

**PGDM (IB), 2020-22**  
**Inter-Cultural Business Communication**  
**IB-108**  
**Trimester – I, End-Term Examination: October 2020**

Time allowed: 2 Hrs 30 Min

Roll No: \_\_\_\_\_

Max Marks: 50

**Instruction:** Students are required to write Roll No on every page of the question paper, writing anything except the Roll No will be treated as **Unfair Means**. All other instructions on the reverse of Admit Card should be followed meticulously.

Sections	No. of Questions to attempt	Marks	Total Marks
A	Minimum 3 question with internal choices and CILO (Course Intended Learning Outcome) covered	3*10	30
B	Compulsory Case Study with minimum of 2 questions	20	20
			<b>50</b>

Section A: Attempt all the three questions. There is a choice between each question. (Marks: 3\*10 = 30)

A1: Based in Cleveland, Ohio, Jim has been managing a software development team in Pune for the past two years. He has been working closely with Aruna, the Indian team leader, to develop a new networking program. While Jim has over 25 years of experience in software development, Aruna knows the program inside-out. While reviewing his work from the previous week, Jim discovers that he made a mistake in the programming code. He notices that Aruna corrected his error, but wonders why Aruna did not bring it to his attention so that he could avoid delays and keep from making the same mistake in the future.

Why did Aruna not tell Jim about the mistake that he had made? How are both of them culturally different? Explain using the caselet. (CILO 3)

Or

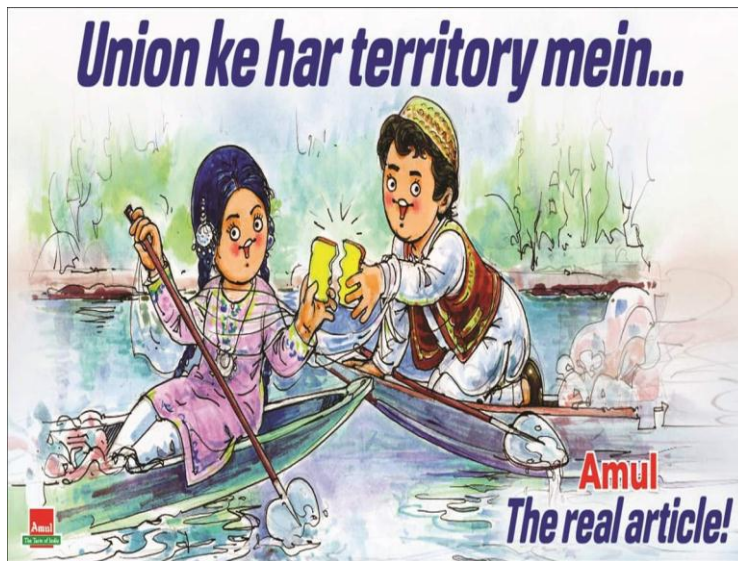
A2: Sandeep has just joined the Bangalore office of a New York based MNC. As part of his training he will be spending 3 months in the US, but has already been assigned to a team with members in New York, Tokyo and Bangalore. Sarah, the New York based project manager, has scheduled a teleconference meeting for Tuesday. Sandeep will be traveling to Delhi to get his US visa over the meeting time. Here's their conversation...

Sarah: Can we do the teleconference tomorrow, 7 pm for you, or should we wait until you get back? Sandeep: Better if we can wait, but I can do it if you like – if it's necessary.

Sarah: Do you want to postpone it? Tell me, yes or no?

What cultural and/or personality traits are influencing the communication? What is Sarah likely to be thinking/feeling? What is Sandeep likely to be thinking/feeling? (CILO 3)

Question 2: (CILO 1) Using models of persuasion. Explain the following newspaper advertisements:



2A:

Or

2B:

**MOTHER DAIRY**  
happy food  
happy people

THIS INDEPENDENCE DAY, MEET YOUR  
**NEXT DOOR HEROES.**  
START YOUR DAY WITH A MAN WHO SPENT  
HIS DAYS DEFENDING YOU.

When you visit your nearest Mother Dairy booth, you'll be meeting a war hero. Because the man behind the counter was once defending you at the war front. For the past 40 years, all Mother Dairy booths in Delhi NCR have been run by retired DEFENCE personnel. This Independence Day, join us as we salute each one of them.  
#HeroNextDoor

**Petty Officer Dharamveer Singh (Retired)**  
Booth Operator - Booth No. 924  
**Nb. Sub. Om Prakash (Retired)**  
Booth Operator - Booth No. 638  
**Sgt. Ramakant Sharma (Retired)**  
Booth Operator - Booth No. 18789

Mail us at [consumer.services@motherdairy.com](mailto:consumer.services@motherdairy.com) or visit us at [www.motherdairy.com](http://www.motherdairy.com). You can also log on to [facebook /motherdairy](https://www.facebook.com/motherdairy) or our [twitter handle @motherdairymilk](https://twitter.com/motherdairymilk)

