



Vol. XXI

January 2010

#1

Special Points of Interest

- Bob Nowak shares a tale about an assigned task that was a bit more than was bargained for. See the cover story.
- When a guy's having lunch, don't disturb him! That's the message in the "Little Tug That Wouldn't" as seen on page two.
- We asked the question, "How did the Navy benefit/change your life?" See the responses beginning on page four. We'd love to hear from more of you for the next issue.
- Bob Nowak tells the story of meeting actor Albert Dekker in a story on page six.
- Fourteen new names for the roster are found beginning on page six in Welcome Mat.
- See what you will be doing at the 2010 reunion in Portland, ME by reading the article on page seven.
- There's a suggestion for your 2011 reunion location on page 8.

A NAVY TALE

BY ROBERT NOWAK

In early 1954, I was assigned by Third Naval District, to which I'd been sent for shore duty, to the US Submarine Base in New London CT, for further assignment. When I reported in to the base personnel office, I met with a LCDR who was the base personnel officer.

"You're not a submariner. You're a 25, the classification for a destroyer man. We have one destroyer here, but I'm assigning you to Building 37, a training facility. You'll be instructed by the CO there, Cdr. Bill Davis, as to what your duties will be. That's all."

Building 37 was on the upper base, away from the active submarines, or "boats". I reported in; was signed in by a Yeoman 1st, Tom McCready, who introduced me to Cdr. Davis, a short husky blond officer, wearing the dolphins of a qualified submariner.

I later learned he been surfaced by a heart condition. He was a pleasant officer, told me he was happy to have me, and outlined the mission of his command. He had eight enlisted men who served as instructors for reservists. While at the Flushing Barracks in Brooklyn, I had attended instructor training classes. I'd work with a similar group aboard USS Guardfish, SS-217, a training submarine moored on the lower base. I began to feel more and more like a square peg in a round hole. I went through some preliminary training of my own at the sub school and taught a few classes in navigation and basic signal communications by flashing light; the boats had no yardarms for signal flags.

One day, Cdr. Davis called me in and said that the base had received a request from a church group in North Stonington, CT to send over some recruiters to explain the Naval Reserve to a meeting of their parishioners.

We had been assigned the job.

"Take a movie projector and film; bring along Messier and Dave Thomas to help you." Messier was a Torpedoman 2nd from Brooklyn and Thomas was a black man, a Gunner's Mate 3rd, from New Jersey. Messier was somewhat of a drinker. He quickly volunteered to go to North Stonington with our Navy truck to "scout out" the church and set up the projector. I smelled trouble; giving Messier the day off to drive over to the town would set him loose in the nearest bar and Lord knows what would happen then. "Mess" had been busted twice for starting brawls in bars. I tried to convince our CPO, Mike Jennings not to send "Mess" but let Thomas go, but Jennings wanted "Mess" out of his hair for the day.

The meeting at the church wasn't until 1800 (6:00 P.M.) that night, so Thomas and I got in my car and took our time driving over there around an hour early. We got to the church okay, but no signs of the Navy truck anywhere.

I knew we had to find that truck; find "Mess," get our gear and put on that show. We toured some of the back roads near the church, and finally, by the roadside, I saw a barroom, set back from the road. I pulled over. Something told me to go around the back. There it was, our Navy truck.

As Dave and I went in to the bar, my worst fears were realized. The bartender was calling the police; two Coast Guard enlisted men lay sprawled on the deck, unconscious, and Messier beaten and bloody, was sitting at the bar, nursing a

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drink, obviously drunk as a skunk.

As I approached him, he looked at me and smiled, and said "Hey, Polak, I kicked the crap out of these knee deep sailors, and I'm ready to preach the gospel at the church. Have a drink, and let's go!!"

Thomas and I got him out of there before the police arrived. We threw him in the back of the truck, where he promptly passed out. Dave drove the truck and we headed back to the church.

We got there on time and got our projector and screen set up in time to meet the crowd.

Dave and I gave our recruiting pitches (Dave, a black man before a Connecticut Yankee crowd) and when it ended, we showed our movie, a typical "NAVY WINS THE WAR" film about World War II. When it ended, I asked the crowd if there were any questions.

A bib-front overalled old farmer type, looking out the window towards our truck, said "A-yah. I have a question. What's going on in your truck??"

We had locked Messier in the truck. Obviously he had woken up from his stupor and was kicking the hell out of the truck, trying to get out.

