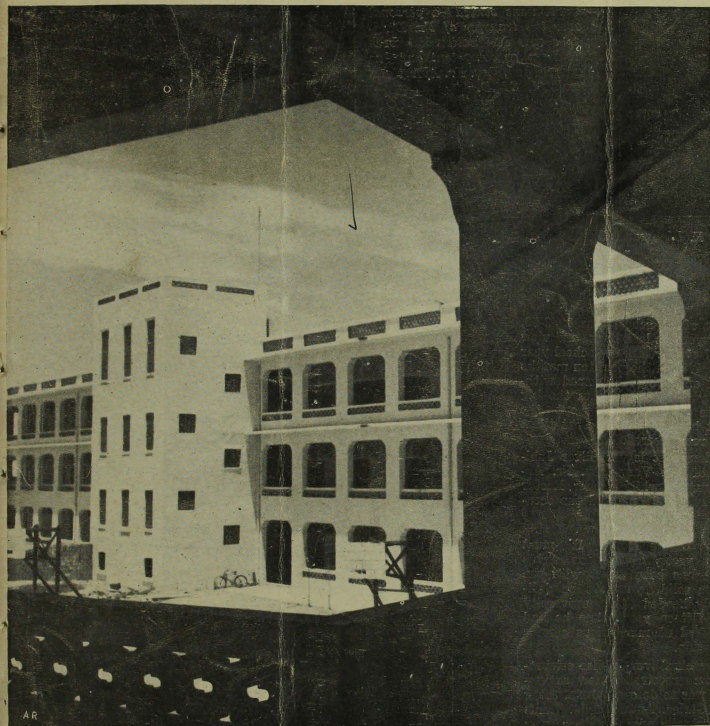


The Summer * 1950

Carolinian



REAR VIEW OF USC SCIENCE BUILDING

V. 10, no. 7

(Photo Courtesy of Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD)

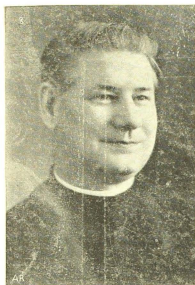
THE YEAR'S BIGGEST EVENTS — page 2

UP FROM THE RUINS — page 6

CAROLINIAN PLACES 5th IN CIVIL ENGINEERING EXAMS — page 22

The Year's Biggest Events

(1949-50)



Rev. Fr. Arthur F. Dingman, SVD.
25 years in the ministry of Christ!

The Carolinians sensed a personal loss over the transfer of Fr. Dingman to a new designation but were glad to have as competent and as able a new head, Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, S.V.D.



Rev. Fr. Albert van Gansewinkel, SVD. New Rector

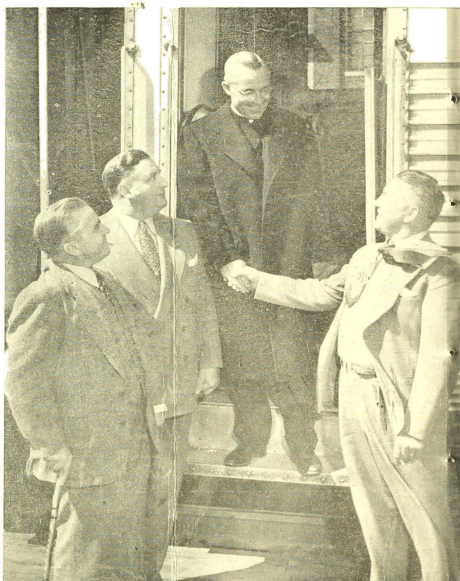
● florenzio fajardo

With the close of the school year 1949-50, USC invites everyone to look back and view the long vista of events that the school year has left behind. Within the past ten months a thousand and one things happened within the university folds. But from the big bundle of events we are singling out the most significant because we feel that these events must be remembered.

Heading the long list is the Silver Jubilee celebration of the Very Rev. Fr. Arthur F. Dingman, erstwhile Father Rector of USC. June 14, 1949 marked the occasion and from that day a quarter of a century has been spent by the celebrant in his crusade with the Divine World. It must be known that a pretty big portion of his religious career has been spent with the USC. For fifteen solid years to be definite, he had ably headed the university and within this fifteen years time he had rendered a worldful of meritorious service worthy of emulation.

Shortly after his Silver Jubilee celebration, Fr. Dingman received a new assignment so that he was to do one painful thing — to leave San Carlos. And he did... Thus the school year actually opened with a new Rector in the person of Rev. Fr. Albert Van Gansewinkel SVD. Old Carolinians will well remember that Fr. Gansewinkel is the former Secretary General of San Carlos. However when World War II broke out he was away from Cebu and shortly after liberation he was made a Director of Saint Paul's College in Tacloban, Leyte. From there he came back to assume the nobler and greater task of Rectorship.

(Cont. on page 21)



Absence makes the heart grow fonder. In long round-the-world trek, Fr. Hoerdemann meets his brothers in America after 25 years.



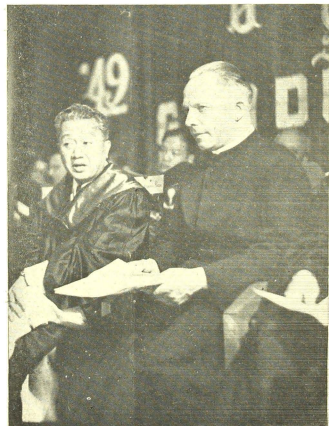
So Well-Remembered

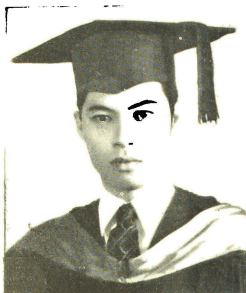
The Big Look is focused on 1950's big harvest—over 600 professionals. On stage during the commencement exercises are (see picture below): Governor Cuenco, Ex-Pres. Osmeña, Archbishop Rosales, Speaker Perez, Father Rector and Assemblyman Zosa.

Above: Cebu's Grand Old Man imposes hood on Bachelor of Laws son, Ramon Osmeña. In Life, Monching is no lachelor, is three years married; will take next bar examinations.

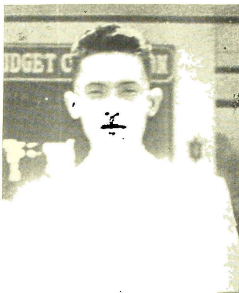


Right: Speaker Eugenio Perez and Rev. Fr. Rector, Albert van Ganswinkel. What caused that spread-out grin on Speaker Perez' face?





Atty. Juan Mercader
One-time CAROLINIAN editor.



Atty. William Buquid
In his time, USC Law College Prexy

Meet the New Lawyers

by eugenio j. alvarado

With a rating of 89.1%, Alejandro A. Abarquez topped the list of 13 Carolinians who successfully hurdled the bar examination last August 1949. A total of 15 candidates from the University of San Carlos took the examinations.

