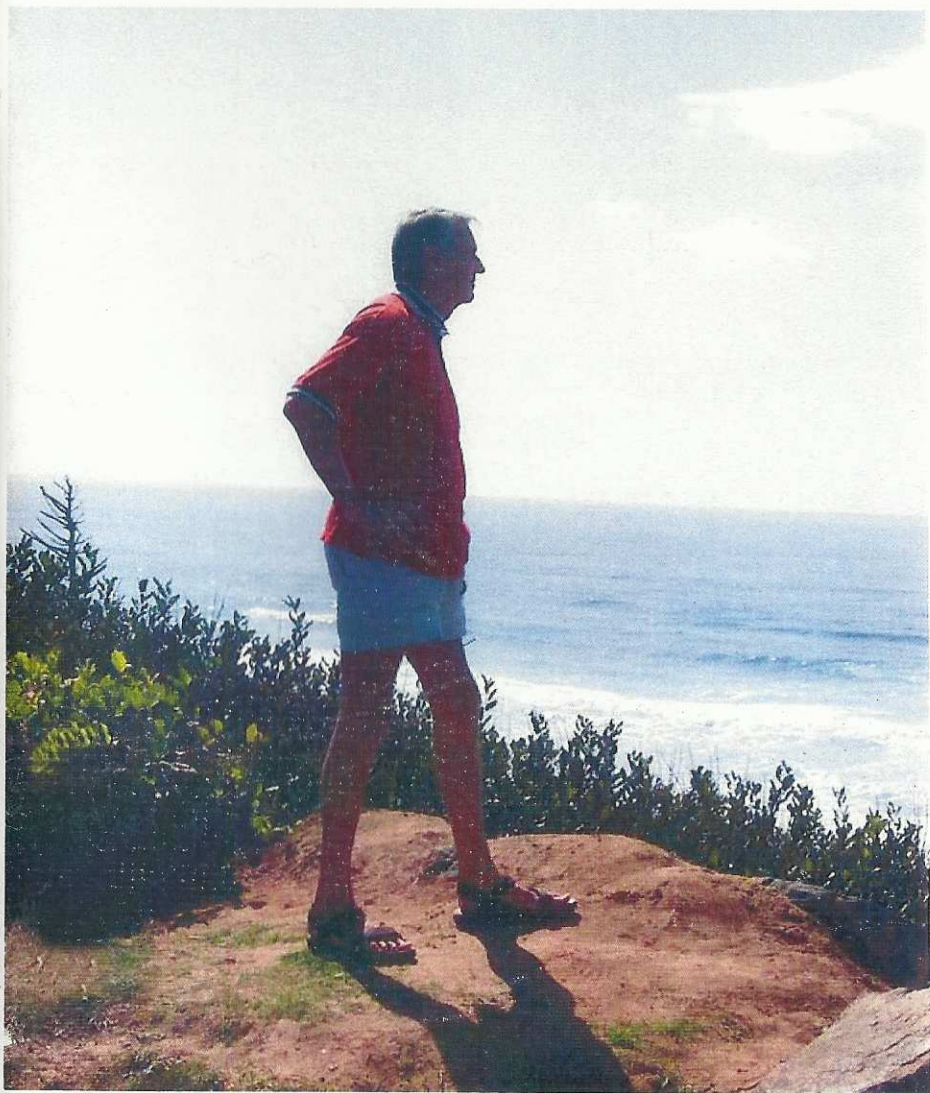


MARCHING TO A DIFFERENT DRUMMER



BY
BETTE ADE

**MARCHING TO A DIFFERENT
DRUMMER**

BY

BETTE ADE

Bette Ade

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music he hears,
however measured or far away."

-Henry Thoreau

This book is lovingly dedicated to:

our three daughters
Evelyn Sorrels & Karla Howes & Karen Broussard

and

my wonderful husband, Carl.

It will always be your birthday!!

Bette Ade

2011

CARL ADE

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT
MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY
ONCE AN AGGIE..
WHAT A LINE!
HELL ON HORSEBACK
PINKERTON DETECTIVE – WHAT'S MY LINE?
SOUTH PADRE ISLAND 1958
FRIENDS' STORIES
BEING AN AIRLINE PILOT
LOGAIR
THE GOOD OLD DAYS – DC3
DIVING FOR GOLD
EXPEDITION MEMORIES
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
THE SHOPPING CART INCIDENT
TOO MANY STEWS IN THE COCKPIT
FROM RIGHT TO LEFT
TWO TAKES ON THE SAME STORY
HANGING UP THE WINGS
CITY SERVANT #567
NICE GUYS DON'T ALWAYS FINISH LAST
LANDSLIDE LOSES
STRETCH TO SUCCESS
LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT CARL
FAMILY
FINIS

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT
(MY FIRST FORMAL DANCE)
(A First-Person Account by Carl)

"What the deal was...this friend of mine (we were both in the sixth grade), had an older sister, and through her, knew a bunch of high school kids. So he got invited to a high school dance.

"This was a big thing, sixth graders getting invited to a high school dance. Ralph got a date and asked me if I would like to go and I told him yes! I'll never forget her..this girl sat in front of me in summer school, name was Eleanor...and her dad was a professor there at the university. Their families were friends. I asked her if she'd like to go and she said yes, after she asked her parents.

"Ralph already had his tux, so I went down to rent me one, but they didn't have one to fit me. Ralph said his dad had one he'd gotten married in, up in his attic, that might do the trick; so he took me home with him. It had long tails and everything; the pants were a little short, but it seemed like it was all right.

"That night I got this ol' gal a corsage. We couldn't drive; so Ralph's sister was supposed to pick his date up, then they were to stop by my grandmother's and pick me up. It took me about an hour to comb my hair and get ready. As I came out of the bathroom, I heard them honk outside. I was all dressed, but didn't let my grandmother see me. My grandmother had a box of those chocolate cherries; she'd eaten one piece out of 'em, but I didn't think this gal would miss one piece of candy, so I grabbed the box. When I walked out the door, Ralph and his girlfriend were

sitting in the back seat and his sister in the front, and they all started laughing...(I know the reason now).

