

# Sunshine Corner

A group of sensitive baldheaded men—twenty of them—recently organized a fraternity which they call Baldheads, Incorporated. Formed in Maryland with the idea that the organization may eventually become national in scope, no one who has use for a comb is considered for membership.

—Your Life

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*Little girl to little boy:* Bah! Your father's hair is all white.

*Little boy to little girl:* Better white than none at all like your old man.

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The superintendent of a large sawmill was interviewing a scaler for a job.

"How long," he asked, "did you work for your previous employer?"

"Thirty two years."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty eight years."

"Now stop kidding, Bud," protested the Supt. "How could you work for thirty two years when you are only twenty eight years old?"

"Overtime."

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Ranger Abijuela, in the city on leave, decided not to miss the premier showing of "David and Bathsheba" at a local moviehouse, so he fell into the long line and shuffled in for an hour towards the ticket booth. When he came to the head of the line, imagine his chagrin when he found himself before a man sitting at a desk, asking his name. The queue had brought him to the employment office next door to the theatre which at that moment was closed for rejuvenation.

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Patient: Are you sure this is malaria, doctor? Sometimes doctors prescribe for malaria and patients die of something else.

Doctor (with dignity): When I prescribe for malaria, you die of malaria.

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Hearing that Forester Mariano's wife was ill, Mrs. Diaz went over to the Marianos to inquire about the children. Little five year old Junior answered her knock. "Hello, Junior," she said. "Are you here all alone?"

"Yes," said the little boy. "Mama's in the infirmary—and me, and Papa, and Lita, and Tony, and Choy, and Kuya are here all alone."

A fresh Los Baños graduate was hired by Betz Bros. as a salesman for their line of wood preservatives and insecticides. The young man worked hard but after a few months, he still hadn't turned in enough orders. Finally, the manager called him to the Cebu office and said, "Young man, I'm afraid you're not fitted for this job. You just can't sell."

The young man was flustered and stammered, "I am selling, sir, I'm selling all the time. The trouble is that those folks out there just aint buying!"

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Forestry student to his forester father:

"Here's my report card for this semester, and a transcript of your records that I got from Secretary Zacumo's office."

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The only perfect climate is bed.

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*The Gracicus Touch:* Mother, introducing her newly married son's wife: "And this is my daughter-in-love."

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You can't win when the weeper sex uses the weep.

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During the Commencement exercises in Diliman, a forestry graduate who was finally able to pass the course after a long, long struggle in the school he loved to see, was asked where he was from.

"I was born in San Fabian," he replied, "and raised in Makiling."

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This is our last issue for this schoolyear. Did this corner bring you the sunshine it has been striving to radiate all through the year? Write us will you? So long folks.

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There are other causes for anxiety, for it is not only in regard to forests and the soil that man is wasteful. The deposits of coal and oil, for example, are limited, and man has used them recklessly. But already water power is supplying electric energy and tomorrow atomic energy will provide an almost unlimited contribution and synthetic processes will alleviate the insufficiency of natural products insofar as inorganic materials are concerned. The forest, however, is essentially different from a mine or an oil deposit; it is not possible to synthesize life.

—T. Francois