

Word on the Hill

What is your dream car?

By Inger Marie Furholt



"Trans Am."

Caitlynn French
teathre
sophomore



"I want a Maserati."

Charles Wells
sport management
senior



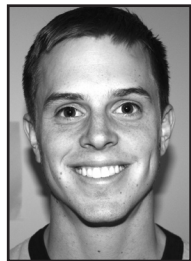
"Bugatti Veyron."

Hieu Trinh
business
administration
senior



"A lime-green Volkswagen Beetle convertible from 1978."

Mandy Bostwick
elementary education
freshman



"Dodge Viper."

Aaron Duell
philosophy & religious
studies
sophomore



"A Maserati."

DJ Wilson
business administration
junior



"Chevy Camaro, the 2010 model."

Jason Bond
history
sophomore



"Any Viper."

Rachel Ratcliffe
biology
freshman



"Dodge Viper."

Alex Hutchins
business administration
junior



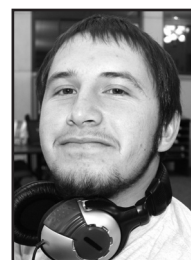
"Mustang convertible."

Erica Dunigan
communication
freshman



"I own it. '63 Thunderbird. I just wish it worked."

Mandy Bever
biology
junior



"Civic Coupe."

Tony Lara
computer science
senior

Memories can be as vivid as old movies



Brian Nelson

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Friends are the people wanted in life. Families are the people needed in life. Yet there are those who discard their families like an old VHS tape. After all, with DVDs, no one needs dusty old VHS tapes.

My aunt and uncle used to live around the corner and down the street. I was lucky to have three cousins within walking distance, not to men-

tion their private swimming pool. In the summer, if my sisters, brother and I weren't at their house, they were at ours. They were more like siblings than cousins. The typical quarrels were included, along with a whirlwind of cannon ball splashes, hide-and-seek, kite flights, sleepovers and, of course, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.

Press the fast-forward button, and see how time alters people.

One of my cousins grew away from the family. He's still a great guy, but would rather spend his time with friends. This Easter, he spent the holiday with a friend. His absence at the dinner table is not unusual. For other holidays, he might make an ap-

pearance for dinner, but once the food is gone, so is he.

I once heard that the people we love most are those we know the least. Though I know everything about my cousin, he really is a stranger to me.

We used to talk all the time, now we're lucky to catch a glimpse of each other.

Of course, people do change and grow, but this does not mean they should cut off their roots.

I know several people who had to spend Easter in their dorms, while others chose too. They're in college, they're on their own, and

they're free. "Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah," and all that jazz. This is the college experience, the time to fly away. It is the time when old VCRs are cashed in for DVD players, or even better, Blue-ray players.

There's always an upgrade, after all, we would not be able to magnify every pore and wrinkle on the human face without upgrading to high-definition. We need high-definition. We need to see those wrinkles and we need new friends.

Who cares if the old friends have always been there? And as for the family, they're obsolete.

We are at a stage in life where some will choose to forget the way home. They

may regret it.

One day, home will call. Yet home may have an empty silence, for the people who were left there may be gone. Maybe they moved away, or maybe they moved on. Either way, their shadows are the only things left behind. For a while, those shadows dance within the walls, but over time, those shadows will fade.

Time has a funny way of fading things. Maybe we should decide what is important in life before we allow it to fade.

Friends are the people wanted in life. We choose them. They are people we relate and socialize with. Families are the people needed in life. When times are hard, we

naturally yearn for our roots, our family. Some friendships are easily broken, though a family may also break, they are never entirely separated. We were at a place with our families for a reason. Maybe we should acknowledge them.

If only life had a rewind button. I would seek days when my cousin and I took couch cushions and went sledding on the stairway. Then I would pause, and make sure never to forget the way we laughed. Until then, I can only rewind and pause the old family movies, still on VHS. I'll wait as the reels spin and suddenly halt with that old familiar "click," which means that it is time to press play again.

Personal Column

Editorial

Inventors' imaginations appeal to consumers

By Anthony Cook
Editor in chief

If it can be dreamed it can be conceived. This has become the American inventor's creed.

The term "inventor" is being used liberally. It can include an engineer, a conductor, a writer or a technologist.

Take a step back and look at what's around you today. Ten years ago, there's a good chance it wasn't in use. New products, and improvements to those existing ones, have

reshaped the way we live. Maps aren't good enough anymore. Now we must have GPS to get us from one place to another.

Of course, even inventions that weren't around 10 years ago are being reinvented today. That GPS unit used to be big and bulky. Now it can fit in the palm of your hand or within the likes of your cell phone.

