



Vol. XX

March 2009

#2

Special Points of Interest

- You learned lots of things in the Navy, but what was the most surprising? Bob Nowak remembers boot camp, Pete Coghlan learned to adapt to living with others, Jerry Rogers learned that he had a knack for electronics, and Leroy Smith is still amazed at what such young people were capable of doing. Read these and others in the cover stories.
- One more "best officer" story is on page five. See if you remember him.
- Under Mail Call starting on page five, one of your shipmates wants your help for his disability status.
- There are 21 new names for Welcome Mat this time. Please continue to look for new members.
- Don't forget to send in your registrations for the 2009 reunion in Chicago. It's going to be a great one, as usual. Don't miss it!
- Send in your stories for the next issue.

SURPRISING THINGS I LEARNED IN THE NAVY

Editor's Note: An e-mail request was sent out for stories about the surprising things you learned in the Navy. A lot of you probably came from small towns or farms and the Navy was your first exposure to "the big, bad world." What surprising things did you learn? The responses are printed below.

Bob Nowak:

The first thing I learned was that upon approaching the gates of the Great Lakes Naval Training Center that there were guys inside hollering, "YOU'LL BE SORRY!"

Next was my first meal, which was very cold, very lousy "fish and chips." Then I found out what "hurry up and wait" meant. Then it was not to be ashamed at stripping stark naked; having a red number painted on my arm and going through an endless physical, which involved people looking up my tail end, down my throat and stabbing me with inoculations, three in each arm, and then sucking about what seemed like a quart of blood out of me. Then, when I got to the end of the line, a guy who I thought was a doctor, looking over the results of my tests, shaking his head and looking up at me and saying, "Welcome, son, if you hoped you failed, you're wrong. You're in the goddamn United States Navy now and you'd better be ready to become a man in a hurry, because your momma ain't here to wipe your tears!"

Most of us were 17 or 18. We had no jobs or futures and we weren't afraid of the Army draft because we were too young. To me, I kinda thought I'd look good in those Navy whites to the girls back home. In the next 12 weeks I learned a hell of a lot more than I thought I would; how to march in close order drill; how to roll my clothes in a sea bag; all the Navy terminology like port and starboard;

how to lay in the dirt and "snap in" a Springfield rifle; how to shoot a .45 caliber pistol; how to take a lot of crap from our Chief PO commanding our company; how to get along with rebels who never wore a pair of shoes before; how to scrub the deck with a toothbrush when I screwed up at an inspection; and how to count down those days towards "breaking boots" or graduation and going home.

We did have some good times though. We had a company basketball team which was very good, and we won five "A" for athletic flags which we proudly marched with wherever we went. The Chief called me in one day and said, "We're in line for the regimental athletic championship. We're short one guy on the welterweight boxing team. You're it." I had never formally boxed in my life, but a "buddy" of mine from Hartford told the Chief I was a pretty good boxer. I fought three matches, winning two on decision and a draw in one, because, tell the truth, we boxed with 12 ounce gloves and none of the guys really knew how to fight, so we sort of carried each other just to get through our match.

As we approached our final weeks, we were pretty "salty." Our dungarees, our daily uniform, were bleached almost white, our "boots" (leggings) were the same, scrubbed white; we marched like real pros, and, as we passed junior companies, those who had come in 8 or 10 weeks later than we had, we kept our eyes forward and knew they envied us when they saw our company flags and knew we were almost finished and close to "going home."

On graduation day, we paraded past the base commander, got our travel tickets

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to wherever we were going, and I remember that long train ride back to Springfield from Chicago, and how happy I was when my father picked me up at the train station. I had a lot more to learn about the Navy after that, especially living on destroyers and submarine duty and making the best friends I ever had on the USS Kenneth D. Bailey DD/DDR 713.

