

# Schoolcraft Routs Traverse City

By BOB McLELLAN  
Schoolcraft College won its opener, 106-64, over a hapless Northwestern Michigan College quintet from Traverse City in the Ocelots' first annual Christmas basketball tournament and advanced into last (Tuesday) night's finals in the four-team event.

The host school clashed with Washtenaw Community College who whipped Lansing Community College, 87-82, in the first game Monday night. Lansing and the Traverse City two-year school tangled in a consolation game.

In gaining their fourth triumph in nine starts, the Schoolcraft eagles had an easy time of it right from the opening buzzer.

COACH TOM RONCOLI played all of his 14 cagers and all but one scored. In fact, five Ocelots tallied in double figures. John Jetch-

ick notched 18 points, Rod Shafer and Jeff Taylor 15 apiece, Dennis Rons 12 and Desmond Denham 10. Mike Metzger heaved in 24 markers and Alan Nutter 19 to pace the Northwestern attack.

Schoolcraft threw up such a rough, fast-paced defense against the visitors they were unable to score until nearly 10 minutes had elapsed in the first half.

THE OCELOTS fouled the Traverse City players 36 times, and on 24 occasions

Always ahead, Schoolcraft led 50-28 at the half. The game was marked by inept ballhandling on Northwestern's part and sloppy defense in Schoolcraft's half.

They were converted into several easy layups.

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## observing sports

Auld Lang Syne. . . . And where has another year vanished so swiftly in our lives?

It's hard to believe it's goodby to '70 and hello to '71 and another new round of income tax papers to tackle within the next few weeks.

The year flashes back on you before it goes its merry way to vanish from our midst for ever.

**REMEMBER:**  
That night that the Detroit area fans went mad and daffy when Denny McLain came back to the Tigers?

That night up in Jensen Field House in East Lansing when Rick Drewitz from Garden City West High turned in a super performance in the semifinals of the state tournament to emerge as the player-of-the-year?

That day when the phone rang and son Richard announced it was a girl. . . and that meant G.M. had become a grandfather for the first time?

That first ride in one of those super 747 jet airliners. . . short as it was from Detroit to Erie, Pa., back to Detroit?

That afternoon a week ago when you plunged into the pool in Hollywood, Fla., the temperature there in the 80s and the folks back home telling you it was snowing and freezing?

Those afternoons and evenings when North Farmington won one football game after another to wind up No. 1 in the state in everybody's high school football polls?

The very first day of the year when it was announced that Michigan football coach Bo Schembechler was suffering from a heart attack moments before his Wolverines went to play — and lose — in the Rose Bowl against Southern California?

That pass interception just last Saturday which killed off the Lions' hopes to make it to the NFL championship game and perhaps the Super Bowl?

Breakfast in the Sheraton Hotel in Los Angeles with Sou'wilder's Gordie Howe, the greatest athlete of all?

Those post-game press sessions when everybody asks Bill Van Breda Kolff of the Pistons — "how come your team is such a success this season?"

The comeback Redford Township's baseball team staged. . . repeat as the Adray League state champs?

Morrie Moorawick trying to cover three baseball games simultaneously and listening to a couple of others on the radio?

The touring scenes at a hundred airports as members of the armed forces come back to join their loved ones or say so long. . . perhaps, never, to return again as they head off to Vietnam?

A visit to the new Queen Elizabeth 2, the newest of the ocean-going craft?

Munching ice cream with new Red Wing coach Ned Harkness before the season began and before all the troubles which have beset him arose?

The arrival into the family household of Oscar and loving sheepdog talk?

Learning that George Fefles would be back again as basketball coach, if only for one season, at Livonia Bentley High School?

The football game Southfield Lathrup won on the last play of the game, the Pontiac Northern quarterback tossed the ball into the air thinking time had run out. . . only the ball was grabbed by a Lathrup player who ran for a touchdown?

The brilliance of Dave Bing on the basketball court?

Joe Schmidt walking from player to player and patting each on the back before taking time to meet the press after the Lions had beaten the Rams in one of their more important games of the season?

Mayo Smith standing up in February and talking so enthusiastically about the Tigers. . . the same Mayo Smith in October after being informed that the Tigers no longer required his services?

The excitement around our Lady of Sorrows when the school's wrestlers won the state Class C championship?

Kids playing hockey at one of the Livonia rinks at 2:30 in the morning?

