

Word on the Hill

What's your favorite thing about Winfield?

By Anthony Cook and Nate Jones



"Southwestern College."

Tanner McNinch
biology
junior



"The homeless guy that sits at the park."

Blake Ridgeway
biology and nursing
senior



"I really love the Christy Building."

Daniela Giugea
business
sophomore



"I don't know."

Jeff Smith
physical education
junior



"Why Southwestern College of course."

Genaye Domenico
marine biology
sophomore



"Island Park."

Jamie Harkness
biology
sophomore



"McDonald's."

Jordy Train
business marketing
sophomore



"The community feel."

Jacey Cullop
biology
junior



"It's not too big. It's a good size."

Rosalina Valdovinos
undecided
sophomore



"Everyone's nice."

Daniel Forsyth
computer science
freshman



"The small-town atmosphere."

Courtney Putnam
athletic training
sophomore



"The active community."

John Crosser III
theatre
junior

Random Thoughts from the editor

- Making pretzels seems like a job that I would not like.
- I see people with "flip" phones and "slide" phones. I've even seen some that have a keyboard. I want to thwart them all with a phone that corrects me when I have bad diction.
- Sometimes I like to go to costume parties dressed as something obvious like Ronald McDonald. When people say, "Oh, you're Ronald McDonald!" I tell them I'm in fact not Ronald McDonald. There's really no punchline to that one, it's just a habit I have.
- Tandem bikes? Is there really a feasible need for these? Even the least clumsy of people wobble and weave their way to embarrassment on these.
- Someone needs to create left on red.
- The other day I was out antique shopping for an original Declaration of Independence. I came away with what I thought to be a steal, only to find out it was only a rough draft. I really hate when things like that aren't authentic.

From campus to career, life is at crossroads



Kenna Corley

When I was a senior in high school, I knew exactly what I wanted to do in college. I was going to attend a junior college for two years, then go to an art school for interior design. I had it all planned out.

Well I went to the junior college, but only for one year. My best friend came to me the end of our freshman year and convinced me to change my plan. We both realized that we weren't experiencing college like we had wanted so we needed a change.

On our first visit to Southwestern, we fell in love with the campus and community. We felt better already.

But after the first week of classes, I was starting to think I made the wrong decision. The classes weren't what

I thought they'd be and I didn't see how this was going to help me on my journey to becoming an interior designer. I found myself questioning my decision and where my life was going.

But even with my doubts, I didn't give up.

I was having more fun than I thought was possible and making new friends almost every day. My spirits were high and life was good.

The following two years had their ups and downs but I was still enjoying life. Enjoying it so much that I wasn't thinking about what I was going to do when it was over. The real world.

Now, I only have two months of college left. As much as I hate thinking about my future and growing up, I

can't put it off any longer.

With this chapter coming to close, it provides a perfect opportunity to get back to my original plan. I applied to a school for interior design. I would finally make my dream a reality.

But nothing comes easy.

A job opportunity came up that puts these past three years of hard work to good use. Not only would I be getting paid, I would be doing something that I've grown to love.

So how do you make such a big decision? How do you choose the path to take? Should you listen to what other people suggest? How do they know what's best for you?

I could go to school for

another two years or I could enter the career world. Both opportunities have their strengths and weaknesses. Either choice will affect the direction my life goes.

Normally with life-changing decisions, I turn to my mom for the answer. But as I am getting older, I can't depend on my mother or my friends or my professors to tell me what I should do. I have to learn to trust myself.

Nobody knows what their future holds. When you're at a crossroads in your life, how do you decide which way to go? Nobody knows you better than yourself so when the questions arise, listen to your head and listen to your heart. They ultimately know what's best for you and will lead you down the right path.

- Vests are stupid to me. They are supposed to keep me warm, but they have no arms. That doesn't scream "keeps you warm" to me. That tells me they are a fashion statement. Which leads me to my next point, vests are a horrible example of fashion.
- I've lived in Kansas my entire life and have only recently found out that the original Icee was first made in Coffeyville. I feel like I've gone 22 years without really being proud of my state.
- The first known contraceptive was crocodile dung. The Egyptians came up with this method. I don't care how impressive the pyramids are, that makes them stupid in my book.
- I bet really pale skinned people who live on the equator are outcasts.
- It's so funny to see dogs hide when you have a vacuum cleaner running. They're just so scared.
- The other day I asked someone why they were dressed up. They said because they just got back from a funeral. Boy did I feel low.
- My dad always tells me, "A-pints-a-pound-the-world-around." I'm still looking for a use for that great insight.

