



# THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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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.*

Ran across Bill Wolf at a waterin' hole last Sunday, he was an ol' buddy of Salvage Franks, like for forty years or better. The thing that surprised him was that Salvage Frank passed on so peacefully. He always figured that he'd meet his demise at the hands of an angry husband or an enraged woman. I thought the same thing.

Frank Ruiz passed at age 72 on January 20th after a brief stay in the hospital. We called him Salvage Franks cuz that was his life, marine salvage, and he was damn good at it. He was a resident of the Sandspit long before they paved over paradise. Matter of fact he was the unofficial road grader. When a caliche side street got too rutted he hopped on his Cat and fixed it cuz even in those days this was considered Gringo Gulch so county services sucked.

As an employer he was one of the best; generous, fair and didn't mind recruitin' green help off a barstool. I

remember back in the early 90's he had a job fixin' up a derelict oil rig and he offered me a position on the crew. Like a fool I didn't take him up on it cuz I had a site on a swordfish boat with Mother Milton that was due to leave port in a few days. So Frank turned around and asked English John if he was interested. English John jumped on it, along with Geneo, Frank Jr. and Diver Dave the Carpenter. The pay was good but the conditions left a lot to be desired, not like cruisin' the boulevard in his Faux Cord. They slid up beside this monster in a supply boat and off loaded their equipment and supplies and Frank said first things first. We gotta fix one of the generators first so we have power then we gotta fix the roof in the bunk room so we don't get rained on and fix the refrigeration unit so the food don't spoil. They dug in and soon they had power and refrigeration. Then they turned to the roof, lots of holes and somebody had forgotten to bring a few rolls of

tarpaper. Geneo told me it was one of the most miserable weeks he's ever spent cuz a front blew through and it rained, and it rained, and it rained. But as always the job got done and Salvage Frank was able to make a triumphant return to Cartagena, Columbia aboard the rig, a site of many a fun frolic in the past. This being a family type rag I can't get into the details if ya know what I mean and I think ya do but the guys returned to the Sandspit exhausted.

Frank leaves behind plenty, friends, family the usual but mostly more women than he could shake his stick at. He'll be missed and I'm sure he'll be savin' us a seat at the table when our time comes. Salvage Frank, RIP.

*Editor's Note: Danielle and the gang at Putter's were kind enough to supply us with Frank's picture and some thoughts which can be found in this issue.*

***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.***