

Country Boy

An Autobiography

by Charles Croffard 'Doc' Dockery

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Introduction

Welcome to the life of C.C. (Doc) Dockery. Yup, that's me.

In this autobiography of Charles Croffard Dockery, I want to share some of the events, good fortune, misfortune, luck and spiritual guidance which have shaped nearly eight decades of my life.

I was prompted to do this when it became apparent that my mother, Mildred Marie Hurt-Dockery-York, was living her last few weeks on this earth. It was then that I realized I had let many, many years, too many, slip by without asking the questions which were now bubbling through to the surface of my mind. But, now it appeared to be too late as she was suffering from the advanced stages of dementia. During those precious times we would talk and I would ask questions but her recollection of the past was not as clear as it would have been years earlier.

At the same time, I looked back to realize that I didn't know my dad, Doctor Albert Dockery, as well as I could have even though he left my brother and me when I was eight.

I wondered if my children, Carl and Michele, my grandchildren Justin and Katharine, other loved ones and many, many friends I had accumulated over the years would someday look back and perhaps think that they would have liked to ask me some things about my life.

I thought they might.

One way to answer some of those questions after it becomes too late to ask them directly is to tell my story here.

The book has been organized by decade starting in the thirties when I was born in Elkin, North Carolina. To help put my life into a political, geographic and time perspective some very notable events are covered in each decade. For example, in 1933, the year I was born, the seeds for a world war were being sown as Adolph Hitler rose to power in Germany.

During the forties, most of what I'll be telling you happened on the farm of my grandparents on my mother's side where I grew up and learned to become a man at a very early age.

The fifties will highlight my U.S. Air Force career of eight years while serving in Texas, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Florida, Germany and Okinawa.

The sixties introduced me to a world of association management, magazine publishing, lobbying, and the introduction to what would become a very profitable adventure for me in the world of insurance.

The seventies would find me continuing my work in association management until I struck out on my own in 1977 to build what became a very, very profitable insurance business for me and my family with a company doing business in several states starting in Florida, branching out to Louisiana, Georgia, Oklahoma and Missouri.

My insurance activities would continue through the eighties which saw me become a member of the famous insurance empire, Lloyd's of London, and establish a reinsurance company in Grand Cayman, British West Indies and Bermuda. The successes could have come to an end in 1986 when I was in a tug of war with one of the most powerful trade associations in Florida to retain control of a large portion of my business. It was during the eighties when I sold the business I had formed in the seventies to an international brokerage firm. It was for more money than I ever dreamed I would have the opportunity to earn.

The nineties would present me with a challenge to defend myself against allegations by the Internal Revenue Service that I owed them money year after year. Finally, I did not want to take it any longer, refusing to pay what I felt I didn't owe. The result, I won and went on to cause legislation to be introduced in the Congress that resulted in the shifting of the burden of proof during IRS disputes from the taxpayer to the IRS. Today, the case is enshrined in a record of past court decisions. With business success came more and more opportunities to travel the world sightseeing and hunting.

The twenty-first century, rolling along into 2011, was another wonderful collection of years during which I became very politically active helping my wife Paula, proudly

watching her grow into an effective member of the Florida Legislature.

It was also a time when, out of exasperation with efforts to build a high speed rail system in Florida, I successfully got an amendment placed in the Florida constitution requiring that the system be built. Four years later, then Governor Jeb Bush, bankrolled with money from friends and corporations for whom he'd done many favors, successfully got the constitutional amendment deleted from the constitution. But that didn't happen before the Florida High Speed Rail Authority, of which I was a member, and which was created by the Florida Legislature as a result of the High Speed Rail Constitutional Amendment, paved the way for another attempt to build high speed rail in Florida after Barack Obama was elected president in the 2008 General Election and vowed to build a nationwide high speed rail system.

Despite some health problems after I reached my mid seventies, I am closing out the year 2010 and the beginning of 2011 with a continuing zest for hunting and new travel adventures.

It has been a wonderful life for which I thank the Lord, my family and friends. I look forward to facing and embracing the next decade with enthusiasm, purpose and perseverance.

I sincerely hope that you will enjoy sharing many of my exciting journeys through these past eight decades.

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*This is the earliest picture
taken of me, probably when I was
about two years old.*

The Nineteen Thirties

Fire up your computer and Google “Dockery” and “North Carolina,” and you’ll find there are literally hundreds of Dockerys throughout the Tar Heel State. I was one of ‘em. There’s a town named Dockery, a state park, a cemetery, and scores of businesses. The name appears on many buildings and public facilities. They weren’t named after me, since I left at age eighteen to join the U.S. Air Force before I could make an honor-worthy mark in North Carolina.

My name is Charles Croffard Dockery, and this is my story.

I was born on May 6, 1933, in a three-bedroom house on North Bridge Street in the small town of Elkin, North Carolina. Elkin is thirty-eight miles west of Winston-Salem in the foothills of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains, the source of the Yadkin River that flows past the town. A few miles to the northeast is another small town, Mt. Airy, which was fictionalized as Mayberry in the 1960s hit television series *The Andy Griffith Show*.

Elkin is a typical company town. Chatham Mill, which was built in the 1860s, was Elkin’s major employer and remains in operation today making upholstery for auto companies. During prosperous times, the mill employed between 1,000 and 1,600 workers and frequently ran three shifts to keep up with demand for blankets and other woolen goods, especially during World War II when Chatham supplied the military and our allies. Elkin grew up around the mill as businesses were formed to supply workers with food, clothing, furniture, entertainment, and other necessities and as companies sprang up to supply the mill with raw material, machinery, and services.



This house on North Bridge Street, Elkin, NC is where I was born, May 6, 1933. Elkin was, and still is, a small town on the banks of the Yadkin River. The headwaters of the river are in the Blue Ridge Mountains west of Elkin.

To say that I was born into an uncertain time would be an understatement. In 1933, the seeds for a world war were being sown as Adolph Hitler, a native of Austria, rose to power with his Nazi party and was appointed chancellor of neighboring Germany. Through racial propaganda and fear he was soon able to outlaw other political parties and set himself up as dictator.

**“In 1933, the seeds
for a world war
were being sown
as Adolph Hitler
rose to power...”**

Japan, which was already occupying Manchuria, joined Germany in withdrawing from the League of Nations. America and much of the world was in the depths of the Great Depression, with millions out of work.

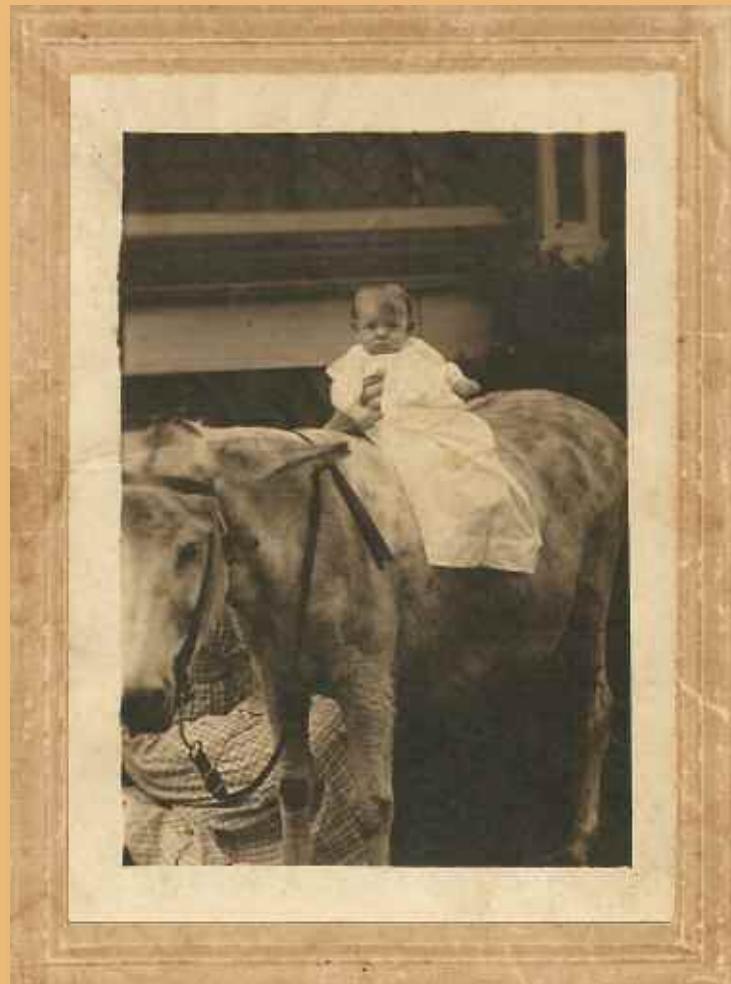
North Carolina was hard hit, but the Chatham Mill continued operating in Elkin, somewhat easing the impact of the economic disaster, although wages and workers were cut. Adding to North

Carolina's misery, the Outer Banks hurricane hit the coastline and offshore islands, taking as many as forty lives and causing more than a million dollars' worth of damage.

On the bright side, Prohibition had ended and Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected president in 1932, taking office in March 1933, just before I was born. He was a Democrat and our 32nd president. One of his first actions was to institute New Deal programs aimed at getting people back to work. North Carolinians soon knew the acronyms WPA (Work Projects Administration), ERA (Emergency Relief Administration), and CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps). Those programs were established in the state beginning in 1933 and put thousands of North Carolinians to work building and repairing roads and other public facilities and establishing parks and recreational areas.

Recreational facilities along the famed Blue Ridge Parkway were among the many projects built then that still exist today. Roosevelt signed the act creating the Tennessee Valley Authority in May 1933, and two dams were under construction by the end of the year. He would be reelected three times and died during his fourth term in the spring of 1945.

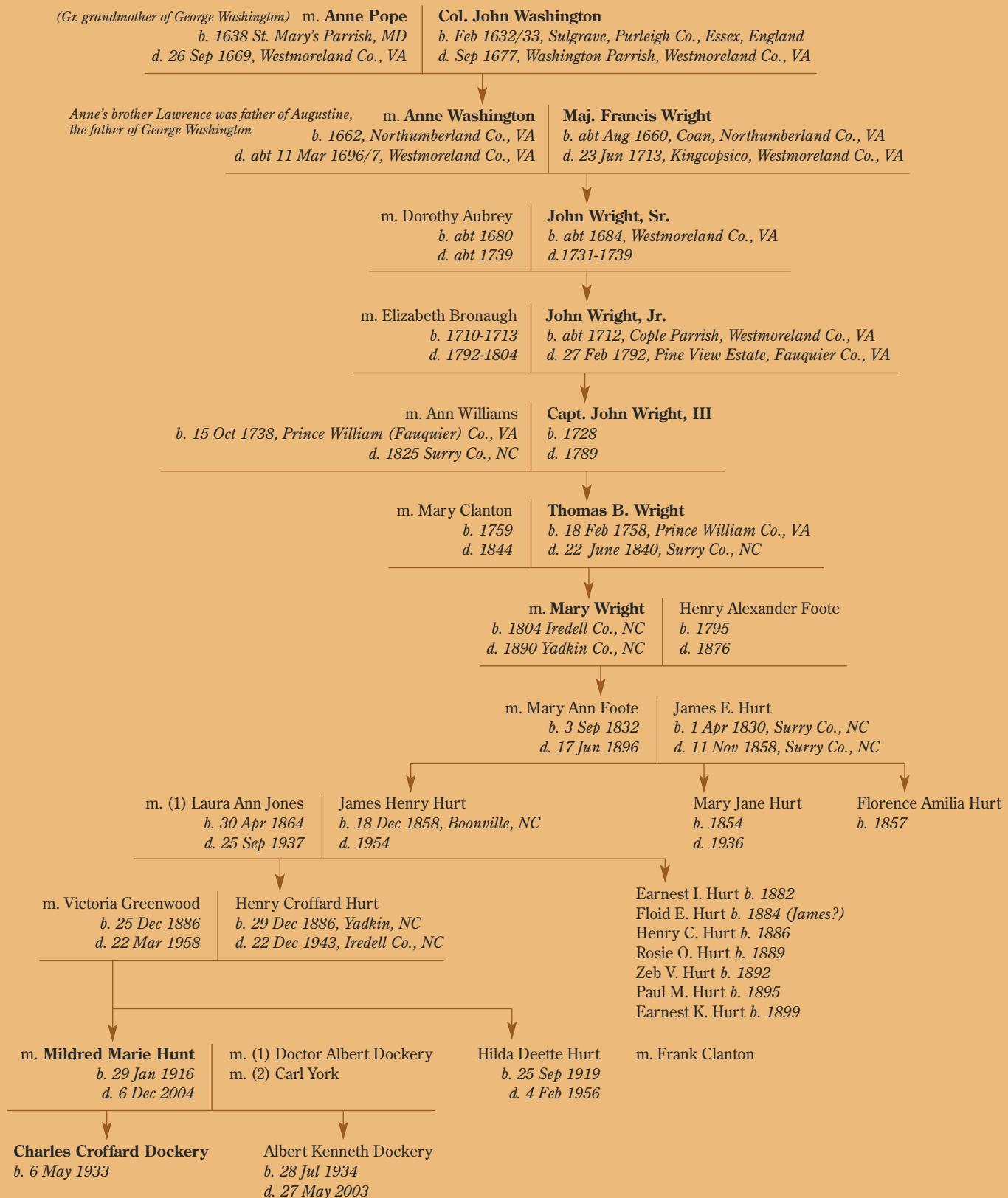
I don't think I'm giving away a deeply held family secret when I mention that I was conceived out of wedlock, but my mother didn't remain single for long. Maybe teenagers



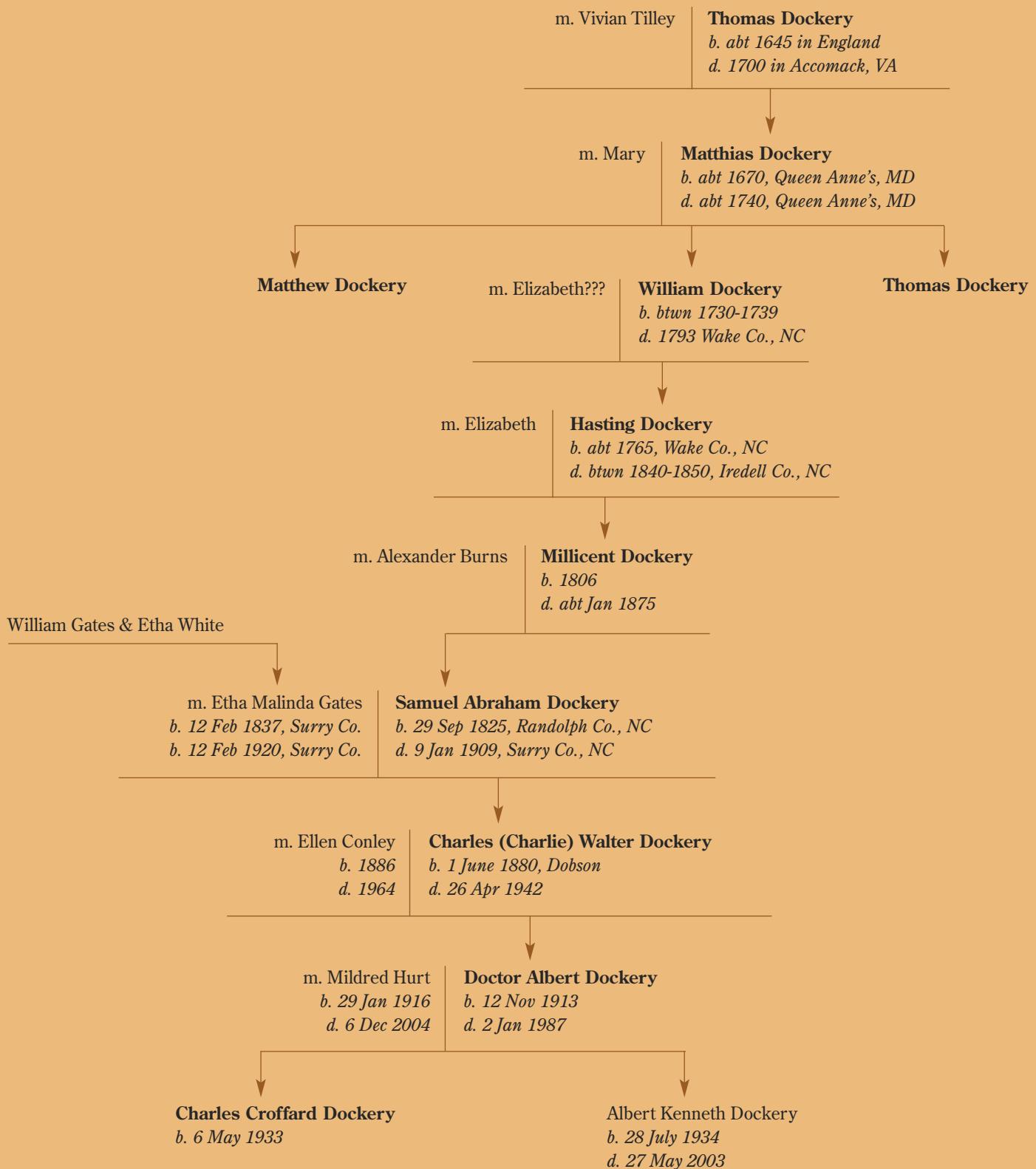
My mother, Mildred Marie Hurt, at four months old.

She was born on 29 January 1916. She died on 6 December 2004.

hurt family tree



dockery family tree



in the big cities were better informed, but in our small community there was no such thing as sex education. Birds and bees chats were virtually unknown, and many girls arrived in their teen years not knowing what caused pregnancy.

My mother, Mildred Marie Hurt, was one of those. She became pregnant at age sixteen and gave birth to me when she was seventeen. My father was Doctor Albert Dockery—“Doctor” really was his first name, but he was called by his nickname, “A.”

Legend has it that my mother’s dad, Henry Croffard Hurt, went to Dad’s folks, Charles W. and Ellen Conley Dockery of nearby Union Cross, and told them, “Your son’s going to marry this girl.” In a very short time Dad did the right thing, as most boys did in that day and age, and the wedding took place. I was named Charles Croffard in honor of my two grandfathers.

Here's a letter sent from my grandfather Henry Hurt to his mother on November 3, 1907 while he was working out west. He later homesteaded a "spread" in Idaho. His name appears in the 1910 U.S. Census in Gooding, Idaho.

To Mrs. J. H. Hurt

Jonesville, NC

R.F D box 21

Postmarked LIND 4 Nov, 1907

7 P.M. WASH

Beamis, Wash.

Nov 3, 1907

Dear Mother,

I will now drop you a few lines to day to let you know I am well and getting along nicely. I was glad to hear that Papa was keeping so well. Well I like my new place fine yes I have pretty good board they treat me as good as I could ask for. they are hired people as well as my self they are hired to run the place. Their name is, Ross, he gets up every morning and feeds our horses and have them fed every night when we come in. I am getting \$2.00 per day, no it is not very hard hauling wheat too of us haul and help one another load hauling brush about one load a day we get up at 4 o'clock and get to bed at about 7 or 8 yes I get a horse when I want it he told me the other day that they was too saddle horses one rubber tire single horse buggy and a too horse buggy and too drivers and when I wanted

to go anywhere all I had to do was just go and get one and take care of it. no I did not get any money from Fletchers for I did not want it to for I think it is good they could not beat me out of it if they wanted to for I could sell anything they got. nor I did not take my for threshing they told me I could have it when I wanted every night if I want it but I had rather have it where it is than have it in bank. I have my trunk now Mr. Ross went to town the other day and brought it out with him. has Zeb got drum and does he help tree possums too. they is 8 in family here now Mr Ross and 3 children yongest one about 5 years old and me and the other wheat hauler and school marm. well I have saved \$2.50 since I have been here in Wash bought me some high top shoes paid \$7.50 and a mackonow coat \$6.00 and cordaroy pants \$4.50 am very well fixed for winter it is getting a little cool now. you can send my mail to Beamis Wash they have changed the office. I sent you too combind pictures guess you have got them by now Mrs. Ross fixed them for me. you can give aunt Stella one if you want too, I dont know whether you can tell which is me or not I am standing there where that boy is sitting down that big fat fellow on the wheat wagon is Mr. Ross.

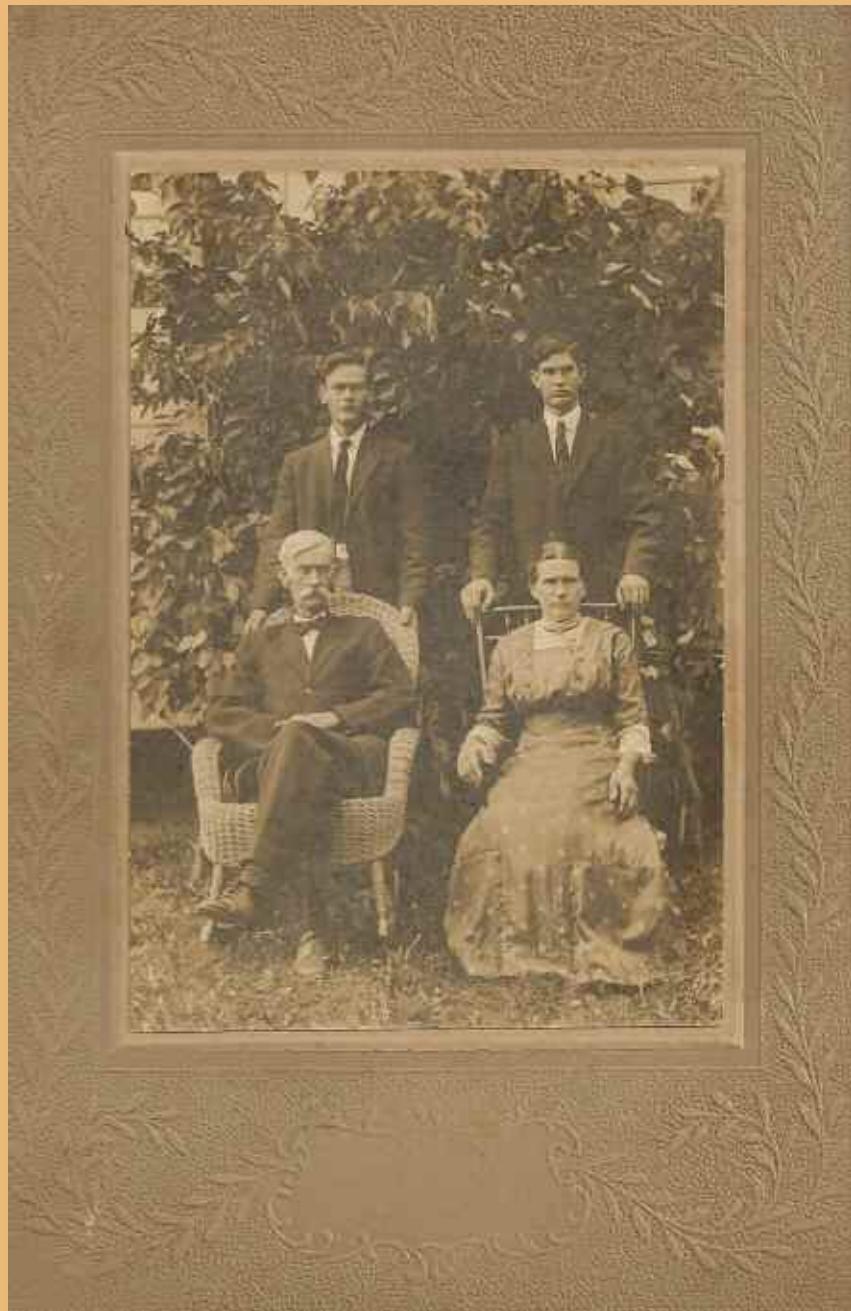
I was so sorry to hear Mr Snow was having such bad luck for it seems if he tried to boy, well guess I will close for this time as I can not think of anything more to write this time. H. C. Hurt.

Grandfather Dockery owned a country store at Union Cross from which he sold fertilizer, seeds, canned goods, and gasoline to local farmers. The only other building at Union Cross was the Methodist church. There he served as a part-time minister. His other job was as a traveling salesman for the Sweet Ore Clothing Company selling mostly bib overalls. Grandmother Dockery, along with my dad's brothers and sisters, ran a hundred-acre farm a mile south of the church and his country store. Hurts and Dockerys could be found throughout the region, and the extended families included my great-grandparents, Laura and James Hurt of Boonville. My great-grandfather Hurt lived to be 101.

The Dockery family had immigrated to the United States from the village of Elphin in County Rosscommon, Ireland. I visited Elphin in the 1990s and found one Dockery family in the local telephone directory, along with several Dockertys and O'Doughterys and various other spellings of Dockery.



My great-grandfather James Hurt of Boonville, NC. This photo was taken by my mother on Dec. 13, 1952. At that time he was 94 years old. He lived to be 101.



*My great grandmother Laura Ann and great grandfather Hurt,
of Boonville, N.C., with two of their sons, Everett and James.*

I was just over a year old when, in the summer of 1934, we moved from my mother's parents' home in Elkin to Union Cross. Mom and Dad rented a small house near Dad's parents' home. Mother was pregnant when they moved, and my brother, Albert Kenneth Dockery, was born at the new home shortly after they arrived, fourteen months after I came into the world. During this time my dad worked at Spainhours' Clothing Store on Main Street in Elkin.

I guess I was about three or four when we moved to Winston-Salem, thirty-two miles east of Union Cross. That would have been 1936 or 1937. Winston-Salem was one of the tobacco capitals of the world, and farmers arrived from eighty miles around to sell their flue-cured tobacco each fall.

With tobacco and textiles leading the economy, North Carolina was the second most industrialized southern state. But tobacco wasn't immune from the effects of the economic calamity, and at the depth of the depression tobacco prices dropped so low that many growers didn't bother to take their crops to market after the first tobacco auctions. One year, grandfather Hurt took his small crop to market, refused to accept the low price being offered, and brought the tobacco back to the farm, where he used it as mulch around the Concord grape vines.

I wish my memory extended all the way back to my birth in 1933. However, for my writings about the early years, I have to rely on photos, incomplete family records, and stories and tidbits passed along by family members. One of my very earliest recollections is set in the kitchen at our home in Winston-Salem. I remember my dad



My dad, Doctor Albert Dockery, was born 12 November 1913. He died on 2 January 1987. In this photo he is fifth from left at Spainhours' Clothing Store on Main Street in Elkin. The photo was probably taken in 1934-35.

and his friend Samuel Garner spending a lot of time in that kitchen, which was unusual because men didn't do much cooking back then. One of those tidbits included my dad bragging about his friendship with Garner, the founder of Garner Food Company, makers of Texas Pete Hot Sauce, which is very, very popular throughout the South.



My brother Ken (behind me) and I try out our new tricycle. The background shows it was taken at my grandparents' home out in the country near the small community of Eagle Mills, NC. Eagle Mills consisted of a general store owned by Dash Gaither and a water powered Grist Mill located about a quarter mile from the store on the banks of Hunting Creek. Eagle Mills is 20 miles south of Elkin.

According to Dad, they were both traveling salesmen. They met in the kitchen at our home in Winston-Salem to try different recipes for hot sauce until they finally settled on the one for Texas Pete.

Misbehavior was not tolerated in our family, and I remember getting whipped pretty severely one Sunday morning. Not much interested in the church sermon, my brother and I started picking at each other. I guess I was to blame, because Dad took me outside, cut a switch from a rosebush, and used his pocketknife to remove only those thorns that interfered with his grip. I got enough lashes to leave my legs scratched and bloody. Corporal punishment for disobedient children was the norm in those days.

In 1938, Germany invaded Austria and the Sudetenland and started building concentration camps in preparation for the massive roundup and extermination of Jews and other non-Aryans. Germany had hosted the summer Olympic Games of 1936 and, in spite of the threat of an international

boycott, had restricted the German team to Aryans. They emerged victorious with the most medals. However, the U.S. team included Jesse Owens, a black athlete from Alabama. He won four gold medals for the United States, apparently displeasing Hitler, whose Nazi regime considered ethnic Africans inferior. But in 1938 in an event many

saw as the first U.S. victory over Germany, heavyweight-boxing champion Joe Louis, another black athlete from the South, knocked out German Max Schmeling.

By the time I was old enough to enter the first grade, we moved again, this time to the small community of Arlington just south of Elkin. This would have been about 1939. I was enrolled in the Jonesville Elementary School just across the Yadkin River Bridge from Elkin. Just for the fun of it, I would sometimes make the three-mile walk home from school with four or five buddies. We considered the walk an adventure.

Dad was running a small service station that was located on the south bank of the Yadkin River alongside US Highway 21. A small roller-skating rink was located behind the gas station and Ken and I had plenty of fun there, since we got to skate for free. Unlike today's kids, nobody had to force us out of the house to be physically active. There wasn't much for us to do in the house, so we were outdoor kids and we loved it.

When we arrived in Arlington, Mom got a job nearby at Chatham's in Elkin working as a burler. Burlers used a small hand-held instrument to repair burls—lumps and knots—in the woolen blankets being made there.

“The biggest international event since World War I, the New York World’s Fair was held in 1939.”

The New York World’s Fair was held in 1939. It was the biggest international event since World War I, a showcase for the United States to display what we could manufacture and an opportunity to lift the spirits of a population that had been severely battered by the Great Depression.

But good days weren’t on the international horizon. As the decade was coming to a close, Germany had invaded Poland in an action that was considered to be the real start of World War II in Europe. Great Britain, France, and Canada had all declared



Ken and me at the home of Grandpa and Grandma Dockery. Grandpa Dockery died on 26 April 1942 at the age of 62. Grandma Dockery died much later, on 30 July 1964, at the age of 78.

war on Germany. The United States remained officially neutral but aided Britain and its allies by shipping war supplies to Canada and across the Atlantic to Britain.

During the 1930s, Ken and I played happily in the sunshine of a simple rural life in North Carolina. We were oblivious to the dramatic world-changing events that started with President Roosevelt's New Deal to lift us out of a terrible depression, and the beginning of a world war that would leave millions dead and injured in the cities and on the battlefields of Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Poland, Italy, Scandinavia, Romania, the Balkans, Russia, North Africa, the Pacific Islands from Hawaii to the Philippines, Iwo Jima, Guadalcanal, and Taiwan and on to Japan, China, and Korea. So, while war loomed abroad, we were blissfully unaware of the disturbing news that was printed on the front pages of newspapers across the land.

The Nineteen Forties

The decade of the 1940s began with German armies continuing their march across Europe. The fall of France took place in May 1940, the month I turned seven. While the war in Europe and Japan's actions in the Pacific produced daily headlines, one of the major stories of the year in North Carolina was the Great Yadkin Flood of 1940.

The source of the Yadkin River lies at an elevation of 3,600 feet in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Blowing Rock, where today my wife Paula and I own a home. A week of prolonged heavy rains over the mountains early in August 1940 sent cascades of water into the Yadkin, and the ensuing flood swept downstream on the thirteenth, inundating communities the length of the river. Businesses, homes, bridges, and factories, many of them rebuilt after a 1916 flood, were heavily damaged or destroyed. Most of the stores in Elkin were flooded out, but the floodwaters spared Chatham Mill. The flood took many lives along the river, and the damage was in excess of \$5 million.

Our home in Arlington was never threatened, since it was a couple of miles from the river, but I saw plenty of the floodwaters and gained an appreciation of the power of rushing water. Even though the bridge over the Yadkin at Elkin was closed and in danger of washing out, I walked out on it and found the water was just inches below the bridge floor. Occasionally it washed over, wetting my feet.

I also remember that once the floodwaters receded, I went with Dad and Uncle Frank Clanton, Mom's sister's husband, down to the draining bottomlands where there were still large pools of water. In the pools were scores of landlocked fish which we scooped up and dumped into burlap bags. Although our catch enabled us to eat well there were far more fish than our families could use, so Dad and Uncle Frank passed out the rest to friends and neighbors.

It was about a month after the flood that President Roosevelt took time out from war preparations for a brief visit to North Carolina. He was not there to inspect damage but

to formally dedicate an American treasure, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The park was created in 1934 during the Great Depression, and the CCC, WPA, and others had been working on facilities ever since. Today the park is the most visited national park in the country.



Me and my dog Nicky at our home in Arlington, about four miles south of Elkin. One day our house burned down. The only thing I recall that was left was a little ceramic house with a slot in the top to be used as a bank. It was partly melted with a coin inside when I found it.

In 1940, Dad was a traveling salesman and was rarely at home. One time while he was away for an extended period, my mother got sick and was unable to get out of bed to cook our meals. That's when I started learning how to cook. Mom, lying in bed, told me how to light our kerosene stove. The meal? Boiled potatoes.

A few months later, while Ken and I were at school and Mom was at the mill, our Arlington house burned to the ground. We lost everything. I sifted through the charred remains and found my little house-shaped coin bank. It was disfigured and melted shut, but I was able to crack it open and reclaim a nickel. Later in life, Mom told me Dad had burned down the house for the insurance money.

After the fire we were able to rent a house down the street and buy new furniture. A few weeks later, when I was eight, Dad took off without a word to Mom, Ken, or me. He was gone for good. A few days after his

departure, a crew from the store where Dad had bought the furniture came and repossessed every piece for nonpayment. Mom thought he had paid cash for the furniture out of the proceeds from the insurance check. He hadn't.

The next day we were on the move again. My grandfather, Papa Hurt, picked us up and took us to his 120-acre farm located near the small township of Eagle Mills about twenty miles north of Statesville. At a water-powered gristmill on the banks of nearby Hunting Creek, farmers brought their grain to have it ground into livestock feed, flour,



This is a photo of the back side of Hunting Creek Mill, owned by Dash Gaither and operated by his brother Reese. In the foreground is a bit of Hunting Creek shown flowing down to the deep hole where we swam many times during the summer. From the level of Hunting Creek shown in this picture, it drops 15 to 20 feet rapidly for the next 150 feet into the deep hole.

and cornmeal. Also in the township was a small country store owned by Dash Gaither, and clustered around it were his home and those of his brother, Reese, and a gentleman named Henry Templeton.



Papa with Ken and me. We were, as usual, all dressed up to go to Sunday morning services at Wesley Chapel Methodist Church. The bandage on my forehead covers four stitches as a result of being hit by a bat while playing baseball.

grandmother, and Papa didn't openly drink. However, I soon figured out that his pre-supper trips to the hay barn where we kept the mules and a cow gave him an opportunity to swig a few ounces of white lightning to ease the pressure of his twelve-to fourteen-hour days.

Grandma Hurt was a wonderfully sweet woman who could also be a stern disciplinarian when a situation warranted. One time I did something unacceptable, now long forgotten, but I certainly remember running away from Grandma. She calmly called,

I suppose, for some, moving from town to the farm would have been a major shock. But Ken and I took to farm life right away. I loved it. Almost immediately, Papa, my namesake, became a towering father figure to me. I respected him and, because he was a stern man, I also feared him. I called him Papa, and he usually called me Boy. He was a plasterer by trade and was considered to be one of the best around. Plastered walls and ceilings had become the in thing, and Papa even traveled to Florida to learn how to apply a textured finish as opposed to the smooth finish common in North Carolina. Papa rose very early every day to attend to farm chores before going off to work as a plasterer. He did more farm work when he returned home in the evening.

Whiskey drinking was very much frowned upon by the womenfolk, including my

"You don't have to run so fast, I'm not going to try to catch you. I'll see you at suppertime."

She did, with a switch in her hand and a smile on her face.

Moving to the farm, which was located in Iredell County, meant a change of schools.

I had finished second grade at Jonesville and would be entering third grade at Union Grove School five miles northwest of the farm. The school took its name from the small community of Union Grove, which had a post office, a church, two gas stations, a cotton gin, a feed mill, and eleven homes. One of the two main school buildings housed grades one through eight, the other, grades nine through twelve. The brick buildings were steam heated in winter. Open windows provided some cool breezes in spring and fall. The school grounds were dotted with red and white oaks and maple trees, a baseball diamond, a volleyball court, and a clapboard basketball gym.



School days at Jonesville Elementary.

Ken and I were excited about our first day at Union Grove until we boarded the school bus an hour before the start of classes. Mom was already at work, and she had told Grandma Hurt to dress us in our finest. That meant shorts, short-sleeved shirts, and sandals, which were not typical farm-boy attire. The boys on the bus were dressed in jeans and overalls, and they started teasing us immediately. Much of the teasing was mean-spirited, and it turned into outright bullying that spilled over to the school grounds. Ken and I took some beatings because of our dress. When we were completely fed up with the bullying, we solved the problem through teamwork. We went two on one with a couple of older boys and gave them enough of a beating that we were never bothered again. It took a little longer to get rid of the city clothes.

At the end of the first day of school, I begged my grandmother to buy us more appropriate clothes to wear the next day. That didn't happen, because the nearest clothing store was miles away and, more importantly, there wasn't enough money to

spend foolishly on new clothes just to make us fit in. We got blue denim shirts, overalls, and brogans only when our finest finally wore out. A country boy at last! Of course, Mom insisted we wear our finest to church on Sundays, and she didn't give up on that

until we came home one Sunday and I spent the rest of the afternoon crying.

On that first day of school, I fell in love with my third-grade teacher, Mrs. Van Hoy. I thought she must be the prettiest lady in the whole world, and I appreciated her efforts to protect me from the teasing about my clothes. Mrs. Van Hoy's husband, Pierce, ran the Union Grove Fiddler's Convention, which in those days was held every Easter weekend in the school auditorium and gym. The convention, a competition among musicians and bands that played bluegrass and country music, would grow to Woodstock proportions. Union Grove may have barely been a dot on the map, but the Fiddler's Convention made the tiny community famous throughout North Carolina and much of the South. I remember tagging along with my mother, who was a fan of the convention, and I'm sure I must have done some toe tapping as I got an early



Brother Ken and me dressed for church in our hideous short pants and sandals which all of our newfound country friends kidded us about. They were leftovers from when we lived in Arlington, near Elkin. Mom finally allowed us to quit wearing this "get-up" after I cried all the way home from church one Sunday. As usual, she tried to dress us as twins.

introduction to the music of the mountains.

While I loved life on the farm, I had a medical problem that curtailed some of my activities. I suffered from asthma, which was a serious problem when tobacco was being harvested and cured and during haying season. I had several attacks and wound up in a coma on a couple of occasions. Doctors tried several medicines and treatments, including penicillin, the "miracle medicine." It gave me no relief. When I was fifteen, my

mother took me to the hospital in Winston-Salem for a series of tests, which consisted of pricking the skin on my back and infecting it with extracts from many sources to determine what allergies triggered the asthma attacks. As it turned out, I was allergic to many, many things, including tobacco dust, hay dust, feathers, molds, dogs, and cats. I then took a series of shots during the next twelve months to help me build up immunity to each allergy. It worked. I wasn't bothered again with asthma until much later in life, when the attacks suddenly came back but not as severely. Today I take Singulair daily, which wards off even the mild attacks.

The year I entered Union Grove School, 1941, was quite a year. President Roosevelt was starting his third term. The Germans were occupying most of Europe, and Great Britain was the victim of constant bombing raids on London and other cities. The news was better in North Carolina, which had mostly recovered from the depression. Cotton and tobacco prices made harvesting worthwhile again. The state was tops in the nation in furniture manufacturing, and textile mills were operating at capacity because of the demand for goods by our military and our allies.

North Carolina's economy was boosted in no small part by federal government spending. Military facilities were being built or expanded, and these included the Army's Fort Bragg, where a huge project added 2,739 buildings to the post. The daily payroll reached \$174,000 as contractors hired 31,544 workers from all over the state. The huge demand for wood required the services of seven hundred lumber mills. Work was also started on Camp Lejeune, which would become the biggest Marine base on the East Coast. The year 1941 also saw the launch of the *Zebulon B. Vance*, the first of two hundred forty-three Liberty and Victory troop ships that would be built by North Carolina Shipbuilding Company in Wilmington.

I'm sure there have been times when I've referred to myself as a poor farm boy, and I've been asked if I really grew up poor. The answer is yes and no. Yes, we were poor according to today's standards, and so were our friends and neighbors in our little

“By 1941 North Carolina had mostly recovered from the depression.”

section of the world. No, we were not suffering poor. We always had food, clothing, shelter, and the occasional gift or treat. We never thought of ourselves as poor. When we first moved to the farm, we had no electricity and no telephone. The rural electrification program had not extended power lines to our part of the county and there were no phone lines. Ken and I did our homework by the light of a kerosene lamp while Papa read the Winston-Salem Journal, which he received daily via the

U.S. Postal Service.



Ken and me with my great aunt Roxie DeEtte Greenwood, who helped raise us. She lived with my Papa and Grandma Hurt. She never dated anyone after her first love died when she was in her early twenties.

Many of my early years were spent in a purely functional house. Typical of the area, our home was an eastward-facing, two-story, wood-frame clapboard-style structure with a galvanized-tin roof. A porch that stretched across the front of the house held chairs from one end to the other and a swing on the south end. At the center was a huge entrance door and, if you walked inside, there was a bedroom with its own fireplace on the left. Straight ahead of you, stairs led to the second floor, where to the right was a large bedroom with two full-sized beds and a fireplace. A left turn at the top of the stairs led you to two smaller bedrooms that were without heat. In winter, my grandma and Aunt Greenwood, who was called Auntie, would heat flatirons on the kitchen stove, wrap them in towels, and place them under the

covers at the foot of the beds to warm our feet.

Back on the first floor, just inside the entrance on the right was the living room with a fireplace that would later be closed off when we installed a more efficient room heater; a pot-bellied, wood-burning stove. There were rocking chairs on either side of the fireplace and the stove, a couch along the front wall, and three upholstered chairs in front of the stove. Papa always sat in a rocker on one side of the fireplace and stove.



*Our home in the country near Eagle Mills Township where I
grew up. Dad left us when I was eight and we moved to the farm to
live with Papa and Grandma Hurt and Auntie.*

A dining room was located behind the living room and beyond that, the kitchen, with a large wood-burning stove. The stove was hooked up to a fifty-five-gallon copper barrel, which provided an ample supply of hot water when there was a fire in the stove. On the left wall of the kitchen was a door leading to a screened-in back porch, and beyond that, a door leading outside.

At the back of the kitchen, a door led to a washroom and storage area. We had a washing machine that would be unusual by today's standards because it was powered by a gasoline engine. That's right, a gas engine with a kick-starter and an exhaust hose running outside so nobody would be overcome by carbon monoxide. The water from the washer was flushed through a hole in the floor into the space under the house. Wood-frame houses were always built above ground and supported by pillars of rocks. A door at the rear of the washroom led to the well house, which was not a separate structure but another room. The well was a rock-lined, four-foot-diameter round hole in the ground, thirty-five to forty feet deep. Using a windlass with a crank on one side, you lowered a bucket on a half-inch-thick rope into the well and cranked it back up filled with water. One of my early chores was drawing water from the well.

No electricity meant no refrigerator, so our milk, butter, and any other items that required cooling were stored in a spring box located at the bottom of a gently sloping hill about 125 yards behind the house. A section of terracotta pipe thirty-six inches across was set three feet deep in a spring that bubbled up from the ground, supplying plenty of cold, great-tasting fresh water. About eight inches beneath the surface of the spring, a hole had been drilled into one side of the terracotta to accommodate a pipe that ran to the spring box. The box was two feet by four feet and twelve inches deep, with a hole at one end that allowed water to flow out to a watering trough we used to water our mules when we brought them in from the fields at dinnertime. Then the water flowed out of the trough, creating a small branch that collected rainwater before it flowed into a one-acre fish pond 150 yards downstream.

It was about a year after we moved to the farm that we got electricity, which meant we could pump water from the spring to the house. With electricity also came a

refrigerator, lights and a radio, welcome improvements. But we still had no phone and no indoor toilet facilities. Our outhouse, located about forty yards from the back of the house, made for some chilly adventures in the dead of winter. We had a two-holer, but I don't recall two of us ever using the outhouse at the same time. There were people who had three-and four-holers, which I never understood. The toilet paper was an out-of-date Sears catalog. Sears published two editions a year, one for spring and summer and the other for fall and winter.

On the pathway to the spring was the pack house, a three-story building, basement included, where we stored fertilizer and tobacco waiting to be processed. The tobacco was stored on the top two floors, and when we were ready to prepare it for market we passed it through a hole in the first floor to the basement, which remained damp and cool even during hot summers. There, the dry tobacco leaves would pick up moisture and become pliable enough to pack for the trip to the Winston-Salem market. Farther downhill on the left and right were log tobacco barns in which we cured the green tobacco leaves harvested from the fields. After the tobacco was cured it took on a yellowish, almost brown color. Yellow brought top prices, brown much less.

The pathway down to the spring ran through a large oak grove. If you walked down the path from the house, on the left was a woodshed where we stored firewood for the kitchen and living room stoves. Behind the woodshed was our garden and a small vineyard. In front of it and on the left side of the house was a small orchard where we grew peaches and cherries.

Huge oak trees framed the house in front and on the sides. If you faced the house from the front, you could see three more buildings. On the right, looking north, was a hay barn that included stables for two mules and a cow. Another large stable was used to store farm implements. The other two buildings, to the west of the barn, were granaries where we stored corn, wheat, oats, and rye. In one of the granaries we also stored meat from the pigs we raised and slaughtered. Slaughtering usually took place when the weather grew cold, after we'd had frosts for a week or so.

The farm was situated on a curve on a dirt road. A driveway ran up from the road

to our place and over to the tenant farmer's house. If you took a left coming out of our driveway, the road drifted in a northerly direction down to Eagle Mills where Dash Gaither's store was located and over to the church where we regularly attended Sunday services. Past Wesley Chapel, the dirt road meandered on to join Highway 21, which we referred to as "the blacktop." A left turn on 21 took you north to Arlington, Jonesville, and Elkin.

If you took a right on the dirt road leaving our house, you headed west and soon came to Highway 901, another blacktop. A left on 901 took you south to Harmony, a small community somewhat larger than Union Grove. Harmony had a general merchandise store, an auto garage, a doctor's office, a funeral home, and a small restaurant. Saturday evenings we would walk the five miles from home to Harmony and back, because on Saturday nights the restaurant owner strung a white sheet between two poles and showed movies on this makeshift screen using a 16mm projector. Since it was out in the open, there was no way to charge admission, so he would pass through the audience seeking donations, usually a nickel or dime per person.

At Harmony, Highways 21 and 901 intersect. A left on 21 led to Elkin, a right to Statesville and on to Charlotte. Continuing on 901 would lead to Mocksville and an intersection with Highway 64. From there we could take a left headed northeast to Winston-Salem or a right to Statesville. A right turn on 901 after leaving home would take us to Union Grove and over to Highway 115. At 115, a right turn led northwest to North Wilkesboro and a left led to Statesville.

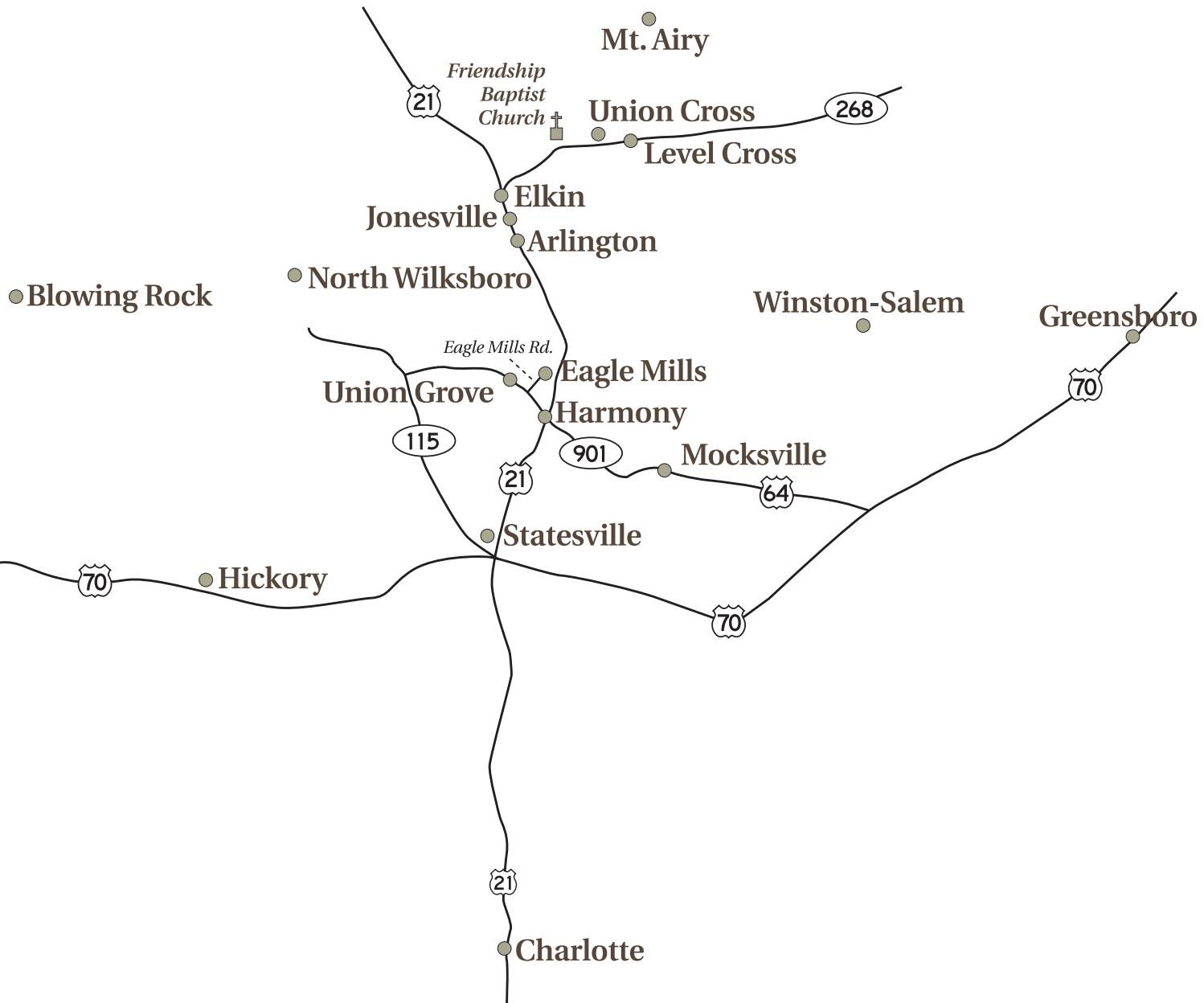
On December 7, 1941, a few weeks after we arrived at the farm, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and we were suddenly neck deep in World War II. Because of the threat of war, the government had started a military draft just over a year earlier, and around the time war began, Grandma Dockery wrote to tell us that my dad had gone into the U.S. Marine Corps. His training took place at the Parris Island Marine boot camp in South Carolina. I have a dim memory of visiting him in boot camp. It didn't seem very strange then, but today it does. Because most of the real rifles were being given to

“On Dec. 7, 1941

the Japanese

bombed

Pearl Harbor.”



combat troops, he used a wooden mock-up for much of his training but ultimately was issued a 22-caliber rifle for live fire. A popular song of the era was *I'll be Back In a Year Little Darling, Uncle Sam Has Called and I Must Go*. Unfortunately, those who came back in less than a year came home wounded or in a box.

The dual wars in Europe and the Pacific would profoundly affect our lives for the next four years. War news dominated the radio airwaves and most adult conversations. With the war came rationing of gasoline, tires, batteries, metals, and many foods critical to the war effort. Mom was working at Chatham's and, since she didn't have a car, was riding to Elkin with coworkers or catching a bus over on Highway 21. When the lack of gasoline ration coupons curtailed the carpooling, Mother found a place to live in Elkin. For more than a year she stayed in Elkin all

week and returned to the farm on weekends.

“...the absence
of young and
middle-aged
men.”

Food rationing had only a minor effect on us. Since we owned a farm, we were very self-sufficient in terms of fruit, eggs, beans, potatoes, milk, butter, flour, cornmeal, and pork. One of the things I remember about the World War II era was the absence of young and middle-aged men. Every able-bodied male not classified physically unfit for military service, 4F, was drafted for the war or volunteered in advance of the draft. A few adult males who were considered essential to the war effort in a civilian capacity were exempted from service. Early on, farming qualified some young men for exemption, but that didn't last long. Uncle Frank Clanton, who introduced Dad to Mom, was one of those exempt for a time. Frank worked at the mill with Mom. All the production facilities at Chatham's were devoted to making blankets and other items for the military. That also exempted him for a while, but eventually he was drafted.

The war was brought to North Carolina shores in more dangerous ways. Wolf packs of German U-Boats started attacking ships off the Eastern Seaboard. In the six months beginning in mid-January 1942, they torpedoed and sank more than seventy ships off the North Carolina coast. A U.S. Coast Guard ship managed to sink one sub off the Outer Banks and rescue some of the crew, who would form the vanguard of scores

of German prisoners ultimately held in seventeen POW camps in North Carolina.

It's hard to remember exactly when I was first assigned chores to help out on the farm. Probably my first chores, in addition to drawing well water, were milking our cow and splitting wood for the stoves and fireplaces. Before long, my chores would include helping with the planting and harvesting of crops. Some jobs were assigned to me because they had to be done. Others I took on for our tenant farmer and neighbors in order to make a little extra money.

Working with the neighbors often included helping with the grain harvest. Today's farmers use giant combines that cut the grain stalks and spit out the straw and grain husks in their wake. The grain itself is delivered to an on-board bagging station or hopper that is off-loaded onto a truck. We owned a small combine that cut a four-foot swath and delivered the grain to an attached platform, where it was bagged and dropped into a chute that carried the bags to the ground. We came behind the combine with a team of mules and a wagon to load up the bags and take them to one of the granary buildings for storage. Oats went into storage bins, feed for the mules and the cows. Wheat and corn went into other bins. We used these grains to make our own flour, cornmeal, and livestock feed. Another bin was for rye, which we sold.

One of the neighbors I worked for was not fortunate enough to have a combine, so his wheat fields were harvested by hand. The men used scythes to cut the grain stalks. Young boys, including Ken and me, picked up the grain stalks and tied them with other stalks of grain into bundles eight to ten inches in diameter. The bundles would then be stacked in the field, fifteen or twenty to a stack, and other bundles would be placed on top as a cap to shed water in the event of rain. As soon as possible, the bundles were hauled to a barn, where a giant thrashing machine separated the grain from the chaff and stalks.

Adults were paid three to four dollars a day for grain harvesting. Youngsters like me

Here's a bit of trivia.

Where was the Rose Bowl Game played on January 1, 1942?

Because of fears of a Japanese attack on the West Coast, the game was moved out of Pasadena, California, and was played in Durham, North Carolina. Oregon State beat Duke 20-16.

got 75 cents to a dollar a day. For harvesting tobacco, kids were paid 15 cents an hour and adults, 30 to 40 cents per hour. By the time I was sixteen, my pay had risen to 20 to 25 cents an hour, and adults were earning as much as 50 cents an hour. Obviously the pay was trifling by today's standards, but there was no minimum wage on the farm and there were no child labor laws to limit the hours or the work children could do.

Late in 1942, my second year on the farm, Papa introduced me to rabbit hunting.



Showing off our rabbit dogs on the farm. That's Papa Hurt in the background.

We went out early on the first day of hunting season, Thanksgiving Day, with four or five dogs that were trained to hunt rabbits. We walked through fields and woods and along creek banks "jumping" rabbits, which were plentiful. When we jumped one, the dogs would take off on a chase in a frenzy of barking and yelping. They were short-legged beagles not fast enough to catch one, but they kept a rabbit on the move. Usually the rabbit would travel in a quarter to half-mile circle, sometimes backtracking and crisscrossing the trail several times to try to throw the dogs off the scent, and often it worked. When it didn't, the dogs would ultimately force the rabbit back to where we had jumped it.

Papa's way of introducing me to hunting was to let me carry an over/under unloaded 410-gauge, 22-caliber rifle/shotgun as I followed the adult hunters. I didn't question his method, since it was a lot of fun and I considered it an honor to be asked to go along on the hunt. When Thanksgiving rolled around the following year, I picked up my empty gun, eagerly looking forward to another season of rabbit hunting. We had just begun the hunt when Papa looked down at me and asked, "You got any bullets, Boy?" I replied, "No, sir." "Well, how do you think you're going to kill a rabbit without any bullets?" he asked. When he turned over a handful of shells to me, he created a smile on my face

a mile wide. I stuffed them in my pocket, a very happy boy to be trusted by this wonderful father figure. And, yes, I was fortunate enough to kill a rabbit that day.

Little did I know it was the start of a lifelong love of hunting that would later include all kinds of game—quail, pheasant, duck, deer, elk, squirrels, and the plains game of Africa. My passion for hunting would take me to Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, Georgia, Florida, Maryland, Spain, Mexico, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Ethiopia, and Tanzania. Thanks, Papa.

Papa had just a few rules when it came to hunting. He was firm in impressing upon me that we killed only animals that we intended to eat or that were destroying crops. In North Carolina, the state paid a five-cent bounty for each crow killed, because the birds were a real menace to newly planted corn crops. The bounty could be claimed by presenting a state official with crows' heads. Some farmers soaked seed corn in croton oil before planting, because it had the same effect on crows that castor oil has on humans. Croton oil was an extremely strong laxative and would kill the crows.

One day my grandfather saw me kill a robin and he asked, "Why did you kill that robin? Do you intend to eat it?" I replied, "No sir, Papa, I intend to use it to bait a hook to catch that big turtle down in the fish pond which we'll eat." He smiled and said okay.

Turtles were a treat for us on the farm. The ones we chose to eat were called mud turtles or snapping turtles. In Florida that species is called the alligator turtle. Papa was very fond of fried turtle and turtle stew. He had even built a special turtle-cooking shed down near the spring. The shed held a furnace three feet wide by ten feet long with a chimney at the rear that extended up through the shed's tin roof. The top of the front of the furnace was covered with a quarter-inch steel plate on which we would place frying pans to fry the turtle.

A large hole with sloping sides at the rear of the furnace near the chimney put out enough heat to bring a seven to eight-gallon iron pot of water to the boil. The men would go out and spend about a week catching turtles, which would be cleaned, eight to ten at a time, on the day of the big cookout. The turtles' shells would be thoroughly cleaned by peeling off the covering of tough scales, then the meat would

be separated from the shells. Both the shells and the cut-up meat were dumped into the water-filled stewpot. After boiling for an hour or more, the choice leg and thigh pieces would be taken out, battered, and fried.



This is what is left of the special turtle cooking shed built by Papa Hurt. Ken was surprised to find the shed and the tobacco barn on a visit to the farm shortly before he died in 2003. The surrounding area has been developed.

Potatoes, onions, and a few tomatoes would then be added to the pot to make turtle stew. When they were thoroughly cooked, Papa added a mixture of flour and milk a bit at a time and stirred vigorously to prevent curdling. This would thicken the stew. When it came to a bubbling boil, the pot was quickly removed from the heat and the feast began.

Ken and I usually chopped the firewood for the stove and carried it to the cooking shed, which earned us each a bowl of stew. We were then shooed away as the menfolk, sometimes fifteen or twenty strong, busied themselves with a snort or two of white lightning. The cookouts were usually

held on Saturday afternoons and lasted for hours.

When it came to fishing, I pretty much taught myself. I learned to catch sunfish, bluegills, bass, knotty heads, and catfish in our pond or at the mill down on Hunting Creek. Grandma was always happy to have a mess of fish to fry up.

That second hunt with Papa, when I got to load my gun, was our last hunt together. By the time Thanksgiving 1943 heralded the start of the rabbit-hunting season, Papa had been diagnosed with hardening of the arteries of the brain at Duke University Hospital in Durham, North Carolina.

