From Cowboys to Cabbies: A Day in New York City

by Shaniah Freeseman

Everything, our debate coach told us, was connected, from Midtown to Battery Park, from Central Park to Times Square, from Long Beach, New York, to Midtown Manhattan, to Queens. New York City, he told us, was the center for commerce, communication, and culture in the West, spinning out its power into the vastness of time and space, spanning the globe with a cultural influence that makes the Roman Empire irrelevant by comparison.

B.S., I thought.

Our speech competition started in two days at Nassau Community College and concluded at Hofstra University on a Sunday. If it was anything like my experience a few weeks earlier at Hastings College, I knew I could look forward to nutrition starved meals, competition beginning at 8 am on Saturday and ending at 8 pm that New York City's Times Square on a Friday night at rush hour. Photo by Shaniah Freeseman

Theater Review: Sneaky Fitch, a Charming Effort

by Shelbey Prusia

Goshen Community Theater put on The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch October 25-November 2 at the EWC Fine Arts auditorium, and the production displayed more Western charm than theatrical precision.

Sneaky Fitch exuded a well-crafted postmodern arrangement of Western stereotypes inherited from-screen influences.

The title character, Sneaky Fitch (Charlie Cockett) figured the paragon of the low-life drunk everyone hated in Gopher Gulch. Cockett's performance offered the greatest acting and an unabashed approach to his role, gluing together an often times timid acting display by others in the cast.

While Mervyn Vale (Dave Ernst), Sheriff Jack Oglesby (Matt Allred), Rackham (Malosi Togisala), and Mrs. Blackwood (Terry Collins) created great individuals, their characters never materialized as integrated and complementary units on the stage. Rather, each person was an island that through some mysterious tectonic force would ram up against another island.

Happily, though, that collision sometimes created a seismic encounter between the characters. Happily, though, that collision sometimes created a seismic encounter between the characters.

Cont. on page 4
The Lady Lancers basketball team has reeled off six consecutive wins before losing their penultimate game to WNCC prior to winter break.

With sophomores Lauren O’Connell and Pamela Bethel adding experience to a starting lineup that includes three outstanding freshman, the team has a strong starting core and a deep bench.

Coach Tom Anderson’s recruiting class included nine freshman, leaving only three returning students from a squad that finished runner-up for the NJCAA Division IX title in 2017.

Despite their relative inexperience, this year’s squad is equal, at this point in the season, with last year’s team, posting an 8-5 record by early-mid December.

Trying to find their footing early, the team stumbled in the first two games, losing to Casper College November 1 and to Salt Lake Community College at Western Wyoming Community College November 3.

After these two losses, the team gelled, beating Northwest College 91-80.

After another win and two more losses, the Lancers started their winning streak with Williston State in Miles City (69-57). They took down Central Wyoming College (86-79), Williston State (68-36), Rocky Mt. JV (76-60), Western (94-64), and CWC once again (96-75), before losing to WNCC 64-74.

The Lady Lancers average 76.4 points, 37.6 rebounds, 14.9 assists, and 9.1 steals per game.

The Lady Lancers Basketball Starts Strong

by Shelby Prusia

Pamela Bethel from Nassau, Bahamas, leads the team in points with 15.5 per games and 12.9 rebounds per game. Houston, TX, native Lauren O’Connell comes in a close second with 14.9 points, Ines Salat Margarit, Barcelona, Spain, leads in assists with 4, and Abril Rexach Roure from Lleida, Spain leads in steals with 2.1 per game with Margarit averaging 1.8.

The Lancers will get back to action December 12 at Casper College at 5:30 pm.

The Cowboy Glassblower

by Morea Shipley

A true artisan is a skilled worker of their trade, making things by hand.

Guilds of the Middle Ages cultivated expertise in a field. Today, however, training, schools, and the demands of a busy modern life usually reduced craftsmanship to a hobby and deny people the opportunity to learn their craft and to excel.

Happily there are a few exceptions.

Orin Yung, a Torrington resident, started glass blowing when he was 14 years old. A high school chemistry teacher in Kimball, Nebraska, named Don Meyr inspired Yung’s lifelong hobby.

From that foundation, Yung adapted and then adapted some of the methods that he was originally taught to expand the range of objects that he is now able to create.

Yung has now been practicing this hobby for over 50 years and is beginning a business named The Cowboy Glass Blower. “He has sold some of his work at local craft shows, but the time that goes into preparing glass figurines to be transported without them breaking is challenging.

Swans, wedding cake toppers, hummingbirds, butterflies, horses, teapots, windmills, and ships are just a few examples of handmade glass figurines that Yung can make.

Cont. on page 8

See Orin in action follow this link to a EWC Lancer Quarterly produced video of Orin building a ship of glass. Click the link: Orin Yung Builds a Ship
Armchair Copy Editor Contest

The Lancer Quarterly, a student publication, does not have the money to buy premade puzzles for our readers’ pleasures; instead, as students, our natural tendency to make mistakes creates our unique game and gives you a chance to win a prize each quarter.

The Game

As avid readers of periodicals ourselves, we delight in identifying the typographical and grammatical errors that writers, copyeditors, desk editors, and proofreaders leave lingering on the page. To our comrades in noting imperfection, we offer you the opportunity to profit from your editorial skills. Faculty, staff, administrators, students, and members of the community who enjoy spotting grammatical and mechanical mistakes can now put their eagle eyes to work to win a prize by finding what we missed.

The Process

Read a copy of The Lancer Quarterly. Find the errors. Then, type up those errors in a Word document or Google document. You need to:
1) note the article title;
2) correctly identify the type of error; i.e. comma splice, split infinitive, dangling participle, fused sentence, misplaced comma, misspelled word, etc.;
3) point out where the error occurred by identifying the title of the article as well as the page number on which and paragraph number in which the error appears. Then, attach the Word or Google document to an email and send that to LancerQuarterly@gmail.com. Please put “Armchair Copy Editor Contest Entry” in the subject line.

