

Word on the Hill

How many pairs of shoes do you own?

By Darius Hopkins



"Seventy-six give or take."

Amanda Beadle
Head athletic trainer



"Twenty."

JoAnna Ellsworth
biochemistry
freshman



"Forty-five."

Krystal Tyree
athletic training
junior



"Twentyish."

Kindell Copeland
athletic training
junior



"Eight."

Jess Maddox
business
administration
junior



"Fortyish."

Kelli Florio
athletic training
freshman



"Eight."

Lauren Moser
elementary
education
sophomore



"One pair and one pair of boots."

Nick Crawley
athletic training
junior



"Thirty."

Megan Martin
biology
junior



"Like five."

Stuart Ballard
business
administration
sophomore



"A lot, 30."

Kim Kellogge
athletic training
freshman



"Thirty-six."

Thaddeus Carrena
business
administration
junior

Worry, anxiety put demons at bay



Anthony Cook

I received an e-mail this week saying that following this semester, I would be an hour short of graduating.

After all the work done in the course of four years, I would need more. I've taken 18 hours three consecutive semesters and followed IQ Web closely to see what I needed to graduate, but I'd made a mistake somewhere. Those were the immediate

thoughts that ran through my head. I'm naturally clumsy, so a mistake wouldn't be too far fetched.

Thankfully, it was an error that happened somewhere along the way. I received the e-mail at 2 p.m. By the closing of office hours that day the problem was shored up. I will graduate on time as expected.

But it didn't do much to put my mind at ease. Even with that problem out of the way I'm still constantly thinking of other things that will come up.

I love this place. Anyone that knows me will say the same thing about me. But I'm ready to move on. It's

time for a real job. It's time to see if what I've learned is good enough to cut it.

There are so many booby traps lurking for seniors in college. It's easy to miss a meeting here or there. My second week in May is full of meetings and important celebrations. I don't even know if I have to go to them all. What is bachelorette anyways?

I'll be too busy that week anyway. I need to make sure I've applied for graduation again. I've checked several times, but I want to make sure it's off the list. It sounds kind of funny to be honest. In the real world, only a few

people are accepted in the application process. I hope that's not the case in college. What if my application is denied?

And as, for my cap and gown, well want to make sure that fits the day of graduation. It looks huge. I'm afraid it won't. I'm also afraid I'll trip on it when I'm walking through the graduation line to get my diploma. And lord knows I'm not going to try it on before the day. That just sounds like bad luck to me. Instead I'll hope that it all works out well during graduation.

Those things keep my mind off more serious things like student loans. The forecast for the job market is so

gloomy. I'm rolling the dice on a few situations and hoping that they go through. If not then what? I had a good friend in high school who claimed that once he got out of college he wasn't going to pay back his student loans. His claim: "They can't take away your education."

Something tells me there are things the government could do to get their money back, but currently his reasoning seems pretty sound to me.

All these distractions keep getting in my way. They keep making me over think the situation. I know I've been worrying too much. Life has a way of working itself out.

I'm sure the day will arrive

and everything will go well. "Pomp and Circumstance" will play and my mom will cry and I might too.

I'll get my diploma and the work will be worth it. Four years of work and maturing will become evident

And some of the greatest people that I've ever met and known will be a part of my life for the last time. Some I'll keep in touch with. And some I'll fall out of touch with. I'll promise them all that I will. And I'll break some promises along the way.

So you see. There's a reason for all this worrying. It keeps the facts at bay. In some ways, that e-mail that I might not graduate was the best news of the week.

Personal Column

Editorial

Music Review

Inexperienced rule shattering makes for excitement

By Paige Carswell
Staff reporter

It starts early, way back before we enter kindergarten.

Teachers draw up cute little signs that let us know what to do and what not to do in an array of bright colors.

From that point on, those rules hover over us like an overbearing mother.

The few rebels in the class would gather admiration when they ran in the hall-

ways, cut in line and talked during "quiet time."