We first learned Papa was sick one night at supper early in November, when from his chair at the head of the table, he pointed across the table and said, "Give me some of that." Mom said, "Daddy, what do you want?" He pointed again and said, "That." She said, "Yes, but what is that?" He was pointing at the pinto beans. He looked at Mom and

said, "Honey, I know you're my daughter, but sometimes I can't say your name. I can't remember what your name is right now." Silence descended on the table as we sat stunned. Shortly after that, Mom took Papa to Duke where the diagnosis was made. I guess we'd call it Alzheimer's today.

As Papa lay near death in the big bedroom on the south side of the house, he'd quit talking altogether. My brother and I, on a moonlit night, took our possum dog, a bluetick hound, out on a hunt. The strategy we had worked out was this: The dog would strike the trail of a possum and streak off with an uproar of barking. Since the possum couldn't run very fast, the dog would soon tree it. With Ken holding the flashlight, I would climb the tree, grab the possum by the tail, and bring it down. Occasionally I had to drop the possum, and my brother would catch it as soon as it hit the ground.

On this night we caught a large possum—probably ten or eleven pounds—brought it home, and put it in a cage we'd been using to raise pet rabbits. We planned to keep the possum for a couple of weeks, feeding it cornbread and buttermilk, before killing it and having Grandma and Auntie bake it for supper.

The morning after that hunt Ken and I took the possum from the cage and carried it by its tail to Papa's room. As we held the possum high, he opened his eyes, turned his head toward us, and gave us a big smile. A few days later, on December 22, 1943, Papa died. He would have been only fifty-seven years old had he lived another week. It was hard to believe the major male influence in my life was gone forever.

Papa was buried December 24, Christmas Eve, at the Friendship Baptist Church east of Elkin. The funeral was preached at Wesley Chapel Church and we drove in a procession of many cars to the burial site. When we got back to the farm, we sat around in the living room as dusk approached, not saying much, the silence broken only by the sounds of soft sobbing. Mr. Gooding, an older gentleman who had been helping with chores during Papa's last days, suddenly stood up and said, "We don't have a Christmas tree. Mr. Hurt would want us to have one." With that he got up and went out into a drizzle of raindrops that were turning into snowflakes.

In about forty minutes he returned from a nearby patch of woods with a young

cedar tree. We brought it in, set it up in the living room, and decorated it. There were no Christmas presents that year, just some nuts, raisins, and oranges from Florida. We managed to catch a little bit of the Christmas spirit as we broke into a rendition of *Silent Night*.

It was an extremely sad Christmas. Grandma's birthday was on Christmas Day—a hell of a way to remember a birthday. She loved Papa so very much, as we all did.

Grandpa Dockery had died eight months earlier from colon cancer, on April 26,

1942, at age sixty-two. I was not very close to Grandpa Doc and was not around him enough to have very many memories of him. One thing I do remember, though, is Grandpa Doc at mealtime. He said the blessing at every meal, and sometimes his blessings lasted long enough to qualify as honest-to-goodness Sunday sermons. This would prompt Grandma Dockery, who had spent many hours cooking, to interrupt him with "Charlie, the food is getting cold." Shortly thereafter the blessing would end with the customary amen.



Grandparents Charles W. Dockery and Ellen Conley Dockery in front of their farm home at Union Cross, NC.

The summer I was ten years old, Mom drove Ken and me to Union Cross to visit with Grandma Dockery for about a week. Her house was considerably larger than the one on the farm. It had to be to accommodate my dad, his brothers, Herbert and Charles, and his sisters, Josephine, Irene, Mary-Ellen, and Bernice. The Dockerys had a smokehouse where they smoke-cured beef, something we didn't have on the farm. Both sets of grandparents cured their pork by completely covering it with salt and storing it in a huge box. Back then, it was simply called "ham." Today it is on the menu of many Southern restaurants as "country ham."

Being on the Dockery farm that summer was a lot of fun. My dad's cousin, Alvin

Dockery, had a farm nearby, and blackberries were ripening. Cousin Alvin supplemented his farm income by canning wild blackberries in summer. He paid Ken and me and other kids from the surrounding area to pick the berries. At about the same time, wild huckleberries were also ripening and we picked those for Grandma Dockery, who used them fresh to bake delicious pies. She also made huckleberry preserves to be served with pancakes in the winter months.

Harvesting the blackberries and huckleberries was fun because we were usually with other kids. What wasn't so much fun was coming home from a day in the woods and fields with chigger bites. Some folks called them "red bugs." There were no aerosol cans of repellent back then, so we wore long-sleeved shirts and full-length pants and ringed our wrists and ankles with lard to keep the chiggers from crawling up our arms and legs. It wasn't a foolproof method, but it helped. Chiggers are so tiny you can barely see them, and once one bites you it burrows under the skin. The itchy red bumps that follow are certainly easy to spot. Once chiggers got under our skin, it was best to try to seal them there with a dab of nail polish provided by Grandma and Cousin Alvin's wife.

After Papa Hurt died, the lack of a father figure on the farm made me feel empty for a long time. I started spending more time with our tenant family and the head of that household, a colored man named Tanus Carson. He knew all about planting, tending, and harvesting crops.

Still, life on the farm was great for a boy. We continued having the *Winston-Salem Journal* delivered, and I found myself paying more attention to the newspaper and its reports on World War II and the continuing shortages of goods being diverted to the war effort. For example, in addition to gasoline and tires, shoes were rationed. We could buy only one pair for each person each year. That was okay with me, since I rarely wore shoes during the summer except for church on Sunday and the occasional visit to town. When school resumed in the fall, my feet were almost tough enough to walk through briar patches.

“Chiggers so
tiny you
can barely
see them.”

In addition to keeping up with world events via the newspaper, I visited a fantasyland of novels and short stories during the summers. A bookmobile drove past our house on a regular schedule every two weeks. I especially enjoyed books about the Northwest. I must have read everything that James Fenimore Cooper and Jack London had written and, of course, the famous novels by Mark Twain, including *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. When school was in, and if I wasn't playing volleyball, basketball, or baseball, I was in the library, not only reading teacher assignments but also books for pure pleasure.

Summers were so much fun for a country boy. We usually quit work at noon on Saturdays and headed off for a swim in the deep hole by the mill in Hunting Creek. There was a huge cliff-like rock, fifteen feet high, that jutted out to the edge of the creek. We would climb up the back side of the rock, which was about four feet above the ground, get a running start across the flat top, and dive off into the water.

Some of our favorite weekend activities were severely curtailed by the devastating polio epidemic that hit the nation near the end of World War II and lasted into the 1950s. At its peak the epidemic was producing an average of twenty thousand new cases per year. Polio was a scary paralytic disease that claimed many lives and left thousands on crutches, in wheelchairs, or confined to iron lungs because of their inability to breathe on their own.

Before the epidemic, Ken and I sometimes got a special treat on Saturdays. After Papa died, Mom got his car, which enabled her to commute to her job rather than stay in town all week. Sometimes she took us into Elkin, where we spent all Saturday morning swimming in the YMCA pool. She gave us enough money for lunch—a Carolina hot dog dressed with chili, slaw, and mustard, and a Coca-Cola. In the afternoon we took in two movies, one at the Reeves Theater and one at the Capitol Theater. Almost all the Saturday matinee movies were cowboy flicks. After the second movie we would walk from downtown to Chatham's parking lot to meet Mom when she got off work for the ride back to the farm.

In 1944, the fear of polio resulted in the closing of the YMCA pool to children, who

were especially susceptible to the disease. Movie theaters and other public places were also closed, and large gatherings of people were curtailed. The same thing was happening all over North Carolina. Nearby Hickory and Catawba County were hard hit. With preventative vaccines still years away, public health authorities believed that limiting contact with people and possibly contaminated places was the best way of slowing the epidemic. The closings actually had little effect on those of us who lived out in the country. The deep hole continued to be our refuge from the summer heat every Saturday and most Sundays after church and the big family dinner.

Up Hunting Creek about two miles from the deep hole was Pickney Bend, a swimming hole we visited once a year in winter. I don't believe we'd ever heard of a Polar Bear Club, but we were one. On New Year's Day, Ken and I, with six or eight of our buddies, would slip off to the creek, pull off our clothes, swim across, scramble up on the bank, hop back in the water, and swim back. It was always cold, and a few times ice extended from two feet to eight feet out into the water. It was never very thick, so we would use a stick to break up enough ice to allow us to get in and out of the frigid water. Shivering, and with no towel to dry off with, we hurriedly put on our clothes, shoes, and winter coats and headed home.

Winters on the farm could be almost as much fun as summers. We usually had at least one snowfall, sometimes three or four. When there was enough snow to prevent the school buses from running, we'd spend the day sledding down the hills on the farm and tracking rabbits without our dogs. A rabbit would spend the night looking for food and, just before sunrise, dig a bed where it would sleep during the day. Our objective was to track a rabbit until we found the bed. We didn't always find our prey, but when we did we shot it in the head with a .22. We didn't want to be picking dozens of shotgun pellets out of the body when we dressed it for supper that evening. If we were lucky enough to get more than the four or five needed for the family meal, we field dressed them and took them to Cartwright's General Store a mile west of the house. Depending on the market, we got fifteen to twenty cents for each rabbit. At that time it was not illegal to sell wild game in stores and meat markets.

I also trapped rabbits in wintertime, as did most farm boys. It was something we could do early in the morning without interfering with our chores. We didn't use store-bought traps; we made our own, and they worked very well. The traps were called "rabbit gums" because we made them from sections of black gum trees that had been hollowed out by heart rot. Close one end and fit the other with a triggered sliding door and you've got a trap. We placed bait—an apple or sweet potato—behind the trigger stick, and the trap was set. When a rabbit entered the gum and headed to the back to

“4:30 a.m....
check the rabbit traps.”

get the bait, it bumped into the notched stick, which made the stick flip up through the hole in the top of the gum, which dropped the door behind the rabbit, trapping it.

Like deer and many other animals, rabbits create paths through the woods that they consistently follow. I would find the paths and, after rabbit season opened on Thanksgiving Day, I would set a half-dozen gums scattered through the wooded acres of the farm. I would get up about 4:30 each morning, grab a kerosene lantern, and head out to check the traps. Sometimes I came home empty-handed and disappointed, but many mornings I returned with three or four rabbits. I would field dress them, do my morning chores, have breakfast, and take the rabbits to Cartwright's store, then catch the school bus from there.

Cartwright's also bought specialty items that I harvested in the summer. I skinned wild cherry bark off the trees and set it out in the sun for a week to dry out. Flavorings for beverages and medicines could be made from the bark. I also made spending money from pokeberry roots, which I dug up and then sliced into small pieces for drying. I'm not sure if I knew then that pokeberry was poisonous, but I was interested in selling it, not eating it. Star root was the most profitable item to gather. It usually grew on the wooded southern and eastern slopes of the hills dotting many farms in the area. Each plant had at its base three or four roots the size of my thumb. These I also sliced up for drying. Pokeberry and star roots were both used in medicinal applications. Mr. Cartwright would pay me the going price, and star root always brought me considerably more than pokeberry root or cherry bark. Periodically, a buyer visited the store to pick

up the roots and bark. In winter, rabbits were picked up daily.

Meanwhile, year after year Hitler's military had ravaged Europe until finally the Allied forces were closing in on Berlin. It was only a matter of time before Hitler was defeated, but he refused to be taken alive. On April 30, 1945, Adolph Hitler committed suicide in his bunker. A week later Germany surrendered. The war in Europe was finally over and many of our troops would be heading home. Others would stay in Germany as part of the Occupation Army, and some would be headed for the Pacific to join the fight against the Japanese.

On May 8, 1945, two days after my twelfth birthday, our radio blared the good news that the war in Europe had come to an end. In the midst of the joyous celebrations, I recall being somewhat disappointed that the war had ended before I was old enough to get into the fight. I very much wanted to be a tail gunner on one of the big bombers I had seen in newsreels as they struck at the heart of Germany's war-making industries.

Gasoline was still rationed so it was a big decision on Mom's part to frivolously burn a few gallons that evening to drive to Statesville to join the celebration. Grandma and Auntie stayed home, so Mom filled the car with Ken's and my friends. We were surprised to find the streets of the small North Carolina town jammed with traffic. People were shouting, blowing their horns, and many, like us, had tied tin cans to their cars to make as much noise as possible. Where people found so many cans remains a mystery, since during the war everyone flattened their empty cans and took them to a collection point to be shipped off to factories to aid the war effort. The term "recycling" hadn't been coined yet, and the practice wouldn't take hold again on such a scale for many years.

While the fighting in World War II lasted just under four years, it seemed like forever. To those with loved ones fighting at sea, in the air, and on the battlefields of two fronts, it was an eternity. Japan had been preparing for war for years, but the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, had come as an enormous shock. The United States was not prepared to wage war across the vast expanse of the Pacific, and with a significant portion of the fleet sunk or damaged by Japanese bombs and torpedoes,

we had entered the conflict at a huge disadvantage. Nonetheless, one day after Pearl Harbor, the United States declared war on Japan, and four days later, Hitler declared war on us. Suddenly we were fully involved in the war we had hoped to avoid.

My Uncle Frank had arrived in Europe only a few weeks before the war ended and was fortunate to have missed the last days of fighting. Now his wife, my Aunt Hilda, who had been living with us since Uncle Frank entered the service, received a letter from him saying he would soon be on his way home. Not long afterward, he arrived at the farm, which caused a flood of tears of happiness from Aunt Hilda, Mom, Grandma, and Auntie. Ken and I were just all smiles.

A few days later, Uncle Frank learned that he would be leaving for the Pacific to join the fight against the Japanese. The women were crying again, now with grief. Tears of joy one day, tears of sadness the next. The news on the radio and headline

“Atomic bomb

dropped...

the Japanese

surrender on

Aug. 14, 1945.”

in the *Winston-Salem Journal* didn't raise anyone's spirits—hundreds of thousands of our troops were being prepared for an invasion of Japan.

Harry Truman, our 33rd president, who assumed the office after the death of Roosevelt, faced a choice: lose thousands of Americans to the fanatical Japanese defenders in an invasion, or use the atomic bomb. He chose the bomb, and the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki resulted in the Japanese

surrender on August 14, 1945.

Uncle Frank got lucky again. While he was being processed and trained in California for the Pacific battles, the atomic bombs dropped on Japan essentially ended World War II. Plans to ship additional American troops to that area were abandoned. Uncle Frank would be discharged and back home in a few months.

After boot camp training at Parris Island, South Carolina, Dad was sent to the Pacific to fight the Japanese. According to Marine records I obtained, he was stationed on Tutuila, American Samoa, until the end of February 1942. He then embarked aboard the USS Rixey on March 1 and was on Noumea, New Caledonia, from March 10 until the unit

was disbanded on March 20. The records indicate that he arrived back in the U.S. on March 28, 1943, and spent some time in the Army hospital in San Diego. The records do not indicate the he was in any battles with the Japanese. I do remember him complaining about "foot rot" and malaria. Perhaps this is what sent him to the hospital. He was discharged from the Marines on June 10, 1943. His efficiency reports ranging from military efficiency to neatness and military bearing, intelligence, obedience and sobriety earned him grade points from 4.3 to 5s, the top rating.

My Uncle Charles Conley Dockery was not as fortunate. He was in an Army Air Corps rescue unit on Saipan in the Pacific. An American bomber had crash-landed on the island and Charles was carrying a pilot whom he had rescued from the plane, the last of the crew, when the plane exploded, killing them both. After the war his body was flown from Saipan to Hawaii for burial at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific.

Chance and timing had a lot to do with who survived the war. Another lucky GI was Carl York, who would become my stepfather. He served in Europe as a military policeman, an MP, in France and Germany. He was one of the support troops for General Patton as he rolled across Belgium and France into Germany. Carl told me that Patton was always dangerously close to getting too far out in front of the support units that supplied his troops with ammunition, food, clothing, and MPs busy directing traffic to the front lines.

Carl also told me we were lucky that we won the war in one respect. The Allies advanced so fast that many German prisoners never made it to the rear. Bluntly, many of them were machine-gunned as they marched westward toward the rear lines. So we might have been war criminals had we not won the war.

Carl and my mother had met before the war. He worked at the cotton gin in Houstonville and also at a nearby general merchandise store run by the gin owner. Occasionally, when Mom could not carpool with two of her friends who also worked at Chatham's, she caught a ride over to Houstonville, about eight miles from the farm, where she could catch a bus for Eklin and her job. She'd wait at the bus stop outside the merchandise store where Carl worked. On Fridays, at the end of her workweek, she



My uncle, Charles Conley Dockery, who died in Saipan during World War II while serving as a fire/rescue airman. He died while carrying a wounded pilot, the last person to be removed from a bomber which had crash landed just before it exploded in a ball of fire on Saipan 19 January 1945. After the war in the Pacific ended he was moved to the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Hawaii, also known as the Punchbowl National Cemetery. He's also remembered with a headstone in the Dockery Cemetery near Union Cross, North Carolina.



caught the bus back to Houstonville. It was her good fortune that she used that bus stop, as that's how she and Carl met.

Mom and Carl dated a few times before he was drafted into the Army and sent off to Europe. They wrote to each other while he was away, and about two years after he returned they got married, in the spring of 1947. I was almost fourteen. I was very, very happy for my mom and for my new friend Carl. Ken did not get along with Carl as well as I did, and he was disappointed when Mom and Carl announced that they were getting married. Later in life Ken would come to love and respect him as much as I did, and years later, Carl would become Papa York to our children.

Carl was never a father figure for me but a very close, dear, older friend whom I respected very much. It was Carl who taught me quail hunting. He was not a rabbit hunter. His family were farmers. Before he and Mom got married, he would come and pick up Mom in the early evening and drop me off where he had been plowing with a John Deere Tractor Tricycle, much larger than our little Farmall A four-wheeler. His tractor was equipped with lights, and I would plow while Carl and Mom were off sparkling. I probably would have worked for nothing just to get to drive the big John Deere tractor, but Carl paid me very well.

After the marriage, Carl moved in with Mom, Ken, Grandma, Auntie, and me. Grandma allowed him a few acres to farm while he continued work on his family farm about four miles away.

Following the death of Papa, I had gradually gotten more involved in learning about the planting and harvesting of our crops under the tutelage of Tanus. Some of the work was assigned by my grandmother, but mostly I was anxious to learn as much as I could, since I figured I would be spending much of my life on a farm.

The long days began in early spring as we planted cotton, tobacco, oats, corn, wheat, and rye, as well as the vegetable garden behind our house. My days started before dawn with milking the cow, then feeding it and the mules before heading back for a breakfast prepared by Grandma and Auntie. After breakfast I met up with Tanus, who would have hitched the mules to the wagon for our trip to the fields. Once there,

the mules were unhitched from the wagon and hooked up to whatever implement we were using at the time, plows for turning the soil, planters, or row plows. As the row crops—cotton, corn, and tobacco—started growing, I was assigned the job of hoeing them. That meant removing the weeds growing up between the plants. The weeds growing between the rows were plowed under by Tanus—that was grown-up work, which I graduated to later on, and when I was paid, I made a little more for plowing than for hoeing.

We broke for dinner sometime close to noon. We hitched the mules to the wagon and rode to the barns, where we unhitched them and took them to the watering trough just below the spring. The hard morning work had left them incredibly thirsty, and sometimes it seemed they needed ten to fifteen minutes to drink their fill. After that we took the mules to the barn, removed their harnesses, and put them in their stalls and fed them. After dinner, I often went out in the backyard to lie down in the shade of a huge oak tree.

Occasionally, I would hear a plane, maybe once every week or two. I would jump up, leave the cover of the tree, and run out to peer into the sky. Seeing the airplane would set me to daydreaming about the world beyond the farm. Where is that plane going? Who might be on it? Where did it come from? My daydreaming continued with thoughts about what I could be doing if I wasn't a farmer. The war was over, so I could forget about becoming a tail gunner. But planes fascinated me and I wondered if it was possible to go to college and become an aeronautical engineer.

“*You’re
dreaming
too big...*”

Sometimes I talked with Mom about life beyond the farm—things to do, places to see, people to meet. Mom had been disappointed that she had never realized her dreams, since she had two children to support with no help from their dad. She used to tell me, “You’re dreaming too big. You’re going to be disappointed.” My replies would go something like this. “You know, Mom, I don’t think I’ll fail to make my dreams come true. If I do, so what? I mean, if you don’t dream, you’re locked into where you are and what you are.” By this time I had read enough books to know that there was a

big world out there just waiting for me to explore, and while I loved the farm, I didn't want to be locked into farming for the rest of my life. Mom wanted me to become a foreman at Chatham's. She believed this would represent huge success, since she reported to a foreman every day. But being a foreman was not part of my dreams.

Conversations with Mom notwithstanding, there was always work to be done. After a noon break of almost two hours, we headed back to the fields, where we worked until just before sundown. Then we hitched the mules to the wagon and drove back to the barn, freed them of their harnesses, and took them to the watering trough, then back to the barn, where we fed them and put them away for the night. After that there was a big supper for us, reading the *Winston-Salem Journal*, and listening to the radio. Popular radio programs, in addition to the news, were *The Lone Ranger*, *The Green Hornet*, and *The Creaking Door*. After the last radio program, it was time to go to the back porch and wash our feet before we climbed into bed. A full body wash came on Saturdays.

During the harvest season, the days were even longer especially when it came to harvesting the tobacco. We got up an hour or two before sunrise to go to the tobacco barns, where, by the light of kerosene lanterns, we took the cured tobacco out, loaded the wagon, and drove it to the pack house for storage. The tobacco leaves were strung out on four-foot-long sticks. Then I would milk the cow and have breakfast. While the sun was still low in the east, we would start the tobacco harvest.

We had two tobacco sleds made of boards and split burlap bags. Each sled was about twelve feet long with sides four feet high that could be folded down halfway so that the harvested tobacco leaves could be bunched. We handed the leaves off to a stringer, who tied them, three or four to a bunch, onto the stick. This work took place on both sides of the sled.

While one sled was being processed at the tobacco barn, the other was in the field, where two to four men would be priming the tobacco leaves. I don't know where the term "priming" came from, but what we were actually doing was picking the leaves off the tobacco stalks as they ripened, starting at the bottom. The primers wore long-

sleeved shirts in the hot sun to keep their arms from getting covered with tobacco tar. They stripped the leaves off with one hand and tucked them under their other arm from armpit to wrist before they loaded the tobacco into the sleds. Usually the leaves ripened in cycles of three to four at a time. The bottom leaves were called "lugs." They brought the least money at the market. We were helped in the harvest by neighboring farmers, whom we would repay by helping with their harvests.

The hired help—Ken and me and a few others—were paid by the hour. At the bottom of the pay rung were those who handed the tobacco to the stringers, me and Ken. The stringers were on the next rung, and they were paid on a par with the sled drivers. Primers were at the top of the pay scale. As the stringers completed filling each tobacco stick, one of the handlers stacked it next to the barn. Once the day's fieldwork was done, we would all gather to pass the stacked sticks from one to another into the barn and up to a man straddling the poles. He hung the tobacco sticks across the poles. One of our barns, which was considered to be very large, held eleven hundred sticks of tobacco. The smaller barn could hold eight hundred fifty sticks.

After the barn was full and we were ready to call it a day, it was time to wash the sticky, greenish-black tobacco tar off our arms and hands, first with kerosene oil and then with lye soap and water to get rid of the kerosene. After another large supper, we ended

the day in the usual fashion, cooling off on the porch and listening to the radio before washing our feet and heading to bed.

“After the
tobacco crop...
the corn crop...
and the
cotton crop.”

After the tobacco crop was harvested the corn crop would come in, and after that, the cotton crop. There was always a crop being planted, tended, or harvested. However, sometimes when we had a break between harvesting the crops, I would go to work for Dash Gaither cutting timber or working at his sawmill.

The sawmill would be moved from one timber tract to the next. The pay was good, a little more than I was making harvesting tobacco crops. Usually, we would have three teams of two men felling the trees with heavy gasoline powered "crosscut" chainsaws, one on each end of the chainsaw. My job was to use a



Ken is standing in front of one of the tobacco barns which was used to cure the green tobacco leaves. The leaves would be strung on sticks and hung on horizontal poles stacked about three feet apart from about six feet from the floor of the barn to the top. On each side were furnaces in which we would burn hardwood trees to heat the barn, starting out with a low temperature of about 120 degrees Fahrenheit and gradually increasing the temperature over about three days and nights to about 200 degrees Fahrenheit. The heat would turn the green leaves to a bright yellow or light brown. These furnaces are not the original ones. Repairs seem to have been made for other purposes.

measuring stick to mark where the men would come back with their chainsaws to cut up the logs. I would mark the spots with an axe, chipping out a small piece of wood. I would also use the axe to trim up the felled tree, cutting the limbs flush with the trunk unless they were very large. In that instance, the men with chainsaws would trim off the large limbs.

We started early, around 8:00 A.M., and would break at noon for lunch, or dinner as we say in North Carolina. Then it was back to work until 5:30 or 6:00 P.M. It was during a dinner break that I was accepted as a "man" at age fifteen. Before emptying out our dinner buckets, usually filled with ham biscuit, pinto beans, Vienna sausage and sardines, the men would pass around a half gallon fruit jar filled with moonshine whiskey,

sometimes called white lightning or sugarhead if it was distilled from sugar, or corn "likker" if corn mash was used. Each would take a few swigs before passing it on to the next man.

*“I was
recognized as
a man...”*

One day it was passed by me, as usual, but the old timer on my left said to the group, "Croppard is working just as hard as the rest of us. He's good at what he does. He's a man." He then passed the jar back to me and said, "Here, have a drink." It was one of those defining moments in my life. I was recognized as a man, an equal, among a tough timber crew.

When I was growing up, the cornstalks were much taller than they are now, perhaps as tall as six to seven feet, each with two to three ears of corn on it. Today's stalks are about five feet tall. The harvest started with us cutting off the upper portion of the stalk just above the topmost ear of corn and dropping it on the ground. Someone would come behind the cutter and collect the stalks, tying them in a bundle about fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. Several of these bundles would be stacked upright until they were dried out. The bundles would then be collected and taken to the barn for storage. During the winter these stalks and the leaves, which we called fodder, were fed to the mules.

Two or three weeks later we would go through the cornfields stripping the lower portion of the stalk of the corn ears. We threw them into piles about twenty to twenty-

five feet apart. Later, we would come through with the team of mules and a wagon on which we had placed three-foot-high sides and ends. We picked up the ears of corn from the piles and tossed them into the wagon. Then we took each load to an area near the barn and dumped it in a pile that would eventually measure about five feet high, ten to fifteen feet wide and fifty to sixty feet long, depending on the size of the crop. Sometime within the next three or four weeks, everyone on the farm, adults and kids, shucked the ears of corn, tossing the shucks to one side and the corn into a wagon, then moving it to one of our three barns and a barn near the tenant farmer's house. Shucks were fed to the livestock.

I don't recall how the corn crop was divvied up, but the landowner probably got three bushels of corn to every one bushel the tenant got. The tenant farmer and his family furnished the labor. The landowner, my grandmother, furnished the land, the fertilizer, the seeds, the farm equipment, and the mules. The grain crops were divided up in the same manner. After the cotton and tobacco crops were sold, they were divvied up in dollars. Grandma set aside eight to ten acres of pastureland for the tenant family and provided them living quarters. Tanus and his family had a three-bedroom house with a living room and kitchen-dining area.

The last crop harvested was the cotton, usually after one or two frosts in late fall or early winter frost killed the leaves of the plants, which sometimes grew as tall as four feet or higher. Without the leaves, the cotton bolls were much easier to get to and pick.

There's a lot of meaning in the line of an old country song: "When those cotton bolls get rotten, you can't pick very much cotton." So we couldn't wait too long to pick them. You may have heard the expression, often used in rural North Carolina, "He's in high cotton." More cotton could be picked faster from five-foot-high stalks than from those closer to the ground, and the "high cotton" reference simply meant that someone was doing well.

The going rate for picking cotton by the time I left the farm at age seventeen was three to four cents a pound. I wasn't very good at picking, only managing about 150 to 175 pounds a day. One colored man who worked the fields routinely picked

500 pounds a day. It helped to get out very, very early in the morning while the dew was still on the cotton, which made it weigh a little more. We picked the bolls with both hands, stuffing them into a six-foot-long bag that we dragged behind us hung over one shoulder. The pickers had their cotton weighed at the end of the day, when they would be paid.

One year, when I was probably about fifteen years old, Grandma told me and Ken that she would set aside three acres for us to plant our own cotton crop. She would even provide the seeds and fertilizer. I was thrilled at the thought of making some "big" money. We had a good crop of cotton and took it to Houstonville to sell it at the cotton gin. I don't remember the amount we received for our crop but it was a lot for two young boys. Mom let us keep a small amount of it but insisted that we open a savings account in Elkin at the Savings and Loan Bank. We did, and deposited the balance of the cash from our crop there.

The following summer, one of our neighbors who had a truck was planning a trip to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, and invited about fifteen or twenty of us to join him and his two kids for the trip. He would be our chaperone. He would put a bunch of straw in the truck which would serve as our sleeping quarters on the way down, at the beach, and on the way back. Each of us would chip in to pay expenses and maybe a little bit more for him to make a profit. Mom agreed that I could go and that I could draw some money out of my savings account to pay for the trip.

For whatever reason, about a week before we were to depart, Mom changed her mind and said I couldn't go. But somehow, I decided that I would make the trip. On the day the truck left I wasn't on it but I had come up with a plan to go to the beach and

*“Scared that
Mom had alerted
the sheriff
to look for me.”*

meet my friends there. I hitched a ride to Elkin, drew some money out of my savings account and bought a bus ticket from Elkin to Myrtle Beach.

I had asked my stepfather to tell Mom what I was doing after I was gone. However, the folks at the savings and loan office called Mom at Chatham's to let her know that I'd drawn

out some money.

During the overnight trip from Elkin to Myrtle Beach, my bus was stopped and boarded by a sheriff who came by and questioned each one of us about where we were headed. I was really scared that Mom had alerted the sheriff to look for me and that I would be taken off the bus. It didn't happen. The next morning we rolled into Myrtle Beach where I started looking for my friends and the truck. It wasn't long before I found them. After four or five glorious days of swimming, sunning, flirting with the girls and drinking illegal beers, we hopped into the back of the truck and came home.

Mom didn't speak to me for two or three weeks. Carl said she was very angry and that I shouldn't have done it and I said, "Well, I probably shouldn't have done it but I had worked hard all summer and wanted to go to the beach with my friends and by golly, I was going." Ken was delighted to see me get out of the back of the truck and came running to meet me saying, "My brother's home! My brother's home!"

With most of the crops in, the pace on the farm slackened off except for maintenance work and woodcutting in winter, and we were back in school at Union Grove. Like all public schools in the South then, Union Grove was segregated. Colored folk, as blacks were referred to back then—or Negroes, in more formal references—went to separate schools. The colored folk who lived near the farm where I grew up, including Tanus's family, went to school in Houstonville.

Segregation didn't just affect schools. It was prevalent throughout society in the South. Movie theatres, restaurants, and entire urban communities were segregated, as well as the waiting rooms at the Greyhound bus station. On the buses, colored folk were obliged to sit in the back. There wasn't much talk of integrating schools until the mid 1950s.

In rural areas, segregation was by distance only, as colored farmers and white farmers were scattered pretty evenly over the landscape. At school I don't remember there being any discussions about the segregation of the races. It was just a fact of life.

Discipline in the schools was straightforward. If you misbehaved, you usually got a spanking from the teacher or the principal. I remember one teacher bringing in a new

wooden paddle about three feet long with holes drilled in the business end. She displayed it on her desk and commented that she hoped she didn't have to use it. I made some sort of silly comment about her remarks, which I intended only for the ears of the classmate seated in front of me. My whisper wasn't low enough, because the teacher heard it and invited me to the front of the room. She had me bend over and she applied several whacks to my butt then told me to go back to my desk and sit down. Thanks to the effectiveness of the new paddle, my rear was stinging so much that it was too painful to sit. I was forced to raise my hand and ask if I could go stand outside for a few minutes. She replied, "Yes, of course. Come back in when you think you can sit back down."

The only other paddling I got was from the principal. On our school buses the seating consisted of long bleacher-type seats, one on each side of the bus and two more down the center, running from the front to the rear. Students sat back-to-back on the center rows of seats. One morning on the way to school, the student sitting beside me pushed an older girl behind him onto the floor. The girl thought I had done the pushing and she started kicking and hitting me in the face and chest. She was a tall, good-looking redhead who was probably two or three grades ahead of me and was very strong. (Later, I would date one of her younger sisters.) I stood up and bloodied her nose with one punch, which brought the fighting to an end. When we arrived at school, she went directly to the principal's office, still bleeding. I was called in and tried to explain that I didn't start the fight and that I was just trying to protect myself. I also protested that she shouldn't have been beating up on me since she was so much older. The principal simply replied, "Bend over." He got his paddle and I had a sore butt again for an hour or so.

Discipline was really not much of a problem at the school. I'm sure the certainty of swift punishment had plenty to do with it.

Between the third and eighth grade at Union Grove, going to school became pretty much a routine for me—getting up early, catching the bus, eating the dinner that Grandma had packed for me. It was usually a piece of ham and a biscuit. Our school

*“Discipline...
not much of
a problem...
at school.”*

had no cafeteria and there were no vending machines filled with snacks and drinks. If we had money, we were allowed to go to the little country store near the school to buy something to eat or drink. We spent most of our forty-five-minute break for dinner playing volleyball outside or basketball in the gym. When I was in the eighth grade, the school added a cafeteria.

Once we entered the ninth grade, we were in high school. Until then, we had spent the day in one classroom with one teacher who taught everything. Now we were moving from classroom to classroom with different teachers for each subject. This made the school day a lot more interesting. We spent one hour a day in the library, where we worked on special projects. I did a lot of reading and prepared book reports that I submitted to various teachers. Some of us, especially the boys, took advantage of the opportunity to look up words we'd heard but never seen in print—naughty, naughty.

My favorite subjects were math and algebra. Actually, the only subject I didn't like was biology. As part of our English classes, some of us were required to participate in the school plays staged two or three times a year in the school auditorium. Although I enjoyed acting, in my final year I tried to opt out of the lead part because the script called for me to kiss a gal I didn't particularly like who always had a bad case of halitosis. My English teacher would have none of it and threatened to fail me for the entire year if I didn't take the part. I did. It wasn't a very long kiss!

Because our only transportation to and from school was the regularly scheduled school bus, we usually had time built into the day's schedule for practicing baseball, volleyball, or basketball.

By the time I was promoted to the ninth grade, the number of students in my class had dwindled to about twenty-one. Many of the boys were taken out of school by their parents to work full-time on their farms. It was about this time, when I was fifteen, that I started thinking about quitting school. I wanted to leave the farm, spread my wings, and discover the adventures of traveling and being on my own. However, Mom, Grandma, and Auntie made it abundantly clear that my quitting school was out of the question.

One of my teachers told me that if I worked very hard it might be possible for me to finish high school in three years rather than the traditional four. Two of my classmates whose parents were teachers had decided to finish in three years because they wanted to get into college as soon as possible. The idea of going to college held great appeal for me, since I had decided I wanted to be an aeronautical engineer. I had no idea where the money for college would come from, but that didn't prevent me from thinking about it. With that goal in mind, I spent the next couple of years working to get out of high school early.

After the regular school term at Union Grove ended, I talked my mother into letting me enroll at Reynolds High School's summer session in Winston-Salem, about forty miles from Union Grove. My dad's oldest sister had a married daughter—Celia, one of my favorite cousins—living in Winston-Salem. Mom paid a small weekly amount to Cousin Celia to let me live with her. My best friend, Rudolph Cass, decided he also wanted to get out a year early. Two other students from my class managed to finish high school in three years without having to attend summer school as Rudolph and I did. We needed two more credit hours each.

I accumulated enough high school credits to officially become a 1950 graduate, although Rudolph and I missed the graduation ceremony. We received our diplomas by mail after turning in our summer school records. Our original class, now down to seventeen students, would graduate in 1951. In subsequent years I attended several reunions of the Union Grove Class of 1950.

“I was now

on my own.”

I was now on my own a few weeks after my seventeenth birthday and ready to sink or swim somewhere away from home. Growing up on the farm was great and I loved the place very much, but I needed to get away from working with tobacco, hay, and the other allergen-producing crops that were causing my frequent asthma attacks.

The bouts with asthma sometimes lasted just two or three days and were not too severe, but, while I was able to continue going to school, they limited my physical activity and kept me out of basketball practice and games. Often the attacks lasted longer and

sleep was difficult because the wheezing kept me awake. At times I was allowed to sleep with a small boxlike radio, measuring about 8 x 4 x 6 inches, which I placed beside one ear to try to drown out the sound of my wheezing. The more severe attacks sent me to bed for four to six days. There was little in the way of medication to prevent or control asthma. My country doctor, who made house calls as was the custom back then, tried treating me with penicillin when it first came out. No good. A shot of adrenaline helped, but it had no lasting effect.

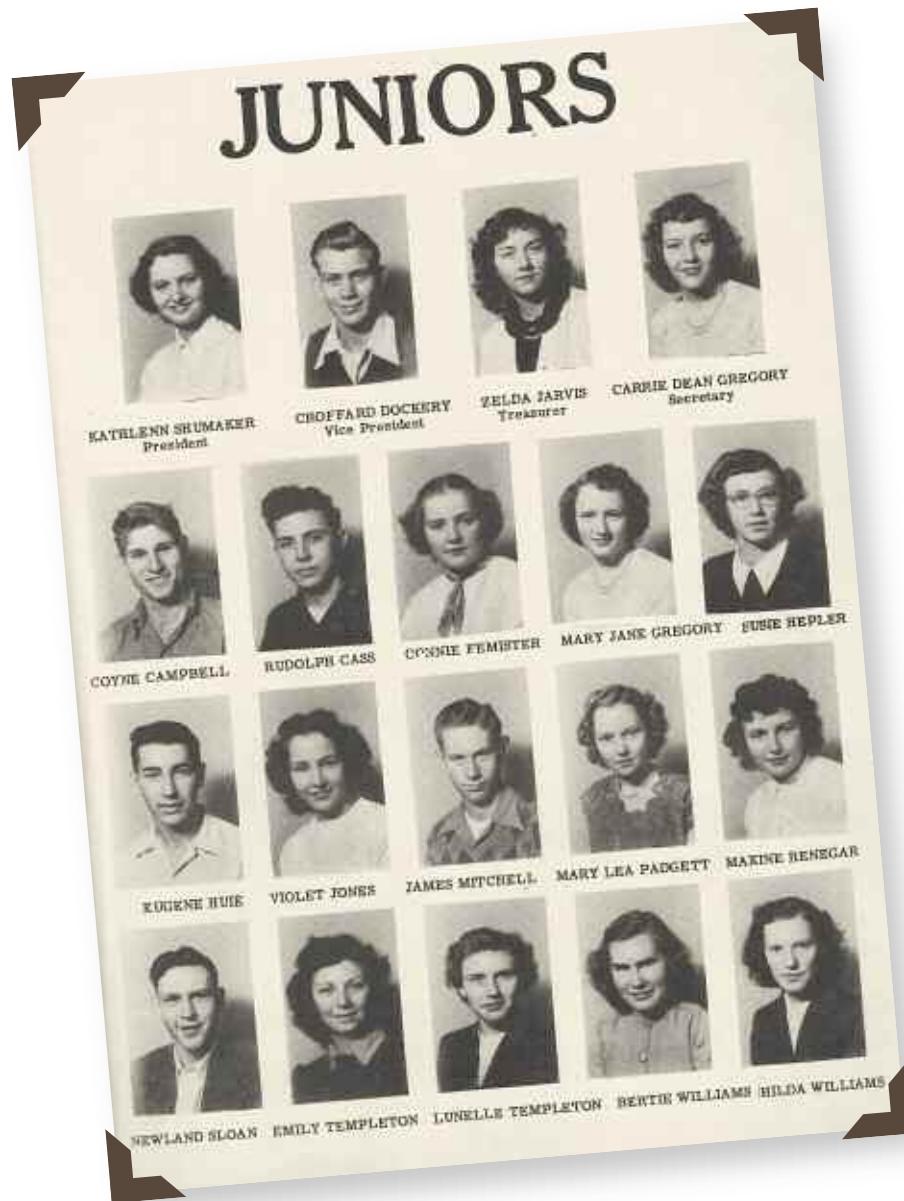
It was during one of my asthma attacks that I heard on the radio about what many historians say was the greatest election upset in American history. That night in November 1948 and into the wee hours of the next morning, I had the radio to my ear, listening to the election coverage. President Harry S Truman of Missouri, who had taken office when President Roosevelt died, defeated Republican Thomas E. Dewey of New York. None of the pundits had given Truman a chance, and Dewey was the odds-on favorite to win the three-way race for the presidency. The other candidate was Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who would become the oldest senator ever to serve. He died in 2003, while still in office, at age one hundred.

In those days there were no instant election results and no computers, and ballots had to be hand counted. That meant the winners weren't proclaimed until late on the night of Election Day or sometimes the following day. I told my family the morning after the election that Truman had won, but in their early editions that day, many of the nation's newspapers proclaimed a victory for Dewey. Our own Winston-Salem Journal, which we received by mail that morning, carried a banner headline announcing Dewey as the winner. My family began to have doubts. Was I sure I had heard that Truman won? He had indeed. And he was my choice.

My very worst asthma attack put me in bed for more than a week and was so severe that I kept slipping in and out of consciousness. This attack produced what I can only describe as an out-of-body experience. I slipped into unconsciousness and found myself drifting over the bed in which my body lay. My grandma was sitting beside the bed praying for me. I kept drifting higher and higher as I looked down on

myself, free of wheezing and the struggle to get air into my lungs. I was not afraid. I drifted still higher, as though there was no ceiling in the room. The image of my body on the bed and Grandma beside it grew smaller. Then suddenly I started drifting back toward the bed, until I merged with my body. Grandma was crying and holding my hand when she realized I was awake, and she wiped away the tears as her face broke into a huge smile.

As the fifties approached, I had grown from a very young boy to what I felt was a young man, six-foot one-inch tall, and acquired enough knowledge and curiosity to set me on a course to discover the world.



This is a page from my high school year book published for the 1950 graduating class. I am shown here with my eighteen other classmates. Rudolph Case and I took summer school classes to get enough credit hours to graduate in 1950. The other seventeen classmates became the class of 1951. Kathlenn Shumaker, our class president, and I dated occasionally.

Sociology Class 12
Union Grove High School, NC
1950

My Philosophy

By
Charles Croffard Dockery

This paper received a B+ with the following note from the teacher: *"This paper shows that you have done some real thinking – I'm wishing for you every good thing – I've enjoyed you. K.H."*

Philosophy

Franklin D. Roosevelt, who I think is and should be considered one of the greatest men of all time, had one of the most cherished philosophies of all. From what I have read about him, heard about him and from the works he has done, I have summed up his philosophy to have been, "To leave my country and the world in better shape than I found it." I think that he did that very thing and I believe that every citizen of the United States will agree with me.

The philosophy of my best friend, I think, would be, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This is the philosophy of my grandmother.

The philosophy of the person I dislike most is, "Make what you can, no matter what the cost may be to other people." That very philosophy could, and is, about to throw the whole world into another war.

My mother's philosophy is, "Don't depend on other people, do your own work and thinking but don't disregard other people in doing so." My father's philosophy is, "You are never down and out until you admit it."

I think and hope that by reading the following topics which I have chosen to write about, you, the reader, will be able, when you get through, to form my philosophy in your mind.

My Philosophy

“Nature,” yes, that’s a good topic to start my philosophy on because as you probably know, all life is centered around nature. As a matter of fact, all the topics I have chosen to write about has something to do with, or is in some way connected, with nature. Love, courtship, and death, I think, would be more closely related to nature than the other topics which I have chosen to write about in, “My Philosophy.”

To get better acquainted with nature, let’s take a look at the person who really enjoys and observes nature. He probably sits in the park and watches the birds and other animals make their homes in the trees, ground or many other places that Mother Nature so freely provides for them. Nature can be seen so easily; just stop and look at the many trees that stretch forth their branches for the birds to build nests in them, look at how nature opens up the fresh soil of the earth for the mice and other rodents that make their homes underground, and how she provides the clean fresh water or the salty water for the hundreds of plants and animals that live in water. In all those ways, nature provides the things which we need to survive and be comfortable.

Now we come to the people who take nature for granted. They enjoy the many things which nature provides but they probably never stop to think that Mother Nature had to give up some member of her family to make life enjoyable for them. They are the sort of people that don’t take care of what nature has provided for them. They destroy forests, run down land, and destroy all the game that is wild, then some have the nerve enough to call it sport. People like that aren’t fit to live in this free country of ours.

Nature will teach us many things if we will only observe and think just a little about her.

Health is another thing which plays an important part in our lives. Good and bad health determines how almost all of our activities are carried out. Good health is something to be desired by all people, but a great many people, who don’t have good health, have made themselves a name which I think many of us would desire. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was one great man who wouldn’t let his bad health keep him from rendering his many services to the people who loved and respected him so very much. People should and must learn to adjust themselves to what their health will permit them to do. We should choose our jobs and activities to suit our mental and physical abilities. If we don’t, we probably won’t like our jobs, they will make us worry which will lower mental abilities and will make us tired, cranky and will finally weaken us to the point that we will have to

quit work. In some cases, it may even cause marriages to go on the rocks. So you can see how large a part our health can play in our lives which is all the more reason why we should all strive for better health.

Character is something which plays an important part in our social life. Our character, if good, can help us in many ways. Good character comes in handy if you want to borrow money, if you are ever in any trouble, and in many other cases. Character isn't born over night, that is, good character. Good character can only be acquired by years of truthfulness and honesty. But bad character can be born over night. One thing which can give you a bad character very quickly is to rob someone. Other things, which take a little more time, are not paying debts, by lying, cheating, and not being a good neighbor in general. Character plays an important role in getting any kind of a job, the employer will probably ask for references, your school record, and many other things which help to determine your character.

Education, like our character, starts at home. Most of our parents try to educate us as to what is right and what is wrong. Remember how you were always told to thank people for things, to be thoughtful to fellow men? Well, I do. That is probably the first and most important step in education. When boys and girls don't get any education at home before they start to school, they are the ones who are likely to become problem children. School is the next step in education; however, when a child starts to school, his education at home shouldn't stop. School would most certainly be an important step in education but sometimes people think that school is the only place which provides education. You are the one who is to decide if your education will stop at school or not. But, let's get back to the steps of education in school. The first few years, you are taught to read, write, work arithmetic problems and the first steps of good citizenship. As you advance, you are taught to think through things without so much help from your teacher. By then, you should be thinking enough to write short stories of maybe a page or two long. Then comes the day when you enter high school; when you are expected to really work, you write longer papers, think more, and you get more assignments. You learn more about the affairs of the world and you are taught the points of good citizenship and many other things which requires more and deeper thinking.

Education doesn't or shouldn't stop when you get out of school. The more ambitious types continue their education in school by going to college or by taking special business courses. You can also educate yourself by listening to the radio, reading, and by listening to people talk. People should try to educate themselves until they draw their last breath.

Religion is something we all need when we draw our last breath. But when you say that's what we need, all kinds of questions come up; i.e., What kind of religion do we need? How do we get it? Why do we need it? Well, I will try to answer a few of the questions that might arise. First of all, what does the word "Religion" really mean? In my opinion, it is any form of worship that we believe in and make a daily part of our lives. The kind I think we need is Christian Religion. The first question would probably be, why do we need it? We need it to rest assured that we will go to a land of paradise when we die. Then the question, how do you know that there is such a place? Well, I believe that there is, and you have nothing to lose and everything to gain by accepting it.

"Courtship," I think everyone knows what that is but some people might be a little mixed up about what the purpose of courtship is. I think the main purpose of courting is to find the one person you want to marry. I think boys and girls should go with different friends until they find one they like, or should I say love, then go with that person until they find out if they really do love each other. They should find out what each other like, what habits they have, and many other things which should enter into marriage. Then if they think they could get along together for the rest of their lives, let them get married.

Then there is the unhappy and painful side of courtship, unwed mothers, unhappy marriages, broken hearts, and many other unpleasant things. That is the side I don't think I know enough about to try to explain, so I leave that part out even though it is very important.

Love usually follows courtship and so it will in this Philosophy. But love for the opposite sex isn't the only kind of love there is. For instance, there is motherly and fatherly love, which I suppose is the truest and strongest kind of love there is. Then there is brotherly love, sisterly love, and Christian love which we should all have for our fellow man.

Getting back to the love of the opposite sex and a few things that I think about it. Sometimes we may think we are in love when we really aren't. Naturally, if you go with only one girl for a long time, you will develop some affection for her or you might get to the place that you don't like her at all. If the preceding path is the one you follow, you may make the mistake of thinking you are in love when the thing is, you haven't been with other girls or boys to really test your love for the other one. As a result, you may get married and later in life find the girl or boy you really love after it is too late. "No," you say, it isn't too late, I can get a divorce. Did you ever stop to think what this will probably do to the girl or boy you married and gave maybe five or six years

of happiness? For which, she or he will have to pay for by probably spending the rest of their life in misery.

There is another thing we shouldn't mistake for love and that is lust, which is the very reason for many young people's marriages breaking up so soon after they get married.

The effects of love can either be a happy marriage or broken hearts that will never understand why the person they loved, couldn't love them. I think the next few lines that I am going to write will explain how many of those people feel. From a poem I once read, "I can't see why a God so good and understanding as ours made me to love you so, and forgot to make you love me."

The next thing after love, I suppose, would be marriage. Before men get married, they should be financially able to take care of their wives to be or if it is the girl, she should be thinking about the things she will have to do after she gets married. If she doesn't know how to cook, that is one thing she will surely have to learn. But the most important thing is to be sure you have chosen the right one to be your mate. Marriage can and should be an everlasting companionship.

Happiness means many different things to different people. For some people, it means plenty of money, places to go, and plenty of excitement. To other people, it means a wife or husband, a home and just enough money to be secure and safe enough to take care of the unexpected bills which are bound to come up in any family. My idea of happiness is to have a small home, a good job, a car and enough money to take one or two trips a year.

Death, the next thing on my list of topics, has its dark side for all of us...the thought of leaving our loved ones behind and never again seeing them. Then there is the brighter side for some of us. The ones who have prepared to go may look for a better home than could ever be acquired here on earth. I wish that all the people in the world could rest assured that they will have that home when they die. So you can see death has its two sides, just like everything else does.

I sincerely hope that anyone who might read this paper, "My Philosophy," will enjoy doing so even if my opinions and thoughts don't quite agree with theirs. And, I might add, that I have enjoyed writing it much more than I thought I would.

Scrapbook From The Forties



*Papa Hurt, a man I admired very, very much and still do.
He always referred to me as "Boy." He was up before daylight
farming then off to a construction site for plastering work.
Once back home he would resume farming until dark.
I was with him for only two years, from age 8 until 10 but
he remains my father-figure for life.*

*Ken and me on the Farmall
A tractor. Driving the
tractor was fun but most of
the time I was relegated to
using one of our two mules
for farm work.*



*Mom with my loving friend, Rover.
He may have been the only dog that never
learned how to swim properly. He held his
head high in the water flailing his front paws
upward with his hindquarters straight down.
Sometimes we'd cross Hunting Creek
where it was shallow enough to walk across on the
rocks. Once on the other side we would
cross back over where the water was 4-12 feet deep.
I would have to swim with one arm, dragging
Rover beside me with the other arm.*



*Grandma and Papa Hurt ready for
Sunday school. That's Ken making faces
from inside the car.*



Ken and me with Grandma Hurt. The barn in the background housed our two mules and a milk cow. The loft where you see the second story openings was used to store hay. One of my chores was to milk the cow. The milk provided us with a daily fresh supply to drink and cream for churning into butter.



My new bicycle which I received for Christmas. Later I wrecked it racing downhill on a winding dirt road leading from Dash Gaither's store to Hunting Creek and severely skinned up both legs and one arm.



My first girlfriend, Mary Blanche Gaither, and I sit on a rock bordering Hunting Creek. In the background is the Hunting Creek Bridge. We dated off and on through much of high school. Mary Blanche was one year ahead of me in school. Her dad was Dash Gaither, the best friend of Papa Hurt.

Enjoying homegrown watermelon with my stepfather Carl and Ken in the late 1940s.



The Nineteen Fifties

I eased into the new decade as a high school graduate, ready to leave the farm and my asthma problems behind and eager to land my first nonfarm job. Marvin Grant, a friend who had graduated a year ahead of me, was working at the Sears catalogue distribution center in Greensboro, North Carolina. On a visit home he told me it was a good place to work and the job paid very well. I hitchhiked the seventy miles to Greensboro, applied at Sears, and was hired immediately after my first interview. The job paid seventy-five cents an hour, which I believe was the minimum wage at that time. We still didn't have a phone at the farm, so I found a pay phone and called Mom at Chatham's to tell her the good news. She was disappointed that I had left the farm, but happy that I had found a good job in Greensboro. I rented a room in a very nice home and was ready to go. I rode the city bus to and from work.

At Sears, I worked as a postal clerk, weighing packages, putting on the proper postage, and adding that and the sales tax to the bill, which I stuffed into the package. The packages, containing all sorts of Sears' merchandise, were mailed out to destinations in North Carolina, South Carolina, and parts of Virginia, the area served by the distribution center.

Sears had a cafeteria where I would buy lunch tickets. We were paid every other Friday. When I received my first paycheck, I went to a Sears department store and bought Mom a floral print dress, which I delivered the next time I hitchhiked back to the farm. She loved it and cried when I gave it to her. On payday evenings, I played poker with some of my coworkers. I was seventeen, and they were in their thirties, forties, and fifties. I guess I had been about thirteen or fourteen when I started playing poker with some of the older men that hung around Dash Gaither's store, and I had become very good at it. With my coworkers, If I came out of a game a winner, I had enough money for some celebrating. If I lost, I still had enough cafeteria tickets for

one meal a day, lunch.

Sometimes when I hitchhiked back to Greensboro on Sunday afternoons, I got dropped off in the small town of Mocksville about fifteen miles from the farm. Or I would hitchhike to Mocksville and catch a Greyhound bus back to Greensboro. After I learned that a friend of mine was working the late shift at a factory in Statesville, I gave up



Ken and I all dressed up for Sunday Church. Brown and white loafers were in style back then. Wish they were now. The building in the background was used to store wheat, oats and corn. The photo was taken in 1951 shortly before I joined the U.S. Air Force.

hitchhiking to ride the bus to that town, twenty-one miles from the farm. I usually arrived in Statesville around 10:30 or 11:00 o'clock at night, and my friend would pick me up at the bus station when he got off work at midnight. We'd then go visit some of the late-night drive-in diners, drink a little white lightning, and flirt with the ladies. He would get me home sometime before the sun came up. Mom and Grandma didn't like it that much, but that's the way it was. I was out on my own and having fun.

Mom eventually asked, "If I buy you a car, will you come home every weekend?" I said, "No, I'm not promising that, Mom. If you buy me a car, I'll appreciate it, but no, I'm not going to promise to come home every weekend." She bought me the car anyway. It was a used Chevrolet and I really did like having a car, since it gave me the chance to broaden my social life in Greensboro and drive home on the weekends of my choice.

I had been at Sears just over a year when I drove home one weekend and told Mom I was giving the car back to her. "Why are you doing that?" she asked. I replied, "Because I'm going into the Air Force." Her response was, "They won't take you. You've got asthma." "Mom," I said, "they will take me. We are at war in Korea. They need me, and I want to serve my country."

On June 25, 1950, North Korean Army units had crossed the 38th Parallel and

invaded South Korea. The North Koreans claimed they were responding to an attack by South Korea. That claim turned out to be bogus. Korea had been partitioned after the Japanese were defeated in World War II and the 38th Parallel became the dividing line between the two Koreas, which evolved as two completely different societies. North Korea became a Communist state supported by the USSR and Red China. South Korea was an ally of the United States.

Immediately after the 1950 invasion, the United Nations Security Council called for the cessation of hostilities and for North Korea to withdraw its forces, a demand that was ignored. Within a day President Truman ordered the U.S. Air Force and Navy to attack North Korean military targets in the south, and two days after the invasion the UN authorized member nations to give military aid to South Korea. The beleaguered South Korean military could do little to halt the advance of the Communist troops, and within days North Korean forces had occupied most of the south, including the capital, Seoul.

Only a week after the invasion, American ground forces arrived in South Korea to join with the contingents of other UN nations and begin to force the North Koreans back over the 38th Parallel. It was no surprise that the U.S. Army and Marines formed the bulk of the UN ground forces. There was plenty of fighting ahead. Americans would come to know the names of the sites of battles in Korea—Pork Chop Hill and Heartbreak Ridge.

It was against this backdrop that I became a member of the U.S. Air Force, although I was nearly rejected. While working at Sears I had thought about joining up, hoping to become a tail gunner on one of the big Air Force bombers. Each bomber had a turret machine gun in the nose, one under the belly, one in the tail, and one on top of the fuselage. Gunners in these positions warded off enemy fighter planes helping to prevent the bombers from being shot down as they made runs over enemy targets.

A fellow employee at Sears, one of my best friends, was drafted into the Army during the summer of 1951. He was trained as an infantryman and sent to Korea as soon as his training was completed. He had been there only a few short weeks before he was killed in action. This gave me another reason to join the Air Force. I was hurt and angry,

and I wanted to avenge his death.

In the Air Force recruiting office in Charlotte, North Carolina, I filled out the necessary enlistment paperwork and was sent to a doctor for the obligatory physical exam. Early in the process the doctor realized I was asthmatic. "Sorry," he told me, "we can't take you. You have asthma." I vigorously protested, "No, no, no, I do not have asthma." The doctor laughed. "Okay, maybe you don't have asthma, but you're underweight and we'll have to turn you down because of that." When I asked how much I was underweight, he said three or four pounds. I asked if he could weigh me later in the day. He laughed again. "Yes," he replied. "You're going to eat a lot for lunch?" I told him yes and left the office.

I found a store that sold bananas and I bought and ate four pounds of them. The bananas had red peels, the first bananas I had ever seen that weren't yellow, but they tasted good. I went back to the doctor's office and got weighed again. He chuckled. "Well, you've made it," he said. "You can join up."

The sergeant who was handling my Air Force enlistment told me to report back on September 5 to catch a plane to San Antonio, Texas. Lackland Air Force Base, where I would be processed and take my basic training, was just outside San Antonio. It was the largest of the Air Force Basic Training Centers, having been built in 1941 just before our entry into World War II. I drove home and told Mom, Grandma, Carl, and Auntie the news. Mom was stunned. She couldn't believe I had been accepted as a volunteer for military service. I told the family that I would be leaving on September 5. Carl congratulated me and wished me well. He had been a foot soldier in World War II.

On September 5, 1951, I was sworn into the Air Force at Charlotte. After the ceremony, along with several other recruits, I boarded a Lockheed Constellation four-engine passenger plane bound for Texas. I was excited. Except for a couple of rides in a Piper Cub, I had never been on a plane before.

Lackland was a huge facility when combined with Kelly Field next door, but the demands of the Korean War had it bursting at the seams. The base had a capacity of about 25,000 recruits in basic training, but in the early 1950s the base reached a peak

of 55,000 recruits, and the Air Force was hard pressed to provide enough housing. Because so many people were joining the Air Force, hundreds of tents and other temporary housing facilities had to be set up to supplement the existing standard barracks. At one point, 19,000 recruits, including me, were living in tent city. Today Lackland is the only basic training facility for U.S. Air Force recruits.