"I had on this black tux with tails...brown tie...brown shoes with argyle socks...and the pants hit me at the top of the socks. I didn't know the difference, being from a small town. I didn't know you weren't supposed to wear those things together. Of course, they just about died laughing.

"We went over to get Eleanor. I'll never forget – she lived at the top of a hill. I had to walk up this flight of steps to get to her house. I got up there and rang the doorbell and her mom came to the door. Course she snickered a little bit, and said, 'Come on in, Eleanor will be ready in a few minutes'. I was clumsy back then and tall for my age. Her mother started to open the screen door and I stepped up. Well, I tripped on the last step and fell right through the screen before the door opened..that box of candy, the lid came off, and those chocolate cherries rolled across the floor and I sat on the corsage. Then Eleanor came in. There I sat, my hair hanging down in my eyes. They couldn't keep from laughing. You talk about being embarrassed.

"I kind of pulled myself together and we got off to the dance. But you know how it was. I couldn't dance because everyone was laughing. After the dance was over, and we were leaving (they'd always told me to let the girl go first); but I had pretty big feet and I stepped down and caught her formal and the back end just ripped out. Got it pieced together and we went on.

"We went to a carnival that was down the street. All those ol' boys running the rides thought we'd just gotten married, the way we were dressed; so they were giving us free rides. And here we were, just in the sixth grade.

"I guess that's my most embarrassing moment."

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

Being a student at Missouri Military Academy was a wonderful experience not only for Carl, but also for many other young men. In four years, Carl earned many honors, but especially he learned a definite set of values and ideals, which complimented what he had learned at home. And to say that he was an athlete is an understatement. He earned his Varsity letter in basketball his freshman year, then added football and track for the three remaining years.

His senior year saw him become Company Commander for D Company. Some of his awards included: the Chicago Tribune Award for 'most military', All Conference in football for his senior year and Vice-President of the M-Club.

One of the joys of later years has been to return to Mexico, Missouri, for Homecoming. Carl has been able to see classmates and schoolmates and especially to rehash favorite old stories from their days in school. Being on the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association gave him an added bond to his Alma Mater. The year he served as Alumni Association President was very special; and at Homecoming 2002, some of the family were able to share the 50th Reunion of the Class of 1952.

ONCE AN AGGIE....

After high school, he was offered a football scholarship to the University of Missouri, but he had to decline because of extenuating circumstances. Then a football scholarship offer to Texas A & M University started Carl's adult life. He had always wanted to play football for Hank Folberg, an All-American football player for Army, who was the freshman coach at A & M. Unfortunately, illness cut short Carl's stay at A & M; he only got to play the fall of his freshman year. He finished out the year at Baylor University, sadly ineligible to play sports. A goof in registering for the draft gained him 'greetings from the President' and Carl spent two years in the Army Artillery. He took his basic and leadership training at Camp Chaffee in Arkansas and then went to Fort Bragg in North Carolina, where he spent the rest of his two-year hitch, 'playing ball for Uncle Sam'.

WHAT A LINE!

It was a cold November evening in Dallas in 1955; in fact, the first Norther of the year had blown into the area. I came in from a flight (I was a hostess for Braniff International Airways) to discover the battery on the car was dead. After a 'jump start', I went to the Texaco station on the corner of Lovers Lane & Inwood Road to wait for a 'slow charge' on the battery. I was standing inside the office, in front of a space heater trying to stay warm, when this tall guy came in to use the phone. (I found out later he was calling his girlfriend, who flew for Trans Texas Airlines; but she had already left the airport – evidently tired of waiting). He turned to me and asked me if I flew for Braniff (I was in uniform). I said, 'Yes', and he proceeded to name off the gals he knew who were Braniff hostesses. His next exact question was, "I know this sounds strange, but would you like to go get a beer or cup of coffee?" I said, 'Yes'. While driving home to get out of my uniform, I wondered what I had gotten myself into. Carl still says I saw his new turquoise and white Oldsmobile convertible first, sitting outside by the gas pumps.

At our engagement party, a year and a half later, Marilyn, a Braniff hostess and mutual friend, formally introduced us!!

HELL ON HORSEBACK

"I was cleaning stables at Glen Lakes Stables in North Dallas afternoons after attending flight school at American Flyers in Fort Worth. One day, a man came in and wanted his horse, which was out in the pasture. I grabbed a bridle and bucket of oats. When I got to the horse, I jumped on his back to ride back to the stables. He had other things in mind! The first thing I got rid of was the bucket and oats. He tried to brush me off by going under a tree and running close to a fence. What a ride!! When we got back to the stables, the other men were out waving their hands to get the horse stopped. I had to hold onto the fence when my feet touched the ground. The horse's owner said he had never seen riding like that...and that a group was making a movie out at Cockrell Hill, and would I be interested in doing some stunt riding?"

"This was before country western was in vogue. My grandmother cut my hair by placing a bowl over my head. I wore my old jeans and flannel shirts and, of course, my cowboy boots.

"This was not a major film, but a B-Western, or maybe a 'C'. We changed hats from black to white, depending on the day's script. One day the script called for the hero to shoot the bad guys. But his rifle jammed as we rode by, although we didn't know it; we fell off on cue. One guy got trampled; another had his leg broken. I got dragged. We heard that when they edited the film, someone said that those guys were either very good or crazy.

"Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, the picture HELL ON HORSEBACK was never released. It's probably in some tin, sitting on a shelf somewhere. The pay was never forthcoming either; all I got was a certificate of stock, which now hangs on the wall."

PINKERTON DETECTIVE – WHAT'S MY LINE?

Flying jobs were just not available at the time for Carl; either he was too tall or did not have enough flight time experience. So before his law enforcement career, Carl embarked on a career which saw many different twists and turns. Carl was an undercover agent for Pinkerton Detective Agency. This was a very interesting job, to say the least. To his friends, he was an insurance adjuster, with all the necessary ID.

