

The 'guys' gather and women's careers suffer

The young woman smiles infrequently. Only 21, she already is bitter.

She wants to be a sports journalist, a simple dream, really. But like an elusive star, it grows dimmer and sometimes even flickers as she comes closer to her goal.

Chances are, like many women who want an equal chance at being a full-fledged sportswriter, she will be denied. Although women now work in sports departments, they do so as second-class citizens.

The young woman, a university journalism student, shows a great deal of insight.

"Maybe it's time these men got used to the idea that women will no longer accept being excluded from their rituals and traditions," she says.

"They have to accept the fact the women sportswriters will not go away," she concludes.

She is sharing a thread of wisdom with many of the sports department sages, seasoned veterans,

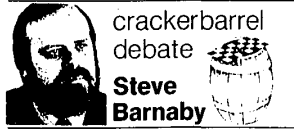
many of whom gloat over the fact they were around to see to it that professional sports became racially integrated.

BUT THESE SAME sports holy men make a point of attending sports-related functions that exclude their female colleagues.

A recent example was the Good Sports Foundation annual dinner. Professional athletes, sports journalists and just plain sports buffs gathered for an evening of entertainment and charity fund raising.

Some of the most prominent civic leaders — judges, councilmen, business executives and broadcasters — attended. These are the same persons who, under different circumstances, mouth allegiance to equal rights. Many of them are your neighbors.

But on this night to be a Good Sport, you had to be one of the guys. Apparently, women, in that group's



crackerbarrel
debate

Steve
Barnaby

thinking, don't make good enough sports to participate.

A FLEDGLING group calling itself Sportswomen in Detroit would like to see an end to this type of segregation. Made up of sports broadcasters, photographers and writers, it seeks to ensure equal access and opportunity for women journalists in the Detroit area.

So far, they have run up against a brick wall. Their male colleagues refuse to speak out in support of them. The time is long past due that we protest this treatment.

Now this goes beyond the fact that the "guys" resent that some women would dare want to barge in on their functions where adolescent, vulgar little jokes might be overheard along with an indiscriminate belch.

FOLKS IN BUSINESS know that much of it is done over cocktails when persons tend to relax. A casual conversation sometimes leads to a big story. A phone call from a friendly voice once met over a beer often leads to a big interview. Many times, it means the difference between who gets promoted.

I want to see that journalism student given an equal chance. She would look so much nicer if she smiled.

How about it, guys?



Nick
Sharkey

Neighbors join forces to thaw cold

First it was tennis elbow. Now it's Atari thumb. Can snow shovel back be coming next?

Most of us still feel the effects of the snowstorms of 1982. After three relatively mild winters, Mother Nature seems to be getting even all at once.

Severe snowstorms are scarce. Who was not frightened for our own safety or that of a loved one during last week's storms? There's a certain element of survival of the fittest with a storm.

Those strong and young enough can usually make it without serious problems during the snow. But what about the very young or very old? How does an older person get required medicine from a drug store? How does an expectant mother make it to the hospital for the birth of a baby?

Fortunately, most of us are not faced with life-threatening situations during a snowstorm. We are inconvenienced by sore backs, clogged streets and balky cars, but we know we are going to make it through.

IN MOST neighborhoods, a snowstorm can be a time of making new friends and meeting old friends. As one person told me, "I always wanted to meet the girl in the apartment next door, but I never had a chance until last week when I pushed her car out of the snow."

My suburban neighborhood is a friendly place during the summer months. Neighbors frequently talk to each other over the back fence or while mowing the lawn. It's easy to get into a game of "catch" on someone's front yard. Families eat lunch together on a backyard picnic table.

But it's different in the winter. Everyone hibernates inside a warm house. Sometimes a neighbor is not seen from late fall until early spring.

That is, unless there is a snowstorm. Last week, a festival atmosphere was in the air. Oh, sure, there was much work to be done. But there was a pioneer spirit as neighbors worked to help each other.

I shoveled five driveways for people unable to clear their own. I helped push a stalled car down the street for a young woman on her way to a college class.

In exchange, one neighbor baked me cake and cookies. A more mechanically-minded man than I am figured out a way to open the frozen doors on my car. The neighborhood bartering worked out well and made us all realize that by working together we'd be all right.

AFTER THE WORK, there was time for play. While the children made snow forts and igloos, adults pelled each other with snowballs. Cameras came out to photograph the annual neighborhood snowman — something we will all look at during a heat wave this August.

At night, small parties were held inside many homes. Over cards, drinks and popcorn, the snow didn't seem so bad after all.

Yes, the difficulties of our snowstorms are real. But at the same time, that's the stuff that makes memories. Someday we may fondly recall with our friends the great snowstorms of 1982.



discover
Michigan

Bill Stockwell

Did you know that the woman who is believed to have been the first black woman doctor in the United States graduated from the University of Michigan Medical School in 1885? Sophie Bethens, a native of Chatham, Ont., practiced medicine in Atlanta and Kansas City.



'Entirely up to them'

Father Sparky's new style

His hair seems a little whiter, his tan a shade deeper, but Sparky Anderson, the Detroit Tigers manager, is a much-changed man as he prepares to start another spring training in Florida.

