

Word on the Hill

How many hours of sleep do you get on an average night?

By Inger Marie Furholt



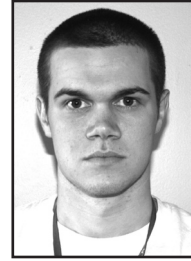
"Probably six or seven."
Arden Moon
business freshman



"Seven to eight."
Jordan Unruh
nursing sophomore



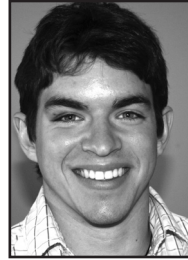
"I get about eight and a half."
Katy Raybern
biology senior



"Five."
Wyatt Frederick Norris
marine biology freshman



"If I'm lucky, 12."
Morgan Stacy
chemistry sophomore



"During the week seven hours."
Jacob McGuire
undecided freshman



"I try for eight or nine, I don't like staying up late on school nights."
Kelsey Milburn
marine biology senior



"About 10 hours."
Colby Segraves
physical education senior



"Six."
Elyse Byram
philosophy & religious studies junior



"Six and a half."
Emma Kennedy
biology sophomore



"Five."
Kylie Stone
philosophy & religious studies junior



"I would say about eight hours."
Kimberly Rousseau
marine biology sophomore

Facebook status baits stalkers



Paige Carswell

It's frightening how much I know about people I don't usually talk to. I don't know them because I'm on the newspaper staff or because I'm super creepy and stalk them on Facebook. I know all about them because every single time I log into Facebook, I now see a live feed

full of bitter status updates, raging hormones and (even scarier) at least 10 people telling me and everyone else on Facebook their exact location. After I (and everyone else on campus) received an e-mail last Tuesday from Dawn Pleas-Bailey, vice president for student life, about stalker(s) on campus, I was sure that the updates saying, "Hello. I'm in the library until 10. Please kidnap me," would stop. But it seems nothing has changed in the land of Facebook, except for now when people post their whereabouts and

feelings, the feed is live. Live. As in right now. Facebook is a system to follow friends, and to be followed. Call it nosy, but you could call it a less biased way to find out that two people have decided to get hitched or call it off. It's the information without your all-knowing cousin saying, "See? I told you it would never last." It's a good idea, but like every good idea, there's a point where it can be taken overboard, even when people

aren't attempting to share information with others. Even if your profile is private, you can't control who is going to see what you posted on your friend's wall when they have 500 different friends than you do. In the film "The Jerk" with Steve Martin, a man whose world has turned against him has decided to take his frustration out on random people. He takes a phone book, closes his eyes, flips it open and stabs a random name with a pencil. It may sound far-fetched, but at least that guy had to try to find his. People have sac-

rificed any sense of privacy on Facebook, adding anyone who wants to "friend" them, whether they know them or not. It's like stalker heaven. But if half of the people on Facebook are endangering their lives, the other half is endangering my health. If I look at one more status talking about how "in love" someone is or how much they hate their ex-boyfriend, I might throw up. I know your life is traumatic, and I know you like your friends to visit you at the library. On the other hand, if you don't want every single person in the world to read every

single detail of your life and then discuss it with everyone else, then why put it out for everyone to see? But no worries. Together, we can fix this dilemma. I have a suggestion for you, you and you. Go home. Talk to your parents. Convince them to get Facebook, and then add them as a friend. Now, when you start posting your distraught status updates, you'll at least have someone to talk to. Also, give your friends your phone number. Then instead of posting "is going for a run in the dark, alone" you can just call instead.

