

Area bets on casinos

By Monica Springer
Editor in chief

A couple of years from now when friends and family come to visit, you might have something entertaining to do.

But some think it's not moral. It's bad and ugly.

Talk about casinos in Sumner County has plagued the news lately. Community members and local leaders are arguing in a very public manner. People seem to have strong opinions when it comes to gambling.

There are more positives than negatives. Wellington is 24 miles away. While on a gambling trip with friends, people would rent hotel rooms, eat locally and shop locally.

Business would boom, and people would have a good time helping that happen.

The Collegian understands the other side of the argument. Casinos often have a bad reputation. Thoughts of Las Vegas, money, sex, drugs and alcohol come to mind when it comes to gaming. We don't disagree with that.

Communities can't and shouldn't reject casinos because they're afraid of what might happen. And those

communities that rejected the notion, like Sedgwick County, shouldn't peer into decisions Sumner County's voters have made.

Wichita has spoken when it comes to casinos. Some say Wichita is too land-locked with simply not enough places to put a large casino. Others say the crime rate would run wilder. Sumner County and a lot of surrounding areas feel much differently.

What will a casino bring to town that isn't already here?

All of those things will exist with or without a casino.

Wellington isn't desperate for a casino right now, and it won't be in the future. With a multi-million dollar casino would come jobs for its residents and fun for people across the state.

Kansas isn't the first state to have gambling and it won't be the last. Gambling exists in Oklahoma towns that are a mere hop and a skip away from Winfield. Southwestern students work and play there.

Kansans will travel there and spend their money. Why not keep that money local?

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Editorial

Some things never change

By Ashley Holloway
Staff reporter

Summer still reminds me of waterslides, strawberries with sugar, and starry nights. I can feel the pain of falling off my bike while learning to ride, see the look of concentration on my brother's face when he practiced shooting with his left hand, and remember spitting watermelon seeds off the back porch.

These thoughts will always be special.

But there is something about the last weeks of summer. When nights seem cooler and back to school sales fill Saturday afternoons. This is a special time of year for me.

It's always a transition.

I'm trading in my swimsuit and club wear for corduroys and button downs and picking up my trusty Jansport bag, notebook, and infamous blue pin. School begins again.

This ritual began with my first day of kindergarten. I wore a grass-green dress with big white polka dots and little white tennis shoes. My hot pink backpack was filled with crayons, Big Chief pads, and pencils with the circumference of a nickel. I'd written my name on all my supplies the night before just to make sure I kept inventory of everything.

Times change, but some things stay the same.

I've exchanged my early morning ride to elementary school for a 45 minute drive southeast of where

I'm from. I don't pack a mat for nap time, but instead a comforter and accessories to make school feel like home.

It never does though.

Ms. Johnson was my teacher's name. She had an assistant named Kim. Kim helped me with cutting because I had bad motor skills. I wasn't slow or anything I just couldn't cut. I knew my full name as well as how to spell it. My parents made sure I knew my address and phone number and their full names as well, just in case I got lost during the trek from the sidewalk where they dropped me off to the classroom.

They'd even written my info in my shoes.

Over protective? Maybe, but not so much anymore.

This year I packed alone. I was completely responsible for making sure I was ready for move-in day. My mom just supplied the gas money and some laughs for the ride.

The beauty of it is I'm okay without all the extra support.

I used to wonder who I would sit with in the lunchroom. I'd put my Barbie lunch pail on the table and hope someone would start a conversation with me. Luckily, someone did. And it seems as if my whole life someone always has.

Even in the café there is always someone willing to trade my dessert or allow me to be their company while they chew.

I was always shy during assemblies when I had to stand in front of classmates to accept the perfect attendance and honor roll awards. I used to ask my dad to "bust me out" of school when the pressure to make friends was just too much.

Now I just get in the car and drive when I don't want to be bothered with the force of being a member of the clique of cool kids. I get called names for it but who cares.

I like being a hermit. There was a smelly kid in my class who stood next to me in line because her last name began with an H too.

I remember holding my breath to stand behind her and hating when she wanted to make conversation. I'd always ignore her because I thought her funk was a personal discussion not to bathe.

Over time you become sensitive to other's situations. Luckily, I live in an apartment with three girls who, like me, aspire to smell like a rose.

It's a little embarrassing that I remember my elementary school boyfriend's name, but he was my first romantic experience. He held my hand and even sang to me. The real deal. He even gave me flowers, well I called them flowers but they were yellow dandelions that made me sneeze.

Although I was allergic, it was the thought that counted.

The young men I have encountered since then have lost the inno-

cence and intent we gain from just liking members of the opposite sex.

