BEST SWIM TIMES

200-YARD MEDIEV RELAY (state out 1:48-78)
Familiagtion Hills Mercy 1:32-59
Livoria Strewstein 1:52-53
Livoria Strewstein 1:52-53
Livoria Strewstein 1:52-53
Livoria Strewstein 1:52-53
Amy McCullough 1:59-03
Amy McCullough 1:59-03
Amy McCullough (Mercy) 1:59-37
Elizaboth MacDonald (Mercy) 1:59-37
Angels Stimet looky (Chuchill) 1:59-05
Kristin Lordiae (Mercy) 2:09-05
Kristin Lordiae (Mercy) 2:09-05
Kristin Lordiae (Stevenson) 2:01-10
Lindsby Fetters (Harrison) 2:01-10
Lindsby Fetters (Harrison) 2:01-10
Lindsby Fetters (Harrison) 2:01-13
Lindsby Fetters (Harrison) 2:01-14
Lindsby Fetters (Harrison) 2:13-34
Lindsby Fetters (Harrison) 2:13-34
Lindsby Fetters (Harrison) 2:13-34
Lindsby Fetters (Mercy) 2:14-51
Kristin Clark (Stevenson) 2:14-39
Kristin Lordiae (Mercy) 2:15-15
Kristin Clark (Stevenson) 2:14-39
Kristin Lordiae (Mercy) 2:10-15
Lindsby McEllord (Mercy) 2:10-15
Lindsby Lindsby McLlord (Mercy) 2:10-15
Lindsby McEllord (Mercy) 2:10-15
Lindsby McEllord (Mercy) 2:10-15
Lindsby McEllord (Mercy) 2:10-15
Lindsby

Kristin Loridas (Mescy) 1:03.31
Lindasy Fetters (Meritson) 1:04.17
100*ARD FEEST*ILE
Lindah Permit (Meritson) 1:04.17
100*ARD FEEST*ILE
Lindah Permit (Meritsy) 1:03.14
Lindah Permit (Meritsy) 1:03.03
Lindah Perlies (Heritson) 1:03.03
Lindahy Feitlers (Heritson) 1:03.03
Anders Hom (Lindah) 1:03.03
Anders Hom (Devenment) 1:03.03
Anders Hom (Devenment) 1:03.03
Lindahy Mermit (Sevenment) 1:03.03
Lindahy Mermit (Sevenment) 1:03.03
Lindah Mermit (Sevenment) 1:03.03
Lindah Mermit (Sevenment) 1:03.03
Lindah Lindah (Mercy) 1:03.04
Lindah Mermit (Mercy) 1:03.04
Lindah Mermit (Mercy) 1:03.04
Lindah Mermit (Mercy) 1:03.07
Lindah Mermit (Mermit 1):03.07
Lin

400-YARD FREESTYLE RE (state cut 3:48.59) Formington Hills Mercy 3:38.73 Livonia Stevenson 3:48.02 North Farmington 3:55.42 Plymouth Salem 3:57.23 Farmington Harrison 4:02.12

Emons from page C1

games, won the opener. Denny McLain, who hadn't pitched in a month and was all cortisoned up, couldn't close the deal in the nightcap. It turned ugly at the end.
Eddie Matthews stumbled

Eddie Matthews stumbled over a photographer trying to catch a pop foul. He couldn't make the play and in disgust hurled the ball at the photo man. Some red-headed guy named Jim McGlothlin got Dick McAulife to hit into game-ending double play and the Tigers fell one game short of the Red Sor.

fell one game short of the Red Sox.

Towards the end, fans started running ente the field, interrupting play. They certainly created a bad scene.

Of course, things got a lot better in 1968. My only recollection is going to see McLain win his 26th on a week night.

Back in those days I lived for twi-night double-headers. My cousins came in from Illi-

My cousins came in from Illi-nois for the weekend and we saw

WEEK AHEAD

the Oakland A's. The second game didn't end until around midnight and nobody cared. It erased the earlier disappointment of my first twi-nighter when my uncle abruptly said we had to leave early in the second game to get my cousin home to bed.

The reason? She had to get up and go to school in the morning. That was a lame excuse to. Over the years I did Bat Day, saw the Bird whosh he was the word, took in a World Series! game, and visited the Tiger Clubhouse. I met a very cordial Buddy Bell. I witnessed Cecil Fielder chomping on a chicken ing.

wing.

I was there the night McLain came back from his suspension from gambling, second row behind the Yankee on-deck cir-

cle.
Fifty-thousand welcomed back
the "Maestro," as Ernie Harwell
called him, but what sticks out
that evening a young Yankee

catcher by the name of Thurman pitch for Lar

funson.
I remember also seeing a rock-named Carleton Fisk.

I remember also seeing a rookie named Carleton Fisk.
Another memory is Feto Rose legging out a double and sliding head first into second base. It was only an exhibition game.
How could I forget Frank Howard's blast off the facing of the center field bleachers? at in the what they called the "Coffin Corner," the corner of the end zone, by home plate.
The Lions got creamed by the 480ers, 49-0. Their quarterback was John Brodie.
I witnessed the Lions clinch a playoff berth on a cold December Sunday afternoon (1970) against the Packers. I also sat in the third deck for the first time ever and watch the Lions bottle up the great Gole Sayers.
As a reporter I remember the countless Adray and Michigan High School All-Star Games.
I saw a young John Smoltz

pitch for Lansing.

There was also a sad time at Tiger Stadium. During a Firman's Fleid Day I watched an aerial trapeze artist, "Captain Eddie," plunge 175-feet to his death after a strap snapped.

All thpse times flashed back as, Freehan, Horton, Gates, Jake, Wort, Mickey, Aurelio and Bunning trotted out said their final good-byes to the Stadium.

And was I the only guy who noticed Bill Ladoie sitting in the stands?

Emotional, for sure.

source Dill Ladore sitting in the stands?

Emotional, for sure.

I missed some of the old Tigers. I missed Brinkman, Rocky and Sparky. I never saw Paul Carey, one of the classiest media guys I've ever met.

And I know Stormin' Norman must have been smiling somewhere up there.

I don't own a camera, but that would have been my Kodak moment. Somewhere up there, my all-time favorite Tiger had to be smiling.





