

AND ALL FOR A GOOD CAUSE...

The crowd massed slowly, even gingerly—taking pains, as it eased near the podium, not to look too eager, or too anxious. But by 12:15 or so the atrium was thick with staff who had postponed their lunch and now fingered their raffle tickets, wondering if theirs would deliver them to Singapore or Paris.

Bruce Derricotte, Chairman of the Fund's United Way campaign this year, opened the proceedings and extended his, and his Committee's, heartfelt thanks to the Fund staff. Their response to the United Way drive, he noted, had been "outstanding this year." Brigitte Camdessus, wife of the Managing Director, then welcomed everyone and expressed particular gratitude to those who had spent long hours organizing the raffle and to those who donated prizes, singling out Cybele Simoes Magro, the Arts and Music Attache of the Brazilian Embassy, for her work and for her Embassy's exceptional generosity.

"I hope you succeed," Brigitte Camdessus told her audience, "and I hope you are happy with your prizes. I also hope," she added, "that the United Way is able to continue its work and widen and deepen what it is doing." The range of the United Way's work had impressed her, she said, and she hoped it would be able to respond imaginatively to people's needs as these changed over time.

Bill Mayhugh, WMAL radio host, then took the mike to serve as master of ceremonies for the event. He lent the mid-day proceedings a steady, easy humor while the assembled staff provided its own good-natured running commentary. Each prize brought murmurs of "Oh, I'd take that" or a wistful, "Now I wouldn't mind that one." The Philippine shell craft confused a few in the gathering: "What is that," someone whispered earnestly, "some kind of boat?"

Luck this year seemed to favor those who did not attend—quite a few of the winners were on mission or were retirees. Some simply had found the prospect of lunch too enticing. The largest laugh of the proceedings was reserved for Hayloft's prize of a dinner and show for one. Blair Rourke claimed the prize, coming in for some teasing from his colleagues. "What will you tell your wife," they chided, "I'm going out to Manassas tonight and have dinner by myself?" As it turned out there was confusion all around. The Hayloft prize was later reported to be a dinner for two and the actual winner was said to be



Brigitte Camdessus (above) welcomed the crowd that gathered for the raffle drawing and wished them luck. Bill Mayhugh (below), master of ceremonies, kept everyone in good spirits, as Jeanne Ward, a member of the Raffle Committee, can attest.



A number of the grand prize contributors were on hand for the November 19 drawing. They watched as the names of the lucky prize winners were drawn. Eleven grand prizes were awarded.

Kellett Hannah. Blair Rourke was officially listed as the proud winner of a dinner for two at Burn Brae.

When the congratulations and the laughter and the consolations had all ended, the United Way campaign in the Fund had garnered \$76,756, over \$2,000 more than last year (this despite almost one hundred fewer donors this year). The day after the raffle, contributions were still coming in and Staff Relations was still recovering from the hectic few hours it had just before the deadline. In the three final hours before the drawing Staff Relations collected over \$3,000 and scrambled to distribute the requisite number of raffle tickets. Jeannine Ward, a member of the Raffle Committee, said the United Way had congratulated the Fund on its raffle. "They told us it was the biggest raffle, in terms of the number of prizes, that they had been involved with."

The raffle itself, smooth, upbeat, and lighthearted, provided little clue to the enormous amount of work involved in setting it up. Work began in September with Susan Becker and her fellow Raffle Committee members (Sheila Bassett, Jean-Claude Bouchet, Anita Catterton, Kirsten Fitchett, Fernando Gaitan, Ann Phillips, Conchita Valencia, Thomas Walter, and Jeannine Ward) dividing up the duties of contacting scores of embassies, airlines, hotels, restaurants, and local businesses.

Letters went out and a surprising number of positive responses were received. Ann Phillips wrote to many of the embassies in town—the first time such an exhaustive canvassing had been attempted. "Basically the embassies were very cooperative. The Brazilian Embassy was just super," she said. Organizing the raffle entailed a great deal

of work, Ann Phillips agreed, but this year she said she felt a special need to contribute her time and efforts.

Fellow Committee member Tom Walter enjoyed his work. "I spent a couple of days walking around visiting merchants. The first day I felt like a salesman, but the response was almost universally good. Some of the men's clothing stores just started pulling clothes off the rack for me. Their enthusiasm kept me eager."

"The response really was excellent this year," Susan Becker agreed. "Some of our own staff were very generous, too. Dominique Berthet donated one of his paintings; Awad Osman, a day cruise on the Chesapeake; and Ralph E. White, three hours of limo service. Last year Duane Brown and his wife, Barbara, won a trip to Japan. This year Barbara Brown called us up, unsolicited, and donated a \$50 gift certificate from her store."

"Four Seas Seven Winds Travel Agency was also very, very generous," Susan Becker noted. "The head of the firm, James McLean, is Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Greater Washington United Way." People often went out of their way to help, she added, "the sales manager here for Singapore Airlines, for example, really worked to get us that prize. Pan Am always gives, and they give in a nice way. They asked us what we wanted!"

After all the hoopla and the hard work, the campaign seemed to leave many of the Raffle Committee members with a good feeling. Tom Walter reflected on its special, and unexpected, rewards. "The experience gave me personal contact with store owners—people who I had seen but never had occasion to talk to. It made me feel more a part of the community."

GRAND PRIZE WINNERS

Jorge Cresta Guinle painting	Richard Niebuhr
Dominique Berthet painting	Rudolf Rhomberg
Trip to Paris (Air France)	Paul Gleason
Trip anywhere in continental US (USAIR)	Robert Crites
Trip to London/Frankfurt (TWA)	Kim Nyoon Khong
Trip to Paris (Pan Am)	William Hemphill
Trip to Los Angeles or San Francisco (TWA)	Marina Primorac
Trip to Singapore (Singapore Airlines)	Hugh Simpson
Trip to Zurich (Swissair)	Marie Stark
Trip to Bangkok (Thai Airlines)	Cornelia Ernst
Trip to Rome or Milan (Alitalia)	Michael Dooley

THERE'S STILL TIME TO GIVE

If you would still like to make a contribution to the United Way, please contact Staff Relations (X8287). Donations will be accepted through the end of the year for the Fund's campaign.