The first two weeks were a busy time. We were given uniforms and a military haircut, learned Air Force history and military procedure, took another physical (which I passed with no mention of asthma), received a series of shots, went to the dentist, and marched. All military services are big on marching, to teach teamwork and discipline. We marched to chow, we marched to medical facilities, we marched to supply, and we marched just for the sake of marching. It was during my first days in the Air Force that another airman tagged me with the nickname "Doc." During my early years, I had been known variously as Buck, Chuck, Charlie, Charles, and Croffard, my middle name. "Doc" would stay with me for the rest of my life, to the extent that I hardly ever use my given names.

Recruits were given tests to determine which jobs we would be trained for. I volunteered to be trained as a tail gunner on one of the Air Force's big bombers. After a couple of weeks at Lackland, our flight (class) was moved to Sheppard Air Force Base at Wichita Falls, Texas, to complete our basic training. Sheppard is another big base that was created in 1941 in the run-up to World War II. During the war, Sheppard units provided basic training, flight training, and training for aircraft mechanics and other specialties.

At Sheppard I got my first glimpse of the Boeing B-50 Superfortress strategic bomber—and, yes, it had a tail gunner position. The B-50 was the successor to the B-29 Superfortress, workhorse of the latter stages of World War II. The atomic bombs that ended the war with Japan were dropped by B-29s.

Basic training at Sheppard involved more marching, classroom work, and no tents. At the end of it all, I was one of ten airmen in my flight of seventy-six to be promoted

“...tagged me
with the
nickname

Doc.”

to private first class. My drill sergeant delivered the news just before we shipped out of Sheppard. "Hillbilly," he said, "I tried to break you but couldn't. You deserve this promotion, Good luck." I thought that if I ever saw that man again, I'd whip his butt. He was one mean man.

At about the same time, I was informed that I would not become a tail gunner. The Air Force had determined that I should be a clerk. In fact, the majority of the men in my flight were headed to clerical school, with the exception of a few who were assigned to military police school.

My next assignment was clerical school at the University of Oklahoma at Norman, which would turn out to be a great experience. The university was founded in 1890, several years before Oklahoma became a state. Oklahoma has long been known for its powerful football teams, but in academic circles the university is a highly rated public institution. Many of the buildings on the Norman campus were designed by Native Americans from area tribes. Noted architect Frank Lloyd Wright termed the style "Cherokee Gothic." During World War II, enrollment at Oklahoma declined by almost half to about five thousand students, but the loss was offset when a naval air station was built adjoining the campus where pilots received advanced flight training.

By the time I arrived, enrollment had rebounded and I became one of about twelve thousand students. The one hundred twenty members of the Air Force contingent were housed in our own dormitories. I and the other Air Force clerical students, dressed in our class A uniforms, still had to march around campus and in parades. However, we spent most of our time in classrooms, where we were taught by college professors. Upon graduation I was one of two promoted to corporal. I was promoted based on demonstrated leadership qualities; the other guy won his second stripe for academics. He could type one hundred twenty words a minute in a fifteen-minute test on a manual typewriter. I was happy to get up to eighty-five words per minute.

Our clerical training came to an end just before Christmas 1951, and I was granted leave before heading for my next assignment, in Germany. This would be my first trip out of the United States, and while I was a little disappointed that I was not being sent

to Korea, I looked forward to a new experience in a nation we had only recently defeated.

After Christmas at home, I reported to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, for processing before boarding the *USS General Eltinge* for the trip to Bremerhaven, Germany. This was about the time the *Flying Enterprise* ship went down in the North Atlantic. The first two days out were fairly calm, but on the third day we encountered heavy seas and storms. The *General Eltinge*, a World War II Liberty ship, was built to carry 3,500 troops and it was packed full. On that third day out, the seas were so rough that no one was allowed topside. The bow of the ship would plunge under a giant wave and the stern would come out of the water, with the single screw spinning free and shaking the ship so hard we worried it would split apart. Next, the stern would go under and the bow would rise out of the water. This lasted for three days, and although the seas calmed down somewhat, the rest of the trip was still rough. Eating was a challenge, since we had to eat standing up with our metal trays balanced on a chest-high metal table. Most of the meals consisted of boiled eggs and rice. It took us thirteen days to cross the Atlantic, including a brief stop in Iceland where some of the troops disembarked. I was assigned latrine duty for the entire trip. It was a messy, smelly, sickening job.

We arrived in Bremerhaven with about three thousand of us on board. After leaving the ship we were taken by bus to a nearby air base where we were herded into a huge aircraft hangar for a physical exam. Apparently the Air Force wanted to make sure none of us had become damaged goods during the rough crossing. We all had to undress for the exam and it was a hell of a sight to behold, three thousand guys naked as jaybirds being examined in this huge hangar. After the physical we split up and boarded trains to travel to our individual assignments.

Germany was still an occupied country, a legacy of World War II. I was sent to Landsberg Air Force Base in Bavaria in the U.S.-occupied section of Germany. The British, Russians, and French occupied other areas of the country. The base was located near the small Bavarian town of Landsberg am Lech. In the 1920s, a Nazi

“...bow of ship
would plunge
under a
giant wave...”



*This is downtown Landsberg am Lech where I spent many happy evenings
dining and drinking great German beer.*



This photo shows a bombed out airplane hanger/maintenance building at Landsberg AFB. When I arrived in Germany in January 1952 little repair had taken place on the buildings devastated during World War II bombing. The bahnhoff (train station) in Munchen looked a bit like this building except that it was much larger with a small portion of it restored to provide a ticket office and a small seating area. The best frankfurters in the world were served from carts at the train stations.

party dissident imprisoned there wrote an autobiographical and political book destined to share its author's later renown. The book: *Mein Kampf*. The author: Adolph Hitler.

Landsberg had been a Luftwaffe base during the war. The airstrip and hangars were destroyed in two raids by American B-17 Flying Fortresses, but the barracks were intact. In April 1945, a U.S. armored division swept into the area and occupied the base. U.S. Army engineers repaired it over the next two years, and it would remain a U.S. Air Force base throughout the Cold War.

I was assigned to the 501st Aircraft Control and Warning Group, later renamed the 501st Tactical Air Control Group. Our mission was to radar-monitor air traffic throughout Europe and on the eastern border of Germany, which was occupied by the Russians. The United States and our French and British allies were concerned that the USSR might mount a massive air attack, then send troops marching through the Fulda Gap to attack Western Europe.

At Landsberg I started out as a clerk-typist in the Public Information Office. Later, when my senior officer learned that I had a knack for writing, I retrained for another job, information technician. I was writing press releases, shepherding reporters around, and compiling histories of the activities of the air group and its squadrons.

While in Landsberg I discovered the beautiful resort area of Garmisch-Partenkirchen south of Munich. The region attracts visitors year-round but is known primarily for its great skiing. Garmisch was the site of the 1936 Winter Olympics. With fifty-cent-a-night rooms and free meals, my friends and I spent as many weekends there as we could. I still go back there every time I have the chance. When the Allied occupation of Germany ended in 1955, the ski resorts



Photo taken in 1952 at the Eibsee Hotel on Lake Eibsee near Landsberg am Lech, my first duty station in Germany. Since then, I've been back to the same hotel many times, most recently in 2003 with Paula, Andrea and Carl. The hotel is now back in civilian hands after having served as a hotel for enlisted men for nearly two decades after World War II.

and hotels went back into the hands of German proprietors.

Many years after being discharged from the Air Force, when I was visiting the Music Hall of Fame in Nashville, Tennessee, an exhibit reminded me that Johnny Cash was stationed at Landsberg at the same time I was. I recalled going to the service club and hearing him and his band, the Landsberg Barbarians, play and sing the popular tunes of the day.

I completed my tour at Landsberg and was reassigned to Kaiserslautern in the French-occupied sector of southwestern Germany. The area was believed to have been first settled around 800 B.C. and was named Kaiserslautern by Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who ruled the Holy Roman Empire in the 1100s and maintained a hunting retreat in the area. Through the centuries Kaiserslautern and environs have weathered many conflicts and have been variously occupied by Swedes, Croatians, and Germans, and by the French several times.

In World War II, Allied bombs destroyed 60 percent of the city, including eleven thousand homes. In March of 1945, Kaiserslautern was liberated from the Germans without opposition by a U.S. Infantry unit attached to General Patton's Third Army.

When I arrived, Kaiserslautern, called K-Town by many GIs, was on the way to becoming the largest U.S. military community outside the United States. I was in the 501st Tactical Control Group, headquarters for the 601st, 602nd, 603rd, and 604th Aircraft Control and Warning Squadrons, which were scattered around Germany. The 807th Tactical



On Maneuvers in 1953 near Vogelweh about 10 miles west of Kaiserslautern, Germany where I was stationed for more than two years with the 501st Tactical Control Group.

Air Control Squadron, part of the 501st, was also moved to Kaiserslautern.

Our wartime mission was to monitor air traffic through the radar sites that had been strategically located; we were watching the skies 24/7. The 807th was trained to work with

Army units by going beyond the front lines to direct air strikes against the enemy.

With a clearance for access to secret information, I occasionally visited the control room operated by the 501st. Radar reports were constantly coming in from all over Europe. Our Air Force in Germany did not have aircraft with night interception capabilities. We simply watched on radar as Russian planes flew out of Eastern Europe into Germany and all the way over to London. The Russian bombers owned the airspace over Germany at night, which was a major concern for our military brass.

On the other side of the world, the Korean "Conflict" raged on and remained a high priority for military resources. While it was commonly referred to as the Korean War, officially it was a police action since there had been no declaration of war by Congress. It was rumored that the 501st would be deployed to Korea to replace the 502nd, which would rotate back to the States, while the 503rd, headquartered in the States, would deploy to Germany. None of that happened. An armistice ending the fighting was agreed to in the summer of 1953.

By this time, I was completely happy to remain in Germany since I loved Bavaria and the German people. Slowly, I was learning to speak their language and I was making civilian friends. The German rail system suffered severe war damage and had not been fully restored, but enough lines were operating to allow me to visit several German cities, including West Berlin.

In Kaiserslautern, we had two enlisted men's clubs with live music several nights a week and bingo once a week. One of the clubs was located near Kleber Kaserne where I lived and worked. The other was located in downtown Kaiserslautern. The downtown club was the club of choice for most of the black soldiers stationed in the area. Whites



At my desk in Kleber Kaserne, Kaiserslautern, Germany.

and a few blacks chose the club near my barracks. Drinks were only twenty or twenty-five cents apiece, so it was a great place to hang out.

Race relations did not seem to be a problem, that is until one night when a friend of mine and I were out for an evening at the local bars and restaurants including my favorite, the Café Bauer. We'd spent most of the money we had with us and decided to catch the army bus back to our barracks. It was free.

When we got on the bus, we were the only two airmen and the only two whites on board. For some reason, unknown to me, I was suddenly grabbed from behind by two soldiers while another held a knife against my neck and started slapping me. The German bus driver turned to head for the military police station blowing his horn and driving very fast. Soon, one of the soldiers was trying to wrestle control of the bus from the driver. Fortunately, we got to the MP station. The driver opened the door, got out and called the MPs over. I was rescued.

Not long after that, my buddy and I were downtown one evening. It had started to snow about three hours earlier and there was now about two inches covering the streets and sidewalks. We were nearing a street light when I recognized my assailant as one of two black guys crossing the street. While much of the war rubble from WWII bombings had been cleaned up, there were still plenty of bricks piled along the sidewalks. I reached down, picked one up and began to sneak up on the guy who had slapped me around while holding a knife to my neck. My buddy said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "I'm going to bash his head in." He said, "You can't do that, might kill him." I said, "Well, I think that's what he was about to do to me." At about that time he yelled, "Watch out, watch out!" The two turned and ran off. I felt like throwing the brick at my buddy.

One Sunday afternoon, I was in the club near my barracks with six or eight other patrons being entertained by a German band. When an Army sergeant, the club manager, joined us, I asked him, "Why don't you have anybody in here? The band's playing and they're doing a great job." He told me that Sundays were dead and the band was just practicing.

I talked with the German bandleader, who told me they came in every Sunday and practiced and that there were several other bands in the area that practiced in other clubs on Sundays. That gave me an idea. I asked him if we could get all the other bands to come to our club on Sundays. "You could have a jam session and call it practice," I told him. He thought it was a great idea, so I asked him what sort of inducements would attract them. "Oh, free beer and maybe some food, and I'll have six or eight bands here every Sunday."

I immediately took the idea to the sergeant/manager, who exclaimed, "Golly, that might work." He then asked me if I wanted a job. "I've got a job," I replied. "No, no, I mean a part-time job as my assistant manager," he replied. When I learned what it would pay, I took the job and became the assistant manager of the Enlisted Men's Club in my off-duty hours, usually after 5 P.M. on weekdays and anytime on weekends. Not too many weeks later we had 150 to 200 patrons crowding the club every Sunday afternoon. I also got the club renamed the Casbah Enlisted Men's Club. (See Appendix I, *E.M. Mustache Club*.)

Before going to work at the club I dated Barbara, the daughter of the owner of Café Bauer, a former SS sergeant. He was not happy about his daughter dating an American. Nonetheless, we would meet secretly for a couple of hours once or twice a week. Her mother and I got along real well and with her mother's permission she invited me to the annual Fasching Ball which took place before Lent each year. That year Barbara had been chosen Fasching Queen. I showed up in my dress uniform with a white shirt and black bow tie making it formal attire. I was the only American there. Arm in arm, we walked onto the dance floor and opened the festivities with a waltz to the orchestra's wonderful rendition of the Blue Danube. As it turned out, her mom had not gotten permission from her father for me to be her escort to the ball. It was our last date.

It was at the Casbah Club that I met my future bride, Dene Grant, an Army clerk who came in one evening with three of her friends. It turned out that Dene and I had

“*Dating the
Fasching Ball
Queen. The
only American
at the ball.*”

something in common. She was a North Carolina native from Snow Hill, about 225 miles east of where I was born. It wasn't long before we were dating.

My extensive travels took me to Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Portugal and London. On one of my visits to Venice I met a beautiful English model, Diana Gray, who invited me to visit her home in Bushy Heath, just outside London, for a few days. It was my first visit to London, and I was enthralled. Diana's father was a very wealthy manufacturer who was so well connected that Diana was able to invite me to Queen Elizabeth's coronation in June 1953.

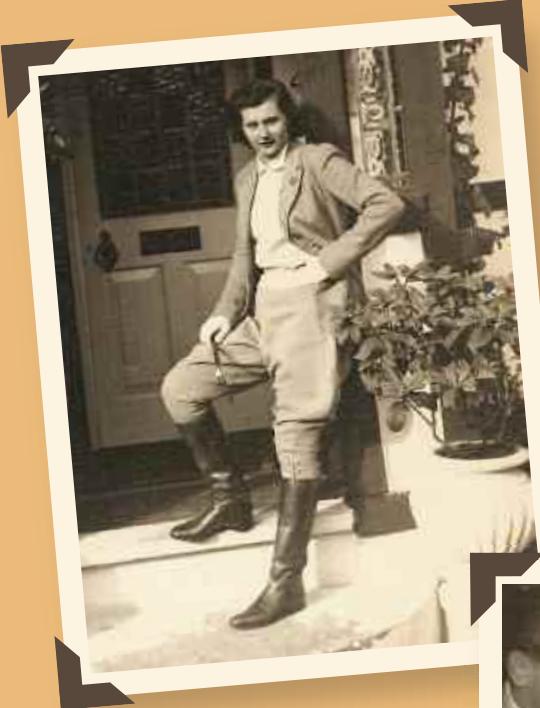
I was excited and anxious to go, but a family emergency forced me to say no. Grandma was seriously ill back in the U.S., and she had requested that I come home to be with her. She feared she was dying. Through the good offices of the Red Cross, I went back to North Carolina for thirty days, which included the day Queen Elizabeth was crowned.

Grandma recovered and I returned to Germany, where Dene and I were married in April of 1954 by the Bürgermeister (mayor) of Wiesbaden in a required civil ceremony. The next day we were married by an Air Force chaplain.

We moved off base to a second floor apartment owned by Frau and Fritz Riley in the nearby village of Enkenbach. They were a great couple with a daughter and son-in-law living with them. They spoke no English. While we had toilet facilities in our apartment, we did not have a bathtub or a shower. We could go downstairs when we wanted to take bath, drop pfennings into a utility box which would trip a switch allowing us to draw hot water for the tub. After a few weeks, Frau Riley asked me why we bathed so frequently. It was their custom to bathe once a week. I guess we must have been bathing almost daily.

The Riley's had a large garden in back of their home where they grew almost all of the vegetables they ate.

By this time, my German was getting better and better. I could speak and understand enough to go with Fritz to his carpenters' union meetings and engage in conversation with his fellow union members about almost every subject on earth.



The end of the mustache. Celebrating the upcoming April 1954 wedding to Dene, members of the E.M. Mustache Club have fun shaving off my mustache lathered with beer foam. The picture was taken at the Casbar E.M. Club in Kaiserslautern where I was assistant manager. The sergeant with the razor was the manager.



This is Diana Gray whom I met in Venice and dated for a while, long distance, Germany to London. She and her family invited me to attend the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.



April 1954, Dene and I emerge with Chaplain Miller from our second wedding ceremony. We were married the previous day by the Bürgermeister of Wiesbaden in a civil ceremony, a legal requirement of the Air Force and Germany.

The little bakery in Enkenbach would cook cheesecake on Fridays. After getting off work, Dene and I would stop at the bakery each Friday for a freshly baked cheesecake, still warm when we picked it up. Living on the German economy in a small village was very enjoyable. I was glad that there was not room enough for us to live in U.S. family housing near Kaiserslautern.

In January of 1955, Dene and I came home to North Carolina.

My next assignment was at Charleston Air Force Base in South Carolina. With Mom vouching for me at the local bank in Elkin, I was able to buy a barebones Ford sedan with no air conditioning. I drove down to the base after two weeks of leave time.

Charleston AFB dated back to 1928, when the City of Charleston started operating a small airfield while acquiring land and building a larger airport facility. After Pearl Harbor, Army Air Corps pursuit and antisubmarine squadrons moved onto the airport and the War Department took control. During the war, in addition to a coastal patrol mission, the base provided final-phase training for B-24 crews headed for Europe. Not long after the Japanese surrender, the government placed the base on surplus status and it was returned to the City of Charleston, which built a new air terminal.

In the 1950s, as a result of the Korean Conflict and the Cold War, the Air Force was back in Charleston with a troop carrier wing and military air transport wing, which shared the facility with commercial and private aircraft operations. For years afterward, Charleston was primarily an air transport base, although one fighter interceptor squadron shared the facility.

At Charleston I was placed in charge of the Information Services Office with six other enlisted personnel under my supervision. My immediate boss was a lieutenant who worked for the captain in charge of the entire office. It was a good assignment that I enjoyed a lot, except that Charleston was extremely hot and we had no air conditioning in the offices. The only air conditioning on the base was at the movie theater and the Officers' and NCO Clubs.

It was at Charleston that I got to meet Dwight Eisenhower, elected our 34th president in 1952 and the first Republican president in twenty years. He came for a visit to the

base, which was under the command of the Military Air Transport Service. We had a big parade for Ike, and part of my responsibilities was directing our base photographers as they took pictures of the events. This gave me the opportunity to get close to the president, who reached out and shook hands with me and one of the photographers.

Dene and I rented a little trailer in a trailer park just outside the main gate of the base. It was eight feet wide and about twenty-five feet long, very small and very hot with no air conditioning. Dene had a job across the street as a laundry clerk. Discomfort finally got the best of us, and we gave up on the trailer. We decided to splurge and rent a place on the Isle of Palms just across the river from the City of Charleston. We found a place we could barely afford four blocks from the beach. We had some good times on the beach and enjoyed living on the Isle with people we considered very, very rich.

Summer was winding down, along with my tour of duty, when I was asked to reenlist. However, with the Korean Conflict over, Air Force promotions were frozen. Since I had no chance of promotion from my rank of staff sergeant, I decided to return to civilian life and received my honorable discharge early in September.

Dene and I headed back to North Carolina and moved in with Mom and my stepfather, Carl, at their invitation. With so many servicemen being discharged as the Korean Conflict wound down, employment choices were limited, to say the least. Prospective employers would ask, "Where did you go to school?" and I would proudly answer, "Union Grove High School." Their response was, "No, where did you go to college?" I quickly learned that a high school diploma wasn't as valuable as it had been four years earlier.

I finally landed a job with a high school classmate who was selling Vitacraft cookware at hope-chest parties for single girls. I wasn't making a heck of a lot of money selling Vitacraft, and my territory was in Columbia, South Carolina, about 170 miles south of Elkin. That meant I had to be gone all week, living in motels and driving home on the weekends. Money was so tight that on one trip I pawned my spare tire to a gas station owner for enough gas to get back to Elkin. I planned to reclaim the tire the following

*“I decided to
return to
civilian life...”*

week but never made it back.

I had been a civilian for almost three months when I came to the realization that I wasn't going to be able to make it financially, so I reenlisted on the eighty-ninth day after my discharge. I was able to keep my rank, since I was within the ninety-day grace period for reenlistment. I got to choose where I would go for my next assignment and, since I had never been to Florida, I chose Palm Beach Air Force Base, which turned out to be another great assignment.

The base started out in January 1942 as Morrison Army Airfield, a base for aircraft flying anti-submarine patrols along the coast and units ferrying aircraft, personnel, and equipment to the Philippines in the wake of Pearl Harbor. Soon Morrison became a major port of embarkation for aircraft being ferried across the Atlantic to Africa and Europe. Morrison was placed in reserve status in mid-1947 and reactivated as Palm Beach Air Force Base in 1951 because of the Korean War and the Cold War. It was assigned to the Military Air Transport Service, becoming the primary base for training all Air Force personnel supporting and flying heavy transport aircraft. The MATS Weather Service also used Palm Beach AFB as a headquarters for hurricane research, flying the first WB-50D Superfortress Hurricane Hunter aircraft from the base in 1956. During this time, Palm Beach County operated a civilian terminal on the south side of the airfield. In the early 1960s, Air Force One was a frequent visitor, as President John F. Kennedy often spent weekends and vacations at the Kennedy compound in Palm Beach. When the Air Force ceased operations at the base in 1962, it became Palm Beach International Airport.

I arrived in Florida unaware that Palm Beach Air Force Base was located not in Palm Beach, but in West Palm Beach, a few miles away on the west side of the Intracoastal Waterway. My assignment was with the base Information Services Office. As in Charleston, it was very hot and neither the base nor our apartment had air conditioning. It had been hot on the farm in North Carolina in summer, but golly, I never dreamed that anyplace could be as hot as Florida. I'd sit at my manual typewriter writing columns and features with sweat literally dripping off my fingers. In spite of the weather,



Armed Forces Day at Palm Beach Air Force Base, 1956. One of the largest transport planes in the Military Air Force Transportation Service was the C-97; a refueling version of the plane was called the KC-97 which was used for in-flight refueling of other planes. Ascending the stairs for a look inside are Mom, Carl and Dene.



Here I am participating in a WJNO radio program along with other members of the armed forces stationed at Palm Beach Air Force Base, Florida, 1956. It was a weekly series which continued until the base was closed in 1962.

I fell in love with Florida and the Palm Beach area immediately. I loved the nightlife, the magic of the word "Florida," and the magic of the words "Palm Beach." To me, coming from the hills of North Carolina, it was all magic.

The Palm Beach area was not only hot, it was very pricey. So that we could afford an apartment, Dene took a job as a clerk in a local hospital and I got an evening job as a bartender at the Officers' Club. Dene later got a higher-paying job at Pratt-Whitney Aircraft in north Palm Beach County.

While at Palm Beach, I applied for and was sent to the Army Public Information School on Fort Slocum just north of New York City. It was in the fall of 1956, another great assignment. The Army instructors were very knowledgeable and well-versed in how to teach their subjects. In addition to writing features, columns and film scripts, we wrote radio and TV scripts. While there I got to go to several baseball games, watching the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Yankees. Games included the 1956 World Series which was ultimately won by the Yankees.

On other weekends I spent time in the Adirondack Mountains watching autumn turn the hills into a blaze of yellow and red. The evenings were cool and the daytime temperatures at Fort Slocum were nowhere near as hot as Palm Beach. When it came time to leave, I was a little disappointed but happy to be headed back to my job at Palm Beach. (See Appendix II, *Army Information School at Fort Slocum, New York, "Island Outpost."*)

After returning from Fort Slocum, I joined an aero club, learned how to fly, and wrote a series of articles for the base paper about the experience. (See Appendix III, *I Fly.*)

I was at Palm Beach Air Force Base for less than two years when I got the disappointing news that I was being shipped overseas, this time to the 313th Air Division at Kadena Air Force Base on Okinawa. Dene couldn't go with me because there was no on-base housing for dependents and no off-base civilian housing.

In June 1957, I left Florida by bus for California, stopping over in El Paso, Texas, to visit my brother, Ken, who was stationed at Biggs Airfield. From California I took a military

flight to Tokyo with refueling stops in Hawaii and Guam. From Tokyo another military flight took me to Okinawa.

A coral island, Okinawa is the largest in the Ryukyu chain. It lies five hundred miles south of Japan and an equal distance from China and Taiwan. An island of peace-loving seafarers and traders, Okinawa had been under Japanese control since 1871. U.S. forces invaded the island in 1945 and commenced a three-month struggle to defeat the Japanese, one of the most savage engagements of World War II. Deaths of American and Japanese troops and Okinawan civilians numbered about 200,000. Most of the island's homes and buildings were destroyed in the fighting. When U.S. forces moved in, they captured what was little more than a bombed-out 4,600-foot runway that had been used by Japanese air forces.

That became Kadena Air Force Base, which has been one of our most important Pacific air bases ever since the war because of its proximity to Korea, Southeast Asia, China, and Taiwan. Various tactical and strategic Air Force units have called Kadena home and participated in operations in Korea, Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

I wasn't exactly welcomed to Kadena with open arms. I arrived early one morning, ate breakfast in the mess hall, and then checked into my unit. "What are you doing here?" the captain in charge of the Information Services Office asked. "We don't need any more information specialists." My comeback was, "Well, sir, you can send me right back to Palm Beach Air Force Base. I'll be happy to go back." He replied, "It doesn't work that way. We've got to find a job for you here."

Not long after that meeting, something I had eaten for breakfast started working on me. I had contracted amoebic dysentery, an affliction the doctors couldn't do much about. It would be six weeks before dysentery gave up its grip on my stomach and intestines. By the time it was over, my weight had dropped from two hundred eighteen pounds to one hundred fifty-eight. It was a difficult time for me, since in the service you didn't get time off for being a little bit sick—you had to be damned near dead to be excused from work. So I toiled in misery.

“Leave Palm Beach, assigned to Okinawa.”

I was so weak that I couldn't climb a flight of stairs without stopping to rest. The captain found me a job that required me to take my aching body to Naha Air Base, another former Japanese airfield on Okinawa. It was a temporary assignment with the historic 51st Fighter Interceptor Wing and a support group. The 51st had fought in China during the war, then spent several years at Naha before becoming one of the most important USAF units in Korea. Captain Joe McConnell, the Korean Conflict's top-scoring ace, flew with the 51st.

At Naha I was to temporarily replace the noncommissioned officer in charge, who was rotating back to the States in six weeks. He was supposed to train me to take over his job, but the day after I arrived he walked in and said, "I'm not coming back to work. I'm going to have a good time for the next six weeks." I bid him goodbye. I was told that a major would be coming to Naha in about five months to take over the office. In the meantime, Colonel Reed, the base commander, told me, "You are in charge."

I had three writers working for me—one for news, one for sports, and a historian—and a clerk who was the first black to work under my direction. Back in Germany, the one black airman assigned to the 501st and I had become very good friends.

The barracks at Naha were relatively new. I shared a room with another sergeant. At the entrance of the building there was a large "dayroom" with a black and white TV. There were enough overstuffed chairs to seat about twenty people. There was also a small kitchen with a refrigerator and a stove. It was run by an Okinawan nicknamed Charlie. We paid him to clean our rooms weekly. He made additional money by making sandwiches, selling soft drinks and coffee. He and I became very good friends. Within a few weeks after I arrived he invited me to his home one Saturday



to have the evening meal with him and his family.

He, his wife and two children shared a three-room thatch covered hut with dirt floors. Woven reed mats were used for mattresses and seats grouped around a table measuring about four feet square. Fourteen inch legs raised it above the dirt floor. When it came time to eat we sat down cross-legged on the mats with generous servings of seaweed, sake and sashimi. Sashimi was raw fish, something I had never eaten before. I dreaded taking my first bite after dipping it in soy sauce and a hot mustard sauce. To my surprise, I enjoyed it very much. During the eighteen months I was on Okinawa, I would be invited to eat with Charlie and his family another four or five times.

Another memorable dining experience came when I was invited by the editors of the Ryukyu Shimpo, the local Okinawa newspaper, to have dinner with them one evening. They wanted to show their appreciation to me for handling their press inquiries and making arrangements to interview the brass at the base.

As was the custom, I took my shoes off at the entrance to the "resutoran" and replaced them with a thong type sandal. Six men from the newspaper and a woman interpreter welcomed me and we sat down cross-legged at a long short-legged table. Behind each of the men was a geisha in her finest regalia. The lady interpreter did not have a geisha. It was the duty of the geishas to serve us. In front of each of us was a bottle of sake as well as bottles of vodka, bourbon and scotch. It wasn't necessary to order drinks from a waiter, it was all there in front of me waiting



No, it's not chewing gum. Part of my job as head of the Office of Information Services at Naha AFB was to work as a liaison with the press. Here, members of the Okinawan Press corps are preparing for a familiarization flight on board a C-130 troop carrier plane. The planes are extremely noisy in flight. To protect their eardrums against the noise, I was passing out earplugs made of cotton and a pink colored wax to stuff in their ears. Before I could explain, through an interpreter, the reporters were already popping the ear plugs into their mouths thinking it was chewing gum!

to be poured by my geisha. Three more geishas came out and entertained us with beautiful songs and stringed music.

I don't remember specifically what we ate but it included sashimi, now a favorite of mine, rice, sushi, seaweed, many kinds of fish and fish eggs. I think everything came from the sea. After we ate there was more entertainment. Dinner lasted for about five hours. I wish that someone had taken a photograph of the evening for me to share with the readers of this autobiography. But, it didn't happen and I rely on the pictures in my mind.

While on Okinawa, I used some of my spare time to write a short story for a contest being conducted by the 313th Air Division. It won first place. (*See Appendix IV, God Please Help Us.*)

When the major who was supposed to take over the office reported in at the 313th Air Division at Kadena, Personnel there called Colonel Reed. "We're sending down a major to take over your Information Services Office and sending Sergeant Dockery back to Kadena." The colonel replied, "I don't want the major. I want to keep Dockery." Informed that the job was a field grade officer's position, Colonel Reed held his ground. "I don't care. I want to keep Dockery. I don't care that he's a sergeant, I want to keep him." Colonel Reed got his way, and soon I was invited to attend all his staff meetings for the senior commissioned officers on the base.

Part of my work involved escorting members of the press visiting Naha, which included reporters and photographers for Life magazine and Newsweek. When the colonel learned that I had been entertaining the media at the Naha Noncommissioned Officers' Club, housed in a converted old fire station, he told me, "Enough of that. You're going to entertain them at the Officers' Club." He instructed the manager to charge all entertainment expenses for me and the visiting press to his account. Colonel Reed then turned to me and said, "Of course, Sergeant Dockery, you will need to dress in civilian clothes when you're entertaining here at the Officers' Club."

The situation turned out very well for me. I was having a lot of fun, I was writing speeches for two colonels, and I was preparing programs for upcoming war games.



Here I received a first place award in a short story writing contest.

The title of the short story was "God Please Help Us", a fictionalized account of a young white boy and his friend, a colored boy, whose country school was to be integrated when they returned to classes in the fall. The small farming community in which they lived was torn apart by the order to desegregate their school. They came up with a disastrous plan to solve the problem. Other persons in the photograph were the judges in the contest.

In addition to writing for Colonel Reed, I was ghost-writing articles for Colonel Johnsen, commander of the 51st Fighter Interceptor Wing, and writing his speeches as well.

The 1958 war games turned serious with the Second Taiwan Straits Crisis. In the wake of World War II, the Communist party head, Mao Tse-tung, had taken over as China's leader. The U.S. supported Nationalist Chinese leader Chiang Kai-shek, who had fled with his forces to the island of Taiwan off the coast of the mainland and established the Republic of China (ROC). Chiang hoped one day to return to the

mainland and regain control of China. The two sides exchanged artillery fire in the first crisis, and although the situation calmed down, tensions between the two sides and between the U.S. and China remained high. We had pledged to defend Taiwan if Mao's Communist forces ever attacked, but whether the U.S. would intervene in the event of an attack on Taiwan's offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu

was unclear. Those islands quickly became the focal point of one of the most contentious periods of Cold War history. In 1958, Chiang Kai-shek shipped Nationalist troops to the islands and Mao retaliated by bombing Quemoy.

It looked like Mao was trying to take over Quemoy and Matsu, especially when he sent gunboats into the Taiwan Straits and started making incursions into the airspace over the islands—despite the U.S. batteries of Matador missiles on Taiwan that had the range to reach the mainland.

I was having lunch at the NCO Club when word came of the incursions. Colonel Reed sent someone to tell me that Colonel Johnsen, commander of the 51st Fighter Interceptor Wing, had requested my immediate presence on Taiwan. I told the courier, "Yeah, after I finish lunch, I'll pack up and go." He replied, "You don't understand. This is an emergency situation and you have to come with me now." I left my lunch on the table, went to the barracks and packed uniforms, fatigues, and other essentials, boarded a C-130, and flew to Tainan Air Base on Taiwan. As the information officer, I was to coordinate the release of press information to the 51st Fighter Interceptor Wing, the

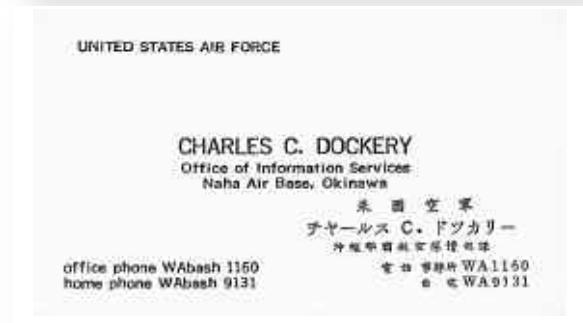
“The 1958 war games turned serious with the Second Taiwan Straits Crisis.”

313th Air Division, Fifth Air Force Headquarters, and ultimately to the Pentagon.

When I landed at Tainan, the F-86D fighter jets of the 51st had already flown several missions. That evening, two of the pilots came in over the airfield doing barrel rolls, an indication that they had scored an enemy kill. It was never announced that they had done so, but the guys from the 51st erected a totem pole and started cutting notches in it. Two notches were cut that day, and I guess it's never been revealed until now that the U.S. was shooting down Chinese aircraft in the Taiwan Straits.

Another secret not revealed until years later was that the U.S. Navy had armed the Nationalist Chinese on Taiwan with Sidewinder missiles, and the ROC pilots reportedly shot down ten Communist MIGs in one day. We were in a shooting war with China that day, a situation that never made the news, and Mao's forces backed off after two or three weeks. The fuss over Taiwan and the islands, including a third Taiwan Straits crisis, has continued through the years. Every once in a while, the Chinese will do a little saber rattling as though they're going to go in and take Taiwan by force.

A tent city had been erected at Tainan Air Base as the crisis unfolded, and I thought that would be my home for the next few weeks. However, the second day I was there I spotted a familiar face. It turned out to be a Taiwanese officer I had met at Palm Beach Air Force Base when he was there for air-sea rescue training in the SA-16 amphibious aircraft. Dene and I had invited him for dinner at our West Palm Beach home on several occasions, and we became

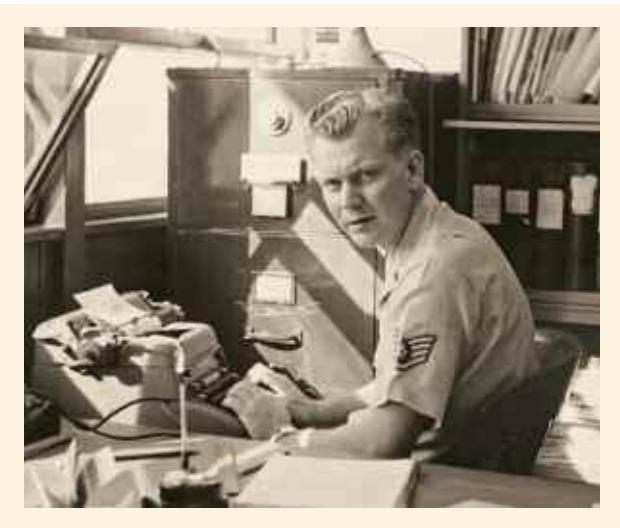


These are the business and press cards I used in Okinawa. No rank is shown on either. At the direction of my commander, I was instructed to wear civilian clothes when entertaining/escorting the media, local and international, so that I could entertain them on my commander's account in the officers' club. The position I held was normally occupied by a field grade officer. The officers' club was a very nice place in contrast to the non-commissioned officers' club, an old abandoned fire station which the colonel said was not appropriate for entertaining dignitaries.

very good friends. At Tainan, I raced over to him, stopped, and saluted. "Doc, is that you?" he asked. "Yes, sir," I replied.

After we exchanged pleasantries, he asked, "What are you doing living out here in tent city?" I told him, "This is where I've been assigned." He laughed and said, "No way. I'm going to get you a place in town." It turned out he knew Colonel Johnsen and so I got permission to live at a very nice hotel that the Taiwanese officer recommended. I was there for another two or three weeks and then was shipped back to Naha.

In January 1958, I learned that my grandma was dying of cancer and I was given leave time to go to her bedside. When it came time to return to Okinawa, she begged me not to go. She couldn't understand that I had to follow orders. It was a very tearful and sad farewell. She was holding on to me so tightly that I literally had to pry her fingers loose from my arms. She died about two weeks after I got back to Okinawa.



Busy at my desk in the Office of Information Services, Naha AFB. I was originally sent to Naha from Kadena AFB, twenty miles north of Naha, on temporary duty as the non-commissioned officer in charge. The assignment actually lasted the entire 18 months I was on Okinawa.

Both men were well respected by the officers and men they commanded.

Usually military parades were stiff, formal events but Colonel Johnsen organized one that I'll always remember. He flew a couple of C-130s down to the Philippines

and picked up a band of aborigines and brought them back to march in our parade. The major who was replacing me had an old green '37 Ford. Colonel Johnsen had him drive it at the tail end of the parade behind the second flight of aborigines. The first flight led the parade.

While I was on Okinawa, I had an opportunity to spend a long weekend in Manila courtesy of the Air Force which flew fifteen or twenty of us down on a training mission.

On the way down, one of the crew whom I had met earlier was also a Dockery. After we were airborne and on our way to Manila he came back and asked me if I wanted to come up to the cockpit. I said, "Sure, delighted to." The cockpit area of the C-130 is huge. There are seats for the pilot, the co-pilot, a navigator and engineer and, still, there was room enough to walk around. After being there a few minutes, Captain Dockery asked me if I would like to try my hand at flying the C-130. He knew that I had learned to fly in an Aeronca Champion but this was no Aeronca Champ, the turbo prop workhorse of the Air Force. Today, it still fills that role.

With a little bit of trepidation, and at his invitation, I sat down in the pilot's seat. He asked me to take the controls and fly the plane straight and level at the altitude and compass heading he had given me. It took several minutes for me to get comfortable enough to keep the plane straight and level at altitude and on the course. Soon I was enjoying a thrill I never thought I would experience, flying a huge military multi-engine plane. I was so intent on what I was doing that I didn't pay much attention to the others in the cockpit but when I looked over to my right in the co-pilot's seat Captain Dockery was asleep. I turned and looked over my right shoulder and so was the engineer. This pretty much freaked me out. It wasn't long after that until I woke up Captain Dockery and told him I wanted to return to the back of the plane for a cup of coffee. He complimented me for my work in the cockpit and told me to come up again if I wanted to fly some more. I was content to drink my coffee in the rear of the plane but excited about what I had just done.

One of the things I missed most when I got back to Florida was the Saturday morning bathing routine. For a dollar and twenty-five cents I could visit a bathhouse

where I would disrobe and give myself over to a young Okinawan girl who would put me in a steam cabinet with just my head sticking out. After several minutes in that she would lead me out to a stool where I would sit while she slowly and gently lathered me with soap. Then she would pour buckets of water over my head, rinse me off. Next came a massage from my temples to my toes. She finished the massage off by walking up and down my back a couple of times. She was small, weighing only about a hundred pounds, but the first time it scared the Dickens out of me. After the massage I would sit in a warm tub of water then back to the stool to be rinsed off again. What a great way to start a Saturday morning!

In December 1958, I left Okinawa for an assignment at Seymour Johnson Air Force Base in Goldsboro, North Carolina, which is very close to Dene's hometown of Snow Hill. For the first time, we thought, we would be able to take advantage of on-base housing and settle down in a nice home supplied and furnished by the government. It was not to be.

When I arrived in West Palm Beach to pick up Dene and our belongings, I received a telegram from General D.W. Hutchinson, commander of the Ninth Air Force headquartered at Shaw Air Force Base in South Carolina. It informed me that my previous orders had been rescinded and I was to report to Shaw instead.

I checked in at the headquarters squadron at Shaw, which provided administrative services for the entire base, including the Ninth Air Force. The NCO in charge read my telegram and told me I was in the wrong place and I should go directly to the general's office. There, a civilian secretary took me into an anteroom and offered me a drink. I figured she was talking about a glass of water, so I was rather shocked when she asked if I preferred scotch or bourbon. In the general's office in mid-afternoon I'm offered a shot of booze? "No, thank you," I answered. "I'll have a Coke."

General Hutchinson came out and invited me into his office, saying, "Bet you're wondering why you're here." That was an understatement. "Yes, sir, I am," I replied. "Would you rather be in Goldsboro?" He asked. "Well, sir, that's where my wife's parents are and we were looking forward to the assignment." The general replied, "I hope you don't mind

too much, because you're going to be staying here."

It turned out that Colonel Johnsen had called General Hutchinson from Okinawa singing my praises. "The colonel told me you were being assigned to one of my bases at Goldsboro, which is under Ninth Air Force jurisdiction," the general said. "He suggested you're a very good writer. That you had written speeches and ghostwritten articles for him, and he thought you should come to work for me." I replied, "Yes, sir, I'm flattered."

The assignment at Shaw AFB would turn out to be one of the best of my Air Force career. The base came into existence in 1941 just before the start of World War II with a mission of training cadets to fly. The base also housed a small contingent of German prisoners of war in 1945.

One of my principal jobs at Shaw was writing speeches for General Hutchinson and his deputy, General Jenkins. A few days after my arrival, General Hutchinson took me to a staff meeting, where I was the only enlisted person. "Sergeant Dockery is going to be handling my media relations and working on my speeches and magazine articles," he announced. "You all know Captain Olenburg, who is my good friend, but he can't write worth a damn." I was nominally assigned to Olenburg's office, but there was no doubt I was working directly for the general. He then told his staff, "If Sergeant Dockery calls you for support, you are to give it to him as if the request came from me. If he needs an airplane for transport, you assign him an airplane." I almost fell out of my chair.

Colonel Johnsen had told me on numerous occasions that I had done a good job, but this was really, really flattering. I was again a sergeant in a commissioned officer's slot. The next several months until my enlistment was up in September, I would be ghostwriting articles for the two generals and writing speeches for them. It was a great assignment.

One of the speeches was for General Hutchinson to give at the dedication of a historic new school that would train airmen in the use of Cold War weaponry, the Mace and Matador missiles. He delivered it at Orlando Air Force Base in Florida. (See

*Writing speeches
for General
Hutchinson at
Ninth Air Force
Headquarters in
South Carolina.*

Appendix V, Dedication of the Tactical Missile School.)

When General Hutchinson had told his staff that I could pick up the phone and order an aircraft whenever I needed one, he wasn't joking. I ordered transportation for me to travel with a captain and a colonel to Edwards Air Force Base in California to

“...flew his Voodoo
at an average
818.27 mph to set
new official world
speed record...”

document an attempt to break a world speed record for a closed circuit course by an RF-101 McDonnell Voodoo reconnaissance jet.

Edwards was a super-secret base at the time. It was amazing to look at aircraft I'd never seen before parked outside the hangars. Rumors were that there were even stranger aircraft hidden away inside. A few days after we arrived, Captain George E. Edward of Shaw's 132nd

Tactical Wing flew his Voodoo at an average speed of 818.27 miles per hour to set the new official world speed record over a five hundred-kilometer course. An interesting aspect of the record run was that the takeoffs and landings were made not on a prepared airstrip, but on the parched lakebed of California's Muroc Dry Lake. This permitted the aircraft to take off in any direction. The sun-baked earth was so hard packed that it easily sustained the heavy load of a fully fueled airplane. (See Appendix VI, *VIEW-DO Film Narration*.)

A few months before I was scheduled to leave the military, Captain Olenburg called me into his office and asked me if I planned to be discharged from the Air Force. I told him yes, because I wanted to finish my college education. A couple of days later he



Participating in joint maneuvers with the U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force at North, South Carolina, 1959. The lady in the picture was a military reporter from the Washington Post newspaper.

It was my “tough assignment” to be her liaison between the participating services. You can tell it's an Air Force operation by the Schlitz beer cans on the back of the table!

Honorably Discharged



from the Armed Forces of the United States of America

This is to certify that

CHARLES C. DOCKERY, AF 1442 98 40, SSgt, AFRes

was Honorably Discharged from the

United States Air Force

*on the 4th day of September 1959 This certificate is awarded
as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service*

Lewis W. Wright
LEWIS W. WRIGHT
Lt Colonel, USAF

DD FORM 1 NOV 51 256 AF PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THIS FORM MAY BE USED.
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT RECORD — SAFEGUARD IT!

*Honorable discharge from the U.S. Air Force after having served eight years
in three states, Europe and the Pacific.*

told me, "If you want to finish your college education, you can write for Generals Hutchinson and Jenkins at night and go to the nearby University of South Carolina during the day and finish your education there. We want you to reenlist."

I was still a staff sergeant, frozen in grade for more than five years. The war effort of the Korean years had by now been scaled way back, meaning that many officers, including majors, lieutenant colonels, and bird colonels, were being given the choice of leaving the Air Force or taking a reduction in rank to noncommissioned officer status and remaining on active duty until they retired after twenty years of service. Many officers took the reduction in rank, creating an overabundance of master sergeants and tech sergeants.

My next promotion would have been to tech sergeant, and there was now no room in that rank to promote NCOs like me, which meant no pay raises. Reenlistment for another four years was not for me, so in September 1959 I received my second honorable discharge from the U.S. Air Force.

During the final four years of my tour of duty with the Air Force, I had attended night classes wherever I could and took correspondence courses for college credit. A few weeks before being discharged, I sent records of my college coursework off to the University of Miami, the University of Florida at Gainesville, and Florida Southern College in Lakeland.

While stationed at West Palm Beach, I had taken night courses at a Florida Southern branch campus on the air base. Now Florida Southern evaluated my military experience, the training at the University of Oklahoma, and the correspondence courses and night classes and offered me two more credit hours than the other two colleges did. So I picked Florida Southern and applied for enrollment in the fall. Taking a heavy class load there would allow me to graduate in a year and a half. That's how I came to settle in Lakeland, the Polk County home of Florida Southern College, where I would spend the rest of my life.

If I had been looking for a place to call home forever, Lakeland probably would not have been my choice. Polk was a dry county and there was virtually no nightlife. We



In 1959, during my first semester at Florida Southern College (FSC), Lakeland, FL, I was restricted to taking only twelve semester hours leaving me with some free time.

I joined a drama group at FSC called the Vagabonds. We were on stage in the

Frank Lloyd Wright designed theater-in-the-round, a setting I liked a lot.

In this photograph I am the fourth adult from the left, a member of the cast of Richard III.

could buy beer, but it was the 3.2 percent alcohol variety compared with the 5 or 6 percent of regular beer. I thought Lakeland was a dead town, an opinion colored by the fact that I was there by myself and had no money. Dene was still working in West Palm Beach, so I had rented a room from a family who lived on South Street just a few blocks from the college. During the first semester at Florida Southern, I lived on a food allotment of twenty-five cents a day—one pack of Nab crackers and one half-pint of milk—plus all the oranges I could eat. The campus in 1959 had plenty of orange trees scattered among the buildings.

I ate well most weekends because I would hitchhike to West Palm to see Dene on Saturday mornings after my eight o'clock class. Dene would have a six-pack of real beer waiting for me, and I could fill up on dinners of fried chicken, beans, and mashed potatoes and breakfasts of sausage, gravy, and eggs. I was able to take some of the uncertainty out of hitchhiking when I learned that an officer I had served with in West Palm, Lieutenant Colonel John Macinich, was also enrolled at Florida Southern. He usually left Lakeland on Friday afternoons to visit his family in Jupiter, just north of West Palm Beach. On Monday mornings I got up at 3:00 A.M. and Dene drove me to Jupiter, where I would hook up with John for a ride back to Lakeland.

I was so desperate for money that I enlisted in the Air Force Reserve and volunteered for a two-week tour of duty at the Orlando AFB over the 1959 Christmas and New Year's holidays. Part-time work was hard to find in Lakeland. Nearly every day I spent time in the college library poring over the classified ads in the *Lakeland Ledger*. One day I found something that sounded perfect. A public relations firm headed by Jack Pridgen (who would later help engineer the elections of Lawton Chiles to the Florida Legislature, U.S. Senate, and Florida governorship) and his wife were seeking a salesman to sell ads for the *Lakeland Ledger*, which was publishing a centennial edition for Polk County.

I got the job by telling a couple of fibs. The ad had specified experience as an ad salesman and the use or ownership of a car. I had neither, but I was confident that I could write good advertising copy and sell it. Lacking a car meant that I had to do a lot of walking around the city, which was about six miles from one side to the other.

The first day, I walked eight miles to two businesses and back to South Street. And I sold two ads!

I don't recall how many ads I later sold, but my efforts impressed Mr. Pridgen, who put in a good word for me with his friend Frank Wesley, who headed up two trade associations—the Roofing, Sheet Metal and Air Conditioning Contractors and the Florida Plumbing Association. Frank needed a part-timer, so I went to work for Wesley Associates writing for two magazines he published, *Plumbing Contractor* and *Florida Forum*, the publication for the Roofing and Sheet Metal Association.

A *Ledger* article about me many years later quoted Frank describing those days: "Doc was a lost ball in the weeds back then. He needed something to do and I was desperate. I needed help. He had drive and a built-in feeling that he's going to succeed at everything he tries, and he does."

I changed my opinion of Lakeland as time went by, and I'm happy that I stuck it out. Life was getting much better for me financially as I rolled into the 1960s.

The 1950s, for me, was a time of wonderful adventures. Looking back, I realize that the decade was one of the greatest I've known or even read about.

It seems as though a lifetime of events, inventions, and discoveries was compressed into that one ten-year period, and many of them would influence the rest of our lives.

The Korean War began, President Truman ordered construction of the first hydrogen bomb, the first modern credit card was introduced, and the first organ transplant took place. As the decade moved along, we saw the introduction of color television and car seatbelts and the creation of the polio vaccine. Princess Elizabeth became queen of England.

There was also the discovery of DNA, the launching of the U.S. Navy's first nuclear submarine, and the death of the USSR's Joseph Stalin. In 1954, school segregation was ruled illegal in the United States, and a year later Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat and move to the back of the bus in Montgomery, Alabama. That same year Disneyland opened and McDonald's Corporation was founded. The year 1956 saw the

*“The fifties...
was a time of
wonderful
adventures.”*

invention of the TV remote control, the introduction of Velcro, the Hungarian Revolution, and the Suez Canal crisis.

In 1957, the Soviet Union started the space race by launching Sputnik, and a year later our National Aeronautics and Space Administration was created. Rounding out the decade, the Cuban Revolution ousted Fulgencio Batista and Fidel Castro became Cuba's dictator.

It was one whopper of a decade.



A summer afternoon in 1959 at Dash Gaither's country store. His store and the mill on the banks of Hunting Creek were the only two businesses making up the Eagle Mills township. I was raised about a mile from the store. From left, me, Dash and Carl.

The Nineteen Sixties

The 1960s began with the Cold War still dividing much of the world. Germany remained split with huge numbers of refugees fleeing from East to West Germany, prompting Soviet premier Khrushchev to order construction of the infamous Berlin Wall.

In January, Senator John F. Kennedy began his campaign for the presidency. President Eisenhower signed the Civil Rights Act of 1960 into law. Four black college students staged a sit-in at a Greensboro, North Carolina, lunch counter. In November, Kennedy, a Democrat, was elected president by a slim margin over Republican Richard Nixon who had served as President Eisenhower's vice president. Our 34th president would head for the White House knowing he faced major problems, not the least of which were the persistent saber rattling by the Soviet Union and the burgeoning civil rights movement at home. Then there was Cuba, just ninety miles from our shores.

Rebel Fidel Castro, after overthrowing dictator Batista, had set about nationalizing industries and companies, most of which were owned by U.S. companies. Castro also eagerly reestablished diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and started purchasing Russian oil. As Kennedy awaited inauguration, he was well aware that the outgoing Eisenhower administration had already started planning for a U.S. invasion of Cuba.

For my part, at the beginning of the decade at twenty-six years of age, I could have used thirty-hour days, since I was holding down a job, taking a full nineteen-semester-hour class load at Florida Southern College, and fulfilling my Air Force Reserve obligation with monthly meetings. I enjoyed dressing up in my uniform for the evening sessions, especially since I was sporting an extra stripe, having been promoted to tech sergeant. The extra money coming in from reserve duty wasn't much, but it was helpful. Wesley was calling on me for more and more hours. I was still working for him part-time. Thankfully, I was off the twenty-five-cents-a-day diet.

In the early spring of 1960, I volunteered for six weeks of active duty with the Air Force and was assigned to Pope Air Force Base in North Carolina during the summer months. It was while I was at Pope that the Soviets shot down an American U-2 spy plane and captured the pilot, Francis Gary Powers, setting off an international crisis. I had seen a U-2 at Naha Air Force Base. The plane, except for takeoffs and landings, was hidden away in an aircraft hangar.

Wesley called me one day at Pope and asked me to quit college and go to work for him full-time. It was an easy decision. I said no. He upped the amount he had

offered to pay me weekly. It was an attractive offer, but the answer was still no. I was within one semester of graduating, and I had every intention of getting my degree. I told Wesley I would continue to work part-time on an hourly basis and I would put in as many hours as were required to do the job. He said okay.

Fall and winter was a very busy time for me, since I was working forty to fifty hours a week for Wesley and carrying a twenty-semester-hour class load at school. I graduated from Florida Southern in January 1961 with a Bachelor of Science degree with honors, magna cum laude, majoring in journalism. Wesley then hired me on a salary basis. Later I would learn that I



Graduation Day from Florida Southern College with a Bachelor of Science, major in journalism degree. The ceremony was held at the First Methodist Church on Lake Morton.

was making more than my college professors.

Our improving financial situation finally allowed Dene to leave her job in West Palm Beach and move to Lakeland. She got a job with a travel agency, which did not pay as well as her position at Pratt & Whitney, but it was a big help financially.

We rented an apartment off Wabash Avenue—not Lakeland's best neighborhood, but our one-bedroom duplex was fairly new. When a technician from the phone company

arrived to install a phone, he asked Dene where she had moved from and he commented that we were not in a very good neighborhood—the wrong side of the tracks. Dene, in her usual feisty manner, replied, “As far as I’m concerned, your whole damn town is on the wrong side of the tracks.”

We would later move to South Elm Road on the other side of the tracks, where we were living when Carl Croffard Dockery was born on December 22, 1963—a wonderful event in our lives.

I was always looking to improve our financial status, which is why I and five of my poker buddies put a fixed amount of money each week into an investment pool. We saw others making money by developing lots and selling them to builders. Our group found a ten-acre section of land covered with orange trees off Hallam Drive, south of town. After we’d saved enough money for a down payment, we bought the land and developed it into half-acre lots with underground utilities and curbed streets; very upscale in those days. We named the subdivision Montclair because it was on one of the highest points south of Lakeland.

Bad times hit the construction industry, and a developer who had bought and built on three of our lots finally sold two but had to let one go. The buyer would be required to simply take over the payments on the mortgage. I bought it and our family moved to Burgundy Place, which put us in the upper-crust part of town.

We were living there when Michele Denene Dockery was born on February 15, 1968—another wonderful moment in our lives. It was a great place for Carl and Michele to grow up, especially after we added a pool and a covered patio with a barbecue pit.

Our little investment group expanded to twelve, and we developed two more areas, Scottswood and Scottswood East.

The Air Force Reserve unit I was training with moved north to Jacksonville, Florida, leaving me with two choices: travel to Jacksonville one night a month or resign from the Reserve. I resigned. At that time, some reservists were being called back to active duty. It was an open secret that the U.S. was going to assist Cuban exiles mount an invasion of Cuba in hopes of regaining control of that island nation from Castro.

In January of 1961, the U.S. terminated diplomatic relations with Cuba, and three months later, on April 17, a Cuban exile force called Brigade 2506 hit the beach at

“*In January of 1961, U.S. terminated diplomatic relations with Cuba...*”

Playa Giron—the Bay of Pigs. The invasion was doomed from the start. Old American B-26 bombers painted to look like Cuban Air Force planes bombed major Cuban airfields but failed to take out Cuba’s air force. Central Intelligence Agency operatives inside Cuba failed in their sabotage attempts and, perhaps dooming the invasion for good, President Kennedy decided not to provide the promised air

cover. Many of the U.S. Air Force planes were already on their way to Cuba when Kennedy made his decision. They turned around and flew back to Florida and Alabama. Brigade 2506 found twenty thousand Cuban troops waiting for them, and after a few skirmishes, the invaders had no choice but to surrender.

Some 1,200 exile troops were taken prisoner and another 100 lost their lives on the beach. President Kennedy was roundly criticized in Congress and the media for authorizing the invasion and for failing to provide air cover once it was under way.

In October of 1962, an American U-2 spy plane overflew Cuba and returned with photos of missile sites, kicking off another crisis, this one directly involving the Soviet Union. Subsequent reconnaissance flights produced more photos of several sites at which the USSR was installing missiles capable of reaching well into the United States. As charges flew back and forth between Washington and Moscow, southern Florida became an armed camp in preparation for an invasion of Cuba, if that became necessary.

The missile crisis lasted fourteen days and ended with an agreement that the Soviets would remove the missiles from Cuba if we pulled our nuclear missiles out of Turkey. Within days, Soviet cargo ships were headed out of Cuba loaded with missiles, much to the dismay of Castro, who felt Nikita Khrushchev had betrayed him.

Halfway around the world, more American forces were being deployed as the Vietnam War was escalating and more and more reservists were being called back to

active duty. The call-ups reaffirmed my good decision not to continue with the Air Force Reserve in Jacksonville.

In May of 1954, Vietnamese insurgents overran French forces at Dien Bien Phu, ending a fifty-five-day battle and the eight-year French-Indochina War. Shortly thereafter, Vietnam was partitioned under the Geneva Agreement into two countries—North Vietnam, ruled by Communist Ho Chi Minh, and South Vietnam, with a pro-U.S. regime. Ho Chi Minh wanted to take over the south, so it wasn't long before the two countries were at war.

