

Word on the Hill

How often do you eat fast food? What's your favorite place?

By Kenna Corley

"Five times a week. Taco Bell."

Andrew Manley
accounting
junior



"Twice a week, just the weekends. Wendy's."

Pablo Sepulveda
elementary
education
senior



"Once a week. McDonald's, it's the only place open past midnight."

Tanner Weeast
business
freshman



"Only when I go to the bar. So once a week. McDonald's, it's the only place open late."

Roger Pemberton
elementary
education
senior



"Maybe once a week. McDonald's."

Heather McFall
secondary
education
sophomore

"Four times a week. Braum's or McDonald's."

Lindsey Knak
athletic
training
sophomore



"Probably three times a week. Taco Bell."

Ben Sorrell
undecided
freshman



"Pretty often. Two times a week for sure. Sonic."

Polina Byadyk
nursing
freshman



"Once or twice a week. Taco Bell."

Bryce Johnson
pre-law
junior



"Two times a week. Sonic."

Blair Koehn
business
marketing
junior

Spring fling or wedding ring?



Drew Logsdon

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That owl from Disney's "Bambi" always scared me when I was little. He always seems to appear out of nowhere throughout the movie, and his voice is eerily low. Not to mention how strangely he acts in the spring time scene when he teaches Thumper, Flower and Bambi all about why the animals in the forest are acting so differently. "Don't you know? They're twitterpated," says the owl. "Twitterpated," as defined by urbandictionary.com, is "The

ever increasing acceleration of heartbeat and body temperature as a result of being engulfed amidst the exhilaration and joy of being/having a romantic entity in someone's life." According to Bambi's friend owl, "Nearly everybody gets twitterpated in the spring time."

It is that owl's words so long ago that have been perpetuating the position of spring time as the prime time for twitterpation since Bambi's release in 1942.

Spring is officially here. In fact, it's been here for two weeks now. Spring 2007 at Southwestern marked the most on-campus engagements I have ever experienced in my time as a student here.

A teammate went. A roommate asked. The only girl I knew before coming in as freshmen together got engaged. And those couples are only a handful of those who have promised

to tie the knot since last spring. More have committed over this past year's holiday seasons. There are some recent alumni that have just taken the step with younger fiancés that are still current students and aspiring graduates.

Ring-twitterpation has already begun this spring on campus. Most generally, what leaders do, others soon follow suit.

I'm not sure if we'll have quite the engagement extravaganza that took place last spring semester, but then again I wasn't expecting last year's entourage either.

When a young lady gets a diamond from her boyfriend, it somehow transforms her within the woman-social world. I speak not from inside experience, but from observations from afar. It's not just her facebook.com profile relationship status that

changes, it is her social status.

I think it is fair to say that girls love to show off their ring to friends, family, and anyone who will stop, look, and listen. I've seen older married women almost seem to welcome a newly engaged woman, as if the piece of jewelry entitles them entrance to a new club or organization. It's actually more like an invitation to some sort of sorority or sisterhood.

But who can blame any of them? The small, yet highly valuable hand jewelry says that two people have come to an agreement. The man loves the woman, and the woman loves the man. By wearing his ring, the woman accepts his love.

The two have decided to be long exclusively to each other. There is no one else they would rather be with for the rest of their life.

I would like to encourage that small percentage of the unengaged on campus, men and women alike. Whether you're a casual dater, in a serious relationship, or single, there are different seasons of life for everyone, and not everybody's story turns the page at the exact same time.

In recent events, I've seen the excited newly engaged young lady go to spread the word and share her commitment story with all of her female friends.

Such stories often cause other girls to wonder, "When will it be my turn?"

Promises other guys make to their girlfriends can make single guys think they are missing out on something, and can put undue pressure on men who are still in the dating phase of their current relationship.

But remember this spring to slow down. Take a breath and

relax. For a few, it very well may be the time to tie yourself to your favorite thing you met at Southwestern. Plan to take the memories of your college days in Winfield with you wherever you may go.

But for the rest of us, there is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven. Enjoy the place you're at and the season of life you are in right now.

That owl from Bambi was creepy, but he was right. "Love" seems to be in the air when the flowers are blooming, the grass is getting green again and the weather is warming up outside. But in the rush of spring, lose your desire to skip to the next chapter of life too early.

If you look too far ahead, you'll overlook the opportunities you have right now. The college chapter isn't the one you want to skim through.

Next step is heavy concept for some

By Ashley Holloway
Staff reporter

Does anyone have some caffeinated coffee? We've got to wake up.

Sometimes Spring Break leaves you in worse shape than before. Those fun nights at clubs in Padre, the feeling of warm sands and ocean breezes, all of this only to return to 45 degree weather in good old Winfield.

And they wonder why we've got senioritis.

There is only one month and one day left until graduation but it's starting to feel like an eternity. That 8 a.m. class seems to start earlier. That strict professor is sending more "I hate you" e-mails than ever before and all-nighters are feeling like the new study session.

