleight-of-hand, and the happy ending is too foregone a conclusion. The identity of the killer is obvious from the outset. But the elegance of its studio sets, its marvellous opening (one can forgive glimpses of Mae Marsh in Griffith's Sands of Dee being billed as The Kiss!), its two superb murder scenes, and its smooth and constant moving camerawork make this an essay in style very reminiscent of Leni's The Cat and the Canary. No matter that the style isn't consistent, that the subjective camera views of the murder are really out of place, that one of the best camera movements in the picture—the horizontal tracking shot from the top of the stairs—really has no point of view, and is just there for effect. Unlike the indiscriminate use of disparate styles in, say, the work of Sidney Furie, style for its own sake is quite legitimately employed in a bravura thriller of this type—and it's still a good thriller, with sense enough to be brief and fast.

——William K. Everson

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

by George J. Thompson

PART III: The Dain Curse

"A New Direction"

Having shown us corruption on a large scale, Hammett, in his second novel, The Dain Curse (1929), narrows the range of vision and concentrates on one family—the Dains. He moves us from the violent, brutal, dark world of Personville—symbolically modern America—into an equally twisted and domestic world of lust and hatred. The lust for power was the central driving force in Red Harvest; here in The Dain Curse it is sexual lust. The stain in the Dain family—lust and hatred—and its terrible effect on Gabrielle Dain Leggett is Hammett's focus. He moves from an exploration of society as a whole to an analysis of one of its parts: the family unit. Though we might expect him to write a very similar novel to his first one, we find this is not at all the case.

Critics have generally shied away from detailed commentary of The Dain Curse and, of all the novels of Dashiell Hammett, it is the least known and least liked. William Nolan points out that like Red Harvest, The Dain Curse was first written as separate novelets for Joseph T. Shaw's Black Mask, and he argues that it suffers in its adaptation to book form:

> That he could bring the story off at all is to his credit—and there are few writers who could have unified the narrative's disparate parts as well as he—yet to some extent one could agree with Hammett himself who later called it "a silly story." The Dain Curse marked a plateau, not an upward step, in his career.[1]

In reading the novel we have the feeling of a four part structure, but one that fails eventually to convince us of its unity. As originally published, the story had a four-part sequence. In the novel form, the four original sections—"Black Lives," "The Hollow Temple," "Black Honeymoon," "Black Riddle"—are cut to three and retitled, with little appearance of increased cohesiveness.[2] Nolan's view that the novel represents a plateau for Hammett needs some analysis and clarification. Structurally the novel is inferior to Red Harvest. Unity of effect is not as well achieved as in the first novel because we feel that the three sections are artificially imposed on the matter. Yet at the same time, The Dain Curse presents a more balanced vision of reality than its predecessor because it renders a wider choice of possibilities for action and human behavior, and the world it describes is more of a mixture of good and evil, each possessing its own power and authenticity. Both as an individual novel and as a part of a larger and developing moral vision, The Dain Curse deserves a more detailed and complete examination than it has hitherto received.

Ross Macdonald once described plot as being a "vehicle of meaning," and added that

> It should be as complex as contemporary life, but balanced enough to say true things about it. The surprise with which a detective novel concludes should set up tragic vibrations which run backward through the entire structure. Which means that the structure must be single, and intended.[3]

The Dain Curse is Hammett's weakest novel because it is confused; it is not of one piece, and I think the cause of the failure can in part be explained by Hammett's attempt to embody his peculiar vision in a traditional form. Of the five novels, this is most like the classic detective story in conception, and the problem Hammett runs into is that of trying to make a form that depends on symmetry and unity of time and place carry the burden of rendering reality as problematic and deceptive.[4] Therefore his structuring of the parts of the novel is determined not by a single intention but by a two-fold one, and the novel suffers a lack of focus.

Before exploring this point, however, it would be useful to consider briefly another kind of comment on The Dain Curse that confuses the issue rather than clarifies it. William Kenney argues that the book fails in its creation of psychological probability:

> The trouble is that 'human action' is an unsatisfactory term to use in discussing the novel, for in working out his intricate plot, Hammett compromises the reality of the humans who are involved in it. Continually one has the impression that the characters are entirely at the service of the plot.[5]

Kenney's statement carries its own implicit assumptions about what ought to be in Hammett's

novel. By suggesting that the novel is deficient because plot dominates character, Kenney seems to insist that Hammett should have written a more psychological novel, one in which the reader would be allowed to explore the psychological make up of the villain—Owen Fitzstephan—and of Gabrielle Leggett, the girl of tortured and maimed sensibilities. But this seems a strange arguement from one who is writing on the traditional detective story. Most of the classical stories, from Edgar Allan Poe and Arthur Conan Doyle to Dorothy Sayers and Ellery Queen, put plot before character. As Jacques Barzun puts it: "detection rightly keeps character subordinate."[6] Kenney fails to see that the real problem of the novel is not a matter of the relationship between plot and character but between preparation and discovery.

Hammett structures The Dain Curse so that it initially appears that its world is totally dislocated and confusing. The novel is divided into three sections: "The Dains," "The Temple," and "Quesada." At the end of each section the Op appears to have completed his assigned task, but each time he is rehired. Similar to Red Harvest, he is pulled deeper and deeper into the action, but unlike the earlier novel, he is not pulled in by his own emotional involvement. He keeps his distance, and thus never loses perspective.

The Op's first job is to recover some diamonds supposedly stolen from Edgar Leggett: having found the diamonds, he is then rehired by Madison Andrews, the Leggett's family lawyer, to guard Gabrielle while she resides at the Temple of the Holy Grail (Part II); then, with that job seemingly complete, he is hired by Eric Collinson, Gabrielle's new husband, but he is killed before the Op arrives in Quesada (Part III); finally the Op is hired by the Collinson family to discover the killer of their son (Part III).

The major events of the novel involve a variety of characters who, at first sight, appear to have little to do with one another. Each event, moreover, appears to be something other than it is. The Leggett jewel robbery turns out to be a phoney, Leggett's suicide turns out to be murder, his confession a tissue of manufactured lies, and Alice Dain Leggett's death, though it too appears to be an accident, is also murder. In Part Two, Gabrielle goes to the Temple of the Holy Grail for rest and psychic recovery from having lost a mother, a father, and for having become addicted to drugs. But instead of recovery, she finds herself enmeshed in a twisted cult that sustains itself on drugs, mirages, and prestidigitation. In Part Three, hired by Eric Collinson, the Op comes to Quesada only to find that Eric has been killed. It first appears to be accidental; later it turns out to be murder. Mrs. Cotton's letter, written supposedly just before she is killed by Whidden, also turns out to be a sham. Next Whidden is killed while apparently resisting arrest, an action that covers his real intention of trying to kill Fitzstephan. Then Fitzstephan is shattered by a bomb that "accidentally" explodes in his hand; and, finally, Gabrielle's "confession" turns out to be as phoney as Mrs. Cotton's or Edgar Legget's back in Part One. Hers is merely a hysterical reaction, a withdrawal symptom from morphine.

These actions all turn out to be other than they seem. In the last two chapters we discover that Owen Fitzstephan is responsible for all that has happened. Chapter Twenty-Two and Three serve as the discovery scenes, and the confusion in the novel gives way to clarity. Owen's motive all along has been his lustful desire to possess Gabrielle, not out of love but egoism. More generally, he has an obsession to influence people in obscure ways. As a novelist, he has failed to influence, so he establishes the cult in the Temple. We are told that Leggett's robbery was Fitzstephan's idea—"He didn't care what happened to her so long as he could ruin Leggett and get Gabrielle."[7] He was also responsible for the murders of Alice and Edgar Leggett, Doctor Riese, Eric Collinson, Mrs. Cotton, and Whidden.

Hammett's structural key is to have the three parts held together by a single cause, Fitzstephan, and to delay our recognition of this fact until the very end. Such an intention is very traditional, practically imitating one of the cardinal rules of the classical genre: "If the end is not to be a wordy anticlimax, some provocation of sharp surprise must be kept to the last."[8] But he mishandles the preparation sections by leaving almost all the explication till the end. So much weight is placed on the discovery scenes that the satisfying feeling that should arise from seeing order come from disorder is marred by our irritation that somewhere the progressive reasoning steps of the Op have eluded us. The denouement is satisfactory in the sense that the revelations make perfect sense of what has gone before, but Hammett has not so handled his detective in the earlier scenes that we are prepared for his leap to this conclusion at this particular time.

If we look at the preparatory scenes carefully, for example, it appears as if Hammett tried to avoid just such a mistake. At the end of each of the first two parts the Op and Fitzstephan meet and engage in an analysis of the foregoing action. Evident in these discussions are several indications that the Op begins to see problems with Fitzstephan's interpretation of events. Simultaneously, the reader comes increasingly to see that Fitzstephan is an egomaniac and capable of imaginative, even artistic, distortion. Though Hammett establishes probability for Owen's doing what he does, he fails to allow the Op to come to

any explicit understanding of any one of the mysteries before the final two chapters. Then he presents the reader with an extremely complex explication of the previous action. It is simply too much.

Raymond Chandler once commented that a good mystery story must possess simplicity of structure: the "ideal denouement is the one in which everything is made clear in a brief flash of action."[9] Though Hammett plants behavioral clues throughout the novel,[10] he fails to focus on the Op's gradual movement towards clarity. Both the rendering of the problematic nature of reality and an orderly, sequential movement toward the denouement could have been achieved had Hammett allowed the reader to move step by step with the Op's growing sense that underlying the seemingly diffuse action there lay a pattern, perhaps designed by his friend Fitzstephan. Total clarity would still be left to the last, the moment the Op learns that Fitzstephan had loved Gabrielle, but there would be a greater harmony between preparation and discovery than presently exists.

In fact, examination of the opening sections of the novel suggest Hammett may have had just such a strategy in mind. In our first meeting with Owen we are told by the Op:

> I had met him five years before, in New York, where I was digging dirt on a chain of fake mediums . . . Fitzstephan was plowing the same field for literary material. We became acquainted and pooled forces. I got more out of the combination than he did, since he knew the spook racket inside and out. (154)

From these lines we know that the Op has experienced fake mediums before—helpful experience in tracing down the fake ones of this novel, Owen and his curse—and that Owen knows the spook racket thoroughly. This sets up the probability for what we learn later, namely that he is the mastermind behind the creation of the phoney Temple of the Holy Grail.

Throughout these early chapters Hammett enforces the probability that Owen possesses the qualities of a villain, though it is quite subtle. For example, he makes repeated use of such double entendres as the following:

> Fitzstephan: I suppose you're still hounding the unfortunate evil-doer?
> Op: Yeah. That's how I happened to locate you. Halstead tells me you know Edgar Leggett. (Chap. 3)

On first reading, such innocuous comments pass over us, but on second reading they take on more pointed resonances. Fitzstephan's following comment to the Op, though humorously put, indicates an important trait in his character:

> Don't try to be subtle with me, my son; that's not your style at all. Try it and you're sunk. (155-6)

As the novel develops, Hammett increasingly paints in sharper and sharper terms Fitzstephan's ego and his denigration of the Op's abilities. Consider these three examples:

> Always belittling . . . you need more beer to expand your soul. (186)
>
> But come, my boy. I'm listening. Let's have the story, and then I can tell you where you erred. (209)
>
> You're stumped, bewildered, flabbergasted. Do you admit you've met your master, have run into a criminal too wily for you? (249)

On a second reading, these lines rightly suggest Fitzstephan's egoistic notion that he is a demonic artist weaving such a rich tapestry of criminality that common people, like the Op, have no chance to perceive its subtleties.

Hammett conjoins this stress on Owen's almost maniacal egoism with an equal stress on the Op's growing perception that the seemingly incoherent events are somehow coherent at bottom. Owen consistenly derides the Op's arguments that the curse cannot explain the events, but the Op persists:

> But the trouble with it is its worked out too well, too regularly. It's the first one I ever ran across that did. (223)

Later he says, concerning the things that have befallen Gabrielle:

> Her father, step-mother, physician and husband have been killed, one after the other, in less than two months; and her maid jailed for murder. All the people closest to her. Doesn't that look like a program? (231)

After listing all the murders and killings and disappearances, the Op remarks to Owen:

> Call any couple of pairs coincidences. You'll still have enough left to point at somebody who's got a system he likes, and sticks to it. (250)

Taking all these references, and putting them along side of the fact that Hammett places Fitzstephan either on or near the scene of each murder or disappearance, it becomes clear that Hammett is creating the probabilities for what is later to be discovered. Why then deny the reader some involvement with the Op's analytical speculations? By Chapter Nineteen the Op knows the answers; he knows because Gabrielle tells him that Fitzstephan loved her. This is the motive that explains all that has happened, yet even here the Op does not reveal what he suspects. All he says to Gabrielle is,

> I'm going to show you that your curse is a lot of hooey, but it'll take a few days, maybe a couple of weeks. (261)

Not letting the reader in on what he surmises accomplishes little. The reader cannot be far behind the Op's perceptions, and this unnecessary mystification adds nothing to the novel. In fact, it weakens the overall effect by needlessly demanding the crowding of all revelatory information in at the end and thus destroying the delicate balance that might have been achieved between mystification and knowledge.

Barzun tells us that the art of "half-concealment" is "an art which is none other than literary."[11] and Dorothy Sayers, commenting on the "fair play doctrine," says the difficult problem for a writer of a mystery story is, "How can we at the same time show the reader everything and yet legitimately obfuscate him as to its meaning."[12] It is this problem that Hammett has not successfully solved.

And it is a shame. It weakens one of the strongest themes of the novel, which is that reality is highly problematic. Hammett stresses throughout the difference between the Op's view of how to find truth and Owen Fitzstephan's. In one of their confrontations, the Op tells Owen:

> You've got a flighty mind. That's no good in this business. You don't catch murderers by amusing yourself with interesting thoughts. You've got to sit down to all the facts you can get and turn them over and over till they click. (249)

His is basically a gestalt theory of reality; turn data over and over until the organizing principle is discovered. He recognizes that our perception of reality is imperfect because our minds are imperfect:

> Nobody thinks clearly, no matter what they pretend. Thinking's a dizzy business, a matter of catching as many of those foggy glimpses as you can and fitting them together the best way you can. That's why people hang on so tight to their beliefs and opinions; because, compared to the hap-hazard way in which they're arrived at, even the goofiest opinion seems wonderfully clear, sane, and self-evident. And if you let it get away from you, then you've got to dive back into that foggy muddle to wangle yourself out another to take its place. (258)

More philosophical than usual, the Op implies that we create fictions about ourselves in order to survive. This is one reason Fitzstephan's fiction about the Dain curse so entrances Gabrielle: it seems to account for what otherwise appears to be incoherent and insane. But the Op believes nothing is so perfect:

> But that brings us to the human mind behind it—one that can bungle—and not your infallible curse. (259)

Although Owen tries to mislead Gabrielle and the Op into believing his romantically gothic view of reality, the Op knows better and looks for answers more akin to his conception of what reality is.

In short, Hammett implies that some answers are possible, although it takes a great deal of juggling of data and theory. In order to suggest the power of the intelligence, Hammett portrays the numerous discussions between Owen and the Op. Placed strategically, these discussions are supposed to illustrate two differing views of reality, but unfortunately the conflict is not made as clear as it could or ought to be. Since clarity is to be reached eventually, there is no reason Hammett could not show one epistemology gradually coming to dominate the other as the novel draws to a close. Like Herman Melville in Moby Dick, Hammett raises the spector of inscrutable malice. His emphasis on life as perilous and overly subtle echoes Melville's description of the sea:

> Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure.[13]

Ishmael's description of reality sounds very similar to the Op's:

> My dear sir, in this world it is not easy to settle these plain things. I have ever found your plain things the knottiest of all. And as for this whole spout, you might almost stand in it, and yet be undecided as to what it is precisely.[14]

Man can never know certainty, Melville implies in Moby Dick, and though Hammett plays with this concept he finally ends by intimating man can have partial knowledge. The inscrutable malice which afflicts Gabrielle and which involves the Continental Op is finally uncovered. Cause and effect links are established; full knowledge, it is implied, is either impossible to have—for example, how sane or insane is Owen?—or better ledt unexplored for humane reasons. This latter point is made by the Op who decides that it were better he not pursue the truth of Gabrielle's childhood actions. Did she actually kill her real mother, Lily Dain Leggett, as Alice says (Chap. 7) or can we believe Owen's declaration to the Op that Alice lies only in order to further revenge herself on Gabrielle (Chap. 23)? Whatever the full truth (and we suspect the latter), the Op makes the moral decision that it is best left unexplored: "It was nobody's business except Gabrielle's and she seemed happy enough with what had already been dug up." (291).

That the Op acts on the understanding that truth should be combined with feeling shows us how fundamentally different is the moral vision of this novel from that of Red Harvest. Melville's phrase, "oh, horrible vultureism of earth! from which not the mightiest whale is free,"[15] may be an apt epigraph for Red Harvest and the moral dilemma of its hero, but surely is too pessimistic for The Dain Curse. The world is corrupt enough, to be sure. The inefficiency and ambitiousness of District Attorney Vernon and Sheriff Feeney paint a bleak picture of the law as does the obvious corruption of the legal process by Marshall Cotton, who attempts to frame his wife's sexual playmate for her murder (Chap. 16). The minor plots of the novel—the Haldrons in the Temple of the Holy Grail and the law officers in the last part of the novel—mirror the underlying causes of the major plot. In the larger plot Alice Dain twists Gabrielle's mind, presumably kills her sister Lily, and finally murders her husband Edgar out of diabolical lust and hatred, a madness that parallels Fitzstephan's. In both major and minor plots, sexual lust and hate pervert judgments and throw human relationships into chaos. In this respect, the vultureism of which Melville speaks finds adequate expression.

But this red harvest view of humanity is not the only one rendered. Though the novel is the weakest of the novels in form, it nevertheless reveals some interesting things about Hammett as an artist. Hammett does some very imaginative things in The Dain Curse, not the least of which is his handling of the hero and the villain. Red Harvest had no outstanding villain; everyone was tainted by the general malaise of corruption. The emphasis is decidedly on society first, and character second. The ambiguous hero Op in the first novel is pretty much a one dimensional man, but in The Dain Curse Hammett splits this ambiguous figure into two distinct personalities. Though still conceived as an outsider, the Op is more the businesslike detective. He does not originate action in the novel and, though occasionally cynical and overly harsh, he is more temperate and human than in the first novel.[16] His Iago-like abilities of that novel are here given to Owen Fitzstephan who, as rendered by Hammett, is almost a blood-brother in technique, though not in motivation, to the early Op. His ability to make murder look like an accident, appearance like reality, self-interest like altruism, and ego like humility inexcapably remind one of Skakespeare's Iago who, in Othello, could deceive everyone into believing that illusion was reality.

Though I do not wish to push the parallel too far, it is clear that the earlier Op's lust for revenge and blood is transformed into Owen's lust for Gabrielle Leggett. Both Passions result in some form of mutilation to the possessor of those passions. The Op felt he suffered temporary "blood-simple" insanity, and Owen suffers more permanent physical mutilation and is found legally insane. Hammett further enforces this parallel by establishing that the Op and Owen are good friends throughout and rivals towards the end.

The purpose for this splitting of his earlier hero may suggest Hammett's own unease with this ambiguous creation, but it more probably reflects his interest in experimentation. In Red Harvest character is deemphasized, and the emphasis is on the force of social corruption. In this second novel, Hammett tries to do what proves an impossible task for him: to combine character analysis with classic detective mystification. The confusion of the novel stems from Hammett's obvious interest in suggesting the tortured psychology of Owen Fitzstephan and the emotionally torn Gabrielle and yet employing a form in which such revelation is prohibitive. The detective is necessary, both to solve the crimes and to start Gabrielle back on the path of sanity, but Hammett's real focus is on how vulnerable goodness is and how easily twisted the human mind can become if passion for the self rules. Though Hammett isn't able to master this attempt, he does establish a new pattern, a new possibility, for

the detective story which is later taken up and explored more fully by Raymond Chandler and Ross Macdonald.

As in Red Harvest, deception is the unifying element of The Dain Curse. Though the novel is faulty in construction, Hammett gives the illusion of a greater unity than actually exists by the creation of an informing moral and social vision. In the first novel there seems to be no order beneath the deception, moral or otherwise, but in the second there is. Owen Fitzstephan is discovered to be the cause of evil, and the Op is the discoverer. There is a greater stability of vision in this novel because the Op's insight and intelligence make sense of the multiple layers of mystification and confusion. Further, as the events and their cause gradually become clear, values such as goodness and love for the first time in Hammett begin to have some strength of their own.

Hammett presents a more balanced view of human worth and potentiality in The Dain Curse. There are good people in the novel, people like the limited but well-intentioned Eric Collinson, his mother and father, and the worthy Cop O'Gar. Gabrielle, battered and scarred, is adopted by the Collinsons':

> She was in the Collinsons' hands now. They had come to Quesada for her as soon as the newspapers put out their first extra accusing Fitzstephan of Eric's murder . . . the Collinsons had simply seemed to pick her up, as was their right as her closest relations. (291)

She is regenerated not through violence but through love and devotion. She blooms under such influence: "She came back to the city looking like nothing that she had been. The difference was not only in appearance" (291). Hammett suggests that though the world is perilous, fraught with contingencies such as heredity and environment, and further complicated by our inability to see clearly, there is yet the saving power of love and compassion.

Even Hammett's handling of his protagonist suggests such a balance. I have already argued that he draws back from further investigation into Gabrielle's past because he is aware that truth is best served with compassion, but it would be a mistake to see him as sentimental. From the outset he has been cool, business-like, and occasionally brutal. To search for truth in a world of violence and deception one must be tough and Hammett's Op is surely that. When, for example, Eric Collinson wants him to take Gabrielle to a hospital instead of to her home because she is coked on drugs, the Op refuses:

> Her life's in no more danger than yours or mine. She's simply got a little more of the junk in her than she can stand up under. And she took it. I didn't give it to her. (172)

His realistic, take-your-consequences philosophy admits no sentimentality. He has a job to do, and he doesn't have time to administer balm to delicate egoes like Eric's. Eric is shown to be completely helpless in time of crisis, and we admire the Op's ability to think and act quickly. Later in Chapter Seven, his relentless pursuit of truth is evidenced in his merciless verbal hammering of Alice Leggett in front of Gabrielle. But it works: Alice confesses her past crimes and her hatred for Gabrielle before being killed in a scuffle with Fitzstephan. Eric again calls the Op brutal:

> Collinson, chafing the unconscious girl's hands, looked at me as if I were something there ought to be a law against, and said: 'I hope you're satisfied with the way your work got done.' 'It got done," I said. (184)

The Op is a pro, all business. As he himself puts it, "I hadn't made such a mess of that first job: my efficiency offset my brutality." (189)

We met this "ends justify the means" philosophy in Red Harvest, but here Hammett creates a world in which pragmatic action does not force the detective into inescapable moral dilemmas. Perhaps one of the reasons Hammett chose to use the traditional detective form was that it allowed him to remove his protagonist from the center of the action by making him a baffled but determined searcher for the truth, thus avoiding the moral and ethical pitfalls that threaten the Op in Red Harvest, in which he creates as much havor and destruction as his enemies. Because he is not as influenced by the evil and corruption around him as his earlier prototype, he is not tempted to use his efficiency as a weapon of personal revenge. For example, at the end of Part Two, though he is interested in where the truth may be in the strange and violent episodes he has just witnessed in The Temple, he declines to pursue the matter further because the job he was hired for is technically over:

> There's a lot I'd like to do yet, but I was hired, this time, by Andrews, to guard her while she was in the Temple. She isn't there now ... (215)

Furthermore, pragmatic action in The Dain Curse is shown to be not simply necessary

but conducive to moral health. The Op's tough, even brutal behavior, is shown to be a necessary condition of Gabrielle's recovery. She must, as it were, pass through the fiery try-works of his enforced cure before she can receive the balm of the Collinson's compassion. Hammett has created a good deal of sympathy for her psychological plight. She has been psychically mutilated since childhood, having grown up hating her father and thinking him a murderer, losing her mother and gaining the twisted Alice as step-mother, turning to drugs for escape, having her husband murdered, and believing that she killed her mother and feeling she lives under a curse for it. Twice since childhood she has attempted suicide, and as the Op describes her, we see that she has had to carry Ophelia-like burdens totally alone:

> All the calamities known to man have been piled up on you, and your belief in your curse has made you hold yourself responsible for every item in the pile. (258-9)

But, as he also sees, she is "too young, inexperienced, and self-centered to judge how she varied from the normal" (263). She can be saved, but she must be brought to do it largely on her own. More self-pity won't help, and this is the job the Op takes in Chapters Twenty through Twenty-Two. Where earlier in the novel he would go no further than the hired job, here, because he is sensitive to her condition, he does.

Interestingly enough, he accomplishes his purpose through deception. He tells his partner, Mickey Linehan, that "it's important that she keep on thinking I'm hot stuff" (263). He builds her confidence by stressing to her that she possesses the inner strength of her father and that she can rely on him to aid her in her stated desire to kick the morphine habit. Yet nowhere does he become personally involved; he keeps a distance, more feigning sympathy than feeling it: "I made myself laugh as if I were sympathetic"(273). He does not indulge in sentiment when she grasps his hand and says,

> 'I'm going to believe you . . . I do believe you. I'm going to believe you no matter what you say.' (273)

Hammett turns our own possible sentimental response aside by focusing on realistic details: "Her hands were clammy. I squeezed them and said: 'That'll be swell"(273). Following her night of hell—the withdrawal period—she asks him,

> 'Why did you go through all this with—for me?' She was really serious now . . . (282),

and he leads her to believe that he is very close to being in love with her:

> "I'm twice your age, sister; an old man. I'm damned if I'll make a chump of myself by telling you why I did it, why it was neither revolting nor disgusting, why I'd do it again and be glad of the chance." (282)

Though a pretense, it serves its purpose. Gabrielle tells us it was most efficacious in aiding her recovery:

> 'I honestly believed you all afternoon—and it <u>did</u> help me. I believed you until you came in just now, and then I saw . . . A monster. A nice one, an especially nice one to have around when you're in trouble, but a but a monster just the same, without any human foolishness like love in him . . .' (282)

The Op gives her what she needs most—confidence in herself—and his pretense of having fallen in love with her is (as is his allowing her to think that the two bags of sugar are dope) simply the most efficient way of solving her problem. Owen and Alice had destroyed her sense of herself by means of lies and deceptions, and the Op simply returns it using the same means.

Hammett does not allow romanticism to color realism. Detectives like Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe or Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer actually suffer with their clients, but Hammett's Op does not. Hammett implies that reality is not words, or even thoughts; rather, it is actions. Though the Op's words are misleading, his action is nevertheless a sensitive and humane one, and it is by this that we must judge him.

Lastly, <u>The Dain Curse</u> renders a view of justice quite different from that of <u>Red Harvest</u>. For one, the villains are not handled punitively. In the earlier novel Op vowed that no one would escape his sword of justice, but here he goes to court to proclaim that Fitzstephan "was legally entitled to escape hanging" (286). Owen Fitzstephan convinced a jury that he was insane, and "a year later he was discharged. I don't suppose the asylum officials thought him cured: they thought he was too badly crippled ever to be dangerous again" (290). Poetic justice replaces punitive force.

In fact, one could argue that poetic justice exists in both novels, but the crucial difference is that in The Dain Curse the Op does not arrange the events and therefore avoids the charge of having played demi-god. Hammett shows us that Owen's defeat is totally his own doing. Like Claudius, Laertes, Rosencrantz and Guildenstein in Hamlet, he is hoist by his own petard. As the Op tells us, Owen could not have avoided taking the packaged bomb that Tom Fink handed him:

> He couldn't have refused to take it without attracting my attention, without giving away the connection between him and Fink. He had concealed it until we had left the room, and then had opened it—to wake up in the hospital. (291)

Having lived a tissue of lies throughout, he is trapped, and cannot save himself. The bomb cripples him for life. Just as his body suffers appropriate mutilation, so his ego, the driving force behind his diabolic acts, suffers a similar fate. In the see-sawing battle of wits with the Op, he finally suffers defeat. At the end, he hates the Op not because he discovered his plot but because he will not accept his argument that he is sane:

> This sudden hatred of me . . . had grown, I supposed, out of his knowing I thought him insane. He wanted the rest of the world . . . to think he was crazy—and did make them think so—but he didn't want me to agree with them. As a sane man who, by pretending to be a lunatic, had done as he pleased and escaped punishment, he had a joke . . . on the world. But if he was a lunatic who . . . thought he was pretending to be a lunatic, then the joke . . . was on him. And my having such a joke on him was more than his egotism could stomach . . . (286)

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will. Such was Hamlet's conception of his world, and Owen, had he been able to see himself with clarity, might well have said much the same. Beneath the fog of our perceived existence, Hammett implies, lies such a mysterious order and intelligence, but as Fitzstephan's silence of hatred suggests, he will never see it. Like the villains in Red Harvest, he cannot grow with his experience.

Several characters are able to change, however, and this too makes the moral vision of The Dain Curse more positive and more balanced. In Red Harvest, the Op's range of possibilities for action were limited, but here Hammett shows a greater range of choices an individual can make. Although death and degeneration exist and threaten, there is love and compassion as well. Regeneration is possible, though difficult; as Hammett presents it in the person of Gabrielle, regeneration doesn't just happen. It must be willed through great personal effort. Gabrielle must will to pass through the try-works of the Op's cure before she can find a home with the Collinsons'. Hammett's point seems to be that in this world one makes one's own stability and freedom through action, like Gabrielle, or loses them, as Fitzstephan does.

In the end, Gabrielle's perseverance, the Collinson's loyalty, and the Op's common sense triumph. The novel shows that life is cruel and uncertain, but not bereft of meaningful modes of action. The predominance of corrupt figures in The Dain Curse gives us the feeling that modern society is largely a moral wasteland, a society where people prey on others to feed their own sickness, be it greed, hate, or lust. The general implication is that people have forgotten how to be human. Fitzstephan's way of regarding Gabrielle is perhaps all too common. Regarding her as a precious object, his violent actions to possess her increase her economic value to him:

> He looked on Gabrielle now as his property, bought with the deaths he had caused. Each death had increased her price, her value to him. (288)

Hammett's diction suggests the Marxian view that the capitalistic system must eventually corrode from within. The extent of Fitzstephan's corruption is clarified when we discover that he is himself a Dain; his mother and Gabrielle's maternal grandfather were brother and sister, and therefore his earlier lust for Alice Dain, and his present lust for Gabrielle, is incestuous. It may be that Hammett chose to focus on the family unit—in particular the Dains—to suggest the Marxian view that corrosion of the human spirit in a materialistic society is both gradual and inevitable.

Such emphasis is clearly present in the novel, but it is balanced by the positive portraits of the Collinsons, Gabrielle, and the Op. Hammett's detective resembles what Maurice Friedman calls the Modern Sisyphus, one who posits meaning and value in spite of the absurdity he sees around him.[17] The Dain Curse is a highly interesting and important work for what it tells us about Hammett's developing artistic talents and moral vision, but with its over-abundance of characters, its forced divisions, and its failure to prepare us adequately for the discovery scenes, it is not hard to see why Hammett would express his own disappoint-

ment by calling it "a silly story."[18] It is not what he wanted, but it is a step toward the technique and vision that he creates most satisfyingly in The Maltese Falcon.

NOTES

1. Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook (Santa Barbara: McNally and Loftin, 1969), p. 51.
2. Ibid., p. 53.
3. "The Writer as Detective Hero," The Mystery Writers Art, ed. Francis M. Nevins, Jr. (Bowling Green: Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1970), p. 303.
4. For a good discussion of the art of the traditional detective story, see Jacques Barzun, "Detection and The Literary Art," The Mystery Writers Art, pp. 248-262.
5. "The Dashiell Hammett Tradition and the Modern Detective Novel," Diss. Michigan 1964, p. 104.
6. "Detection and The Literary Art," The Mystery writers Art, p. 256.
7. The Dain Curse, in The Novels of Dashiell Hammett (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966), p. 288. All further citations will appear in text following quotation.
8. Jacques Barzun, "Detection and The Literary Art," p. 253.
9. Raymond Chandler Speaking, ed. Dorothy Gardiner and Katherine S. Walker (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1962), p. 64.
10. See William Kenney, "The Dashiell Hammett Tradition and The Modern Detective Novel," p. 104.
11. Barzun, p. 260.
12. "Introduction," The Omnibus of Crime, ed. Dorothy L. Sayers (Garden City and New York: Garden City Publ. Co., 1929), p. 33.
13. Moby Dick, ed. Charles Feidelson, Jr. (Indianapolis and New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1964), 363-4.
14. Melville, 478.
15. Herman Melville, Moby Dick, ed. Charles Feidelson, Jr. (Indianapolis and New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc.), p. 402.
16. See William Nolan, Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook (Santa Barbara: McNally and Loftin, 1969), p. 53. Replying to Philip Durham's charge that Hammett made the Op soft and old, Nolan argues that what he had in fact done was make him more "sensitive."
17. Problematic Rebel: An Image of Modern Man (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1970), p. 429.
18. See Elizabeth Sanderson, "Ex-Detective Hammett," Bookman 74 (January-February 1932), p. 518. Reported also in Nolan, p. 51.

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MOVIE NOTE

Chinatown Nights (Paramount, 1929). Directed by William Wellman; screenplay by Ben Grauman Kohn and Oliver H. P. Garrett from the story "Tong War" by Samuel Ornitz; camera: Henry Gerrard; associate producer: David O. Selznick; released in silent and sound versions, the sound version being only four minutes longer than the silent. 8 reels. With Wallace Beery, Warner Oland, Florence Vidor, Jack Oakie, Jack McHugh, Tetsu Komai, Willie Fung, Tom London, Richard Cramer.

Coming midway between the total professionalism of Wellman's Beggars of Life and his all-talkie The Public Enemy, Chinatown Nights is an interesting example of the hybrid film bred by the uneasy transition to sound. Actually it uses sound and dialogue fairly well, without sacrificing the visual style of the best silents. The camera moves, the sets are stylized and well-lit, there is no sense of staginess. It is certainly a far far better film by any standards (despite its thick-ear plot) than, for example, von Sternberg's contemporary early-talkie crime film, Thunderbolt. But the mere existence of mechanical problems with sound prevent it all from really jelling. Quite a lot happens in the film, in terms of both action and drama, and the overall pacing is satisfactory. But individual dialogue scenes are often very awkwardly paced, and held too long for fadeouts. In at least one scene, Beery is in synch in his closeups, Florence Vidor hopelessly out of synch in her medium shots. Titles, understandably, are used to convey passages of time instead of other visual defices, and the inability to really edit sound results in voices having the same density whether they are in foreground or distant background, and the musical score—nicely atmospheric in the old tradition—tends to drone on, unbroken by grammatical stings or pauses, thus failing to make the most of the potential of many quite dramatic scenes. One is reminded right away that this is not life, but celluloid with an artificial track.

