Grandma Liked The Subway

My first visit to New York was under Grandma's capable, energetic auspices. Thanks largely to her, it remains my most memorable exposure to the charms of the metropolis, a town with which I have long been on intimate terms.

Our intensive inspection of Gotham—the nickname favored by the local paper—was made at the invitation of my aunt and uncle during a summer vacation. Their letter suggesting the sojourn had been delightfully indefinite: "Stay as long as you can." I asked Grandma how long that meant.

"Oh," she replied casually, "maybe a week, maybe two or three. Depends on how we like it down there. . . . You may get homesick," she chuckled.

Well, I couldn't imagine so unusual a situation, and decided to base my preparations on the assumption that we might stay a very long time—all our lives, perhaps. I started a list of things to take, giving high priority to the items indispensible to a boy's standard of living. When I showed Grandma the inventory she read it carefully and smiled.

"Ball and glove," she said thoughtfully. "Now I'm not sure you'll need 'em. Boys in New York don't have much room to play ball, I guess."

That was strange. But even stranger was Grandma's suggestion that marbles might not be useful equipment, either. After all, they had sidewalks in New York, didn't they? Yes, but probably there wasn't any room on them.

She also firmly ruled out fishing tackle, assuring me we'd be miles from water and that the only fish I'd see would be in the Aquarium. When she explained what that was, I decided it sounded even more interesting than my favorite picatorial haunt, Quinn Creek, although perhaps I could not exercise my angling skill in so choice a location.

We travelled to New York by train. It was my first important excursion into the world beyond our Mohawk Valley, and the exciting hours it took were the longest I had ever experienced. Despite the new scenes that filed past the car window — Albany, the Hudson, and the Catskills, a couple of great bridges, the Highlands, the Palisades, West Point —I impatiently awaited my first glimpse of the City. Of course we eased into it, and I remember being disappointed when I asked Grandma how soon we'd be there and was told we were there. New York, I decided, differed little from Plougkeepsie or other communities en route; there was just more of it.

My aunt and uncle lived in the East Bronx, a rather vague location, half rural, half metropolitan, with residual trees, a miscellany of business buildings and scattered apartment houses with the bloom of masonry still on their walls, writes John L. Cooley in the Christian Science Monitor.

Our relatives' residence was a five-story mass of brick and glass; quite the largest house I had ever entered, and the most glamorous, too. The hall—I was told to call it a lobby—had marble pillars, a mosaic floor like that in the chancel of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church at home, and marble stairs. As you went in you faced a huge mirror; in front of it a table supported two stiff, undernourished palms that stared at themselves in the glass; what they saw was not particularly complimentary to their genus, I am sure. I could only compare this room to the picture of a palace in my edition of Arabian Nights.

It will be impossible, of course, to recount the adventures Grandma and I had during our month in New York; many of the memories are now blended with subsequent impressions. But let me assure you that I recall visiting with my aunt as guide and Grandma an eager companion, such major attractions as the Bronx Park Zoo, the Great White Way, the "wax works," Brooklyn Bridge, the Flatiron Building, and those centres of mercantile grandeur, Fourteenth Street and Twenty-third Street. Yes, we saw the Aquarium and the Statue of Liberty, too. If we skipped places of more artistic interest, the fault was mine. As a matter of record, I was offered a glimpse of New York's old masters, but traded the chance for a bonus call on the fish.

But the subway, I think, contributed our biggest thrill. In those days New York's underground railroad was puny and simple compared to the intricate, mighty network whose threads now tie the city together. However, it functioned efficiently, whisking us uptown and down with unerring accuracy.

Buying our five-cent tickets from the man in the coop below the sidewalk and dropping them into the chopper at the gate to the track platform, we waited expectantly for the train to roar in. The stations were fresh and new in those days, wearing their mosaic names proudly

Aboard, we usually got seats, for people were kind to a grandson and his grandmother. However, my escort's pride often stiffened when a well-intentioned passenger offed a resting place in a crowded car. Several generous souls must have been more than surprised when Grandma said rather coldly, "No thanks. I'm quite able to stand." And stand she did.

On a very hot day we'd ride in the vestibule of the first car to get the breeze and to watch the lights and shining rails rush at us. Occasionally we got a glimpse of the motorman who, from a stool in the steel compartment beside us, rationed to the motors the electricity carried in the dingy but fascinating third rail.