I explained it as a sick shipmate we were bringing back to the base, a fellow who had suffered from severe claustrophobia on his last tour at sea. We packed our gear and got out of there.

The next morning, our skipper, Bill Davis, called me in and asked how it had gone that prior night. I told him all had went well. He said "How did Messier do?"

I replied, "As well as could be expected, Sir."

Davis looked up at me, smiled, and said "You're a baldfaced fibber, but I'll accept your report. Dismissed!!"

(The names, dates and events stated herein are based on truth, but the names are changed to protect the innocent...)

THE LITTLE TUG THAT WOULDN'T

By Richard Reeks, LCDR, USN, Ret XO USS Trathen (DD 530)

Kaohsiung, Formosa in 1962 was a temporary home to US Navy destroyers engaged in a duty assignment known as Formosa Patrol. It was a bustling, crammed and cramped fishing and commercial port at the southern tip of the island. The harbor was a small version of San Diego Bay, with a narrow entrance leading to a large sheltered body of water running north to south along a fairly rugged shoreline. The harbor was home to a busy shipyard that provided services to US ships that came in for R&R or needed repair work. At any time there would be a dozen or more ships of mixed parentage moored to buoys offshore. There was no pier available, other than in the shipyard, for destroyers such as the Trathen on which I was serving as Executive Officer.

Formosa Patrol, as some of you who served in WesPac in those days may recall, was a typical Cold War assignment -- days of routine and boredom interrupted by occasional moments of concern. The Patrol primarily consisted of a round-trip between two islands claimed by the Nationalist Chinese of Chiang Kai-Shek -- Quemoy and Matsu. Steaming between these two islands at twelve knots, our job was to be alert to and report any effort by the mainland to invade either island or to threaten a larger move east to Formosa. Given the tensions of the time, however, it seemed our major task was to prevent the Nationalists from heading west to create some kind of disturbance.

In any event, the patrols lasted usually a week or so before we'd be rotated with another DD in our Division. It was often the case that we faced very hot, humid weather with a 10 to 15 knot wind blowing either up the strait or down it. On one particular patrol in late summer of 1962, we were dealt a 12-knot wind blowing straight down the southerly course we took twice a day. When traveling at 12 knots headed north, we had a wonderful 24-knot breeze over the

ship, But headed south, we steamed in a cloud of our exhaust that stayed right with us. We all were most eager for the week to end. Unfortunately, our replacement DD had underway problems and we had to remain on patrol for a few extra days.

The trip back to Kaohsiung was a most welcome relief from the stagnant air of the past ten days. Upon entering the harbor, we were assigned two buoys near the shipyard. Executing a 180-degree turn so the bow would be pointed toward the harbor entrance, we attached a line to the forward buoy, and began to back down to get the line over to the aft buoy. The outflowing tide, however, did not cooperate and we simply could not back down safely in the relatively crowded harbor to gain access to the aft buoy. So -- we contacted the shipyard for a tug to assist us.

A rather small, dirty, coal-burning tug was dispatched to assist us. Pulling alongside, on the starboard side of the quarterdeck area, its one-man deck crew threw over lines to attach the tug to us. Believing this would lead to an immediate backing down action, we positioned crew on the stern to rig lines to the buoy. But the tug just sat there, not doing anything. Its crew disappeared.

I was sent by the Captain to find out what was happening and was told to get the tug to do as asked. Calling from our quarterdeck, I was able to gain the attention of the one-man deck crew who appeared from the deck house with a large bowl of rice. He was obviously having lunch. I explained that we wanted to get tied up so we could stand the crew down and get ready for some "time on the beach." He was not conversant in English, so my message was not getting across. I resorted to some sign language in hopes of getting my point across, pointing to the bridge and making signs that hopefully suggested the Captain wanted action.

Suddenly, the fellow evidenced

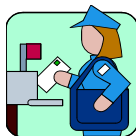
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understanding. The word Captain had caught his attention. He, now knowing what I wanted, disappeared into the deck house and I felt some pride in having communicated a rather complex idea to someone with whom I could not communicate. Moments later I found my pride misplaced. The deckhand reappeared with a large bowl of rice and two chopsticks, and a beaming face. "For Captain," he said, as he handed it to me. And then he went back into the deck house to finish his lunch.

