# THE MEDICAL BULLETIN

Volume 6, Number 3 September 1980

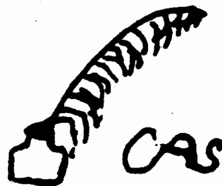

## FROM THE CHIEF SURGEON

by David Poole

By the time this issue of the Medical Bulletin goes to press we will have celebrated Dr. Watson's birthday with a pot luck dinner at Sally Kurtzman's home.

Please keep in mind that the next meeting of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients will be our **Annual Dinner**. We have tentatively scheduled the dinner, in honor of the Master's birthday, for Saturday, January 10, 1981 rather than his birthday, because the 6th falls on a Tuesday. More about this in the December Bulletin. Reserve the 10th for the dinner.

Many Patients attended the August 15 Open House celebrating the opening of Nancy Wynne's bookstore "Murder by the Book" (1224B W. Littleton Blvd., Littleton, CO 80120). Nancy, one of the co-founders of Dr. Watson's Neglected Patients, and her partner Shirley Beaird, will deal in both new and used mystery novels. Of course Sherlockiana will be carried.




## TRANSCRIBER'S TRIFLES

Watson would have loved it. What better way to celebrate his birthday than with wine, women and song, along with a fantastic pot luck supper. The setting, a secluded haven in the midst of Capitol Hill, was the home of Sally and Jim Kurtzman. Not only is there a sense of timelessness there, but some of the neighbors are disembodied.

It shall remain a secret who requested a reprise of "We're From Baker Street," a parody of the Monty Python lumberjack song, in tribute to the enduring Watson/Holmes friendship, which was first performed at the 1980 annual dinner. Jill Stone and friend "reluctantly" obliged. This was followed by a birthday toast, courtesy of Nancy Iona, and supper.

Among the 26 playful people, Vici Linden was smiling seraphically from the swaying hammock as Dan Daugherty, that wicket man, was beating people with a croquet mallet. Something for everyone.

A question frequently addressed to the Medical Board from out-of-town members is can we (DWNP) sell subscriptions to the Medical Bulletin, seperate from memberships.

This possibility has been investigated several times from different angles and the answer remains - no, for now. Our membership is not large enough to apply for non-profit status which would allow a bulk mailing permit. Our greatest expense is the Bulletin. Printing, which was once subsidized, is now a budget item, and postage costs, which have been cut by the elimination of manilla envelopes, were raised by the Postal Service.

There are virtually no other expenses which are charged to the treasury, as our membership events are self supporting. We have tried to keep costs down and to maintain a reasonable dues rate. As alternatives present themselves, we will review our status again.

Charlene Schnelker

MYSTERY FICTION MARKET

80-1235 Sec. 101

Do you enjoy reading spine-chilling novels? Would you like to create your own "whodunit?" This one-day workshop conducted by Nancy Wynne will feature distinguished speakers who are members of the Rocky Mountain chapter of the Mystery Writers of America. Benefit from the advice of such well-knowns as Rex Burns, Donald Hamilton, Tony Hillerman, Dorothy B. Hughes, Marlys Millhiser, Norma Schier and Richard Martin Stern. Included will be tips on the physical preparation of the manuscript and possible markets. Lunch served.

9:30 am-4:00 pm Sat. Oct 4; fee $45; Wynne; SpH 14

Nancy Blue Wynne, author of An Agatha Christie Chronology (Ace Books, 1976) was co-founder of the Colorado Sherlockian Society. She holds a degree from the University of Oklahoma, has had extensive teaching experience, and is an avid reader and collector of mysteries.

(University of Denver, Continuing Education, Noncredit Classes, Autumn 1980 Catalogue)

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**ADDRESS CORRECTION**

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Washington, DC 20007

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PUZZLE

PUZZLE by Roy Sparkes

ACROSS

1. Canine Peril
5. Myopic Revolutionary
6. Singleford's Horse
7. Mercer Was Second
9. The Hen's Pheasant's
11. The Source of the Warning
12. That Noble Mind is Most Deplorable.
13. The State of the Ship

DOWN

2. The Tiara's Jewel
3. Imperial Hiding Place
4. Morose Landlord
5. Piratical Embezzler
8. Quick Spreader in Hampstead
10. It Was Relieved by Greathed

(Answers on Page 10 )

# WHO SAYS CRIME DOESN'T PAY?

"Not I," replies the Detective Story Collector

Eric Quayle

In the halcyon pre-television days before World War II, now a fast fading memory, crime and detective novels were the staple literary diet of hundreds of thousands of ardent devotees who totally ignored almost every other class of reading matter. Yet despite the immense popularity of every aspect of detective fiction, it was a type of novel completely neglected by first edition book hunters. Knowledgeable bibliophiles considered them to be the poor relations of every other category of fiction, and very few collectors bothered to keep copies of even the best-known titles.

