

Word on the Hill

How do you handle stress at the end of the semester?

By Samantha Gillis



"Herbal remedies."

Emma Kennedy
biology
freshman



"Drink."

John Richmond
biology
junior



"I stay away from Bill DeArmond and Tom Jacobs."

Blake Carter
communication
sophomore



"Sleep."

George McNitt
sports
management
freshman



"Find situations to do nothing."

Sean Nelson
specialized
ministry
graduate



"By making plenty of time to hang out with friends."

Nathan Buchmueller
physics
junior



"I don't really stress about finals. Either they are good or they are bad. There's nothing you can do."

Leigha Foley
business
administration
sophomore



"I sleep a lot, try not to procrastinate, and finish assignments early."

Krystal Tyree
athletic
training
junior



"By avoiding stress and hanging out with friends."

Jacqueline Nutsch
elementary
education
senior



"I listen to a lot of music and track practice helps."

Brandon Hessing
sports
management
senior

Regulations for safety, not discrimination

By Jessica Bernhardt
Copy editor

Hepatitis. Herpes. HIV/AIDS. Mad Cow Disease. Malaria. Sickle Cell. Syphilis. Tuberculosis.

Imagine preparing to have surgery. A blood transfusion takes place.

Seven years later you are diagnosed with any one of the diseases listed. And all of that could have been prevented had the American Red Cross denied access to a blood donor who had a possible risk of carrying the disease.

In fact, they do.

If you are at risk of infection from any one of those diseases you cannot donate blood.

The American Red Cross and the Food and Drug Administration have established rules and eligibility guidelines to prevent this.

It is not to discriminate. It is to ensure safety for those who will be receiving your blood.

We all have friends or know people who are gay or lesbian. But that doesn't mean you want their blood, especially if they are sexually active—which means they have a higher risk of carrying HIV.

A student at Winfield High School was not allowed to donate blood last fall. He was turned away. He was denied the opportunity to help save a life because he was openly gay. In an attempt to gain respect, he

and gay rights supporters protested last week. They wore rainbow stickers – an emblem of gay pride – on their clothing to protest the rules of the American Red Cross.

The American Red Cross has a clause in their eligibility guidelines that reads, "You should not give blood if you have AIDS or have ever had a positive HIV test, or if you have done something that puts you at risk for becoming infected with HIV." This statement includes males who have "had sexual contact with another male, even once, since 1977."

The guidelines were revised May 24, 2007, and are enforced

by the Food and Drug Administration. The FDA believes that contamination of blood is more common in homosexuals and can easily be avoided by not allowing them to give blood.

HIV/AIDS is not only spread through homosexuals. According to webmd.com, a person can get HIV when an infected person's body fluids enter his or her bloodstream. This can range from body fluids such as semen, blood, fluid from the vagina, or breast milk. Webmd.com states that "The virus can enter the blood through linings in the mouth, anus, or sex organs (the penis and vagina), or through broken skin."

Both men and women can get and spread the virus.

The issue at stake is not the fact that a homosexual was denied the opportunity to give blood. The issue is also reducing risks.

The American Red Cross website states that after collection, samples of the blood are sent to one of nine Red Cross National Testing Laboratories. There they are tested for transmissible diseases. At this point the blood is separated and placed in quarantined refrigeration units until the test results are received. After the results are in, the blood is released either for distribution or to be destroyed if diseases are found.

Some people might wonder what the purpose of screening donors at the door and then test-

ing the blood anyway is. It may seem timely and costly to screen at the door by doing the short health questionnaire. But in the end, it is more efficient and ensures safety for recipients of the blood.

Until the late 1980s most people weren't aware of HIV. HIV/AIDS has become a well-known disease. It's not one that any of us wants to get.

The American Red Cross and the FDA aren't putting rules and regulations on blood donors because they're prejudiced. They are doing it for everyone's safety.

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Summer vacation means the end of independence



Ashley Holloway

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When I was five I wanted to be 10 because 10 year olds were fifth graders and fifth graders ruled the school.

At 10 I wanted to be 13 because 13 year olds were teenagers.

On my 13th birthday I started

planning my life at 16 and as I blew out the candles on my sweet 16 cake I anticipated turning 18 because it would mark the end of my K-12 career.

When I turned 18 I started counting down the days until my 21st birthday and when it came I stopped wanting to get older, until last night.

Last night I remembered why every year I looked forward to getting older. It was because secretly I knew age would be the only way to escape living at home with my mother.

When I found myself in my room in the dark unable to watch TV or use my cell phone which

I pay the bill for, I realized even a 21-year-old can be punished.

The next three months of my life are going to be hell.

While summer means vacations in warm places and reuniting with friends who have been away at college, it also marks the end of the independence experienced all year.

