

Christmas Again . . .

It's Christmas time again!

Yuletide 1947 possibly is a little different than many of us had planned. Almost like groping for a light switch in the dark, it's there, we know what it's like yet it can't be found.

The store windows are bursting with a kaleidoscopic brilliance, homes and lawns are mirroring the gaiety of the approaching day, yet behind all this there sounds an ominous note, a rumble of an uneasy world.

A rumble of cannon hurling death at mankind. The rumble of millions of feet, some in cadence marching to war, some unsteadily attempting to flee; but all of them moving, marching, pacing, trampling the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of Peace under the cold steel of a hob-nailed heel.

It's Christmas time again but where?

Men live and make destiny, men die in obscurity but Christmas is immortal, too immortal maybe because we're drifting away from the spirit, we're actually forgetting the meaning Christmas.

Christmas isn't something sold at a toy counter, tinsled on an evergreen tree or wrapped with a gay ribbon, but what is it? Can you remember? It's time we all tried. Not so long ago the scent of young pine was replaced by the stench of cordite and death and the angel's song was the rattle of a machine gun and the star in the east a burning tank or razed village. Four years of those Christmases makes remembering difficult.

Christmas isn't one day, it should be every day, it should be living. One generation forgot this; our generation cannot and expect to survive.

Nineteen hundred and forty-seven years ago the birth of a child brought hope to a worrying world. The Saviour of the earth. He walked among all men, the war-like and the meek, just as He walks today.

Don't confine the spirit of Christmas in a wrapped package, pause a moment and be thankful that there has always been a Christmas despite the evil that men do and have done. Remember the spirit of Christmas that the weary, marching, fleeing feet may walk in peace again. Walk and remember o'er all the earth . . .

It's Christmas time again.

New Year's Resolutions . . .

With this, the last edition of The Daily Nebraskan before the turn of the year, we'd like to make a few suggestions to organizations and companies connected with the university on resolutions for 1948:

1. Resolved that the Student Council will continue in its energetic, active ways and remember that it is a representative student body.
2. Resolved that the Lincoln City Bus Company thinks up a better excuse for raising their rates. Pushing up the cost of a ride to 10 cents because coin boxes can't handle pennies doesn't help a student's pocketbook.
3. Resolved that the administration will take a little more time on handing out suspensions of social privileges. Office efficiency is fine, but so is equal representation at a trial.
4. Resolved that Big Seven faculty members, excluding Nebraska's Fullbrook, try to reconcile their negative tabling of the race question with the Missouri Valley's positive end to discrimination. Also to reconcile the ring of cash registers with President Truman's committee on racial equality.
5. Resolved that Duane Lake and his staff keep up the good work done during the first semester. Topping off a fine year with the Union Christmas party, the Union staff's chief worry in 1948 might well be a cut in food costs.
6. Resolved that the university as a whole act on the question of affiliation with the National Student Association and that a positive move be made as soon as possible after the holidays.
7. Resolved that Rod Franklin and his Interfraternity council do something about the proposal to set up a scholarship for university students who desire to study in foreign countries. This might shut up some of the fraternal system's critics, or a least slow them down.
8. Resolved that A. J. Lewandowski follow through on his statements to The Daily Nebraskan on rental fees for the Coliseum. And keep following through . . .
9. Resolved that every student and professor give some thought to "There is no place like Nebraska," and then come back to campus on January 5 ready to help make the statement fact.
10. Resolved that everyone has a very merry Christmas.

J. H.

Musician Also a Citizen, Says Symphony Director Fellner

BY SAM WARREN, Special Features Editor.

In a world that purports to be one-world minded, there can be no separation of the musician from the society in which he lives, regardless of what great talent he may possess. That is the firm belief of Lincoln Symphony Conductor Rudolph Fellner who directed the orchestra in its first appearance of the season Tuesday night at the Stuart theater.

In an interview earlier in the week the Viennese-born conductor who served with the Second Armoured division of the U. S. Army from 1941 to 1945 stated that his preferences as a musician give way to his responsibilities as a citizen when it comes to the question of allowing famous musicians who collaborated with nazis to perform in the United States.

Becoming an American citizen

in 1943 while in the army, Fellner regarded the current affair over opera singer Kirsten Flagstad as "name calling" that we really don't know the whole story about. "But when the official Norwegian consul in Washington declares that she shouldn't sing here, we ought to take his word for it," he said.

Participating in the invasion of Europe, the 34-year-old conductor declared that having risked his skin "more than one time" in a struggle against the forces with which Madame Flagstad apparently displayed her sympathy, he thinks it "a crime" for her to perform in this country. She sang the role of Isolde recently with the Chicago Civic opera company under Artur Rodzinski's direction before a packed house.

Admitting that he would not favor the destruction of worthy manuscripts by composers who had collaborated during the late

Number 1

By Phaedrus

This officially opens the season on the university Student Council.

