

## Search and Rescue

An interview with Padraic Hughes on the skilled and dedicated volunteers who are called out to locate missing persons and downed aircraft, often in very rugged terrain.

*In mid-May the newspapers were full of it. Six local men—friends since childhood—had disappeared. The single engine aircraft that was carrying them back home from a fishing trip in the Outer Banks of North Carolina was long overdue. Families and friends waited anxiously in Manassas, as a massive search and rescue effort was mounted. Many volunteered for the search, among them Padraic Hughes, a Fund photographer who took annual leave to join his Shenandoah Mountain Rescue Group and look for the downed plane. Padraic talks here about that rescue effort and about the rigorous and rewarding work of these highly trained volunteer groups.*

**How did you become involved in the Manassas rescue operation?**

I have been a member of the Appalachian Search and Rescue Conference for years. For much of that time I was on "first call-out"—the first group to be contacted when

a rescue operation was mounted. Over the last few years, though, I have stepped myself down. There has just been too much work here at the Fund to respond to first call-outs. In this case the plane disappeared on a Thursday and I joined the search the following Tuesday.

On this operation, I was sent to Skyline Drive straight away. A lot of people from that area had called, saying they had seen an airplane go down nearby. I wasn't sent to Manassas, which was the mission base, because there was such a huge search area involved. We were searching 11,000 square miles that extended from the Tidewater area of southern Virginia to Manassas and from the Shenandoah Valley to the West Virginia border. The Civil Air Patrol handled the air operations, and the Appalachian Search and Rescue Conference directed ground operations for the search.

The first two days I was at Skyline Drive, I served as a field team leader for the dog teams searching for the plane. It was a rough area, and we had to run the dogs down into really steep ravines. I was responsible for seeing that these teams didn't get lost. We provided navigation, because these teams had to cut through very dense woods. At points they'd have to carry their dogs and lift them over boulders. If we found the plane, we would also be responsible for providing first aid and starting an evacuation.

The second night—Wednesday night—I went to Manassas. I arrived pretty late, got briefed on the situation, and then got some sleep. The community support was just incredible. Searches go on all the time, but normally nobody knows about it. These guys were well liked in the community. They had



a lot of friends. That's why there was so much media attention. And because of all that support, we had tremendous resources. We had cellular phones, generators, and food. The community really turned out. Often you work with tight resources, you constantly have to evaluate how much you can do and just how far you can stretch your resources.

Thursday morning I worked at the base camp sorting out clues. With all the media attention we were averaging 30 calls an hour. We had maps all over the walls; we would plot clues as they came in and number them. We would try to judge which ones were good and which ones weren't. I had CAP cadets working with me and they would say, "This has got to be where the plane is," and I would say, "No, this is not." We would have someone call in and say, "I saw a red and white airplane crash into my mountain," but it wasn't there. You had to watch your map to see where there were the most calls and the highest probability.

In this case Scott Air Force Base ran all the planes that went up the East Coast that Thursday night through their computers and finally narrowed it down to one that had done an abrupt U-turn and disappeared from the radar screen. That represented their highest probability. They advised us where that would be. We already had ground searchers there, and we dispatched more.

The Search and Rescue Conference sent three people there—the head of the Department of Emergency Services for Virginia, someone with CAP, and a state police officer in charge. I flew down with an Air Force colonel, who I guess was going to check out the crash site. I was sent down to set up a base and assist our other members who were already down there. We commandeered a church and brought in a phone line to set up communications and logistics, organized volunteers and their vehicles, lined up generators, and so on.

The state police asked us to set up a security perimeter on Thursday night to keep out reporters and photographers. I left that night because I was totally beat, but on Friday our group did a line search. By this point every network was there with mobile satellite trucks. It was an unbelievable thing to deal with. It had been bad for me because I was the only person at the base getting things straight before everyone's deadline. I had all these reporters saying "Come on Pat, just tell me this." I could only refer them to the state police. It was pretty vulturish, I must admit. But they were doing their job too. It's just that everyone was tense, and a lot of people were mad at the reporters and cursing them.

#### **Was there any hope, after a week, of finding them?**

You never give up. None of us is going to say there isn't hope. But I was pretty positive there was no way. In the past small aircraft have gone down and it has taken two days to find them. You get to the scene and might find

two people who didn't make it. You're not sure how many people are on the plane, so you search the area. Then it turns out a woman has crawled a mile and a half, totally beating the odds, and someone just happens to stumble upon her. There is also that outside possibility that someone might be lying there with a broken back. But as far as all of them being alive, no. There was no signal from the electronic locating transmitter, which all aircraft are required to carry.

#### **Were the respective families at Manassas?**

Yes. They were great, they cooked for us and came up with their own clues. It was an extraordinary search, really, given the number of people involved and the large area being searched. Unfortunately, on Friday when the search teams reached the crash scene, there were also no survivors. The six men had all died on impact.

#### **Are these searches emotional for you?**

I get exhausted and sometimes that makes it difficult. An airline search can be emotional. I did one where we had to remove all the bodies from the crash site. That one always sticks in my mind. There were no survivors and it was up on top of a mountain in the Shenandoahs. There were no trails to it, so we had to rope the bodies down. It was 90 degrees out, which made the bodies more or less... well, it was really sad. The point is that you have to get the job done; you have to get the bodies off the mountain. There is no time to freak out. In this case everyone perished, but when there are people hurt, you can't freak out. You have to do your job. A lot of times you make jokes, and you have to try to laugh just to get that raw energy out of your body, because it is easy to freak out.

#### **And afterward?**

When it's all done, there is nothing wrong with crying. Sometimes there is an alarming sense of loss. You're already exhausted beyond the point where you can sleep. You lie there and you're totally ragged. Often you just can't control it anymore—it's just not something you see every day. Luckily on almost every major incident like this there is counseling. Usually it is a group session and everyone shares their feelings.

It's really rougher volunteering than being a professional. Many times you can only be there for a few days. Somebody else relieves you, and you go back to your regular job. It is really hard to work a 16- or 18-hour day, sleep 5 hours, get back up, and do it again—often for several days at a stretch—and then simply go home to your job. When you put all that energy in and then leave it unresolved, it's frustrating. In the end, I guess if the next team makes the find, you feel great about it. But...

The one search that bothered me for a long time—and bothered me the most, I guess—was a search for a woman on the Washington-Old Dominion bikepath. Maybe it

was disturbing because it was so close to home—the closest search I have ever done. The bikepath runs from Alexandria to Purcellville in Virginia, and she had been abducted from the path. The Loudoun County police asked us to come in and search. We found a lot of clues. We found her Walkman, but we never found her. This was in 1985, and about a year and a half ago a murder suspect in West Virginia came forward and said he had killed her, carried her through the woods, and driven her body away. We had found tire tracks all the way through the woods and out by a construction site. He had buried her and they found her after his confession. For a long time, though, it bothered me a lot that we never found her.

The most difficult thing in search and rescue is when you don't find the person. There comes a time when you just have to stop. I've been on aircraft searches where hikers have found the plane seven months later. You realize that whoever is out there is totally relying on you to find them. You also know that you're capable of doing that, and you push it.

#### Is it hard re-entering the everyday world after a search?

When you come back, everything else seems so trivial for awhile. Your boss is upset about something or you didn't get the photo you wanted, but you put it in a different perspective.