These who are now full-pledged lawyers are as follow: Alejandro Abarquez, 89.1%; Ramon Benitez, 87.1%; Francisco Varquez, 82.6%; William Buquid, 82.5%; Juan Mercader, 82.4%; Gaudioso Villagonzalo, 81.65%; Adalberto Balbuena, 81.15%; Pedro T. Garcia, 78.45%; Eufrocino Ramos, (Cont. on page 16)

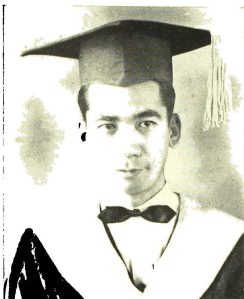
Four Carolinians Pass CPA Examinations

Four out of five Carolinians successfully passed the last CPA examinations conducted by the Board of Accountancy of the Bureau of Civil Service last December.

The four new certified public accountants and their respective ratings are as follow: Amparo F. Rodil, 77.33%; Lilia T. Cabatingan, 76%; Espiritu P. Tan, 75.67%; and Venecio Arriola, 75%.

Miss Rodil, Miss Cabatingan and Mr. Arriola graduated from the University of San Carlos in 1949, while Mr. Tan obtained his B.S.C. degree from the USC in 1948. All of them took the whole length of their commercial course in the University of San Carlos.

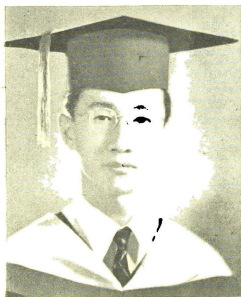
According to Dean Jose G. Tecson of the (Cont. on page 22)



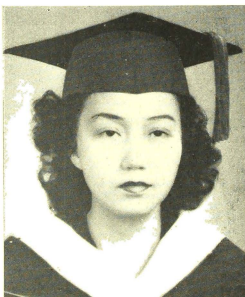
Atty. Gaudioso Villagonzalo
Determined and studious



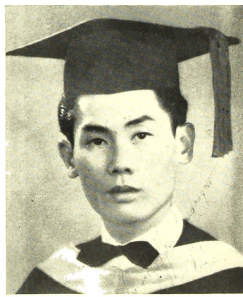
Miss Amparo Rodil
From a brainy family tree.



Mr. Espiritu Tan
William Lines Accountant



Miss Lilia Cabatingan
Serious and conscientious



Mr. Venecio Arriola
Guts and study

The CAROLINIAN

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Re. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, SVD

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Editorial

Weapon Against Bondage

Stronger than the veritable thirst for water provoked to intensity by the summer heat is the education these days. No barrier is too great, no odds too overwhelming, for the eager and the determined. Education is the obsession of all. It is the all-consuming passion which finds no adversary in cold wars or import controls.

But what is education for?

If one recognizes the threat that hangs inauspiciously over our heads, then one should conclude that education today should not be for the flimsy end of recognition nor for the the distorted pattern of recreation.

With Communism threatening to strangle our thoughts with the fears and evil prejudices invented against Democracy, then education should be a powerful weapon against it. Our education should be a "David's stone" against this impending "Goliath." It should be a tower of rock armed to mock a singing blast of sand. . .

As Communism has been conceived of the intellect, let our education sharpen our own, so that our minds may be ever wide awake to its dangers, ever conscious of its shortcomings, ever critical of its folly. Our education should train us to discriminate against the destructive.

Big as the order is, education must mold us into worthy citizens of democracy, for in the folds of democracy we are strong in the grace of God. In the folds of Communism where shall man derive his strength?

FICTION

by teresita p.
trinidad

HANDS OF CARLOS

Minda was sitting in a corner with the host, Mr. Lopez, trying hard not to yawn over his long-drawn-out recital of his latest business triumphs, when Carlos came over to them.

Carlos was Minda's favorite brother-in-law, but at that moment she could cheerfully have choked him. If it hadn't been him, she wouldn't be frittering away a perfectly good evening at this dull party. It was exactly like all the other dull parties the Lopezes were always giving so they wouldn't have to spend a night with only each other for company.

Minda hadn't wanted to come in the first place; she was pretty sure it would turn out this way. But Carlos, egged on by her younger sister, Rita, had coaxed her so hard it had seemed easier to give in than to argue. She could just hear them talking it over together.

"You talk with her, Carlos," Rita must have said. "She listens to you more than to the rest of us. You never can tell, there might be some new men at the party, and, heaven knows, it's time she got married."

As though, Minda thought resentfully, a girl was an old maid if she didn't marry as soon as she graduated from rompers, the way Rita had done. After all, she was only twenty-four—maybe not so young as an unmarried girl would like to be, but neither was she ready for a wheel chair yet. Though, to hear her, mother and three married sister talk, you'd think she was.

Goodness knows, she was ready, willing, and eager to exchange her typewriter and stenographer's pad for a wedding ring and an apron, only she wanted to be really in love with the man she made the barter with—and that was the hitch! Could she help it if she'd never fallen in love?

Minda felt like shouting the question in Carlos' ear as he adroitly rescued her from Mr. Lopez and carried her off to another corner of the room. In fact, she was just about to do it when Carlos asked, her abruptly, "Minda, couldn't you be a little nicer to Ramon?"

Minda looked at him blankly. Ramon was Carlos' brother, and she couldn't remember having done anything to offend him. "Nicer to Ramon!" she echoed.

(Cont. on page 10)

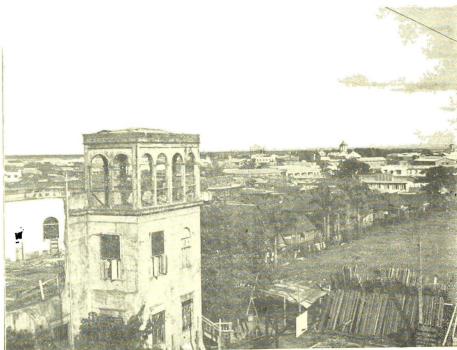
Up From The Ruins

This is the story of an institution founded and built for the seeker of knowledge and truth. The seeker is the Carolinian and the institution is USC.

On the morrow of Liberation, the Carolinian trekked back into a ghost of a city. But for him the most heart-rending scene was on P. del Rosario St.: the ruins of his Alma Mater.



Within these gutted walls he studied, played, and spent the best years of his youth and farther towards the campus....

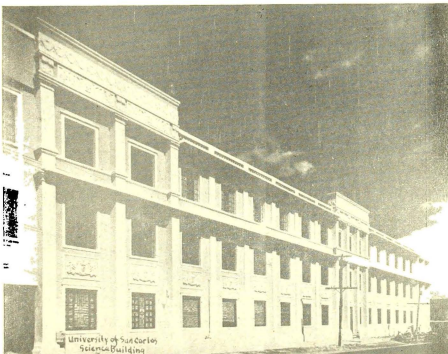
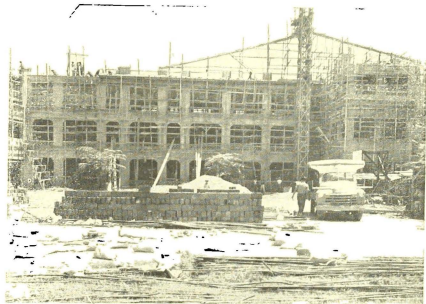


is the tower from where once as a young boy, he got the thrill of his life seeing the vast city under him, beside it are the hollow remains of the school chapel. Many a quiet moment he spent here. Now it is solemn with the solemnity of the cemetery.....