So proficient did we become at finding our way around the city that soon it was unnecessary for my aunt to accompany us. This independence, characteristic of my grandparent, gave us a chance to browse and to revisit places of particular interest. Thus, in addition to the Aquarium, I paid numerous calls at Bronx Park and became acquainted with several keepers. Indeed, I once had the honor of feeding the raccoons and the coatimundis in my favorite building, the small mammal house.

Grandma's fondness for subterranean travel gave the rest of us a scare. She had gone down town alone that afternoon, explaining she had some presents to buy and didn't need company. Suppertime came, but Grandma did not. My uncle arrived from the office; she was still missing. We had decided to put the police on her trail when the front-door buzzer whirred. There she stood, clutching her bundles, hair awry, face animated.

"Where in the world have you been?" exclaimed my aunt.

"Now, now," soothed Grandma, "give me time and a bite to eat and maybe I'll tell you."

When those conditions had been met, the story unfolded. Grandma, her errands done, had boarded the train for home, found a seat, and thoroughly enjoyed the ride uptown, part of which was above ground on elevated tracks. When she reached her station things were going so well she decided to stay aboard. At the end of the line she crossed the platform, took a downtown train, and had the homeward trip all over again. She hadn't realized it would take so long.

"You know," Grandma added with a twinkle, "a person could ride that subway all day for one five-cent piece."

CROP HATS — All topped with fancy "party hats," these stacks of wheat in a field near Kehl, West Germany, are in the drying-out period. Rainy weather locally forced the farmers to the novel method.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

To safeguard her enviable reputation, Canada is allowing only top quality apples to be exported to the United Kingdom.

This restriction comes in advance of an international scramble for this year's limited United Kingdom quota. Countries on both sides of the Atlantic will be competing for a share of the business.

• • •

Fruit and Vegetable Division, Canada Department of Agriculture, will approve export of only "Canada Extra Fancy" and "Canada Fancy" grades of all varieties except Golden Russet and Yellow Newton, which may still be shipped at the minimum "Canada 'C'" grade.

• • •

This is the second consecutive year the restriction has been put into effect.

The United Kingdom has announced an import quota of 3,750,000 bushels of apples from the Northern Hemisphere—leaving the door open to Canada, United States, Italy and other European countries.

Last year the U.K. set a separate monetary quota for North America. It totalled $3,500,000. Canada shipped 700,000 bushels, worth $2,100,000.

• • •

A strong overseas export market for Canadian apples withdied during World War II and petered out altogether for some years. It was revived in 1949, but it was only four years ago that volume sales resumed.

This year's national crop is expected to total close to 15,500,000 bushels. United States, too, is looking for a bumper harvest and the European crop, a failure last year, also appears headed for a successful season.

• • •

Changes in seed certification procedures have been announced by the Canada Department of Agriculture.

Beginning with this year's crop, department inspectors will no longer seed corn and personally affix a tag and seal to each container.

Instead, the processor will be issued certification tags and will be responsible for grading and affixing the tags to containers of seed.

• • •

Reason: Plant Products Division was unable to cope with the increasing demand for seed certification without additional staff and facilities.

• • •

The change was agreed to by the Canadian Seed Growers' Association and the Ontario Seed Corn Dealers' Association. It affects certification of all hybrid and open pollinated seed corn from inspected crops.

• • •

Plant Products Division will continue to inspect field crops and the Canadian Seed Growers' Association will issue crop certificates when inspected crops come up to stipulated standards.

The processor must swear an affidavit that official tags are used correctly and that he will be responsible for labelling the correct grade of the seed on another tag. The only trade names are either Certified No. 1 or Certified No. 2. For these grades a minimum germination of 90 and 80 per cent, respectively, is required.

• • •

Samples of the labelled seed will be taken so that the Plant Products Division may be able to determine correctness of grade in respect to purity and germination. To check any misuse of official tags, a system of growing tests will verify purity and variety.

• • •

Seed found to be incorrectly labelled will be subject to detention and any processor found guilty of deliberately misusing official certification tags may be denied further service.

• • •

Officials are confident the new procedure will adequately safeguard the interests of all concerned, and Canadian certified seed corn in the future will carry the same guarantee of high quality and variety identification as in the past.

If this new system is found to be satisfactory and practical, it may be extended to other crops.