However, the rest of us who seemed physically unable to break any kind of rule at all without bursting into tears knew it would be a long, boring road ahead of us.

We were the ones who wouldn't dare go to recess without getting all of our homework done for that day—the ones who honestly wouldn't cheat at Heads Up, Seven Up.

We graduated from the D.A.R.E. program, honestly believing that thinking about drinking a beer would make us get sick and die.

It's not that it's such a bad thing, in retrospect, to follow the rules, but if you've ever been the person who never gets to be "it" in Heads Up Seven Up and can't figure out how everyone else seems to know who tagged them, then you know what it's like to be the

"good kid."

Rules are meant to be broken. It's a common cliché, but we're almost forced to follow it to get by in the world. Go one mile per hour under the speed limit (key word: limit) and the guy behind us is honking, waving his fist and telling us to die.

A lot of new and exciting things happen because rules get broken. For example, if Kurt Cobain hadn't been so

intensively into drugs, who knows whether or not he would have been such a hit in the music genre?

Vincent van Gogh was a notorious alcoholic, and he created some of the most famous paintings known to man.

For some of us, though, those rules are there to hinder all of the exciting things we want to do.

No matter how much we want to drag main at a million miles per hour or even get drunk to go to class and express our artistic brilliance,

the authorities around don't appreciate it a whole lot.

Obviously, doing illegal drugs and drinking underage aren't the answers to all of our problems.

Maybe, though, we could feel a rush of freedom almost equal to that of some of our most rebellious kindergarten classmates if we at least cheated at our next game of Monopoly.

Paige Carswell is a sophomore majoring in journalism. You may e-mail her at paige.carswell@sckans.edu.

McBride 'shines' for all types of audience

By Inger Marie Furbolt
Features editor

After releasing her 10th studio album, there is no doubt that her voice is as great as ever. Martina McBride released her new album "Shine" March 24.

The album, consisting of 11 new songs, is a not merely a strong album, it's amazing.

A personal favorite would be the song "Lies." This song is a tale of misleading someone and lying about one's feelings.

The songs are all played with acoustic guitar and piano. I'd say the whole album is a country album, mixed in with a little bit of rock and pop. Even if not a country fan, however, the lyrics are strong and have deep meaning, even when one simply reads the lyrics.

Also, if in love, the album contains many love songs, or break up songs, it all depends on how you read the song. There are always the songs that people read between the lines for, and perceive differ-

ent meanings out of. This album gives you the opportunity to do so.

The songs can have different meaning to different people, depending on where you're at in life, who you are and what you are doing.

The only song I didn't like on the album would be the song "Ride." It is a catchy song, and her voice sounds good, but there's something about it that doesn't fit into the rest of the album. That is

personal opinion though after the critics seem to like it. As for an overall review, I'd say Martina McBride has done it again. The country-rock-pop album is something many would enjoy if that's the music they're interested in.

There's always room for a singer with a great voice, it will never get old, which is why this album is another successful one.

Inger Marie Furbolt is a sophomore majoring in journalism. You may e-mail her at inger.furbolt@sckans.edu.

Random Thoughts from the editor

•I admire penguins. They make clashing colors look so good. I can appreciate that.

•When I look for a possible candidate to date, I always try to find a woman who is handy with a thesaurus. You never know when you're go-

ing to need to find a good synonym or antonym.

•One of my goals in life is to get my picture taken with the Kool-Aid mascot. He's always so chipper looking. That's a hero our youth should start to notice.

•Abraham Lincoln is unique to me. He's considered one of the greatest American President's. He also had one of the greatest beards in America's history.

That folks is what makes a true icon.

•Every time I try to make up a new sport I always end up combining two previously existing sports. In my head it sounds very worthwhile to mix soccer and badminton together.

•Have you heard about the guy who grew a five centimeter tree in his lung? It's crazy stuff. You should seriously Google it.

•Printers never seem to agree with me. I always have bad luck with them.

•I'm going to name my children after numbers.

•I have commonly underestimated the table of contents in any book. Truth be told, they often have very valuable information in them.

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