U.S. military advisors had been in Vietnam since the late 1950s, but once the north and south started fighting, the U.S. began providing direct military support to the south. The American advisors would soon be supplanted by full-fledged fighting forces. With U.S. troops making little progress against the guerrilla tactics of the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese, the U.S. sent more and more men into the war throughout the 1960s. As the conflict dragged on and the number of U.S. casualties increased, the war fell out of favor at home, especially among younger Americans.

Calls for the U.S. to cut its losses and pull out of Vietnam became a crescendo, with antiwar protestors taking to the streets, young men burning their draft cards, and many fleeing to Canada to avoid the draft. It was one of the most tumultuous times in the nation's history. Unfortunately, the war would continue until 1975, when, with most of South Vietnam lost to the Communists, the U.S. declared an end to its part of the fighting and hastily and desperately pulled out American forces. Thank God I was on the sidelines.

I was still working with Wesley back in Lakeland when I got a surprising, even shocking, job offer. Polk County was still dry, and I had joined the local Elks Lodge, one of the few local private clubs that could serve booze and strong beer. I became good friends with Jimmy Rawlerson, a regular at the club, who was fifteen years older than me. He was a great conversationalist. Jimmy owned a lot of the vending machines in the county and had a monopoly on jukeboxes, which were very popular in the sixties.

*“May of 1954...
the eight-year
French-Indochina
War ends.”*



Frank Wesley and I share the good news that we have received an award from the Florida Magazine Association for Florida Forum, the official publication of the Florida Roofing, Sheet Metal and Air Conditioning Association.

Wesley taught me more than anyone could have imagined about association management and trade magazines. He was a brilliant man.

It was widely known that the Mafia controlled vending machines, jukeboxes, and theaters in the county, anywhere there was a lot of cash changing hands, because the mobsters needed to launder some of their illegal takings. Jimmy ran it all in Polk County, including the slot machines, which were in all the private clubs.

One day Jimmy said to me, "Doc, I'd like for you to go to Tampa with me and have lunch with a friend of mine who may want to offer you a job."

"Doing what?" I asked. He replied, "Let's just go over and talk first."

A few days later Jimmy introduced me to Santo Trafficante at lunch in a restaurant on what is now Kennedy Boulevard. I had recognized Trafficante's name. He was a reputed Mafia boss. After lunch Trafficante asked me if I would mind taking a walk around the block. "Give Jimmy and me forty-five minutes," he said. "He and I have some business to discuss."

Santo Trafficante wasn't just a boss, he was the boss of the Italian-dominated rackets in Central Florida, a fiefdom he had inherited upon the death of his father in 1954. With his links to major crime figures throughout the country, Trafficante was considered one of the most powerful Mafia dons nationally. He had interests in, or controlled, several major casinos in pre-Castro Cuba, where he had a home, in addition to his homes in Tampa. After Castro came to power, Trafficante was declared an undesirable and got kicked out of Cuba.

Trafficante was arrested numerous times in the Tampa Bay area, but the charges never stuck, apart from a bribery conviction later overturned by the Florida Supreme Court. He was also one of fifty-seven Mafia mobsters arrested in a raid on what the media called an "underworld convention" in Apalachin, New York. The case made headlines around the world, but the charges ultimately were dropped. According to government documents, Trafficante also worked with the CIA and some other underworld figures on a plan to assassinate Fidel Castro. It was never carried out.

On the way home from the meeting with Santo, Jimmy told me, "Mr. Trafficante and some of his associates are going to buy a ship and turn it into a casino. It's going to operate out of Palm Beach. The target audience will be the rich clientele with homes

on Palm Beach and Lake Worth. Specifically, a lot of the men are working in New York and Chicago while their wives and the rest of their families are in Palm Beach and Lake Worth, particularly in the winter months. We'd like for you to consider going to work for us." The job: I would be on board the ship as an escort, introducing the ladies to the gaming facilities and arranging for them to attend the entertainment functions.

They were offering a lot more money than I was making. That evening I told Dene about the job offer. "Do you want to take the job?" she

“Powerful Mafia don offers job”

asked. "That's a lot of money." I answered, "I'm not sure. Do you know who Mr. Trafficante is?" When she said no, I said, "Well, he is rumored to be part of the Mafia." "What's that?"

she asked. "It's organized crime," I replied. "You wouldn't be involved in that, would you?" Dene asked. I told her I wouldn't, that I would just be working on the ship. "Do whatever you want," she said.

The next time I saw Jimmy, he asked if I was going to work for them. "Jimmy, if I go to work for you and don't like it, can I quit?" I asked him. "Most of our employees don't quit," Jimmy replied. "They stay with us for life." I didn't like what I was hearing. "Jimmy, are you telling me I can't quit?" His reply: "People just don't quit. We make life pleasant for people who work for us." I declined the job offer but remained very good friends with Jimmy Rawlerson.

I was still working for Wesley, and the job was now consuming sixty to seventy hours a week. He was an alcoholic and would come to work in mid-afternoon and start drinking vodka while he was working, then drink and work into the wee hours of the morning. My regular workday started at 8:00 in the morning and ran to 6:00 or 6:30 P.M., and many times Wesley called me late at night, wanting me to come down to discuss something. There was always enough work to fill the days, Monday through Saturday.

I became aware that my health was declining, and a visit to a physician revealed that I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The doctor recommended that I take a month off work and go on a cruise. That was not an option for me. I soon made up

my mind to leave Wesley, a hard decision.

I really felt sorry for him. He was a hypochondriac who also had real medical problems. While we were at a trade show in Atlanta, Wesley started suffering what he thought were leg cramps. We returned home three days later and a doctor found a blood clot behind Wesley's knee. Unfortunately, his leg had to be amputated from the knee down; the lack of blood flow had killed his leg. It was decaying by the time they amputated it. There was no good time to inform Wesley that I was leaving, and on the day I made the decision, I had to tell him in the hospital, where he was being treated for chest pains.

Before I could find another job, Wesley notified the Roofing and Sheet Metal Contractors' Association that I was no longer with him and he would have to discontinue his role as their executive director and publisher of *Florida Forum* magazine. The president of the association called me and asked if I would go to work as their executive director and publisher of the magazine. Relieved that I would have a job, I said yes. The management fee matched what Wesley was being paid, and I would get a share of the revenues from the advertisements in the magazine.

As Wesley's assistant, I had been to a couple of the association conventions and knew the directors and many of the members. At the last one I had attended, Wesley was "ill" and I wound up managing the convention and trade show. My duties as executive director included regular contact with board members, membership solicitation, lobbying the Florida Legislature and the U.S. Congress, and planning membership and board meetings and the annual convention, as well as selling trade-show booth space to manufacturers and suppliers doing business with our members.

The job was a one-man show for me, with a lot to do. I worked in a small office on Route 92 between Lakeland and Auburndale, doing my own typing and filing. Later I would hire a secretary and pay her salary from the fee the association paid me. As had been the case with the former executive director, I paid all my own expenses. After four or five years, I switched from fee-based compensation to a salary as a full-time employee of the association. By 1978 when I resigned from my position, we had grown

to eight employees plus me.

My work was challenging and always interesting, and for the most part, the directors and members were fine people and appreciative of the growth taking place year after year.

One of the association programs not under my jurisdiction was the self-insurance fund for workers' compensation. An alternative to purchasing insurance on the open market, this worked pretty much like a co-op. The members paid premiums to the fund at the same rate charged by insurance companies less a 15 percent discount. A contract administrator managed the fund, collecting the premiums, paying claims, conducting safety seminars, and returning any unused premiums to the members on a pro-rata basis, depending on loss ratios and premium volume.

I was not invited to the meetings of the trustees who oversaw the operation of the fund, but I was privy to the fund's activities through the reports given to the board of directors by the administrator and the chairman of the board of trustees.

One evening over drinks, I mentioned to the board chairman that no audits were ever furnished to the directors, who ultimately had an oversight function over the fund. I was told that no audits were being done. My suggestion that they ought to consider preparing an annual audit was not well received. The chairman chastised me. "What do you think we're doing, stealing?" My reply was, "No, no, no, I don't think you're stealing. It's just good business practice to have an audit." The trustees in unison said, "That would cost too much. It's just a waste of money." I never mentioned the subject again.

In 1967, the guy who was the fund administrator turned up missing. He had bought a one-way ticket to Australia and took with him the cash he had stolen from the bank accounts of the thirteen self-insurance funds he was administering. This created a major crisis for all the funds. After a considerable amount of scrambling, one of the trustees reported he had found a \$100,000 certificate of deposit that the administrator had missed. There were calls for the state to come in and bail out the funds, an effort led by the Florida Home Builders Association Fund trustees.

The directors asked for my advice. "It seems to me you ought to get together and

see if you can't salvage this on your own," I told them. The reply was, "We want you to take over the insurance program to help sort this out." "No, no," I said, "I don't do insurance."

A short time later I was on vacation in North Carolina when I got a call from one of the past presidents of the association, Eldon Goldman, telling me that the trustees and directors were meeting on the upcoming weekend. They wanted me to interrupt my vacation to come down and talk about taking over the insurance program in addition to my other duties. My reply was, "Not interested." He asked, "Are you reasonably happy with the money you're making?" I said, "Yes, sure." Then he asked me, "Do you like lobbying?" "Yes, sir." "And you like running the magazine because you get a percentage of the profits?" "Yes, sir." Then he told me, "If you like all those things, you're going to run the insurance program too, and you'll be down this weekend to discuss it." My reply was, "I think I understand what you're saying."

I took over the administration of the fund. A friend who owned a claims management business, Bill Dorminy, became the claims manager. The fund had been reinsured by a company owned by the administrator who had wiped out its bank account, leaving no funds to pay the claims we had against the reinsurance company. Dorminy had arranged reinsurance for many of his clients at Lloyds of London.

At a special meeting of the members of the fund, I convinced all of them to sign a pledge to continue their membership, giving up discounts and dividends until we worked ourselves out of the hole.

“Blessing in disguise”

With these pledges, Dorminy and I flew to London and arranged reinsurance for the fund. We were out of the hole in three years.

Taking over the fund turned out to be a blessing in disguise for me. I became an expert on workers' compensation self-insurers funds. I would leave the association in 1978 and create my own administrators' company, Summit Consulting, Inc.

During the late 1960s while I was working for the association on a fee basis, a friend named Leon Wells suggested that we create a company to make the first plastic harvesting boxes for the citrus industry. He had the idea but no money. I went to

Goldman, with whom I had become a very good friend, and asked if he would loan us the \$50,000 we needed to have a die made for production of the box. He agreed, on the conditions that I would guarantee the loan and he would have an option to buy stock in the company at a predetermined low price.

It took about five months for the die to be made in Detroit. Then we had it shipped to Chicago, where we started producing citrus harvesting boxes on the largest plastic molding machine available. Soon boxes were being shipped to WEDO Containers, our company—WE for Wells, and DO for Dockery.

We produced and sold two thousand boxes for testing during the citrus harvest season. The tests were successful, and we were getting a large markup on each box. We took orders for the following season, and when spring rolled around we started producing boxes for delivery in the summer and fall. We each seemed to be on our way to becoming a millionaire, which would mean I could achieve that lofty financial status before my thirtieth birthday.

Unfortunately, our dreams of success were premature. Like a bolt from the blue, a representative of Gatex, the company that was molding our boxes, informed us that Gatex had been served with a court order to stop producing for us. W.R. Grace and Company, the supplier of the plastic materials for the boxes, owned the design for their unique stack-and-nest feature, which allowed empty boxes to be placed inside each other for more efficient transport, and boxes that contained fruit to be stacked by turning them 180 degrees. We were the licensee of Grace. It turned out that the stack-and-nest patent rights, which were held by Container Development Corporation out of Watertown, Wisconsin, were being tested by Grace.

Representatives of Grace had also received a copy of the court order. They wouldn't even return our phone calls. We believed they would defend what we thought were their patent rights and that somehow everything would work out. Didn't happen. I made a rather feeble attempt to get a Lakeland law firm with whom I'd done some business to defend us. It turned out that we didn't have much to defend other than our licensing agreement with Grace, and that wasn't worth anything without Grace's help.

In less than a month I received a call from the vice president of sales for Container Development, who was also the owner's son. He said he was interested in talking with me about becoming the company's sales rep in Florida. I said, "Hell, no," and slammed the phone down. He was persistent, however, and he later convinced me to come to Watertown at their expense to discuss the subject and take a look at their facilities.

Goldman was pressing me almost daily to tell him how I was going to pay off our \$50,000 loan, and Wells had no intention of helping me with it, so I agreed to take the sales rep job. Now I was selling stack-and-nest boxes for Container Development in addition to my already busy schedule with the roofing association. I soon became the nation's star salesman, making enough money to start paying down the loan on a monthly basis. The payments were never enough for Goldman who, through his assistant, kept pressing me for more. Eventually I paid off the debt, and Goldman and I remained friends until his death.

I needed some help with the box business so I hired Bud Busing, a guy with absolutely no sales experience. But he was enthusiastic and we liked each other right away. I taught Bud the sales business, and after I paid off the loan, I sold him my box business with nothing down. He became an even better salesman than I was and paid me monthly for about three years until the debt was paid in full. (See Appendix X, *Barbara Busing Letter*.)

If I had to describe the 1960s, I would say they were a wild ride for the nation. On a personal level, I can't complain. I received my college degree in journalism, and because opportunities presented themselves, I got off to a solid start in business, the citrus box experience notwithstanding.

But tragic news seemed to dominate the decade: President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas on November 22, 1963. Vice President Lyndon Johnson became our 36th president. He took the Oath of Office on a plane returning Mrs. Kennedy and him back to Washington D.C. from Dallas. Other assassinations

“President
John F. Kennedy...
assassinated in
Dallas on
Nov. 22, 1963.”

followed: Malcolm X, on February 21, 1965, in New York; Martin Luther King, on April 4, 1968, in Memphis and Robert Kennedy, on June 5, 1968, in Los Angeles.

The mostly peaceful civil rights demonstrations in the South took a violent turn, and race riots spread across the country. The United States remained mired in the war in Vietnam, and by the end of the decade, nearly 48,000 American servicemen and women had lost their lives there.

The American people had grown tired of the war and were blaming President Johnson, who was responsible for escalating the war, for the failing effort in Vietnam. His popularity steadily declined. Late in 1966 he gave up his bid for re-election. In 1968 Richard Nixon was elected the 37th president of our country, returning the presidency to the Republican Party. He beat out Democrat Hubert Humphrey and Independent George Wallace.

I had a chance to meet Nixon and President Johnson in 1966 while attending an American Legion convention in Washington, D.C. At that time, I was very active in the American Legion and was seated in the front row in the National Guard Armory where the convention was held. President Johnson was our speaker. On the way to the stage he stopped to shake hands with many of us who were seated directly in front of the podium. He was one heck of a big man, very tall and muscular. His handshake was almost bonecrushing.

I met Nixon in a bar at the Washington Hilton where I was staying. Several of us were sitting in the bar having a drink and, with no fanfare, in walked Nixon. A few minutes later someone came in and sat down with him. Within minutes he had moved over and sat down with a group of Vietnam vets and ordered a round of beer. They laughed and talked for about twenty or thirty minutes. I interrupted for just a second to shake hands and say hello to him and the vets. The encounter really changed my perception of him as a very cold and stiff person. But, here he was being a very likeable guy, telling jokes and as relaxed as anyone could ever be. At the time he was running for president.

In spite of the escalating war and the terrible assassinations in the U.S., not all the news during the sixties was bad. The U.S. moved ahead of the Russians in the space

race when in 1962 Mercury astronaut John Glenn became the first human to orbit the earth in *Friendship 7*. I was on Cocoa Beach to watch him blast off from Cape Canaveral. A year earlier, I was at the beach to see astronaut Alan Shepard leave the Cape atop a fiery rocket to become the second person in space and the first American with a fifteen minute sub-orbital flight in *Freedom 7*. He splashed down inside his command module, parachuting into the Atlantic Ocean where he was retrieved by an American naval vessel. John Glenn also splashed down in the Atlantic and was retrieved by the U.S. Navy.

At the end of the decade, Apollo astronaut Neil Armstrong became the first man to walk on the moon. I bought our first color TV to watch the history making event. In South Africa, Dr. Christian Barnard performed the first human heart transplant, in California, the first steps toward creation of the Internet took place, and, Medicare began providing health care insurance for the elderly.

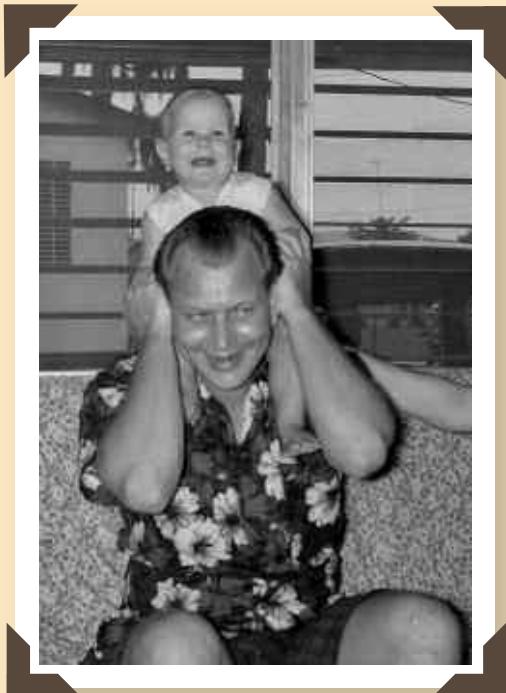
Scrapbook From The Sixties



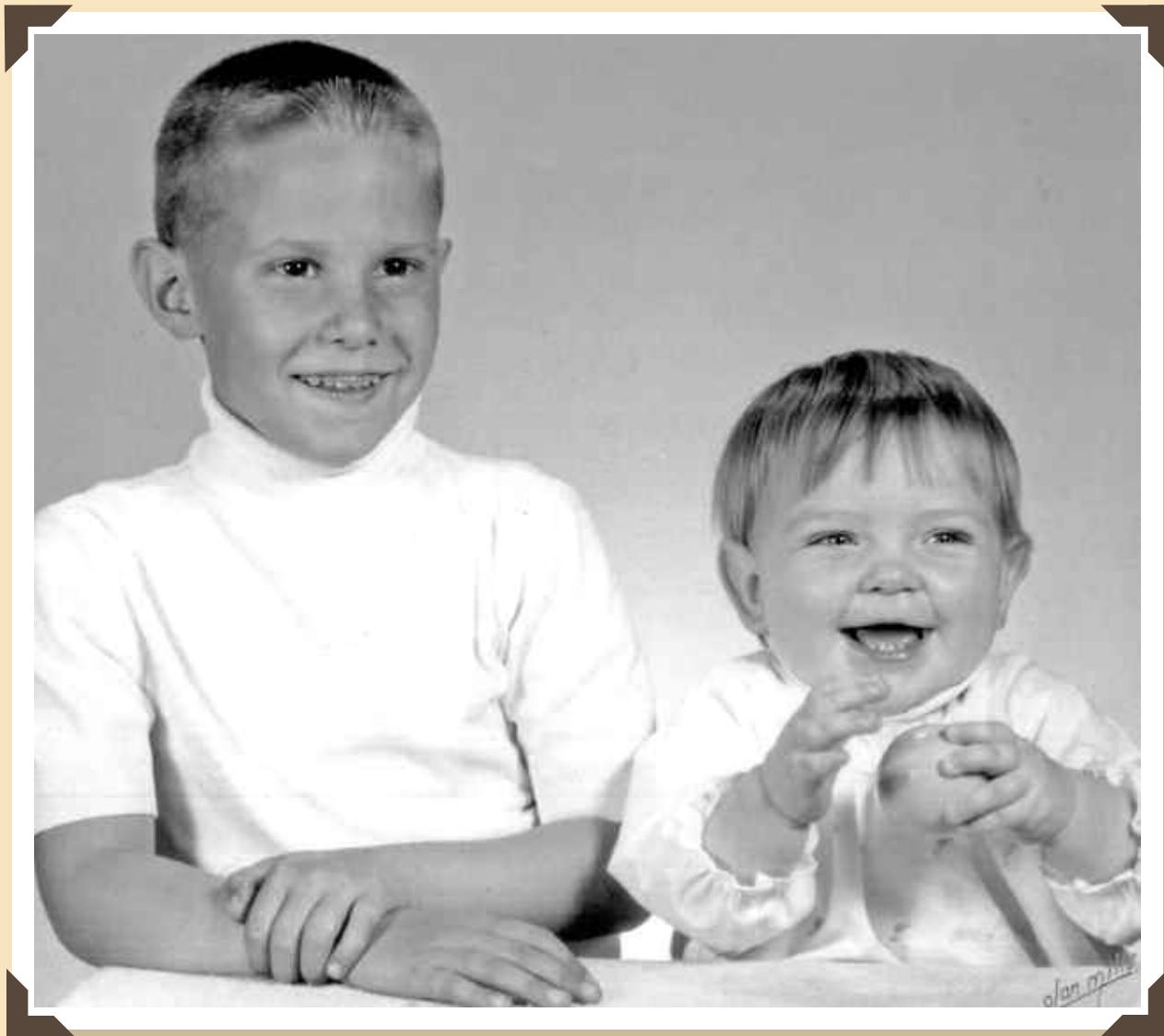
*Carl having fun with his toys
at an early age in 1963.*



*A loving brother embraces his sister whom he devotedly
protected from the bullies in grade school.*



*Carl and me at our home on
South Elm Road.*

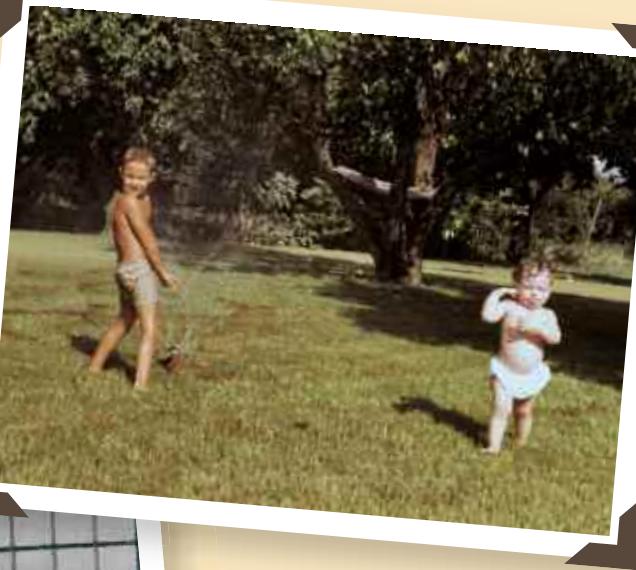


Carl and Michele, all smiles, bringing admiration and happiness to Dene and me.

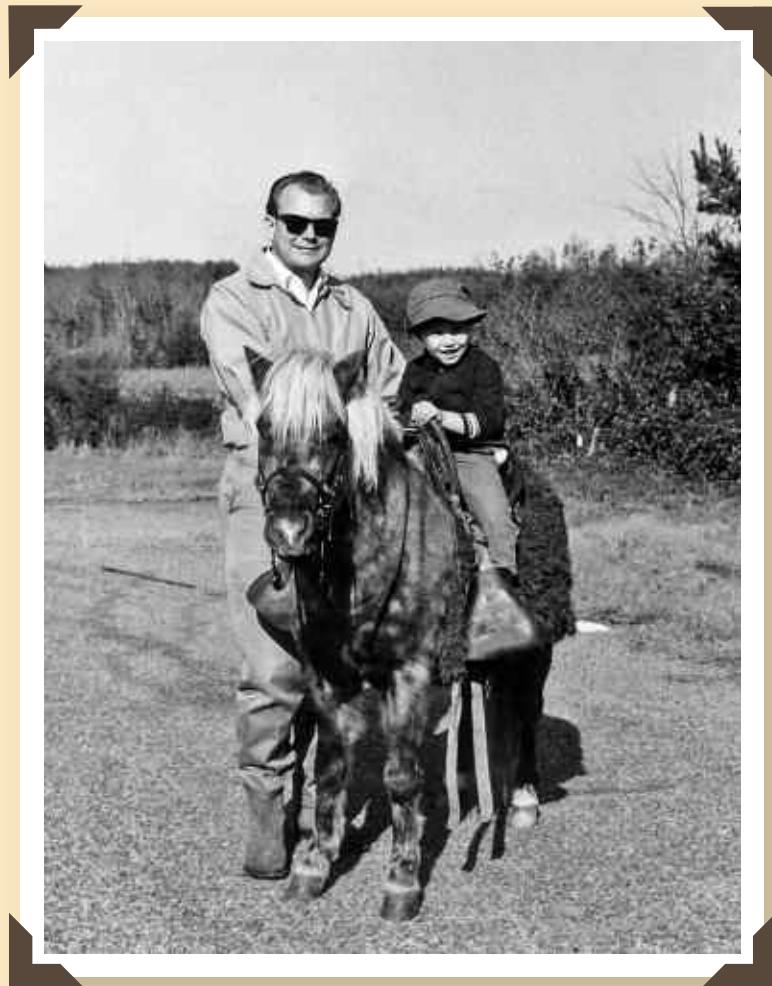


Carl with his dog Jack Daniels. I rescued Jackie from the median on Hwy 92 about a mile and a half west of the Combee Road intersection at about 1:00 AM one morning. Jackie had been in the median of Hwy 92 after supper. He was still there in the median shaking uncontrollably when I came by again on my way home. I pulled over, parked and walked to the median, picked him up and the shaking turned to happy licking of my face, arms, neck and about any place he could put his tongue.

Michele and Carl playing in the water from the lawn sprinkler in the back yard at Burgundy Place.



Dene and Michele at a yacht club swim meet. Michele would join the team a couple of years later.



*Carl, on a neighbor's pony, and me in this 1965 photo taken at
Papa and Granny York's home in Jonesville, N.C.*



In 1965 I was elected Commander of American Legion Post 4. I was the first Korean veteran and the youngest vet, at age thirty-two, ever elected to serve as Commander of Post 4. As this is being written the record still stands. (See Appendices VII, VIII, and IX, Dear Legionnaires; Talk to Dixieland Lions Club, and Talk to Southwest Junior High School.)



A BIG SMILE FOR UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY PHOTO WINNER—Shelley Reeder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Reeder, 1174 S. Lake Shore Drive in Winter Haven, holds the loving cup that was presented to Charles C. Dockery, left, for his winning photo in a national contest sponsored by the United Cerebral Palsy organization. George E. (Buck) Trask Jr., right, president of the board of the directors of UCP of Polk County presented the cup to Dockery, who voluntarily took the picture of Shelley. His photo won second place out of more than 500 entries. (LEDGER Photo By Fletcher)

Wish I had the picture which won the award. It was one that showed Shelley's instructor leading her through mouth motions to say the simplest of words, starting with one syllable and moving on to two syllables. It was fun to watch Shelley mimic her teacher. The photo captured the essence of the moment in two smiling faces.

Skydiver Lands In Lake

(Continued From Page One)

I'd guess he went in about 100 yards from shore.

"Stephenson and I started swimming out to get him, but my friend had to turn back. He was trying to carry a large innertube out there, but it was too awkward to handle.

Fishermen Arrive In Boat

"Just a few seconds after I got out to the parachute, two fishermen showed up in a boat. They were Carl Allen and Joe Roberts, both of Auburndale.

"I climbed into the boat and we began hauling on the chute. We didn't know whether or not the man (Phillips) was still in his harness. I thought he was, because he appeared to try to swim with the chute still attached as soon as he landed.

"We kept hauling on the chute for what seemed like an eternity. Then we saw a white helmet. Phillips was still in it and the parachute harness.

Resuscitation Given

"As soon as we got him aboard the boat, I began giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

"He must have been under water between five and eight minutes. We thought he was dead when we got him into the boat—his color was almost blue.

"But, fortunately, he responded to the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation while we were heading for shore.

Revival Efforts His First

"When we got ashore, a member of the skydiving club, Larry Leonne, was there and he took over the resuscitation," Dockery said.

Dockery said he has never administered artificial respiration before.

"I received some training in first aid while with the U. S. Air Force during the Korean conflict. I've also seen and read about artificial respiration on television and in the newspapers, but I never thought I'd be in a position to use it," he stated.

Dockery is an editor of two trade publications which have their office at Lakeland.



Parachutist Rescued From Auburndale Lake

From yesterday when he apparently missed the target of his first parachute jump, he is Willard Phillips, 31, of the Huckle-Trigger Park, Winter Haven, shown here being assisted by club member Larry Leonne, at left, and Carl Allen, shown holding Phillips' head, at right. (Photo Courtesy Charles Dockery)

Wayward Skydiver Lands In Lake Mariana, Rescued

AUBURNDALE — A Winter Haven resident who was making his first parachute jump was rescued from Lake Mariana about 3 p.m. yesterday after he apparently missed the target of his jump.

Admitted to Winter Haven Hospital after the mishap was Willard G. Phillips, 31, of the Huckle-Trigger Park, Winter Haven.

A hospital spokesman said Phillips was "much improved this morning" after his harrowing experience.

Skydivers Practicing

Four airmen of a Lakeland-based and two Auburndale residents may have meant the difference between life and death for Phillips, representing, making his first parachute jump after several ground training sessions with the Lakeland Skydivers Club.

The group practices nearly once a Sunday at the Winter Haven municipal airport, Ollinger Field, which is located near Lake Mariana.

One of the airmen, Charles Dockery, 28, of 401 Elmwood, Lakeland, this morning gave the following account of what happened yesterday:

Group See Diver Hit Water

"My wife and I were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stephenson at their home on Lake Mariana. We were all sitting in their Florida room when a 35-year-old yesterday when I happened to look out the window and saw this guy about 100 feet in the air.

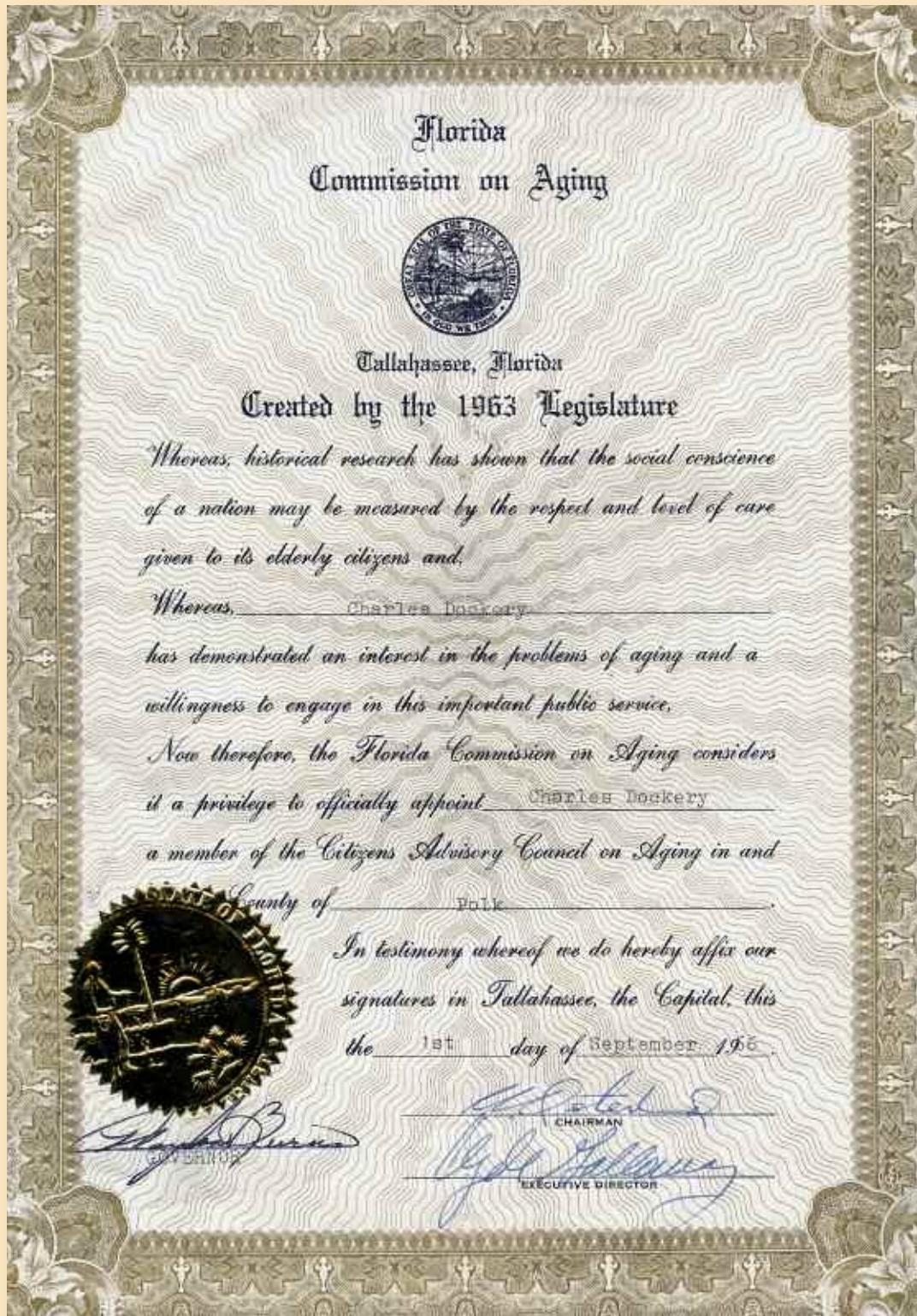
"It was obvious the parachute was drifting so that it would land in the lake.

"We all ran outside just as he went into the water. He yelled for help and then went under the surface of the water.



Lakeland Rescuer

Twenty-nine-year-old Charles Dockery of 401 Elm Street, Lakeland, was about 125 yards and then administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation after an unconscious skydiver was brought to his residence on Auburndale's Lake Mariana. (Photo By Leonne)



At age 33, who would ever expect to be appointed to a commission on aging? Nevertheless, Governor Hayden Burns, in 1966, asked me to serve and I agreed. Then Florida State Senator Lawton Chiles, who would later move on to become a U.S. Senator and the Governor of Florida, was appointed to the Commission on Aging at the same time I was.

Honorably Discharged



from the Armed Forces of the United States of America

This is to certify that

CHARLES C DOCKERY AF14429840 TSG AFRES

was Honorably Discharged from the

United States Air Force

*on the 26TH day of OCTOBER 1962 This certificate is awarded
as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service*

R. P. Dockery

R. P. DOCKERY
LT. COLONEL, USAF

DD FORM 1 NOV 51 256 AF PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THIS FORM MAY BE USED.
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT RECORD - SAFEGUARD IT!

*Another honorable discharge issued on October 26, 1962 after I completed an assignment with
the U.S. Air Force Reserve during which I was promoted to Technical Sergeant.*

The Nineteen Seventies

The decade of the 1970s began much as the 1960s had ended, with a nation growing increasingly divided over the war in Vietnam. In 1970, American soldiers wiped out a Vietnamese village in the My Lai Massacre. Even though the shocking event served to add more voices to the demands that the U.S. get out of Vietnam, it would be nearly three more years before the war ended and Saigon fell to the Communists.

The nation's attention was temporarily diverted in 1972 by the Watergate break-in, which would turn into a huge political scandal and lead to the resignation of President Richard Nixon in 1974. Vice President Gerald Ford became our 38th president on August 9, 1974. He would be defeated by Jimmy Carter in his campaign for election. Carter, a Democrat, was sworn in as our 39th president on January 20, 1977.

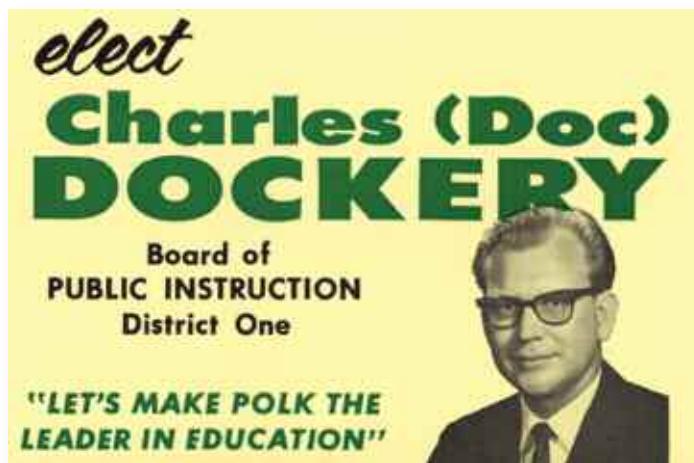
Headlines in the 1970s would include the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the murders of Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics by Palestinian terrorists, and the deaths of more than nine hundred followers of Jim Jones in the Jonestown Massacre, Guyana.

But there were plenty of positives in the 1970s, which would prove to be a decade of unparalleled technological advances. Inventions and developments included the microprocessor—the foundation of all computers—the CAT scan and MRI, ultrasound, the first home computer, floppy discs, bar codes, and an early form of e-mail. Forty miles east of my Lakeland home, Disneyworld opened in 1971. I purchased a condo in *The Mark*, a new building on Cocoa Beach, where we would welcome many visits by family and friends and create a host of pleasant memories. It was a perfect location for watching the powerful rockets blasting off from Cape Canaveral, sending our astronauts into space, and close enough that we could easily feel and hear the rumblings of the mighty engines. Later, from the condo, we would observe the launches of the space shuttle from the Kennedy Space Center as it headed into earth orbit to build an international space station.

For me, the 1970s would bring a cascade of significant events.

In January of 1970, I was appointed to the Polk County School Board by then-governor Claude Kirk. I had run for the office a year earlier and was soundly defeated by the incumbent, Seth McKeel, a friendly acquaintance of mine. I had no real interest in serving on the school board, but I ran because a friend of mine, Burt Myers, owner of Southside Cleaners, begged me to. I had switched from Democrat to Republican a few years earlier. At the time no Republicans held elective office in Polk County.

Burt was trying to get a few names for the Republican Party on the ballot. When I



My first run for a seat on the Board of Public Instruction, "school board." Advertising consisted of this lone business card.

told him I had no desire to serve, he reassured me. "Don't worry, you won't, you'll be defeated but I want you to help me build the party. We need a candidate." I agreed, then told Seth that I would be running and that I recognized I would not win and would be no threat to him. Seth never spoke to me again. He won, but before he could serve out his term he had a heart attack and died on the golf course. Governor Kirk,

whose campaign I had worked for, asked if I wanted the job. Thinking it over, I decided, sure, why not? And the pay was pretty good, more than \$5,000 a year.

I decided I would give it my best, and serving on the board turned out to be a very satisfying experience. I got off to a good start by visiting every school in the county, something no school board member had ever done. The principals were happy to see a board member taking an interest in their work. So were the teachers. I ran again in 1971 and was again defeated, this time by Dr. Robert Buccino.

Working for the Roofing and Sheet Metal Contractors Association was going very well. We would later change the association's name to Florida Roofing, Sheet Metal & Air Conditioning Contractors Association, Inc. (FRSA), since many of the sheet metal contractors were in the air-conditioning business as well, and the new name would also



Letter from
Governor Claude Kirk, Jr.
on the occasion of my
appointment by
him to the Polk County
School Board.

Hoot Gibson, chairman of the Polk County School Board, presents me with a Snoopy award as I end my service on the board. It is a spoof on my determination to watch out for the expenditure of taxpayers' money. The board was asked to approve a several-thousand dollar contract for the purchase of new globes. When I asked what was wrong with the existing globes we were using no one had a good answer, just that they wanted to upgrade them. I went to my dear friend John Clark, a principal in the system, and asked him where the two globes differed. He told me that the specifications for the new globes had been written to require a hole in the base so it could be mounted on the wall. He then confided that he believed it was a ruse to funnel money to a favored vendor. The subject didn't come up again until I left the board, when they purchased new globes. I was remembered as the "globe man!"

STATE OF FLORIDA
OFFICE OF GOVERNOR CLAUDE R. KIRK, JR.

January 6, 1970

Mr. Charles C. Dockery
4732 Burgundy Street
Lakeland, Florida

Dear Mr. Dockery:

As a citizen of Florida, and one who has its best interests at heart, I want to be the first to congratulate you on your appointment to the Polk County School Board.

On your shoulders now rest some of the burdens and problems of Florida. In appointing you, Mr. Dockery, I feel that I have entrusted these burdens to one who is honest, efficient and loyal to the highest standards. I am confident that you will do a fine job for the people of Florida.

Sincerely,

CLAUDE R. KIRK, JR.

CRK/fsd

allow us to enroll as members contractors who specialized in air conditioning only. Membership was growing every year. The trade show was on its way to becoming the second largest in the nation, just behind the National Roofing Contractors Association trade show. *Florida Forum* was also showing significant growth in advertising revenue, in which I shared.

During the mid seventies, I hired my brother, Ken, as membership director for the association. He had spent the last six months of his Air Force career in a transition program that allowed him to choose a career field to move into. He chose association work and became the membership director for the Louisiana Restaurant Association. Early in the seventies, Congress passed the Occupational Safety and Health Act (OSHA), which mandated safety standards for all industries, including roofing, sheet metal, and air conditioning. Regulations were promulgated and issued. The strictest were applied to the roofing industry, along with stiff penalties against employers who failed to adhere to the safety standards.

The act presented our members with a huge problem. OSHA could not give me an estimated date for the publication of the regulations, and enforcement began before they were made public. I hired a writer, and we put together an occupational safety handbook for our members based on the information we had. It was in huge demand, and we made the handbook available to the National Roofing Contractors Association, which in turn sold it to their members. For this effort, I was awarded the American Society of Association Executives (ASAE) Management Achievement Award in 1972.

In 1975 ASAE gave me its most prestigious and highest recognition for leadership in association work, the Key Award. By this time I was very active in the association and had been first elected to the board of directors, then elected vice chairman of the association. There were two vice chairmen; after a two-year term of office, one would be elected chairman of the association, headquartered in Washington, D.C. Before the election for chairman was held, I resigned as vice chairman to start my own business.

While I was serving as executive director of FRSA during some very rough economic times in the early to mid seventies, we submitted an application to the state to charter



*At a presentation in Honolulu,
I received the Grand Award for
Management Achievement from the
chairman of the board of ASAE.*

*ASAE President Jim Lowe presents me
with the most coveted Key Award for
outstanding achievements in association
management at an annual
convention in Atlanta, GA.*



the first commercial credit union in the nation. I was told that credit unions were for individuals, not companies. Fortunately, I had read the law and the rules governing the creation of credit unions in Florida and asked the authorities, "Where in the rules or the law does it say that companies cannot form credit unions?" Their answer was, "Well, we've never done it before." Our application was approved. This happened during a time when interest rates were skyrocketing to 20 percent, and bankers were reluctant to loan money to construction companies during bad economic times.

It was during this decade that the Florida Construction Industry Licensing Board was licensing the roofing, sheet metal, and air-conditioning contractors, the result of the association's request following an intensive lobbying effort. The Florida Home Builders Association and the General Contractors Association fought against this move because they wanted to continue to do their own roofing, sheet metal, and air-conditioning work with no one looking over their shoulders to see whether they were using qualified people. Certification involved testing for general business knowledge and knowledge of one's trade.

A couple of years earlier the association had developed its own certification program, including textbook materials and regular testing. We asked the Construction Industry Licensing Board to recognize our voluntary program of certification as meeting the state licensing requirements. They did, with plaudits to the association for its more comprehensive and rigorous program. Ken, who had been an instructor in the Air Force, was a big help with the certification program.

By this time I had hired a very dear friend from Nissen Advertising, Tom Petcoff, to be my assistant. While at Nissen, he had helped me plan and publicize our conventions and trade shows. Steve Munnell, a recent journalism graduate, was hired as editor of *Florida Forum* magazine. I had by now transitioned from working for the association on a fee basis to working as a salaried employee. The new arrangement was a better deal for the association and a good deal for me. Everything was going very, very well.

Early in 1974, we experienced a shortage of asphalt for our roofing contractors because of Florida's notorious oil spill law—we were receiving less than 35 percent of

our usual supply. Producers were leery of sending ships into Florida's waters because of the law, which imposed unlimited dollar liability on Exxon and our other suppliers should an accident cause a spill. The law made the oil carrier responsible for any spills caused by an act of God, an act of war, or an act of the state or a third party, in addition to their own negligent acts.

For example, if a law enforcement boat were to ram an oil barge and cause a messy spill, under Florida law it would be the innocent barge owner rather than the state who would be charged unlimited amounts of money to clean up the spill. State law was explicit: "State interests outweigh any economic burden imposed by the Legislature upon those engaged in transferring pollutants and related activities."

With an aggressive lobbying effort, we and other interested parties got the law changed to include a "no fault" solution by creating a special oil spill trust fund. The arrangement was funded through a per-barrel petroleum tax on all petroleum products entering the state. The trust fund is still in operation today, despite the fact that the legislature routinely raids it to transfer money to the general revenue budget.

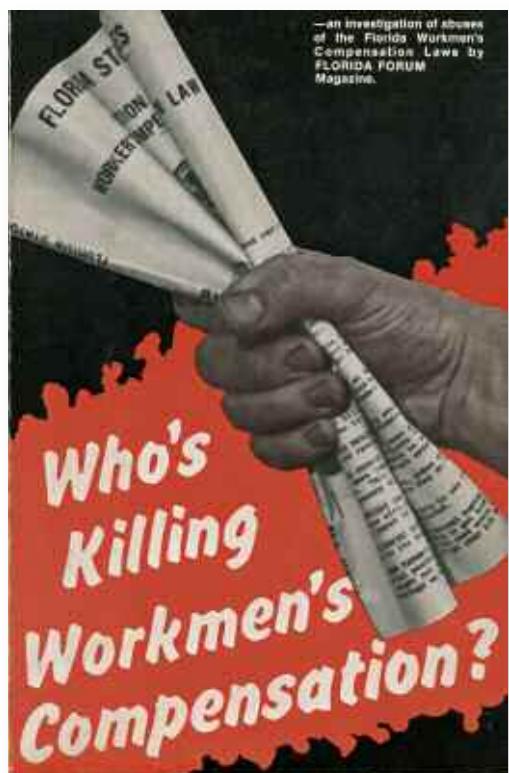
Another huge problem for our members was the high cost of workers' compensation, mitigated to some extent through our own self-insurers fund for workers' compensation. However, the courts were continually expanding the scope of the workers' comp law, which resulted in higher premiums every year. For example, injured workers who had been paid a lump sum for being permanently and totally disabled were going back to work and claiming additional injuries, for which they demanded permanent and total dismemberment benefits for a second and third time.

Workers' compensation benefits were being paid to people in jail. One such employee was in jail for burglarizing a church. In another case, a state agency charged with enforcing Florida's laws approved a \$10,000 workers' compensation claim in which an off-duty agent was hurt during a weekend drinking tour of taverns. The agent had wrecked his own car going seventy-five to eighty miles per hour, according to the highway patrol. In another instance, a judge ruled that an employee who had left a job

*“Florida's
notorious oil
spill law.”*

site, walked across the street, sat down under a coconut tree to have lunch, and was injured when a coconut fell on his head had a job-related injury and was therefore entitled to workers' comp benefits.

With the help of Duane Bradford, a highly qualified and skilled investigative reporter I hired, these abuses and others were investigated by Bradford and reported in a series of articles under the direction of Steve Munnell, editor of *Florida Forum*. Bradford had previously worked with the *St. Petersburg Times*, the *Tampa Tribune*, and Florida



newspapers owned by the *New York Times*. The articles were complied in a book titled *Who's Killing Workers' Compensation?* published in 1977.

The trial lawyers representing workers who continually abused the system went crazy.

That fall at the Florida Bar Association's annual meeting, I was given an award for our work in exposing workers' comp abuses. The award was presented by former governor Leroy Collins, who headed the committee charged with selecting someone to honor. When I received the news that I would receive the award, I was astonished. We had submitted the award application as a joke, never imagining that the people we were exposing as the bad guys would honor us

for it. When the announcement was made that I would receive the award, the president of the bar association and several other attorneys got up and walked out of the convention hall. I got a good chuckle out of that one.

My one big disappointment during the seventies was that I enrolled in a master's in business administration program at Florida Atlantic University, attended classes for three years, and failed two of my four comprehensive examinations. The program was five weeks each year, eight hours a day, with assigned homework that took up to six to eight hours each evening. It was created by Florida Atlantic and the ASAE for

experienced executives. Except for my statistics course, which was not included in the comprehensive exams, I made straight As in my class work.

After the exams, I went to my professor-advisor, told him I had failed two of them, and said, "I'm bewildered. How could this have happened?" He said, "Let me get your comps and read them." Afterward he called me. "Doc," he said, "your papers were graded by other graduate students in the regular MBA program. The problem is you put your business background experience into answering the questions. What they were looking for was regurgitation of what you had been taught from the textbook. You went way beyond that and did an excellent job." He went on to explain, "They just couldn't comprehend your answers. It was beyond their experience. If your professors had been grading with letter grades, you'd have gotten an A+ on all of them."

Previously, the comps had been graded by the professors. Students in the regular MBA program were jealous of the Executive MBA program and they were very severe in their criticism of it. To blunt their criticism, the university agreed to let graduate students in the regular program grade our papers. My professor told me he wanted to appeal the grading and have other professors assist him who had experience beyond just getting a doctorate and teaching. We set a time for me to get back with him. Unfortunately, two days later his male live-in partner committed suicide in front of him. He was so devastated that he took a leave of absence from the university. I didn't appeal and rationalized that decision by saying to myself, "I came here for knowledge and I got the knowledge. To heck with the degree."

It was 1977 and I had been with FRSA for sixteen years. At a fall 1976 board of directors meeting, I asked the board members to commence funding a pension plan for me. The response was, "You make a lot of money now. Start saving some of it." Their tone was not mean, but more like they were joking around with the subject. My relationship with the directors was still very, very good. But as time passed, I thought that maybe I should move on.

In the spring of 1977, I announced to the board that I intended to resign my job in six months. That was plenty of time for them to find a new executive vice president.

Actually, I had already started grooming my assistant, Tom Petcoff, for the job. He had been with me several years and was well qualified to take over as executive vice president. There was a moment of stunned silence before one of the directors said, "We're not going to accept your resignation."

“I tell FRSA

I'm resigning.

That brought on a lot of laughter.

It wasn't long before I got a call from my friend and a former president of the association, Charlie Raymond, asking me to come to Miami, where he lived, to discuss my announcement. When we met for lunch in Miami, he brought along a couple of other members from the area. Charlie was a rough-talking, straight-shooting guy. He's the one who told me at the '76 board meeting to start saving money. As was his custom, he wouldn't let anyone give us a menu until he'd had about three martinis, insisting that others drink right along with him. Then he got to the point quickly. "Dockery, everything's a matter of money. How much do we have to pay you to stay with us?" I would not give him a figure because I'd already made up my mind to leave the association. The discussion about an increase in salary continued until lunch was over.

We sat through two more martini lunches during the summer. At our third meeting, Charlie was offering to nearly double my pay. He had been given authority by the board to pay me whatever it took to get me to stay. At the end of our third meeting, I said, "No, Charlie, I've made up my mind to leave." He shouted to me that I would "regret this forever."

My resignation began to resemble a bitter divorce, with board members taking my side or Charlie's. Things really got rough at a fall board meeting on Marco Island. Charlie and another board member started making remarks suggesting that I might be stealing from the association. Another board member stood and said, "We've got to have an audit to see if all the money is there." Shucks, we had an independent audit every year, at my suggestion. It got brutal. Three members of my staff—Tom, Steve, and Ken—led by Tom, stood up and announced that they were resigning effective immediately. This would be my last board meeting. My six-month's notice was up.

Steve changed his mind about three weeks later and was hired as executive director. The headquarters of the association was moved from Lakeland to Orlando. They

conducted an audit, which of course showed that everything was just fine. Steve did a good job for the association and retired sometime around 2005 with a liberal pension plan. Tom got a job with a friend of ours, Bob Noojin, in the sales department of Eagle Roofing, and Ken went to work for a Tampa Bay construction association.

Around that time, world headlines were dominated by the death of Elvis Presley and the subsequent investigations and retrospectives. I gave it all little more than passing notice, since I was working on my next career move.

While I was at FRSA, Jon Shebel, president of the Associated Industries of Florida (AIF), had urged me to leave the association and start a self-insurers fund for AIF. Now, I agreed. We intended to kick it off January 1, 1978. Jon had seen how a well-run self-insurers fund could boost an association's membership and coincidentally provide a source of money for the association to pay its executive more and to hire additional staff.

AIF membership consisted of about 120 of the largest companies in Florida, including Publix Supermarkets, Florida Power & Light, Commercial Carrier Corporation, and Lykes Brothers. A lot of the members were individually self-insured and didn't have a problem buying workers' comp insurance. The board of directors was not enthusiastic about having me or anyone else start a self-insured program for the association.

As their lobbyist, Jon was probably the most influential person in Tallahassee with members of the Florida Legislature. He would never disclose how many members he had, leaving individual legislators to believe that he represented a couple of thousand employers. Jon wanted to make this perception a reality and was convinced that I could do it for him through a workers' comp self-insurers plan. And with more members, he would be paid more.

Meeting after meeting went by during the fall and winter without any authorization for me to start up a fund. I began to worry. As a backup, Tom, who was still working for Noojin, and I were soliciting business from small-trade associations to handle their affairs on a contract basis. It wasn't long before we were representing about six small-trade and professional groups. Even though we were living off our savings and borrowed money,

**“AIF wants
workers’
comp fund.”**

we had enough cash coming in to pay for a secretary. We even created an association for a health insurance broker in Tampa through which he would sell health insurance policies. That gave him a legitimacy that he didn't otherwise have.

Soon after that, the health insurance broker invited me to go to Grand Cayman with him to meet his reinsurance carrier. I did and confirmed to his reinsurance carrier that I had formed a trade association for him and that it was up and running. I didn't know it at the time but his reinsurance carrier would later become a valuable contact for me.

Finally, in February, Jon's board gave me the go-ahead to create the Associated Industries of Florida Self-Insurers Fund. The start-up date was April 1, 1978. I would use the name of a company that I had previously used to buy, sell, and rent condominiums, Summit Consulting, Inc. Tom was now working full-time with me. I offered to sell Tom, Steve, Ken and my banker, Howard Vaughn, some of my stock in Summit. Tom and Howard took me up on the offer and became minority shareholders.

The contract with AIF gave me authority to pretty much set up the fund as I saw fit. I contracted with my good friend Bill Dorminy to provide claims management service. He also helped me get a reinsurance contract with underwriters at Lloyd's of London that would protect the fund against any losses exceeding 65 percent of premiums. Later, I would become a risk-taking, underwriting member at Lloyd's.

Tom and I went to work signing up members for the fund and for AIF. I picked five trustees, the number we were required by law to have, to function much like the board of directors of a company—Paul Mears, Mears Transportation of Orlando, our very first member; John Gray, Dura-Stress Corporation of Leesburg; Bob Siegel, Siegel Oil Company, Miami; Bob Noojin, a friend from my days with FRSA, who was president of Eagle Roofing and Sheet Metal in Tampa; and Greg Branch of Seminole Feed, Ocala. Greg and I became the very best of friends and have hunted quail, pheasant, and duck together ever since.

We were off and running at full speed. By the end of the year, we had sold well over \$2 million worth of workers' comp insurance and had added more than three hundred members to AIF's membership rolls.

When the directors of one of Jon's rival associations, the Florida Retail Federation, saw what we were doing for AIF, they approached me and asked if I would start a self-insurers fund for them. I was very excited. I called Dorminy to see if he would help me buy reinsurance and if he was interested in handling the claims work. Dorminy wanted to know why I wanted to start another fund when I had just started one and was doing well with it. I told him it was the same reason that he was handling claim services for several Florida funds. I wanted to grow the business. He declined to help with the reinsurance which was a surprise and a big blow to my plans.

That started a scramble to find someone to reinsure a Florida Retail Federation Self Insurers Fund and someone to handle the claims service. After several attempts with U.S. insurance companies to get someone to provide reinsurance, I finally found someone willing to listen at Insurance Corporation of North America (INA) in Atlanta, Georgia. INA was writing excess workers' compensation policies for individual companies, something akin to reinsurance for a fund. They were writing these policies on a specific occurrence basis which meant that they would pick up any losses on a specific accident occurrence excess of some agreed amount that the company would retain and pay.

After several meetings with my contact, he agreed that they would write specific excess or reinsurance policies for a fund providing it would retain the first \$250,000 of any losses on an occurrence basis. My contact was not interested in providing aggregate reinsurance which would pay for losses in the aggregate that exceeded a predetermined percentage of the premium which would be collected from the members of the fund. Usually this amount would be seventy percent of premium which the fund would use to pay for losses and if there were any losses in excess of seventy percent of premium, the reinsurer would reimburse the fund for those losses.

Several meetings later he said that he had convinced his supervisors to write the aggregate policy provided that we could get someone to reinsure them. This is called a retrocession. I told my contact that I thought I had someone who would do that. I quickly made contact with the reinsurance carrier for the health insurance broker. He

said yes he would do it. Everything was in place for a January 1, 1979 start up date except finalization of the aggregate reinsurance contract. The Cayman reinsurer sent me a copy of their retrocession contract which I forwarded to INA. It didn't look very professional, with misspellings and erasures. That was before the days of computer generated letters and documents.

When my Atlanta contact received the retrocession agreement he told me that his superiors were now insisting on a bank letter of credit from the Cayman reinsurer guaranteeing that it would pay for any claims made against INA by the self insurers' fund. My Cayman contact says no problem, that he would get the letter of credit off to me right away. Days and more days went by. It was almost Christmas and the end of the year. My Cayman reinsurer promised that he would get it to me before Christmas. I wound up in a cargo terminal in Miami International Airport on December 23rd waiting for the letter of credit to arrive from a bank in Tortola. Thankfully, it arrived but, disappointingly, it had the same unprofessional appearance as the earlier reinsurance contract. A day or two after Christmas, I contacted a friend of mine who was the president of the American Bankers Association and asked him to check out the bank in Tortola. Bottom line was that he couldn't find that they had any assets.

Back to Atlanta. By this time INA, which owned a claims management service, had warmed up to the idea of reinsuring the fund if we would pay them to handle claims. I agreed that we would. Now, my Atlanta INA contact had vested interest. However, when I told him that the bank didn't seem to be fully funded, he said, "Well, okay. We'll do it if you agree in writing that Summit will pay for any claims made against the reinsurance policy being written by INA if the Cayman reinsurer would not make payment." I agreed. We started writing business for Florida Retail Federation Self Insurers Fund on January 1, 1979. And, yes, Summit ultimately had to reimburse INA about \$100,000 in claims which the fund had made against the INA policies.

Summit was on a roll. I had gotten a lot of help from many friends and my former wife, Dene. We had divorced in 1976 and still owned our house together, 50 percent each. She was kind enough to allow me to take out a second mortgage on the home

to help finance start-up costs.

Our first location was a one-room office in a single-story brick complex across from Publix at Grove Park on Highway 98 South. The next location was in a building across the street from Lime Street School. But before long, we outgrew that three-room office and moved back to the complex across from Publix, where we occupied a suite of five rooms. We were soon bursting at the seams with new hires, and it was apparent that we badly needed more space to grow. I owned ten acres of land off A-Z Park Road (later renamed Commerce Point Drive), and there I built the first building in what would become a beautifully landscaped Summit complex of ten buildings with more than 110,000 square feet of office space. It felt wonderful to have our very own permanent location at last.

While I was with FRSA, I had patronized an office supply store owned by Wendell Watson, with whom I had served on the school board. When I told him I was starting up a new business, he agreed to provide me with office supplies and said, "Pay me when you can, Doc." Wendell later sold his business, and out of loyalty to him I continued to do business with his successor for many years. Royce Yates, owner of Poor Richard's Print Shop, agreed to the same arrangement for all my printing work. I still do business with Royce. It took me about eighteen months to get onto a current-pay basis with Wendell and Royce.

