

Fred is so strong in my memory in so many and such a variety of happy adventures and events! Just to list a few that instantly come to mind – sailing in San Francisco Bay toward the GG Bridge, I had the helm sailing at top speed, Fred watching with some amusement, and someone commenting, “but we don’t seem to be going anywhere”. I noticed that too. Fred mentioned the ten-knot incoming tide and offered to show me how to deal with it, first by getting out of there, and then .....well, all went perfectly after that.

I invited Fred to try shooting at clay birds at our private shooting range up on Skyline Bouvelard. Weather was fine in Palo Alto, but the top of the ridge at 700 meters altitude was in a cloud. We tried to hit clay birds before they disappeared in the fog, but soon gave it up and I tried hard to think of an alternative adventure. On the way down off the mountain, I suggested flying in a glider. As always, Fred was game for adventure, so we drove over to a tiny landing strip across the bay in Fremont and squeezed into a glider, piloted by an experienced pilot, got towed by an airplane up to 700 meters over the hills in Fremont, and had twenty minutes of fine views over the whole south bay, wild mountain goats on the side of the mountain, and a few exciting wingovers and stalls on the way down to landing on a strip no wider than a one-land road. To top it off Fred took me to lunch at Jack London Square. Again another fine adventure with Fred.

Fred and I attended an annual meeting of the Naval Institute at the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey. At these events there are opportunities to meet important people in the military. So, with pride, I introduced Fred to our Chief of Naval Operations who was all smiles learning that Fred had been a Uboat medical officer. They spoke together and we later sat at the table with a WW2 pilot who was being honored for exploits. Another great day with Fred.

Then, the Virgin Islands. Fred figured I could fit in with his navy buddies. I’m not sure I did, but Fred made it work out fine, and I had another memorable adventure finding out how the German Navy trained its sailors, and how they sail a vessel right up to the anchorage. NO motoring for those guys.

There was the time I asked the Captain of the nuclear cruiser, U.S.S. Texas if I could bring on board a Uboat friend of mine. He said sure, come to have lunch with me in the Captain’s cabin, and then have a tour of the ship from top to bottom, including a demonstration of missile loading. Well as usual, Fred was up to any surprise adventure. His savoir-faire was perfect for the occasion. Sailors we met along the