#### What type of training is needed for rescue work?

Well, you have to have either emergency medical technician certification or advanced first aid. Some members are doctors; some are paramedics. Besides your medical rating, you need training in orienteering—you must know weather patterns, what types of clothes and equipment will be needed, and how you're going to use them. You have to know how to rig litters; how to set up a Z-drag, which is a hauling system; and how to set up a semi-tech system, which is a lowering system. You need to be an experienced climber. You need to know how to belay and rappel. You also need to know all the different types of searches—how to do containment searches, line searches, hasty searches, and so on. You have to know the different emergency distress signals you would use.

There is a variety of training for camping, medical, search, and climbing—everyone is cross-trained. I've been trained to manage search functions, which basically teaches you how to search for someone. There are all different ways. You have to use your clues from the place last seen and you must know what your resources are and how to use them. We also use statistics. If it is a boy from



a particular age group, you know that in the last 20 years they have been most often found in a particular place.

We have probability-of-detection computer programs. You can use these, but you also have to trust your instincts and know the terrain, because the computer usually doesn't know what kind of terrain you're in.

#### You are sent in, then, to organize the search effort....

The Appalachian Search and Rescue Conference is a management team. When we're sent in, we're there to manage the scene. If the sheriff tells us to do the whole thing, we immediately set up communications with all the parties involved. We send out field teams, but the whole time they're searching, we're calculating the thickness of the underbrush, the probability of detecting this person, and the search tactics we need. If it is mountainous and we've done a line search spaced 30 feet apart, the person could have been lying under a mountain log and not have been seen. The probability of detection in that case then is maybe 10 percent. There is a lot to consider, because often you're out there searching for clues as much as searching for the subject.

#### Are you constantly being trained?

Definitely. This year I'll do my 100 hours of training to recertify my emergency medical training and that doesn't include all the other training you do to keep in shape. One reason I go rock climbing is that it is easy to fall behind—to forget how to tie 12 different knots. It may not sound like much, but when it is pouring down rain, 3:00 a.m., and you're tying up a litter, if you don't tie a bow-line knot you can hardly see and back it off with a water knot that is perfect, there could be three people whose lives are in your hands. It is not something you take lightly.

### Is anybody else at the Fund involved in this?

Not that I know of, but these volunteer organizations have really grown in the last few years. My group—the Shenandoah Mountain Rescue Group—has expanded quite a bit, and that helps a lot. In the beginning there were only 15 of us, and that was really hard. Now there are probably 60 members.

### All men?

No. There are a lot of woman in it, which is good. You need that balance; you definitely need that balance. I find it often a lot easier to work with women. Even if in some senses they aren't as strong physically, in terms of attitude and instinct, it's great to work with women. We also have a wide age group. We have people in their 50s or 60s down to college kids. Training and the number of missions you do make a difference in this type of work.

**The rescue work represents quite an investment of your free time and annual leave....**

I have other things I want to do with my life, but when you know there is a mission going on, you feel you could make a difference. Maybe you could find this person. Even though no one survived the plane crash in June, you feel you've helped. I certainly hope somebody is there for me if the time comes.

After this last search I've placed myself back on immediate call-out. I realized during the search how much training I have done for this; I felt guilty in a way, and sorry for not being there more. I also realized how much feeling there is in doing this type of work. It's not an ego thing. It's just working with people on a cause like that. You work when you're so tired and then you get up the next day and do it again. There is incredible bonding with

the people whose relatives you're looking for and with the people you're working with. It's like no other relationship you're going to have with these people at any other time and it's like no other relationship you have with anyone else. You share a common cause.

On so many missions it's freezing cold, and it's pouring down rain. Conditions are often awful, and you're exhausted. When you're in a situation like that with someone, it doesn't matter whether you like their political or environmental views, because you're counting on each other so much. In any other day-to-day situation, you would decide whether you're going to be friends with someone. Here you have no choice. You become friends with these people forever in a way. It's really great. It is one of the reasons, I guess, that I have a hard time not doing anything when an airplane has gone down or people are missing.



The Appalachian Search and Rescue Conference—the parent organization for several local rescue groups—welcomes volunteers. It provides (without cost) a five-step instruction program; this is supplemented by the

medical training offered by local jurisdictions.

If you think you might like to join or would be interested in learning more about these groups, please call Padraic Hughes at extension 6914.



### **The 1990/91 SAC.**

Members of the new Staff Association Committee are (front row, left to right): Anne Droize (Chairman), Josephine Meigs, Henry Trines, Richard Ronneberg (Secretary-Treasurer), and (second row): Hans Flinch and Arthur Lake (Vice-Chairmen). On far right is Jean Boyd, Senior Administrative Assistant for the Staff Association Committee. Missing from this photo is Susana Sosa.

# As the Eyes of the World Watched...

Picture a huge warehouse lined with table after table and about 950 journalists calling the room home for several days. The scene can be a disconcerting mix of furious creativity and idle conversation, with hundreds of reporters typing away on their laptops, fashioning their "scoops," running off to meetings, watching closed circuit tv, and drinking cup after cup of coffee. The press room at the Annual Meetings pulses with the muddled up, edgy rhythm of a great many people facing very tight deadlines, of long days punctuated by very short nights.

This year the Meetings were, one observer noted, a "single issue meeting." For some, that one-note quality proved distressing, if not depressing; for others, that focus lent the event a certain clarity and sense of purpose, so that the Meetings came to mark the international financial community's first visible response to the global oil crisis. The range of opinions varied, but the central theme was universal: other issues were subordinated to the crisis in the Middle East.

Peter Norman, who has attended the meetings since 1983, first with the *Wall Street Journal* and then with the *Financial Times*, felt this year's was an especially depressing session that only grew gloomier as the week progressed.



The Middle East crisis created, he said, a "stinking fish syndrome" that just would not go away. The meetings themselves are very long, with the main burst of energy at the preceding weekend, he explained, so that it was a matter of playing "catch up," to try and learn what has been going on. And by the time the ministers started giving their speeches, he said he was simply burned out. He also cited unsuitable facilities in the press room, noting that the nonstandard typing tables were too high and left his arms aching by the end of the day.

At the opposite end of the spectrum, Melvyn Westlake, who has been coming to the Annual Meetings since the mid-1970s said this year was more interesting than most. With the United States pressing the IMF to change the CCFF and with the quota increase issue, "this year there was," he said, "a big story virtually every day to follow."

When asked whether he thought this year was gloomier than others, he said that the Bank-Fund Annual Meetings are a reflection of the world climate, which was a bit more somber this year than it has been in the past few. He had few complaints about the facilities, noting that he saw the press room as a good source of factual information and a meeting place; but he felt good stories usually came from senior delegations.

Many journalists compared this year's Annual Meetings to Toronto in 1982. Both were crisis meetings. The aftermath of the Mexican debt crisis produced a debt strategy; this meeting was important because an outline of how the institutions would deal with the Middle East crisis emerged.

By the time the press luncheon rolled around, another journalist described himself as "completely bonzo" with all the information he had had to absorb in less than a week. He admitted to being somewhat surprised at the mood of the closing press con-



After the WEO press conference reporters cluster around Ernesto Hernandez-Cata (foreground), Peter Clark, and Jacob Frenkel for additional information.

ference, finding it not as somber as he felt the international financial situation warranted.