## "Pap for the Masses! Pooh!"

Detective fiction was not a fashionable field in which to collect in the 1930s, despite the famous names associated with it in the past. The current theory seemed to be that such novels merely formed a cheap style of literary entertainment for the semi-literate masses. The fact that they were regarded as lacking in any enduring qualities of literary craftmanship made it seem inconceivable that works of detective fiction would ever be accorded a niche in the annals of English literature. So why waste time and money on such ephemera! Titles were being churned out by the thousand every year--and who but an idiot ever bothers to collect such commonplace?

Such was the current theory, and students of English literature and collectors of the novel and its kindred arts left all but a handful of detective titles severely alone. A few farsighted individuals in the U.S.A. and Britain had made their own assessments of future trends, and were already quietly salting away fine copies of some of the best-known titles of the genre. But they were the exception, men prepared to plough a fresh bibliographical furrow, and their activities had little if any, effect on the attitude of their fellow collectors. Few were prepared to sacrifice valuable shelf-space to house a representative cross-section of works of detective fiction, although even in those days there were authors famous in other spheres of literary endeavor whose every title was acorded an honored place. The works of Edgar Allan Poe, known even then as "The Father of the Detective Story," were eagerly sought by collectors on both sides of the Atlantic, and took their place beside copies of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (1892), and its companion volume, The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes (1894).

These two books by Sir Arthur Canan Doyle (1859-1930), acquired in those days only if in pristine state and mint condition, still form the cornerstones of any worthwhile collection of detective fiction. But in the interwar years, it was the fate of most of the rest of the talent to lie undisturbed at the bottom of the bargain boxes that appeared each fine day outside the windows of antiquarian and secondhand booksellers' premises. Pick where you like--ten cents a volume! For the price of a few dollars any collector with the squirrel instinct could have filled a whole wall of shelving with first editions of nineteenth and early twentieth-century crime and detective novels. Clothed in resplendent pictorial-cloth bindings, with titles dating from the mid 1870s to the 1920s they would have formed a library of early whodunits to gladden the heart of any specialist bibliophile. But with Victorian and Edwardian minor fiction almost totally disregarded, collectors were spoilt for choice. Very few indeed took advantage of what today, gifted with hindsight, we know to be mouth-watering opportunities to amass a library of popular, and often extremely well written novels that would now be worth tens of thousands of dollars. Let me give you some indication of the change in popular esteem amongst American and British collectors with regard to works once so neglected that no self-respecting bookseller

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would have allowed even the best of them shelf-space.

My collection here in my isolated home in Cornwall, England, will act as our guide, for the several thousand detective novels spanning well over a hundred years of writing, have all been acquired during the last decade. The opportunities are still there if one knows where to look.

It was this background of hard-won titles that allowed me to write and illustrate The Collector's Book of Detective Fiction (Studio Vista, London), a book which provoked sufficient correspondence to prove that there are a surprisingly large number of avid readers and collectors still on the scent originally laid down by Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Father of the Detective Story"

By the very nature of events, there could be no writers of detective fiction until the nineteenth century was well advanced -- until there were real life detectives there could be no detective stories. Soon, however, after the formation of Sir Robert Peel's first police force in 1829, immortalized as the famous London "Bobbies" or "Peelers" after their founder, writers began to take an interest. Stories featuring a member of the constabulary playing the hero's part were late to develop, but by the time the first plain-clothes detectives were self-consciously buttoning civilian overcoats over their dark blue police trousers and highly polished regulation boots, policemen had been pressed into service in the pages of romantic novels.

In the meantime, Poe had written the short story that ultimately earned for him the title of the Father of the genre. The Murders in the Rue Morgue (entitled in the original draft of the manuscript, The Murders in the Rue Trianon Bas), first appeared in print in the April 1841 issue of Graham's Magazine, an obscure New York publication which Poe edited until his excessive drinking finally caused his dismissal in the following year. This story marks the appearance of the first fictional detective story, and the introduction of the eccentric and impecunious Auguste Dupin as the investigator of the crime gave the world the first fictional detective. Librarians or private collectors lucky enough to have a copy of the April 1841 issue of Graham's Magazine on their shelves would be well advised to safeguard the ephemeral paper-backed publication under lock and key. The last copy to appear at auction, dog-eared and tattered and lacking one of its outer covers, was finally knocked down to a triumphant private bidder for $18,000.

