



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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His rotund majesty has passed on. Christopher George Lokey, better known as Kit and occasionally Buddha passed on at the tender age of 63 last week. He is survived by two fine young sons, Chris and Thor.

With the loss of this legendary character, the Sandspit has lost a bunch of its character. Kitterell was a founding member of the short lived South Texas Council of Economic Advisers that began during the halcyon days of Sheahan's Irish Pub's breakfast, brunch and dinner club. I say short lived cuz we decided to publish a rambling newsletter that included the input of also dearly departed members Bito Barrera and Gene Sheahan. The still kickin' I hope Gloria "Tinkerbell" Friday, Chris Reardon, Mike Lynch and Frenchie along with Salvage Frank and whomever else wandered in off the street for a strong cheap libation. The council was short lived cuz as a joke we mailed a bunch of copies to various government agencies and think tanks inside the beltway of Sodom on the Potomac. A few weeks later we had a stack of checks and purchase orders from eager subscribers at his preferred subscriber rate of \$ 2500.00 bucks per annum. We convened an emergency meeting and decided it weren't worth the hassle nor the exposure so he penned a letter sayin' thanks but no thanks we're out of bidness so don't call no more. Gene picked up the postage then we finished gettin' blitzed.

Ol' buddah was a wise sage as Danny O found out. A few decades back he was working for the Esteve family runnin' their operation in Nicaragua when the Sandinistas seized power. One of the first gringos they jailed was Kit, though it was more like a house arrest with lots of AK-47's for décor. After a few weeks the great revolutionary Daniel Ortega sought an audience with Buddha. The dude couldn't understand why the



Would-be Mayor Kit circa early '80's. Didn't win, but had a good time runnin'.

country was going to hell in a hand basket. Kit explained to the dude that his people's revolution had most of the country's management talent under house arrest so what did he expect? He and most of the rest were released on

a kinda PR bond to get things back up and runnin' then exiled as undesirables.

Which brings us back to the Sandspit and the eighties. Kit became alarmed as the town became more and more schitzo, fighting itself over whether to continue to be a semi-exclusive backwater resort where the likes of Willy Nelson and Billy Gibbons felt comfortable or a bone yard or a family community. He was especially worried about the worker bees and their plight to find affordable housing cuz he understood that these were the folks that really made the joint click, not the joiners and the real estate hustlers. I found that kinda funny since he was a real estate proff in Brownsville. Sooo, he put on a new hat, that of land lord of a bunch of duplexes and offered the worker bees an affordable roof over their heads if they'd keep the joints up, a very generous soul he was. I remember sittin' at Jake's when the phone rang. Kelly grabs it and makes the announcement that Gloria had made it back into the US of A with plenty to barter but no cash for a cab. Kit said he'd pick up the tab. She gets to the bar with a rucksack full of exotics and finds that her bar Sailorman's Pub is now Sheahan's (now Kelly's) so he puts her to work runnin' his rental operation and later Gene hires her to sling drinks.

Shortly thereafter Kit headed for Belize to develop a resort which didn't go too well. I've heard from more than a few folks that Kit became a legend down there by givin' the tourists expert advice at Ramon's Reef Club on how to successfully bet on the chicken drop and on how not to get your bar tab padded. Kit was a friend of mine, he was also my landlord of many moons and an easy touch for bail money if ya ran afoul of the gendarmes.

He will be greatly missed.