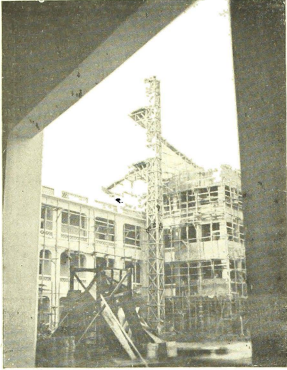


"But there are depths that bombs cannot reach . . ." There is the determination to rise. As the years rolled on, a sturdy structure rose from the debris. It bore a proud familiar name—UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS BOY'S HIGH . . .

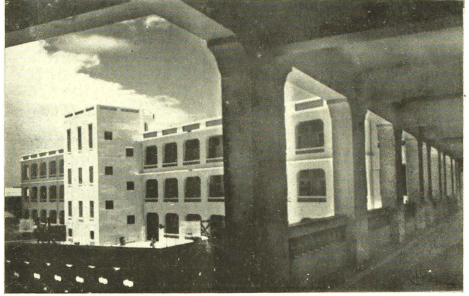
And then across the street another building began to take shape, the USC SCIENCE BUILDING. A proud gleam on the Carolinian's face—the old unbeatable school spirit had risen!



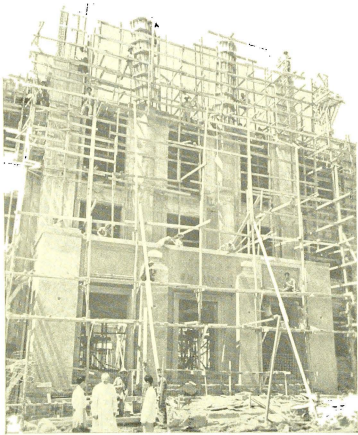
The SCIENCE BUILDING finished—a gleaming structure topped off with a roof garden.



He remembered this view of the SCIENCE BUILDING from behind and . . .



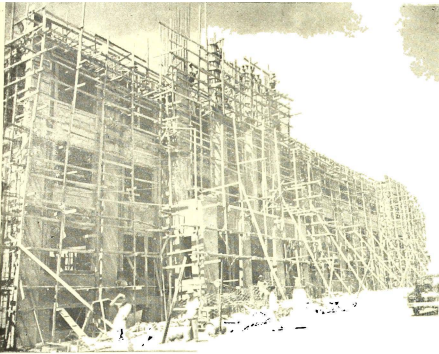
. . . hardly months after; he saw a beautiful thing, without scaffolding and with a fresh coat of paint. "If this is only the SCIENCE BUILDING," he said, "I haven't seen anything yet."



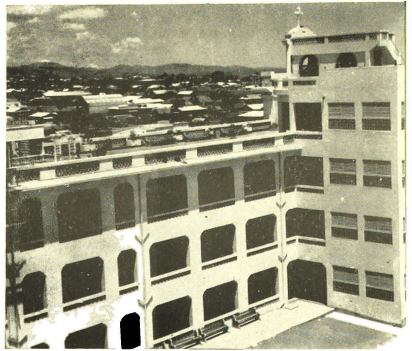
Soon the real thing was in the making—an ambitious big affair, the MAIN BUILDING.



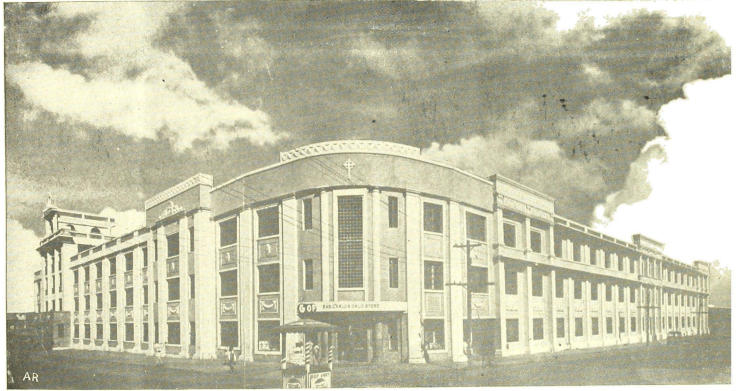
The work completed presents an eye-filling, imposing structure.



From the street corner, he takes the whole spread of the MAIN BUILDING under construction and behind it . . .

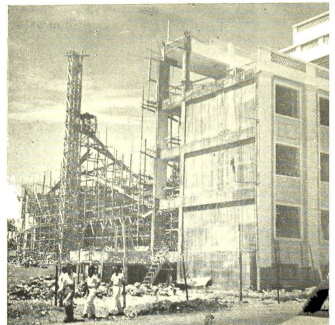


. . . he sees as impressive a structure that loses nothing of its front grandeur.



And this is it! Today the Carolinian walks down P. del Rosario St., looks up at this monumental job, towering and resplendent, dwarfing everything around it. He nudges the fellow next him and points at the building with a swell of pride: "This is my school—I belong here."

But the story in pictures does not end here and the growth of this institution has not stopped. The campus is still abuzz with the sound of hammers and cement-mixers as the construction for a new wing of the Main Building and the annex for the chapel and library nears completion (right).



THE HAND OF CARLOS. . . (Cont. from page 6)

"What have I done that wasn't nice?"

"It's not anything you've done, Minda, but....." He seemed a little embarrassed. "Well, look, dear, you're a girl, and you know how those things are. When a fellow's crazy about you, even if you don't give a hoot about him, it wouldn't hurt you to try and make him a little happy. Honestly, I've seen him wander around in a daze just because you happened to smile at him."

By the time Carlos finished, Minda was in somewhat of a daze herself. "But I never dreamed of such a thing," she protested. "He never gave the slightest sign. You know I wouldn't deliberately hurt anyone, especially your brother. Why, I—I've always been very fond of Ramon."

Carlos sighed. "It's funny how some of these guys who make such a success in business are as shy as kids in their private lives. Be a little nice to him, Minda."

Even as Carlos spoke, her eyes were circling the room in search of Ramon. He wasn't hard to locate, not when he was being made so conspicuous by the shrill-voiced group of girls who swarmed around every eligible bachelor at a party.

You couldn't blame them much, come to think of it. Besides being eligible, Monching had the homely masculine good looks that women find irresistible. He had a deep, pleasant voice, too.

She watched him, liking the way he threw back his head when he laughed, and thinking how queer it was that she'd never noticed all these things about him before.

Ramon caught her eye, and he excused from the other girls and hurried across the room to her so eagerly that she realized Carlos must be right. How could she have been so blind?