However, it's a colorful and gutsy little film with a number of real surprises in it.

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THE PROPHET BEFORE THE FACT:
A NOTE ON JOHN D. MACDONALD'S THE END OF THE NIGHT

by Veronica M.S. Kennedy

The novels, both mystery and science fiction, the short stories and the true crime studies of John D. MacDonald have earned him critical as well as popular esteem. Indeed, his admirers for some years produced a "fanzine" devoted entirely to his work: The John D. MacDonald Bibliophile. Such an affectionate tribute is rare for a living author, though it is not unique—we have had, for example, The Queen Canon Bibliophile, a critical and affectionate periodical devoted to the work of a living author, and we have also had individual issues of journals devoted to living writers of mysteries, like the Adam Simenon issue. But usually such acclaim or critical attention is bestowed on the dead—as in The Baker Street Journal or The Rohmer Review. Why do Mr. MacDonald's works excite such attention, exert such fascination? The casual reader of any Travis McGee mystery is often puzzled when told of what is almost a cult, and wonders if someone is mistaken.

But the reader who looks into Mr. MacDonald's crime novels that are not in the Travis McGee series must surely be impressed with Mr. MacDonald's serious presentation of certain elements in modern society. To read, for instance, The Neon Jungle, The Price of Murder, and, above all, The End of the Night, is to look into circles of the Twentieth Century Hell. And, further, The End of the Night offers a shocking prediction of hideous tendencies in American society: it is prophetic in the sense of actually predicting coming events.

First published by Simon and Schuster in 1960, The End of the Night is on one level a "powerful, fast paced...smasheroo," as the cover of the Fawcett paperback edition proudly announces, quoting The Saturday Review. But it is a novel of much greater depth than is suggested in that phrase, though the remark is perfectly true and valid, as far as it goes. The novel begins with a shocking letter, describing the execution of four multiple murderers, from the point of view of one of the guards who is a member of the execution squad: this letter can be read as an indictment of capital punishment and is all the more telling in that the guard seems so aggressively ordinary. The novel continues in documentary vein, with the events of the story presented partly through the eyes of an omniscient narrator, partly through the eyes of the defense attorney and partly through the eyes of one of the "Wolf-Pack" murderers, Kirby Stassen. A gang, which came together by evil chance, embarks on a senseless tour of violence and murder, set off partly by the administration of various combinations of drugs by Sander Golden to his three companions and partly by a kind of collective madness, a folie a quatre—if one may use the expression.

It will be remembered that, in the fall of 1969, the Manson gang or "family" committed a gruesome series of murders in Hollywood, known generally as the Tate-La Bianca murders. If one comes to The End of the Night recalling the horrifying newspaper accounts of the Manson case, or if one comes to the novel after reading Ed Sanders' chilling study of The Family (E. P. Dutton, 1971) one cannot fail to be struck especially by one aspect of Mr. MacDonald's multi-dimensional novel—namely, by the uncanny prediction of some of the actual events of the Manson case and by the characterization of some of the Manson "family" nine years before the fact.

The prediction is not, of course, completely exact. One obvious difference lies in the fact that Golden's "family" consisted of three men and one woman, whereas the Manson "family" was very much larger, and was composed of about four times as many women as men. Yet Golden's manipulation of his bestial male companion, Shack Hernandez, by an admixture of drugging and sexual control, closely anticipates Manson's control over his followers. Golden's pseudo-intellectualism also anticipates Manson's peculiar form of Satanic Messianism. Further, the violent, amoral Nan Koslov strongly suggests some of Manson's more lethal female votaries in her tastes and even her appearance. The implications, too, in The End of the Night that the destructive violence of the Golden "family" is symptomatic of a general corruption in society and is especially related to the artificial world of the stage and the movies anticipate some of the ramifications of the relationship between the Hollywood élite and the perversions of some contemporary occult groups that Mr. Sanders uncovered in his extensive and dangerous researches.

To sum up, to read The Family after The End of the Night is to have a disturbing sense of having passed this way before: John D. MacDonald is seen to be a prophet in every sense of the word and his dark world of the imagination is hideously close to the real world of the 1970's. As Oscar Wilde put it in The Decay of Lying (1889): "...life imitates are far more than art imitates life."

THE BEST OF JOHN CREASEY

by Deryck Harvey

John Dickson Carr pays a wonderful tribute to John Creasey in the August 1973 EQMM. Reviewing Creasey's The Theft of Magna Carta (Scribners, $5.95), he writes: "Before they finish ... Superintendent West has met his formidable challenge and John Creasey has written his best story."

And thereon hangs a thought. As the world of mystery fandom knows, Creasey, who died on Saturday, June 9, 1973, wrote more than 560 books. Who's to say which is the best of such a staggering total? Presumably only a man who has read them all! No, I'm not taking cudgels against Mr. Carr. Rather, I'm delighted he should honour Creasey in this way. Praise for the world's most prolific novelist was not always readily forthcoming during his lifetime, even when it was well-deserved.

But, well, who is to say which are the best of Creasey's books? The task is not, I suspect, quite as difficult as it might appear. For starters, I'd say that almost all of Creasey's early works can be disregarded in any serious critical evaluation. He'd published 100 full-length novels by the age of 40, and if there's a really good one among them I hope someone will bring it to my notice. No, I haven't read them all, but I'm working on it!

Creasey's first published book, Seven Times Seven (1932) reveals a very immature young writer convinced he's the man to tell a good yarn, and scrambling down the words with pitiless urgency. Don't let's forget this was the heyday of Edgar Wallace (who coincidentally died in 1932), and whatever Creasey lacked in style and technique, he was determined to overcome by his prolificity. Take Redhead (1933; John Long, London, revised edition, 1972), an early Department Z adventure. It's virtually unreadable: creaking plot, melodramatic action, wooden characters. And the first Patrick Dawlish book, The Speaker (1939) leans heavily on a plot situation the author had used before. Quite obviously, Creasey was moulding his leading characters on the most successful fictional heroes of the day. It was his road to success. Notice the resemblance between Dawlish and Sapper's Bulldog Drummond, even to the nose broken while boxing, and how much the idea of the Baron, a gentleman cracksman, owes to E. W. Hornung's Raffles. And years later, Creasey admitted of the first Toff stories: "No amount of rewriting and lengthening ... could make him more than a rather heavy-footed 'Saint'."

Perhaps one of Creasey's first truly original creations was Inspector Roger "Handsome" West of Scotland Yard, a dedicated copper and a family man, who made his debut in Inspector West Takes Charge (1942). He based West on a policeman who lived next door. Yet even now, Creasey was heavy-handed: the early West books expose a singular lack of knowledge of Scotland Yard's internal procedure. It was years before a subsidiary character, Mark Lessing, was dropped from the series. Lessing's purpose was solely to further the action unofficially whenever West was restricted by his policeman's conscience from breaking the law. A mildly ingenious situation, but nothing to do with real life.

The big thing about Creasey was that he couldn't stop writing. Even undertaking a world tour in the early 1960s, he managed to write 10 more books. It was inevitable, perhaps, that his work should eventually take great surges for the better, even if his vast output still often kept him short of wholly original ideas. In my view, his work started to improve almost unrecognizably with the Gideon books. He'd come up with the idea of writing "police procedurals" after having seen Jack Webb as Joe Friday in Dragnet on American television in the early 1950s. Why not write about a senior police officer at New Scotland Yard, making practically a documentary study of the infinite trials and tribulations that beset that man's life? Six themes could run simultaneously through the same book... Joan Kahn, of Harper & Brothers, New York, published Gideon's Day in 1955, and said it was a pity there couldn't be another book of its kind. Defiantly, Creasey went on to write another 20 Gideon titles before his untimely death. The irony was that he had to persuade his London publishers, Hodder and Stoughton, that a novel without a single, strong, "coherent" theme would have any chance of success.

There is plenty of action in the Gideon books, always Creasey's hallmark. Yet there is character, too. Gideon, the big, gruff Commander of the Criminal Investigation Department at New Scotland Yard, is the most human of men. Daily, he is faced with a floodtide of crime and too few policemen at his command, yet he never loses his compassion either for the victims of violence or small-time criminals guilty of nothing more than reacting predictably to their environment. At the same time, Gideon is portrayed as a family man who sees too little of his home ... and he and his wife, Kate, have found a new, unspoken contentment after bringing their marriage back from the brink of disaster.

The Gideon books were not only the first in the procedural field, they remain among the best. Paradoxically, they brought Creasey his greatest critical acclaim, although he had no

difficulty in writing them. There was no real plot to be considered, simply a procession of events. And though he himself knew they were satisfactory, he did not think they necessarily surpassed all his other work. All the Gideon books (except Gideon's Fog and Gideon's Buy, which have yet to be published) are continuously in print. It's a good idea to read them in chronological order. Even in his 12th title, Gideon's Badge (1966), set partly in New York, Creasey was so endlessly inventive by this time that he hadn't room to tie up one major theme during the course of the book, and had to leave it to the next.

If Gideon set Creasey on to new paths, these also led back to three other series, West, Dawlish and Cellini. Some of the later Wests, procedurals in all but name (though they are restricted to one major theme) are superb, apart from vivid, melodramatic endings, to which Creasey, after 40 years, was always susceptible. Read Murder, London—South Africa (1966) for one of his liveliest narratives, Policeman's Dread (1962) for a cracking story, well told. And by the time John had finished writing all his series books (he had stock-piled until the end of 1975, leaving himself to write a fictional documentary history of Scotland Yard) he himself reckoned that another West, Look Three Ways at Murder (1964) was his best book. In it, he views the same crime through the eyes of three different people.

The Gideon influence on the Dawlish books was evident in The Crime Haters (1960) and the series books that followed, in which Dawlish, by now compassionate and sensitive, was the British delegate to an international force of crime fighters. As Creasey had become a fully mature man (and a better writer) so had Dawlish, and the administrative feats he undertakes are marked with Gideon's flair for understanding, humility and attention to fastidious detail, qualities far more convincing than rough, tough bluster and action. Similarly, the new Dr. Cellini series, written (in England) as by Michael Halliday, reflected the progression in Creasey's writing. I've never yet heard a mystery addict refer to the Cellini novels. Are they comparatively little known? Certainly they are different. Cellini is a gentle, aging psychiatrist, who recognizes people's distress and inveigles his way into their confidence in order to be able to help them to help themselves. I think he's an old busybody. But the psychological basis of these novels was, in its way, deeper than anything Creasey had written before. I have no doubt he was proud of them.

So there it is. Anybody who would like to start reading the best of Creasey has a short list that is a small library in itself. I'd strongly recommend the later books mentioned above.

And John has, I hope, left yet another surprise in store for us. His Scotland Yard saga, The Thin Blue Line, should be published early next year. He'd intended this to be the big one, and by all accounts he was well-satisfied with the final revisions made just before he died.

It is ironic to think that this book, his very last, might serve as his literary epitaph. John Creasey could seldom resist a melodramatic denouement!

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LETTERS

From R. W. Hays:

I hope that the questions about Edward Arnold and the Duncan Maclain movies have now been cleared up, in spite of my repeated mistakes. Mr. Nevins gives what is probably the reason for Barzun and Taylor's mistake in supposing Maclain not to have been blind in the book The Last Express—that in the movie version he was not. Here the movie makers did the reverse of what was done with Philip MacDonald's Warrant for X: in the movie version, Twenty-Three Paces to Baker Street, a blind detective was introduced where none appeared in the book.

I am grateful to Mr. Harwood and Mr. McSherry, and to others who have written to me personally, for their information about physically handicapped detectives. They mention several that I was not familiar with. But, while all they say is interesting and valuable, not all of it is what I am looking for. The idea of the amnesiac detective has been tried by writers besides, and more famous than, Nat Schachner, among them Margery Allingham, E. C. Bentley, Patrick Quentin, and Cornell Woolrich, bit it does not really involve a physical handicap. Neither am I specially concerned with the mental problems of Nick Novle, nor with Quinn, the detective with the badly scarred face—really a social handicap rather than physical. I do not mean, though, to sound unappreciative of the trouble taken to answer my request, and several of the answers are exactly what I want.

In his review of Full Crash Dive by Allan Bosworth, Amnon Kabatchnik says that it is "perhaps the best nautical detective novel ever written." I have not read the book and cannot dispute or confirm this judgment, but it occurred to me to try to remember some other nautical detective novels, and I easily came up with a brief list of such outstanding quality as to make Kabatchnik's claim highly impressive: Crofts, The Loss of Jane Vosper; O. Patrick, S. S. Murder; C. Daly King's Obelists at Sea; Dickson, Nine—and Death Makes Ten; Christie, Death

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THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

by Charles Shibuk

After a so-so first half 1973 has really started rolling in this third quarter, and there are several paperback publishers who are flexing their muscles and trying to show us what they can accomplish when they're really in the mood.

We have a wide variety of reading matter to suit all tastes—reading material that ranges from the old masters of the classic puzzle to some younger and promising newcomers who would rather create suspense. There is also a good deal of comedy present, and all the authors will strive to entertain you to the best of their ability. Finally, one professional mystery writer has attempted to tie everything together by writing a historical survey of this field.

MARGERY ALLINGHAM

Manor Books continues to reprint the chronicles of Albert Campion, Esq. The Black Dudley Murder (1929) introduces a Campion that you may not recognize in a farcial thriller. Traitor's Purse (1941) presents late middle period Campion in a wartime thriller as he battles his country's enemies and his own amnesia. The Tiger in the Smoke (1952) is probably Miss Allingham's best post-war novel, and one that has impressed many critics. It pits Campion against a villain who can give new dimension to the quality of pure, relentless evil.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

This author's work is vastly reprinted at frequent intervals, but seems almost neglected this quarter with only Evil Under the Sun (1941) from Pocket Books, Inc. to greet us. However, it presents the debonair M. Poirot at nearly the top of his form as he investigates the murder of a beautiful woman whose body is found on the beach at a Devon resort. The famed Belgian detective's solution to this problem is analogous to a magician pulling an elephant from a top hat, and is guaranteed to leave you in a state of shock.

AMANDA CROSS

The Theban Mysteries (Warner) was reissued some six months ago, but pressure of work prevented me from perusing this author's latest (1971) work. It's set in a private girl's school in New York City and concerns Kate Fansler's efforts to discover how a dead body managed to find its way to a third floor art room. Although not strictly a fair play detective novel, it is nevertheless a completely attractive story, and Miss Cross is also able to prove that she can be relevant and completely up to date and still manage to write a civilized detective novel in literate English.

CARTER DICKSON (JOHN DICKSON CARR)

It's a great pleasure to welcome back that towering sleuth (and sometimes buffoon) Sir Henry Merrivale, who can overwhelm you with his supreme logic, and amuse you with his (unintentional?) ability to get into various comical and undignified situations. In Death in Five Boxes (1938), the accent is on baffling mystery in a novel that comes near the end of its author's great creative period. A Graveyard to Let (1949) stresses its entertainment values, and who are we to sneer at this quality today? H.M. is Howard Haycraft's favorite detective, and Belmont Tower Editions is sponsoring his current revival with at least two more titles promised for the future.

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

This column does not number the creator of Perry Mason among its favorite authors, but in all fairness to the late and prolific storyteller it must be admitted that he would usually put his very best work into the early episodes of each of his series efforts in the novel form. The Case of the Lucky Legs and The Case of the Curious Bride both date from 1934 and are numbers three and five of the Mason series. They are the better novels in a series of ten Gardner works recently reissued by Pocket Books, Inc. Gardner's pace, plotting, and legal legerdemain will keep your attention glued to the printed page.

FRANK GRUBER

We're all familiar with the exploits of Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg, but what about that rascal Otis Beagle and his assistant Joe Peel? These, shall we say, unorthodox private investigators make the former team seem saintly by comparison. Join them in The Silver Jackass (1941) which concerns an old abandoned gold mine in the Nevada desert, and Market for Murder (originally published as Beagle Scented Murder in 1946) deals with blackmail, murder, and dime novels. These volumes presented by Belmont Tower Editions are both fast-moving and funny.

NGAIO MARSH

This author has been writing detective novels for four decades and most of her work is extremely impressive. Her latest, Tied Up in Tinsel (1972), has just been reprinted by Pyramid, and is, for most of its length, a thorough delight. It's about a Christmas party held in a restored old house, staffed by convicted murderers, that is situated on the English moors. It commences with some disquieting and ill-timed practical jokes, continues with a disappearance, and ends in murder. Plot, dialogue, and characters are all excellent, but I must admit to being disappointed by the weakness of Miss Marsh's solution.

This quarter (if not all 1973) seems to be Miss Marsh's season. In addition to Tied Up in Tinsel, Pyramid is also reprinting Hand in Glove (1962). Berkley books continues the good work with Death of a Peer (1940), Death and the Dancing Footman (1941), Final Curtain (1947)—all of which are excellent, and the worthy Dead Water (1963).

BILL PRONZINI

Jack Lennox, while on the run from the law and a vindictive ex-wife, stumbles into the murder of a roadside oasis owner somewhere in the southwest by two hired professionals in Panic! (1972; Pocket Books, Inc.). They discover his presence and Lennox must flee in earnest into the nearby desert in order to save his life. This is an interestingly written, well characterized, and many-stranded suspense novel that will have you sitting on the edge of your chair as it sweeps along to its violent conclusion.

REX STOUT

Where There's a Will (Avon) is an early (1940) case in the career of that rather stout sleuth, Nero Wolfe. As its title would indicate, there are familial intrigues that involve two wives, three daughters, one mistress, and a jackpot estate of $7,000,000. The Mountain Cat Murders (Pyramid) (1939) is a rare non-series effort that details the efforts of a beautiful young girl to overcome the numbing shock of her parents' brutal murder in order to seek vengeance.

JULIAN SYMONS

Schocken Books is a firm that is unknown to mystery readers, but it deserves a vote of thanks for reprinting Mortal Consequences (1972). This history of the detective and crime story—the best of its kind since Howard Haycraft's Murder for Pleasure—really deserves a full page review to itself. Suffice it to say that the section on the detective story is excellent, but on the other hand I think Symons falters in dealing with his beloved crime novel. There is also a good deal of material that one might find debatable—if not preposterous, but nevertheless this is a "must" volume for anybody with more than a passing interest in the genre.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

A young and attractive southern widow is having a hard time trying to make ends meet as the owner and manager of a motel. Her life is also complicated by her fellow townspeople's suspicion that she is responsible for her husband's recent murder, which police investigation is powerless to prove against her. Several of her fellow citizens have started a systematic campaign of persecution that is getting out of hand when an ex-cop from San Francisco breezes into town and determines to lend a helping hand. Stain of Suspicion (Pocket Books, Inc.) was originally published as a paperback original in 1958 under the title Talk of the Town, and richly merits its current revival.

* *

MOVIE NOTE: Chinatown Nights, continued from page 40

Beery and Oland, as a kind of Karloff/Lugosi of Chinatown gangsterdom, play together well and often with a surprising sense of humor. Florence Vidor is surprisingly good in a role that is a direct ancestor of Norma Shearer in A Free Soul and Miriam Hopkins in The Story of Temple Drake (Sanctuary)—with just a faint echo of Gish in Broken Blossoms at one point. And for a film in which both "business" rivals get away with murder, and the heroine becomes a gangster's mistress and a drug addict, it's refreshing to note a climactic happy ending all around, with everybody coming out on top, and crime very definitely seeming to pay! Wellman's handling of the action, in stark black and whites is both vigorous and interesting; one sequence of gangsters being mown down from ambush is an exact forerunner, in construction and composition, of the scene in Public Enemy in which Cagney and Eddie Woods are machine-gunned. Much of the film is clearly shot silent and later dubbed; camera speeds occasionally go astray; and on the cover of a handsome volume of his plays, Shakespeare's name is incredibly misspelled; but on the whole this lively little film has a lot of merit for the awkward period in which it was made, and one that has a lot of genuine Wellman flair to it.

——William K. Everson

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SECONDARY SOURCES FOR 1972

by Walter Albert

When I suggested to Allen Hubin that a periodic bibliography of secondary material in the field would be a useful thing to have on record, I grandly intended—and stated—that it should be annotated. When I realized what that actually meant in terms of work, I was paralyzed into inactivity for several months and was only released from it by a list of materials, generously compiled and sent to me by Miss P. E. M. Ward of Shepshed, England, who also expressed her pleasure that a more comprehensive list would be available.

The unannotated bibliography I have finally put together is, like most undertakings, incomplete. I have consulted and plundered the following guides: Abstract of English Studies, Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Social Sciences and Humanities Index and the British Humanities Index. Since I was limiting the entries to 1972, the most recent issue (1971) of the PMLA bibliography was of no help but the more promptly appearing AES and SS and Hum Index covered quite a bit of the material that will eventually see the light of day in the PMLA bibliography. Since the AES does publish abstracts of articles I have noted those items taken from it, making this, at least in part, an annotated list.

What this list reflects only casually are the reviews of mystery fiction appearing in American and foreign newspapers and magazines. There is no one writing now with the general acceptance that Anthony Boucher had in the 50s and 60s, but there are some fine reviewers who deserve a wider audience. That the most widely distributed literary review in the country should have an anonymous reviewer as drab as Newgate Callendar, who perpetuates the myth of detective and crime fiction as leisure-time reading, is a continuing disgrace but there are, for the knowledgeable, other outlets to turn to. The most obvious are journals like TAD, The Mystery Reader's Newsletter, The John D. MacDonald Bibliophile, The Baker Street Journal and The Ellery Queen Review, which should all be included in an annual listing.

Such omissions make this initial bibliography less useful than it should be. Information about material appearing in publications with limited circulation and not indexed in the standard guides is hard to come by unless you subscribe to the journal. A list of magazines publishing pertinent material regularly or occasionally should be put together and correspondents selected with responsibility for keeping up with and transmitting appropriate items to a central editorship. I'm willing to serve as temporary editor and attempt to set up a functioning committee if response indicates that the bibliography is as important to others as well as to me, Miss Ward and Allen Hubin. You may write to me at 7139 Meade Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208. In the meantime, I will collect items as best I can and hope that your interest will make a viable bibliography possible.

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LETTERS — continued from page 43

on the Nile and The Man in the Brown Suit. Another pretty good one, which I have just read, is Edgar Wallace, The Hand of Power.

Charles Shibuk makes a curious error (TAD, 6/3, p.179), unusual for him, in calling Christie's A Murder is Announced, a "nonseries effort." It is, of course, a Miss Marple story—in my opinion one of the best, although the critics rated in somewhat lower.

From Ed Lauterbach:

Under the Maxwell Grant entry (G-25) you list correctly the initial publication data of The Eyes of the Shadow as Street, 1931 (which was later reprinted by Bantam in 1969). However, The Living Shadow and The Shadow Laughs were also published originally as books by Street and Smith in 1931 and take precedence over the Bantam paperbacks of the 1960's as you list them. These Street and Smith titles were regular sized books but had cardboard covers similar to the cover stock of Big Little Books; the paper stock was also similar in quality to that of Big Little Books. On the spine of these Shadow books the series was listed as "The Ideal Library: Street and Smith." No mention was made of "The Ideal Library" on the title pages. Copyright date of these books is 1931, though this is probably the date of the original Shadow magazine appearance and these books may have appeared a year or more after 1931. The Street and Smith Ideal Library also published the first three Doc Savage novels in a similar format. Incidentally, for film buffs, Jim Stringham has a two-page art-

——continued on page 52

BOUCHERCON EAST

by R. E. Briney

"A nod from the house detective and a suspicious buzz of conversation directed the reporter down the early morning, empty hotel corridor. A hastily scrawled sign on the door told him he had found what he was looking for, and he walked in." So columnist Bill Fripp, in The Boston Globe for Tuesday, 9 October 1973, described his arrival at the fourth annual Anthony Boucher Memorial Mystery Convention. His column, containing no more than the usual number of errors and misquotations, was the last public manifestation of Bouchercon IV, and was not too disastrous a summing-up of the weekend.

Bouchercon IV was held at the Sheraton-Boston Hotel in Boston, Massachusetts, on the weekend of October 5-7. When the convention co-chairmen, Stewart Brownstein and I, arrived at the hotel on Friday evening for last-minute preparations, the omens began to pile up. The jobber from whom we had ordered plastic holders for name tags had supplied the wrong size; our printer had provided only half the number of membership cards we had ordered; and we neglected to note that the same printer closed early on Friday evenings, so we were unable to pick up the program booklets. As it turned out, these troubles were easily cured. The name tags were affixed with "Scotch" tape and safety pins, which no one seemed to mind; we picked up the program booklets early on Saturday morning, and talked the printer into a rush job to complete our order for membership cards. And, as if satisfied with their token show of power, the Fates retired and left the convention in peace for the rest of the weekend.

The first event of the convention was a get-acquainted party for early arrivals on Friday evening, October 5. About fifty people were present, including many whose names will be familiar to readers of The Armchair Detective and The Mystery Reader's Newsletter: Ron Goulart, Edward D. Hoch, Phyllis White (widow of Anthony Boucher, in whose honor the Bouchercons were founded), Gloria Amoury (executive secretary of MWA), Francis M. Nevins, Jr., J. Randolph Cox, Marvin Lachman, Charles Shibuk, and Lianne Carlin, among others. The principal activity was conversation: nearly four hours of it, until the cash bar closed up and people started drifting off to bed.

The convention registration desk re-opened at noon on Saturday. Among the new arrivals were Donald A. Yates (the convention's featured speaker), Eleanor Sullivan (managing editor of EQMM), Miriam Lynch, Josh Pachter, Barbara Norville (editor of Bobbs-Merrill's mystery line), and Chris Steinbrunner, our committee member in charge of films. The formal program opened at 12:45 (only fifteen minutes late) with a few welcoming remarks and announcements. Thereafter, the audience of about sixty people heard five talks and panel discussions:

"Cleve F. Adams, Forgotten Black Masker" - Francis M. Nevins, Jr.
"The Nick Carter Years" - J. Randolph Cox
"Science Fiction and Mystery Fiction" - Ron Goulart, Edward D. Hoch, and Robert E. Briney
"Cornell Woolrich" - Francis M. Nevins, Jr., Donald A. Yates, and Hal Knott
"Mystery in Films" - Chris Steinbrunner, Josh Pachter, Marvin Lachman, Charles Shibuk, and Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Two of these items were last-minute additions to the program, and some of the panelists contributed their services on only a few minutes' advance notice. Nevertheless, the presentations were as smooth as if they had been thoroughly planned. All the program items seemed to be popular with the audience, and they sparked spirited question-and-answer sessions.

After a recess for supper, the audience returned for the convention's film program, which had been arranged by Chris Steinbrunner. The offerings: The Laurel and Hardy Murder Case, And Then There Were None (Rene Clair, 1945), The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939), and Chapter One of the Republic serial Drums of Fu Manchu.

During the afternoon program, the convention had set aside a lounge area in an adjoining room, where convention members could relax, converse, and partake of free coffee. At the end of the afternoon program, this lounge was the site of a surprise cocktail party hosted by Chris Steinbrunner and George Townsend. During the film program, a cash bar was set up in the same room, and when the films were over, some die-hards gathered here for a night-cap and more conversation.

It was when Stu Brownstein and I arrived at the hotel on Sunday morning that we found the Globe columnist, Bill Fripp, waiting for us. He interviewed the two of us and then stayed to sample much of the afternoon's program. Although it was carefully explained to him that the convention was not connected in any official way with the Mystery Writers of America, the Bouchercon was described in his Tuesday column as the MWA's fourth annual convention. . .

Sunday's program began unofficially in the Falstaff Room, one of the hotel's excellent

restaurants, where many convention members partook of a sumptuous buffet brunch. Registration again opened at noon. Among the new arrivals on Sunday was Helen McCloy, who had been on a business trip out of town during the earlier part of the convention.

The program items for Sunday afternoon were:

"The Occult in Mystery Fiction" - Charlotte MacLeod
"Jorge Luis Borges and Anthony Boucher" - Prof. Donald A. Yates
A radio tape of "The Black Curtain" by Cornell Woolrich (from Suspense)
"Rex Stout and Nero Wolfe" - Prof. John J. McAleer

Don Yates' talk was for many people the high point of the convention. He discussed Borges' life and his contributions to mystery fiction, and brought out the fact that it was Anthony Boucher who was responsible for the first translation and publication (in EQMM) of Borges in English.

During the concluding moments of John McAleer's talk, an interviewer and camera crew from Boston's WBZ-TV showed up at the convention. (They had arrived early for a planned interview with Liza Minnelli, and filled in time with us.) Silent films of the audience and a brief interview with Don Yates were filmed, and duly turned up on Sunday evening's 7:00 news. The interviewer seemed interested in mystery fiction and aside from an eagerness to turn everything into a commentary on Watergate, provided an intelligent and sympathetic foil for Yates' excellent capsule comments on the state of mystery fiction.

At the conclusion of the afternoon program—which was also the conclusion of the convention, since we had to vacate the meeting rooms to make way for an incoming chemical engineers' convention—a large group of people congregated in the hotel's Persian Lounge for a last congenial drink and farewell conversation (while Stu Brownstein and his wife and Randy Cox and I went off to see a movie—science fiction, not mystery...).

One of the ancillary projects of Bouchercon IV was the publication of a memorial volume of Tony Boucher's mystery criticism, and throughout the convention the committee was energetically pushing copies of this book. Vital statistics: Multiplying Villainies: Selected Mystery Criticism, 1942-1968, by Anthony Boucher; edited by Robert E. Briney and Francis M. Nevins, Jr.; forward by Helen McCloy; hardbound, 136 pages; limited numbered edition of 500 copies, of which 465 are offered for sale. (The book may be reviewed elsewhere in this issue of TAD.) Price is $7.50 per copy. Each book ordered from the Bouchercon committee will include, as an insert, a print of a portrait of Boucher by sf artist Frank Kelly Freas, especially commissioned by the convention. The original portrait and copy #1 of the book were presented to Phyllis White during Sunday afternoon's program. (Orders for the book should be sent to R. E. Briney, 4 Forest Avenue, Salem, Massachusetts 01970, with check or money order payable to "Bouchercon IV". Dealers should enquire about special rates.)

While on the subject of publications: we have a surplus of convention program booklets, and will be happy to send a copy of this 12-page souvenir to anyone in return for 25¢ and an 8¢ stamp. Address as above.

A few things did not work out as the convention organizers had intended. We were sorry that one of the original sponsors, Bob Washer, could not attend, and that a malfunctioning car battery forced our treasurer, Lianne Carlin, to miss Sunday's program. We had planned a sales and display room, but the dealers who were to sell and display their wares never showed up. (Only a few convention members remarked on their absence.) Accident and illness kept some people away, and the fact that Saturday was Yom Kippur prevented others from attending. We were not able to make arrangements to record the convention program. But all in all, and allowing for the fact that a convention co-chairman is not the best source of an unbiased assessment of the event, I think that Bouchercon IV can be counted a success. For this, we must thank all the people who attended, and especially the crew of informed, articulate and generous people who provided our program.

The total convention membership was 105, with a registered attendance of 80 people. More than a fourth of the latter were from outside the New England area; we were pleased to see mystery fans from California, Nevada, Florida, Minnesota, Missouri, Illinois, Manitoba, Pennsylvania, and New York among those present. We hope that the experience was sufficiently pleasant that they will want to repeat it at Bouchercon V in California next year, and—dare we predict?—back in Boston in 1975.

* *

Bob Briney is assembling a bibliography of Mystery Book magazine for TAD, and needs information about three issues to complete his data on the first 38 issues. The three lacking issues are: Fall 1948 (Vol. 7, No. 2), Winter 1948 (Vol. 7, No. 3) and Fall 1949 (Vol. 9 No. 1). Also Bob would like to hear from anyone having information about any issue(s) published after Summer 1950 (Vol. 10, No. 1). Address: 4 Forest Ave., Salem, Mass. 01970.

