Welcome to new staff—February

(Seated L to R): Sue Priestland, Department of Operations—Europe, Africa and Australasia, from Falls Church, Virginia; Pamela Angwin, Office of Information, from Sydney; and Geraldine Prefontaine, Economic Development Institute, from Lisieux, Saskatchewan, Canada. (Standing L to R): Mona Boucher, Administration Department, from Montreal; Moffak Mouchti, Administration Department, from Damascus; Barbara Mohr, Administration Department, from Berlin; and Pamela Williams, International Finance Corporation, from Sheffield, England.

Vol. 16, No. 3
INTERNATIONAL BANK NOTES
March 1962

Published monthly by the Personnel Division, International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, Washington 25, D.C.

CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Society for International Development</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Station Wagon to Florida</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Gardner's Spring Musing</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Irreversibles</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cover photograph by William Bailey
THE SOCIETY FOR INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

The Society for International Development held its Fourth General Conference on March 2 and 3, 1962. The Society is an organization of professional workers in the broad field of development. It is international in conception and in fact, with about 1800 individual and 30 institutional members. The Bank is an institutional member. S.I.D. has local chapters in Washington and New York as well as a number of other cities, including Bombay, Madras and Geneva. The Society publishes a journal, THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT REVIEW, which has become an important medium of communication between the various professions, as that term is usually defined, involved in the new "profession" of development—economists, doctors, public administration specialists and so on.

Mr. J. Burke Knapp, our Vice President and a founding member of the Society, greeted the participants in the Fourth Conference at the opening session in the Shoreham Hotel on Friday, March 2, 1962. The following paragraphs are excerpts from his remarks on that occasion.

The Society for International Development is engaged in a field which is of the deepest interest and consequence for the World Bank and for its affiliated institutions, the International Development Association and the International Finance Corporation. The World Bank is, of course, a bank first and foremost, but it is also an international development institution.

As the text for my remarks, I want to relate to you a little story which we like to tell in the Bank about the President of a remote, undeveloped country who came to call on Mr. Black. This gentleman, fortunately for his country, was a very well-educated and enlightened man. He had a profound grasp of the problems which his country confronted in setting its feet upon the path of economic development, but unfortunately, his country lacked almost completely the administrative apparatus for pursuing rational economic and financial policies and for producing the design of a development program.

He listened very patiently while Mr. Black exhorted him to "put his house in order" in order to qualify better for Bank assistance, but he finally broke out in expostulation that after all, the Bank really didn't understand his problems.

"Mr. Black," he said, "don't you realize what I'm up against? You sit here as the President of the World Bank and when a matter comes across your desk that involves some very difficult problems of economic analysis and strategy, what do you do? You push a buzzer on your desk, in comes an assistant, you order that a working party be assembled to prepare a report on the matter, they assemble the best financial, engineering, legal and technical talent which can be found in the world to produce this report, and within a few days there arrives back on your desk a finished set of conclusions and recommendations which requires only your final decision.

"Now consider my case. Suppose I receive a memorandum from one of my ministers posing some very difficult and complicated question of economic policy. What do I do? Well, I push the buzzer on my desk, but nothing happens—the damned buzzer doesn't work."

J. Burke Knapp
Well, that is a nice little story. It usually draws a laugh, although sometimes it sounds a little condescending. After all, most countries can accomplish the simple technical adaptation of making buzzers work. It's when we come to the question of who answers the buzzers that the real trouble begins and this is the task to which in one way or another, most of us in this room are dedicated.

If the experience of the World Bank proves anything, it is that the developing countries need to do a great deal, and to be helped a great deal, in developing their capacity to absorb and put to effective use the resources which are available to them from abroad. Clearly this is one of the most challenging missions that confronts us in the Western world. It is not good enough just to offer money, aside from the fact that money alone is often useless. If we accept the premise that the promotion of economic development around the world is of vital interest to the West, then we must also accept the responsibility for finding ways to harness for that task the necessary human resources, both in the developing countries themselves and in our own societies.

This means action on a host of fronts, but surely in the center lies the need for education, for training, for the systematic accumulation and evaluation of experience, and especially for a deeper appreciation of the great complexity and interconnectedness of the economic development process. We read in the papers these days of the extraordinary progress being made in divining the fundamental constitution of organic life, a progress which would have been unthinkable without the most intimate collaboration among many scientific disciplines. We are coming increasingly to realize how many facets there are, and how many different disciplines are involved, in the constitution of an economic community and in the phenomenon of economic growth. It will be, I dare hope, the special role of the Society for International Development to elucidate these interconnections and to help design constructive methods for handling them.