Last minute preparations: just prior to the start of the Marine Corps Marathon (from left to right) Denio Zara, David Naismith, George Morgan, Bruno Zara, and Ian Sliper gathered to discuss strategy, stretch, and apply a variety of ointments to soon to be very tired muscles.

RUNNING THE MARINE CORPS MARATHON

"There are no givens with marathons," George Morgan reflected, "they're just too long. Anything can happen." For five Fund staff members pressed among a field of 12,000 at the starting line, the months of training were over. The Marine Corps Marathon was set to begin. The edginess was there, the anticipation. The traditional course of 26 miles and 385 yards could bring anything: blisters, cramps, exhaustion, and, possibly, the finish line.

Dinah Nieburg (ADM), who trained for a triathlon this summer and is recovering from a hip injury, passed up this year's marathon but remembers her first in 1984: "I had two goals: to finish and to have a great time. It was thrilling to do something you thought was inconceivable—to break that barrier and stretch your own limits."

There were veterans and first timers among the Fund staff entrants this year. David Naismith (ADM) was running in his fourth consecutive Marine Corps Marathon; Denio Zara (ADM) missed last year's but counted this his eighth such race; knee surgery had kept George Morgan (ADM) out of the Marine Marathon since 1983; and this would be the first marathon for Chris Browne (ASD) and Ian Sliper (OED).

Runners tend to be an individualistic bunch. Ask five of them why they chose to run a marathon or how they

trained for it, and you'll hear five different answers. "I started running in 1983," David Naismith recalls. I averaged one or two miles a day and was fortunate to know good runners who gave me very useful advice on proper gear and what not. When I started running I was 15-20 pounds overweight. After six months I had reached my ideal weight and after one year I was able to run my first marathon. I lengthened my runs gradually and varied my routes—sometimes hilly, sometimes flat. After a while I found my lunchtime runs weren't enough. I needed the mornings or the evenings too. I normally run for two or two and a half hours on Sunday."

In preparation for a marathon, David Naismith averages 60 miles a week (well above his normal 25-30) and was the only one among the Fund entrants to follow a "depletion" routine in the week before the race. This cycle draws down the reserves of glycogen in the body—by eating less and cutting back on carbohydrates and proteins while continuing to run. After four days of this the residual glycogen has been depleted and the process of restoring it begins—a two-day, all-you-can-eat binge of pasta, yogurts, fruits, and meats. This builds the glycogen level to twice the original. This done, David Naismith does "absolutely nothing but stretch and relax" the day before the race.



Chris Brown gave up smoking two years ago and started running. The Marine Corps event on November 8 was his first marathon.

"The day of the marathon," he laughs, "you can't wait to go. You are tense, your adrenaline's pumping. You constantly wonder just how good you'll be. You want to run it without stopping, but you also don't want to kill yourself."

Denio Zara retains a healthy regard for the Marine Corps event. "It's the only race I didn't finish once. I was too exuberant and I paced myself too fast. I had to retire at the 16-mile mark."

Running complements his other passion: soccer. It has been such an integral part of his life that he remembers a period of forced inactivity, recovering from acute tendinitis in his achilles, as "the three most miserable months of my life." "I love feeling the wind and the rain on my face, and feeling free. I like knowing that I'm in shape and that I have reserves of stamina. I'm not a world class runner or a great runner—I just love to run. While I'm on vacation I make sure I go off and take a long run through the countryside. It gives me a different perspective: beauty that you can't see from your car or the road."

"I ran in school and then didn't run again until I ballooned to 178 pounds. Now I'm able to keep it down to 154 and eat pasta all the time and feed my sweet tooth. I don't follow a high tech training program. I run 35-45 miles a week regularly and 65 a week to prepare for a marathon."

"The first time I ran a marathon," Denio Zara remembers, "I wanted to prove that I could do something most people think is impossible. The moment of finishing is so satisfying, so overwhelming. The emotion makes you want to come back—you forget all the pains; you don't

remember that your legs were wobbly for a week after the race."

George Morgan has been running for 17 years. He ran the Marine Corps Marathon in 1981, 1982, and 1983 before knee surgery (necessitated by an injury while climbing Mt. Fuji) imposed a lengthy rehabilitation period. "I wanted to run this race to see where I am, to test myself in a way that isn't damaging," he explained. "There's a certain comradery that you share with friends who run a marathon. When you aren't running, you don't feel part of that. Training for a marathon also takes you to another level of self-discipline. There is so much preparation for three or four hours of running and it puts a lot of stress on your body. You just have to step up a level and make that commitment."

There are, George Morgan finds, few gimmicks and no short cuts in the training process. The week's one long run builds gradually from 10 miles in July to 18 miles two weeks before the race. "In the week before the race I don't follow the depletion cycle, I just eat light. I want to avoid a weight gain before the race."

"I've been running off and on for ten years now," Ian Sliper observes. "Much of it has been in Wellington, New Zealand. When I came to DC, I was staying with my cousin who works in the World Bank. We started running in Rock Creek Park and we would kid each other about one day doing a marathon." By mid-summer the light-hearted dream began to take more definite shape. A 40-mile week grew to 60 miles and in the six to eight weeks before the marathon there were four runs of 20 miles each. (Few runners train with runs longer than 20 miles. Most believe that the last six miles are mental and the recovery period from 26 miles is, in any case, significantly longer than that from a 20-mile run.)

"I don't feel the competitive aspect of running. The one disappointing thing about races is that people don't chat as much. I love going off on a run and chatting. My cousin and I would solve the world's problems several times over during our runs. Of course there is also the bonus of keeping in shape and having the scope to occasionally overeat or drink."

"I do like the challenge, though," he continued, "of setting a longer term goal and doing it. I've never run more than 20 miles, so I'm looking forward to it. I want to see if I can do it."

"It'll be my first marathon," Chris Browne noted with a wry smile that suggested more eagerness than anxiety. "I quit smoking two years ago and lost 30 pounds. I found running was a terrific way to keep my weight down, and I had to keep off cigarettes if I wanted to run."

"Hubert Neiss (ASD) was my fitness advisor. He gave me a comprehensive exercise program of weight training and running. Once I started, it became immediately obvious that doing a marathon would have to be the ultimate goal. You must take it gradually and pursue it over a long period. But if you do follow the program, you see results."