Reflecting on changes the press room had seen over the past ten years, Graham Newman of the Information Division observed that the largest increase in coverage had come from the electronic media. In 1980 at the opening ceremonies there were maybe a half dozen cameras; now there are over four times that many. And they are not just lone cameramen anymore—the BBC, for instance, sends teams consisting of a reporter, gopher, cameraman, technician, and producer from its TV news, Radio News, Money Program, World Service, Africa Service, and any other program that might be interested. Interest among the print media has also expanded. While one financial writer from each newspaper used to cover

the Meetings, now many newspapers send three reporters. The wire services have also expanded their coverage of the Annual Meetings—most now have a 10- or 12-person production unit replacing the single reporter on assignment.

This expanded coverage has been augmented by the fast-paced technological changes taking place throughout the world. Laptop computers have replaced old fashioned typewriters; facsimile machines have succeeded telex machines. The margin of competition for journalists has also shifted with the times. In the "good old days" a story was a "scoop" for at least five minutes until the competition got hold of it. Now it becomes "just another story" in a matter of seconds.

*Shari Hubbard*

## The First Lady Pays a Visit

Just before 6:00 p.m. on Wednesday, November 7—about 45 minutes before a motorcade would arrive from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—some very serious looking people swarmed into the Visitors' Center. The people—a contingent from White House security—were intent upon conducting a sweep of the gallery to detect dangerous materials and even brought along a trained dog that sniffed over each item. When all was clear, First Lady Barbara Bush; the personal assistant to the First Lady, Peggy Swift; and one of the White House photographers, Carole Powers, arrived behind a phalanx of bodyguards. They were greeted by Columba Bush, the First Lady's daughter-in-law, who had arrived earlier.

Tight security notwithstanding, the visit was intended as a low-key, private family visit. Columba Bush had helped organize the "Expressions of Mexico" exhibit and had been one of its supporters. It was she and the Center's manager, Yves Gisse, who helped arrange the visit. In keeping with the small-scale, private nature of the event, only Brigitte Camdessus, wife of the Managing Director; Robert Russell, Chief of the Public Affairs Division; and the

manager and staff of the Visitors' Center were on hand to greet the First Lady.

Barbara Bush, who admitted to the Visitors' Center staff that her taste in art tends more toward the classical than the abstract, spent a half hour touring the exhibit and expressed a particular fondness for the work of painter Benjamín Domínguez and for the sculpture "Pensativa" by Gustavo Nequiz. She told Visitors' Center staff that she was delighted with her visit.



**Columba Bush** (right), Barbara Bush's daughter-in-law, provides some background on the exhibit to the First Lady and Brigitte Camdessus.



**Stretching a point.** In an exercise designed to see how two people can work together and how a wider group can offer support and guidance, Moira Lavery (with Juaben Siriboe and Tia Clarke supporting her on the left) and Patrizia Salama (with Mary Ann Miles lending a hand on the right) test their stretching ability. Underneath (from left to right) are Dinah Nieburg (with her back to the camera), Sandra Heney, Noel Jones, Jean-Pierre Gollé, and Beatriz Kollins.

## ● The Spirit of Teamwork

Now, just what were those Fund types doing, in blue jeans, at Airlie?

In some ways, it was just a typical Monday morning in the life of a typical Fund division. By 9 a.m. the Division Chief and his staff had all reported to work and were about to start on the day's assignments. On this particular Monday, however, for this particular division, the dress code was blue jeans and T-shirts, and the venue was Airlie, a bucolic spot in rural Virginia.

The major objective for the day was well known to us all: we (Jean-Pierre Gollé, Andrew Dawson, Dinah Nieburg, Mary Ann Miles, Sandra Heney, Patrizia Salama, Maria Elena Sauz, Bjorg Tveitan, Noel Jones, Beatriz Kollins, Argery Cooke, Tia Clarke, Juaben-Boaten Siriboe, Emeline Yap, and myself) would be trying to strengthen the spirit of teamwork among the members of our division—the Staff Development Division. A related objective, according to Jean-Pierre Gollé, our Division Chief, and the staff of the Training Section, was to assess the likely usefulness of such a program for others in the Fund. To be scrupulously honest, we cannot claim to be true pioneers. Supervisory staff from two other units (BCS and the Joint Library) had preceded us by several months in this adventure. Nevertheless, we can claim the distinction of being the first division in the Fund to have

all of its staff (well, almost all...one member was on mission and another was attending a Management Development Program) simultaneously involved in this type of training.

While we knew full well our overall objective, the details of how we were to accomplish all this were shrouded in mystery. It was, however, readily apparent that for the next eight hours or so, this would definitely not be a run-of-the-mill work day for any of us! All we knew was that we would be tackling a variety of mental and physical tasks, the successful completion of which depended little on athletic ability or strength, but a great deal on creative group problem-solving and the effective allocation of diverse resources. Each of us secretly suspected that if indeed we managed to survive this somewhat unusual Monday, our coworkers would probably ridicule us mercilessly because "you (imaginary fingers pointed accusingly) were the one who let the side down."

As it turned out, our fears were totally groundless, although as a group we did fail abysmally at our very first task! It seemed simple enough: we were asked to form two lines and exchange places by passing each other on what can best be described as a horizontal ladder that had



**The blind leading the blind?** Not really. With concentration and coordination, (from left to right) Patrizia Salama (with back to camera), Emeline Yap, Sandra Heney, Moira Lavery, and Elena Sauz form a perfectly symmetrical square.

been outlined on the floor with masking tape. This we were to achieve without (a) taking longer than 20 minutes, (b) moving backwards, (c) passing more than one person at a time, (d) advancing more than two paces at a time, or (e) altering the original sequence of our lines. Twenty-two minutes and two untidy but unreluctant lines later, we realized that our enthusiastic but uncoordinated approach had hardly achieved the desired result!

Humbled but relatively undaunted (after all, this was supposed to be a learning experience), we then proceeded to the next task. This time, we began by amassing our not inconsiderable ingenuity and came up with a Plan of Campaign (aha—we were catching on!) to figure out the smallest number of square feet that could accommodate 15 people simultaneously.

And so we moved from strength to strength as the day progressed. We came close to a set-back, though, when we tried to carry out a seemingly simple task for which written instructions were handed to each of us beforehand. After some initial confusion, we discovered that the list of instructions we had each received was marginally—but critically—different from the next person's. So it wasn't too surprising that we all envisaged the end result somewhat differently. This task brought home to us of the oft-ignored truth that by taking the time to ensure at an early stage that everyone involved in an endeavor shares a common understanding of the eventual outcome, potential pitfalls in implementation—which

are both time-consuming and frustrating for all those concerned—can be minimized.

There are those who may question the rationale of asking a group of supposedly intelligent people, all blindfolded, to make two perfect squares out of two tangled 60" ropes or of expecting sedentary bureaucrats (of varying grades, ages, physiques, and derring-do) to try to negotiate a partnered tightrope walk along a skinny, wobbly wire strung in a "V" formation between three trees. To those people we would say, "Don't knock it 'til you've tried it!" Our post-

mortem discussion revealed that a good time was had by all; we came up with lots of "pros" for the program, and none of us could identify any real "cons."

As well as having fun and getting to know each other better, we learned that we rely on each other more heavily than we had realized, regardless of status or grade, for understanding, encouragement, and moral support. Above all we understood, as the shadows lengthened and we began our longer-than-normal commute to our homes, that there was indeed truth in the old adage that "No man is an island, and no man stands alone."

*Moira Lavery*

## Adventure Training

Courses such as the "Corporate Adventure" program that Staff Development took at Airline are designed to foster teamwork. They are particularly helpful, Andrew Dawson feels, for units that have a relatively large proportion of new staff and that perhaps have not yet had a great deal of experience working together.

