

# New Trier state of mind

by Lydia Wuorinen

Our high school has its own atmosphere. And while easily apparent to newcomers, the effects of New Trier are often lost on its own students.

It took a trip to Northwestern University (NU) for me to realize this.

Over the weekend, I visited a few of my friends who recently moved into their NU dorms. As I walked into Chapin, one of the university's many residential colleges, I was immediately struck with the welcoming feel of the place.

Seven people introduced themselves as I entered the building. I mentioned that I wasn't living in Chapin, but was just stopping by.

What I got was an invitation to Six Flags. John, a freshman, went so far as to ask if I needed to borrow a Wildcat Card to take the shuttle with them. I said no (I have a driving curfew), so they showed me Aziz Ansari's standup comedy show until they had to leave.

I was surprised; I hadn't experienced anything like that at New Trier. These students were so friendly, I felt embarrassed that I had walked in with my "New Trier face" on. What was I doing?

My friend later confided in me that the group was normally even more welcoming, but they had been thrown off by my demeanor.

This is when I came to the realization that I didn't come off as friendly as I thought I did. It wasn't my approachability that was an issue, demonstrated by the two times I was asked for directions on my short walk to the hall, but rather the initial vibe I gave when put into the new situation.

It took me a moment to let down my guard, and to allow myself to be myself. Even then, I struggled to define formality and politeness, without coming off too cold.

Once I had left, I wondered why I had acted so—in my mind—poorly.

Then it hit me. Trevians aren't meaner than anyone else; we just have a different style.

We're more like New Yorkers than the fuzzy Wildcats I had met.

*Our school is defined by rigorous academics, stellar extracurricular programs and nationally competitive sports. Let our positive attitude also define us.*

You learn as a sophomore that in order not to get walked on in hallways by the untouchable upperclassmen, you need to exude a level of confidence and certainty in the direction you're traveling.

Many develop this trait by putting on a serious face, keeping eyes locked dead ahead, and by asserting his/her space in the hall through variations on walking and speed.

Not everyone does this, but I believe quite a few do. Walk down a New Trier hallway and you'll see what I mean.

Take notice not of how many people are laughing with friends, but how many individuals walk by with a smile.

Everyone is comfortable with their friends; it is a rare few that openly smile upon a stranger. That's just the way we are.

Warmth is not an adjective one would use to describe New Trier during passing periods, though it is apparent when observing close-knit groups within the school.

New Trier is a welcoming place, and walking through its halls during a 5 minute passing period is not how our school should be judged.

In this sense, my glimpse to Northwestern's dorm was skewed. These students were having their orientation week; they had already gotten through the college process, and were simply excited to finally be there.

We Trevians are in a pressure-packed environment.

Trying to get the best grades we can to go to the best school we can get into; writing god knows how many essays; working with college counselors, teachers, and our advisors to complete our applications; and attempting to maintain our grades and extracurricular activities on top of it all: New Trier students are busy.

There's stresses at every school, and I bet that the NU students will be more busy when November quarter finals come round—and maybe a little less bubbly to newcomers.

Even so, an effort to create a more welcoming school is never wasted.

Walk down the halls knowing that your classmates are also stressed out, and that a smile in their direction can't hurt. Reassure yourself that even the smallest show of kindness goes a long way.

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It's as easy as smiling.

# Staff editorial: There are no victims in journalism

As journalists it is our responsibility to impartially find and share the news. Through interviews and first-hand accounts, we report what we are told by students and administration. However, some pieces are designed to show a writer's point of view or opinion. The editorial page gives the reader a one-sided view with the intention of evoking thought or establishing a comedic effect. This type of article is not meant to be a factual, unbiased news report.

The core purpose of opinion articles is to be controversial and provoke a response from readers.

In last week's issue, we published an opinion article in which we made an attempt to humorously share an opinion on the subject of underage drinking at school events in a thought-provoking way.

And though many students didn't agree with this opinion, its purpose was to prompt seniors to reflect on the balance (or lack thereof) between their academic and social lives.