Here is a sample of what a single entry might look like:
In the article “Baccalaureate Speaker,” “Baccalaureate” was misspelled on page one in the headline.

The Rules

To win you must follow the proper submission format and correctly identify more errors in grammar, mechanics, or spelling than any other contestant. Significantly, if the armchair copy editor contestant misidentifies an error – believes something is incorrect that is not – the contestant’s entire entry will be voided, so be sure you are correct when you submit your work.

In the event two contestants correctly identify the same number of errors, the editorial board of The Lancer Quarterly will draw one of the names from a hat to break the tie. For the event to count there has to be at least one error in The Lancer Quarterly. (We do not anticipate a quarter the contest will not happen.)

Each person may only submit one entry and no entries with more than one name are permitted. Submissions are due on January 12, and winners will be notified via email by February 1. Winners agree to have their names published in upcoming editions of The Lancer Quarterly.

Further, we appreciate comments that suggest improvements in style (changing passive to active construction, for instance) and any concerns you have with the accuracy of quotations or other data, but those observations will not count toward the prize. Instead, we rely upon your good will to send those issues along to us so that we can correct those practices in the future or print a retraction in the event of a discrepancy with information.

The Prize

In addition to the self-satisfaction of helping students to see their errors and to correct them in the future, along with bragging rights about your superior editorial skills, should you correctly identify the greatest number of mistakes in our publication, you will win a $50.00 gift card to use exclusively at the EWC bookstore or through the EWC bookstore online.
The most dispiriting aspect of this production was the role of the Singer/Narrator, who stayed on stage the entire play. For someone with such an important role, it was not executed as I would’ve liked. A prominent role like that should be protruding with ex-hilaration or take on a mocking vibe; however, he was burdened, likely overburdened, with dozens of lines and the responsibility to play the guitar and sing among most of the scenes.

During scene changes in *The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch*, they decided to include Olio Acts when the curtains were closed. These acts consisted of small groups going center stage and performing a small musical number for the crowd. Often, they appeared awkward and out of context, but the display of talent was there and phenomenal. The Sage Band consisting of Gay, Akemi, Emi, and Sera Glass performed classic Western music, featuring seamless transitions, steady rhythms, and this family’s talent blew me away.

The set perfectly executed the feeling of an Old Western set. Lighting provided dulcet hues that presented a town just at the edge of sunset, and the facades, down to the backward letters on the General Store and the classic saloon doors to the bar, illustrated the pastiche of the Old West.

In the end, *The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch* was loveable, featuring familiar faces grappling with familiar themes, in a familiar setting, and created a feeling like gorging on chicken soup while watching old friends banter. It felt like home.

The fact Goshen County can put on numerous plays throughout the years is incredible. Sneaky wasn’t Music Man material, but I enjoyed myself and I look forward to *The Pajama Game* coming in the spring and the rest of the performances coming to Goshen Community Theatre.

As someone who grew up watching Goshen Community Theatre performances, I have always appreciated their efforts and, at times, have been awed by them. When they put on *Annie*, for instance, I fell in love with everything about it. Oliver “Daddy” Warbucks (Ezdan Fluckiger) and Annie (Molly Creagar) were phenomenal.

**Floral Heart**

*Poetry by Kinlee Whitney*

When she fell slumbered in your heart
You turned the gears,
crushing her soul
Her soul that was made
To sing you bird songs and sunflowers
She deserved someone who wanted to sleep on a bed of her voice
Ask her
Ask her if she remembers your birthday
She will not give you a date but
A flower
Your birthday was roses
No
Your birthday was a single
Black
Rose
In a garden of lilacs and daisies
How could she walk away from something
So
Unique.
She sailed through the meadow
To you
When she plucked your rose from the ground
It turned to dust
She was in awe of the beauty in your lack of beauty
Try
I dare you
Try to put her heart in a cage.
The flowers grow on.

They displayed raw emotion every scene and connected with each other the way they were meant to. It was the most professional play I had ever seen come out of Goshen Community Theatre.

It inspired me, and these productions, right up through the last scene of *Sneaky Fitch* continue to do so in spite of (or probably because of) their foibles, misdirections, and sometimes out right boo-boos continue to do so.

To get away from the conventional ways of doing things, he advised students to be creative and find ways to differentiate themselves from their competition.

Students enjoyed the engagement. Shelbey Prusia, a freshman communication member and a new member of the NMC, said, “It was insightful to see what the members of NMC have experienced.”

After offering two well-received presentations, Imada joined EWC’s student members of the National Millennial Community chapter and the faculty advisors John Hansen and John Marrin for lunch. While dining, he addressed the future goals for the National Millennial Community, including foregrounding some of the companies and the company leaders with whom students would be meeting during the year, including those on the upcoming Los Angeles trip, which two EWC students will attend.

Prusia, along with Malosi Togisala, a freshman communications major, will fly to Los Angeles January 21-25 to attend an NMC meeting that will include executives from Amazon Studios, Sony Studios, and AECOM, AT&T, and YouTube, among others.

“I am intimidated, but excited to see new things, meet new people, and get new experiences,” said Prusia regarding the trip.

Of the college, Imada gave his warmest regards, noting that “Community colleges such as EWC are the heart and soul of a town and a region; therefore, it is important for corporate, governmental and nonprofit leaders to visit, engage and meet the people within these organizations.”