For further information about this program, please contact Jean-Pierre Gollé at extension 7389.



*After meeting at a Coverdale workshop ten years ago, (from left to right) Carmelita Eugenio, Isabel Jones, Donna Heflin, Margo Redman, Betty Huang, Margaret Fisher, Phyllis Lake, and Praveen Sewpaul have remained friends, keeping in touch through luncheons. With them is Michel De Lizza, who has been the waiter for all their gatherings.*

## Celebrating a Decade of Friendship

In its years of offering personnel development and management courses at the Fund, Coverdale offered its Systematic Approach workshop perhaps four dozen times. Nothing in its July 1980 presentation hinted at anything out of the ordinary: 16 participants, divided equally into two groups of 8, none from the same department. Composed of relative strangers and nodding acquaintances, these groups were to learn how to work together and how to get jobs done efficiently and effectively. One of the July 1980 groups, however, was to discover something more: an unusual chemistry; they realized they could be the most relaxed of friends, and they came to believe their friendship could last.

And last it has. When Carmelita Eugenio, Margaret Fisher, Donna Heflin, Betty Huang, Isabel Jones, Phyllis Lake, Margo Redman, and Praveen Sewpaul gathered in Dining Room 4 on October 3, they celebrated ten years of a most unexpected relationship. The mood in the room was exuberant and warm; this particular day it was also tinged with a little sadness, too, since for the first time one of their group, Isabel, would be leaving the Fund.

Ten years ago Carmelita had been in Fiscal Affairs, Margaret in the Bureau of Language Services, Donna in African, Betty in Treasurer's, Isabel in European, Phyllis in Research, Margo in Middle Eastern, and Praveen in Administration. Betty transferred to a position in the Office of Internal Audit shortly after she took the course and remains there; Donna is on a mobility assignment in Exchange and Trade Restrictions but is due to return to the African Department in 1992. Otherwise each has

remained in the same department. Margaret now holds a professional position with BLS; Praveen has had a baby.

In another setting the group might have been a textbook example of networking and job changes. In the Fund the hallmark of the group has been extraordinary stability and a lively but effective means of exchanging information about a relatively small but surprisingly compartmentalized institution. "There is a tendency," says Betty Huang, "to stay in your own department and not know what is happening elsewhere. I had no idea what it's like to be in an area department or go on mission. It's fascinating to learn how the Fund functions."

Their experience at the Systematic Approach workshop had been such an enjoyable one that the group decided to meet for lunch. "We had our first luncheon in the cafeteria," Phyllis Lake says. "We were overwhelmed with all the ideas we had to exchange and decided to meet again—this time in a more relaxed area, a private dining room. Then we added luncheons for other holidays and for marriages and births. We didn't socialize outside of work and rarely had lunch with each other outside of these meetings. Yet one year we met only twice, and we knew that wasn't good enough." Three or four luncheons a year became the norm—"depending on how vivacious and rich we are," Margaret Fisher adds.

The group never really had a leader as such, and never seemed to need one. Congenial and naturally accommodating, the group divided labor effortlessly in the workshop. "I'm good at this, I'll do that," Phyllis Lake recalls people saying at the course. Subsequent luncheons were

organized with the same ease. Unasked, someone always stepped forward to arrange the next meeting.

There was, everyone acknowledges, an immediate affinity within the group. "We are very congenial in our own little room; it has been the kind of friendship that lasts," says Carmelita Eugenio. "We all like and respect each other," Margaret Fisher adds. "Courtesy, good humor, and tolerance have been hallmarks of the group. We are all quite different, but we seem to have an excellent balance between quiet and extrovert. My feeling is that we also share certain similarities. We are all responsible types—even perfectionists to some degree—but that is leavened with humor. We have never had an agenda for our luncheons, so there has to be something deeper that brings us together again and again."

Margo Redman stresses that the group has always been very positive. A great deal of information about the Fund is exchanged at these luncheons. There's always a lot of interest in changing technology and personnel policies. "The group is very giving, very supportive," Phyllis Lake adds. "We feel free to call one another when

we have questions," Praveen Sewpaul says. "Our luncheons give me insight into what is happening elsewhere and if anyone has a question about benefits, she feels free to call me."

"I've never been in another group that had this type of team spirit," Donna Heflin notes. "It always felt as if we had known each other a long time. There's a real sense of group identity." Humor, she feels, has been a key ingredient. Isabel Jones agrees, noting that "the beautiful thing is that our relationship has kept on growing. It came from nothing. We didn't have to stay together, but we did. The team developed very nicely during the course; there was a lot of cooperation. The attitude was 'let's work together, get the work done, and have a good laugh in between.' It's been that way ever since."

After ten years, memories of the course with which it had all begun were understandably vague. Ian Roberts, husband of Pam Roberts, had been one of the course instructors. He was invited to the tenth anniversary luncheon and brought along his course notes. Margaret Fisher borrowed an oversized pad of paper and an easel from the Training Unit and offered her own illustrated commentary on the group's progress and Isabel's departure.

Amidst much laughter and reminiscing, Ian Roberts told the group that they were unique in his experience and probably in Coverdale's as well. The point of the course had been to learn by doing. "Once you are competent and comfortable making one group succeed, you can take this experience anywhere and succeed. The programs are largely meant to help individuals discover enough about themselves and their colleagues in that one group so that by the end of the period they can do almost anything." The groups were purposefully divided on the basis of contrast. "We wanted as many differences as we could find," Ian Roberts notes. "We mixed age, departments, nationalities, and so on. One of Coverdale's sayings was that 'There is no learning without contrast.'"

The fundamental skill needed in handling information, Ian Roberts believes, is analytic ability—analysis with the intent of understanding information and knowing where to apply it. "The fundamental skill in dealing with people," he adds, "is synthesizing—bringing different people and ideas together and trying. One important institutional goal should be to expand the general pool of management skills, even if we don't know when or if these skills will be called upon. In a general sense we all need to manage—we need to manage tasks, our work environment, our relationships, and so forth."

What Ian Roberts terms "process skills," the group saw more immediately as a means of getting things done in an orderly and efficient manner—preparing, analyzing, and dividing responsibility rather than plunging into a task without forethought. What many drew from the course, beyond their extraordinary friendship, was a heightened sense of their abilities. "The course encouraged me to see where my potential lies. It gave me a broader perspec-