I returned to the bridge with the bowl of rice to a very unhappy Captain, and the grand amusement of the crew. Half-an-hour later, the skipper of the tug showed up (he apparently had finished his lunch!), pushed us over to the aft buoy where we tied up, and then departed without the rice bowl they had sent to the Captain.

I am oft reminded of this small international incident when I hear those memorable words from "Cool Hand Luke" – "what we've got here is a failure to communicate." The memory will, hopefully, never fade.



MAIL CALL

Ernie,

My name is Mark Nelsen, from Glendale Heights, IL. I attended 2 of the Bailey reunions, #8 in 2001 (Indianapolis) and #10 in 2003 (Baltimore) with my wife, mother and my father, Plank owner John Nelsen (45/46).

I am e-mailing to let you and the rest of the Bailey crew know that my dad passed away on New Year's Eve, 12/31/2009 at the age of 83. He had been in a nursing home the last 3 years in Minnesota and died peacefully that day after a long battle with several health issues.

I can tell you that those reunions and reconnection to former friends meant a great deal to him, and me. I learned a lot about my dad during those two reunions and cherished those moments we got to spend together. He would have attended more, but his health just did not allow it.

I have been on the reunion mailing list since then, and if it's OK, would still like to be. At some point, maybe even in 2010, I would like to attend one as a guest again, not for me, but in honor of my dad. Even though I did not serve in the Navy, the welcoming spirit of the Bailey alumni made me feel as I did. Dad's renewed interest in the Navy, I think, had something to do with my son, Christopher Nelsen's enlistment in 2003. He is currently finishing a 6 year stint on the USS Jimmy Carter out of Bangor SUBASE, Washington.

Thank the crew again for renewing the spirit in my dad. We will never forget those memories.

Mark Nelson
2139 Cardinal Dr
Glendale Heights, IL 60139

For Ernie Pina from Larry Eckard:
Ravens—33 Patriots—14

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The Bailey News is the official publication of the *USS K D Bailey* Association. From now on it will be published quarterly in January, March, May, September. The Newsletter is funded by Association dues. All members are encouraged to support the voice of the *Bailey News*. A financial statement appears in each issue of the newsletter.

The newsletter is intended to be a vehicle for the members to express opinions, make suggestions and especially share experiences.

Unless otherwise stated, the views and opinions printed in the newsletter are those of the article's writer, and do not necessarily represent the opinion of the Association leadership or the Editor of the Newsletter.

All letters and stories submitted will be considered for publication, except unsigned letters will not be published. Letters requesting the writer's name be withheld will be honored, but published on a space available basis. Signed letters with no restrictions will be given priority.

Letters demeaning to another shipmate will not be printed; letters espousing a political position will not be printed.

The editor reserves the right to edit letters to conform to space limitations and grammar.

ML&RS, Inc. is not responsible for the accuracy of articles submitted for publication. It would be a monumental task to check each story. Therefore, we rely on the author to research each article.

You are encouraged to actively participate in the newsletter family by submitting your stories and suggestions.

ATTENTION E-MAIL USERS

Please remember to notify KD Bailey Association when you have a change in e-mail address. Send change to Ernie Pina at cpopina@cox.net or ML&RS, Inc at karen@mlrsinc.com. Thank you.

KD BAILEY WEB SITE

Check out Ernie Pina's website for the KD Bailey at:
<http://members.cox.net/cpopina/kdbailey.htm>

2010 REUNION USS K.D. BAILEY

MAY 13-16

PORTLAND, ME

BEST WESTERN
MERRY MANOR INN

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Our Reunions Work So You Don't Have To.

HOW THE NAVY CHANGED MY LIFE

Editor's Note: This story idea came from fellow shipmate, Jerry Rogers. We sent out an e-mail asking how the Navy benefitted/changed your life. Here are your responses:

Larry (Norm) Grudem, ET2 1957-60:

I had the good fortune to be a Navy Electronics Technician, which prepared me for gainful employment after my release from active duty on the KD Bailey. My Navy experience enabled me to get hired by RCA Service Company, who supplied all the technicians and engineers for the Atlantic Missile Range. I worked downrange on Carter Cay (near Grand Bahama Island), Grand Bahama Island, and Ascension Island from July 1960 till September 1962. I was accepted as a freshman at California State Polytechnic University, Pomona, California. I was attending Cal Poly full time during the day, so I had to find a swing shift job. Luckily, General Dynamics Corporation in Pomona had a need for electronic technicians to work swing shift in their Engineering Standards Lab, and I was hired. I have to say that the supervisor of the lab was a retired Navy pilot who believed in the quality of Navy training. I worked for GD till June 1966, at which time I graduated from Cal Poly and was hired by Arthur Andersen & Co., one of the premier CPA firms in the world.