But there remains the question, and perhaps most important question of all: will the buzzer be pushed and if so, who will push it? The promotion of economic development is a branch of political economy and political economy, or at least its practical application, is too important a subject to be left to the politicians or indeed to the economists. Who then is to take it in hand? Who in the developing regions is to provide the driving force, the will, to raise these countries by their boot straps to the stage of economic take-off? How can the undeveloped societies find leadership capable of building the moral fibre and generating the sense of purpose which is so indispensable for this purpose?

In the story which I told above (which incidentally is nearly true to life), the President of the remote, undeveloped country was a "just prince" who was both dedicated to the welfare of his people and reasonably knowledgeable as to the ways of the modern world. But what can we expect from countries where the buzzers are never pushed, or if they are, it is by the trembling hands of men who are only now plunging headlong, as the phrase goes, into the 19th century? What can we expect from countries where political power is paralyzed by indecision or still rests in the hands of those who do not seek or indeed will not tolerate genuine economic development?

Please do not mistake me. I am not calling for Leaders, with a capital L, for men on horseback. But unless enlightened leadership emerges, in whatever ways are best suited to the political genius of the countries concerned, those who answer the buzzers will never be able to apply their talents and energies adequately to their task. The technocrats of economic development can illum...
WHY VEGETATE at home when your spouse goes on a mission? When my husband remarked that he was off to Sunny India for three weeks I replied, without thinking: “Fine! And I am going to Florida!”

After that, although I wondered what I had let myself in for, it was too late to withdraw. Pride was too strong for me to back down. So I went, and notwithstanding nearly 3,000 miles of driving, three rumbunctious small children as companions, one car crash and sundry lesser difficulties, it was a great success. I have no regrets at all: it was enormous fun and really very easy.

The key to the holiday was our “compact” station wagon: it not only carried me and the offspring to Florida, but served as our bedroom too. We have three-and-a-bit children—Nicola, then aged 3½, David and Caroline, who celebrated their second birthday in South Carolina, and the “bit”, unborn, but even then making his (or her) presence felt every morning. Yet we all fitted in comfortably. Nicola slept on the front seat, on a cot (crib to you?) mattress, and I and the twins (one on each side!) comfortably in the back. Normally, we stopped, for safety’s sake, in trailer camps, which also have the facilities we obviously could not carry. Every three days or so we stayed at a motel to get ourselves—and the car—tidied up. I cooked on a small pressure stove and washed clothes at laundromats. It all worked very well.

Admittedly I started badly. John and I left the same day. I set off down the dreary Shirley Highway. Then (as usual at that time of day) I began to feel sick. Then Caroline was sick. Feeling thoroughly miserable, and although already well past Fredericksburg, I turned around and came home. John was still there.

The next morning, John now gone, I tried again. This time, success! I was soon well beyond familiar territory, the children playing cheerfully with dolls, trucks, pillows, etc., in the back of the car. By nightfall we were at Nags Head in North Carolina, my jumping-off point for the Outer Banks. Here, near the dunes where the Wright Brothers first flew, we spent a windy, sandy
night in a State Park.

The following day we spent mostly at sea. After breakfast, we embarked in company with the morning mail truck on the ferry to Hatteras. It was a gorgeous day, and soon the children were all perched on top of the car as the ferry moved slowly through the dredged channel. Then we were ashore again, driving, most oddly, along the spine of a long strip of sand, with the sea only a few feet away on each side. We stopped to look at a wrecked clipper-ship (Cape Hatteras is famous for its storms) and again just by the Cape—prosaically at the laundromat. Then we were afloat once more, on the ferry to Ocracoke Island.

Here I nearly missed the mainland ferry—the only one of the day—when I foolishly got the car stuck in soft sand, being freed only by a naval police patrol car and other passing motorists. This final ferry takes four hours, threading its way through shallow water. The crew took us under their wing, drying David's pajamas in the boiler-room, and insisting that I spend the night parked on the quay where they could keep a guardian eye on us.

In the morning we drove uneventfully via Myrtle Beach (where we acquired, to the children's delight, a small stuffed alligator) to Charleston. Here we stayed at a motel, uncivilizedly dining off hot dogs. Then through Savannah to St. Augustine. Florida does you proud as you cross the state line, offering free advice on where to stay, what to do and see, and—best of all—plying you with free orange juice. I love orange juice.

