

THE RIMROCK ECHO

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EASTERN MONTANA NORMAL SCHOOL AT BILLINGS, MONT.

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EDITORIALS

"PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH"

Examining the bill introduced by Senator Melton of Beaverhead County, which has as its purpose the abolishment of the Eastern Montana Normal School and the Northern Montana College, and looking upon this move without a trace of selfishness and sectional jealousy, those students who are attending E. M. N. S. find themselves led by inevitable logic to the following conclusions:

(1) That a surprising sectional jealousy, unsuspected heretofore by students here, has sprung up in the western part of the state.

(2) That this jealousy is entirely without basis or cause, for of the six units of the Greater University, only two—both of which would be abolished were the provisions in Senator Melton's bill to become effective—are in the eastern part of Montana. No fair-minded person would deny that the eastern part should be considered on a parity with the west.

(3) That practically three-fourths of the area of the state is served by these two Eastern Montana schools; that without these institutions all territory crossed by or east of the 110th Meridian would be entirely without representation in the Greater University.

(4) That in 1931-32 this area paid \$596,000 into the coffers of the Greater University, while the west side paid but \$341,000.

(5) That of all the state institutions, eleven are located in the western section: the State University, State College, Normal College and School of Mines, and seven penal and eleemosynary institutions; while in the remaining three-fourths of the state's area, only three institutions are located.

(6) That practically all of Montana's state and federal officials are from the small western section; certainly the east should be allowed to make up for the unequal distribution in this matter, by retaining these two units of the University. It must be remembered that when the copper and gold deposits of the mountains have long been depleted, the gold of the grain on the plains will still remain.

(7) That, even though the motive of Senator Melton's bill is economy, not a penny will be saved those who bear the heavy burden of taxation, for the Senator's bill provides that the saving thus effected be applied on the budget of the four other units.

(8) That Eastern Montana Normal School has the lowest per capita cost to both student and state of any of the Greater University units; 207 students in attendance last quarter would have been unable, because of financial difficulties, to attend any of the other units during the quarter.

(9) That if all the students now enrolled in Eastern Montana Normal School made a round trip to the nearest teacher-training institution, the cost to the students and their families and to the state would approximate \$20,000, which amount is saved because of the much shorter distance from eastern Montana communities to Billings. This \$20,000 is practically half of the amount which E. M. N. S. is allotted from the state fund during 1933-34.

This imposing array of significant facts should make any legislator say, "Thumbs Down!" to Senator Melton's bill when it comes up for vote.

I RESOLVE?

By the time this article appears you will have recovered from a strenuous vacation, your last ill-fitting Christmas gift will have been exchanged, and your last and most important New Year's resolution will have been broken—or badly bent. Doubtless you are thinking, "Last year wasn't so good." It wasn't "so good" in many respects for a great number of people, a fact that should only be a challenge to make this year a little bit better for ourselves and others. Why have a New Year if it does not serve as a reminder of our shortcomings and offer us an opportunity to smile a little wider, laugh a little longer, and try a little harder to make our ideals come true?

After all, there are two kinds of resolutions: Those that we quote in high sounding phrases and those that we really feel. Of course we have broken those of formality that said we would go to bed early, study more diligently, and quit chewing gum. That is only to be expected. We are more likely to live up to the heartfelt resolutions, and whether we have expressed it or not there is one there which says—"I'll make this a better year." How? That is up to us, as individuals, to decide. And remember, we have the rest of January and eleven more perfect months to practice.

THE MYTH OF THE SUPER-SAILOR

There is no end to the disillusionment in this old world. Many an argument has been prompted by John Masefield, the poet laureate who has recently arrived in the United States from England. For years the merest mention of his name has called up the sea. This sea is not a calm one either, as is told by his famous "Sea Fever." While giving a report on John Masefield in the English Literature class, Mary said, "No one but an experienced sea rover who has traveled the seven seas, with a star to steer by, a few gulls, whales, and a merry yarn of a fellow rover for company, could write anything like 'Sea Fever.'" Skeptical, back-seat Johnny burst out with, "Ah, I don't think that 'bird' knows any more about the sea than I do. I'll bet you couldn't hire him to get into a rowboat." Now Johnny can prove his statement if he so wishes. John Masefield lands in New York after passage from England. A most astounding thing has kept him in his cabin. It was ordinary seasickness. Mrs. Masefield says apologetically, "It was too uppy-downy." Fanciful Mary has to face the grim reality that the super-sailor myth now sleeps in Davy Jones' locker.

