

Word on the Hill

What are your plans for spring break?

By Anthony Cook



"I'm going to Norman, Okla. to go shopping with my mom."

Kelsey Reynolds
communication
junior



"I'm going camping in New Mexico."

Leigha Foley
business
administration
junior



"I'm going home and I have to have surgery."

Alex Sims
business
administration
sophomore



"I am going to go to Wichita and I am going to finalize my wedding."

Ashley Peters
biology
senior



"I'm going to South Padre."

Dustin Gorden
biology
sophomore



"I'm going fishin'."

Brad Pilgrim
chemistry
freshman



"I'm going home to Arizona."

Nick Koch
history
freshman



"I'm going to Dallas to spend time with my family and friends."

Eva Sanders
business
administration
junior



"I'm going to Arkansas for a couple days to do some trout fishing on the white river."

Zach Hall
business
senior



"For spring break I'm going to be working at Randall's down in Katy, Texas."

Matt Perkins
business
management
sophomore

'We're going to miss these days'



By Drew Logsdon and Monica Springer

At this time next week, some of us will be relaxing by the beach. Or at home. Or vacationing with friends.

Unfortunately, at this time next year, we won't be gearing up for Spring Break, or a break of any sort. We will be working. In fact, we probably won't get to have a day off until we work every day for 52 weeks.

Gone are the days of month-long Christmas vacations, Fall Breaks, and Spring Breaks.

We'll be lucky to have snow days, and we're probably about to have the last "Reading Day" we'll ever experience. If there is a snow day, we'll have to work, covering the story.

As seniors, we're going to miss these days. The days of searching for the good food in the cafeteria. Days of always having the convenient option of the cafeteria. Days of saying hello to everyone you pass as you walk to class. Days of racing up those wondrous 77 steps in order to get to class on time.

Cheers to the other 53 seniors who started here at Southwestern in the fall of 2004 and have been here for four consecutive years. And for those of you actually graduating this May, big congratulations.

We might be a small number, but we are mighty. We survived the very first Builder Camp together. That was quite an experience in itself. We watched the 77 steps turn from something

unsightly into something quite picturesque.

We won the first Stau Bau competition. We've had four years of building the mound together. We've seen professors go and have had new faculty join our family.

The women's basketball team played at the national tournament this morning. The men's cross country team is now looking toward its 29th consecutive conference championship. The mound was renovated. The communication division was rehauled.

But these are just some things that affect us. Many other good things happened during our tenure here.

Monica

I heard someone say the other day that it's not a game if there's no chance of winning. And no, this wasn't said about a sporting event. It was said about a class that I'm taking called Reacting to Culture.

One night last week, I actually lost sleep. I lay in bed that night wondering if, when, and how I was going to be killed off the next day.

What other school has this experience?

And speaking of games, I think I spent as many nights in Stewart Field House as I did in the basement of Christy writing about the games. I loved going to games early and watching the teams warm up.

It's my favorite part of sporting events here. Odd, I know.

Drew

In the class division, I think "Creativity in the Arts" takes the cake for me. This is the cornerstone of inventive classes we are able to take here at Southwestern. Where else would you have the option of taking revolving door sections of Archery, Tinker-Toy-Technology, Pottery, Improvisational Acting or Beginning Band throughout one semester?

And how about those "Money" and "Drugs" courses? I hear they are quite the experience as well.

You know what my favorite part my days on this hill have been though? It can be summed up in four words: Breakfast and Bingo Night.

There's nothing quite like that night, and it's my favorite of all our campus events. The air of anticipation is delicious, not to mention that breakfast is my favorite meal of the day.

Almost everyone on campus is there. You can't afford to miss it. We pack the cafeteria out, standing room only, gather around the tables as StuFu passes out the bingo boards, and we play to win.

That's what Southwestern does. We play, and run, to win.

Back to working together now

Another thing. If we pay that \$50 fee to keep our laptop, does this package include the Jinx Tale? Because we enjoy a good read from Sara Weinert in the morning. Every morning. Is there a \$60 package that would include these? We should look into this option now so we can have it in place come May.

We can see ourselves coming back in the future for things like homecoming, the basketball slam-dunk contest, and maybe grabbing a cup of that delicious hot cider at SC Christmas in December. It's the people here who make this place a place to come back to.

This is Drew Logsdon and Monica Springer. Good day.

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Need for information results in dependence

By Nate Jones
Staff reporter

Knowing all of the wonderful things that are at a person's fingertips can sometimes make other things seem far out of reach.

