

THE FISHIN' INSIDER

by I.B. Hooked

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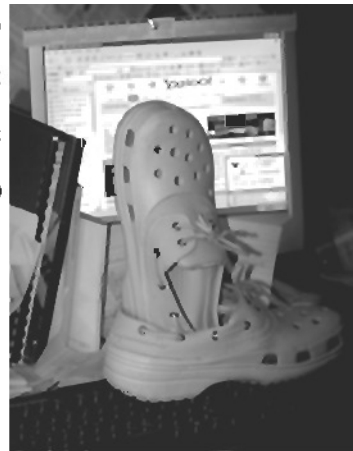
PLEASE NOTE: WE AT THE COASTAL CURRENT ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FOLLOWING NOR CAN WE IMAGINE WHY WE AGREED TO PRINT IT.

Since I got turned down for a visa to cross the bridge last weekend, we ain't got no pics of the goin's on at the offshore weigh-in at Southpoint, but I do understand that some of the locals done goooood. The rabble aboard Quick Sea won enough dinero in the food fish pots to fish TIFT on OPM; considerin' the price of beer and go juice, that be a real accomplishment. A newbie to the Alphabet Soup Gang, by the name of Stormin' Norman, tagged three blues so I assume that they won the Dr. Tony Brucks Memorial Tag & Release Trophy for last weekend's PMFT. I say assume, cuz the Mansfield chamber ain't real hot disseminatin' info to either the washed or unwashed. That, and the also mentioned above, no visa and the price of go juice and the fact that everybody and their sister holdin' any sort of badge was out in force checkin' everybody they could board or stop on

the road, I decided not to risk the trek to Mansfield cuz I spect if I'd gotten popped I'd been handed a shovel and ordered to reopen the harbor by hand ala them Matamoras guys a few years back that had to dig a ditch to reopen the mouth of the Rio Grande to relieve the flooding in their neighborhood. Congrats, guys and I sure as bell bope that everybody has the right permits to fish this year, cuz last year was down right embarrassing and officialdom will be on hand to ticket/DQ and seize the catch of any miscreant that lacks the proper papers to wet a hook in the Gulf of Mexico. That also means ya better think twice before ya go south of 26 degrees, cuz I spect the Department of Homeland Insecurity will have eyes in the sky, if ya know what I mean and I think ya do.

Speakin' of the Alphabet Soup Gang, the leader board for the South Texas Big Game Fishing Club or

STBGFC for sbort, is startin' to get respectable, to whit: Top Boats & Top Anglers.



Soooo I was chattin' and sippin' a brew with the Lion King, so named by the bartenders at Club Nautico de San Juan, and the gent asks me if I'd eenen what he referred to aa Crocsiders. That sent me to scratchin' my private parts cuz I bought a pair of crocs up in Rockport, cuz my favorite wicked auntie Jonette had gotten a hell of a deal on 'um and I now regard them as the best damn fishin' shoes I've ever owned. But they ain't acceptable ware at a sit down dinner party or a CCA soiree for that matter. The gent pitches me another Bud then throws a box that I actually catch without spillin' brew on his fancy carpet. I slip into the 'il jewels and sure enough, all they are are Crocs dressed up; serious padding in the heel that attenuate the serious poundin' your feet get on a fishin' boat. The gent's store is Island's at the corner of Amberjack and the Boulevard or for ya'll old timers, the old Feldman's down the street from Jake's. That boy, bein' a good capitalist, didn't give me much of a break on cost, just a buzz. They be pricey, but not nearly as bad as the cost of a tranalient alip in Port leabel this weekend.