

## editorial opinion

# New crop of journalists give hope to future

One of my big thrills each year is judging the high school journalists coming up in the area. I get this chance by being a judge at the annual high school journalism contest sponsored by Schoolcraft College. Now in its fourth year, the contest demonstrates not only how students view their roles as journalists, but how they view society.

Good friend and old journalism buddy Doug Johnson, Schoolcraft newspaper advisor, has aptly engineered this affair every year with the support of his boss Ed McNally.

Believe me, it's a top-notch affair, with some of the best journalists in the area participating as judges. Among some of the familiar names were Free Press sportswriter Joe Falls; Cyndi Meagher and Barbara Hoover, of the Detroit News; and Chuck Thurston, entertainment writer for the Free Press.

Others included some outstanding community journalists such as the Northville Record's Jack Hoffman and the Observer & Eccentric's Emory Daniels and Tim Richard.

NEEDLESS TO SAY the students' entries undergo stiff scrutiny.

But the students are what count. It's too bad that so few adults are able to read these little publications. Every year they get more impressive.

I'd like to think that because of the stiff judging,

students are working harder at putting out better newspapers. Looking over the last four years seems to bear that out.

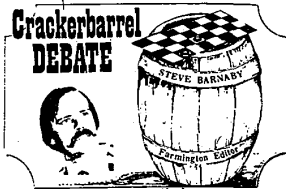
Among those schools entering the competition were North Farmington's Northern Star; Our Lady of Mercy's OLM Newsprint; Farmington Harrison's Catalyst; Southfield-Lathrup's Dimensions; Clarenceville's Trojan Tribune; Southfield High School's Southfield Jay and Ladywood High School's The Plaid Press.

In all, there were 21 newspapers which submitted 598 entries for the 12 categories.

My responsibility this year was editorials. Regular readers of the Crackerbarrel Debate know this definitely is my forte. And, believe me when I say that students have plenty of opinions. Eighty-two entries were submitted. I spent a lot of time reading what is on students' minds.

Student contemplation went into such subjects as cigarette smoking, the legal drinking age, student council relevance, birth control, homework (of course) and there even was an entry about potato chip consumption.

The winner, by the way, of the editorial segment, was Barb Korteba, a Ladywood High School student. Frankly, it's one of the best editorials, professional or otherwise, that I've read. She addresses and defends the controversy of interracial marriage. I can imagine her editorial caused quite a stir in the student ranks.



SOUTHFIELD RESIDENTS can really be proud of a young fellow by the name of Bernie Sucher, a reporter for the Southfield Jay. Bernie just about had himself a seat at the speaker's table because he won so many awards.

He walked away with five awards: a first place in newswriting; a first place in feature writing, along with an honorable mention in that same category; a first place in personality sketches followed up with a third place, also.

With journalists like Bernie hanging around, it makes a body feel confident that the future of the newspaper industry is in good hands.

By the way, the Southfield Jay took many other awards, including a second place for the best newspaper. Third place went to Farmington Hills' Our Lady of Mercy.

Our Lady of Mercy.

Other notable wins from around the Farmington-Southfield area were: an honorable mention for the Northern Star in typography; an honorable mention in newswriting for Our Lady of Mercy; a third place for Southfield's Pam Fields in feature writing; an honorable mention for Southfield's Ellen Barth in feature writing; an honorable mention went to Southfield Jay writer Barb Resnick in the editorial category; a first place to Ms. Barth in personal column category; a second place to Mercy's Monica Hoefel in personal columns.

Mercy's Jan Wagner won an honorable mention for personal column's, while Jay's writer Bill Oshman took a third place.

The Northern Star stood out with a third place in the analysis category done by Linda Steuber.

Falls was so impressed with two of the sports writing entries that he made them both first place winners. They were John Raby, of Southfield, for his entry on a typical night at the football game, and Mercy's Maureen Shagena for her piece on physical exams.

Harrison stood out in the sports column category with a second place by Mike Foley.

Mercy took two awards away in the entertainment writing category by taking second place with an entry by Laura Monroe and an honorable mention for Ann McCarthy.

In a new category, advertising, the Northern Star took a second place, while the Southfield Jay took an honorable mention.

