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International BANK NOTES

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Greetings



As my eighth full year with the Bank comes to a close, I would like to say to all the staff how much I appreciate the loyalty and competence you have brought to our common task. In the past year I made my first extensive visit to Japan and Taiwan; I visited Paris and London twice and Cairo once. Everywhere I found solid evidence of the respect which has come to be associated with World Bank operations. All of you share the credit for creating this reputation.

Whether you are one of the 25 or 30 Bank officers who are traveling around the world on any given week of the year or whether your duties keep you tied to a desk here in Washington, you are part of a unique team whose influence is felt in all of our 64 member countries. You can be justly proud of the very concrete contributions you have made to making life a little easier, a little more comfortable for the millions who are affected by World Bank projects.

At this season during which people in all parts of the world pause to take stock and renew themselves for the future, I hope you will find in your careers with the Bank renewed hope and challenge for the days ahead. Working and living as you are side by side with different nationalities, different cultures, different professional experience, you are helping to build the kind of understanding the world needs more desperately than anything else today.

Mrs. Black and I send to you our warmest season's greetings and our best wishes for the New Year.

Truman R. Black

It is a pleasant custom at this Season to extend greetings and good wishes to our friends.

We in I.F.C. working together for only a brief period have experienced the problems, the impatience and the satisfaction of launching the craft and beginning the voyage.

To my associates in the crew my warm appreciation for their diligence, their work and their high spirits.

I can promise, with confidence, a year ahead carrying a full measure of interest and hard work.

To the Management and Staff of the Bank all of us in I.F.C. extend hearty thanks for your friendly concern and valuable help.

So, to my associates, old and new, I wish the best possible for Christmas and the New Year in what is not the best of all possible worlds.

Robert Garner

P.S. Of course Mrs. Garner sends her very best wishes to all.





The tale of the CHRISTMAS SHOE

The following story was published in Paris by the magazine "The Career Woman" and is reprinted here by permission of the author, Lise Cathala.

It was Christmas eve. In a log cabin a little boy cleaned his wooden shoes carefully. When they shone like mirrors, he put them down and went to bed, quite sad and lonely because he was an orphan without anybody to care for him.



When it was night, the little Shoes stirred. "Brother Left," said the right foot Shoe, "are you asleep?"

"Not yet, Brother Right," answered the left foot Shoe. "Anyway, it is too cold to sleep."

"Yes, it is freezing here," said the first Shoe, shivering, "and this poor little boy is so unhappy. Listen, Brother Left, I think I found a means to make him happy."

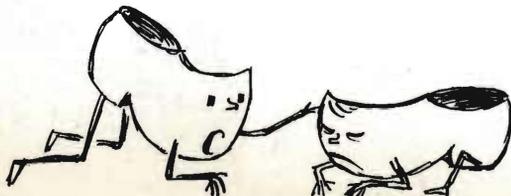
"How completely ridiculous," replied the second Shoe, sourly. "You always have high-falutin' ideas, as if you were hewn out of cedar wood instead of being a vulgar hickory clog like me, your twin brother!"

"Don't be cross, Brother Left. This time I have a marvelous idea: we'll go and find Santa Claus tonight and we'll ask him happiness for our little boy."

"We will go?" said the other Shoe, quite angry. "Speak for yourself; I certainly do not intend to move either heel or toe..."

"Well," sighed the right Shoe, "you have always been something of an egotist. All right, I'll go alone." And the brave little Shoe went out like an agile mouse.

As he was approaching the Watsons' farm, the little Shoe heard strange screams coming from the chicken house. He inquired about the noise and a Tom Turkey answered him sadly: "It is the fat white Goose who cries. The farmer's wife wants to roast her to-





morrow for the Christmas dinner."

"Dear Goose," said the little Shoe, "do come with me. I am going to see Santa Claus and he will grant me my wish. Come with me and he will save you from the dinner table. We'll look for him on the mountain."

"I am afraid of the Wolf," said the fat white Goose, tears streaming along her bill, "but I am still more afraid of the farmer's wife! I'll go with you!" And they went on together.

They walked through the woods and the going was rough. Trees and bushes tore at them or let huge masses of snow fall on their backs. The gallant little Shoe went ahead stubbornly, striding energetically, but the Goose was disgruntled and complained all the time. "Quack, quack, my feet are numb with cold! Quack, my bill is a-shivering! Quack, my feathers are frozen all through the down!"