They have replaced thought with motive and that's a whole other column.

Kindergarten is the beginning of a lot of things, but it is the small step toward independence that makes small chairs with tennis balls to cover the feet worthwhile. Standing in a circle surrounded by numbers, letters, and colors then being asked to memorize and interpret the meaning of information marks the beginning of life. It's when you get your tennis shoes untied, trip, fall, and then learn to get up and wipe yourself off.

College marks the beginning of the same stage with less literal references.

We are all here looking for a clue. Except it's not something tangible to pick up and carry away. It's not a skill like cutting or coloring inside the lines.

Instead it is a piece of ourselves we are expected to find and allow to flourish.

Beneath the grass-green dress my mother picked out and the smiling face everyone said "looked just like her daddy," there was a little girl destined to become something great. She's still working on it. Still trying to figure it all out, but it's a clearer picture now.

Ashley Holloway is a junior majoring in communication. You may e-mail her at ashley.holloway@sckans.edu.

Personal Column

Word on the hill

What are your plans for Labor Day Weekend?

By Paige Carswell and Peggy Williams



"Going to Lawrence to watch a KU football game."

Nathan Buchmueller
Physics junior



"I'm going home to Derby."

Kelsey Woods
Elementary education junior



"I'm going to hang out with friends."

Kate Murphy
Business administration sophomore



"Working for the Kansas Commission of Veteran Affairs."

Tiffany Roth
Math education senior



"I'm staying at school. I'll rest, watch movies, and read for classes."

Joshua Davison
Religion and philosophy senior



"I'm not doing much. I'll probably just hang out here at school."

Jacob Tafoya
freshman



"I'm going to hang out in Colorado for the weekend."

Jacob Behrhorst
Biology senior



"I'm going home to Fredonia, Kansas for the weekend."

Gage Crammer
Psychology freshman

Ask Katie

Journalist begins advice column

By Katie Allender
Guest columnist

"How do you know when you've found the right guy?"
--Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

Finding the right guy is a tough thing and once you've found him you just know. It may be cliché but it's the truth. You just get this feeling that everything is going to be okay. If you feel like this, you've probably found the right guy. It also doesn't hurt to ask him if he feels the same way.

If you want a more definite answer then here are a few tips. If your guy is a complete jerk towards you then he's probably not the right guy for you. The right guy will treat you with respect and like you for who you are. He should understand that you might fight, but is mature enough to know how to deal with it. If he seems distant then it's not a good sign.

If he can talk to you about things it's a very good sign. If he wants you to meet his family or do things with you such as attend his church it's

a good sign too. If he's sweet and understanding and above all, he's honest, then you've probably found yourself the right guy.

"How can I tell if my boyfriend is cheating on me?"
--Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

It's sometimes pretty obvious when your boyfriend is cheating on you. He may be extra secretive about where he's been and who was there.

When he comes back from a night out and goes into the bathroom to shower before even saying hi to you, it might be to wash off any traces of another female.

If he introduces another woman to you by saying "this is my friend..." you might want to watch your back.

Guys may think they're sneaky about things like this, but if you pay attention you'll notice things. If he spends a lot of time with a girl he claims to be "just friends" with, he might actually be more than friends with her, especially if she's not so

friendly towards you.

If he's cheated before, that means he could cheat again. I believe in the saying "Once a cheater, always a cheater." I've never seen it proven otherwise. If he's cheated before, it makes it very hard to trust he won't do it again. Remember, you deserve better than someone who doesn't appreciate you.

Sometimes it's hard to tell if he's cheating on you. You just have to remember not to jump to conclusions, not every guy is a cheater, and if he is a cheater you'll probably start to see the signs.

"When you take a girl out to dinner, and she doesn't eat very much of it at all, should the guy ask her if she wants a to-go box, or just not say anything at all?"
--Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

First of all, if the girl didn't eat too much, don't read into it too much. She most likely either wasn't hungry at the moment or she didn't like her food. If she wants a to-go box, she'll probably ask for one herself. Don't

worry about it if she doesn't.

"When some one's relationship status on Facebook goes from being in a relationship to single, how long should you wait before you make a move?"
--Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

That's a tricky situation. Sometimes it depends on the person you are perusing. People are very different from one another so times may vary.

The smartest thing to do would be to wait at least a week before you start talking to him or her in a more flirtatious way. This way you know if they're still single or possibly getting back together with their ex.

Just be careful, Facebook is not a good source of information. Sometimes people don't like to share their relationship statuses. Facebook could be wrong which could end up hurting you.

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Advice Column

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