



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Good heavens, leave town to catch Willie at a pole barn for an events center pseudo honky-tonk in Victoria, continue on to Marble Falls to bond with a nativity scene and a B-B-Q grill then return to the Sandspit to find it's gone straight to hell. The chicks at the pole barn just thought they had it bad, what with one powder room for about a thousand cowgirls in sub-freezin' weather. Somebody needs to introduce Mayor Gary and the rest of that bunch to Port-O-Potties for the gentler gender cuz a local Sandspit lass damn near got hauled off to the hoosegow for invadin' the only stall in the pointers facility.

Woke up on Christmas afternoon after a long get reacquainted session in 16 degree weather with the Weber grill and a tamale stuffed turkey. God what a mess, cuz I either got a great contact high or broke down and smoked the herb again. My hostess made a couple of calls and we come to find out that only a Jack-in-the-Crack and the Bowlin' Alley were open in the entire region. At least the Bowlin' Alley was semi-heated and the pool table weren't bad once ya understood the table roll. Steamed the turkey meat so it weren't like sawdust.

Get back to the spread and here tell that though we'd froze our keesters off, the Sandspit suffered a blizzard Christmas morning, not the usual kind but a bona fide snow castle kind. Shame that Andy, Paul, Jamie and the Toonze weren't around cuz they did Hendrix better than anybody I've ever heard. I can hear it now: "Castles made of snow, melt in the sun eventually".

Anyhow, the return to the buffer zone between the real world and the third world was traumatic for three reasons:

Numero Uno- The Dallasian carpetbaggers that bought out Valley Beverage a ways back had committed the absolute ultimate sacrilege to us native Texan beer



Sandy and Karen at the ol' Toonze hangout, the sculpture kinda reminds me of Gene Sheehan from afar.

drinkers. These B-school educated corporate bureaucrats had not only changed the beer delivery schedule for the proprietors on the Sandspit to one order only a week, but they'd run clean out of Lone Star Beer. Some looked for a rope, some looked for a match and some looked for ice balls to throw at their reps, none but the very unhappy delivery gents could be found. They were forgiven since they be at the mercy of the suits, as it is it took these idiots three weeks to see the error of their ways. Way to go Glazier Boyz hope ya don't set records like the old Coors folks.

Numero Two-O- The cold spell hit the finned critter population but not nearly as bad as it did back in '97, the last cold blast to do any real harm to the critter stocks. Per Randy Blankenship at Parks & Wildlife the fish kill wasn't that bad. The snook took a hit as expected, mostly fat snook that're rather frail so you could say that this was a gene pool cleansing. Ditto the trout and the bait fish. Did stink pretty bad there for a while but do ya remember the beach renourishment project last time around? No. You're lucky and so is your snozz. The real shame is that a bunch of folks took advantage of the situation and raped the critters again off the old Queens Point. Didn't bother to ask Randy how the gamy wardens fared citation wise cuz I already knew the answer. They was all up in the brush country doin' the huntin' thing while this pogrom played out. TP&W is a good outfit but they're too centrally controlled. Had they allocated

a few wardens locally for the couple of days they were needed they could have made a ton of dinero for their coffers and set an example. And by the way you guys, there be a new bag on spotted sea trout. Ya still have your ten a day but only one can be 25 inches or over.

Numero- Three-O- Ahh, to hell with it, it's nice to see the Sandspit again.