"Of course you have to accept," he sighs, "that running is boring to hear about and no one wants to listen to you go

With the race more than half over, David Naismith (right) rounds the Lincoln Monument followed by fellow Fund staffer George Morgan (below). After circling the Tidal Basin the runners will tackle a segment of the marathon—a 4-mile loop of Hains Point—that many runners find the most difficult stretch of the race. Lonely, flat, and windy, Hains Point offers few visual distractions (such as monuments) and attracts sparse crowds. For many runners the race slows to a walk at Hains Point.



on about the topic. You can't get your kids out to watch you race either." Undeterred, though, his enthusiasm for running deepened. Every few weeks a 10 kilometer, or longer, race broke up the routine of solitary runs.

A week before the Marine Corps Marathon there was much speculation, and some fervent hoping, regarding conditions for the race. The consensus was that a temperature in the 50s or low 60s would be ideal. The possibility of high temperature prompted great concern and only Denio Zara seemed keen on a grey, drizzly day.

There was no disagreement regarding the quality of the race. The course was flat, well laid out, frequently scenic, and extremely well organized with numerous water stops and excellent health care. George Morgan, a former U.S. Marine himself, admits to some abiding loyalty to the Corps but also admires the event's adamantly amateur nature—there is no prize money; there are no sponsor fees; there are no stars. "The Marines are great and very enthusiastic," adds Joan Powers (LEG), who has run past Marine Corps Marathons. "They are on hand to give you water, or later in the race to offer you something they call 'body punch,' and give you encouragement. 'Lookin' good ma'am,' they'll say. Of course you aren't looking good, but it's a wonderful boost to hear that."

The morning of the race the weather was almost ideal: temperature in the 50s, clear, and dry. George Morgan, David Naismith, Ian Sliper, and Denio Zara and his brother, Bruno, met at the starting line, stretching and joking to relieve some of the pre-race tension.

For the first-timers, the crowds and the atmosphere exceeded expectations. "It was very exciting," Ian Sliper

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IN SEARCH OF BOOKS



Chapters' interior offers one of Washington's more inviting settings for book seekers.

Not being a professional book collector, I find myself agreeing with E.M. Forster, who placed book collecting "next to stamp collecting." Grumbled Forster, "I can say no less. It is nonadult and exposes the book-lover to all sorts of nonsense at the hands of the book-dealer." But Forster did assemble a library at his home; one that was "rather a muddle." As a fellow amateur collector (in the true sense of the word "amateur," here connoting a love of books) and one with an equally muddled collection, I give a hearty two cheers for books, and perhaps another two for the fact that the Fund is situated within easy walking distance of a good number of bookshops.

I use the word "bookshops" out of habit and fond memory, although "bookstore" would probably be more correct. The cosy, intimate feeling of a "shop" is no longer available in most of the local booksellers. Not for them the musty Old Worldliness of, say, New York's Gotham Book Mart or the late Saville of Georgetown. Instead there is the clean, cold orderliness of corporate balance sheets reflected in the ever-changing stacks, with books designed to be judged by their prominently displayed covers. And Washingtonians, ever seeking to be on the rising curve of the latest fashion, appear to buy the hottest new books,

perhaps more as an accessory of their dress or domestic decor than as a companion for life.

Accompany me, if you will, in search of books on a Cook's tour, of sorts, of the local booksellers. First, a warning: this trip may be hazardous to your financial health.

Slip out of the Fund, sidle past the unmarked, but conspicuously drab, Secret Service cars on G Street and head east toward the grey eminence of the Old Executive Office Building on 17th Street. To the right, **Crown Books** grabs attention, its windows ablaze with the latest best-sellers or expected best-sellers, appearing and disappearing with such speed as to mimic a neon sign. Inside awaits an attic full of surprises: not just best-sellers from the charts of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, at discounted prices, but also mountains of remaindered books, many of them best-sellers of the recent past. A wall of paperbacks yields the occasional find and is not changed too often.

Don't rely on the staff to help find a book. And don't expect to find much in the way of poetry or plays. This is, after all, a supermarket of trendy books and magazines, and their shelf life in this high volume, high turnover environment is rather brief. Pick up, say, *Team Yankee* (a

novel of World War III), and perhaps half a dozen best-sellers of yesteryear "at or near \$1."

Across the street, in quarters that used to house Globe, once the most sophisticated local bookshop, is Walden-books. This chain store, one of the new breed of megabookstores across this country, carried over Globe's inventory and at least one of its staff (the lady who handles institutional orders), but corporate interests appear to be ascendant now.

The collection is still enormous (some 75,000 to 100,000 volumes), and, especially of magazines, in many languages. Your notional savings from the foray into Crown Books will not last long in these precincts, as you pick up say Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* ("I haven't read it, but it's excellent" opined the salesman in the *The New Yorker* cartoon.). A rich collection of history, biography, and travel books makes this a useful pit stop for jetting international civil servants as they traverse the globe, cross-pollinating economic ideas and experiences.

Heading north on 17th, make a left turn on H Street and, resisting the temptation of La Bonbonniere, slip into Sidney Kramer Books, an enduring local institution, founded in 1946 and now run by the founder's son, Bill. Here politics, economics, and the military battle for shelf space and your attention. No big discounts here, except for customers who purchase more than \$1,000 of books. The collection is rich and constantly updated.

Although the staff attempts to be helpful, they may not always be knowledgeable about the books they sell. For this they cannot be blamed. After all, where else would you find a reprint of *The Defence of Duffer's Drift*, the classic training manual on platoon-level military tactics based on the Boer War, fighting for space with the latest study on the effects of global nuclear holocaust.

The regional shelves are veritable temples of intellectual delight, but the prices of some books assure them a safe and long stay on the shelves. This is a shop for serious readers, and an agent for many institutional buyers, who can hook up to its computerized ordering service "Booklink." Bring lots of money and leave poor but contented, carrying, among weightier tomes, perhaps Galbraith's engaging, occasionally ascerbic history *Economics in Perspective*, and Ravi Batra's awful, but painfully close to being prophetic, *The Great Depression of 1990*.

As you depart, spare a glance at La Bonbonniere next door and you might see the faint ghost of Estate Books, the venerable old bookshop that once tempted the mind and the pocketbook, too easily, too often. It was a sad day when Estate moved to the edge of Georgetown.