A CHECKLIST OF MYSTERY, DETECTIVE, AND SUSPENSE FICTION

PUBLISHED IN THE U.S., JULY-SEPTEMBER 1973

by Robert Breyfogle Green

Amis, Kingsley: The Riverside Villas Murder, Harcourt, $6.95
Ballard, Willis Todhunter: Nowhere Left to Run, Hall, $7.95
Bartram, George: Fair Game, Macmillan, 5.95
Berckman, Evelyn: The Victorian Album, Doubleday, 5.95
Blankenship, William: The Programmed Man, Walker, 5.95
Blazer, J. S.: Count Me Out, Bobbs, 5.95
Braddon, Russell: The Thirteenth Trick, Norton, 5.95
Brian, Denis: Murderers and Other Friendly People, McGraw, 7.95
Buchanan, Patrick: A Requiem of Sharks, Dodd, 5.95
Calmer, Ned: The Avima Affair, Doubleday, 6.95
Canning, Victor: The Flight of the Grey Goose, Morrow, 5.95
Cashman, John: The Gentleman from Chicago, Harper, 6.95
Clifford, Francis: Amigo, Amigo, Coward, 6.95
Creasey, John: Salute for the Baron, Walker, 5.95
Creasey, John: Unknown Mission, McKay, 4.95
Davis, Berrie: The Fourth Day of Fear, Putnam, 4.95
Davis, Dorothy Salisbury: The Little Brothers, Scribners, 5.95
Delman, David: He Who Digs a Grave, Doubleday, 4.95
de St. Jorre, John and Shakespeare, Brian: The Patriot Game, Houghton, 5.95
Dipper, Alan: The Golden Virgin, Walker, 5.95
Dwyer-Joyce, Alice: The Rainbow Glass, St. Martin's, 6.95
Dwyer-Joyce, Alice: Cry the Soft Rain, St. Martin's, 6.95
Erskine, Margaret: Besides the Wench is Dead, Doubleday, 4.95
Forma, Warren: The Falling Man, Crowell, 4.95
Forsyth, Frederick: The Odessa File, Hall, 11.95
Gilbert, Michael: The 92nd Tiger, Harper, 6.95
Gores, Joe: Final Notice, Random, 4.95
Greene, Graham: Honorary Consul, Simon, 5.95
Gruppe, Henry: The Thruxton Cyphers, Simon, 6.95
Hall, Adam: The Tango Briefing, Doubleday, 6.95
Harrison, Jim: A Good Day to Die, Simon, 5.95
Hill, Pamela: The Devil of Aske, St. Martin's, 6.95
Hillerman, Tony: Dance Hall of the Dead, Harper, 5.95
Howard, Clark: The Killings, Dial, 5.95
Howatch, Susan: Call in the Night, Stein, 6.95
Hebden, Mark: The Dark Side of the Island, Harcourt, 6.95
Hunt, Howard: The Berlin Ending, Putnam, 6.95
Kahn, Joan, editor: Trial and Terror, Houghton, 8.95
Kane, Henry: Decision, Dial, 6.95
Keller, Beverly: The Baghdad Defections, Bobbs, 5.95
Knox, Bill: Draw Batons, Doubleday, 4.95
Lees, Don: Rape of a Quiet Town, Walker, 5.95
James, Leigh: Triple Mirror, Mason, 6.95
Lemarchand, Elizabeth: Cyanide with Compliments, Walker, 4.95
Lovesey, Peter: Mad Hatter's Holiday, Dodd, 4.95
Mackintosh, May: Assignment in Andorra, Delacorte, 4.95
Malcom, Margaret: Headless Beings, Doubleday, 4.95
Masur, Harold Q.: The Attorney, Random, 6.95
Maybury, Anne: The Midnight Dancers, Random, 6.95
McAfee, Paul K.: Discord in Harmony, Lenox, 4.95
McBain, Ed: Hail to the Chief, Random, 5.95
Michaels, Barbara: Witch, Dodd, 6.95
Moyes, Patricia: The Curious Affair of the Third Dog, Holt, 5.95
Page, Thomas: Hephaestus Plague, Putnam, 5.95
Perry, Ritchie: A Hard Man to Kill, Houghton, 5.95
Petrie, Glen: The Branch Bearers, Stein, 6.95
Philips, Judson: The Larkspur Conspiracy, Dodd, 4.95
Pierce, Noel: Messenger from Munich, Coward, 6.95
Robinson, Derek: Rotten with Honour, Viking, 6.95
Russell, Enid: The Fortunate Island, Doubleday, 4.95
Sharp, Margery: The Innocents, Hall, 6.95
Simenon, Georges: Maigret and the Bum, Harcourt, 5.95
Sinclair, Michael: The Dollar Covenant, Norton, 5.95
Singer, Loren: That's the House, There, Doubleday, 5.95
Sjowall, Maj and Wahloo, Per: The Locked Room, Pantheon, 5.95

Strutton, Bill: The Carpaccio Caper, Coward, 5.95
Thorpe, Edward: The Night I Caught the Sante Fe Chief, St. Martin's, 6.50
Wagner, Elaine: A Case of Bottled Murder, Doubleday, 4.95
Weiner, Jack B.: The Morning After, Delacorte, 6.95
Wells, Tobias: Brenda's Murder, Doubleday, 4.95
Williams, Alan: The Beria Papers, Simon, 7.95
Williams, Charles: Man on a Leash, Putnam, 4.95
Wilson, Jacqueline: Hide and Seek, Doubleday, 4.95
Woods, Sara: Serpent's Tooth, Holt, 4.95

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Alexander, Joan: The Jade Figurines, Curtis, .95
Ali, Aamir: Assignment in Kashmir, Orient, 1.60
Allingham, Margery: Death of a Ghost, Manor, .95
Arrighi, Mel: The Death Collection, Curtis, .95
Arvonen, Helen: Doorway to Death, PB, .95
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Avallone, Michael: The Spitting Image, Curtis, .75
Avallone, Michael: The X Rated Corpse, Curtis, .75
Ballard, P. D.: Angel of Death, GM, .95
Barker, Albert: The Big Fix, Curtis, .95
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Barry, Mike: Boston Avenger, Medallion, .95
Barry, Mike: Night Stalker, Medallion, .95
Bercovici, Alfred: The Falmont Claiments, Curtis, .95
Blackwood, Joy Ann: The Ghost of Lost Lover's Lake, Popular Library, .95
Blumberg, Gary: Glover Undercover, Dell, .95
Blumberg, Gary: Two in the Bush, Medallion, 1.25
Box, Edgar: Death Likes It Hot, Bantam, .95
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LETTERS — continued from page 47

icle, with stills, on the 1940 Columbia serial The Shadow, starring Victor Jory, in the April-May, 1973 issue of Those Enduring Matinee Idols, pages 320-21.

Completists of the locked room genre should include Sax Rohmer's The Insidious Doctor Fu-Manchu (1913). The first episode is a locked room mystery. Petrie and Nayland Smith find that Sir Crichton Davey has died mysteriously in his study. Sir Crichton's secretary describes the situation just before the end of Chapter 2: "The windows were closed and fastened . . . There is no other door for the study occupies the end of a narrow wing, so that no one could possibly have gained access to it, whilst I was in the library, unseen by me. Had someone concealed himself in the study earlier in the evening—and I am convinced that it offers no hiding place—he could only have come out again by passing through here." This is the classic locked room problem. How could Sir Crichton have been killed in a room with all windows tightly shut and the door watched? The entire saga of Dr. Fu-Manchu begins with this locked room puzzle. The solution, revealed within a few pages in Chapter 3, shows the first of many of the Oriental Mastermind's fiendish methods of murder. Still another locked room murder occurs in Chapters 11-12. Smith and Petrie investigate the murder of a man who at first appears to be the archaeologist Sir Lionel Barton, but who later turns out to be Sir Lionel's secretary, Strozza. As Smith says, "Both Miss Edmonds and Croxted /a policeman/ found the study door locked from inside." (Chapter 11). There was no other way to enter. Did someone hide in a mummy sarcophagus inside the locked room and then commit the murder? If so, where did the murderer go? So there are two actual locked room mysteries in the first Fu-Manchu book, mysteries that are solved within a few pages. But there is still more to come in the way of locked rooms. Chapters 14-15 relate a near-locked room method of murder made to appear like suicide. And Chapters 18-19 deal with a seeming locked room robbery. To say the least, locked room mysteries play a large enough part in The Insidious Doctor Fu-Manchu to include this thriller in any locked room collection. Another title that can also be included in the locked room category is the 1933 Murder at Grassmere Abbey by Maurice B. Dix. The locked room puzzle is described as: "We have a room with every known means of egress or ingress sealed, or locked with inside bolts. The room is guarded by a massive, armed policeman not gifted with much imagination. Yet a man, or some human agency, has entered, killed the guardian, and stolen the cocaine cylinder. Where do we start?" The solution is so elementary that it is unsatisfactory, and it will prove disappointing for readers interested in genuine locked room bafflers. The whole novel is a rather dull, long 1930's British thriller which takes place in a large Sussex house. It is not very satisfying either as a thriller or as a detective story.

At the risk of being accused of making an "inner circle" remark, I'd like to call attention to J. Randolph Cox's excellent two-part article "Cleek and His Forty Faces" in the March and April 1973 issues of Dime Novel Round-Up, pages 30-34, 42-45. Cox makes an admirable survey of the Cleek stories and unravels some of the bibliographical tangles surrounding these tales of one of the lesser known rivals of Sherlock Holmes. And for readers who like stories of Oriental Masterminds in the mold of Fu-Manchu, see Bob Weinberg's excellent article, "The Blue Scorpion" in Rohmer Review, No. 10, pages 19-24. Bob's article makes me want to get my hands on the Blue Scorpion saga in the pulps (paperback publishers take note: those old Argosy Peter Moore adventure yarns are worth getting back into print for modern consumption). Last Last of all, it sounds to me as if T. S. Stribling's Clues of the Carribees would be an excellent book for Dover to reprint. Let's hope E. F. Bleiler and Dover agree.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS

The Thing in the Brook by Peter Storme (Philip Van Doren Stern). Simon & Schuster, 1937.

Assistant Professor James Whitby lives with his wife Joan in the small country village of Brookdale, and is only interested in finishing his book on myxomycetes. His work is interrupted when he finds the body of an unlikable neighbor who has been strangled, hit on the head with a rock, and then hanged from a sycamore tree.

He sends to nearby New York for his friend Henry Hale, a cotton converter (whatever that is) by vocation, and an avid reader of mysteries, to spend the weekend and observe the progress of a real murder case.

A second fatality is the town drunk who has seen too much and talked about it. He is found strangled, hit on the head with a rock, and wearing a noose on his neck as if it were a necktie.

Whitby tries to continue working on his book as Hale jumps into the investigation with relish, but their problems are multiplied when the fairly intelligent police find and arrest a young man whose wife was badly mistreated by the first victim, and is unlucky enough to have been seen by an obliging witness near the scene of that crime.

Further events and tragedies follow in rapid succession as Hale pieces together a puzzle that is both tricky and complicated. His solution is completely unexpected and is further enlivened by a final surprise twist.

This novel is written in a light and bright prose style, plotted with dexterity, peopled with interesting and likable characters, and moves along rapidly to its final sentence.

The Thing in the Brook is still another example of a completely forgotten work from the golden thirties that is still capable of giving a great deal of reading pleasure to anyone who will take the time and effort to seek it out.

——Charles Shibuk

Mr. Meeson's Will by H. Rider Haggard. 1888.

Though it is included in Victorian Detective Fiction (compiled by D. Glover and G. Greene) and in A Catalogue of Crime (by J. Barzun and W. H. Taylor), Mr. Meeson's Will is not a detective or a suspense novel in the ordinary sense.

It is mostly a tongue-in-cheek attack on some of the shady dealings taking place in publishing houses. It contains shrewd observations on the English law and its bearers. It is also a love story between a beautiful, talented and poor authoress and her handsome suitor, who is kindly and heir to a fortune.

What justifies the inclusion of the book in our genre is an extraordinary plot device, through which a will is tattoed on the back of the young heroine. The legality of that will is questioned and dealt with in an exciting court sequence. The battle of wits between barrister James Short and more than twenty great legal minds is truly memorable.

Mr. Meeson's Will is literate, alternately humorous and dramatic (there is an especially effective and horrendous description of the catastrophic sinking of a luxury ship), its characters colorful (mainly the twin attorneys, James and John Short), its observations full of worldly wisdom. Thus it is a pleasure to make the acquaintance of H. Rider Haggard, famed adventure novelist of King Solomon's Mines, Allan Quatermain, She and Montezuma's Daughter, in a different vein, under the banner of (more or less) detective fiction.

——Amnon Kabatchnik

The Mystery of the Peacock's Eye by Brian Flynn. Hamish Hamilton, 1928; Macrae Smith, 1930.

Brian Flynn is one of those prolific authors who are usually either ignored by the historians or discredited on the basis of their inferior work. Only Sutherland Scott in Blood in Their Ink has a good word to say for three of Flynn's earlier and probably better novels. Scott especially praises The Mystery of the Peacock's Eye for being "one of the ablest pieces of misdirection one could wish to meet"—and for some peculiar reason best known to himself proceeds to give it completely away some 122 pages later.

The novel starts with the introduction of a mysterious "Mr. X" to a very lovely lady at a hunt ball. This meeting has further ramifications a year later when the illustrious Crown Prince of Clorania seeks the aid of Flynn's series detective, Anthony Bathurst, to help him avoid a blackmail plot that threatens to disrupt his forthcoming marriage and cause serious international complications.

At the same time Chief Detective-Inspector Richard Bannister—the pride of Scotland Yard—has his well-earned vacation disrupted by Sergeant Godfrey of the local police who asks him to help investigate the death of a lovely young lady who seems to have been poisoned by prussic acid while sitting in a dentist's chair and recovering from a recent extraction.

Bathurst soon joins Bannister and Godfrey as the two cases seem to draw together. Their investigations reveal a number of suspects and quite a few hitherto hidden facts and motives.

At the end of the investigation Bannister, who is nearing retirement, cannot come up with a satisfactory solution, but Bathurst, following lines of his own, is able to deduce the true facts in this case, but must wait for an unwary killer to make a single slip and provide the necessary proof to bring him to justice.

This novel is fairly well written, and the people in it are more than two-dimensional cardboard cutouts. The settings and pace of the novel are easily acceptable, but Flynn's strong point is his extremely well conceived and deceptively clued puzzle, the solution to which will really startle a good many veteran readers. ——Charles Shibuk

The Death Angel by Clyde B. Clason. Doubleday, 1936; Heinemann, 1937.

Frail and snowy-thatched Theocritus Lucius Westborough, professor of classics and amateur of crime, appeared in ten novels between 1936 and 1941 and then sank from sight like (if I'm not getting my characters mixed up) Palinurus in the Aeneid. This title told the story of his second case. On a visit to a friend's estate in remote southern Wisconsin during a violent farmers' milk strike, Westborough plays detective when his host receives a threatening note signed "The Firefly" and disappears soon afterwards. A series of attempted murders follows and in the course of the investigation Westborough learns much about archery, mushrooms and the theory of electricity as well as two rather clever perfect-alibi devices. The offtrail setting, reasonably fair solution and spectacular plot convolutions help to make up for the latent racism and dull labored writing. ——Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Wild Justice by George A. Birmingham. Methuen, 1930; Bobbs-Merrill, 1930.

George Birmingham (alias James Owen Hannay) wrote some 60 books on a variety of subjects, and most of them are imbued with his own special brand of gentle humor. He has also, like his fellow clerics Messrs. Knox and Whitechurch, written crime fiction. Barzun and Taylor have high praise for his The Hymn Tune Mystery, and seem favorably disposed toward his slightly earlier Wild Justice, although they do spoil it a bit by giving away a vital clue.

Wild Justice takes place in the sleepy little British hamlet of Mellanby that seems to have more than its share of troublesome Irish people, and starts with a shooting party (in more ways than one) at the usual and typical country house. The host is rich Lord Benton, and the guests are his boyhood friend the local padre (who also narrates), and the Chief Constable of the district, Colonel Devenish.

Very early the next morning a Mr. Sweeny, who resides in a small cottage on Lord Benton's estate, is found with the top of his head shot off. Col. Devenish immediately takes charge and preliminary investigation suggests that the logical suspect would appear to be recently appointed deputy sexton O'Callaghan, who has constantly spoken out against the deceased. Further investigation tends to clear O'Callaghan but establishes that Diarmuid Colgan, a friend and fellow countryman of the murder victim, has been lurking near the scene of the crime. He refuses to say anything in his own defence, and the extremely fair-minded Devenish concludes that all the evidence points to Colgan, who is speedily brought to trial.

Birmingham is an excellent writer and his prose style, which seems simple and artless, is anything but that. He is gentle and witty, and sometimes irongically humorous. His people seem to be alive and breathing. His narrative flows without wasting words in a straightforward and direct manner that would seem to be beyond the grasp of several of our more highly touted contemporary hardboiled stylists. His puzzle is fairly clued, but should not prove too difficult to solve, and does manage to pack quite a kick in its tail.

Birmingham's talents, like those of many authors "exposed" by Barzun and Taylor, are impressive, and I'm very glad that at least two of my friends are trying to collect his crime fiction. ——Charles Shibuk

In the Night by Lord Gorell. Longmans, 1917.

The period between the publication of Trent's Last Case by E. C. Bentley (1913), which brought a sense of reality and humanity to detective literature, and the debut of Agatha Christie with The Mysterious Affair at Styles (1920), which contained the seeds that grew to become the Golden Age of the genre, is quite an elusive one. Isabel Ostrander produced most of her output between 1915 and the early twenties. Wadsworth Camp wrote between 1915 and 1923. Bernard Capes published his tour de force The Skeleton Key in 1919. Hopefully one of TAD's experts will take it upon himself to deal with this transitionary era in detail. And he may very well find Lord Gorell's In the Night one of the highlights of his study.

Inspector Humblethorne takes his summer vacation in the little village of Salting only to take charge of the unexpected murder of Sir Roger Penterton. Sir Roger is a ruthless man, disliked by the entire village, but it is soon evident that the murder was committed by one of the victim's household. The cast of suspects is limited to family and servants.

As was customary at the time, the professional investigator is being helped by an amateur—in this case a young lady with sharp mental faculties. It is to the author's credit that, against the period trend, the inspector manages to keep his dignity intact while the young lady presumably solves the puzzle. Presumably, because in the last chapter there is an additional twist. While the modern reader will probably be ahead of both investigators, it is still a straightforward and effective yarn. Some excess sentimentality mars the proceedings, especially a sequence of a reunion between a mother and her long departed son, but on the whole In the Night is pleasant reading, and the author succeeds in proving his thesis that "the same set of facts can often be explained in several different ways."

—Lenore Kabatchnik

Tea at the Abbey by C. E. Vulliamy. Michael Joseph. 1961.

This novel starts promisingly, and in almost typical Vulliamy fashion, with the announcement of the formulation of a new compound that has the power to effect a personality change. We will hear a bit more about this compound later, but we quickly have a shift in focus to a country house party at Stathering Abbey that is celebrating a forthcoming engagement. The happy participants are George Hindley Bascombe, a Senior Lecturer in some esoteric branch of science at Masterbridge University and also heir to the Abbey, and the pretty Violent Oskinlowe, who is extremely gifted in her studies at Masterbridge, but perhaps may be socially unsuitable because her parents are in trade.

The guests are an ill-assorted and poorly chosen lot, but everything is being organized by Bascombe's rich and domineering aunt, and it is important to maintain diplomatic relations.

Murder is inevitable and the unexpected victim turns out to be Miss Oskinlowe. Two members of the local police force and several exalted Scotland Yard personages investigate with little success, but a pair of archaeologists are frequently able to provide vital assistance. (It should be noted that Vulliamy has written three volumes on archaeology.)

Later, the most likely suspect finds himself at a hearing before a magistrate's court, but a clever defence lawyer is able to shatter an inadequately prepared police case. (Trials frequently occur in Vulliamy, and this long section is the most satisfactory portion of Tea at the Abbey.)

Time is not lost because further leads present themselves to our archaeologists, and they therefore are able to discover the identity of the true culprit without resorting to any ploy that might be considered of a ratiocinative nature.

This novel is, I believe, Vulliamy's last crime fiction effort, and it is, unfortunately, a distinctly minor venture. It is recognizably Vulliamy, and the usual and individual satire, the negative view of humanity, and the mentally deteriorating character are all present, but rigidly controlled in an extremely subdued, almost elegaic, manner.

Tea at the Abbey resembles the earlier (1934) and minor Scarweather in several ways. It attempts to be a detective novel (instead of the usual inverted tale), but the results are not successful. (In this case the novel is closer to the police procedural school.) In addition, it's not too difficult to spot the guilty party well in advance.

This is not an easy novel to either synopsize or criticize, and in spite of its weakness it does have curious disturbing quality of its own, and will remain in the memory for some time after it has been read.

—Charles Shibuk

Six Problems for Don Isidro Parodi by H. Bustos Domecq. 1942.

This book is, I suppose, one of the ten-most-wanted-collections on any serious mystery collector's search list. The legendary Six Problems appeared in 1942 in Buenos Aires. Jorge Luis Borges wrote it as his first of three collaborations with Adolf Bioy Casares. The collaborations all use the one pseudonym "H. Bustos Domecq".

Collaborations embarrass the critic or reviewer because they inhibit his godlike ability to apportion A's, F's and pass grades. Hence the resultant practice: Give the more famous partner (Borges here) all the credit, but don't make your critique too specific, e.g., check the references to Six Problems in academic studies of Borges. I'll follow this venal tradition myself below, discussing the relation of "Domecq's" mysteries to Borges' other work, but not Casares'.

The stories in the book are: 1) "The 12 Signs of the Zodiac", 2) "Goliadkin's Nights", 3) "The God of the Bulls", 4) "The Schemes of Sangiacomo", 5) "Tadeo Limardo's Victim", and 6) "The Long Search of Tai-An". My text, incidentally, is not the Argentine Spanish edition, but a 1967 Paris translation (F. M. Rosset's) for Denoël.

To begin, Borges' (OK, Domecq's) Great Detective is the one in jail, not the delinquents he detects. Senor Parodi is serving a long-term rap for murder; it seems he belonged to the wrong political faction at the time of arrest. His conviction of course was a frameup, though several of the Golden-Age masterminds who godfathered him arranged Nietzschian murders. So Don Isidro is an armchair detective involuntarily, not because like Nero Wolfe he's too fat

or like Baroness Orczy's Old Man, for he simply doesn't give a damn whether his theories about each case can be verified or not. Fortunately for Six Problems, Don Isidro has built up a reputation as a consultant over the years, in his office, Cell 273, so people with problems keep bringing him new business. Only lovely authentic touch in the dialogue: the customers keep reassuring Don Isidro, from one story to the next, how lucky his situation is. I don't want to harp on Borges' blindness, but this sounds like a transcription of the Job's-comforter remarks he would have received himself.

In 1942 Buenos Aires, the Six Problems stories were written in brave prose. They satirize and villainize a rightwing clerical fascism that was still on top politically. Six Problems mustn't be confused with the awfully dated Nazi-villain stories in which our more deferred novelists defied Hitler from the front lines of New York or Hollywood. Some of Borges' new admirers (the English translations only date from the early '60's) will be especially interested in the social variety of the Domecq mysteries. Both characters and dialogue range up and down the social scale; I assume, for instance, that I had more trouble reading the Timeo Limardo story (5) because it's narrated by and about the frayed white-collar set in a socially mixed boarding house.

The frame-situation for each "problem" is a monologue by the first cell visitor of each story. The monologue always three-dimensionalizes the narrator, so that the explanation of the "problem" for Don Isidro and the reader always fleshes out a character important to the plot. The ending, usually "Part II," is a snapper, a wrap-up solution of the puzzle by the Great Man, perhaps to another visitor. (The first narrator may have been the guilty party.) The solutions themselves—perhaps I should say, the original crimes?—are often brilliantly original, as in "Tadeo Limardo's Victim" or "The Schemes of Sangiacomo." But Part II stays short, because Don Isidro doesn't deduce his solutions by a chain of reasoning or round up the conclusive evidence inductively. Nothing is "proved." Don Isidro simply refocuses the pattern of the story's materials, so that the new interpretation becomes likely—just like in Chesterton, an enormous influence on Borges' whole oeuvre. The prison chaplain of course is "Padre Brown."

What hits the reader familiar with Borges' other fiction is that his mainstream stories have all come to resemble the wrapup chapters of Six Problems. The classic mystery convention of reviewing the whole plot at the very end is apparently what stimulated Borges about the detective story form. That's why he's more comfortable with Golden-Age technicians like Carr, Christie and Queen; whereas his peers, Chandler and Simenon, used the puzzle solution as a structural convention in writing mainstream novels about Paris or Los Angeles. They were bored by the only part of the mystery form that kept Borges' attention.

How you take to Six Problems, when the overdue English version appears, probably depends on your taste for the Edwardian mystery, the ca.1910 New Wave of the next generation after A Study in Scarlet. The ten years just before World War I produced the most important collections starring Dr. Thorndyke, "Padre Brown", Craig Kennedy, Max Carrados, the Thinking Machine, and the Old Man in the Corner, plus Trent's Last Case. The cliche association with Borges' detective would be Ernest Bramah's blind Max Carrados. Story 6 is dedicated to Bramah. However, the subject matter makes it clear that this story is a tribute to Bramah's non-mystery Kai Lung series; Kai Lung's special style seems an important influence on the mature Borges, not just on Six Problems.

If Don Isidro has a previous avatar, my own nominee is the Baroness Orczy's Old Man—possibly with a little extra paprika flavoring from the anthology chestnut, Futrelle's "The Problem of Cell 13." As you can see, "Domecq" developed a more rigorously logical reason for his hero to armchair his solutions than did the Baroness Orczy, Rex Stout or Tony Boucher, in his EQMM Nick Nobles. In his long-term cell, Don Isidro is then a more stable, normal, courteous gentleman than his fellow loungers. They all need some sort of neurosis to justify to the reader their hangdog attitude towards their own cases. In Six Problems the hamming and fit-throwing comes, as it should, from the characters involved in the cases, not a showoff mastermind obscuring the details of the case.

——James Mark Purcell

Death Beneath Jerusalem by Roger Box. Thomas Nelson, 1938.

Paul Winterton wrote the first of his many fine novels 35 years ago, and it turns out to be an excellent and accomplished work. Surprisingly, it's been out of print for 26 years in spite of the fact that its author later gained widespread celebrity under the pseudonym of Andrew Garve. It's also as timely as today's newspaper headlines, and it would have been extremely pertinent in 1967 when the Arab-Israeli war flared out.

Death Beneath Jerusalem is about a British newspaperman named Garve, yes, that's right, Philip Garve, who is looking around for news items to send to his London office.

It seems that there is a great deal of resentment among the Arabs who are unhappy with both the British and the Jews, and desire to drive both groups out of what they choose to

call their homeland. Then, as now, the various groups of Arabs, who seem to hate each other more than their common enemies, have been unable to settle their differences and unite into a cohesive whole.

Garve suspects that there's more trouble than usual brewing, and a close brush with a bomb, and the further discovery of a hidden cache of smuggled arms convince him that he is right. He wants the exclusive story, but he doesn't realize how close to death his degree of personal involvement will take him.

Death Beneath Jerusalem is an admirable thriller. It has an extremely fine blend of attractive people, a dastardly villain, good local color—including a penetrating awareness of the political situation—exciting and suspenseful incidents, the right amounts of romance and action, and some fascinating underground scenes that culminate in an underplayed but breath-holding climax. ——Charles Shibuk

The Adventurous Exploits of Norman Conquest as Told by Berkeley Gray. 4: Conquest Marches On (London: Collins, 1939).

One of the requisites for a hero of Norman Conquest's class is that he possesses "some magnetic quality" that will attract "excitement and danger as a magnet attracts steel filings." It helps to explain a lot of things and avoids having to answer critics who may apply too realistic a measurement to our hero's deeds. A chance encounter with a young lady on the underground and an innocent gesture with a folded newspaper precipitate the Gay Desperado into another adventure. It is just as well. He and Joy Everard have been out of the country recuperating from the rigors and bullet wounds of the Primrose Trevor case (cf Miss Dynamite) and Conquest is feeling restless. The prospect of doing battle with an organization devoted to blackmailing British citizens (the Black Ring lead by a mysterious being known as The Voice) is welcome indeed.

The author has acquired more expertise in his use of the American accent and his New York gangsters, Walt Mason and Beetlepuss, sound almost Dashiell Hammett. This seems to balance the basic melodramatic effects of a secret office for The Voice behind a one-way glass in a photographic studio and the cigarette kiosk that serves as a rendezvous and message center for the gang. Conquest is twice fooled in his exposure of the identity of the Voice. The newspaper headlines, "Black Ring Smashed!", seem irritating not only to our Desperado, but to another who knows better—Inspector Williams. He has come to look on Conquest as the answer to his problems.

The developing relationship between these two men is interesting. No longer open antagonists, Sweet William and 1066 obviously have a great deal of respect for each other. They are often shoulder to shoulder and back to back in the thick of battle. Even if the Desperado has the advantage of a bullet proof vest and a dialogue like "Say your prayers, Slime," Williams can hold his own. ——J. Randolph Cox

REVIEWS OF CURRENT MATERIAL

The Nero Wolfe Cook Book by Rex Stout and the Editors of the Viking Press. New York. 203 pp; $7.95.

I've never introduced Nero Wolfe to my wife but he clearly had her in mind when he said, of some of his favorite recipes, "I beg you not to entrust these dishes to your cook unless he (sic) is an artist." My wife is the Agatha Christie of the kitchen (as I hope mystery readers who have broken bread with us will agree), and I gladly gave her my review copy of this cook book. She prepared the brook trout (p.159) and by adding a bit more of one spice than was called for came up with a delicious dish which I can only call "a tarragon of virtue."

Actually, I did not plan to review my wife, whose praises I have been singing for over 16 years. The book at hand is a real treat for gourmets and/or mystery fans. For the latter it picks up where William S. Baring-Gould's Nero Wolfe of West Thirty-Fifth Street (1969) left off. Baring-Gould had a brief chapter "Wining and Dining with Nero Wolfe" and listed the famous menu at the Kanawha Spa in Too Many Cooks (1938). The Nero Wolfe Cookbook has many new comments and quotations about the food at the Wolfe menage as well as 225 recipes, including those referred to in Too Many Cooks.

One immediate caveat: the reader who digs too deeply into this cook book may grow too fat ever to leave his armchair. A surprisingly large proportion of the recipes call for the liberal use of heavy cream. No difficulty for someone like me who can eat or drink anything and never gain weight; for others it may be a problem. Also, in these days of high food prices, I would warn the reader that this is not an economy-minded cook book. Most of the recipes seem to be expensive to prepare. Ah yes, but, more importantly, they also seem to be delicious. ——Marvin Lachman

The Case of the Postponed Murder by Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow, 1973. 220pp. $5.95.

The publishers call this "the last of the Perry Mason mysteries" but by the clear evidence of hundreds of details it was dictated by Gardner, and then shelved as unsatisfactory, only a few years after he had begun writing about Mason. I would estimate the year to be around 1937, when ESG was still appearing regularly in Black Mask and other pulps and before he had toned down Mason's world for the more genteel Saturday Evening Post. The story begins intriguingly with a woman posing as her own sister in order to obtain Mason's help with a check forgery charge on which she's been framed; before long the gambler who framed her has been shot to death aboard his yacht, and Mason resorts to gun-switching maneuvers and other hocusing of the evidence in order to keep his client out of jail. This is the almost Bogart-like Mason of the Thirties, tougher talking and far more ruthless than the faceless bureaucrat of the Raymond Burr period, even going so far as to commit burglary in furthering his client's interest. Nor is Mason the only ruthless character in the book. Even the four females in the cast (including Della Street) are so tough-minded, so aggressively liberated, as to make today's feminists sound like newborn kittens. Gardner's whirlwind pace is as always in evidence, and there are some fine confrontations-in-dialogue and a vivid sense of the Depression and its survival-of-the-fittest mentality. On the minus side, Mason has nothing to do in the perfunctory courtroom scene, his reasoning throughout the book is blatant guesswork, and the plot boasts a hole big enough to drive a tank through. (The murderer throws away the gun where the police will find it, hoping to strengthen the case against another suspect, never thinking that a check of the weapon's registration will lead the authorities straight to the guilty party. The stupid flatfeet don't bother to check the registration, of course, since it would have pulverized the plot had they done so.) The Case of the Postponed Murder is by far the poorest Mason novel of the 1930's, but so much better than the books Gardner ground out in the last years of his life that, with some reservations, I'm glad it's been resurrected.

——Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

Again—Jack the Ripper!

Once more, in this past summer of 1973, Jack the Ripper stalked the sinister streets of Whitechapel, bringing his deadly solution to the miserable problems of ugly, middle-aged, alcoholic prostitutes. His bloody career began once more for TV viewers on BBC 1, felicitously enough on Friday, July 13, and continued in six weekly episodes. Seemingly, in England at least, there is an almost insatiable appetite for fact, conjecture and even wild fiction about that perhaps most notorious yet most enigmatic of mass murderers, the problem of whose identity still stimulates even those who forget such of his rivals in infamy as Landru, Smith, Haigh, and Christie.

Paul Bonner and Leonard Lewis, who devised this series, chose an unusual but not altogether—at least in this writer's opinion—satisfactory format: a combination of documentary reconstruction of the London of the 1880s, with investigation by two popular fictional series detectives of the Twentieth Century, Detective Chief Superintendents Barlow (played by Stratford Johns) and Watt (played by Frank Windsor). Thus, in each episode of the series the reconstructions were framed by a modern setting in which the two Scotland Yard detectives (popular in two previous BBC-TV series: Softly, Softly and Barlow at Large) discussed, and argued about, various aspects of the case; criticized the inept and woefully archaic methods of the Victorian police and medical examiners; and, in the final episodes, suggested various claimants to the dubious honour of the title "Jack the Ripper," including such well-known candidates as Montague John Druitt, Alexey Pedachenko, and the Duke of Clarence.

Strangely enough for a BBC program—for the present popularity of the British Royal Family is, according to Lord Simon of Wythenshaw, a former head of the BBC, largely the result of assiduous BBC propaganda in the 1920s and 1930s—Barlow and Watt (or, rather, Paul Bonner and Leonard Lewis, the creators of the series) leaned rather heavily towards suspecting the Duke, even though he had an unbreakable alibi for the time of one of the murders—he was taking tea with his grandmother, Queen Victoria!

The series was, I think, only partially successful. Curiously enough the reconstructions of Victorian London and the playing of the character actors in the inset vignettes (although at times they tended to be rather unfortunately reminiscent of the Jack the Ripper episodes in the recent film, The Ruling Class) were somehow more satisfying than the modern sections. Though Mr. Johns and Mr. Windsor are fine and convincing actors, perfectly at ease in their roles, they came through as less rich than the Victorians. Perhaps this is only right: for even when he appears in Twentieth Century Science Fiction, Jack is still very much a creature of the old London nights, of foggy, sinister London, the London of Dickens and of Fu Manchu.

(The writer of the above wishes to acknowledge the generosity of the BBC Television Centre, in sending her publicity material to replace her lost cuttings.)

——Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Tales of Terror and the Supernatural by Wilkie Collins. Selected and introduced by Herbert van Thal. New York: Dover Publications, 1972. $3.00. Paperback, 294 pp.

The title of this collection of a dozen stories by Wilkie Collins need not be taken too seriously. Only two are supernatural tales. "The Dream-Woman" is a nicely developed bit of precognition (or dreaming of the future, if you don't like ESP terms). "Mad Monkton" is a Gothic novelette in "Monk" Lewis's tradition, with the ghost of his dead but unburied uncle appearing to the main character—unless he's mad, as runs in the family.

Three are straight detective stories. "Mr. Policeman and the Cook" tells of a police investigation of a murder, in which the murderer was never officially discovered. "A Stolen Letter" has a lawyer searching for a hidden letter, helped with a written clue. (Van Thal, in his Introduction, calls this in the tradition of Poe's "Purloined Letter": the letter is not, at any rate, in a most-obvious location.) The third detective story is "The Biter Bit": a classic puzzle story, based on psychological clues—who stole the cash-box from a merchant's bedroom? By the way, the tone of the latter is that of ironic humor throughout—so much for the terror of the title. (Does anyone else remember the Juniper Press collection, The Best of Wilkie Collins, 1958, in which the dover, contents page, and the story all list this work as "The Bitter Bit"?)