“I learned a great deal meeting with the students, faculty and administrators of EWC,” said Imada. “As a person who was born in a small town in Eastern Oregon, but grew up in a big city, it allowed me to better understand the needs, challenges and aspirations of people from rural communities. More corporate leaders need to travel to places such as Torrington, Wyoming. It was completely worth my time.”
The Big Apple Takes a Bite Out of EWC’s Debate and Speech Team

by Lancer Staff

Eastern Wyoming College’s debate and speech team traveled to a swing tournament hosted by Nassau Community College and Hofstra University on Long Island, New York, on December 2-3 and got beaten like a reef during Hurricane Sandy.

Over twenty colleges and universities from ten states competed for two days in eleven individual events formats and IPDA debate. Nassau Community College hosted an IPDA debate tournament and speech tournament on its campus December 2 and Hofstra University offered a separate tournament of speech events on its campus December 3.

Eastern Wyoming College fielded two debaters, sophomore Helena Khouri and freshman Zachary Lybrand, who competed in their fourth and third speech and debate tournaments, respectively. Khouri and Lybrand competed against debaters from Boise State University, Ithaca College, Tennessee State University, The University of the Cumberlands, Belmont Abbey College, Hofstra University and Colorado Christian University. Khouri and Lybrand each won two out of four debates, failing to qualify for the tournaments Sweet Sixteen, which was out of 52 debaters in an open field.

In speech events, Shaniah Freeseman, Kinlee Whitney, and Diandra Turner competed on Saturday against students representing universities including: Florida State University, Seton Hall University, Rutgers University, Marshall University, Hofstra University, Boise State University, and Northwestern University (MA), among others. Freeseman and Whitney both competed in prose interpretation, an acting event that allows competitors to interpret a piece of literature during the span of ten minutes. In Whitney’s two rounds at the NCC tournament, she finished first and fifth, narrowly missing qualification for the tournament’s elimination rounds. On day two at Hofstra, Whitney finished first and fourth, again coming close to reaching the final round of six.

Freeseman finished fifth, out of sixth, in her prose events in both rounds at Nassau and at Hofstra. Turner, who competed in informative speaking, finished fourth and fifth, out of six, respectively in each of her rounds, and third in impromptu.

“The squad, while not performing as well as I had hoped, did okay under the circumstances,” said Debate and Speech adviser Jeremy Christiansen, Instructor of Communication at EWC. “In a larger sense, competing against these other squads, who field debaters with up to eight years of experience, and who, in some cases, have won multiple championships, provides our students with an invaluable workshop within which to improve. The fact, that we won four out of eight debates and had a student finish first in two rounds does not mean we have met our goal, but it is a step toward that end.”

“Nonetheless,” Christiansen continued, “we need to do a better job. I’ve got to do a better job of getting principles across to the team, figuring out schemes other teams in other regions use, and to get the students to focus on executing those improvements. There were other community colleges there, and we should have at least been contending with them.”

Review: “Ultra Rare Vol. 1” by Mystery Skulls

by Haley Lauze

On September 22, 2015, the indie pop and electronica band, Mystery Skulls dropped its third album titled, “Ultra Rare Vol. 1.” Produced by Luis Dubuc, the album features 12 songs and lives up to its genre very well.

Although each song contains new lyrics, the melody and rhythm of each song is so similar to the next, the album, as a whole, listens like a 45 minutes and 37 second single. Much like “Forever,” the band’s second album, the ears are assaulted and then massaged by first a wall and then tendrils of noise.

The album also riffs on past pop hits by popular artists, changing the lyrics and adding its iconic electronica and indie pop rhythms to create something new, but familiar. “Get it Together,” for instance, has the unforgettable beat of Earth, Wind & Fire’s massive hit “September,” but accompanied by an entirely new set of lyrics and electronic melodies throughout. It puts a new twist on a very familiar beat.

People who grew up listening to Earth, Wind, & Fire, however, may not appreciate the change Mystery Skulls gave. For someone who has a more extensive background in indie pop and electronic music though, they will find the track to be more palatable.

Every song, save the album’s last, belongs in a club, “Thismaybetheway,” however, belongs in a funeral parlor. Shifting from the upbeat, 80s techno Wham! inspired rhythm of “Every Note,” “Thismaybetheway” creates a mournful air in the midst of a reunion, the drunken, depressed graduate who needs to tell his high school buddies twenty years removed how rough his fourth marriage was.

Ignoring that single track, “Ultra Rare Vol. 1” is a fun and upbeat album with tracks that any millennial can get behind. The overall feel of the album is non-offensive, true to its genre, but at the same time, universal enough to have something for any listener to like, regardless of their preferred genre.

Beauty Pageants or People Shows?

By: Shaniah Freeseman

On September 10, 2017, Miss North Dakota Cara Mund was crowned Miss America 2018. She made history as the first woman from North Dakota to win. Many people did not expect Mund to win; they saw her as the underdog. She was an unconventional choice because she was average by most accounts, but her personality, her talent, her constant positive outlook, endeared her to the judges.

Despite this unconventional choice the days leading up to the pageant and those following brought out a host of pundits and social critics decrying the role of pageants in American culture.

Certainly, beauty pageants have developed a negative connotation over the years and continue to get backlash from a range of people representing diverse demographic groups worldwide.

Seven years ago, if you asked for me my opinion on pageants, I would have responded the same as many of those individuals: “Isn’t it just a beauty contest or something?”

Christmas in EWC mailroom. Photo by Lancer Staff

Cont. on page 10
Do you want to say something?
Well, do you?
We hope so.

Submit your stories, essays, artwork, and/or photography for publication in the next Lancer Quarterly edition coming out the first week in March.

Become a part of a conversation that includes the likes of Virginia Wolfe, William Shakespeare, Harper Lee, Ernest Hemingway, Gloria Steinem, Malcolm Gladwell, Frank Miller, Kelly Sue DeConick. Perhaps, you don’t aspire to those heights, but like them, you have something to say.