Edmond (Pete) Coghlan SMCS, USN Retired:

I reported aboard DDR 713 in the summer of 1953. I had been in the Navy a little over 2 years, was SN, and the only ship I had ever been aboard was the TDE1, a mock DE at NTC, San Diego. Nevertheless, after about 6 weeks of pre-commissioning school at Newport, I felt a little confident about going aboard ship to live.

I was the farm boy you mentioned, and had not been very far from my home in the Mississippi Delta, so it looked like adventure was ahead for me.

After a short tour with the Deck Force, I submitted a chit to strike for Quartermaster, having met the QMC James Kerley. Chief Kerley was a squared away Chief and well respected, by me especially. As we finished sea trials, we finally got underway for GITMO shakedown.

At this point I would say that for best survival one needs to not show one's ignorance, but it is not always possible to conceal it. We had the shakedown cruise in 2 sessions; coming back for Christmas in New Bedford, then returning to GITMO in January.

All the aforementioned activities slowly melled the crew into a pretty smooth bunch. The following May we went to the Med and we felt like we were truly part of the Greatest Navy in the World. (We got the "E" the first year in commission.)

I suppose the most significant thing I learned about myself was the ability to adapt. A little Tin Can was tight living quarters for 300 or so

crew and you had to get along. Not always smoothly, but most of the time conditions were pretty good considering.

I reenlisted aboard KD Bailey and went on to complete 22 years with other interesting duty assignments, but none are more memorable than that first taste of the Tin Can Navy aboard the USS Kenneth D Bailey (DDR-713).

Jerry Rogers:

Most surprising #1: I attended Boot Camp in San Diego in 1959 from October to December. My company, #504, marched over to a big gymnasium structure filled with school desks on the floor. That day was to be our "GCT," testing used to profile you for your ability and aptitude for future Navy jobs/schools. As the morning progressed, you took a series of exams with a break after each exam for grading and evaluation. Some attendees received poker chips after those evaluations and were given instructions to go as a group to various assigned areas in the gym. As the morning drew to an end, our group had dwindled down considerably and I had received not one poker chip. I was getting a big downer by noon with the thought that my dream for my electronics school was vanishing before my eyes. Then came the announcement that all those left sitting in the gym were to go to lunch and then return to the same room that afternoon to take all the remaining battery of tests available on the GCT. We had overcome the morning of weeding out exams and set ourselves for future "A" and "C" school assignments. I earned the 2nd highest GCT score in my company and got assigned to one of their best electronics schools, Fire Control Tech, in Bainbridge, MD.

Most surprising #2: When I attended Fire Control School in 1960, we had three designations Fire Control System graduates: MK 59 (FTL), MK 37 (FTG) and MK 63 (FTM). Later the Navy went to FTG—Gunnery, and FTM—Guided Missile. When I finally

got recommended for 3rd Class on the John R. Perry (DE 1034), I was elated to get the chance. The exam day came along and the exam takers gathered in the mess deck. The exam commenced and right off the bat I started getting a large group of guided missile related questions. With the belief that they were based on cross training, I nonetheless finished the exam somewhat bewildered. Immediately I went across the pier to the Claud Jones (DE 1033) where an FT was taking his 3rd Class exam also. I asked about all the guided missile questions on his exam. Looking at me with a questioning expression, he said that he had not one guided missile question on his! I had taken the wrong exam! Sick at heart, I went immediately to my Gunnery Officer to report this. He shook his head and said I should have been smart enough to realize this—it was too late to change—I would have to wait another 6 months to take the exam. So weeks passed, the exam results came in and I was not on the list. Sad sack was I, so "Que sera." Several more weeks went by and we were at Key West for the weekend. That particular Saturday I was getting ready to go ashore when a guy from the ship's office looked me up in order to tell me that notice had come in from NAVPERS that I had passed the 3rd Class exam. The confusion came about when the FTM3 exam had been ordered for me instead of the FTG3. (We were going by "G" for Gunnery and "M" for Guided Missile by that time.) Since the Perry had no missiles and no billet for a Guided Missileman, they were confused at my assignment there, but since I had passed the exam anyway, they issued the 3rd Class to me. After having spent a total of 6 months mess cooking and compartment cleaning to date, I was proud to get those stripes.

