



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

by I.B. Hooked
Member Outdoor Writers Association of America and
The Texas Outdoor Writers Association

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

Good grief, you'd have thought these two unfortunate situations could never occur in this day and age. I was shocked to return to the Sandspit and find a picture at Jim's Pier of a tractor engulfed by the surf. I was not nearly as shocked to see the bay boat high and dry off Palm Street since I'm rather well acquainted with the master of that vessel, but how in the hell could this happen in February 2007?

Now in February 1993, I could easily understand how this could happen cuz the



tide charts were still on par with the maps of the Battle of Hastings when penicillin was still close to 900 years off, but I digress. In the late fall '93, this rag embarked on an odyssey to get the great unwashed an easily digested and easily aspirated tide chart. The process seemed at times similar to the mating of pachyderms, loud, contentious and resulted in a few computer programs sailed in to the good ol' file 86 and some pretty impressive phone bills. At the time, the rag didn't possess the kind of computational power to open these files much less to run the programs contained therein.

That's when Jim Goller got pissed and elicited help from his rather extensive Jarhead network of Nam vets. The first iteration of the Tide Guide made its debut in early '94 and was rudimentary at best. It was in black and white and damn sure

wasn't sponsored by Bud or anybody else. The first hint that the rag had that it had come up with something the great unwashed could actually use was the first and only time it was dropped for a week because of space limitations. The staff arrived at the office only to be met by a gaggle of highly agitated Gray Panthers as they referred to themselves in those days.

Though they never implicitly suggested they'd firebomb the joint, they did hint that they were not gonna leave without a copy of the omitted public service piece. The staff complied, though as I recall, they ran out of toner and didn't have a backup. I suspect they stole a cartridge from building management that we were tight with since we shared the same office space. The current version of the Tide Guide I believe is the fifth iteration and the best of 'um all.

The bay boat strandin' I'll leave to your



imagination and the gossip mill, but that John Deere is serious cuz of their job to reclaim a piece of the Sandspit from the Gulf of Mexico. She be a powerful mistress just like mama nature and the demon rum. Next time you're pushin' sand on the beach, you'd do well to consult both the Tide Guide and the weather gurus cuz these can be some tempestuous witches that not even John Deere can safely caress.

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.