Perhaps you are a professor with a new idea and you’d like to share in a couple of paragraphs or a dozen pages, a line cook who has a poem or short-story to write, a student inspired to shine a light on a campus, state, national or international problem, or maybe you just whipped out a nifty doodle and you think people should see it.

Sure, Instagram and Snapchat afford you the comfort of sharing your ideas with people who already love you, but what about taking a chance to share what you have with people who might…LOVE YOU EVEN MORE? Is your group underrepresented, not getting appreciated, utterly ignored by friends, family, faculty, administration, staff, and even many of the people involved in your group? If so, The Lancer Quarterly staff are here to help you.

We welcome your submissions in any subject, genre, or style. We ask for G to PG-13 material, but otherwise, go for it. Afraid to edit? We are happy to help. Not sure if it is worth it? We are here to listen.

Your voice counts. Your student voice, professorial voice, staff voice, administrative voice. EVERYONE and we mean EVERYONE, who is a member of the Lancer family is welcome to submit for publication.

If you have questions, please feel free to stop Shelbey, Shaniah, Helena, or Morea in the hall, or send an email to LancerQuarterly@gmail.com. Since we try to meet our deadlines, we’d like to see your work by February 15, 2018, so that we can get back to you with any questions we might have to help make sure your voice gets the best hearing. We look forward to your work.

Calling Wyoming on the Telephone: A Brief Trip Into the Logic of 307

by Jeremy Christensen

A roaring black dragon of a pickup sat in front of me at a stoplight, ready to tear rubber up C Street, bubbled smoke out of an exhaust stack that protruded through the floor of the pickup’s box, measuring at least a foot in diameter and three feet in length.

I just could distinguish a sticker at the top left edge of the rear windshield featuring the numbers three, zero, and seven. Reading the rest of the window page from left to right gave me a “Real Women Use Three Pedals” sticker, an American flag sticky with “Some Gave All” emblazoned across it, and a Confederate battle flag stuck on the section behind the passenger’s head, all gave me something to contemplate.

(Based on the number of Confederate battle flags featured prominently on vehicles, hung from porches, inscribed as tattoos, or worn as jewelry pieces, Goshen County, Wyoming, must have been a double-secret outpost of the Confederacy.)

The light changed. The driver jammed her foot through the floorboard. Boiling black carbon, thick as if it were blowing from a nineteenth century go-West-or-be-damned locomotive, erupted from the culvert-sized exhaust obscuring the postmodern petroglyphs on the back window.

Jacked-up, rolling mayhem, cohering an impossible contradiction, pulled away from me, proving the driver’s rebel heart. A contrail of lightly refined hydrocarbons created a James Bond worthy smoke screen as she and her dragon roared past the 20 mph school zone sign.

cont. on page 9

The University of Wyoming's War Memorial Stadium during Torrington High School's state championship game against Cody.

Photo by Shelbey Prusia

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cont. on page 9
The True Meaning of Christmas

by Jared Pilkington

Spending time with family, watching cheesy Hallmark movies, and driving around to look at lights – Christmas. The hype is real in America. Christmas doesn’t even start in December. For a lot of people, it starts the day after Halloween. In fact, Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas have just become one big holiday known as “Hallowthanksmas.”

It truly is the most wonderful time of year; however, on December 26 there is a feeling of emptiness. The hype is no longer there and the beautifully decorated neighborhoods seem to become obsolete. There has to be something more.

The true meaning of Christmas doesn’t lie in the aforementioned festivities; instead, it is found in the most modest of places – a smelly, dirty, and cold stable. The fact that God humbled Himself and came in the form of a baby, just so He could completely and intimately relate to us speaks volumes about His love for humanity. Without the manger, there is no cross, and without the cross, there is no life.

The Advent season is about waiting for the world’s Savior only to have those hopes fulfilled and confidence in eternal life instilled. There have been many babies who have become a king, but only one King became a baby.

The Thanksgiving After Party

by Shaniah Freeseman

Macy’s department store on 34th Street the Friday after Thanksgiving.

Photo by Lancer Staff

After stuffing your face with three too many plates of turkey and mashed potatoes, you create a game plan for the event you’ve been waiting all year for. The 3 am chills run through your body as you drive through the early morning traffic in search of a parking spot, which you are not likely to find.

It’s Black Friday.

With ads in one hand and a triple shot pumpkin spice latte in the other, you wait in line at Target along with hundreds of deal-craving individuals. As the doors open, you run through store aisles to get your hands on the limited supply of Black Friday doorbuster items.

You’re on a mission. You see an empty cart crammed into the corner of the cluttered store. At this point, it’s every shopper for themselves. You snatch the cart and plow through the crowds, paying little attention to those around you. The Shark IONFlex 2X Duoclean vacuum cleaner comes into your view and the adrenaline immediately kicks in. It’s life or death at this point. There’s only one vacuum left, and you are determined to get it.

Fourteen sleep-deprived, coffee-fueled moms with a little more spice than you are after it too.

At this point, you are running on zero hours of sleep and the caffeine headache is settling. In other words, your tolerance level is at an all time low.

You shoulder-check the people next to you and make a dive for the vacuum cleaner. You aggressively tear the vacuum from the grips of others and make a run for the front of the store.

Immediate relief sinks in as you step in line, clinging onto the one item you were determined to get. It’s 6 am.

The Thanksgiving After Party.

by Morea Shipley

Eastern Wyoming College students Morea Shipley and Brooke Glass, both freshmen studying agriculture, competed in the The Young Farmer’s and Rancher’s Discussion Meet sponsored by Wyoming Farm Bureau held in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on the evening of November 16.

Seven contestants attended the event, which was open to all Wyoming college students who met a few basic criteria. Five represented the University of Wyoming and two represented Eastern Wyoming College.

