

editorial opinion

Competitive sports disease requires amputation cure

It's time for me to butcher a sacred cow—organizing sports.

In short, let's do away with competitive sports teams in our educational systems.

A lot of debate has been gushing from the multitude of jocks who are upset because some federal judge down Ohio way has decided that women should be allowed to play alongside men in contact sports.

Big deal. But, as can be expected, the jock intelligentsia (I use that term lightly) is dragging out all the worn dialogue about the physical differences between males and females and how high school sports programs will be ruined.

Now, while equal rights for women has a lot to do with this debate, the truth is that rights for the majority of American students of either sex is really what is at stake.

The American sport ethic is sick. All this pabulum about sports being good for America's youth is hogwash.

THE ONLY persons it benefits are those making a buck off of some talented kids. Athletics, as conducted in high school, are anything but educational.

Why? Because only a handful of students benefit from sports.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm a firm believer in physical education for everyone. But, unfortunately, everyone doesn't get a quality physical education in high school. As a matter of fact, very few students get enough physical education.

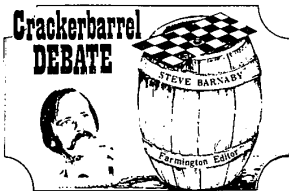
A class here and a class there is about all the general student population ever gets in physical education. Many universities have done away with physical education requirements for its students.

Persons who do get the attention are those already having the talent to play whatever sport. It's a fact that coaches keep their jobs by making sure their teams win.

Bo and Woody would have been vague memories if they would have let some uncoordinated students don one of those sacred jerseys and play quarterback.

Rick Leach was allowed to play as Michigan's quarterback because he was talented, not because he was a nice kid.

FRANKLY, I recommend they do away with competitive sports altogether, as now manifested.



Money garnered from such a dissolution (and there would be plenty) could go toward a complete physical education for all students. Imagine the ramifications.

Mandatory physical education in high school and at the universities would do a lot for cutting down on flabby Americans who are prone to dropping over dead from heart attacks when they are 45 years old.

I can hear the sport freaks reading this bringing out the most famous argument of them all, i.e., "but look at the educational opportunities organized sports provide for those deprived inner city kids."

Bunk. For every kid standing out on the corner who gets a scholarship and a subsequent million dollar contract, there are 1,000 kids who do without any sort of education at all.

The creed of the American sports system is to win and make a pile of money. Nothing else counts.

Now, I'm sure that this talk is tantamount to being labeled by many as some sort of radical subversiveness by those who worship at the altar of organized sports, but I could care less.

Naturally, professional sports would be in a real bind if this ever happened. Imagine, professional sport teams would be without a built-in minor league in our universities, financed by tax dollars.

We would be relieved of the disgrace of having a boring superbowl ever played in the equally disgraceful Pontiac Silverdome.

Howard Cosell could fulfill his lifelong dream and run for the U.S. Senate.

Oh well, there is a bad side to everything.

tinkering around

by LOUISE OKRUTSKY

Night is right; let's unite

It happens every morning.

One brave but bleary eyed dares to slowly creep open and let in the too-early morning light.

Usually daytime oriented people call this process awakening. They'll have you believe that two minutes after the first grim encounter with another day, the individual is bursting into an annoying joyful rendition of "O, What a Beautiful Morning."

Night people know that this shouldn't be considered normal behavior. It's downright deviant to wake up without first having stumbled around the apartment looking for the coffee pot, the shower or a mushroom omelet.

Obviously, it's propaganda put out by day people who insist that all useful persons be up and about by at least 9 a.m.

DAY PEOPLE have managed to control the hearts and minds of the populace when it comes to determining sleeping hours. Just look at the vast publicity machine they've built.

If you don't believe me, next time you watch television keep an eye out for the subtle stereotypes in the scripts. Do the bad guys turn in early and wake up singing? Of course not. They're shown skulking around town with their trenchcoats turned up over their ears trying to wreak havoc on the sleeping populace.

Also take note that the sleeping populace of good and humble reputations are assumed to have turned in at a relatively early hour.

How many times have you watched a detective story and seen the hero called out of his home to confront some bathrobe swathed, bleary eyed citizens who have been wronged? How many times in that same scene have you heard the time given as

midnight or 1 a.m.? That's supposedly the middle of the night if you're a day person but if you're a night mover you know that the evening is yet young.