No longer is he the "con" man who never missed a chance to tell you how good the Tigers would be and how many games they would win in the long summer campaign.

Now he has adopted a new twist. He is displaying a "father image," constantly telling the players that they can do great things along the victory trail — if they want to.

This big change was noticed when Sparky spoke at the recent Baseball Writers of America Detroit chapter annual dinner. The writers, including The Stroller, figured they were going to get another dose of the optimism he had been offering since he became manager.

But Sparky didn't do that.

INSTEAD, in a serious vein, he emphasized that this year's Tiger brigade could be just as good as it wanted to be.

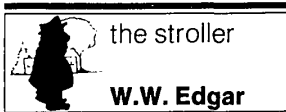
"If they adopt a winning attitude and stick together, they can be contenders for the title," he said. "It will be entirely up to them. They have their fate in their own hands."

Looking at Kirk Gibson, he became even more serious. The former Michigan State star, who had just been given the Tiger of the Year award by the writers, was in a jovial mood when Sparky rose to speak.

"Kirk," Sparky said, "you have the opportunity of a lifetime. You have the potential to be one of the greatest outfielders the game has ever known."

"They talk of another Mickey Mantle. But you can surpass him — if you develop the desire to do so. It is going to be entirely up to you."

Gibson, surprised by the personal touch of the



moment, stood there with a serious look, like a son listening to his father. Sparky continued:

"KIRK, YOU are a young fellow, and a lot of things could happen along the way. But you will have to make up your mind that you want to be the greatest. Then you can reach your potential."

It was one of the most solemn moments the baseball writers had known in their annual meeting. But it portrayed a new Sparky Anderson who is going south to supervise spring training.

The new Sparky was a far cry from the fellow who stood in the same spot two years ago and proudly boasted that the team would be a pennant contender that would win 90 games. It was a bold statement as the Tigers had finished in fifth place.

It is history now that the team didn't win 90 games and finished in fifth place again.

It was the same last season. Even though the Tigers put on a great spurt in the second half of the split season, they landed in fifth again in the overall schedule.

NOW SPARKY Anderson is changing his style. He no longer boasts about what he will do with the team. He has put the burden on the players.

"They have the potential to win," he says with the voice of a believer, "but it will be entirely up to the players themselves. They must develop the winning spirit."

"If they don't, well . . ."

That's the mood in which he is attacking a new season. It will be interesting to see what happens.



Tim
Richard

A kamikaze view from an auto plant

Reading some pamphlets from the Independent Skilled Trades Council of the UAW I had the same feeling of bewilderment I felt as a kid back in World War II, when I read of the Japanese kamikaze pilots.

In the last desperate days of that war, Japanese volunteers were locked into planes loaded with bombs and sent aloft. Because they were going to die anyway, the kamikaze pilots figured they might as well dive into an American battleship and try to take a few hundred Yanks with them.

Nevertheless, I did read entirely through the batch of leaflets, news handouts, reprints and cartoons which a friend who works at the GM LaSalle plant gave me.

That was more than the GM workers are being told to do.

According to one UAW skilled trades sheet "Question: What if supervision or the public address system tells us to go to the auditorium to view 'company films'?"

"Answer: Don't go. Tell them you do not wish to participate, and if they insist, call for your committeeman to protest their actions."

"Question: What if they hand out literature?"

"Answer: Tell the you don't want any of their propaganda. If you receive any literature, slip it off at the union work center. We'll have a garbage barrel to collect this material."

THE SECOND part of the UAW skilled trades message is, don't make wage or benefit concessions because:

"GM wants to increase its investment capital so that it can accomplish two things: 1) Finance its building of automated plants which require fewer workers. 2) Finance its overseas operations which will build parts for cars sold in America."

In other words, UAW members are being told any concessions at the bargaining table won't save off layoffs and will only be used against them.

Like the kamikaze pilot who is going to the anyway, you might as well carry a plane load of bombs and crash into an enemy ship.

MEANWHILE, the Feb. 8 Fortune magazine comes up with some shocking numbers about the auto industry: Japanese firms have a cost advantage of \$1,300 to \$1,700 per car.

"Auto industry wages in Japan currently run about \$8 an hour below those in the U.S.," writes Charles G. Burk in the Feb. 8 article "Can Detroit Catch Up?"

That, of course, means nothing to the UAW skilled trades leaders, who are saying literally that wages have absolutely nothing to do with prices.

"The average Japanese compact or subcompact is assembled in 14 worker-hours, against 33 for the comparable U.S. car. Building the Japanese engine requires 2.8 hours against 6.8 for the U.S. engine; stamping out body parts, 2.9 hours against 9.5," the Fortune article goes on.

TO BE FAIR, writer Burk and his sources heap mounds of criticism on Detroit management for lavishly wasting money and space on inventory, kicking around suppliers and failing to appreciate its workers.

Ford has whacked off 25 percent of its salaried work force in the U.S. auto business. Chrysler has cut white-collar staff by half, and GM is doing a "renorseless pruning" of management, Burk adds.

The stresses on the ordinary plant workers have to be enormous. They would be smart, however, to read both GM's and their union leaders' sides of it. Management and labor are in the same boat. It would be suicidal to blow the other guy out of the water.