"Awful party, isn't it?" she asked brightly.

Ramon smiled down at her in a way that made her feel even smaller than her four feet eleven. "It was—until now," he said so pointedly that she couldn't even pretend to mis-understand. And she found her heart skipping around rather strangely.

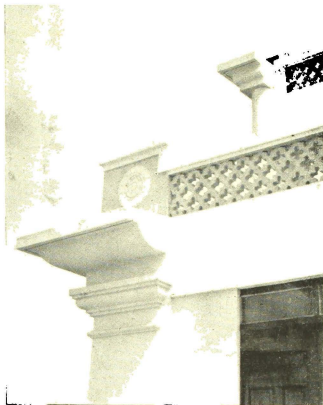
"What do you say we duck out of here?" Ramon asked.

"Let's!"

They found themselves bridling the years pretty quickly. Monching was an easy person to talk with—easy and interesting. An hour later, in the little side veranda that they'd seated themselves in, over ice cream and frosted cookies, she found herself telling him things she'd never told to anyone before, and listening to confidences from him.

When they took her home, she sat beside him and all through the way he held

(Cont. on page 11)



by jose t. villanea

The Green Cross

I am a provinciano studying in the great University of San Carlos. Having no relatives in the city, I live in a small boarding house.

Through a window in my room, I can see the upper story of the new University building. At one end of the roof garden there is a bellfry-like structure on the dome of which stands a cross.

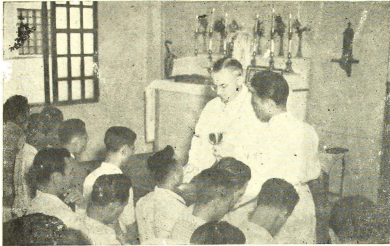
During the day this cross, symmetrically framed within the parallelogram that is my window, is yellow. At night it is a green cross.

As I lie on my bed at night, I see this cross aglow with a green fluorescent light. Its strange hue makes me gaze at it intently. There is something soul-satisfying about it. It seems so light, so airy, so ethereal a thing. I see it amid the glitter of stars, smouldering pale in their brilliance, yet shining in brave competition with these heavenly bodies. I see it bathed in moonlight, its green light persisting.

On stormy nights, when the heavens are racked by ear-splitting thunder, when the sky seems ripped wide open by lightning, when there seems to be chaos throughout the upper regions, I see the green cross behind a curtain of rain-drops, sending of its light to a rain-soaked city, its light undiminished by the streaks of lightning.

This green cross serves as my beacon. I shall meet storms in my college life, but I shall struggle through them as the green cross glows in the storm. And I shall emerge refreshed and eager to start all over again as the green cross comes out of a storm, resplendent and ethereal.

Then too, when the radiance of the moon makes this turbulent world seem peaceful, the green cross is a thing of beauty. It stirs my emotion. I feel the power of the One Who is symbolized by this cross. I see the moon and the moonlight — His creations — and the cross and its green light — man's works. No more vivid symbol of the affinity between God and man.



Fr. Hoerdemann at communion during the Holy Retreat.

Not Stone But Spirit...

*"A university is not built of stone
And sand and gravel and slabs of wood,
But of the spirit and an attitude.
It is implanted in the mind alone
And in the heart and in the human soul.
It is a congregation of minds imbued—
A kind of universal brotherhood—
With what is true and good and beautiful.*

*Our spires may rise to heaven's azure dome,
But our foundation is the heart of man,
And our design the universal plan.
That springs from God and in God finds a home.
We build on these or we but build in vain
And miss the horizon beyond the plain.*

—From *COMMEMORATION ODE*
by C. Faigao

THE HAND OF CARLOS . . . (Cont. from page 10)

her hand. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, as though this was where she belonged.

They saw each other almost every day for weeks. And before the end of the first one, she was in love with Ramon, too. She used to think of falling in love as something tremendous and forceful that came, with the roll of drums and the clash of cymbals. But it wasn't at all. It was a simple joy that crept up on her un-awares.

The night Roman asked her to marry him, Minda was the happiest girl in the world, but not the least surprised.

After she had given Ramon her answer with a kiss, she curled up in his arms in the sofa "Sweetheart," he asked her humbly, with his lips against her hair, "how did anyone as wonderful as you happen to fall in love with me?"

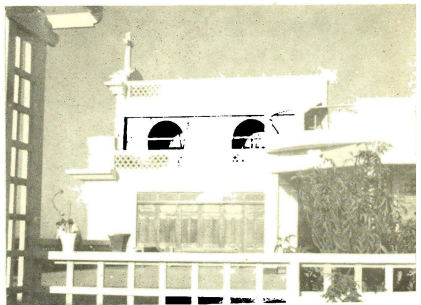
So she told him all about it, confessing how she'd never given a serious thought to him till Carlos told her how he felt.

"And to think," she said, sitting upright and looking at Ramon in awe, "that if Carlos hadn't done that, we would never have known how right we were for each other. Darling, the hand of Fate was working overtime for us."

Ramon had the funniest look on his face. "More like the hand of Carlos, I'd say," he grinned. "You see, Minda, dearest," he explained gently, "I never gave you a tumbale till the night of the Lopez party when Carlos asked me to be nice to you because you were madly in love with me!"



Abroad for months on an educational tour in US and Europe Fr. Hoerdemann comes home warmly welcomed by USC faculty and students at the airport.



View of the tower and lighted cross taken from the Emerald Room on the roof-garden. Beside the Emerald Room is a fountain.

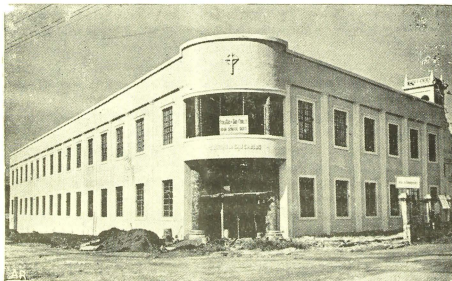
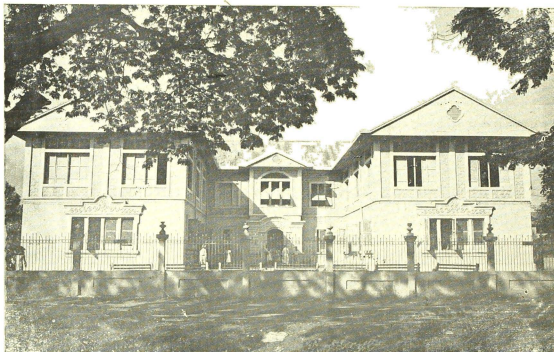


The High Schools of The University

*In these buildings, the Carolinian
spends four gay, ebullient
memorable, adolescent years . . .*

*Looking stolid and squat, mossy with age, the
HIGH SCHOOL TRAINING DEPARTMENT occupies a commanding position at Mabini Street.*

*Framed in between acacia trees,
combining grace and dignity
THE GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL
Building stands at the corner of
two very busy streets.*



*"Think deep, all ye who enter here!" Here means
the door of the BOY'S HIGH SCHOOL at
Pelaez Street.*

I Can Scream, Can't I!

by vnl

Alex, my friend,

Do you know that every start of a school term, every enrolment, every registration day is like a rebirth, a relieving of pleasant but hectic watchamacallit, a reenactment of a chaotic experience—a merry chase of registrars and clerks and cashier and advisers? Every term a fresh batch of students, mostly half-baked and overcharged with the energy and eagerness of youth face to face with the exciting, dazzling thrill of entering the college world, is hurled from high school into this "advanced stage of learning" called college. And Alex they're getting younger all the time.