Propaganda, that's what it is. Day person propaganda is creeping up on us.

Not only have the forces of the day managed to create a bad image for night people, they've constructed a situation which makes it impossible for their opposite numbers to function.

BUSINESSES open at 9 or 10 a.m. and close between 5 and 10 p.m. If you're a night person who wants a beer or a sandwich around 2:30 a.m., you better have your favorites around the house or be prepared to drive through a deserted town trying to find that rarity of rarities in the suburbs—the all-night party store.

That is a minor inconvenience. A major one is being forced to conform to someone else's idea of daytime by getting up at a truly uncivilized hour. I wish I could tell you what some night persons do to their alarm clocks in anger.

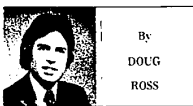
One of the calmer episodes I know that's reasonably printable is about a friend of mine who has a reputation for knocking the clocks across the room with a gesture reminiscent of a grizzly bear slashing out against a bobcat.

If he were a cartoon, the frame would read: Ring, slash, knock, crash.

I've been told this performance is accompanied by an angry growl. I don't blame him if that's true. Night people should stick up for their rights, too. How would day people feel if they were forced to stumble into the office red-eyed and dead to see the foggy images of their wide awake co-workers? It's a case of being red or alive, I guess.

Citizens Can Win

Supermarket is money test



By DOUG ROSS

Everytime you enter the supermarket, you enter a contest. I'm not talking about coupons, stamps or store-sponsored games. I'm referring to the contest between you and the supermarket to determine how much money you are going to spend.

As a shopper, your objective is to buy only what you need at the best price. However, quite naturally, the supermarket's goal is to sell you as much as they can. Most markets employ a whole series of devices and techniques, some quite subtle, to get us to buy more than we intended when we set out to shop.

It is a contest the supermarkets usually win. Studies show that while 75 percent of us use lists when shopping, nearly all of us end up buying items that were not on our list. It's called impulse buying.

By making shoppers more aware of the psychological techniques, the supermarkets employ to promote impulse buying, we should be better able to protect our pocketbooks in the subtle game of aisle warfare.

QUESTION: What are some of the most common supermarket techniques to get us to buy items we may not really need?

ANSWER: On prevalent technique is multiple pricing. The aisle display reads "Three for 90 cents." So we buy three cans rather than the one can we intended to buy because we assume we're saving money by getting all three cans. However, a closer look usually reveals the price of one can as 33 cents—in short, there is no saving in buying more than one can, and we ended up purchasing more than we wanted.

Tie-in displays are a way of getting us to buy the most expensive brand of an item. A few expensive brands of salad dressing, for example, are displayed directly across the aisle from the lettuce. As we buy our vegetable, we remember we need salad dressing and choose the expensive brand staring us in the face rather than waiting for the cheaper brands in the salad dressing section.

The "special" is probably the most common technique to induce us to buy what we don't need. It works because most of us have come to believe that items in a display marked "special" must be on sale. It ain't so. Frequently, "special" simply means the store is anxious to promote an item and use special displays to attract our attention.

Store placement of common impulse items where we are most likely to pick them up, i.e. checkout counters and the ends of aisles, tends to get us, as does that most insidious and irresistible of techniques—placing certain impulse items (candy, sugar cereals,

etc.) at children's eye level on store shelves.

QUESTION: How can we protect ourselves against these psychological ploys, and insure that we buy only what we want at the best value?

ANSWER: First some don't's:

- Don't go shopping without a very complete, specific list.
- Don't go with a friend. You'll each end up convincing the other to buy extra items.

- Don't shop with children (easier said than done, huh?) They have been programmed by TV to want everything.

- Don't go when you're hungry. You'll tend to buy in bigger quantities, and the candy bar at the checkout counter will look irresistible.

And some do's:

- Buy private brands in supermarkets. They can often save you more than 10 percent on an item.

- Make sure you use the unit pricing, calculations that now appear under each item. If you're not sure how to read them, ask one of the store personnel.

- Buy according to weight, not terms like "jumbo," "giant," "economy," etc.

- Try and get somebody else in the family—anybody else—to do your shopping for you. It's such a pain in the neck. But also, while this is the best solution to supermarket warfare, it is the most unlikely.

Hors d'oeuvres by Lynn Orr

Juvenile jockeys juggle for MCP oneupmanship

If you need further convincing that the IQ of the average disc jockey compares poorly with the Lion's average score per game, you've been living in earmuffs.