Next, a long march away in its new quarters on K Street—between 21st and 22nd Streets—is Reiter's an aptly named bookstore that is also a motherlode for readers. Technical books and esoterica abound. Here you will find everything you need to know about computers, psychology, geology, photography, and all the other difficult subjects ending with "y." In short, a shop for specialists, one that will challenge the senses of those jaded by the

plethora of fluff stored across the street at yet another Crown Books. (Crown's ubiquity might lead one to believe it to be a good target for take-over by McDonalds, only to be renamed "McBooks." Poetic justice for the Hafts?) Based on the principle once you've seen one you've seen them all, give Crown Books on both K and 19th and M Streets a bye. From Reuters you might walk away with, say *Quiddities* or yet another tome explaining Piaget's approach to the mind of the child.

Heading east on K Street, turn right on 17th and then left on I Street for Chapters on the left. This gem of a bookshop, hiding behind a facade and a name that evokes more a yuppie watering hole than a bookshop, offers a rich reward, well worth the trudge from the Fund. Poetry and literature are its specialties. Their newsletter, *The Variable Foot*, keeps the cognoscenti informed of new poetry books and literary events. The shelves are loaded with 24,000 volumes—books that you want or that you will want, once you see them. No best-sellers scream at you here. The owners, Terri Merz and Robin Diener, whom you might meet at work in the store, decided not to rely on best-sellers sales when they opened for business two years ago.

The only jarring note is the shop's trumpeting name: "Chapters: A Literary Bookstore." Such unsubtlety and Horace's lofty quotation "littera scripta manet" on its bookmarks notwithstanding, Chapters has a low-key atmosphere and serves to revive one's spirits. So, perhaps, armed with the very latest Penguin Book of *Modern Urdu Poetry* and the screenplays of Pinter, you reluctantly leave this bookshop. If you'd like to return one evening for a reading by an author, get on their newsletter mailing list. (Don't forget to don your tweed jacket, suitably garden-worn, and scuffed buck suede shoes.) Or, drop by on Friday afternoons for sherry and cookies.

Threading your way through the outstretched palms of professional panhandlers in Farragut Square, head north again, this time toward Dupont Circle and Second Story Books on P Street. Here again, volume holds sway, but quality wages a good fight. Give yourself time to forage among its stacks filled with some 30,000, as the used-Jaguar ads proclaim, "previously-owned" books.

Then veer south of the Circle on to Connecticut Avenue for a soul-enriching pause at Common Concerns, where redeeming social value has found a home. Political economy, area studies, and development bring together the liberal (often prefaced by "bleeding heart" in today's Washington) and left-of-center clientele of this quality bookshop. The revolutionary lyrics of one of Third World's reggae tunes might accompany your trip through these aisles.

There is a whole section on "Sexual Politics," a term that I, like most people I know, have pretended to understand but never quite understood. (You won't find me essaying a definition on these pages.) Upstairs, an array of magazines and journals opens windows into many a splinter political group and revolutionary cause. Scoop up Ajami's *The Vanished Imam* and Willy Brandt's misleadingly titled



Sidney Kramer Books has been a fixture in the neighborhood since 1946. It specializes in social sciences.

rehash of his earlier thoughts on reordering the world *Arms and Hunger* (thankfully in paperback).

Just across the road, but opening on to 19th Street, is Olsson's, the book and record store, where you might pass through a facade framed by posters of Mick Jagger or some other purveyor of aural delights into a collection of books that adds to the cultural weight of our neighborhood. A varied but rich choice of books lines these walls, though the emphasis seems to be on relatively recent releases.

Modern day publishing puts a premium on shelf space, so sleepers tend to get the boot. Alas, too soon for the likes of some of us who tend to buy books once they have slipped from the cocktail circuit charts maintained by those who specialize in reading jacket blurbs and reviews rather than the books themselves. You would, for example, miss John Keegan from the "military" section and hunt in vain for any more than a half a dozen motley volumes on "Islam" in the "Religion" section. But you might pick up Wright's tattling *Spycatchers*, Woodward's all too diaphanous *Veil*, and Knightley's encyclopedic *The Second Oldest Profession* to stay abreast of spying and its tradecraft, a local cottage industry.

Nearby Kramer Books and Afterwords, the bookshop and cafe that sits just north of Dupont Circle, is a fitting epilogue to our neighborhood travels. The genteel serenity of this bookshop provides a suitable ambiance for browsing, an art that is fast losing ground to the souped-up, virtually "drive-thru" shopping exemplified by the chain stores. But Afterwords is, and I have this on good authority, a lively rendezvous for the afterwork and evening crowd, producing a marriage of life and art, you might say. A fitting place to give our final three cheers for the local book stores. Paraphrasing Horace's dictum into a prayer "May they endure."

Shuja Nawaz

... AND NOT TO FORGET: SPECIALITY BOOKSHOPS

Any selection is, by definition, incomplete. This tour of the local bookstores was restricted by proximity, the author's acquaintance with bookshops, and a desire to highlight the more general bookshops.

Given these restrictions the wealth of this selection is testimony to the growing cultural heft of downtown Washington. Few other major cities offer such a range of bookshops in such close proximity. Excluded because of their specialized nature, or for any one of the other reasons mentioned above, but well worth a visit are, among others:

Moonstone Bookcellars, the sci-fi aficionado's heaven on (or below) earth near Le Gaulois Restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue; the **George Washington University Bookstore**; **The Map Store** on I Street between 16th and 17th Streets; the **Government Printing Office Bookstore** at 1510 H Street; the **U.S. Geological Service's** book and map store at 19th and F Streets; the **World Bank Book Store** in the spanking new "J" building on the corner of 18th and Pennsylvania; the **Franz Bader Bookstore** on 1911 I Street (this shares only the name with the Bader gallery and was sold separately when Franz Bader decided to retire and sold both the gallery and the bookstore a few years back); The **Renwick Gallery** bookstore; the **American Institute of Architects** bookshop at 1735 New York Avenue; **Backstage** for theater and film books at 2101 P Street; and, of course, our very own **Fund Publications Services Bookshop**, to be found in its troglodytic hideout behind the Visitors' Center.

