

Lady Lions to battle



Mike Niles/Collegian Photographer

Going the Distance: Behrend came close to winning, but lost to Westminster this week. Freshman Blass makes a dash for first base in the second Westminster game.

By Eric Krouse
Collegian Staff

The Behrend softball team lost two close games this week in a doubleheader with Westminster College.

In the first game, Beth Calhoun, Behrend's number one pitcher, threw a three hitter game, with 15 strikeouts.

This was a no hitter game for her all the way into the 5th inning. Sharon Gregory, head softball coach, said, "Calhoun's performance was beyond phenomenal."

This game was also a very competitive battle for both teams,

the scored stayed 0-0, until in overtime, the Westminster team scored two runs in the 10th inning. Leaving the score at 2-0.

Gregory felt that the team played well together and that they just lost a few clutch hits that cost them the game. In the second game Behrend had a very close 6-7 loss.

In both of these games Stephanie Roberts played catcher, she stepped up due to an illness in the regular catcher and performed outstandingly.

This was the second time she played catcher, she first played in Florida during Spring Break.

"I would like to improve my movement behind the plate in

blocking and catching wild pitches," said Roberts.

She also said that both pitchers were great and that made her job a lot easier.

Gregory said, "She called some very smart games and did an excellent job."

The next game will be a make-up game against Washington and Jefferson. W&J is also like the Behrend team because it is a very young team. The pitcher and catcher are returning students, but the rest of the infield is new.

Gregory said, "That this game like every game will be a battle." The Behrend softball team will play Grove City on Thursday at 2 pm.

Mountain biking feature...

Dogs of West Mina

By Lisa Borgia
Contributing Writer

It has been a cold spring this year, an endless string of days where the snow mixes with mud. If the sun is shining, the temperature is below freezing. The icy air penetrates thin spring jackets and leaves glassy rinds on the edges of morning mud puddles. Lake Erie refuses to accept the end of winter, still sleeping under the blanket of chunked ice that stretches north to Canada, even though it is mid-April. It is the kind of spring mountain bikers love.

Not that we bikers are a completely masochistic group. Sure, we ride for hours over rocks and roots and busted up stumps. How else can we keep our kidneys in shape? And we might occasionally ride through trails that are more mud hole than solid ground, but a thick layer of mud is required to dull the sting of the car wash jets when cleaning up. It is fun to bet on who is who as friends and their bikes emerge from under a coat of caked on mud. Teeth even get muddy. Throw in some really cold weather, and you have got biker heaven. I have seen men who bike a hundred miles in a day reduced to crying on their knees by a good cold wind. Forget a better mousetrap, what mountain biking men want is a better wind brief.

Even now my bike sits at the ready, prepared for the first serious weekend ride. These rides come in different flavors. There is the pancake breakfast ride, a thirty mile out and back ride to a favorite country inn. I have never actually tasted the pancakes, because the guys are usually just wiping the syrup from their faces as I finally catch up. There is the ride to hell and back, a sixty-five mile trip through the back country of western New York. My girlfriend and I gave up once, right between hell and the turn around, and hitched a ride for us and our bikes in an old pickup, leaving the guys to do their best without us.

My favorite ride is the Bailey Hill ride in West Mina, New York.

It was on this ride that I first became acquainted with the dogs of West Mina. Now, we all know city dogs are potbellied cocker spaniels rolling along at the end of leashes through parks and country dogs are black labs with brown burrs stuck in their tails. West Mina dogs are country dogs but with a difference. While most townships claim ownership over the dirt roads within their borders, in West Mina the dirt roads belong to the dogs.

It was a Sunday morning ride on Bailey Hill when I first came to understand the rules by which West Mina dogs run their domain. It was early, but not as early as it had been when my friends and I had pedaled east on the first leg of this particular jaunt. At 6 a.m. Sunday, the people who live with the dogs of West Mina are still asleep, and their dogs are waiting to be let out. The dogs are watching though, making mental notes on the number and apparent physical ability of any trespassers on their roads.