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Q3A: A group of students of your institute wants to hold an event for the newcomers. You are a part of the group responsible for conducting the event. Write a formal email in Block format to the general manager of a nearby supermarket seeking permission to display notice and requesting sponsorship to the college event. Adopt the AIDA model of writing persuasive messages. (CILO 2)

Or 3B: You have a friend who appraises antiques — assigning a dollar value to the likes of old Chinese vase used for storing pencils, informing people how much those silver knickknacks from some Grandmom Fern are worth. He says the hardest part of his job, the part he dreads the most, is telling people that their treasure is worthless. Recently, he had to write a rejection letter to a college going boy whose collection of Indian coins he considered to be worthless. Write a letter on his behalf adopting the indirect method of providing feedback using the sandwich model. (CILO 2)

Section B: (All the questions are compulsory)

Case Part 1 “Good morning, Fionna.” . . . “Sorry, dear. I didn’t mean to wake you up. I thought you would be up by now.” . . . “It’s about 23.30 here.” . . . “Yes, I’m doing well, dear. I feel a lot better now that I’ve been on the ground here in the States for a little more than a day. I had a good rest and a pleasant walk about town today. Salt Lake City is a really different kind of place. There are Alp-like mountains right at the edge of the city. You won’t believe how wide the streets are here in the centre—wide as the M4 near Slough. And the pelican crossings have signals that chirp like birds when it is time to cross the street. It’s really brilliant. Oh, by the way, you won’t believe what I had for dinner a few hours ago. It was called an “Early Bird Special,” but it didn’t involve fowl. You get an extra good value for your money if you order your set meal before a certain time—7 p.m., I think.” . . . “Yes, dear, I know that it is quite an early hour to dine, but you won’t believe what you get for your money here. It’s absolutely smashing. For less than \$15 American—that’s less than 10 quid, dear—I got a huge bowl of white clam chowder, all the bread and butter I could eat, a huge cut of prime rib that would feed a family of four in England, a large jacket potato with sour cream and chives, a big bowl full of ice cream with a biscuit on top, and all of the coffee I could drink. The meat alone would cost far more than that at home, and then it would only be a small fraction of what I got. And then you’d have to pay separately for all of the add-ons. It was an absolute feast, dear, and jolly good as well. And the service was quick—almost too quick. I hadn’t quite finished my starter when the prime rib arrived. As I took my last bite of meat, the pudding arrived. Several minutes later the coffee was served. It was so efficient, so American—just like clockwork. They really know how to provide fast, friendly food service here. I was treated like I was a bloody peer, Fionna. Every time I took a sip from my glass or cup, the waiter refilled it. Before I had drunk my first cup of coffee, the bill arrived.” . . . “Well, dear, you are right. I did feel a little uncomfortable with the fast pace of it all—and all of the good food. I’m just not used to all of that. I’m not used to spending less than three hours for an evening meal out, and I did feel like I was being rushed a bit—especially with such a big meal that I wanted to savour. All of the courses took less than an hour, which wouldn’t get you past the starter at a proper restaurant back home. The ubiquitous air conditioning blew like a North Sea gale. Had you been here, Fionna, you would absolutely have frozen. You’d have had to wear a wool jumper just to keep your teeth from chattering. It was that cold in the restaurant.” . . . “Yes, dear, this conversation, pleasant as it is, is costing a lot of pounds. I’ll ring you up again tomorrow about the same time for what I promise will be a brief reporting. I’m looking forward to meeting with Robin Jefferson tomorrow morning, a gentleman with whom I’ve exchanged a few faxes. Give my love to Nichola and Sebastian. Cheers for now, Luv.”