There is no need to do a thorough survey of the other stories. "A Terribly Strange Bed" is well known—the idea of suffocation seems frightening to many readers, or at least to many anthology makers. The other six are a variety of crime and suspense tales, some simple in plot ("'Blow Up with the Brig!'") and some complex ("Mr. Lepel and the Housekeeper"). For the record, the other stories are "The Dead Hand", "Miss Bertha and the Yankee", "Fauntleroy", and "The Lady of Glenwich Grange". Most of the twelve stories are first-person narrations; some are told in a series of letters or other documents. I was struck again in reading these stories how often the Victorian mystery is based on crime against the small, family-owned business. Don't most crimes in today's mysteries occur within corporations (if they have any connection with business at all)?

By the way, anyone who has the 1954 collection of Collins's stories, Tales of Suspense, edited by Robert Ashley and van Thal (London: Folio Society), will have all of these stories except the last two, "Mad Monkton" and "The Biter Bit". Fair warning (and my thanks to Mike Nevins for drawing my attention to it).

Are these classics of the genre readable? They certainly do not have the fast action of, say, Dick Francis. But otherwise I believe they hold up fairly well. A good book for a quiet evening.

——Joe R. Christopher

His Burial Too by Catherine Aird. London: Collins, 1973. 191 pp. £1.70; NY: Doubleday, $4.95.

Catherine Aird's latest is a locked-room mystery set in a sleepy English county probably not unlike some of the quiet corners of her beloved Kent. Figuratively speaking, this is Agatha Christie country, with the clever difference that this book could also qualify as a procedural, most of the story being seen through the eyes of Detective Inspector Sloan and Detective Constable Crosby of the Berebury Division of Calleshire County Constabulary rather than a busybodying Jane Marple.

It is an ingenious murder, a research industrialist having been crushed to death in a church tower, the weapon the falling masonry which has blocked every entrance - from the inside. And as is the way with the typical "county" mystery, almost everyone within orbit has had both a good, strong motive as well as an opportunity to commit the crime, including the dead man's daughter, Fenella Tindall, his business associates and possibly even his neighbours and friends. The only man one doesn't really suspect is a bluff tycoon named Cranswick, who has already put in a bid to take over the firm. He is too "obvious".

Sloan first gives the impression of being a "plodder", and this is much of his charm. He's wary of authority in the shape of his superintendent, who can be unreasoning and therefore insensitive; and tolerant though long-suffering of his subordinate, the unimaginative Crosby, an erratic driver and a policeman too ready to jump to conclusions—these differences in temperament are a feature of the partnership. Yet Sloan is also a shrewd policeman, both polite and intelligent as he deftly handles the case, which he cracks within the course of a single hot summer day.

One suspects the underlying motive might have something to do with industrial espionage, else why the secrecy surrounding the firm, whose policy is methodically to destroy the evidence of their researches in order to protect their clients' interests? But that doesn't solve a classic locked-room mystery, to which Sloan and the reader must always inevitably return.

Perhaps the denouement is never really obvious enough: it demands considerable explanation. But long before it is reached, Miss Aird's fine, humorous yet detailed narrative has taken an hypnotic effect. It is possible to care about her characters even beyond the predicament in which they find themselves. This is the mark of a good book. If one doesn't

care, even the best mystery in the world will fall flat.

——Deryck Harvey

City Police by Jonathan Rubinstein. 455 pp. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $10.00.

Jonathan Rubinstein's City Police, based as it is on his unique experience of a period of service with the Philadelphia Police Department, after he had earned his Doctorate in History at Harvard, offers a potentially very valuable storehouse of factual information and anecdote about the police, their ways, and their peculiarities, that might very well be of great help to the beginning mystery writer. It is an immensely detailed book, perhaps somewhat lacking in overall design, but startlingly impressive in its array of facts. While the realities of police life may be more picturesquely described in such fictional works as Joseph Wambaugh's The New Centurions and The Blue Knight and Dorothy Uhnak's The Witness and Law and Order, Dr. Rubinstein's book has the grainy reality of sordid city life. One's reaction to it might well be the well-worn words of Sergeant Friday: "Just the facts."

——Veronica M. S. Kennedy

The Bodyguard Man by Philip Evans. 192 pp. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1973. £1.80

Soccer is the world game, although it has never taken a firm footing in the United States. It has inspired several mystery stories, and Philip Evans' second novel (following Next Time You'll Wake Up Dead must now be added to Marvin Lachman's compendium of sports mysteries. It is a first-person hardboiled tale, with Harry Mann, the narrator, accepting an assignment in Italy, traditionally a hotbed of soccer, to protect the life of a star player. He assumes the role if none of the characteristics of a sports journalist.

Soccer is my game, but I've never found this sort of situation convincing. A sportsman who must appear before many thousands of spectators in an open stadium every week is obviously too vulnerable to be protected for long. Mann admits as much. But this book isn't really about soccer at all. It is about Harry Mann, ex-Special Brand. He's a tough cookie, and he knows it. He's not going to be hoodwinked for long by Lanatti, the man who has hired him, ostensibly to watch the player, Gianni Corrente, a Sardinian playing on the mainland and a target for political intrigue. Soccer is big business as well as a fever in this Mediterranean climate.

Mann is supercool, and I think overbearingly self-confident. He knows he's good, hard and efficient, and he's going to make sure that everyone else knows it. Especially Linda Belmonte, seductive wife of the football club's richest shareholder. The only man he cannot impress is his chosen chauffeur, Spezia, a character perhaps written with one eye on the film rights.

But if I don't like Harry Mann, there's no denying Mr. Evans his effortless ability to twist a plot or a situation within a few short paragraphs, neatly bending the story back on itself so that you have to check back to make sure you're not missing anything. What this author has is potential, and I hope it is fully realized in subsequent books.

——Deryck Harvey

Panda One Investigates by Peter N. Walker. London: Robert Hale, 1973.

Peter Walker is a police sergeant in York, England, where he teaches law at a police college. He is also a successful writer, with 17 crime novels and five factual crime books to his credit in only five years.

The incidence of former policemen who have taken up the pen and laid down the proverbial sword is probably more than you'd think. Two more from the north of England are John Wainwright and the recently-lamented Maurice Procter (he died at home in Halifax, Yorkshire, in May). Perhaps it has something to do with the open, kindly, generous nature so characteristic of north of England men, coupled with a deeply-rooted sense of order and routine, but they really do seem to be natural practitioners of the police procedural.

Much of this propensity is reflected in P. Sgt. Walker's latest book, in which he himself might be and, figuratively speaking, probably was, the central character, P. C. Jock Patterson, an enthusiastic young copper on a rural patrol. "Procedural" is the right word, for it literally makes Patterson's day when, early one morning, he discovers an overnight theft at a public house, finds the dead body of an old man in a stream, and confronts a youth who has callously killed a small boy's pet rabbits.

As P. Sgt. Walker told a Crime Writers' Association convention, a country copper is very much closer to his community than a city policeman, though both may be out on their own, after two years' training, at the age of 21. "City and country policemen now part their ways," he explained. "Each man is a specialist in the city. In the country, that just doesn't work. You do the lot." In his opinion, the country copper was the more complete of the two. He had once discovered the body of an old lady—a half-burnt corpse. She had gone to bed leaving a faulty electric blanket on, and wet the bed. Subsequently, it was his duty

to attend the post-mortem. "You go in and watch the body being carved up. You've got to, for continuity of evidence."

And so it is in this latest Panda book. Patterson visits a mortuary where a pathologist duly goes to work on the old man of the stream. The scene is described in clinical yet detailed accuracy and, if anything, it is more vivid for seeming understated.

This is a homespun police procedural of a willfully modest kind, although it does give the first fictional insight into a new nationwide network of policing England. In each of the three cases, the police get their "breaks", the book showing that they need, even at parish level, to rely upon the cooperation of the public as much as their own investigative techniques and powers of observation.

Jock Patterson's enthusiasm knows no bounds. He chooses to work even in off-duty hours, can't sleep for worrying about it and then fearlessly leads an attack on an armed man.

P. Sgt. Walker's style is deceptively simple. His characters are only slightly drawn, yet they are very real people. This is because he observes them and accepts them on their own terms. There is little melodrama here, but rather a genuine concern to show that the policeman's lot is far from being an unhappy one. It is what he and the pople around him make of it. ——Deryck Harvey

Avoid Vintage Victorian Murder by Gerald Sparrow (New York: Hart Publishing Co. 1972; $1.45), my nominee for swindle of the year. The author is a retired English lawyer. His book has 223 pages: 43 are blank, most of the rest wasted. Mr. Sparrow generalizes inaccurately about the Victorians, gives his views on capital punishment ("the most effective deterrent"), and expresses lengthily his belief that England was better off in Victorian days, when the people were patriotic, and did not mind being at the bottom of the class structure. As for those happy races, such as the Indians, who had the privilege of being ruled by Englishmen, how much better off they were then than they are now! When Mr. Sparrow escapes from expounding his opinions long enough to talk about murders, he is long-winded, imperceptive, and uninformative. He mentions Florence Maybrick, Marie Hermann, Dr. Palmer, the Cato Street conspiracy (pre-Victorian), Henriette Caillaux (French), Burke and Hare (pre-Victorian, although Sparrow gives no date), and two Asian cases. The only cases about which Sparrow gives any useful information are those of Palmer the Poisoner and the Cato Street conspirators: in each case he reprints 44 pages of contemporary accounts of the trials. This material is the only interesting part of the book. Perhaps Mr. Sparrow is senile: I would hate to think he had functioned so poorly for all his life. ——David Brownell

Short notes on more of the current crop. . .

The works of prolific authors tend to rise to a peak fairly early in chronology, maintain these relative heights for a time, then go into a decline (which can take the form of a precipitous deterioration). One might think that an author of John Creasey's prolificity must have peaked decades ago and become unreadable by now. Such is by no means the case (how many books had he written when he created Gideon?). Not that each of his later works is a memorable milestone—this would be humanly impossible—but many were very fine indeed and nearly all represented solid craftsmanship. A good example of the steady quality of Creasey's last years' work is A Life for a Death (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95), as by Gordon Ashe, which maintains a fine emotional intensity through suspense and insight into character and personality. Patrick Dawlish is in Rome, meeting with other heads of the international Crime Haters in connection with the extraordinary threat posed by a Mafia-like organization, the Farenza. Dawlish sets himself up as a decoy, but the trap goes awry and he is shot and killed—or so the Farenza come to believe. Dawlish's colleagues, mainly Neil Commyns of the Chicago Police, and most especially Dawlish's wife Felicity, carry the flow of narrative toward a gratifying (and even intriguingly inconclusive at one point) denouement.

Joe Gores' Final Notice (Random House, $4.95) is another nice job, the second in his private investigator procedural series about DKA Associates, car skip tracers. Gores plays fair here with the reader—in fact, I fear at least part of the solution is a trifle obvious because of this and a lack of alternatives. Trouble begins with an apparently routine recovery of a delinquent Cadillac—with $500 lying on the front seat. The owner, an elderly dance instructress, wields inexplicable power behind the scenes, and DKA becomes the subject of threats and violence as the local Mafia move onto the scene and DKA's Dan Kearney has to sort out a nasty scheme and its even nastier offspring.

It's not often I read a Gothic voluntarily (let me establish my bias early), but I inadvertently strayed into Messenger from Munich by Noel Pierce (Coward McCann Geoghegan, $6.95), which, though not strictly one of that feminine sub-genre, has enough of the gothic trappings to keep me gaping in stunned disbelief for 286 pages. To this is added that the book is written in a blurred, moody sort of style that distracts and subtracts. Having said

thus, I must admit to a tinge of curiosity, which developed as the book went along, concerning the quest of Rob Schuyler for a leftover German Nazi on a murder mission in New York, and the perils of his wife Felicia as she too becomes a target. All leading characters (male and female) behave with highly refined stupidity and incompetence and I guess everyone deserves the ending.

Clarence J.-L. Jackson's Kicked to Death by a Camel (Harper & Row, $5.95) gets high marks for originality, distinctly lower marks for sustained suspense. Rogery Allenby, American expert on the history of camels, finds himself in the heart of the Sahara on a research tour. He's in Tamanrasset, a miserable huddle of hovels, and eager to get out—except that an Italian he met at the airport is found with the titular affliction, and Roger realizes with astonishment that he's being mistaken for the guilty quadriped. All Europeans in town are quaranteed as the "investigation" (one of the most casual, disorganized and unorthodox in crime fiction) proceeds, an investigation in which Allenby plays the role of chief coward, idiot and instigator of mass unrest. Curiously, the affair has no little charm.

As an anthologist of some modest experience, my reaction to Men & Malice (Doubleday, $5.95), edited by Dean Dickensheet, is to turn a bright emerald. This is a most tasty offering, filled with the juiciest of tidbits, mostly heretofore unpublished (huzzahs to Doubleday for being willing to chance a book of unpublished tales!). Read it you must, as I can only hint at delights ahead: "The O'Bannon Blarny File" by Joe Gores, an uncommonly comic DKA caper; primal lust and rage and madness in "The Goddess of the Cats" by Thomas N. Scortia; "Silence!", by Dana Lyon, a tale of much juvenile disquiet; a premier tale of Indian culture and murder in "The Ghosts at Iron River" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro; Ray Russell's "Quoth the Raven", tidy commentary on bibliomania; locked room detection in an alternate universe in "A Stretch of the Imagination" by Randall Garrett; and "The Savage" by William Arden, a notable reprint.

Had not The Day of the Jackal come along in 1971, Tony Hillerman's The Fly on the Wall would have been an easy Edgar winner. Hillerman's first, The Blessing Way (1970) moved me to much praise and the hope that the author might take up the vacant mantle of Arthur W. Upfield in exploring a subculture through the series mystery novel. Now, with Dance Hall of the Dead (Harper & Row, $5.95), Hillerman confirms my suspicion that he is among the two or three finest new writers joining our genre in the 1970's—and, in the reappearance of Navajo policeman Joe Leaphorn, carries his study of murder and Indian culture to brilliant new heights. Here is inter-Indian conflict, here is much beautifully interwoven background on Zuni religious beliefs, here is deft commentary on Indian/white differences; here is a book that must not be missed.

The Maj Sjowall/Per Wahloo novels of Martin Beck represent elegant police procedure, and I continue to hold that The Laughing Policeman (1970) is the best of the lot to date. The current tale, The Locked Room (Pantheon, $5.95), has many attractive features, but I am put off by the frequent and unsubtle evidence of the authors' far-leftward leaning political views. Among attractions are the locked room device (though the resolution has been used before), the usual intricacy of plotting and attentive characterization, and a remarkable Keystone Kops sequence involving a raid on some suspects' apartment.

A Case of Bottled Murder by Elaine Wagner (Doubleday, $4.95) is a case of gothica which I opened principally because the author is a local (St. Paul) librarian. Emily McIntyre is attempting a reunion with her husband after six months' separation—a process in no way made easier by the series of poison pen letters hinting at all sorts of nasty activities, including perhaps murder, indulged in by her husband in the interim. A modest surprise or two is in store, and the impressionable will detect a sense of menace, so that those so inclined will find Bottled Murder adequate consumption.

I regret that The 92nd Tiger (Harper & Row, $6.95) is not Michael Gilbert at the top of his form—but who could stay at such altitudes indefinitely. This is an improbable adventure caper, in which a TV series hero, suddenly bereft of his show, is invited by the ruler of a beleaguered Middle Eastern kingdom to indulge in the real thing: real bullets, real intrigue, real war, real murder, real death. Said hero is a bit disconcerted, but carries on rather well after a few initial bouts of acute cowardice, and all ends bloody well in the end. Not, as I say, best Gilbert, but a jolly good read nonetheless.

Since The Chronicles of Solar Pons (Mycroft and Moran, Sauk City, Wis. 53583; $6.00) carries an introduction by yours truly, I'm perhaps not the best (or least impartial) to sing its praises. But as I'm handy. . . August Derleth asked me to write the introduction to this the last collection of his Solar Pons stories a year before his death in 1971, and greatly honored was I. But it was easy to wax lyrical, then and now, about Chronicles, for the stories are great fun—one can sense the pleasure Derleth had in writing them. My favorites are "The Adventure of the Orient Express" and "The Adventure of the Unique Dickensians", but the other eight stories will also reward you very nicely.

The Bouchercon IV commemorative volume, Multiplying Villainies: Selected Mystery Criticism, 1942-1968, by Anthony Boucher (Bouchercon IV, 4 Forest Avenue, Salem, Mass. 01970, $7.50) well illustrates the vast perception, acute analysis and artful deployment of language that characterized Boucher's commentary on our genre. His critical work deserves reprinting in total, but until that happy day the careful selection here provided by editors Robert E. Briney and Francis M. Nevins, Jr., together with a Foreward by Helen McCloy, make unmistakable that Anthony Boucher can never be replaced nor his contributions forgotten.

Four Decades with Dennis Wheatley by Iwan Hedman and Jan Alexandersson (Dast Forlag AB, Flodins vag 5, S-15200 Strangnas, Sweden; $14 plus postage) is truly a labor of love, and should not be overlooked just because it is basically a Swedish book. Goodly portions of the book are in English, others in both languages, and some of the bibliographic date in Swedish can be understood without knowledge of that tongue. Bibliography there is, with annotations, generally by Wheatley, in English; biographical sketch also, with details of Wheatley's series books; data (with stills) on films made from Wheatley novels; and a long section of Wheatley letters (all, of course, in English). I commend Four Decades to your attention.

Dover Publications (180 Varick Street, New York, N. Y. 10014) have thoughtfully revived a notable critical essay heretofore virtually unobtainable, Howard Phillips Lovecraft's Supernatural Horror in Literature (paper; $1.50). This was written in the middle 20's for publication in an amateur magazine, and though reprinted several times thereafter has just about disappeared from the marketplace along with most other things with Lovecraft's name on them. Although most of Lovecraft's attention is directed to the adjacent genre of horror fiction, students and fanciers of crime/detective/mystery fiction should note that the overlap is significant and much of Lovecraft's commentary is useful and illuminating to our genre as well.

The Resources of Mycroft Holmes by Charlton Andrews is the second of the Aspen Press chapbooks (Box 4119, Boulder, Colo. 80302; 38 pp; $4.00). The three episodes comprising this work were originally published in The Bookman for December 1903, and are here reprinted in entirety for the first time. Incurable Sherlockians—of which I am not one—will probably welcome Resources as an addition to canonical commentary; I found the tales of no particular moment—but the long afterward "Mycroft, We Hardly Knew You" and "Notes Toward a Bibliography of Mycroft Holmes" by Tom Schantz are well worth having.

Fanciers of the Sherlockian canon and, for that matter, of the detective short story as such, should certainly take careful note of the third Aspen Press chapbook, The Adventure of the Marked Man and one other by Stuart Palmer (35 pp; $4.00). This has the usual fine annotation by Tom Schantz, followed by a brief essay by Mr. Palmer describing his assay into pastichery, plus the title story, which first appeared in the July 1944 EQMM, and "The Adventure of the Remarkable Worm," originally published in The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes (1944). A rare treat are these two tales, and a delight to have in print together.

Not to be outdone in Sherlockian chapbookery, Luther Norris offers Beyond Baker Street by Mary and Irving Jaffee (The Pontine Press, P. O. Box 261, Culver City, Ca. 90230; 48 pp; $4.00). Of the five pleasurable pastiches contained herein, Irving Jaffee's two ("The Case of the Missing Scotch" and "The Case of the Purloined Mummy") reincarnate Holmes to deal with Moriartian mischief in present-day New York and an elderly Egyptian missing from the British Museum. Mary Jaffee's three ("The Case of the Unhappy Medium," "The Case of the Doomed Disertation," and "The Case of the Sinister Squeeze") feature the ectoplasmic return of Holmes to assist Irregular Dr. Arthur Bishop with several little problems.

My several perusals of Ruth Rendell's novels have generally been above-average pleasant, and Some Lie and Some Die (Doubleday, $4.95) also has a number of attractive features. Chief Inspector Wexford returns, this time to oversee a rock festival on a hitherto tranquil piece of rural English real estate. As the festival winds down, the battered body of a young woman is found on festival grounds. It appears she died well before the festival, but there are several curious aspects: why was she wearing untraceable clothes too small for her, and why was she in the neighborhood at all? Tracing her movements before death proves largely possible and unilluminating, and Wexford ultimately finds the key to the solution in careful reading of character. In fact, interplay and revelation of character and attitude are very strong points of this tale—particularly as found in the reactions of Wexford and his subordinate Detective Inspector Michael Burden to the affairs and actions of the younger generation.

Some TADians may wish to learn of Paradox, a fanzine generally directed to fantasy and science fiction which has been revived by its editor/publisher after a six year hiatus. Issue No. 9 (obtainable at $1.50—or at $4 for a 4 issue subscription—from Bruce Robbins, P.O. Box 396, Station B, Montreal 110, PQ, CANADA) reproduces artwork from the second edition of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein (1831), as well as a contemporary review of the novel and an 1838 parody thereof. Also included in the 39-page offset issue is an article, "Some Notes on Arkham House Books in Paperback." —AJH

LETTERS

From Ray Stanich:

Currently I have been working on a radio log of the (Eno) Crime Club series of the early 1930's. I lack the authors of the following stories which I suspect were printed in pulps (as opposed to the Crime Club novels mostly used in this series). I would appreciate any help in tracking down the authors.

"The Wrong Stairway" (Oct. 1931)
"Follow the Green Line" (Nov. 1931)
"The 12 Coins of Confucious" (Oct. 1932)
"The Cannon King" (Nov. 1932)
"The Murder Mark" (Dec. 1932)
"Mrs. Buxton Gets a Chance" (Dec. 1932)

From Fred Dueren:

I have only been a subscriber to TAD for a year, but it seems to me that there is a preponderance of material on the hardboiled detectives. I realize you have to work with the material sent to you, but I for one would like to see more about the Golden Era books. Something that treats the books as they were written—for entertainment and not to be dissected as literature. Obviously, though, I'm hooked on TAD as well as mysteries in general and will continue to read them both regardless.

"London Letter" from Deryck Harvey:

My great dream is the ultimate television computer. Every mystery series would be filed into it upon completion. Addicts could then make their own selection of any given episode to be shown on their own television set at any time. This is by way of saying that wherever you live in this world at the moment, you're missing something. In England, we're lucky enough to see a good many American TV series, but by no means all of them. Americans, I suspect, see too few of the best British series, though I'm happy to see that Dorothy L. Sayers' Clouds of Witness, with Ian Carmichael as Lord Peter Wimsey, has been bought for Masterpiece Theatre. It's a worthy adaptation.

Hot news is that Hammer, the horror film people, have now formed a subsidiary company, Hammer Television Productions, and that their first series, scheduled for 1974, will be Raffles—Gentleman Crook. E. W. Hornung's great "gentleman cracksman" is revived at last, and the series will feature one-hour stories "of Victorian skullduggery, with the suave, the dashing, the debonair Raffles as our guide." Incidentally, for the inside story of how Barry Perowne came to succeed Hornung in writing the Raffles stories, see EQMM (Aug. '73).

Still with TV, for it is, after all, an international medium, British viewers are currently immersed in a second series of Van der Valk, with Barry Foster as the Dutch detective, filmed largely in Amsterdam. Sherlock Holmes really started something when he survived the accident at the Reichenbach Falls with which his creator, Conan Doyle, had intended to kill him off. Holmes was dead, but he wouldn't lie down and,in response to popular demand, Doyle resurrected him for further series of adventures. At least three other popular policemen/detectives have now defied their authors' wishes to bring them to a premature end, and all of them are now featured on television. They are P. Sgt. George Dixon, of the British TV series, Dixon of Dock Green, Madigan, who appears in the American Mystery Movie series, and now Van der Valk. Dixon, portrayed by actor Jack Warner, was killed at the end of a popular one-shot film, The Blue Lamp (1950). Revived for TV, his series has now run for 18 years. A similar fate befell Richard Widmark as Madigan (1967), in Don Siegel's excellent film. Personally, I'm delighted to see him back on the box. Author Nicolas Freeling polished off Van der Valk in his last novel, A Long Silence, at just about the time the first TV series was under way. Ironically, the series has taken a beating from the critics for its lack of good story-lines—Freeling's originals have not been used. Yet Van der Valk seems to be in for a good long run.

A British TV series many Americans would dearly love to have seen involved two fictional detectives, Barlow and Watt, investigating the real-life Jack the Ripper mystery. Barlow and Watt first appeared in Z Cars 11 years ago (it still survives), spun off into a second series, Softly Softly: Task Force (there's a new paperback original, Softly Softly Casebook, Pan Books, 1973, $1—let me know if interested), and Barlow again into his own series, Barlow at Large. This time, in a conversation piece with flashbacks, written by Elwyn Jones, they sifted all the available evidence relating to the Ripper. The conclusion: that the Director of Public Prosecutions still has evidence on file which he will not divulge. Sherlockians will know that this was not the first time a fict onal detective (if they'll forgive the expression!) has investigated the Ripper mystery—their man solved the

case in the film, A Study in Terror (1965). Holmes was, however, too discreet to reveal the name of the killer to the world, hence the lingering mystery. (There's a beautiful line in that film. Watson simply cannot understand how Holmes has survived a raging fire, which has killed the Ripper. The explanation is spoken by John Neville as Holmes with tongue-in-cheek: "You know my methods, Watson. I am well-known to be indestructible.")

While in Scotland for the Edinburgh Festival, I noticed that viewers there were lucky enough to be seeing an Australian series of Napoleon Bonaparte mysteries. James Laurenson portrays Arthur Upfield's half-Aborigine, half-white detective. A nice little touch: at the end of the first story, Boney was paid off in horseflesh—on the hoof.

See what I mean about that worldwide TV computer?

I saw 24 full-length movies during the first week of the Edinburgh Film Festival, and not a good mystery among them, though James William Guercio's Electra Glide in Blue (USA) contains a murder hunt. Robert Blake plays a small-town highway patrol cop, with ambitions for the homicide department. But just as a good mystery seems to be developing, the film becomes overtly psychological, and loses its way.

Film-wise, Tony Richardson has now finished shooting Dick Francis' Dead Cert in the south of England. Scott Antony takes the lead. It should be out shortly. Francis, chairman of the Crime Writers' Association, will also be adviser to Anglia TV on a series featuring racetrack investigations. Meanwhile, he and three other CWA members, Gavin Lyall, Miles Tripp and Christianna Brand, have each penned a chapter of a four-part short story, "The Diamonds Are Forever Amber Mystery," which has appeared in TV Times. Well worthy of a reprint in EQMM.

Back to films. George Markstein, co-winner in 1967 of the British Writer's Guild Award for the best original screenplay, Robbery, has written The Cooler. Film rights have gone to John Woolf, who produced Fred Zinneman's film of Frederick Forsyth's The Day of the Jackal (which is as good as its reputation). Doubleday have promised $200,000 for the American rights, and Bantam will issue the paperback. Seventy-eight foreign publishers have sought translation rights. "The Cooler" is a remote mansion in the north of Scotland, where men and women are trained to be assets to "The Bureau."

Four big new films are coming everybody's way (some may already be on release in the United States). Robert Mulligan directs Ross Macdonald's The Drowning Pool. Robert Altman directs Raymond Chandler's The Long Goodbye, with Elliott Gould and Nina van Pallandt. Aram Avakian directs Donald E. Westlake's screenplay, Cops and Robbers, with Cliff Gorman and Joseph Bologna. Stuart Rosenberg produces and directs Sjowall and Wahloo's The Laughing Policeman. And for the future, Anglo-EMI plan a film of Agatha Christie's Murder on the Orient Express (no details available yet).

CWA news. The John Creasey Memorial Award will be introduced next year, a tribute to the association's founder, who died on June 9, 1973. It will go to the best first crime novel of the year (if such a novel reaches the required standard). The second CWA convention will be held at Bath, Somerset, a beautiful West Country city, in October 1974. Too long to wait, for all those who attended the first at Harrogate, Yorkshire, this year! Member Maurice Procter, a former policeman who became a bestselling "procedural" novelist, died at his Halifax, Yorkshire, home in May. He wrote Hell is a City, filmed with Stanley Baker.

From R. Jeff Banks:

Regarding Randy Cox's comments on the difficulty of finding books in print for a Detective Fiction course: I had a similar experience with the Espionage Novel course I am currently teaching. I started with a list of nine books which were in print at the time the course was proposed. Several were out of print and even all the books by the wanted authors in two cases (Lawrence Block and Jimmy Sangster) were out of print by the time my textbook order was turned in. Others went out of print between order time and delivery, so that I began teaching with five books, including only two first choices, and hoping that some of the other second and third choices may still reach the book store.

For Bob Adey: The Doc Savage books, reissued by Bantam from the pulp novels, include several "locked room" murders. Casual checking has turned up examples in The Flaming Falcons (#30); something that is a near equivalent in The Mystic Mullah (#9); four of Doc's assistants are almost killed in a locked train compartment in Brand of the Werewolf (#5); there is a definite one in chapter three of The Seven Agate Devils (#73); and a sort of locked room puzzle in chapter 10 of The Derrick Devil (#74).

The Shadow pulp is probably even a richer locked room source. Among the reprints abortively produced by Bantam (like the more successful Doc Savage series) only Hidden Death has a bone fide "locked room". None of the Belmont original Shadows has one. According to the chapter on the pulps in Steranko's History of the Comics, the 15 Shadow novels written

by Bruce Elliott, 1946-48, emphasized "puzzles, such as the locked room". I seem to remember others, but can't dredge up titles as the locked room has never really been my thing, from the earlier period when Gibson was writing almost all of them.

From R. A. Brimmell:

By way of a diversion, you might care to have one or two bibliographical notes for your magazine relating to the Queen Bibliography of Short Stories. As you probably know there are a number of errors in it and one worth mentioning is Roy Vickers' Exploits of Fidelity Dove. Queen dates this as George Newnes (1935), which is incorrect. This is only a reprint published under his own name...the correct first edition was published under his pseudonym of "David Durham" in 1924 by Hodder & Stoughton, with undated title page, orange cloth lettered in black. I have checked this with the British Museum copyright copies. Another error is The Mystery Book, edited by H. Douglas Thomson. Queen dates this as Collins ca.1935. This was published by Odhams in 1934. However, there does seem to have been some tie up between Collins and Odhams and it is possible there is a Collins edition (undated) which was in fact 1933 and not ca.1935 as listed by Queen. I am certain of the tieup between these two firms as I have checked on the copyright deposit dates on the two editions of Agatha Christie's Murder in the Mews and other stories. It was published by Collins in 1937, but an undated edition was issued by Odhams in the same year—a few months later according to the B.M. Collins edition was in March and Odhams in November. Your readers may also be interested in the following omissions from the Queen list of books of short stories:

George Goodchild: Call McLean. Hodder & Stoughton (1937); pale blue cloth.

J. S. Fletcher: The Marrenden Mystery and other stories of crime and detection. Crime Club (1930); orange cloth lettered in black.

Richard Marsh: An Aristocratic Detective. Digby Long & Co, 1900. 14 short stories; red pictorial cloth lettered in white on the front cover.

Leonard R. Gribble: The Case-Book of Anthony Slade. Quality Press (1937). 12 short detective stories.

L. A. G. Strong: Odd Man In. Pitman & Sons (1938). 5 short stories. Illustrated by Phoebe Lefroy.

Now doubt there are others. . .

More from Deryck Harvey:

I think British mystery addicts must be the luckiest in the world. Besides a large home-grown crime fiction publishing industry, we see both the best and perhaps some of the worst, of the American product (and both are necessary, I would say, in order to realize any true perspective). It has always been easier to sell an American book in England than to sell a British book in the United States. I am thrilled, and feel privileged, to find the best of both worlds at my fingertips.

Aren't we lucky? And now something similar is happening with TV mystery series, as well as books. British television has always taken the best American crime series. A Man Called Ironsides, which has been running here for five years, commands a peak-viewing Saturday evening spot. I find Cannon disappointing, but he's back for a second season, too. And the Mystery Movies are with us at last, Madigan, Colombo, and all the rest. Yet it still makes news when a British series is sold to the United States—as with Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey in Clouds of Witness on Masterpiece Theatre. If you can bear so British a character; you're in for a treat.

My real point is that, although we're lucky here, I wonder if the Mystery Movies are already being taken for granted by American audiences? Personally, I find them good value, especially considering their conveyer-belt production. The trouble is, our TV schedules and papers give only scant details of these series—their cast lists and credits.

Is anyone undertaking this work in the U.S.? I hope it won't be several years before fandom realises the importance of these made-for-TV films, which are far superior to the old "B" picture thrillers of the cinema. Only the other night, I saw Robert Conrad in The Adventures of Nick Carter. Overplotted, it was nevertheless very entertaining; and it helped to prolong the career of one of the world's "oldest", still practicing detectives. I have no way of knowing whether this was a "pilot", a one-shot, or one of a series. One Charlie Chan made-for-TV movie has been shown here, as well, on another channel.

We need checklists. Is there anyone that can be put on to this one?

From Peter E. Blau:

My special compliments on your tribute to John Creasey. He and Mrs. Creasey were in Washington in October 1971, and fortunately their visit coincided with a meeting of the Red Circle and he was able to join us for dinner. He was indeed a grand man, and he will be

sorely missed.

A query on your listing (p. H-18) for H. F. Heard: you list Murder by Reflection as part of the Mr. Mycroft series, which I was not previously aware of.

That's an error. Reflection is not part of the Mycroft series. ——AJH

From John T. Browne:

I wonder how many readers agre with two recent books about the detective novel. Julian Symons does not like the humdrum novel (Crofts, Van Dine, early Queen, etc.) and believes it has no future. Personally, I prefer it and think the three present-day novels of Joseph Harrington are unjustly neglected masterpieces. It would seem that constant readers of the genre prefer the humdrum. Any arguments? Colin Watson's Snobbery with Violence struck me as just another Liberal attack on middleclass entertainment and mores. The argument against Chinese, Negro and Jewish criminals just doesn't stand up. Mr. Watson wasn't very upset by the Irish being maligned when Conan Doyle created Professor Moriarty. (I guess the Irish are perverse since I've always liked the Professor.) Maybe the oldtimers were harsh to some of the minorities but they were fair to the reader. A recent book had the killer turn out to be the very liberal head of a civil rights foundation. But secretly he was a member of the Klu Klux Klan and was working against the civil rights movement. Of course, the reader didn't know this until the last page. The other suspects were the usual tough cops and urban rednecks.

From Rachel P. Shelley:

Please run an article on Simon Harvester; I'd like to know more about him. I'd also like to see an article on Arthur Upfield.