All these complaining Quack, Quacks did not too much please the little Shoe, but he went on, acting

as if he didn't hear them. Every time he stopped to empty the snow which was filling him to the brim, he tried to comfort the Goose by telling her how kind and generous Santa Claus was.

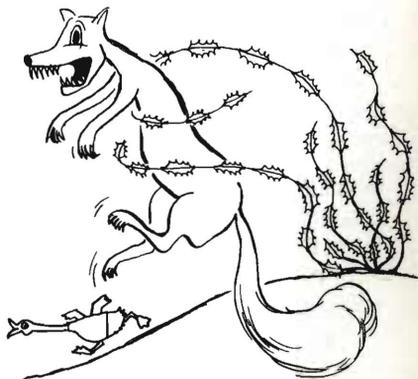
Suddenly, the Goose stopped in her tracks. The little Shoe, hearing no more complaints, looked behind and saw her dreadful plight: a great Fox was already smacking his lips, ready to jump on the poor bird. And indeed, he did jump, but instead of catching the Goose, the great Fox remained prisoner in a bush, snarling with rage because the bush was a holly tree and did not let him go, clamping each thorny leaf solidly on his fur....

"Oh," said the little Shoe, "many, many thanks, dear Holly! You saved the Goose's life."

"You are quite welcome," said Holly in a booming voice. "But pray, tell me what a Wooden Shoe and a White Goose are doing on this mountain, on Christmas eve?"

"We are looking for Santa Claus," answered the little Shoe. "Do come with us, Holly, and he will thank you for your kindness towards us."

"I cannot go since I am holding the Fox," said Holly, "but my son will go with you." At once, a sprig



fell off the holly bush and joined the Wooden Shoe and the Goose.

As soon as they hit the trail again, the fat White Goose began to sing, triumphantly, the Capital march, which is the Geese national anthem.

"Are you crazy?" said the Shoe. "Are you losing your mind and do you want to attract all the wolves that may be around?"

"What," answered the Goose, angrily, "haven't you seen how I frightened this miserable Fox who went into hiding in the holly bush?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Shoe, "I had been told that geese were silly but I didn't think it went that far..."

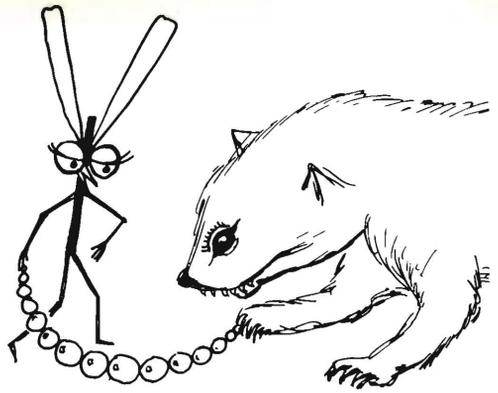
Furious, the Goose kept a haughty silence. Too late, because Dame Ermine, awakened by the noise, appeared on the road, eyes bright and teeth sharp.

"Has the fat White Goose finished her lovely song?" asked the Ermine, mockingly, "I certainly can help her in tearing her neck..."

The Wooden Shoe had an inspiration. He remembered that the Ermine, in spite of her too-sharp nose, is quite a coquette, and he tried a new line:

"Ah, dear Madam Ermine," he said in a sweet voice, "before you feast upon the Goose, don't you think you need a little primping? You are not properly attired for a Christmas celebration. Look at these lovely mistletoe berries growing on this tree. They would make the most precious pearl necklace if you only cared to string them up..."

"That's a brilliant idea," exclaimed Dame Ermine, delighted, and she jumped on the tree to pick up the mistletoe berries without looking any more at the White Goose.



The Wooden Shoe sighed deeply with relief and warmly thanked the Mistletoe.

"Think nothing of it," answered the Mistletoe. "But, pray tell me what a Wooden Shoe, a White Goose and a sprig of Holly are doing on this mountain on Christmas eve?"

