



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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SAN ANTONIO: Visiting a local upscale waterin' hole, the question was who won? I told the folks that we'd run a few traps on the Sandspit by cell and we were havin' a hell of a time findin' a consensus to that Big Question. So I called Henry at the Express-News, late of some Valley rags for some informed insight. Hell, he just chuckled and said he was havin' enough trouble deciphering the antics of some so-called adults 80 miles north and didn't have time to contemplate a gaggle of Longhorn and Sooner kiddos in an afternoon scrum on the beach in front of the Rad. But he did ask around and the general feeling was that the Horns did gig the Sooner chuck wagon. They were also mystified at how so many beer bottles ended up in coolers on the beach since there is an ordinance forbidding glass on the beach. The general consensus was that the TABC was too busy tryin' to set up bartenders and barmaids than do anything useful, like checkin' coolers before they made it to the sand.

Then we got on to the subject of a real brief sound bite by Guv Goodhairs' minions about an apparent screw-up in bill filin' for Homeland Security that a few local news stations ran as filler. It would appear that them boys missed the filin' deadline by a whisker so the mouthpiece was boastin' that they'd just attach it as a rider to some must pass crap like paychecks for the Lege and it'd breeze on through. We agreed on one thing, the mouth piece did in fact say what he said and had enough rank to be taken seriously though neither of us could remember the name behind the flashy jowls.

The gist of this yet to be attached rider is to allow the powers that be to force you to leave your home if an evacuation has been recommended cuz of an impending disaster, like a flood or hurricane. The way things stand today and have for half of forever is that all they can do is strongly recommend that you flee your abode in the face of a maelstrom. They cannot force you to abandon your property but they

can ask you for your body bag size and perhaps issue you a toe tag but that's about all. The decision was left to your good judgement, not theirs.

I remember when hurricane Bret passed by the Sandspit in 1999 and the hysteria that consumed local officialdom. As the storm, which was a hell of a storm like a high cat-4, its center about 80 miles due east of the Sandspit and slowly heading north with a slight jog to the west, flat freaked out. They ordered the municipalities police cars to slowly drive the streets of town with sirens blaring and the loud speakers screechin' mandatory evacuation. This procession was followed by some of the most decrepit school busses this side of south Alabama in the 50's for the populace to pile into for an 80 mile ride to an evacuation center in a flood plain that from what I hear didn't even know they were comin'. And folks this l'il drill came at *THREE* on a Sunday morning. That afternoon, Bret cut a swath through the Sarita check point and the proposed shelter took a worse beatin' than the Sandspit or Port Misrebelle, Laguna Heights, Vista, Bayview or LaTina. Lucky for us Isl rats the TABC was nowhere to be found cuz the Troll opened up his Lair real early and we played poker and gave weather ob's and drank and ate till the cows passed out.

It's just my opinion, but I've been around these parts for awhile and I've noticed that the local officialdom have a tendency to froth at the mouth whenever they can assert their authority, especially on the boob tube being interviewed by a cute young thing with good skin. This idea ain't a good one.

Though ya'll may already know this, word is that the huge FAD over at Amfels that they've been building on for close to three years ain't gonna stay around for long. Contrary to what's been hinted at in the past it ain't gonna be located in fishing' distance from the Sandpit. It'll be headed for Adak, Alaska where it'll become part of Uncle Sugar's missile defense system.

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.