Upfield is in the works; anyone want to have a bash at Harvester? ——AJH

From Mike Nevins:

A great TAD as always. I was especially delighted to re-read the chapter on Red Harvest from George Thompson's dissertation. I'd first seen it in typescript about two years ago and was tremendously impressed with how he dealt with the novel. Now if only some publisher will agree with me and give a wider audience the chance to read the whole dissertation!

Since Marv Lachman completed his article on baseball and basketball mysteries, Jon Breen has added three more stories to the Ed Gorgon series, two about the former sport and one about the latter, all of course in EQMM. "Fall of a Hero" (11/72) has the most intriguing opening of any of Jon's stories to date: a dead man is found at the foot of a high-rise building wearing the uniform of a baseball team that never existed. And "Malice at the Mike" (10/73) takes place largely in the radio broadcast booth with Gorgon sitting next to a much-hated sportscaster who's been threatened with death. I'd say these two are Jon's best "straight" short stories to date. The basketball tale, "Old Timers' Game" (4/73) deals with death during a "friendly" game between two teams who had fought for the championship twenty years before, but I found it far less interesting than the other two.

As another footnote to Marv's essay I might mention that Ellery Queen employed baseball in a 1943 radio play, "The World Series Crime," dealing with the disappearance of a star hitter's lucky bat just before the crucial game of the Series. The player refers to the bat as Uncle Sam, and Ellery locates it just in time for it to be used to hit the winning home run. Moral: You Can Always Trust Your Uncle Sam.

Not that it has a great deal to do with Hammett, but the first Universal serial Secret Agent X-9 loosely based on Hammett's comic strip was released in 1937, not '36, and starred Scott Kolk, not Polk. (Two of the writers' names were also misspelled; they should be Ray Trampe and Leslie Swabacker.) The 1945 remake was directed by Ray Taylor and Lewis D. Collins from a screenplay by Joseph O'Donnell and Patricia Harper based on an original story by O'Donnell and Harold Channing Wire. The title role in the remake was played by an incredibly youthful-looking Lloyd Bridges. Again, none of this has very much relevance to Hammett.

Bill Nolan is right, of course, about John Baxter and David St. John being pseudonyms of E. Howard Hunt. But as far as I can tell the Baxter byline was restricted to non-criminous material—two sex novels (A Foreign Affair, Avon 1954, and Unfaithful, Avon 1955) and a comedy about the State Department (A Gift for Gomala, Lippincott 1962). I imagine these will be worth a lot of money someday, but what a messy way of making oneself a collectors' item!

I suspect Frank McSherry will be writing a long letter in response to Stephen Mertz' request for information on Robert Leslie Bellem and his private eye Dan Turner, so I'll just

point out that Blue Murder was not, as Mertz stated, Bellem's only novel. He also wrote The Window with the Sleeping Nude (HandiBook pb #118, 1950), which stars department store detective Barney Cunard and starts with a very similar situation to the opening of Queen's The French Power Mystery: a female corpse in the store's display window. ... In the early Sixties Bellem wrote a few scripts for the Perry Mason TV show, but I've heard nothing about him since.

In reply to Frank McSherry's question about the fate of the second part of John Dickson Carr's famous essay, I asked Carr the same question four years ago, hoping to use Part II in The Mystery Writer's Art, but Carr told me he had never kept a copy, and EQMM now has no copy either, as far as I can tell. This will probably go down in history as the great lost work of non-fiction dealing with the genre.

From Barry Pike:

Thirteen TAD readers responded to my request for additional information about Allingham stories. I received a lot of useful and interesting information, and have established the existence of 14 stories that are contained in mixed anthologies and magazines only as yet—enough to persuade Chatto & Windus that another Allingham volume is waiting to be published, even if it turns out to be a slim one.

I'm not sure what is the next step to take—there's obviously still much I don't know, and I can't really see how to find it out (unless I approach Margery Allingham's heirs—presumably Youngman Carter was her literary executor, but he, too, is dead now, and I've no idea who will have "taken over" from him). I think I'll approach Chatto & Windus—they must know, and there seems no reason why they shouldn't let me know, too. Certainly, I must write and demand another book, but as this would almost certainly be the last, it's very important that nothing should be overlooked. I wish I could talk them into reprinting The White Cottage Mystery—however awful it is, I'd still like to have it.

From Frank D. McSherry, Jr.:

Mr. Nolan and other TAD readers will be interested to know that the radio show version of The Maltese Falcon he listed, starring Bogart, Greenstreet and Miss Astor, is now available on a long-playing record at $5.96 plus 50¢ postage from The Captain Company, P. O. Box 430, Murray Hill Station, N. Y., N. Y. 10016. Flip side is also of interest to mystery fans: a version of Love's Lovely Counterfeit, apparently the James M. Cain novel, with Bogart. I've order this but haven't received it yet, so cannot comment further. . .

Some further entries for Reader Lochte's list of famous detectives who became comic strip heroes: Philo Vance appeared as a supporting feature in The Funnies, a Dell comic book from 1941 featuring Capt. Midnight. (A photo of the cover is reproduced in Nostalgia News No. 19, a 32-page letter-sized offset fanzine whose title pretty well covers it contents of articles about famous characters from The Lone Ranger to Batman and the Doc Savage radio show—24 half-hour scripts by Ed Grushkin broadcast in 1943 in NYC.)

With its next (and current) issue Nostalgia News has begun reprinting an early comic strip of Edgar Wallace's Inspector Wade—The India Rubber Man, with three pages of the strip from the start, written by Wallace. Other strips include Barney Baxter, Alley Oop, Thimble Theater, etc. $3 for 5 issues from P.O. Box 34305, Dallas, Texas 75234.

Though I know no details about it, a parody of Sherlock Holmes apparently appeared as a newspaper strip, when and where I don't know; "Dinky Dinkerton, Secret Agent 6 7/8" by Art Huhta has six strips reprinted in The Menomonee Falls Gazette, No. 57, and has charm and kidding rather than slapstick humor. (There really is a Menomonee Falls Gazette, I swear; it's a tabloid newspaper, though printed on much better paper, that reprints adventure strips from England, Australia, and the States, appears weekly, 24 pages, current issue No. 91 and will expand to 48 pages with issue No. 95, with several strips of interest to mystery fans: Modesty Blaise, Rip Kirby, Secret Agent Corrigan, Australia's Air Hawk and England's James Bond. The expanded magazine will include early strips of The Spirit, Kerry Drake, Paul Temple, and Red Barry. Prices for expanded magazine are 12 issues for $8, 26 for $16, 52 for $29. Highly recommended if you're at all interested in adventure strips, from P. O. Box 255, Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin 53051. The Gazette has reprinted sample strips of Nero Wolfe (No. 50, good depictions of Wolfe and Kramer, a poor one of Archie), Perry Mason and Mike Hammer in No. 51. $.45 a single copy currently. . .

The graphic story field seems to be undergoing an increase in interest similar to that sparked by TAD in the mystery field not so long ago, fanzines and serious critical attention growing. . . Another example of interest to both fields is a new fanzine called Comic Detective, featuring articles about and interviews with creators of famous comic strip detectives, with No. 2 featuring Alfred Andriola and the first week of his Charlie Chan from 1938. Andriola discusses the differences between the detective in the novel and one in the comic strip: "The 'Charlie Chan' stories in the strip did not follow the original Biggers stories.

The comic strip medium does not allow for the type of story Biggers wrote. You cannot write a traditional mystery for a strip—where the detective gathers clues about various suspects and, at the finale, reveals the culprit. The reader cannot be expected to retain all the evidence and be with you later until the detective says: 'Ah, so! Murderer is butler because he has button missing from sleeve—same button we found clutched in dead girl's hand thirteen weeks ago!' In a book, a movie, a TV or stage play, this...works because it is all before you at once; in a comic strip it is death." In an article on "Comic Strip Taboos", which are many and ridiculous, he explains why he dropped "Charlie Chan": "When I started ...some 25 years ago...the publicity releases announced with great pride that this was going to be a mystery strip without guns. This is like saying you are going to start a bridge without steel, a war without casualties...Oriental philosophy will never replace a German luger, and so I moved on from 'Chan' to 'Kerry Drake'...the same taboos follow me to this day." One example: villainness produces gadget from which at click of button a concealed blade slides out; printed version kept gadget, click, but painted out the dagger—and the point of the story as well.

No. 3 of Comic Detective features Dick Tracy and Chester Gould. No. 2 done on fairly poor paper, No. 3 much better paper and includes editor's listing of all detective Big Little Books. Both available at $1 each from Nostalgia News or from editor, Bart Bush, 713 Sugar Maple, Ponca City, Oklahoma 74601. No. 1 sold out. Subscription: 3 issues for $2.50. Interest in the mystery field is really booming when it produces such sub-genre specializations. . .

Two new comic books about well-known characters are out or due out soon. The Shadow, whose first issue isn't too bad and sticks fairly close to the original, includes his autogiro, girosol and organization and a general 30's ambience, 15 20¢ issues for $3.00 from P. O. Box 1047, Flushing, N.Y. 11352. First issue hard to get, not only because of distribution problems plaguing all magazines, but because, claims editor Carmine Infantino, many people are buying it up in wholesale lots as a future collector's item to be re-sold some years later at much higher prices. Marvel Co. is putting out a Fu Manchu comic book soon, haven't seen a copy yet. (I hear the publishers of Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine, but it hasn't reached stands here yet...)

Mike Nevins' full-length study of Ellery Queen as author and detective, Royal Bloodline, should be out soon, with two-color wraparound jacket by me, portrait of Ellery on back...

Reader Van de Ven Luc refers to a forthcoming "biography" of James Bond by John Pearson; he'll be interested in Philip Jose Farmer's fine new book, Doc Savage: His Apocalyptic Life, Doubleday, a biography very much along the pattern of Baring-Gould's Nero Wolfe of West 35th St. and with a discussion of "apocalyptic" literature of which the Savage series, Farmer says, is a part. In his Book of Philip Jose Farmer (DAW Books) Farmer states in his introduction to "An Exclusive Interview with Lord Greystoke" that "I plan to write biographies of The Shadow, Allan Quartermain, Fu Manchu, d'Artagnan, Travis McGee, and a number of others."

Your introductory memorial on Commander Gideon's creator was a touching goodbye to another great figure in the field. At least he was able to finish what he felt to be his best work before he died, something not granted to everyone.

From Ev Bleiler:

A little news from Dover's detection and derring-do department.

October 20, this year, a little ahead of schedule, will see The Stoneware Monkey and The Penrose Mystery by R. Austin Freeman and The Best Thinking Machine Stories by Jacques Futrelle.

The only point of unusualness with the Freeman is that we have reproduced the photo of Dr. Freeman's original clay monkey, which, I believe, was not published in any of the previous American printings.

The Futrelle volume, however, does have something new. While tracking down the original appearance of "The Problem of Cell 13" in the Boston American, I came across three stories off the 1905-6 series that seem to have been lost, never reprinted. These were in a bound-up file of newspapers in Boston. This worried me, for this is the only file in existence, and the way it is deteriorating it soon will be less one.

We decided to pick up two of these stories, and let ourselves in for a real headache. When the microfilms came through, the original type was so bad, the pages so tattered, the binding so in-curved, that much of the material was illegible. We finally managed to read them by wrapping prints around a large cylinder and then deciphering word for word with lenses held at an angle.

1974 should see several other things. Lady Audley's Secret by Miss Braddon, with an introduction by Norman Donaldson, will be out next spring or early summer. We'll probably

follow this with East Lynne later in the year. Wagner the Wehr-Wolf by G. W. M. Reynolds (with plenty of crime in it) should be out around the same time.

Just today we picked up a set of Richmond, Scenes from the Life of a Bow Street Runner, for which we paid an arm, two legs and half a cranium. We haven't decided whether to do it in paper or cloth. It's probably the most readable of the early crime and detection stuff.

Currently at the typesetter is Three Victorian Hauntings, which includes The Haunted Hotel by Wilkie Collins, The Haunted House at Islington (Fairy Water) by Mrs. C. Riddell, and The Lost Stradivarius by J. M. Falkner. Also, some time next year, Ghost Stories and Mysteries by J. S. LeFanu. This will include all the remaining ghost stories by LeFanu, including the probably spurious "Mysterious Lodger," and the better mysteries: "A Room in the Dragon Volant," "The Evil Guest," "Irish Countess," etc.

Some time in 1974, too, should see our Shadow project. We have purchased rights to two Shadow novels, which we shall print in facsimile, covers and all. Our emphasis will be on the serious side of popular literature and culture, rather than just reprint of thrillers. Walter Gibson is going to supply a historical introduction, and probably one of the scenarios that he used to submit to Street and Smith before going ahead with the writing.

I've been working through a heap of Shadows, working on a preliminary selection, before the final one is made. As I finished the 53rd novel so far, I wondered again why most of the opponenets of The Shadow are Wall Street types who hire gangs of gorillas. Was this social protest in the 1930's? Did Street and Smith like such villains. Was it loving a lord? Or what? I hope Walter Gibson reveals the answer.

From Van de Ven Luc (Mechelen, Belgium):

The articles on Dick Francis and George Harmon Coxe are excellent. I agree with Frank D. McSherry, Jr. (Vol 6 #1, p.61). At the present rate of one interview per TAD issue, hundreds of authors will never get interviewed. I feel one cannot really discuss a writer's books unless one has boned up on his background, the way he plots his stories, etc. Why not invite some novelists to discuss themselves and their mysteries in two pages or so? A similar experience in the British magazine, Books & Bookmen, resulted in three fine potted biographies: Alan White, Ludovic Peters and Edmund Cooper revealed more in less than a page than most interviewers ever find out. So how about at least doubling the interview ration?

I am not at all surprised you did not spot any books by Belgian crime novelists on your recent visit to this country; in my slightly biased opinion, the Belgian and Dutch mystery fans suffer from a serious lack of reading vitamins. At first sight the choice is limitless: there are translated books, stories by indigenous authors, and imported novels.

Translated mysteries by bestselling writers often sell well over here. British novelists outnumber American ones by far—Eric Ambler, Frederick Forsyth, Alistair MacLean, Desmond Bagley, Agatha Christie. Because they sell well in hardback (fifteen or twenty impressions are not unusual for a MacLean novel), several years go by before most become available in a kind of "quality paperback" edition—still priced at $3 or $4. There is no set time lag between hardcover and quality paperback publication, such as the nine-to-twelve months imposed in America. None of these authors have yet been published in mass market paperbacks, except for Gavin Lyall.

Most mysteries published straight into mass market paperbacks are by less known writers, except for half a dozen "names": Julian Symons, Ellery Queen, Sjowall & Wahloo, Ed McBain, Ngaio Marsh. Amazingly, there are no softcover bestsellers. A softcover may be reissued every two or three years, which is as close as any crime novelist comes to bestsellerdom; Berkely Mather, Ellery Queen, Edgar Wallace and Ian Fleming seem to do all right in the reprint department. Since the potential market for mysteries printed in Dutch/Flemish is limited to about 17,000,000 people, print runs for paperbacks are small. This does not leave much room for a lavish advertising budget and consequently publicity campaigns for a particular title are unheard of here. There is a TV talk show for books, but apparently detective novels are to be avoided.

Currently, the two leading paperback houses by far—for Flemish and Dutch readers—are publishing also Ross Macdonald, Charlotte Armstrong, Michael Collins, Ursula Curtiss, Elisabeth Ferrars, Richard E. Johnson, Ngaio Marsh, Margaret Millar, Patricia Moyes, Robert L. Pike, James Quartermain, Edgar Wallace, Patrick Quentin, Ruth Rendell, Mark Sadler, Dorothy Uhnak, Mark McShane, Kenneth Royce, Peter Townend, Erle Stanley Gardner, Ira Levin, Lawrence Block, Michael Brett, Leslie Charteris, Peter Cheyney, Francis Durbridge, Len Deighton, Dorothy Gilman, James Leasor, Jimmy Sangster, Don Smith.

Mystery fiction seems much more appreciated in Holland than in Belgium. Over here, crime novels are seldom reviewed; in Holland, reviewers are often enthusiastic and not at all condenscending. Dutch Ab Visser edits "Pulp Magazine", published at irregular intervals. SF fans have their own magazine, but as far as I know there is no equivalent to TAD or TMRN.

The number of new SF paperbacks is steadily increasing and now seems poised to overtake mystery fiction output; SF covers are often little masterpieces of design, while the illustrations for most mysteries are uninspired. Perhaps as a result of steeply spiralling prices and an increasing demand for imported books, softcover sales are falling off in most categories of fiction.

Some publishers tend to stretch the truth a bit at times. For example, with all respect for Douglas Enefer's books, I see no reason to dub him " one of the most widely read mystery writers in the English language"; Derek Marlowe's A Dandy in Aspic was apparently written "pseudonymously by a bestselling author"; several 87th Precinct Mysteries ended up in the dustbin, until I came across new translations and found I had been reading abridged and greatly inferior versions; similarly, two McGee quests, Bright Orange for the Shroud and A Deadly Shade of Gold, have been abridged in both hardback and paperback editions, the latter title by as much as half its length! British readers are offered the same bowdlerized versions, though each time the title page states the opposite.

As to Belgian mystery writers, they are outnumbered by pink elephants. Besides Georges Simenon, there is Jean Ray, who also uses the pseudonym "John Flanders", and mostly writes horror stories and science fantasies anyway. Dutch A. Roothaert came to live in Antwerp, then started criticizing Belgium so much people began to wonder why he had bothered to move over here in the first place...; the recently deceased Stanislas-Andre Steeman, half Slav, half Flemish, who wrote in French (!), sold many of his forty-odd mysteries for filming and was fairly widely translated; and a few others. Dutch writers are much better represented; distinguished critic and editor Ab Visser, whom I mentioned before, also produces crime novels; Havank both writes and translates mysteries; then there is the prolific Martin Mons, a man's name cloaking two ladies; well-known novelist Jan de Hartog, who writes his books first in English, and only then translates them into his native language, wrote some mysteries in his early days; the pseudonym he used was F. R. Eckmar, which freely translated means "Go-to-Hell". A few dozen others enjoy an enviable reputation but appear to be untranslated into other European countries.

When asked for their favorite mystery writers, people always come up with the same names: Christie, MacLean, Marsh, Queen. A colleague of mine is addicted to the crime stories of French writer San Antonio, and even torture would not induce him to try reading anyone else. Not all that surprising, perhaps, if you reflect we both work for Belgium's largest publishing house, with 600 people on its payroll and dozens of our own bookshops as outlets—a publishing house which prints anything between two covers but refuses to publish SF, Westerns and mysteries. . .

A voracious reader clearly has to fall back on imported softcovers. Twice a month a new batch arrives in the bookshops. Some publishers really flood the market with bestsellers, but a few could increase their mystery fiction sales, principally Fawcett. An Antwerp department store stocks about ten copies of each new Gold Medal mystery, which two weeks later will be out of stock. One does not have to be particularly unbalanced to consider mugging the guy who walks off with the last copy of the newest Dan Marlowe thriller, since there may not be another copy in town; nor does one have to be particularly anxious to create ulcers while contemplating the gaps in one's Philip Atlee collection....(Do you know his real name?) as reprints are not always imported; it may take years (and a padded cell) to get hold of all McGee quests. I expect suicide rates among mystery fiction addicts are kept so low because of American booksellers supplying books direct.

Do TAD readers realise how lucky they are?

> Many thanks indeed for this survey of the Belgian/Dutch scene! As I've mentioned before, I would like to present such accounts for all the other major countries of the world—all I seem to lack is someone to write them! ... Philip Atlee is the pseudonym of James Atlee Phillips. ——AJH

From Lawrence G. Blochman:

In TAD for May '73 Deryck Harvey deplores the fact that "sickeningly" he does not have a copy of the English-language translation (published in the U.S.) of Simenon's Three Rooms in Manhattan. Perhaps he may have asked for the wrong title, inasmuch as the American edition (Doubleday, 1964) of Trois Chambres à Manhattan was published as Three Beds in Manhattan, a title that brought sneers from Robert M. Adams whose critique in the New York Review of Books chastised "some dope at Doubleday" for distortion, ignorance, and/or infidelity to the author.

As translator I took full responsibility not only to exonerate that "dope at Doubleday" but for the sake of accuracy. A literal translation of chambres would be "bedrooms;" the words "three bedrooms" would be clumsy in a title. The generic term for room is pièce;

a three-room apartment is un appartement à trois pieces, not trois chambres which would promise three bedrooms. Since Simenon's use of chambres is symbolic—it is in the progression of the lovers from bed to bed that we follow the maturing relationship between the lovers—I submit that my title closely conveys the sense intended by the author, who happens to be an old friend of mine, or his bilingual wife Denise who does not readily tolerate toying with her husband's prose.

Trois Chambres, unfortunately, is not a mystery, but it does show off Simenon's great gift for conveying a sense of locale in a few sentences—New York at three o'clock in the morning, for instance, when our protagonist flees from his Greenwich Village apartment to escape the torture of the love cries in the adjoining lodgings, and ends up in an open-all-night greasy spoon.

Incidentally most translations of Simenon's detective stories—almost exclusively the Maigret saga; I don't believe the exploits of L'Agence O have ever been done in English—vary from fair to execrable. For this we can thank the avarice of American publishers who buy British translations at bargain rates instead of hiring a competent craftsman of their own. The English translators are apparently retired French teachers willing to work for a pittance and with few exceptions completely lacking in professional qualifications. Again excepting a few, they seem unable to embrace France and the French language with bold, familiar intimacy. I cannot think of one Simenon translator comparable to J. Maxwell Brownjohn, who has done such a superb job turning The Night of the Generals and other Hans Helmut Kirst mystery novels from German into English.

I am not speaking only of the British confusion with French police ranks and attributes. The early translators got off to a bad start. Maigret's rank of inspecteur was rendered as "inspector"—quite an exalted rank in both English and American police hierarchies, but in Paris a grade corresponding roughly to detective. Simenon took him through the various lower grades to inspecteur principal (detective sergeant, or in New York detective first grade) and then through the various steps of commissaire to commissaire divisionnaire, which ranks really get him up into the inspector class in American nomenclature. Maigret having started (in translation) as an inspector had to go for years without a promotion.

However, such technicalities could be overlooked if the text is the product of a professional, and by pro I mean a translator who knows not only French and France but who can write the Queen's English, not merely patch together a fairly literal rendering into a second language without conveying the flavor of the original. And I am afraid that some of Simenon's translators guess—and guess wrong—at what seems to them a familiar phrase.

Offhand I can recall a few examples of this sort of thing. A bistro waitress who served Maigret his white wine wore a "ragged smock." The French phrase was blouse chiffonnée. The word chiffon means "rag;" surely chiffonnée must mean "ragged". But it doesn't; chiffonnée means "rumpled". In another story we enter a Riviera boarding house peopled, according to the translator, by "small renters." I thought everyone knew that a petit rentier is a guy who has retired on a small income.

But this is nit picking. What I started out to say—and this is what is wrong with most of Simenon in English—is that translation should not be left to mere translators. Translation is an art—or at least a craft—that belongs to writers who happen to know and love a second language.

On another subject altogether, your retrospective reviewers have really been digging into the Blochman past. Francis M. Nevins Jr.'s second look at Bombay Mail (TAD 6/4) was a charitable appraisal of a first novel. I think the parts that made me squirm on a recent rereading may be partly explained by a footnote on its publishing history. I had been trying to peddle the idea of a restricted-locale pattern murder on the trans-India mail train, but in the early 1930s American mystery editors were shying away from any foreign setting except England. In 1933, however, Ed Richards, editor of Street and Smith's Complete Stories, began using "novel-length" MS and gave me the nod. In fact, he asked for the first few chapters as they came off my Corona so he could have his artist start the cover—a cover, incidentally, which was closely imitated by the jacket of Dell's 1951 reprint.

While I was reliving my Indian incarnation the movies began a series of exotic train pictures, beginning with La Dietrich in Shanghai Express, followed by Rome Express and Orient Express. As Universal didn't have a train story on hand, a screen-writer friend, the late Tom Reed, sold Bombay Mail to Junior Laemmle on the basis of a 1500 word synopsis; my only carbon was in the hands of my agent, and as Complete Stories wouldn't hit the newsstands for another month, I had to get galleys from S&S before Reed and I could start work on the screenplay.

Meanwhile Little Brown proposed book publication if I would add 15,000 words to the MS; the magazine version ran only 48,000 words. To do this I borrowed scenes which had

been added to the screenplay for pictorial effect. Apparently the seams show.

Bombay Mail hit the screen and the bookstores almost simultaneously. Although official publication date was Jan. 26, 1934, the film was premiered at the Palace, New York, on Jan. 5. Most of the principals in the picture are now dead—Edmund Lowe, who played Inspector Prike (renamed "Dyke" by the front office in the curious believe that Prike might be indecently pronounced and in the obvious ignorance of homosexual slang); Ferdinand Gottschalk, the Governor of Bengal; Hedda Hopper, Lady Daniels; Ralph Forbes, Luke-Patson. The picture still appears once in a very great while on the late-late-late TV show. When it does my wife always wakes me up to remind me that when I signed the Universal contract I carefully struck out all refernce to rights regarding the written word while overlooking the catchall phrase "and any other means of reproduction." After all, TV rights were not to have commerical value for another ten years.

Nevins is correct when he says Prike and O'Reilly Sahib never met. O'Reilly Sahib did appear in one story with Babu Gundranesh Dutt, another series character who grew out of my year on the staff of the Calcutta Englishman, then the oldest English-language daily in the East, since dead of old age. However, Prike was not quite restricted to novels. He appeared in one short story, "The Dog That Wouldn't Talk," originally printed in Argosy (1941) and reprinted in two MWA anthologies, For Love or Money (Crime Club, 1957) and Cream of the Crime (Holt Rinehart, 1962).

Al, I liked your tribute to Creasey. I'd known him since the days he was trying desperately (and unsuccessfully) to break into the American market, and yet I really never knew him as well as you seem to have. He used to come around to talk to Ed Radin and me when we had offices in Butchers' Row where MWA headquarters were then located. We had long and friendly conversations but somehow never got on the same wavelength. I used to wish I had his tremendous drive, but I have come to the conclusion that trying to crowd the work of two lifetimes into one doesn't always pay off on all numbers.

I was delighted with Finch's dissection of Ken Millar's factitious latter-day Art. In fact, TAD 6/4 altogether was (to coin a phrase) groovy.

From Walter Albert:

I've been rereading some of the earlier issues of TAD and found your description of your attempts to get somebody interested in reprinting the Boucher columns from the Times. I've been going through some of them again and reading a number of them at once makes very clear the great consistency in the columns and the sense of order which Boucher created in a short column. It would be splendid if all of the columns could be reprinted. That's undoubtedly an Olympian wish. I think, however, a book could be put together by splicing items together: i.e., chapters on the procedural, fact crime, classic tale of detection, etc. That would eliminate the repetitiveness that any column is prey to. The concision and aptness of Boucher's style and comments make the series a pleasure to read and the material shouldn't stay buried in the Times files.

> See elsewhere in this issue for the book of Boucher material produced for Bouchercon IV—but I'm sure Bob Briney and Mike Nevins would be the first to agree that this current book by no means mined all the gold in Boucher. ——AJH

From Jim Keddie, Jr.:

Thanks for the warm, sincere and almost thrilling tribute to John Creasey. This "Dedication and Tribute" is indeed one for the book. John was a very great and generous chap, whose path crossed mine here in Boston twice, I am happy to say. I almost wept when I read his obituary and your tribute.

From David Brownell:

Vol. 6 No. 4 has some very good material in it: I particularly enjoyed the piece on Ross Macdonald, although I thought it ran down rather than ending, and the latest installment of Mr. Thompson's work on Dashiell Hammett. Thompson's comparison of Red Harvest to Jacobean Revenge Tragedies I thought particularly good: I have used the comparison myself more generally in the past, in trying to find a form analogous to the mystery in complexity within a form of many highly artificial conventions accepted by most practitioners. The Revenge Tragedy assumes a corrupt society (usually Italian) in which an elaborate series of schemes and counterschemes result in ingenious and improbable deaths within a closed social group; the mystery often operates within the same closed social group (the murderer cannot be a passing tramp) all members of which are presumed equally capable of murder, and equally suspect. Murder methods too can be of Rube Goldbergian complexity. Maybe an article on this may appear some day.

From Alison McManus:

I enjoy your magazine although I must admit I do not understand most of the articles because my mystery reading is limited to just a few authors. I am very interested, however, in the many mysteries easily available to youngsters and I would like to submit a short summary and critique on juvenile mysteries for each issue of TAD. I know that many subscribers have children and may be interested in what detective stories are available. Please confer with yourself and your adolescent advisors and let me know if interested.

> Juvenile mystery/detective fiction is not of great interest to me, but perhaps many subscribers view the field differently. Please let me know if you would like the sort of thing Ms. McManus proposes. ——AJH

From P. Schuyler Miller (J. Hamilton Edwards):

I have finally caught up with Frank Gruber's The Pulp Jungle, and have his version of some of the events I tried to recall in a letter shortly after I read my first copy of TAD. As your readers then noted, we disagree. . .

I am pretty clearly "J. Hamilton Edwards," the bucktoothed weirdo from upstate whom he describes in Chapter 7 of the book. He was being kind: the format is correct, but the "Hamilton" is from Edmond Hamilton and the "Edwards" is probably "Gawain Edwards" (G. Edward Pendray), whom Gruber knew in the American Fiction Guild and was kidding.

I still have the buck teeth, though. I just keep my mouth shut.

Seriously, Gruber did improve on his story. Mort Weisinger had taken me to meet Gruber before the AFG luncheon, so he knew me by sight. I was Mort's guest at the Guild luncheon, but he may have planted me with somebody until Gruber showed.

And I still maintain that Mort told me Gruber was tackling his first mystery—perhaps his first 'tec short——on order that weekend. Probably he was trying to impress his new client from upstate (Schenectady, no less!), for the book and the correspondence made pretty clear that Gruber had tried just about anything that had words before 1934. I wouldn't fault his portrait of Mort Weisinger, though. (There is one more odd twist to that story. Shortly afterward Mort became editor of Leo Margulies' string of science fiction magazines. He assured all his clients that his old partner, Julius Schwartz, would have the inside track... and Julie did, indeed, sell a good few SF and fantasy yarns for me, but not to Mort. The other markets could pay better.)

It's good to see Leo Margulies still going strong (as Mort and Julie are) and resurrecting that grand old veteran of the pulp era, Weird Tales.

Amen to the comments of Randy Cox (and others before him) about the value of 'tec stories—especially magazine stories—as a portrait of their times. Unlike the science fiction and adventure yarns, whose stock in trade was taking their readers to strange places, the pulp and popular magazine mysteries had to capture times and places that readers could recognize, or had heard about. And they did it well. (I have always preferred Edgar Wallace's "Sanders" stories to even his best mysteries, Gardner's desert stories to Perry Mason, and Uncle Abner gives double value for the picture of then western Virginia.)

Let me quote a comment by Lazarus Long, Robert Heinlein's 2000-year-old hero, from his latest chronicle:

> "Fiction is a faster way to get a feeling for alien patterns of human behavior than is nonfiction; it is one stage short of actual experience." —Time Enough for Love, p. 193.

I intend to use that text as chairman of a panel of SF authors I have long wanted to meet, at a Science Fiction Research Association conference next weekend (mid-September) at Penn State. Your approximate neighbor, Clifford Simak, is one of them. The good SF writer creates worlds and makes his readers experience them. Kenneth Roberts, Howard Fast, Hervey Allen, Ralph Graves, MacKinlay Kantor convert history into experience. And so do the best 'tec writers.

The "popular culture" people have caught this point, I think, and what they have to say about detective fiction of the pulp era (and earlier, and later) is going to be more valid and more valuable than the Eudora Welty type of "discovery". I recall my own rather shaking discovery not so many years ago, after two weeks on jury duty, that soap operas are for real. Whether they imitate people or people imitate them is another question, but real they are. After twenty years in restaurants, becoming regular enough for waitresses to talk about their problems, I know that the hurt people Travis McGee gathers in aren't all in Florida.. Unfortunately, there aren't many McGees around.

Fortunately, there is a Hubin to produce TAD. . .

From Joe L. Hensley:

Thanks (as always) for TAD. The magazine never ceases to amaze me and you and your

contributors do a most lovely and entertaining job.

I note (for the "Bibliography") that my The Color of Hate was copyrighted and printed in 1960—not that it makes any difference. I would like it, however, if you could insert a note that I'd like to run down half a dozen copies of it, just readable copies, and will happily pay $2 each for them. I'm now down to "borrowing" copies of the book from neighbors and relatives (just as they once borrowed same from me).

I grew up in a small town in Indiana and had the fortune to have an uncle who was a devotee and who bought Detective Fiction Weekly before he bought bread. Once he'd finished with the magazines then I got them and I used to visit his house several times a week on various pretexts until he'd take pity on me and pass on the treasures. He had the annoying habit of not reading the serials until he had all the parts. Sometimes now when I become nostalgic the time that I'd really like to live again most (if I could see it with dewy eyes, as then) would be those days, the days of discovering G-8 and Weird Tales and Black Mask.

TAD makes those days come back.

From Robert Kolesnik:

In the introduction you wrote in the book entitled Best Detective Stories of the Year: Twenty-Seventh Annual Collection, you described the incurable disease of bibliomania. The three types of people you mentioned were 1) a person who builds his mystery library because he enjoys reading mysteries, 2) a person collects mysteries in paperback copies because of of convenience and size, and 3) a person who collects hardcover editions because of their originality. Isn't there a possibility of a fourth type of person—one who collects all the books written by one author or group of authors?

> Actually that introduction sought to describe, in mock-medical terms, the stages through which bibliomania may well irresistably pass. I left off at the third stage, "to which some sufferers pass almost immediately, /which/ involves the realization that first editions, preferably dust-jacketed and in a pristine state and more preferably bearing a holograph inscription by the author, represent the highest aspiration of man." However, this third stage may have a second, even more serious phase, in which the victim seizes upon the memorabilia and artifacts of the genre—like typescripts, proof copies, foreign editions, pictures and correspondence of authors, etc. A collector of any more limited roster of authors may find himself in any of the three stages, but verily the slide from one stage to the next is insidious. . . —AJH

From Tom Schantz:

You can tell Stephen Mertz (TAD 6/4, p.275) that Robert Leslie Bellem's Blue Murder is not a Dan Turner story, though it has all the—well, charm of the Turner stories.