The meet offered two preliminary rounds of discussion and a final round. During the competition, students discussed topics concerning agricultural policy and practices including issues related to free trade, corporate consolidation, and plans to assist new farmers.

Glass and Shipley prepared for two months to discuss those subjects before attending the meet.

Succeeding in her first two rounds of competition, Brooke Glass advanced to the final round against three University of Wyoming students and finished tied for third.

Chelsea Baars, an EWC alumnus and last year’s Wyoming state YF&R champion and the state’s representative to the national contest held in Pittsburgh in February 2017, said of Glass and Shipley, “I’m excited for these ladies compete and hope to see even more EWC students participate in the future.”

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Along with eyes and facial features, hair is one of the first attributes a person notices. Consequently, good hair care helps get across a good first impression.

Freshmen at the College of Cosmetology and Barbering, Rylee Perkins and Morgan Harmon said:

1) Wash your hair: find a shampoo right for your hair type.
2) Different hair textures and colored hair need attention in different areas.
3) Touch up colored hair as needed.
4) Get regular trims to keep split ends in check.
5) Use a deep conditioner when necessary.
6) DO NOT color hair too often. “Do not color your hair too often because that leads to a lot of damage that is hard to fix,” said Harmon.
The contradiction vanished in a haze, leaving me in a wake of symbolic confusion and consternation.

Along with the dizzying incongruity among these signs – the deconstruction of gender stereotypes alongside the jingoist celebration of American power and the loving remembrance of individual sacrifice fused with unapologetic belief in a Confederate way of life, a way that intrinsically contradicts the other signs – the codified beliefs enshrined on back of the black monster drove me to try to figure out what she believed.

While the iconography of the stars and bars, stars and stripes, and the clutch, brake, and throttle pedal imagery with the clever aphorism stem from the common well fed by the spring of a Toby Keith-like “American Pride,” the “307” made little sense. It was as though she was presenting a puzzle, hoping she might make a friend, who could work through 9,999,999 permutations along with the area code to find her.

Perhaps, Thomas Pynchon’s Doc Sportello would take the case.

Days after my encounter with the Beast, an image circulated among the students at Eastern Wyoming College that cemented the power of the 307 area code.

Dylan Shaw, a student at EWC’s Torrington campus, who according to local word-of-mouth and his own testimony, sobered up, as that was the responsible choice, before bending some coat hangers, heating them with a torch, and then branding himself with “307” on his right bicep.

For Shaw, he believes that 307 is special because Wyoming “unlike other states” “has just a single area code.” “Three-oh-seven,” Shaw said “is something all [Wyomingites] keep in their heart,” said Shaw. “We all love our state like we love America,” he continued.

(Interestingly, twelve out of fifty states have one area code, or nearly twenty-five percent, but the zeal for Hawaii’s 808 seems slightly less enthusiastic.)

Shaw’s patriotic fervor for Wyoming, a patriotism that includes ritual scarification, suggests a statewide deep commitment to whatever 307 signifies.

But, why an area code and what does it mean?

The *Atlantic*'s Megan Garber explained in her 2014 article “Our Numbered Days: The Evolution of the Area Code” that the area code emerged as an efficient way to navigate the increasing number of telephones used in the US. At first, American Telephone and Telegraph and the Bell Telephone companies would use local exchanges controlled by operators to connect calls manually between parties. Problematically, speech patterns made understanding the exchange and connection numbers difficult for operators to identify, so to reduce error, Bell introduced a more complex series of numbers, first with a prefix before the last four digits, and later introduced the area code to accommodate smooth exchanges in densely populated areas.

**Quotation of Quarter**

“Power is okay, and stupidity is usually harmless. Power and stupidity together are dangerous.”

— Patrick Rothfus

*The Name of the Wind*

EWC’s Livestock and Show Team Begins a Season of Tough Competition

*by Morea Shipley*

Myca Cantrell of Hot Springs, SD, leads her miniature Hereford. Photo courtesy of Myca Cantrell

Eastern Wyoming College Livestock and Show team has had a successful semester, traveling to compete in judging contests and show livestock in South Dakota, Montana, Colorado, and Kentucky.

The team has seen success this year, with the sophomores competing well, and freshmen learning and gaining more experience.

Their season is ongoing throughout fall and spring semesters. The EWC Livestock and Show team students choose to compete in both livestock judging and livestock showing.

Team member Myca Cantrell explains that, “some [students] show their own, or other community members livestock depending on the show.”

They are also responsible for hauling and caring for the animals and tack and taking care of the EWC animals when they are not at shows.
A new map sprawled across America, overwriting boundary lines imposed by legal agreements with municipalities, counties, states, and territories. Rather than a two dimensional relationship as a citizen of a state – a South Dakotan, Montanan, or Wyomingite – the individual is that and not that simultaneously. The person is 605, 406, or 307. A person rather than saying “I’m a Wyominite” can say, “I’m a 307.”

Further, the rise of cellular phones means this identity is portable. If a person moves from 307 to the 212 area code, which is one of three area codes for borough of Manhattan, and if they keep their phone number for their cellular phone, this status never leaves that person. Better than a Stetson or an outdated license plate from Crook County hung over a bar or fireplace. They are always 307 proud, always a part of its community. In some ways, they would never leave Bill, Wyoming, for instance, even if they lived in an apartment on the Lower East Side. They are grounded in something that accommodates their flexible, mobile, and transient lives, a portable anchor and portable ocean to put it in.

Not quite.

Telephone companies can change area codes for a variety of reasons – population growth, whim, fancy, redistricting. Unlike municipal, county, state, and federal maps, the area codes are a convenience provided by an independent corporation that exerts its authority over a population, who have voluntarily decided to become citizens to its cause; i.e. you can be a Verizon citizen unless Sprint convinces you to abandon your citizenship, or you fail to pay your bill and Verizon exiles you temporarily or permanently.