THE BONDS OF TIME



Would you have been tempted to invest 100 pounds sterling in a canal that promised to bring life to the desert sands of the Arizona Territory in 1892? Someone made such an investment and received a beautifully engraved bond certificate showing bountiful fields beside flowing waters. The bond was complete with 20 coupons, each of which entitled the owner to three pounds every six months. You can imagine the pleasure and anticipation the thrifty investor felt as he or she carefully clipped the first coupon and sent it to the office of the South Gila Canal Company in London or Chicago on the appointed day in 1893.

Alas, the answer must have been bad news. We can't know for certain what the news must have been; we don't know whether the canal was built or even if the seller ever intended to build it. I do know the unfortunate investor in America's future never bothered to clip another coupon, because the bond with 19 coupons still attached now graces my office wall.

Elsewhere early in this century another investor clipped exactly ten coupons on a bond issued by the Black-Sea Kuban Railway Company in 1911. The bond carried the "absolute guarantee of the Imperial Russian Government." The coupon that would have been redeemed in 1917, however, is still attached. Mute testimony to the unexpected, and sometimes ironic, twists of fate.

These and other bonds are in my possession now; I am a scrippophilist. Sure, you might say, there was always some question about what those guys on the ninth floor did. Well, it's not quite like that. Some people collect stamps that have lived out their normal life in the world by getting a letter from here to there. I collect bonds that have played a quite different role.

I am interested in bonds that caused money to be exchanged between investor to issuer but whose all-important return trip has been considerably delayed. The Arizona canal bond now waits on my office wall, framed and

impressive—its fields still in bloom. I haven't yet attempted to find the canal or recover my long overdue interest. This would be a tidy sum using the usual 13/64 over LIBOR compounded continuously.

This is but a small part of my fortune. I also hold stock in several gold mines; possess a \$1,000 bond issued by the state of South Carolina (unfortunately in the early 1860s when the bond was issued South Carolina was a part of a country that no longer exists); and retain valuable claims on a number of railroads including those famous Russian railroad bonds.

I tend to favor rails because they have always had, by far, the best pictures: big steam engines, mountains and bridges for the trains to cross, and in some cases patriotic messages in Latin. (You can only imagine the disappointment when such powerful symbols failed to ensure payment as promised.) Central bank paper is also interesting, although generally not very colorful.

These pieces of history have been preserved because many bonds and shares were held in trust for investors by banks in the United States and the United Kingdom. The estates that now own the paper occasionally sell a stack to people who specialize in finding securities that can be redeemed, usually by a firm that long ago assumed the debt as part of a merger or takeover.

These bond specialists then also look for paper with some historical interest, for example stocks and bonds signed by people like Henry Ford or Bernie Cornfeld. Finally, a few are selected that might appeal to the collector like myself. These are sold either through a catalogue or at an auction. Prices vary from a few dollars to much more than that, but even the more interesting paper (at least from an economist's point of view) usually costs less than fifty dollars.

Besides you have to put something on your wall and maybe there is a canal in Arizona.

Michael Dooley

SING WE, AND CHANT IT

"You are supposed to look and sing like angels," Nevilla Ottley, Director of the Bank-Fund Choral Society is telling a hardy, if somewhat damp, group who have braved the rains of November to attend their weekly rehearsal. They are preparing for their annual Christmas concert, which, this year, will feature J. S. Bach's glorious (and angelic) *Magnificat*.

For some thirty years the Bank-Fund chorus has been lifting its voice in concerted song (ably accompanied by the Bank-Fund Orchestra) twice yearly for the delectation and diversion of audiences seeking temporary respite from discordant exchange rates and inharmonious fiscal imbalances. The Choral Society and Orchestra are themselves made up, not of exotic songbirds, but of like-minded escapees from a tuneless workday world. The Society's ranks are open to all Fund and Bank staff, retirees, spouses of staff, and even a few fortunate outsiders. Auditions are not required, and past vocal experience may encompass

nothing more taxing than the occasional shower sing-in. However, as appreciative audiences can attest, membership in the chorus means dedication, serious rehearsal, and polished performances. Although everyone in the chorus has joined for the fun of making music, they are serious about making good music.

From its earliest days the Bank-Fund chorus has been made up of people who like to sing for the fun of it. From its informal beginning in the mid-1950s, the chorus soon prospered under the directorship of P.M. Jayarajan, an Alternate Executive Director from Sri Lanka. P. M. Jayarajan, a violinist as well as a chorus director, also founded the orchestra, which has since become an integral part of the chorus. In the 1960s the chorus was under the able direction of Jack Upper of the World Bank's Economic Development Institute, now one of the many retirees who still sing with the chorus. Their numbers include such Fund worthies as Dorothy Weinberger, Charles L. Merwin, and Philip Thorsen. Jack Upper recalls, "In those days we were a small, family-style affair, but even then the Choral Society and Orchestra presented two concerts each year."

Jack Upper was succeeded by Jean Tarnewiecki in 1970, followed by Joya Bovingdon-Cox, who held the post of Chorus Director until 1984, when Nevilla Ottley, the current Director took over the reins.

To the uninitiated, pulling together a group of people who like to sing and turning out a concert or two a year might seem a simple enough business. This city abounds in choral societies and church choirs that seem ready to burst into song at the drop of a hat. But the Bank-Fund chorus is unusual in that its activities, of necessity, represent a dramatic departure from the parent organization's normal routine of meetings, missions, and deadlines.

As Director Nevilla Ottley says, she is dealing with a "working" organization, not a musical one, and sometimes the problems can be challenging. For instance, how many music directors must face the prospect of performing Bach's *Magnificat* accompanied by a pared-to-the-bone orchestra, because both trumpets and half the strings are slated to be on the other side of the international date line on the day of the concert? An alto may find herself singing an unrehearsed solo because her section mates have suddenly been called upon to deal with skyrocketing inflation in another hemisphere. Bank staffer Peter Pease, tenor soloist, whose next scheduled mission ends two days before the concert, says, "I expect to be singing the *Magnificat* on Bombay time."



Nevilla Ottley, Director of the Bank-Fund Choral Society, leads a rehearsal of Bach's *Magnificat*.



Peter Pease (right) and his colleagues in the choir give vigorous voice to Bach's music as they prepare for the annual Christmas concert.