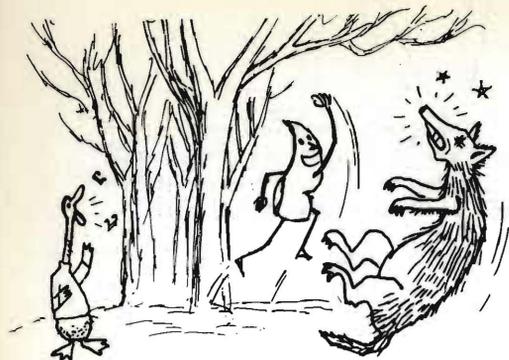
"We are looking for Santa Claus," answered the Wooden Shoe. "Do come with us, Mistletoe, and he will thank you for your kindness towards us."

"Why, certainly!" said the Mistletoe and he detached himself from the tree and joined them.

But forgetful of past dangers, the silly White Goose started again to sing.

"Won't you be quiet?" began the Wooden Shoe, this time quite mad at the stupid animal. But he couldn't say anything more because a big wicked Wolf was standing in the middle of the path, ready to jump on the Goose.

"This is it!" thought the brave Wooden Shoe and he attacked the Wolf courageously, giving him a sound whack on the nose. And all during the fight, he called, "John, take your gun! Take your gun, John!" as if somebody were following him. The Wolf, thinking that a hunter was coming, decided that he had enough with the beating inflicted by the Wooden Shoe, and fled shamelessly, his tail between



his hind legs.

The Wooden Shoe came back to his companions. Holly and Mistletoe congratulated him warmly for his courage, but not so the White Goose.

"Who do you think you are?" she exclaimed angrily, "it was up to me to defend our little group. I already saved you from the Fox and the Ermine, I could have done as well with this lanky Wolf! Anyway, I have had enough of your company and that of your friends! I shall look for Santa Claus myself; I am not that dumb. Good bye!" and she left them with just a disdainful flap of her wings.

Holly, Mistletoe and the Wooden Shoe looked at each other in wonderment. "Oh, well!" said Mistletoe, "after all, it is just too bad for her, we did everything possible to protect her in spite of herself. Let's go on. We must be near Santa Claus' cabin."

"Stop!" said Holly, "I hear somebody coming."

A very tiny fir tree appeared at the turn of the path. Seeing the companions, he stopped and in-

quired: "Pray tell me what a Wooden Shoe, a Holly sprig and a Mistletoe branch are doing on this mountain, on Christmas eve?"

"We are looking for Santa Claus, Fir Tree," answered the Wooden Shoe, "do come with us!"

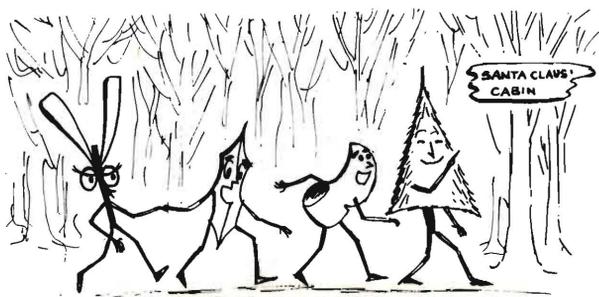
"Why, of course!" answered the Fir Tree, "I am already invited! I was hurrying because I was afraid to be late. The owl has not yet screeched midnight, has she?"

"No," said Holly, "but since you seem to know the way, please come out front and lead us."

"With pleasure," said the little Fir Tree and all puffed up with pride, he led them right into Santa Claus' cabin.

There, they all stopped and became shy. There were so many people! And you could see that it was a festive night because lots of brilliant stars were hung on the walls and you could see better than by daylight. Santa Claus was seated in a big armchair and was checking his address book.

All around him were all the creatures of the woods who came visiting. Stags and deer with their does and their fawns, owls opening wide their blinking eyes, squirrels having a grand time munching nuts. Even the wild hogs were present and the brown bears had interrupted their winter sleep to attend the party. Among the crowd, the Wooden Shoe recognized the Ermine with a pearl necklace, a very disheveled Fox and a Wolf with a swollen nose, but the fat White Goose was nowhere to be seen.



"I was waiting for you," said Santa Claus, putting his book aside. "What do you want from me?"

"Good Santa Claus," said the Wooden Shoe, "I want happiness for my little boy!"

"Good Santa Claus," said Holly, "I want to be loved in spite of my thorns!"

"Good Santa Claus," said Mistletoe, "I want to see smiling faces around me!"

"Good Santa Claus," said the Fir Tree, "I want to bear bright fruits!"