Such identity, then, relies upon the caprice of corporations located thousands, sometimes tens of thousands, of miles away from the paying citizen: Pax Verizon.

Three-oh-seven, a constellation of numbers treated like an icon equivalent to a flag, does not have the same permanence, but it is, at least in the case of the Beast’s driver and Shaw’s patriotic proclamation, viewed as identical.

For Wyomingites, who express their identity through three numbers, they equate this with unity, a unity that also is synonymous with the state, since Wyoming’s population, just a little over half-a-million at last census, still permits them to see the entire state as one fairly large town, connected by one area code.

Also the unity means exclusion. Too many folks coming into the state would force a new area code and would render the unitary connection between 307 and the whole state, a kind of bloodless civil war, the opposite of kind that they celebrate with their rebel flag bumper stickers.

Such a shift would mean that those who have ritually marked themselves, a process that in Roman antiquity indicated a slave or mercenary to distinguish them from the somewhat genteel upper-class Romans, might have pledged an allegiance to a vanishing signifier.

Perhaps this excitement is part of youth and exuberance or the college experience, but I have noted 307 iconography on pickups in front of the local diner, suggesting there is something more.

While 307 is a sign of unity, it is an odd sign for a culture, particularly those I’ve seen eating there, who loathe the conversation.

Before the sun groans over the eastern horizon, men parade into the restaurant clothed in blue jeans suffering through variously worn states, hydraulic oil and cow dung cloaked Carhartt overalls and jackets that swell to the edge of Formica topped tables populated with half-filled coffee cups and greasy plates. Mustached cowboys lean forward toward their plates, the brims of their hats tipped back slightly revealing grey steel eyes, pinched features, hammered by dust and worry.

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Today, I would answer myself with a resounding “no.”

The Miss America Organization is the leading advocate for women's education and biggest scholarship provider for women in the United States. Known for partnering with Children’s Miracle Network hospitals, the Miss America Organization has raised over $16 million for CMN hospitals. As a contestant for the Miss Nebraska scholarship pageant, I was required to raise hundreds of dollars to contribute to CMN hospitals worldwide. The Miss Nebraska pageant awarded scholarships to the contestants that raised the most money for CMN Hospitals on top of the requirement.

There is a common misconception that pageants are judged based on beauty and were created for pretty, not-so-smart women.

“Pageants encourage you to not be you,” said Kelsey Rodriguez in a recent presentation relating her opinion to pageants.

Jessica Valenti, American blogger and feminist author wrote on her blog Beauty pageants are embarrassing – even if you name the right winner: “The contests are an antiquated reminder of exactly what we don’t want for women, and they should have no place in our future.”
“upovereere” is as much of a direction as one can get. Fathers pass this speech pattern on to their sons, creating a discursive genealogical purity that reminds listeners “They ain’t from ‘round here,” if they have to ask someone to speak up.

The soft, slurred, almost incomprehensible speech pattern erects a language barrier that secures the cultural purity of the High Plains. Like the 307 area code, the pattern of talk is only for those from around here, those who show and don’t tell, those who understand education comes from a hammer, a hard winter, or lost finger beneath a draw works on an oil rig, a busted leg, and not a book, a lecture, or some bi-coastal liberal dribbling about meaning in front of students.

Wyoming isn’t Missouri, but it still draws pride from showing rather than telling, a land that bemoans those who are “All hat and no cattle,” a location that reminds people that “book learnin’” is no substitute for “hard livin’”.

Like the “g’s” at the end of each gerund, people who don’t ascribe to that way of life are lopped-off from the community.

Against this insularity stands the icon of communification, the 307. How could a culture so resentful of speaking come to rally around this flag? How could they be driven to salute Verizon, AT&T, Sprint, etc.? How is that their nation? How can that identity drive speaking come to rally around this flag? How could they be driven to salute Verizon, AT&T, Sprint, etc.? How is that their nation? How can that identity drive?

The Beast’s rear window, it seems, held the answer all the while. Fealty in Wyoming or California, North Dakota, or Texas, no longer requires a consistent vision, but an appetite for “hard livin’”.

The night began with the community choir directed by Aaron Bahmer, accompanied by Jeanne Howard. This group featured four men and ten women.

Winter Solstice was accompanied by Howard and Lois Yeik on the bass flute as well. "O Yule Full of Gladness" featured flute players Andrea Wunibald and Maggie Younger. The group also performed Swingin’ With the Saints, Wayfaring Stranger, and the humorous piece Various Themes on “Fa-La-La-La.”

The Community Band was next in line with five directors taking turns at the podium. The band played a total of five songs. They performed the march, “Americans We” directed by Gary De-Bolt, “Where the Sun Breaks Through the Mist” directed by Nathan Beutler, the only Christmas song played by the band, “Gesu Bambino” directed by Bahmer, “Beauty and the Beast Medley” directed by Gary Glass, and finished off with “Steel” directed by Richard Zigweid.

The EWC Master Chorus featuring nine students, four men and five women, from EWC were last in the lineup. This group was directed by Bahmer and accompanied by Howard as well.

They performed “Christmas is a Time of Many Colors,” “The Bleak Midwinter,” and the classic “Do You Hear What I Hear” in a more traditional sense. Janet and Jeanne Howard played a four-hand piano for The First Noel/Pachelbel’s Canon and the group did an a cappella number with Dance of a Sugar-plum Fairy.

All three groups are always looking for more members to join them next semester. The more people, the bigger and better the sound.

The 2017-18 Lancers have improved substantially in rebounds and assists over last year’s team.

Lancer’s 2016-17 squad averaged only 25.5 rebounds per game compared to this year’s team that averages 20.3 rebounds per game, nearly doubling their effort from a year ago.