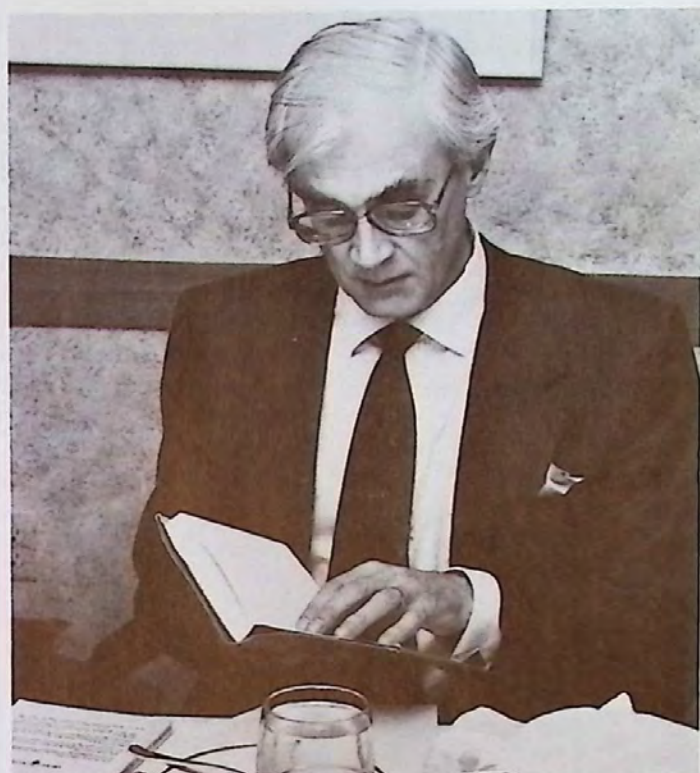


*Isabel Jones is the first member of the group to leave the Fund, but since she is staying in the area she hopes to continue to attend the luncheons.*

tive," Betty Huang says. "I was able to look at work as a project not as a task." The participants clearly enjoyed themselves and the projects (which included building a tower, designing a survey for course participants, and creating a logo for Staff Development). "We felt good about what we had learned," Phyllis Lake says. "We gained a lot of confidence."

The Fund has changed over the years, and many of the group reflected on what they feared was more and more competition in the institution with less and less satisfaction deriving from it. Isabel Jones, who has left to take an administrative job with a local high school, notes the toll that unrelieved pressure takes over time. "When there's a challenge and a sense of loyalty, you work at the same pace as everybody else. You want to do your part. The problem comes when you are not giving attention to things that are very important but not urgent. Because of the urgent things at the office you stay on and stay on, and then there are tons of cracks in family life that show up later on. It affects personal development. You are not finding time to read or be with friends or enjoy things. It affects the depth of life."

The group gathered to bid Isabel good luck but not good-bye. She is staying in the area and expects to remain an integral part of the group. "We've celebrated marriages and births and holidays," she notes. "We've accompanied each other through everything."



**Ian Roberts**, who led the original workshop, shared class notes and readings at the anniversary luncheon.

## Children's Hospital Toy Fund

Although it's early yet, the festive season will descend upon us before we know it! For many years now, Fund staff and their families have shown imagination, generosity, and flair when choosing new toys for the young patients of Children's Hospital National Medical Center in Washington, D.C. Individually, we may think that our single gift makes little difference, but it does to a child who is separated from his or her family at Christmastime (who doesn't like to receive a brightly wrapped package?). Collectively, the 13 to 15 boxes taken each year to the hospital have brought great joy, not only to the patients but to the medical staff and hospital volunteers who see the children opening their gifts. This year's drive will run from Monday, December 10 to Thursday, December 20, 1990.



Children's Hospital gives medical attention to children (newborn to 19 years of age) regardless of their families' ability to pay. The hospital treats one out of every three children in the Washington metropolitan area, as well as those referred by doctors around the nation and from overseas; it also operates three clinics in Washington, D.C., two in Maryland, and one in Virginia.

Children's Hospital asks that only new toys be donated and that they not be gift wrapped, so that hospital volunteers can match toys with the patients before they wrap and label the gifts.

Boxes for your donated new toys will be located in the main lobby and in the office of International Families of the Fund (InFFO, Room 1-528), as well as in the IMF cafeteria at International Square.

**Judith York**

# A Wet Ride Through Unfettered Grandeur

Ahead we could see the silvery line of water where the river dropped off and could hear the dull thunder of the rapids. As we drifted up, we turned sideways to take a better look, floated through a quick succession of "rooster tails," or small eddies, and then tumbled over the edge into the dark hole that opened in the turbulent water. Our rubber raft quickly gathered speed, bucked a few times in anticipation, bent double, and then plunged its bow deeply into the waves. While we hung on with whitened knuckles, a baptism of icy water drenched us, sloshing over our waterproof bags and swirling around the metal

containers on deck. A few more soakings and we were free. We had passed through the first, though far from the largest, of the 169 rapids that were to face us during the next eight days and 280 miles of our journey down the Colorado.

My recollections of past excitement, and my renewed curiosity, brought me back to the Colorado this past September. Some years before I had taken a raft trip halfway through the Grand Canyon and had hiked out. I vowed then that I would one day repeat the voyage and experience the many miles that I had forgone on that early trip. I would not be alone. In the 120 years since John Wesley Powell headed the first exploration of the Canyon, taking three months over the journey, thousands have voyaged down the Colorado. All but a hundred of them have made the trip since the mid-1950s, when an intrepid lady by the name of Georgie Clark first introduced large rubber pontoon-like powered rafts able to carry in relative safety up to 15 people and all their supplies. To protect the fragile environment, the Park Service today limits the number who can raft the Canyon to a few thousand each year and there are always waiting lists of several months for any of the trips organized by half a dozen companies.

Our expedition began after a six-hour drive from Las Vegas, when the group I had joined arrived at Lees Ferry, close to the Arizona-Utah state line a few miles below Glen Canyon dam. Built in the early 1960s, the dam tamed the hitherto unpredictable river, an action that supplied more power to the cities of the West, but also created new and persistent environmental problems of



*Into the hole: one of the group's rafts runs Soap Creek rapid. It would be only 1 of the 169 rapids on this eight-day, 280-mile journey down the Colorado.*

its own: silting Lake Powell above the dam and eroding river banks below. It was the final Saturday of the season for most expeditions to set out, and our two rafts bobbed amid an assortment of other crafts of various shapes and sizes, both powered and oar-driven, as their passengers and crews carefully packed their belongings in waterproof bags and boxes, loaded equipment, and donned life jackets. My companions were a representative sample of environmentally conscious America. They included a lawyer from New Mexico, a teacher from Arizona, businessmen and technicians from several Western cities—and even a honeymoon couple from New England.

Not long before lunch we were off, but only after a stern lecture on river etiquette from our boatman, an indomitable one-legged veteran of the Colorado who soon proved he could out-run, out-climb, and out-cook the best of us. We drifted into the magnificent expanse of Marble Canyon, which was to remain with us for 100 miles before we reached the Little Colorado River and the beginning of the Grand Canyon proper. As we floated on, rock walls soon were rising 2,000 or more feet on either side. Under the blazing sun the water looked inviting, but it was freezing—the river flows out from the base of Glen Canyon dam at an even 50 degrees—and any swim was to prove a decidedly hurried affair.

We noted the spot where optimistic engineers in the last century had planned and failed to build a railroad and identified the remains of Bert Loper's boat, which serves as the memorial to a 79-year-old river runner who disappeared in 1949. A cheer went up at mile 40, when we passed the site where, in the mid-1960s, a plan to add yet

another dam to the river was defeated after one of the most effective conservation battles of recent years ("Would you drown the Sistine Chapel in order to get closer to the ceiling?" was the question posed by the Sierra Club).

At night we pulled into small beaches along the river bank. First, the chemical toilet and its sheltering tent were erected; it is gospel that nothing whatsoever is to be left in the canyon, neither food, nor equipment, and certainly not human waste. Food was then prepared. Our dinners were substantial, with such fare as enchilladas, shrimp, or steak, supplemented by the occasional trout fresh caught from the river. After supper, we would spread our sleeping bags under the velvet sky and happily contemplate the stars.