"Your wishes will be granted," answered Santa Claus in a booming voice. "Listen, everybody:

"You, Fir Tree, you will bear brilliant fruits, lights and stars, because you will become a Christmas Tree!

"You, Mistletoe, you will see only happy faces and at your sight people will kiss each other because you will become the Christmas mistletoe!

"You, Holly, your red berries will be eagerly sought and nobody will care about your thorns because you will become the Christmas holly!

"You, little Wooden Shoe, you will bring happiness not only to your little boy but to all children because you will become the Christmas Shoe!"

"Thank you, Santa Claus, thank you!" said all the companions, delighted. Then, the little Wooden Shoe asked shyly: "And what happened to the Fat White Goose?"

"She was eaten by a weasel," answered Santa Claus gravely. "Indeed, I am telling you that in many lands around the world, at each Christmas celebration, there will be a tree, and holly, and mistletoe and a little shoe, but there will also be a roasted goose in punishment for her stupidity and ungratefulness."





(L to R): Geoffrey Oldnall, Rudolf Kroc, Hugh Scott, Doris Eliason, Marion Brooks (back to camera), Rose Skalak, Linda Shanahan, William Hauenstein, Josephine Van Gasse and Betty Tinline.

BANK FUND STAFF FEDERAL CREDIT UNION
TENTH ANNIVERSARY TEA
October 1947-1957

On October 25, 1957 a tea was held in the Bank Dining Room to celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of the founding of the Bank Fund Staff Credit Union.

All of those who had contributed their time and services during this period, either in an official capacity or as a committee member, were cordially invited to attend.

Approximately forty persons turned out for the occasion and it was interesting to hear the various comments on our growth during this time.

As an indication of our growth, the following figures present a graphic illustration of what can be accomplished by a united group of people working towards a common goal:

	<u>1947 (Dec.)</u>	<u>1957 (Sept.)</u>
SHARES	\$2,972.00	\$196,786.00
LOANS	2,032.00	191,990.00
TOTAL ASSETS	2,974.00	214,086.00

(L to R): Paul Ehrlich, Benjamin Prins, Frederick Dirks, Marion Brooks, Charles Powell, Yu Chen and Kathleen O'Connor.





Jean-Pierre Thibaud



Allen M. Johnson



Louis P. Michaels

NEW PROFESSIONAL STAFF

Jean-Pierre Thibaud, came to the Bank's Department of Technical Operations in October from Colombia. He is of French nationality and was born in Buenos-Aires where he lived until 1949. From 1949 to 1951 he was employed by Etablissements Neyrpic in France as an engineer and served as Manager of Neyrpic's subsidiary in Bogota from 1953 to 1955. Before coming to the Bank he was manager of a society representing French suppliers in Bogota. Mr. and Mrs. Thibaud and their three children, Ines, Antoine and Christian are living in Wesley Heights.

Allen M. Johnson, an American, became a member of the staff of the I.F.C. on October 16. Mr. Johnson is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. He has been associated with General Electric Co. in various capacities, senior accountant with Lybrand Ross Bros. and Montgomery, professor of accounting with Gannon College, assistant controller with The Welch Grape Juice Co. and treasurer of Japan Remington Rand Co. (Tokyo). Before joining I.F.C. Mr. Johnson was a member of the headquarters comptroller staff of the Department of Defense. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson reside in Alexandria and are foster parents of a Korean boy within Foster Parents Plan Inc.

Louis P. Michaels, an American from Boston, became a member of the Administration Department in November. Mr. Michaels has served as Administrative and Technical Assistant and as an Investigator with the U.S. Civil Service Commission. Before joining the Bank he was Management Analyst in the Commission. Mr. Michaels attended Brown University in Providence and was graduated Cum Laude in International Relations. He received his M.A. degree in Public Administration at Boston University. Mr. and Mrs. Michaels and their son, Dwight Paul, live in Silver Spring, Maryland.



Christmas

MAIN BALLROOM, MAYFLOW

19





Anniversary Party

POWER HOTEL, DECEMBER 17TH.

57



Christmas Windfall

by Penelope Usher

Christmas in Long Island! That would be too good to be true. I could never afford it, and I put the thought away. I was pleased to be invited, but New York is a long way from Bermuda where I had recently arrived from London. My finances were in need of reconstruction and altho' I was trying to do something about it, it would never be in time for me to accept my friends' invitation to Long Island. That was that.