• • •

The 1958 Canadian honey crop is expected to fall considerably short of last year's 32,051,000-pound total, according to a Canada Department of Agriculture forecast.

Seven out of nine provinces report a smaller crop. Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, two of the smaller honey-producing provinces, are alone in predicting good returns.

Golden Wedding

Wives of great men oft convince us
They did make their lives sublime,
Helped their husbands leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of time.

• • •

The young man in the top hat and cutaway coat looks very much like any young Londoner on his wedding day a half century ago. The young woman, dressed voluminously, looks like any young woman of her class after a St. Margaret's wedding. All their lives the man and the woman will find themselves being photographed, often separately. But many years later everybody will think of them as always in the same picture.

They are the Churchills, who make as characteristic a picture sitting by their fireside together as either makes when performing some act of statecraft or public service.

People who know only of the energy of Sir Winston—a man who when carrying the burdens of the British Prime Ministership, writing an enormous history of the English-speaking peoples, and painting at a rate that would provide full-time occupation for most men, was also reported as "feeling frustrated" because he was not really using all his capacity—will also be glad to know that he was conscious of being happy, especially in his family relationships. His references to this happiness are an unusual tribute to the woman who as Clementine Hozier accepted what often must have seemed as much a challenge as a proposal.

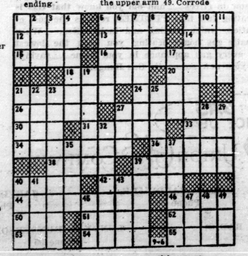
Looking back on their finest hours, and trying to measure the Churchill contribution to world freedom, may it not be said that never before in history did so many depend in such measure on whatever balance, serenity, and sympathy a wife might add to a husband's resources in times of crisis and opportunity? At this moment it is the housewifely stateswomanship of Sir Winston's lady that the world thinks of, sure that Sir Winston shares a certain general feeling of awe for the gentle subtleties that could match (perhaps outmatch?) his steelier talent for grand maneuver.—From The Christian Science Monitor.

The librarian was surprised when a small lad chose "Advice to Young Mothers" as the book he wished to take out on his card. On questioning him he explained: "You see, I'm collecting moths."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Humid
3. Motion of the sea
9. Malayan coin
12. Totally confused
13. Garden tools
14. Norse sea goddess
15. Tangles
16. Teach
18. Prolic
20. Duck genus
21. Sow again
24. Falling water
26. Get up
27. Melodies
30. Tavern
31. Geometrical solid
32. Lubricate
34. Renovate again
36. Spear
38. American engineer
39. Became conscious of
40. Merit
42. Eating utensil
44. Something original
46. Re elected
50. The gentle'n's
51. Gloomy clean
52. Concert
53. Cereal grass
54. Machine for spring cloth
55. Pain

DOWN
1. Weir
2. Judean king
3. Convened
4. Free tickets
5. One of three equal parts
6. Geological formation
7. Abandons
8. Superlative endings
9. Projecting pivots on a cannon
10. Worthless (Bib.)
11. Insects
17. Hindu prince (var.)
19. Made a slight sound
21. Roar (Scot.)
22. Eagle
23. Mort genuine
25. Bracelet for the upper arm
37. Transgression
38. City in France
39. Winter vehicle
43. Grating
35. Wood of the gomlp tree
37. Pale
38. More rational
40. Resound
41. Vocal solo
43. Theater box
45. Aunt (Span.)
47. Lyric
48. Write
49. Corrode



Answer elsewhere on this page.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. B. Warren, B.A., B.D.

The Messiah — Fulfilment of Hope; Luke 2:25-35

Edward Tuck wrote:
"Age is a quality of the mind.
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold, if you no longer look ahead,
If your ambitions' fires are dead, then —
You are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold no matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

Simeon may have been old in number of years but he had a great hope. It had been revealed to him by the Holy Spirit that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord Christ. When he saw Mary and Joseph presenting the baby Jesus in the temple he knew that this child, just 40 days old, was the fulfillment of his hope. He took him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." He continued in the words of our Memory Selection, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Luke 2:30-32.

The spirit of prophecy was on Simeon. He saw that there would be opposition to Jesus. He would be for a sign that would be spoken against. There would be anguish of heart to Mary, also. A sword would pierce through her soul. This was especially fulfilled when she saw her Son hanging upon the cross.

