



# THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Welcome TIFTers, this ain't for ya'll it's for general public consumption. Last Saturday evening we were barreling through the Brazos Santiago Pass at the head of a pack of about ten boats that fished the STBGFC and/or the Mansfield tournament. As we got closer to the bottleneck at the Brownsville Ship Channel we spied a pleasure boat smack dab in the middle of the channel dead in the water. I figured they were on a flipper watch. Boy, was I wrong. The tide was rippin' out the water an ugly milky brown so I look over to Mad Moller and tell him I'm gonna take the turista on the port side, a tight fit but the best bet since the other side of the channel at the crossroads was clogged with other flipper watchers. As we closed to within a quarter of a mile of the idiot I guess it dawned on him that he was in a bad spot so he started backing up towards Dolphin Cove Oyster Bar. We adjusted course to take him down our starboard side real close and fired off five blasts of the horn. When we were right on top of him I couldn't believe my eyes. He was in a ski boat with three kiddos sittin' in the bow and mama starin' at us with coke bottle eyes. Twenty feet off his stern was a kid tangled in ski rope, water skis played and his eyes were the size

of saucers. As far as I know that was a near miss for the thunderin' herd. I'm glad the dude had the sense to get out of the channel cuz this situation could've gotten real ugly real fast.

Last I heard the Coasties had wrapped their arms around a new mission, drug and immigrant interdiction. There is better dinero in it and it's a lot sexier to sport camo and face paint and sit up in a dune at a recon outpost up on north beach watchin' for a member of the Baghdad Beach panga fleet to drop off a load or just spy on a couple getting' it on on a moonlit beach. Patrolling the channel and keeping idiot water skiers out of it is pretty mundane compared to that.

Sooooo, here be a notice to ya'll amateur mariners. Last weekend was but a fraction of what this Friday and Saturday will be like beginnin' about six in the p.m. when a real thundering herd of offshore sport boats rangin' from the mid 20's to 80 footers come barrelin' through that pass. Best place to watch the mess is on a bar stool at Dolphin Cove Oyster Bar, not in a ski boat on the side of the channel. And by the way, it is illegal to swim or ski in the channel.



A piece of the thundering herd from TIFT 2004. We stayed on the dock cuz of a sickness in the family.



Terrible shot but I bet this sailor had to change his shorts after he got out of herm's way.