

THE FISHIN' INSIDER

by I.B. Hooked Member Outdoor Writers Association of America and The Texas Outdoor Writers Association

AL CURRENT ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FOLLOWING NOR CAN WE IMAGINE WHY WE AGREED TO PRINT IT.

Gotta lot of respect for Dave Colwell cuz he be The Judge on our fair Sandspit. But if his best Spring Broke story is of a dude tryin' to make out with a palm tree, I gotta wonder if he's bein' politically correct, bein' bashful or the crop of fine young cannibals he's adjudicated did actually read "Lord of the Flies".

highly regarded charter captain got into a fight with a palm tree that was donated by the Valley Truckin' boyz way back when they owned Louie's Backyard. He and the ol' lady were walkin' home

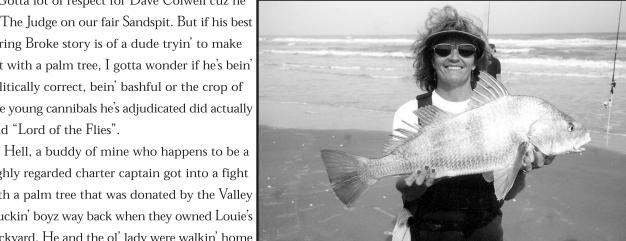
after a turbo happy session well after dark and

he ran into the critter. What a mess, he cut his forehead and while the blood flowed into his eyes, he pummeled the trunk with his

fists till they were cut to ribbons. As I recall he had a charter the next morning and all they caught were sharks but at least he didn't end up in the hoosegow.

Now me, my favorite Spring Broke adventures were back before they paved over paradise and put up a parkin' lot and lights in the entertainment district. One fine March evening one of the Sandspit's finest was crusin' down Laguna takin' in the sights when he was flagged down by a good specimen of a fine young cannibal. He stopped and the kid opened the passenger door and slid in then shrieked "Take me

to the Radisson". The cop shook his head cuz the kid was sittin' on his briefcase



Diane Johnson from parts all over with a nice black drum out he was into sun worship so he was doin' his caught surf fishin' recently. prayers. When it was pointed out to him that he was

cuz this ain't no taxicab. Apparently the kid was broke and fixated on the Rad cuz he didn't take the friendly advice from the officer. As I recall the next day Ed Butler granted the fool a P R bond and sentenced him to pickin' up trash on the Sandspit from 8-noon for the rest of his stay. Then there was the idiot that wandered up the

and his dry cleanin' and suggested the kid get out

When they found the boy he was kneelin' facing west straddlin' the center line and in a loud voice chantin' somethin' unintelligible but came to find

eastbound lane of the causeway at the crack of dawn.

facin' the wrong direction the kid just stared off into space and didn't utter another word, I suspect had he had his wits about him and whipped out his wallet and said "Scotty beam me up" he might have gotten off light by pickin' up trash around town. But since he didn't they didn't send him to the slammer, they sent him to the

psycho ward. I haven't seen the book that The Judge wrote but I bet it's a doosey and well written. He had a book signin' at Louie's last Tuesday but I don't know if another one's planned but I bet if ya swing by the court at city hall ya might find a copy to buy but do it of your own volition and not at the hands of Padre's finest.

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.