



"I think this is extremely promising. You tell your story well, your characters develop convincingly, and you have a very dirty mind."

ferred, instead, textiles, clothing, bone china, leather goods, liquors, and perfumes from everywhere but Barbados. Asked for something native. Was confronted with fake-silk scarf advertising 'Barbados Holliday.' Label, of course, read, 'Made in Japan.' Weather now overcast. Pan Am man rallied group, glanced apprehensively at sky, and suggested we proceed to Trinidad, down the line. Another dinner party at Trinidad. Conversation here also C. Aubrey Smith style, about mangoes, chutney, and dill. Ancient resident named fifteen varieties of mango and said he would wager that about covered field, whereupon white-clad Indian waiter leaned over him to say, 'Excuse me, sir, you've forgotten the starch mangoes, the sugar mangoes (red and yellow, sir), the Eastern mango, and the butter mango.' Conversation veered to take up dill and how it affects pickles. 'I must say, Alfred,' said one gentleman, after listening to compatriot expatiate on subject for about forty minutes, 'you're never dull about dill.' 'You're extremely kind, Harry,' said dill man. Problem of bottling chutney then arose, and everyone agreed native Trinidad chutney might compare very favorably with Major Grey's. 'We might think of bottling

it,' said dill expert, 'but after Major Grey's who could improve upon it?' 'Might have a go at adding a bit of ginger, to distinguish ours from Major Grey's,' someone said. All hands shuddered at thought. Left dinner party for night club. There met by worried proprietor. 'I know just what you'd like as entertainment,' he said. 'But, to tell you the truth, our calypso situation is terrible. Every time we get a good group of natives together, they go to the United States. Still, I'll try.' In about one hour, he assembled calypso band of sorts. Adequate. Headed for home after stopover at Caribe Hilton, in San Juan, Puerto Rico. No calypso there."

INDIGNANT statement made by blonde to brunette, in Herald Square: "It cost me a fortune to pose for him, and then it turned out his family never lived in Tuckahoe at all."

Lady Philanthropist

WE'VE just had a talk with Mrs. Mary Lasker, who gave the city all those tulips and daffodils that came up this spring in the middle of Park Avenue between Fiftieth and Seventy-

second Streets. The daffodils and the tulips have died, but Mrs. Lasker, whom we visited in a beautiful beige office she occupies in the Chrysler Building, is flourishing. "I'm an avid lover of flowers and greenery," she said, "and so was my mother before me. I was born in Watertown, Wisconsin, where the Watertown goose comes from—no connection, you understand—and where Mother helped found two of the town's three parks. Mother was Mrs. Sara J. Woodard. Just before I married my late husband, Albert D. Lasker, in 1940, he gave his Lake Forest estate to the University of Chicago; its chrysanthemum gardens—ten acres—were developed by the University, and I arranged for seeds from there to be grown in Parks Department greenhouses and nurseries here, and for plantings to be made, in memory of my mother, in Central Park at a Hundred and Second Street, as well as in four other park areas in New York. The city has renewed them ever since. In the fall of 1955, I persuaded the Parks Department to let me contribute tulip bulbs for planting in front of the Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum, and on four blocks of Park Avenue—Fiftieth to Fifty-second, and Seventieth to Seventy-second—and in the Grand

Army Plaza, at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. The Department was afraid they wouldn't thrive, what with gas fumes from cars, but they did, the following spring. So last fall I added daffodils and a lot more tulips on Park Avenue—about a hundred and fifty thousand, all told, with each kind of flower grown on alternate blocks. An early heat spell killed the daffodils, but I think they did as well on Park Avenue as in Dutchess County, where I have a country place and grow tulips, roses, and lilacs. The Park Avenue tulips were fine. I think there should be a three-season festival of flowers in New York, with tulips and daffodils in the spring, begonias and salvia in the summer, and chrysanthemums in the fall. My three stepchildren and I gave three hundred Japanese cherry trees to the United Nations, in memory of my husband, and I wish someone would give ten thousand lilac trees to Central Park. New York should be full of flowers and flowering trees, our buildings should be lighted at night, and all the fountains in town should play. Washington Square and the borders of the West Side Highway should be alive with flowers. This sort of thing makes a city gay and pleasant, and is good commercially. We should make joy and pleasure for ourselves, and attract new business to New York."

Mrs. Lasker, a very pretty lady philanthropist who was wearing a flowering hat—little pink lilacs—handed us a fan letter from Mr. Nathan Spindel, of 2813 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 35 ("I am a New York City taxicab driver and . . . I was struck with the beauty of the thousands and thousands of daffodils and tulips which are blooming [on Park Avenue]. . . . It is with a great sense of pride that I point out this mile of beauty to so many of my out-of-town passengers who are always telling me how unfriendly and mercenary New York is"), and said that was one of many responsive letters she had received. "The flowers are a side issue with me," she said. "I just hope that I am sparkplugging a movement that the city will carry on. What I'm most interested in is the expansion of medical research. Syphilis is now completely curable. Cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease—the major diseases can be conquered."

