



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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The Wolf said to the three I'll pigs, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your door down". In this case it was the Wolf's surrogate better known as Mama Nature and it was the Lion King's door rather than the taco meat and it was the Wolf's boat that did the damage. Speculation was that when Wolfgang and Austin tailored the boat back from an outrageous weekend in Port Aransas doin' the bay fishin' thing they didn't check the weather. When the front blew in speculation has it that the boat popped a couple wheelies as it raced across the parkin' lot at the Sea Roach Marine Center on its trailer. The only thing that stopped it from blockin' the channel was Bruce Almighty's tackle room which now has a sheet of plywood for a door.

That's what I love about livin' on the Sandspit, better known as the buffer zone between the real world and the third world. When Mama Nature comes a callin' she don't dick around, she blows hard and I 'spect she blew around sixty knots last Tuesday morning cuz any harder and I would've awoke from my stupor if you know what I mean and I think ya do.

Been livin' here since '89 and this weren't that bad of a front. The baddest ass front that I can recall was back in late October of '90 or '91. We was herd fishin' on Gas Well Flats, me Mark Wilkes and Jason Ray. The three of us were hooked up on reds when I looked off to the north and saw this blue-green wall bearing down on us and some dust devils rearranging coyote mound. Mark fires up the weather radio and here comes the BEEEP BEEEP BEEEP. We knew the front was

commin' but the weather gurus were claimin' it would hit late afternoon. They was wrong cuz the weather bulletin proclaimed that the dust bowl of Port Mansfield had just been hit by eighty knot winds that had rolled some trailers. We looked at



Thanks to Darrel Golden we have proof that this weren't no fairy tale.

each other and out came the knife. We cut the fish off and Mark raced like hell back to Jim's Pier. A I'll side note here, we were runnin' around thirty-five knots in the wind shift smokin' some rope and the smoke stayed with us. That my friends is a weird feelin' if ya know what I mean. Thirty seconds after we tied up the wall hits or slams the Pier. We're sippin' libations and groanin' about the reds we cut off and up walks Leigh Ann Ghilain, the better half of Danny and she's in tears.

Apparently Danny and Todd Lohry, at the time his trusty deckhand on the Risa Ann had made one last billfish trip that day in the Jenna Lee, a twenty-five foot Penn-Yann. They were forty miles out when the front hit and goin' through hell. Seas were runnin' 15 to 18 feet and

the Coasties were lookin' for'um. We was gathered around the radio listening to the chatter between Danny and the Coasties on his current position. This was hard on Government Team cuz Danny was givin' them Loran TD's and they was tryin' to convert the coordinates to Lat and Lon. We heard the Coastie talker in anguish on the radio cuz he'd just figured out that they'd blown the intercept by six MILES to seaward. Whoops, out of time and out of room, TBC next week.

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.