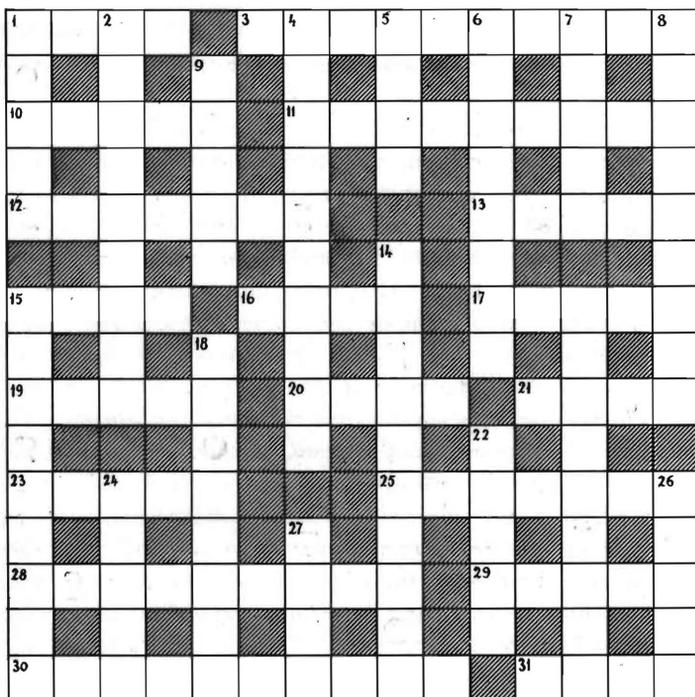
It just happened that at the time of my disappointment a "pruzzle" contest was being conducted by the Bermuda papers. Since Bermuda is a small island, the contest was the main topic of conversation. The prize for solving the pruzzle was ten pounds a week, cumulative until the pruzzle was solved. The amount had grown to 200 pounds and great was the excitement. Of course, almost everyone, including me, spent a great deal of time trying to solve the thing which was really quite simple.

Each week I did a "master pruzzle." Then I would change one word and then I would change one word in about five others and send in six pruzzles altogether. They became routine. I just worked them out, sent them in and forgot about them.

One day about three days before Christmas I had some letters on my desk which were to be collected by hand during the rush. While I was doing relief telephone switchboard work, I heard someone come into the office and ask for Miss Usher. I was about to call out and say, "You will find the letters on my desk," when I heard a man's voice saying that he was from the Mid-Ocean News, our local newspaper. "Oh," I thought, "someone has come to find out what I am doing for Christmas." As I have said, Bermuda is a small island: it is customary to have little write-ups in the newspapers describing the social activities at the holiday time. I had forgotten completely about the pruzzle. When I heard the words, "I have come to tell you that you have won the prize money in the pruzzle competition," I could not believe my ears. Nobody could have been more staggered than I. Later they came to interview me and the following day there was a large front page picture. The whole island was agog with the news.

It all sounds so conceited. When you know the pruzzle, you know it was more luck than skill. I was very fortunate that this came just before Christmas when the money was so badly needed. I went to New York and had a very delightful Christmas with my American family. It still seems like a dream.

Puzzle Contest winner, Penelope Usber, insists that the Crossword Puzzle below, designed by Cyril Davies, is more difficult than the Bermuda variety. Staff members, especially those with long Bank experience, should test their knowledge. If necessary, the solution will be given in the January issue.



Across

- 1, 3 We have reached No. 185 in this series
- 10. Borrower other than a member government
- 11. Member country
- 12. He's simply staggering!
- 13. This can be floated
- 15. A note to the British
- 16. To be (*French*)
- 17. Member country
- 19. Startle
- 20. All our E.D.'s can but their capacities vary
- 21. It gives me the shakes
- 23. Setting
- 25. See 1 down

- 28. Necessary accompaniment
- 29. Member country
- 30. They maintain internal circulation
- 31. A bit of the eighteen per cent

Down

- 1. The Bank does not usually 25 across such costs
- 2. Member country
- 4. The Bank has helped to increase this kind of capacity
- 5. Everyone
- 6. Often ends secretarial careers