His undercover reports were mailed daily to the Agency, which required remembering the activities until he was able to get them on paper. Most of the undercover jobs were from three to four week, but occasionally less. Two rules Pinkerton had were not to work divorce cases and not to work one client against another.

Some of the jobs Carl had while with Pinkerton were: surveillance (stake out), insurance fraud (disability claims), security guard (jewelry stores, social events), route salesman (soft drink company-suspected theft), checking cashiers (for patience), sales clerks (for honesty), stock boy (store theft), bus driver (theft), grocery store manager trainee (theft).

The pay was based on the particular job. Pinkerton paid him \$50 per day for the reports and then the company paid him for the assigned job. The only people in the company who knew what he was doing were the owner, vice-president or top security

officer. He would fill out a job application like any new hire, except he knew he would get the job.

Besides being an interesting job, he felt he helped society by helping break up a large shoplifting ring in a major Dallas department store. He also discovered a grocery store manager advancing groceries to military families and charging them interest when they got paid.

He worked as a route salesman for a bottling company to discover why the regular guys had extra money and so much free time. They were removing money from the drink machines. This took him all over the Dallas area.

The only job that worried him was working as a stock boy carrying dresses between floors at a major department store. The store had dress buyers whom he had known at Baylor University, and he was worried about having to explain his job. He was lucky to stay out of their way.

SOUTH PADRE ISLAND 1958

In the short span of eight months, Carl had quite a few jobs, more than he would like to remember – talk about being multi-talented.

He served as a policeman in Port Isabel for several months. At that time there were only two officers and the chief, our dear friend George. Pay came only once a month, which gave us a chance to eat out, usually in Matamoras. Carl and George ate like growing boys! A disagreement with the mayor ended that job.

He hired out on a party boat, but only made one trip: "I had a couple of pancakes for breakfast – I was a big eater, then we went back to the boat. There were four ladies and two men who showed up for this trip. I went down and made a pot of coffee to serve everyone. Later, we got out to the snapper banks, where we would be fishing. My job was to put a squid on each line. Every time I put on a squid, I hit the bow of the boat and heaved. This was repeated until I was very weak. Finally the captain told me to go sit down. When we got back to port, he asked me what he owed me; I told him that he didn't owe me a dime; I was just glad to get my feet back on dry land". That ended his job as a deckhand.

Then he had a job pulling people's cars out of the sand, on the beach. "I had a winch on the Jeep. It was the first 4-wheel drive vehicle I had ever owned and I thought it could do anything. No one else here on the Island was doing this. The first time I went up

the beach, this guy had a new three-quarter-ton GMC pickup stuck. He asked me how much to pull him out and I told him \$3. I backed off and hooked this big logging chain to the truck and took off; all of a sudden all four of my wheels dug into the sand. So I had to get out and dig out myself with a small entrenching shovel. Everyone was standing around laughing. I got myself out, turned around, backed off about fifteen feet, hooked up the winch and the truck came out so easily. I started using my winch all the time. But I went up on my prices: I charged \$5 if I had to go up during the day and \$10 at night. I charged a guy \$25 to go all the way to the Port Mansfield cut. Now it's up over \$50."

Carl's try at commercial fishing didn't last long either: "I had bought a boat and motor. I went over to Weslaco with a friend to cut a bunch of stakes for trout lines. He showed me how to make a bait trap, using a can of sardines (with holes in the can) to catch piggy perch for the bait. I had about 100 hooks and showed Bette how to tie the hooks onto the leaders. I was in the water, tying the leader on the line, when I saw one of my hooks drop off into the water. I got to looking and she had tied every one on wrong. I was 'plumb upset'. I ran the boat on shore, which was quite a way from home, so had calmed down by the time I got to the house. A 'norther' came in that night, sank my boat and motor, and put me out of the fishing business."

Carl has said he would go hungry before he would ever go back out on a shrimp boat. "This fellow who went out with me, Beto, was a sophomore at Texas A & M at the time. Tommy, his brother-in-law, who was the captain, had his hands full. Neither of us had

been out before. On a shrimp boat, you have a captain, a rigger and a header. You work at night and sleep during the day. You drag these big shrimp nets, attached to 'doors', along the bottom. Thousands of crabs and shrimp end up in the nets. Sometimes you even get a shark. The tri-net, a miniature net, is checked every hour while you are dragging for shrimp. It's pitch black, but the deck is well lit. If you ever fell overboard at night, you might be a goner. With the tri-net you can tell when you are 'in the shrimp'. Then you pull your big nets. When they come up, you pull the drawstrings on the backside, and all these shrimp and crabs fall all over the deck. You have to wear rubber boots, nylon gloves and rubber gloves; the shrimp will stain your hands just like nicotine. As you sit there on a 'coke case', the crabs are trying to crawl up your legs. While sliding from side to side on the deck, as header, you pinch the heads off the shrimp. That's all the header does and sometimes it takes all night. There are no bathrooms on the boats. If you have to go to the bathroom, you go to the bow of the boat and hang your tail over the rail; but when the boat rolls, it takes your mind off what you are doing. If the boat rolls up, you get 'it' all over the boat; you have to time things between rolls. When I got back to port, I threw away all my clothes, the shrimp smell wouldn't come out. One trip ended my shrimping career."

'Longshoring' paid the bills; but was hard, hot, dirty work. Carl hired out at the Port in Brownsville, as long as they were not working cotton; then there were special crews to load the ships. Fortunately, he knew the foreman and got to work some grain ships.

His career as a bartender only lasted a couple of weeks at the Driftwood Inn; his specialties were *Roy Rogers* and *Shirley Temples*.

He served as a seasonal game warden for the State of Texas in Hidalgo County for a time, sleeping at the county jail. He did get to see all of the countryside, as the wardens had access to all of the big ranches.

All in all, they were hard and expensive learning lessons!

FRIENDS' STORIES

From Bert:

Carl and George were working as policemen for the City of Port Isabel in the summer of 1958. George was the Chief and Carl a patrolman. On an off-duty day, they decided to go rattlesnake hunting on a nearby ranch.