Nolan's recital of current prices being charged for Hammett must not go unchallenged, as some unsuspecting reader might be tempted to shell out that much dough and later learn to his regret that he's been had. A $200 price tag on the first issue of Esquire (containing "Albert Pastor at Home") is absurd; try $15 or $20 from almost any mainstream first editions dealer. One really can't comment on the prices given for the hardcover Hammett firsts—condition, dustjacket mean a great deal—but one should know the degree of difficulty for each title: Red Harvest is easily the most difficult, followed by The Glass Key, The Dain Curse, The Maltese Falcon and The Thin Man.

Speaking of being had, a recent episode of McMillan & Wife struck a responsive chord. This was a locked room affair wherein the victim was murdered in the tower of a Scottish castle. The method employed, which involved a fly casting outfit, and the general situation reminded me of Carr's The Case of the Constant Suicides, though admittedly it has been some years since I read the book. Needless to say, Carr received no credit. But then my memory might be failing me.

From Richard S. Lochte II:

TAD continues to be the most-read publication to come into the house. But I have to say that, though I yield to no one in my admiration for Hammett and Chandler, I do think the ground has been pretty well covered and there are a number of writers I'd like to see discussed in your pages. The Patrick Quentins, for example, or Thomas B. Dewey, Donald Hamilton, Fredric Brown, William Campbell Gault. What about Ross Thomas, who now seems to be moving into the broader field of mainstream novelists? Or Sjowall and Wahloo?

From Bob Aucott (for G. A. Finch):

I thank you (and I hope others will) for having said brilliantly what needed to be said.

A detective story writer who has "transcended the detective story and become a major novelist" is, as a writer (though you were kind enough not to say it), not sick he is dead.

There have been some good writers (no need to name them) who wrote some very good detective stories, but who were apparently concerned about being regarded as sort of low in the brow

And wanted to "do something significant". Alas! it reminds me of the young song-writer, similarly dissatisfied, who asked how to write a symphony, and they said, "You're too young," and he said, indignantly, "Mozart wrote one when he was 5," and they said, "Yes, but he didn't have to ask how."

If these writers had known how to write a "major novel," they'd have written one, and not have tried to stretch a detective story into one, which was certainly going down the wrong road.

If you have any sense, you don't try to stretch a sonnet into an ode.

It makes a sort of odd-looking ode, and—put this in your bonnet—

It is 100% no good anymore as a sonnet.

As good old G. K. Chesterton said, a triangle that is encouraged to burst out of its prison, escaping the tyranny of having three sides to be gloriously free—

It not only ceases to be a triangle, it ceases to be.

Anybody's opinion that Ross Macdonald has become a "major novelist"—as far as I'm concerned, such an opinion is not only void, it is also null.

The only difference, as G. A. Finch says, between the early and the late Macdonald is that he used to be fresh and exciting and now he's dull.

Dear obtuse critics! If Macdonald was ever going to write a "major novel", he wouldn't have done it "while nobody was looking."

Maybe, though, years ago, he did something just as good, a "major detective story", and the trouble with you, dear Critics, you didn't know what was cooking.

* *

BOOK EXCHANGE (use of this space is available to all subscribers without charge)

J. & J. O'Donoghue—Books (1927 2nd Ave. S., Anoka, Minn. 55303) has available a free list of ex-library 1930's and 1940's hardcover mysteries priced at $1 and $1.50.

Claude Held (Box 140, Buffalo, N. Y. 14225) has a new mystery fiction list available for the asking.

Jon Breen (10642 La Bahia Ave., Fountain Valley, Calif. 92708) offers free copies of an enlarged and revised edition of his The Girl in the Pictorial Wrapper, an index to reviews of paperback original novels in the New York Times' "Criminals at Large" column, 1953-1970.

The Time Machine (502 Maple, West Des Moines, Ia. 52065) indicates that its list #110, with more than 2000 titles of detective/spy/crime fiction, will be out in December. Write for a copy.

Boulevard Bookshop (10634 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064) has a free catalog of 2000 first editions of mystery fiction.

Jo Spironello (3095 Savannah Hwy., Charleston, S. C. 29407) wants several copies of Charleston Murders in the Regional Murder series edited by Marie Rodell; also is looking for Half-Pint Flask by DuBose Hayward.

Ilse Goldsmith (Park Court, Middletown, N. Y. 10940) lacks Vol. 1 #1 and #2 of TAD.

Joanne Swenski (628 Seventh Ave., Iron River, Mich. 49935) would like the following paperbacks: The Sixth Sense is Death by John Garforth (based on The Champions TV series), and the Berkley Medallion reprints of Elizabeth Daly's Henry Gamadge mysteries.

Rea Pattenn (Box 188, Orr, Minnesota 55771) is looking for a copy of Dorothy Sayers' Dawson Pedigree (Unnatural Death).

Van de Ven Luc (Astridlaan 165, 2800 Mechelen, Belgium) is interested in photocopies of interviews with or articles about mystery authors.

Helmuth Masser (Lichtenbergstr. 4, A-5760 Sallfelden, SBG Austria) wants the Race Williams stories by Carroll John Daly and the Dashiell Hammett collections edited by Ellery Queen (such as The Continental Op. The Return of the Continental Op, etc.).

Olle Bolming (Becksjudarvagen 37, 131 00 Nacka, Sweden) will pay $3.50 for Vol. 6 #1 of TAD.

Jussi Kurikka (Lauttasaarentie 49 as. 10, 00200 Helsinki 20, Finland) has copies of two issues of Bibliophilos (in Finnish) devoted to detective fiction available at $1 each plus postage. Bibliophilos is published by the Finnish Society of Bibliophiles. Mr. Kurikka, in addition, is looking desperately for Vols. 1-3 of TAD.

The Fellowship of the Hand. Walker, 1973 sf-crime
The Judges of Hades. Leisure, 1972 ss SA
The Shattered Raven. Lancer, 1969; Hale, 1970
The Spy and the Thief. Davis pb, 1971 ss
The Transvection Machine. Walker, 1971 sf-crime

HOCKING, ANNE. Pseudonym of Naomi M. A. Messer, q.v. Series character: Inspector William Austen, in all 16 titles inspected, and probably in most if not all
All My Pretty Chickens. U.S. title: Death Loves a Shining Mark. Doubleday, 1943
And No One Wept. Allen, 1954
As I Was Going to St. Ives. Paul, 1937
At "The Cedars". Bles, 1949
The Best Laid Plans. Bles, 1952; Doubleday, 1950
Candidates for Murder. Long, 1961
Cat's Paw. Paul, 1933
Deadly Is the Evil Tongue; see Old Mrs. Fitzgerald
Death Among the Tulips. Allen, 1953
Death at the Wedding. Bles, 1946
Death Disturbs Mr. Jefferson. Bles, 1951; Doubleday, 1950
Death Duel. Paul, 1933
Death Loves a Shining Mark; see All My Pretty Chickens
Epitaph for a Nurse. Allen, 1958. U.S. title: A Victim Must Be Found. Doubleday, 1959
The Evil That Men Do. Allen, 1953
The Finishing Touch; see Prussian Blue
He Had to Die. Long, 1962
The House of En-Dor. Paul, 1936
The Hunt Is Up. Paul, 1934
Ill Deeds Done. Bles, 1938
Killing Kin; see Mediterranean Murder
The Little Victims Play. Bles, 1938
Mediterranean Murder. Evans, 1951. U.S. title: Killing Kin. Doubleday, 1951
Miss Milverton. Bles, 1941. U.S. title: Poison is a Bitter Brew. Doubleday, 1942
Murder at Mid-Day. Allen, 1956
Murder Cries Out. Long, 1968. (Completed by Evelyn Healey, q.v.)
Night's Candles. Bles, 1941
Nile Green. Bles, 1943
Old Mrs. Fitzgerald. Bles, 1939. U.S. title: Deadly Is the Evil Tongue. Doubleday, 1940
One Shall Be Taken. Bles, 1942
Poison in Paradise. Allen, 1955; Doubleday, 1955
Poison is a Bitter Brew; see Miss Milverton
The Poisoned Chalice. Long, 1959
Prussian Blue. Bles, 1947. U.S. title: The Finishing Touch. Doubleday, 1948
A Reason for Murder. Allen, 1955
Relative Murder. Allen, 1957
The Simple Way of Poison. Allen, 1957; Washburn, 1957
Six Green Bottles. Bles, 1943
So Many Doors. Bles, 1939
Stranglehold. Paul, 1936
There's Death in the Cup. Evans, 1952
The Thin-Spun Thread. Long, 1960
To Cease Upon the Midnight. Long, 1959
A Victim Must Be Found; see Epitaph for a Nurse
The Vultures Gather. Bles, 1945
Walk Into My Parlour. Paul, 1934
What a Tangled Web. Paul, 1937
The Wicked Flee. Bles, 1940
Without the Option. Paul, 1935

HOCKING, JOSEPH
The Case of Miss Dunstable. Hodder
The Sign of the Triangle. Ward Lock, 1938
The Weapons of Mystery. Ward Lock

HOCKING, MARY
Ask No Question. Chatto, 1967; Morrow, 1967

HOCKING, SILAS
The Adventures of Latimer Field, Curate. Warne, 1903
The Beautiful Alien. Low
His Own Accuser. Low
The Scarlet Clue. Warne, 1904

HODDER, ALFRED. 1866-1907. Pseudonym: Francis Walton, q.v.

HODDER, REGINALD
Ultus, the Man from the Dead. Hodder, 1916

HODDER-WILLIAMS, CHRISTOPHER. 1926- Pseudonym: James Brogan, q.v.
Chain Reaction. Hodder, 1959; Doubleday, 1959
Final Approach. Hodder, 1960; Doubleday, 1960
The Higher They Fly. Hodder, 1963; Putnam, 1964
Turbulence. Hodder, 1961

HODEMART, PETER. Pseudonym of Pierre Audemars, q.v.
Wrath of the Valley. Rockliff, 1947

HODGE, JANE AIKEN
The Adventurers. Doubleday, 1965; Hodder, 1966
Greek Wedding. Doubleday, 1970; Hodder, 1970
Here Comes a Candle. Doubleday, 1967; Hodder, 1967. Also published as: The Master of Penrose. Dell, 1972
Marry in Haste. Doubleday, 1970; Hodder, 1969

The Master of Penrose; see Here Comes a Candle
Maulever Hall. Doubleday, 1964; Hale, 1964
Savannah Purchase. Doubleday, 1971; Hodder, 1971
Strangers in Company. Coward, 1973; Hodder, 1973
Watch the Wall, My Darling. Doubleday, 1966; Hodder, 1967
The Winding Stair. Doubleday, 1969; Hodder, 1968

HODGES, A. NOEL
The Bancaster Mystery. Eyre, 1932

HODGES, ARTHUR. 1864-
The Body in the Car. Butterworth, 1932
The Embassy Murder. Butterworth, 1931

HODGES, CARL G.
Crime on My Hands. Phantom pb, 1953
Murder by the Pack. Ace pb, 1953
Naked Villainy. Suspense pb, 1951

HODGKIN, M(ARION) R(OUS)
Dead Indeed. Gollancz, 1955; Macmillan, 1956
Student Body. Scribner, 1949; Gollancz, 1950

HODGSON, WILLIAM HOPE. 1877-1918.
Captain Gault. Nash, 1917; McBride, 1918 ss
Carnacki, The Ghost Finder. Nash, 1913; Mycroft & Moran, 1947
Carnacki, The Ghost Finder and a Poem. P. R. Reynolds, 1910 (14 pp.)

HOFFECKER, DOUGLAS M(EADE)
The Wall Street Murders. Fortuny's, 1936

HOGARTH, CHARLES. Joint pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v., and Ian Bowen. Other pseudonyms of John Creasey: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Brian Hope, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, J. J. Marric, Richard Martime, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v.
Murder on Largo Island. Selwyn, 1944

HOGARTH, EMMETT. Joint pseudonym of Mitchell A. Wilson and Abraham Polonsky.
The Goose is Cooked. Doubleday, 1940

HOGARTH, GRACE ALLEN. 1905- . Pseudonym: Allen Weston, q.v.

HOGG, DANIEL
Murder at the Microphone. Quality, 1949

HOGG, JAMES
The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner. 1824

HOGSTRAND, OLLE
The Gambler. Pantheon, 1974
On the Prime Minister's Account. Pantheon, 1973; Gollancz, 1974

HOGUE, WILBUR OWINGS. Pseudonym: Carl Shannon, q.v.

HOHN, GEORGE K.
The Bleak Strand. Dorrance, 1972

HOLBROOK, J.
Ten Years Among the Mail Bags; or, Notes from the Diary of a Special Agent of the Post-Office Department. Shepard Clark, 1856

HOLBROOK, MARION
Crime Wind. Dodd, 1945
Suitable for Framing. Dodd, 1941; Cassell, 1946
Wanted: A Murderess. Dodd, 1943; Cassell, 1948

HOLDAWAY, NEVILLE ALDRIDGE. 1894-
Pseudonym: N. A. Temple-Ellis, q.v.

HOLDEN, ANNE
Death After School. Hale, 1968
The Girl on the Beach. Macmillan (London), 1973
The Witnesses. Harper, 1971

HOLDEN, DENIS
Menace from the East. Long

HOLDEN, GENEVIEVE. Pseudonym of Genevieve Long Pou, 1919-
Deadlier Than the Male. Doubleday, 1961
Don't Go In Alone. Doubleday, 1965; Hale, 1966
Killer Loose! Doubleday, 1953
Something's Happened to Kate. Doubleday, 1958
Sound an Alarm. Doubleday, 1954
The Velvet Target. Doubleday, 1956; Muller, 1957

HOLDEN, J. RAILTON
Death Flies High. Newnes, 1935
Desert Squadron. Newnes, 1937
Doomed Flight. Newnes, 1937
The Hornet's Nest. Hamilton, 1933
Night Hawk. Newnes, 1938
Spider Flies Again. Newnes, 1937
Suez Patrol. Newnes, 1936
Suez Side Ace. Newnes, 1938
The Vanished Squadron. Newnes, 1936
Winged Death. Newnes, 1935
Wings of Revolution. Hamilton, 1934

HOLDEN, LARRY. Pseudonym of Lorenz Heller, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Larry Heller, Frederick Lorenz, qq.v.

Crime Cop. Pyramid, 1959
Dead Wrong. Pyramid, 1957
Hide-Out. Eton, 1953

HOLDEN, RAYMOND P(ECKHAM). 1894- . Pseudonym: Richard Peckham, q.v.
Death on the Border. Holt, 1937
The Penthouse Murders. Doubleday, 1931

HOLDER, WILLIAM
The Case of the Dead Divorcee. Signet, 1958

HOLDING, ELISABETH SANXAY. 1889-1955.
The Blank Wall. Simon, 1947
Dark Power. Vanguard, 1930
The Death Wish. Dodd, 1934; Nicholson, 1935
The Girl Who Had to Die. Dodd, 1940
The Innocent Mrs. Duff. Simon, 1946
Kill Joy. Duell, 1942. Also published as: Murder is a Kill-Joy. Dell, 194 .
Lady Killer. Duell, 1942
Miasma. Dutton, 1929
Murder is a Kill-Joy; see Kill Joy
Net of Cobwebs. Simon, 1945
No Harm Intended; see The Obstinate Murderer
The Obstinate Murderer. Dodd, 1938. British title (?): No Harm Intended. Lane, 1939
The Old Battle Ax. Simon, 1943
The Party Was the Pay-Off; see Too Many Bottles
The Shoals of Honour. Dutton, 1926 ?
The Silk Purse. Dutton, 1928 ?
Speak of the Devil. Duell, 1941
Strange Crime in Bermuda. Dodd, 1937; Lane, 1938
Too Many Bottles. Simon, 1951; Muller, 1953. Also published as: The Party Was the Pay-Off. Mercury pb, 195 .
The Unfinished Crime. Dodd, 1935; Newnes, 1936
The Virgin Huntress. Simon, 1951
Who's Afraid? Duell, 1940
Widow's Mite. Simon, 1953; Muller, 1954

HOLLAND, HESTER
A Man Must Live. Butterworth

HOLLAND, MARTY
Fallen Angel. Dutton, 1945; Davies, 194
The Glass Heart. Messner, 1946; Davies, 1946

HOLLAND, ROBERT
The Hunter. Stein, 1971

HOLLAND, RUPERT SARGENT. 1878-1952. Are some of these titles juveniles?
Crooked Lanes. Jacobs, 1923
The House of Delusion. Jacobs, 1922
How Murder Speaks. Sears, 1933
The Man in the Moonlight. Jacobs, 1920; Paul, 1925
Minot's Folly. Macrae Smith, 1925
The Mystery of the "Opal". Jacobs, 1924; Paul, 1924
Neptune's Son. Jacobs, 1919
The Panelled Room. Jacobs, 1921
Peter Cotterell's Treasure. Lippincott, 1922
A Race for a Fortune. Lippincott, 1931

HOLLAND, RUTH. See PRIESTLEY, J. B.

OLLEY, HELEN
Blood on the Beach. Mystery House, 1946
Dead Run. Mystery House, 1947

HOLLINGSWORTH, LEONARD
The Body on the Bus. Murray, 1930
Dead Man's Alibi. Murray, 1933
Death Leaves Us Naked. Murray, 1931

HOLLIS, JIM. Joint pseudonym of Hollis Spurgeon Summers, 1915- and James F. Rourke
Teach You a Lesson. Harper, 1955; Foulsham, 1956. Also published as: The Case of the Bludgeoned Teacher. Pyramid, 1956

HOLLOWAY, ELIZABETH HUGHES
Cobweb House. Dutton, 1931

HOLLY, J. HUNTER. Pseudonym of Joan Carol Holly
The Assassination Affair. Ace, 1957 (Novelization of the Man from UNCLE TV series)
Encounter. Avalon, 1959
The Running Man. Monarch, 1963

HOLMAN, HUGH. 1914- . Pseudonym: Clarence Hunt, q.v. Series character: Sheriff Macready = SM
Another Man's Poison. Mill, 1947; Foulsham, 1950 SM
Death Like Thunder. Phoenix, 1942
Slay the Murderer. Mill, 1946; Foulsham, 1950 SM
Trout in the Milk. Mill, 1945; Boardman, 1951 SM
Up This Crooked Way. Mill, 1946; Foulsham, 1951 SM

HOLMES, DARRELL FORSYTHE, JR.
Implied Immunity. Vantage, 1963

HOLMES, DAVID C(HARLES). 1919- .
The Velvet Ape. Mystery House, 1957

HOLMES, GORDON. Pseudonym of Louis Tracy, 1863-1928, q.v.
The Arncliffe Puzzle. Clode, 1906; Laurie, 1906. Revised ed., as by Louis Tracy: Jarrolds, 1932
By Force of Circumstances. Clode, 1909; Mills, 1910. New ed., as by Louis Tracy: Jarrolds, 1932

The de Bercy Affair. Clode, 1910
The Feldisham Mystery. Amalgamated, 1911 (U.S. title?)
The House 'Round the Corner. Clode, 1919; Ward Lock, 1914
The House of Silence. Clode, 1911
The Late Tenant. Clode, 1906; Cassell, 1907. New ed., as by Louis Tracy: Jarrolds, 1932
A Mysterious Disappearance. Clode, 1905; Hodder, 1928, as by Louis Tracy
No Other Way. Clode, 1912; Ward Lock, 1913, as by Louis Tracy

HOLMES, GRANT. Pseudonym of James M. W. Knipscheer. Other pseudonym: James M. Fox, q.v.

HOLMES, H. H. Pseudonym of William Anthony Parker White, 1911-1968. Other pseudonym: Anthony Boucher, q.v. Series character: Sister Ursula, in both titles
Nine Times Nine. Duell, 1940. Collier pb, 1962, as by Anthony Boucher
Rocket to the Morgue. Duell, 1942. Dell pb, 1952, as by Anthony Boucher

HOLMES, CAPTAIN HOWARD
The Never-Fail Detective. Westbrook, 1910

HOLMES, JENNIE S.
A Cloverdale Skeleton. Ogilvie

HOLMES, MRS. M. A.
Woman Against Woman. Ogilvie, 1885
A Woman in the Case. Ogilvie

HOLMES, MRS. M. E.
Her Fatal Sin. Laird, 1886
The Tragedy of Redmount. Laird, 1886

HOLMES, MARY J.
Chateau D'Or. Lancer, 1966

HOLMES, MARY J.; HARRIS, FRANK B.; GRANVILLE, AUSTIN; BOUTELLE, CLARENCE M. and many others
A Cunning Culprit; or, A Novel Novel. Hobart, 1895

HOLMES, PAUL A. 1901-
Murder Buttoned Up. Dutton, 1948

HOLMES, ROBERT
Fear Comes to Euston Road. Hale, 1941

HOLMES, SAMUEL
Fade Into Murder. Langdon, 1947

HOLMGRÉN, FLORENCE DEPPE
The Mystery of Bent Cove. Bouregy, 1966

HOLT, ALLISON
Bier for a Hussy. Phoenix, 1943

HOLT, BARRY
The Mowbray Mystery. Stockwell, 1933

HOLT, DEBEN. Pseudonym.
Circle of Shadows. Gifford, 1957
Sinner Takes All. Gifford, 1958

HOLT, E. CARLETON. Pseudonym of Ernest Philip Guigo
Mystery at Arden Court. Stockwell, 1954

HOLT, GAVIN. Pseudonym of Charles Rodda, 1891- . Other pseudonyms: Gardner Low, Eliot Reed, qq.v. Series characters: Professor Bastion = PB; Joel Saber = JS; in at least those titles marked
Begonia Walk. Hodder, 1946. U.S. title: Send No Flowers. Howell Soskin, 1947 JS
Black Bullets. Hodder, 1935 PB
Dark Lady. Hodder, 1933 PB
The Dark Street. Hodder, 1942
Death Takes the Stage. Hodder, 1934; Little, 1934
Drums Beat at Night. Hodder, 1932 PB
Dusk at Penarder. Hodder, 1956
The Emerald Spider. Hodder, 1935 PB
Eyes in the Night. Hutchinson, 1927
The Garden of Silent Beasts. Hodder, 1931 PB
Garlands for Sylvia. Hodder, 1958
Give a Man Rope. Hodder, 1942
The Golden Witch. Hodder, 1933
Green for Danger. Gollancz, 1939
Green Talons. Hodder, 1930; Bobbs, 1931 PB
Irina. Hale, 1965
Ivory Ladies. Hodder, 1937
Ladies in Ermine. Hodder, 1947 JS
Mark of the Paw. Hodder, 1933 PB
Murder at Marble Arch. Hodder, 1931 PB
Murder Train. Hodder, 1936
No Curtains for Cora. Hodder, 1950
Pattern of Guilt. Hodder, 1960; Walker, 1962
The Praying Monkey. Dial, 1930. Probably same as either Eyes in the Night, or The White-Faced Man
Red Eagle. Hodder, 1932 PB
Redemption Range. Gryphon, 1952 ?
Send No Flowers; see Begonia Walk
Six Minutes Past Twelve. Hodder, 1928 PB
Sole Survivor. Hale, 1969
Steel Shutters. Hodder, 1936 PB
Storm. Hodder, 1931; Swain, 1933, as by Charles Rodda
Swing It, Death. Gollancz, 1940 JS
Take Away the Lady. Hodder, 1954
The Theme is Murder. Gollancz, 1938; Simon, 1939 JS
Tonight Is for Death. Hodder, 1952
Trafalgar Square. Hodder, 1934 PB
Trail of the Skull. Hodder, 1931 PB
Valse Caprice. Hodder, 1932
The White-Faced Man. Hodder, 1929

HOLT, GORDON. Pseudonym of Harold Ernest Kelly. Other pseudonyms: Darcy Glinto, Buck Toler, qq.v.
The Stables to £1,000,000. Hector Kelly, 1948

HOLT, HARRISON JEWELL
Midnight at Mears House. Dodd, 1912; Simpkin, 1916

HOLT, HENRY. Series characters: Inspector Silver = IS; Mike Logan = ML; in at least those titles marked
The Ace of Spades. Harrap, 1930; Dial, 1930 IS
Call Out the Flying Squad; see Gallows Grange
Calling All Cars. Collins, 1934. U.S. title: The Sinister Shadow. Doubleday, 1934 IS
Calling Scotland Yard. Hale, 1944 IS
Don't Shoot, Darling. Hale, 1961; Roy, 1963 ML
Gallows Grange. Harrap, 1933. U.S. title: Call Out the Flying Squad. Doubleday, 1933 IS
The Man Who Forgot. Hale, 1943
The Mayfair Murder; see The Mayfair Mystery
The Mayfair Mystery. Harrap, 1929. U.S. title: The Mayfair Murder. Dial, 1929 IS
The Midnight Mail. Harrap, 1931; Doubleday, 1931 IS
Mink and Murder. Hale, 1958
Motley and Murder. Hale, 1945 IS
Murder at the Bookstall. Collins, 1934 IS
Murder, My Sweet. Museum Press, 1950
Murder of a Film Star. Collins, 1940
Murderer's Luck. Harrap, 1932; Doubleday, 1932 IS
The Mystery of the Smiling Doll. Collins, 1939
The Necklace of Death. Harrap, 1931; Doubleday, 1931 IS
No Lilies. Hale, 1947 ML
No Medals for Murder. Museum Press, 1954
The Scarlet Messenger. Collins, 1933; Doubleday, 1933 IS
The Sinister Shadow; see Calling All Cars
There Has Been a Murder. Collins, 1936
Tiger of Mayfair. Collins, 1935 IS
Unknown Terror. Collins, 1935
Wanted for Murder. Collins, 1938
The Whispering Man. Collins, 1938
The Wolf; see The Wolf's Claw
The Wolf's Claw. Harrap, 1932. U.S. title: The Wolf. Doubleday, 1932 IS
A Wreath for the Lady. Hale, 1959 ML

HOLT, VICTORIA. Pseudonym of Eleanor Burford Hibbert, 1906- . Other pseudonyms: Elbur Ford, Kathleen Kellow, qq.v.
Bride of Pendorric. Collins, 1963; Doubleday, 1963
The Curse of the Kings. Doubleday, 1973; Collins, 1973
The King of the Castle. Collins, 1968; Doubleday, 1968
Kirkland Revels. Collins, 1962; Doubleday, 1962
The Legend of the Seventh Virgin. Collins, 1965; Doubleday, 1965
Menfreya. Collins, 1966. U.S. title: Menfreya in the Morning. Doubleday, 1966
Menfreya in the Morning; see Menfreya
Mistress of Mellyn. Collins, 1961; Doubleday, 1960
On the Night of the Seventh Moon. Collins, 1973; Doubleday, 1972
The Secret Woman. Collins, 1971; Doubleday, 1970
The Shadow of the Lynx. Collins, 1972; Doubleday, 1971
The Shivering Sands. Collins, 1969; Doubleday, 1969

HOLT-WHITE, W.
The Crime Club. Macaulay, 1910
The Super Spy. Melrose, 1916

HOLTHAM, GERALD; see BUSBY, ROGER

HOLTON, LEONARD. Pseudonym of Leonard Wibberley, 1915- . Series character: Father Joseph Bredder, in all titles
Deliver Us from Wolves. Dodd, 1963
Flowers by Request. Dodd, 1964
The Mirror of Hell. Dodd, 1972
Out of the Depths. Dodd, 1966; Hammond, 1967
A Pact with Satan. Dodd, 1960; Hale, 1961
A Problem in Angels. Dodd, 1970
The Saint Maker. Dodd, 1959; Hale, 1960
Secret of the Doubting Saint. Dodd, 1961
A Touch of Jonah. Dodd, 1968

HOLZER, HANS
The Red Chindvit Conspiracy. Award, 1970

HOME, BERNARD
Passport to Death. Hutchinson, 1937
Rogue Haven. Hutchinson, 1939

HOME, MICHAEL. Pseudonym of Christopher Bush, q.v. Are some of the following not adult crime fiction?
The Auber File. Methuen, 1953
The Brackenford Story. Methuen, 1952; Macmillan, 1952
City of the Soul. Methuen, 1943
The Cypress Road. Methuen, 1945
God and the Rabbit. Rich, 1934. U.S. title: Return. Morrow, 1933
Grain of the Wood. Methuen, 1950; Macmillan, 1951
The Harvest is Past. Rich, 1937
In This Valley. Rich. 1934; Morrow. 1934

July at Fritham. Rich, 1938
No Snow in Latching. Methuen, 1949
The Questing Mar Rich, 1936
Return; see God and the Rabbit
The Soundless Years. Methuen, 1951
The Strange Prisoner. Methuen, 1947
That Was Yesterday. Methuen, 1955
This String First. Rich, 1935

HOME-GALL, WILLIAM BENJAMIN. 1861-1936.
State Secrets. Amalgamated, 1921
(Sexton Blake)

HOMERSHAM, B(ASIL) H(ENRY). 1902-
Pseudonym: Basil Manningham, q.v.
Arsenic on the Menu. Paul, 1936
Murder of an M.P. Paul, 1935

HOMES, GEOFFREY. Pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring, 1902- . Series characters: Robin Bishop = RB; Humphrey Campbell = HC
Build My Gallows High. Morrow, 1946
The Case of the Mexican Knife; see The Street of the Crying Woman
The Case of the Unhappy Angels; see The Six Silver Handles
Dead as a Dummy; see The Hill of the Terrified Monk
The Doctor Died at Dusk. Morrow, 1936 RB
Finders Keepers. Morrow, 1940 HC
Forty Whacks. Morrow, 1941. Also published as: Stiffs Don't Vote. Bantam, 1947 HC
The Hill of the Terrified Monk. Morrow, 1943. Also published as: Dead as a Dummy. Bantam, 1949
The Man Who Didn't Exist. Morrow, 1937; Eyre, 1939 RB
The Man Who Murdered Goliath. Morrow, 1938; Eyre, 1940 RB
The Man Who Murdered Himself. Morrow, 1936; Lane, 1936 RB
No Hands on the Clock. Morrow, 1939 HC
Seven Died. Cherry Tree pb, 1943 (U.S. title?)
The Six Silver Handles. Morrow, 1944; Cherry Tree pb, 1946. Also published as: The Case of the Unhappy Angels. Bantam, 1950 HC
Stiffs Don't Vote; see Forty Whacks
The Street of the Crying Woman. Morrow, 1942. Also published as: The Case of the Mexican Knife. Bantam, 1948.
Then There Were Three. Morrow, 1938; Cherry Tree pb, 1945 RB

HOMESLEY, LEATRICE
Blondy's Boy Friend. Chelsea House, 1930

HONE, JOSEPH
The Private Sector. Dutton, 1972

HONIG, DONALD
Divide the Night. Belmont, 1970
The Seventh Style. Scribners, 1972
Sidewalk Caesar. Pyramid, 1958

HOOD, CHRISTOPHER
Mullenthorpe Thing. Chatto, 1971

HOOD, MARGARET PAGE. 1892-
The Bell on Lonely. Coward, 1959
Drown the Wind. Coward, 1961
In the Dark Night. Coward, 1957. Also published as: The Murders on Fox Island. Dell, 1960
The Murders on Fox Island; see In the Dark Night
The Scarlet Thread. Coward, 1956
The Silent Women. Coward, 1954
The Sin Mark. Coward, 1963

HOOD, STEPHEN. Pseudonym of Jack Lewis
The Crook from Chicago. Amalgamated, 1931
(Sexton Blake)

HOOKE, CHARLES W. 1861-1929. Pseudonym: Howard Fielding, q.v.

HOOKE, NINA WARNER. 1907-
Darkness I Leave You. Hale, 1956
Deadly Record. Hale, 1958 (Play version: Samuel French, 1965.)

HOOKER, GWENDA
Smith's Odyssey. Angus, 1962

HOOPER, CYRUS LAURON
A Cloverdale Skeleton. Alden, 1889

HOPE, ANDREE. Pseudonym of Annie J. T. Harvey, 18 -1898.
The Secret of Wardale Court and other stories. Wilsons, 1894 ss, title story criminous
The Vyvyans; or, The Murder in the Rue Bellechasse. Chapman, 1893; Rand, 1893

HOPE, ANTHONY. Pseudonym of Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, 1863-19 .
Beaumaroy Home from the Wars. Methuen, 1919. U.S. title: The Secret of the Tower. Appleton, 1919

HOPE, BRIAN. Pseudonym of John Creasey, 1908-1973, q.v. Other pseudonyms: Gordon Ashe, M. E. Cooke, Norman Deane, Robert Caine Frazer, Michael Halliday, Charles Hogarth, Colin Hughes, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, J. J. Marric, Richard Martin, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v.
Four Motives for Murder. Newnes, 1938

HOPE, CAMILLA
Long Shadows. Int. Fiction Library, 1929

HOPE, CHARLES GRAHAM
The Second Plan, Hodder, 1938

HOPE, COLIN
Air Gold. Hamilton, 1935
The Air Peril. Hamilton, 1937
Death in the Fens. Hamilton, 1935
A Ghost from the Past. Fiction House, 1936
The Harne Grange Mystery. Mellifont, 1935 (64 pp.)
The House in the Way. Modern, 1935
The Mystery at Crowstone. Hamilton, 1936
"No Honour——". Hamilton, 1935
The Phantom Killer. Fiction House, 1935
The Prince of Trouble. Hamilton, 1936
Vengeance in the Air. Mellifont, 1940

HOPE, ESSEX. Pseudonym: Essex Smith, q.v.