Part 2: "Pardon me. Would you please be so kind as to direct me to this address: 136 South Main Street. I think it is somewhere near here." "You're from England, aren't you? You sound just like Richard Bucket on "Keeping Up Appearances"—you know, Hyacinth "Bouquet's" husband. Yes, of course. That address is just around the corner and down about half a block on the right side. Go to the corner, turn right, cross the street, and keep walking until you get to 136 South Main. If memory serves me well, it's the Kearns Building. You can't miss it. It has a marble foyer with Oriental carpets. They just don't build them or furnish them like that anymore." "Thanks. Thank you very much for your kind assistance, sir. As a visitor from across the pond, I appreciate your help very much indeed," Neville Beeby replied. Within two minutes' walk he arrived at the address and entered the building. "This is odd," he thought to himself. "There's no reception desk in this posh office building—and no visible security officer." As he walked farther, he saw a bank of lifts. Just beyond the lifts was an elegant marble stairway. Since he was nearly ten minutes early for his appointment and since he had feasted like nobility the night before, Mr. Beeby decided to walk up the stairs to the fourth floor, where Robin Jefferson had informed him the office was located. Four floors later by Mr. Beeby's count, he exited the stairs and started looking for a door with Mr. Jefferson's name on it. Much to his surprise, he could find no such door. "That's odd," he muttered to himself. "I can count to four, and I'm absolutely certain I walked up four floors." After searching unsuccessfully for several minutes for the desired office, Mr. Beeby decided that he had better ask someone for assistance. He knocked on the closest door and then cautiously entered. A young lady looked up from her computer and asked what he wanted. Sorry to have disturbed her, Mr. Beeby sheepishly asked for directions to Mr. Robin Jefferson's office, which was supposed to be on the fourth floor. The young lady smirked and replied, "You are on the fifth floor. The fourth floor is the one just below us. But I don't think you'll find a Mr. Jefferson there unless you know something that I don't know—or unless she has had a sex-change operation since I last saw her. Robin Jefferson is a lady, a real lady, unless I'm badly mistaken." "Ah," gasped a flabbergasted Neville Beeby. "I—I had no idea. All of the Robins I know are males. It's a common masculine name back home." Humiliated by his embarrassing errors and rapidly turning beet red in the face, Mr. Beeby dropped his head and looked down. "Don't worry about it. We all make mistakes. It's no big deal. Mum's the word," the young lady responded. "Th—thank you for telling me about Robin. And thank you for telling me where I can find him—I mean her. Thank you very much for your kind assistance." With that, Neville Beeby backed out of the office and into the hallway, where he tried to regain his composure.

### Part 3

Looking down at his watch, Neville Beeby realized that it was time for his appointment with Robin Jefferson. Quickly he descended one floor and soon found the appropriate office. He knocked on the door and walked into the office, which looked somewhat like one of the futuristic models he had seen at this year's office products' show at Olympia. His jaw dropped in awe, not realizing that real people ever had offices like that. Everything looked so new, so modern, so shipshape and Bristol fashion. "May I help you?" inquired the receptionist. "Neville Beeby here to see Robin Jefferson. I have an appointment scheduled at half 10." "Ms. Jefferson is running a little late this morning. She should be available to meet with you in about ten minutes. Please be seated. There are magazines and today's Wall Street Journal on the table in the corner. Make yourself at home. I'll tell her you are here." Instantly, the receptionist vanished down a hallway. Neville Beeby sat down in one of the red leather chairs next to the table and picked up a magazine to read. He glanced up and admired the original artwork hanging on the walls. He thought to himself, "A coffee would be lovely now. I wonder if Americans are so civilised as to offer the customary cup to their guests? Surely they must be; after all, they seem to do almost everything right." Several minutes later the smartly dressed receptionist returned but without the anticipated cup of

coffee and biscuit. "It shouldn't be too much longer," said the receptionist. "Excellent. I'm really looking forward to that cup of coffee," replied Mr. Beeby enthusiastically. "What cup of coffee? I don't understand. Did I miss something?" "The cup of coffee you just said was almost ready." "Oh—yes, the cup of coffee," the puzzled receptionist replied. "You would like a cup of coffee. Would you like one with or without cream?" "If it isn't too much bother, I would actually prefer milk, please. Thank you, thank you very much indeed." Trying to act as if nothing were out of the ordinary, the receptionist excused herself and quickly exited the waiting area through the front door. Mr. Beeby resumed reading the magazine he had temporarily put aside. Several minutes later the receptionist returned, carrying a large cup of coffee from McDonald's. "Here you are, your coffee just as you requested it."

"Er—I—er—there must be some misunderstanding here. Sorry. It was not my intention that you leave the office and buy me a cup of coffee. I thought that when you went down the hallway a few minutes ago, you found that the office coffee was not quite ready but that it would be ready soon. I am dreadfully sorry that I inadvertently imposed on you. It is clearly my fault, my misunderstanding. I'm used to being offered a coffee in every office I visit. I do apologize for assuming that it would be the same here. Let me pay you for the coffee. I insist that I pay for it," a deeply embarrassed Neville Beeby responded. "It's not a problem. It is part of my job to fulfill all reasonable requests from company guests. Providing coffee is doable. Otherwise, I wouldn't be very accommodating, would I? Enjoy your cup of coffee. It's on the company account, Mr. Beeby." "Thank you, thank you very much. You Americans are so understanding—so helpful. I guess this just reinforces Oscar Wilde's quip that Britons and Americans are separated by a common language—English. Obviously, the language and other differences between us are much greater than I thought they were. I've learned a valuable lesson from this miscommunication and from several others so far this trip."

*Curtsey: Association for Business Communication*

Questions (Marks: 2X10 = 20) (CILO 3)

1. Review concepts about cultural differences and the need to bridge the cultural gap.
2. How might Neville Beeby learn more about the language and culture of the United States? What advice would you offer to Neville Beeby to reduce the likelihood of his making embarrassing faux pas during his meeting with Robin Jefferson?