Without the Navy training I received, my life after the Navy would have been much different.

R. J. (Bob) Morse, ETR2, 1958-60:

I graduated from the Navy's Electronics Technician 'A' school in Great Lakes in April of 1958. That (excellent) training has provided me my lifelong work and employment. I've been blessed by not ever having to be out of work. I've worked in

the electronics field since 1958. I have retired three times and am still able to work (part time, now) at a good wage.

I was recently on a project with a young man in the mountains of eastern Arizona and western New Mexico. I remarked to him while enjoying a beautiful view from a mountaintop that the best part of this kind of work was that we were getting paid to see things like this! Few people get to, and for me, it started with the training in the Navy.

Sure, there were some times I didn't particularly enjoy while in the Navy, but I would do it again without hesitation. The Navy offered the opportunity for me to provide for me and my family, and I'm grateful/thankful for it!

How can any of us forget the times at sea and the places we put into? I still have many pictures I took, although some of them are getting a little faded. I also have most of the things I had in my seabag that I sent ahead of me home when I was released from active duty. You don't hang on to things like that unless they represent a profound and meaningful part of your life. They did/still do for me.

God bless the USA!

LeRoy Smith ET2, 1956-59:

How did joining the Navy change my life...Wow!

I am active in the church and from time to time I preach the sermon. My favorite sermon is the one on how God must have intervened in my life when I joined the Navy. I remember it like yesterday.

In the summer of 1955 I took a job as a busboy at a summer resort to earn money for college, but in the middle of August, two hurricanes passed through the Poconos in PA (Carol and Diane, I think) a few days apart and caused the worst flooding the area has ever seen. We were trapped at the resort for about 3½ weeks and when I got home a notice that the college was not going to open on time was waiting for me, so I was wondering what to do. One day I was walking down the street and

passing by Hank Flower's Meat Market, and my classmate and long time buddy Tony Damiano (who is unfortunately now deceased) who worked for Hank was sitting on the porch. We shot the breeze for a couple of minutes and Tony said, "Smitty, let's go down to Scranton tomorrow and join the Navy." In about a heartbeat I said, "OK"...that was without question the best decision I ever made in my life. So much for careful planning. The carefully laid plans to attend college were tossed aside with about 3 seconds of thought. God does at times move in mysterious ways.

We did join the Navy and I was promised a Navy school in the "electronics field." My knowledge of electronics and what electronics was, amounted to listening to country music on the radio and watching television, but it sounded important...I would be an Electronics Field Seaman Recruit (EFSR). At Boot Camp I eventually was sent to personnel and asked what rating I would like to go for. I remember saying something like, "Well, one of my best friends is a Gunner's Mate." The old (maybe 30) personnel man first looked at me and said, "You got a 133 combined GTC and Math score. You ain't gonna be no Gunner's Mate," and put me down for ET school. Another carefully considered decision by a 17 year old kid.

After my very first airplane flight in a D3 airplane operated by Allegany Airlines, I went to ET school and was assigned to the Kenneth D Bailey DDR713 where I spent 39 months. There was plenty of the usual, two med cruises, a training tour to Gitmo, a Midshipman cruise that went to Quebec, Canada, and the worst three weeks at sea I can imagine when we escorted the USS Roosevelt to the Azores and the USS Franklin back across the North Atlantic in November in a storm that lasted the whole trip. There was also a little bit of the not so usual like the collision at sea with the MSTs Haiti Victory as we were leaving Gibraltar on the way home after my second Med Cruise (knocked a big hole in us and

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damaged the paint on them). Losing steering control as we were crossing in front of the carrier USS Randolph and having her miss us so close that her flightdeck passed over our stern—you talk about scared, there is nothing like having a big ole aircraft carrier bearing down on you when you're riding a tin can, to get you into religion...and becoming a believer when your prayer is answered and she misses you.