We looked so much better

in August before the bags under our eyes developed. Before we got too lazy to put on nice clothes and started wearing sweats daily. If only we had the energy to blow in the wind like the budding trees, but that is a shot in the dark when they won't even sell us Starbucks until 10 a.m. Enter laziness.

Roommates are starting to get tired of one another. Projects are stacking on top of one another. Let's go to Stau Bau. Let's go watch 9 Lives. Let's go to the bar. Let's think of a 1,000 things to do when you don't want to do homework.

One, watch MTV for eight hours straight and count the number of times you see a Levi's commercial. Two, plan a physical activity with your entire residence hall. Three, down-

load music. Four, chat on MSN. Five, gather up all your study materials and clear off your desk in preparation for studying that never seems to happen. The list continues. Let's do anything but homework Enter procrastination.

This is supposed to be the best time of our lives. The last semester of worrying about whether or not we will pass those difficult classes. A time of class pranks and embarrassing Facebook albums,

We're supposed to reflect on the coming month with our grand kids. But we can only do that if we actually graduate.

Like 300 Spartans fighting a war we must hold on to our study skills, seek the words of Oracles like Grant Stackhouse in the writing lab for help with subject verb agreement, and

consult the magicians of math in the math lab. We must fight against lethargic behavior on every end.

Enter fear of failure. It is easiest to give up now, when everything seems so unclear. It is so easy when the smiling face of senioritis is near.

For many of us it has taken four years to complete our degree. We've struggled in every area of life just to get a piece of paper that tells the world of our discipline, our self motivation, and our ability to learn. But what is the next step?

The progression from backpack to briefcase has been romanticized by Dan Falk's Career Building workshops, but it's a pretty heavy concept.

We really have to grow up now. In the real world, there is no summer, fall, or spring

break. Naps in the middle of the day from all night partying become obsolete and no one gets to just not go to work because they don't feel like it.

But it's not so bad. Soon we will go from work study to work, and that means salary not hourly. It means health insurance and other benefits. It also means responsibility and the allowance of creativity.

After being provided with the skills needed to be successful we will finally put them to use on our own terms.

No longer answering to someone's demands about an assignment only to receive a grade. Now we will be paid to complete tasks.

No longer will we float in this guided microcosmic world, but like Nemo we will discover what is beyond this small sea.

The countdown has started; we've got to pick up the pace. One month. One day.

Ashley Holloway is a senior majoring in communications. You may email her at ashley.holloway@sckans.edu

Jackson is 'G with an O and an O with a D'

By Nate Jones
Staff reporter

All you need for a good time is something cool to drink, and Alan Jackson's brand new CD "Good Time." The album came out March 4.

Along with all the accolades the album is in many ways a steal. The album casing is also produced from recycled material. The title track off the CD "Good Time" is song number one. It gets the whole adventure started off on the right foot. Jackson did a nice job of sticking to his country traditionalist roots and yet keeping the melody and lyrics fresh.

"Small Town Southern Man" follows up in slot two. You can hardly turn on a country radio station without hearing this catchy song. It paints a great

picture which is something a lot of songs on radio today fail to do.

The third song is titled "Country Boy." It precedes "Right Where I Want You." These songs get lost in the shuffle. I would not recommend them. They do not stand out.

I looked forward to hearing the song "1976." But it was just alright, perhaps I just could not relate to it, even though my mother wanted me to change my high school football number to 76 because that is the year she graduated high school.

The song that followed I did not care for much. Its title is "When the Love Factor's High." It was much too slow, even for me.

It was a good thing the album wasn't a long, long way from a

quick rebound. Track number eight, "Long, Long Way" is a very up-tempo song about someone getting over a broken heart. One might think this lends itself to being a slower song, but Alan Jackson made it work so well with a dance hall floor, blues feel.

The CD takes a humorous spin with a song called "I Still Like Bologna." Jackson has some fun with today's technology and other aspects from cell phones, to music downloads then turns it around by saying technology can't replace or reproduce everything.

There are still seven more songs to cover on the album, not all of them are memorable but still solid. "Like I Never Loved Before" is quite good.

The last two songs bring the CD to a very nice conclusion.

Song 16, "If You Want to Make Me Happy" made me happy because it was pure Alan Jackson country. "If you wanna make me happy pour me bourbon on the rocks/and play every sad song on the jukebox."

"If Jesus Walked the World Today" is how the album ends. It is kind of a different take on the song "What if God Were One of Us." But Jackson doesn't stray far from what he does best with this song.

Overall the CD is good. Jackson's CD definitely deserves the No. 1 ratings. I give it four out of five stars which isn't bad. Alan Jackson will be around for a long time to come, bring more good music and "good times" with him.

Nate Jones is a junior majoring in communications. You may email him at nate.jones@sckans.edu

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