



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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PLEASE NOTE: WE AT THE COASTAL CURRENT ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FOLLOWING NOR CAN WE IMAGINE WHY WE AGREED TO PRINT IT.

Looks like a busy weekend ahead. Halloween marks a dirty dozen years that this rag has hit the streets, which is kind of hard to believe all things considered. Ya might also have noticed that the rag has expanded its distribution. It now litters over 800 locations from the Sandspit to Mission where it's become a staple in the better outhouses in upscale Colonias. All we can do is thank the County Commissioners of Cameron and Hidalgo Counties and pray that Charmin don't sue over unfair trade practices. The last prestigious fishin' tournament of 2003 also kicks off on Halloween; that would be the inaugural Dirty Al's Shootout. The fun starts with a registration pachanga this evening if it's Halloween when you read this tripe. The entry fee is \$250 bucks a boat for up to four anglers. This buys half the boat in the calcutta. The other half will be auctioned off beginning at 8:00 this evening; minimum bid is a c-note. The prey are trout and redfish and only three of each may be weighed in on Saturday. Winners will be the top three gross weight and the payout is 50%-30%-20% of the total money collected after expenses.

I'd heard rumblin's about this but I thought it had been killed in committee. Boaters get out your checkbooks. As of 1/1/2004 the Coast Guard documentation on your mistress will no longer exempt ya'll from the long arms of the State bureaucracy. Your whores in Sodom on the Colorado now require you to pony up \$25 bucks for the application fee plus between \$30-\$90 bucks for registration depending on the length of the lass. The good news is that you'll not be required to deface her form too much. You'll be required to slather a decal on both sides of her nose but you'll not be required to paste TX numbers to her skin.

The second issue of the resurrected Ray Bob's Golf Classic was held last weekend at the hot links in Laguna Vista. It's a shame that we weren't allowed to bring shotguns to the affair since the opening of quail season marked day two of the event. That track is not only overrun with mosquitoes the size of butterflies but the fattest quail I've ever seen. These suckers looked like small chickens when they flushed out of the rough which was quite often since Turk and I were spraying balls all over hell and gone. I'm not sure but I think a team, that will remain anonymous for reasons that will become apparent, may have set a record for futility in a 5-man scramble format. Ya see, the A-player crushed a drive all the way to the drop area just short of a water hazard. They get up to the ball and they have less than a hundred yards to the pin, albeit over the water and over a bunker. Soooo, they set up for what should be an easy bird, first player chili dips his shot in the water, second same, third same, fourth same and the fifth guy tops his shot and it trickles into the drink. This is an easy par four, short and wide and straight, which is rare for that track and all five are wet. They set up again. A-player skulls the ball over the green and into the thatch, flushing another covey of quail. B-player apparently sights a set of 38-DD's and tops his ball in the drink. C-player takes a mighty swing and the ball launches straight up, catches the wind and plops in the water. D-player does another chili dip and gets wet. Now it's up to the supposedly least competent of the crew to bail out the team. The E-player takes a mighty swing and skulls the ball which skips off the water twice and ends up on the far bank an inch or so past the red hazard line. They take a double bogey in a scramble tournament.