

# Soccer teams close the season with success

## Women's Soccer

by Rosie Butchart  
Staff Writer

The Brevard Women's soccer team faced the University of Cumberland in a home match on Tuesday. This was the last home game of the season for the Tornados, and was also the last home game for the 3 seniors on the team.

The ladies came out strong in the first half, and finished at the half with a score of 2-1. Goals were scored by senior Guinn Hinman and freshman Johanne Tuttle.

After the half, the ladies came out strong, putting 2 more goals into the back of the net. Senior

Jessica Risher and sophomore Carrilea Potter were responsible for those 2 goals. The game ended with a score of 4-1.

The last game of the season will be played against Southern Virginia University on Saturday, Oct. 28.

## Men's Soccer

by Chelsea Deming  
Staff Writer

The BC Men's Soccer team ended their inaugural season as a NCAA Division II team this Monday.

Playing in a make-up game against Milligan, the team started out several players short. Aaron

Motley and Fernando Sandoval both ended their seasons early through ejections in previous games, and Trevor Redpath was out due to an injury.

The final score was 2-0 in Milligan's favor. Josh Carter did an excellent job as goal keeper, making four beautiful saves and withstanding 21 shots on goal and four corner kicks from Milligan. Adam Beeson, perhaps looking to finish out his last season with the team as strongly as possible, played what may be considered his best game of the season.

Overall, the team finished with a record of 1-15. Though the numbers may not show it, the team certainly improved throughout the year, and came together well. With

outstanding new recruits like Douglas Neill and Chris Maness on defense, the Tornados have improved their goal differentials considerably since the beginning of the season. Freshman Kyle Hamilton led the team in goals for the year, even though the position of forward was new to him.

With many of the players returning next year, the BC Men's Soccer team will continue to improve. Coach Nelson will be leaving the team after this year to concentrate on his duties as Golf Coach, and will be sorely missed. Hopefully the new coach will be able to continue to mold many of BC's fine athletes into a competitive team at the NCAA Division II level.

## Huntin' & Killin' with Zach

# Fly Fishing in Georgia? Can you get me in next week?

By Zach Browning  
Sports Editor

The sun was just starting to peek out when we pulled into the parking lot. I was relieved to stretch my legs; it had been almost 3 hours-worth of driving, but my dad and I were finally at the Smithgall- Woods conservation area.

Smithgall-Woods is a part of the Georgia State parks and recreation system; it was acquired through a charitable purchase of what was supposed to become a high class resort. It boasts some the finest trout fishing in the Southeast—or at least that's the opinion of Trout Unlimited, who ranked it in the top 100 trout sites nationwide.

I actually had to call and make a reservation to fish. Yes that's right: a reservation. After reading about that on the web site, I thought 'what a trip.' What were we supposed to do? Wait in the lobby for some park employee to come and get you like the hostess at a restaurant? I could almost hear him



Fly fishing catch

Photo courtesy of Zach Browning

say, "Browning, party of two. Your section of water is ready for you now."

Fishing at Smithgall-Woods is open on Saturdays and Sundays, and also on Wednesdays. There are 2 four-hour sessions: one in the morning, and another in the afternoon. There are never more than 12 people on the river at one time, which is good considering that the river is no wider than Looking Glass Creek.

Once there, my father and I checked in at the visitor's center where we bought our licenses and got to look at the "bragging book." Here was proof positive that there are monsters in this world. There were fish in that book that looked like something left over from the age of the dinosaurs. Several topped the 36-inch mark, and there was one over 41. After seeing those pictures, I was convinced that we stood a chance at a good day on the river.

It was 2 o'clock when we were driven in by a park employee. After the short drive, we were let off by a small bridge. The man waved and wished us luck. We were supposed to be back by 6:30 to be picked up or we would have to walk the 5 miles or so back to the parking lot. We got started immediately.

It wasn't long before I realized that these fish were a little smarter than I gave them credit for. They had this way of hitting your fly but not taking it all the way. And if you were quick enough to hook them, they would roll on the bot-

tom of the creek and toss the hook. It was the craziest thing I had ever seen. I lost two smaller ones that way, and my dad lost what he thought was a rather large fish.

After several hours of nothing, I began to think that maybe we should've just stayed home and fished the upper Davidson instead. We were about to leave when it finally happened—I caught and landed a fish. The fish was no larger than my hand, but it was the most action I had seen all day. As we left that evening and started the long trip back to Brevard, my father and I made up our minds that we would never leave the state to fish again.

We had a good time, don't get me wrong. Any day on the river is a good day, but we live in such a wonderful area, and shouldn't have to drive 3 hours to try and catch fish when we could've gone 10 minutes down the road and done the same thing.

It was definitely an experience I won't forget: the time I had to book a reservation to fish.