At least that was the case until the third night, when at two in the morning it began to rain. Contrary to what we had anticipated, this was not a brief, benevolent, desert shower, but a steady drenching rain that continued until morning, percolating through tarpaulins, soaking everything and everyone, and layering all our belongings with gritty deposits of sand. After a few hours, I gloomily concluded that few things are quite so miserable as lying in the open in a rainstorm. Thereafter, whatever the likely weather, we took pains to unload and set up the little tents that had been packed on board the rafts. There were several nights we were glad we did so.

The next morning, after we had set off on the river, the chill rain resumed. It remained with us as we passed the Little Colorado and then as we entered the gorge of the Grand Canyon, passing through a seemingly endless succession of drenching rapids—Unkar, Hance, and the aptly named Sockdolager, or knockout punch, which hurled the raft alarmingly close to the basalt cliffs. I regretted my failure to bring waterproof trousers as I sat soaked through on the sodden desk. The one consolation was that even my companions who had brought complete waterproof suits proclaimed they were equally wet, as water had poured through every crack in the clothing. A bottle of rum was passed around and proved to be a wonderful restorative for the faint-hearted.

In mid-afternoon, we cheered as the sun finally began to emerge from the clouds. As always in the Canyon, we soon forgot our misery amidst our wonder at the splendor of the surrounding scenery. The inner gorge closed in tightly with sheer black cliffs. Occasionally, we could glimpse the North or South Rims of the Grand Canyon, rising some 4,000 feet above us. Up there, we reflected, were hot baths and motels—together with tour buses and tacky souvenirs. On that uncomfortable third day we passed mile 88 and Phantom Ranch, the sole overnight accommodation in the bottom of the canyon. The thought of a dry bed was tempting, but no one got off. We plunged on through Granite, Hermit, and Crystal rapids, all rated at ten on the Richter scale for the river. Hitting these massive rapids was like diving through successive walls of water as we clung to the raft. The experience was at one and the same time drenching and exhilarating.

Besides the river and the rapids, there were many moments of quiet beauty. We hiked up side canyons, often wading chest deep through tributary streams and taking refreshing showers in waterfalls or climbing cliffs to inspect Indian remains. We stopped at Havasu Canyon, normally one of the wonders of the Colorado—famed for its turquoise blue waters, shade trees, and gentle falls—only to find it a wasteland. Two weeks previously, a flash flood had roared through Havasu, destroying pools, uprooting trees, and demolishing trails. The Indian reservation ten miles up the canyon was cut off from the Colorado. As with everything else on the river, time moves slowly; it will probably be years before Havasu Canyon recovers.

The most awesome of rapids, Lava Falls, came on the last full day. It is both the largest and one of the longest

of the rapids. By that point on the river, the dark-brown, rain-swollen water boiled like an awesome chocolate brew as it thundered over the black rock. We watched as two brave kayaks bobbed through the waves. Next, a small rubber raft tried to run the rapid and two of its passengers were tossed out, to be picked up spluttering below the falls. We had better fortune, skirting waves and rocks to emerge soaked



*In a drier moment. The author relaxes a bit after a hike up Deer Creek Canyon.*

but otherwise unscathed. At the bottom we paused to watch others attempt the rapid and to fill our water bottles at a deliciously refreshing spring.

Lava Falls was a fitting finale. The next morning we reached Lake Mead and the end of our river journey. After a quick trip across the Lake, we were bused back to Las Vegas. The contrast could not have been more extreme. After the peace and unfettered grandeur of the canyon, I was thrust back into a world of neon and glitter, of styrofoam rocks and plastic trees, where the only approximation of natural grandeur is the ersatz volcano outside the Mirage Hotel. As the evening wind picked up, even the volcano had to be restrained lest it set fire to the palms.

I made a fresh vow: No more motors. The next time, I would sign up for a rowing trip. *Ian McDonald*



**The Toastmasters** are (from left to right) front row: Susan Brack, Malinee Vangsametekul, Vilma Pauig, Susan Jones, Sharon O'Brien, Violeta Lotuaco, Joan Fletcher, and Pam Bradley. Second row: Maurice Gress, Barry Stevens, Koffi Yao, Ruthy Hyatt, Martin Murray, Linda Galantin, Francine Peltz, Virgilio Sandoval, Victor Velzaga, Jean-Claude Bouchet, Mirella Beer, Hugh Adams, Franz Stoppard, and Katherine Pan.

## Conquer Your Fear with Toastmasters

The American television show, *Family Feud*, once asked contestants to name the ten things in life that cause people the most fear. In their answers, public speaking ranked right behind skydiving and major surgery. If you can identify with this, you are a candidate for Toastmasters International—the world's largest organization devoted to communication excellence. Toastmasters provides an opportunity to learn effective communication through practical experience, in an atmosphere of fellowship and understanding. Fortunately, a Toastmasters club has recently been formed at the IMF, and it welcomes you as a guest or member.

The idea to establish a Toastmasters club in the IMF started with Pisit Leeahtam and Victor Veizaga, both members of the George Washington University Toastmasters Club. Victor, who works at the World Bank, has been a member of Toastmasters International for six years and has attained the rank of Able Toastmaster. He is trying to establish clubs at each of the Washington-based international organizations. Victor serves as mentor for the World Bank Toastmasters Club and for the newly formed IMF club, and he hopes that the Organization of American States will soon receive a charter for its club.

Pisit introduced Victor to Virgilio Sandoval, a Fund staff member, and they took him to GWU Toastmasters as a guest. Virgilio liked the idea of starting a club at the IMF and he leapt into action, reserving a conference room, printing notices, and providing information for the Fund's activities bulletin. Nineteen people responded,

attending the first meeting on May 17. Officers were appointed and the business of attracting 20 members—the minimum needed to become a chartered club—began. On September 14, the club received its charter from Toastmasters International in a ceremony held in the Fund.

Victor remains the mentor for the IMF club, providing support and guidance, as needed. In addition, Susan Brack, a member of the Tri-Agency Toastmasters at the World Bank, acts as the IMF club sponsor. She provided all the forms necessary for becoming chartered and helped the club get organized. Susan, also an Able Toastmaster, has been involved with Toastmasters for about four years. She joined as an antidote to "the emptiest syndrome" after her son moved away. "It's a great way to improve communication skills," Susan says, "and you also learn that mistakes don't matter as much as you think."

Susan Jones, an economist in the European Department of the Fund, was appointed president of the IMF Toastmasters Club at the organizational meeting. Susan's interest in Toastmasters was part of a decision to improve her ability to communicate with member country authorities. "I plan to put this in my performance report," Susan emphasizes, "since effective communication is such a vital part of my job." Susan said that for her, one of the best parts of Toastmasters is "Table Topics," where members are called upon to speak extemporaneously for one to two minutes on a subject chosen by a

Table Topics Master. "This training, in particular, will help me during consultations," Susan notes.

Getting started in Toastmasters is easy. Everyone receives a manual outlining ten speeches to be completed in sequence. The first speech provides an opportunity to address a subject on which each member is an authority—themselves. In the IMF club, these "Icebreakers" are especially interesting, given the variety of nationalities and backgrounds. Slava Pylyshenko, who works in the Bureau of Computing Services, gave a fascinating account of her life, which began in the Ukraine. Linda Galantin of the European Department provided special insight into the problems of growing up in a military family during the Vietnam war. And Koffi Yao of the Bureau of Statistics humorously described his first impressions and experiences in the United States when he arrived from Côte d'Ivoire.