The happiest old people I know are those who for years have been true disciples of Jesus Christ. They realize that their strength is failing but the kingdom of God which they love and for whose advancement they have laboured, will endure. They have a hope, not only for a heritage of their own in heaven, but a hope in the great and ultimate triumph of the kingdom of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. "To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

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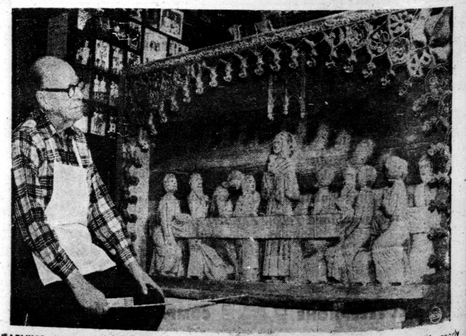
Upsiddown to Prevent Peeking

TEXAS FASHION — Yves-Mathieu Saint Laurent, 22-year-old successor to the late Christian Dior as one of Paris' leading couturiers, gets a taste of Texas tradition during his first visit to the United States. He stopped off at a cattle ranch near Dallas, was presented a Texas-style hat and got a look at a real longhorn.



CARVING OUT A HOBBY—Sidney Paine, 70, retired textile mill executive, looks at his nearly finished wood carving of "The Last Supper." More than 1,200 hours went into the work, which was carved from a 415-pound block of white oak 76 inches wide. Paine took up wood carving several years ago in anticipation of retirement and became so proficient that now he teaches the craft. Only cost to the students is their promise to carve for their own churches.

...gn Talk ...ought Murder Gang

One of the strangest cases of ...ime detection on record was ...cked off by a savage village ...der in Bengal. A well-to-...do villager had been stabbed ...d beaten over the head. His ...fe claimed that the killers ...d looted their home, stolen ...r jewellery, and threatened ...r life, too.

Police Superintendent E. C. ...ulsbury's investigations ...re unavailing, for the whole ...llage seemed to be scared into ...lence.

But Gouldsbury, a resourceful officer, had enlisted a number of Indians, as detectives. One of these, Kali Dass, was a ...ss-caste Bengali and former ...sociate of thieves and dacoits ...illed at disguising himself, he ...oined gangs, learned their ...ans, helped the police to set ...ngs and often secured evidence ...convict criminals.

Dass agreed to go and live in ...e village disguised as a fakir, ...holy man. Gouldsbury would ...thdraw the police and an...ounce that the inquiry into the ...urder was closed, to put the ...llagers off their guard.

One night the old blacksmith ...ho offered the poor "holy ...an" temporary lodging told ...m that a deaf-and-dumb mid...et was joining them. He'd been ...ving in the murdered man's ...ousehold as a kind of pet be...ause the man had been sorry ...r him, but the widow had now ...rned him away.

"It is a pity he has not the ...se of his tongue," said the ...acksmith, "for he was in the ...ouse the night of the killing." When the midget arrived next ...ay, Dass at once recognized ...m. The little man with the ...ugubrious face and odd shape ...ecognized Dass, too, despite his ...isguise. He bounded up and ...own, making muffled animal ...ounds in his throat and strange ...otions with his hands.

Years earlier, Dass has joined ...troupe of strolling musicians ...nd mummers. One of them ...as the midget. A strange ...riendship had developed between them, and Dass had ...taught him a simple sign-language by which they could communicate.

Prompted by Dass, he used it ...now to tell what had happened ...on the night of the murder. He ...slept in a small room linked ...with that of the husband and ...wife by a narrow passage. A ...bad wind that night made him ...quit his room and curl up under ...some sacks in the passage.

Wakened by the sound of the ...wife rising from the bed, he ...saw her, by the dim light which ...was always kept burning, go to ...the main door and let in four ...men: one was her secret lover, ...the others his brothers, all four ...the sons of an important village...lager.

The lover carried a short dagger, ...one of the others a heavy ...club. They stole towards the ...sleeping husband, one thrust a ...cloth over his mouth, another ...grabbed his arms, then the armed couple killed him. Afterwards, they broke open a chest ...to fool the police with a fake ...robbery.

