

Word on the Hill "What class are you ready to be done with?"

By Inger Marie Furholt



"Database Management."

Hieu Trinh
business administration senior



"I only have one class, so I guess reading class."

Taylor Aldrich
early childhood education junior



"All of them."

Anna Lester
elementary education junior



"All of them."

Ericka Joiner
biology senior



"Italian class."

Jordyn Cossman
physical education freshman



"College Writing 2."

Verna Jokomo
history sophomore



"Observation."

Brady McFall
secondary education freshman



"Responsibilities for the Future."

Jamie Garrard
music senior



"History of Psychology."

Polina Dyadyk
psychology sophomore



"Class Piano."

William Rosson
music education sophomore



"College Writing."

Chad Dawson
secondary education freshman



"All of them."

Mary Requena
elementary education junior

Summer is crossroads between youth, adulthood



Samantha Gillis

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A balmy breeze brushing under your shirt strikes your sweat. The fresh summertime mood is about to pulse through your veins and release waves of bliss. Aw, what a feeling.

The first thing you might

have your bloodshot eyes set on is sleeping for days until the caffeine hangover dims. But then what? Okay, okay, most or all of us must acquire a full time job or two. But what about all that beautiful marvelous free time?

Inevitably some end up misjudging the length of the puddle and fall short of their summer aspirations, like myself. The illusion of limitless free time musters up some sort of overload button in my mind. When you tell a kid he has \$5 to spend at Toys-Rus, it's practically torture. I always want to fit every last hobby, trip and good time

into my summer. I want to visit every single old amigo, and ultimately overbook myself. Then the things I really wanted to do flutter away like unfastened seeds of a dandelion.

I don't want this summer to end with me brewing a b o u t e v e r y o u t r a g e o u s event I didn't partake in. I am going to wrestle with the idea of approaching my summer agenda from a different spectrum.

Personal Column

Let's see how it goes.

First off the word agenda is too prissy. Let's call it, sweet summertime debauchery. The problem is there's an overload of events or want-tos. I'm going to pick five or eight do-able items. The classic blissful ideas including soaking up the sun like a lizard, kickin' it with friends at the lake, hiking a trail or two, having a watermelon seed spitting contest and dominating, going on a frugal road trip, going to a wicked concert or of course the zoo.

Or perhaps summertime is really Dutch for spontaneous. Why else would the end

to every work day lead to an impulsive activity you and your friends conjure up? But we are supposed to be developing into young adults now that we are in college. Maybe we should take the initiative and do what an adult would do. If I were an adult, I'd surely take an extra course or learn how to be organized. I'd drink black coffee with one raised eyebrow and a cigar. That's what all of the adults I know do.

Here's a brief word of advice. There are a few adventure roads you should not venture down. Don't space travel to the moon

with crackers to find it's only made of nasty goat cheese. Don't put a cat in a dryer, or an oven, or a toaster oven, or a microwave or under a mattress. Just don't touch cats. Don't try to fit your whole fist in your mouth. Don't shave. Don't skinny dip in a lake with leeches when you aren't shaved. Don't pawn your valuable to a homeless man posing as Tom Hanks. Don't be afraid to experience a ShamWow. Don't ever, ever put recyclables in a trash can. I know from experience.

Whatever you do, don't waste your summer.

Each class takes lessons as they enter world

By Jessica Bernhardt
Managing editor

Can you believe it? There are only two more days of class and then a week of finals.

It seems like just yesterday we were pulling out new notebooks and griping at the cost of textbooks in the book store. Remember the beginning of the year when everyone (well, almost) followed curfew and visitation rules in fear of getting a violation? Those days are long gone.

Isn't it funny to think about where the time has gone? Wasn't it just last month when everyone gathered around the bottom of the 77 for SC After Dark activities? And wasn't Homecoming just a few months ago? It sure seems like it. And what about SC Christmas? Wasn't that just last month? The thought may leave many of us wondering where, in fact, the time has gone.

For the underclassmen, another year, or two or three awaits you. For graduating

seniors there's just a week. In a week, the daunting reality of being launched into the real world comes into play.

Underclassmen have the advantage of not having to worry if their cap and gown fit, or if they made sure to invite the important professors to their reception. They don't have to worry about figuring out what to do for the rest of their lives yet. And they sure don't have to worry about all those bills.

Editorial

But what they do get is more memories with college friends. They get to attend more Stau Baus, Homecomings and Movie Nights. Aside from all the fun they have yet to have, there will be papers and projects due, and the occasional boring class to sit through.

For seniors all the college fun and Late Night Breakfast and Bingos and Casino Nights are gone. It's goodbye to the cafeteria food and

the overwhelming walk up the 77. The Mound will be just a distant memory in our minds.

Some seniors might take on the challenge of attending graduate school. Others will enter the work force. The time has come. Isn't it exciting to look back over the years and wonder where that time has gone? And better yet, wonder what the days, weeks, months and years ahead have left to bring?

So all you freshmen, sophomores and juniors – cherish

the time you have left. Before you know it, you'll be wondering if your cap and gown are going to fit and you'll be anticipating the long-awaited walk across the stage to get your diploma.

And seniors – be proud of where you came from. Show off your Jinx license plate with pride and pull out a Purple Storm t-shirt every now and again.

Jessica Bernhardt is a senior majoring in journalism. You may e-mail her at jessica.bernhardt@sckans.edu.



A black Speedo was found in Beech Science Center, please see Debbie in Beech 106 to claim. • I think you're addicted to Sonic. • Do you always drink from the toilet? • I HAD A PERFECTLY CLEAN DREAM ABOUT SKIING. • Once upon a time there was a lady named Kathleen who lived in a very boring village called Gopoka •

Chesticles? That's a new one. • A deer ran into my aunt's vehicle in an Arby's parking lot. • He was a big Christian leader about 2,009 years ago. Yes that is ironic. • I do not have a big mouth. • No one will listen to me when I say that coal plants will be environmentally . . . • HDTV makes people look wrinklier than they do in real life. • That is product placement. • What do you mean by saying I would be the feather duster if I were in "Beauty and the Beast?" • Someone apparently sneezed all over the men's restroom wall in the basement of Christy. • TURN OFF YOUR BRIGHTS. My mom totally completely freaks out when she hears the word boob. • We should have a twin birthday party with gourd drinks. • I wish I had a really smart twin, at least during finals week. • WHAT'S WITH ALL THESE CATS? • The Swine flu is that like the new black death?

Have something on your mind? Want to just share a laugh? Frustrated about something? Here's your chance. A forum is available online at w3.sckans.edu/forms/collegian for you to post your thoughts. It is 100 percent anonymous, so say anything you please!

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