THE ICE IS BROKEN

The enthusiasm manifested at the Normal Polytechnic game was a sharp contrast to the lack of spirit shown by the few who attended the rally held earlier in the day. But it was an inspiring enthusiasm; for it started with the singing of the Yellow-Jacket song by a courageous few, gained momentum as the scores mounted, and finally as the game neared its close, showed itself in boisterous yelling and applause.

The game did not decide the city championship nor was it much more than a fine exhibition of "fast" basketball. But above all that, it was a surprising and startling but inspiring and commendable crystallization of enthusiasm among Eastern Montana Normal School students, heretofore unsuspected. Now that the ice is broken, it shouldn't be allowed to freeze over again.

SHORT STORY CLASS PROVES POPULAR WITH YOUNG CULTURALISTS

Optimistic statisticians, in a brave attempt to prove that the present economic depression is not all bad, inform us that people are now turning from material things to cultural. They are, in other words, engaged in a struggle for something better. By the size of Miss Meek's short story class this quarter, it seems Eastern Montana Normal students believe this "something better" to be literature, but their chief struggle has turned out to be a fight for a chair.

It was necessary at first for late comers to drape themselves over radiators and recline on tables but after two weeks of tedious mathematical calculation and the timely application of Einstein's theory of the limitlessness (whatta word!) of space, everyone was assigned a chair and turned loose to find it. Miss Meek, delighted by the eagerness of her students for something new and different in the way of classes, responded by springing a great surprise; she alphabetized the class by placing the X-Y-Z's in the front row. For the first time in the lives of most of the A-B-C students they are able to get that concentrated look off their faces and relax in a back seat (as far as it is possible to relax in a folding chair). However, her victims got the last laugh when the following morning she was utterly bewildered and stupefied to find a "W" on the first seat.

To lessen the possibility of blinding each other with pencils and to make breathing easier, free parking space has been provided behind the portable blackboards for essentials. Members of the group who have a class immediately following the one under discussion have arranged with those teachers to excuse possible tardiness due to a traffic jam. So far this hazard has been avoided by confirming strictly to such rules as "Keep to the right," "Watch your step,"

"YOUR PEP! YOUR PEP!"

Pep is often associated with that health-giving food element known as "vitamin A." Vitamin A is found in orange juice, in butter, in milk, in grapefruit, in lemonade, in egg yolks, in spinach and in cod-liver oil. It gives you vitality and enthusiasm.

An E. M. N. S. student of eighteen years, remarked the other day that she wished she were young again! You think it a queer wish? Yet many of you have unconsciously harbored this very wish, realizing in a vague sort of way that you are getting old—not in age but in spirit.

You expect cares and responsibilities to multiply with your years. You do not intend to shirk your duties, but you are helped to bear them if you have among your friends someone who is gay and cheerful. His enthusiasm is contagious. You find renewed inspiration for your work, in his happy, hearty greeting. He, like the vitamin A in your diet, gives you pep and joy in being alive.

Did you ever stop to think that you might be to someone else as he is to you? Are you someone's glass of orange juice, someone's vitamin A?

STUDENT RECEIVES PRIZE

Miss Georgia Crist, whose story of the making of shingles from tree to consumer won the place of the best project in Mr. Hawkes' class in Social Science last fall, has recently received two prizes of five dollars each in recognition of her excellent work. One of these prizes comes from the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company to whom it was sent by Mr. Moore, representative of that company in Billings. The other prize comes from the Baldwin Lumber Company of this city. Miss Crist's project, which was considered unusually good, contained full details of the manufacture of shingles and was enriched with many illustrative pictures.