Now someone is constantly going to be telling me when to get up. Interrupting my afternoon naps and Saturday sleep-ins for no reason. Someone is going to be asking me questions that aren't really any of their business. Like "Who was that?"

when I hang up my phone. Or "Where are you going?" as I leave the house.

Someone is going to want me to clean a house I haven't lived in for almost a year. She's going to be going through my boxes and touching my laundry. She'll probably mess up a favorite shirt or two and

justify it by saying, "You think I got mad when you used to slobber on my clothes?" My mother is going to try to enforce a 12 a.m. curfew that will constantly get broken, and like tonight, I'll sit in my room in the dark listening to a voice yell from a nearby

bedroom about how important it is to listen to one's parent.

My gas is going to get used up making frequent trips to the grocery store for ingredients she forgot to buy. I won't get reimbursed for it because she'll bring up money I already owe her or a time she gave me money to buy something at the store and I kept the change.

And there isn't anything I can do or say about it.

Packing to go home also means putting away my independence. The Ashley I am while at school is going to be placed in a box on the top shelf of my closet. I'll visit her every

once in a while, and she'll beg me to come out and play but I will keep her closed up. My mom will probably move her without my knowledge and I'll spend the majority of summer remembering her, reliving the good times through Facebook and Myspace.

Then August will come. I will wave goodbye to my friends, put away my strawberries and sugar, and kiss my nephew one more time. A truck will be loaded up with boxes that have taken the same trip several times. I'll pull myself off the shelf and go back to conquering the world my own way.

Still waiting for solid, worthy follow-up

By Drew Logsdon
Features editor

Since P.O.D.'s career-defining album "Satellite" dropped on the infamous day of September 11, 2001, I've been waiting for them to follow up with an album with equal or exceeding sounds to display.

If you're waiting with me, relax. Your package hasn't arrived yet.

"When Angels & Serpents Dance," released April 9, 2007, opens with "Addicted." It is laden with guitar riffs pleasing to a rock fan's ears. I like this song well enough, though it's not about to claim the spot of my favorite P.O.D. song of all time. Unfortunately, the energy present in the opening doesn't last long.

"Shine With Me" has a driving electric guitar, but lacks enthusiasm. I don't buy it. Lead singer Sonny Sandoval seems to choose melody lines over rock hooks these days, and this is pretty disappointing, especially this early on in the album.

Lead guitarist Marcos Curiel, who left the band a few years

back, has returned on this outing and provides interesting guitar work again in "Condescending," but the delivery of the lyrics in the song aren't believable. The drums are hidden deeply within the production, and everything sounds far too laid back.

Again on "It Can't Rain Everyday," Sonny writes a sing-song melody and the band plays so softly behind him I can hardly recognize the P.O.D. I once rocked out to. The words of the song call the themes of "Youth of the Nation" to mind, and almost comes off as a song of encouragement, but the chorus line, "The sunshine may be gone I know, but it can't rain everyday, it won't rain forever," just comes off far too weak for the boys from Southtown.

"Kaliforn-Eye-A" has some of the old-school slang and rap-rock elements of "The Fundamental Elements..." but the energy comes and goes from chorus to verse quite sharply. "I'll Be Ready" doesn't pick up the pace by any means. It sounds like a shot in the dark to hit a

reggae target of some sort.

"End Of The World" has some rock moments, but repeats the title of the song over and over far too much in the chorus for my taste.

"This Ain't No Ordinary Love Song" indeed is not. It does, however, come off quite well as mellow background music for a rainy day.

"Roman Empire," follows, which is a random track of whispers over guitar. I begin to wonder if P.O.D. is really trying anymore.

Finally at track No. 11, enter title track, "When Angels and Serpents Dance." The goodness of what made me have hope for this CD in the first place all comes together in this single song. The passionate vocals of Sonny, the intense drums, the driving electric guitar and best of all, there's a lyric worth listening to.

"Who's leading you? Everything you say? Everything that you do? Believing what is true? One must lead in the dance, Who's leading you?"

This song saves the album

from being totally void of worth in my book, and is my favorite on the entire disc.

"Tell Me Why" sounds like Lifehouse just stepped in for a duet. Sonny sings over an acoustic guitar and bells. Yes, bells. This ain't no ordinary P.O.D. song. And that's not necessarily a good thing.

Track 13, "Rise Against," sounds like a heavy, angst song. Oddly, it's something to sleep by. It seems like an attempt to close the album like the thought provoking "Thinking About Forever," from "Satellite," but the latter doesn't contain the lyrical depth of the former. It comes off boring.

On the final track, "Don't Fake It," the guys try to make a run at turning things up, but it's all too late. The audience's attention is far gone by now, and I'd rather rehash their 2003 "Payable On Death" release again than try to make it all the way through that time and place "When Angels and Serpents Dance."

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