## Tinkering Around

by LOUISE OKRUTSKY

### Cooking is a foreign word

Friends insist that it's as natural as breathing, as painless as feeling the wind against your cheeks and as much fun as watching a little kid anticipate his first ride on a roller coaster.

They call it cooking.

That's not what I call it. As a matter of fact, anyone who's eaten any of the concoctions I've developed in my kitchen hesitates to call it cooking, too.

That's enough proof for me. I'm a naturally talented restaurant patron. What's unnatural is my cooking.

I started off on the wrong foot. (Or should I say spatula?) In home ec classes, I was always among the girls who would hide during the cooking classes.

I managed to get away with just fiddling around the school kitchen without the teacher noticing because I always convinced the other girls that I would clean up if they covered for me.

AS A RESULT of my Machiavellian concoctions in the kitchen I went through a year of junior high home ec without learning how to read a recipe.

A minor point, you might say. Anyone can read a recipe. Well, you must keep in mind that this was a small parochial school on the east side of Detroit. The teacher was a stickler for her students doing everything just so.

Her explanations were so lengthy there was never any class time to cook. Instead we wrote equally lengthy and complicated papers on nutrition and properly colored meals.

For the uninformed, a properly colored meal includes more than one color. So the next time Aunt Myrna gives you an all beige meal consisting of mashed potatoes, brown gravy and steak, you will of course feel properly miffed and complain.

At any rate, we were so busy learning what color a meal should be we never learned to use the stove. And since Teach never had time to instruct her giggly 14-year-olds on how to use a stove properly, we never got a chance to cook.

Gary Friedman writes

## These Lizards are tough

Most who play softball agree that with no outs a man on second base can usually be driven in to score a run. Not so for the Lizards, however.

The Lizards are what some people would call a softball team. Only a few, though. And we almost won a game the other day.

The team includes myself and some old friends and we are trying to make a name for ourselves in softball circles. We are arriving slowly, but surely.

As we enter our fourth season of play, we are honored to be a sponsored team, though I'm not quite sure why anyone would want to sponsor the Lizards.

As softball teams go, the Lizards are classic. The team employs the cartoon characters Boris Badenov and Natasha in the team insignia, and the official team picture shows a lizard eating a World War I biplane.

Though some might consider it kid's play, the team is definitely tough.

For example, take the recent Sunday afternoon one-run loss.

Mandel hit a long ball and as he was rounding third base he thought he was playing football and decided to run the catcher over.

The LIZARDS even had a four-game winning streak last year, and our record at one point was a respectable five wins and three losses.

Yet, there are those times when we aren't quite so tough. In one game the leftfielder made so many errors that he took himself out of the game.

And there was the time Wayne's little brother played catcher with a cast on his leg and even managed to score a run. Or Neal, walked nine out of 10 times because he didn't care to swing at the ball.

Despite our often futile attempts at mastering the game, it's still good to get together with the boys and throw around the softball. As much running as we do chasing down the opponents' hits, it keeps us in shape.

As the old saying goes, it's not if you win or lose that counts, it's how you play the game. For the Lizards, one day we just might learn how to play.



## "Around the edge" by Jackie Klein

### Exercise is for the birds

Have you ever been to a vacation spot where before saying "hello," everyone asks, "How much weight did you lose?"

That was my recent experience at Harbor Island Spa in Miami Beach where I survived on 800 calories a day, exercised muscles I never knew came with the rest of my equipment and felt like the leader of the 4-H movement.

Never before in my life have I worked so hard to lose so little—five pounds of ugly fat. At 9 a.m. I dashed into the dining room to gobble an egg white farmer's cheese omelet and a pot of coffee to take away the taste.

From 9:30 to 10 a.m. I joined the ladies' danceercise class, a chorus line for overweight Rockettes. After that, I did beginners', intermediate and advanced exercises, pedaled a stationary bike, did water callisthenics and Yoga, got steamed and creamed and took a massage.

I had just enough time to eat my broiled chicken half before swimming 37 lengths in the salt water pool. I was exhausted in a world of pleasure, health and relaxation, a haven for the tense and a wondrous utopia of restored beauty to maidens of maternally proportions.

LIKE THE fabled Alice in Wonderland, I was told, I would be swept into a new dimension of well-being, physical fitness and slimmness—"quickly and effortlessly."