Other than the pain of the divorce with Dene and the loss of Auntie, who died in a nursing home in August of 1977, the seventies were happy, generous times. I have to admit that I never had a grand career plan. Because I grew up relatively poor, my only plan was to make enough money to live comfortably.

Looking back on the seventies, I realize that the decade served as the setup for the rest of my business career. Little did I know in 1970 that becoming an association executive would ultimately propel me to create what would become a major provider of workers' compensation insurance in several states and to form reinsurance companies in Bermuda and in Grand Cayman.

*“Pay me when
you can, Doc.”*

Scrapbook From The Seventies



That's me on the left with my dear friend and longtime secretary Ruby Jones at an FRSA convention where she received an award for her valued service.



Members of the board of directors of the Florida Society of Association Executives and I arrive in Managua, Nicaragua, sometime in the mid seventies for a convention location inspection. At the time I was serving as president of the association.



*Dene and me with First Lady Pat Nixon in about 1971.
She was in Tampa to be with Republican leaders from Lakeland and Tampa Bay.*



*Senator Ed Gurney and me
during an early 70s
fundraiser for him in Orlando.*



*Gilbert Waters, president of the
Associated Self Insurers of Florida
presents me with an award,
Self Insurer of the Year 1975.*

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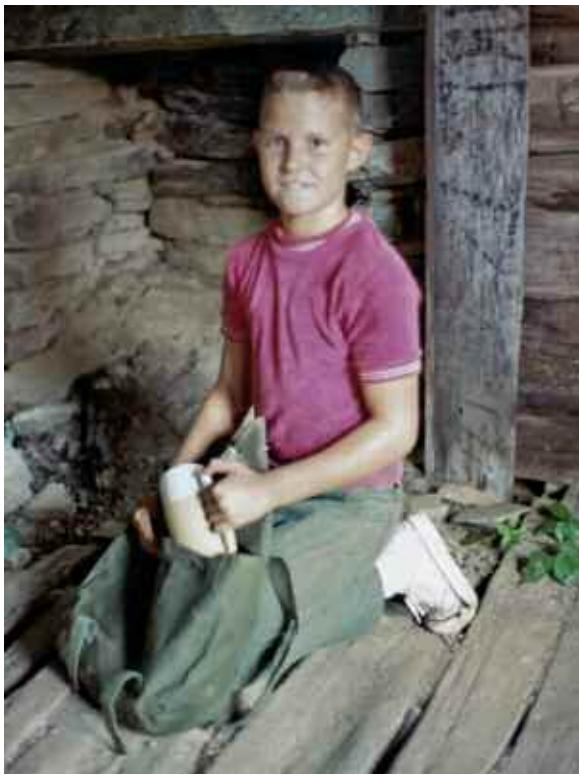
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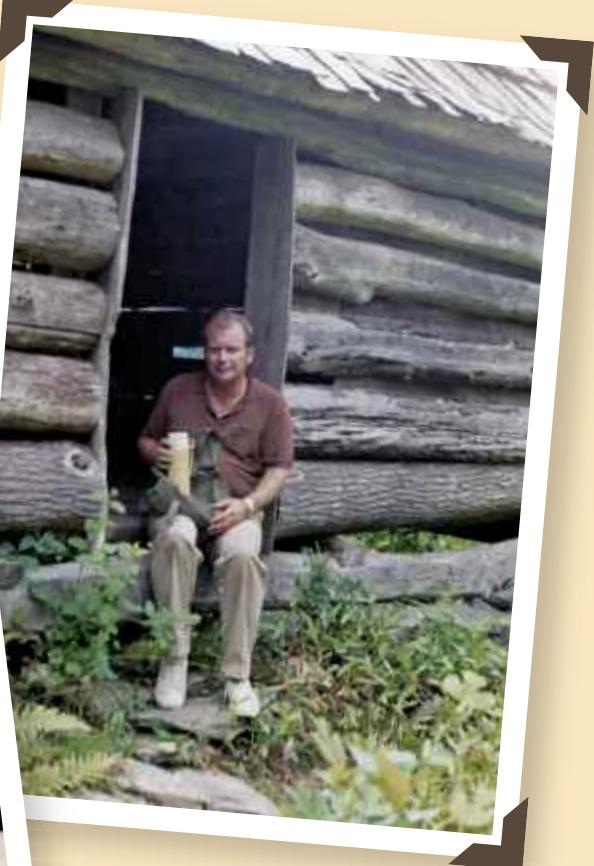
In the early 70s, an office equipment repairman working on typewriters, adding machines and cash registers came to me with a "great" idea. He used tiny pin screws to make repairs. The problem was in getting them to their proper places (holes). He and I developed a magnetized roll pin setter sold in sets of four, one for each size roll pin. We displayed the product at an office supply trade show in Chicago. The pin setters were enthusiastically accepted by the industry. We lined up Ames Supply Co. to be our nationwide distributor. At the same trade show, new computerized office machines were being introduced which would soon kill the market for mechanically operated office machines. A great product came on the market ten years too late. We made a few dollars, not much, before the demand for the roll pin setters vanished entirely.



*While inside the cabin,
Carl carved his name on one of the
logs which formed a wall.*



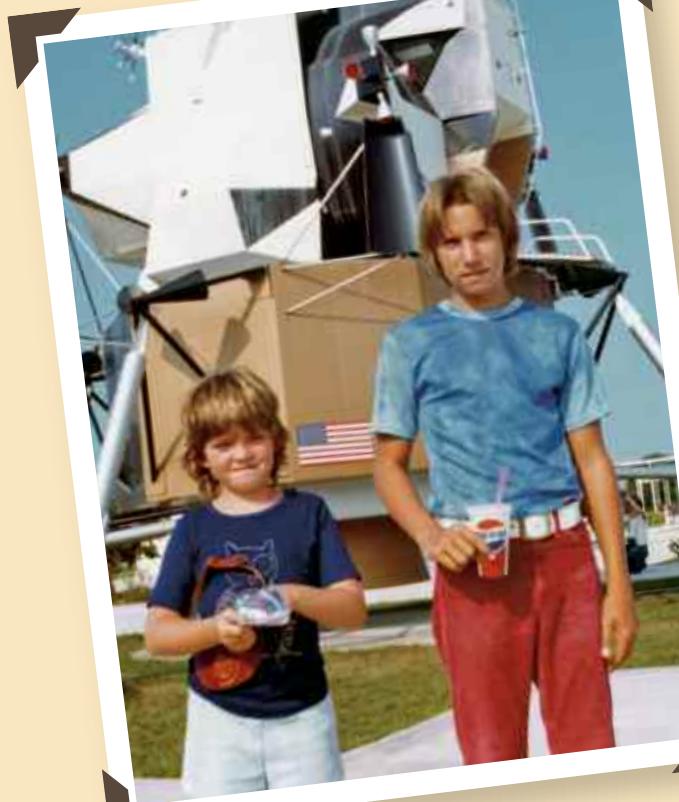
*Enjoying a break at the Caudill Cabin
way down in the valley at Doughton Park,
North Carolina. You can see the cabin
from Wildcat Rock at the top of the
mountain. For several hundred yards
there was a poorly marked trail leading
down to the cabin. It soon disappeared
and we continued through the woods
populated with dense thickets and briars.
The trip down took about an hour and a
half. Climbing back up to Wildcat Rock
took nearly two and a half hours.*



One of the perks I enjoyed working for the Florida Roofing and Sheet Metal Contractors Association was their annual trade visit to examine how their craft was being employed in other parts of the world. This trip to Germany, Italy and Switzerland was one of the first. Here are Carl and Dene with part of the group.



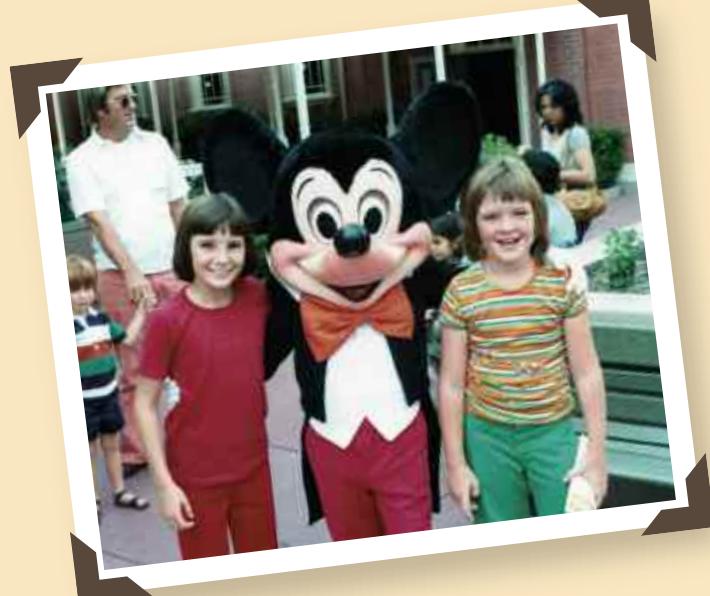
Carl tries skiing on the slopes of the Zugspitze, near Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria, Germany, during the FRSA study tour.



In the late 70s, Michele, Carl and I visited the Kennedy Space Center on Florida's east coast near Cocoa Beach.



Laura Quets, one of Michele's best friends, and Michele get a big hug from Mickey during a visit we made to Disney World. Lots of fun for them and for me watching them have a great time.



Michele and Carl visiting me at Boca Raton where I was attending Florida Atlantic University, studying for my master's degree.

Here we are on Waikiki Beach
with Carl's girlfriend,
Michelle, and our friends'
daughter Casey Petcoff,
standing in front of Dene.



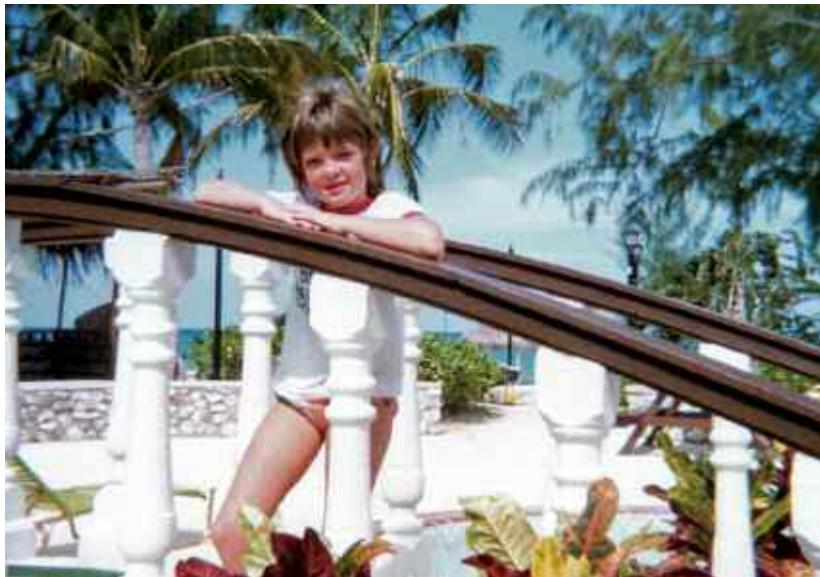
1979. Michele is learning
to surfboard off Waikiki
Beach, Hawaii.



Carl is learning as well.
It was fun to watch them.



*Michele at the
Holiday Inn
swimming pool on
Seven Mile Beach,
Grand Cayman.*



*Michele and me returning
from a snorkeling trip in the
Caymans, her favorite
playground.*

*Michele snorkeling
off Seven Mile Beach,
Grand Cayman.*



Michele on block three at a Lakeland Yacht and Country Club (LYCC) Saturday morning swim meet. For many, many Saturday mornings during the summers I delighted in watching Michele and Carl compete. When they were not swimming at the LYCC we were at other meets scattered throughout the Tampa Bay area.



Michele and Carl tubing at Wild Country Safari, Disney World.



*Michele at Christmas
time on Burgundy Place
admiring her new bike.*



*Carl on block two at a yacht
club swim meet.*





*Christmas at Burgundy Place was
always a happy time.*

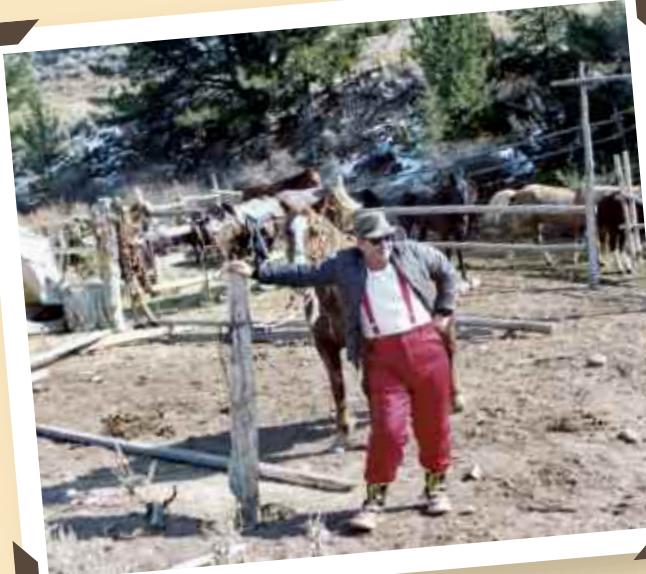




Carl, Michele and her buddy from next door at Mom and Carl's North Carolina home in Jonesville. Playing in the snow was fun for everyone.



Michele and Carl with Papa York in North Carolina.



My first western hunt for elk and deer came in 1974 when two friends invited me to join them for a hunt in Wyoming out of the Cross Mill Iron Guest Ranch. We spent one night at the lodge then left on horseback, about a five hour trek to a hunting camp. From there we hunted for two days and then moved on to a tented camp, six hours on horseback into the Wind River Mountain Range. Here I am at the corral located at the first hunt camp. After two days with a not-so-cooperative horse (he kept trying to brush me up against trees), I learned that this was his first hunting trip. Previously, he starred in local rodeos as a bucking horse.

At the second camp one of my chores was to split wood for the stove and open camp fire.



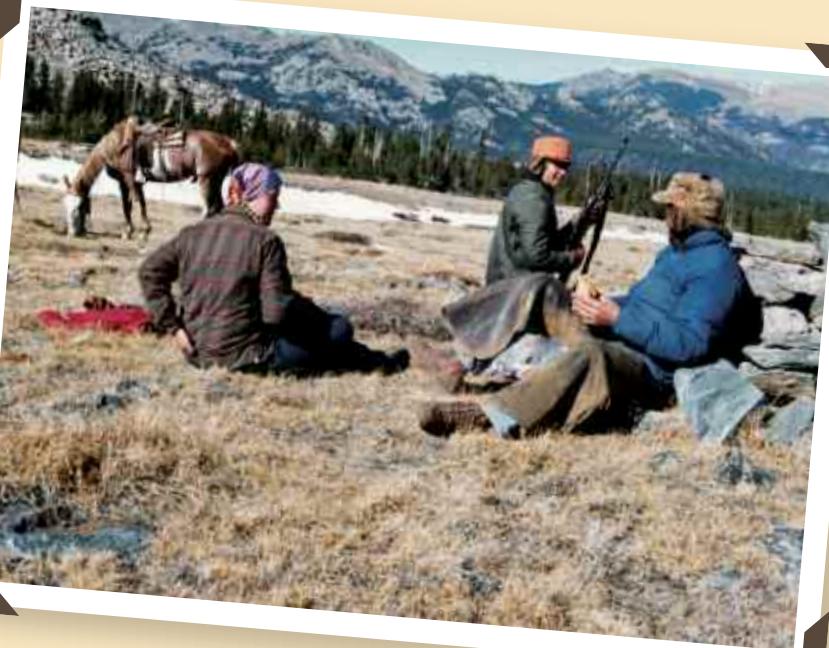
On horseback on top of a mountain range. I had been told that it was so quiet up there that you could hear the silence ringing in your ears. True, what a wonderful, peaceful place.



I missed out on getting an elk but here I am with a nice mule deer with a reasonably good rack.



Three years after my first hunt in Wyoming, Carl was old enough to get a hunting license so he joined me for another hunt in 1977. The hunt was much the same as in '74, one night in the lodge, two nights at the first camp in a hut, and then four nights out in the tented camp. Here's Carl with our guide and cook who prepared our meals at the first camp. She came with us one day when we were hunting out of the first camp.



Carl and me hunting out of our tented camp.

Carl with his mule deer.



On vacation in the late 70s with friends at Big Sky, Montana. The trip was arranged by my good friend and travel agent Jim Huddle on the right. For the weekend, I became one of Jim's "travel agents."



In Manila, the Philippines, for a board of directors meeting of the American Society of Association Executives (ASAE). President Marcos discovered that one of our board members was friends with one of his best buddies from WWII and he made the presidential yacht available to us. Here we're having lunch aboard the yacht.





*The Inaugural Committee
requests the honor of your presence
to attend and participate in the Inauguration of
Richard Milhous Nixon
as President of the United States of America
and
Spiro Theodore Agnew
as Vice President of the United States of America
on Saturday the twentieth of January
one thousand nine hundred and seventy-three
in the City of Washington*

*An invitation to attend the inauguration of Richard Milhous
Nixon as President of the United States of America.*



That's me posing a question at a White House briefing during President Ford's administration. I was honored to be invited to several White House briefings during the years of Presidents Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan and George H.W. Bush.

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FEBRUARY 27, 1975

ON BEHALF OF PRESIDENT FORD I WOULD LIKE TO INVITE YOU TO A BRIEFING AND RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE BEGINNING AT 3:30 P.M., MARCH 6. FOLLOWING THE BRIEFINGS, THERE WILL BE A RECEPTION AT 5:00 AT WHICH THE PRESIDENT WILL GREET YOU AND YOUR COLLEAGUES IN THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVES AND THE U.S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

PLEASE RESPOND BY TELEGRAM TO JOHN VICKERMAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE WHETHER OR NOT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO ATTEND. UNFORTUNATELY WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ACCEPT SUBSTITUTIONS. AT THE SAME TIME THAT YOU ACCEPT, PLEASE SEND YOUR DATE OF BIRTH, PLACE OF BIRTH, AND SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER. SINCE TIME IS SHORT, WE ASK YOUR IMMEDIATE REPLY.

IT IS REQUESTED THAT YOU ENTER THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE NORTHWEST GATE AND HAVE A FORM OF IDENTIFICATION WITH YOU. WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ON MARCH 6TH

WILLIAM J. BAROODY, JR.
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT

21:41 EST

MGHORLT HSB

REPLY BY MAILGRAM - SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR WESTERN UNION'S TOLL-FREE PHONE NUMBERS

An invitation from President Gerald Ford to attend a briefing and reception at the White House, 1975.

Bill Gunter
STATE TREASURER
INSURANCE COMMISSIONER
FIRE MARSHAL



MAY 23 1977

*Office of Treasurer
Insurance Commissioner
STATE OF FLORIDA
TALLAHASSEE 32304*

May 17, 1977

Mr. C. C. Dockery
Executive Vice President
FRSA
Post Office Drawer 988
Lakeland, Florida

Dear Doc:

I was sorry to see in the latest issue of the Florida Forum that you will be leaving the FRSA, but glad to hear that you'll be devoting more time to insurance.

The association has prospered under your leadership, and I doubt it can be quite the same without you. Your new venture sounds challenging, however, and I want to personally wish you the very best. Please let me know whenever I can be of assistance to you.

Sincerely,

Bill
BILL GUNTER
State Treasurer and
Insurance Commissioner

BG/Rn

*You'll soon be an "insurance
executive"!*

A letter of congratulations from Florida State Treasurer and Insurance Commissioner Bill Gunter.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

January 14, 1978

To Charles Dockery

At this crucial time in our history, I am seeking the support of America's leaders in business and the professions for an initiative that I feel is of the utmost importance to our country. I know of your personal interest in government, as evidenced by your presence at the White House last year.

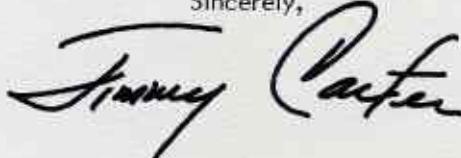
I strongly believe that the Panama Canal Treaties are fair and equitable, and that they are essential to assure the continued effective use of the Canal for American commercial and security needs.

But I think many Americans do not understand exactly what the Treaties do. Recent nationwide polls indicate that most Americans would support the Treaties if they understood that our country retained the right to defend the Canal and keep it open to ships of all nations. Some editorial comment and many letters we receive show confusion on this issue. As you know, the Treaty of Neutrality gives us that right, and the recent Statement of Understanding declares the clear intent of both signatory nations to uphold that right of the United States forever.

It is essential that the American people be given a full, factual explanation of the new Treaties, so that they understand the true effect. Along with members of my Administration and many other distinguished Americans, I have undertaken this task of explaining the Treaties to the people. I believe they will support the Treaties proudly once they fully understand the language. I urge you to join me in this effort. Help us lay the facts before the public so that, as we approach the final decision in the Senate, our Nation can unite in understanding and goodwill on this important issue. I have enclosed informational material you might find helpful.

I ask this of you in what I truly believe is our highest national interest. I need your help.

Sincerely,



JAN 16 1978

Mr. Charles Dockery
Post Office Drawer 988
Lakeland, Florida 33802

A letter from President Jimmy Carter asking for support of his Panama Canal Treaties in 1978.



Members of the board of directors of the Florida Roofing, Sheet Metal and Air Conditioning Contractors Association and me are standing next to Florida Senator Lawton Chiles in his Washington, D.C. office in the late 70s during our annual legislative visit to Capitol Hill. That's me, in the back row, second from left.

The Nineteen Eighties

The economically booming 1980s have often been called the “Me Generation.” Technology raced ahead at warp speed with the development of home computers and the formation of now-iconic companies such as Microsoft. In the business world, it was a decade of hostile takeovers, leveraged buyouts, and megamergers.

The end of January 1980 was, for me and my associates, a time of great celebration. Summit made its first profit, \$2,084, which reduced our accumulated losses to \$64,801. We were continuing to grow our workers’ comp business at a phenomenal rate. I knew that we would be profitable every month from then on and that we would reduce our cumulative losses entirely by summer.

Word was spreading to other states that Summit was a lifeline for stagnant associations seeking new ways to bring in more members and increase their revenues. Before long, we were operating additional workers’ comp funds in Georgia, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Missouri—states that allowed employers to band together and form a fund. Other states would soon follow by changing their laws. Insurance companies did not like the workers’ comp business—most were losing money on it. Through the funds, we were making enough money for 15 percent advance discounts on premiums up front, and in many years we paid dividends to the members. Our expense ratio was much lower than the 35 percent of insurance companies.

In 1982 I was honored by being chosen as a member of *Florida Trend* magazine’s Winners’ Circle. The *Trend* article about Summit follows:

As a turnkey operation, the company offers all the services necessary to handle workers’ comp claims under one roof. Summit’s role begins as soon as one of its client-companies files a report on an injury. Much like any other casualty insurer, Summit calls in medical consultants and claims adjustors to determine the degree of injury. Then it sets the wheels in motion for the injured worker to receive medical and/or wage-loss benefits from the self-insurer’s fund. If a worker’s injury renders him permanently unable to perform his job, the company administers vocational tests and provides retraining.

Sometimes claims are resolved more creatively. In the case of one tool-and-die maker with a permanent back injury, for example, Dockery's firm arranged to provide him with the start-up capital for a small engine-repair business. The guy said to us: "I'm never going to be able to go back to my job, but as a hobby, I love to fix lawn-mower engines." So we supplied a mutually agreed-on sum of money to launch his repair business, and in the meantime, continued to pay his medical bills. In return, he relieved us of the responsibility of paying wage-loss benefits.

Dockery employs his own safety engineers, who periodically inspect the companies he insures. Firms that fail to conform to safety recommendations within a specified period of time are simply dropped from the client list. When a company displays a high incidence of one particular type of injury, a safety inspector is dispatched to find the problem and recommend changes. In the case of one company with an extraordinarily high incidence of eye injuries, for example, Summit's recommendation was a mechanical yard sweeper to keep the plant free of debris. With the sweeper in place, injuries dropped dramatically at the plant. The result: a decrease *in client premiums* and a decline in the number of claims filed.

Summit, meanwhile, earns its money by collecting a percentage of the premium, a figure that varies according to the size of the organization under contract. In 1981, Summit and its 48 employees wrote close to \$23 million worth of premiums for trade associations in Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana. Its share of the premiums averaged 16%, or about \$4 million.

Dockery's clients range from Christian schools to topless bars. His most memorable claim was filed by an injured belly dancer seeking reimbursement for plastic surgery expenses. Although his company is still small by insurance industry standards, it manages to wrest away workers' comp business from many of the large, established insurance firms.

In the spring of 1984, we held a meeting of the AIF trustees at Greenbrier, West Virginia. The International Association of Insurance Brokers was meeting there at the same time. Little did I know that a chance meeting in the men's room would lead to an offer by a huge international company to buy Summit.

The trustees, their wives, and I had finished dinner and were in the bar having an after-dinner drink. I left to take a potty break. The insurance brokers were breaking up their dinner at the same time. I got in line behind John Bogardis, the president of Alexander & Alexander Services, Inc. (A&A), headquartered in New York City. We introduced ourselves and chatted about the insurance industry, its opportunities and risks.

He had just completed a deal in London to buy a large London brokerage firm

doing business internationally. The deal had gone sour and cost A&A several million dollars. I jokingly suggested to Bogardis that if he still had a lot of money lying around, perhaps he'd like to buy Summit, a deal that wouldn't go sour on him. We continued to chat after washing our hands and walking out of the bathroom. I briefed him on what Summit does and how we approach the market.

Bogardis said, "I'm interested. Here's my card. Give me one of your cards and I'll have someone get in touch with you." I never expected a follow-up, but in a couple of weeks I heard from one of his vice presidents. A&A was interested in talking about buying Summit.

"My gosh," I thought. Retirement by age fifty had been a goal of mine since my twenties. If A&A was serious, I wouldn't miss that goal by much. I didn't mention a word of this to the trustees. When I told Tom, he was more excited than I was. He and his wife, Sally, were still struggling a little bit financially.

During the next two months I met several times with A&A representatives. It seemed that they were serious. I had absolutely no knowledge of how to negotiate the sale of a company, but had a friend who was president of the American Management Association in Washington, D.C. A phone call to him revealed that they were having a seminar on mergers and acquisitions in Palm Springs, California, the next week. "Please enroll me," I said. "Can't do that," he told me. "We're full up." I said, "No, wait a minute, you can't refuse a friend who's been with you on the board of directors at ASAE." "Okay," he said, "come on out."

It was a three-day seminar with several very good speakers. I became friendly with one of them and by the time the meetings were over I had engaged him to help me value Summit and negotiate with A&A. His first piece of advice was, "Let me call a few people I know to alert them that Summit may be for sale." I thought, "That's okay, what the heck, there may be somebody else interested. If so, that would put us in a good negotiating position with A&A." As soon as I got back to Florida, I asked my accountant to give me her opinion on the value of Summit. A day later she came back and said

*“International
firm interested
in Summit.”*

she'd figured it would be worth between \$4 and \$5 million.

It turned out that Florida's Progress Energy, headquartered in Tampa, wanted to diversify and had hired a young man from a firm in Atlanta to come down to Florida and help them find companies to buy. So while we were continuing to talk with A&A about the value of the company, Progress Energy made us a cash offer of \$12 million. A lot of money! Actually, I was not interested in cash as much as I was stock in a healthy company. Progress Energy's stock was not an option, I was told. The man said he would require Tom and me to stay with the company for a minimum of two years after the purchase.

Progress Energy was really courting us. They even offered to put one of their board members on our board—Scott Linder, owner of Linder Industrial Machinery in Lakeland. I knew Scott very well and did not want him on my board of directors. That and the insistence that it be a cash transaction instead of stock killed the deal, as far as I was concerned. And since I owned the majority of Summit shares, it meant that the deal was dead. As it turned out, that was very good for Summit shareholders.

While all this was going on, I hired the Alston & Bird law firm in Atlanta, Georgia, to help us with the legal work and the sale of the company. We were very, very fortunate in that we got a lawyer who also had a master's degree in accounting and a master's degree in business, one of the most intelligent people I've ever met.

Soon, Atlanta was the venue for all our negotiations. We finally agreed on the number of A&A shares we would receive for the purchase of Summit, with a bonus number of shares if we met our projected income goals for the next two years. Again, Tom and I would be required to stay on for two years.

The big signing day came in July 1984. Tom and I were very, very excited, as was his wife, Sally. When the three of us arrived at Alston & Bird, our attorney took us to his refrigerator and showed us the magnum of champagne that we would open to celebrate the event. Just before we put pen to paper, A&A vice president, John Malasky, said, "There's something I'm duty bound to disclose to you before you sign off on the deal."

It was a piece of news that would be reported in the financial papers the next day,

and it wasn't good. The specifics escape me all these years later, but I knew the news would probably send the price of A&A stock down—for how long, I had no idea. I had gone to Atlanta knowing that if anything unexpected came up I would call the deal off. I wasn't going to make a snap decision on new information.

"No deal," I said.

"I'm sure we can work something out on this," Malasky said.

"Maybe so," I said, "but not this morning."

Disappointed, he picked up his papers and his team walked out, leaving us at the conference table. Tom was not taking the news too well, based on his expression. Our lawyer turned to me and said, "Doc, you made the right decision. Whatever it is they're going to offer to do to patch things up can be done at a later date. Let's drink the champagne." He popped the cork and we finished off the bottle in good spirits.

Less than a month after the meeting in Atlanta, I got on a plane with my girlfriend, Marli Burks. She had found a babysitter for her daughter, Tinamarie, and was able to get a break from her job for a couple of weeks. We headed out to South Africa and Zimbabwe, where I had hunted. The government in Zimbabwe was awful, but I loved the people and the country. Marli was extremely excited when I invited her to come along. She had a girlfriend from South Africa who many years before had



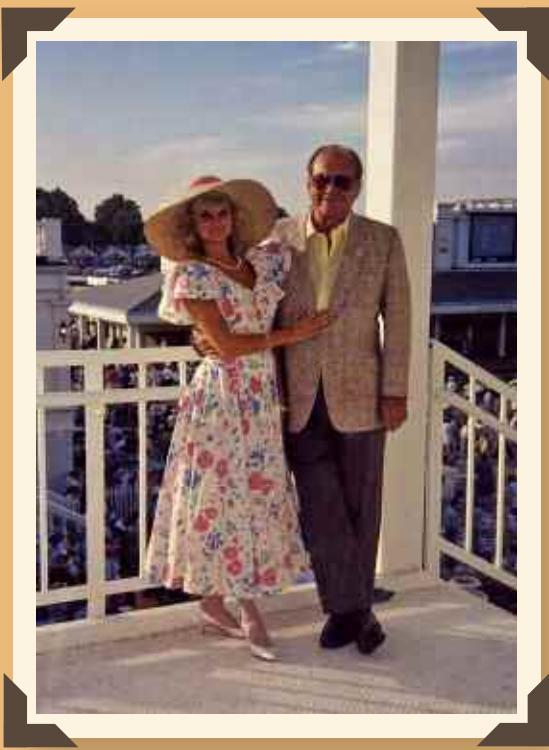
While I was off in Africa with Marli after the deal with A&A for the purchase of Summit fell apart, we visited Kruger National Park in South Africa. That is the Oliphant River in the background.



Here I am having a beer at a hotel riverside bar along the banks of the Zambezi River which fuels the mighty Victoria Falls. This picture was taken about eight miles up the river from the falls. With that smile on my face, I must have already heard from John Malasky that he and A&A were ready to resume negotiations.



After returning to the U.S. from Africa I completed the sale to A&A. As part of the celebration, Marli, Tinamarie and I flew off to Kauai in Hawaii.



To celebrate my birthday, one year we flew to Kentucky for the Kentucky Derby. Ninety-nine percent of the ladies show up in their finest attire including glamorous hats. Tinamarie was no exception.



The following year, Tinamarie and Marli, who were vacationing in Germany, flew to London to join me. I was on a business trip. Here, we're about to enter one of London's famous pubs.



Having fun at the beach with Tinamarie and Marli.

told her a lot about the country.

As usual, I called the office every three or four days to see if anything was happening that required my attention. My first call revealed an urgent message from Malasky. I returned the call. He was anxious to resume negotiations and was happy to tell me that A&A's stock had recovered and was trading for eighteen dollars a share, a couple of dollars higher than when we had met in Atlanta. He wanted me to interrupt my trip and return to seal the deal. "No way," I told him. "I'm completing the trip and will call you when I return."

Not long after I got back to the States, we met again in Atlanta for the signing. This time Malasky and his crew shared a couple of magnums of champagne with us. Tom and I agreed to hang around for a minimum of two years or until we met the financial goal for additional shares of A&A stock we'd agreed to earlier. I knew it wouldn't take us two years. The stock price continued to go up, and I started selling some of my shares when it reached twenty-three dollars a share. We had struck a good deal.

The cash from the sale of my first shares enabled me to buy eighteen acres of land on Pretty Lake, south of Groveland in Lake County. As I sold more shares, I bought more property and built a house on stilts down by the lake. I hired a friend to start fencing some of the property, where I would raise cows and sell the calves, what ranchers call a "cow-calf operation."

I also put in my first orange grove—twelve acres of navels, against the advice of my friends in the business who owned hundreds, and even thousands, of acres of citrus, who said I should put in juice orange trees. I declined. Many Florida growers were down in Brazil teaching the Brazilians how to grow juice oranges. I saw that as a potential future threat to stable prices in Florida. Our competitors in the fresh fruit market were located mainly in California. Today, Brazil is a huge competitor for the orange juice market worldwide—very stiff competition for Florida.

The sale of Summit would also provide me with enough cash to buy a condominium on Seven Mile Beach in Grand Cayman, the Beachcomber. As well as being a wonderful spot for vacations, the condo would serve as my home away from

home when I was on business in the Cayman Islands.

A few years earlier I had organized a reinsurance company in Grand Cayman. It was what we called a “shelf company,” in place but not funded. Workers’ comp self-insurers funds were required to purchase reinsurance that would kick in to pay losses over a certain dollar level for an individual occurrence. Retention by funds on an occurrence basis ranged from \$250,000 to \$1 million per occurrence.

The funds were also required to purchase aggregate reinsurance contracts that would pay for losses in the aggregate over a certain percentage of premium income. The portion of aggregate retention ranged from 65 to 90 percent of premium income. If losses exceeded the fund’s aggregate retention, then the reinsurance they had purchased would kick in to pay losses above that amount to some negotiated limit. Most reinsurance contracts limited the risk for payments to funds to about \$5 million per occurrence and \$10 to \$50 million in the aggregate, depending on the volume of premiums being collected by the individual funds.

By this time, I had become a member at Lloyd’s of London, which was primarily in the reinsurance business. This gave me an inside look at the reinsurance market worldwide. It was becoming very tight and expensive, with higher retentions imposed on insurance companies or, in our case, workers’ comp funds on both the occurrence and aggregate levels.

Summit could not afford to be without a reinsurance market. Soon we were losing

*“Crossroads Insurance
funded to write
coverage for Summit
managed funds.”*

the markets for our two funds in Louisiana. That’s when I funded Crossroads Insurance in Cayman with several million dollars and applied for a reinsurance license in Louisiana. It was granted, and soon Crossroads was providing the reinsurance required by the State of Louisiana for the Louisiana Employers Safety Association Self

Insurers Fund and the Louisiana Retail Federation Self Insurers Fund.

When we sold Summit to A&A, one of the world’s largest insurance brokers, I was sure that they would be able to help Summit place reinsurance contracts for all its

managed funds. Not so. They had less success with the world's reinsurance market than I had.

Though I'd left Summit in the spring of 1986, having reached the financial goals that enabled us to get the additional shares of A&A stock, I continued to be a part of Summit's largest fund, the Employers Self Insurers Fund, as a trustee. Now it was 1987, and it became apparent that Summit would lose its ability to place reinsurance contracts for its Florida-based funds in the world market. Crossroads applied for a reinsurance license in Florida, which was granted, and in 1989 I started reinsuring Summit's two largest accounts, the Employers Self Insurers Fund and the Retail Federation Self Insurers Fund. Now I was reinsuring all of Summit's business in Florida and Louisiana. As it turned out, we would lose a lot of money on the Employers Self Insurers Fund for the years 1989 and 1990. In the long term, though, Crossroads was very successful financially.

Because Cayman did not have as good a reputation as Bermuda in the worldwide market for reinsurance, we moved Crossroads insurance to Bermuda and formed another company, Gulf Insurance Limited, in Cayman to which Crossroads would retrocede some of its risk and premium.

After Summit was sold in 1984, Jon Shebel, president of AIF, started to become more aggressive with the fund, demanding higher royalty fees. At a trustees meeting in 1982, Jon reminded the trustees that AIF could withdraw the use of its name at any time if the trustees did not want to continue paying a fee.

In November of 1984, he attended a trustees meeting and nearly came to blows with trustee Bob Siegel, who questioned Jon's use of the fee the trustees were paying to AIF. Jon again demanded that a higher percentage of the premium be paid as a royalty to AIF. He again reminded the trustees that they were using the AIF name at the pleasure of the association. After Jon left, there was some discussion by Siegel and others as to whether the trustees should continue paying a fee to AIF. "We can change the name of the fund any time we want to," Siegel pointed out.

Early in 1985, Jon asked for and received my and Siegel's resignations from the AIF

Service Corporation Board of Directors, a wholly owned for-profit subsidiary of AIF to which the fees were being paid. It had been Jon who had asked us to serve in the first place. After we resigned, Jon named another one of our trustees, Greg Branch, to the AIF Service Corporation Board of Directors.

A few months after that, Jon asked for the names and addresses of all the businesses that were enrolled in the AIF Self Insurers Fund. It became clear to me that Jon was moving ahead with a plan to take over as administrator of the fund, cutting Summit out. I argued against providing the names and addresses of the fund members—Jon already had them, as they were members of the association. Greg suggested that we not get into a fight with Jon over this issue. A member of AIF for many years, Greg was slated to become an officer of the association. I publicly expressed my concern that Jon was moving to take over the fund. Greg and John Gray, another of our trustees who was serving on the board of directors of AIF, said my fears were unfounded.

During the summer of 1986, I was in Tallahassee for a meeting with insurance regulators and stopped by the city's most famous watering hole, Clyde's and Costello's, a bar just a block from the capitol which was very popular with lobbyists. Jon was seated at the bar. Few other customers were there, since the legislature was not in session. He invited me over for a drink.

*“AIF’s Jon Shebel
threatens to drop
Summit as fund
administrator.”*

After several drinks, Jon bragged that he was going to take over the fund and had already arranged to hire another administrator after he fired Summit. He thought that since I had sold Summit, I no longer cared what happened to it. He was wrong. It was difficult to believe that he would tell me about his plan to take over, discussing it in every detail, but he did.

When I left the bar, I called our trustee chairman, Bob Noojin, and told him about Jon's plan. I asked him to call a special meeting of the trustees as soon as possible. He agreed. It was set to convene on July 18, 1986, at Hawk's Cay Resort in the Florida Keys. Noojin called on me to brief the trustees on my conversation with Jon and to

recommend a plan of action in response to the threat.

The plan I recommended was to disassociate ourselves from AIF and rename the fund the Employers Self Insurers Fund. Having anticipated trouble for the last several months, I had created the Florida Employees Safety Association to have a standby, an ongoing active association, to sponsor the fund if necessary. We were meeting over the weekend so I recommended that on Monday we give notice to Jon and the Florida Department of Labor, under whose jurisdiction we operated, of any action taken. The notice to Jon would let him know that we also intended to halt payment of the fees to AIF in ninety days.

The discussion was long and lively. Branch and Gray, both of whom had close ties to AIF, argued against my plan. Paul Mears, Siegel, and Noojin argued for it. Finally, it came to a vote—three/two for the plan. The fund would now be called the Employers Self Insurers Fund, sponsored by the Florida Employers Safety Association. Branch asked for and received permission to call Jon on Sunday evening and let him know what was happening. Jon was livid. My vice president, Petcoff, who was working on a marketing project with AIF, was also against the plan. While it was not a consideration at the time, the action to sever the relationship with AIF would mean millions of dollars to members of the fund, management and the trustees. (See page 249.)

Two years earlier I had persuaded Governor Bob Graham to appoint Jack Inman to head up the Workers' Compensation Division under the Florida Department of Labor. We were under his direct authority. I hand delivered our notice to Jack on Monday. He and his deputy, Joe Mastervido, were in a state of shock. They had never had this happen before. On Tuesday morning Jon filed a request for an administrative hearing by the Workers' Compensation Division to halt the transfer of the fund to the Employers Self Insurers Fund. The department decided it had no authority to rescind our action but did require that we get new employer agreements with the fund, signed by each member, within ten days. Notices of the action we had taken over the weekend went out to all our members on Monday. Soon Jon would be sending letters and telegrams to the members telling them not to sign the new agreements with the Employers Self Insurers Fund.

A couple of years earlier, Bill Bull, a mutual friend of mine and Tom's, had come to work for Summit and was doing a great job and had been promoted to vice president of operations. I called Bill in and explained to him what we had to do and the time constraints. He said, "Count me in one hundred percent. I'll get it done."

With his backing, I called Summit's employees together and briefed them on what had happened, why we'd done what we'd done, and what we had to do. I asked for volunteers to work under Bill's direction to get thousands of agreements signed and in place in ten days. It would require traveling to every corner of the state.

Almost every employee who could get away from family duties agreed to join the effort. Under Bill's inspired leadership, and with the work of our seriously loyal and dedicated employees, ninety-seven percent of the agreements were signed within ten days. I delivered them in person to the director of the Workers' Compensation Division.

Jon's reaction was that he didn't believe it and wanted to see every application. The division agreed that he could come and look at them but could not copy them or take them out of the room. Jon then went to the secretary of the Department of Labor and convinced him to overturn the action of the director of the Workers' Compensation Division. The secretary did so on a Friday afternoon.

Saturday morning, I called my friend Charles Canady, who had been chief of staff for Senator Lawton Chiles and was good friends with the chief of staff for Governor Graham. I asked Charles if he could put me in touch with Graham's chief of staff and, ultimately, Governor Graham himself to order the secretary of labor to rescind his action. We talked that morning with Graham's chief of staff, who found the labor secretary on a golf course in Georgia. The chief of staff ordered the secretary to be in Graham's office Monday morning. He assured us that he would convince the governor, who didn't particularly like Jon, that the order should be rescinded. The labor secretary rescinded it before noon on Monday.

Having lost the administrative battle, Jon turned to the courts. He filed a Racketeer Influence and Corrupt Organization (RICO) action in the Hillsborough Circuit Court against me, Siegel, and Noojin. All this time I was keeping Malasky at A&A informed and was

receiving his enthusiastic blessings for all that I was doing. When the court action was filed, I called Malasky and asked if Summit could bear the expenses for our defense. He said, "Do any and everything you can, and spend any amount you need to get it done."

I hired Buddy Clarke in Lakeland, a longtime friend and attorney of mine. I also hired Robin Gibson of Lake Wales, an appellate lawyer. I was sure that we could win in the circuit court, but I was also pretty sure that Jon would appeal the ruling. Buddy and I would be working eight to fourteen hours a day getting the case ready. Sometimes we were up until one or two o'clock in the morning and back at it again the next day by nine.

It was a very difficult time for me. My stepfather was in the Lakeland General Hospital to have an aneurism removed. He and Mom had moved to Lakeland two years earlier to be close to Ken and me. After the surgery, the doctors were unable to get circulation restored in his legs and told us they would have to amputate both legs just below the knee. Mom asked Ken and me to tell him. Ken said, "I can't do it." That left it up to me. The day that I told Carl, he and I were alone in his hospital room. He took my hand, squeezed it, and said, "Let's pray." I thought we were going to pray for a miracle, asking the Lord to save his legs. Instead, he said, "Lord, thank you for giving me these skinny old legs which have served me so well for so long." He went on to thank Jesus for saving his soul and for the many things that he had enjoyed during his lifetime.

Being with Carl during that time, at his side every day for more than a week, necessitated a request to the Hillsborough Circuit Court judge that a scheduled hearing be reset for a later date. I told him why it was necessary, and he agreed to hold a hearing to reset the date. Jon objected to resetting the date. His girlfriend and administrative assistant, whom he had been dating and whom I had known for many, many years, thought that was very cruel of Jon. As Jon told me later, she broke up with him over his refusal to agree to reset the date. The judge sided with me.

After several hearings we were ready to go to trial, confident that we would win. A few days before the trial was to take place, Jon filed a motion to dismiss his suit without prejudice, which meant he could re-file at any time. The judge agreed. The big battle was over. Jon never refiled the suit. The Employers Self Insurers Fund continued to grow and

became stronger than ever.

Jon, after a couple of years, formed a competing self-insurers fund under the jurisdiction of the insurance commissioner's office.

The 1980s proved to be a good time for me to be in business.

Jimmy Carter had served only one term as president and, in a very difficult bid for re-election, was beaten by Ronald Reagan, a Republican. Reagan, our 40th president,

“Ronald Reagan
takes office on
Jan. 20, 1981.”

took office on January 20, 1981 and remained in the White House throughout most of the 1980s, surviving an assassination attempt just 69 days into his presidency. A recession came to an end in 1982, and the nation's economy rebounded and began a period of sustained growth. Some experts called it the revival of capitalism and a return to laissez-faire economic policies. On the world stage, the Berlin Wall came down, the Cold War ended, and most of the Communist governments of Eastern Europe fell.

For my part, the eighties were filled with the excitement of building Summit's book of business, the fight with Jon, and trips to many lovely places in the world. I had become a globe-trotter. By the end of the decade, I had visited London, Bermuda, Cayman, the Bahamas, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Athens, Brazil, Argentina, Machu Picchu, Kenya, Ethiopia, Tanzania, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Costa Rica, Hawaii, and Alaska. There was never a dull moment!

In Florida, it was exciting and rewarding having Michele come to work at Summit, first in the mailroom, then in data processing, and ultimately in the claims center. Carl came to work at Summit in the claims center after finishing theology school in Denver and a short stint at Southeastern University, his alma mater. Later on, he would work for Crossroads Insurance, monitoring the claims activities of the funds we had reinsured.

I went on two more hunts in Africa, one during the summer of 1986 to Zimbabwe and another in 1987 with Carl. The 1987 hunt came after a family trip to London and Athens, where we toured the Mediterranean Sea, then went on to Kenya and Tanzania. After Tanzania, Dene and Michele flew back home through Amsterdam, and Carl and

I traveled to Ethiopia for a seven-day hunt. Ethiopia was then under the influence of the Soviet Union, which hoped to communize the country. Previously, Ethiopia was within Italy's sphere of influence. It was already a starving nation in 1974, when Emperor Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah, was deposed by a Soviet-backed Marxist-Leninist military junta, which then formed a single-party Communist state.

The new regime suffered a series of coups and uprisings, as well as large-scale drought and a huge refugee problem. In 1977, Somali troops invaded the Ogaden region of Ethiopia and were subsequently expelled with military aid from the USSR, Cuba, and several other Communist nations. At one time Cuba had as many as fifteen thousand combat troops in Ethiopia.

Fortunately, the situation had calmed considerably by the time Carl and I went on our hunt. On the way home, we spent the night in Addis Ababa. The hotel swimming pool, the bar area, and the restaurants were filled with people speaking Russian. While they were very friendly toward us, Carl and I appeared to be the only English-speaking guests at the hotel. The Soviets were still around, and Ethiopia remained in the grip of famine. From Addis Ababa we flew to Rome, where we stayed a few days, and from there back home.

The eighties were extremely busy as well as exciting for me—I served on the board of directors of the Atlantic Bank, which would later become First Union Bank; the board of directors of Cotton States Mutual Insurance Company; and the board of directors of Cotton States Life Insurance Company.

But the big event of the decade was my marriage to Paula Bono Fisher in 1989. We started out as just friends. Paula was employed by State Farm Insurance as an underwriter and was married to Mark Fisher, a travel aide to Democratic Senator Lawton Chiles, when they first arrived in Lakeland. Paula dutifully worked alongside Mark, helping Chiles with his political career. However, she wanted to meet some Republicans and asked Charles Canady, Chiles' chief of staff, if he knew of any Republicans she could meet who could help her get started with attendance at party events.

Charlie recommended that she come and see me. She did, and I offered to take

her to Republican events and introduce her to those in attendance as a new recruit for the Republican Party of Polk County. She seemed excited about the idea but did not immediately take me up on the offer.

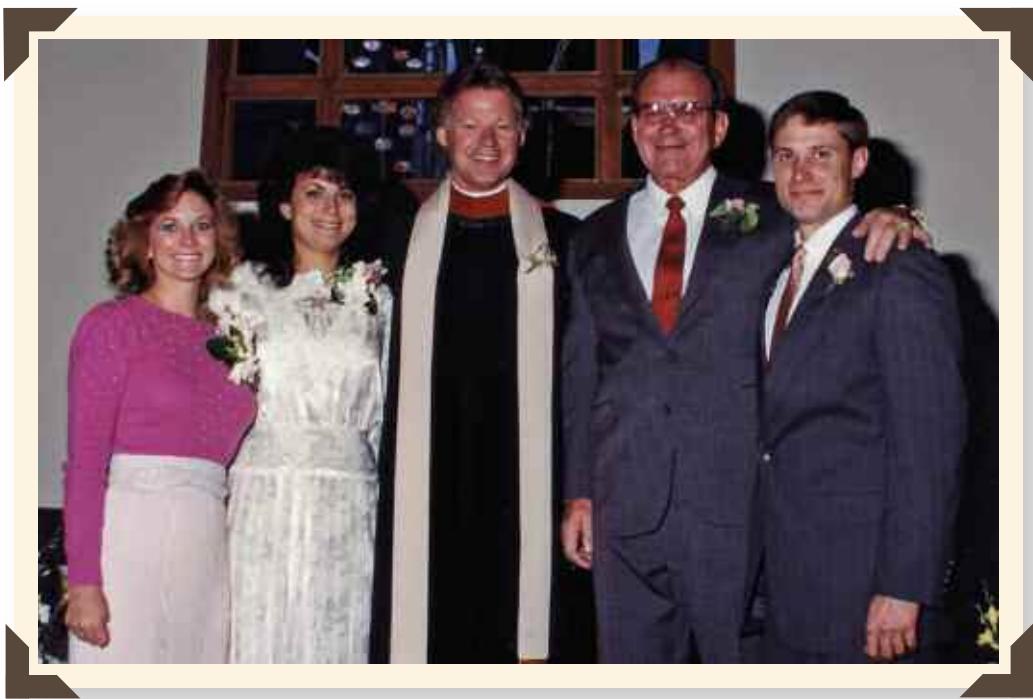
Several months later, after she and Mark decided to get a divorce, Paula called to set up an appointment to see me again. She was still interested in attending Republican functions. The first event I invited her to was the 1988 Republican National Convention in New Orleans, where George Herbert Walker Bush would be selected as the Republican presidential nominee and Dan Quayle as the vice presidential nominee. I was attending as an alternate delegate. After I had been at the convention for a couple of days, Paula joined me, a very excited young lady. I introduced her to many of the top Republicans I knew, much to her delight. She met Governor Bob and Mary Jane Martinez, Senator Toni Jennings, Mac Stipanovich, Martinez' chief of staff, Van Poole, the head of the Republican Party of Florida, Jeb Bush and many political operatives from Florida and Washington D.C. She left a few days later and I remained until the convention activities were concluded.

As Republican events came up locally, I would call Paula and ask if she would enjoy attending. Usually the answer was yes. Nothing romantic, just friends. She was twenty-eight, very attractive, and extremely intelligent. She had graduated with a master's degree from the University of Florida. I was fifty-six, not a likely romantic hookup.

Over the next several months, she and I occasionally attended events together. In the fall it became more than friendship, and we decided to get married on November 20, 1989, in Snowmass, Colorado, where I owned a condo on the ski slopes. I had purchased the condo in 1985 when Carl was attending a divinity school in nearby Denver.

On the way there, we spent a few days in Las Vegas with my dear friends Bill and Georgia Bull, along with Bill's brother John. Bill and John were high rollers at the casino and were offered the very best of accommodations. At their insistence, Paula and I stayed in the suite where a portion of the movie *Rain Man*, starring Tom Cruise and Dustin Hoffman, was filmed. I didn't realize they built suites that large!

From there it was on to Snowmass for the marriage ceremony and reception. The



Our wedding photo taken November 20, 1989. From left to right, Paula's maid of honor, Carrie Seltzer, Paula, the minister, me and my best man, Carl.

family—Michele and Carl, and Paula's parents, Lucy and Guy Bono—and about thirty friends flew in to be with us. Right after the reception, Paula and I hightailed it to Denver, where we would spend the night and start our honeymoon trip to Banff and Lake Louise, Canada, the next morning.

Rumor and speculation spread quickly among friends and acquaintances who doubted that the marriage would last for long. As I write this, we've been happily married for twenty-one years. I was truly blessed with a wonderful wife.

Another wedding during the eighties was also very special for me. In December 1987 Michele and Jeff Renwald were married. The beautiful wedding ceremony took place on Burgundy where Michele had spent her childhood. The guests were limited to families on both sides and close friends. I was a happy, proud father. Then, on September 24, 1988, Michele presented me with my first grandchild, Justin. I was now a very happy and proud grandfather too!

Sadly, my dad died in 1987.

A busy, exciting, rewarding, and wonderful decade! That was the 1980s.

Scrapbook From The Eighties



*Off to Grand Cayman with Michele, Dene and Carl.
The plane is a "Beechcraft Duke" which I owned at the time.*



*Carl and Michele enjoying
Cayman's Seven Mile Beach..*



The Beachcomber on Seven Mile Beach, Grand Cayman, where I purchased a condo in 1984. Lots of summer fun. My unit is the second one from the back on the right.



*Scuba diving in Devil's Grotto
off Eden Rock in Grand Cayman.*

*Carl and me at Eden Rock, Grand Cayman.
We'd just returned from a dive in the
spectacular waters covering coral reefs about
40 to 50 feet below the surface.*



*Dene, Michele and Carl,
Christmas 1982.*



*Christmas 1983 with
Mom and Papa York.*



*Carl and Michele at the World's Fair in
Knoxville, Tennessee, 1982.*



*Michele and me at the
World's Fair.*

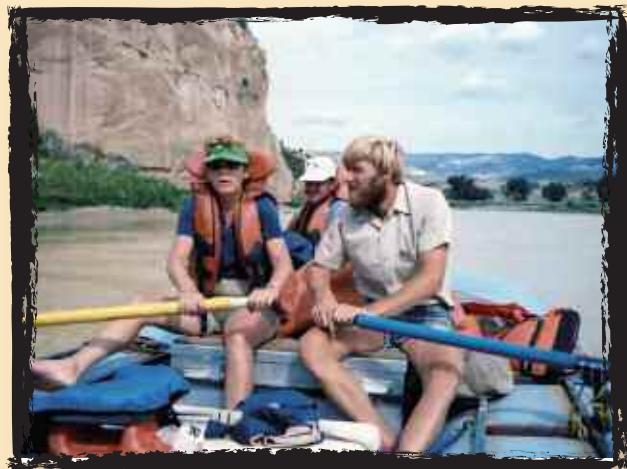
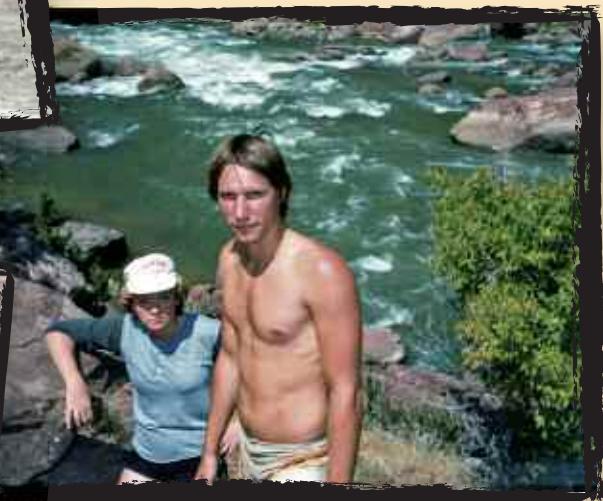


Michele and Carl making camp one evening during a Green River, Utah, rafting trip.

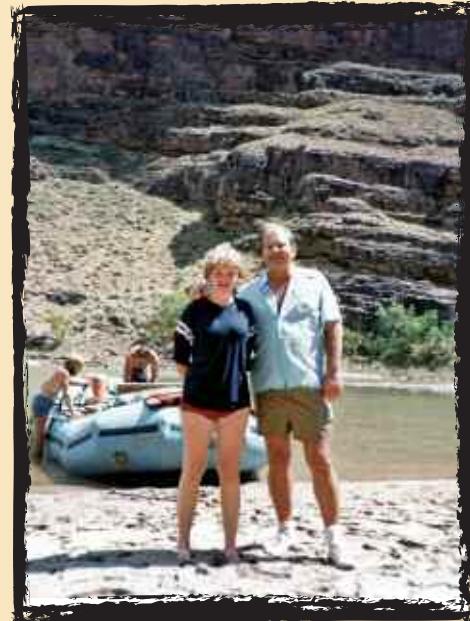
Carl and Michele. In the background is one of the rapids we ran on the Green River.



Shampooing in the Green River.



Dene manning one of the oars while rafting on the Green River.



Me and Michele on the rafting trip.



*Michele and me on the slopes just outside
our condo in Snowmass.*



*Carl and Michele coming off
the ski lift at Snowmass.*



*Carl and Michele try out the slopes
in western North Carolina, about
40 miles up the mountain from Mom
and Carl's home in Jonesville.*





Michele and her proud dad on her wedding day, December 5, 1987.

Having fun at a Summit party with Kim Cythert on the left and Karen Stanley on the right.



Me with Luciano Pavarotti at a dinner following a New Year's Eve concert in Orlando.



*Union Grove High School 30th Reunion. My best friend, Rudolph Cass, is second row second from left.
Former girlfriend Mary Blanche Kennedy, front row, second from right.*



*Meeting with my Air Force buddies at a reunion of the
501st Tactical Air Control group in Hershey, PA.
From left, John Croxton, Mike Mallonee, me and Mac McElroy.*



Papa York with Carl and me and the wild hog he'd just killed on a farm south of Lakeland. This was after both his legs had been amputated. Earlier in the day, we'd hunted quail. I had a friend modify this open-top vehicle so that one of the seats in the back would swivel. My friend, the guide, would pull the vehicle up to where the dogs were on point. When the quail flushed, Papa would swivel the chair around into a good position to shoot. He was one of the best shots I've ever hunted with. He taught me how to shoot quail. He was right handed but after a blood clot ruptured in his right eye, leaving that eye blind, he taught himself how to shoot left-handed and could still out shoot me.

Fishing off the west coast of Costa Rica with Carl, John Bull, Bill Bull and Dale Jacobs.



Fishing for specks in the mine pits south of Mulberry.

Fishing trip to the Bahamas at Hawk's Nest Marina with Carl to my right, Dale Jacobs in the front and Bill Bull to my left.



