



# THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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## TO FORCE OR ENFORCE?

Heard tell there's around 180 Troglydtes from the TABC infesting the Sandspit these days. Apparently they're aspiring to become members of the Department of Homeland Security. I suppose Uncle Sugar pays better benefits than poor ol' Texas when it comes to a quasi-paramilitary group such as these duds. Also heard tell they've been using tactics probably learned at a farm the CIA runs in Virginia. They co-opt cute l'il minors to set up beertenders so they can bust'um for serving booze to children of voting age. They provide the buggers with very good fake ID's and train them in the fine art of entrapment. These kiddos find'um a beertender that's seriously in the weeds and machine gun the poor server until they slip up, then out come the handcuffs and a ride to jail. The bar owner then gets to decide whether to pay a large fine or close down for a few days. If I were the owner I'd take the closing to deprive these jerks of the liquor tax revenue they'd receive had I been open and pouring booze. But all kidding aside, I suspect these human assets could better be used enforcing the Town and County's no glass on the beach ordinance cuz most of the problems occur when some punks go into a crowd and start launching beer bottles in the air for the hell of it.

And speaking of the Department of Homeland Security, I ran across Captain Kirk and he related an experience he'd had recently. Since things were slow he went out to



**Ahh spring break. The hounds waiting for the birds to appear.**

spear dinner for him and his very pregnant wife. Instead of doing the jetty thing cuz it was rough as hell, he hauled his boat over to the 48 bridge to launch so he could spearfish off the grain docks in the Port of Brownsville. Had good luck too until he surfaced to a scene straight out of the ol' Jaws movie. There they were, the Coasties, the FBI, the INS, the BP, TP&W and probably a CIA rep. It seems the poor TABC was left out of this bust. The defenders made quite a show of force and the interrogation was intense. They boarded his boat, fired it up for the long putt to the Coastie Station where I suppose they had plans to transfer this blond haired blue-eyed well-tanned miscreant to Gitmo in Cuba. Anyhow, they promptly spun the hub on the prop of his ancient engine, which meant that they'd now have to tow it the remaining twenty miles or so to the station. Don't know nor care how this ending came about but somebody came to the realization of what an absolute waste of time and resources were occurring and they decided screw it, he ain't no terrorist. So they towed him back to the 48 bridge. When all was said and done TP&W gave him a ticket for not having his fishing license on his person. He does have one with all the proper endorsements as shown in the central computer, but they had to hit him with something so they did and then bid him good luck and farewell.

**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.**