

Monday was our fifth anniversary, and Tuesday Andy completed his first year with Upjohn. He continues to do very well. I have now met several other of the detail men and I can see (above and beyond my prejudice in Andy's favor) that his education and his general make-up suit him to this job to a far better extent than they. (The construction of that sentence is horrible! but I hope you will let it pass.) What I'm trying to say is that high-pressure tactics don't begin to get the secrets in this field that honest technical discussion of the product's merits yield. This is a city over-run by high-pressure efforts and, with Andy's refreshing approach the doctor is free of the pressure to listen and discuss the use and effects of the product with an open mind. I don't intend to attribute it all to his personal qualifications. The education is what really does the job. He is one of those rare and fortunate persons who seems to have had exactly the right courses in school to equip him. And I believe my father has given him his sales and merchandising tactics. Dad is really an expert of the old straight-forward, "make-the-customer-want-it" school — lives it, preaches it, has written endlessly about it, made a full-length movie and several slide films on it. Since we have lived here we have seen a lot of Dad and he and Andy have gotten thick as thieves — in fact, sometimes my nose is out of joint when they include me out of their discussions! At any rate, Andy is doing very very well in spite of the fact that business is still off pretty badly here in the East. The doctor's offices are relatively empty but the clinics are jammed to the doors. Unemployment, particularly in Harlem, is startlingly large. How is it in Lawrence?

We were thinking of Lawrence in particular a couple of weeks ago when Maxine Dunkelberg (what a name!) had a house-warming party. She and two other girls have just gotten a lovely apartment and invited all their friends in to celebrate. There must have been fifty people there — but most of Maxine's friends were from K. U. so we had a real reunion in one corner. There was Marshall Butler, a pianist who remembered