All Poe's first editions are now extremely difficult and expensive to acquire. His name, quite rightly, stands high in the list of authors whose talents have nobly enriched the sum total of human endeavor--and in more than one sphere of literature. The collector of moderate means may well have to be content with a copy of his first collected series of stories. These were issued under the simple title of Tales, 1845, by Wiley & Putnam, New York, and contained The Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Mystery of Marie Roget, and The Purloined Letter. Even this little booklet of detective fiction will most probably cost well in excess of $1,000, if complete with its half-title and advertisement leaves. The most sought-after copies are those still in their original publisher's cloth bindings; examples rebound in leather or other material are not prized so highly.

The most one is likely to find in the average collection of detective fiction would be an early reprint of Poe's Tales of Mystery and Imagination. The few copies of his first editions that come on the market are usually snapped up by the large institutional libraries and universities where they are available for examination by literary historians and students of nineteenth century American poetry and fiction. And that is as it should be. For there are plenty of other quarries that the serious-minded collector can stalk, without depleting his bank balance to an extent that makes further acquisitions to his shelves impossible for several years.

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## Le Roman Policier--from Féval to Dickens

After the Edgar Allan Poe stories, which marked the beginning of a new and exciting style of fiction, the next step forward came with the evolution of the roman policier in France. One of the earliest to experiment in the new medium was Paul Féval (1817-87), who included detective episodes in Les Mystères de Londres, 1844. But Monsieur Lecoq, detective par excellence, was the creation of Emile Gaboriau (1835-73). The author endowed his hero with intellectual powers of deduction previously unknown in the pages of fiction. He was the first to use logical deduction in evaluating clues left behind by the criminal, and the first to bring the art of scientific analysis to his aid in solving crimes. In such works as Monsieur Lecoq, 2 vols., 1887; The Widow Lerouge, 1887; File No. 113, 1887; and The Mystery of Orcival, 1901 (quoted here in their first English editions) he set a style which other writers were quick to copy. Le Crime D'Orcival, 1868, is acklowledged to be Gaboriau's best novel in a long line of similar creations, and is a "high-spot" sought after as much by collectors in the English-speaking world as by those in his native France.

The tales written by Poe could be classed as short stories only, and the distinction of having written the first full-length "modern" crime story in which detection plays an important rôle must go to a Scotsman. Angus Bethune Reach (1821-56) attended Edinburgh University before taking the high road that led to London and a golden future in English society. His hopes of early success were soon dashed, and he took a post with the Morning Chronicle, where he was promoted within a few months to the post of crime reporter at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey. He soon became intimately acquainted with many of the leading members of the newly formed detective police force, and also with the methods used by the criminal fraternity in the early days of Victoria's reign.

Reach put this knowledge to good use when he published Clement Lorimer; or The Book with the Iron Clasps, 1849, a work illustrated with a series of vigorous copper-plate engravings by the famous George Cruikshank. It was in this work that detectives were, for the first time, described as, "the sleuth-hounds of the law", a phrase eagerly seized upon by Conan Doyle and dozens of writers who came later. Copies of Clement Lorimer, originally issued at seventy cents, now change hands at up to $200, and are likely to appreciate sharply in value in the coming years. Yet only five years ago, before the discovery of the book's importance as the earliest full-length tale of crime and detection, a lucky collector could have picked up examples in good condition for less than $10, despite the natural draw of its Cruikshank illustrations.

Detective fiction was soon attracting the attention of writers whose world-famous names ensured the immediate success of almost everything they wrote. Chief among these was undoubtedly Charles Dickens, whose interest in those intrepid precursors of the police force, the Bow Street Runners, dated from as far back as the 1830s. He was the first novelist to portray the British police in a sympathetic light, and had been fascinated by their exploits from the time of his early youth. They appear in many of his later novels--Great Expectations, Our Mutual Friend, and especially in Bleak House. This latter work first appeared between 1852 and 1853 in a series of twenty paper-wrappered monthly parts before being issues in one-volume form. Dickens went to considerable trouble to construct an important part of the plot in the form of a detective story, and the first police detective to be cast in the part of a hero in the pages of fiction makes his bow in this book. The ubiquitous Inspector Bucket here makes his reiterated challenge to friend and foe: "I am Inspector Bucket of the Detective, I am!" before striding off to make yet another arrest.