Since it was hot, they had removed their shirts, just riding around in the red Jeep in their jeans, smoking cigars!

George was driving, and he leaned over to look at Carl shooting a 'rattler'. He accidentally touched Carl's back with the 'lit' cigar. Carl was startled; he just knew he had been 'bit' by a rattler!

And

Is this really chicken? Money was tight in 1958. The guys only got paid once a month, and it never seemed to last until the next payday. To implement the food supply, George and Carl often went hunting. Once they got a wild turkey. Another time they came in with rabbits and told Bette it was chicken; since they knew she wouldn't eat it if it were rabbit. Bert told Bette, in confidence, it was rabbit, but that it tasted just like chicken, so she should eat it anyway!

Roommates - as told by Ralph:

"We three were rooming together our senior year in 'D' Barracks at Missouri Military Academy. Since Carl was Company Commander, we had the largest room, although barely big enough for three people, plus a bathroom all to ourselves."

"Bill was in the 'can'. Carl decided to lock him in, so he moved the dresser in front of the door. After screaming to get out for some time, Bill finally gave up and jumped out the window, about 8 feet to the ground."

"The other incident remembered was when Carl came in with a 5-foot Black Snake that he had found by the creek. Shoving it in my face didn't get too much of a reaction. So Carl waited for Bill to come inside. Bill was pleading with Carl to get rid of the snake. Carl thought it was funny; he had a strange sense of humor."

BEING AN AIRLINE PILOT

These are some of Carl's thoughts about his career:

"There are two ways of becoming an airline pilot: by being a military pilot or by going to a civilian flight school.

"In civilian flight school, you have the ground school instruction and flight training.

"You have four licenses: student, private, commercial, and airline transport.

"You get your student license when you solo: about 7 hrs, or when your instructor thinks you're ready. Also, there is a written test.

"Your private license requires about 40 hrs. of night and day takeoffs and landings, also a short solo cross country, plus another written test.

"Your commercial license takes about 250 hrs. of both night and day solo time, plus two cross countries, one short and one long, also another written test.

"Your airline transport license takes over 1200 hrs. in either a single or multi-engine aircraft, plus both oral and written tests by the FAA, which is the Federal Aviation Agency.

"Then comes your ratings: you have single engine land, single engine sea, multi-engine land, multi-

engine sea, instrument, and different instructor ratings.

"Then comes your type ratings: for each aircraft over 12,500 lbs., you must complete ground school on this aircraft, with an oral and written test with the FAA, plus a flight check.

"Then you start looking for an airline job. Airline jobs were hard to come-by when I started looking. You had to be ex-military pilot, corporate pilot, or a flight instructor with lots of flight time. You needed the license and time to just get inside the door of the airlines.

"You used to start as a flight engineer and move up to a co-pilot, then to a captain. Now most all the airlines have two pilots and no engineers. It takes about 7 yrs. to move up in positions. It all goes by seniority: you get a number when you start, and you live by that number the rest of your career with that airline. This system works for upgrading to larger aircraft, and to captain on these aircraft, also for bidding on scheduled trips.

"You get paid for the number of hours you fly. Your pay time starts when you leave the blocks at the gate until you block back into the gate at another airport. It depends on your company's contract. It usually is 75 to 80 hours a month. This doesn't sound like much, but they can keep you on duty up to 16 hrs. We got paid once a month for our flight time, and once a month for our 'per diem' expenses.

"We would bid each month for our trips and the aircraft we were rated on. The captains would have

their bid sheet and the co-pilots theirs. The flight attendants were in another department, but the same procedures worked for them.

"For flight training, the captains were required to take an aircraft or simulator check and a first class physical every six months, and ground school once a year. The first officers (co-pilot) were required to take a check ride, a first class physical, and ground school once a year. Not passing any of these things would end your airline career.

"My career lasted for over 26 yrs: 1 year with Capitol Airways and 25 years with Central/Frontier Airlines. I wouldn't take anything for the experience and enjoyment I had flying for the airlines."

LOGAIR

"Ron, a classmate and friend from Missouri Military Academy, called me to tell me that Capitol Airways was hiring in San Antonio. I was on the police force in University Park and I got another officer to work my shift, thinking that I would just be gone overnight. But I discovered that we were going out on a three-day trip.

"The captain 'rode' the other 'possible-hire' all the way to Mobile; and then it was my turn and I got over into the right seat. It was dark and everything was going pretty well. After the way he had acted with the other guy, I was afraid to turn my head or do anything. He looked at me and asked, "Haven't you ever flown 'omni' before?" When I replied yes, he told me to get the needle back in place.

He was giving me a hard time and it was getting so bad the sweat was dripping down and onto my tie. We got to Warner Robbins in Georgia and the captain asked me if I saw the field. I was afraid to say no, so I said yes. He told me to head for it and I aimed for the lights. When we got there, we were too high, so the captain told me to call the tower and tell them we were fifteen miles northwest of the field. I called and with the transmitter button down, I asked him how far out. You sat very high in that plane, a C-46. When we got close to the ground, I 'flared' it a little, closed my eyes, and I 'greased' the landing. He taxied in and as the agent was pulling us into the marks, he leaned over and told me to 'lock it up'. I thought he wanted me to stop the plane, so I pushed

down on both binders at the same time, and the plane almost swapped ends. He had wanted me to lock the tail wheel instead of the brakes.

"He told me to get back to the door and put the ladder down and that he never wanted to see me again. I figured that was it, but the co-pilot said to come along and go eat with them. The next day we had the entire day free and hit some of the local pawnshops. Since I was working as a policeman, I knew something about guns, and we got to talking about weapons.

"Coming back to San Antonio, after we leveled off, the captain put the co-pilot in his seat, got back on the jump seat and I was in the right seat. He told me, 'Ade, I'm going to give you this card; but I want you to know these things in six months' time.' I said, 'Yes, sir!' That's how I got to work for Capitol Airways."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS DC-3

Those were the good old days...when airlines were big overgrown families. Friendships were made for life. Central Airlines was a small local-service airline based at Amon Carter, later to become the Fort Worth Airport. Experiences would be remembered forever.