But after I got out of the Navy, that time serving my country set me up for life. I went to work as an Electronics Technician and retired 32 years later as an Advisory Test/Test Equipment Engineer, married a hometown girl and raised a large family who I'm still proud of; six of them, keepers all. Had a good enough job that I was able to "buy them books, send them to school" and watch them get jobs making more money than I ever dreamed of, all because of that Navy training I had. One of the things I am happiest about in my own life was that I could do that while my wife was able to stay home and do a proper job of raising them. That was due to the job I never would have had without the Navy. I never was able to travel much outside the USA after the Navy, but when other folks did, I was frequently able to think, "been there, done that." Often read articles in newspapers and thought— I was there.

In short, my time and training in the Navy took a kid born in a house with no indoor plumbing, no central heat and no electricity, whose parents had no pot to go in nor window to chuck it out and gave me a really good life where I have never really wanted for anything, was able to provide well for a large family and am enjoying a happy retirement. Oh, by the way, I have always been damn proud that I volunteered to serve what I believe to be the best country God has ever allowed on this planet. Let's all hope he helps us find our way again.

Phil Tracy:

To how the Navy changed my life, you would have to write a "chapter book" as my youngest granddaughter calls them. I was a farm boy, milking cows twice a day, haying during the summer months and shooting woodchucks both as a pastime, but also to protect the livestock from stepping into their holes. During the fall, it was apple picking. Needless to say, although there were seasons, the cows always had to be milked, fed and the barn cleaned year-round.

Although the youngest in my family, I was the first to go off to college. In my senior year, I applied for OCS and was accepted. OCS was a breeze, and in the last month, I had to place a phone call to the Detailer at Bupers to select priorities as to where I wanted to serve after commissioning. Upon making the connection, the Detailer asked me my first preference and I told him that I wanted to be sent to the Navy Communications Station in Kodiak, Alaska. There was a long pause and then he said, "What the hell do you want to go there for?" I told him that I had heard that the hunting and fishing there was great. His reply was a simple, "So what is your second choice?" I told him that I would want to be on a destroyer that was as far away from cows as I could get and that would take me off to all the countries in the world. Well, I didn't see all the countries, but my tour aboard the Bailey was almost everything I had dreamed about except the fishing and hunting was not up to my expectations. For those who remember, I do recall the Golden Gull Club, but that's as far as I can comment on this activity. The Detailer did listen to a part of my first choice and I was sent to Communications School.

Before leaving for the ship, after Comm School, my uncle and father, both having been enlisted men, told me this: "As soon as you get aboard the ship, look up your leading petty officer and tell him that you don't know nothing from nothing (shit from shinola is actually what my uncle said) and if this division is going to be successful, then you need to

show me the way."

My teachers, my mentors, my guides and my inspiration were Chief "Sandy" Sanders, RMC and Chief "Doc" Wilder, HMCA. I could never have had better guides. Frankly, what I learned from them, and probably never thought to thank them for, has helped me to this day. As a now retired hospital administrator (CFO of a hospital health care conglomerate and President of all outpatient facilities), "asking your leading petty officer (read this as doctor, nurse, tech or whatever) for guidance and direction," gave me the solid foundation on which to build my career, not only as an administrator, but also as a father.

I can never thank my father and uncle for the advice, for the Navy giving me the opportunity to lead, and for my teachers Sander Sanders and Doc Wilder.

Ernie Pina:

Joining the Navy was something I looked forward to ever since my older brother joined. He enlisted in 1951 and was aboard the destroyer USS MOALE (DD-693) for his four years. Seeing him in those dress blues was really cool. Upon graduating from high school, my father wanted me to attend college, but I couldn't be talked out of my desire to go Navy.

I never dreamed of making the Navy a career, but my love for the service never faded and no doubt will stay with me for the rest of my life. I've had the opportunity to meet and become friends with what I consider to be truly outstanding individuals, some of which I served with on the K.D. Bailey and now have had the pleasure of meeting those who served before me and after me. Some of the folks I've met along the way have great stories to tell, some with wartime stories, others simply with what they've done since their Navy days.

When your time comes to return to civilian life, you start questioning yourself if this is what you should be doing. When that day became a

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reality, it struck me like nothing else in my life. The emotions were unbelievable. As I state on the website, it was "A proud, yet very sad day in my life." To look out at those shipmates' faces that were attending my ceremony and knowing we would no longer be serving together again, was really hard.

What made my transition go so smoothly was the fact I became a Veterans Employment Rep for the State of Rhode Island. My Navy rate (NCC) was a perfect match for the position. It also provided me with the opportunity to speak before military personnel at Naval Station Newport (Transition Assistance Program) and to instruct week long classes to those retiring or just leaving after a hitch or two. It gave me the feeling that I was still in the Navy—looking out at those uniforms.

