Word on the Hill

How do you get rid of the February blues?

By Nate Jones

"I didn't know about the February Blues."

Kate Givan
psychology freshman

"I make fun of Matt and his sledding, and picking on Texans."

AJ Meyer
biology junior

"I don't have the February blues. But I don't like the weather."

Sarah Morton
digital arts senior

"Sleep all the time."

Lauren Moser
early childhood development freshman

"I have track, football and weights."

Colby Seagraves
physical education senior

"I pretend the afternoons I have are days off. And make more out of the weekends."

Molly Hamlett
math junior

"I spend a lot of time at the gym and have leisurely weekends."

Joey Kreft
computer science junior

"Go out of town for a weekend. Roadtrip or something."

Tony Lara
computer science junior

"I have a birthday in February."

Logan Wyrick
sports management junior

"As long as it snows I'm up for a good time sledding."

Matt Webb
communications sophomore

Cell phone calls join hearts

Ashley Holloway

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Personal Column

While on my search for the man who will write me a love song, I've discovered many lyrical admissions of love. However, none have been quite as poetic as Slum Village's "Call Me."

The song samples the smooth sound of the Isley Brother's "Between the Sheets" beat, and Dwele delivers an impeccable Al Green like chorus.

In recent days a man, who I will only refer to as Fresh, called me. I gave him a hard time because that's my personality, but I did notice the way I felt when my phone rang. As a single girl, I hardly ever have the opportunity to "cake" but when I do it is always an interesting experience.

Until this breath of fresh air called my phone, I'd taken for granted the difference a little call can make.

I thought about the effort it'd taken to find him a special ring tone just in case he should call, and when he did how my smile was a little brighter than it'd been all day.

I remembered when I initially gave him my number how naturally the words, "Call me," flowed from my lips.

It's always been my game to be the aggressive and confident type, but like any girl when I give out my number it means more than let's take a chance.

In fact I usually ask 1,000 questions before giving up my name, and another 100 before giving out the digits. Symbolically, my ten digits say "I'm definitely interested." In his case I'd been interested for a while.

During my analysis of why I give out my number, I thought about the day I met Fresh.

Oddly enough it was around Christmas my sophomore year. Two years older than me, he sipped a vodka and orange juice illegally, and I dared to ask for a sip.

Like Carrie's Mr. Big, he has since become this ever present love interest appearing and disappearing randomly leaving only the smell of his cologne behind.

We worked in the same mall at stores adjacent to one another. While I folded clothes at Aéropostale I stared at him doing the same in Champs.

It was summer by the time I had the nerve to speak to him again, and the only words I could conjure were "call me," as I boldly wrote my number on his hand.

Years of playing phone tag between relationships has resulted in a strange relationship. A friendship of sorts, but the same romantic potential I recognized in high school is still there.

The late night texts about television shows and random personal facts, and voicemails during summers away have made us evolve into this nameless thing.

As my phone rings and his name appears on my caller ID, it's just like the first time we met. I become 16 again. Feel special because of our correspondence.

And when he hangs up I remember he's not mine. The dial tone reminds me how far away he is, and how sporadic his trips home are.

I've deleted his number over and over, but it's saved in my heart. There have been days I sent him hate texts, but the most beautiful occurrences have been the words of apology exchanged.

We're not Facebook or Myspace friends, but pictures of him are etched in my memory.

Many of you can identify. There is that one you can't seem to shake. That no matter what avenue you take him or her remains reminding you of what could be.

Reminding you of why you said "Call me," the first time and why you've promptly answered every call since.

The song says "All I want to do is show you love, but all I got to do is find the time." It suggests that maybe the lack of investment in certain relationships may lead to the downfall of something good. Slum Village says the answer is to simply say "call me."

Learning the lesson of poor communication is what kills a lot of good things.

A lot of relationships start off open and end up closed. We lose our willingness to talk, and in some cases listen once we get to know someone. The key is keeping things open.

No matter what you should never stop calling because the moment you do, may be the time it takes to lose someone special.

Research blasts budget into space

By Samantha Gillis
Staff reporter

Editorial

Banana 79 cents, a roll of toilet paper 88 cents, coke $1.79, space travel priceless? Not exactly, each year $23 billion of our hard earned tax dollars goes to funding NASA's expeditions and experiments and each year this number will increase by about $1.3 billion, said the US Government Accountability Office. Which makes me think, what has NASA been doing?

Although I am not well versed in the space world, I have not heard of any outstanding news on recent space discoveries. So is the investment of American tax dollars worth the amount of outer space progress made yearly?