Carl flew co-pilot for Sam, also known as 'Mr. Clean', for many months. Connie, the stewardess, also flew with them for several months. Carl, Sam and Connie...that's another story or two.

Sam was a health nut, always squeezing a ball to build up his hand muscles. He carried a large B-4 bag to accommodate a tennis racket for their games. Working out, playing tennis, racquetball, etc., were the normal layover activities for these two.

On a layover in Tulsa, most of the airline crews stayed at the same motel. After eating some bar-b-que, Carl, Sam, and Connie came back to the motel to relax. Sam was dating a gal who worked at the insurance counter in Oklahoma City. She came over for the day. Sam was lying on a chaise by the pool, sweet-talking his friend. All of the other crews were lounging in and around the pool. Connie was hanging on the ladder and Carl was in water to his knees. They were remembering what they had just done - short-sheeting this gal's bed - and started laughing. Carl said, "All of a sudden, that bar-b-que started coming up. I covered my mouth, and then it started coming out of my nose. I covered that with my

other hand and turned away from Connie. Then I let the loudest fart. I almost drowned myself. If I had just had one more hand."

Those were the days when the payroll came to the accounting office once a month. According to one of the women who worked in that office, the standard comment was: "Well, what has Carl Ade done this month?"

DIVING FOR GOLD

In 1957, while working as a policeman for the University Park Police Department, in the Dallas Metroplex, Carl earned extra money as a part-time lifeguard at the city swimming pool. They were using scuba gear to clean the pool, which introduced him to scuba diving.

Carl started flying for Central Airlines in 1961 as a co-pilot and flew with a Captain named Sam, who had a brother Norman, who had a company involved in underwater treasure hunting.

Norman had gotten into treasure diving while on vacation in the Caribbean, and enjoyed scuba diving so much he went back the following year and the rest is history.

After much research, Norman and three other divers went to Port Royal, Jamaica, to excavate the treasures of 'the most sinful city' of the time. This was the homeport of pirate Henry Morgan, before the 1692 earthquake rocked the port and sent the entire city into the sea.

This caught the interest of Edwin Link (Link Trainer fame) and Norman was recommended to the National Geographic Society. This group was interested in having someone excavate the Sacred Well of the Mayans at Chichen Itza in Mexico. This 1960-61 expedition ended in a disagreement between divers and archeologists. Norman then set his sights back on the Caribbean. In 1962, he put together a six-man

team to go to St. John's Island, off the coast of Puerto Rico, to conduct an exploration of caves, which reportedly had a fortune hidden in them. After the near-death of one of the team, Norman decided to change his policy and only search known treasure sights.

In late 1963, the brothers Sam and Norman met with a financier who was on the Board of Directors of Central Airlines. He had been involved with other expeditions and became interested in Norman's newest project: the excavation of the Spanish Galleon, *Genovesa*, which had grounded and sunk in 1730 on Banner's Reef, part of the Pedro Shoals, off the coast of Jamaica. The *Genovesa*, sailing from Columbia to Cuba, was laden with a cargo of gold and silver. With financial backing in place, Norman put together a team of nearly two dozen people. This was the expedition Carl joined, for a '1 percent share' of the gold and silver.

Since he had Sam's recommendation and had experience in scuba diving, Norman checked out Carl at the pool and nearby lake. He was then added to the crew list as navigator and relief diver.

More to come in 'Expedition Memories' and 'What Might Have Been'.

EXPEDITION MEMORIES

The following are some personal memories and comments from Carl about the wonderful experiences he had while diving for gold!

"A senior editor from Sports Illustrated went along with us. He wrote a story about the dive, Ghost Ship In The Blue Home, which appeared in the March 8, 1965 issue of the magazine.

"A professor went with us on this trip; he had been on another expedition, after the 'Bay of Pigs Invasion', searching for the *Genovesa*. This was his story about that trip. The Cuban government had messed up the navigational lights so that incoming ships would have problems and run aground. Wading ashore, the professor was bitten by a shark or barracuda, and the group had to give themselves up to the Cuban Home Guard. The Cuban government sent divers out and found weapons and photographic equipment. The group was lined up before a firing squad several times. There was an officer in the Cuban army, who had been in the service with one of the divers. He went up to him and told him, "If you recognize me, you are dead!" The group was finally trucked to Santiago, and flown as prisoners to Havana and finally retrieved by the US government.

"The *Genovesa* was the one we were diving on. There was supposed to be lots of treasure and artifacts on the ship. We were diving in an area known as Pedro Shoals. A lot of hard work! We used scuba gear. We had to wear about 30lbs. of weight to

stay on the bottom, because the current was so strong. I was wearing blue jeans and a sweatshirt. Even though the water temperature was about 80 degrees, your body temperature dropped from staying down. We were diving in about 40 feet of water.

"We were diving in an area, known as Banner's Reef, which was horseshoe-shaped. Underwater, you could see where ships, under sail, would not be able to get across the reef without dragging the hull. We think that the reason we didn't find any gold was that the area below the captain's quarters was at the stern of the ship and as the galleon went across the reef, the gold, coins, etc., dropped off into deeper water.

"You wouldn't see a ship on the bottom, it looked like logs, all encrusted. We had to soak things in acid and scrub. Leather just disintegrated when exposed to air.

"It took three 55-gallon drums to raise each iron cannon; we were looking for brass cannons. We had to sink the drums, and then blow air into them to raise the cannons to the surface. With the help of a hydro-lift, a sort of underwater vacuum, we were able to suck sand from ocean floor artifacts. Most of the artifacts we recovered went to the Smithsonian Institute.

"We had barracudas (about 4-5 feet long) come around. They would circle you; they were very curious. Each day, they would come in a little closer.

"The girls aboard, Connie & Dori, were flight attendants for Central Airlines and helped clean the

artifacts. Bette could have gone, but our girls were all little. I flew with Sam and Connie for several months. They weren't going to give Connie a leave of absence, but Bette told the assistant chief stewardess that Connie had asked her permission before she called her folks.

