

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Spring Break ~

3/21/26

Back in my *old college days*, our fraternity would empty out every spring and form a mass convoy to the Florida state line. “Good Bye Indiana – Hello Sunshine!” Daytona Beach was the chosen land. We would literally rent an entire motel right on the sand that was owned by an uncle of one of our friends. In those days, it was called a “Mom and Pop” pad. This couple loved us and never stopped laughing for the entire week we stayed there. Hugs were plentiful.

Fast forward fifty-five years, and this exodus of youth has become a living Hell to any innocent fisherman who just wanted a little time on the water to contemplate life. There is no escape for they are everywhere. An army of paddle boards, kayaks, jet skis, rental boats, tour boats, and pleasure boats of all sizes converge on anything that is wet. Your favorite fishing spots are clogged with boats blaring rap music running in packs up and down the bays, the channels, and the flats. If I had a nickel for every thong I saw last Friday, I’d buy a bigger condo. When they pass close by, they look at you like your nuts for just standing on your deck with a rod doing nothing.

So, you want a fishing report? Then you have to wait until I can fish. If I can get out early enough tomorrow, maybe they’ll still be hungover and in bed.

Wish me luck.