In looking back, there isn't a thing I'd change.

Dennis O'Connell SN 1st Div:

Serving in the U.S. Navy I learned that the U.S. is the greatest country in the world with the greatest Navy!

MEETING ALBERT DEKKER

By Bob Nowak

In September of 1953, I was finally sent from sea duty to Third Naval District in New York for shore duty. From 90 Church Street (3rd Naval HQ) I was first assigned to USS Kyne, a reserve training ship in Brooklyn Navy Yard. I hauled over to 90 Church and put in my bitch which said "shore duty". For the first time, I learned "pull" meant a lot in their version of the Navy, as well as membership in an organization whose name is well known. Most Presidents of the U.S. have belonged. To make a short story short, after pulling a string or two of my own, I was assigned to a Naval Reserve Training Center in Yonkers, NY, not my first choice of Cromwell, CT, much closer to home.

I checked in, late on a Friday, to find no one in the front office of the building (Three Quonset huts hooked together, backed up against the Hudson River) and therefore no one to give my orders to or log me in.

I walked through the place until finally I saw a guy sprawled on a couch in a recreation room, watching TV. He jumped up and said "Who the hell are you??" When I told him I was reporting in he said "I'm a New York State employee, not Navy. Come back on Monday when there's Navy people here." Turns out the New York State Naval Militia owned the building, and the Navy was a tenant. There should have been a Navy man on watch, but the state employees and the Navy guys often "stood by" for one another, a pretty unique deal.

On Monday, I reported in; found there were 11 Navy guys of various rates and a full LT in charge. Their duty was to teach two divisions of Navy reservists each week. I would teach the Quartermasters both nights, the only one to teach both nights. Still, pretty soft duty.

One day, a husky well dressed civilian walked in to the building. He introduced himself as Albert Dekker. I recognized him as a frequent movie actor in "B" grade movies. He said he was directing a group of amateurs in a play called "Mr. Roberts" in a small theatre up in Dobbs Ferry, NY. Many of you have seen the movie by that name starring Henry Fonda as Mr. Roberts, and James Cagney as the grouchy captain of a small cargo ship, sailing between "tedium and apathy" in the South Pacific during WWII. Mr. Dekker wanted to know if we had any spare Navy gear he could borrow to decorate the stage to give it a nautical look. After our skipper gave it the okay, we found signal flags, a signal light, some spare uniforms, chipping hammers and other junk. Loaded it into our Navy pickup and took it up to Dobbs Ferry. In return, Mr. Dekker gave us half a dozen tickets to the show.

The next week, four of us went up and were guests of Mr. Dekker,

who sat in the audience with us, asking questions about authenticity and reality, etc. The young players did a pretty fair job. Afterwards, Mr. Dekker asked if we could give him a ride back to the Yonkers train station, since he could catch a late train down to New York City where he was staying. I had my '51 Plymouth, so we all squeezed in pretty tight. Tom Cooper, a 2nd class Storekeeper sat next to Dekker and draped his arm around Mr. Dekker's shoulders. Tom was a great guy, but a bit of a loose cannon (some years later he was commissioned in the Supply Corps.) He looked at Dekker and said "Al, is it true most of the actors in Hollywood are fags??" I almost drove off the road in surprise.

I could see Mr. Dekker's face in my rear view mirror, he was a bit red-faced, but he laughed and said "Tom, I can't speak for others, but I know having your arm around me makes me a little queasy!!" We all broke out laughing, except Tommy, who sat quiet the rest of the way to Yonkers.

Albert Dekker played in some 70 movies. He died at age 62 of mysterious circumstances. I always spoke up if I saw him in a movie, saying my '51 Plymouth was worth more dough having had a Hollywood star riding in it.



WELCOME MAT

The USS KD Bailey family proudly welcomes the following recently located shipmates. We hope to see you at the next reunion. You are invited to become an active member of the association.