These are not the sorts of problems choral directors expect to have to face, but Nevilla Ottley welcomes the challenge. The director of the Nevilla Ottley Singers, a music teacher, and a radio show host, she holds an M.M. from Catholic University and an M.A. from Andrews University. She says she has learned to work around mission schedules and report deadlines and also to work with people of varying degrees of vocal experience. But she also expects her singers to work hard both at rehearsals and at home. "I expect your books to be falling apart," she admonishes the group as they soldier through a particularly daunting passage of the formidable *Magnificat*.

The response to this approach has been gratifying. To many members of the chorus, the weekly rehearsals and various performances are a surefire way to break up a dreary day. Bruce Gross, a bass/baritone and a Bank staff member who has been a member of the chorus for three years, welcomes his weekly escape from infrastructure, urban development, and water supply. Likewise, Beth Doran, who is married to a Bank staffer and is herself a soprano and law student, greets the transition from contracts to cantatas with happy anticipation.

Mireya Castro Ahl, in the Treasurer's Department, says she values the weekly respite from numbers. A member of the chorus for eight years, she says a performance by the Society of Mozart's "Coronation" Mass so moved her that she joined up the following season. Margaret Whilden, a consultant at the Bank and an alto, who has sung professionally, says she much prefers to make music for fun rather than for money. It seems that more and more people have adopted this attitude; in the past five or six years, the ranks of the chorus have almost tripled. (It is rumored that the Bank-Fund chorus boasts a higher concentration of tenors per square inch than in any part of Washington, including the suburbs—an awesome statistic.)

In addition to Nevilla Ottley's expert direction, the Choral Society is fortunate to have as its accompanist Shirley Scribner. A singer and piano teacher, Shirley Scribner has been the accompanist for the chorus for seven years. As a singer, she appreciates the important role the accompanist must play—not just plunking out warning notes for wandering mezzos but providing a solid base and creating a blend that keeps all the parts working smoothly together.

In the past few years, under Nevilla Ottley's direction, the Choral Society has introduced innovative programs in an attempt to broaden its appeal both to its audience and to its members. In addition to choral blockbusters like the *Magnificat* and Vivaldi's *Gloria*, the Choral Society and Orchestra have presented lighter fare, especially in the spring concerts. Last year's semi-staged production of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera *Iolanthe* is an example. Other spring romps have included a musical fashion show, and "That's Entertainment!"—a salute to musical comedy. It is rumored that a Broadway musical may be in the offing this spring or next.

In addition to its two annual concerts, the Bank-Fund Choral Society and Orchestra are actively involved in a community outreach program. During the Christmas season, the Society gives a concert at Children's Hospital, and this year it will also be singing at the local Veterans Administration Hospital. In addition to these extracurricular activities, for the past two years the Choral Society and Orchestra have been invited to sing "on the steps of the Kennedy Center." Last year's concert there was, by all accounts, a rousing success, even though the group found itself momentarily engulfed in mid-song by a tidal wave of "Les Mis" audience members breaking out of the Opera House. The Society's Fund Chairman, Paul McClellan

Continued on page 14



At the 26-mile marker Denio Zara's young son, Marco, joined him. "He pushed me up that final hill," Denio Zara said of his son. The Marines were impressed. Marco Zara was awarded a medal of his own when he crossed the finish line at the Iwo Jima Memorial.

MARINE CORPS MARATHON (Continued from page 5)

said. "There were bands and crowds all along the course. There was more hoopla than I ever imagined." Chris Browne was pleased to find that contrary to expectations a rather large contingent of family and friends did turn out.

The race begins down Route 110, looping around the Pentagon through its vast parking lots, and comes back up to Key Bridge. It then winds its way through Georgetown and down Rock Creek Parkway and by the monuments en route to the Capitol. "The Capitol is the first hill and the halfway mark," David Naismith notes. "How you feel there gives you a good indication of how you have paced yourself and what you'll need for the second half."

As mid-day neared, temperatures rose to the 60s and the need for water increased. The runners continued back down the south side of the Mall, circling the Jefferson Memorial and on to Hains Point. The lengthy loop around East Potomac Park traditionally marks the hardest segment of the race. Lonely, windy, and seemingly endless, it is the point where fatigue begins to define each stride and the emphasis shifts from physical to mental. "I hit the back side of Hains Point," George Morgan recalled later, "and I hit the 'wall.' I started thinking about how tired I was. I lost my concentration." People start walking at Hains Point and the effect, psychologically, is difficult to shut out. "You see Hains Point scattered with people lying on their backs—lots of them had aspirations of five-minute miles," David Naismith remarked.

"If you are still running at the 23-mile mark, at the 14th Street Bridge," David Naismith continued, "you should feel elated. Getting past Hains Point is psychologically very hard." Ian Sliper had a friend, Peter Tillotson (TRE), run the Hains Point segment with him. "He told me jokes, really buoyed me up. It was tremendously helpful."

Friends and fellow runners from the Fund were on hand to shout encouragement and boost spirits. "In the later stages Whitey Karlsson (ADM) cycled along beside me," Ian Sliper recalled, "he was yelling at me to come along." George Morgan remembered seeing several familiar Fund

faces, including Jill Gonella (ADM), along the way. Chris Browne cited the encouragement of Tim Cole (ADM) and Peter Tillotson. "They were tremendously enthusiastic. It was terrific help—it really keeps you going."

Ian Sliper remembers the last three and a half miles as extremely difficult ones. "Each mile peg seemed to take an age. I don't think anything can prepare you for the tiredness at that point." "I really felt it at the 24-mile marker," Chris Browne said, "I thought my momentum would carry me at that point but it was very, very hard."

"Tim Cole ran with me toward the end," Denio Zara said. "He was cracking jokes. I closed my eyes and just followed the sound of his voice. Then three quarters of a mile from the end my young son joined me. He pushed me up that last hill! The Marines give you a medal when you finish. I said, 'Give my son a medal. I wouldn't have finished without him!' And the young Marine handing out the medals gave my son one too!"

David Naismith finished in 3:08—a personal best. "I felt good. Perhaps I could have gone faster but the name of the game is to enjoy it. You see some real characters there. One fellow ran in a tuxedo; another, who finished in the top ten, was dressed like one of the Marx Brothers."

The remainder of the Fund's entrants finished very close together. Denio Zara at 3:21, Ian Sliper and George Morgan just under three and one half hours; Chris Browne just over that mark. Denio Zara drank a glass of beer, sat in the warm sun, and traded comments with fellow runners. Blisters and all, it was, he felt, the marathon that had been the most fun for him. Ian Sliper was glad to have done it but the most vivid memory just after the race was the extraordinary sense of fatigue.

