

THE BACKCAST

THE BACKCOUNTRY FLY FISHING ASSOCIATION OF
BREVARD



Volume XXXIV Number XI

www.bffa-brevard.org



August 2020

August: NO MEETING



President's Message:

Our August club meeting has been cancelled as well as is our August fly tying meeting. The flies and their tying instructions will be on the website (bffa-brevard.com) in the next few days. Hopefully some of you have been able to get out on the water and enjoy some fishing. I noticed on Monday the 27th, that pods of bait were getting busted offshore about 200 feet or so. Unfortunately, now with the seaweed on the beach and in the shorebreak being so thick, at least up in PAFB and north, any hope of fishing off the beach is on hold. Hopefully that moves along this next month and is gone before the mullet run in late September. Big storms are on the move so keep safe and tight lines.

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Shrimpy Clouser



Jeffs Corner:

A Clouser fly doesn't always
have to imitate a minnow

Hook: Gamakatsu SS15 #2

Thread: 210 Orange

Eyes: Small Orange Double
Pupil

Tail: Tan Craft Fur

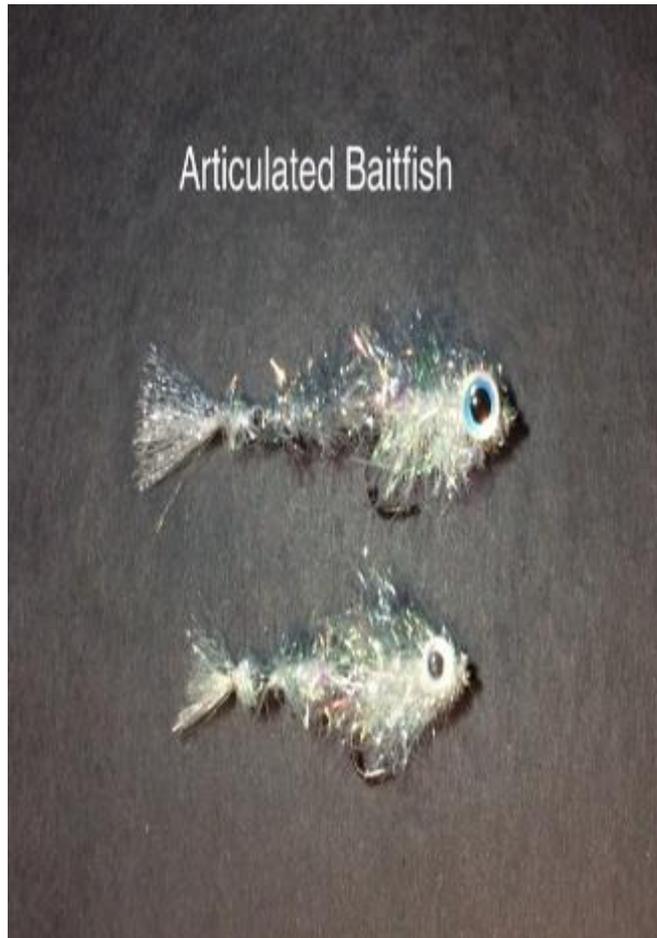
Back: Tan Craft Fur

Legs: Grizzly Flutter Legs

Rootbeer

Spine: Tan Crystal Flash

Instructions for this fly and the
articulated fly will be posted on the
website.



Articulated Baitfish using Fish Skull Spine Assortment
Large 3" Small 2-1/2" (6ea 10,15,20,25mm)
Hook: Large Gamakatsu B10S #2
Small Gamakatsu B10S #4
Thread: 210 White
Eyes: Lg 8mm Holographic
Sm 6mm Holographic
Links: Lg 15mm and 25 mm
Sm 10mm and 20 mm
Pivot: 30lb Mono & Small Clear Plastic Bead
Tail: White Crystal Web
Body: Tail Estaz Petite Pearl White
Mid: Estaz Reg
Head: Estaz Grande

BFFA August 2020 Events

Monthly Dinner Meeting:

POSTPONED
Italian-American
Club—1471
Cypress Ave.
Melbourne

Fly Tying:

Digital

Outing:

TBD

Board Meeting:

Postponed
6:00 P.M.
Location: Ron Winn's Office
Melbourne



THEBACKCAST

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There comes a time in life when certain events of the souls who have ventured into the woods should be shared. Such is the case with Dagwood Nabit, an older, and not much wiser hiking/fishing persona who had the uncanny knack of always making a simple hike a misadventure! Nobody ever called Dagwood by his formal name and it was soon shortened to Dag. Dagwood's father, who was not enthralled with the hiking and fishing world like Dagwood was, certainly had a sense of humor, although it could be somewhat sadistic. The most often used word out of his mouth, dagnabit, was a takeoff of his own son's name. He even made sure that everyone knew to shorten Dagwood to just Dag. His favorite times were such as when coming into the house after working out on the farm he would say to his wife, "dagnabit, that lead cow just broke out of her pen this morning and is missing", to which Dag Nabit would say, "she did?" Dad would say, "I was talking to your mother son, so please do not interrupt". Well, Dag Nabit would reply, "but you addressed me with the statement". Dad retorted back, "No, I was saying dagnabit as a word, not your name. You better shape up or ship out if you can't tell the difference, Dag Nabit." Dag says, "how do I know the difference?". Dad replied, "I will accentuate the Dag part of your name before I say the Nabit. "Why not just call me by my first name only", Dag said.

Oh, replied his dad, that would just be too easy and not as much fun. So, as you can see, his dad did have a bit of sadistic tendencies at times and secretly kind of liked keeping Dag in a confused state of mind. Which by the way, was not a monumental task.

So, who is Dagwood and the rest of the characters in this story? Well, they are partly truth and partly fiction personalities who bear no resemblance to anyone in real life. At least that is what the other fictional books that I have read say when the author does not want to own up to who they really might be. From here on out, the rest of this story will come from Dag Nabit to the best of his recollection and as told to me.

It was a fishing trip up to the mountains of North Carolina with shared individuals that started this whole saga. So many people wanted to jump on this trip after hearing of it, that the convoy ended up being two separate vehicles with 4 people in each car and about 200 pounds of gear for each person. As the vehicles slowly got closer towards the first stop, which was a campground in the Chattahoochee Forest the built up visions each person had of the multitudes of trout they would catch continued to expand and get larger, just like the stories you tell when asked how many fish did you catch. This was surely going to be a fishing trip worthy of articles in national fishing magazines. Stories that would be bandied about in those conversations that are held in smoke filled lodges where old men talk out of the corners of their mouths about fishing holes so sacred that locations were held as tight to the vest as the age old secrets of the Shriners. Pulling into the campground I was amazed at how quickly one of our intrepid travelers', old Cap Cuppler, bounded out of the still moving vehicle, fly rod in hand and a cloud of dust between him and us. Cap immediately started casting what appeared to be a cloud of insects and once we were able to catch up to him it became obvious his technique was quantity over quality as he had tied about six flies onto this tippet at different spots. When asked why, he said that not knowing the hatch yet, he figured to make a selection for the fish and take it from there. When a fish soon struck one of his flies, he set the hook which then was immediately followed by a three-inch

trout flying and surrounded by 5 other flies heading straight towards us as we walked up. What we soon learned was whether you used six flies or just one, the fishing was slow and the fish were small, but hey we were on an adventure and certainly things would pick up. That night over the campfire cookout it was decided to head towards greener pastures, so the next morning we loaded up and headed to Abrams Creek located in Cades Cove.