Toastmasters provides an opportunity to develop communication and leadership skills among a group of friends—people who are there for the same reason. The objective is to learn to feel comfortable speaking in front of any audience, for 3 minutes or 30 minutes, on a range of subjects. From the Icebreaker, through "Speaking in Earnest," and "Working with Words," until the final speech in the first workbook—"Inspiring Your Audience"—members advance to earn the rank of Competent Toastmaster. Then it's on to Able Toastmaster, Able Toastmaster Bronze, Able Toastmaster Silver, Distinguished Toastmaster, and then candidate for the Accredited Speaker Program.

In addition to giving prepared speeches, club members are active in the conduct of each meeting. The Toastmaster of the Day chairs the meeting, each prepared speech is



**Susan Jones** (right), President of the IMF Club, accepts the charter for the group from **Sharon O'Brien**, District Governor of Toastmasters.

evaluated by another club member, and another member presents the Thought for the Day. Again, the special backgrounds of Fund staff members lend an added dimension to the club. Aida Brana of the Western Hemisphere Department provided a moving Thought for the Day, as she described her feelings about not being able to go home to Cuba for 30 years.

The IMF Toastmasters Club meets twice a month, on the first and third Thursday, at noon. Visitors and guests are welcome, and the club has an informal rule that no visitors will be called upon to speak. Join them and conquer your fear of public speaking. Next year you can think about learning to skydive.

*Pam Bradley*



**Laurel Jesudass** (left) and **Beverley Rome** distribute prizes, and **Greg Mordtn** picks up his: a weekend for two at Loew's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel. He will celebrate his twentieth wedding anniversary there in February.

## United Way Raises A Record Amount

By the day of the United Way raffle—November 15—contributions totaled \$123,113, nearly \$14,000 more than had been collected at the same point last year. And that figure is not a final one; contributions can be made until December 31.

The raffle produced some very happy winners. The number of airline prizes declined this year, but hotel prizes increased and a group of lucky ticket holders were busy making reservations at 28 area restaurants.

Those who have won items in the raffle can claim them by taking your winning ticket to the Staff Relations office in room 6-320.

# Remembering Colleagues and Friends

In recent weeks the Fund lost two young staff members, both of whom left behind young families. In an institution where 20 years of service is far from uncommon, they were relatively "new" staff members, but their colleagues who worked closely with them felt their passing keenly and share their memories of Aster Araya and Peter Mulroney with those of us who had not had the chance to get to know them.

## Aster Araya

Aster Araya was employed as a Secretary in the Treasurer's Department for five years until the time of her death in October. During this time she worked both in the Operations Division for General Resources and the Operations Division for SDRs.

Sometimes it happens in conversation: we stand facing truth and lack the words, and yet we feel that no words or gestures would convey the whole image. So it is with Aster. She was a young woman of beauty and grace who charmed those with whom she worked or came in contact. Hers was a gentle disposition; she was a calm, caring individual who possessed an easy, radiant smile. She was gracious, kind, and unassuming. There was an inherent goodness about Aster, who loved people and enjoyed being surrounded by her family and friends. Though basically a private person, she spoke frequently of her son, Senai, of whom she was so proud. All her hopes and plans were contemplated with Senai's well-being uppermost in her mind.

We wrestle with images of Aster—she was so young to have experienced so much illness, yet she endured it with courage and never lost her sense of humor. We all hoped that recovery would be possible and that she would come through this crisis as she had

the earlier ones. Ultimately, however, her illness proved a formidable ordeal. It is difficult to concede that she is not here. She will be missed by all her friends and colleagues in the Fund. Perhaps, at last, she has found a gentle resting place and in it a measure of repose.

Aster died on October 14, 1990, at the age of 37. In addition to 11-year old Senai, she leaves behind her husband, Yigzaw Abraha, her parents, brothers, and sisters.

Aster's illness prevented her from being confirmed as a permanent staff member and the contractual nature of Aster's relationship with the Fund also meant that the normal benefits did not accrue at her death. It was suggested that her memorial might take the form of a gift to benefit Senai's education. A Trust Account has been established for him at the Bank-Fund Credit Union. The response throughout the Fund has been very generous. For those still wishing

to participate, a contribution can be made, payable to Trust for Senai Yigzaw-Araya, Credit Union Account No. 237900-06. Contributions may be sent directly to the Credit Union or to the Trustee, Klaus Boese (member of the Board of Directors of the Credit Union and a staff member of the Treasurer's Department), Room 7-518.

*Staff of the Operations Divisions for SDRs and General Resources*



Aster Araya

## Peter G. Mulroney

When people speak of the good dying young or of bad things often happening to good people, please count Peter G. Mulroney among them. Peter was a unique, kind, and very talented person who never walked away from a challenge. It doesn't seem fair to have lost him so young.

Peter was an architect, the second of two boys born to Austin and Iris Mulroney in York, England. He was educated at the Hull School of Architecture in England. He worked for several architectural firms both there and in the United States. Peter first joined the Fund staff in July 1988 as Project Manager in the Facilities Section. It didn't take long, though, for Peter's colleagues to recognize the skills he possessed in technical matters and in dealing with people or to realize that he was destined for greater things.

In July of 1989 Peter became Acting Chief of the Facilities Section. This is not a small job, and few people fully understand the depth and breadth of disciplines that its Chief must manage on a daily basis, such as space management and planning, interior design, furniture and furnishings, building maintenance, construction services, fire and life safety, telecommunications, food services, engineering, and audio/visual services as well as the areas required to support these types of operations. These include project management, procurement, budget preparation, cost tracking, and contract administration. To fill the job you have to be a "person of all seasons." You must be technically competent in many disciplines. Peter was this. You must be able to work effectively with people and know how to motivate a large, diverse staff. Peter did this. You must be able to command respect and give it in return. Peter did this too. You must know how to work with all the pieces to enable teamwork to emerge and allow individuals to fully develop their skills. Peter did this and much more. Peter's abilities were illustrated by his family's stories of Peter as



Peter Mulroney with his son, Adam

a young boy. They told of how he always wanted to take things apart to understand exactly how they worked, to understand what was wrong with them, to fix them, and then to put them back together again.

Even though Peter didn't have a chance to know all of you, he cared about you, because he cared about the environment we all work in. He cared enough to spend endless hours revamping the Fund's Fire and Life Safety Procedures. He cared enough to fight long and hard to get the tools needed to provide essential services to the staff in an efficient and timely manner. He did these things his way: quietly and politely. He just plain cared. Those of us who knew him will miss him deeply. We will miss his sense of humor, his quiet but determined ways, his kindness, and his competence. It was an honor to know him and a pleasure to have worked with him. Although his time was short, we are glad that he was a part of our lives. We will remember him, always.

Peter G. Mulroney died on November 4, 1990, from cancer, at the age of 40. He leaves behind his wife, Khatijah; his three-year-old son, Adam; his parents and his brother, Alan; and many, many friends.