But just to prove that peabrains, too, can make \$30,000 and up per annum, almost every DJ in Cartown has made it a personal challenge to outdo his comrades in the "Let's remind our listeners that Dolly Parton has big boobs" game.

With a hit record on the charts, the comments about Ms. Parton fly faster and sicker than ever. The song itself is fairly nauseating—one of those numbers that carries on about how one man is upsetting the applecart in her life.

But the DJs are worse. I'm not only sick of hearing the song, I'm sick of hearing comments about the singer's physique passed off as wit.

And I'm offended.

FOR THOSE listeners offended by Randy Newman's "Short People," the DJ's went one of their way to explain that the song is a satire on bigotry. It seems there's a rather large unsophisticated audience out there in radioland who couldn't figure that out. (Peabrains are not, unfortunately, limited to disc spinners).

But somehow, these DJs, who I assume would restrain themselves from telling offensive ethnic jokes on the air, can't pass up the chance to try for the Male Chauvinist Pig award every time they play Ms. Parton's latest recording.

I really am trying to avoid losing my sense of humor about this. But watching more of the Dallas cowgirls than the Superbowl last week overcharged my batteries.

Just about every time I've settled into a com-

fortable equilibrium about equality and women's rights, some joker manages to joust me out of the easy chair.

LISTEN FELLOWS: Women are tired of hearing sick jokes about the female body. We may even retaliate and a lot of male egos could deflate in the process. We're also tired, and offended, by TV cameramen practicing for next month's foldout between football plays.

I'm equally tired of having to sweetly smile whenever some idiot cracks one of his latest jokes about women's liberation.

If you allow yourself to express either disappointment or disgust with the latest attempt at humor aimed primarily at keeping women in their place, it's easy to get caught in the "You sure don't have a sense of humor about this" rag.

I guess maybe I don't have a sense of humor about it anymore. If you take three steps back for every two forward, you quickly realize that concession is a losing proposition. If the sexual revolution allows men to display their locker room garbage over the public air waves, the revolution isn't worth much to any of us.

A little respect could do a lot to improve my sense of humor, but then so could passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. Maybe a lot of us are tired of carrying the banner, but I guess we have to be thankful to the MCPs of the world for reminding us that it's a battle that needs to be waged.

I do wish my coffee could have landed in J. P. McCarthy's lap, though. That really might have improved my sense of humor.

from our readers

Advice to widowed lauded

Editor:

Thank you so much for the article on the presentation of Manufacturers Bank personnel to the widowed people at Farmington Center.

I just saw a copy today of the article appearing Dec. 22. Good work. Jean Geier indicated that there was a marvelous group of about 30 people attend-

ing this night, which couldn't have been the best for getting out the people. She indicated the people were very responsive and thought it was a most worthwhile presentation.

Thanks again for your help. Best wishes.

JEANNE PALUZZI
Public Relations Account Executive

Tuesday Musicale says thanks to O & E

Editor:

On behalf of the executive board and the members of the Tuesday Musicale, I wish to thank you for the fine publicity you have given our organization this past year.

Tuesday Musicale is in its 30rd year and was the first club of professional women musicians in America.

Your coverage helps us to continue to develop a membership that enjoys a high standard of musicianship.

Best wishes for a successful New Year.

Cordially,
ELEANOR LORENTZEN PEETS,
Corresponding secretary

OC Special Olympics calls for volunteers

The Oakland County Association for Retarded Citizens has put out a call for volunteers to assist with the WINTER Special Olympics, set for Feb. 4 at Independence Oaks in Clarkston.

The games scheduled for mentally retarded athletes will run from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m.

The line-up includes participants in cross country skiing, ice skating, ice block push, snow sculpturing, skate and score, top of war, and snowball throw.

Olympians will compete in advanced, intermediate, beginner, and never-tried levels. Volunteers are needed to assist the

competitors and serve as instructors and coaches.

Persons who wish to become a part of the Special Olympics program are asked to call the sponsor association at 335-1190. Mary Ann Rickens is the Special Olympics coordinator for Oakland County. S SPECIAL Olympics is a program of year-round sports, training and athletic competition designed to stimulate the physical, social and psychological development of mentally handicapped persons.

Special Olympics was created by the Joseph P. Kennedy Foundation and is sponsored by Oakland County by the Oakland County Association for Retarded Citizens.

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