St. Augustine is nice—old, warm and friendly, and flowing with that orange juice. The children were cheerful, the sea was blue, the sun shone, and the prize attraction, the world's largest alligator farm (!) was a great success. The day started badly when, at the campsite, I had to cope simultaneously with morning-sickness and a chatty neighbor, but that was soon over.

In the afternoon we pushed on to

The little Croomes in front of the wreck at Hatteras. Since the storms of early March this wreck and the road on Hatteras have disappeared.
Daytona Beach. This boasts impressive lifeguards, bronzed and well-muscled, and lots of lovely hard sand, but I found it too big and commercialized (though no one sells buckets and spades for children). Miami, the following day, was even more opulent. Shockingly, it greeted us with rain, but it was sunny the next two days: we visited the flamingos at Hialeah, and spent hours in the warm ocean.

Then I suddenly realized I was a long way from home. Reluctantly abandoning thoughts of Key West—and dreams of the Bahamas—I started back for Washington. Perhaps this was a mistake, for I was thus driving toward Florence, South Carolina just when the driver of an ancient Chevrolet, thinking the road clear, edged out of a side turning. Bang! The luggage grid (and luggage) shot into the road; one fender, the hood, the radiator and a wheel were sadly crumpled; and poor Caroline, catapulted into the dashboard, received the miserable birthday present of a nasty cut over her eye.

Fortunately the other driver was most comprehensively insured, the police were helpful, and Florence had a good hospital, a comfortable and sympathetic old hotel, and a highly efficient garage. In three days we were back to normal—so much so that as a final flourish I drove the 418 miles from Florence to Arlington in one day.
GARDENING in the region of Washington has its own special character. We enjoy what can only be described as a betwixt and between climate. "Enjoy" may not be quite the right word when a balmy yesterday has deceived us into setting forth without adequate wraps on a freezing tomorrow. But this capriciousness reminds us of an important geographical fact, that Washington lies on the dividing line between north and south. Botanically, it is the northernmost limit for many southern plants that are too tender for prolonged severe cold weather and the southernmost limit for some northern plants that cannot stand too long a summer.

The gardener, however, is not often deceived by the weather, for in managing a garden he has broken the artificial cocoon in which a city dweller lives and has reestablished a direct contact with the forces of nature. He listens anxiously to the weather news. Perhaps he even acquires a barometer and an outdoor thermometer that can be seen from the breakfast table, so that he can calculate the damage the impending ice-storm will do, whether he should put up a frame to save his precious new deodar, or whether that gale of wind is blowing away the mulch he so lovingly placed over his tender perennials. The gardener is not a man cut off from the natural world, oblivious to the arrival of the first spring birds, to the lengthening day, to the first rush of warm, wild air hurrying up from the south. He is instructed in all this by his garden.

To the gardener who is a newcomer here our fickle climate often means a readjustment in the selection of garden subjects. If he comes from a moist, mild, temperate climate, he will find that many of his favorites do poorly. Sweet peas, for instance, rarely do well. Our summer comes too suddenly and too warmly on the heels of winter. Dahlias, on the other, do far better than they do further south, especially if the tubers are set in the ground late for September bloom. If he comes, on the other hand, from a hot, dry climate, he will find plenty of heat and sunlight in a Washington summer, but an abundance of humidity also. It is surprising how many different kinds of plants will adapt to the vagaries of the local weather. Take magnolias, for example. We have a tremendous variety from the deciduous sweetbay of the north, through the spring-flowering soulangeanas, to the queen of them all, the evergreen grandiflora or bullbay of the south. Probably the gardeners are the ones that have noticed that the great pair on the north side of the old State, War and Navy Building, opposite Blair House, are still with us, though they were stripped of their glossy green leaves by the icy blasts of January a year ago. And do you know that the tree popularly called the Tulip tree because of its tulip-shaped greenish-yellow flowers (Liriodendron tulipifera), which is perhaps Washington's most common native tree, is also a magnolia?

These pluses and minuses of climate are especially the bane of the striver after a fine lawn. How to have a velvetea greensward, when the summer is too long and too hot, the rain either too much or too little, and the winter
too cold, without enough snow to keep all decently hidden till spring comes? Part of the year the gardener can enjoy a bluegrass lawn or in another part of the year a bermuda lawn, but frustration is his lot otherwise. None of the compromises that have been made are satisfactory. There are those who plant rye in the cool weather and let crabgrass take over in the hot. But there is something faintly immoral about this to the perfectionist. And then there are those who plant zoysia and spray it with green paint when the first frost turns it a rich, brilliant, bilious yellow.

