



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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

PLEASE NOTE: WE AT THE COASTAL CURRENT ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FOLLOWING NOR CAN WE IMAGINE WHY WE AGREED TO PRINT IT.

Our addepleted morons that infest Sodom on the Colorado just broke camp and boy did they leave a mess. Yall's stamp dinero has been high-jacked as far as pay-as-you-go, at least on the fresh water stamp side, I think. The five trucks ya pay for bass hatchery remodel is now gonna be financed at a cost projected to be a third greater than originally planned. Higher education in this bereft valley is no bueno, Speaker Craddick sent the dinero home to Midland that was earmarked for border higher education. The interesting news is that if ya own a plot of ground that gets annexed by a town that don't like shootin' in the city limits, ya can still hunt. Not dumped trucks or folks dumpin' used refrigerators or worn out work platforms such a bedrolls, but birds and four legged critters. Fortunately a bunch of other nightmares died on the vine.

Speakin' of death, got a call from one of my favorite sharks a ways back on the adventures of Tigareen down in Isla Mujeres, Cuz had crashed his bike cuz of a heart problem but he was on the mend. At tha Blake Bunk Memorial sign up last Friday at the Sea Ranch, Doc Ollie broke the news that Big Steve Roussett had passed on in a Cancun hospital from heart failure. Stunned and shocked don't come close as a descriptive. The man that perfected the dock shower while livin' aboard a fifty foot Hatteras sport fishin' boat Pichora was dead, no way. The guy that made us all feel sorry for Squeaky, the Cameron County Parks director back when Sea Ranch burned to the ground has passed on, no way.

An aside here, it was either 95' or 96' when the Sea Ranch Restaurant had a bonfire and went to the ground. Tigareen

blew a brake line on his monster truck and rolled through the blockade the morons put up on his way to get the million dollar Pichora out of harm's way. The SWAT team follows him to Dirty Al's, handcuffs him and hauls him off to jail. A couple of hours later they release him with extreme apologies. The next week Ken Conway calls a meeting of all the interested parties at the Sea Ranch Marina. He opens the meeting by tellin' these folks how disappointed he is cuz of all the boats that were abandoned on the docks. Big Steve raises his hand and makes reference to the roadblock and his detention. It's the only time I ever felt sorry for the dude. All he could come back with was a weak "we'll make changes". As it turned out Darrell Stiers got the Pichora to a safe haven, after fallin' through a hole in the dock that was made as a firebreak.

Big Steve was good guy, he even survived a brief detention by Nigerian rebels while workin' as an electrician on a platform in the Gulf of Guinea. He claimed he was Mexican not American and since he spoke fluent Spanglish they let him go. I'm still havin' a hard time believin' he's passed on at the tender age of fifty. As a charter member of I.B.N.A he'll be missed by more than just the Harbor Hags and Dock Burns. He'll be missed by those that like to fish with a competent mate.

The Alphabet Soup Gang's board ain't met yet to make it official, but it looks like Tuna Charlie, Francis Knapp, David Tubbs et. al. won the invite to Cabo with two blues and two sails released aboard Bessie Belle in the Blake Bunk Memorial.



Ray Marchan and Big Steve with a probable state record wahoo. They couldn't find a certified scale so they ate the fish, Doc Ollie framed the shot.

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.