Some people follow the trends and some just swim upstream like salmon against the current.

Like my husband, Jack, if you pick up any magazine or feature section of the print media these days, you'll be fed impressive statistics about how Americans are taking better care of themselves, jogging, running, exercising and just becoming more aware of their bodies and physical fitness.

Well, it hasn't happened at our house. Not that the kids and I haven't tried. For about a year now there's been talk that dad should join some kind of health club where he can might relax, work out and get in shape, even indulge in active athletics such as racquetball or squash. His most active athletics now are treading the sure path to the refrigerator and the candy cupboard numerous times every evening after dinner.

Even the club idea was a compromise since he's been saying for years he'd take up golf. "When I get out of the retail business, that'll be the time," he said about eleven-nine times. He still hasn't stepped onto a golf course and he's been in a new business nearly three years.

So recently, when he found out an acquaintance was thinking of joining a club, they talked it over and chose the

While on my chicken diet, I was allowed half a broiled bird for dinner and a quarter broiled cackler for a late snack.

I hardly had strength to enjoy the evening entertainments of dancing, bingo, floor shows, movies and other fun and games.

All kidding aside, I loved every minute of it except for the chicken, which I vowed I would never again sink my teeth into. And for someone who never exercises, I didn't do too badly.

I once took golf lessons and my instructor shook his head and quit the profession. When I bowled a perfect 300 (in five games), my teacher suggested I take up tennis. I did and got six blisters and a tennis elbow after the first three strokes.

When I had to pass a floating test in school, my best friend held me up in the water. I tried ice skating but my ankles collapsed and my legs were repealed.

Fortunately, I developed a pinched nerve in my back so I have a perfect excuse for being a klutz. Did you ever feel like the whole world was a pair of gym shoes and you were a Red Cross oxford?

Most of my friends get together and rave about their backswings and birdies. I sink deeper into my seat on my pinched nerve. The only birdie I can discuss is the chicken I hated at the spa.



Southfield Athletic Club. And the two of them joined. Looking back, it seems like paying the dues was the easy part.

WHEN Jack's friend talked to the athletic director, (about 20 years his senior and in great shape) he was told "That punch out in front there, give it a couple of months and it'll be up in your shoulders."

Well, it's been more than a month since Jack joined the club, about an eight-minute ride from his office when traffic is heavy. He's been there twice. The first time, about two weeks after plunking down the several hundred

I KNOW all about handicaps because I bring my own to every sport I try. I once joined a health club and I was the only one who got sick.

The masseuse couldn't find my heart beat and had to apply artificial respiration. Then she had my body recalled. Since none of my parts were working, she suggested I trade my body in for a Honda.

My only claim to fame is that I was a ping pong champ in college. Until now, I've never admitted my opponent was disqualified because she came down with a serious case of dysentery.

Many years ago, I decided if I couldn't be a participant, I could be a sports fan. I was the only one in college who screamed like crazy during football games and couldn't figure out what they did with home plate.

Once I went to a baseball game and it started to rain. When they covered the field, I asked how the team could play if they couldn't see the bases.

I've heard a lot of talk about discrimination against women in sports. I feel, in my own small way, I have contributed to that prejudice.

But thanks to Harbor Island Spa, I can now kick my heels and touch my toes, chew gum while walking and do bumps and grinds like a pro. The trouble is I can only do that if I get only on 800 calories a day and there is a chicken egg on me.

dollars required, he spent 30 minutes trying out a regimen the director worked out with him. Didn't want to overdo, you see. The second time was this week when he had to rush out of the house in the wee hours on business. He went over to the club for a shave and shower. Oh yes, he took a whirlpool.

As for his friend, his wife told me she's almost out of her tree over the whole thing. His office is even closer to the club than Jack's. So he uses it more. He now eats there regularly, sometimes breakfast, sometimes lunch and sometimes both. No daily workout, hasn't found the time. Swim? Well, he put his finger in the pool one day and found it much too cold.

Both of these guys have heard all the latest stats. They know the dangers of being fat and sedentary. Both were beanpoles in their youth. And Jack was actually a long distance runner in high school.

When our children call from Ann Arbor, they inevitably ask if dad's using the club and moving toward being a jolly jock with a firm tummy and new-found stamina.

What can I say except that he's getting closer to it all the time.

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