Further, last year’s squad only netted 11.5 assists per game, opposed to this year’s team that averages 15.4 assists, posting a nearly 25 percent improvement over last year.

Leading this charge are a core of sophomores: Walker Korell, a guard, who averages 14.9 per game, Jonathan Morrobel, forward, averaging 5.9 rebounds, and Trey Schroefel dominating in assists with 4.4.

Supporting this case of burgeoning stars are Brandon Meadows, a freshman from Freeport, Bahamas, who, when coming off the pine, scores an average of 13.1 points and 3.8 rebounds.

Apart from the statistics, in a broader sense, the men pass the eye test. They are an explosive first half team, a clockwork at times, even if still battling a few broken spokes. Their heart is undeniable, and they display a love for the game and a love for each other.

The EWC Master Chorus, Community Band and Community Chorus were featured in the Holiday Music Concert December 5 in the Fine Arts Auditorium.
night followed by rising on Sunday morning to repeat the process at another tournament - a cattle- call of the intelligent and maligned.

We had put in three-hour-a-day practices for two weeks to face a buzzsaw of competitors from Hofstra, Florida State, Northwestern University, Seton Hall, Rutgers, Boise State, and twenty other colleges and universities I had only heard of during Division I basketball games or not at all.

The plane settled on the runway at JFK. Minutes later we grabbed our bags and were shoved into an asphalt womb populated by bleating cars, beleaguered mothers, and worn out Uber drivers, one of whom our coach felt stiffed us out of a ride. Perhaps, he was right. Showing up with a four passenger car, charging ten bucks, and then saying "Oh, you asked for six? Hmmmm..." did seem suspect.

We crawled through traffic, up the Long Island Expressway to a Red Roof Inn that car

ried a facade only slightly more attractive than a Motel 8.

This was not the Bride Wars experience I expected. Where were the bellhops? How about those awaiting matrimony in the lobby? Marble? Concierge desk? Instead, a surly man grilled each of us for our identifications and jammed us into a room with two double beds (“No queens, sorry”).

Instead of billionaires and brides, frustrated teenagers sporting mismatched trunks and shirts milled about the hallways, smelling of reefer and body odor, while they waited to attend a swim meet the next day.

Friday morning we planned for breakfast in the city. Breakfast at Tiffany’s, I hoped. Me Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, the Cat, diamonds, music, witty banter.

Nope.

We crowded onto the Long Island Railroad bound for Penn Station. Commuters burrowed in copies of the Times and Post, expertly occupied their places, leaning over the center seats in their row just far enough to discourage people from bothering them, leaving half the team to stand in a space at the end of the car.

Forty minutes later, skyscrapers loomed briefly and then vanished as we plunged into a tunnel that called back the train’s rattles.

Minutes later, after watching our coach struggle with the electronic kiosk that sold Metro Passes, we plunged up the stairs and erupted into lower Manhattan across the street from the Oculus, Manhattan’s multi-billion dollar transportation hub, which looks like a Conch shell mating with a Man-of-War.

"Here it is," our coach belts out, meaning what, I have no idea. "This is it. The epicenter of the Western World. The heart of media, money, and military."

If only it was the epicenter of food. My teammates and I were starving, hoping to find and boil one of the wharf rats I’d read so much about.

From there, our coach bombarded us with history (some a little tinfoil hat, if you ask me) that discussed the intersection between the sadness in Midtown on September 11 three years after I was born and the growth of the bowling greens near Battery Park two centuries earlier. After that, there was a crush of intersecting information fusing Constitutional history (complete with a stop at Trinity Church and Alexander Hamilton’s grave), corruption, power, beauty, Raison d’etat (whatever the hell that is) and economic growth, Middle Eastern politics, the burning of the Reichstag, as well as a dose of John Lennon, the counterculture, and transportation infrastructure, the beauty implied by The White City’s influence on early-twentieth century architecture, and the sinking of the Titanic, which he threw in for good measure as we approached the old Cunard Line headquarters near the new location of the iconic Charging Bull of Wall Street.

That rant went on for twelve blocks at a blinding clip, like an auctioneer wound up on a triple-espresso after downing a dozen Monsters. The rest was yet to come.

His logic, I guess, was to use Manhattan as a breathing concrete metaphor for significance and history in the twenty-first century. It was probably that, but it definitely was ripe Snapchat hunting ground.

My streak would not only live, but thrive.

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To give some context, days before my friends and I erupted onto the streets of Torrington, Wyoming, which is equipped with a few stop lights and rarely any traffic. Mostly the only horns are on the heads of cattle. On a bad day, the construction backs traffic up about three cars deep, occasionally a honk here and there from passing vehicles...but even that is a rarity. Mostly, those are to acknowledge a friend, not to threaten bodily harm if the driver in front doesn't dive across four lanes of aggressively flowing traffic. The town goes dormant by 8:00 at night, when businesses shut down and quiet hours settle in.

All in all, Torrington’s history is quieter but in my view no less valuable. The Treaty of Ft. Laramie that redefined the West – for some good, and perhaps a good deal of bad – was signed (sort of) a century-and-a-half ago only a few miles from my campus. Stalwart pioneers, some seeking a better financial life, some hoping to find spiritual release, some running from the law or obligation, scored their experience into solid stone in what is now Guernsey. Rather than cabs, Torrington has trains, running vital energy producing elements to the electrical power plants that fire billboards in places like New York.

New York City, on the other hand, never sleeps. From sun up to sun up, people roam on and under the streets. The sound of honking vehicles, diverse music, and chattering pedestrians fills the air, creating a whirlpool of noise. The lights emanating from the skyscrapers shine into the sky, masking the blanket of stars in the darkness of the night. When dawn approaches, life in the city becomes even more alive than it already was.

