



# THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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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".

Hell, a buddy of mine who happens to be a 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 caught surf fishin' recently.**

and his dry cleanin' and suggested the kid get out 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 eastbound lane of the causeway at the crack of dawn. 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 out he was into sun worship so he was doin' his prayers. When it was pointed out to him that he was 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.***