

tablets. Veteran voyagers say don't look at the horizon, don't wear high heels, don't smell perfume, paint, or smoke, don't take aspirin, don't drink orange juice, don't eat bon voyage candy, and don't eat anything but an egg, dry bread, and weak tea for two days before you board ship. The classic remedy which wags prescribe for Scotchmen is that they hold a sixpence between the teeth when leaning over the rail. Horace, the Latin poet, asked for dry wine in huge cups "to stay my rising qualms of seasickness."

Sick travelers have even been induced to find solace in the fact that seasickness also bothered Caesar's soldiers, Lord Nelson, and Ulysses, who became shipwrecked so often, say the early Latin philosophers, simply because he always became violently ill on the water. Then there was the hardy captain of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, of whom Gilbert wrote,

"And I'm never, never sick at sea."

"What, never?"

"No, never!"

"What, never?"

"Well, hardly ever."

During World War I soldiers embarked for France with their ears stuffed with cotton wool. A European monarch had his bedroom on his yacht built on a cardanic suspension, but he got sick anyway. Engineers talked of gyroscopic easy chairs, an old sea captain invented a gadget called the "soundsleepmask," a sure cure, and in 1936 a doctor wrote a whole book on the subject entitled "Why Bring That Up?"

To all this Dr. Gay says, "Take a half-tablet of dramamine as the boat leaves the harbor, and a half-tablet every four to six hours. Live a normal life, eat everything, and do as you please." Dramamine works on airsickness, car-sickness, roller-coaster sickness, and even just plain dizziness, none of which Gay believes is mental. "It has been scientifically established that motion sickness is not based on psychic phenomena. It is poor equilibrium, the manifestation of man's inability to balance himself." Motion sickness has definitely been traced to the fluid in the semi-circular canals of the ears. Deaf mutes do not get seasick. In some way, as yet unknown to Gay and Carliner, dramamine affects the liquid in the semi-circular canal, either stabilizing the

Parlograms

Original parlograms submitted by readers are printed in this issue in the LETTERS TO THE EDITOR columns, pages 28 and 29.



Bali, Hi!

THE South Pacific, which has come in for heavy treatment since our wartime preoccupation with it, was never more gently handled than it has been here* by Robert Gibbings of Killarney. He sings a soft personal narrative of the sail through the Fijis, to Samoa, Cook Island, and Tahiti, decorating his own prose with clear, sharp, realistic wood-cuts. Children are named in his honor in Samoa, and in Tahiti he moves into "The House That Waits for Robert" eighteen years after it was offered to him by James Norman Hall. There are pearl divers in the South Pacific who can signal the approach of a shark by a mooing grunt, and there are men who fish by throwing their spears in the face of oncoming waves. In Polynesia a child born about the same time its father dies is given a name reminiscent of the father or his last illness. The custom accounts for the name of some of Mr. Gibbings's friends, Sory-for-sin, Hate-evill, not to mention Aaron-too-late, born of a seventy-eight-year-old father. Mr. Gibbings's Pacific, I dare say, is no less appealing than the one created by Rodgers, Hammerstein, Logan, and Michener—H.S.

*OVER THE REEF AND FAR AWAY, by Robert Gibbings. Dutton. \$3.50.



content or controlling the pressure.

Daily, now, Gay's mailbox is stuffed with communications pouring in from all over the world. He has had inquiries from the Surgeon General of the Swedish Navy, from the Royal Air Force, from occupied Germany, and from a lighthouse keeper who gets sick every time he rows his boat to shore to pick up provisions. A consultant for the Air Force flew up from the South recently on a trip so rough he thought sure the plane would crack up. He swallowed dramamine and managed to eat his lunch while a woman in the adjoining seat became airsick. The consultant gave the woman some pills, and when the plane landed later at Philadelphia she was seen standing by the gate munching the last of three chocolate bars.

Gay, who will realize fame but no money from his discovery, regrets that dramamine wasn't developed during World War II. Even the most up-to-date seasick remedy used before dramamine had a depressing effect on patients, producing hallucinations, excitement, and mental cloudiness often worse than seasickness itself. Recalling the hurricane in the English Channel which delayed invasion boats of the 83rd Division nearly four days, General Eisenhower, in "Crusade in Europe," says, "I visited the men of that division the day they finally got ashore, and found a number of them still seasick, and temporarily exhausted." On merchant ships subject to sudden torpedoing red-letter signs were hung on the bunks of ailing men which read, "THIS MAN IS SEASICK, HE IS NOT SLEEPING." "It is my guess," says Gay, "that many men lost

their lives because they couldn't make it to a lifeboat." Even now he gets surreptitious letters from career Navy men who confide they have been seasick all their lives. Wrote an embarrassed major-general who was cured by the drug, recently, "I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, or I should say, the bottom of my stomach."