Our consolation must be in the variety of plants that will grow and thrive here, everything from camellias to hemlock. And in this, consider how international our gardens are. Ever since Columbus crossed the Atlantic and Vasco da Gama reached the coast of China by way of the Cape of Good Hope, the flora of the world has been traveling east and west. Look around you in your garden. What do you see? Arbor vita, chrysanthemums, azaleas, roses, petunias, zinnias, marigolds, iris, tulips, daffodils, geraniums—there is scarcely a garden hereabouts without these plants and we owe them to Asia, the New World, Europe and Africa.

Well, March came in like a lion sure enough this year. Let’s hope it sticks to tradition and goes out like a lamb.

**THE END**

Ten year staff—March

*Marguerite Detterer (L) and Helyn-Letcher Sparks*

Five year staff—March

*Enrico Marziali*
THE IRREVERSIBLES

(Or, to Raise an Un-simple Question Before this Mense but Not-unimportant Audience)

by Warren C. Baum

HAVING struggled unsuccessfully to master the languages of others, I have considerable sympathy for the Bank staff members whose native tongue is not English. How, for example, do they cope with the problem of our negatives? There are, as we all know, many different ways of converting an adjective or adverb into its opposite or negative; by adding, for example, an "un" (necessary, unnecessary), or a "dis" (content, discontent), or an "in" (complete, incomplete), or an "im" (moral, immoral) *, or a "non" (sense, nonsense), or sometimes even an "ir" (reverent, irreverent). How to choose among this embarrassment of riches, especially since only one of them, at most, is likely to be correct in any case? But even worse, though seldom admitted, is the fact that, while the negative of reversible is irreversible, many of our adjectives and adverbs are not, in fact, reversible.

This problem first came to my attention one Sunday afternoon while reading of a Washington hostess whose house is always immaculate. Looking around the living room of our more modest dwelling, littered with the remnants of the Sunday newspapers, I decided that no one would ever call it immaculate. But then, what was it...maculate? Surely we were not an uncouth family, but, on the other hand, we could hardly be described as...couth. My Sunday attire was not as disheveled as sometimes is the case, but I could not call it sheveled, or even heveled. Perhaps my tastes in clothing were not insipid, but I defy anyone to call them sipid. Not uninspired, maybe, but never spired. And my daughter walking through the room—while she had passed the stage of being ungainly, who could venture to call her gainly?

I do not wish to raise undue alarm about a problem that is not vitally important, but then what is it...portant? Not an immense question, true, but could you call it a mense one? And to move into the international arena, what happens when a dispute is resolved and the discord settled; do we then have a pute and a cord? Or, coming closer to the Bank, what about the irrigation projects that are not completed—are they left to rigation, or is it igation?

So far, I had been worrying only about the negatives without their positives. Then a hideous doubt struck me; was the reverse also true? If this was not an awkward question what was it...unawkward, disawkward, or non-awkward? Surely there must be a simple answer; if not, would it be dissimple, unsimple, or what? Before the vast implications of these new deficiencies I quickly gave up. But perhaps you have given up already.

* Or should it be amoral?
NEW PROFESSIONAL STAFF INTRODUCTIONS

LEONARD HALL, a Welshman, was made Director of IFC's Department of Investment for Africa, Asia and the Middle East on February 1. Dr. Hall previously worked from London as a senior executive of Powell Duffryn, industrial adviser to other British groups and as chairman and director of a number of smaller enterprises. Trained in medicine as well as economics, his previous career included service as a surgeon in the Royal Navy and at University College Hospital in London. He has his degree in economics from the University of Wales and received his medical degrees from University College and Hospital in London. Dr. Hall's two daughters have remained in school in England.

P. M. MATHEW, from India, has been with the Development Services Department since February 5. He is not a new-comer to Washington, having been an EDI participant in 1958-59. Since then Mr. Mathew has been with the Indian Administrative Service as Director of agriculture of Kerala State and as officer on special duty with the Planning Commission in New Delhi. He had thirteen years of government experience before 1958 in charge of planning and community development work in Kerala, as Secretary of the Sales Tax Inquiry Committee in Travancore-Cochin State and as Adviser to the Southern Zonal Council. He attended Union Christian College in Alwaye, South India and received his B.A. (Hons.) from the Maharajah's College of Arts, South India. The Mathews and their four children are living in Chevy Chase.