Mrs. Lasker is helping expand medical research through the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, which she and her husband, an advertising man who was part owner of the Chicago Cubs, established in 1942. She has run it since his death, five years ago; it gives

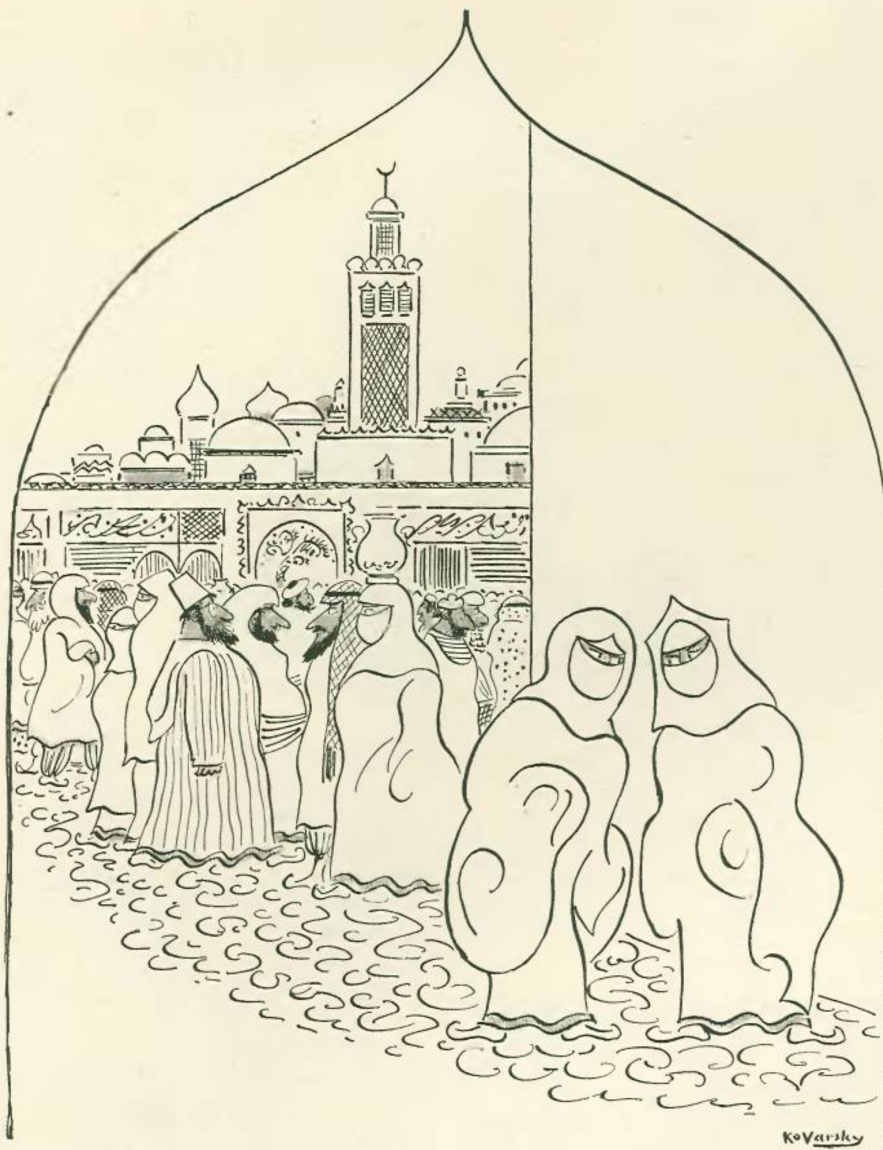
annual awards to physicians and scientists for medical research and to writers who have done outstanding work in medical journalism. "Successful medical research has resulted in a thirty-four-per-cent decline in the number of t.b. patient days in municipal hospitals here between 1953 and 1955," she said. "Between 1944 and 1955, antibiotics and other new drugs brought about a ninety-per-cent decline in the national influenza death rate, a seventy-four-per-cent decline in the appendicitis death rate, and a seventy-seven-per-cent decline in mortality from acute rheumatic fever. Hypertension, as a killer, is on the wane. What did the major voluntary health agencies allocate for cancer research in 1955? Under eight million dollars. What did the American people spend for chewing gum that year? \$282,360,000. For shampoos? \$122,650,000. For ball-point pens? \$111,090,000. For lipsticks?

\$64,770,000. For powder compacts? \$47,930,000."

Mrs. Lasker gave us some medical-research literature, and as we left, we remarked that we admired her view of the East River. "I used to be able to see those U.N. cherry trees from here," she said, "but someone has put up a building that cuts me off."

Frugal

AT the Biltmore Hotel the other day, we heard an advertising man defending his profession against the charge that the pitchmen play fast and loose with their expense accounts. "Do you realize," he proclaimed to a companion, "that when the four top men in my outfit come to lunch at the Biltmore, they check their hats in a dime locker in Grand Central Station, and they take turns paying for the thing?" His companion looked properly impressed.



"Don't bother with Chris Herter. Get the information directly to Foster. Got that, Jim? Good luck."