



by
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The Christmas story, told and retold by countless generations, has retained much of the poetic wonder that it had of old, and acquired — in traditions and in customs — much more besides. And today, in spite of the advent of Luniks and Explorers that probe into the secrets of space, in spite of great inventions that none dared even dream of before, — in spite of all — the Christian peoples of the world still feel, with mingled awe and joy in their hearts, the miracle of Christmas. Christ in the manger is not incompatible with Man on a space ship.

It is without fear of having chosen a hackneyed theme that we make this issue a Christmas offering.

The front cover, done in Amor's usual style, depicts the Three Kings, traveling towards Bethlehem, guided by the light of a bright and steadfast star. They bring gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh for the new-born Messiah. The back cover shows, in "semi-abstractation," the Holy Family.

For our literary feature, we come up with another excerpt from Mrs. Manuel's thesis for her MA in English degree. Here she talks of the bachelor in Philippine plays.

Junne and Paco oblige us with "Night" and "Day." "Night" is told with the gentle, yet engaging, touch which alone can convey the tenderness of a dawning love. "Day" drags on with the oppressed air of a man who suddenly finds himself feeling empty within. Both stories have a flaw that stands out like a sore finger: the time of happening, — Christmas — inserted for no other purpose than to produce something that can pass for a Christmas piece, hangs rather loosely, and annoys the reader; the stories can actually happen at any other time and not lose their value. But they are doubtless well written on the whole.

D. M. Maglalang. — We saw him last at the pier, waving at us as his boat moved away. There were no maudlin words of parting between us, — for these we hold unmanly — but we were sure that minus one from our group was going to make a great difference and take out some of the ring and vibrancy in the laughter of us who are left.

We were aware of all his faults, but we saw and appreciated his virtues also. This was possible, because he showed himself to us without fronts and shields, hypocrisy being a hateful base to him. We learned to hold him dear, and when he left, we lost a friend.

But the University perhaps lost more, for it lost all of this:

A versatile and intelligent teacher (MA in English, *summa cum laude*), devoutly dedicated to his profession. He taught English, Latin, Philosophy, and Religion, and

"Three Voices of Man," which won first prize in the poetry division of the literary contest sponsored by the second year general students last semester, was written on the assumption that there are only three good subjects for poetry: war, love, and religion. Without debating the merits over demerits of this assumption, we publish the poems for their value as individual pieces. "War" — a graphic masterpiece — especially caught our admiration for its success in creating an atmosphere of utter desolation and pain in very few words.

"A Neighborly Approach to Grave Community Problems" and "Self-Expression Through Music" are first and second prize winners, respectively, in the essay division of the literary contest sponsored by the Liberal Arts (Gen. Course) students. In the opinion of the board of judges, the pieces show a "very mature outlook."

Balt V. Quinain launches in this issue a new column under the monicker "Let's Talk It Over." Of special importance is his defense of the College of Law (Vested interests?). It will, in subsequent issues, run together with "Entirely Personal," whose author, Essel, has been given a vacation.

Alfredo B. Amores, the new science editor starts his career with a very ambitious project: a summary of the "conquest" of space.

Our sportswriters are, out of devotion to duty, running their section despite the debacle of our top-dog—or what was thought to be one—basketball team. But their writings are decidedly uninspired. Perhaps, when better times come and we shall again hold the scepter of supremacy in basketball and other sports, they will have reason to write with more vigor and vim.

"The Seeing Out" relates a sad chapter in Carolinian life.

acquitted himself quite creditably in them.

An excellent writer. He has written a novel (*Of Graves and Crosses*) and several short stories, poems, and critical reviews. Since, finding no hand to guide him, he was left largely alone to grope his way, his writing can still stand improvement; but it will be long before we will again read lines from a Carolinian pen that can equal the emotional power, intellectual depth, and verbal mastery found in the work of Maglalang.

A good student adviser. Being young himself (he was nineteen when he started teaching three and a half years ago), he understood the pulse and the heartbeat of youth and ever lent his sympathy to them. It was no wonder that his students eagerly welcomed him in all their undertakings.

Such was D. M. Maglalang, now no longer with us.