At 9 a.m. Sunday, the people who live with the dogs of West Mina get up and let them out, and then stumble to the kitchen to drink coffee and read the comics. They really do not pay too much attention to their dogs or the road, because who ever heard of anyone stupid enough to try to ride a bike in West Mina territory anyway?

Well, that would be me.

Having had about as much fun as a person can have on a long mountain bike ride, I decided to cut the day short and head back early, with only a fifty mile ride instead of sixty. This puts me all alone in the middle of the West Mina gauntlet.

The dirt roads in West Mina are particularly hilly, and Bailey Hill road is the grandfather of hilly dirt roads in this part of New York. To be precise, the hills on this road have no bottom. They go straight down and then straight up.

That is why they are called mountain bikes, right?

At the intersection of every up

and down is a driveway, and at the end of every driveway is a dog. They loiter at the end of driveways, like derelicts smoking idly on street corners, waiting for the slow biker they noticed earlier--the one that was already breathing hard two hours ago.

I did not disappoint them. As I looked across the valley of the shadow of the dogs, I saw the battle lines they had drawn in my path of freedom. My stock of weapons was slim, an empty water bottle and a pair of rubbery legs. Six pair of red dog eyes calculated the distance between their positions and their prey. I took a deep breath, made a few promises to God, and started pedaling as fast as my fatigued legs would go.

My hill climbing ability has never been better than it was that Sunday morning. The pounding of blood in my ears mixed with the snapping of dogs jaws immediately beside my churning ankles. Foaming rotweillers, swift Dobermans, and ferocious pitbulls chased me in tag team fashion up hill after hill. They had similar techniques--drawing a bead on their target, calculating velocity and trajectory, and then engaging huge driving legs to shoot them across the yard. As one reached the end of his endurance, another took his place.

The large black and white bulldog with the spiked leather collar, bloodshot eyes and a resonant growl came closest to carrying home a piece of brightly colored lycra tight for a trophy and for his people to wonder over.

Exhausted, but triumphant, I hung over the front handle bars of my bike breathing heavily as black dots exploded in front of my eyes after I was safely out of range. The rest of the ride passed by in a fog of adrenaline withdrawal and bargaining with God to get out of my previous promises.

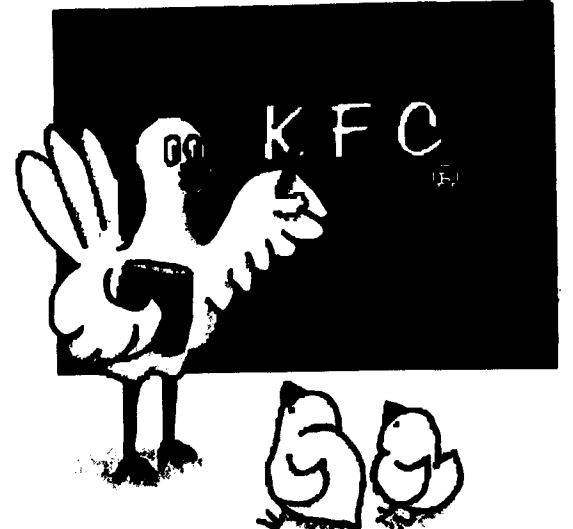
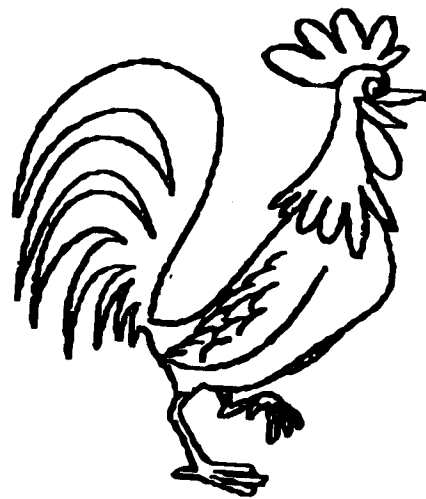
I stare at my bike now, cleaned up and ready for action. Maybe I can find someone even slower than I am to ride with me. I will just let them lead the way home this time.

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