- 7. Ruler of a member country
- 8. Draw
- 9. Immerse
- 14. In a sense, this is as high as one can get in the Bank (two words)
- 15. Found on 14 down
- 18. Pay off
- 22. Light refreshment
- 24. They are as broad as long as high
- 26. Outcome
- 27. Flavor extracted from a gnat

“REPOSSESSED”

by Irene Sharpe

One morning seven months ago, while studying painting in Sarasota, our class set out in the school station wagon for a half-day's sketching. We were bound that early and bright morning for a verdant, almost primitive area not far from the town of Osprey, on Highway 41, south of Sarasota. Good teachers of painting, like good hunters, know where the best "game" is found, and Mr. Leech knew where the right sketching ground was for the particular work to be done that day. In the afternoon, assuming we had come up with something worth developing, we would settle down in the studio and try to resolve in definite colors what we had blocked out *sur place* at an earlier hour.

Leaving the station wagon, we set out on foot for some distance through tangled, luxurious undergrowth and spreading palms which, of a sudden, fell away to reveal the shores of a friendly little lake that lay, deathly still, at our feet. The hour was still early and the ground and shrubbery drenched with dew. For a moment at least, an aura of peace, quiet and benevolence rested precariously over all things visible; an hour more and the sun, already swinging high above, would blot out this magic and force us into whatever shade was available. There was little time to live with this early morning sorcery, and we set our attention on our subject. As far as I am concerned, that morning's problem was easily the most fascinating and intriguing of any I had worked on; instead of a river, beach, building or the usual landscape, we had before us the ruins of a tiny chapel - a sort of sanctuary built there in the jungle many years ago. Because of neglect, it had by now all but faded completely into the thick, gnarled background of trees, thorn-covered vines and rank undergrowth. The poor words at my command fail to portray the delicacy and charm that came from that abandoned spot. Like so many of the better things of life, "Mary's Chapel" - for that was the name local residents had given it - had been well removed from the market place and the rush of tourist traffic; but, indeed, it would have been worth journeying many times farther to see.

As we set about our work, we soon heard the story of Mary's Chapel. More than half a century ago, across that lake a young girl lay very ill, destined not to recover. From her bed she could see the opposite shore where we stood, bathed in the warm Florida sun. Here occasionally she had also seen white heron gracefully spread their wings against the dull green of the forest, and the silver water, as it lapped

silently on the sandy shore, whispered to her in a gentle murmuring she had long understood and loved. In particular, she could clearly gaze at a small promontory that rose some distance behind the lake. It was lightly wooded with a small clearing facing the water. She also grew to love this fragment of land and the gleaming shore that wreathed it. As she weakened, she confided to her parents that it would be "so very nice" if a little church could be built some day, there in the wildwood. After her death her parents had her laid to rest across the lake at this very spot where her tired eyes had so often found solace. Then, as if to make her dream come true, they had a small church erected near her grave. For miles about, people began to speak of it as "Mary's Chapel," or "the little Church in the wildwood." Today, a number of weathered headstones, with inscriptions already blurred, offer mute evidence of the certainty that others after her were taken



The picture shown here was painted by Irene Sharpe who joined our staff in September. Irene is from St. John's, Newfoundland, where she attended university and the Newfoundland Academy of Art. For the past three years, however, she has devoted her time to the study of painting in Sarasota, Florida, under Hilton Leech, one of the well-known water color artists of the United States. "Repossessed" was selected for the 1957 National Art Exhibit in Sarasota.

there to rest. Surely, none could have chosen a lovelier spot!

But as everywhere in tropical and sub-tropical regions, Nature strives resolutely to reclaim her own and efface the works of man; thus, when the child's family passed away, there appears to have been no one left to care for the little memorial so that, through the years the elements and dense undergrowth, seemingly resentful of man's intrusion, made their mark on the little shrine by relentlessly forcing their way over and beyond the frail walls, across the floor and up onto the roof and slender steeple; until eventually the little chapel was stifled by the encroaching forest and fell silently - to be enfolded and soon to be repossessed by the jungle itself. But, as if to bestow a reluctant tribute, the jungle has allowed a little willow-like bush with its crimson blossoms to "bleed" and "weep" over the decaying threshold and crumbling gravestones.