HOPE, FIELDING. 1897- See also ANGUS, JOHN and FIELDING HOPE
The Guinea Pig's Tail. Selwyn, 1934
Marie Arnaud, Spy. Macaulay, 1934
The Mystery of the House of Commons. Selwyn, 1929; Dial, 1930

HOPE, (WILLIAM EDWARD) STANTON. 1889-1961. All titles listed below published by Amalgamated Press and feature Sexton Blake
The Amazing Affair of the Shipyard Sabotage. 1940
The Case of the Missing Ships. 1935
The Case of the Monta Grandee Diamonds. 1945
The Cruise of Terror. 1932
The Death Ship. 1931
The Dockyard Mystery. 1936
In the Grip of the Gestapo. 1940
The Mystery of the Engraved Skull. 1954
The Secret at Sixty-Six Fathoms. 1938
The Sign of the Blue Triangle. 1942
The Stolen Submarine. 1937
The Terror of Thunder Creek. 1936
The Victim of the Red Mask. 1931

HOPKINS, A. T. Pseudonym of Annette Turngren, 1902-
Have a Lovely Funeral. Rinehart, 1954

HOPKINS, (HECTOR) KENNETH. 1914- Pseudonym: Christopher Adams, q.v.
Body Blow. Macdonald, 1962; Holt, 1965
Campus Corpse. Macdonald, 1963
Dead Against My Principles. Macdonald, 1960; Holt, 1962
The Forty-First Passenger. Macdonald, 1958
The Girl Who Died. Macdonald, 1955
Pierce with a Pin. Macdonald, 1960
She Died Because... Macdonald, 1957; Holt, 1964

HOPKINS, LINTON C. 1872-
Black Buck. Little, 1931
The Candle. Joseph, 1936; Green Circle, 1937

HOPKINS, NEVIL MONROE. 1873-1945. Series character: Mason Brant, in both titles
The Investigation at Holman Square, see The Strange Cases of Mason Brant
The Racoon Lake Mystery. Lippincott, 1917
The Strange Cases of Mason Brant. Lippincott, 1916 ss. One of the three stories published separately as: The Investigation at Holman Square. Modern

HOPKINS, ROBERT
The Raid on the Villa Joyosa. Putnam, 1973

HOPKINS, STANLEY, JR. Said to be pseudonym of daughter of Christopher Morley
Murder by Inches. Harcourt, 1943
The Parchment Key. Harcourt, 1944

HOPLEY, GEORGE. Pseudonym of Cornell Woolrich, 1903-1968, q.v. Other pseudonym: William Irish, q.v.
Fright. Rinehart, 1950; Foulsham, 1950
Night Has a Thousand Eyes. Farrar, 1945; Penguin pb, 1949. (Reprinted as by William Irish: Dell, 195 .)

HOPWOOD, AVERY. See Mary Roberts Rinehart

HORGAN, McCall. Series character: McCall Horgan
Dames is my Undoing. Editorial Services
Honey, I Hate to Do It. Editorial Services
The Lady Was Loaded. Editorial Services
Blonde Hostage. Editorial Services
The Night Feels Awful Lonely. Editorial Services
12:15 a.m.: I'm Blasted. Editorial Services

HORLER, SYDNEY. 1888-1954. Pseudonym: Martin Heritage, q.v. Series characters: Nighthawk = N; Tiger Standish = TS; Baron Veseloffsky = BV; Paul Vivanti = PV; Sir Brian Fordinghame = BF; "Bunny" Chipstead = BC; The "Ace" = A; H. Emp = HE; Peter Scarlett = PS; Sebastian Quin = SQ
Adventure Calling! Hodder, 1931
Beauty and the Policeman and other stories. Hutchinson, 1933 ss
The Black Heart. Hodder, 1927; Grosset
The Blade is Bright. Eyre, 1952
The Blanco Case. Quality, 1950
A Bullet for the Countess. Quality, 1945
The Cage. Hale, 1953
Cavalier of Chance. Hodder, 1931. U.S. title: Peril. Mystery League, 1930
The Charlatan; see The Formula
Checkmate. Hodder, 1930
Chipstead of the Lone Hand. Hodder, 1928; Holt, 1929 BC
The Closed Door. Pilot. 1948

Corridors of Fear. Quality, 1947
The Curse of Doone. Hodder, 1928; Mystery League, 1930
Danger Preferred. Hodder, 1942
Danger's Bright Eyes. Hodder, 1930
Dark Danger. Arcadia, 1945 (British title?)
The Dark Hostess. Eyre, 1955
Dark Journey. Hodder, 1938
The Dark Night. Hodder, 1953 A
Death at Court Lady. Collins, 1936
Death of a Spy. Museum Press, 1953
The Destroyer and The Red-Haired Death. Hodder, 1938 (two novelets)
The Devil and the Deep; see The House in Greek Street
The Devil Comes to Bolobyn. Percival Marshall, 1951
Dying to Live and other stories. Hutchinson, 1935 ss
The Enemy Within the Gates. Hodder, 1940 BC
Enter the Ace. Hodder, 1941 A
The Evil Chateau. Hodder, 1930; Knopf, 1931
The Evil Messenger. Hodder, 1938
Exit the Disguiser. TS
The Face of Stone. Barker, 1952
False-Face. Hodder, 1926; Doran, 1926 BV, BF
The False Purple; see Princess After Dark
Fear Walked Behind. Hale, 1942 SQ
The Formula. Long, 1933. U.S. title: The Charlatan. Little, 1934
A Gentleman for the Gallows. Hodder, 1938; Hillman-Curl, 1938
Gentleman-in-Waiting. Benn, 1932
Great Adventure and Out of a Dark Sky. Hale, 1946 (two novelets)
The Grim Game. Collins, 1936; Little, 1936 TS
Harlequin of Death. Long, 1933; Little, 1933
Heart Cut Diamond. Hodder, 1929
Hell's Brew. Hodder, 1952 A
Here is an S.O.S. Hodder, 1939
Here is an S.O.S. Hodder, 1942 (43 pp)
The Hidden Hand. Collins, 1937
The High Game. Redman, 1950
High Hazard. Hodder, 1943
High Stakes. Collins, 1932; Little, 1935 BF
Horror's Head. Hodder, 1932 HE
The Hostage. Quality, 1943
The House in Greek Street. Hodder, 1935. (Four short stories. A later edition, John Crowther, 1946, contains the title story and two others, The Devil and the Deep and Knight at Arms, the latter not appearing in the 1935 edition.)
The House of Jackals. Hodder, 1951 TS
The House of Secrets. Hodder, 1926; Doran, 1927
The House of the Uneasy Dead. Barker, 1950
The House with the Light. Hodder, 1948
Huntress of Death. Hodder, 1933
In the Dark. Hodder, 1927. U.S. title: A Life for Sale. Doubleday, 1928 BC
Instruments of Darkness. Hodder, 1937
Knaves & Co. Collins, 1938 ss
Knight at Arms; see The House in Greek Street
Lady of the Night. Hodder, 1929; Knopf, 1930
The Lady with the Limp. Hodder, 1944 TS
The Lessing Murder Case. Collins, 1935
A Life for Sale; see In the Dark
The Lord of Terror. Collins, 1935; Hillman-Curl, 1937 PV
Love, the Sportsman. Hodder, 1923. Also published as: The Man with Two Faces. Collins, 1934
The Man from Scotland Yard. Hutchinson, 1934
The Man in the Cloak. Eyre, 1951
The Man in the Hood. Redman, 1955
The Man in the Shadows. Hale, 1955
The Man in White. Staples, 1942
A Man of Affairs. Pilot Press, 1949
The Man of Evil. Barker, 1951
The Man Who Did Not Hang. Quality, 1948
The Man Who Died Twice. Hodder, 1939 (Play version: Thomas Nelson, 1941.)
The Man Who Loved Spiders. Barker, 1948
The Man Who Mislaid the War. Muller, 1943 (3-Act play.) ?
The Man Who Preferred Cocktails. Crowther, 1943
The Man Who Shook the Earth. Hutchinson, 1933
The Man Who Used Perfume. Wingate, 1952
The Man Who Walked with Death. Hodder, 1942; Knopf, 1931
The Man with Dry Hands. Eyre, 1944
The Man with Two Faces; see Love, the Sportsman
Master of Venom. Hodder, 1949 HE
The Menace. Collins, 1933; Little, 1933
Miss Mystery. Hodder, 1928; Little, 1935 BV
The Mocking Face of Murder. Hale, 1952
Murder for Sale. Vallancey (Polybooks), 1945 (16 pp.)
Murder is So Simple. Eyre, 1943
The Murder Mask. Readers' Library, 1930
Murderer at Large. Hodder, 1952 HE
My Lady Dangerous. Collins, 1932; Harper, 1933
The Mystery Mission. Poynings, 1944 (31 pp)
The Mystery Mission and other stories. Hodder, 1931
The Mystery of Mr. X. Foulsham, 1951
The Mystery of No. 1. Hodder, 1925. U.S. title: The Order of the Octopus. Doran, 1926 PV
The Mystery of the Seven Cafes. Hodder, 1935 TS
Nap on Nighthawk. Hodder, 1950 N
The Night of Reckoning. Eyre, 1942
Nighthawk Mops Up. Hodder, 1944 N
Nighthawk Strikes to Kill. Hodder, 1941 N
Nighthawk Swears Vengeance. Hodder, 1954 N
Now Let Us Hate. Quality, 1942

The Order of the Octopus; see The Mystery of No. 1
Out of a Dark Sky; see Great Adventure
Peril; see Cavalier of Chance
The Phantom Forward. Hodder, 1939
The Prince of Plunder. Hodder, 1934; Little, 1934 BF
Princess After Dark. Hodder, 1931. U.S. title: The False Purple. Mystery League, 1932
The Red-Haired Death; see The Destroyer
The Return of Nighthawk. Hodder, 1940 N
Ring Up Nighthawk. Hodder, 1947 N
Scarlett Gets the Kidnapper. Foulsham, 1951 PS
Scarlett—Special Branch. Foulsham, 1950 PS
The Screaming Skull and other stories. Hodder, 1930 ss
The Secret Agent. Collins, 1934; Little, 1934 BC
The Secret Hand. Barker, 1954
The Secret Service Man. Hodder, 1929; Knopf, 1930
Sinister Street. Vallancey, 1944 (taken from The Mystery Mission and o.s.)
S.O.S. Hutchinson, 1934
The Spy. Hodder, 1931
Standish of the Rangeland. Newnes, 1916 ?
The Stroke Sinister and other stories. Hutchinson, 1935 ss
The Temptation of Mary Gordon. Newnes, 1931 ?
Terror Comes to Twelvetrees. Eyre, 1945
Terror on Tip-Toe. Hodder, 1939
These Men and Women. Museum Press, 1951
They Called Him Nighthawk. Hodder, 1937 N
They Thought He Was Dead. Hodder, 1949 TS
The 13th Hour. Readers' Library, 1928
Tiger Standish. Long, 1932; Doubleday, 1933 TS
Tiger Standish Comes Back. Hutchinson, 1934 TS
Tiger Standish Does His Stuff. Hodder, 1941 TS
Tiger Standish Has a Party. Todd, 1943 (16 pp.) TS
Tiger Standish Steps On It. Hodder, 1940 TS
Tiger Standish Takes the Field. Hodder, 1939 TS
The Traitor. Collins, 1936; Little, 1936
The Vampire. Hutchinson, 1935
Virus X. Archer Press, 1950 PV
Vivanti. Hodder, 1927; Doran, 1927 PV
Vivanti Returns. Hodder, 1931 PV
The Web. Redman, 1951
Whilst the Crowd Roared. Archer, 1949 ?
Wolves of the Night. Readers' Library, 1931
The Worst Man in the World. Hodder, 1929 PV

HORN, HOLLOWAY. 1886- .
The Intruder. Collins, 1929
The Murder at Linpara. Collins, 1931
The Purple Claw. Muller, 1935

HORNBLOW, ARTHUR
The Argyle Case. Harper (NY & London), 1913 (Novelization of the play by Harriet Ford & Harvey J. O'Higgins.)
Bought and Paid For. Dillingham, 1912; Unwin, 1912. (Novelization of the play by George Broadhurst.)
By Right of Conquest. Dillingham, 1909; Unwin, 1909 ?
The End of the Game. Dillingham, 1907; Unwin, 1907 ?
Kindling. Dillingham, 1912. (Novelization of the play by Charles Kenyon.) ?
The Lion and the Mouse. Dillingham, 1906 (Novelization of the play by Charles Klein.) ?
The Mask. Dillingham, 1913 ?
The Price. Dillingham, 1914. (Novelization of the play by George Broadhurst.) ?
The Profligate. Dillingham, 1908; Unwin, 1908
The Talker. Dillingham, 1912. (Novelization of the play by Marion Fairfax.) ?
The Third Degree (with Charles Klein). Dillingham, 1909
The Watch Dog. Dillingham, 1915 ?

HORNE, GEOFFREY. 1916- . Pseudonym: Gil North, q.v. Are the following adult crime fiction?
Land of No Escape. Hutchinson, 1958
The Man Who Was Chief. Chapman, 1960
The Portuguese Diamonds. Chapman, 1961
Quest for Gold. Hutchinson, 1959
Winter. Hutchinson, 1957

HORNIMAN, ROY
Christina and the Jewels. Low, 1929

HORNUNG, E(RNEST) W(ILLIAM). 1866-1921. Series character: Raffles = R
The Amateur Cracksman. Methuen, 1899; Scribner, 1899. Also published as: Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman. Nash, 1906 R
At Large. Scribner, 1902 (British title?)
The Belle of Toorak. Richards, 1900. U.S. title: The Shadow of a Man. Scribner, 1901
The Black Mask. Richards, 1901. U.S. title: Raffles: Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman. Scribners, 1901 R
The Boss of Taroomba. Bliss, 1894; Scribner, 1900
A Bride from the Bush. Smith & Elder, 1890; U.S. Book Co., 1890, as by "A New Writer"
The Camera Fiend. Unwin, 1911; Scribner, 1911
The Crime Doctor. Nash, 1914; Bobbs, 1914 ss
Dead Men Tell No Tales. Methuen, 1899; Scribner, 1899
Denis Dent. Isbister, 1903; Stokes, 1904

Irralie's Bushranger. New Vagabond Library, 1896; Scribner, 1896
Mr. Justice Raffles. Smith & Elder, 1909; Scribner, 1909 R
My Lord Duke. Cassell, 1897; Scribner, 1897
Old Offenders and a Few Old Scores. Murray, 1923 ss
Peccavi. Richards, 1900; Scribner, 1900
Raffles: Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman; see The Black Mask
Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman; see The Amateur Cracksman
The Rogue's March. Cassell, 1896; Scribner, 1896
The Shadow of a Man; see The Belle of Toorak
The Shadow of the Rope. Chatto, 1902; Scribner, 1902 R
Some Persons Unknown. Cassell, 1898; Scribner, 1898 ss
Stingaree. Chatto, 1905; Scribner, 1905 ss
A Thief in the Night. Chatto, 1905; Scribner, 1905 R
The Thousandth Woman. Nash, 1913; Bobbs, 1913 ?
Tiny Luttrell. Cassell (London & NY), 1893
Under Two Skies. A. & C. Black, 1892
Witching Hill. Hodder, 1913; Scribner, 1913 ss
Young Blood. Cassell, 1898; Scribner, 1898

HORSEFIELD, L. G.
Murder at No. 3. Swan, 1950

HORSFIELD, RICHARD HENRY. 1872-1942. Pseudonym: M. B. Gaunt, q.v.

HORTON, GEORGE. 1852- . Which of the following are not adult crime fiction?
The Edge of Hazard. Bobbs, 1906
A Fair Brigand. Stone, 1899; Ward, 1900
A Fair Insurgent. Ward, 1906
Like Another Helen. Bobbs, 1901; Stevens & Brown, 1901
The Long Straight Road. Bowen-Merrill, 1902; Stevens & Brown, 1902
Miss Schuyler's Alias. Badger, 1913
The Monk's Treasure. Bobbs, 1905; Ward, 1907
The Tempting of Father Anthony. McClurg, 1901
The Unspeakable Turk. McClure, 1900

HOSEGOOD, LEWIS
The Minotaur Garden. Delacorte, 1972

HOSKEN, CLIFFORD J. W. 1882- . Pseudonym: Richard Keverne, q.v.
Missing from His Home. Putnam (London), 1932; Penguin pb, 1939, as by Richard Keverne
The Pretender. Harrap, 1930
The Shadow Syndicate. Harrap, 1930; Dial, 1930

HOSKINS, BERTHA LADD
The Double Fortune. Neale, 1909

HOSKINS, PERCY
They Almost Escaped. Hutchinson, 1938

HOSSENT, HARRY
The Fear Business. Long, 1967
Memory of Treason. Long, 1961
No End to Fear. Long
Run for Your Death. Long, 1965
Spies Die at Dawn. Long, 1958
Spies Have No Friends. Long, 1963

HOSTER, GRACE
Goodbye, Dear Elizabeth. Farrar, 1943; Hammond, 1948
Trial by Murder. Farrar, 1944; Hammond, 1952

HOSTOVSKY, EGON. 1908- Which of the following are not adult crime fiction?
The Black Band; see Hide & Seek: Two Tales of Escape
The Charity Ball. Heinemann, 1957; Doubleday, 1958
Hide & Seek: Two Tales of Escape. Eyre, 1950 (Two novelets, The Hideout, listed below, and The Black Band.)
The Hideout. Random, 1945. (British edition in: Hide & Seek: Two Tales of Escape.)
The Lonely Rebels. Arts Inc., 1951 (three novelets)
The Midnight Patient. Appleton, 1954; Heinemann, 1955
Missing. Secker, 1952; Viking, 1952
The Plot. Cassell, 1961; Doubleday, 1961
Seven Times the Leading Man. Eyre, 1945; L. B. Fischer, 1945
Three Nights. Cassell, 1964

HOTCHKISS, C. C.
The Ivory Ball. Watt, 1920
The Red Paper. Watt, 1912

HOTCHNER, A(ARON) E(DWARD).
The Dangerous American. Random, 1958; Weidenfeld, 1959
Treasure. Random, 1970; Hodder, 1971

HOUGH, S(TANLEY) B(ENNETT). Pseudonym: Bennett Stanley, q.v.
Beyond the Eleventh Hour. Hodder, 1961
The Bronze Perseus. Secker, 1959; Walker, 1962. Also published as: The Tender Killer. Avon, 1963
Dear Daughter Dead. Gollancz, 1965; Walker, 1966
Extinction Bomber. Bodley Head, 1956
Frontier Incident. Hodder, 1951; Crowell, 1952
Mission in Guemo. Hodder, 1953; Walker, 1964

Moment of Decision. Hodder, 1952
The Primitives. Hodder, 1954
The Seas South. Hodder, 1953
Sweet Sister Seduced. Gollancz, 1968
The Tender Killer; see The Bronze Perseus

HOUGHTON, CLAUDE. Pseudonym of Claude H. Oldfield, 1889- . Which of the following are not adult crime fiction?
All Change, Humanity! Collins, 1942
At the End of a Road. Hutchinson, 1953
The Beast. Quota Press, 1936 (44 pp.)
The Big Trail. Readers' Library, 1931 (Novelization of the movie.)
Birthmark. Collins, 1950
Captain of the Guard. Readers' Library, 1930 (Novelization of the movie.)
Chaos Is Come Again. Butterworth, 1932; Doubleday, 1932
Christina. Heinemann, 1936; Doubleday, 1936
The Clock Ticks. Hutchinson, 1954
Crisis. Butterworth, 1929; Harper, 1929
The Enigma of Conrad Stone. Collins, 1952
A Hair Divides. Butterworth, 1930; Doubleday, 1931
Hudson Rejoins the Herd. Collins, 1939; Macmillan, 1939
I am Jonathan Scrivener. Butterworth, 1930; Simon, 1930
Julian Grant Loses His Way. Heinemann, 1933; Doubleday, 1933
The Last Command. Readers' Library, 1929 (Novelization of the movie.)
The Man Who Could Still Laugh. Todd, 1943 (16 pp.)
More Lives Than One. Hutchinson, 1957
Neighbors. Holden, 1926; Holt, 1927
The Passing of the Third Floor Back. Queensway, 1935
Passport to Paradise. Collins, 1944
The Quarrel. Collins, 1948
The Riddle of Helena. Holden, 1927
The Sins of the Fathers. Readers' Library, 1930 (Novelization of the movie.)
Six Lives and a Book. Collins, 1943
Some Rise by Sin. Hutchinson, 1956
Strangers. Collins, 1938; Macmillan, 1938
This Was Ivor Trent. Heinemann, 1935; Doubleday, 1935
Three Fantastic Tales. Joiner, 1934 (79 pp.)
Transformation Scene. Collins, 1946

HOUGRON, JEAN
A Question of Character. Hutchinson, 1957; Farrar, 1958. Also published as: Trapped. Dell, 1959. (Translated from Je reviendrai a Kandara. Paris: Domat, 1955.)

HOULT, NORAH. 1901-
A Death Occurred. Hutchinson, 1954
Frozen Ground. Heinemann, 1952 ?
The Last Days of Miss Jenkinson. Hutchinson, 1962 ?
Scene for Death. Heinemann, 1943
There Were No Windows. Heinemann, 1944 ?

HOUSE, BRANT. All titles below are in the Secret Agent X series.
City of the Living Dead. Corinth, 1966
Curse of the Mandarin's Fan. Corinth, 1966
The Death-Torch Terror. Corinth, 1966
Octopus of Crime. Corinth, 1966
Servants of the Skull. Corinth, 1966
The Sinister Scourge. Corinth, 1966
The Torture Trust. Corinth, 1966

HOUSEHOLD, GEOFFREY. 1900-
Arabesque. Chatto, 1948; Little, 1948
The Brides of Solomon and other stories. Joseph, 1958; Little, 1958 ss
The Courtesy of Death. Joseph, 1967; Little, 1967
Dance of the Dwarfs. Joseph, 1968; Little, 1968
Doom's Caravan. Joseph, 1971; Little, 1971
Fellow Passenger. Joseph, 1955; Little, 1955
The High Place. Joseph, 1950; Little, 1950
Man Hunt; see Rogue Male
Olura. Joseph, 1965; Little, 1965
Rogue Male. Chatto, 1939; Little, 1939. Also published as: Man Hunt. Triangle, 1942
A Rough Shoot. Joseph, 1951; Little, 1951 ss
Sabres on the Sand. Joseph, 1966; Little, 1966 ss
The Salvation of Pisco Gabar and other stories. Chatto, 1938; Little, 1940. (The U.S. edition has two more stories than the British.) ss
Tales of Adventurers. Joseph, 1952; Little, 1952 ss
Thing to Love. Joseph, 1963; Little, 1963
The Third Hour. Chatto, 1937; Little, 1938
The Three Sentinels. Joseph, 1972; Little, 1972
A Time to Kill. Joseph, 1952; Little, 1951
Watcher in the Shadows. Joseph, 1960; Little, 1960

HOUSER, LIONEL
Lake of Fire. Kendall, 1933

HOUSTON, BILLIE
Twice Round the Clock. Hutchinson, 1935

HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE
The Witch Man. Hutchinson, ca.1922
Yonder. 1955

HOUSTON, R. B.
Two for the Grave. Hale, 1972

HOVICK, ROSE LOUISE. 1914- . Pseudonym: Gypsy Rose Lee, q.v.

HOW, BRIAN
Recoil. Hale, 1962

HOWARD, CLARK
The Killings. Dial, 1973
A Movement Toward Eden. Moore, 1969

HOWARD, COLIN
Killing No Murder. Hale, 1972

HOWARD, GEORGE BRONSON
All in the Night's Work. Garden City, 1924
Birds of Prey. Watt, 1918
The Black Book. Watt, 1920
The Devil's Chaplain. Watt, 1922
An Enemy to Society. Doubleday, 1911
Norroy, Diplomatic Agent. Saalfield, 1907
Slaves of the Lamp. Watt, 1917

HOWARD, HARTLEY. Pseudonym of Leopold Horace Ognall, 1908- . Other pseudonym: Harry Carmichael, q.v. Series characters: Glenn Bowman = GB; Philip Scott = PS
The Armitage Secret. Collins, 1959 GB
Assignment K; see Department K
The Big Snatch. Collins, 1958
Bowman at a Venture. Collins, 1954 GB
Bowman on Broadway. Collins, 1954 GB
Bowman Strikes Again. Collins, 1953 GB
The Bowman Touch. Collins, 1956 GB
Count-Down. Collins, 1962 GB
Counterfeit. Collins, 1966
Cry on My Shoulder. Collins, 1970 GB
Deadline. Collins, 1959 GB
Death of Cecilia. Collins, 1952 GB
Department K. Collins, 1964. U.S. title: Assignment K. Pyramid, 1968 PS
Double Finesse. Collins, 1962
Epitaph for Joanna. Collins, 1972
Extortion. Collins, 1960 GB
The Eye of the Hurricane. Collins, 1968 PS
Fall Guy. Collins, 1960 GB
A Hearse for Cinderella. Collins, 1956 GB
Highway to Murder. Collins, 1973
I'm No Hero. Collins, 1961 GB
Key to the Morgue. Collins, 1957 GB
The Last Appointment. Collins, 1951 GB
The Last Deception. Collins, 1951 GB
The Last Vanity. Collins, 1952 GB
The Long Night. Collins, 1957 GB
Million Dollar Snapshot. Collins, 1971 GB
Murder One. Collins, 1971
Nice Day for a Funeral. Collins, 1972
No Target for Bowman. Collins, 1955 GB
The Other Side of the Door. Collins, 1953
Out of the Fire. Collins, 1965
Portrait of a Beautiful Harlot. Collins, 1966 GB
Room 37. Collins, 1970
Routine Investigation. Collins, 1967 GB
The Secret of Simon Cornell. Collins, 1969 GB
Sleep for the Wicked. Collins, 1955 GB
Sleep, My Pretty One. Collins, 1958 GB
The Stretton Case. Collins, 1963
Time Bomb. Collins, 1961 GB

HOWARD, HERBERT EDMUND. 1900- . Pseudonym: R. Philmore, q.v.

HOWARD, JAMES A(RCH). 1922- . Pseudonym: Laine Fisher, q.v. Series character: Steve Ashe = SA
Blow Out My Torch. Popular Library, 1956; Digit Books, 1964 SA
The Bullet-Proof Martyr. Dutton, 1961
Die on Easy Street. Popular Library, 1957; Digit Books, 1964 SA
I Like It Tough. Popular Library, 1955; Digit Books, 1964 SA
I'll Get You Yet. Popular Library, 1954; Digit Books, 1964 SA
Murder in Mind. Dutton, 1960
Murder Takes a Wife. Dutton, 1958

HOWARD, L. G.
Murder Was Never Bolder. Grafton, 1946

HOWARD, LEIGH
Blind Date. Longmans, 1955; Simon, 1958

HOWARD, MUNROE
Call Him Rod. Dell, 1972

HOWARD, REDMOND
The Siege of Scotland Yard. Modern

HOWARD, TROY
The Black Light. Hale, 1968

HOWARD, VECHEL. Pseudonym of Howard Rigsby, 1909- , q.v.
Murder on Her Mind. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960
Murder with Love. GM, 1959; Muller, 1960

HOWARTH, CAROLINE M.
Eyes in the Night. Pageant, 1953

HOWARTH, DAVID. 1912-
Group Flashing Two. Hale, 1952
One Night in Styria. Hale, 1953
Thieves' Hole. Rinehart, 1954 (British title?)

HOWARTH, PATRICK. Pseudonym: C. D. E. Francis, q.v.

HOWATCH, SUSAN
April's Grave. Ace, 1969; H. Hamilton, 1973
Call in the Night. Ace, 1967; H. Hamilton, 1972
The Dark Shore. Ace, 1965; H. Hamilton, 1972
The Devil on Lammas Night. Stein, 1972; H. Hamilton, 1973
Penmarric. Simon, 1971; H. Hamilton, 1971

The Shrouded Walls. Ace, 1968; H. Hamilton, 1972
The Waiting Sands. Ace, 1966; H. Hamilton, 1972

HOWDEN-SMITH, ARTHUR
Treasure of the Bucoleon. Allan

HOWE, EDGAR WATSON
The Mystery of the Locks. Osgood, 1885

HOWE, FRANK HOWARD
The Perfume of the Violet. Morrell Higgins, 1892

HOWE, GEORGE
Call It Treason. Viking, 1949; Hart-Davis, 1950. Also published as: Decision Before Dawn. Digit Books, 1958

HOWE, MURIEL. Pseudonym of Muriel Smithies
The Affair at Falconers. Macdonald, 1957
Pendragon. Macdonald, 1958

HOWE, RUSSELL WARREN
Behold the City. Secker, 1953

HOWES, ROYCE. Series character: Capt. Ben Lucias = BL
The Callao Clue. Doubleday, 1936
The Case of the Copy-Hook Killing. Dutton, 1945 BL
Death Dupes a Lady. Doubleday, 1937 BL
Death on the Bridge. Doubleday, 1935
Death Rides a Hobby. Doubleday, 1939 BL
Murder at Maneuvers. Doubleday, 1938 BL
The Nasty Name Murders. Doubleday, 1939 BL
Night of the Garter Murders. Doubleday, 1937 BL

HOWIE, EDITH
The Band Played Murder. Mill, 1946; Boardman, 1948
Cry Murder. Mill, 1944; Boardman, 1950
Murder at Stone House. Farra, 1942; Boardman, 1945
Murder for Christmas. Farrar, 1941; Boardman, 1942
Murder for Tea. Farrar, 1941 (in the threesome Three Prize Murders); Boardman, 1942
No Face to Murder. Mill, 1946; Boardman, 1946

HOWITT, JOHN LESLIE DESPARD. Pseudonym: Leslie Despard, q.v.

HOYNE, THOMAS TEMPLE
Intrigue on the Upper Level. Reilly, 1934

HOYT, DON and ART MOORE
Death is a Drag. Powell, 1970

HOYT, EDWIN PALMER. 1923-
A Matter of Conscience. Duell, 1966

HOYT, PAUL
Murderer's Wench. Hale, 1936

HUBBARD, GEORGE. 1884- See Lilian Bennet Thompson

HUBBARD, MARGARET ANN. 1909-
Murder at St. Dennis. Bruce, 1952
Murder Takes the Veil. Bruce, 1950
Sister Simon's Murder Case. Bruce, 1959
Step Softly on My Grave. Bruce, 1966

HUBBARD, P(HILIP) M(AITLAND). 1910-
Cold Waters. Bles, 1970; Atheneum, 1969
The Country of Again; see The Custom of the Country
The Custom of the Country. Bles, 1969. U.S. title: The Country of Again. Atheneum, 1968
The Dancing Man. Macmillan (London), 1971; Atheneum, 1971
Flush as May. Joseph, 1963; London House, 1963
High Tide. Macmillan (London), 1971; Atheneum, 1970
A Hive of Glass. Joseph, 1965; Atheneum, 1965
The Holm Oaks. Joseph, 1965; Atheneum, 1966
Picture of Millie. Joseph, 1964. U.S. title: Portrait of Millie. London House, 1964
Portrait of Millie; see Picture of Millie
A Rooted Sorrow. Macmillan (London), 1973; Atheneum, 1973
The Tower. Bles, 1968; Atheneum, 1967
The Whisper in the Glen. Macmillan (London), 1972; Atheneum, 1972

HUBBARD, T. L. W.
A Baton for the Conductor. Faber, 1957

HUBBELL, WALTER
The Great Amherst Mystery. Brentano's, 1888

HUBER, BERTRAND
Death at the Dowager. Appleton, 1934. British title: Murder with Gloves. Hale, 1936

HUBLER, RICHARD G(IBSON). 1912-
The Chase. Coward, 1952
The Pass. Coward, 1955

HUCH, RICARDA OCTAVIA. 1864-19
The Deruga Trial. Macaulay, 1929; Gerald Howe, 1930 (Translated from Der Fall Deruga, 1927.)

HUDIBURG, EDWARD
Killer's Game. Lion pb, 1957

HUDSON, JEFFERY. Pseudonym of Michael Crichton. Other pseudonym: John Lange, q.v.

A Case of Need. NAL, 1968; Heinemann, 1968

HUDSON, LAURA HOPE
The Cruel Legacy. Lancer, 1967

HUDSON, W(ILLIAM) C(ADWALADER). 1843-1915. Pseudonym: Barclay North, q.v.
An American Cavalier. Cassell (NY), 1897
J. P. Dunbar: A Story of Wall Street. Dodge, 1906
Jack Gordon, Knight Errant, Gotham, 1883. Cassell (NY & London), 1890 (British edition is as by Barclay North.)
On the Rack. Cassell, 1892; Street, 1899, as by Barclay North
Should She Have Left Him? Cassell, 1894, Street, 1900, as by Barclay North
Vivier of Vivier, Longman & Company, Bankers. Cassell (NY & London), 1890; Street, 1899, as by Barclay North

HUESTON, ETHEL. 1889-
Idle Island. Bobbs, 1927; Hutchinson, 1927

HUFF, AFTON PATRICIA
The Key to Hawthorn Heath. Berkley, 1972

HUGGINS, ROY. 1914- . Series character: Stuart Bailey = SB
The Double Take. Morrow, 1946; Cassell, 1947 SB
Lovely Lady, Pity Me. Duell, 1949
77 Sunset Strip. Dell, 1958 (Novelization of the TV series based on Huggins' character.) SB
Too Late for Tears. Morrow, 1947; Cassell, 1950

HUGHES, BABETTE. 1906-
Murder in Church. Appleton, 1934
Murder in the Zoo. Appleton, 1932; Benn, 1932

HUGHES, BEATRIX
Mystery of St. Martin's Copse. Heath, 1929

HUGHES, (JOHN) CLEDWYN. 1920-
The Inn Closes for Christmas. Pilot, 1947 (printed with The Different Drummer). U. S. title: He Dared Not Look Behind. Wyn, 1947

HUGHES, COLIN. 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, Kyle Hunt, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, J. J. Marric, Richard Martin, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v.
Triple Murder. Newnes, 1940

HUGHES [illegible] B(ELLE). 1904-
The Bamboo Blonde. Duell, 1941
The Blackbirder. Duell, 1943; Nicholson, 19[illegible]
The Body on the Bench; see The Davidian Report
The Candy Kid. Duell, 1950
The Cross Eyed Bear. Duell, 1940; Nicholson, 1945. Also published as: The Cross-Eyed Bear Murders. Dell, 194 .
The Cross-Eyed Bear Murders; see The Cross-Eyed Bear
The Davidian Report. Duell, 1952. Also published as: The Body on the Bench. Dell, 195 .
The Delicate Ape. Duell, 1944
Dread Journey. Duell, 1945; Nicholson, 1948
The Expendable Man. Random, 1963; Deutsch, 1964
The Fallen Sparrow. Duell, 1942; Nicholson, 1943
In a Lonely Place. Duell, 1947; Nicholson, 1950
Johnnie. Duell, 1944; Nicholson, 1946
Kiss for a Killer; see The Scarlet Imperial
Ride the Pink Horse. Duell, 1946
The Scarlet Imperial. Detective Book Club, 1946. Also published as: Kiss for a Killer. Jonathan pb, 195 .
The So Blue Marble. Duell, 1940

HUGHES, RUPERT
The Amiable Crimes of Dirk Memling. Appleton, 1913; Langton, 1913
Ladies Man. Harper, 1930; Hurst, 1930

HUGHES, WILLIAM
See No Evil. Award, 1971

HUGHSDON, DANA. Pseudonym
You Stand Accused. Hillman-Curl, 1937

HUGI, M. G.
He Died Thrice. Swan, 1947
Murder Begets Murder. Swan, 1947

HULL, CHARLES. Pseudonym: C. B. R., q.v.