Many of Gay's patients who never traveled long distances before are setting off now for points all over the globe. "I'm shipping them abroad by the dozens," he says, "and they are going without batting an eye." He thinks the effect of the discovery of a positive cure for seasickness on travel will be tremendous, but he isn't too sure how many friends it will make for him in the travel business. "One thing it's going to do for shipping," says Dr. Gay, "it's a cinch to push the food bill way up."

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CITIES, edited by Ray West, Jr. Norton. \$4. Since we have been writing the history of America using as a vehicle its rivers and its mountains, why not its cities? Seven so-called Rocky Mountain cities have been treated by as many authors who have reported here on the social customs, the social inequities, the politics, the newspapers, the local bigotries of the once wild West. Between Reno, which begins the book, and Denver, which ends it, you'll find, among the authors, Duncan Aikman, Dale L. Morgan, and Erna Fergusson.

One of the frankest of the pieces is June Caldwell's essay on Tucson, the city with a hundred-dollar-a-month mayor. Tucson shops, which hang "Aqui Se Habla Español" signs, also frequently exhibit placards reading, "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone," meaning, of course, Negroes. Tucson's seventeen-million-dollar-a-year tourist industry, says Mrs. Caldwell, wife of Erskine, is "mainly intended to attract the healthy, wealthy, and gentle." "Healthy" means no contagious diseases such as tuberculosis. Those suffering from sinus, asthma, and rheumatic diseases, who otherwise qualify, are hospitably accepted.

THE BLACK HILLS, by Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5. Casey's at the bat again, this time with a book

about the Bad Lands, the hills of Wyoming and South Dakota. Bob Casey knows interesting people, and extracts interesting stories. Meet Corb Morse, a Dakotan who drew the cream of Broadway and Washington to his Rapid City ranch house. Listen to the report of Cal Coolidge's vacation when old, tame, liver-fed hatchery fish were released just for the President's hook. He caught the fish and never caught on. But the Black Hills became known as trout-fishing grounds. Gutzon Borglum carved the faces of four Presidents out of Black Hills granite, and at Spearfish the Passion Play of Oberammergau has found a new home. There is record of the death of the uncompromising Sitting Bull, and the massacre of the Sioux. They lived in the Black Hills, too.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CASE OF THE CAUTIOUS COQUETTE Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow: \$2.50)	California hit-and-run case promptly places Perry Mason, Paul Drake, et al., in midst of super-puzzling murder mess.	One of most intricately plotted of Mason's cases, complete with gold-digging gals, vengeful hubbies, rich reprobates, and copious action.	Real baffler
MURDER AT DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE E. Lee Waddell (Dutton: \$2.50)	Reports of perversion at Calif. boys' school followed by murder of old school retainer (fem.). Sleuth-minded student really solves it.	Despite some unpleasant overtones, tale has merit as character study of various teachers, boys, parents, and others. Mystery fairly transparent.	Slightly off-the-trail
THE CASE OF THE JOURNEYING BOY Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	English problem child, son of famous scientist, tracked from Britain to wild Eire with murderous intent. Inspector Cadover takes over.	Author, chucking aside fantasy of recent Appleby yarns, presents straight suspense tale with plot, climax, and conclusion that raise hackles.	Complete joy
DEADLY DUO Margery Allingham (Crime Club: \$2.25)	Brace of novelettes dealing with poisonings in English homes, solved handily by two unobtrusive but interesting sleuths.	First one is a five-finger exercise; opus two, about elderly and malevolent French actress has plenty on the ball.	Diverting
FAMILY SKELETON Doris Miles Disney (Crime Club: \$2.50)	Cantankerous New England uncle accidentally slain by wrathful nephew. Clan conceal body safely . . . but uncle, unbeknownst, had insurance!	Satisfactorily sinuous, gruesome, and wryly amusing tale of family who produced various missing bodies—and of insurance sleuth who watched them.	Good fun!
DATE WITH DEATH Leslie Ford (Scribner's: \$2.50)	Murder in Annapolis involves midshipmen, perceptive local doctor, garrulous women, and blunt Police Sergeant Digges.	Yarn spun with typical Ford finesse, keen character work, pleasant romantic interludes, and puzzling plot that jells at last possible moment.	Good

Always ask for
MORROW
mysteries
at your bookstore

by Erle Stanley
Gardner

The Case of the
**CAUTIOUS
COQUETTE**

a new
PERRY MASON story

To catch a hit-and-run driver, Mason set a trap—and baited it with dollars. Up scampered a cute little mouse—about five feet tall with gay, mocking eyes and wheat-colored hair. Then bang!—the trap snapped shut—and Perry found that he himself was caught . . . implicated in a diabolical murder.

MORROW

A Corpse in Diplomacy

by MIRIAM BORGENICHT

Delightfully wacky! Kate wasn't the first woman to have a man under her bed, but this man was dead! Tobey loved Kate, and no matter how many men she had under her bed, she was innocent he knew—he hoped—he prayed.

MILL-MORROW

