



June 8, 1953

TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN

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PROM ENTITLED BLUE GARDENIA

The name Blue Gardenia has been chosen as the title and decoration motif for the graduation prom on June 12th, a spokesman for the decorations committee announced recently.

The final dance of the year will be held at the Traverse City Country Club from 9 pm to 1 pm, with music furnished by the Hilltopper's of Benzonia. Ticket price for the event will be \$1.00 for individuals, \$1.50 for couples.

General Chairmen for the program are Janet Earl and Ruth Morris. Diane Akers—programs and decorations, Joy Kyser—tickets, Joanne Cook, Carol Case—publicity, Virginia Mariage—invitation.

Bulletins

All Books and periodicals must be returned to the Library by Wednesday, June 10. Failure to return materials will result in withholding of grades of grades of delinquent accounts.

No bus service this week.

Persons returning next year should consult with advisors before Wednesday about courses. More difficult procedure next fall.

Spanish Club has denoted \$25 to a loan fund at NMC.

Last chance to get your NMSee.

NMC joins East-West Sports Conference

Cage action came briefly into the spotlight again as the 1953-54 intercollegiate basketball schedule was officially announced by Nick Rajkovich, athletic director.

(con'd to page 3)

First NMC Graduation on June 12th Formal Following Program

In an outdoor ceremony set on the tree-covered future campus of Northwestern Michigan College, Dr. Lee Thurston, state superintendent of public instruction, will address the 28 graduates and the general public on June 12, at three o'clock. Dr. Glenn E. Loomis, general superintendent of the college, will present the diplomas.

With students and faculty in academic dress, a musical program by the Northwestern Michigan Symphony and additional choral offerings by the College Choir, the commencement ceremony is expected to be a colorful and historic occasion.

Arnell Engstrom, president of the Traverse City Board of Education; Les Biederman, president of Educational Fund, Inc; Rep. Howard Estes and Sen. Don Vander Werp of the Michigan state legislature, and George Griffith of the Michigan State Conservation commission, will extend special greetings.

The grads are as follows:

Eleanor Brzezinski and Rozell Sattler, Cedar; Betty Fahler and Raymond Silva, Boyne City; James Wilcox, Detroit; Carol Poynor, Benzonia; Joanne Cook, Mancelona; Eugene Bisson, Ann Arbor; Peter Burfiend, Edward Schmidt and Joy Kyser, Maple City; Janet Harrigan, Buckley; Alexander Galligan, Kalkaska; Virginia Mariage, Joe Mariage, Marjorie Underhill and Allen Scheck, Rapid City; Edmund Maynard, Free-soil; Alfred Weaver, Kingsley.

Traverse City will be represented by George Comden, Forrest Manigold, Wendell Mellberg, Ruth Morris, Alvin Zimmerman, Richard Taylor, Robert Palmer, Joanne Roman and Louis Rumanes.

(Blue Gardenia Con't next column)

EDITOR. Dick Graham
 ASSOC. EDITORS. Carol Poynor
 Marge Mattingly
 STAFF: Alex Galligan, Joanne Roman,
 Joanne Cook, Betty Lou Larson, Betty
 Fahler, Mary Ellen Young, Rolleen Rennie,
 Marianne Knoth, Mary Westbrook, Barbara
 Boomer, Bette Suman, Dean Joh, Phylis
 Seeley, and Dianne Akers.
 FACULTY ADVISOR Ellis Wunsch

WE WON'T LOSE NMC'S FIRST GRADUATES

Our first graduates are representative of the purpose NMC stands for. When these first grads step from our wooden halls they will carry goods from our stores of knowledge that we have shared these past two years. In time the results of our associations here will return hundreds for each one leaving. They are the first few, the initials of many to come.

We are not losing when these citizens leave NMC's campus. They will carry NMC with them to all corners. Also because the spirit they have inculcated and the organizations they've conceived will live with the same zest that build them.

Their too brief stay at NMC was highly productive. With few raw materials and much effort they have constructed the foundation on which NMC's future will grow. A weak beginning would have left behind an anemic institution, but their quality work and powerful effort has kept it, from its inception, a dynamic body of activity. The activity that stimulates growth will itself grow and treble production and in turn cause a never ending development.

By their intelligent cooperation they have sparked the "momentum that rides with the successful" for themselves and Northwestern Michigan College.

These graduates deserve the best send-off that is in our capacity to give and the most open hearted welcome in our ability to receive.

Congratulations, first grads of NMC.

"What do you think of the Grand Canyon?"
 "Just gorges." CH

Campus Profile

"To Coon, from A Friend"

On October 2, 1934, the ducks started flying on a different route which would forever take them around the vicinity of the Betsie river. A blond haired, steel-blue eyed boy was born. It was by instinct that the water fowl feared and respected this young Norwegian who went by the name of Roger Vigland. "Coon" or "Whittie" are the other handles he answers too.

Though he states that nothing of any import has ever happened to him, he will admit that his senior trip to Washington might alter this condition,--if he could remember what happened.

