



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Last week Team Gitana had finished the first day tied for the lead with four sails released. That evening at Rick's, Dr. John was effusive to the point that we started calling him Joe Namath. He guaranteed the win. Didn't bother telling him what all would be involved if his prediction came to pass. Day two the boyz went 10 for 13 on sails with about a forty-pound dorado in the box and some suggested that we not even bother fishing the final day.

The final day of the tournament, Team Gitana had a five sail lead over Whiskey II and the boyz were relaxed until the radio chatter began in earnest. We'd released a couple of sails and were feeling good until we got the news that Whiskey II had already released half a dozen and were fighting a double. The boyz started pressin' and I mean really pressin'. It reminded me of the '95 TIFT when on the second day the boss reverted back to his bad

ol' days and we went 0 for 10 on billfish and his kid Chris missed the Bunk trophy by something like 8 points, but I digress. Over a period of about two hours, Team Gitana missed six sails in a row and at that point it was time to take a cervesa break and review what we were doin' wrong.

Actually the boyz really weren't doin' anything wrong, they were just pressin' too hard. Captain Santiago Valdovinos is one of the top tag&release captains in the world.



A Pacific Sail heads for the sky.

He generally ranks in the top five and after takin' a couple of deep breaths we released two more sails.

That evening at the awards ceremony which was also held at Rick's, Dr. John "Joe Namath" Wilkinson from Marquette, Michigan found out what he'd won. The right to RSVP \$4800 bucks to the IGFA and as is customary, pay the way for Captain Santiago and his brother Adan to attend the circus. The next morning, still clouded in the haze from the previous evening I ran across Dr. John sippin' coffee at a café on the main colonnade. This is something that Fearless Leader, the cheap ass publisher of this rag ain't gonna like.

Well he looks me in the eye and tells me that he, Santiago and Adan decided that I should become a real member of Team Gitana. At that point I ordered a cervesa and a snifter of some really good Jalisco Tequila that is also from Rick's private reserve and say cee

cee yeah boy. Now here's the deal Boss, if you'll kick in a few alms to help sponsor my happy ass, I'll cut a deal with one of the Sandspit's tattoo parlors and have a henna tattoo slapped on my back side proclaimin' the support of this here rag. I think that's a pretty fair deal since Cabo San Lucas is now the time-share capitol of the world and since you're expandin' to the west, I can scout out rack locations in a real tourist trap.

We welcome your fishin' photos. Drop them by 2600 Padre Boulevard on the Island, or mail them to I.B. Hooked, c/o Coastal Current Weekly, P.O.Box 2429, South Padre Island, Texas 78597. Be sure to include the name of the angler, weight and type of fish, where caught, and name of boat if applicable. Photos with SASE will be returned.