So I'm taking the Summer course.

I found myself one day registering for enrolment and entangling myself in the usual hodgepodge of registration. Brother, it wasn't easy. Especially when I had an account to settle before being accepted for registration. Me, owing Uncle Sam Carle a hunk of money and obliged to settle that before I could enrol in it and subsequently owe more money to it! So I had to pay my account and emerge from the valley of debt into the jaws of enrolment and registration.

Every term I always come up against some who instructor indubitably inspires me to raise a howl. This time the gripe is because one of my profs talks like a speeding Shooting Star in the ultrasonic region. This prof must have been raised among dictaphones and other recording machines. I believe he has strong muscles in his windpipe and a device in his vocal cavity for supersonic speed which will make a jet plane turn over in its assembly line with envy. Yes, he talks that fsssst. You ought to see the resulting hieroglyphics on our notebooks in our attempt to catch up with the prof's rapid-fire blitzkrieg lecture. O, were it possible, I'd bring a dictaphone to school and turn it on when our good prof starts whizzing off. Then I'd be free to just sit back and concentrate on that new girl with the smooth, white shaved nape of the neck and tilted nose. Yak yak.

Who believes in coincidences? A rather astonishing coincidence befell me in the auditorium at the Carnival one night. The night a lucky girl was crowned "Miss Visayas," an unlucky boy was crowned with an empty Coke bottle. Even then, I was lucky—no split skull; only parted hair. The Red Cross ought to do something about careless people, eh.

Your pal,
Herbie



by J.N.L.

What are vacations for? There are those who will contend that, as one has to go on consuming goods and buying them, then one has to go on earning. This is a fallacious syllogism implying that man has to go on working. Even machines have their moments of resting from clacking, buzzing, booming, roaring, hissing, thumping. And who will say that man is not above any machine?

No doubt Rev. Father Rector Albert van Gansewinkel and Rev. Father Luis E. Schonfeld will be bringing back the memory of the fragrance of pine and sod for their stay in Baguio is spent in the lushly verdant environment of the hillside retreat of the SVD.

Then too, back from a couple of weeks' sojourn in the summer capital of the Philippines, NGR of the erudite editorial chair, brings back not only the scent of pine and sod but also photos of friendships new and old, scenes of parks and gardens, and he brings home a sunset seen while rowing a US Army surplus pootoon glamourously and make-believed into a gondola à la Venice. His experiences will bear retelling for the rest of the year until next summer when again, he will go, he will see, and he will conquer another place in the Ramanner. By the way, he says the new-new roof garden atop the USC Science building is most strikingly noticeable as the ship enters Cebu harbor.

Down South to the orchid land of Mindanao Liv Zosa and JLim hid themselves off. (Sighs of relief from certain quarters were noted.) Lily's choice was the erotic environs of Lake Lanao while the latter's itinerary took in the swarming green-clad coasts of Zamboanga, taking in such progressive towns as Dipolog and the picturesque hamlet of Dapitan where the lore and legend of the national hero Jose Ri-

(Continue page 16)

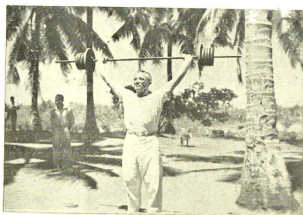
All Work And No Play

On off-hours the professors go up the roof-garden to breathe in good clean air and enjoy birds-eye view of Cebu City.

MAKES THE PROFESSOR'S HAIR TURN GRAY.



Fr. Baumgartner, USC Librarian, blows the heat off with a flute at Miramar, Talisay--USC Summer Resort.

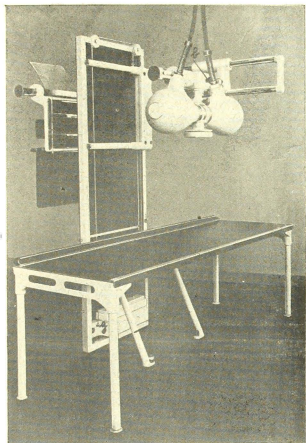


Fr. Hoerdemann and the barbell. Mind over matter or matter over mind?

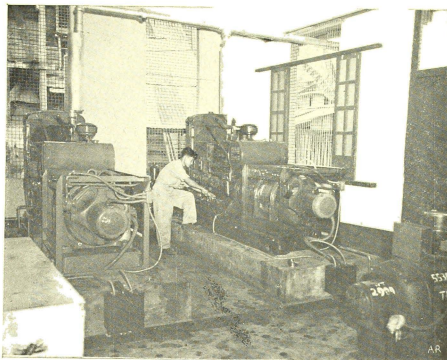


Left: US Ambassador Myron Cowen drops in at USC and strolls with Fr. Lawrence Buzel on the roof-garden of the Main Building.

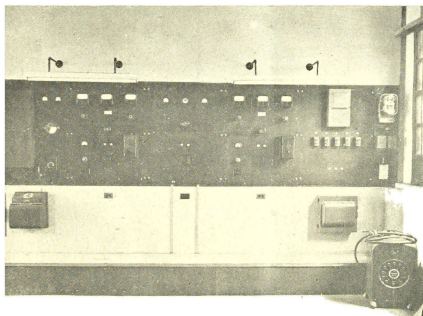
ACCENT ON SCIENCE



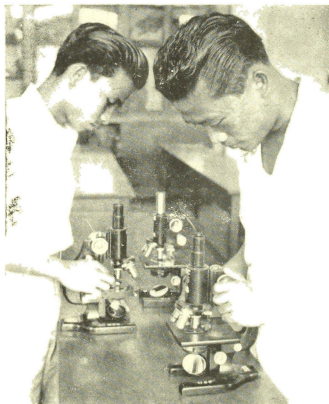
A big slice of the University expenses goes to the electrical and machinery department. Above is X-ray apparatus.



Inside the USC Power Plant, heavy machines like these supply the large electricity demands of the university.



Gadgets and more gadgets.



Brand-new microscopes recently arrived from the United States swell the laboratory equipment.

POETRY

Summer Dawn

by eugenio j. alvarado, jr.

