



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Welcome to hell folks, this would be the umteenth version of the VT's meet the CK's and I surmise by the hatchet job my cuts I'll semi-editor now turned domestic goddess and hormone impaired bastion of political correctness is sendin' me a message, judgin' by the carvin' she did last week. Sooo, I guess I gotta keep this semi-clean cuz the wrath of Fearless Leader ain't worth the digestive tract disorder. And I've been told not to break up the case of sanity cream I just bought off Sarati International in the ol' boys backyard but I am gonna turn the beast on to it cuz the fat room was a couple Tuesdays ago and he's probably gonna need it.

This would be the so-called Texas week, but with the high schoolers thrown into the mix. Most of you kiddos are pretty cool but some of ya'll really need to read "Lord of the Flies" cuz ya'll can resemble a cheap publisher that I've grown rather fond of, not to mention the semi-carnivals that those kiddos became. If ya think the long talons of them Troglodytes with the TABC don't extend to fishin' and party boats you are wrong. These jacklegs will/can/might come after ya'll wherever ya'll are kickin' back. If ya'll are gonna fish or even play like your fishin' you will need a license. If ya'll are gonna surf fish in the buff on north



Captain Gilberto Vela's sea rocket, if the fast lane is what your lookin' for this be it. It be a Skater Boat and it'll hit upwards of 85 knots. Warning to those with bad Toupees and hair plugs, ride at your own risk. They're docked at Jim's Pier, the cost is thirty bucks a thrill.

beach or as some call it the "Carr Mercoital Nude Beach" make sure ya got some way to keep your ID and License on your body cuz that be the law and some of the recruits to various law-officialdoms get there jollies off interpreting the book in ways that the authors never dreamed of, call'em failed lawyers but they will make ya'll's life miserable if ya let'um.

The local eateries and drinkeries are staffed by some of the finest folks you'll ever meet but their paid by some of the worst tightwad owners He ever created. They get paid \$2.15 an hour and Uncle Sugar takes a large cut of what they ring, they live off of tips ditto the deckhands on the party boats. Treat'em right and if one of your buddies can't hold it and happens to barf on the table, double the tip. If your goin' to Matamoros to get your jollies, word is that Club Eclipse is now closed but Club Paradise has filled their void. It's a pretty good town but ya need to be careful, most of the local cab companies do a semi-private tour if ya know what I mean and I think ya do. They'll keep ya safe and if ya run into Catfish on the beach, grab all the hats he's offering cuz ya may be able to barter a discount.

We welcome your fishin' photos. Drop them by 2600 Padre Boulevard on the Island, or mail them to L.B. Hooked, c/o Coastal Current Weekly, P.O.Box 2428, 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.