The new enthusiasm being shown in indoor tennis. . . the opening of the Franklin Racquet Club in Southfield and the adjacent Square Lake Club a few miles away?

More and more of our neighbors turning to skiing as their major source of recreation?

The success again of the Les Anderson Invitational baseball tournament?

The announcement that after all these years Michigan finally will have a state prep baseball meet starting in 1971?

The realization that before we know it we'll be celebrating a 55th and then a 60th birthday?

Standing and listening to Americans from coast to coast sing out in our National Anthem? What could be more inspiring in times like these?

WELL, WHAT'S THE USE looking back? It's nice to reflect and think of the good things that have happened.

But there's nothing we can do about yesterday. It's today which actually counts the most. . . and then tomorrow.

Happy New Year, everybody!



## Dateline: Outdoors

By LEM MESEE  
Outdoors Writer

Winter's fierce bite is upon us. It reminds me the season is here for trapping small fur-bearing animals, and it also reminds me of one of the happiest and saddest times of my life — the year that I ran my own trapline on my grandfather's farm in northern Michigan.

It was my first — and last — trapping experience. My trapping project started in the hot, windless days of the summer I was 12 years old. To earn money for my traps, I picked potatoes (two cents a bushel) for a nearby farmer. Along about September he sold his crop and sent me my earnings.

Immediately my grandmother and I got out the catalog and ordered two dozen No. 1½ traps — the kind you use for muskrat, weasel, skunk and raccoon. While I waited with all the impatience of youth for the mailman, I fashioned several drying boards out of shingles I bought at the lumberyard in the small town seven miles away.

FINALLY my traps arrived — gleaming and smelling of newness — and so did the trapping season. With my cousin Kenny as mentor, who at 16 years was wise in the ways of trapping, my undertaking began with incredible hopes and unlimited enthusiasm.

I decided, principally, to trap along the main body of water that fed into a small lake on my grandfather's property. Because of a beaver dam downstream, the creek widened into a good-sized channel for about a half mile before it reached the lake, and muskrat houses flourished everywhere.

Kenny took great care and patience in helping me set the traps. When we spotted "rat" droppings on a log, we'd notch it and set the triggered trap within the cut. We also set the traps at the bottom of the "rats' slides and near their little, conical houses made of mud, twigs and marsh grass.

Kenny stressed that muskrats will bite off their legs to escape from a trap so we anchored our snares in water deep enough for the animals.

GAME POSTPONED  
The Michigan Junior Hockey League game between the Ellis Juniors and the Downriver Mercury scheduled for Friday (Jan. 1) at 9 p.m. on the Ford Arena ice has been postponed. The arena will be dark Friday and management of the Ellis team indicated the game will be rescheduled later.

to drown themselves after they'd been caught.

There were few commercial mink ranches in those days so the pelts of those little animals brought as much as \$25 - \$30 apiece. I wanted badly to catch a mink so we even set a few snares for them in a nearby tiny stream that flowed into the much larger creek.

Kenny cautioned me, however, not to be disappointed if I failed to get a mink, noting that Howard Curry, my grandfather's nearest neighbor, was the only one in those parts who'd had any success in many a year pursuing that wily little animal.

TO BE SURE I'd be able to find all my traps, Kenny and I notched trees near the snares, tied a rag to a bush close by or placed a large rock on the bank near the "set." We left nothing to chance.

Now it was three miles from my grandparents' home to my trapline on their lower 40, and it was a good mile from their place to school, which I had to attend promptly every day at eight o'clock. So it meant I had to walk at least seven miles before day really broke.

Nonetheless, I reveled in every moment of it — even on those mornings when the temperature dropped below zero, when the snow whipped my face and when the icy wind fairly blew me along my way.

Nothing — or so I thought — could quell the raging fire inside the heart of the great trapper. Often, in fact, I saw myself pictured in the trapping magazines emanating from St. Louis, Mo., with my many pelts fastened to the outside wooded wall of my grandparents' home. I dreamed I'd be acclaimed by man and boy, both far and wide, for my trapping expertise. And I imagined I'd reap great wealth.

My trapping venture didn't quite turn out that way. The first morning I found nothing in my traps. I counted every one to make sure I hadn't missed any. But I had inspected every one — all 24 — and each was cold, silent and unspanned. I was a little disappointed, but I knew I'd catch something tomorrow. And I did.

That next morning, along about the sixth "set," the trap was missing from a notched log, and the chain was dangling in the water. When I pulled it up, there was a dead muskrat in the snare.

