

Raiders headed for state championship bid



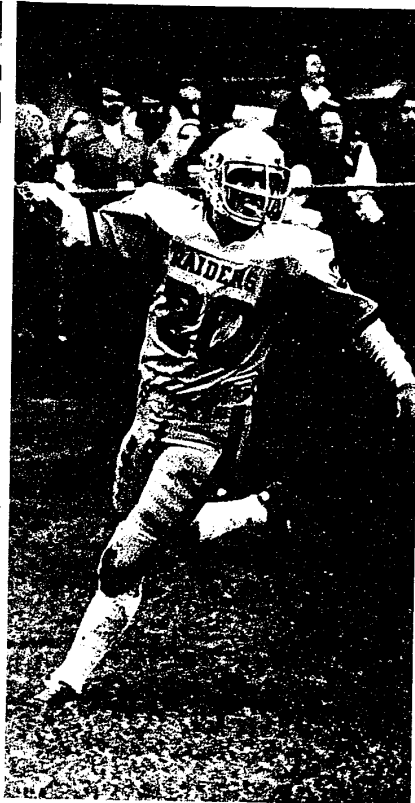
Raider fans minced few words last Saturday as they urged their team on to victory against Brother Rice, the now deposed state champions. This same spirit will be carried to the Silverdome Saturday in the team's quest for a state title of their own. (Staff photos by Harry Mauthe)



With the aid of some fine blocking by Mike Miller, No. 40, Farmington quarterback Greg Goldstein sets to deliver a pass.



Finally a smile crosses the face of Raider coach Ron Holland (above) as cheerleader Cheri Gravus shines with a pleased look.



Tom Godwin flashes a victory smile as he scores the Raider's first touchdown of the afternoon last Saturday in the 26-7 upset of Brother Rice.

Crackerbarrel DEBATE



Willoughby is proud of Holland and team

"Say Barnaby, what do you think Willoughby's got to say about this?" belated sports editor Tom Beer as he foisted a story in my face proclaiming the North Farmington Raider's victory over Brother Rice last Saturday.

Musing over my typewriter, I decided to make a point of catching Willoughby Wink, the town sage, at Monday night's council meeting and get a couple of comments.

In case you missed it, North Farmington's football team skyrocketed to statewide fame this week by beating the pants off of the Class A state champs and ending Rice's 24-game winning streak with a 26-7 victory.

This Saturday, the Raiders will bump heads with Traverse City for the Class A state championship at the Silverdome.

"It'll be the battle of the giant killers," proclaimed Willoughby, in something less than hushed tones, waking up the dozing spectators in council chambers.

Willoughby was referring to the fact that Traverse City won a surprise victory over heavily favored Trenton to get in the playoffs. That, coupled with the Raider victory over the much-publicized Rice team, has set the stage for one of the biggest events to come to the Farmington area in years.

"You should have been there last Saturday, Barnaby. You missed one heck of a game," said Willoughby, as he indelicately gulped a snort from his flask.

"That Ron Holland is one heck of a coach," he continued. "He showed those Rice players what it's like to play football."

Holland, the Raider coach, is one of the more unfappable personalities in town. He methodically has led his team week by week, garnering one victory after another with a minimum of ballyhoo.

Meanwhile, disgruntled sports writers have pursued the elusive coach week after week for an interview with the pilot of "the" up and coming team in this state's high school football.

"Yup, that's my kind of man—no nonsense about him. He just gets his team to put the points on the board with that super running game," said Willoughby with something of bravado in his raspy voice.

"Wait a minute, Willoughby. When did you ever give a darn about football?" I asked, knowing full well that the extent of Willoughby's athletic prowess is in exercising his elbow.

"Don't kid yourself. I've been watching that team all season. You could have asked me weeks

ago who would be in the playoffs and I would have told you North Farmington," retorted Willoughby in defense.

"You see, it's team work that counts. When quarterback Greg Goldstein clicks with guys like running backs Jeff Cohen and Mike Miller, you know you've got a winning combination," he said.

"Then throw in a kid like Dan Deacon and you've really got a team," said Willoughby, proudly reciting off some of the team members' names.

My ears stood up at alert when I heard the name Deacon.

"Deacon, huh. Is that Deacon like in Councilman Keith Deacon?" I queried.

"Sure is, of the same family, no less," he smiled, with an evil smile of his own.

"C'mon, Willoughby. Let's keep politics out of this," I implored.

"Good point. But just think if the Farmington Hills city council worked with the same kind of team work that the North gridders have this year?"

"Instead of recall, this city government would have some winning points of its own to post," he said.

"Sometimes it takes the kids in town to show the old folks how to do it right."

I had to think about that one for a couple of minutes. Good point, Willoughby, I thought. Naturally, I wouldn't give Willoughby credit for such brilliance.

"Sure does make a body proud to see such good work. Maybe we should run Ron Holland for city council the next time around," suggested Willoughby.

"No, I think you should let Ron stick to football," I said. "Why run a good thing?"

Willoughby pondered this point as he bummed a cigarette from Betsy Blink, his girlfriend.

"You might be right on that one, Barnaby. By the way, what did Tom Beer think of all this?"

"Strange," I replied, "he asked the same about you."

"Did he smile about the Raider victory?" asked Willoughby.

"Sort of, but you know Tom. Did Ron Holland smile?"

"Sort of," replied Willoughby. "But you know Ron."

We're all smiling Ron. The whole city is proud as heck of the team and we wish you and your guys the best of luck at the Silverdome this Saturday. Just think, maybe Monte Clark and his mob will drop by to see how it's done.

Dare to care enough to give her a daring new fragrance... J'ai Ose

From Parfums Guy La Roche, a tantalizing new scent. Unequivocal in its approach to feminine beauty. J'ai Ose (Joy O-say), 1/4 oz. parfum, \$25. Also priced from \$2.50 to \$80. In Hudson's Atles of Beauty, Downtown, Northland, Eastland, Oakland, Fairlane.



hudson's the Christmas store