"There was a list of everything we found. If we had found the gold, my 1-share would have been, in 1964 ..\$25,000. I have a coin that is a replica. The ship sunk in 1730. I was gone about 3 weeks. I met the boat in Kingston.

"We each got to choose a cross or a medallion. Mine is the 'Pieta' on one side and 'Christ on the cross' on the other side.

"Quite an experience, and getting paid for doing it! They paid my expenses and household bills while we were gone."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

A shining moment – what might have been, if the treasure had been found? What originally was planned as a three-month expedition, turned into three weeks. The opportunity to bring pieces of history up for air – literally – did happen, and knowing what they had accomplished has always been sources of pride for all involved. Most of the artifacts were sent to the Smithsonian.

Carl found this information, which describes the area and various expeditions on the *Genovesa*:

Ghost Ship In The Blue Hole

South of Jamaica in the open Caribbean, there is a beautiful and lonely place called Bannier Reef that stretches for a mile and half from nowhere to nowhere. It's the strongest, meanest link in a broken, twisted chain of shoals that extend for 60 miles.

Under the white water of the reef, there are signs of old sailing ships that lie in common graves.

Leeward of the breaking seas over the reef, there are 5 separate Blue Holes where the bottom drops to a depth of 20 to 30 feet.

Half a mile from the southwest end of the reef, there is an area which holds vital parts of a mysterious ship. Its attraction is because so much is know about it and yet so little. Its cargo could have been gold and silver or laden with cheap goods.

There have been six major expeditions to explore this reef, looking for the Spanish ship *Genovesa*. The *Genovesa* was sailing from Cartagena, Columbia, to Cuba with about 3-4 million in gold and silver, when it encountered a hurricane and sunk on Bannier Reef in 1730.

There was \$1.8 million dollars recovered by a British Government ship dispatched to rescue survivors.

Since 1730, the only known recovery was made in 1901 when six native turtle fishermen from Grand Cayman Island found 186 gold coins and 3 gold bars, weighing in excess of 26 pounds each. They sold the gold to a New Orleans mint for \$100,000.

The last known expedition to Bannier Reef was Oct.17 to Dec. 10, 1964. Six cannons from sunken ships and more than 800 artifacts were recovered, valued at almost \$10,000.

The target for these expeditions were the \$2 million in gold and silver left on Bannier Reef, from the Spanish ship *Genovesa*.

Since there are no actual artifacts to identify this wreck, it remains one of the Caribbean Sea mysteries.

Among the finds of the 1994 Expedition were:

1. 12 double-crosses which Spaniards formerly used as a religious symbol
2. religious medallions
3. cannons (1 eight footer) weighting a ton
4. a solid silver rapier
5. human bones
6. copper bowls
7. pewter plate

THE SHOPPING CART INCIDENT

Back in the 60s, Carl was flying co-pilot on the Boeing 727. One of his favorite trips was one which had a long layover in St. Louis. The flight got in early afternoon, which gave the crew time to relax. Carl, the captain, the engineer and the flight attendants made a run to the grocery store to get food for dinner, since the motel had outdoor grills near the rooms.

Upon entering the grocery store, Carl decided that things would go faster if he sat in the shopping cart, so he could grab things with each hand as they toured the aisles. But a catastrophe happened when he and the captain rounded one corner going a little fast and Carl was dumped right through the meat counter. Not worrying about broken glass, cut body parts or damaged meat, the group made a very hasty retreat. That was one night they all went out to eat.

TOO MANY STEWS IN THE COCKPIT

Carl came in from one trip and commented: "I am so tired; I went through sixteen stewardesses on my flights." I asked him if he would like to rephrase his comment! What had actually happened was that they had changed cabin crews several times over the course of three days, and Carl was responsible for the time cards.

FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

The airline industry is unusual in many respects, at least in the flying department. A pilot starts at the bottom of the seniority list, in Carl's case flying co-pilot – or right seat. As time goes by, the pay and the trips get better. Then to the left seat as Captain and the trips and schedules go back to not so good. Pilots ride this roller coaster as long as they fly, with each change of aircraft and position. But it does keep life interesting. Carl definitely had a different perspective on how to 'bid'. He picked the trips with the most landings and takeoffs, as he didn't like the 'long legs' most pilots preferred.

He had certain cities he liked to fly into: Tucson because of the great hot dogs they served, Farmington because of the delicious salsa, El Paso because there was an aircraft cleaner who played handball. Carl may have been one of the few Gringos invited into the locals' area there. Saskatoon had a restaurant where he really liked to eat. The restaurant served great ribs, but without bar-b-que sauce. So Carl took bottles of sauce there, which were kept for him, but shared by the employees. Also, when in Saskatoon, he played racquetball with a retired professional hockey player. While many pilots rated cities by the ease of landings and takeoffs, Carl gave his ratings by the food and health club facilities.

Carl had a reputation for being a big eater. As the planes got faster, he often said it was something

when a man couldn't eat a meal in a hundred miles, before 'letting down'.

He enjoyed flying with certain captains and their time together often stretched into many months. But that's another chapter or two.

His final flight was one, which might go down in the annals of aviation. Frontier Airlines was kind enough to give us tickets for all of our family to fly round trip to Denver out of the Dallas/Fort Worth Airport. Carl went up a day early to turn in all his manuals and clear out his locker. When finished, he went down to the barbershop and got a "Mohawk" haircut, something he had always wanted. The next day when he met the flight from Dallas our grandchildren recognized him before wife or daughters. He got some very odd looks when the family took us out to dinner. The next morning, the assistant chief pilot (who would be flying the plane back to Denver) checked the manual and couldn't find anything listed about his style haircut, only that his hair couldn't touch his collar. Wearing his captain's hat, from the front he looked bald, but from the back the scalplock looked very strange.

On his final flight, with family aboard, he wore his hat onto the plane, so as not to shock the passengers. But when we arrived at DFW, he walked out of the jetway into the boarding area 'hatless'. The passengers were all aghast and all of the crews standing around were giving him 'high five' salutes.