Take a date out to the movies and you'll see recreations of things that don't seem possible. Explosions and destructions of huge buildings

can be done with the help of Computer Generated Imagery (CGI). No stick of dynamite needs to be lit in Hollywood to create a 4th of July worthy spectacle.

But at what point does the imagination become too far-fetched?

The American economy has been a hot topic the past six months. The stock market has taken a major hit. Retirement funds are disappearing at an alarming rate. The U.S.

and its citizens may have to come to terms with a standard of living that is far from what we have been exposed to.

With each new invention and improvement to the last, the American citizen is faced with the decision to upgrade. Hi Def television is a good example of this. With this new advent, consumers have decided to make room for the increases in the society standard. These products are obviously better overall. They offer the cutting edge of technology, which some-

times translates to a far superior product.

With each purchase, the life we live becomes more robust and full of gadgets and gizmos that once weren't thought to be possible.

So now, we are faced with changing that standard. But can we do it now? After living life with iPods, Blackberrys, Hi Def, Blu Ray and all the other frills that have worked their way into most households in the U.S., is this the area that we plan to

scale back on?

Currently, it doesn't look like it. Extras and add-ons are treated like necessities. Households across the board might continue to have the latest, greatest and trendy appliances. We must, after all, keep up with our neighbors.

And that's what makes this country a great place for inventors.

Anthony cook is a senior majoring in communication. You may e-mail him at anthony.cook@sckans.edu

Movie howls with monstrous humor

By Samantha Gillis
Features editor

Monday you feel rejuvenated. By Wednesday you can feel a daunting presence looming. And once the word Friday digitally emerges on your phone, it's too late, the presence also known as stress has begun to suffocate you like cotton balls in your lungs. Now that your brain is the consistency of cottage cheese, how might your lethargic body boost up? Revert back to childhood perhaps? Why certainly.

"Monster vs. Aliens," produced by DreamWorks Pictures, came out March 27. I was shaky on seeing a non-classic cartoon.

The classic Disney movies such as "Bambi," "Little Mermaid," "Lion King" and "Beauty and the Beast" have yet to be surpassed by any recent cartoon movies in my

mind. So like a weary, loyal, old man is faithful to his Perkins, I entered the theater.

Being that it was 3D, I automatically boosted its status. The movie begins with a traditional love story where

Susan Murphy (Reese Witherspoon) is getting married to her "dream man," Derek Dietl (Paul Rudd.) The picture perfect wedding is headed toward the inferno when right before Susan walks into the church she is struck by a meteorite. She absorbs an alien substance called quantonium, causing her to grow to monumental size, with strength to match.

From here the movie develops into a flick that boys and girls would be gripped by. Susan then meets her side kicks—Dr.Cockroach, Ph.D.

(Hugh Laurie). He is notably the brains of the bunch. The missing link, or Link (Will Arnett), aspires to be the brawn. Insectosaurus makes noises and flies. He's like the protective airplane. Then of course there's B.O.B. (Seth Rogan) a lovable, spacey blob. I don't want to give away much more, because that was the most enthralling part—waiting for the mystery to unfold. But the plot did a good job making a hybrid between the typical story line and a fresh one.

What I loved most about this film is that the main character was a heroin.

With no man there to save her, it showed women can be strong, independent and save the world without looking like a female dog. Also it didn't end with, well, a happy love story.

The movie had me cracking up several times, espe-

cially with B.O.B.'s dimwitted remarks. He reminded me of Brick in "Anchorman." Some of its humor mirrored Disney's style because there were adult jokes that even a college student dubbed child could understand.

Before I could hear the sticky sound of people exiting the theater I had concluded the movie was adorably awesome. It had brought me back to my glorious younger years, and the blissful content you feel when homework, relationships, roommates and pressures aren't adding stones to your fountain of stress.

For a good 90 minutes of frivolous entertainment, I think \$7.50 is mere child's play.

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The Collegian is the official student newspaper of Southwestern College of Winfield, Kansas. It is published on a weekly basis and distributed on Wednesdays during the fall and spring semesters. News contributions will be accepted by sending an e-mail to: collegian@sckans.edu or campus mail addressed to: The Collegian, Southwestern College, 100 College Street, Winfield, KS 67156. Editorials are written by Collegian staff members and do not necessarily represent the views of The Collegian or Southwestern College. Letters to the editor are encouraged. To be published, letters must be verified, either with a signature or some other means of identifying the writer. All letters accepted are subject to editing. Subscription rates: first copy free to students, faculty and visitors to Southwestern College and \$35 per school year mailed.