*With but the gleam of stars, with but their glow,
The transient midnight vanished like a pair
Of lovely dancers gliding, swaying to
The ending measure of the music fair.*

*Up in the heavens faded is the moon
Behind the saffron-veil of clouds in the west;
The bright stars are but shimmers now; they soon
Shall take the comfort of a well-earned rest.*

*Out of the solemn stillness breaks a note
Like that of a sweet angel's mellow horn;
I think the tune is from a rooster's throat
To herald forth: another dawn is born.
Then all from sleep awake; and lo! Behold!
The sweet, exchanting beauty of the world!*

Silent Tears

by florencio fajardo

*Those tears that well and
wet the eyes,
Those tears that ooze and
drop down cold,
Those tears that spring
from heavy sighs,
Are gems to me, sweet
to behold.*

*But there are tears far
sweeter still,
Yet heavier than a load
of lead —
Those tears that pain and
stab and kill,
Those tears, my love, I
leave unshed.*

CAROLINIANA.....

(Cont. from page 13)

zai were retold by the townsofolk, from the tots to the toothless ancients who will willingly lead the visitor to the famed Rizal Park by the sea, grand with towering trees, cultivated shrubs, and majestic in its solitude and silence broken only by the twitter of birds and the call of cicadas.

On vacation too is Mrs. Crispin Tan, she of the demure department and the music department. Mr. Higinio Libron's vacation is the most climactic. He covered a lot of distance, from as far as Masbate to Negros. His mission; change of status. His memory: the peal of wedding bells.

Net results of these vacations: a safeguarded inner fold for newborn faith in God and a feeling of exhilaration when one gets down back to work.

The season's sight for sore eyes; three smart and pretty debutantes gracing the bright halls of USC — Tita Espina, Zoraida Solano, and Asuncion Muestra, the pulchritudinous daughters of civic-spirited fathers.

Speaking of wedding bells, The MA class in English is decimated by one — (Paring Bunagan) — to the relief of some and the grief of the Misses Garcia and Lim, both of whom answer to the devout name of Josefina. Professor Consunji, before the event, was heard to declare that it gives an instructor satisfaction to see any of his students safely settled in the hereditary status. It is generally that this is the wise man's strategy to box the chatter out of a woman's tongue — to the satisfaction of both parties.

MEET THE NEW . . .

(Cont. from page 4)

76.7% Cesar Cahahug, 76.6% Emilio Matheu, 75.4%.

The successful lawyers took their law course and bar review in the University of San Carlos under the able guidance and competent tutorage of our law professors.

Atty. Emilio Matheu has been working as a city detective, while Atty. William Paguid, one time president of the Lex Circle and vice-president of the student council is at present connected with the Philippine War Damage Commission. Atty. Ramon Benitez is currently with the Philippine Veterans Board.

The rest of the new abogados have dignified their plans of opening up their law offices in the city or in their respective home towns.

Visayan Movies and College Dramatics

by Luis Luna

"The man was raving. His hair disheveled, his tie awry, he threw himself carelessly into a chair, fished out a package of Chesterfields (one peso a package from the roadside stand), smoked, and raved again: "What will happen to us? Foreign films will be affected by the import controls! That means goodbye. Viveca Lindfors!"

We start this article with an imaginary passage from a book (also imaginary) by Luis Luna (as we imagine ourself capable of doing). The time is 1960 but the story is of 1950.

That passage, we should have started to say, is impossible. (That would make the book impossible, too, of course.) The man does not mind paying one peso for his package of Chesterfields but think the world is going to pieces because foreign pictures will be affected by the import control! Local culture handled at the wrong end!

One of the happy and unsung effects so far of the important controls is the boost that has been given to Tagalog movies in general, and in particular, the incentive that it has given Visayan pictures. It seems difficult to believe, but the limits on the importation of foreign pictures (and on books, too, mind you) is one phase of the import controls of which there has been no complaining, no grumbling. We still have to see the young movie fan who raves because the latest masterpiece of Walter Wanger may never be booked for release in our local theaters. Our need for culture, for those civilized embellishments that draw the line between the rustic and the civilized man, is not so insistent as our craving for Chesterfields or Camels.

Culture has always been late in

coming to this country, anyway.

A few weeks after the latest trend in milady's boundoir has been seen in a display window in Broadway, you can see it highlighted at a Evcolta show window or recognize it on the glossy pages of a Metropolitan newspaper's Sunday supplement. But not the latest best-seller from a New York bookstore. And certainly, not the latest stage hit from a Little Theater in Brooklyn!

It was bad enough.

Now it is worst, with the controls clamped down on the quantity, if not on the quality, of books and magazines and films that we are able to bring into this country.

And so we have to fall back on our own, construct our own actors and actresses, write our own stories



Vestil and Kho's clowning in a hit play brought the roof down.

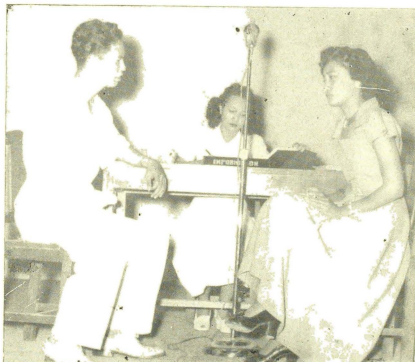
lay the foundations of a truly native culture!

Which is not bad at all!

This controls business may yet become a blessing in disguise.

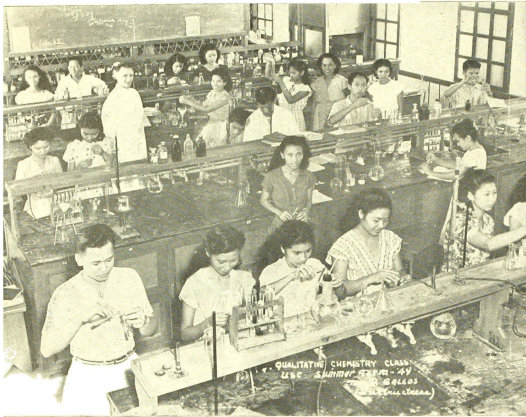
And so we have Cebu-Visayan pictures, and we have native artists. The change seems all too sudden, like something that hit us plump between the eyes and left us all in a

(Cont. on page 22)



Uy, Dorotheo, and Eorionico did competent stage acting during USC Day celebration.

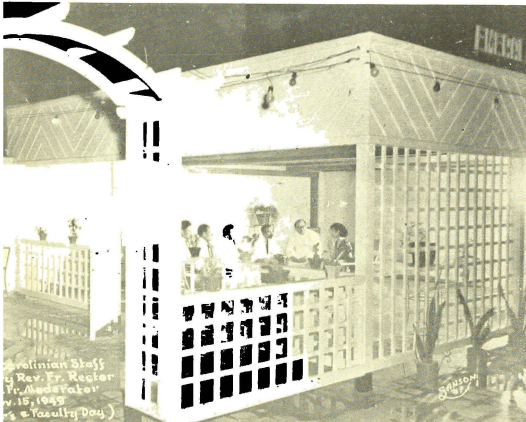
Carolínians at Work



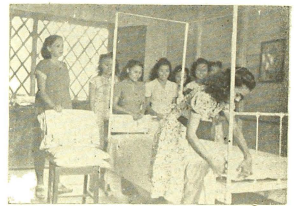
With Science occupying major attention in the curriculum, the University has erected a Science Building. Above picture shows Fr. Hoepfner in his Chemistry Laboratory class.