HULL, ERIC TRAVISS
Murder Lays a Golden Egg. Doubleday, 1944; Westhouse, 1946

HULL, HELEN
Close Her Pale Blue Eyes, Dodd, 1963
A Tapping on the Wall. Dodd, 1960; Collins, 1961

HULL, RICHARD. Pseudonym of Richard Henry Sampson, 1896-
And Death Came Too. Collins, 1939; Messner, 1942
Beyond Reasonable Doubt; see Excellent Intentions

Excellent Intentions. Faber, 1938. U.S. title: Beyond Reasonable Doubt. Messner, 1941
The Ghost It Was. Faber, 1937; Putnam, 1937
Invitation to an Inquest. Collins, 1950
Keep It Quiet. Faber, 1935; Putnam, 1935
Last First. Collins, 1947
Left-Handed Death. Collins, 1946
The Martineau Murders. Collins, 1953
A Matter of Nerves. Collins, 1950
Murder Isn't Easy. Faber, 1936; Putnam, 1936
The Murder of My Aunt. Faber, 1934; Minton Balch, 1934
The Murderers of Monty. Faber, 1937; Putnam, 1937
My Own Murderer. Collins, 1940; Messner, 1940
The Unfortunate Murderer. Collins, 1941; Messner, 1942
Until She Was Dead. Collins, 1949

HULME-BEAMAN, ERIC
Ozmar the Mystic: A Novel. Sands, 1898
The Prince's Diamond. Hutchinson, 1898

HULTMAN, HELEN JOAN
Death at Windward Hill. Fiction League, 1931
Find the Woman. Doubleday, 1929
Murder in the French Room. Mystery League, 1931
Murder on Route 40. Phoenix, 1940
Ready for Death. Phoenix, 1939
This Murderous Shaft. Phoenix, 1946

HUME, DAVID. Pseudonym of John Victor Turner, 1900-1945, q.v. Other pseudonym: Nicholas Brady, q.v. Series characters: Mick Cardby = MC; Tony Carter = TC; Sanderson = S
Below the Belt. Collins, 1934 MC
Bring 'em Back Dead! Collins, 1936; Appleton, 1936 MC
Bullets Bite Deep. Putnam (London), 1932 MC
Call in the Yard. Collins, 1935 ss, about S
Cemetery First Stop! Collins, 1937 MC
Come Back for the Body. Collins, 1945
Corpses Never Argue. Collins, 1938
The Crime Combine. Collins, 1936
Crime Unlimited. Collins, 1933; McBride, 1933 MC
Dangerous Mr. Dell. Collins, 1935; Appleton, 1935 MC
Death Before Honour. Collins, 1939 MC
Destiny Is My Name. Collins, 1942 MC
Dishonour Among Thieves. Collins, 1943 MC
Eternity, Here I Come! Collins, 1940
Five Aces. Collins, 1940
The Foursquare Murder; see Murders Form Fours
The Gaol Gates Are Open. Collins, 1935 U.S. title: The Jail Gates Are Open. Appleton, 1935 MC
Get Out the Cuffs. Collins, 1943
Good-Bye to Life. Collins, 1938 MC
Halfway to Horror. Collins, 1937 MC
Heading for a Wreath. Collins, 1946 MC
Heads You Live. Collins, 1939 MC
Invitation to the Grave. Collins, 1940
The Jail Gates Are Open; see The Gaol Gates Are Open
Make Way for the Mourners. Collins, 1939
Meet the Dragon. Collins, 1936 MC
Mick Cardby Works Overtime. Collins, 1944 MC
Murders Form Fours. Putnam (London), 1933. U.S. title: The Foursquare Murder. McBride, 1933 MC
Never Say Live! Collins, 1942 TC
Requiem for Rogues. Collins, 1942 TC
The Return of Mick Cardby. Collins, 1941 MC
Stand Up and Fight. Collins, 1941
They Called Him Death. Collins, 1934; Appleton, 1935 MC
They Never Came Back. Collins, 1945 MC
Toast to a Corpse. Collins, 1944 MC
Too Dangerous to Live. Collins, 1934 MC
You'll Catch Your Death. Collins, 1940

HUME, DORIS
Dark Purpose. Popular Library, 1960

HUME, FERGUS. 1859-1932.
Across the Footlights. White, 1912
The Amethyst Cross. Cassell, 1908
Answered: A Spy Story. White, 1915
The Best of Her Sex. Allen, 1894 ?
Bishop Pendle; or, The Bishop's Secret; see The Bishop's Secret
The Bishop's Secret. Long, 1900. U.S. title: Bishop Pendle; or, The Bishop's Secret. Rand, 1900
The Black Carnation: A Riddle. Gale & Polden, 1892; U.S. Book, 1892
The Black Image. Ward, 1918
The Black Patch. Long, 1906
The Blue Talisman: A Detective Story. Laurie, 1912; Clode, 1925
The Caravan Mystery. Hurst, 1926
The Carbuncle Clue. Warne, 1896
The Caretaker. Ward, 1916
The Chinese Jar: A Mystery. Low, ca.1893
Claude Duval of Ninety-Five: A Romance of the Road. Digby Long, 1897; Dillingham, 1897
The Clock Struck One. Warne, 1898
A Coin of Edward VII: A Detective Story. Digby Long, 1903; Dillingham, 1903
Crazy-Quilt. Ward, 1919
A Creature of the Night: An Italian Enigma. Low, 1891; Lovell, 1891
The Crime of the Crystal. Digby Long, 1901
The Crime of the 'Liza Jane. Ward, 1895
The Crimson Cryptogram. Long, 1900
The Crowned Skull. Laurie, 1908
The Curse. Laurie, 1915
The Dark Avenue. Ward, 1920

The Devil-Stick. Downey, 1898
The Devil's Ace. Everett, 1909
The Disappearing Eye. Digby Long, 1909; Dillingham, 1909
The Dwarf's Chamber and other stories. Ward, 1896 ss
The Fatal Song. White, 1905
The Fever of Life. Low, 1892; Lovell, 1891
Flies in the Web. White, 1908
For the Defense. Rand, 1898
The 4 P.M. Express. White, 1914
From Thief to Detective. Street, Magnet #241
The Gates of Dawn. Low, 1894; Neely, 1894
The Gentleman Who Vanished: A Psychological Phantasy. White, 1890. U.S. title: The Man Who Vanished. Liberty Book Co., 1892
The Girl from Malta. Lovell, 1889; Hansom Cab Co., 1889
The Golden Wang-Ho: A Sensational Story. Long, 1901
The Green Mummy. Long, 1908; Dillingham, 1908
The Grey Doctor. Ward, 1917
The Guilty House. White, 1903
Hagar of the Pawn-Shop. Skeffington, 1898; Buckles, 1899
Heart of Ice. Hurst, 1918
High Water Mark. White, 1911
The Hurton Treasure Mystery. Mellifont, 1937
The Indian Bangle. Low, 1899
In Queer Street. White, 1913
The Jade Eye. Long, 1903
The Jew's House. Ward, 1911
Jonah's Luck. White, 1906
The Lady from Nowhere: A Detective Story. Chatto, 1900
Lady Jezebel. Pearson, 1898
Lady Jim of Curzon Street. Laurie, 1905; Dillingham, 1906
The Last Straw. Hutchinson, 1932
The Lone Inn: A Mystery. Jarrold, 1894; Cassell (NY), 1895
The Lonely Church. Long, 1904
The Lonely Subaltern. White, 1910
The Lost Parchment. Ward, 1914; Dillingham, 1914
Madame Midas. Hansom Cab Co., 1888; Munro, 1888
The Man Who Vanished; see The Gentleman Who Vanished
The Man with a Secret. White, 1890
The Mandarin's Fan. Digby Long, 1904; Dillingham, 1904
A Marriage Mystery: Told from Three Points of View. Digby Long, 1896
The Masquerade Mystery. Digby Long, 1895
The Master-Mind. Hurst, 1919
A Midnight Mystery. Gale & Polden, 1894
The Mikado Jewel. Everett, 1910
The Millionaire Mystery. Chatto, 1901; Buckles, 1901
The Miser's Will. Traherne, 1903
Miss Mephistopheles. White, 1890; Lovell, 1890 (A sequel to Madame Midas.)
Monsieur Judas: A Paradox. Blackett, 1891
The Moth-Woman. Hurst, 1923
Mother Mandarin. White, 1912
The Mystery of a Hansom Cab. Hansom Cab Co., 1888; Munro, 1888
The Mystery of a Motor Cab. Everett, 1908
The Mystery of Landy Court. Jarrold, 1894
The Mystery of the Shadow. Cassell, 1906; Dodge, 1906
The Mystery Queen. Ward, 1912; Dillingham, 1912
Next Door. Ward, 1918
Not Wanted. White, 1914
The Opal Serpent. Long, 1905; Dillingham, 1905
The Other Person. White, 1920
The Pagan's Cup: A Country Story. Digby Long, 1902; Dillingham, 1902
The Peacock of Jewels. Digby Long, 1910; Dillingham, 1910
The Piccadilly Puzzle: A Mysterious Story. White, 1889; Lovell, 1889 (with 2 additional stories)
The Pink Shop. White, 1911
The Purple Fern. Everett, 1907
The Rainbow Feather. Digby Long, 1898; Dillingham, 1898
The Rectory Governess. White, 1911
The Red Bicycle. Ward, 1916
The Red-Headed Man. Digby Long, 1899
Red Money. Ward, 1912; Dillingham, 1911
The Red Skull. Dodge, 1908 (Probably = The Crowned Skull)
The Red Window. Digby Long, 1904; Dillingham, 1904
The Sacred Herb. Long, 1908; Dillingham, 1908
The Scarlet Bat: A Detective Story. White, 1905
The Sealed Message. Digby Long, 1908; Dillingham, 1907
The Secret of the Chinese Jar. Westbrook, 1928 (British title?)
The Secret Passage. Long, 1905; Dillingham, 1905
Seen in the Shadow. White, 1913
Shylock of the River. Digby Long, 1900
The Silent House; see The Silent House in Pimlico
The Silent House in Pimlico: A Detective Story. Long, 1899. U.S. title: The Silent House. Ogilvie, ca.1895
The Silent Signal. Ward, 1917
The Silver Bullet. Long, 1903
The Singing Head. Hurst, 1920
The Solitary Farm. Ward, 1909; Dillingham, 1909
A Speck of the Motley. Innes, 1893
The Spider. Ward. 1910

The Steel Crown. Digby Long, 1911; Dillingham, 1911
The Third Volume. Cassell (NY), 1895 (British title?)
The Thirteenth Guest. Ward, 1913
Three. Ward, 1921
The Tombstone Treasure. Daffodil Library, 1897
The Top Dog. White, 1909
Tracked by Fate. Street (Magnet #225)
Tracked by a Tattoo: A Mystery. Warne, 1896
A Traitor in London. Long, 1900; Buckles, 1900
A Trick of Time. Hurst, 1922
The Turnpike House. Long, 1902
The Unexpected. Odhams, 1921
The Unwilling Bride. Ogilvie, 1895 (British title?)
The Vanishing of Tera. White, 1900
The Wheeling Light. Chatto, 1904
The Whispering Lane. Hurst, 1924; Small, 1925
The White Prior: A Family Mystery. Warne, 1895
Whom God Hath Joined: A Question of Marriage. White, 1891 ?
Woman: The Sphinx. Long, 1902
A Woman's Burden. Jarrolds, 1901
The Woman Who Held On. Ward, 1920
The Wooden Hand: A Detective Story. White, 1905
The Year of Miracle: A Tale of the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred. Routledge, 1891; Lovell, 1891 ?
The Yellow Holly. Digby Long, 1903; Dillingham, 1903
The Yellow Hunchback. White, 1907

HUME, ROBERT W.
My Lodger's Legacy; or, The History of a Recluse. Funk, 1886

HUMPHREYS, RAY
Hunch. Loring, 1934. British title: Death Hunch. Newnes, 1936

HUNGERFORD, MRS.
The Red House Mystery. Chatto

HUNT, CHARLOTTE
The Cup of Thanatos. Ace,
Gemini Revenged. Ace,
The Gilded Sarcophagus. Ace, 1967
The Thirteenth Treasure. Ace, 1972

HUNT, CLARENCE. Pseudonym of Hugh Holman, 1914- , q.v.
Small Town Corpse. Phoenix, 1951

HUNT, EVE
The Danger Game. Hale, 1967
Girl on the Run. Hale, 1966

HUNT, HARRISON. Pseudonym of Willis Todhunter Ballard, 1903- , q.v. Other pseudonyms: P. D. Ballard, Neil MacNeil, John Shepherd, qq.v.
Murder Picks the Jury. Curl, 1947

HUNT, (EVERETTE) HOWARD. 1918- . Pseudonyms: Gordon Davis, Robert Dietrich, David St. John, qq.v.
The Berlin Ending. Putnam, 1973
Bimini Run. Farrar, 1949
Cruel is the Night; see Maelstrom
Dark Encounter. GM
The Judas Hour. GM, 1951; Fawcett (London), 1953
Limit of Darkness. Random, 1944
Lovers are Losers. GM, 1953
Maelstrom. Farrar, 1948. Also published as: Cruel is the Night. Berkley, 195 .
Stranger in Town. Random, 1947
The Violent Ones. GM, 1950; Fawcett (London), 1958
Whisper Her Name. GM, 1952; Fawcett (London), 1958

HUNT, KATHERINE CHANDLER. Pseudonym: Chandler Nash, q.v.

HUNT, KYLE. 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, Abel Mann, Peter Manton, J. J. Marric, Richard Martin, Rodney Mattheson, Anthony Morton, Jeremy York, qq.v. NOTE: The Dr. Cellini series was published in England as by Michael Halliday and is listed in this bibliography under that byline.
Kill a Wicked Man. Barker, 1958; Simon, 1957
Kill Once, Kill Twice. Barker, 1957; Simon, 1956
Kill My Love. Boardman, 1959; Simon, 1958
To Kill a Killer. Boardman, 1960; Random, 1960

HUNT, MARY VINCENT
Cast a Green Shadow. Bouregy, 1961
The Mystery of Daria Kane. Bouregy, 1960

HUNT, PETER. Joint pseudonym of George Worthing Yates, q.v., and Charles Hunt Marshall. Series character: Alan Miller, in all titles
Murder Among the Nudists. Vanguard, 1934
Murder for Breakfast. Vanguard, 1934
Murders at Scandal House. Appleton, 1933

HUNT, (ISOBEL) VIOLET. 1866-1942. Are these adult crime fiction?
The Last Ditch. Paul, 1918
More Tales of the Uneasy. Heinemann, 1925
Tales of the Uneasy. Heinemann, 1911

HUNT, VIRGINIA
The House of Many Mirrors. 1920

HUNT, WRAY
Hayes Ball Affair. Fenland, 1932

HUNTER, ALAN (JAMES HERBERT). 1922-
Series character: Inspector/Superintendent Gently, in all titles
Gently at a Gallop. Cassell, 1971
Gently by the Shore. Cassell, 1956; Rinehart, 1956
Gently Coloured. Cassell, 1969
Gently Continental. Cassell, 1967
Gently Does It. Cassell, 1955; Rinehart, 1955
Gently Down the Stream. Cassell, 1957; Roy, 1960
Gently Floating. Cassell, 1963; Berkley pb, 1964
Gently French. Cassell, 1973
Gently Go Man. Cassell, 1961; Berkley pb, 1964
Gently in the Sun. Cassell, 1959; Berkley pb, 1964
Gently North-West. Cassell, 1967
Gently Sahib. Cassell, 1964
Gently Through the Mill. Cassell, 1958
Gently to the Summit. Cassell, 1961; Berkley pb, 1964
Gently Where the Roads Go. Cassell, 1962; St. Martin's, 1972, in omnibus, Gently in Another Omnibus (also: Cassell, 1969), which contains in addition Gently Go Man and Gently Floating.
Gently with the Innocents. Cassell, 1970
Gently with the Ladies. Cassell, 1965
Gently with the Painters. Cassell, 1960
Landed Gently. Cassell, 1957; Roy, 1960
Vivienne—Gently Where She Lay. Cassell, 1972

HUNTER, BLUEBELL MATILDA. 1887- . Pseudonym: John Guildford, q.v.

HUNTER, EVAN. 1926- . Pseudonyms: Curt Cannon, Hunt Collins, Ed McBain, Richard Marsten, qq.v.
The Big Fix. Falcon pb, 1952. Also published as: So Nude, So Dead, as by Richard Marsten. Crest pb, 1956
The Blackboard Jungle. Simon, 1954; Constable, 1955
Don't Crowd Me. Popular Library, 1953; World Distributors, 1960. Also published as: The Paradise Party. Four Square pb, 1968
Every Little Crook and Nanny. Doubleday, 1972; Constable, 1972
Happy New Year, Herbie and other stories. Simon, 1963; Constable, 1965
A Horse's Head. Delacorte, 1967; Constable, 1968
The Jungle Kids. Pocket Books, 1956 (12 stories, of which 6 were included in The Last Spin, below.)
The Last Spin and other stories. Constable, 1960 (15 stories, including 6 from The Jungle Kids, above.)
A Matter of Conviction. Simon, 1959; Constable, 1959. Also published as: The Young Savages. PB, 1966
Nobody Knew They Were There. Doubleday, 1971; Constable, 1971
The Paradise Party; see Don't Crowd Me
So Nude, So Dead; see The Big Fix
The Young Savages; see A Matter of Conviction

HUNTER, HARRIET
A Case for Punishment. Hale, 1967
Inclination to Murder. Hale, 1966

HUNTER, J. H.
Banners of Blood. Evangelical Pub., 1947

HUNTER, JACK D(AYTON)
The Expendable Spy. Dutton, 1965; Muller, 1966
One of Us Works for Them. Dutton, 1967; Muller, 1968
Spies, Inc. Dutton, 1969; Muller, 1970

HUNTER, (ALFRED) JOHN. 1891-1961. Pseudonyms: John Addiscombe, L. H. Brenning, Anthony Dax, Anthony Drummond, Peter Meriton, qq.v. Series character (with many other authors): Sexton Blake, in all titles listed without publisher (which in every case is Amalgamated Press).
The Affair of the Spiv's Secret. 1948
Barred from the West End. 1944
The Case of the American Tourists. 1948
The Case of the Bronze Statue. 1942
The Case of the Crooked Skipper. 1951
The Case of the Defaulting Sailor. 1946
The Case of the Deserted War Bride. 1945
The Case of the Doped Favourite. 1952
The Case of the Double Event. 1947
The Case of the Fatal Film. 1935
The Case of the French Raiders. 1942
The Case of the Girl on Remand. 1952
The Case of the Stolen Ransome. 1954
The Crime on the French Frontier. 1954
The Crime on the Promenade. 1937
Crook Cargo. 1936
The Curse of the Track. 1948
Dead Man's Gate. Cassell, 1931
Dead Man's Island. Newnes, 1932
Desperado. Cassell, 1932 ?
Destination Unknown, 1953
The Devil of Danehurst. 1943
Fourteen Years After! 1946
Gangster's Girl. 1956
The Great Airport Racket. 1945
The House of Darkness. 1940

It Happened in Melgrove Square. 1951
The Man Behind. Cherry Tree pb, 1942 (96pp)
The Man from the Far East. 1944
The Man Who Turned King's Evidence. 1938
Menace of the Masked Men. Newnes, 1955 (64p)
The Monopoly Menace. 1943
Murder in the Air. 1955
The Mysterious Mr. Maynard. 1940
The Mystery of Moat Farm. 1946
The Mystery of the American Envoy. 1942
The Mystery of the Nameless Island. Cassell, 1925
The Mystery of the New Tenant. 1951
The Mystery of the Red Chateau. 1945
The Mystery of the Vanished Trainer. 1955
The Prisoner of Lost Island. 1937
Raiders Passed! 1941
The Riddle of the Black Racketeers. 1942
The Riddle of the Italian Prisoner. 1944
The Riddle of the Lost Ship. 1939
The Riddle of the Smiling Man. 1947
The Riddle of the Uncensored Letter. 1942
The Secret of the Demolition Worker. 1942
The Secret of the Grave. 1941
The Secret of the Hold, 1938
Sergeant Gray's Crime. 1945
Silent Witness. 1957
The Spiv's Mistake. 1952
The Thieves of Alexandria. 1953
The Three Crows. Cassell, 1928
Three Die at Midnight. 1934
Thunder Island. Newnes, 1924
The Trail of the Dope Chief. 1936
The Victim of the Crooked Hypnotist. 1952
Warned Off! 1947
When the Gunmen Came. Cassell, 1930
When the Jury Disagreed! 1950
The White Phantom. Cassell, 1934
The Wimbledon Common Trap. 1946
Witness to the Crime. 1950
The Woman on the Spot. 1953

HUNTER, P. HAY
The Silver Bullet. Oliphant, 1894

HUNTING, GARDNER
A Hand in the Game. Holt, 1911

HUNTINGDON, JOHN. Pseudonym of Gerald W. Phillips, 1884-
The Seven Black Chessmen. Holt, 1928; Gerald Howe, 1928

HUNTSBERRY, WILLIAM E(MERY). 1916-
Dangerous Harbour; see Harbor of the Little Boats
Harbor of the Little Boats. Rinehart, 1958. British title: Dangerous Harbour. Hammond, 1960
Oscar Mooney's Head. Holt, 1961. British title: Whose Head? Hammond, 1961
Whose Head?; see Oscar Mooney's Head

HUNVALD, HENRY
The Masterpiece of Nice Mr. Breen. World, 1972

HURD, DOUGLAS
Truth Game. Collins, 1972; St. Martin's, 1972

HURD, DOUGLAS and ANDREW OSMOND
Send Him Victorious. Macmillan, 1969
The Smile on the Face of the Tiger. Macmillan, 1969; Collins, 1969

HURD, FLORENCE
The Gorgon's Head. Macfadden,
The House on Trevor Street. Macfadden
Moorsend Manor. Manor, 1973
Possessed. Belmont
Seance for the Dead. Macfadden
The Secret of Canfield House. GM, 1966; Coronet, 1972
Tamarind. GM
Wade House, Signet, 1967
The Witches' Pond. Macfadden

HURLBURT, EDWARD H.
Lanagan, Amateur Detective. Sturgis, 1913

HURLEY, GENE
Have You Seen This Man? Bobbs, 1944

HURLEY, T. P.
The Avenging Eagle. Morris

HURRELL, F. G.
John Lillibud. Rich, 1934

HURST, EDWARD HARRY
Mystery Island. Page, 1907

HURST, NORMAN
The Ivory Queen. Milne, 1899

HURT, FREDA. 1911-
Acquainted with Murder. Hale, 1962
The Body at Busman's Hollow. Macdonald, 1959
A Cause for Malice. Hale, 1966
Cold and Unhonoured. Hale, 1964
Dangerous Visit. Hale, 1971
Dark Design. Hale, 1972
Death and the Bridegroom. Hale, 1963
Death and the Dark Daughter. Hale, 1967
Death by Bequest. Macdonald, 1960
Death in the Mist. Hale, 1969
Seven Year Secret. Hale, 1968
So Dark a Shadow. Hale, 1967
Sweet Death. Macdonald, 1961
A Witch at the Funeral. Hale, 1970

HURWOOD, BERNHARDT J.
Rip-Off. GM, 1972

HUSTON, H(OWARD) C(HAUNCEY)
The Blind Saw Murder. Macmillan, 1954; Hodder, 1955
With Murder for Some. Macmillan, 1953; Hodder, 1954

HUTCHINSON, HORACE (or HORATIO) GORDON. 1859-1932. Which of the following are not adult crime fiction?
Creatures of Circumstance. Longmans, 1891
The Crime and the Confessor. Murray, 1928
Crowborough Beacon. Smith Elder, 1903
The Eight of Diamonds: The Story of a Week-End. Hutchinson, 1914
Fairway Island. Cassell, 1892
The Fate of Osmund Brett. Hutchinson, 1924
The Foreign Secretary Who Vanished. Hutchinson, 1927
The Fortnightly Club. Murray, 1922
A Friend of Nelson. Longmans, 1902
Glencairly Castle. Smith Elder, 1904
The Greenwell's Glory Case. Hutchinson, 1924
The Lost Golfer. Murray, 1930
Mr. Punt of Chelsea. Murray, 1924
Murder in Monks' Wood. Murray, 1927
The Mystery of the Summer-House. Hutchinson, 1925; Doran, 1919
A Prideful Woman. Hutchinson, 1926
That Fiddler Fellow. Arnold, 1891
To Punish the Czar: A Story of the Crimea. Cassell, 1894
The Twins Murder Case. Murray, 1930
Two Moods of a Man. Smith Elder, 1905; Putnam, 1905
What Should a Man Do? Hutchinson, 1926
When Life Was New. Smith Elder, 1911

HUTCHINSON, ROBERT HARE. 1887- . Pseudonym: Robert Hare, q.v.
The Fourth Challenge. Hurst, 1932

HUTCHISON, GRAHAM SETON. 1890- . Pseudonym: Graham Seton, q.v.

HUTTEN, BETTINA VON. 1874- . See VON HUTTEN, BETTINA

HUTTON, J(OY) F(ERRIS)
Too Good to be True. Simon, 1948. British title: The Dolphin Mystery. Foulsham, 1949

HUXLEY, ALDOUS. 1894-1963.
Mortal Coils. Chatto, 1922; Doran, 1922. ss, including Huxley's famous and probably only crime story, The Gioconda Smile.

HUXLEY, ELSPETH. 1907- . Series character: Superintendent Vachell = V
The African Poison Murders; see Death of an Aryan
Death of an Aryan. Methuen, 1939. U.S. title: The African Poison Murders. Harper, 1940 V
The Incident at the Merry Hippo; see The Merry Hippo
A Man From Nowhere. Chatto, 1964; Morrow, 1964
The Merry Hippo. Chatto, 1963. U.S. title: The Incident at the Merry Hippo. Morrow, 1964
Murder at Government House. Methuen, 1937; Harper, 1937 V
Murder on Safari. Methuen, 1938; Harper, 1938 V

HYATT, BETTY HALE
Ivy Halls. Arcadia, 1966
The Vesper Bells. Arcadia, 1967

HYATT, STANLEY PORTAL. 1877-1914. Which of the following are not adult crime fiction?
Black Sheep. Laurie, 1909
The End of the Road. Appleton, 1909 (British title?)
Fallen Among Thieves. Laurie, 1913
The Land of Promises. Laurie, 1911
The Law of the Bolo. Laurie, 1910; Estes, 1910
The Makers of Mischief. Laurie, 1911
The Mammoth. Laurie, 1916
A Man from the Past. Laurie, 1915
Marcus Hay. Constable, 1907
The Markham Affair. Clode, 1925 (British title?)
The Marriage of Hilary Carden. Laurie, 1909
The Way of the Cardines. Laurie, 1913

HYDE, C.
Killer on the Line. Paxton, 1945

HYDE, D. HERBERT. Pseudonym of Derek Chambers
Dressed to Kill. Amalgamated, 1959 (Sexton Blake)

HYDE, THEODORE. Pseudonym
After the Execution. Eyre, 1934
Murder in Whitehall. Murray, 1942

HYDER, ALAN
Prelude to Blue Mountains. Kendall, 1936
Vampires Overhead. Allan

HYLAND, (HENRY) STANLEY. 1914-
Green Grow the Tresses-O. Gollancz, 1965; Bobbs, 1967
Top Bloody Secret. Gollancz, 1969; Bobbs, 1969
Who Goes Hang? Gollancz, 1958; Dodd, 1959

HYMERS, JOHN
Utter Death. Gifford, 1952

HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE
The Derelict. Lewis, 1901. (Contains 13 of the 17 stories appearing in Mr. Horrocks, Purser, including all but one of the 6 Mr. Horrocks stories—missing is "The Looting of the Specie-Room".)
The Escape Agents. Harrap, 1925
Honour of Thieves. Chatto, 1895
Man's Understanding. Ward, 1933 ss
Mr. Horrocks, Purser. Methuen, 1902 ss
Paradise Coal-Boat. Bowden, 1897 ss
The Recipe for Diamonds. Heinemann, 1894

HYTHE, GABRIEL. Pseudonym
Death of a Goblin. Macdonald, 1960
Death of a Puppet. Macdonald, 1959
Death of a Scapegoat. Macdonald, 1961

IAMS, JACK. 1910-
The Body Missed the Boat. Morrow, 1947; Rich, 1949
A Corpse of the Old School. Gollancz, 1955
Death Draws the Line. Morrow, 1949; Rich, 1951
Do Not Murder Before Christmas. Morrow, 1949
Girl Meets Body. Morrow, 1947; Rich, 1950
Into Thin Air. Morrow, 1952; Gollancz, 1953
A Shot of Murder. Morrow, 1950; Gollancz, 1952
What Rhymes with Murder? Morrow, 1950; Gollancz, 1951

IANNUZZI, NICHOLAS
Sicilian Defense. Baron, 1972

ILES, BERT. Pseudonym of Zola Helen Ross, 1912- , q.v. Other pseudonym: Helen Arre, q.v.
Murder in Mink. Arcadia, 1956

ILES, FRANCIS. Pseudonym of Anthony Berkeley Cox, 1893-1970, q.v. Other pseudonym: Anthony Berkeley, q.v.
As for the Woman. Jarrolds, 1939; Doubleday, 1939
Before the Fact. Gollancz, 1932; Doubleday, 1932 (Revised ed.: Pan, 1958.)
Malice Aforethought. Gollancz, 1931; Harper, 1931

IMBER, HUGH
The House of the Apricots. Heffer, 1934

IMBERT-TERRY, SIR HENRY. 1854-1938.
Acid. Skeffington, 1928
Clay. Skeffington, 1931
Doom. Skeffington, 1929
Nightshade. Skeffington, 1930
Weeds. Skeffington, 1933

INCHBALD, RALPH (These crime fiction?)
Colonel Paternoster. Hodder, 1951
The Five Inns. Hodder, 1952
September Story. Hodder, 1955

IND, ALLISON
The Sino-Variant. McKay, 1969

INGERSOL, JARED
The Beautiful Murder. Hale, 1970
Diamond Fingers. Hale, 1970
A Game Called Murder. Hale, 1969
The Golden Gloves. Hale, 1973
The Jade Eye. Hale, 1970
The Killer's Conscience. Hale, 1971
The Man Who Made Roubles. Hale, 1972
The Man Who Stole Heaven. Hale, 1971
The Money Murder. Hale, 1970
Night of the Crisis. Hale, 1968

The Non-Murder. Hale, 1972
A Rose Can Kill. Hale, 1969
The Steel Garrotte. Hale, 1970

INGHAM, DANIEL
Contract for Death. Hale, 1972

INGHAM, HENRY LLOYD
Bury Me Deep. Hammond, 1963

INGRAHAM, CAPT.
The Dancing Star. Donohue, ca.1897

INGRAM, ELEANOR MARIE. 1886-1921. Which of these are adult crime fiction?
The Flying Mercury. Bobbs, 1910
From the Car Behind. Lippincott, 1912
The Game and the Candle. Bobbs, 1909. British title: John Allard; or, The Game and the Candle. Laurie, 1912
John Allard; or, The Game and the Candle; see The Game and the Candle
A Man's Hearth. Lippincott, 1915
Stanton Wins. Bobbs, 1911
The Thing from the Lake. Lippincott, 1921
The Twice American. Lippincott, 1917
The Unafraid. Lippincott, 1913

INGRAM, GEORGE
Stir. Archer

INGRAM, (ARCHIBALD) KENNETH. 1882- .
The Ambart Trial. Quality, 1938
Death Comes at Night. Allan, 1933
"It is Expedient..." Bles, 1935 ?
Out of Darkness: A Drama of Flanders. Chatto, 1927; Stokes, 1928 ?
The Premier Tells the Truth. Quality, 1944 ?
Return of Yesterday. Quality, 1942 ?
The Steep Steps. Allan, 1931 ?
Storm in a Sanctuary. Benn, 1954 ?
The Window. Ouseley, 1922 ?

INMAN, H. ESCOTT
The Quest of Douglas Holmes. Warne, 1908

INMAN, ROBERT
The Torturer's Horse. Bobbs, 1965

INNES, (RALPH) HAMMOND. 1913- . Pseudonym: Ralph Hammond, q.v.
Air Bridge. Collins, 1951; Knopf, 1952
Air Disaster. Jenkins, 1937
All Roads Lead to Friday. Jenkins, 1939
The Angry Mountain. Collins, 1950; Harper, 1951
Atlantic Fury. Collins, 1962; Knopf, 1962
Attack Alarm. Collins, 1941; Macmillan, 1942
The Blue Ice. Collins, 1948; Harper, 1949
Campbell's Kingdom. Collins, 1952; Knopf, 1952
Dead and Alive. Collins, 1946
The Doomed Oasis. Collins, 1960; Knopf, 1960
The Doppelganger. Jenkins, 1936
Fire in the Snow; see The Lonely Skier
Gale Warning; see Maddon's Rock
The Golden Soak. Collins, 1973; Knopf, 1973
The Killer Mine. Collins, 1947; Harper, 1948. Also published as: Run by Night. Bantam, 1951
The Land God Gave to Cain. Collins, 1958; Knopf, 1958
Levkas Man. Collins, 1971; Knopf, 1971
The Lonely Skier. Collins, 1947. U.S. title: Fire in the Snow. Harper, 1947
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Appleby at Allington. Gollancz, 1968. U.S. title: Death by Water. Dodd, 1968
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IRISH, WILLIAM. Pseudonym of Cornell Woolrich, 1903-1968, q.v. Other pseudonym: George Hopley, q.v.
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And So to Death; see I Wouldn't Be in Your Shoes
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IRONSIDE, JOHN. Pseudonym of Euphemia Margaret Tait
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IRVING, ALEXANDER. Joint pseudonym of Ruth Fox and Anne Fahrenkopf
Bitter Ending. Dodd, 1946
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A Body Rolled Downstairs. Random, 1938; Heinemann, 1938
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The Social Buccaneer. Bobbs, 1910

ISLAY, NICHOLAS
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ISRAEL, CHARLES E.
The Hostages. Simon, 1966; Macmillan (London), 1966
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