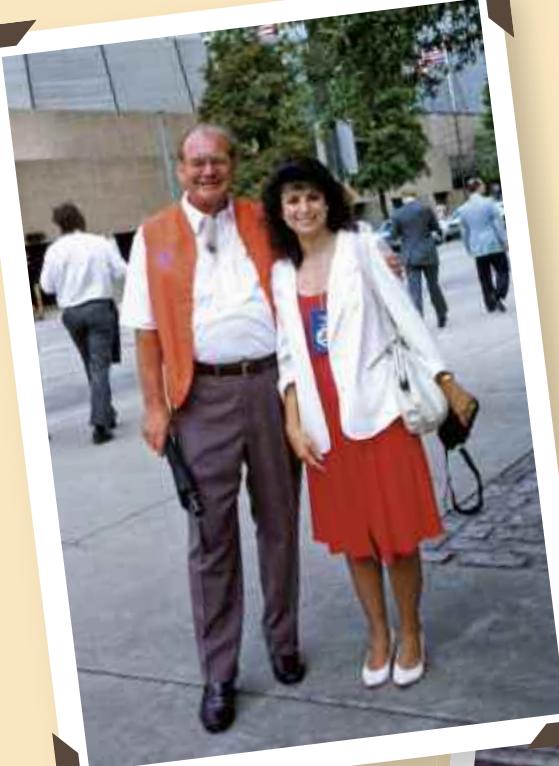
Tom Petcoff (on left) and me on a fishing trip out to Bimini with a couple of other friends.



My friend Tommy Tucker and me with a catch of King Salmon, fishing out of King Salmon Island, Alaska.

My friend Bill Jackson and me visiting a river where the bears are out catching salmon as they migrate to spawn.





*Paula joins me at the
1988 Republican Convention
in New Orleans.*



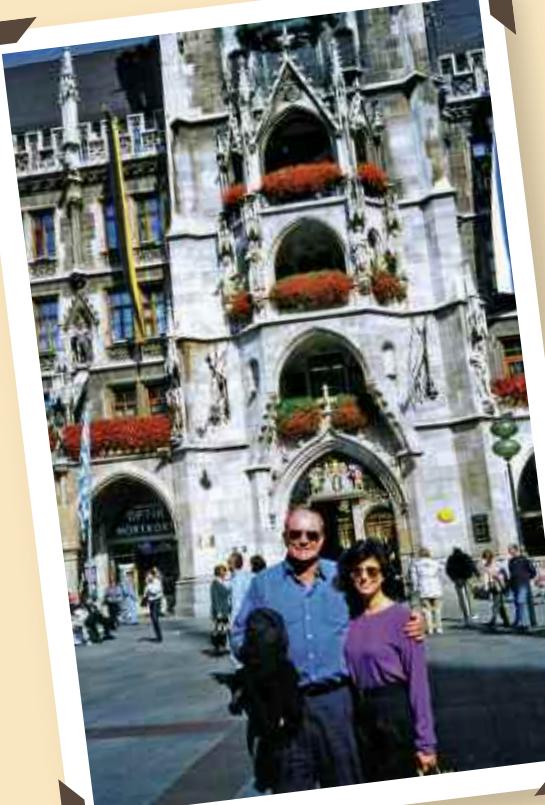
*Paula and me on her first trip to
London during the fall of 1989. We're
standing in front of Kensington Palace
located at one end of Hyde Park.*



*After London, we flew to Bermuda.
Here we are having lunch at Henry
VIII restaurant, one of my favorite
restaurants in Bermuda. They
made the best liverwurst/Bermuda
onion sandwich in the world.*



About a mile from my condo at Snowmass, Top of the Village, is a restaurant and several sled dogs. This photo was taken just before we took a sled ride through the mountains. These dogs and their sledders train here at Snowmass for the Iditarod race in Alaska.



Paula on her first trip to Germany, standing in front of the Rathaus Glockenspiel in Munich's central city square. Every day at specific times it chimes and re-enacts two stories from the 16th century to the amusement of crowds of tourists and locals.

Having an exciting time at the controls of the Swedish X2000 tilting high speed train. The other guy in the photo is Don Reed, a fellow member of the Florida High Speed Rail Commission



While on the study tour in Sweden we met and had dinner with U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Redman and Mrs. Redman. To my right is Nazih Haddad.

High Speed Rail Commission study tour to Sweden with Malcolm Kirschenbaum, center, David Rush, right, and Parke Wright on the left. (More about high speed rail in the Twenty-first Century chapter.)



1984 First African Hunt to Zimbabwe



These mud huts were our sleeping quarters in the Matetsi Forest.



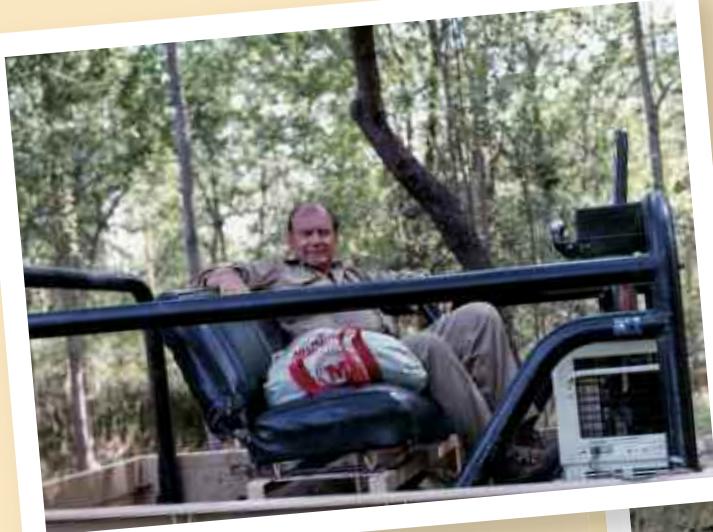
The view from our dining room.



Eric Wagner, my professional guide, and me with a reedbuck which would have qualified with a rank of 83 by Safari Club International (SCI) had we submitted it on time.

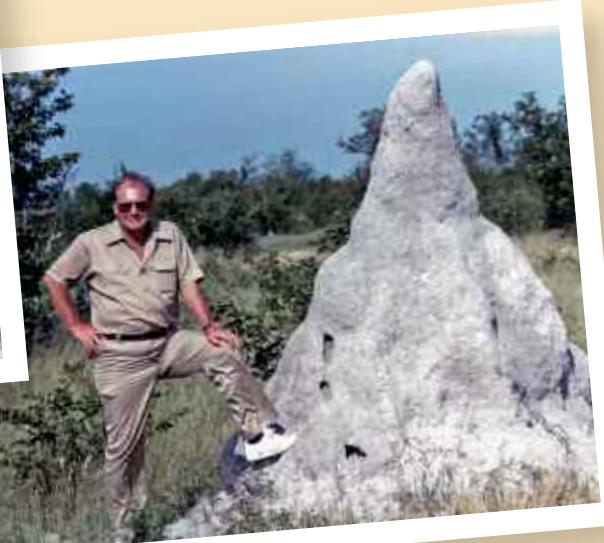


This impala missed qualifying for SCI ranking by a fraction of a point.

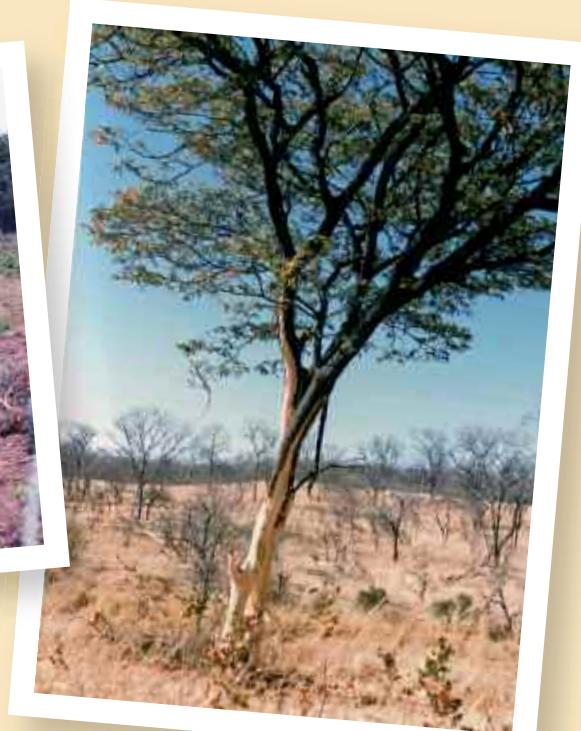


In this photograph I'm taking a break after a one hour stalk through cane thickets to get within range of the impala.

Huge termite mounds scattered all over the landscape in Zimbabwe.



Two young elephants scamper away as we approach them in our open-top vehicle.



Elephants inflict a lot of damage to the tree population. As shown in this photo, they strip the bark from the tree for food leaving it to die.

1985 Second African Hunt to Zimbabwe



Living quarters, to the left, where I went on my second hunt, again in Matetsi. The dining room/kitchen is in the larger building.



The view from our living quarters looking down on a water hole where I shot a warthog.



The warthog meat is delicious, probably the best of any wild game meat I had while hunting in Africa. The impala is second best. This warthog ranks 96 in the SCI record book.



This common waterbuck is ranked 97 by SCI.

*SCI ranks my southern
greater kudu 176.*



My two trackers heading out to "ambush" an impala with my 30-06. Not all my shots were one-shot kills, although some were. When I failed to place a bullet through the animal's heart, I could hear my trackers giggling in the background. With Eric's permission, I agreed to pay for an impala permit for each of the trackers. They returned about an hour later with two impalas, one having been shot four times and the other three; leg shots, gut shots, etc. Eric and I had a lot of fun teasing them about their "skilled marksmanship." They could not care less; they would be heroes at home when they got their meat back to camp.



This klipspringer was one of my longest shots, at nearly 200 yards, and is ranked 26 by SCI.

This huge Cape buffalo is one of the most dangerous animals in Africa, reportedly having maimed or killed more hunters than lions, leopards or elephants. The SCI rating is 120, probably weighing somewhere between 2000 to 2200 pounds. I stalked him for about an hour to get within shooting range, sometimes crawling on my belly. It took three shots from my 375 caliber rifle to bring him down, the last from only thirty to forty feet away as he was charging me and my Professional Hunter.



Fresh vegetables at camp were a delicious treat. Eric proudly shows off the results of his gardening skills.

A magnificent sight, not very well presented in this photograph. It is Victoria Falls, by the Zambezi River. At the end of the hunt we spent two days sightseeing in and around Victoria Falls.





Carl, Michele and me in Paris on the second leg of our trip to Europe in 1984. We started the trip in London. Here, we're in the gardens of the Tuileries with the Place de la Concorde and the Champs-Élysées behind us.



Michele, Carl and me waiting for service at an outdoor café in Paris.



From Paris we traveled to Bavaria visiting many of the castles in southern Germany. This is the beautiful Linderhof Palace near the famous Neuschwanstein Castle. Both were within a short driving distance of my favorite city in Germany, Garmisch-Partenkirchen.



From Garmisch-Partenkirchen we traveled to Zermatt, Switzerland, at the foot of the world famous Matterhorn. Michele, me and Dene are walking down one of the streets reserved entirely for pedestrians and bicycles. Motor vehicles are forbidden in the city. That's the Matterhorn in the background.

Carl, me and Michele at the top of one of the mountains near the Matterhorn, in the background. We rode to the top on a ski lift for lunch. The lift to the top took just a few minutes; our walk down the mountain took almost three hours!



From Germany we flew to Athens, Greece. Michele, me and Dene at the Acropolis overlooking the city of Athens.

While in Athens we took a day ship-tour of many of the Greek islands in the Mediterranean. This is one of the many islands we visited.





From Greece we traveled to Nairobi, Kenya, where we visited, among other places, the home of Karen (Isak) Dinesen Blixen. Her book *Out of Africa* is one of my favorites.

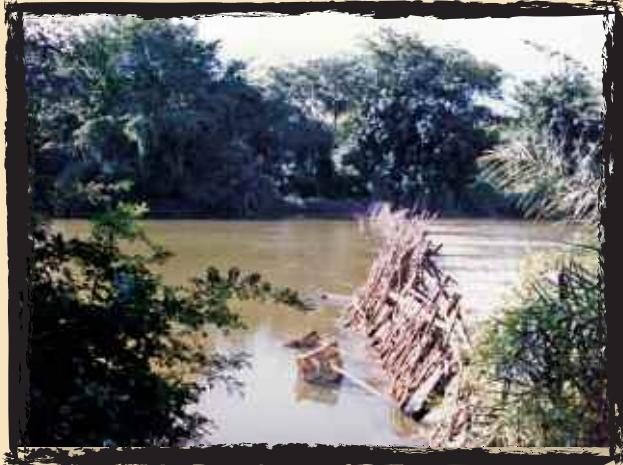
One of the interesting places to visit in Nairobi is this street bazaar where one can purchase almost anything imaginable.



Ruva Camp was located in a wilderness area along the banks of this river.

From Nairobi we flew to Arusia, Tanzania, and from there on a chartered twin engine aircraft to Camp Ruva, south of Kilimanjaro. No airport, just a wide open space of land. The hunting camp was operated by Robin Hurt Safaris. Here I am standing in front of the kitchen tent.





The native population built this fish dam. The item in the foreground is a net which they used to dip up the fish as they tried to move over the dam..

At Ngorongoro we stayed at a lovely modern hotel overlooking the crater. This elephant came right up to the hotel one morning while we were having breakfast.



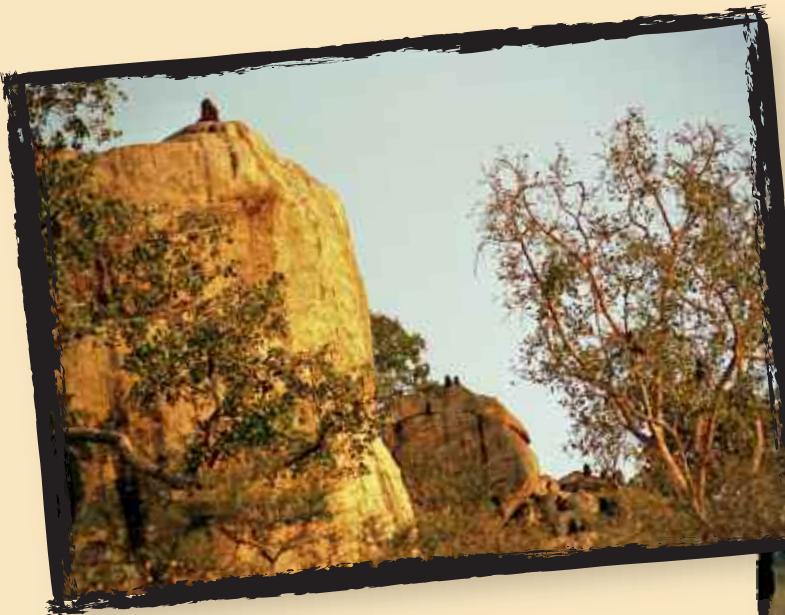
From Ruva we drove to the Ngorongoro Crater. It was an all-day drive, sometimes on a paved road such as this one. More often, the road was dirt with huge pot holes reducing our speed to a crawl.



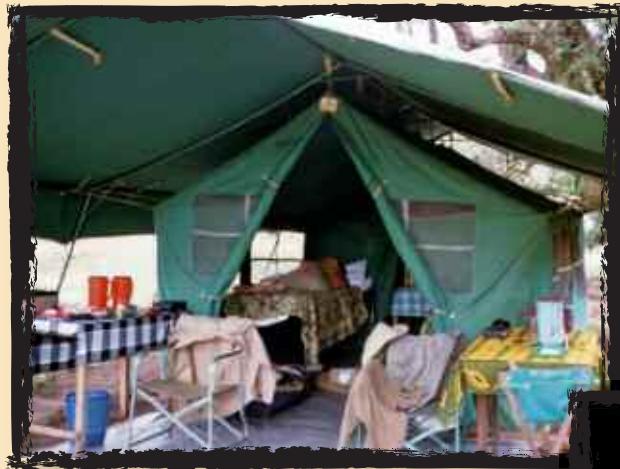
The crater, which is 100 square miles in area, was full of permanent resident wildebeests, hippos, hyenas, lions, Cape buffalo, zebra, and many other animals. The crater was also home to thousands of pink flamingos on a huge shallow lake. The wildebeest shown in this photo and others are normally migratory animals. The crater provides year-round food for them so they don't need to migrate.



This magnificent male lion and the lioness were only about 30 feet from our open-top vehicle from which we took this photo.



This is the baboon family which a leopard frightened and scattered one evening as it came through our camp. If you look carefully you can count, in addition to the big baboon on top of the hill, ten or more members of the family on the right hand side of the photo.



Someone sneaked this photo of me taking a nap at the Mamarehe Camp we visited after Ngorongoro Crater. Carl and I shared this tent. Michele and Dene had another one nearby. One evening I was awakened by the very loud screeches of a baboon family nearby. This was followed by a coughing, growl-like sound. The animal was very near our tent. The next morning our guide, Murray Levette, looked at the tracks and told us it was a leopard that had come through the camp and had frightened the baboon family. The tracks were only about 20 feet from our tent. It goes without saying that this event didn't sit well with Michele and Dene.



While at Mamarehe we took several drives out to the Serengeti for game viewing. That's Michele on the left and me in the center taking pictures.



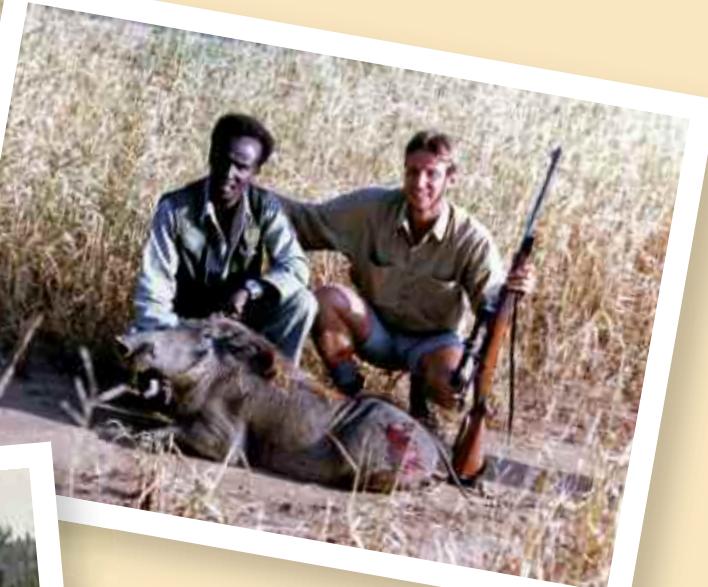
This is a beautiful sunset over the Serengeti Plain. In addition to the lovely sunset, later in the evening we were treated to a superb view of the Southern Cross, not visible in the northern hemisphere night sky.

Hunting Trip to Ethiopia – Summer 1987

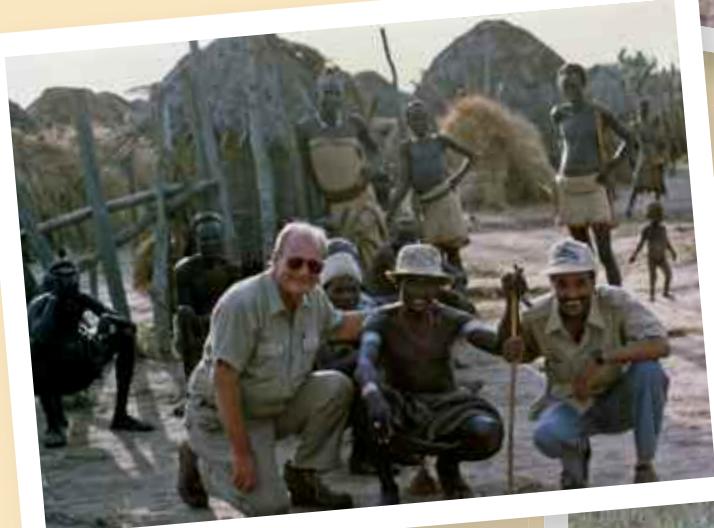


Carl and one of our trackers with a northern grant gazelle he had just taken.

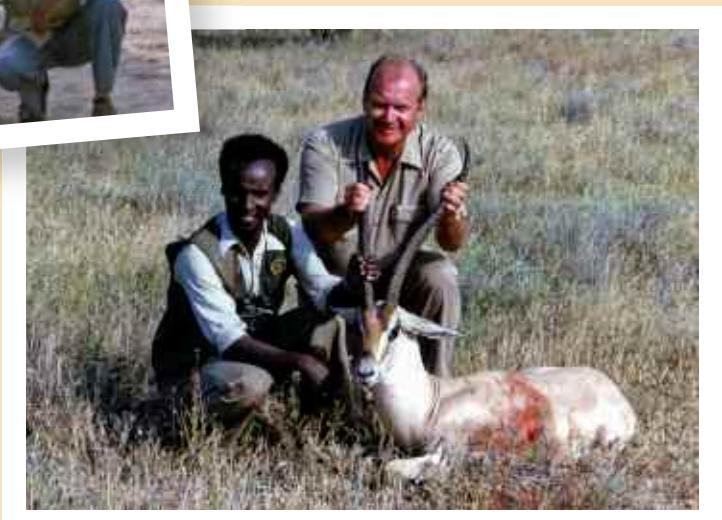
It ranks 11 in the SCI Record Book



Carl with his tracker and a warthog. We had the warthog for dinner on July 4, 1987.



One afternoon we took a break from hunting to visit a Maasai tribe about an hour and a half drive from camp. The chief is wearing my hat which I had just given to him. The person on the extreme right is our driver. The chief presented me with two hand-carved wood stools which are now on display at Pretty Lake along with our trophy animals.



Our tracker and me with a northern grant gazelle.



My beisa oryx ranked 22 by SCI. It was the second one that I shot. The first I had shot at the urging of my tracker who thought it would make the record book. Nassos was not happy that I had been urged to shoot the first one. He's very good at estimating the rank before the shot is fired.

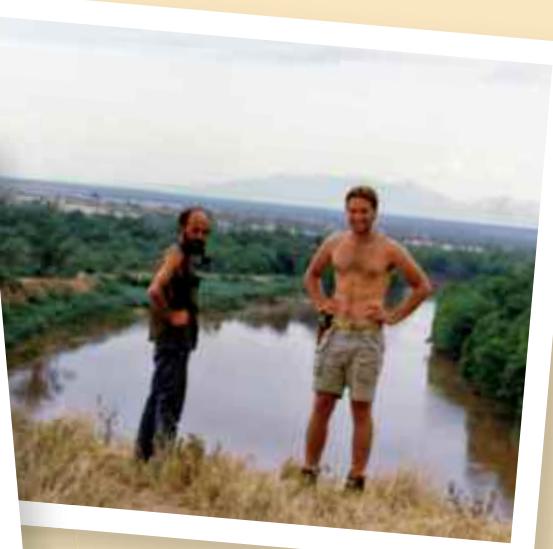
The tracker was not such an expert.



Carl is extremely happy with the Lesser Kudu he shot, ranked 52 by SCI. Nassos told us that we were extremely lucky to get a shot at a lesser kudu on our first trip to Ethiopia. He said that some hunters had not added this animal to their collection until their third or fourth hunt.



The Maasai chief with the hand-carved wood stool before I traded the hat for the stool.



Carl and Nassos Roussos with the Omo Rift River and valley in the background.



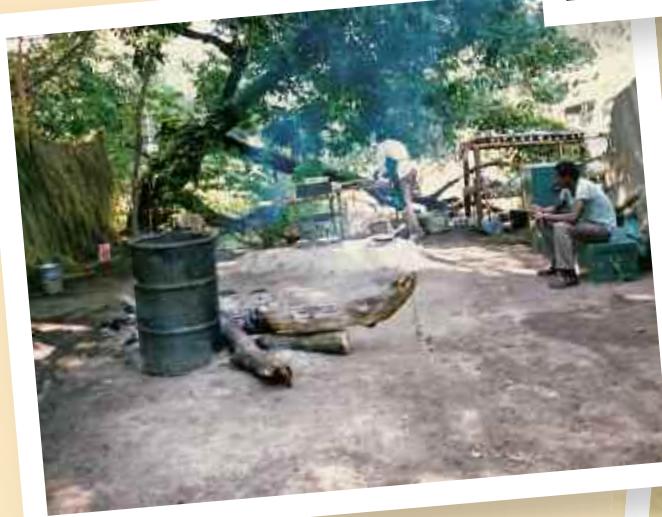
We slept in these mud huts with thatched roofs under mosquito netting.



This is a wild ostrich which visited our camp from time to time looking for handouts.



Vultures on the look-out for a meal.



Our drinking water came from the muddy Omo River. In an interesting water refining process, it was boiled in this 55 gallon drum for hours then the roots of a local Kamogi bush (Maerua subcordata) were dropped into the water. This caused the sediment to drop to the bottom leaving clear, clean, water for us to drink. Amazing!



Carl and me with our trackers and camp crew in the open-topped vehicle we hunted in.



At my Summit retirement party I was given an all-expense-paid hunting and fishing trip to Alaska. The hunt took place east of Denali in this beautiful mountain range.

To reach the hunting area operated by Lynn Castle, we flew in on his single engine plane landing on a gravel strip runway next to a river.



This is the Denali Wilderness Lodge. Giant rhubarb plants grow on either side of the entrance. In the foreground to the right is a stack of moose antlers.



This is the cabin I stayed in while at the Denali Wilderness Camp, a short walk from the lodge.





We hunted out of the lodge each day traveling on horseback for about three hours to reach the mountain range where we would be hunting bighorn sheep. On the fifth day of the five-day hunt we scored. That's my young guide who wore me out climbing to the top of snow covered peaks looking for the sheep. We hitched our horses and left them about two-thirds of the way to the top. Sometimes we would be crawling across shale rock slipping and sliding until we reached the snow covered peaks. Those are the trophy horns tied onto the backs of the horses.

After the hunting trip, I flew with Lynn Castle out to Unalakleet on the west coast of Alaska for a fishing trip. Lynn owned the fishing camp in addition to the hunting camp. He would later die when he landed an overloaded plane as the cargo in back of him shifted when he touched down and he broke his neck.



This is the lodge at Unalakleet where meals were served along with "adult" beverages at a beautiful eight-stool bar. I slept in a cabin about 200 feet below the lodge by the river. Across the river is a section of the Iditarod trail.



My fishing guide joins me to show off a day's catch of salmon.



For lunch we took a break on the banks of the river and my guide cooked a delicious meal of Dolly Varden. We nervously kept a lookout for grizzlies which would sometimes visit during the lunch break having been attracted by the good smell of fish cooking.



*The Martinez Family
from left to right:
Sharon Keen (daughter,
holding Emily
Ida J. Governor-elect
Bob Martinez, Mary
Jane Martinez (seated),
Neil Keen (son-in-law,
holding Lydia Marie),
and son Alan Martinez*

*"Doc, Doc, Doc!"
You are a true
friend and loyal supporter.
Mary Jane and I really
appreciate you.
Bob Martinez*

*"Doc"
Thank you for all
that you do! Love
Mary Jane*

Bob Martinez was elected Governor of Florida November 4, 1986, and will be inaugurated as Florida's 40th Governor January 6, 1987.

He brings to this office a record of achievement in government leadership.

In 1979, he was elected Mayor of Tampa without a runoff from a field of five candidates and re-elected in 1983 with 81 percent of the vote.

As Mayor of Tampa, he practiced a conservative approach to government that lowered property taxes, decreased city employees and improved the quality of life.

The city has resultingly been hailed as one of the 10 "megatrend" cities of the future in the U.S.—and its robust, diversified economy has become a model for growth. Futurist John Naisbett considers Tampa among the 10 best sites in the

nation for starting a business.

Governor-elect Martinez is immediate past president of the Florida League of Cities and was a member of the National League of Cities board of directors.

Governor-elect Martinez already has gained a national reputation of administrative excellence as evidenced by his appointment to the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations by President Ronald Reagan. He also was a member of the Commission on Accreditation of Law Enforcement Agencies.

He is especially concerned about education in Florida. He spent seven years as a classroom teacher and a total of 12 years in the field of education. In employee relations, he has been a labor consultant and holds a Master's degree in labor industrial relations.

At this point in time, when challenges caused by exploding growth are urgent and the consequences for failing to find practical and sensitive solutions could be devastating, Governor-elect Martinez has experience as vice chairman of the Southwest Florida Water Management District and in controlling the balance of Tampa's aggressive economic development with environmental protection.

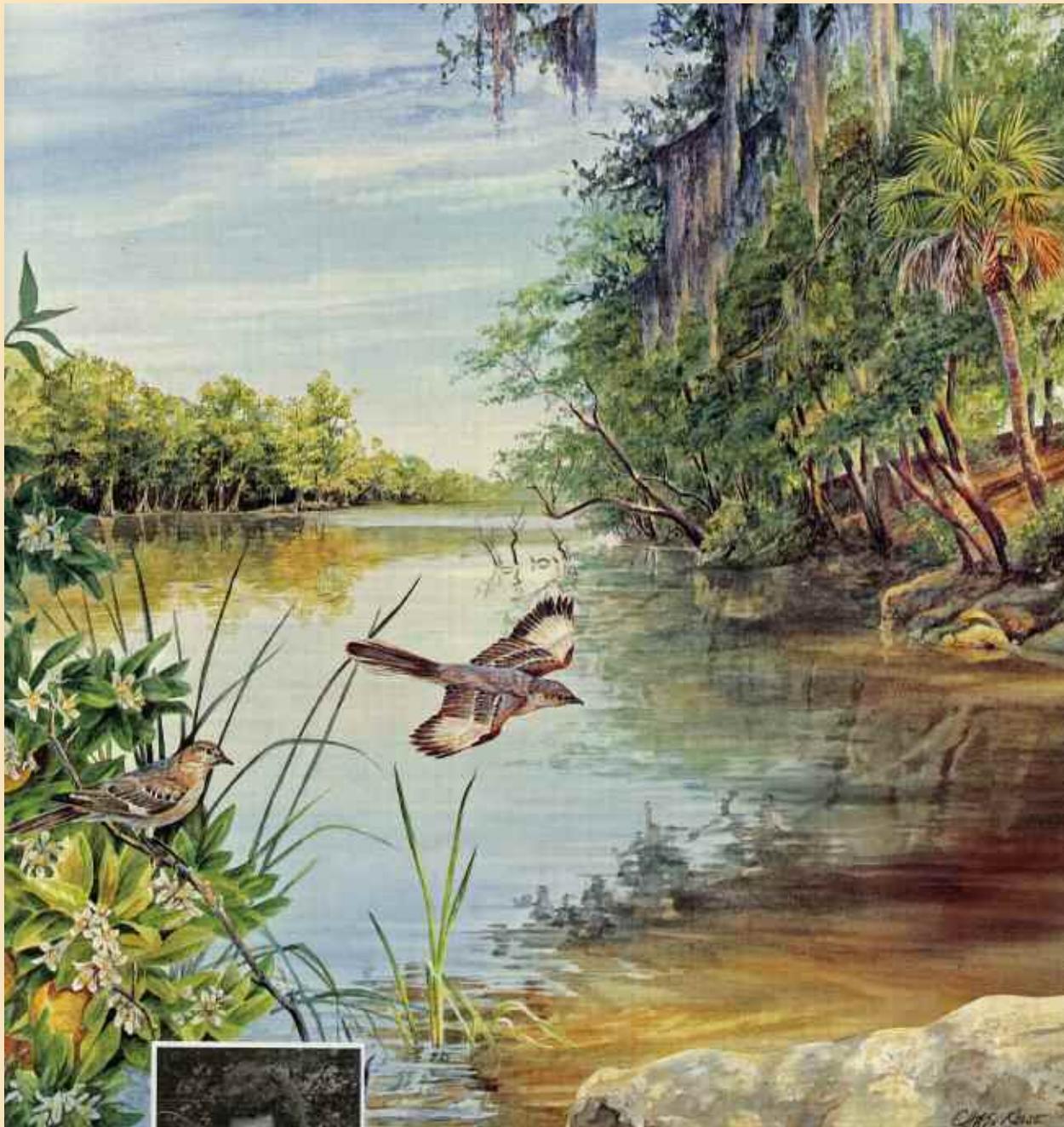
In addition to his management background, as Mayor of Tampa, he also successfully operated a private business until it was sold in 1983.

Governor-elect Martinez has received numerous awards and honors in recognition of his accomplishments. One of the many highlights of his career was being chosen as a featured speaker in the 1984 Republican National Convention.

A lifelong resident of Tampa, Governor-elect Martinez attended local public schools there. He earned a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Tampa and a Master's degree from the University of Illinois.

He and his wife, Mary Jane, have been married for 31 years. They have a daughter, Sharon Martinez Keen, and a son, Alan.

This is from a page of the inaugural program I prepared along with much valuable help from Nis Nissen, Nissen Advertising, for the inauguration of Bob Martinez as Governor of Florida, January 6, 1987.



Charles Rowe - Artist

Artist Charles Rowe created this, as yet untitled, painting in celebration of the inauguration of Bob Martinez as the fortieth governor of Florida. Rowe is well-known for his abilities to imaginatively capture Florida's scenic beauty and wildlife on canvas. In this work, he brought together in one painting, four of Florida's better known "state symbols"; the beautiful Suwannee River, a part of the state song "Old Folks at Home"; the ubiquitous Sabal palm, state tree; the melodious mockingbird, state bird; and the fragrant orange blossom, state flower. Rowe, age 35, lives on the bank of the Weeki Wachee River, an ideal location to view the natural environment of Florida.

This is the painting I commissioned. The original and 300 numbered prints were presented by me to Governor Martinez on Inauguration Day. The governor passed out the autographed prints to close friends and visiting dignitaries.



For outstanding service to the citizens of Florida, I arranged a retirement party for Jack Inman who was head of the Division of Workers' Compensation, Florida Department of Labor. That's Jack standing next to his wife, Butchie. To my left is Lt. Governor Bobby Brantley.

520 VIRGINIA DR
WINTER PARK 32789
MAY 5, 1987

Dear Doc,

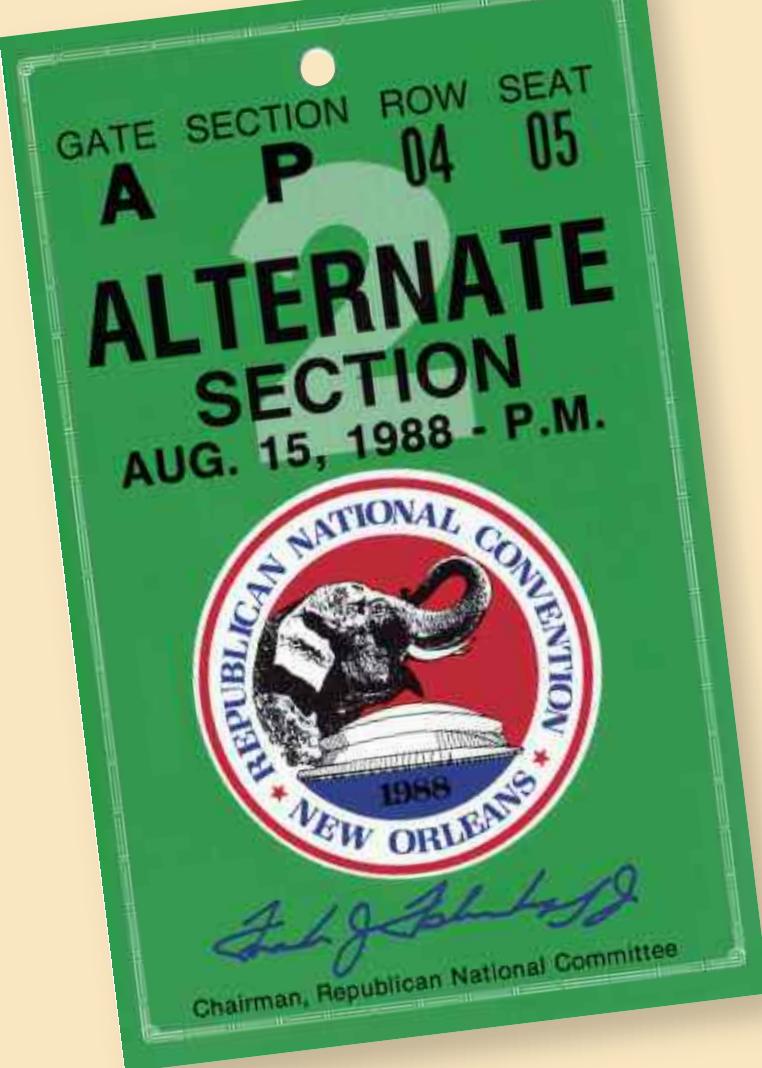
Butchie and I will not forget your unusually kind acknowledgment of our year in Tallahassee. True, you pushed me into that role, but I enjoyed the opportunity and the feeling of having really accomplished a lot for our state and industry in that relatively short period of time.

The refreshments were outstanding, but the camaraderie of old friends and loyal fellow employees, plus the presence and remarks of Gov. Brantley, made for an especially memorable occasion. Yes, we'll always remember that year, and we will also remember the one who made it possible and who then said "thanks" in such a heart-warming way.

Thanks, Doc, and I hope our paths will continue to cross real often.

RS. Please express my appreciation also to Georgia for all her great planning!

Sincerely,
Jack



*My Alternate Delegate ticket for
the Republican National
Convention, New Orleans, 1988, at
the Louisiana Superdome.*

*Greeting Governor
Bob Martinez and
Mary Jane Martinez at
Lakeland Airport.*





*To Doc Dockery
With best wishes,*

Ronald Reagan

*Michele and me with President Ronald Reagan who was in Orlando for an event
where he dubbed the Soviet Union the Evil Empire.*



*Members, including me, of the 1988 Presidential Electoral College,
meeting at the State Capitol.*



*To Doe Dockery
with best wishes*

George Bush

*Visiting with President Bush and Barbara Bush in the vice president's residence
while he was serving as vice president under President Reagan.*

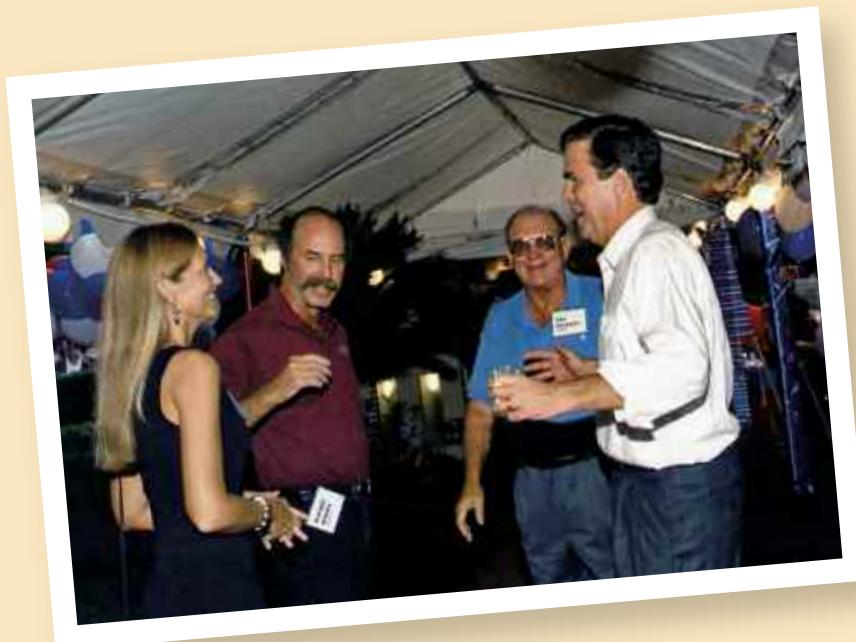


To Doc Dockery
Best Wishes
Dan T. Quayle
Marilyn Quayle

Vice President Dan Quayle and Mrs. Quayle in Florida for a visit.



With Dick Cheney, center, and former Florida State Senator and RPOF chair Henry Saylor.



Kermit Weeks, owner of Fantasy of Flight, second from left, hosts a party for a Dockery fundraiser. On the right is Jeb Bush. The unidentified lady on the left is an employee of Fantasy of Flight.

Focus: Doers



Doc Dockery is ABWA's boss of year

NAME: C.C. "Doc" Dockery.

AGE: 46.

ADDRESS: Lakeland.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: He was elected Boss of the Year by the Florida Gold Chapter of the American Business Women's Association. Dockery is the president of Summit Consulting Inc., a company that manages the Associated Industries of Florida Self-Insurance Fund and the Florida Retail Federation Self-Insurance Fund for workers compensation. He added that his company was in the process of setting up a self-insurance fund for the Motel and Restaurant Association in Virginia and trying to set up one for the New Orleans Retail Federation.

HOW DID HE GET INVOLVED IN WHAT HE DOES? Dockery said he was executive vice president of a trade association for 16 years, serving as their administrator for the workers' compensation self-insurance fund. Two years ago he left them to start Summit Consulting Inc.

WHAT MAKES HIM TICK? "A challenge," he said.

"I enjoy doing what others seemingly failed to do. I like to do new things, create new programs, that's why I started Summit Consulting."

ACHIEVEMENT HE IS MOST PROUD OF? Dockery said he was most proud of having won the "Boss of the Year" award from the American Business Women's Association as well as the "Key Award" given by the American Society of Association Executives in 1976 and the "American Legion Unsung Hero Award," presented by the Florida American Legion in 1972. He is also proud of having been the youngest and first Korean War veteran to serve as commander for the American Legion Post No. 4, and of having been one of the School Board members presented with an appreciation plaque by its employees.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS: Dockery is vice president of the American Society of Association Executives centered in Washington, former president of the Florida Society of Association Executives, director and former president of the Associated Self-Insurers of Florida. He is also a member of the Elks Lodge, the Free and Accepted Masons and the Lakeland Yacht and Country Club.



go out into a new phase of their lives. Kim has been accepted at USF - she plans a Doctorate in Psychology - she wants her own practice. She has a part time job and it looks good now. Pathi wants to work until January and then go to Hebbrough Community College to study Child care management. Pathi is still searching to find out who she really is and we feel alot about her Grandmother. And the firmament sheweth His HANDY work
PSALM 19:1

Dear Mr. Dachery,

As I sat at graduation Friday evening and watched the ceremony, I realized that if it had not been for your generosity Kim would not have been there when I looked at Pathi I realized if it had not been for your perhaps her life would have already gone in a different direction. I believe that CCS has kept Pathi with stability in her life. Now both girls

Pathi has changed tremendously in the last year. I know her Grandparents would have been extremely proud of her. I think it is good for the girls so soon there may have to higher education they will appreciate the value of that education more. We can never thank you enough for what you have done. Please you received an present. Thank you for your love and God Bless you. GRACE CHRISTIAN Sincerely
Linda Lewis

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED ©

Dear Mr. Dockery,

I just wanted to say how much I appreciated you paying for my Senior year at Evangel. It meant so much that someone I didn't even know would care what happened to me. It's a real privilege to attend Evangel. I hope someday I will be as blessed as you to be able to share my wealth so a teen will be as happy as I am!

Thank You Again,

John Owens

Florida Victory Committee Spotlight

C.C. "Doc" Dockery



Perhaps the two most important ingredients for success in any organization are involvement and commitment. Under such an assumption, few could better the active involvement and heartfelt commitment of Florida Victory Committee member, C.C. "Doc" Dockery.

After switching from Democrat to Republican in 1968, Mr. Dockery has devoted the last 20 years to Republican ideals and conservative politics. He has been an active participant in many Republican enterprises, donating time and resources, including the chairmanship of the committee campaigning for Bob Martinez and Bobby Brantley in Polk County, and membership in the Florida Victory Committee for the past eight years.

And his participation doesn't stop there. Mr. Dockery will travel to New Orleans in August, acting as an alternate delegate to the Republican National Convention and reports that he is "thrilled" about the prospect. "I'm delighted that our next President was nominated so early so that he can concentrate on things other than beating up on other Republicans," states Mr. Dockery, reflecting the opinion of many Republicans, nationwide.

Mr. Dockery's enthusiasm at Vice President Bush's impending success also spills over into his feelings about the success of the Republican Party of Florida. In regard to the concept of the Emerging Majority, Mr. Dockery says, "I think it is not only a possibility; I think it is inevitable. Given the nature of the National Democrat Party, conservative Southern Democrats will eventually switch almost totally to Republican. As a former Southern Democrat, I got tired of trying to explain the difference between a Southern Democrat and a Northern Democrat," Mr. Dockery said.

And he is confident that he has backed the right cause and believes that the Republican Party is a reflection of "the mainstream of America."

"Most individuals support private enterprise and the protection of private property laws, and I'm strongly convinced that most people want a no-nonsense, no-waste type of government. I believe that this is where we are and where we ought to stay."

And Mr. Dockery is passing these convictions on to others. He reports that his two children, Michele Renwald, 20, and Carl Dockery, 25, are becoming active members in the political process as well.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 4, 1983

Dear Mr. Dockery:

Thanks for letting me know of your positive response to my recent appeal on behalf of the unemployed. The American worker is our nation's greatest asset, and the step you have taken is an important act of faith in our people, our businesses and our country's future.

Americans have always worked together in times of adversity. Voluntary private action to help people out of work is the best kind of jobs bill, and you are adding a bright new chapter to our long tradition of neighbor helping neighbor.

Your decision helps to reduce unemployment, but it also does something even more important than that. It shows all the jobless that we care about them and are going to do everything in our power to help them. As we continue on the path of economic recovery in the months ahead, actions like yours will ensure that the benefits of renewed growth are shared as widely as possible.

You have my deep appreciation and best wishes.
God bless you.

Sincerely,

Ronald Reagan

Mr. C. C. Dockery
President
Summit Consulting, Inc.
Post Office Drawer 988
Lakeland, Florida 33802



*The President and Mrs. Reagan
extend to you their warmest wishes
during the holiday season
and throughout the coming year.*

1985



GEORGE BUSH

May 21, 1987

Mr. C. C. Dockery
Post Office Box 2022
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc,

I understand from Al Austin and Dick Beard that you have agreed to serve on the Host Committee for the upcoming fundraiser in Tampa on behalf of my campaign for President.

Barbara and I greatly appreciate both your support and your commitment in making this event a success. We will always remember your early efforts.

Again, many thanks for your special assistance. I look forward to seeing you and thanking you personally on June 16.

Sincerely,


George Bush



Mrs. Bob Martinez
The Governor's Mansion
Tallahassee, Florida 32399

October 28, 1987

Mr. C. C. Dockery
P. O. Box 2022
Lakeland, FL 33806

Dear Doc:

I want to thank you for the beautiful and unique plaque given to Bob recently by you on behalf of all the members of the Polk County Martinez-Brantley Campaign Committee. We love the "county by county count"! Someone did a lot of homework!! You were so thoughtful to honor him in this special way. We appreciate your friendship and continued support so very much.

Thank you again for your kindness. We will treasure this momento always.

Cordially,

Mary Jane Martinez
Mary Jane Martinez

MJM:dms

BOB MARTINEZ
THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION
700 NORTH ADAMS STREET
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA 32303

November 27, 1987

Mr. C. C. Dockery, President
Dockery Management Corporation
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc

It was a special pleasure to see you recently, and your anniversary gift of the inaugural painting is so very appreciated. In fact, when I carried it from the conference room to my office, I exercised gubernatorial prerogative and insisted it be hung at the moment!

This is a truly special commemorative, beautifully displayed, and I want to thank you for the effort you had to expend to get this for me. It is a cherished lifetime piece.

Sincerely,


Governor

BM/asd



GEORGE BUSH

March 23, 1988

Mr. C.C. Dockery
Post Office Box 2022
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc,

What a win we had in Florida on Super Tuesday! Barbara and I are very pleased with the organization we had in the Sunshine State and understand you played a vital role in our success there.

The Florida staff speaks very highly of you and I am very impressed by what I have heard of your outstanding work. It is the efforts of volunteers such as yourself who work tirelessly from beginning to end during the high times as well as the low times who have given this campaign its strength.

Thank you, Doc, and God bless you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive ink that reads "George Bush".

George Bush



STATE OF FLORIDA

Office of the Governor

THE CAPITOL
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA 32399-0001

BOB MARTINEZ
GOVERNOR

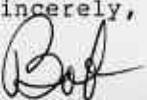
March 30, 1988

Mr. Charles C. Dockery
Director
Dockery Management Corporation
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc:

Thank you for your recommendation to ride the Tres Grande Vitesse during my recent trip to Europe. The ride from Paris to Lyon was very pleasant, as were our most gracious hosts in France.

I appreciate everything you did to make the trip to France possible.

Sincerely,

Governor

BM/rdp



GEORGE BUSH

April 27, 1988

The Honorable C. C. Dockery
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc,

It is my pleasure to congratulate you on your selection as an alternate delegate to the Republican National Convention. Please know I am proud to have your support.

As an alternate delegate you enjoy a special status in the Republican Party. But, along with that status is a special responsibility: the responsibility of nominating a Republican candidate who will build on the immense successes of the past seven years and firmly lead the United States into the next decade. That is the reason your commitment means so much to me.

Barbara joins me in sending our best wishes. See you in New Orleans!

Sincerely,

George Bush
George Bush



Joseph G. Spicola, Jr.
Governor's General Counsel

August 22, 1988

Mr. Doc Dockery
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc:

I am sure you have heard the news of my returning to Tampa on September 1, 1988. However, I wanted to thank you for the help and assistance you have given me as General Counsel to the Governor. It has made my job much easier.

Again, thank you and if I can be of any assistance to you in the future please feel free to contact me.

Sincerely,


Joseph G. Spicola, Jr.
General Counsel

JGS/km

George Bush for President

Dear Doc
Thanks so much
for your support in
our Dad's campaign
in Lake Wales

PAID FOR BY GEORGE BUSH FOR PRESIDENT

reception was very
successful thanks
to an excellent but
lame dinner.

We will work hard
to deserve your support

Commissioner of Insurance
TOM GALLAGHER
For the people

November 11, 1988

Doc Dockery
Crossroads Insurance Inc.
Post Office Box 988
Lakeland, FL 33802

Dear Doc:

I want to share a very special moment in my life with you - a moment which you helped make possible!

At 2:30 in the morning last Wednesday I stood before the glaring lights of television cameras to proudly claim victory in the race to be Florida's next Treasurer, Insurance Commissioner and Fire Marshal.

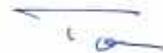
The hotel ballroom was filled with die-hard supporters who refused to leave until our victory was sure. Over their cheers, I introduced my family members and key campaign staff members who had worked so hard to win this very important office. Each of them joined me on the tiny platform to share a precious moment in the spotlight.

I only wish the television cameras would have stayed long enough for me to acknowledge every single person who helped us win this election. Of course that's not possible, but it is possible for me to tell you in writing just how deeply I appreciate your support in this election.

I know I thanked you during the campaign, but I feel compelled to do so once again. Friends like you make politics worthwhile!

I will long remember what you did for me in this important State Cabinet election.

Sincerely,


Tom Gallagher

P.S. We did it!

P.O. Box G, Miami, Florida 33233, Telephone 305 858-7881

Paid Political Advertisement
Tom Gallagher Campaign, Republican

ELECTORS' CERTIFICATE OF VOTES GIVEN BY THEM FOR
PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WE, the undersigned duly elected and serving Electors
for President and Vice-President hereby certify that we have
this day met in the Executive Offices of the Capitol at Tallahassee,
Florida, and cast our votes for President of the United States
and our votes for Vice-President of the United States, and
that the results are as follows:

Those receiving votes for President of the United States
and the number of such votes were:

GEORGE BUSH-----21

Those receiving votes for Vice-President of the United
States and the number of such votes were:

DAN QUAYLE-----21

DONE at Tallahassee, the Capital,
this the 1988 day of December,
A. D., 1988.

Beverly Austin
BEVERLY AUSTIN

Patricia M. Barton
PAT BARTON

(Mrs) Lillian Lea Johnston Beard
LILLIAN BEARD

Catherine Blackburn
CATHERINE BLACKBURN

Shirley Bowne
SHIRLEY BOWNE

Alec Courtney
ALEC COURTNEY

L. C. Dockery
L. C. DOCKERY

Thomas M. Fiorentino
MARTY FIORENTINO



Arthur J. Hill
ARTHUR J. HILL

Patrick C. Hucker, Sr.
PATRICK C. HUCKER, SR.

Toni Jennings
TONI JENNINGS

Melvin P. Sembler
MELVIN P. SEMBLER

Morton Henry Silver
MORT SILVER

Roy Speer
ROY SPEER

Javier Soto
JAVIER SOTO

Shirley Taylor
SHIRLEY TAYLOR

L. E. "Tommy" Thomas
L. E. "TOMMY" THOMAS

John Velasquez
JOHN VELASQUEZ

Vince White
VINCE WHITE

Vincent White
VINCENT WHITE

Zachariah P. Zachariah
ZACHARIAH P. ZACHARIAH

Joe Zapala
JOE ZAPALA



*The Committee for
The American Bicentennial Presidential Inaugural
requests the honor of your presence
to attend and participate in the Inauguration of
George Herbert Walker Bush
as President of the United States of America
and
James Danforth Quayle
as Vice President of the United States of America
on Friday, the twentieth of January
one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine
in the City of Washington*



REPUBLICAN PARTY OF POLK COUNTY

Phone (813) 686-2812

P.O. BOX 2841 • LAKELAND, FLORIDA 33806

JEAN BURT
Chairman

WILLIAM L. DeHAVEN
Treasurer

BUDGET & FINANCE
COMMITTEE

April 13, 1989

H. Paul Semit, Jr., Chr.
Barney Barnett

Mark Bostick

C. C. "Doc" Dockery

Matt Kovschak

Anita Maxwell

Parkhill Mays

Bill Raley

Lewis Stidham

Carl J. Strang, Jr.

Mr. C. C. Dockery
P. O. Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc:

This letter will acknowledge receipt of your contribution in the amount of \$1,000 representing membership in the Polk County Victory Forum.

On a more personal note, Doc, please accept our gratitude for all that you have done to help move the county party toward obtaining our financial goals. You were the first person in Polk County to actually indicate that you would support the party financially. The base of support is broadening now but we owe you a special thanks.

The budget and finance committee is well on the way to achieving the first level outlined in our goals. Your contribution and the purchase of the copier came at a time when the need was great.

Again, thank you for your dedication to the success of this project.

Yours truly,



Jean Burt

JB:jo



JEB BUSH
Secretary of Commerce

Dear Doc,

Thank you so much for the use
of your great plane and for the
ground transportation. After hearing so
many good things said about you,
I really enjoyed meeting you. I
hope you will let me know when
I can be of assistance to you.

Sincerely,

Jeb Bush

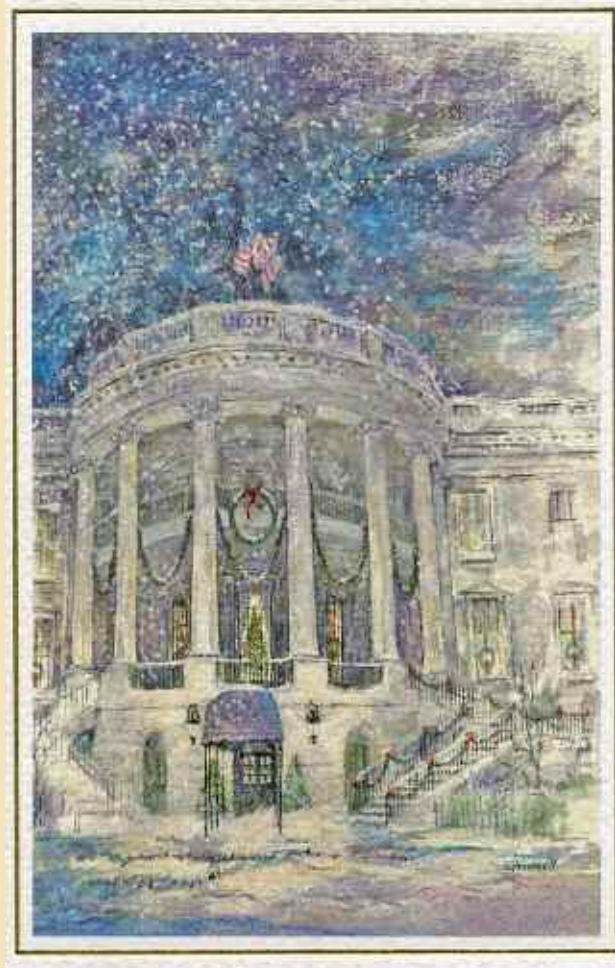
CONNIE MACK

Dear Doc,

It was a pleasure to be
with you this evening. Thanks
for your support and for offering
to help us with the campaign.

Hope to see you again soon.

Sincerely, Connie Mack



*The President and Mrs. Bush
extend their warmest wishes
that Christmas and the New Year
will hold much happiness and peace
for you and those you love.*

1989

The Nineteen Nineties

Sadly, in the spring of 1990 I would lose my stepfather and good friend, Carl York. In March he died after a long bout with cancer of the stomach. During the last twenty years of his life he had survived about a dozen heart attacks. Ken and I were with him when one struck him. We had been to Winston-Salem to visit Mom who was in the hospital there. About half way back to Elkin he started having chest pains. We raced to the hospital in Elkin where he was hospitalized for about a week. Tests confirmed that he did have a heart attack.

At one point the doctors thought that he had died. They were working furiously to revive him. It was during this time that Carl had an out of body experience similar to the one I'd had years before during an asthma attack. When he regained consciousness he thanked the doctors for their efforts. He told them that he had watched the whole thing. This shocked the doctors and they asked what he meant that he had watched it. He said, "I was floating up above you and my body and was watching what you were doing." Then he described in precise detail the efforts of the doctors which could have been observed only from someone looking down, not flat on his back looking up. He then thanked Jesus for letting him live.

As Carl was dying from stomach cancer he was being provided care by Hospice. One of the Hospice attendants told me, "He's yet to let go. He's just hanging in there by sheer will." Yup, she was right. He was. The day before Carl died he called me to his side and said, "I'm ready to die now. I've talked to each member of my family and have asked them to forgive me for anything I have ever said or done to hurt their feelings," and lovingly told each that he had forgiven them. Shortly after that he slipped away and never awakened again. (See Appendix XI, *Carl's Eulogy for Carl York March 4, 1990*.)

During the decade of the nineties we saw the end of the Cold War, the collapse of the USSR, and the movement toward democracy spread across Eastern Europe. We

were enjoying a strong economy, while globalization brought many previously backward nations out of the economic dark ages.

On January 20, 1989 our 41st President George H.W. Bush, formerly Reagan's vice president, was sworn into office in Washington, D.C. Unfortunately, the headlines were often dominated by events that would affect our nation and personal security in the next decade and beyond.

In 1990, Iraq invaded its neighbor, Kuwait. President Bush declared war on Iraq and forced the Iraqis out of Kuwait and a small area of Saudi Arabia. It was a short war but it did not oust Iraq's dictator, Saddam Hussein, who would continue to taunt us. President Bush visited Kuwait to commemorate the allied victor, and days later, it was learned that Bush had been targeted in a failed assassination attempt by Iraqi Intelligence Services. He lost his bid for a second term when President Bill Clinton was elected our 42nd president in 1992. Clinton retaliated by ordering an attack on Baghdad.

We came to know the names al-Qaeda and its leader, Osama-bin-Laden, as the militant organization launched terror attacks around the world. In 1998 simultaneous truck-bomb attacks on U.S. embassies in Tanzania and Kenya resulted in two hundred twenty-four deaths and as many as forty-five hundred injured. It was one of the most devastating terrorist attacks and would not be the last.

January 1, 1990, I was now fifty-six years old, fifty-seven coming up in May. Life was good. I had a wonderful, caring, loving family and enough wealth to allow me to do a lot of fun things, such as continuing to travel the world and owning a fractional share of a BeechJet 400 that provides me with private jet travel.

Crossroads Insurance Ltd. continued to write a growing volume of business. The year would be another loss for Crossroads, as was 1989. However, 1991 and future years would be profitable enough to make up those losses and provide a steady stream of income to the family, all of whom were now directors in the company.

