



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Been around the dock a time or two but one of the darnedest I ever did see was when the Shrimp County commish turned over the Sea Ranch Marina to Greenberg and the Mantis bros from South Florida for redevelopment. Brian Mantis was right when he told me South Texas was virgin territory, kinda like South Florida back in the sixties, ripe for a hustle. Welllll they were right with a twist, when the Three Stooges blew off the Sandspit two of 'em ended up doin' long stretches in the Federal Hoosgow and the other did a stretch in the loony bin. What was left behind in their wake was easily one of the most screwed up marina operations in the history of the world. Thus began a mad scramble over the carcass of the road kill the marina had become.

Enter Darrel Golden and his better half Becky, they'd just sold some car dealerships and were lookin' to buy the operation from Mad Max the Banker who'd been suckered in to totin' the note on the joint. The first thing ol' Darrel's olfactory prowess picked up on was the smell of desperation, exasperation and greed surroundin' the deal. Since he was used to dealin' with snap floor plan audits and havin' to juggle three times the demos his sales crew had out to their "significant"

others than allowed all he saw was opportunity in the chaos. So he ignored the Shrimp County commish and concentrated on Mad Max, or as Darrel said at the time, "Why the hell buy the damn thing when we can run it, turn it around and end up with a large equity stake down the line". Soooo, he put up his checkbook and took on the soap opera; boy did he ever and got the thing to where it is today, the cash cow from hell.

That was about six years ago and it has been a six-year odyssey dealn' with petty chicanery, political intrigue, dock wars that'd make the Jerry Springer Show resemble Sesame Street and Larry the Maw-Maw as a tenant. Love him or hate him he is a one of a kind with one hell of a sense humor if ya took the time to get to know him. Well the strait shooter headed off into the sunset last week, off to his ancestral ranch that he bought back with his hard earned

largess. It's outside of Monahans, somethin' like six bed rooms and a pool with the water well from hell and a Rebel flag flyin' from the pole. But before he left for decompression in west Texas he pitched the keys to George Higginbotham and with a twinkle in his eye said good luck and God bless.



No wonder they're smilin' all three are headed off to the hills to decompress. That's Darrel and Becky with the Oscarican who just graduated from four years of B-school at the Salty Dog, Ol Larry the Maw-Maw was a hard act to recover from. Via Con Dios guys its been a real trip.

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.