"I was very pleased with my time," George Morgan said, "it exceeded my expectations. I was very tired at the end but I felt like a million bucks when I finished." Chris Browne admitted to feeling completely exhausted. "It must be nice," he mused, "to finish in style. That's my goal next year: not just to finish, but to finish in style!"

THE NOON-TIME JOGGERS



One of our more striking groups in the Fund is the joggers—striking because they act so differently to everyone else at times when there is rather little variation in our activities. At lunch time, when most minds are bent on food, they burst up from the concourse level in outfits that would stun an Olympic ski team and sally forth to fill their lungs voluntarily with carbon monoxide. After lunch, when the rest of us take a one-block stroll to aid digestion, there they are, red shorts and faces to match, pounding back from Hains Point or the C and O Canal, dodging trucks and business suits, to catch the cafeteria before it closes. But there is absolutely no doubt about their moral superiority.

Who are they and why do they do it? More practically, for those of us who feel we ought to jog but keep forgetting our shoes, where do they go and how long does it take? And can the Fund's shower facilities deal with the mess afterwards? We circulated a short questionnaire to a group of 21 lunch-time joggers (the selection was too ad hoc to call it a sample) to find out the answers, and received an immediate and full response—all but two of the group answered, with four extra answers thrown in.

Where

Lunch-time jogging seems to be quite feasible. Four (reasonably level) routes are equally popular and can apparently be managed in a maximum of 50 minutes by a regular jogger. The first (shorter) one is down 20th Street, along Constitution, around the Tidal Basin, and back up 19th Street.

The second, called "doing the bridges," is past the Lincoln Memorial, over Memorial Bridge, back over the 14th Street Bridge, around the Tidal Basin, and so to the Fund. The third takes you past the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials to Hains Point and back the same way.

The fourth is to go to the Canal and jog along the tow path until you have gone far enough. If you have less time, you can simply go down 20th Street, around the Reflecting Pool, and then return (for variation) up 19th Street—this should take 25-30 minutes. Some people also jog to work, but their routes are too varied to detail here.

Facilities

Opinion is unanimous that the Fund's showering facilities on the Red Level are excellent but become tremendously overcrowded at lunch time. One jogger recommends not using them on the hour; one thinks Monday, Wednesday, and Friday lunch times should be avoided; and one believes (uniquely) that lunch time is for eating,

and that if one jogs to work in the early morning, one can listen to peaceful music on the headphones on the way and have a good, long, uninterrupted shower afterward.

Gear

All good activities have good gear. Our joggers are very sensibly more concerned about their feet than anything else and most are extremely specific about what shoes should be worn. In order of preference, the favored brands are: New Balance (which has wide sizes), Nike, Brooks, Tiger, and Sancony, with most of the joggers voting for the first two.

In the belief that the different absorptive qualities of different materials are important, we asked a question on the most appropriate clothes, but received rather general answers. Three joggers specify cotton shirts and nylon shorts; some say use Goretex or Lycra shorts in winter; but most say vaguely that anything loose fitting will do.

They are more opinionated about headphones for joggers: never wear them, they are a danger and a hindrance, say 60 percent of the group. But a stubborn minority likes to tune out to peaceful music when running. No one mentioned listening to something really educational, like French tapes while jogging.

Hazards

We got very creative details on what to watch out for while jogging. These ranged from predictable cautions about traffic, pedestrians, ice in winter, and snakes in summer to unexpected warnings about deserted stretches of road and vagrants in the early mornings. Proving that hazards, too, are often in the eye of the beholder, one jogger finds pretty women his main problem.

Alternatives

And when it rains or snows, what do our joggers do? The majority jog. Unless it's really bad, says one. All right, say a few, if it rains I jog, if it snows—I go ride my exercise bike or do aerobics. Our favorite is a lone marathoner who says he stays inside.

Why

Finally, for those of us who really don't understand, here's the motivation behind all of this: The great majority jog to keep fit and hold their weight down. Several add that it allows them to relax and handle stress better. One says it keeps him off cigarettes. Two, very simply, say they are addicted. One says he likes the independence, but adds that it makes his beer taste better, which made more sense to us. And we do have one solitary jogger who says, yes, it's fun.

SING IT! (Continued from page 11)

says that they are particularly proud of their community outreach record and hope to continue these activities, budget permitting....

The Bank-Fund Choral Society and Orchestra are jointly sponsored by the Bank's Community Relations Department and the Bank/Fund Staff Credit Union. The contributions from these organizations help to defray the costs of putting on the concerts, buying music, and covering other necessary expenses. Paul McClellan emphasizes that continuing support is important if the activities of the Society are to continue. His Bank counterpart, Geoffrey Read, concurs.

The Society is administered by the Choral Society and Orchestra Executive Board—all volunteers. The two co-Chairman preside informally over a board made up of a Treasurer and Chorus Manager (Peggy Elliott), Orchestra Manager (Norma Kraushaar), Publicity Manager (Rebecca Kary), and Secretary (Helen Toni).

This year's gala Christmas Concert series for Fund and Bank staff and guests will be on Tuesday, December 15 at 1:00 p.m. in the World Bank's H Building Auditorium and on December 16, also at 1:00 p.m., in the Fund Atrium. In addition, in the week before Christmas staffers can expect to encounter carollers in the corridors, as a small group of strolling choristers take advantage of the new mobility program to spread seasonal cheer.

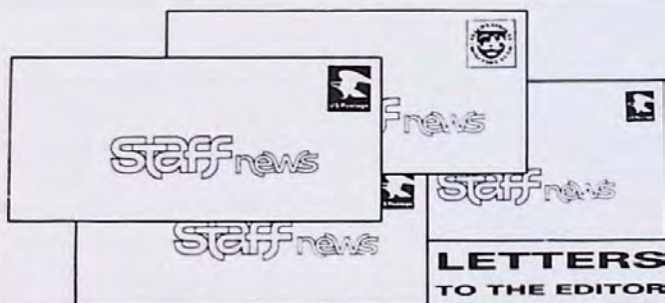
Mireya Ahl speaks for many Society members who prize the ability of music to transcend all border and



Mireya Ahl (right), impressed with a performance of the "Coronation" Mass, joined the Bank-Fund Choral Society eight years ago.

language barriers. For the past thirty years, the Bank-Fund Choral Society and Orchestra have been bringing people together from all over the world to give us music that, as one Society member put it, "lightens the day." It is small wonder that Nevilla Ottley expects them to look and sing like angels.