When they'd gone, the wife ...hid her jewellery in a hole dug ...in the floor, then ran out of the ...house screaming murder. Scared by what he'd seen, realizing ...that he could be in danger, the ...midget slipped back to his own ...room, and was there, feigning ...sleep, when roused by the village headman. Later he'd been kept in a cell by the police, whom he feared because he couldn't communicate with them. When he was released the widow would not have him back.

Dass promptly reported to his chief. The widow and the four brothers were arrested and the widow confessed. At the subsequent court proceedings, Dass acted as interpreter of the deaf-mute's evidence. On it, the four brothers were found guilty and hanged.

This the strangest case in Leonard Gribble's "Great Detective Exploits," a well-written record of crime-detection in many countries. Strange, too, was the case of John R. Birchall, former scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford, who advertised in several London newspapers, giving a St. James's club address:

"Canada University man having farm wishes to meet gentleman's son to live with him and learn the business, with view to partnership; must invest £500 to extend stock; board, lodging, and five per cent. interest till partnership arranged."

Two young men, named Pelly and F. C. Benwell, responded and paid the £500. Birchall, who had no Canadian farm, went to all the trouble and expense of escorting them to New York, accompanied by his wife, who knew absolutely nothing of his foul scheme. When the four arrived in Buffalo, he announced that he was leaving with Benwell for a few days to transact some private business and asked Pelly to look after Mrs. Birchall.

He returned alone, explaining that Benwell, impatient to get to the farm, had gone there, and they would join him. Meanwhile, he would like to see Niagara by moonlight. Pelly could come, too.

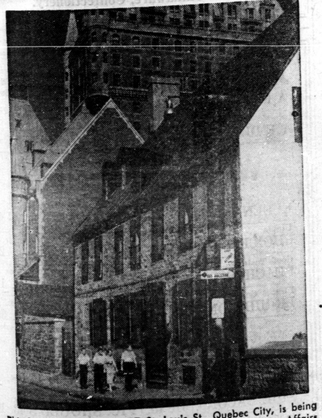
Pelly was frankly nervous, scrambling along perilous ledges by the Falls. As he approached the edge of the chasm, Birchall, taunting him, came up close behind. At that moment, a stranger appeared along the ledge and Pelly caught a strange, frightening look on Birchall's face.

He quickly recovered himself, they retraced their steps, and on the way back had to cross a narrow bridge over a torrent. They were almost across when Birchall appeared to slip, stumbled sideways into Pelly, and threw him off balance.

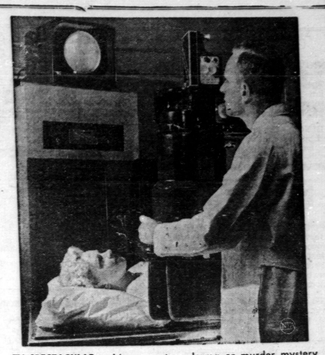
"I still don't know how I stopped myself from going over," he later told Supt. Murray, chief of the Ontario C.I.D "But I knew then Birchall had been prepared to murder me — twice!"

Deciding to write off the £500, he left for Montreal the next day while Birchall was away from the Buffalo hotel. There he read that a man's body had been found at Blenheim Swamp, near Princeton, Ontario. He had been shot twice through the back of the head, left with nothing that could establish his identity. Pelly thereupon decided to contact Supt. Murray, who had taken charge of the case.

It was eventually proved that Birchall had taken Benwell there on the pretext of showing him the farm and murdered him. He knew the district, having once visited it while posing as "Lord Somerset," and had planned to kill two men for a paltry £1,000, less the expenses of the trip!



This historic building at 17 St. Louis St., Quebec City, is being preserved and restored by the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources which now has the authority to acquire buildings of national historical or architectural interest. The Quebec building is one of the best examples of early 18th century architecture in Canada and dates from the early 18th century. During its history it has been occupied by many distinguished residents of Quebec City.