Crossroads' largest customer was still Summit Consulting, the company I founded in 1977. It continued to prosper under the leadership of President Bill Bull.

In 1992, Bill decided to purchase Summit from A&A. He, his senior managers,

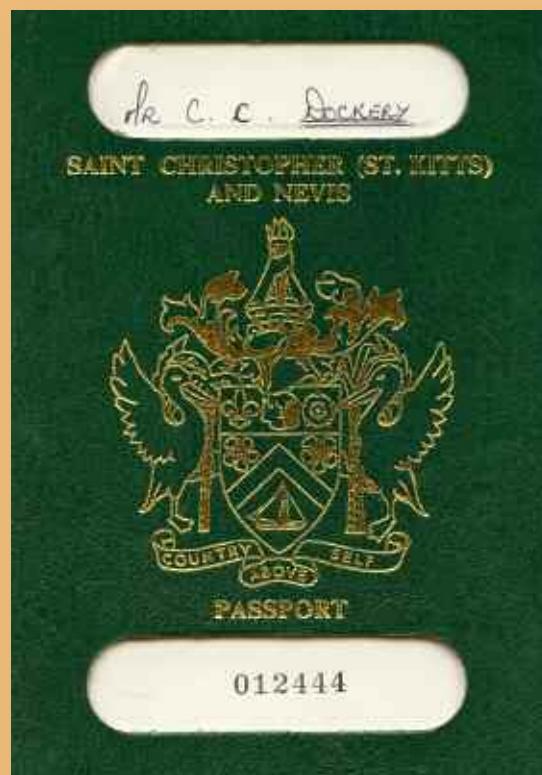
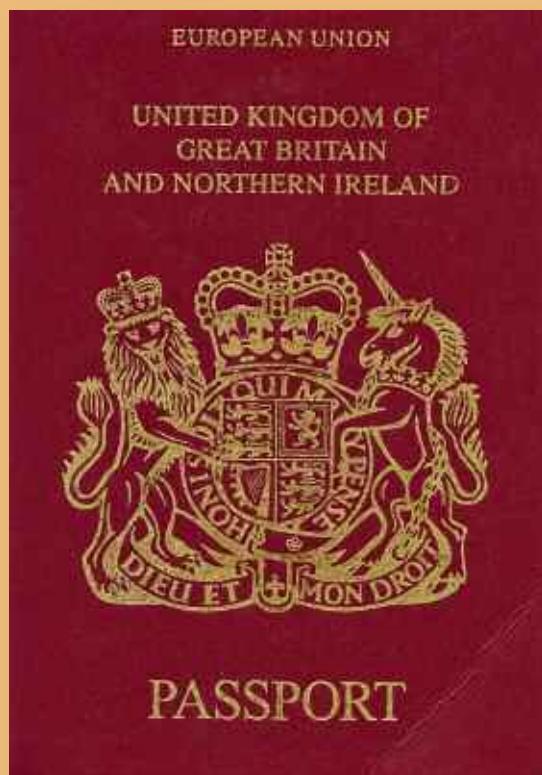
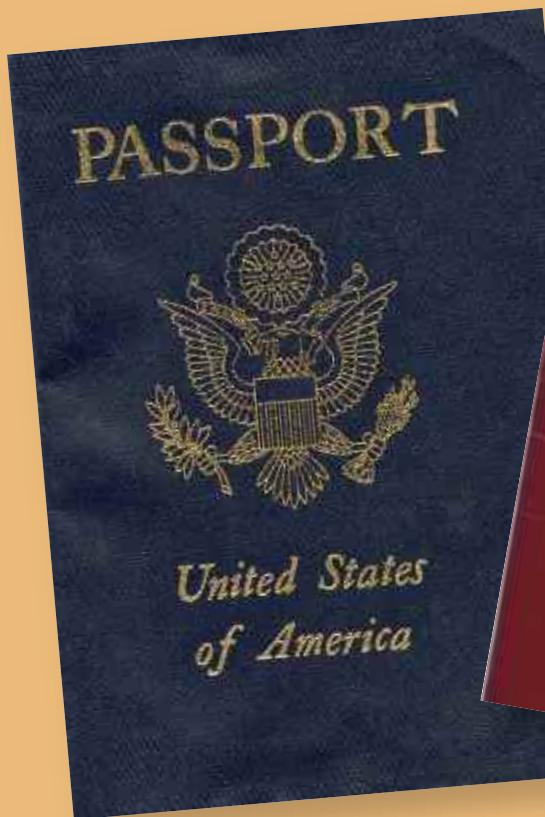
brother John, and others formed Summit Holdings Company, through which they would close the purchase deal with A&A. In 1996, Summit Holdings sold its company to the Employers Self Insurers Fund. In 1997, we formed Summit Holdings Southeast and went public.

The officers, directors, and members of the fund were given the opportunity to purchase shares at the opening initial public offering (IPO) price. Those who took advantage of this opportunity could also purchase options for additional shares at the IPO price, which I did. The investment advisors who were handling the IPO told us that a good showing of support by the officers and directors was essential to making it a success. I purchased \$1,125,000 worth of stock. This gave me the option to purchase the same number of additional shares at the initial price of the IPO. The IPO was a tremendous success, with the opening price bid up by thirty percent during the first week.

We used the proceeds of the IPO to fund newly formed Bridgefield Casualty, a publicly held company. In June of 1998 we signed an agreement with Liberty Mutual Group to sell them the company for \$222.4 million. I had taken another big bite of the apple. Everyone was happy except two of the directors who had invested a lot less than I had and consequently had options to purchase fewer shares of stock, a regrettable decision. The price had more than doubled since the IPO.

While we continued our reinsurance operation in Grand Cayman, I grew tired of waiting such a long time to be processed by immigration authorities each time I flew there. I applied for and received a permanent resident's permit in 1993. Two years later, I became a naturalized citizen of the Cayman Islands. Unlike the practice in the United States, a naturalized citizen did not have to swear allegiance to the Cayman Islands, so this did not affect my status as a U.S citizen. My application for citizenship was one of twelve approved that year.

In 2003, Great Britain would offer citizenship to all Caymanian citizens. I applied and became a naturalized citizen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. I now have three passports, one each for the good ole U.S. of A., Cayman, and the UK. The UK passport is especially useful while traveling to European Union countries.



There are no immigration forms to fill out and no long lines when I enter those countries with my UK passport. For a brief time during the nineties, I was also a citizen of the island country of St. Kitts/Nevis. That came along with a passport that I did not renew at the end of five years.

Paula and I would do a lot of traveling in the nineties—to Finland, Norway, Ireland, Sweden, St. Kitts, and three trips to Germany for the Octoberfest. We made many, many visits to Bermuda and Grand Cayman. One was of particular importance and a very happy time for family and friends—we all attended the wedding ceremony in 1999 of Andrea Spiessl and my son Carl. Our good friend and Andrea's and Paula's priest, Father Caulfield, flew to Bermuda to perform the ceremony as Carl and Andrea tied the knot.

In August of 1994, Summit had scheduled a meeting of the ESIF trustees at Sausalito, California. Sausalito would become an annual trip for Paula and me after our first visit there. We fell in love with the town and the nearby wine country of Napa Valley and Sonoma.

While planning for the ESIF trip, I suggested to Paula that once we got to California we should just keep flying west until we circled the globe back to Florida. She excitedly agreed. I insisted on one condition, that she pack and travel with only one bag. She didn't think it possible but agreed, and soon we were on our way around the world. From San Francisco, the first leg of our trip took us to the tropical paradise of Tahiti in French Polynesia. While there, we went to the beautiful islands of Moorea and Bora Bora, where *Mutiny on the Bounty* starring Marlon Brando had been filmed in 1962.

Then it was on to New Zealand, losing a day as we crossed the International Date Line somewhere out in the South Pacific. Back home, the northern U.S. summer was moving toward fall, but we were headed to the southern hemisphere, where winter was ending and the kiwis would soon be heading into spring. We landed Down Under in Auckland. Located on the North Island between two harbors, Auckland is New Zealand's largest city, but not the nation's capital. Interestingly, Auckland has the largest Polynesian population and more boats per person than anywhere in the world.



Carl and Andrea in Bermuda for their wedding on June 19, 1999. That's the Atlantic Ocean in the background. The reception was held at a beachside restaurant.



Family and friends posing for Carl and Andrea's reception following their wedding.

It was very beautiful.

A member of the British Commonwealth, New Zealand is about as far away from Mother England as you can get, but the British influence is quite apparent. I was already familiar with driving on the left-hand side of the road from visits to England, Bermuda, and the Caymans, so I felt comfortable renting a car to see the country up close and at our own pace. In our Avis rental car, Paula and I headed south from Auckland and, within a couple of hours, were in Rotorua, the heart of New Zealand's geothermal area.

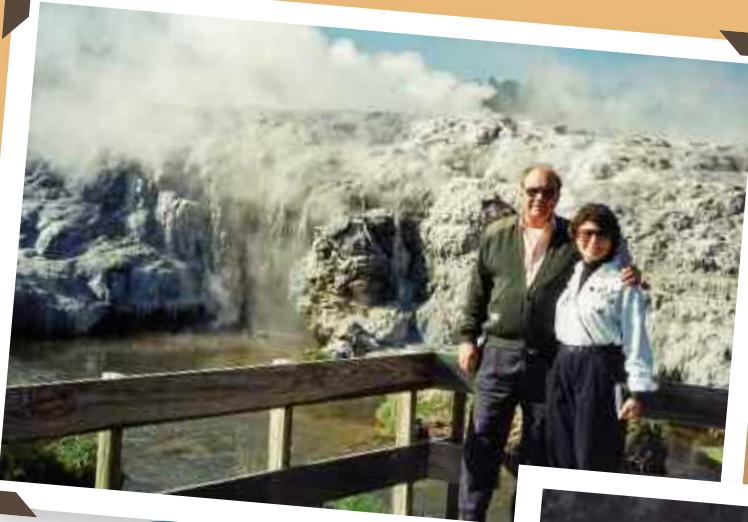
New Zealand is geologically a young country situated on the Pacific Ring of Fire, with fault lines running from top to bottom of both main islands. Apparently, earthquakes are common but we didn't feel any and neither were any area volcanoes active, but in Rotorua, the tourist mecca of the volcanic plateau, we saw bubbling mud pools, steaming hillsides, and active geysers. Unlike those in Yellowstone, which are miles away from populated areas, these were very close to the city center. We enjoyed learning about the history and customs of the original inhabitants of the area, the Te Arawa Maori tribe, at the local museum.

After filling the tank with petrol, we drove south through picturesque, green countryside past occasional small towns to the nation's capital, Wellington, a busy cosmopolitan city with lots of charm and character that sits majestically on a sheltered harbor surrounded by hills. To an American, it is somewhat reminiscent of San Francisco on a smaller scale, so of course we loved it.

On New Zealand's South Island, we visited the "cathedral city" of Christchurch and the neighboring waterfront town of Akaroa, which was once an early French settlement. (As I write this, Christchurch recently suffered a devastating earthquake which destroyed or severely damaged much of the central city including its famous cathedral.)

Back on the North Island, we drove a different route all the way back to Auckland, where we would leave the country. The very fond memory I have of this far-off land is that the people of New Zealand are about the friendliest I've ever met. But our trip was just beginning. We had many more miles to go in our circumnavigation of the globe, so in Auckland we boarded a three-hour flight to Australia—first stop Hobart,

In Rotorua, New Zealand, we visited the bubbling mud pools, steaming hillsides and active geysers.



Ayer's Rock, near Alice Springs in the outback of Australia, was well worth the trip. It's a remarkable red sandstone formation rising over eleven hundred feet above the flat desert landscape.



Here I am enjoying the snow covered mountains in Tasmania.



During our trip to Tahiti, French Polynesia, we spent two days on Bora Bora.

Paula on the beach at Moorea. That's Tahiti in the background. Moorea is one of my favorite islands in the world. The first time I visited French Polynesia I went to the immigration office in Tahiti and asked about obtaining permanent residence and citizenship. A stern faced officer told me that Americans were not permitted permanent residency or citizenship. I replied by asking if it wasn't true that Marlon Brando was a citizen of French Polynesia. The answer I got was, "You're not Marlon Brando."



Paula and me having drinks in Sydney. In the background is the architecturally famous Sydney Opera House.

Paula and me drinking Singapore Slings at Raffles Bar in Singapore. Located in the famous Raffles Hotel, this is where the Singapore Sling was first concocted.



the capital of Tasmania.

Tasmania is a huge island in the Tasman Sea off Australia's southeastern shore. Both were named after the Dutch explorer Abel Tasman, who sailed these waters before the British explorer Captain James Cook arrived, charted the waters, and claimed New Zealand and Australia for England in 1770. As we would at each new location we visited, we rented a car, picked up maps of the local area, and went out on our own sightseeing tours. Here, we took off up the mountain roads, where there was still plenty of snow and lovely scenery.

After a couple of days exploring this green, mountainous land, we left Tasmania and its "devils" and took a flight due north across the water to Melbourne, Australia's southernmost city on the continental mainland. After briefly exploring the city, we flew to Canberra, the country's largest inland city and the capital of Australia, a planned city chosen for its midway location between rival cities Sydney and Melbourne. It's only 177 miles northeast to Sydney, so we decided to see something of the countryside and rented a car to get there.

Sydney lies on a beautiful harbor with hundreds of bays, a magnificent harbor bridge, and the famously recognizable opera house on the waterfront. It's easily the largest city in Australia. After a couple of days, we took a flight north to Brisbane, the capital of the state of Queensland, then another to the far north town of Cairns, which is a very popular jumping-off point for the Great Barrier Reef for diving enthusiasts. We stayed nearby in Port Douglas, lush, tropical, and lovely.

While most of the Australian population lives in cities and towns clustered around its east and southeastern coastlines, there is a place far inland, in the center of the dry continental outback, called Alice Springs, which attracts thousands of visitors each year. We couldn't miss that and flew there from Cairns. As usual, we struck out on our own in a rental car, stopping occasionally to watch the dingoes (wild dogs). The drive through this inhospitable desert would take us to the great natural phenomenon nearby, Ayer's Rock (locally called Uluru). There we found a village of aborigines eager to cater to inquisitive tourists. It was from them that I bought a didgeridoo, not really knowing what

to do with it. After it spent a couple of years in our closet back home, I offered it to the music department of Florida Southern College, my alma mater. They were not interested. In a chance encounter with Julie Fancelli (the daughter of Publix founder George Jenkins), I happened to mention our purchase of the didgeridoo. She knew all about them through her son, who was interested in musical instruments. I gave it to her, happy that it had found an appreciative home.

From Alice Springs, we flew south to the not so famous city of Adelaide on the south central coast. Although not on the usual tourist agenda, it turned out to be my favorite city in Australia. Adelaide was our departure point for Perth, our last stop in Australia. The sun-bathed city of Perth and its port, Freemantle, sit a little north of the southwest corner of Australia, some two thousand miles west across the continent from the other large Australian cities. It's about as far as you can get from anywhere else in Australia. We could only stay a couple of days before catching our next flight on the grand tour, but there was time to drive around and enjoy the sights of this sunny Indian Ocean location.

Departing Australia from Perth, we flew directly north to the southeast Asian metropolis of Singapore, a city-state with almost no crime and as clean as a well-kept home. During the drive from the airport to our hotel, the cab driver warned us against possessing or using marijuana. The penalties could range from caning to very stiff prison sentences. The same was true for littering. He said the officials would become very angry if they saw you spit out a piece of chewing gum. The anger would result in your arrest.

It was a wonderful city. We visited the famous Raffles hotel and drank delightful Singapore Slings at the hotel bar where the drink was first concocted. You could walk anywhere through any part of the city and have no fear that someone might accost you. Panhandlers/beggars were nonexistent. The parks were lovely and the food delicious. Singapore is definitely a place I would be happy to recommend to any traveler. Singapore Airlines, traveling first class, was the best I've ever flown on.

We had planned to visit a couple of cities in India, but riots there convinced us to skip

that country and so we flew directly to Amsterdam, Holland.

Not far from Amsterdam's city center, we visited a large national park where we spent the day admiring the tulips and other bulb flowers for which Holland is famous. Then, taking advantage of Europe's excellent rail system, we took a train to Brussels for a day of sightseeing. Returning to Amsterdam meant our trip was nearing an end, but we had one more place to stop, a short flight across the English Channel to London, one of our favorite cities in the world, and from there back to Florida, completing our adventure around the world in five weeks.

The only problem we had was that when we checked out of the hotel in Amsterdam, the hotel clerk did not return my American Express card. I did not miss it until we got back to Florida, when I received a call from police authorities in London, who told me that they suspected my card had been stolen. Sure enough, I didn't have it in my billfold. During that short period of time, the thieves had charged more than \$80,000 worth of airline tickets to my card. American Express cancelled the card and instigated action against the thieves. Fortunately, it didn't cost me anything.

We enjoyed many more trips before Paula was bitten by the political bug in 1995. She ran for the Florida House of Representatives against two opponents and was elected in November 1996.

It was the first time that a Republican had ever been elected in the Sixty-fourth District. Paula would be part of the first-ever Republican majority in the Florida House. She enjoyed her new job very much and served very effectively as a committee chairwoman and as majority whip from 1998 to 2000. The downside was that I lost her company for weeks and months at a time, putting a real crimp in our travel adventures.

Paula was reelected twice to the House, then ran for and won a seat in the Florida Senate in 2002, where she serves as this is being written. She was reelected for four years in 2004 and again in 2008. She is a strong leader, serving very effectively, and was Senate majority whip from 2002 to 2004 and again from 2006 to 2008.

Hardly a week goes by that someone does not stop me and tell me about the great job Paula is doing for her constituents and for the State of Florida.

Paula is seated at her desk in the Florida House of Representatives in 1996 shortly after her election. She was elected to serve the citizens of District 64 in a three-way race becoming the first Republican ever elected to serve this predominantly Democratic district.



Justin spent a week with Paula as her page while she was in the Florida House of Representatives. After a full week of committee meetings and legislative sessions he was well prepared to discuss the origin of a bill, and how it traveled through the House committees and ultimately to the floor of the House for a vote, and then to the governor.

In the spring of 1993, I sold my condo at Snowmass. By that time we were visiting infrequently, perhaps once during the ski season and once during the summer. Flying out was pretty expensive, since about half the flights were on my jet. While the condo was in the rental pool, the income was not enough to allow me to make a profit.

It was on the market for about three months. I received no offers until April, when one came in below the listed price. My answer was, "No, the price is not negotiable." In a few days the potential buyer came back with an offer for the listed price. I asked my broker to tell him to send us a contract with a deposit and he could have the condo. One day later, another potential buyer called my broker to inquire about the condo. He was told that an offer had been made a day earlier for the listed price. When he learned that the contract on the first offer had not been signed, he told the broker that he would pay me \$20,000 more than the listed price.

The broker asked me what I wanted to do. I told him that I had verbally agreed to sell it to the gentleman making the first inquiry and that I would honor my verbal agreement.

A couple of weeks later I received the following letter from Steve Lamar at Coates Reid and Waldron, the broker:

Doc,

Just a note to thank you for the opportunity to work for you. I would also like to tell you that I have always tried to model my life around the approach you took in standing by your decision to take the offer you did. I admire your character.

Where I grew up in the country in North Carolina, a person's word was his bond. I've tried to never waver from that philosophy, and I think I've always been successful. Two years later I received the following letter from Andrew Sherman, the man who had bought my condo:

Dear Mr. Dockery,

My wife and I purchased Summit 304 at TOV (Top of the Village) from you two years ago and since then our family has spent the most wonderful times there in the summer and winter. After the end of last year's ski season we began a complete remodel of the unit, from stone floors in the entrance hallway, to new white pine ceilings, doors, kitchen cabinets, bathrooms, furnishings and a new stone fireplace, all of which was finally completed last November.

I am writing this note first of all to acknowledge our appreciation for the ethical manner in which you accepted our bid on the condo when you could easily have accepted the other higher offer that came in the next day. Your exemplary decision to keep your word at the expense of accepting a better deal without any legal obligation to do so is the finest example I can give my children when we discuss the importance of integrity, ethics and honesty.

To show our appreciation of your actions, we would like to extend an invitation to you and your family to spend a week this spring/summer at Summit 304 as our guests. Please contact Dave Spence or Audrey Leming to coordinate the best week for you when the condo will be free as we do use it extensively. I hope you'll like how it has been transformed.

As the mail to Guatemala is so unreliable, please fax me at my office in Guatemala City any communications: 011-502-2-347280.

Sincerely yours,

Andrew J. Sherman

We took Mr. Sherman up on his offer and had a wonderful time. We returned to Summit 304 a couple of years later on our way to Canada to celebrate our wedding anniversary. Many, many pleasant memories return when I think about the good times my family shared on the ski slopes and the delicious meals at nearby Aspen's well-run restaurants.

Some of those good times included a visit during the ski season with Michele, Jeff, my young grandson, Carl, and Paula. Carl and Michele were very good skiers. We all enjoyed riding down the slopes by the condo on big plastic snow saucers. Well, I didn't ride, but I had a lot of fun watching Paula and Justin.

Fortunately or unfortunately, Michele and Jeff would be divorced in 1993.

Happily, Michele found a new mate, Fred Jones. They were married on April 2, 1995, at Fred's mother's home in northwest Florida. It was an invitation-only event for family and friends. For the second time, I gave my daughter away. When they got married, Fred was a well driller. He would later leave that job to come and help me on the farm at Pretty Lake. At the beginning, he knew nothing about farming but he is now an excellent farm manager—a lot of help to me.

Ownership of the condo in Snowmass brought on a dispute with the IRS when it disallowed some expenses I had claimed for remodeling. The condo was in the association's rental pool, producing rental income. This qualified certain expenses as business deductions. The IRS disallowed the expenses for remodeling and travel to and from Snowmass to buy furniture and hire remodeling contractors.

This was the third year in a row the IRS had examined my tax return and claimed that I owed additional taxes. I disagreed. My accountant and tax preparer said that all my tax returns were honest and legitimate, but that the cost of defending the returns would be far more than the deficiencies the IRS was alleging. My accountant reminded me that under the law I was presumed guilty until I established my innocence. I paid up the third time but swore to myself that I would never again pay additional taxes that my accountant and I felt were not owed. I thought the IRS was picking on me.

Sure enough, it was not long before the IRS challenged another tax return. This time it claimed a deficiency of more than \$500,000. The local IRS examiner, Philip Wise, claimed that I had undervalued Crossroads stock gifts to Michele and Carl in 1993.

The challenge was on! I went on a hunt for the best tax lawyers around. I found them in Atlanta: Philip Cook, Michelle Henkel, and Timothy Peaden. I flew to Atlanta along with my tax accountant, Rick Irwin, who was also my tax preparer, working for KPMG Peat Marwick, where we had our first meeting with Cook, Henkel, and Peaden. They agreed to take the case. While they would be paid hourly rates for their work, they were reluctant to give me an estimate for representation if I had to go before an IRS court. I insisted. They came up with an estimate of \$300,000–\$450,000. They



Two years after Michele and her first husband, Jeff, were divorced she found a wonderful guy "second go-around." Sixteen years later Michele and Fred are still happily married. Fred, who knew very little about farming, is now my farm manager. It wasn't long before he became very familiar with my cattle operations which have since been abandoned in favor of more navel orange groves. They own a lovely home north of Polk City on Lake Liahoh where there is plenty of bass fishing.

suggested that we would be able to settle for something less than the half million somewhere along the way. I didn't tell them, but I knew in my heart that I would not agree to a settlement of any amount. I knew I was going to court. A settlement, I felt, would be an invitation for continual annual examinations of my tax returns.

Another secret I shared with no one was that the insurance examiner Wise, while teaching a class for IRS examiners in Orlando, had said that he was on the verge of winning a huge claim against a guy who ran a foreign insurance company. I had a friend, Emerson Noble, an IRS examiner, in the audience who called and told me that he was sure Wise was talking about me. No, no settlement.

My lead counsel, Phil Cook, had been correct—it wasn't long before the IRS contacted him to see if I was ready to enter settlement negotiations. Phil suggested that probably meant their case was weak and that this was a good time to talk settlement. My comment: "No, Phil, we're going to court." He just shook his head. We were required by the IRS to try to solve the case administratively, but without settlement offers it just couldn't be done.

Finally, a date was set for our first hearing before an IRS court in Jacksonville, Florida, a few months after our depositions were taken in February 1997. Phil called to say that the case had been assigned to a Judge Colvin, in Jacksonville, one of the most intelligent and respected IRS court judges in the Southeast. We would get a fair hearing. The case was set for early 1998. By that time, we were well prepared and confident of victory. Now, the IRS attorney, Willie Fortenberry, suggested a settlement of about \$150,000. I asked Phil how he thought Fortenberry came up with that figure. He guessed that Fortenberry had estimated it would cost me about \$150,000 from that point forward for my continuing fees for three lawyers, two KPMG accountants, witness expenses, and a new actuary I had hired. My answer: "No way."

The judge spent a lot of time questioning me about the business of Crossroads as a reinsurer. He also wanted to know how we differed from other reinsurance companies and from primary insurers. When he was through, he thoroughly understood primary insurance, casualty reinsurance, and the small niche in which Crossroads operated,

Dear Mr. Dorkey,

Julie and I want to thank you for your gift. Of the many gifts we received, yours was probably the most appreciated. We had planned to pay off the remaining balance on the loan shortly after the first of the year. However, your kindness will enable us to pay off many other necessary expenses.

Your thoughtfulness over the years has been much appreciated. I only hope that someday I can do something nice for you.

Love,

Emerson & Julie

(YOUR SON & DAUGHTER-IN-LAW)

Little did the IRS agent who bragged about his audit of Crossroads know that Emerson, who was in the audience he was speaking to, considered himself to be "my son." Emerson had grown up next door to me on Burgundy Place and was close friends with our entire family, Dene, Carl and Michele.

limiting its reinsurance contracts to workers' compensation. He also now understood the difference between primary insurance writers and insurance reinsurers.

He also seemed impressed that the value per share of the Crossroads stock I gave to Carl and Michele was determined not by our board of directors, but by a team of actuaries from KPMG's New York Office who routinely audited primary and reinsurance companies writing workers' compensation business. The lead KPMG actuary was there to testify on our behalf. He had with him a detailed report outlining the case for the value of the shares, established long before we appeared in Judge Colvin's court. A different actuary we had hired to testify valued the stock at a lower price than KPMG had.

Each made a good case before the court. There was a lot of cross-examination by Fortenberry. He had read our new actuary's report very carefully and had found what appeared to be a typographical error where he expressed a dollar value. Unfortunately, the new actuary got flustered and didn't simply admit that it was a typo.

Wise, under cross-examination and in response to questions from the judge, tried to explain his method for valuing Crossroads shares. He was not successful. He simply made a lot of allegations and admitted that some of his methodology was taken from writers of primary life insurance and their reinsurance companies, not from casualty reinsurers like Crossroads. This was noted in the judge's ruling. Wise was an IRS examiner, not an actuary.

Judge Corbin agreed on the values set by actuaries at KPMG.

The judge's decision: "We conclude that the fair market value per share of the stock in Crossroads that petitioner gave to his children was \$303 per share on January 1, 1992 and \$303 per share on January 1, 1993. Decision will be entered that there are no deficiencies due from petitioner, and there is no overpayment due to petitioner."

Local newspaper headlines shouted, "Dockery Wins Case Against IRS."

Yes, we won!

How much did it cost to win? More than \$400,000. No more IRS audits for a while. During the preparation for the trial, it became increasingly clear to me that the law and the rules were stacked against me and other taxpayers. The presumption that we are

all guilty until we prove our innocence was particularly galling. I decided that I would try to do something to change that. My congressman at the time was Representative Charles Canady, a longtime friend. He agreed that the burden of proof should be shifted from the taxpayer to the IRS. Early in 1997, he and seventeen cosponsors introduced a bill in the U.S. House of Representatives to accomplish this.

Another friend was serving in the U.S. Senate, Connie Mack. I called Connie later that year for an appointment to discuss Charles' bill. Soon I was off to the Capitol to make my case. Connie agreed right away and told me that he, as a member of the Senate Finance Committee, was already working on shifting the burden of proof and requiring the IRS to reimburse attorneys' fees for taxpayers who prevailed in the tax court. On his recommendation, I contacted Senator William B. Roth, Jr., chairman of the Finance Committee. His committee had been holding hearings on reforming the IRS since September 1997. In a letter to me, Chairman Roth said that "literally thousands of people" had contacted him about problems with the IRS.

Many changes to the IRS laws were introduced in the Senate and House bills, including shifting the burden of proof and the payment of attorneys' fees. The new law incorporating these changes was enacted on July 22, 1998. Title III: Taxpayer Protection and Rights, Subtitle A: Burden of Proof now reads:

In general, the burden of proof with respect to a factual issue in any court proceeding is shifted from the taxpayer to the Internal Revenue Service, provided the taxpayer first introduces credible evidence with respect to the factual issue and satisfies four conditions:

- The taxpayer has complied with any current requirements to substantiate any item;
- The taxpayer has maintained all records in accordance with then current requirements;
- The taxpayer has cooperated with reasonable requests by the IRS for witnesses, information, documents, meetings and interviews; and
- If the taxpayer is not an individual, it does not have a net worth in excess of \$7 million.

In Subtitle B: Proceedings by Taxpayers, Expansion of Authority to Award Costs and Certain Fees, the law now reads:

The Act broadens the scope and amount of administrative costs and attorney's fees that may be awarded to a taxpayer who substantially prevails in any action by or against the United States in connection with the determination, collection or refund of tax, interest or penalties.

Act § 3101 amending I.R.C. § 7430(c).

I was elated. Soon, I learned through newspaper accounts that I might be celebrating prematurely. President Clinton was expressing doubts about the act and some of the people in his administration were suggesting he might veto it.

My good friend and longtime acquaintance Tom Boggs was very close to President Clinton and literally walked in and out of the White House any time he wanted to. I called Tom and outlined what I had been doing and why the president ought to sign the act, if for no other reason than to hold up the tradition of fairness for U.S. citizens, whom our system, with the exception of the IRS, presumes innocent until proven guilty in a court of law. Tom seemed surprised that this was not true with the IRS. He promised to contact the president in a couple of days and said he would get back to me.

Late the next afternoon, he called to say that he had spoken with the president, who had given him assurances that he would sign the act when it got to his desk. Headlines in the national newspapers the next day confirmed that the president would sign the IRS act. I was a happy guy.

As the decade of the nineties was coming to a close, I was selected to be an official observer of the 1999 presidential elections in the Ukraine on the recommendation of Governor Jeb Bush.

This is my report to Jeb compiled on my return.

On a long flight back to Washington, D.C., from Kiev, Ukraine, I had a lot of time to think about Ukraine's presidential election primary, which I had just witnessed as an official observer.

Seventy percent of registered voters (every citizen is automatically registered to vote at age eighteen) had turned out on October 31 to vote in the country's third presidential election. The memories of that day were still fresh in my mind. It was an Indian summer Sunday. The polling stations opened at 8:00 A.M. There were long lines of people anxious to exercise their rights in a fledgling attempt to establish a democracy in a country which had known nothing but a totalitarian form of government — the most recent under the communist regime of the Soviet Union. Many voters wore the wrinkled faces of hard times and age. They openly yearned for the security of the past, even if oppressive. Other voters looked fierce in their determination to forge ahead to build a new future. The youngest of the voters, who had not known communism except as innocent children, were filled with the optimism of youth.

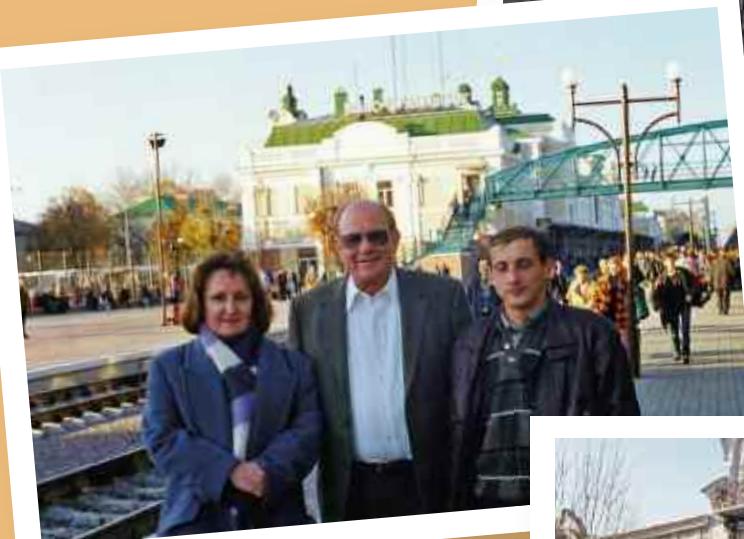
My journey to the Ukraine began with a phone call from Governor Bush's chief of staff. She asked if I would be interested in being nominated to serve as an official observer of the presidential election. I hesitated for a moment, recognizing that I would miss an annual pheasant hunt in South Dakota with my son and son-in-law and a dozen of my closest friends. Then I blurted out an emphatic yes, realizing the invitation was the opportunity of a lifetime.

In a few days, word came through that I had been selected by the International Republican Institute (IRI) to make the trip. I would join other members of this elite, nonpartisan, nonprofit organization dedicated to fostering democracy throughout the world.

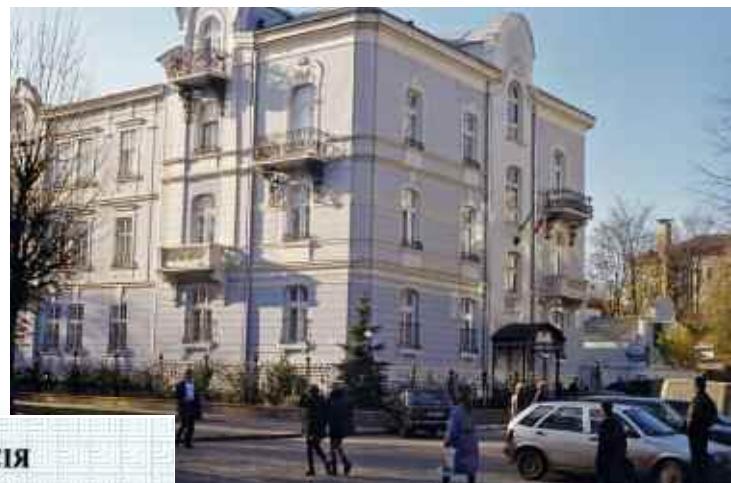
I departed on Wednesday, October 27, 1999. After an overnight flight through Washington and Frankfurt, Germany, we arrived in Kiev. We immediately received a series of briefings by the IRI staff, including President Loren Craner; U.S. Ambassador Steven Pifer; the American president of a local company; and a television news anchorman.

Friday included another series of briefings. Late that afternoon, an IRI staff member and I departed for an overnight train ride en route to Ivano-Frankivsk, four hundred miles southwest of Kiev. When we arrived, we were joined by an interpreter and a driver. After checking into a nice little hotel, we quickly commenced our pre-election interviews, including one with the secretary of the Social Democratic party; President Leonid Kuchma's

This is a busy street scene in downtown Kiev, Ukraine.



My Ukraine identification card which I presented at each of the polling stations.



This is the small hotel where I stayed in Ivano-Frankivsk.

campaign headquarters manager; challenger Yeuhen Marchuk's headquarters chief; a local independent TV station news anchor; and an independent radio station owner.

There was lots of negative campaigning. Most of it appeared to be coming from President Kuchma and was mainly directed against Marchuk, a former KGB officer. Thousands of four-color posters were put up throughout the city Friday night showing Marchuk holding a smoking gun and charging him with the murder of thousands of Ukrainians. The pre-election perception definitely was that Kuchma was controlling and manipulating the state-owned press and, through abundant financial resources, dominating the private media.

Sunday morning, we visited our first polling station just prior to 8:00 A.M., watching a brilliant sunrise greet the official opening of the polls. We interviewed the election commission chairman about the procedures in place to prevent fraud, inspected the empty ballot boxes and helped seal them, and observed the opening of the doors to eager voters. The first polling place was beautifully decorated with brightly colored flowers. The election chairman had classical music playing softly in the background. All went well, as did the activities at an additional thirteen polling places we visited throughout the day.

Noticeably, each of the polling places where a lady was in charge was beautifully decorated with flowers, and often classical or nationalistic music greeted the voters. Voting was brisk throughout the day. "Motor ballot boxes" were taken to hospitals and the homes of those who were physically unable to travel to the polling places. The official motor-ballot troupe included no fewer than three election officials or poll watchers representing different political parties or candidates.

The receptions we received were often very friendly and enthusiastic, cool at perhaps only one-third of the locations. The most enthusiastic reception came late in the afternoon in a small village where the election supervisor announced our presence to a loud round of applause. This was followed by an "insistent" invitation to help celebrate the occasion of the "first visit by a foreign official" to their village. Champagne, coffee, and chocolate were generously served in the town hall building, just behind the polling station.

The chairman of the election commission happily told us that his brother had drawn a

green card in the lottery two years earlier and was living with his family in Chicago. There must be a significant Ukrainian community in Chicago, because at the next polling station, an elderly lady called to us as we were leaving, "Hello to Chicago, hello to Chicago."

At our last polling station visit, we observed the closing, the counting of ballots, and the sealing of each candidate's special ballot envelope. The counting process took more than two hours. From there, we drove for an hour and a half to the territorial election commission headquarters, where officials from about 150 precincts were attempting to deliver their ballots. This turned out to be a scary experience.

Several hundred tired election officials were jammed into a third-floor auditorium, screaming and demanding to be admitted to the conference room behind the auditorium. There, from three to six delegates from each polling station would present their ballots and obtain an official receipt for them. It was past midnight and we were told that this had been the chaotic scene since the election officials had started arriving, some two hours earlier.

After twenty minutes, our driver found a territorial election official, who guided us out of the auditorium through a maze of hallways to the conference room where territorial election officials were methodically receiving the polling stations' delegations, certifying the turnover of the ballots, and announcing the results. Here the atmosphere was serene, separated by a small set of doors from the chaos in the auditorium. About 1:00 A.M., the waiting auditorium crowd noisily overpowered the doorkeeper and crashed into the inner sanctum. Our interpreter—a female university professor—and others were visibly shaken.

Finally, with the help of several calm, determined territorial officials and one militiaman, the entrance was secured. Those who had broken through were screaming and yelling at the chairman of the territorial election commission. A physician and an unflappable dignified gentleman, he finally brought the crowd under control. Eight additional militiamen were called into service and stationed outside the entrance. Order was restored and everything was progressing smoothly when we left at 2:00 A.M.

We returned to the territorial commission headquarters the next morning for the official tally of the results. The building appeared to be totally abandoned. Our resourceful driver came through, finding a celebration going on in the inner sanctum where we had

been the previous evening. He told the territorial chairman that we were hoping for an interview with him.

The chairman left the celebration, graciously came to his office, and gave us an extensive briefing. He described actions he had already taken to ensure that the disruptive situation of the previous evening would not reoccur in the runoff election to be held two weeks later. Then, he smilingly confided that this would be his last term as the territorial election commission chairman.

We found our next potential interviewee, a party official, at our hotel cheerfully pouring drinks from a bottle of vodka. Mission accomplished. We boarded the train for another long ride back to Kiev and a round of debriefings.

A dedicated 76 percent of the registered voters in the Ivano-Frankivsk area participated in what appeared to be a fraud-free presidential election.

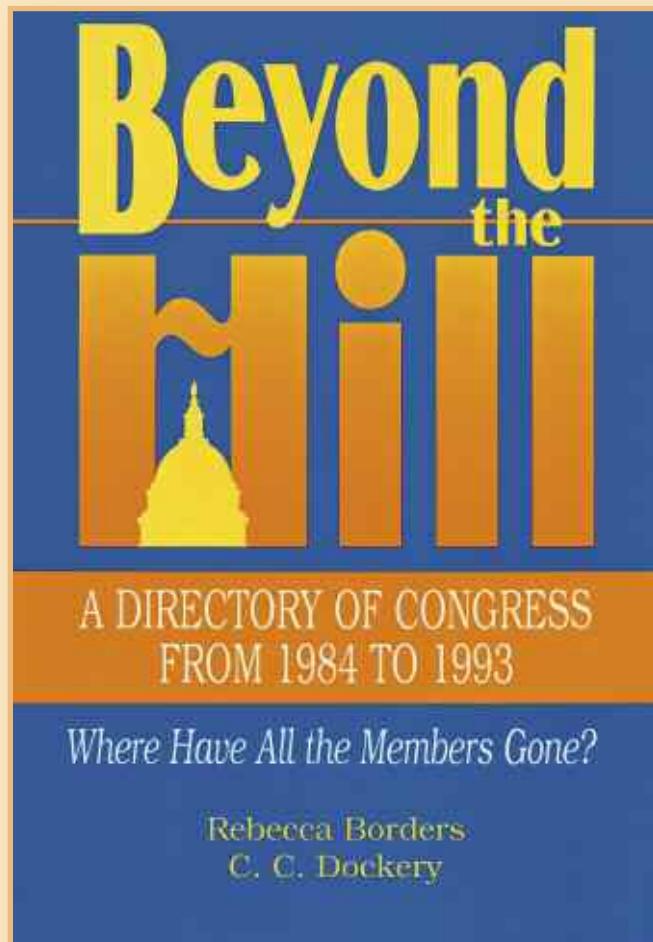
Two weeks later, in the November 4 general election, 74 percent of the voters returned to the polls to re-elect incumbent president Kuchma, who received 57.7 percent of the vote to the communist party leader Petro Symonenko's 38.7 percent. The rest of the voters checked off "none of the above."

As we approached Dulles, I couldn't help but compare the Ukrainian voter turnout with that of a recent special election in Florida, where fewer than 30 percent of the voters took an interest in who would represent them in the Florida Legislature. I wondered if U.S. voter complacency might someday lead to the downfall of the great country where democracy was born.

The decade of the nineties presented some challenges but was closing on a high note. Paula and I would celebrate with another trip to our favorite international city, London, in late 1999.

Scrapbook From The Nineties

While speaking to various civic groups during my effort to help Phil Handy of Winter Park get a constitutional amendment passed to limit terms of legislators in Florida to eight years, I began to wonder what former members of Congress were doing after they went back into private life. I tried unsuccessfully to find information about the lives of former congressmen. The U.S. Association of Former Members of Congress didn't even keep records of current addresses. This led me to get in touch with my longtime friend Becky Borders to discuss plans to do an up-to-date directory of former members of Congress. That effort led us to compiling and publishing Beyond the Hill in 1995.



Becky Borders, my co-author of Beyond the Hill, and I appeared on Washington Journal with Brian Lamb of CSPAN in Washington, DC. He is a great interviewer. About half of the thirty minute program was devoted to listeners calling in with questions for Becky and me. We were in high cotton!



While Crossroads Insurance was headquartered in Bermuda, our directors, Michele, Carl, Paula, Dene and me, held our shareholders and directors meetings in this beautiful British island territory located 640 miles off the Carolina coast. Michele and Carl posed for this picture in a stock located in a small park.



I caught this fifty pound grouper during a fishing trip to the Bahamas. Carl is holding one of the wahoos we caught that day. We had fish for supper and several pounds to bring back to Florida.



Jean Burt, chairman of the Republican Party of Polk County, announces that I have been named Mr. Republican. Former party chairman Jack Turner is on the left, former Winter Haven Mayor Carl Strang is on the right.



One of the most luxurious cruises Paula and I have ever been on was on board the Queen Elizabeth II sailing from Ft. Lauderdale to the Caribbean and back. We had the largest suite on the ship.



Carl and me quail hunting at Quail Ridge in Georgia, one of many Quail Ridge hunts we've enjoyed together.



Justin was introduced to fishing early in life. Today he's one of the very best bass fishermen I've ever known, right up there with his stepfather, Fred, who taught him to catch and release the big ones.



*To Doc Dockery
with best wishes,*



During the campaign for the constitutional amendment Eight is Enough,

I met several times with Vice President Dan Quayle.

Here we are at one of those meetings being held in Ft. Lauderdale.



*To Doc Dockery
With best wishes,*

George Bush

In addition to attending the inauguration of George H. W. Bush in 1989, I was also invited to the White House on three occasions, two for lavish receptions and for a presidential briefing.

That's me, third from the left, across the table from the president.



To Doc

With deep appreciation, *Newt Gingrich*

*Former Speaker Newt Gingrich met with a small group of eight Floridians,
including me, on one of his Florida visits.*



*Paula and I were honored to be with President Bush
for a dinner of sixteen, including Paula and me, during a
Florida visit after his first term in office.
The lady on the right is Mrs. Mel Sembler.*



Lakeland was honored to have Barbara Bush visit for a

Republican Party event in 1997.

I was fortunate enough to be seated at her table for lunch.

That's son Jeb and his wife Columba on the right.



*Paula, Michele, Fred, Justin and I
celebrate Christmas at our home on South
Oakland Avenue in Lakeland.*



*Paula and me in Venice, Italy. It was her first trip to Venice.
She was surprised to learn that our means of
transportation there was by water taxi or gondola.*



*Here I am reading directions
while Paula and I are on a walking
tour of Helsinki, Finland.*

*Paula poses for this picture at an
abandoned fort on St. Kitts, an island
nation that is one of the Leeward Islands
of the Lesser Antilles located in the West
Indies. The island in the background is
Nevis. In 1994 I bought a condominium
on St. Kitts and became a citizen of St.
Christopher (St. Kitts) and Nevis.*





Courtesy of our mutual friend Greg Branch, on the right, Tom Boggs, sitting beside me, and I, along with Eddie Smith, owner of Grady White Boats, enjoyed many hunts together at Indianola near Macon, Georgia.

We hunted in groups of three or four. It was not unusual for us to kill eighty to ninety quail a day. They were pen raised birds released the morning of the hunt. Actually, it wasn't much of a hunt. You couldn't walk for more than five or ten minutes before the dogs would flush a quail or an entire covey of twenty to twenty-five birds.



My first hunt at Thunderstik in Chamberlin, South Dakota, was in 1988, the year the lodge opened.

Since then I've hunted pheasant there many, many times with family and friends.

Standing behind the guides and their dogs are, from left to right, Henry Tucker, Jess Tucker, Carl, me, Fred, unidentified hunter, Bob Livingston (nicknamed Noneck), Buddy Clarke and Jack White.



In October 1998, Carl and I were invited by Tom Boggs to go with him on a red-legged partridge hunt in the Extremadura region of Spain. It was a pretty classy event. The hunt started about 8:00 A.M. each morning. We would be taken out to our shooting positions manned by two gun bearers who would retrieve the partridges as we shot them. The partridges were driven to us by walkers and men on horseback. It was necessary to have two shotguns and I used a set of double barrel Merkels. The partridges would come flying in towards us by the hundreds. As I fired twice from my double barrel shotgun I would pass it to the gun bearer who handed me a freshly loaded gun. The gun bearers also retrieved our birds. One would mark the location on a piece of paper as he was helping to load. Here, in this photo, we break for wine, bread and cheeses at mid morning. Carl and I are on the right side of the table. Tom Boggs is on the left side, behind the man wearing a navy blue sweater. Chuck Manatt, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is at the head of the table.



This is a scene from the back of the hacienda where we spent our evenings enjoying a lavish spread of Spanish cuisine. The ranch house had twenty bedrooms each with a bath. It was coat and tie for the evening meals.



1994 RNC ANNUAL GALA
"A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN"
WASHINGTON, D.C.



Mr. C. C. Dockery,
With our very best wishes,

Reagan

Margaret Thatcher *Ronald Reagan*

*An autographed photo of President Reagan and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher,
whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the 1994 RNC annual gala.*

Paula and I love New Orleans and have traveled there frequently during the past two decades. This photo was taken one spring when we were attending the Jazz Festival held at the fairgrounds. Breakfast at Brennan's and dinner at K-Paul's are treats that we treasure. One year we were in New Orleans for New Year's Eve and spent a few hours with Lindy Boggs, Tom Boggs' mother, who lives on Bourbon Street, in the French Quarter.



Justin and me on the ski slope by Top of the Village where I once owned a condo.

Paula shows off her catch of bull dolphin caught during a visit to Key West. She also hooked a very nice sail fish and released it.



Here I am in a boat on "Golden Pond." During a trip to New England we stopped at Squam Lake, Holderness, New Hampshire, where the film On Golden Pond was shot. This highly acclaimed 1981 movie was Henry Fonda's last for which he won the Oscar for Best Actor and his on-screen wife, Katharine Hepburn, won for Best Actress.



Paula and me at the White House for the swearing in of Governor Bob Martinez as the nation's drug tsar.



This photo was taken in Glacier Bay on one of our cruises to Alaska from Vancouver. We'd been on three Alaskan cruises.

My favorite fishing location in the Bahamas is Chub Cay.

From left to right are Georgia and Bill Bull, Paula and me, Lana and Dale Jacobs.

We caught plenty of fish on this trip.



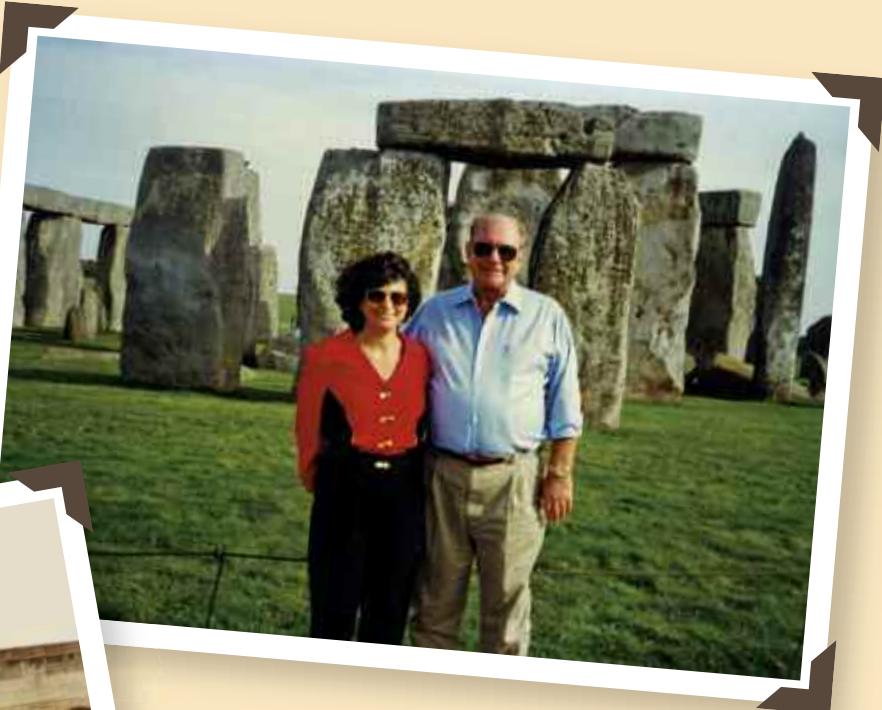
Carl and me in Salzburg, Austria.

One year for Christmas we traveled to Salzburg, Austria, stopping over in London to pick up Carl who was interning at Lloyd's of London.

We had a wonderful day of snow while we were there.



*Paula and me at Stonehenge,
near Salisbury in England.
It's one of the most famous sites
in the world, a prehistoric
circular monument of standing
bluestone monoliths built way
back around 2500 BC.*



*Paula standing in the rain outside
the Coliseum in Rome, Italy.
The Coliseum is considered one of
the greatest works of Roman
architecture and engineering.
The elliptical amphitheatre has
stood for nearly 2000 years
in the center of the city.
It is the largest ever built in the
Roman Empire.*



*Waiting for Paula to take this picture
at a restaurant in Naples, Italy,
so we can order our drinks and meals.*

Until she married me, Paula was a fine "city lady" from Queens, New York and chic Ft. Lauderdale. Here she is with her gloves and bottle of Evian learning to become a "country girl." She's planting vegetables at my farm on Pretty Lake, seven miles south of Groveland.



Paula, Carol Barnett and me with retired Army General Norman Schwarzkopf, nicknamed "Stormin' Norman" and "The Bear." He served as Commander of U.S. Central Command and was commander of the coalition of forces in the Persian Gulf War of 1991. The war was started by Iraq's Saddam Hussein who moved troops into Kuwait and a slice of Saudi Arabia. President George H.W. Bush ordered Schwarzkopf to remove the Iraqi soldiers from both countries. The war was called Operation Desert Storm. It took Stormin' Norman only seven months to rout the Iraqis.



In our many visits overseas during the 1990s Paula and I spent a week in Ireland. I'm here in Elphin, the home of my Irish ancestors.

Brotherly Love

God blest me with a precious Mother,
She blest me with a terrific brother,
In Childhood we were like twins,
We're not only brothers –
We're best friends.

In our late teens we entered the service,
Sometimes we were stationed miles apart,
But the strong bond of love between us,
Kept us close in our hearts!

When I retired in nineteen-seventy-three,
I moved to Lakeland – happy as could be;
My brother, my friend, was living here,
And I wanted to be near.

For twenty-five years
We've been together through thick and thin;
And he is still my very best friend.
He's encouraged me when I felt blue,
When he hurts – I hurt too!

I thank God for a brother who is a friend,
My love for him will never end.

Written by: Grace M. Gregg
At the request of Kenneth Dockery
9-24-99

God Bless You, Brother



*The Vice President and Mrs. Quayle
request the pleasure of your company
at a cocktail reception*

honoring

*The Florida Victory Committee
Thursday, the thirteenth of July
at five o'clock*

The Vice President's Residence

*R.S.V.P. (904) 222-7920
Andy Cheek*

*Massachusetts Avenue at 34th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.*

Doc Dockery

A Class Act

by Mike Reid



Probably no one has had more impact upon the success of FRSA than Charles C. "Doc" Dockery. His persuasive personality has brought the Association recognition from the roofing industry nationwide and considerable political influence in the state of Florida. He remains one of the state's most respected lobbyists and a considerable ally to those who seek public office under the Republican banner.

Such plaudits and platitudes seem far from Elkin, N. C., where "Doc" was born in 1933. Since his father died when he was very young, he was raised by his mother who worked in the burling department of a woolen mill doing piecework. His grandmother, who lived in the country 20 miles from town, was also instrumental in his upbringing. By the time he was 12, Doc was running the farm, growing tobacco and cotton. He received his high school diploma from Union Grove Consolidated High School in 1950 and went to work for Sears Roebuck & Company in Greensboro, N. C., as a shipping clerk for \$.75 cents per hour.

Shortly thereafter, Doc's life changed dramatically. A close friend had been killed in Korea and Doc felt compelled to volunteer for the Air Force to be a tail gunner. But, as luck would have it, he was made a clerk-typist and sent to Germany. He was discharged in 1955, but the only job he could find was selling pots and pans door to door for Vita Craft of Dade City, Fla. (Somewhere in the family, a set is still in use.) After 89 days of that, he went back into the Air Force, determined to get a college education. He was able to pick up two and a half years toward his degree during the next five years in the service, but he had to attend numerous schools: University of Oklahoma, University of Maryland and Florida Southern in Lakeland, Fla.

When he was discharged in 1959, he was writing speeches for two major generals. In 1961 he finished his degree in journalism, with a minor in history, at Florida Southern. He was hired to assist Executive Secretary Frank Wesley at FRSA, which managed both the plumbers and the roofers at that time. Doc's major role was to establish the *Florida Forum*, which he did on January 1, 1961.

When Wesley left the Association in 1963, Doc was in the

plastics business, doing FRSA tasks only part-time. In a meeting at the Mt. Vernon Motor Lodge in Winter Park, Eldon Goldman convinced Doc he should take the job vacated by Wesley. Doc agreed to the deal — on a part-time basis.

But the die was cast, and when Laird Legg absconded with SIF funds in 1967, Doc became more involved. By, 1969, he had become a full-time FRSA employee. He became the Fund administrator and — along with co-administrator, Fenimore Cooper, and Bill Dorminy from Risk Management Services, Inc. — the Fund began to flourish.

Under Doc's leadership, the Association became one of the largest and most powerful trade associations in the country. The first commercial credit union in the nation was established and a certification program was instituted. Tom Petcoff became Doc's right-hand man in 1972, and Petcoff and Lew Brantley launched the credit union.

Doc's political involvement came from necessity. The homebuilders had become a real thorn in the side of the roofing industry with regard to codes, lien laws and licensing. FRSA won many of those battles and also secured positions for subcontractors on the Construction Industry Licensing Board.

In 1954 Doc married Dene in Germany, and the couple had two children, Carl and Michelle.

Doc left the FRSA in 1977 and, along with Petcoff, started Summit Consulting, Inc., which now manages two of Florida's largest self-insurers funds and also operate in Louisiana. In 1984, Summit was sold to Alexander and Alexander, and Doc retired two years later. Doc, who is known as "Mr. Republican" in Polk County, has an active retirement, and he is still fighting the workers' compensation battles.

Of his long and illustrious career at FRSA, Doc says: "The thing I enjoyed the most was writing editorials for *Florida Forum*. The one which sums up my philosophy is called "ought" — the things people ought to do or that which is right."

If Eskimos were running short of iceboxes, Doc could sure sell 'em a bunch. Happy trails, good friend. ■



OFFICE OF NATIONAL DRUG CONTROL POLICY
EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
Washington, D.C. 20500

April 26, 1991

Mr. C.C. Dockery
Dockery Management Corporation
P.O. Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

Dear Doc: *Bob*

Mary Jane and I were delighted you were able to join us at the Rose Garden ceremony. It's a day we shall cherish for many, many years to come. It's good friends like you who have encouraged me throughout the years which now gives me the strength and courage to take on this most difficult task.

Thanks for faxing me a copy of the editorial from the Tampa Tribune. It's a great feeling to be finally "official," and I'm definitely up for the challenge and ready to get to work!

With our sincere thanks for your never-ending thoughtfulness and most valued friendship,

Sincerely,

Bob
BOB MARTINEZ
Director



Editorial Page

HINKING OUT LOUD / By S. L. FRISBIE, IV

Is Eight Really Enough?

"Political activist" is one of those generic terms which can mean just about anything, or just about nothing.

It is the type of convenient caption that the TV people put under people's pictures.

No, that's not quite true. The captions read more like "Susie Smith, Neighbor" or "Crash Daley, Driver," or the ubiquitous "Casual Observer, Witness."

"Political activist" is more of a newspaper term, because when you buy your ink by the barrel, you have more room for these titles than you have at the bottom of a TV screen.

C. C. "Doc" Dockery is a political activist.

Doc used to be a Democrat, back when there were some Florida counties that had zero, count 'em, zero, registered Republicans. He was, in fact, a Democratic activist. But he decided to become a Republican back before it was a trend. He was one of the first Republicans to hold county office in Polk County, appointed by Claude Kirk, a political distinction above which Doc has risen. (Not being a Republican;

being appointed by Claude Kirk, but let's not dwell on that.)

Doc's latest cause is a movement called "Eight Is Enough." It is not a Republican cause, though the Republicans, being the minority party, have a little more to gain from it.

"Eight Is Enough" is a movement to limit most elected officials to two four-year terms. There are exceptions to it, but that is the basic goal.

I do not wholeheartedly support his cause, but after interviewing him about it a few weeks ago, I am ready to acknowledge that it has more merit than I first had thought. After that interview, Doc sent me some more information.

One of the major arguments against limiting elected officials to eight years in the same office is that experience counts. We have used that as one of our criteria in deciding on whom this newspaper would endorse. Given two candidates of otherwise comparable credentials, we tend to go with the incumbent, who has the advantage of knowing the basics

of the job.

Doc sent me an article by one James L. Payne, whose credentials are unknown to me but who appears to have done his homework. Payne's research, he reports, shows that politicians who have spent many years in the same office vote to spend more money than newcomers, whether Democrats or Republicans.