Most surprising #3: The "Russian" freighter during the Cuban missile quarantine in October 1962. The John R Perry (DE 1034) was first

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onto the picket station duty since her homeport was Key West. Her assigned station was from around Key West all the way south to just outside the international waters of Havana, Cuba. All regular shipping was channeled into a narrow cordon just south of the Florida Keys starting around Miami and ending close to Tortuga near Key West. Each ship entering the corridor either east or west was picked up by ship's radar and given a designation such as "A," "B," which was passed on from Navy ship to Navy ship during transit.

Although I am an FT, I was in charge of the ECM watch during that time. During my watch one night I picked up a signal which, when analyzed, proved to belong to a Russian freighter. I gave bearing information to CIC, who in turn contacted two other Navy ships. Together, using my frequency info, they triangulated the contact, which did not have a designation. This raised a flag of suspicion and prompted us to break picket patrol since the contact was heading out into the Gulf. Due to the distance the contact was from us and the lateness of the hour, I had to go off watch before we made visual contact.

The next morning at breakfast, I asked a CIC radar what about the contact? He said, "You and your Russian freighter! Around 0330 this morning, we finally caught up with the 'Russian freighter.' The lights were off in the pilot house and there was no response to our challenges from our signalman's flashing light. Several challenges were made and ignored. When the signal 'If you do not reply, we will fire a shot across your bow, then further shots will be for effect,' was sent. Immediately the lights came on in the chart room and a flashing light signal was sent to us. It said, 'I am the SS Pelican State out of New York, bound for a port in Texas.'"

I rechecked my ECM parameter information closely again, and all the parameters still pointed to the platform carrying that particular radar as belonging to Russia. So goes the story. At least they didn't bend my

dogtags and send me mess cooking!

Surprise #4: Addendum to "My Russian Freighter"—Weeks had elapsed since the quarantine was over and we were around the Norfolk area. That afternoon, I was training another FT to be an ECM operator and he picked up a nearby radar on his equipment. As I was going through the analysis procedure, the parameters started having a familiar quality. I took the ECM contact log and started thumbing through past entries until I got to the gap left where Naval security had removed all the quarantine entries with a razor blade (The Perry was listed as one of the top ten ECM reporting ships during the quarantine.) My "Russian freighter"—the SS Pelican State, entry had survived the removal process and its parameters again matched the signal we were getting. Armed with this information, I started performing mystical operations with the equipment and began spelling out "SS Pelican State." The new operator was amazed at this. Since the contact was nearby, I told the new operator to go up to the signal bridge and take a visual at the contact as it passed by. When he returned, his eyes were wide with awe and said that it was indeed the SS Pelican State! Wow! Just how could you get all that information from our ECM equipment? I confessed to him just how I knew all that information and stressed to him the importance of keeping detailed contact information in his log. I do believe I walked away that afternoon with a convert!

Surprise #5: "The Submarine That Flew" While in the Norfolk area operating with Cortron 12 (The Perry normally was with DESDIV 601) we were to participate in a night time exercise with the Task Force. The objective was for two submarines to penetrate the picket line and destroy the carrier. Our objective was to prevent such an intrusion, detect and destroy the invader.

