



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Austin, Wolfgang and David Burkett aboard Quick Sea. The dorado weighed 43.8 pounds and is number two on the CCA-STAR leader board. If the fish holds up, they'll receive an invite to one hell of a party to pick up a check for \$ 500 bucks.

Bizarre is all I can say. For decades the media in general has been considered at its best during a mess. For some reason the local media and some politicos degenerated to a level that would make grocery store tabloids blanch. Haven't a clue what these idiots have against the Sandspit and the green eggs it lays for all of Cameron County. But spinner Claudette provided them with a stage that they turned into something akin to the Theater of the Absurd.

I remember when spinners Bret, Frances, Roxanne et. al. passed this way. Those breathless airheads terrified the population by airing buffoon's comments about body bags and toe tags. Granted, they were aided and abetted by a National Hurricane Center that appears to be clueless as to the weather patterns that influence the western Gulf of Mexico. Hell, we do live in the buffer zone, between the third world and the real world, but we're still part of America the last time I checked so you'd think they'd spend some time on atmospheric models in our area. But enough of this rant 'cept Judge, I'm still lookin' for the toe tag you promised cuz I'd hate to get matched up with a 5'3" body bag.

Fortunately the fish could care less about this crap. While Claudette wobbled in the Gulf of Mossy Bottom got his first stick aboard the new improved *Hat Trick* and a bunch of other folks loaded up on groceries so the weekend wasn't a total bust.

Unfortunately the 2003 Poco Bueno had to be cancelled when the spinner trashed Port O'Connor but most of the fleet made it through relatively unscathed and are headed down for TIFT. I bet they'll have plenty of change in their pockets to play with. Always back the Aggies did a study on the economic impact of TIFT on the Sandspit and the surreal surrounding area. Those bean counters came up with the figure \$ 20,000,000 pesos or thereabouts dependin' on the exchange rate; not bad for a lil' ol' fishin' tournament.

This weekend we have the Port Mansfield Tournament, which turns that sleepy fishin' village into a dance in the streets kinda place. If last weekend is an indicator it should be good fishin' offshore since *Poco Mas* popped a blue and a white marlin on one trip and *Rods-N-Screws* tagged a white on another and everybody caught food fish.

Irascible, ribald, seer, honest, intellectual, argumentative to hell and gone, but above all else a doer. That was Texas Earnest Schramm. He also enjoyed a glass of J&B well in to the wee hours while debating the future or a perceived problem. Clint Murchison Jr., during his hay-day, was known as a man with a nose for talent. An MIT engineering grad, he was

known to peel apart a problem to its core before most of his peers ever realized there was a problem.

He met his match when he hired a Texas-ex journalism major to run a business that at the time didn't even exist. His Daddy's philosophy that "Money's like manure, it don't do you no good unless you spread it around", had been refined to "hire the best you can find to run a business and let 'em run it". This he did when he hired Tex to run the Dallas Cowgirls. Now please don't be offended by this slur. It comes from an ex-patriot Dallasite born in the mid 50's that grew up in some of the better seats at the Cotton Bowl only because Clint and Tex strong-armed my family along with many, many others with the spiel that they'd be sorry for passing on the opportunity to buy season tickets in 1963. They were right because on January 1, 1967 at the Cotton Bowl, the Girls came within a pubic hair of winning the NFL championship against Green Bay and a berth in the inaugural Super Bowl.

We were there. It was also great investment advice because years later we cashed in the position. Not for the memories but for a 20X gain.

A hell of a lot has and will be written about Tex and his incredible run in the NFL. He remains the only non-player/coach or owner inducted into the Hall of Fame. Shame the Texas-ex will be enshrined posthumously as the 12th man in the Ring of Honor he created this fall. At least he got one last bow in the footlights when Jerry Jones threw a party at Tex's Stadium to make the announcement.

I bet you didn't know this. During an NFL meeting in Hawaii he went on a marlin hunt.

His nature being what it was, he got hooked. In the early 80's he was fishing with his good buddy Jim Hardie of the Miami Herald and expounding on the future. That day he came up with the idea for an annual one-day worldwide marlin hunt. When they got back to the dock P T Schramm excused himself and traipsed up to his shack on San Salvador Island.

When he returned he handed Mr. Hardie a check for ten grand for seed money. Thus was born the World Cup Blue Marlin Championship fished worldwide on the 4th of July. He also named Jim the Commissioner of Fishing. The 19th World Cup was won this year by Jim Bullock of Greensboro, N.C. fishing the waters off Bermuda aboard *Opositional* with a 647 pound blue marlin. A total of 115 boats fished this year's event.

P T Scramm was a true maestro, damn few of which have passed this way. He joined the love of his life Marty last Tuesday at home in Big D at the age of 83, The future once again looks goood.