Daniel McNamara (1968-70) MM2

1004 Morse St

Oceanside, CA 92054

760-707-4013

edanomc@sbcglobal.net

(Continued on page 7)

Jasper Rogers (1953-55) SN
4373 Bonney Rd Apt 101
Virginia Beach, VA 23452
757-502-4696

Larry Collier (1966-69) RD3
125 Westmoreland Cir
Kissimmee, FL 34744
407-744-0441

Walter Robinson (1960-64) MM3
1067 Langtry Ave
Columbus, OH 43207
614-491-6583

John Falls (1968-70) FN
6006 Westacre Rd
Toledo, OH 43615
419-841-4115

Larry Wells (1960-61) SN
8301 Airport Rd
Quinton, VA 23141
804-932-4295

Vincent Griffin (1966-68) BM3
6303 Estate Ln
Lake Charles, LA 70607
337-478-5877

Eddie Truex (1966-69) BT2
7831 Freedom Arney Rd
Freedom, IN 47431
812-829-2918

James Toth (1969-70) EN3
1917 Clague Rd
Westlake, OH 44145
440-331-0846

Rett Rundell (1960-63) RM3
10015 Gifford Dr
Spring Hill, FL 34608
352-683-9660

Thomas Miller (1956-57) SO3
459 Tischler Ave SE
Fairbault, MN 55021
507-334-2541

Jerry Banks SN
1535 Carolwood Blvd
Casselberry, FL 32730
407-767-9664

David McNamara (1964-66) ETR3
4115 East Meadow Wood Dr
Meridian, ID 83646
208-377-3221
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Mark Stenson (1964-66) ETN3
318 Stonehenge Dr
Crossville, TN 38558
931-456-6212
chermark55@comcast.net



TAPS

The Bailey News was informed of the deaths of the following former crewmembers since the last newsletter. The entire crew extends our deepest sympathy to the families and friends of the deceased.

George Gerelds (1946-47) EM2
Died May 12, 2005

Charles Early (1946) BKR2
Died June 30, 1995

John Ambrosini (1954-55) SN
Died December 13, 2008

George Smailes, Jr (1948-49) MMC
Died May 13, 2005

Wilmer Swetland (1953-54) FN
Died April 24, 2007

Bernard Purcell
Died November 5, 1996

Omer Ramsay (1945-46) FN
Died July 6, 2008

Frederick Brady (1955-57) LTJG
Died August 16, 2009

Norman Johnson (1948-50) SN
Died July 23, 1992

Robert Alexander (1953-56) RMSN
Died July 3, 2009

Marion Sivley (1950-52) BT1
Died September 4, 2009

Ralph Zachman (1946-49) FC2
Died March 11, 2009

Fred Kester (1953-55) MM3 E Div
January 10, 2010

Raymond Bill (1965-67) RD1
November 12, 2008

Thurman Van Riper (1960-62) BM3
Died January 12, 2008

Paul Kimmerly (1956) EMC
Died September 17, 2009

Thomas Erwinski (1962-64) SN 2nd Div
Died September 30, 2009

Bernard Parry (1954-56) BT3
Died January 2009

John Nelsen (1945-46)
Died December 31, 2009

Anyone learning of the death of a former crewmember is requested to notify the Bailey News so their passing can be acknowledged in TAPS and also on the Honor Roll at the next reunion memorial service.

2010 PORTLAND, ME REUNION PREVIEW

ML&RS, Inc is planning a great reunion for you, and we hope many of you will plan to attend. Don't miss this great opportunity to see Maine and enjoy the company of old buddies. Here are two trips planned for your enjoyment while in Maine:

Maine Maritime Museum & Freeport Trip:

Board the bus and drive north to the shipbuilding city of Bath, ME. Once in Bath you'll visit the Maine Maritime Museum located on the historic Kennebec River. The Museum features exhibits and displays that tell the history of shipbuilding in Bath and the state of Maine. In the late 1800s, Bath was famous for building the largest wooden sailing ships in the world. Their 6-masted schooner, the Wyoming, was the largest wooden sailing ship ever built and five of the ten largest wooden ships ever built were launched at the Percy & Small Shipyard in Bath. In the 20th century Bath became famous for producing some of the best destroyers, frigates and cruisers in the world. By the end of WWII Bath Iron Works was launching a new destroyer every two weeks. That tradition continues today at Bath Iron Works where they still build de-

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stroyers and cruisers for the United States Navy. While at the museum you will receive a guided tour of Bath Iron Works and you will then be free to explore the museum on your own. The museum has a very large selection devoted to BIW's contribution to the war effort during WWII. After visiting the museum, we will drive to Freeport where we will enjoy lunch on your own and shopping at LL Bean's factory store and dozens of factory outlet stores. After lunch and shopping you will drive to the headquarters of Delorme Map where you will see "Eartha," the largest scale model replica of our planet in the world.