TWO TAKES ON THE SAME STORY

In 1972, while on a camping trip at a north Texas ranch with a high school group, Carl asked John, one of the church deacons, to baptize him in the Red River. It was very cold, but they managed.

On his next flight from Dallas to Denver, when crossing over the Red River, Carl shared his experience with the captain and flight engineer. The captain, knowing of Carl's camping expertise, asked him, "What did you do, swamp your canoe?" Carl just let the comment go, without any further explanation. Later the engineer asked him about the experience and Carl had a chance to share his testimony about accepting the Lord.

HANGING UP THE WINGS

"After over seventeen years of commuting from home to my flight base, the stress was getting to me. It finally hit, when after one trip, the flight home from Denver to Dallas/Fort Worth was full, but I was finally able to get on the 'Night Hawk', the late-night flight. Invariable, they put 'non-revenues' in the middle seat. On one side was a large well-dressed man, but he took up both armrests. Another large guy sat down in the aisle seat, not so well dressed, and took up the other armrests. Since the flight was full, I had to stow my suitcase under my feet. Then the woman in front of me reclined her seat. During the hour and a half flight, the man on the aisle scratched, in all the places a man scratches!! By the time we landed, I was scratching! When I got home, I said 'That's it! I'm retiring!' Since my retirement was fully funded and I was over 50 (actually I was 52) and had flown 25 years, the paperwork went right through. So, on the anniversary of my date of hire, I flew a complimentary flight from Denver to Dallas/Fort Worth, with my family aboard as special guests of the airline. It turned out that my timing was fantastic. Frontier Airlines filed for bankruptcy just three weeks after I retired."

CITY SERVANT #567

Shortly after retirement from flying and moving back to South Padre Island, Carl heard about a new reserve police program being started on South Padre Island. It had been over twenty-five years since he had been licensed as a police officer, so he had to go back through the Police Academy. After over four hundred hours of schooling, he regained his certification.

While going to school, he was able to work in the jail area during Spring Break in our first year back on SPI. After completing the required schooling, he worked as a 'reserve' for over eight years. Usually, he worked several days a month. Of course, during Spring Break, he put in so many hours he lost track.

His favorite job was patrolling the beach. In fact, the last two years he was on the force, this was about all he did. The city even bought a 'mule' (an All Terrain Vehicle) for this purpose. He made friends with the college students and was available when anyone had a problem. His visibility on the beach was a definite asset for the city. His usual bit was to drive up to a group of 'football player' types and ask, "Do you know where a fellow can get a beer?" This broke the ice and since Carl had flown all over the United States, he knew many of the towns and cities represented by the students. There usually followed a discussion about the best restaurants, work out facilities, etc.

When Carl ran for city Alderman, he had to take a leave of absence, and when elected, he had to resign

from the police force. He was awarded the first certificate of appreciation from the South Padre Island Police Department.

One day after he resigned, an officer drove up and told Carl that some girls on the beach were asking for him! Not really, but it made him feel good to know he was missed.

NICE GUYS DON'T ALWAYS FINSH LAST

They sometimes win...even if only by one vote, which Carl did in the 1995 town election on South Padre Island. What started out with: "What do you think about me running for Alderman?"...to which I replied, "Are you crazy?"... turned into a full-blown campaign, although done differently from the way politicians do theirs. Carl said he would rather be known as a statesman. He knocked on as many doors as possible on the Island, introducing himself. Some people knew his face from either the Chapel By The Sea where we greet every Sunday, or from the beach where he patrolled in the 'mule', a little red ATV, when he was on the police force, or maybe because he had met them while on a police call. Whatever the remembrance, he wanted people to connect the face and the name. No money was solicited, but ample was donated to help him in advertising, etc. For two years, the town benefited from his abilities, patience and knowledge of the problems on our Island. His new nickname became: *Landslide!*

LANDSLIDE LOSES

Two years as a city alderman takes its toll: more gray hairs, lack of fishing time, little time for golf.

But he gave it his best shot. He never missed a Board of Alderman meeting, nor abstained from a vote. In fact, he attended most of the committee meetings for the two years he was in office. Probably no one else can make that claim.

He bucked the system with some of his votes, and when election time came around, he lost! He always voted his conscience and what he thought was best for our Island, not favoring any special interest group. That can lose friends and votes.

He considered it a "win" situation though, as it finally gave him time to really RETIRE!

STRETCH TO SUCCESS

During the year that Carl served as Alumni President at Missouri Military Academy, in Mexico, Missouri, he was privileged to speak to the senior class at their banquet. Here's what he said:

Seniors, it's a special honor for me to be here this evening. Special, because 50 years ago today I was experiencing the same thoughts you have right now.

I wish I could sit down with each one of you and compare notes about what each one of us has gone through 50 years apart, but I know that's not possible.

I know one thing! You will not only leave here with good educations, but as men. You may not realize it now, but this school has prepared you to face the many situations you will be facing in your careers and lives.

As a favor to yourselves, please thank your folks or whoever sent you here. This is something you will be glad you did.

Seniors, enjoy these last weeks of school, but whatever you do, please don't mess up. You would regret it the rest of your life.

Stretch to Success

Rubber bands come in different colors, shapes, and sizes, but they all work on the same principles, they must be stretched to be effective.

Why We Don't Stretch

I would guess that 95% of us try to avoid stretching. When we come up against some thing that is bigger than we are, we tend to back off. Why do we avoid these stretching experiences?

Fear has to be the #1 reason. The unknown out there can really paralyze us.

Another reason is that we're satisfied. Why stretch? We already like where we are and who we are. We have it made. Or perhaps, there's a streak of laziness in us.

Motivated to Stretch

Most of us need to be motivated before we will stretch. It's not something that comes naturally. We need to learn how to stretch and motivate ourselves, but we also need to know how to motivate others and help them to reach their potential.

Paul Bear Bryant, the football coach for the Alabama Crimson Tide, was an outstanding coach and a tremendous motivator. His players knew they had better play "good football".