Clicking cancel can break negative habits

By Brian Nelson
Copy editor

What if all the negative instant messages and texts you have ever written about other people, suddenly reached that person? Would you have meant every word? Most likely you would discover yourself with far fewer friends. Everyone talks behind everyone else's back. Don't

deny it, because you do too. Roommates can be the most annoying people in the world. Some wait to do their homework until the early hours of the morning. Others refuse to get jobs and constantly whine about not having any money, and "borrow" money from all their friends. Then there are bathroom hogs, roommates who sing – off tune – all the time and of course roommates who tend

to have more gas than the nearby filling station. However, roommates can also be a best friend. They listen to the woes of your day and offer their advice. They make sure you get out of bed when your alarm fails to sound and they will not allow you to enter into public domain with cookie crumbs all

over your face. Yet we tend to remember all the negative habits of the people we live with. Not only that, but we make sure to share them with everyone else. So what if? What if your cell phone malfunctioned and sent every negative text you ever made to all your friends? What about to your instructors? Instructors are here to pass on their knowledge to a new

generation. They have a passion to learn and to share what they have learned during their lifetime. When they push a student to their full potential, it is not because they dislike the student, it's because they want them to succeed. Yet, rumors still fly around campus about all the terrible slave-driving instructors, because they might make the class open a book, or even worse, discuss what was inside of it. You are paying for a college education. Pursue one. And remember, your instruc-

tors and professors were once in your shoes. They know what it is like to work on assignments until 4:30 in the morning. And no, they don't conspire together to make all their assignments due at the same time. So the next time you're sending a text, e-mail or instant message. Stop and think. If it's not something you would say to that person's face, click cancel. Brian Nelson is a junior majoring in English. You may e-mail him at brian.nelson@sckans.edu.

Rudd takes limelight in 'I Love You, Man'

By Anthony Cook
Editor in chief

You knew it would happen at some point. With 65 acting credits, he was due for a little bit of the limelight. "I Love You, Man" is the breakout role that Paul Rudd was looking for. He thrust himself into the comedy scene as Brian Fantana in "Anchorman." Subsequent roles in "The 40 Year Old Virgin," "Knocked Up" and "Role Models" showed that he wasn't just a flash in the pan. But he was missing something on his resume. He needed the lead role. "I Love You, Man" is a comedy that might not have you laughing as loud as you might have in those other flicks. Rudd plays Peter Klaven, a young realtor on the cusp of great success on the west coast. Klaven has just proposed to his girl friend Zooney, played by relatively unknown Rashida Jones. The two are madly in love and Zooney has a host of friends

she can't wait to dial up. Klaven, on the other hand, isn't so itchy to call up his best friends. That's because he doesn't really have any best friends. That's where the real meat and potatoes of the movie lie. Klaven soon becomes embarrassed that he has no real male friends besides a few casual guys he fences with. This film doesn't rely much on vulgarity. There's no nudity or sex. I don't really even recall the F bomb being dropped. It finds its comedy in different methods. Rudd's awkwardness is unmatched. He tries to fit in with his fiancée's friend's husband but has little success. He tries his hand at poker and drinking with that group of guys but to no luck. The result is a light hearted and uncomfortable situational comedy. He stutters his way through conversation with many would-be friends, he takes advice from his gay brother because he thinks he

might understand men better and he deals with idiotic coworkers who are trying to take jobs from him. All the while, Rudd does a fine job of making these situations seem realistic. The film is filled with moments where you think, "Oh yeah, I remember when that happened to me." Rudd does eventually find a friend he really connects with. Jason Segel steps in and plays the role of Sydney Fife, a mysterious slacker who likes to have fun and relax with the guys. Fife's charm is hard not to like in the film. His pick up lines scream cheesy, but I doubt most women could turn down such an up front and harmless persona.

The two work well throughout the film and the climactic scene is refreshingly light-hearted. The film also showcases a great ensemble cast. Jaime Pressly, Jon Favreau, Aziz Ansari and even Lew Ferrigno make appearances. All with unique and well developed characters. "I Love You, Man" was a fun watch. It'd be fun with a date. It'd be fun with a good friend. It'd even be fun by yourself on a Sunday afternoon. This comedy is money well spent. And it's just what Paul Rudd needed. Anthony Cook is a senior majoring in communication. You may e-mail him at anthony.cook@sckans.edu.

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Movie Review

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