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

If only we could be 10 years old again. The toughest decision we would have had to make was what outfit to put on Barbie or how high to build a ramp for our bike. Unfortunately, we have to grow up. Each year brings more challenges and bigger decisions than the last. And no matter what, the plans we make usually end up changing.

Looking presentable in classroom should become priority

By Brian Nelson
Staff reporter

A wedgie is the process of having one's underwear, or similar undergarments, "wedged" in an upward manner between the buttocks. Keep this fact in mind.

Everyone has a little nut in them. Those recalling Planters' Mr. Peanut mascot, the one with the creepy arms and legs, have recalled the wrong nut. Though, he has a very sleek pair of shoes and classy hat to match. The nut in talks is from your favorite "Peanut Gang."

Perhaps you're Charlie Brown, always managing to win everyone's heart, even though a rain cloud follows

you around. Maybe you're the intellectual Linus, the problem solver or just the crabby, bossy, selfish, know-it-all Lucy.

None of the above? Perhaps you're Pigpen, happily messy, walking around in a cloud of dust. This campus is crawling with Pigpens. Students don't care what they look like. They pull on a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt on

Monday, and wear a similar ensemble Tuesday, then again on Wednesday. Just assume the same unwashed ensemble is not worn everyday. Some call this the "athletic look," others point to the word

"slob" in the dictionary.

Girls tie their hair into ponytails, not sleek, but messy "cool" ponytails. In reality, this hairstyle looks like a finch tried to nest on someone's head. These ponytails are just as "cool" as guys walking around with their boxers purposely visible. This popularity slipped out because someone was caught walking around with their underwear hanging out. Instead of tucking SpongeBob Squarepants safely back behind their zipper, they lazily let him hang. How "cool." Honestly, no one wants to see dirty underwear.

An over-imagined solution would be the installation

of a wedgie machine in the halls. Thus, the current fad would surely fade. If only. A real solution would be for people to take more pride in themselves. What feels comfortable may be an eyesore. Others have to look at you. This sounds harsh, but is a fact.

College students shouldn't have to be told how to dress. Instructors may not take students seriously when the look like they fell out of bed and groggily rolled into class. Those who don't take pride in themselves, take little pride in anything else.

A pair of blue jeans and clean shirt is the bare necessity. Save the sweats for the gym.

The world is crawling with Pigpens. There's also plenty of Lucys, a few Charlie Browns and an occasional extraordinary beagle.

Just remember, no one wants to be around Pigpen, while Charlie Brown always wins the heart. Sure, he can be spotted miles away in his yellow polo with black zigzag, but he's still our favorite "Peanut."

Brian Nelson is a junior majoring in English. You may e-mail him at brian.nelson@sckans.edu.

'Way to Normal' is long road for Folds

By Ryan Kane
Staff reporter

For those who haven't followed Ben Folds since 1995 he is best known for his melodic piano-based rock. His work with "Ben Folds Five" carries a goofy, yet sometimes cold nature, and his independent material takes this to a new level. On "Way to Normal," Folds starts to shed his previous identity that myself and others know him for.

He instead reveals a true human being with some serious struggles, all the while leaving that hint of quirkiness that his fan love him for. Recently divorced, it appears Folds uses this album to reveal some of his feelings.

"Way to Normal," released Sept. 30, contains 12 tracks. The opening track is titled "Hiroshima (B B B Benny Hit His Head)," which has an undeniably egotistical tone, yet it is memorable, and provides a strong opening.

The album begins to stray from traditional Folds in "The Frown Song" and "Dr. Yang." I found both of these tracks less memorable and more difficult to keep in my playlist. These tracks contradict what makes Folds great in my perspective. He is definitely at his best when he displays humility and let's his guard down. That's when his artistic talent shows.

The track "You Don't Know Me," a duet with Regina Spektor, is the first track that made me think that Folds' style is capable of writing great songs as he has previously. It's my personal favorite on the album, and it's likely to be the album's best single.

Folds slows the pace on "Cologne" and "Kylie From Connecticut." Both reveal an emotional and deeper look at what's going on in Ben's head in light of recent events. Those two tracks are the most vulnerable Folds gets on the album.

The faster paced, more humorous tracks like "Free Coffee," and "Bitch Went Nuts" finds a comfortable balance between expressing

his feelings and comedy.

If this really is a transitional phase for Folds, and he's trying to become "normal," I hope that he realizes that it won't come without a cost. Truthfully, I deemed the album as a whole unworthy of purchasing after the first listen, but that's probably because it throws a lot of variety at you.

After I listened to it several more times, I've had a change of heart. Because of the experimentation and slightly abrasive nature of some of the songs, it takes maybe a couple rounds of listening to really get attached to it.

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