IT WAS THE only "rat I got that day, but it certainly was enough for me. That afternoon I hurried home from school and skinned it — just the way I had read in those trapping magazines from St. Louis.

When I was done, I turned the pelt inside out and stretched it tightly over a wire line in the woodshed, to make sure our cats couldn't get to it.

The next morning I found three rats in my traps and my joy was unbounded. I ran

all the way to school so I could tell my friends about my latest catch. All of them, even the girls, were properly pleased and respectful. You can imagine how young Lem felt that day — a 12-year-old boy whose wildest dreams were being fulfilled!

I drew a blank the next two days, but my enthusiasm was undimmed; by that time I was convinced I'd take a great many pelts before the season was over.

The next morning I was rewarded again. Near the end of my line there was a "rat." But instead of drowning himself, he had managed to scramble up on the bank and had nearly bitten through one of his hind legs that was caught in the steel jaws of the trap.

Both of us were startled. And both of us stood fast for a moment staring at each other.

NOW A muskrat is not a pretty animal. It has a long tail, buck teeth and beady eyes. Except for its dark, oily fur, it resembles a common sewer rat. It possesses none of the barbaric grace of the weasel or the mink. Nor does it appear shy — and sometimes jovial — like a fox or raccoon. A muskrat, with the exception, perhaps, of the weaver, is truly one of nature's ugliest fur-bearing animals.

But the fright in that little animal's eyes upset me. For a moment — and just a moment — it seemed unjust that I, a big husky kid, should stay that tiny creature for my pelt.

I quickly banished this uncomfortable thought, however, and picked up a heavy stick and struck the animal on the head several times until I was sure I had killed it.

It didn't die without a struggle, and my stomach felt queasy when the ordeal was over. I've always thought, since then, it would be easier to kill a man than a muskrat. At least there would be some sense of equality about the contest for death. Some aspect of fair play.

I had another pelt that morning as I trudged home, but, differing from the other days when I'd made a catch, I didn't whistle or sing. The going seemed ever so slow and I stopped when I reached the hill from which I could see my grandparents' home.

THERE WAS no sun, no sound, no wind. And I could not smell the spruce or the frost. For the first time I shivered and noticed that it was cold. And that morning I was first when I got to school and did not mention I had caught another "rat."

I didn't quit. I faithfully inspected my traps every day until the season ended. And, all told, I wound up with 12 pelts.

Kenny took them to town for me and sold them for about \$3 apiece. That was nice money for a kid in those days and I felt pretty good about that.

But I never ran a trapline again.

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## Thurston Loser As GC East Nips Ecorse

Garden City East, one of the favorites in the annual River Rouge High School Invitational basketball tournament, got off on the right foot Monday night.

But it was a different story for Thurston, which bowed to defending state champion River Rouge.

While East turned back Ecorse, 74-69, Thurston lost, 81-62.

The scoring of Dave Jackson, Jack Hayes and Greg Puihes, plus Jackson's rebounding featured the East victory.

JACKSON SCORED 29 points and grabbed 26 rebounds, while Hayes tossed in 18 points and Puihes 12 to counteract a 31-point explosion by the losers' Larry Stroud.

East went ahead, 19-14, in the first period and led, 37-35, at the half as Jackson tossed in 11 points and Puihes and Hayes 10 apiece.

Jackson came through with 10 more in the third period when East boosted its lead to 10 points. Then in the final

period, Stroud kept Ecorse in contention while he elicited 11 of his points.

There was an ironic situation in the final statistics. Each side had 25 baskets. But East took only 55 shots to finish with a 45 per cent shooting mark. Ecorse fired the ball up 83 times and wound up with a 29 per cent mark.

In rebounding East had a 46-32 edge while from the free throw line, East elicited on 24 out of 38. Ecorse missed only on one of its 20 tries.

The win was the fifth in six games for East, which was hard pushed to win when Ecorse rallied to within three points of a tie in the final period.

ROUGE SEIZED a 37-26 halftime lead against Thurston and coasted in from there as Chuck Mallon had 13 points and Tom Mason 10 for the losers.

Carlton Reese was high for the winners with 27 points. In other first round games, Highland Park edged Fordson, 47-45, and Monroe won a 54-53 thriller from Edsel Ford.

Garden City East was to meet Highland Park Tuesday with Monroe facing River Rouge. The two winners will clash for the crown Wednesday.

Thurston drew Edsel Ford as its second foe.

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