Kennebunkport Tour and Lobster Bake:

The first stop on the tour will be to Len Libby's Candies where you will enjoy an ice cream or purchase some of their world famous candy while you visit "Lenny the Moose," a 1700 pound moose made out of milk chocolate. After Len Libby's you will drive to the coastal community of Kennebunkport, ME where you will enjoy lunch and shopping on your own. Kennebunkport is famous for its art galleries and unique shops. There is also a wide variety of restaurants to choose from. After your stop in Kennebunkport, you will enjoy a two hour guided tour of the area. During the trip you will see President Bush's (senior) summer home and will visit the coastal villages Wells and Ogunquit. The tour will take you past the Brickstore Museum, The Wedding Cake House, Franciscan Monastery and the Seashore Trolley Museum. The tour will stop at the Lighthouse Gift Shop which features unique gifts and clothing featuring many of Maine's famous lighthouses. After this you will drive south to Foster's Down east Clambake where you will enjoy an old fashion Maine Clambake with clam chowder, steamed clams and mussels, whole Maine lobster, corn on the cob, potatoes, onions and blueberry cake. During dinner you will be entertained by one of Maine's local artists.

Hope to see you there!

FROM ML&RS, INC

OK Guys, here it is! We have found an outstanding reunion site for you – **Plano, Texas!** Your first question is probably "Where the heck is Plano, Texas"? It is a suburb of Dallas in proximity to all of the major Dallas-Ft Worth attractions. Historic downtown Plano holds something for everyone....shopping, dining, nightlife, culture, etc. Unique and one-of-a-kind of stores and boutiques line the brick street. In addition to shopping you can stop for a bite to eat and one of the many eateries located downtown or a drink after a hard days touring or shopping.

You owe it to yourself to consider Plano for your next reunion; you'll never regret the decision to allow Plano to host your 2011 reunion. We here at ML & RS, Inc heartily endorse Plano!

As your reunion planner for many years, you know we have never so enthusiastically endorsed any reunion site. Since this is an endorsement of Plano, not of a specific hotel, all we'll say about accommodations you will be more than pleased.

Some groups have actually extended their reunion by a day just to take advantage of everything that is available. Let me tell you, in no particular order, just a few of the things that are waiting for you in and around Plano; how much you do depends on how long you stay in Plano.

Southfork Ranch, home to the Ewings, is probably the most famous place in Plano and no visit to the area would be complete without Southfork on your agenda. You can tour the famed Ewing Mansion and re-live exciting moments from the series in the "Dallas Legends" exhibit, featuring an exciting array of memorabilia from the series. See the gun that shot J.R., Lucy's Wedding Dress, the "Dallas" Family Tree, and Jock's Lincoln Continental. Relax on a guided tour of the ranch grounds. Eat at Miss Ellie's Deli and shop in two themed retail stores, offering a diverse selection

of clothing, accessories, gifts, and collectibles. You will want to plan in advance for the famous South Fork Chuck Wagon-style buffet followed by some cowboy music. This is a special event for groups, not to be confused with the dinner that is open to the public. Anyone who doesn't love a Southfork evening is unTexan!

For a taste of Texas night-life there is "**Billy Bob's Texas**" the world's largest "Country Music Honky-Tonk" where you ride and shoot the bull. Food is excellent, and there really is live bull riding right in the club – and be sure to take advantage of the photo bull. Did I forget to mention the live entertainment?

For the cowboys in the group a visit to the **Ft Worth Stockyard Historic District** is a must. Here you can see a real cattle drive. For the drovers heading longhorn cattle up the Chisholm Trail to the railheads, Fort Worth was the last major stop for rest and supplies. Beyond Fort Worth they would have to deal with crossing the Red River into Indian Territory. Between 1866 and 1890 more than four million head of cattle were trailed through Fort Worth which was soon known as "Cowtown" and had its own disreputable entertainment district several blocks south of the Courthouse area that was known all over the West as "Hell's Half Acre", now the beautiful Fort Worth Water Gardens.

For the more serious minded, you'll want see **Dealey Square**, the site of President Kennedy's assassination. See where the President was gunned down, visit the building the fatal shots were fired from, see the Courthouse where Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. All things and more are awaiting you and the cost is no more than you've been paying. Give it a try!