It is with reason that he names hunting and fishing as his loves: the good old Betsie runs right through his back yard, and is forever a challenge to the sportsmen. Despite this fact, he has claimed his place in basketball, baseball, track, and dramatics. He won letters in both baseball and basketball. He spent the first ten grades of school in Alberta and then switched to Frankfort to finish highschool.

Right now, although his mind is on the Betsie river and his next fishing trip, Roger is struggling through English chemistry, solid geometry, economics, recreation and games. He is quite confident that he can hold out for these last few weeks of classes. He says, however, that this can only be done with the loyal support of his friend, Dean John.

EVOLUTION

Freshman: I don't know.
 Sophomore: I am not prepared.
 Junior: I do not remember.
 Senior: I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said. TR

The best way to get rid of a noise in your car is to let her drive. OSS

BETTY FAHLER'S FARWELL TO N.M.C.

I don't know of any better way to express my gratitude to the students and faculty of NMC than thru the paper, so here goes. I've had a lot of fun, made a lot of wonderful acquaintances and learned a little, I hope. As I leave I have a feeling that with the spirit being built into the College, there is no doubt that it will continue to grow and become an institution that anyone can say he is proud he attended. I laughed at all the hullabaloo about the college being of pioneer spirit, but I'm not laughing any more. I believe in it too. Thanks again to everyone for making these two years some of the best of my life.

FRENCH CLUB TREKED TO CHICAGO

A long awaited trip materialized last week as eight members of the French Club boarded a train for Chicago. The group pulled out at 5:55 Thursday afternoon, and returned by train Sunday afternoon.

While in Chicago they stayed at the Palmer House, one of the city's most exclusive hotels. A steady stream of activity dominated the Clubber's: A visit to the Planetarium, China Town, several museums, and many other sights of interest. On Saturday, they took in the ballgame between Cleveland and Chicago, and saw the play "Pal Joey". The coeds did some shopping in the "big city" before returning home.

French Club members on the trip were: Forrest Manigold, Misses Barbara Sherman, Judy Shumsky, Margaret Manigold, Marianne Knoth, Carol Case, and Betty Lou Larson.

Dick: So you went to class this morning?

Alex: What makes you think so?

Dick: Your suit looks like it's been slept in. YR

I serve a purpose in this school

On which no one can frown.

I always go to every class

To keep the average down. MT

Congrats to our 28 graduates.

Spanish Club Tipped To Mackinac Island

The Spanish Club in its Mackinac Island trip planned an early start but due to bad connections they were delayed a half hour. The 7:30 start put both drivers, Alex Galligan and Joe Mariage, in a racing mood--they had to catch the Ferry.

Joe's car got there at departure time and wrangled the captain into waiting but the time waned and the Cap had a schedule to meet. The boat left port just as Alex came into sight. Joe began blasting his horn and waving his shirt until Captain Smith, with tears in his eyes, turned his ferry around for port. He picked up the happy college crowd and was off for Mackinac.

There they boarded carriages and began a trip around the island. Finally they returned to the mainland and home after a short stop in Petoskey for shopping.

(Sports Conference Con't)

Next year's basketball schedule will start NMC's first year in East-West Conference play. Rules require 13 games among conference teams and final play-offs between East and West champs.

Seventeen games, ranging from Ann Arbor to Soo Tech, are on next year's roster. These games begin with Alpena, here, November 20, and end with Jackson, here, March 5. The listing still has one open date, February 27th. This, however, is expected to be filled soon, possibly with Gobeic in the upper peninsula.

Conference competition includes Alpena, Bay City, and Dearborn, all West teams. The only non-conference game will be with Soo Tech.

Northwestern Michigan College is a member of the West conference and will take part in final conference play-offs for the first time next year.

She: I've changed my mind.

He: Does it work any better than the old one? MOL

Dad: I'm home from school again. What did you do this time. "Graduated!"

Direct from the Reporter's Southern Office is the second installment of: MY SOUTHERN MICHIGAN COLLEGE--

By Sadistic Sadie

The Southern Bureau is headed by Rosie Scharmen.

When we were groping through the daze and confusion of enrollment week, the Dean of Women addressed all freshmen and transfer girls, and informed us of the simple, unsophisticated, family-like atmosphere of this institution. She insisted, behind the armor of her bright, empty, smile, that she wanted us to enjoy ourselves, broaden our personalities, and so forth. I rather suspected that it was a printed speech read by all Deans of Women everywhere, and one that this woman had recited so often that the words meant no more than a nursery rhyme to her (or us wither) and indeed, she was only half aware she was saying them at all. In closing, she said in her charming way, that she wished to have a personal interview with each of us, that she might better get to know us, and vice versa. The idea was a good one, but reality never quite measured up to it.