We were privy to the identity of one of the "enemy" submarines and

since I was in charge of ECM, immediately I looked at my log book and saw an entry for that same submarine listed as a past contact! Armed with that information, I tuned in a tight search range around its frequency and zeroed in on it at the beginning of the exercise. Within 45 minutes of the start of the exercise, I picked up the contact on my search scan and quickly got the contact bearing (no submarine is going to transmit very long under those conditions). I relayed the info to the CIC officer, who in turn relayed the info to the bridge. With this information, the Captain got orders to break picket station and assume the contact. Boy! Was I good! CIC and the Captain were elated to be the first to pick up contact! I looked back at my scanning receiver and the contact blip was still there! That shouldn't be! I looked carefully at the parameters and the analysis turned out to be an airborne platform belonging to an S2F. My God! My submarine was actually a plane! I had to tell the CIC officer of my mistake. When I told him this, there was a sudden dead calm in CIC! All eyes were turned in my direction and I felt myself virtually shrinking to the size of a mouse and if there had been a mouse hole in CIC, I would have run into it to hide! The CIC officer said the Captain wasn't going to like this! As he reached up to press the bridge intercom, there came a shout next door from sonar that they had a submarine contact! Whew! Just like the cavalry coming to the rescue just in the nick of time! The tension evaporated in CIC and again we were riding the wave of ecstasy. Note: The S2F had picked up the sub and was orbiting the area, which indirectly led us to our goal.

Leroy Smith, ET2 7/56—11/59:

I think I was most surprised about how young we were, and how good at our jobs we really were. A man of 35 was a rare thing and was considered to be "OLD." More than half the crew was probably less than 20, and well under half were old enough to

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buy a beer in most of the states where the drinking age was usually 21. I was 21 when I left the ship and was the 2nd oldest if not the oldest ET. (I think Frank Hyde was still aboard when I left but he might have been gone.) I was also older than most of the RDs. To think that the care and maintenance of a fighting ship was left to such kids is mind boggling to me till this day. It's even more mind boggling to think of how well we did that job. We could fix darn near anything.

Merlin Place:

I was just out of boot camp and had ended my first weekend aboard ship. I was ready to go on the beach and I had all of \$10 to spend! As I walked through the compartment some of the guys were playing a "dice game" they called CRAPS. I was a green seventeen year old from a small rural town in Wisconsin and had never heard of that. I asked about it and was told, "Just lay your \$10 down and you can go on the beach with \$20." Sounded good to me, so I did just that! SURPRISE! In the blink of an eye my \$10 was gone and I didn't even get to hold the dice!! Lesson learned—I never gambled again.

If you didn't get a chance to participate in this story idea for this issue, please send in your story about surprising things you learned in the Navy for the next issue. Send stories to ML&RS, Inc at our address on page 4.

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Our Reunions Work So You Don't Have To.



TAPS

The Bailey News was informed of the death of the following former crewmember since the last newsletter. The entire crew extends our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased.

Ralph Lewis Slate (1945-46) SN
Died March 15, 2007

Ronald Hughes (1962-64) YN3
Died November 9, 1998

James Hugus (1953-54) Lt
Died August 4, 2002

Richard Glasser (1964-66) RDSN
Died October 27, 2005

Arthur Bourgeois (1954-55) RM3
Died June 21, 2000

James Lytle (1962-63) LCDR
Died December 19, 1998

William Rucker, III (1962-63) Lt
Died March 1, 2008

Harry Ashley (1964-66) SN
Died October 3, 1992

Burdell White (1955-58) SN
Died November 23, 2008

Robert Mason (1953-54) BM2
Died March 3, 1999

Ray Sareeram (1963-65)
Rear Admiral S Division
Died August 8, 2007

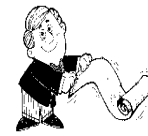
Milton Lehner (1946-47) RMSN
Died December 7, 2008

Nicholas Romito (1958-61)
Died April 9, 2003

Donald Snyder (1959-62) SN
Died March 2009

Thomas Szerlik (1953-54) SN
Died May 10, 1993

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 reunion memorial service.



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.