TV SPECTACULAR — It's no western drama or murder mystery that is showing up on the screen in upper left. What is being watched is a medical break-through. A newly developed X-ray machine for the first time allows an entire internal organ to be viewed as it functions, in this case a heart. Technician Bob House and a model, Erma Bowersock, demonstrate the machine.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

Apple pie, considered a real Canadian dish, is made in many ways. Different spices are used by different cooks; tapioca for thickening, the addition of raisins, different crust., etc., make the variety almost endless. What may be considered a basic recipe for this pie follows:

Apple Pie

Pastry for 2 crust 8-inch pie
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
2½ cups peeled, sliced apples
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind (optional)
2 tablespoons butter

Combine sugar, cinnamon, salt and flour. Line pie pan with pastry; arrange sliced apples in layers, sprinkling sugar-cinnamon mixture over each layer. Sprinkle with lemon juice and dot with butter. Cut slits in rolled dough for top crust. Place on pie; fold edges under bottom crust. Seal well and flute. Brush crust with top milk or egg white and sprinkle with sugar, if desired. Bake at 425°F. 30-35 minutes. Serve with cheese.

* * *

"Pliny, in Italy in the first century, A.D., described 10 kinds of cherries. . . . He also referred to the cherry as having been taken to Britain. Another Roman, Marcus Terentius Varro, in his book on farming, written about 50 BC., discussed grafting of cherries, and by implication indicated that neither cherry culture nor grafting were new when he wrote," says the Geographic.

Cherry Meringue Pudding
2 cups canned dark sweet cherries
1 cup cherry syrup
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons shortening
1 egg, separated
4 tablespoons milk
2 tablespoons sugar

Combine cherries, syrup and the 3 tablespoons flour in saucepan and place over low heat. Stir occasionally as it thickens. Sift together cake flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Cut in shortening. Combine egg yolk and milk and add to first mixture. Place dough in bottom of an 8-inch baking dish. Add heated cherries and juice. Bake at 425°F. for 30 minutes. Beat egg white and gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Remove pudding from oven and place meringue on top. Return to oven to lightly brown meringue (about 5 minutes). Serve warm.

Sweet-glazed Bartlett pears make a dramatic appearance at the table in the following big, puffy souffle. It's probably the easiest souffle you'll ever hope to make. A few chocolate shavings and a creamy marmalade sauce complete this poached pear dish.

Marmalade Souffle with Fresh Pears

Orange Poached Pears:

Halve and corse 4 fresh good-sized Bartlett pears. Cook gently in 1 cup orange juice, ¼ cup sugar, and the juice of 1 lemon. When pears are barely tender, remove from heat. Remove fruit from pan, pour juice over it and chill for 1-2 hour.

Marmalade Souffle:

Beat 3 egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually add 3 tablespoons granulated sugar and 3 tablespoons orange marmalade. Fold in ¼ teaspoon orange extract, a pinch of salt, and ½ cup finely chopped almonds. Pour mixture into top of buttered double boiler. Place over gently simmering water and cook, covered, for 1 hour. Turn out on warm plate; surround with pears and serve with the following sauce.

Orange Sauce:

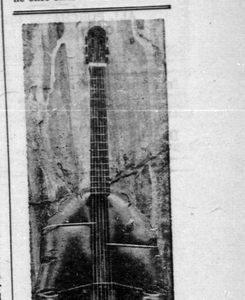
Beat 4 egg yolks slightly; add 1 cup orange juice (use juice in which pears were simmered) and 2 tablespoons orange marmalade. Mix 1 tablespoon flour with 1 cup sugar and add to egg mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Allow to cool before folding in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped. Makes 8 servings.

Makes His Living By Sniffing!

Imagine having a job which entails sniffing most of the day! One man who does this, and enjoys doing it, is M. Jean Carles, who won a silver medal in Paris by a nose the other day.

He is employed as a "smell consultant" at Grasse, centre of the French perfume industry. He won the medal for his contribution to French elegance. In his task of selecting perfumes, M. Carles is said to resemble a painter choosing the right colours or a musician choosing the right notes.

There was a Persian perfume expert a few years ago who insured his nose for $75,000. He had devoted his life to the blending of rare and subtle perfumes. "My sense of smell is my life," he once said.



MUSIC IN THE AIR—Latest Paris musical invention is this pneumatic guitar, featuring an air-filled plastic cushion instead of the usual wooden frame. It's only one of a series of fantastic instruments designed by French-man Francois Baschet and Jacques Lasry,

What Makes Drugs So Expensive?

By WARD CANNEL
N.E.A. Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK — (NEA) — The price you'll pay in the future for ethical drugs — those life-saving, expensive potions your doctor prescribes—will be at stake at a government hearing next month.

Beginning Oct. 1, the U.S. Federal Trade Commission will have been listening to six ethical drug producers answer the commission's charges that they fixed the price of certain antibiotics.