For a less morbid way of breaking up the insides of a cadaver pre-med students tear up anatomical models.



There's no more hectic time than the last few minutes before the paper goes to press. Then the staffers really know the meaning of that "pause which refreshes". In above picture the Carolínian staffers huddle with Fr. Rector just before the deadline.



Who says bed-making is not an art? In above photo students of the Home Economics department show the finer side of the simple home art.

Carolinians At Play

All work and no play makes a boy a dull Jack, and to this the Carolinian is no exception. When studying, the brain cerebrates and too much of brain work and less — maybe none — of deviations results in retrogression, ill health, perhaps onward to insanity if you don't die in between.

Because this is so very true, games of different sorts are being part and parcel in our everyday educational approach. San Carlos has much on this side of the educational hemisphere. No Carolinian breathes the name of San Carlos without breathing at the same time the joys of triumphs and of course, also the defeats that its athletes experience in the field of athletics, whether in national tourneys or locals. No student lives his school life without sharing excitement and happiness during the Intramurals.

The Carolinian goes to play during his Physical Education hours and on week-ends. While the boys are busy with their ROTC instructions we find the girls at volleyball or badminton or calisthenics.

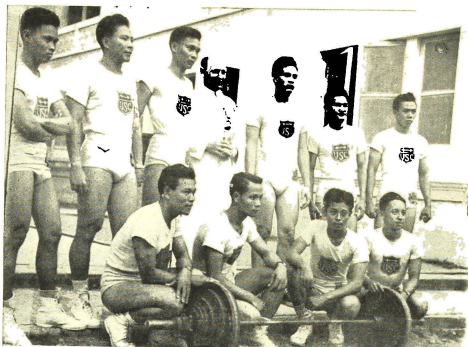
The school has an athletic director (Rev. Fr. Bunzel) who is charged of all the affairs which concerns the Carolinians' physique and provides for those needs such as athletic equipments and aids relative to the building of good athletes, if not champions.

First mention among our Philippine sports is basketball. The school provides the students with three standard size basketball courts and pays a good coach for this matter. It is not surprising when our dailies print in big black headlines the victories of our teams.

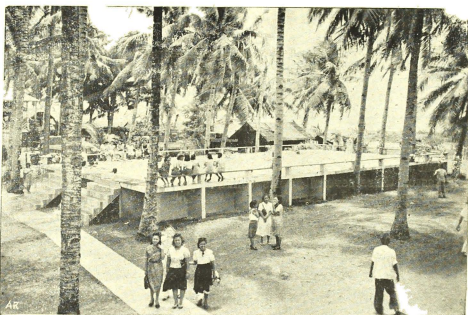
Soccer football is another sport our players excel in. San Carlos is possessed of a fine football ground of its own and a team of first hand athletes always in A-I condition.

Then there is the Miramar resort at Talisay, where on week-ends the students may go to relax, to escape the heat of the city. The site was purchased by the administration to supply the Carolinian with a place free of charge where only his library card is "open sesame" to the manifold games found in the place. From early morning till sundown of Sunday the university recreation grounds at Miramar is rich with activity and laughter. Ping-pong, archery, volleyball, badminton, basketball, horsehoes, and

(Cont. on page 20)



The USC Weight-lifting Club



Girls at the brand-new Swimpool at Miramar Summer Resort



The Carolinian coeds who would show-off the new sports dress take Robin Hood's game.

CAROLINIANS AT PLAY.....
(Cont. from page 19)

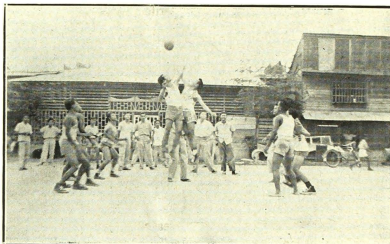
the extremely delightful and interesting game of "croquet" are always in choose-your-while readiness. Many class organization excursions and parties are held there. And if one likes a good splash of cool water, he can jump into the pool anytime he likes, or he can ask anybody to throw or push him. Many will be glad to oblige. The resort has two large-sized swimming pools, one for the ladies and another, a bigger one, for the men. Both are provided with every fixture that a modern swimming pool requires. It is here that swimming competitions are held for the new pool happens to be the largest swimming pool in Cebu. It is here, too, that USC's Mermen train for the Nationals. Olympicker Ambrosio Sambiao Basanung is USC's swimming coach.

If one desires to be a Samson or chooses to be like one, where many a USC Delilah maybe watching there are the barbells and chinning bar. Narciso Aliño Jr. can teach you the know-how on the irons. Rev. Fr. Hoerdemann, too, who can carry a heavy load.

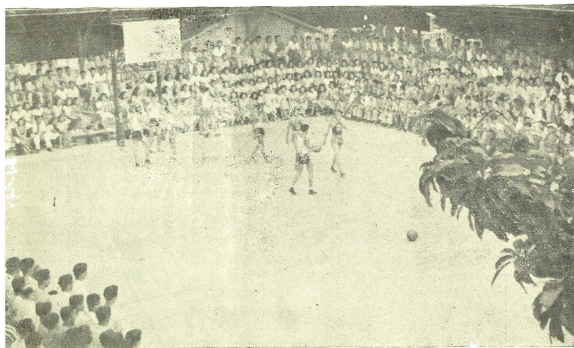
But if one is afraid he might break his bones on these several games which require much energy and muscle control, or does not know how to swim either, or maybe has the hereditary traits of a goat, chess and card games are in order. Just ask for them from the Rev. Fathers.



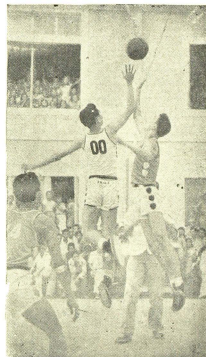
What's the next best thing to winning a game? It's losing it well. Picture shows intramural teams lined up to shake hands.



The intramural games opening is a red-letter day and starts with a bang.



Both players and spectators have a field day as the former sweat it out and the latter furnish the rooting.



The toss-up: prelude to sporting excitement.

THE YEAR'S.....

(Cont. from page 2)

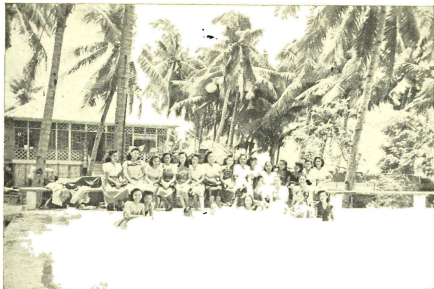
With the new Rector, new buildings were used and new teachers joined the faculty staff and a new department was created for the expansion of the university. This department is the post graduate course in English. The head of this new department is Father Rector himself.