But it was not until after his second visit to the U.S.A. in 1867-68 that Dickens commenced work on what proved to be his final book, and his most ambitious at-

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tempt to write a gripping detective thriller. The Mystery of Edwin Drood, 1870, was never finished, the author's sudden death in June of that year resulting in the manuscript ending abruptly at what would have been the halfway mark. A tantalizing situation had arisen which left his readers poised in mid-story. Had Edwin Drood really been murdered? And who was Dick Datchery, the heavily disguised figure who settled in Cloisterham after the hero's disappearance and began ferreting out information about the opium-smoking John Jasper? No one will ever know for sure; but there was no lack of volunteers in the years immediately after the author's death, and at frequent intervals ever since, each attempting to supply a solution to the unsolved mysteries in the book Charles Dickens left unfinished.

"Number 221b, Baker Street"

Before shifting the focus of attention nearly a quarter of a century ahead to the era of the hansom cab and the tweed-clad figure of the immortal Sherlock Holmes, let's spare a passing glance for The Moonstone, 3 vols., 1868 by the London writer Wilkie Collins. It was a work which exerted an immense influence on later writers in the same field, and was described by T.S.Eliot as "the first, the longest, and the best of detective novels." Although one may quarrel with his first two definitions, there are few who would not accord The Moonstone a place in the top ten list of detective titles.

It was a book which certainly influenced Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1857-1930); but he could have had little if any idea that the figure he first created in a short story printed in Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1887, would one day take on a life of its own and be regarded as a living, breathing entity by thousands of devotees the world over. It was in this obscure magazine that Sherlock Holmes first made his bow, in a story Doyle had the utmost difficulty in selling to any London publishing house. A Study in Scarlet, if found today in its original format in Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1887, would be eagerly snapped up by any one of a score of well known collectors of detective fiction at any price up to $5,000. Conan Doyle received the paltry sum of $65 for the story; but who in the 1970s, can say that crime doesn't pay!

Sherlock Holmes first appearance created little stir, despite his reappearance in the same story as a book in hard covers the following year. It was not until Doyle commenced a series of Sherlock Holmes adventure stories in the pages of The Strand Magazine in July 1891, that the British public sat up and took interest. A Scandal in Bohemia was soon followed by The Red-Headed League and then A Case of Identity. Every month a new story appeared, and by the time The Boscombe Valley Mystery had given way to The Man With the Twisted Lip the circulation figures of the magazine had rocketed to such an extent that the editor was pleading with Conan Doyle to name his own price for continuing the series.

In all, a total of twenty-four Sherlock Holmes adventure stories made their appearance in the pages of The Strand Magazine, these later being published in two volumes, Adventures and Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. In fine condition this pair of tall octavos would now command at least $500 at auction, yet ten years ago I was asked for (and promptly paid) only the equivalent of $35 in sterling.

"You beast!" She Wrote

It was the last story in the series, The Adventure of the Final Problem, that caused a furious outcry from thousands of readers who had been avidly following every move of their hero, and had even queued for hours ourside the offices of The Strand Magazine in London in order to obtain copies of the latest issue fresh from the press. In this story, Holmes' faithful friend, Dr. Watson, sadly related the events leading to his companion's fatal meeting with his archenemy Professor Moriarty, an encounter which culminated in a death-grapple on a narrow ledge overlooking a sheer drop of several hundred feet into the pool below the

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precipitous Reichenbach Falls. Watson's final words to his readers were explicit: "An examination by experts leaves little doubt that a personal contest between the two men ended, as it could hardly fail to end in such a situation, in their reeling over, locked in each other's arms. Any attempt at recovering the bodies was absolutely hopeless, and there, deep down in that dreadful cauldron of swirling water and seething foam, will lie for all time the most dangerous criminal and the foremost champion of the law of their generation."

Not only The Strand Magazine, but the author himself were deluged in an avalanche of almost hysterical letters of protest from grief-stricken readers. Clerks in London offices took to wearing black armbands as a sign of mourning, and several letters Conan Doyle received were very abusive. One, from a young lady in her late teens, started with the words "You beast!"