To me it seems silly that $23 billion gets literally shot into space each year, with out any mind blowing discoveries. Has NASA really benefited America? I would really like to know where my generous donation goes.

NASA's official website said its mission is, "To pioneer the future in space exploration, scientific discovery and aeronautics research." According to CNN currently we have 6 tons of space garbage circling the earth, including $5 million worth of cameras. Isn't one of our modern day objectives to stop pollution?

It has been 35 years since the landing on the moon, which was the last big break through in space exploration. Yet their abundant confidence gives the illusion they know precisely what they are doing. Which is good, because you would not want all that money going to a sketchy organization, right?

Actually NASA has made many mistakes, in fact they wasted $4.8 billion on one project that lasted from 1980 to 2007 according to the GAO. The purpose was to make a reusable space shuttle, they made four different fully functioning space shuttles with incredible scientific advances but none of them were reusable.

They have crashed at least three space shuttles killing a dozen astronauts, and wasting billions of dollars, and for what?

What if we could put our tax dollars to good use and tackle an issue like hunger or cancer? We could have used the $4.8 billion to feed the 35.5 million hungry mouths in America, everyday, for over four years.

According to the World Health Organization, everyday 16,000 children die from hunger-related causes. This is unnecessary when a food bank can provide nine meals from just $1. We can not seem to meet the needs to feed the starving children in the world, but we have more then enough resources to provide for space travel? What mixed up world do we live in? Where have our priorities gone?

The International Space Shuttle cost about 96 billion, but the photos it produced were beneficial in observing the processes at high latitudes affect global climate and climate changes said NASA. This means they can see the affects of global warming and better predict weather. Is predicting the weather worth 96 billion dollars?

To be fair, congress has made drastic cuts on NASA funding about $31 million last year, said GAO. Figuring that we have been studying space since 1958 the minuscule amount of knowledge we have gained is discouraging. Space travel is a luxury, shouldn't the welfare of others come before our curiosity?

It almost seems unpatriotic to question NASA's existence. At the same time why do we give so much control to our politicians? We need to not be so nonchalant about where our tax dollars are going and be proactive in how they are spent.

There are thousands of other organizations that we should invest in to better our country and strengthen our future. Until we are able to take care of the problems we have here on earth let's put our naïve childish adventures on hold.

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

'Jumper' does not land well

By Cameron Siefkes
Staff Reporter

Movie Review

Free movie night is tonight and if I had to give all students attending one piece of advice it would be to see the movie Jumper.

Now my recommendation is not because of the fact that the movie was hilarious or really well made, but instead for the simple reason that you don't want to have to pay to rent this movie when it comes out on DVD. You might as well watch it for free if you are going to waste your time at all.

OK, so that statement might be a bit harsh. The movie was not the most awful thing I have ever watched, but it was nothing to write home about.

Jumper tells the story of David Rice, played by Hayden Christensen, a guy who discovers that he has a special gift of teleportation. At the beginning of the movie David is portrayed as a complete loser with a bad home life who is trying to win the affection of Millie, one of the pretty girls at school. He gives her a snow globe, and of course the typical jock sees David give it to her, so he takes it away, and throws it onto the iced-over pond. David goes to get it, falls under the ice, and gets sucked into the current. This is where we see his gift first appear. He teleports into a library and from then on, he realizes that he has this special ability.

He leaves home and gets sucked into a completely different life. David discovers there are more people like him who are called jumpers, and that there are also people who are trying to rid of everyone that is able to teleport. Being a jumper endangers not only David, but his loved ones. His journey consists of trying to defeat those who are out to kill him, win the affection of Millie, with whom he is reunited, and protect his loved ones from dying.

The movie takes the audience to different ends of the world. This was the best part of the movie for me. There were some pretty amazing shots of places such as, Big Ben in London, the Pyramids of Giza, and the Colosseum in Rome.

Now this may seem like a fairly decent storyline, but the movie was so random. For instance, after not seeing each other for years, David returns to his boyhood home and meets up with Millie, and next they are jumping on a plane to Rome. I also seem to remember a random blowtorch in the movie as well.

It was a good thing I took notes, because I really would not have remembered much detail about this movie on my own.

I would have to say the best part of my experience with this movie was the man sitting a few rows ahead of me who had to let everyone in the theater know when he thought something was funny with his big booming chuckle.

At this point I would really love to tell you the ending and save you the trouble of viewing it for yourself, but I think it is just better to say that you should be ready to be disappointed and remember that I told you so when you are leaving the theater thinking, "What?"

Cameron Siefkes is a sophomore majoring in communication. You may e-mail her at cameron.siefkes@sckans.edu.

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