History there is not only carved into the earth, but rises from it. We walked through Strawberry Fields, where Lennon and Yoko Ono used to walk, talking about music, love, and taking time with their son. We stood a block away from where, thirty eight years ago from the day I’m writing this, Lennon was murdered by Mark David Chapman, silencing the great British-American poet.

Though history there is etched, it keeps moving, a train that never stops.

I looked up at the skyscrapers, dodged oncoming business men and women rushing to get to their offices with a briefcase in one hand and a triple shot Caramel Macchiato with extra whip in the other. Something about the hustle of the city mesmerized me. “People walk fast in these parts” I think would be the comment from a Wyomingite back home.

History moves so fast there that I get ahead of myself. Central Park, Lennon, mystery, that all came later.

After the Oculus, right behind it, lay the footprints of the twin giants felled on September 11.

The atmosphere so quiet at the 9/11 Memorial, I heard whispering among the crowd, saw subtle tears roll down people’s faces as they gently grazed their hands over the names of loved ones engraved on the side of the memorial.

A black granite abyss where the footprint of Tower One stood dropped forty feet and then, in the center, another drop down into a hole, the bottom of which, no one could see from the edge. Down the sides of the black granite, water wept into gentle pools, symbolically pulling the tears of tens-of-thousand people directly affected on that day and the millions more indirectly affected toward the center into an irrecoverable abyss.

Maybe we don’t come back from that one. Perhaps, history there, in that place, stands as a punctuation mark, a period in the progress of our nation that violently threw us on a new course, a course that starts not too far from lower Manhattan.

We moved toward Upper New York Bay, an inlet (or outlet, depending on your perspective) to the Atlantic, the medium for exploration, conquest and power. Using that avenue, sometime in the seventeenth century, Europeans had brokered a deal, so legend and some creative history explains, for a few dollars and some beads to procure what was to become one of the most valuable pieces of real estate on earth.

On the way, we walked down Rector Street, past Trinity Church (Nicholas Cage and his special glasses were nowhere in sight, much to my disappointment), and saw Hamilton’s grave, only a block away from the intersection of Wall Street and Broadway, - the Canyon of Heroes: ticker tapes, stock crashes, Lindberg, the Yankee’s (boo-hiss, for you dad), President John F. Kennedy, the Astronauts of Apollo 11, and hundreds more outstanding Americans, people who defined a nation, had strode where I now walked.

No tickers anymore. Only electronic gadgets and gizmos. No tape for us.

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Down the street, past the Bull, glimpsed in the harbor from the safety of the shore, I could see what millions had seen, the promise, a gift from the French, stood in the harbor, her enlightened torch held to the heavens.

After that, we walked, and we walked. Then we walked some more, taking breaks to snap a picture here and there. Or in my case, a picture every five steps because I couldn’t get enough of the beauty New York City had to offer.

I began to notice lights. Lots of lights.

The crowd grew larger as we walked like flies attracted to a beaming light bulb. I felt like I was in the center of the biggest work of art ever created. News headlines, billboards, flashing lights, and music filled the atmosphere creating an astounding ambiance. The advertisements would change every couple seconds from Jay-Z’s new album to a new clothing line, making jumps from one TV to the next.

Standing in the middle of Times Square, I could see hundreds of rushing people walking on the street, people lining up to buy Broadway show tickets, and tourists trying to capture the overwhelming scenery. It was really hard for me to imagine what level of courage (or insanity) someone would need to drive a car through Time Square because of the dancing thousands that congested it.

There, a couple hundred air yards from the ball waiting to drop in thirty days, I stopped. I looked at each piece. People weaved in and out of crowds as though they were moving puzzle pieces. Standing right next to me were multiple news stations interviewing several individuals. People with fancy cameras and things I have only seen on movies walked past me like I wasn’t even there because to them I wasn’t. Just another person, another tourist, another consumer.

The epicenter of commerce, the electronic heart of the world’s desires beat and pulsed around me. Information flowed at a stunning pace. Cars rushed. Pedestrians bolted. News spun.

I’m not sure about all, or some, (or maybe any) of what our coach said, but I did see some connections, some vibrancy, some power, some force, some sense of the beauty and terror, the hope and despair, the wealth and poverty, that made America.

One day. Only one day, and the rest...well the rest is for the future.

These people think that pageants are nothing more than people shows, something like Westminster Kennel Club’s version of its annual dog show. From this perspective, pageant women parade like Pomeranians preening themselves. Judges check haunches, jowls, gait, and require women to possess a disposition somewhere between a Basset Hound and a Cockapoo.

Over the years, these misconceptions have been shattered by the reality of the contest. The Miss America Organization is split into five different categories broken into percentages totalling 100 percent; talent 35%; private interview 25%; evening wear 20%; on-stage question 5%; life style and fitness 15%.

Further, contestants are required to construct a personal platform, which they will represent at the pageant and continue to advocate if they win. The questions in private interview, as well as on-stage questions, relate to the contestants personal platform and how she is going to raise awareness and make a positive influence on others.

Talent and private interview are worth the highest percentage of a contestant’s overall score. Both of these categories show the contestant’s portrayal in front of a crowd, as well as in front of a sequestered panel of judges. The judges look for the contestant whose personality illuminates the setting she is in.

Lifestyle and fitness accounts for the smallest percentage of a contestant’s overall score. A misconception is that contestants must have “the best” body. This is not necessarily true. The judges look for the contestant that expresses self-confidence on stage as well as the ability to maintain a healthy lifestyle.

Miss America contestants contribute thousands of community service hours annually and have raised over $16 million for Children’s Miracle Network Hospitals worldwide. The Miss America Organization has been named by USA Today as “one of the top 10 pieces of true americana remaining in our country today”.

Miss America is much more than a title. It’s not about the sparkly hat upon the winner’s head, it’s about who is wearing it and what she can do to help others improve their lives.