The clamor did not entirely die down until Conan Doyle promised to resurrect his hero, and The Hound of the Baskervilles, 1902, The Return of Sherlock Holmes, 1905, and His Last Bow, 1917, did something to mollify the tens of thousands of followers of the immortals of Baker Street. The great detective's consulting rooms at Number 221b, Baker Street, Marylebone, where fearful and distracted clients brought their problems to be solved by the master, and where their stories were preserved for an eager posterity by his stubbornly faithful friend and chronicler, Dr. Watson, have been known and visited in the mind's eye for nearly a hundred years by readers throughout the world. Some years ago the local borough council decided to hold a Sherlock Holmes exhibition in order "to honor our most distinguished resident". And, to the unbounded delight of enthusiasts from all parts of the world, "Number 221b Baker Street" was restored to its original form as conceived by Conan Doyle. There, to this day, the personality of the great detective lives on; his consulting room is now as he left it on the day of the fatal trip in which he encountered his implacable enemy Professor Moriarty face to face on the ledge above the Reichenbach Falls. Everything is still as he and Watson would have remembered it--"his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very center of his wooden mantlepiece". There, too, are the well known insignia of his gentlemanly profession--his silk dressing gown, his Inverness cape, and the inevitable deerstalker cap. On the table are his newspapers, dated April 1891, his magnifying glass, and one of his curly-stemmed briars. The notes, in his hand, that helped to solve some of his most baffling cases lie in a drawer of his desk, and the beloved companion of his leisure hours, his Stradivarius violin, lies silent in its velvet-lined case. To those who visit the shrine, Sherlock Holmes still seems very much alive.

Things were never to be quite the same again in the world of detective fiction. The public appetite had been whetted to a degree that had publishers clamoring for stories of crime and detection from authors whose literary talents varied as widely as the plots they created.

## Two Criminal Ladies--Anna Katharine Green and Agatha Christie

In the U.S.A., the first of the lady sleuths had already earned the feminine equivalent of her compatriot Edgar Allan Poe's unasked-for title. To Mrs. Anna Rohlfs (1846-1935) went the family honors of "Mother of the Detective Story". Born Anna Katherine Green, which was the name she always used as an authoress, she grew up in Brooklyn, New York. Her father was a well-known criminal lawyer and this was the only reason she was able to give, in later years as an explanation of her unprecedented invasion of the masculine field of detective fiction. With her first attempt she achieved a remarkable success, and gave the world a book that has been in print ever since. It was a work which was to exercise a considerable influence on the whole field of detective fiction for many years to come. The Leavenworth Case, 1878, subtitled A Lawyer's Story, ensured the reader's attention from the opening chapter,

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and the atmosphere of the story is so timeless that only the candlelit rooms and the hissing gas chandeliers give a clue to its date.

From the point when the news of the murder of Mr. Leavenworth is hurried to his lawyer, Everett Raymond, who relates the story, the excitement steadily increases, with "one of our city detectives, a portly, comfortable personage..." beavering away at the none-too-obvious clues that finally lead to the unmasking of the guilty party. All the ingredients beloved by later writers are introduced: the rich and kindly old dignitary, struck down just as he is about to make out a new will; the silent-footed butler; the body stretched prone in the library; the ballistics expert (a most daring touch, this!); and the coroner's inquest with its detailed medical evidence. The British Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin was captivated by the work, describing it as "one of the best detective stories ever written". Sales more than quadrupled in England within days of the press reporting that remark.

Anna Katharine Green's first edition can still be found in secondhand book shops in the U.S.A. at a few dollars apiece to the envy of collectors on this side of the Atlantic who have to be content with her first English editions. The Mill Mystery, 1886; Behind Closed Doors, 1888; The Old Stone House, 1891; A Difficult Problem, 1900; and A Circular Study, 1900 are amongst the best of her later works. Her married life was spent in Buffalo, where she died in her ninetieth year, forgotten by all but a handful of faithful friends. The crime novels of the 1930s made her gentlemanly murders seem like lavender water dabbed on fine cambric, against their rough-cut images of splintered glass reeking of blood-soaked Bourbon. But even these toughened literary gangsters owed a debt to the feminine pioneer of forty or more titles in a field that, until her intervention, had been an exclusively male preserve.

Her last book, The Step on the Stair, was published in 1923, at the beginning of a period designated as the second Golden Age of detective fiction. The first Golden Age had been ushered in by Sherlock Holmes and had continued until almost the outbreak of World War I. Titles dated during the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth can still be discovered in first edition form for as little as $5 apiece, although those written by well known names have recently started to advance steeply in price.