For many years the Chapel had been lovingly cared for, while it stood peacefully there, serene and sure, by the placid water; and during all that time, many a visitor had known the soft touch of its friendliness and received courage and strength through communion with it. Here members of the community had gathered, particularly at Christmas time; warm greetings had been exchanged and there had been the happy laughter of children, as the little bell in the steeple rang out joyfully its notes carried by the warm wind across the lake - to the very spot where the young girl had expressed her wish.

"Merry Christmas, neighbor!" they would call to one another; "A Happy, Happy Christmas to you also!" would be the reply there in the wildwood.

Although we have come to expect our Christmas cards - if they depict churches - invariably to present colorful, well-kept edifices replete with hope and warmth, could we not remember that so once was this little chapel? Surely, the role it must have played in men's lives through the years is as worthy of a place in our memory as any we may hold for more fortunate and grander churches, whose walls and ceilings are regularly decorated and whose roofs and belfries are made fast against the elements. The more I think about it, the surer I am that this is the way the picture which I painted would say "Merry Christmas" to us if it could speak.

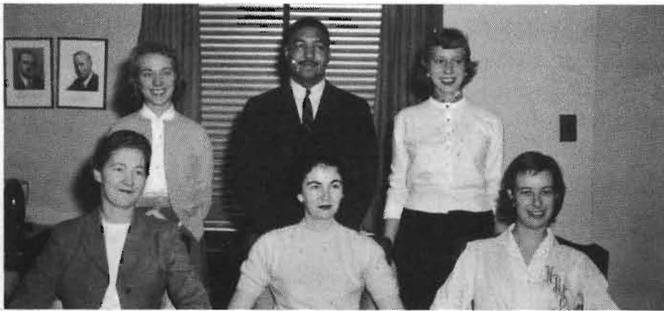


Merry Christmas and best wishes to I.F.C.'s Vice President Beevor who, unfortunately, must spend his holiday season in the hospital.



WELCOME TO NEW STAFF - OCTOBER

(Seated L to R): *Lee K. Lull*, Economic Staff, from Philadelphia, formerly a student at Bryn Mawr College; *Beryl May Buckley*, Department of Operations - South Asia and Middle East, from Sydney, formerly with Australian Mercantile Land and Finance Co. Ltd., Sydney; *Diana Dracopoli*, Administration Department, from London, formerly with Director of Military Intelligence War Office, London. (Standing L to R): *Wilma M. Forrestal*, Department of Operations - Europe, Africa and Australasia, from London; *Frances S. Vaughan*, Administration Department, from Durham, N.C., formerly a student at Duke University, Durham; *Eunice Ruffell*, Treasurer's Department, from Chesterfield, England (now Canadian - Ottawa, Canada) formerly with Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa; *Mary T. Copeland*, Department of Operations - Western Hemisphere, from London, formerly with Air Ministry, London.



WELCOME TO NEW STAFF - NOVEMBER

(Seated L to R): *Rhona Kelly*, Administration Department, from Johannesburg, formerly with Cliffe, Dekker and Todd, Johannesburg; *Patricia Kelley*, Economic Staff, from Pittsburgh, formerly with Federal Reserve Bank in Philadelphia; *Belinda Gold*, Department of Technical Operations, from London, formerly a student at Stanford University. (Standing L to R): *Lavonne M. Johnson*, Department of Operations - Europe, Africa and Australasia, from Albert Lea, Minnesota, formerly with Department of State, Washington; *Frederick L. King*, Administration Department, from Altoona, formerly with Fairmount Park Commission, Philadelphia; *Donna Criddle*, I.F.C., from Wheeling, formerly a student at Ohio State University, Columbus.

TEN YEAR STAFF
NOVEMBER



*Gladys O.
Noel*



*Orvis A.
Schmidt*

FIVE YEAR
STAFF
DECEMBER

*Roger A.
Chaufournier*



TEN YEAR STAFF
DECEMBER



(Seated L to R): *Julia Roussin,
Flora White, Aileen Larimer.*
(Standing L to R): *S.R. Cope,
J.H. Collier.*



TENNIS AWARDS

1. WINNERS (L to R): *Ravi Amatayakul (Men's and Mixed Doubles), M. Kumashiro (Men's Doubles and Thailand Cup), Hugh Scott (Singles), Penny Delyannis (Mixed Doubles), Mr. Knapp, Diana Scott (Singles), Claudia Duval (Thailand Cup) and Ravi Gulhati (Runner-up Men's and Mixed Doubles).*
2. *Mr. Knapp presents Women's Singles Championship cup to Diana Scott of the Fund.*
3. *Mr. Knapp congratulates Hugh Scott, winner of Men's Singles Championship (also last year's winner).*