During an important game, his team was ahead by six points with only a minute left in the game, and they had the ball. It looked as if they had the game sewed up. He sent in a running play to his quarterback, but the quarterback decided to surprise the other team and his coach. So he went back and threw a pass. And sure enough the defensive cornerback, who was a speedster, intercepted the ball and headed toward the goal line. Alabama was about to lose the game. The Alabama quarterback, who was known for a good arm but not for fast legs, took off after the cornerback

and caught him on the five-yard line. He saved the game and Alabama won. The opposing coach went to Coach Bryant after the game and said, "I thought your quarterback was slow. How'd he catch my world-class sprinter?" Coach Bryant look at the opposing coach and said, "You have to understand. Your man was racing for six points. My man was racing for his life."

Some of us have to be racing for our lives before we are motivated to stretch.

Stretching Never Stops

Most people never learn that stretching never stops: we have a pattern of stretching and resting, stretching and resting.

Too many people stop learning because they have come to believe that you go through twelve years of school and then you go to college for four years and your education is over. But a good education really does more; it prepares you to stretch and learn for the rest of your life.

Stretching Inspires

Few people stretch all their lives, but those few people inspire the rest of us. There is something within us that is thrilling to see a man or a woman attempt the heroic.

Since I'm a pilot two people come to mind.

Charles Lindbergh thrilled the world by flying across the Atlantic Ocean. In his story, he tells how, as he was going across the United States and over Canada and Newfoundland, he would look down, spotting places where he could land in case of problems. But there came a time when all he saw was the Atlantic Ocean when he looked down. It was at that moment

he realized there was no turning back; there was no place to land.

Our schoolmate, Maxie Anderson, experienced this same feeling in 1978, as he and two other men crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon for the first time.

What we need to do is to try to inspire others.

Put It To Work

How can we stretch to success?

1. Discover your potential- Get near somebody who believes in you. Discovery always comes in an "encouraging environment".

2. Dedicate Your Potential- Dedicate your potential by giving your best to others.

3. Develop your potential- you can develop your potential by beginning to accept personal responsibility. Forget your mistakes; start developing. Never limit your potential.

Don't you dare sell yourself short!

Go Get'em Seniors

Be All You Can Be!

LITTLE KNOW FACTS ABOUT CARL

When asked how he had twins, he replied, "I just went to sleep and left my motor running."

When Carl retired from Frontier Airlines in 1986 and moved to South Padre Island, he told everyone he wanted to start a school to teach people how to DO NOTHING! But since then, he hasn't had time. He says it's a great job for a lazy man.

In 1973, Carl was named FROSTED BEAVER OF THE YEAR, an award given by the American Camping Association. Campers became a Frosted Beaver by camping overnight in freezing weather; in other words, freezing one's tail off!

When Carl retired from flying in 1986, he got a 'Mohawk' haircut for his last flight. Since nothing was in the policy manual about such, he was allowed to proceed. He wore his hat until back at the gate in DFW Airport. Passengers were shocked, but fellow crewmembers were whooping and hollowing. A very memorable moment!

When just a little guy, about six, Carl was taken for an airplane ride at Meacham Field in Fort Worth by a cousin, Charlie Goldtrap, an old barnstorming pilot, who was flying for American Airlines. He had been flying so long, his license was signed by Orville Wright. Carl's love of flying was born.

In every book there are parts, omitted for one reason or the other. Several 'adventures' have purposely

been left out of this book - some too embarrassing, and some which definitely need visual aids. So while the reader cannot enjoy the above, Carl can reminisce about them to his heart's content, and share them in person with friends.

FAMILY

We were blessed with three wonderful daughters and Carl has had special relationships with each of them. There is something so special between dad and daughter. Fun times together include: slot-cars racers, calves, horses, dirt bikes, camping, fishing, swimming and the beach. You name it; our family has done it. The fantastic trips (the Caribbean, Germany & Switzerland, Hawaii, Mexico and many continental US states), which we have made together, could fill an entire book.

Evelyn & Joe, Karla & Jeff, and Karen & Jeff have given us eight wonderful grandchildren. As this book is finally being completed, we have also added 'greats' to the family.

Our family has truly blessed us.

FINIS

I hope you have enjoyed reading about Carl. It has been a longtime dream to tell others of his many stories: some funny, some dramatic and some just down to earth.

Carl is one of those rare breeds who has done 'everything'. More than one person has commented to us what a varied and interesting life he has lead. And it's not over yet! So, in closing, I am listing all of his various jobs and activities. You can judge for yourself.

FOR COMMUNITY:

American Camping Association Camping and Survival Instructor
American Red Cross Water Safety and Swimming Instructor
Baptist Royal Ambassador Leader
Boy Scout Explorer Post Leader
Camp Fire Girls Leader
Chapel By The Sea Board Member
Deputy Sheriff
Evangelical Christian Mission Board Member
Girl Scout Leader
South Padre Island Reserve Police Officer
South Padre Island Alderman
Sunday School Teacher
YMCA Board Member

FOR MONEY:

Aircraft Refueler
Airline Pilot
Airplane Salesman
Apprentice Bricklayer
Automobile Transporter
Bartender
Bowling Alley Pinsetter
Concession Stand Worker
Fishing Boat Deckhand
Farm Hand
Game Warden
Garbage Truck Worker
Ice Plant Worker
Lifeguard
Longshoreman
Movie Stuntman
Newspaper Typesetter & Carrier
Parking Attendant
Pipeline Worker
Policeman
Private Detective
Shoeshine Boy
Shrimper
Stablehand
Sunken Treasure Diver
Swimming Pool Manager
Taxi Driver
Tow Truck Operator
Waiter

FOR FUN:

Athlete
Basketball
Football
Golf
Handball
Racquetball
Track & Field
Father
Husband
Grandfather
Great-Grandfather
Spring Break Beach Patrol

If you know Carl, you know that he is just a really nice guy, one of the last of the good guys, and one who almost always 'wears a white hat'!!