The article exemplified an essential pillar of journalism --specifically opinion-style journalism -- to provoke thought and dialogue.

We have received a lot of feedback from students who disagreed with these views. These students felt that including the specifics of a recent underage drinking incident was insensitive. However, as a news medium,

the inclusion of this incident was imperative to the article.

It may be easier to pretend it didn't happen, but as journalists, ignoring the occurrence would be wrong. As the school's only news source, it is our job to report and comment on stories like these.

For this reason, we have published an article for this week that further covers the story and gives the perspective of one of the students involved.

This article was not published to garner further attention for the newspaper, or as an apology towards the parties offended. Rather, it was written to achieve our aforementioned goal: to report on stories relevant to current student life at New Trier.

There is no wrong in covering this topic. That's journalism. Whether it is student or teacher misconduct, it is a responsibility of ours to bring news to the New Trier community.

Regardless of your reaction to last week's opinion-- anger, condemnation, approval, or, as we saw on social media, mockery -- we encourage this type of debate. It's what the principle of free press is all about.

It's what makes our publication the all-school forum that it strives to be. If you feel strongly enough about any story we cover, feel free to submit a letter or email to the New Trier News. We want to continue the conversation.

# The dangers of X country

by Abby Burton

Who would have thought that cross country is the most dangerous sport of them all? Not me... until I joined the team.

Let's start off with the temperatures in which the team is expected to run. The season starts in August, and it gets a little too hot for my liking.

There is a required state rule that we aren't allowed to run in temperatures in the upper 90's, but that doesn't stop the team from running in even .1 degree lower than the legal maximum.

Although this seems like it would be super fun, feeling like I am going to die of heat stroke is not my idea of a good time.

On the other hand, the season doesn't end until mid-October when it can get uncomfortably cold. Unfortunately, we aren't allowed to wear sweatshirts during the races, so by the end of a frigid three mile run, I can't even feel my fingers.

Sometimes frostbite is an issue, but as runners we are just supposed to "walk it off" or "go find a warm blanket".

The tough terrain of our running paths is another issue. The amount of people that I have seen fall on the sidewalks during practices and end up with [semi] severe injuries is slightly concerning.

Even one of our own staff members (Danni LeServe), took a rough tumble on the rocky gravel of

Locust Road. Don't worry everyone; she made a quick recovery.

I don't know how many of you have competed in a cross country race before, but the start of the race is extraordinarily terrifying and unnecessarily dangerous. Around one hundred and fifty girls are expected to stand in a small four by four box before the race.

Imagine this in your head. Yes, you are imagining this correctly, cramming this many people into a space that small is merely impossible.

When the gun goes off, the stampede of people sprinting is

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comparable to a herd of wild buffalo.

As expected, many girls fall to the ground and are left there to either continue the race or be picked up by a medical team.

Another frightening part of this sport is the courses we run on. Sure, Sheridan Road and Chestnut Road are safe and beautiful places to run,

but they don't prepare the pampered North Shore girls for the paths at Libertyville and Antioch.

I'd say roughly half of each of these courses takes place in a forest. I repeat, IN A FOREST.

For all I know, there could be a village of vicious raccoons ready to pounce on the girls running, or even a pack of wayward squirrels. The possibility for wildlife danger is endless.

If you haven't heard of spikes before, they are a type of shoe that supposedly improves a runner's race time.

Yes, the shoe does look like it sounds. Sharp edges stick out from the bottom to help create more friction with the shoe and the ground. But let's be honest, the combination of spiky shoes and clumsy teens will end poorly.

I guess the biggest danger of them all is getting caught by the coaches for making up a fake sickness or injury to get out of running. And no, I have not personally done this, but I've got to hand it to my teammates for some of the excuses they've come up with.

I have heard everything from a broken toe to a "sore" hip flexor. Anyways, let's just say when the coaches find out that there is no broken nail or injured hip, the only way to come out of that conversation alive is to run.

Run as far away from the coaches as you can and never come back.



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