My own collection of the British writer, Agatha Christie,* born 1891 and still writing at least one full-length book a year, is almost complete. So far, a copy of the first edition of her earliest work has eluded a most careful search, due to the fact that The Mysterious Affair at Styles, 1920, was issued under the New York imprint of John Lane, and few crossed the Atlantic to Britain. It was in this book that her most inspired creation, the little Belgian detective with the sharply waxed moustaches was introduced to her readers as M. Hercule Poirot. With the aid of his "little grey cells", he has been instrumental in solving countless mysteries ever since.

But the title which ultimately brought Agatha Christie international renown and set the seal on her career as a writer of detective fiction was The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, 1926. It was a brilliantly written novel, a tour de force in the widest sense, and caused a sensation among reviewers and the public alike. The final revelation of the true identity of the murderer provoked an outcry which turned into the most violent and long-lasting debate in the history of detective fiction. The device to throw her readers off the scent was, according to the unwritten rules governing the art, perfectly legitimate and has been borrowed and used by several lesser names at intervals ever since. It turned the story into a best-selling novel and brought its writer fame and, with her other books and plays, a very large fortune.

Today, the era of the Great Detective seems over, killed by the press-button crime novel and the sweeping popularity of the modern style of death-dealing by computer-

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The Uncollected Cases of Solar Pons # 11
by Basil Copper, Los Angeles,
Pinnacle Books, Inc. 1980, 209 pp.
paperback. $1.95.

Solar Pons did not die when poor ol' Mr. Fairlie did, but it might have been just as well if he had. August Derleth s series of pastiches was entertaining, fast-moving (until Mr. Fairlie's Final Journey, which should have been a story rather than a "novel") and very well plotted - often better plotted than the Canon it followed. And, while Solar Pons bore a striking resemblance to you-know-who, his more modern millieu and certain personal peculiarities (why was he always tugging on that one ear?) provided his readers with more varietv, not to mention less chronological debate than a series about Holmes himself could, at that point, have done. An imitation Holmes need not be second-rate, if done with skill and toungue-in-cheek (that twinkle in Pons' eyes was in his author's

But Derleth went the way of Mr. Fairlie, and the market for the stories yet remains, which brings us to The Uncollected Cases. I suppose that its predecessors (The Dossier, The Further Adventures, and The Secret Files, numbers eight, nine and ten, respectively), might have been worthy of Derleth, I don't know. This book certainly isn't. "The Adventure of the Singular Sandwich" is rather clever, but the others are not. There are only four stories, all of them padded with prolonged conversations and descriptions so that the four will make a book.

The last story, "The adventure of the Frightened Governess," is so obviously a rip-off of "The Copper Beeches" as to make a true fan sneer. These "uncollected cases" might better have remained so; Basil Coppers' Pons is second-rate. (I swear his eyes were even the wrong color someplace early on, but I'm not willing to reread enough to prove it.)

Derleth's Canon- as many stories as in Conan Doyle's, and good ones full of little in-jokes - was a remarkable accomplishment. from a man of many such accomplishments. Basil Copper has written some excellent fiction; I'd like to see him get back to it. The Master of Praed Street could, from his beginning, stand on his own, and should be allowed to continue to do so.

Reviewed by J I L L  S T O N E

SPARKES PUZZLE answers

| Across: | | Down: | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Hound | 2. | Opal |
| 5. | Anna | 3. | Napoleon |
| 6. | Rasper | 4. | Hayes |
| 7. | Mate | 5. | Armitage |
| 9. | Life | 8. | Alarm |
| 11. | Orange | 10. | Agra |
| 12. | Ruin | | |
| 13. | Texas | | |

(Who Says , continued from p. 8)

ized gadgets. These were epitomized by Ian Fleming (1908-64), in his series of James Bond novels. Yet even the insatiable Mr. Bond, fresh from bedding one of the many partly tamed and startlingly beautiful young women he leanly devours before dispatching yet another giant thug, owes a debt to the old-timers. The name which sends a thrill of fear and expectancy through the bazaars of Bangkok and the rat infested cellars of Shanghai once graced a gentle handed sleuth in an Agatha Christie novel some twenty years before Bond was even born. In The Rajah's Emerald, one of a collection of short stories in her book The Listerdale Mystery, 1934, the detective in charge of the case bore the then unknown name of "James Bond". Who could have inagined he would have turned out as he did!

* Agatha Christie died January 12, 1976. She was the author of 80 books.

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