*Peter's Colleagues in Facilities*

## STAFF NOTES

### TWENTY YEAR STAFF

Thomas T. Gibson  
Manuel Guitian  
Carl-Johan Lindgren  
Judith York

### RESIGNATIONS

Andrew A. Boczek  
Luc Hubloue  
Arthur S. Irausquin  
Mohammad Zubair Khan

### DEATHS OF RETIREES

Herbert G. G. Fray  
(January 20, 1990)  
Finn Robert Quande  
(September 4, 1990)  
Mae E. Dahl  
(September 12, 1990)  
B. K. Madan  
(October 4, 1990)  
Enrico Jayme  
(October 17, 1990)

### BIRTHS

To **Marina Primorac** (SEC) and her husband, James Martin, a daughter, Katia Zoë, on October 14, 1990

To **Amor Taharl** (SEC) and his wife Jill, a son, Zaki, on October 5, 1990

### TRANSFERS

Caroline Atkinson to European from Exchange and Trade Relations  
Kathleen Brogan to African from Secretary's

Carla Cullati to European from African

Teresa Cutolo to Treasurer's from Western Hemisphere

Bruno de Schaetzen to ETR from Paris Office

Djenane Elie-Goodall to ADM from Support Group, Secretarial Staff

Pierre Ewencyk to African from Western Hemisphere

Philippe Fontana to Treasurer's from Exchange and Trade Relations

Steven Fries to Research from Western Hemisphere

Lloyd Kenward to IBRD from Western Hemisphere

Hoe Khor to Asian from Western Hemisphere

Adalbert Knobl to Middle Eastern from European

Lilian Martinez to Western Hemisphere from African

Bandid Nijathaworn to external assignment from Asian

Richard Niebuhr to Support Group, Resident Representatives (Jamaica) from Western Hemisphere

Roger Nord to African from Resident Representatives (Nepal)

David Ordoobadi to Investment Office from African

Chi Do Pham to Support Group, Resident Representatives (Laos) from Asian

Sonia Piccinini to Support Group, Secretarial Staff from FAD  
Marsha Rubin to Bureau of Computing Services from Western Hemisphere

Manuel Sebastiao to African from European

Krikor Tahmazian to Administration from Secretary's

Grant Taplin to Geneva Office from African Department

Mary Thomson to Fiscal Affairs from Support Group, Secretarial Staff

Marta Vindiola to Support Group, Secretarial Staff, from Administration

J.C. Williams to African from Support Group, Resident Representatives and Advisors (Zaire)

## NEW STAFF



**Ramdane Abdoun**  
Algerian, is an Economist, AFR. Educated in Algiers and Paris, he was most recently Director of Commercial and Financial Planning, National Council of Planning Algiers. He enjoys soccer and chess.



**Jo Burke**  
from the United States, is a Reference Librarian, ADM. She holds an MLS.



**Hassane Cisse**  
from Senegal, is a Counsel, LEG. He holds law degrees from Dakar University, the Sorbonne, and Harvard, and holds a Master's in history from the Sorbonne. His special interests include history



**Jose De Gregorio**  
a Chilean, is an Economist, RES. Formerly a researcher at CIEPLAN (Chile), he holds a Master's in engineering from Universidad de Chile and a Ph.D. in economics from MIT. He enjoys running.

## NEW STAFF



**Susana H. Eri**  
Uruguayan and Italian, is a Conference Interpreter, BLS. She holds a Master's from Geneva and previously worked for UN and EEC, chiefly in Geneva and Brussels. She enjoys music.



**Susan J. Fowler**  
from the United States, is a Staff Assistant, TRE. She holds an Master's degree in communication from American University and enjoys creative writing, films, and theater.



**Balazs Horvath**  
from Hungary, is in the Economist Program, EUR. Educated at University of Economics, Budapest, and University of Pennsylvania, his interests include soccer and coin collecting.



**Hala Badran Hourani**  
a U.S. national, is a Staff Assistant, INS. Previously an Administrative Aide with ARAMCO in Saudi Arabia, she includes among her interests swimming and painting.



**Vetle Hvidsten**  
Norwegian, is an Economist, STA. Previously a Senior Economist with the Bank of Norway, he was educated at the University of Oslo



**Yoshihiro Iwasaki**  
Japanese, is a Senior Economist, ASD. Previously a Senior Economist, Asian Development Bank, and Visiting Professor, University of Philippines, he holds a Ph.D. from Stanford.



**Michel M. Lazare**  
French, is an Economist, AFR. Formerly Division Chief, Forecasting, French Ministry Economy, Finance, and Budget, he was educated at Institut d'Etudes Politiques and Ecole Nationale d'Administration.



**Christian B. Mulder**  
Dutch, is in the Economist Program, AFR. Previously Associate Professor and Policy Advisor, Netherlands Treasury, he was educated at the LSE. He enjoys politics, tennis, and squash.



**Makoto Nakagawa**  
Japanese, is an Assistant, OED. Previously District Director, ISE Tax Office, Japanese Ministry of Finance, he holds an M.A. from Cambridge and an L.L.B. from University of Tokyo.



**Erik C. Offerdal**  
Norwegian, is an Economist, FAD. Previously with Research Department, Central Bureau of Statistics (Oslo), he was educated at University of Oslo and enjoys photography and cooking.



**Kent H. Osband**  
a U.S. national, is an Economist, RES. Formerly with Rand Corporation and Harvard Russian Research Center, he was educated at Harvard and U. C., Berkeley. He enjoys swimming.



**Marie Louise Pagan**  
a U.S. national, is a Service Assistant with the Facilities Section, ADM. Educated at the University of Maryland, her interests include travel, crafts, and racquetball.

## NEW STAFF



**Ernesto Perez-Cajiao**  
Ecuadoran, is an Economist, FAD. Educated at Quito and Pittsburgh, he was Vice Minister of Budget in Ecuador and Dean, School of Management at Central University of Ecuador.



**Eswar S. Prasad**  
Indian, is in the Economist Program, RES. Educated at Madras, Brown, and Chicago, his interests include long-distance running, eastern philosophy, and theoretical physics.



**Gayle E. Schofield**  
a U.S. national, is a Staff Assistant, SEC. Educated at Florida State, she previously worked at Fund and spent the past three years in Rabat with her husband. She enjoys tennis and skiing.



**Michael Spencer**  
a Canadian, is an Economist, AFR. Educated at Queen's University and the University of Toronto, he was formerly a Lecturer at Queen's. His interests include hiking and skiing.



**Klaus D. Stein**  
German, is an Economist, FAD. Previously with Budget Department, German Finance Ministry (Bonn), he specialized in international public and EC law, studied at Mainz, and taught at Trier.



**Beverly D. Tait**  
a U.S. national, is a Reference Librarian, ADM. With Masters in economics (Howard) and library science (Maryland), she has served as senior economist, Bank of Jamaica, and manager, National Alliance of Business.



**Maria del C. Valdivieso**  
Peruvian, is a Staff Assistant, WHD. She has two degrees from Saint Louis University and previously served with the Uruguayan Mission at the UN. She enjoys flying, travel, and swimming.



**Susy Yazbeck**  
Lebanese, is Social Programs Assistant, INS. Educated at Oxford and Cambridge, she has worked with World Bank and as radio announcer and TV producer. She enjoys singing, acting, and writing.



**Barry Yuen**  
a U.S. national, is an Accountant, TRE. He holds a B. B. A. and J.D. from George Washington University and previously served as Tax Manager for Ernst & Young, an accounting firm.



**Arthur A. Zimmerman**  
a U.S. national, is a Budget Officer, ADM. Educated at Princeton and the University of Virginia, he was previously a consultant with Coopers & Lybrand and had worked under contract with BCS.

**Photo credits:** Denio Zara (pages 4, 5, 6, 16, 18-20); Padraic Hughes (pages 1, 5, 6, 9-11, 14-15, 18-20); Jean-Pierre Gollé (pages 7-8); Kevin Hughes (page 3); Ian McDonald (pages 12-13); and Khatijah Mulroney (page 17).

**Staff  
news**

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