JACQUES SAGNE, a Frenchman, joined the Department of Operations—Far East on February 5. He too is no stranger to the Bank, having been a member of the 1952 Training Program. Mr. Sagne has degrees from the Faculte de Droit, the Sorbonne and l'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris and graduated from the School of National Administration. He has worked in the French Ministry of Finance and Ministry of Economic Affairs and since 1957 was head of the Finance and Defense Planning Directorate of NATO. The Sagnes have two little boys and have found a house in Chevy Chase.

JAMES DOOLAN, from Ireland, joined the staff of the Transportation Division of the Technical Operations Department on February 15. He received his B.A. from National University of Ireland, has his A.C.A. from the Institute of Chartered Accountants in Ireland and his M.B.A. from Harvard Business School. Mr. Doolan started his career with a manufacturing firm in Ireland, eventually becoming its President, and since 1959 has worked with Coverdale and Colpitts, a firm of consulting engineers in New York City. He was a member of their team in Colombia in 1961 doing a transportation study. Mr. Doolan has picked an apartment within walking distance of the Bank.

MAURICE P. BART, a Frenchman, came to the Department of Operations—South Asia and Middle East on February 19. He grew up in Syria, Lebanon and France, attended the French Law School in Beirut and the Faculte de Droit and the Institut d'Etudes Politiques in Paris. He first worked with the Ministry of Commerce and Industry in Paris in the Fuels Department and since 1952 has been with the United Nations Relief and Works Agency in Lebanon, Jordan, Syria and Egypt as program officer and subsequently as chief of the Records and Statistics Division. Mr. Bart hopes to become a homeowner in Georgetown.

ABDEL G. EL EMARY, from Egypt, became Director of IFC's new Industrial Development Bank Services Department on February 21. Mr. El Emary was Governor of the Central Bank of Egypt from 1957 until 1960. Since then he has been President and General Manager of the Alexandria Commercial Company. Prior to joining the Central Bank, he served for many years in the Egyptian Ministries of Finance and Commerce and was Minister of Finance from 1952-54. He received his diploma from Cairo University and his B. Com. from Leeds University in England, both in economics. Mr. and Mrs. El Emary have two sons and two daughters, all attending different schools in Washington.
Our energetic Rembrandt of the camera, William Bailey, will be retiring this month after fifteen years of documenting Bank activities. We asked him to pick out a few samples of his work from the thousands of negatives he has on file to illustrate this article and to tell us something of his diverse duties over the years.

Bill is perhaps best known to the staff for the passport and identification pictures he makes of all newcomers. Out of the hundreds of such photographs he assures us that at least two of his unwilling subjects have admitted before witnesses that it was the best picture they ever had taken. On the other hand, there have been a good many remarks like, "You should have put a number across the front." Bill feels the least said about these pictures the better.

Photographing social events such as Christmas parties, annual picnics, golf matches, tennis and bowling tournaments, etc. over the years has been a real pleasure according to Bill. His reaction to this phase of the work is that picture taking is certainly no chore for him, and attending these affairs and getting paid for it besides has been like having your cake and eating it too.

Coverage of loan signings and signings of the Articles of Agreement by representatives of countries joining the Bank, IFC and IDA have been regular assignments. Out of some three hundred loan signings and innumerable joinings, Bill admits to one failure to get the picture due to synchronization problems. Fortunately a friendly news photographer was also present.
ICK, BILL!

and supplied a duplicate negative.

Bill reports that one of the great satisfactions of his job has been the privilege of associating with top officers of the Bank and IFC and photographing them with many of the dignitaries who have visited the Bank over the years. As official photographer for Bank Notes he has covered everything from stamps and coins to “cabbages and kings.” He particularly wants to thank the editors for those picture assignments where he photographed a bevy of Bank beauties for a cover picture or as an illustration for a story. As he puts it, “Nice work if you can get it.”

A good deal of the time of the Bank photographer is spent producing or reproducing prints from films and pictures of the numerous IBRD-IDA/IFC projects around the world. These come in from news services, freelance photographers, government reports and every other possible source of coverage of projects in various stages of development. They are reproduced and used extensively in Bank publications, news releases and sent as publicity pictures to the countries involved. As Bill expressed it, “Reproduction is not a creative art but it does require a certain amount of technical skill to reproduce prints of the quality necessary for printed reproduction. And besides, you learn so much geography in the process.”