Also at stake, is the whole marketing and promotion structure of a two-billion-dollar, vital industry. And if the industry talks, it will be a welcome sound to many doctors, druggists and consumers whose pressure and anger has not been strong enough to break the silence barrier.

A reporter wandering among the drug makers with the question "why" is in for a difficult time. The industry would prefer not to talk about:

Why five firms sell precisely the same antibiotic under five different trade names.

Why the same situation exists among six firms and six identical steroids — compounds used to treat allergies, arthritis, etc.

Exactly how much does it cost to promote each trade name. How much to get a license to make or sell a drug another company has discovered.

Who pays this promotion cost.

And why competitive drugs seem to cost exactly the same in any one drug store.

How sensitive the industry is on these matters comes through sharpest in the unconsciously ironical words of an antibiotic company spokesman:

"Look here. We're not in business for our health."

Another, calmer executive, commenting on one drug company's $100,000 expenditure for a pharmaceutical display at a medical association meeting, put it this way:

"Nobody criticizes General Motors for its spectacular travelling motorama show. So why should we be the object of public concern?"

There are plenty of answers to his question. But even the industry's severest critics admit the drug companies have made vital contributions to mankind's knowledge, health and life span through research and money grants.

"True," a doctor agreed, "but of all the marvels of modern pharmaceutical science, one of the greatest is the ability to devise trade names."

What magic, what wonder, what power lie in names like Achromycin, Tetracin, Tetrex, Panmycin, Steclin.

And what competition. For firm said. "We want to keep our name before the doctors, so we want a complete line of pharmaceuticals."

It is the company-name selling that leads to trade-name competition. Consequently, the dispute of a drug may not lead the sales.

STEROID COMPOUNDS ARE PREPARED at the E. R. Squibb and Sons research laboratory. The company and the federal government are cooperating in a five-year, $7,000,000 cancer research program.

Tranquilizer Miltown, for example, was discovered and marketed by Wallace Laboratories — a smaller firm. Some time later Wallace began to sell the tranquilizing powder to Wyeth, who stamped its own pills under the name of Equanil.

Today, Equanil is outselling Miltown. Today, a reputable doctor says: "I prescribe Equanil because it seems to have fewer side effects than Miltown."

And today, a druggist complains that he has had to triple his prescription drug inventory because different doctors prescribe different trade-names of these are identical - formula drugs sold by Lederle, Pfizer, Bristol, Upjohn and Squibb pharmaceutical companies.

The same story is true for the steroids: Deltra, Deltasone, Metacorten and Paracort and their packagers. It is also true of the popular tranquilizers: Miltown and Equanil. And true of many other families of the drugs you buy.

Each year about 100 new drugs are put on the market under approximately 400 new trade names.

Why? Because it is a profitable business to sell drugs — even if you have to buy the right to sell them from their discoverers, drug company spokesmen say.

"We're like any other business," the vice-president in charge of sales of a mammoth the same drug.

Within the tremendous cost of promoting competitive drugs is a relentless barrage of personal calls, direct mail brochures, magazine advertisements, reprints, samples, gift subscriptions and books — all aimed at the prescribing physician.

There are about 130 000 doctors in this country. Each doctor gets at least 23 pieces of drug promotion literature each day. And in addition, the drug companies send an army of 10,000 trained detail men out each day to speak personally with the doctors.

Put them all together—druggists, doctors, companies — and you get a fairly clear picture of the two-way street fighting that makes the Federal Trade Commission interested on behalf of consumers.

Irritated, exasperated and tightly reined by his superiors, one pharmaceutical advertising executive snapped at this reporter:

"We can't cooperate with you. It's not in our interest. We don't want the public sticking its nose into a problem that is strictly between us and the doctors and druggists."

In defense of its campaign with doctors, the drug industry claims it is providing post-graduate education with up-to-date information for many doctors who don't have time to keep up with their journals, symposia and conferences.

On the other side, comes a report from the Albany College of Medicine, which recently ran a special project investigating the claims made in drug company promotion.

"At the conclusion of the project," Albany's report reads, "the students indicated a marked increase in skepticism concerning the validity of advertising claims.

"It is hoped that approaches of this nature will help solve some of the problems facing the physician who is bombarded with advertising claims."