After having been thoroughly questioned and screened by her private secretary, I was allowed to enter that mysterious inner sanctum which the Dean of Women called her own. I was lucky enough to merit an early interview, as the officials had just discovered I was living with my sister, who was under the age limit they set on their girls, and that our residence was not registered with the College. However, by promising to be good, we were allowed to continue our arrangement. After we had agreed on this, she launched on the problem of getting to know me, personally, real chummy like. With the aid of a file on me, past, present, and future, she asked a few general questions which I answered briefly, being careful to say nothing. One which I remember particularly was when she asked me how I had liked college at Northwestern. I started to tell her, which was a mistake, as she apparently wasn't in any mood to hear me sing the praises of any other school but Blankville, so she hurriedly but tactfully shut me up. Rather rude of her, I thought, but by this time I had gathered that she wasn't particularly interested-----

in what I thought of anything, and her views on any subject were the final ones. So I concluded that silence was golden in an interview with the dean, and the theory worked out splendidly, except for one small item. In her rapid perusal of my file, she noticed that I had left vacant the space allotted to religious preference. This is a major offence, for Blankville is an intensely religious town, with four churches to every bar. I think she suspected that I was an atheist, and asked me why I had not stated my preference. I told her I had none, which shocked her, and intensified her suspicion, so she started off on a lecture concerning the theological side of life, and how my personality would be warped unless I mended my barbarous ways. Realizing that I had put my head in the guillotine, I hastily assured the poor woman that I had nothing against religion, and considered it a good thing, it was only that I thought all churches equally good, which was close enough to the truth to still my conscience and calculated to put her mind at ease, which it did. She drew a long breath of relief and rewarded me with a long list of churches and their addresses, admonished me to not overlook the opportunities offered my religion in Blankville, and hastily dismissed me lest she uncover some other dastardly aspect of my personality. I left her office heartily disgusted. I have no doubt that she meant well, but if she was going to hold an interview, why not hold an interview instead of a lecture, and why not listen to what the person she was interviewing had to say, and above all, why shove people into churches when they have no desire to go. Whether or not I go all out for religion is for me to decide, and not up to some woman sitting behind a desk in a big efficient office who wouldn't know me if she saw me, and would have to run to her files to look me up.

I have never advocated purges, but if ever Northwestern becomes so large that the people running it attempt to dictate to the students what they should or should not think; when they become so big they demand the students bow in humility before them like little tin gods, I'll change my vote, and volunteer as hangman.

Student's Prayer: Onward, move onward,
O time in thy flight,
Make the bell ring
Before I recite. P.R.

Around The Drinking Fountain

With Smokey

The other day, "Coon" Vigland and myself got to chewing the fat about music. We weren't arguing, which is strange for us, but just sorta kicking the whole idea around for the h--- of it. I thought maybe some of you might be interested in the high-lights of what we were massacring, so here it is:

Music is one of the main emotional stimulants of the modern American man and woman in their relations to each other. It affects us all, so it is rather hard for a person to attack it objectively. Because of this, you will no doubt find our ideas differing from yours. This hurts me deeply.

In my own case, I am a very moody type, prone to the effect of moody music. My speed, in menial work, such as painting a room or washing a car, will increase with, or decrease with the tempo of the music I happen to be listening to. I have heard that this trait is not peculiar to me as an individual, but quite common to the human race as a whole. I have also come to realize that I depend on music for creating moods which will be most desirable for the type of activity in which I am engaged. This proves most helpful as long as it can be controlled, but as happens with most crutches that man devises, I'm afraid it has taken the place as master, and I've been pushed to the place of the slave. Not many people will admit this condition, but the alcoholic doesn't think he's so bad off either.

I don't mean that dependency on music is as serious as alcoholism, but music can be almost as hard to get along without as liquor; this is not a proven fact, as no one has ever had to take a cure for it. (Nevertheless, all the aspects of the case point to this conclusion, in my humble opinion, that is.)

It has not posed a social problem as yet, but who can tell what the future will bring, maybe mass insanity due to the lack of the escape mechanism known as music; here I go scaring myself again.

To be a little more serious, have you ever stopped to think of the enormous volume of music the American songwriters turn out every year? Compare this with the number of new songs that have been thrown to the European public in the last two centuries. They're getting along fine on the same old waltzes that great-grandpas and great-grandmas accepted as part of the culture of the day. In the meantime, we've had the "charleston" and all the others, from the "blues" to "bop." It doesn't quite fit!

Maybe I'm too conservative, but I can't see why we don't take what we've got and make it do for a time. All we seem to be getting lately is "Doggies in the Window" and "Happy Days" anyway, and I can't quite bring myself to call that music!

If I had my way, I'd let things rest for a while, until I could dig up another Gershwin and then, and only then, would I let them start producing; and if any "Little White Clouds" showed up, I'd make sure that they didn't get a chance to shed their tears on the poor, gullible public.

Why does the female of the species generally strike a match away from her person, while the male generally will pull the match toward himself??

Student: I don't think I deserve a zero.
Professor: I don't either. But it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give.

--N.P.

"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No, that's your shirt all right, but you've got your head through a Button hole."

--Yale Record