

Wise words for winning at NT



by Marie O'Connor

With nine days left of high school it's almost impossible not to feel nostalgic or want to impart some wisdom on my fellow trevs.

After four long years of homework, tests, new friends and maybe the occasional fight, I feel like an entirely new person compared to the tiny freshman who walked into the Northfield campus for the first time.

I won't pretend that I have all the answers or solutions to have the perfect four years here at NT, or even that I am a perfect model to follow, but I have survived, I am graduating, and I am going to college.

Not to mention I'm a senior, so I innately have authority on everything. This alone gives me the right to impart advice onto all you lowly underclassman.

So here we go; advice on how to win at high school....

Don't take yourself so seriously. After eighth grade, and all alone on the freshman campus there's no one to put freshmen in their place. Trying to make friends and move on from junior high means inflated egos and lots of overconfidence.

To all you sophomores with your swelled heads, welcome to the Winnetka campus, here you are the bottom of the food chain. (And to that sophomore boy who stole my seat in the trevia commons, YOU AREN'T COOLER THAN ME.)

But besides hating on sophomores, which is always fun, I am being sincere when I say that no one will remember what you wore or what parties you got into in high

school. Use your time to make real friends or find a club you love. It's definitely important to try out different roles to see which one fits, but don't force a personality that isn't your own.

Join a club where you know no one. It can be terrifying to join an activity, sport, or club without a friend to rely on. Going into something alone is risky, but the result is often well worth the risk. Sophomore year I saw an opportunity to write for the *Sophomore Journal*, and even after begging my friends none of them would join me in attending a meeting.

Fed up, I emailed the sponsor and showed up to the club by myself. Obviously, I fell for journalism because here I am writing for the *New Trier News* two years later.

I knew no one in that club, but it didn't matter because the as like-minded journalists we all got along and now many of those once-strangers sit beside me everyday in the newsroom.

Join a club with people you know. While taking a risk and doing something alone can result in learning something new about yourself, sometimes it's also fun to join something with a bunch of people you already know.

For me, this was Track and Field. The no-cut sport allowed me and my friends to run together every day after school. It doesn't have to be a sport though, any activity where your group of friends gets to hang out during the week is really fun and usually completely hilarious.

It's not uncool to try. What I mean by this is it's not uncool to be passionate about something you love. Really loving something and giving it all you can is a lot more satisfying than pretending you're above trying.

Life is way more fun when you accept that some things are just really exciting, and you're allowed to get excited about them. Basically, don't be too cool for school, it's boring and

honestly, you're wasting your time.

Get to know your teachers. Having a great relationship with teachers, para-pros, or other adults around the school adds another layer to the learning here.

It's so important to have relationships with individuals of all ages and backgrounds and it's never too early to start. Not only does having a good relationship with a teacher most likely help your grade, but these relationships can serve a role found nowhere else.

Teachers aren't your parents, so many times the relationship is a more friendly one, but at the same time each teacher has a different story or experience that is incredibly fascinating.

We are given the freedom to roam the halls during our free periods rather than sit in mandatory study halls, giving us the chance to talk to teachers outside of class. Most students are not given this kind of opportunity until college, so take advantage of all the knowledge in this building.

Throughout my four years I have had a few amazing teachers that stand out in my memory. Teachers who even years later I still say hi to in the hallway or stop to catch up.

I can't imagine enjoying high school as much as I have without some of the people in this building who have made it their life's work to educate me.

With that I conclude my last opinions in this newspaper. It has been an honor and a privilege to be a part of this news staff, and to work with such amazing people. Finally:

Don't Juul in the hallway. It's not cool.

Don't play music from speakers in your backpack, it's just obnoxious.

Try all the clubs or sports you can until you find something you love.

Remember that high school isn't always supposed to be fun, so when it gets tough, keep going!

Why I thought high school was the worst



by Bella Geroulis

As I sit here writing my last piece for the *New Trier News*, I can't help but reflect on the past four years I've spent aimlessly walking through these halls. I'm left confused and conflicted, caught between optimism and nostalgia.

School for me has never been easy. Add on all the superficialities that come along with high school, and you understand my own personal heck.

Whether it be the academics, extra curriculars, or even my social life, balance and grace have never been my forte. I guess I spent so much of my time in high school frustrated because it felt like nothing ever clicked for me. What can you do, you know?

Of course as a know-it-all teenage girl, I always just assumed the whole world was working against me and that I was always right.

