



THE FISHERMAN'S INSIDER

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Better late than never I guess. It is indeed interesting to see our local officialdom inflamed enough to pen a complaint to the powers that be in Sodom on the Colorado. The TABC was pretty inspired this last Spring Break to say the least. Their tactics were about as ruthless as you would expect from an agency that appears to regard itself as a paramilitary organization.

Being a skeptic I doubt that the communiqué will have much influence. It's hell to fight MADD and the Baptists on anything. Sooo, I went down to a local unnamed waterin' hole and chatted with some folks that weren't wearin' body armor nor ski masks or guns to get their ideas on possible solutions. What a wonderful group, I thought I'd walked into a clandestine meeting of DAMM (Drunks Against Mad Mothers). All agreed that laws were laws and should be enforced, even ones that are overly stupid and counterproductive and that they were mystified that the concept of entrapment had vanished from the Troglodyte's vocabulary.

They did have some interesting ideas on how to blunt the blunt force that the TABC prefers. The most obvious one was for the Sandspit as a whole to refuse to furnish accommodations to the agents of the agency. A suggestion was made that the CVB should lease a no-tell motel in the Heights for their leisure time



Ralph Chiles, RIP 'ol buddy, see ya in the next life.

and Lord knows the Heights could use that kind of business and moral character for at least one month a year. The other suggestion was to send them to Donna, which is its ownself inspired by certain debauchery in the public and private sector. But the best idea was just to get the hell out of Dodge while these felines are on the prowl.

A week before last Christmas the Sandspit lost one of the good guys, Ralph Henderson Chiles. Describing him as spry would be an understatement. Describing him as a bantam rooster such as Captain Jesse Sloss, one of his favorite charter captains

would also be inaccurate. Ahh hell, Ralph was Ralph, small in stature, large in heart, and sharper than a brass tack and fun. He retired from Texaco when he was still in his prime and before the Texaco-Getty-Penzoil debacle and moved down to these parts with his best half Fern to whom he was married for 43 years. They partied all over, from the Sandspit to New Orleans to Acapulco and were known in some locales as the Chile's Happy Hour Tour which always brought a grin to the face of whatever bartender they'd entertain. Ralph lived life large. This Sunday there will be a celebration of life for Ralph followed by a brunch at the Sheraton Blue Marlin room.

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.