Theodore Luketic FN
5679 Spring Garden Rd
Blairs, VA 24527
434-836-2025
bm15679@outdrs.net

Fred Moosally LTJG
2552 Bridge Hill Ln
Oakton, VA 22124
703-860-4529

Alton Springer (1945) EM3
PO Box 815
Lillian, AL 36549
251-979-1222

Gerald Hughes (1962-64) BM3
213 Cecil Way
McDonough, GA 30252
678-583-0553
ngypsylady@aol.com

John Wanamaker (1967-68) HM2
245 Juniper Rd
Chambersburg, PA 17202
717-263-8618
nabyldrret@embarqmail.com

Robert Connolly (1953-55) LTJG
1800 Camden Dr
Glenview, IL 60025
847-724-7723

Roy Holmes (1958-61) ENFN
134 W Altadena Dr
Altadena, CA 91001
626-797-7736
holmeselroy@aol.com

Alexander Jenkins, III
(1956-58) LTJG
37 Breakwater Dr
Chelsea, MA 02150

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617-884-0334
alex.sormani@mindspring.com

Douglas Young (1969-70) BT2
695 Baptist Ridge Rd
Hilham, TN 38568
931-243-3768
tenacgram@msn.com

John Craig (1959-61) SN
1854 Pasadena Ave
Woodbury, NJ 08096
856-228-5011
bcjc214@aol.com

Leonard Boucher (1960-62) EMC
948 Morgan Trl
Virginia Beach, VA 23464
757-420-7879
lenboucher@aol.com

William Ross (1945-46) SN
3902 East River Rd
Grand Island, NY 14072
716-773-4941
OR:

Tyron Park 13618 N Florida Ave
Tampa, FL 33613
813-961-4442

Charles Williams (1961-64) BT2
62565 Institute Rd
Lore City, OH 43755
740-435-8508

John Williams (1963-64) MM2
11954 Rte 644
Hanoverton, OH 44423
330-223-2147

Richard O'Donald (1954) EMFN
4730 Turner Blvd
Pahrump, NV 89061
775-727-6119
lucy@air-internet.com

Perry Davis (1960-63) BT3
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Jacksonville, FL 32208
904-765-1352

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James Drayton (1962-64) SN
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843-665-9260

Kenneth Orbell (1962-66) BT2
PO Box 1
Easton, MN 56025
507-787-2202

William Robinson (1959-61) BT2
2441 Vernon St
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Lee Gray (1958-60) GMSN
6201 US 41 N Lot # 2108
Palmetto, FL 34221
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THE BEST OFFICER ON THE KD BAILEY

Editor's Note: We had one more story sent in after the last issue's stories about your favorite officer.

Broward E. (Gator) Carver, HT1
USN (Retired):

The best officer aboard the KD Bailey was (and I agree with Ed Coghlan "Beyond a Doubt") our Captain CDR W.D. Gaddis (1953-55). He was not only an outstanding officer, but was also a good man, a caring man, and a friend. As far as I am concerned, while I had the privilege to serve with him and for him, he was what the Navy stood for, and made you feel like you wanted to be. We recommissioned the KDB as a DDR in '53, and after Capt Gaddis whipped us (mostly Boots) into shape with drill after drill after drill, and we returned from our first shakedown cruise, I think because of him, with one of the best, if not the best, crew in the Navy. At party time we partied, but when Capt Gaddis asked for something from the crew we gave him 110%. I think if we had lost power and he ordered all hands overboard and push, we would have tried it. He wanted you to be the best and would do what he could to help you get there. Thank you Capt Gaddis.



MAIL CALL

Hi Karen,

I was a member of the Bailey from 1960-64 as a sonarman. I remember the time Ensign Palmatier came aboard. Our paths crossed many times with supply items for sonar equipment. He was always very helpful. As I was reading the newsletters, I was also looking at our Med cruise book. Enjoyed the trip

down memory lane.

John Wishart, STG3

Dear Military Locators:

I am looking for any Naval Service Personnel who can attest to the following happenings and information that took place while serving onboard the USS KENNETH D BAILEY DDR-713.

First happening was in Barcelona, Spain, at the Café Bagdad, not sure of spelling, but it was in downtown Barcelona where we had our ship's party.