Personals

DOWN THE AISLE: Mr. and Mrs. Davidson Sommers' daughter, Marion, became the bride of William L. Adikes, Jr., on November 3 in Bay-side, New York. Mr. Adikes is doing post graduate work in physics at Cornell University.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cargill's daughter, Lise Lotta, became Mrs. Wayne Becker on December 7 at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church. Lise was given in marriage by Mr. Cargill. The young couple will live in Washington where Mr. Becker is employed in the office of Representative Bronson.

Irmgard Dolderer and Lt. Cdr. Robert E. Moore were married in the chapel at Bolling Air Force Base on November 27. Irmgard wore a beautiful white lace and satin ballerina gown and a tiara of white pearls with a finger tip veil. Irmgard's attendant was her sister Marlene who wore a green ballerina gown.

ENGAGEMENT: Word has been received from Mr. Hubert Havlik in Peru that his daughter, Susan, is engaged to Geoffrey Balshaw of Pisco and Lima. The wedding will take place on January 11. Mr. Balshaw is in the cotton export business in Lima.

FAREWELL: A farewell party was given by the Legal Department for Flora Stetson who is leaving the Bank to live in Heidelberg where her husband has been transferred.



FIRST MERRY CHRISTMAS!

NEW STOPS FOR SANTA:

Thomas Joseph Donovan (Jan. 1)
Philip Corbin Allardice (Jan. 18)
Carol Lightowler (Feb. 3)
Anne Felicia Sadove (Mar. 9)
Martin Peter Collier (Mar 10)
Beverly Duvall (Apr. 23)
Anne-Marie Wouters (Apr. 26)
Sharon F. Habib (May 10)
Peter Howard Wiese (June 1)
Sylvia Bertha Maria Bachem (June 9)
Robert Alexander Casson (July 12)
Umberto Dalla-Chiesa (July 14)
Virginie-Anne Chadenet (July 24)
Simon Acheson (Sept. 13)
Christopher George Freeman
(Sept. 14)
Katherine Fuchs (Oct. 16)
Marco Wade Marziali (Oct. 16)
Aida Sah (Oct. 16)
Timothy Eric Wan (Nov. 29)
Richard Mark Granville-Smith
(Dec. 4)



Our deepest sympathy to Marcel Verheyen whose father, Fernand Verheyen died in Paris on October 10; to Joy Walker whose mother died in Peterborough, Ontario, November 27.

BOWLING

We could have quit after the first night we bowled. For eleven weeks we have been striking, sparing, hooting and hollering, jumping for joy, groaning, cussing and throwing whammies, and the result is the same as it was after the first three games - the Printing team is in first place. They win the first round. But between the first match and the last, things were always in suspense, and other teams got to see how it feels to be in first place. (For the benefit of those who haven't had the chance yet, a first-hand report: It feels great. What isn't a bit pleasant is the falling sensation when you drop from there to a lowly place in the line-up.)

The Printers are very modest about their victory. Lou says that their success was due to his "talent" for rattling the people on other teams, a talent that most of us try to cultivate, and he is pretty good at it. Shorty, however, attributes it mainly to luck - he says that it was a case of playing each of the other teams when they were having a bad night. Everybody in the League will agree though that this would be pretty coincidental - it looks to us more as though they just bowled better than anybody else!

Administration was the strongest contender (among many strong contenders, of course), but on the last night of the round they ran into a real upset, and lost all three games to the Far East. This settled the question of who were going to be the champions.

Here is some interesting news that is in *Coronet*: the ladies' bowling champion for 1955 used to work in a store for \$45 a week, but since she won the championship, she has made so many winnings that she bought the store she was working in. So we should watch our good bowlers, and if one of them buys the World Bank, there is no need to be surprised.

Some time back Mr. McClung of the Kalorama alleys gave us a nice invitation to use an "11th frame room" that they have at the Lafayette alleys for meetings if we wished. So, not to let it go to waste, we are going to have a party there, preceded by a tournament, on the 11th of January if enough members of the League want to. At the deadline for this publication, sentiment is running strongly in favor.