The completion of the new swimming pool in the university grounds in Talisay is another of these great events. The university has to its name now two clear-watered swimming pools giving free services to the student body. The new swimming pool is said to be the biggest in Talisay and it was so constructed so that it would pass the standard specifications of the PAAF.

Then we have Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann's Educational tour which lasted for three months. He went to the United States to observe among other things technical and financial administration of American Universities and on the latest features of American University constructions. Rev. Fr. Ralph SVD financed Fr. Hoerdemann's tour. Incidental to this trip he also visited his kin whom he last saw 27 years ago.

Next we have the Father Rector's clean-up campaign. This campaign includes sanitation and silence at the corridors which are the crying need of the time. The response to this was highly satisfactory.

So there, the subjects just treated are the events, special and great in their own ways which have raised USC to a pedestal. These events will be inscribed in gold and eventually will form the links into the long chain of achievements that join the milestones of the endless road along which runs the existence of this great institution.



Upper:
USC coeds turn mermaids—and the mere men can't even look on. The University has two swimming pools, one for the men, another for the women.

Center:
What kid will not remember the 'ole swimmin' 'ole'? In USC the kids beat the summer heat at the 5,000-peso swimming pool.

Left:
From the main building of the USC one gets a fair view of city's rooftops. Fr. Hoerdemann used to take the city scene in from the roof garden while still under construction.

VISAYAN MOVIES . . .
(Cont. from page 17)
daze.

Even the Visayan picture producers seem to have been taken un-awares! Native talent has been caught—with its pants down!

You ask the casting directors and let them tell you of their headaches in filling the leading roles in their pictures. We mean the female roles. The supply is scant; or if not scant, rather timid. Just like Filipino capital for Filipino business, as they have always been telling us.

It is not quite a problem with the male roles. There is many a young man roaming our streets, with the looks and the talent, who is willing to be cast. Even for a song, perhaps, we dare say. So the leading man will be a drug in the market, for some time, at least, until directors and producers insist on stricter qualifications.

It is not quite the same problem when it comes to the female leads. Here we have to reckon with a degree of conservatism, a philosophy of modesty that is almost Victorian. That tends to keep mama's little girl consistently at home with the plans

and the cook book, that consents to making papa's darling the object of oggling humanity only after thinking twice.

What is the evidence? So far the few pictures that have been a tendency toward the plump, short heroine who gives her audience the impression that she should be more careful with her calories.

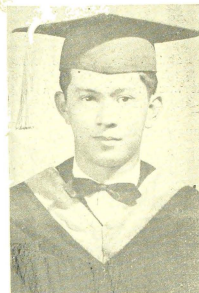
But there are other things. There is the question of training. And that is where our subject enters—it has been so long in coming that you become rather suspicious, haven't you?

What better place to develop materials for our local pictures than the college little theater? What better person from whom to learn the fundamentals of acting and expression than the sympathetic dramatic club coach? What better environment to give the actor in embryo the poise and the self-confidence than the college classroom and the college audience? What better place to get an introduction with the drama and actors and acting? What better place to acquire that cultural background necessary to every artist than a college library?

FLASH!!!

**CAROLINIAN PLACES
5TH IN CIVIL EN-
GINEERING EXAMS**

**ALL USC EXAMINEES
HURDLE BOARD**



Mr. Victorino L. Gonzales, Jr.

The biggest piece of news for USC Engineering Dept. recently is the passing of all its graduates in the civil engineering board examinations held last January. Living up to the expectations, Victorino L. Gonzales, Jr., USC's best bet, copped the 5th place with a general average of 84.25%.

The two other successful Carolinians were Angelus Dakay and Teodoro Ruiz. Former Carolinian Salid Rama who completed her third year at USC also made the board with 72.38%. The spectacular triumph set Dean Jose Rodriguez, the engineering faculty and the successful candidates on an impromptu and a bang-up celebration at a downtown restaurant. Plans are afoot to honor the new engineers.

FOUR CAROLINIANS . . .
(Cont. from page 4)

College of Commerce, the feat achieved by the four Carolinians stands out as an outstanding record, considering the fact that out of a total of 580 candidates who took the examinations, only 198 or 34% passed, as against the 80 chalked up by the USC examinees.

Mr. Espiritu P. Tan is at present connected with the William Lines Co., Inc. He has served as an accountant of the said firm for the past two years.

**Republic of the Philippines
Department of Public Works and Communications
BUREAU OF POSTS
Manila**

**SWORN STATEMENT
(Required by Act No. 2580)**

The undersigned **NAPOLEON G. RAMA**, editor of the **CAROLINIAN** published seven times a year in English and Spanish at P. del Rosario St., Cebu City after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) **NAPOLEON G. RAMA**
Editor in Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of April 1950, at Cebu City the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1535817 issued at Cebu City, on April 1, 1950.
Doc. No. 172

Page No. 97
Book No. IV; Series of 1950

FULVIO C. PELAEZ
Until December 31, 1950



(Photo courtesy of Fr. Rector.)

Prayer for the Holy Year

ALMIGHTY and eternal God, with our whole soul we thank Thee for the great gift of the Holy Year. Heavenly Father, Thou Who seest all things, Who searchest and dost guide the hearts of men, make them responsive, in this time of grace and salvation, to the voice of Thy Son. *May the Holy Year be for all men a year of purification and sanctification, of interior life and reparation, the year of the great return and of the great pardon. *Bestow on those, who are suffering persecution for the Faith, Thy spirit of fortitude, to unite them inseparably with Christ and His Church. * Protect O Lord, the Vicar of Thy Son on earth together with all bishops, priests, religious, and all the faithful. Vouchsafe that all, both priests and laity, the young, the mature, and the old, intimately in thought and affection, may become as a solid rock, against which the fury of Thy enemies will break in vain. * May Thy grace enkindle in all men love for the many unfortunate people, whom poverty and misery request to a condition of life unworthy of human beings. * Arouse in the hearts of those who call Thee "Father" a hunger and thirst for social justice and for fraternal charity in deeds and in truth. * "Grant O Lord, peace in our days"—peace to souls, peace to families, peace to our country, peace among nations. May the rainbow of peace cover with the sweep of its serene light the Land sanctified by the life and passion of Thy Divine Son. * God of all consolation! Deep is our misery, grave are our faults, countless our needs. But greater still is our trust in Thee. Conscious of our unworthiness, we lovingly place our lot in Thy hands, uniting our weak prayers to the intercession and the merits of the most glorious Virgin Mary and all the Saints. * Grant to the sick, resignation and health; to young men, the strength that is born of faith; to young girls, the gift of purity; to fathers, prosperity and holiness for their families; to mothers, success in their mission of rearing their children; to orphans, affectionate protection; to the refugees and prisoners, their fatherland, and to all men Thy grace in preparation and in pledge of the unending happiness of heaven. Amen—POPE PIUS XII

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CEBU CITY

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2. Law (LL.B.)
3. Liberal Arts
 - Pre-Medicine (A.A.)
 - Pre-Law (A.A.)
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