The Saturday before last the internet was made unavailable to everyone on campus, and everyone received ample warning of this occurrence.

In the days leading up to that Saturday, people could be heard making plans followed by the phrase "...since there will be no internet access that day." It goes to show just how technology has us in its grip. It is kind of sad to think about. However one has actually drawn a new outlook from, "The day the internet died."

Finding out you don't need

to check Facebook a couple of times every hour is actually kind of relaxing. Not being bombarded with news links, YouTube videos, instant messages and e-mails can do a whole lot of good.

Is there too much information floating around out there?

Twenty-four hours a day we can be updated on the latest news from anywhere in the world. It is kind of scary for those of us who will be entering this media circus world. Instead of a news show at 6 p.m. and 10 p.m. we always have to be ready.

Convenience has made things more complicated and we'll have to adjust.

The real newsflash was on March 1. Yes it was one day without the World Wide Web, big whoop. But without that

distraction and temptation to see what's happening there, homework and other tasks can be completed with less stress and in less time. Isn't that quite a concept.

If you do not believe this, disconnect your computer from the internet for a day and see how much you can get done. Granted, a lot of research and other things of importance are essential for homework purposes. But those pesky chapters might be read or the library and its contents might be rediscovered.

Call someone you haven't talked to in a while instead of posting on their Myspace page or Facebook wall. It may just brighten both of your days. It's little things like this people miss out on with the easy cop-out of using the internet to communi-

cate. But if it saves time, that is all that counts.

The internet is not the only distraction. Not by any means.

From experience one might know that after a long day of homework that Xbox360 starts to look more than adequate for some time killing.

Then again who are we kidding really? These days it seems like homework is a distraction from other homework. That high

dollar gaming system and its really time consuming games, might not even get the chance to be a distraction in that case, nor does the TV or anything else.

Yes, the load seems larger and the path much more winding than it did when we first arrived

on college's door steps. And all of those distractions could be the leading culprit. All it takes is will power to overcome them. But as mentioned before, a lot of them are at our fingertips.

It's just not very fun when the things we use to relax end up causing more stress in the end.

It's all convenience, and a good friend of mine says convenience will be the end of us. It

takes some thinking about, but that friend might be right. Less time online and more in the real world is a good thing, the only problem is that we live in a be damned or on demand world.

Conveniently it is a world we've created.

Nate Jones is a junior majoring in communication. You may e-mail him at nate.jones@sckans.edu.

Artist's lyrics are 'real emotional trash'

By Samantha Gillis
Staff reporter

Experiencing bad music is like buying a scoop of strawberry ice cream, but the banana flavor was in the same freezer. You're left on the verge of a temper tantrum. That's how I felt after exploring a new music venue and listening to the most pathetic excuse for music I have ever heard.

I have been craving some new music, so I turned to the wonderful world of the internet. I consider myself open and versatile in music taste. And after browsing dozens of artists I finally landed on one which seemed safe. The artist, Stephen

Malkums. The album, "Real Emotional Trash."

I chose this album because of the catchy song titles like "Hopscotch Willie," and "Wicked Wanda." Whoa Nelly was that a bad move.

It began with "Dragonfly Pie," which started off acoustic, then aimlessly wandered into eighties rock, and then came the guitar solos to make you quiver.

I should have known this album was headed toward disaster.

The next track is "Cold Son." It begins bland. Malkum does not sell his product. His voice strangely resembles Issac Brock from Modest Mouse, the only difference is that Malkums

might have a collapsed trachea.

Snippets of the song also imitate that of the Beatles, like the sound bits of people yelling and laughing at the end of the songs.

The lyrics don't make sense. Not to mention none of the lyrics tie together. He must play Scrabble and all the words on the board are thrown into sentences and dashed in between the dull ten minute guitar solos. One such line was in "Wicked Wanda." It said, "A pretty little spider with Hollywood inside her." Did I miss something? I am darn sure this is not a metaphor for anything, so what does it mean?

The madness continues, "Moral trap with no time to make thunder." I thought I must have heard something wrong but that is what the lyrics said. It got to a point where I simply shut my eyes and prayed it would end. But it didn't. In "Gardenia," I found, "Strike me square into the arms of the air." Then Malkum boldly states, "I feel like a junk contraption." Bravo. This was the highlight of the album.

Never again will I judge an album solely by the witty song titles. Unless I want to experience "Real Emotional Trash."

Samantha Gillis is a freshman majoring in journalism. You may e-mail her at samantha.gillis@sckans.edu.

Personal Column

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Editorial

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