

**The Poor Jerk
Has Got What It
Takes To Be A
Laughing-Stock**

they want, I'll show 'em. Beginning tomorrow, I'm going to depart from this dog's life and crash into the literate world with such an impact, they won't know what hit 'em!

I'm going to read that dratted book till my eyes drop from their sockets, I'm going to stay up all night over that book and keep myself awake if I have to fight the entire mosquito populace in Cebu and run the coffee and aspirin trade out of business, I'm gonna cram myself with so much education, the Encyclopedia Britannica will just

have to splash me across page one in their latest edition, I'll... but enough of that.

Next morning, feeling like a crusader fighting for dear honor (or we might say, feeling like Don Quixote charging full tilt toward 'em windmills) I bade goodbye to Jerry Gray and Ralph Flanagan, Duke Ellington and Charlie Spivak, and Paul Weston and Xavier Cugat, reluctantly laid aside my crossword puzzles, made my last farewells to that movie magazine I just bought, surrendered the radio to my sister,

Capitis Diminutio—Oh No!

• by VNL

IT ALL began one afternoon when the prof announced to the class that a new policy was in operation. In the College of Law, he said, elimination shall begin at the first year. It meant that we freshies simply had to show up and make good or we'd be advised, at the end of the semester, to take up goat-raising instead, or something. Then, horrors, he followed that upsetting announcement with a, grrrr!, recitation. And me with three consecutive slinkers! The only thing I desperately yearned for at the time was the prof's record book. What a thorough, careful, painstaking white-washing it'd get...!

As if through mind-reading or perhaps mental telepathy, the prof held up his record book and sardonically sneered, "Class, this is the most precious thing in the world for me. I won't sell it at any price to any of you." Psychic cymbals crashed in my ears, Roman rockets and Catherine wheels spun and exploded in my brain, the world went suddenly bright and then, more suddenly, blank; everything just burst inside. The world blue up in my face, I lay back in my seat limp, dazed, stunned, dumbfounded. **AND THEN HE CALLED MY NAME!** I stood up weakly, frantically scratched the back of my neck, and simply answered his questions with a series of idiotic "Aaaahhs."

The bell rang. Fifteen miserable minutes late. I was cooked again! Suddenly a new spirit came over me. Maddened, shamed, humiliated, enraged and resolute, I resolved to... o.k., o.k., if that's what



bid adieu to Jo Stafford and June Christy, blew the dust off my book... and embarked on what was intended to be a determined marathon cramming.

I settled down in a comfortable chair and announced to the household that I was not to be disturbed or else I switch to Jr. Normal, or something. They all looked at me, surprised, taken aback, delighted at the sudden change, unbelieving, wondering if a spell hasn't been cast on me or have I a fever, or something. Blandly, I announced, in the same spirit the prof did, that I was simply going to be the best damn law student the legal world will see, that elimination would start in the first year and so I'M GOING TO STUDY! In other words, don't send me to the baker's today, Ma, I'm going to assassinate this book.

From here on I shall be prepared for recitation everytime I set foot inside the classroom. They'll simply have to look up at me in wonder and admiration and envy. The prof will smile broadly and say, "Aaahh, what a guy" instead of "Ugh, what a moron!" The girls will sit up and take notice, and turn to their boyfriends and demand, "Why can't you be like him??" The guys will crowd around me and bombard me with praise and hero-worship. Maybe I can even open an account with the Coop!

I shall abstain from the pleasures of the world and the cinema, I shall desert the poolroom and the bowling alley, I shall nevermore touch the bottle and stick to milk; I shall only associate myself with Manresa and the Philippine Reports, with Capistrano and Padilla, Puno and Iturralde. Fare thee well, Frankie Laine! Adios, Abbe Lane! Au revoir, Mme. Giselle McKenzie, good-bye Kay Brown! I'm gonna lock myself in my room with Roman Law I and no rum whatsoever.

... And so I cuddled in an easy chair with Roman Law I. With a furious and determined concentration, I begun to read... and read... and read.

Two pages later I was sound asleep, deep in the arms of Morpheus, happily wandering in the dream world of my slumber, basking in the pleasure of brand-new pool tables and shiny cues, entertaining tender, fat hamburgers and cold, cold beer; lost in the magic of the Pied Pipers and Tex Beneke and the Moonlight Serenaders, plowing through oodles of cross-word puzzles... bzzzzz bzz...

Recitation? Elimination? I shall sue for emancipation!!

October, 1952

● The University of San Carlos will long remember the twenty-first of August, 1952. And for the Jaycees this date will inscribe golden letters on their financial pages. It was on this eventful day when they formally launched Operation "Courtesy Week."

Courtesy is of supreme importance to the business world. Being one of the major ingredients in the human relations formula, without courtesy business practice will be dull and cold. Successful businessmen are convinced that courtesy, long taken for granted by the Silas Marner type of businessmen, should be a living thing, a part of our daily living, and not a mere theory.

COURTESY and Good Business

Courtesy is a key to business success. It helps promote good labor relations, reduces unnecessary labor turnover. It adds personal satisfaction to performance. The tragedy of industrial disputes, the bickerings of class conflicts, or the bitterness of commercial rivalries could be avoided in many instances by little courteous words or acts. Strikes, undue spoilage, and personal violence could be averted if only somebody would be a little bit more considerate.

Where courtesy is a living part of the day-to-day business intercourse, there also exist broader sympathy and understanding. Congenial surroundings and pleasant relationship increase efficiency and quality in production. Between the employer and the employees, money is no longer the sole denominator of all human aspirations. The yardstick is no longer the peso. Money may buy a man's hour or service but beyond this, no more. What compels a laborer to exert the maximum of his ability is entirely non-financial in nature. It is the warm and cordial relationships fostered by such "small change" courtesies as hat-tipping or pleasant greetings, or the pre-facing of request with a "Please."

Nothing produces a more penetrating and effective influence in the give and take of business relationship than courtesy. In salesmanship, the pleasant smile, the flashing eye of animation, and the firm handshake of a man with something to sell overcome sales resistance. Compliments, when not too blatantly expressed, will serve to put a prospective buyer in an agreeable mood of mind and make him more receptive to what the salesman has to sell. Mothers are frequently won by compliments to their children; old people are pleased to be addressed "Sir"; and youths are tickled red if they are called "Mister."

Poise and polish, ease in saying and doing the right thing in the right way makes for advancement in business. The thousand and one niceties of courteous behavior contain an inexorable appeal. They create an atmosphere of understanding and friendliness. No one is immune to the magic effect of good manners. A pleasant greeting works wonder with the sweating "camineros" as with the President of the Philippines. Regardless of financial standing, whether they be men in silk or men in rags, people are drawn by the magnetic power of a courteous act.

If business is to profit from increased employee morale and worker cooperation, if it desires community patronage and customer acceptance, it must heavily invest in courtesy, the open-sesame of successful human relations.

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