In parting Bill says the very best part of his job has been meeting “the nicest people.” We conclude by saying, “You’ve certainly been one of them, Bill.”

Loan signings...

Ten year pictures...

Bank Notes illustrations...

Annual meetings...
nate the choices that have to be made by a society, but only the society itself, through its established leadership, can make the choices which will set in motion the engines of economic growth.

I conclude on a note of hope. I believe that there has been significant progress in the past decade in the direction of placing the levers of political power in the undeveloped countries in the hands of modern men. There is little that we in the developed world can or should do to aid and abet this process. But our fellows in this Society for International Development who are citizens of the developing countries can—in their capacity as citizens, not as experts—strive toward this goal. Upon their success, and the success of others like them in the developing areas, rests our best hope for the coming decade of economic development.

Players International

Plans are in process for the organization of a dramatic group within the Bank-Fund community to be known as “Players International”. Staff members and their families and friends are invited to participate in the beginning stages of this group which will endeavor to put on several productions a year. You will be notified shortly of the time and place of an inaugural meeting. Thesbians and enthusiasts who wish to assist in preliminary organization and selection of repertory are invited to attend.
BIRTHS: Marlene and James Man­
gum’s little girl and first child, Bonnie
Christine, weighed 8 lbs., 7 ozs. at
birth on February 16 in Doctors Hos­
pital.
Alison Margaret Waide, baby
daughter and first child for Puchin
and Bevan Waide, was born in George
Washington Hospital on February 24
and weighed 7 lbs., 10 ozs.
Judith and Patrick Acheson’s twin
daughters were born on February 27
in the Loudoun County Hospital in
Leesburg. Alexandra Sarah Camilla
weighed 6 lbs., 11 ozs. and Caroline
Mary Patricia weighed 6 lbs., 3/4 oz.
The three Acheson sons are delighted
the new arrivals are girls.
Alister O’Neal Stewart Fraser, fourth
child and second son for Lydia and
William D. S. Fraser, was also born
on February 27 in Sibley Hospital and
weighed 7 lbs., 8½ ozs.
Suzanne Almalel, first child for An­
geles and Eduardo Almalel, weighed
6 lbs., 3 ozs. at birth on March 5 in
the Fairfax County Hospital.

BEST WISHES TO: Allison Louise
Bodkin and Harold W. Larsen who
have announced their plans to be mar­
rried in April. Miss Bodkin, who works
in the Asian Department of the IMF,
is from Sydney and Mr. Larsen is from
Nelson, New Zealand.
Mary McDonald and Charles Mur­
phy whose wedding will take place on
April 28 in the Church of Christ the
King in Silver Spring, Maryland. They
plan to live in Silver Spring.
Ruth Harris and Vadin M. Medish
whose engagement was recently an­
nounced. Mr. Medish teaches Russian
history and literature at George Wash­
ington University. They plan to be
married in the spring and will be
living in Washington.
Mary Dickinson Evans and Piero
Sella who were married in St. Ste­
phen’s Church in Washington on
January 27. The Sellas are living in
northwest Washington.

IN MEMORIAM

We mourn the loss of our staff
member, Josephine Di Costanzo,
who died in Washington on March
19. Known and loved by many, she
had been with the Bank and IFC
since May 1947.

Jean Higginson, mother of Marie, March 8, in Hamilton, Ontario.
The Eighth Bank-Fund Bowling Tournament was a victory for the Fund once more. The Fund won 16 games to the Bank's 14. This is the Fund's fourth successful tournament since the series was started in 1949.

1. The only Bank team to take three games—Treasurer's. Bowling—Francis McAleese; seated—Jeanne Letts, Olga Siwicky, Myrtle Timmins, Elsie Hall, Florence Perras, Ben Prins; Standing—Colin Davis, Tim Fairbarns, Badri Rao.

2. The Fund's Western Hemisphere team beat the Bank's T.A. & P. team 2-1. Bowling (left) Yolanda Cortinovis, bowling (right) Thelma Falardeau; seated—Robert Dorsey, Mary Oleski, Larry Chambers; standing—A. Arcos, Wilfred Lawrie, Shirley Boskey, Christine McCaskie, Bennett Boskey.


5. An unlucky Executives team lost two games to their Fund opponents, IDB 'A'. Bowling—Ali Khosropur; seated—Connie Ladue; standing—Mort Mendels, Norene Bateman, Lou Pizza.