The group meets dutifully each Wednesday. Since September the lack-luster council has surmounted all odds to fill its ganks which were depleted in early fall by AWS point board rulings.

A week passed without an internal crisis to meet and the council was ready for the world. It rose to new heights last week. As guardian of campus liberties it lashed out at the "Persians," an evil threat to free elections and the incumbents' welfare.

In all seriousness the council hear factioneer Bob Wenke report a proposed barb political party as a "secret political fraternity." Like children, the few uninstructed council members debated this view, making a farce of what was already a mock display of democracy.

Wenke, a main straight from the inner party line, damned the Persians as "undemocratic" and "exclusive" (of Greeks). As a committee chairman, he too, up half the hap-hazard meeting without reading the constitution which was "too long to read before the council."

From out of the night and the Sigma Chi house the words of the wise men still ring: "They shall not pass!"

The council has committees to do its drudge jobs. The committees have a slogan to get it done, to wit: "Let Dale do it."

Most of the public works so praised by faithful reader last week stem from the personal energies of one Dale (fire) Ball.

war, he exclaimed that he certainly "would wait until the composer had been dead" before he would bring out any such compositions for the public. His own strong emotions against opponents of the democracy which he embraced four years ago left him undecided—if a corresponding situation—if the voice of Flagstad might be recorded now for release after she personally is dead. "If I have to draw the line between the music I love and the social ideals I profess, I would draw it nearer the side of how I live and expect others to live."

As for conducting itself, with all its interpretive demands upon the man on the podium, Director Fellner finds it not unlike the study of language or stage acting. "In language you have a dictionary and grammar book that lay out the basic rules, but beyond

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Straight Stuff

BY LOTS OF PEOPLE.

Walt Dorothy is planning to spend most of his Christmas vacation in Omaha, visiting his flame Dorothy Kent. Maybe the folks at home would get a kick out of seeing you, too, Walt. Brother Cury Elwood, is taking off this weekend for Wymore. Feature attraction there—Miss Jo Feese.

Feudin' & Fussin'.

Lois Phillips and Jerry Johnston, still are carrying on their Xmas feud. Lois and Fank delivered their "spokes for the wheel" in person at the Phi Gam house Wednesday night. The two girls, counting on a free meal, were promised their supper as soon as

that "?" he shrugged, indicating that there the conductor steps in. The musical idiom is flexible just as language is. "Different actors' vocal inflection will give different interpretations to the same lines in Shakespeare," he commented, and similarly, the conductor, once familiar with the intent of the composer must then give as authentic an interpretation as possible.

In fact, this need for the conductor to be familiar with the composer's intent is the reason that Fellner has studied musicology, taking a master's degree in it at Chicago Musical college. Four things Fellner lists as essential to correct interpretation: Familiarity with the technical demands of the particular score; acquaintance with other scores of the same composer; a knowledge of the stated desires of the composer, when available; and a study of the times in which the composer lived.

the new issue of "Cornshucks" was delivered.

We are wondering whether Jack Bryant, Fiji, is taking Ping-Pong for an extra curricular activity because he enjoys the game or is it because Bev Williams, Theta, is at the other end of the table.

Movies evidently aren't a waste of time. Just ask Babs Stenger, Alpha Phi, who walked out of the Stuart theatre Wednesday afternoon with a diamond on her third finger left. Take it from Kenny Damon, A. T. O., it was an expensive movie.

Marking Time.

Nancy Miller, Theta pledge, has finally learned the truth about Brick Paulson, Phi Psi. 27 dates without any "lovin" is quite a record, Brick. Is it because Nancy is cold or whether the Phi Psi's are bashful.

Betty "fustle" Fessler and Rod Lindwall are dating again. Last summer it looked like a steady deal, but then something happened. Can it be that Rod is partial to red? Give out Rod is it Fessler or Feesler for Saturday night.

Crete-bound now is Dick "The Male" Folda. It seems that Mariann Srb is teaching there, and Dick has been putting numerous nicks and scratches in his Ford traveling back and forth. Having discovered hidden talent, Jack "88 keys" Yeager, is switching to the school of music this semester.

To Your Marks.

D. U. pledge Dick Satterfield will find a portable radio under his tree Christmas. It's a present from a little girl in Ord who seems to be going all out for Dick. Little Judy Doorway had better move fast if she wants to stay in the race.

Since Chuck Hemmingson could not pass up spending two hours with Joan Bergman in a movie, he handed Mary Jo Schmale the shovel. It must be getting deep, naughty boy.

OUR CHRISTMAS CAROL

Here's to you!
 May Christmas cheer . . .
 Warm your life
 throughout the year . . .
 And the bliss of this
 fine Yuletide . . .
 Ever in your hearts
 abide.

FROM ALL OF US TO ALL OF YOU—

Merry Christmas
 and
 Happy New Year

Harvey BROTHERS