Sara Kane



I noticed in the latest issue of *Staff News* that no photographs were published of the extensive list of new staff members. I hope that this does not reflect a new editorial policy. Apart from the aesthetic joy to be derived from such photos, they are a most useful way of learning who is who in the organization. I find the percentage of faces in the building to which I can put a name dwindling. While this may reflect the approach of senility, I would plead with *Staff News* to give us a fighting chance to reverse this process.

Mark Allen

The Editor responds:

We are normally more than happy to do our part; in rare instances, however, circumstances and space constraints

intervene. Last month's issue included, for the first time, new staff hired on a fixed term as well as a permanent basis. The extensive list in that issue actually represented new staff over a three month period (July through September). We went back to include some of the recently hired staff that had been neglected in earlier issues, but that left us with too many new staff and too little space.

We forewarned those whose photos could not be included (and not everyone was distressed), but we did not carry an explanation of why, in this case, we could not run the pictures. In retrospect, we should have explained, because several other staff have queried us about the omission.

For quite a while now the number of staff hired on a fixed-term basis has exceeded permanent hires, but fixed-term appointments were unintentionally excluded from the new staff listed in *Staff News*. This doubtlessly contributed to the dwindling number of faces in the building that you could put a name to and we regret that. We can't make amends for those who have been missed out over this period, but we are pleased to return to our normal format with this issue (and subsequent issues) and include in it all staff hired on fixed term and permanent appointments

STAFF REMINDERS

Toy Fund! Collection boxes will be placed in the main lobby and in InFFO for the toys you wish to donate to Children's Hospital. The Toy Fund will run from December 2 to December 17.

Looking for a holiday gift? Copies of the InFFO Cookbook are still available from InFFO (Room 1-528). The cookbooks are \$6.50 each. Please call X7696 for more information.

Western Presbyterian Church is in the midst of its annual drive to raise funds for its feeding program for the homeless. Because of the nature of the program,

donations of money are more useful than prepared foods or canned goods. Staff interested in contributing can make out checks to Miriam's Kitchen and drop off or mail these to Western Presbyterian Church (1906 H Street, Washington, D.C. 20006).

The feeding program also urgently needs volunteers in December and January. Their student volunteers—the mainstay of the program—will be on vacation then. If you can help out, by preparing and/or serving meals between 6:30 and 8:30 a.m. weekdays, please contact Reverend John Wimberly at 842-0068.

STAFF NOTES

(October 1-31, 1987)

RESIGNATIONS

William D. Duff
Louis Mendras

RETIREEES

Ya'akov Firestone
Carlos Sanson
John D. Wharen
Thomas Yann

BIRTHS

To Sylvia and Philip Young, EUR and AFR respectively, a son, Michael L. Young, on October 2, 1987.

MARRIAGES

Amalia L. Kriegsmann (WHD) married Duane M. Tollaksen on November 29, 1987.

TRANSFERS

Anna Maria De Leva to the Support Group, Secretarial Staff, from the Office in Europe

Michael C. Deppler to the European Department from the Research Department.

Susan J. Fennell to the Treasurer's Department from the Secretary's Department

Lazaros E. Molho to the Central Banking Department from the European Department

Lelde Schmitz to the Western Hemisphere Department from the African Department

Anna Vahdati to the Exchange and Trade Relations Department from the Treasurer's Department

NEW STAFF

(October 1-31, 1987)



Tobias Asser
Dutch, is Assistant General Counsel, LEG. He holds degrees in law from Leyden and Cambridge Universities and previously worked for the World Bank. His special interest is music.



Ali Badi
Libyan, is an Assistant, OED. He was previously a Lecturer at the University of Southern California. He is a doctoral candidate and enjoys reading, writing, and sports.



Margaret Boesch
Canadian, is a Secretary, MED. She worked previously as a Secretarial Assistant, OED, and spent the last three years in Heidelberg with her husband, who is a U.S. Army officer.



Elia Cadena
Mexican, is a Bilingual Secretary with BUR. She worked previously with the Embassy of Mexico and the Pan American Health Organization. Her interests include music, ballet, opera, and tennis.

NEW STAFF

(Continued)



John Clark
a U.S. national, is in the Economist Program and currently working with the Western Hemisphere Department. He is a Ph.D. candidate at Yale University.



Bernard Delbecque
Belgian, is in the Economist Program. At present he is working in the African Department. He recently received his Ph.D. in economics from the University of Pennsylvania.



Liam Ebrill
Irish, is an Economist with WHD. He holds a Ph.D. from Harvard University and previously served as an Advisor to an Executive Director and on the Fund staff.



Karl F. Habermeier
from the Federal Republic of Germany, is in the Economist Program, ETR. He holds a Ph.D. from Stanford and his special interests are theoretical micro-economics and industrial organization.



Cleviston L. Haynes
Barbadian, is an Assistant, OED. Educated at the Universities of Western Ontario and the West Indies, he was previously an economist with the Central Bank of Barbados.



Virginia L. LaTorre
from Peru, is a Bilingual Secretary with WHD. Trained in Lima, she previously worked as the secretary to the Vice-Chairman of the Inter-American Defense Board in Washington, D.C.



Thomas R. Rumbaugh
a U.S. national, is in the Economist Program, AFR. Educated at the University of Maryland, he was also a Teaching Assistant and Research Fellow at that university.



Anita Sheehan
a citizen of the Federal Republic of Germany, is a Transcriber with BLS. She speaks German, English, French, and Spanish and enjoys languages, travel, and art.



Carel C.A. Van Den Berg
Dutch, is an Assistant, OED. He holds a doctorate in economics and has previously served as an economist with Nederlandsche Bank.



Rolf Wenzel
a national of the Federal Republic of Germany, is an Assistant, OED. He holds a Ph.D. in economics and enjoys squash, soccer, theater, and politics.

Staff
news

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Padraic Hughes-Reid, pages 1-3, 5, 9, 12, 16; Denlo Zara, pages 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 15; and Jean Browne, page 4.