I would quickly find out that more often than not, I was wrong. The world was not working against me and when teachers yelled, it was just because they cared.

As I sit here reflecting on high school, I've only now come to realize how ~unreal~ high school was. From the friends I've made and the friends I've lost, the nights out all over the North Shore and the nights spent alone, and even the late night crams for finals; I had it pretty good these past four years.

I'm not going to deny that there were some rough patches along the

road. More often than not it felt like my whole world came crumbling down. But it's not the times that went perfectly smooth that made me love high school, it's the times that I wanted to forget.

Honestly, if I'm laying my cards on the table just one more time, most of the people I've met have shown me exactly what I don't want to be, and because of that I'm slowly progressing into a person I feel comfortable being.

If there's one lesson I've learned at New Trier, it's to stop trying to fit in. I'm apologizing in advance for how cheesy this is going to be, but if anyone reads this and it helps, maybe I won't be such a disappointment to my parents (I'm kidding, I think).

For too long at this school, I tried to fit into what New Trier has set as it's standard of beauty or "coolness." And for far too long I was miserable at this place.

I spent more time in high school proclaiming my hatred of this institution rather than taking advantage of all that it has to offer. And for that, I am sorry.

I guess what I'm trying to say in this pseudo-poetic way is thank you to all the Trevians, past and present, who granted me their own unique lesson about life.

Each person who I've talked to these four years, just know that even if we never talked again after that, you taught me something about who I am and who I'm not. And for that, I thank you.

Each teacher who I've had, even if I sometimes forget your name in the halls, you helped guide my intellectual journey to a place I never thought imaginable. And for that, I thank you.

Though high school was the worst at times, it was also the best.

Guest Column: Why I'm proud to call myself a feminist

Because fighting for a worthy cause is nothing to be ashamed of

by Annabel Weyhrich

It seems a little ridiculous to me that women in 2017 are still fighting for equality.

But the struggle won't stop when all women have equal pay. The conversation will only end when all women are represented and have their voices heard.

I want to point out, that as an affluent, white female, I have more privilege than those women who are also victims of racial and socio-economic inequality.

I cannot begin to understand these struggles, but I hope to add my voice to the conversation of equal gender representation, while not falling into the pitfalls of white feminism.

Since sophomore year, I have played in New Trier's intramural bas-

ketball league.

The boys' and girls' trophies have always been a golden shoe for the first place bracket and a silver shoe for the second place bracket.

However, Junior year, the girls' silver shoe was "improved" with a pink shoe lace, while the boy's trophy remained the same.

We didn't think much of the change, but it seemed strange to alter the girl's trophy and not the boy's.

This year when we walked into the championship game we were shocked to see a pink shoe that was awarded to the winner.

The most upsetting part of this whole episode is that I wanted to suppress my feelings, because while many girls echoed my frustration, there was an acknowledgment that nothing would change.

Honestly, having a trophy change color is not that big of a deal, but this is what normalizes gender inequality. Pink is an outdated representation of being female, and if we put the work in to win first place, I

want a gold shoe.

About two weeks after the shoe incident, there was an Instagram posted to commemorate this year's honored alumni.

The post is a collage of nine pictures representing ten honorees: eight men and two women.

After taking a closer look, I

No one should ever feel embarrassed to point out something they don't think is right

was astonished to find that they had chosen to duplicate the two women, whereas the men had individual photos.

To me, having multiple pictures of the same women intends to create a facade of equal gender representation.

While the gender inequality among honorees is disturbing on its own, to pretend otherwise is just not

okay. In good spirit, and attempting to understand whoever runs the *New Trier 203* account, I reached out to ask why they felt the need to misrepresent the gender gap.

I also reached out to the volunteers who run night league to ask why they changed the trophy color. I have yet to receive a response from either party.

In retrospect, these two events are not life changing. No one got hurt and no one's rights were taken away, but the issue is that of normalizing inequality.

We all have to be on guard. I am certainly not immune. Just last week, I was asking a group of volunteers to help me solicit gifts for our senior class project.

I caught myself saying, "If your dad owns a business or has connections..." without thinking I immediately said dad because even I, a self-proclaimed feminist warrior, am susceptible to sexist assumptions.

When I speak out about these events, I feel like people are portray-

ing me as a "typical feminist" who just gets upset by everything.

I feel that I have become some sort of joke in my class which delegitimizes the entire movement of equal representation.

No one should ever feel embarrassed to point out something they do not think is right.



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