

BC volleyball takes rollercoaster ride

by Amethyst Green
Staff Writer

On Friday evening, the girls' volleyball team took to the court to play Covenant. They aced their opponent in three games.

The leaders of the first match were freshman Brooke Seaman, junior Jessica Whitmire, and freshman Kara Butler, who each made 10 kills. Sophomore Jami Perry also set 44 assists.

On Saturday morning, the Lady Tornados took the floor hoping to defeat Bryan College. However, the game took a downward spiral, and BC was defeated in four games, although they played well against the opponent.

The leaders were freshman Brooke Seaman, who achieved 16 kills. Kalli Gibson, a junior transfer, also lead the game with 14 kills.

During the next match, the Lady Tornados were determined to win. As soon as they stepped onto the court, BC fans could tell. The opponent was Brewton-Parker, and little did its athletes know that our girls were ready to play. The Lady Tornados defeated Brewton-Parker in three games.

Freshman Brooke Seaman was the standout player in the Brewton-Parker match, making 13 kills, followed by Jessica Whitmire, a junior, with 9 kills.

BC football will travel to Newberry College on Saturday



photo by John Billingsley

Huntin' and Killin' with Zach: Coon season approaches

by Zach Browning
Sports Editor

Soon the night air will be filled with the long howls of countless coondogs as they hit the woods in pursuit of their ever-so-elusive prey, the raccoon. The evening of Oct. 16th is opening night of the 2006 coon season in North Carolina, which runs until the end of July.

I remember my first and only trip coon hunting with a good friend of mine. It was getting chilly out when we finally arrived at our hunting location. My friend's father handed out huge flashlights, as he grabbed what looked like a flood light. After we were all set, my friend opened the boxes in the back of the truck—"releasing the hounds," as Mr. Burns would say. Immediately, the dogs were on scent, and took off up the mountain. My friend and his father started running after them, so I followed. In between breaths, I asked my friend, "So this is all we do?" to which he replied, "Yup." After about ten minutes of running into bushes and falling into creeks, I had just about all I could stand.

I began to think that following a group of dogs in the pitch black woods was, first of all, stupid, and second, an accident waiting to happen. My friend had already had a close call with his ankle—he fell into the same creek I did; we could no longer see the huge flood light my friend's father was toting. The baying was also getting farther and farther away. Then, suddenly, as I began to feel that all hope was lost, there was a different cry—not so much a bark but a more drawn-out howl.

"She's got one!" my friend announced.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"Sounds like Dixie Girl," he said.

We were off. After a short trek over the next couple of ridges, we found his dog, paws high up on the tree howling her head off. My friend's father wasn't far behind us with the rifle. What happened next is the reason that I will never again participate in an evening lynch mob.

My friend's father turned on his spotlight, and found the scared and rather small raccoon on a limb about twenty feet up. He then fired six rounds at the small critter, which reluctantly dropped from its branch—only to hit two others on the way down. I remember hoping that

the coon was already dead when it hit the ground, but its cries and hisses as the dogs finished it off told me otherwise. That experience has always stayed with me.

I am an avid sportsman; I love to hunt and fish. In fact, if it's in season, I'm after it. I also believe in a thing called fair chase. Using dogs to hunt down raccoons takes the sport out of the entire affair. That, however, is my personal opinion. There are droves of people statewide who think that raccoon hunting is the best thing since sliced bread. In fact, if you are ever around Saluda, NC the last weekend in July, you can catch an entire festival dedicated to the coon dog, aptly named Coon Dog Day. It's a big affair, complete with a dog judging and a treeing contest. There's even a parade.

No matter how I feel about it, coon hunting is a sport and should be respected as such. A lot of work goes into the dogs, training, veterinary care. So if you're camping this fall in the woods, and you hear the baying of hounds in the distance, don't be scared—they're not after you. Take it easy, and if you're a coon killer, then good hunting!