On the drive over in the morning I confided to Dig Sterns, that I was going to get out on the creek as soon as we got there and to hike the trail alongside Abrams Creek for at least an hour which would allow us to spread out. Dig just nodded and said that sounded like a good plan so he would go with me. Once we got there, we saw a sign at the head of the trail that read, 2.5 miles to the waterfall, which seemed like a likely place to head, so off Dig and I went. About two hours or so Dig started questioning the sign's accuracy and stated that maybe a nail had been put between the 2 and the 5, so the waterfall was really 25 miles. I assured Dig that no way was that the case but after a few minutes more he said that he was going fishing right now and stepped off the trail and onto the water. I was feeling somewhat sad about this situation, but then realized that once I got to the honey hole that certainly nobody else would be there as well. Fish city here I come. It wasn't too long after that a sound came to my ears and sure enough, the waterfall came into sight. Not sure of whether to fish above the water fall or below, once I got to the bottom of the fall and noting the shallowness of the creek, I made the decision to climb up along the waterfall and start fishing upstream. Soon thereafter there I was, crystal clear pools of water running about 2-4 ft deep in some places and looking like a picture that Valentine Atkinson would have took. The first couple of casts came and went with no takes but then on the third presentation a small rainbow inhaled the small Adams I had cast and soon I had the fish in hand. Oh yeah, honey hole time on Abrams Creek. Visions of multitudes of fish and all sizes soon danced a jig in my mind and all the aches from the hike disappeared. As I slowly made my way up the river, I saw the beckoning of a pool that makes the heart race come into view. Knowing that stealth was of the utmost importance I decided I would crab walk along the stones until I was close enough to make a cast. At the very moment of arrival to the designated casting spot my left foot shot out to the side off the slippery rocks but luckily my right held fast. Then the slow procession of events took place in a like a slow-motion movie. It was like when you played the splits with your brothers as a kid, you know, the game in which you stood opposite of each other and then throw and stick the blade in the ground. The other person would have to stretch his one foot our while the other foot stayed planted still. If you could do that and still reach the knife then you got the chance to stick the knife even further out hoping that the other person would either rip their pants, fall or give up. So, having has some past experiences in that type of situation I quickly decided sitting down was the only option which was not problem as the water was only about 12 inches deep under me. That's when I quickly discovered that during the left foot slide my wader had ripped right at the crotch and I had the utmost displeasure of feeling ice cold water fill up by waders. I try not to laugh or cry at times like these, lest anyone around might think that the situation was getting the best of me. So, I just sat there with water flowing around me and then noticed that there was an odd smell nearby. Looking over at a nice platter sized rock near the shore there appeared to be a rather sizeable slab of fresh scat on it. Why do I say fresh, because the flies were still buzzing around it like folks at a Sunday buffet that has just served hot fried chicken. This was somewhat disturbing, so after getting a closer gander, I determined that now might be a good time to make some noise like sing a song or two. Yes sir, it was time for some Motown. Realizing that I would have to crawl back down the waterfall if I went back downstream, the other option that floated into my mind was to start crawling through

the bushes up the hill for certainly the trail could not be that far away. That way I would catch up with Dig in no time at all. After an hour of climbing up and then sliding down the same hill while trying to get through the bushes and getting nowhere even remotely closer to the trail it was time to bite the bullet and walk back down the creek to the waterfall, walk down alongside the waterfall and hit the trail. This was when it became evident, once off the water and onto the trail, that it was getting dark and with only a 5-wt. fly rod as a weapon of choice I decided to really start singing loud. I would even change the tone of my voice to allow the impact of any larger animals that might still be around to be thinking that a mass mob was heading their way and a boisterous group at that. Well it must have worked as soon there was not a sound around and I had the whole trail to myself. After another hour or so I heard someone yelling out my name and from around the deep bend up ahead the next hill there came good old Dig looking somewhat worried and walking at a loping gait. I had quit singing once I heard his voice and when he walked up, he said the others were getting worried about me to which I replied, no problems. Then looking at me sideways he asked, did you hear that awful singing as well, it sounded like quite a group of misfits? No, Dig's, I didn't hear them, but then again, I was whistling loud myself, if you know what I mean. He couldn't believe it and asked again, are you sure as the sound was horrible and I almost turned around out of fear. No, I replied, but then again, you know the sounds kind of get wrapped up in the hollows around here, so that sound of Motown singing could have been from miles away.

"Hmm", replied Digs, "Now that you say that it did sound kind of like Motown but how did you know that".

To change the subject quickly I said, "Man did I ever rip my waders".

Dig said, "Man I been ripping all day long, must have been the beans from last night."

"No", I said, "I mean my waders are ripped."

"Whoa, said Digs, "you really need to lay off those beans then as I have never had something like that happen".

"No", I said, "I slipped and ripped in the creek".

Dig said, "were there bubbles"?

"Holy crap Digs, are we having a communication problem or what"?

"No", said Digs, "but wait till I tell you about the butter problem at the camp. Now that was a communication problem".

TBC