First Class Gunners Mate McPerson had badly assaulted me from behind while I had turned myself over to our Shore Patrol Officer and he had Shore Patrol to return me to the Bailey. I did not make it because at the top of the stairs, McPerson jumped me and assaulted me badly.

In Barcelona and on the Bailey's quarterdeck, they put me on the ship's laundry bags. A Navy Lt had his thumbs in my eye sockets and I woke up! He stated I am a doctor off a U.S Navy submarine docked here in Barcelona, and I was a guest at your ship's party. I witnessed the

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entire incident at the Café Night Club and you, Harry Rose, was assaulted by a bigger party than yourself! Commodore Bennett and your skipper, Commander Ragan, will try to throw the book at you, but they cannot touch you because I am putting in the Ship's Log that you were temporarily out of your mind because of the assault on your person, which did injure you. They put me on extra duty until 1800 hours each day for four months plus extended mess cooking duties and I had to stow the aft canvas canopy myself.

I started having problems, but I continued to complete every single assignment to the best of my God given strength.

Second Happening: On our return to home port Newport, Rhode Island, we encountered a major high sea storm and one of our depth charges broke loose and was causing damage to our ship. Captain Commander Ragan asked three times for someone to come forward and voluntarily go out on deck and retrieve the depth charge. My Petty Officers started saying, "Rose, you can do it!" "Oh, no!" I said, "there's 22 to 25 foot waves out there!!!"

Again they continued to request me to do this unreal job! I finally agreed, but I wanted two lifelines on me and a life jacket. They put 10 sailors on my lifeline and I tried, but the first time failed and I hit my head on a steel stanchion. I hit my left side badly and also my back. The first attempt failed!

The next time I timed the ship's movement and the sea and waves and I got the depth charge!!! Everyone started saying, "You're going to get a medal, Rose!" I said, "No way Commodore Bennett and the Skipper Commander Ragan will give me one." All the Petty Officers said, "Yes, you will get one."

After I had showered and got a cup of coffee, I felt somewhat better, but my side and head were hurting me and the Petty Officers had me to lie down and get some rest.

They still were incessant that a medal was forthcoming and I said it

will not because of that incident in Barcelona, Spain in 1955 or 1956.

While in port and on leave, I started having head pain and some trouble with my right eye. On the Bailey I continued to have dizzy spells. One day our Radioman came to me with a message from our Fleet Commander Rear Admiral of the USS Yosemite AD-19 having me to stop all work and wait for his staff car driver. Good Ensign Brady wanted to read it and he took me to the Ward Room, Officers Quarters and gave me a cup of coffee and said, "Rose, if you come back, I'll get you another assignment and you can get away from Connolly," who was a first class boatswain mate who would never let-up on me!

I was indeed right. I did not get a medal, but Commander called "All Hands Attention, the depth charge has been retrieved! And leading Seaman Boatswain Harry Rose got it! JOB WELL DONE TO HIM!"

I spent 7 months in Newport, IL and St. Albans, Queens, New York in the Kidney Ward.

Aboard the USS Boston CAG-1, I was able to save seventy-five United States Marines during the 1958 Middle East Crisis in the Boston's Liberty Motor Launch. It took nearly four hours to finish the given task at hand. I nearly gave up four times, but I felt that Marines would be seriously injured or die.

I am a Disabled VA Veteran and I want to up grade my given disability to date. Any help about ALL my injuries sustained aboard the USS Bailey would be most welcome! (Witness must have statement notarized. Title Veteran's Affairs Dept, Dept of Navy.)

Respectfully,
Harry Rose
845 Timor Ave
Orlando, FL 32804-1749

PS. My United States Senator and US Congressman are putting me in for our nation's Congressional Medal of Honor. I am indeed humbled!

Financial Statement:

The cost of this issue is \$367.68—mailed to 239 members.

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.

2009 USS KD BAILEY REUNION

MAY 14-17

CHICAGO, IL

HYATT LISLE HOTEL

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