It also shows that politicians with the highest public exposure spend the least time in the committee work which shapes the fabric of government, but are most likely to be re-elected. Conversely, the politicians who spend the most time in committee work but the least time seeking headlines are least likely to be elected. That is a disturbing, but unsurprising, discovery.

There is no question that name recognition is a major factor in elections, arguably the overriding factor. I may not remember what Al Capone did for a living, but I remember hearing the name a lot.

One of my greater concerns is

that if we are required to change office holders every couple of years, the bureaucrats and lobbyists will have even more power than they already have.

Payne's research suggests that veteran officeholders tend to align themselves more with veteran bureaucrats and veteran lobbyists than do newcomers. The fact that PACs support incumbents more often than challengers gives validity to that premise.

I am still skeptical of any plan which reduces the options of the voters; if I want to re-elect Spessard Holland or Lawton Chiles or Andy Ireland term after term, I don't want Doc Dockery or James L. Payne telling me I can't.

But every story has two sides. Doc's approach is that we don't want professional politicians homesteading elective offices; after a couple of terms, it's time for the incumbent to step aside, or at least to run for another office.

It may not be a position I can support, but it is an idea worthy of public debate.



Countywide coverage

THE TAMPA TRIBUNE

Friday, August 9, 1991



Lakeland businessman C.C. "Doc" Dockery, center, looks over petitions with volunteers Jack Turner and Vicky Faris. So far, Dockery has collected about 6,000 signatures in Polk County as part of a statewide effort.

GOP leader says 'Eight is Enough'

By DOUG NURSE
Tribune Staff Writer

LAKELAND — C.C. "Doc" Dockery, confidante of congressmen, consultant to governors, and benefactor of candidates for state House and Senate, thinks politicians ought to be limited to eight consecutive years at any particular job.

Dockery, a Lakeland Republican, is leading the "Eight is Enough" referendum effort in Polk County. He hopes that by August 1992, he can get 14,500 signatures of registered voters demanding the issue be on the November 1992 ballot.

"I'm supporting it because I've seen over the past many years professional politicians call the seat they hold 'their' seats," Dockery said. "Ninety-seven percent of the members of Congress get re-elected without opposition. There's no opportunity for the citizen-politician to unseat an incumbent."

Since June, Dockery and other supporters have circulated petitions among political circles and received about 6,000 signatures. The statewide effort, led by Phil Handy of Orlando, is attempting to garner 125,000 signatures.

The limit on political terms would take effect eight years after approval. Dockery predicts they'll get enough signatures.

natures and the referendum will pass. "If we get it on the ballot, it's a done deal," he said. "The average Joe and Mary, they don't trust the system. They read about abuses of the retirement system, the lobbyist trips, and they want to do something."

The proposed amendment would affect the Florida congressional delegation, state senators and representatives, the governor, and the cabinet, which includes the attorney general, the lieutenant governor, the secretary of state, the commissioner of education, the commissioner of insurance, the commissioner of agriculture, and the state comptroller.

Dockery said he appreciates that experience is valuable, but said the elected officials who really work and are knowledgeable tend to be defeated more often than politicians who skip committee hearings in order to campaign more.

He said he is uncomfortable with the amount of political action committee (PAC) money and influence on political leaders. He said incumbents have a stranglehold on PAC funds.

Dockery said many Democrats, which hold the majority in the state House and Senate,

ris. So far, Dockery has collected about 6,000 signatures in Polk County as part of a statewide effort.

See PETITIONERS, Page 2

Petitioners seek limit to terms

■ From Page 1

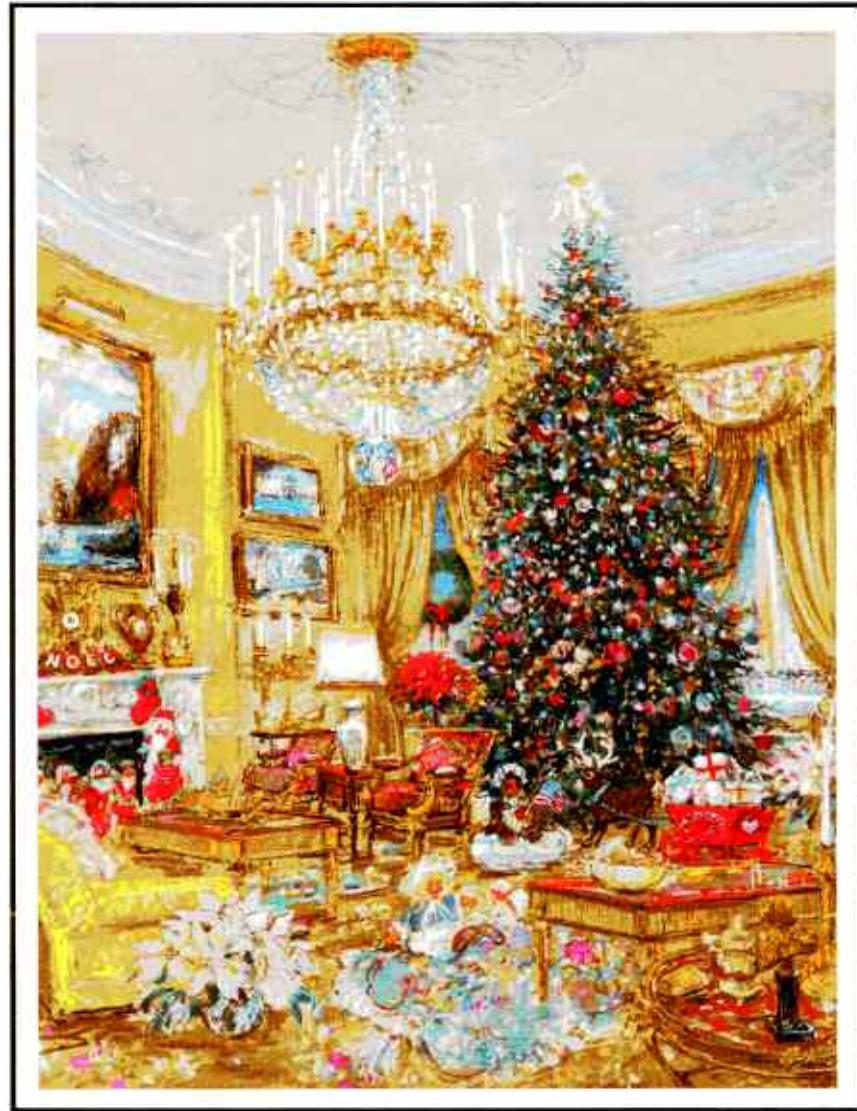
are, are accusing him of trying to unseat enough of them to take over state government.

But Dockery points out the majority of Florida congressmen are Republicans, including his own U.S. representative and good friend Andy Ireland of Winter Haven. Ireland has been in congress since 1977.

There are nine Democrat and 10 Republican Florida congressmen.

State Rep. C. Fred Jones, D-Auburndale, said he didn't know the motives of the petition's supporters, but questioned whether the proposed changes would improve the system.

He said the proponents of the move are painting all politicians with the same brush, which is unfair.



The Family Tree
Upstairs at the White House

*The President and Mrs. Bush
extend their warmest wishes
that you and your loved ones
will share a joyous Christmas
and a peaceful new year.*

1991



David Cardwell, attorney for Holland and Knight, speaks to a group of people at Lakeland Library Wednesday before a term-limit debate between C.C. "Doc" Dockery at right and Public Defender Marion Moorman (not shown). — Staff photo by John Amis

Public defender, businessman see term-limit issue in a different light

By ROBERT PITTS
Staff writer

LAKELAND — Depending on whom you talk to, term limits for politicians are either the hope for restoring political control to the people or a serious threat to basic democracy.

The two sides of the issue were presented Wednesday by businessman C.C. "Doc" Dockery and Polk County Public Defender Marion Moorman during a debate sponsored by the Polk County League of Women Voters.

More than 20 interested citizens attended the noon conference at Lakeland Public Library, during which Dockery and Moorman also answered questions related to the issue.

Dockery is county chairman for Citizens for Limited Political Terms, a statewide initiative to place a constitutional amendment on the November 1992 ballot.

Under the proposal, terms would be limited to eight years for Florida representative, Florida senator, Florida lieutenant governor, Florida Cabinet offices, U.S. representative from Florida and U.S. senator from Florida.

The measure has already received required approval from the Florida attorney

general and the state Supreme Court to be placed on the ballot. Some 364,000 verified voter signatures are required on a petition that must be submitted by Aug. 5.

"I can assure you the time has come for the citizens of Florida to wrest control of the Legislature from professional politicians," Dockery said, adding that the influence of staff and lobbyists grows every time an incumbent wins reelection.

Newly elected legislators go to Tallahassee ready to make a difference "until they become a part of the system they went to change," he said.

Two-thirds of voters nationwide — liberal and conservative, Republican and Democrat — support term limits, Dockery said. Arguments that limits would weaken the democratic process are groundless, he said, because current limits on the terms of president and governor haven't done so.

Moorman, however, said that Congress can be like the people he represents in court — often disappointing us by repeating their offenses.

"Nonetheless, I believe in the political process. I get uptight when anyone wants to take anything away from me," Moorman said, adding that the citizens' initia-

tive is a "radical" proposal that strikes at the heart of democratic principles.

He said the real target of the proposal is the Democratic Party, which now has control of the U.S. House of Representatives and U.S. Senate.

A large percentage of the financial backing for the initiative has come from out-of-state groups, Moorman said, which would have an interest in limiting terms of Florida's U.S. senators and representatives.

The official said term limitations would put Florida "out of the seniority loop" in Congress and would reduce national lawmakers' ability to provide for the state's interests.

Meaningful campaign reform — particularly on campaign costs — would be a better way to handle political abuse, he said, adding that the political process still provides a way to deal with legislators who disappoint the voters.

"A congressman that falls out of touch with his constituents will not be returned to office," Moorman said.

The required signatures for the petition drive must be distributed among half of Florida's 19 congressional districts, according to David Cardwell, an attorney with Holland and Knight in Lakeland.



Dear Doc & Paula,

Thanks for your great
effort for the VEEP bus
tour. It was a home run
and you did it on very
short notice.

Thanks!

Sincerely,

Jeff Bush



10-9-92

Dear Doc,

Thank for unleashing the
hot air balloon on our arch
enemy, Bill Clinton. By the time you
receive this, the first debate will have
passed and we will know more
fully how we are doing. All
I can say is that I am appreciative
of your hard work on behalf of
George Bush.

Thank you a thousand times

Sincerely,
Jeff Bush

Paid for by Bush-Quayle '92 Primary Committee, Inc.

GEORGE BUSH

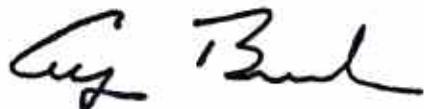
November 12, 1992

Dear Doc,

I just want you to know how deeply grateful Barbara and I are for all you did for us, our Party and our Republican candidates this year. It was a tough election and I want you to know how thankful we are that you were by our side every step of the way.

As we begin the joyous holiday season, please know that you are in the thoughts of every member of our family as we give thanks for the loyalty and friendship you've so generously bestowed on us.

Warmest regards,



Mr. C. C. Dockery
C/O Dockery Mgmt. Corp.
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806



4-21-93
JEB BUSH, CODINA-BUSH GROUP

Dear Doc,
Thanks for the great
day. It was very productive
and I had fun.

Enclosed you will find
new speeds I've recently
given. I'd enjoy your
feedback, my friend.

See you soon and
regards to Paula.

Sincerely,

Jeb.

**Jeb Bush
for Governor**

4-3-93

Dear Doc and Paula,

How can I thank you
enough for what you are
doing for me? Little by
little, step by step, I feel
we are getting there. It
couldn't happen without the
quality support of friends
like you.

Thanks.

Jeb Bush

Education award

Webber trustee honored as CHIEF

By Demetria Thomas

The Ledger

LAKE WALES — Prominent Republican C.C. "Doc" Dockery, former chair of the Polk County Republican party, chalked up another honor this week.

Dockery received the CHIEF award from the state's independent college organization, a pool of more than 20 private schools in the state, which includes Webber College, Florida Southern, University of Miami and Bethune-Cookman.

An acronym for "Champion of Higher Independent Education in Florida," the CHIEF award was established in the late 1970s to honor a person in

the state's independent college system who has donated time, talent and resources.

Although 15 other prominent Florida men share the honor, Dockery is the first from Webber College to be nominated.

"It's an honor to know you let me be a part of a small but vital part of education in Florida," Dockery said before an audience of 30 Wednesday night at a banquet that was held in his honor.

The 60-year-old former insurance executive sits on the college's board of trustees, a post he's had since 1984.

Dockery said he's given more to Webber than to the other schools in the state, including his alma mater, Florida Southern, because he believed his resources were most needed there.

"They already had in place many things where I thought I could be helpful," he said.

Through his donations, the college has built a student union, renovated the men's dorms and established a presidential scholarship worth more than \$250,000.

"He's very generously given of his time and money," Webber College President Rex Yentes said.

In addition to charitable donations, he has funded scholarships at Evangel Christian School and Florida Southern College.

Other local dignitaries in the CHIEF award ranks are George Jenkins, Ben Hill Griffin Jr. and Dr. Lee Turner.



Dockery

SUNDAY A.M.

50 CENTS

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.

MAY 1, 1994

VOL. 83, ISSUE 215

SERVING EAST POLK COUNTY

NEWS CHIEF

C.C. "Doc" Dockery of Lakeland, center, receives an honorary doctorate at the Webber College's commencement ceremony on Saturday. Shown with Dockery are Rex R. Yentes, left, president of Webber, and Dr. Robert Oliver, chairman of the college's Board of Trustees. — Staff photos by Todd Webb



Editorial Page

A Political Reflection: Thanks Also To the Losers

After an election year in which displays of class were too often the exception, not the rule, C. C. "Doc" Dockery displayed political class at its best last week.

If there is such a thing as a "Yellow Dog Republican," it is Doc Dockery. One of the first Polk Countians to gain prominence as a Republican, Dockery has seen (and played a major role in) the development of a viable Republican party in Polk.

But he placed an advertisement in this newspaper (and perhaps others) last week that sets a new high in bipartisan good sportsmanship.

Under a caption that read "Congratulations!" Dockery commended "the fine Polk County citizens who did not win their political races this election year." The winners have received, as they deserved, many rounds of congratulations, even from their opponents, he observed.

"But something needs to be said about those who offered themselves for public service and who didn't win. They are the ones who helped to give us a choice, the ones who helped force the political debates, and they are the ones who made

our wonderful and unique political system work.

"To them, their families, their friends and campaign workers, I send a thankful and well deserved salute of all those who hold our democratic process dear in our hearts."

And then he listed each losing candidate — without party label — and the office he or she sought.

Running for office is not an easy thing to do; working that hard and then losing is even tougher.

One friend who ran and lost said his spouse told him that if he chooses to run again, she hopes his second wife will be as supportive in his next campaign as she was in his first. In his race, as in many, the campaign was a family affair, and she doesn't figure she has another campaign in her.

To those who ran and lost — and to their families — we join Doc Dockery in extending congratulations and appreciation for their willingness to become part of the political process.

Jeb Bush
for
Governor

12-10-94

Dear Doc & Paula,

Thank you for the beautiful
hat. You are so thoughtful
to think of me. It was great
seeing you folks. I hope you
(Paula) had a chance to digest
all those cards!

Merry Christmas.

Jeb Bush

THE FEDERAL PAGE

Capital Notebook

The Book of Lives After the Hill

By Guy Gugliotta
Washington Post Staff Writer

One former member of Congress farms raspberries and apples near his North Carolina home. Another is serving four years in federal prison for bank fraud. A third became a Mormon missionary. Several others are rich Washington lobbyists.

For those who always wondered what their onetime senator or congressman does these days, "Beyond the Hill," a new book written by freelance writers Rebecca Borders and C.C. Dockery, has most of the answers.

Are they all a bunch of crooks?

No. Only six of 353 lawmakers who left Congress between 1984 and 1993 went to jail, most of them nationally famous from news reports. Just one, former representative George Hansen (R-Idaho), took two falls, and is serving four years for defrauding five banks.

Do they all become lobbyists?

Ninety-three in all, including 81 of 99 who stayed in the Washington area. Many recent departures, like former representatives Willis D. Gradison Jr. (R-Ohio), Beryl F. Anthony Jr. (D-Ark.), Dennis E. Eckart (D-Ohio) and Thomas J. Downey (D-N.Y.), are among the most successful.

Do they just take the money and run?

Some do, some don't. Former representative Gene Taylor (R-Mo.) converted \$345,044 in unspent campaign funds to personal use and used another \$52,811 to set up the Gene Taylor Library and Museum. On the other hand, former representative Charles E. Bennett (D-Fla.) donated his \$270,835 war chest to the National Park Service.

Former representative Brian J. Donnelly (D-Mass.) gave \$30,000 of his leftovers to other political candidates, but still has \$726,710 in his account. Would-be candidates might want to look him up, or see former representative Ronnie G. Flippo (D-Ala.), a Washington lobbyist who still has \$485,000 after making \$47,200 in political contributions.

Borders and Dockery began their two-year search in what Borders described as "the classic way—my partner went to the library to find this book, but it wasn't there. We were completely shocked."

The authors went to the Former Members of Congress Association, but they only kept records on dues-paying members. A couple of nonprofits had done small studies, and Congress knew when somebody died. Nobody tracked everyone.

With the deepening concern over term limits and the "revolving door," Borders and Dockery won sponsoring from the Center for Public Integrity, a nonprofit, nonpartisan organization that studies government ethics. They decided to find all 353 senators and House members who left Congress in the decade 1984-93.

They started with the association, dipped into old issues of The Almanac of American Politics and Politics in America, and finally began calling directory assistance across the country and asking for phone numbers.

They found former representative James McClure Clarke (D-N.C.) happily raising apples and raspberries on his farm outside Asheville. Former representative Howard C. Nelson (R-Utah) was a full-time Mormon missionary living in Provo.

They talked with former representative Roy Dyson

Former representative
Willis D.
Gradison Jr. ▶

Beyond
the
Hill

What I did as the Member of Congress
Rebecca Borders
C.C. Dockery

"Some former
members
have told me
they don't like
to lobby. I
love it."

— Gradison, in
"Beyond the Hill"



THE WASHINGTON POST

(D-Md.), a Maryland state senator plotting a political comeback and bitterly fulminating against The Washington Post for publicizing the office scandal that cost him his job in 1990.

They reached former senator William Proxmire (D-Wis.), 78, at his desk in the Library of Congress, happily writing health books in a booth next door to former representative Robert W. Kastenmeier (D-Wis.), who researches judicial reform.

Former representative Ron Paul (R-Tex.), a Lake Jackson obstetrician, called back after a delivering a baby to talk about his Libertarian Party candidacy for president in 1988 and rail cheerfully against government in general.

"Basically they're very friendly people," Borders said. "So many responded immediately, and the farther back we went, the more surprised and pleased they were to hear from us."

Others, including most of the lobbyists, were not so friendly. Former representative Michael D. Barnes (D-Md.) "wasn't real receptive," Borders said, when the authors noted that his firm was getting \$55,000 per month in 1993 to represent the exiled government of Haiti, one of the world's poorest nations.

And when they called former representative M. Gene Snyder (R-Ky.), who flipped \$173,202 in unspent campaign funds to personal use, they heard only a phone message. "Franklin Roosevelt gave us the New Deal; Harry Truman gave us the Square Deal; now Clinton's giving us the Raw Deal," the message said. "So we're out picking up aluminum cans, trying to get enough money to pay our taxes. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you."

No one ever did.



Countywide coverage

THE TAMPA TRIBUNE

Polk

Thursday, January 19, 1995

**MARY
TOOTHMAN**

Dockery felt 8 was enough, plus one book

LAKELAND — When C.C. "Doc" Dockery was on the move working for his "Eight is Enough" drive a few years ago, there were many ways he set out to prove his theory that congressmen don't need to be in office a lifetime.

The Lakeland businessman and GOP activist did a lot of research to prove his points, which included his assumption that Washington had become a watering hole for political "lifers."

When members of Congress are allowed to stay in office for way too many years, their morals blur and interests are not as focused on the public, Dockery theorized.

That's why he pushed for passage of law that would limit terms to two, four-year stints in the nation's capital.

While working on the campaign, he visited the Library of Congress to do some research. "I wanted to check on what had happened to the retired congressmen."

Bad theory, but good long run

"My theory being that most of them would still be around."

But here he was — smack in the center of the bureaucratic paperwork capital of the world — without a scrap of paper to work with on the subject.

"I absolutely could not believe it," he said. With a country that keeps paperwork on how many boxes of paper clips each agency purchases, surely somebody had kept track of the congressmen?

But the more he looked, the more incredulous Dockery became. "There was absolutely nothing available," he said. "Not even a report, anything."

That's the beginning of Dockery's new writing career success story. It's a pretty cool one at that, no?

Dockery did what lots of people do when they wake up one day and discover they've become authors. He wrote what he needed himself.

Well, not exactly. He had lots of help from coauthor Rebecca Borders. He's just getting attention here because he's from Polk County. (She's from Hillsborough.)

Inquiring minds found out

Seriously, though, the driven duo has answered many questions for those who may have thought from time to time "Wonder whatever happened to congressmen their area once had who rode off into the night without a word."

That's the good news, that the book was written and filled a need. It has caught on in Washington, where it's rumored to be on its way to a near-fad read.

The bad news, a few years back, was that research proved Dockery was wrong about congressmen sticking around. Mostly, they didn't.

And no, you cynics, they are most certainly not all in the slammer. Six of 'em, yeah. But not the remaining 347.

Nationwide search

Dockery and Borders hunted down some 353 retired lawmakers who left Congress between 1984 and 1993. Their interviews and findings resulted in some juicy tidbits about the gang, along with some not-so-interesting lifestyle descriptions.

"*Beyond the Hill*," which was co-published with the Center for Public Integrity by University Press of America, tells us nearly everything we always wanted to know about those guys, and then some.

From the notorious to the sort of boring, hundreds of retired lawmakers are included in the book. Some are crooks who took money from this country and wound up in prison.

But then, there are others of "money" interest: Former Rep. Gene Taylor, R-Mo., who converted \$345,044 in campaign money he didn't use to personal use, and used another \$52,811 to set up the Gene Taylor Library and Museum.

Charles E. Bennet, however, a retired Florida Democrat, donated his unused \$270,835 to the National Park Service.

And to the public, Dockery and Borders have donated their valuable time and talent to an historic gem — one many will hope to see repeated as years go on.

It's been highly praised by the Washington Post, and the National Press Club is getting together for book signings.

Dockery, however, didn't sound like it went to his head. He admittedly is thrilled, though, and feeling good about it all.

Congratulations! Author! Author!

GEORGE BUSH

February 20, 1995

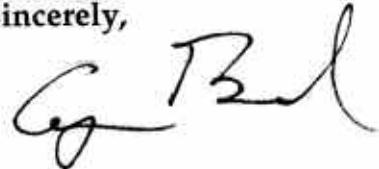
Dear Doc,

Thanks for sending along *Beyond the Hill*. Not only is it interesting reading, but it is a fine reference book.

Please give my warm regards to Paula. Tell her I am delighted that she is on Jeb's Foundation Board. As I am sure you detected, I am very proud of Jeb.

Warm best wishes.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "G. Bush".

Mr. C. C. Dockery
Chairman of the Board
Dockery Management Corporation
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

'Doc' Dockery made his mark on Republican Party in Polk

By Lloyd Dunkelberger

Ledger Tallahassee Bureau

LAKELAND — If you chart the rise of the Republican Party in Polk County, you can't avoid C.C. "Doc" Dockery.

And when it comes to Doc Dockery, you can't avoid his money.

First, he had none. He grew up poor on his grandfather's North Carolina farm, after his father abandoned his family.

Then, he made a little. After serving two tours in the Air Force, he worked his way through Florida Southern College, earning a journalism degree.

Then, he made a lot. While working as the executive director of a trade organization, Dockery created an insurance company, which he sold in 1984, making him a multimillionaire.

Along the way, the 61-year-old businessman became a master political fund-raiser. Politicians courted his support. He became a key player in Republican politics in Polk County and his influence eventually reached to Tallahassee and beyond.

This year, Dockery's money was at issue again.

His wife Paula Dockery won election to the state House of Representatives, helping the GOP win control of the House for the first time since Reconstruction. Dockery helped his wife raise campaign funds.

But the victory came with a price. The Democratic Party attacked Paula Dockery as a millionaire's wife who was out of touch

with the concerns of the "working families" in House District 64. Campaign literature specifically questioned Doc Dockery's legal dispute with the IRS over allegations he owes \$515,000 in taxes.

Dockery called it a cheap shot.

But you can't get the veteran moneymen to speak ill of politics and the role of campaign contributions.

"I enjoy politics," Dockery said. "I honestly believe that we have the best form of government in the world. It's not perfect ... but I believe in it and I believe people ought to participate."

Although his role in statewide politics goes back at least 30 years, Dockery insists he has never used his close relationship with some of the most prominent politicians in Florida to advance himself.

"I don't remember ever seeking any favors that would benefit me personally," he said.

There was at least one exception.

After raising money for Bob Martinez's successful 1986 gubernatorial race, Dockery, an avid hunter, was asked to be appointed to the Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission. He ended up on the state High Speed Rail Commission.

J.M. "Mac" Stipanovich, a Tallahassee lobbyist and a former Martinez aide who first met Dockery during the 1986 campaign, says Dockery is different from many other political moneymen.

"Doc is one of those guys who genuinely has an interest in public policy issues and what the future is

stay on the board in the 1970 election. That was the last time he personally ventured into electoral politics.

Since then, while participating in numerous local and statewide campaigns, Dockery has built himself into a Republican powerbroker. Many refer to him as "Mr. Republican," a title he informally inherited from Bill Raley, a longtime GOP supporter in Winter Haven.

"When you're thinking of either running or doing something (in Polk County), the first question is 'What does Doc think about it?'" said a Tallahassee-based Republican consultant.

Dockery says many people exaggerate his role. He is no "big gun." But he says he proudly wears the title of Mr. Republican and is glad he helped advance the party, which was long relegated to a minority role in Polk County and across the state.

If people want to give him credit for helping the GOP take over the state Legislature, he won't argue with them.

"If I've been able to do anything in Polk County or the state politically, this is it," he said. "It's paid off. I'm very proud of that."

Brian Ballard, a Tallahassee lawyer and another former Martinez aide who still fondly remembers the day Dockery "whipped out his checkbook" for the campaign, said politicians and others look to Dockery for his "clear-headed" advice.

When Martinez embraced the ill-fated sales tax on services in 1987, he turned to Dockery when a controversy ensued. Dockery said he would have originally advised Martinez to stay away from the tax. But he said once it was passed, Martinez should stick by the tax and ride out the storm.

Dockery said his was a minority opinion. Martinez flip-flopped, allowing the tax to be repealed and paving the way for his electoral defeat in 1990, many political analysts believe.

While Dockery has dispensed advice at the governor's mansion and he is a member of the Lakeland Yacht & Country Club — where the town's business and political elite gather — he is just as comfortable giving advice from a bar stool at The Southside Lounge. But since his marriage to Paula, who is his second wife, Dockery said he is no longer a regular at the bar.

Although he is on a first-name basis with the political high and mighty, Dockery has an unpretentious side. He prefers to be called Doc — rather than Charles Crafford Dockery, his given name.

He rarely wears a tie.

Having made millions by selling his Summit Consulting Inc. — a workers' compensation insurance firm — Dockery now only dabbles in a few business interests, mainly related to the reinsurance business.

He likes working on his 350-acre Lake County farm or hunting and fishing. He travels a lot. And his money allows him to pursue his passions in places like South Dakota, where he hunts pheasant, or Costa Rica, where he fishes.

His 35-year-old wife calls him "a southern gentleman" with a big heart. He's not tight with his money. This year, he flew a destitute man back home to Kentucky, when was stranded in Lakeland with a small dog and couldn't get a bus ticket because of the animal, she said.

Although his wife is embarking on a major political career, Dockery says he sees himself moving farther away from the political arena.

But he also knows moneymen never really get out of the game.

He recalls his last meeting with Kirk, the flamboyant former governor whose behavior sometimes bordered on the outrageous.

Eight years ago, Kirk spotted Dockery at a Chinese restaurant in Orlando. In his boisterous voice, Kirk ordered Dockery over to his table, where he was dining with 12 other people.

"Tim broke and I invited all these people out for dinner," Kirk told his former fund-raiser. "Pick up my tab, will you?"

"You're crazy. I'm not picking it up," Dockery replied.

"You got to. I need you," Kirk said.

Dockery paid the bill.



C.C. "Doc" Dockery is at the center of Polk's Republican Party.

going to bring above and beyond the immediate impact on his own financial interests," Stipanovich said.

You know a lot of guys in Doc's situation only care about government to the extent that it affects their bottom line. Doc just cares. He will exhibit an interest, an abiding interest, in an issue that has nothing to do with his business."

However, Dockery's money hasn't always been welcome in politics.

His initial foray into the big time was in the mid-1960s when he approached a campaign aide to former Gov. Haydon Burns, a Democrat. He offered what he felt was a sizable donation — \$25. The aide laughed him off.

That experience crystallized Dockery's belief that he would be better off with the Republicans. A few years later, Dockery eagerly signed up with Claude Kirk, who in 1966 became Florida's first Republican governor in this century.

Kirk appointed Dockery to the Polk County School Board, when a vacancy occurred. But Dockery, running in what was then a heavily Democratic county, lost his bid to



Summit Consulting, Inc. – known as “*The People Who Know Worker's Comp*”SM – markets a variety of employer-targeted insurance programs and services. Headquartered in the Central Florida city of Lakeland, Summit employs more than 400 associates in its Lakeland office and in branch offices in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and Lexington, Kentucky. Summit was founded by C.C. (Doc) Dockery whose portrait is shown in the middle circle, left, with Tom Petcoff, Vice President of Summit and Doc's sidekick from day one.

Their portraits hang in Summit's conference room.

GEORGE BUSH

March 5, 1998

Dear Doc,

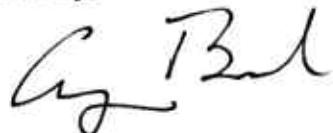
Son Jeb sent along that marvelous montage from the Thunderstik Lodge.

Well do I remember my wonderful visit to Thunderstik. Yes, the stock on my beautiful 16-gauge over-and-under shotgun was shattered, and I had to borrow the gun that is now apparently on display at Thunderstik.

In any event, it was very thoughtful of you to send that picture.

I am delighted that you are supporting our son Jeb. He is a very special, dedicated young man, and he will not let you down.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "G. Bush".

Mr. C. C. "Doc" Dockery
Dockery Management Corp.
Post Office Box 3805
Lakeland, FL 33806



THE TRUMPETER

The Men Republican Club Of Lakeland, FL



Our Club Newsletter , where all the news we print is **RIGHT**

April, 1999



C. C. "Doc" Dockery Member

HALL OF HONOR

Again, we are proud to welcome one of our club members into our Hall Of Honor. Mr. Dockery is the one person most responsible for the rise to power of the Republican Party in Polk County and the take over of the legislature by the GOP in Tallahassee. The most amazing thing about Mr. Dockery's efforts is that they are done in the spirit

of promoting Republican principles and not for personal gain or influence. Mr. Dockery truly believes that the Republican Party is the party of the individual, the party of freedom, and the party of limited government. We are fortunate to have Mr. Dockery in our party and we want him to know we appreciate all he does for us.

JEB BUSH FOR GOVERNOR

Dear Doc:
Congratulations on not hoppin'
the I.R.S.
I hope you are doing well!
Sincerely, Jeb Bush

Paid political advertisement by Jeb Bush for Governor, and approved by Jeb Bush (Rep.)

The 1999 Florida Inauguration



*The 1999 Florida Inaugural Committee
requests the honor of your presence
to attend and participate in the Inauguration of*

*Jeb Bush
as Governor of Florida
and*

*Frank T. Brogan
as Lieutenant Governor of Florida*

*on Tuesday, the Fifth of January
One thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine*

*Eleven o'clock in the morning
East Portico
Old Capitol
Tallahassee, Florida*

- Dare to Dream -

Countries & Places Visited

The Americas

Argentina
Bahamas
Barbados
Bermuda
Brazil
Canada
Cayman Islands
Chile
Columbia
Costa Rica
Cuba
El Salvador
Ecuador
Grenada
Guatemala
Jamaica
Mexico
Nevis
Nicaragua
Panama
Peru
Puerto Rico
St. Kitts
St. Maarten
Venezuela

Europe

Austria
Belgium
Denmark
England
Finland
France
Germany
Greece
Iceland
Ireland
Italy
Liechtenstein
Netherlands
Norway
Portugal
Russia
Scotland
Spain
Sweden
Switzerland
Ukraine

Africa

Canary Islands
Cape Verde
Ethiopia
Kenya
Nigeria
Republic of South Africa
Tanzania
Zimbabwe

Asia/Pacific

Australia
Bora Bora
China
Guam
Japan
Moorea
New Zealand
Okinawa
Philippines
Raiatea
Singapore
Tahiti
Taiwan
Wake Island

The Twenty-first Century

On a national and global level, “the worst is yet to come” describes the beginning of the twenty-first century and of the decade of the 2000s, during which a new disaster or crisis seemed to always be on the horizon.

First there was the Year 2000 (Y2K) alarm that predicted computers worldwide would crash at the stroke of midnight December 31, 1999, and throw us all into global financial chaos. Programmers almost universally had not taken into consideration the beginning of the new millennium, 2000, when digital clocks would roll over from 99 to 00. Worldwide, programmers scrambled to reprogram computer calendars and clocks. When midnight came, nothing happened.

In the first year of the new millennium, Republican George W. Bush, the son of President George H. W. Bush, defeated Al Gore for the presidency in the closest election since 1876. Bush won thirty states to Gore’s twenty, plus the District of Columbia, but Gore won the popular vote overall, only the fourth time in history that such a split had occurred. When Bush narrowly won Florida by five hundred thirty-seven votes out of six million cast, Gore challenged the canvassing board’s certification of the election. The Florida Supreme Court ordered a statewide vote recount, an action overturned by a 5-4 vote of the U.S. Supreme Court along what appeared to be party lines. A month after the election, Bush’s victory was validated. He had won the Electoral College vote. On January 20, 2001 he was inaugurated as our 43rd president.

Our new, and controversial, president had barely settled into the White House when, on the sunny morning of September 11, 2001, Islamic terrorists flew two hijacked airliners into the twin towers of New York’s World Trade Center and another into the Pentagon. A fourth hijacked airliner crashed in a Pennsylvania field when passengers, after learning of the earlier crashes on their cell phones, attempted to take control of the plane. The mission had been planned by Saudi national Osama bin Laden, leader of

the al-Qaeda terrorist organization then based in Afghanistan. The nineteen hijackers, fifteen of them Saudi citizens and the others from Egypt, United Arab Emirates, and Lebanon, had trained in al-Qaeda camps. Several received pilot training while living in Florida. None of the hijackers were citizens of Afghanistan, Iraq, or Iran.

Bush's retaliation for the 9/11 disaster came a month later in the form of a U.S./British action against the Taliban in Afghanistan, who had harbored bin Laden and his followers. This was the same Taliban the U.S. had trained and supplied as they fought against our Cold War enemy, Russia, which had occupied their country.

The Taliban government collapsed, and its leaders continued the fight from strongholds in the rugged mountains of Afghanistan. It would become the longest war ever fought by the U.S.. At one point, bin Laden was cornered in one of his hideouts, but the CIA and U.S. military forces failed to capture him, thanks to a foul-up in the upper chain of command.

Bin Laden was eventually located by the CIA and killed in Pakistan on May 1, 2011 (EDT). (*For complete coverage of the location of the finding of bin Laden and the CIA raid in which he was killed, see Appendix XII, Death of Osama bin Laden.*)

To make our nation's misery worse, in February 2003, seven astronauts died when the space shuttle Columbia exploded over Texas on reentry. Then, one month later, we engaged in yet another war. In March, Bush commenced the Second Gulf War, Operation Iraqi Freedom. His action was taken on erroneous intelligence based on reports that Saddam Hussein's Iraqi government possessed weapons of mass destruction that threatened international security. A UN inspection team found no weapons of mass destruction during the invasion, and neither did the U.S.-led occupying forces. The invasion did result in the capture of Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein, who was executed after being convicted of crimes against humanity.

Wild and tumultuous storms and natural disasters world-wide caused havoc and devastation throughout many parts of the world in the 2000s. My own properties were not spared. In the summer of 2004, three separate hurricanes, Charley, Frances and Jeanne, swept through Polk County. All caused major damage to our

home on South Oakland Avenue. At Pretty Lake many trees were blown down damaging my farm house, even our condo at Cocoa Beach suffered water damage. A few weeks later, in the Caribbean, Hurricane Ivan roared across the Cayman Islands destroying my condo there.

Then, in December, a tsunami claimed an incredible 290,000 lives as it flooded villages from Sri Lanka to Indonesia. The following year, Hurricane Katrina devastated New Orleans and the Gulf Coast in one of the country's worst natural disasters. As I write this in early 2011, New Orleans has still not fully recovered.

Then came the "housing bubble," which burst as bubbles often do. In the second half of the 1990s and the first half of the 2000s real estate values across the country soared. It was a time of easy credit, subprime mortgages, and adjustable-rate mortgages that allowed people to buy homes they couldn't really afford.

Questionable credit? No documentation? No problem. The iffy mortgages were bundled into investment packages that were eagerly bought up by institutions, relieving the original lending banks of any risk. It was a fee-driven frenzy that resulted in brokers, the nation's largest banks, and other institutions greedily financing speculative and very risky deals.

Today, judges are prohibiting lending institutions from closing on forfeited mortgages, because in most instances they cannot produce titles or mortgage documents. So much for the electronic processing used by the financial markets.

When the real estate market collapsed, those investment bundles became virtually worthless, triggering bank failures and forcing the federal government to bail out Bank of America and Wells Fargo, two of the nation's largest banks. The crisis rippled through the economy, leading to the loss of eight million jobs and federal bailouts of General Motors, Chrysler, and insurance giant American Insurance Group. In 2008 alone, the government allocated \$900 billion for special loans and bailouts. As this is written there are signs of recovery from the recession, but unemployment remains high, at 8.8 percent. The housing market has not yet recovered and construction of new homes is practically at a standstill.

George Bush's two terms in the White House were nearing an end when Americans, frustrated after eight years of crises, war, and financial insecurity, voted for change in 2008 by electing Democrat Barack Obama our 44th president. The young senator from Illinois had campaigned on a platform of change: Wall Street reform; health care for all; investment in education; immigration reform; and an early end to the war in Iraq. He and running mate, Senator Joe Biden, defeated war hero Senator John McCain and his running mate, Governor Sarah Palin of Alaska.

In a first for presidential campaigning, Obama made extensive use of the Internet and social-networking sites to reach young voters. In January 2009, Obama became the first African American to be sworn in as president of the United States and moved into the White House with his wife and two young daughters. Bush's frittering away the budget surpluses of his predecessor Bill Clinton left Obama saddled with a trillion dollars of new debt, the worst recession since the Great Depression, and two costly wars to finish. As I write this, those two wars are costing the U.S. \$2.8 billion a week.

In the summer of 1999, I had decided to charter a 163-foot yacht, the *Alteza*, to cruise the New England coastline with family and friends. We boarded the yacht in Nantucket and journeyed northward to Gloucester, Massachusetts, stopping at some of the more famous ports on the way: Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, and Boston. It was an expensive but delightful once-in-a-lifetime event.

The yacht had five staterooms for passengers, more for the crew. It was an easy fit for Michele, Fred, and Justin along with Andrea and Carl. After several days, they flew back to Florida. Paula and I had two days cruising alone before we were joined by our good friends Dale Jacobs and his girlfriend, Julie, John and Terry Frost, and Georgia and Bill Bull.

It was on this cruise that I gathered the family together to discuss getting a constitutional amendment approved by Florida voters to require the construction of a high-speed rail system in Florida. My interest in high-speed rail dated back to 1984, when then-governor Bob Graham convinced the legislature that it was a good idea. A Florida High Speed Rail Commission was created by statute, its seven members



Cruising the New England coastline aboard the Alteza.

charged with developing and implementing a system that would connect Miami, Orlando, and Tampa. A study by Barton Ashmon Associates estimated the cost of construction at \$2.3 to \$2.7 billion. Ridership was estimated at six million per year. The report concluded that the money could be raised through land developments at and around station locations, benefit assessment districts, and tax increment financing.

In 1986, a vacancy opened up on the commission and I was appointed to fill it by Governor Bob Martinez, whom I had helped during his campaign. In 1988, members of the commission visited Sweden, Germany, and France to look at the high-speed rail systems operating there. I actually got to sit at the controls of the Swedish-built ABX2000.

The first leg of the system would run from Orlando to Miami. The optimistic hope that it could be financed with no public funding was without foundation. One of the companies that had submitted a proposal—Florida TGV, which would use the French TGV train—withdrawn because of lack of support for public funding. The Florida High Speed Rail Corporation, a group of land developers, was selected to build the project. It soon became apparent that a gas tax or some other tax would have to be approved by the legislature to provide public funding. And the support just wasn't there for a new tax.

In 1991, Governor Lawton Chiles, who had been elected in 1990, killed the project. Later, with the governor's approval, the Florida Legislature resurrected high-speed rail and approved funding of \$70 million a year for thirty years.

Proposals to design, build, operate, and maintain the system were solicited. The Florida Overland Express Consortium (FOX), made up of Fluor-Daniel, Odebrecht Contractors, Bombardier, and GEC Alsthom, won out. Capital costs for the Miami leg were now estimated at \$6.1 billion with a ridership of 8.5 million per year predicted.

In 1998, we elected a new governor, Jeb Bush, who refused to spend the money allocated for high-speed rail and convinced the legislature to allow him to spend it instead on airports, seaports, and roads. The effort was again killed.

My interest never waned. I was convinced that a high-speed rail system would eventually be built in Florida, connecting every region of the state. The problem, as I saw it, was that we did not have the continuity of political will to get it done. I had been

involved in the constitutional amendment effort to limit political terms in Florida to eight consecutive years in the same office. I knew how the process worked, and now I became convinced that the only way a rail system would ever be built in Florida was through a constitutional amendment requiring its construction approved by the voters. Paula, Carl, Michele, Fred, and Andrea, on board the yacht, listened to me lay out my plan. They excitedly approved. I would start the ball rolling immediately after we came home from our cruise.

I contacted my good friend, advisor, and pollster David Hill of Hill Research, The Woodlands, Texas, and John Sowinski of Consensus Communications, Winter Park, Florida. I had worked with both of them on the Eight Is Enough campaign to limit the terms of elected officials in Florida. David Hill would be in charge of polling and conducting focus group sessions to determine whether we had a chance of convincing Florida voters to pass a constitutional amendment requiring the construction of a high-speed rail system. Sowinski would be in charge of hiring a staff to gather signed petitions from Florida voters asking that the question be put on the November 2000 ballot. Each petition would have to be verified by the county elections supervisor where the petition signer resided.

I hired former Florida Supreme Court justice Stephen Grimes to help write the constitutional amendment and the ballot summary, which would have to be approved by the Florida Supreme Court. During the administration of Governor Bob Martinez, I had played a key role in getting Justice Grimes appointed to the supreme court. In a highly unusual move, Governor Martinez had asked me to interview Grimes, a Lakeland native who was serving at the Second District Court of Appeals headquartered in Lakeland. I did and recommended that Governor Martinez appoint him to the Florida Supreme Court.

The language of the constitutional amendment reads:

Article X, Section 19, Florida Constitution, is hereby created to read as follows:

High Speed Ground Transportation System.

To reduce traffic congestion and provide alternatives to the traveling public, it is hereby declared to be in the public interest that a high-speed ground transportation system

consisting of a monorail, fixed guideway or magnetic levitation system, capable of speeds in excess of 120 miles per hour, be developed and operated in the State of Florida to provide high-speed ground transportation by innovative, efficient and effective technologies consisting of dedicated rails or guideways separated from motor vehicular traffic that will link the five largest urban areas of the State as determined by the Legislature and provide for access to existing air and ground transportation facilities and services. The Legislature, the Cabinet and the Governor are hereby directed to proceed with the development of such a system by the State and/or by a private entity pursuant to state approval and authorization, including the acquisition of right-of-way, the financing of design and construction of the system, and the operation of the system, as provided by specific appropriation and by law, with construction to begin on or before November 1, 2003.

The ballot summary reads:

To reduce traffic and increase travel alternatives, this amendment provides for the development of a high-speed monorail, fixed guideway or magnetic levitation system linking Florida's five largest urban areas and providing for access to existing air and ground transportation facilities and services by directing the state and/or state authorized private entity to implement the financing, acquisition of right-of-way, design, construction, and operation of the system, with construction beginning by November 1, 2003.

A ballot summary, by constitutional amendment, is limited to seventy-five words. The constitution also requires that an amendment be limited to a single subject. Later in the process, the state attorney general, the Florida Chamber of Commerce, and Associated Industries of Florida would attack the constitutional amendment on both fronts.

I had formed a nonprofit corporation, Floridians for 21st Century Travel Connections and Choices, to be the vehicle for getting the amendment enacted. The secretary of state accepted the corporation and the filing papers on August 24, 1999. On September 8, 1999, the Department of State approved a format of the initiative.

Through Sowinski I hired Rick Arnold, a professional petition signature-gathering firm, to commence gathering petitions. Based on a percentage of the number of people who had voted in the last statewide general election, we determined that we would need 435,329 certified signature petitions of registered voters in the state of Florida.

On February 16, 2000, Secretary of State Katherine Harris certified to Attorney General Bob Butterworth that we had collected 493,756 valid petitions from voters in twenty-one of the twenty-three Florida congressional districts.

On March 14, 2000, Butterworth forwarded the petition to the chief justice of the Florida Supreme Court, the Honorable Major B. Harding. As required by law, Butterworth asked the court to render an opinion as to the validity of the initiative "petition circulated pursuant to Article 11, Section 3, The Florida Constitution." His six-page letter raised several questions based on the constitution and previous rulings of the Supreme Court. But he did not raise an objection, which he would later do. He was an opponent of the amendment.

The Supreme Court on March 16, 2000, ordered that all interested parties file their briefs on or before April 5, 2000. Answer briefs were to be filed before April 25. On my behalf, Justice Grimes filed our briefs in support of the amendment. At the same time, we asked for an expedited hearing to be rendered no later than June 2000 in time for the wording to be placed on the general election ballot. The date coincided with the beginning of the summer recess of the court. We argued that it would make it difficult for the initiative to be properly placed on the November 2000 ballot if the court's opinion was delayed beyond that period.

On July 16, 2000, Justice Grimes filed, on my behalf, supplemental information to the oral argument before the court. As Justice Grimes told the court, "The high-speed ground transportation initiative was in an unusual posture because no opposing briefs had been filed." While the attorney general had posed certain issues, that office took no position with the respect to the validity of the initiative. However, several of the court's questions appeared to go beyond these issues. Grimes addressed each question the court had raised—to the satisfaction of the court—as we would later learn.



Here I have the pleasure of signing the first petition for high speed rail and delivering it to Polk County Supervisor of Elections Lori Edwards.

On August 16, the Department of State informed me that it had certified that the requisite number of valid petitions had been met, and we were assigned Amendment Number One for the upcoming general election ballot.

On October 3, the court ruled: "There is no bar to placing the proposed amendment on the ballot. It is so ordered." The order by the Supreme Court also noted: "No motion for rehearing will be allowed." In the 6-1 decision, Justices Wells, Shaw, Anstead, Pariente, Lewis, and Quince concurred. Justice Harding dissented.

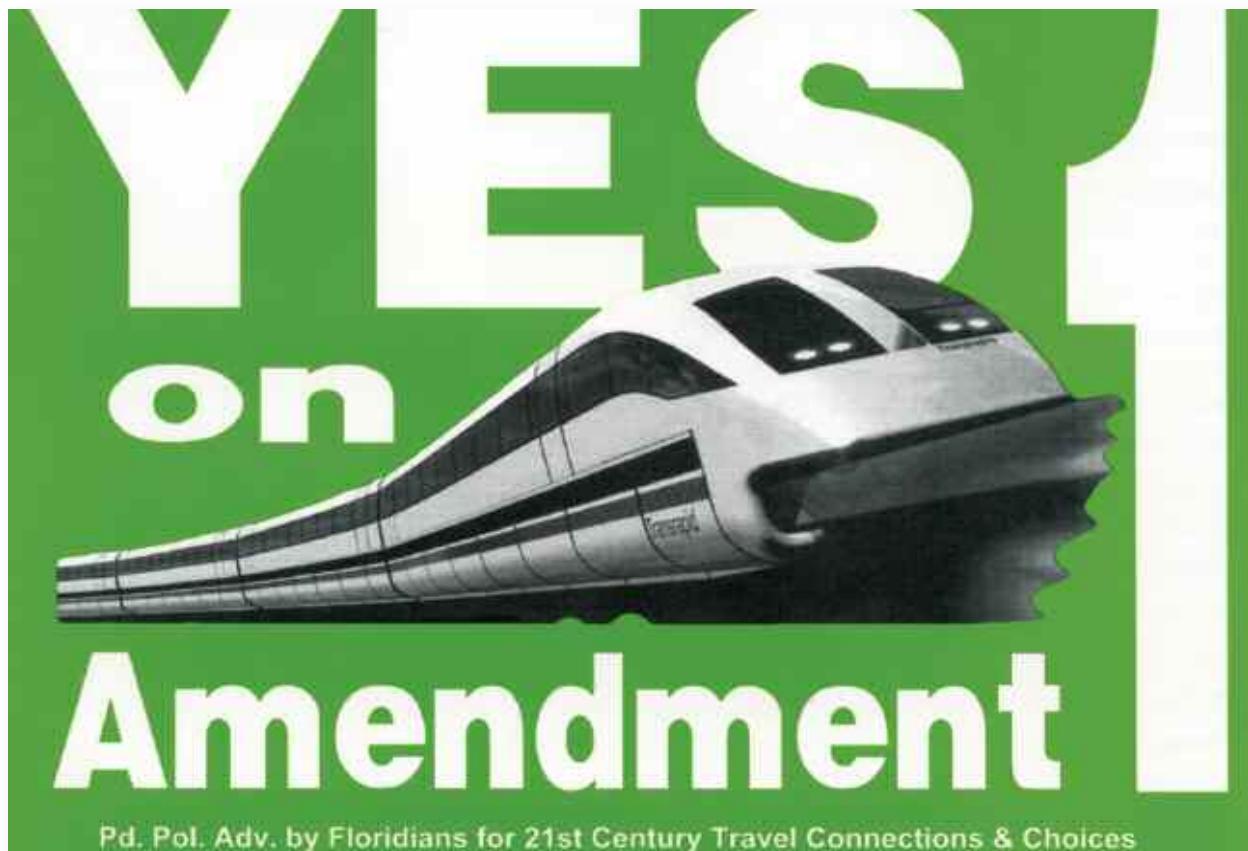
Notwithstanding the court's admonition that there would not be a rehearing, the attorney general, on October 12, asked for a rehearing or clarification of the court's opinion. In the request, Butterworth showed his true colors; he was adamantly opposed to placing the constitutional amendment on the ballot. Justice Grimes, on my behalf, argued: "Petitioners' vagueness argument is without merit and is beyond the scope of this proceeding." Butterworth was joined in his request by the Florida Chamber of Commerce and Floridians for Responsible Transportation Planning Inc., an arm of the Florida Road Builders group.

With the election a little more than two weeks away, in a unanimous decision the court ruled: "Petition for leave to intervene filed by the Florida Chamber of Commerce and Floridians for Responsible Transportation Planning is hereby denied." At the same time, the court notified the attorney general that his motion too was "hereby denied."

Still this did not silence the opponents. On October 19, the Florida Chamber of Commerce, Floridians for Responsible Transportation Planning Inc., Associated Industries of Florida, Lee Vause, a citizen and taxpayer, the Florida Transportation Builders Association, the Economic Council of Palm Beach County Inc, Derail the Bullet Train Inc, and Underground Utility Contractors of Florida filed a petition for a writ of mandamus with the court. The petition said, in part: "If it is too late to remove the initiative from the ballot, petitioners request that the court declare the election results null and void."

The court said no.

During this turbulent battle in the courts, we were preparing a last-minute, one-week TV blitz, distribution of bumper stickers, and signs for people to wave on Election Day,



November 7, urging a "YES vote on Amendment One."

The \$1.25 million TV campaign coupled with other expenses, legal, travel, printing, polling, and focus groups now brought my investment in Florida's future to well over \$2.5 million—a million dollars more than I and the other members of my team had estimated when we commenced our work in the fall of 1999.

I had no interest or opportunity to gain financially from the amendment, despite allegations from opponents and many news organizations.

On November 7, we won, with 53 percent of the voters siding with us. It was a tough battle, but a worthy one.

Optimistically, I thought that the passage of the constitutional amendment would guarantee the building of a high-speed rail system throughout Florida. My wife, Paula, now a member of the Florida House of Representatives, correctly reminded me that implementing legislation would be needed and that I would have to lead the

effort for that legislation.

Within days after the election, Paula and I ran into Jeb Bush and his entourage in Tallahassee for a Florida State University football game. Without offering any congratulations, Jeb opined that I would need a good lobbyist to help with implementing the effort. Former house speaker John Thrasher was in the governor's entourage, and Jeb recommended that I hire him. Thrasher was joining Southern Strategies, a lobbying firm which included the husband of Sally Bradshaw, who had been a Jeb strategist and campaign director for many years and who was now serving as his chief of staff.

I hired Thrasher and Southern Strategies for \$10,000 a month. Beth Gosnell, Richard Coates, and Tom Slade rounded out my team. The Fluor Corporation, which had been the successful bidder on the FOX project, agreed to help by hiring Bill Rubin and Betty Steffens who had worked on the FOX project.

During the 2001 session of the Florida Legislature, Paula and our good friend Representative Dennis Ross led the effort to enact implementing legislation in the Florida House. Senator John Laurent, an enthusiastic supporter, would sponsor our bill in the Florida Senate. Even though Jeb's good friend John Thrasher was on our team, Jeb opposed the legislation. He was a consistent opponent, always raising the bar for proponents of high-speed rail.

The Florida Legislature passed the High Speed Rail Act, creating a nine-member Authority with wide-ranging powers to build the high-speed rail system. The governor, the president of the Senate, and the speaker of the House would appoint three members each. Paula and I asked Jeb to name me as one of his appointees. No way—he felt that with me on the Authority we might actually get something done. Senator John Laurent asked Senate President John McKay to appoint me. McKay said, "Anything that John wants, John gets," and I was appointed.

Two of the senate president's appointees, Bill Dunn of Miami and I, were the only members of the Authority who favored high-speed rail. The others candidly admitted that they had voted against the amendment. However, several of the members wanted me to serve as chairman of the Authority. The day of our first meeting, the member who

was going to nominate me for chairman, John Browning, pulled me aside and said that Jeb was adamantly opposed to me being chairman and that Jeb's choice was Tallahassee attorney Fred Dudley. It was a done deal. Jeb had convinced the other members to elect Fred.

It took a few months, but ultimately eight of the nine Authority members, including our chairman, became ardent supporters of high-speed rail. At a fall meeting of the Authority, we adopted a long-term Vision Plan—to connect five major urban areas, which had been defined by our legislation as Northwest Florida, Northeast Florida, Central Florida, Southwest Florida, and South Florida.

Over Jeb's objections, the 2001 session of the Florida Legislature approved several million dollars for our budget to move forward.

With the help of U.S. Representative Adam Putnam, my representative, and U.S. Senator Bill Nelson, we were able to get federal earmarks for additional funding to do our planning and preliminary engineering work and to commence the National Environmental Protection Act (NEPA) studies, a must for getting federal approval to build the system.

In 2004, Jeb mounted an effort to get a proposal on the ballot to remove the constitutional mandate for a high-speed rail system. He and the state's chief financial officer, Tom Gallagher, raised millions of dollars from corporations and friends to whom they had granted political favors. They succeeded in having the constitutional amendment mandating high-speed rail removed.

Jeb then began lobbying the Florida Legislature to repeal the High Speed Rail Act, still on the books, that required the high-speed rail system to be built, commencing with the leg connecting Orlando and Tampa. Largely through the efforts of Paula, who was now serving in the Senate, Jeb was unsuccessful. By this time the Authority had moved into position to select a preferred vendor and complete the NEPA work. The consortium of Fluor-Bombardier was selected to build the first segment of high-speed rail, but without the funding nothing happened. Jeb left office in January 2007. In 2009, the High Speed Rail Authority resumed its work using \$3 million left over from the federal funding,

which was still at the federal level. We requested that it be allocated to the Florida Department of Transportation. It was—and we were back on track.

Barack Obama had been elected president in 2008. During his campaign, he had articulated his vision for a high-speed rail system linking the entire nation, much the way President Eisenhower's interstate system linked the country together in the 1950s. At the new president's urging, in 2009, Congress approved \$8 billion in economic stimulus funds to commence work on his vision plan during the fall. The Authority made an application to the Federal Railway Administration (FRA) for \$2.6 billion to design, build, maintain, and operate a high-speed rail system within the Tampa-to-Orlando corridor.

In the spring of 2010, President Obama and Vice President Joe Biden came to Tampa to announce that Florida was being approved for a grant of \$1.25 billion to commence work on the Tampa/Orlando leg. During the fall of 2010, FRA approved a grant of an additional \$1 billion that required Florida to pony up a 20 percent match.

In December 2010, when the newly elected governors of Ohio and Wisconsin announced that they would not support high-speed rail in their states, FRA secretary Ray LaHood withdrew more than \$1.2 billion funds previously allocated to those two states. He reallocated the money to other states, including \$342.3 million to Florida. This meant that Florida's \$2.6 billion project was nearly 90 percent funded by the FRA.

During the 2010 November elections, Rick Scott, a Republican multimillionaire who funded most of his own campaign to the tune of \$75 million, became Florida's governor-elect. He expressed reservations about accepting stimulus money in a debate with Democratic gubernatorial candidate Alex Sink, a fervent supporter of high-speed rail.

Scott continued to express reservations about high speed rail, insisting that he must see a feasibility study before making a decision. I had urged FDOT to do a feasibility study starting back in May when Scott first mentioned it. Despite my continued nagging, FDOT still did not have a feasibility study by the time Scott was sworn in as governor in January. In mid-January, I was told by those working on the feasibility study that it would be ready in early February.

On February 16, Scott announced that he was not accepting the federal grants and that high speed rail would not be built. He did not wait for the feasibility study although he knew it was available in draft form. He did not want to see it. He knew that it would be a good deal for the citizens of Florida and the traveling visitors to our wonderful sunshine state.

His announcement came as somewhat of a shock to Paula and me. He had told Paula in a meeting in the Governor's Mansion in mid-January that he would go forward with high speed rail. He lied.

The end of the Florida high speed rail project connecting Tampa to Orlando was summed up very well by the following editorial which ran in the Tampa Tribune on March 14:

“Gov. Rick Scott rejected funding for high-speed rail in Florida because he didn’t believe the private ridership study that projected it would operate at a profit.

“He also didn’t trust the federal promise that state taxpayers were not at risk. He didn’t believe business leaders that it would be an economic boon. He had no faith in the construction bids that would have come from private companies.

“His inflexible skepticism of rail is celebrated by his supporters as proof he has the courage of his convictions. A conviction unaffected by all contradictory evidence also suggests arrogance.

“The state had contracted a scientific review of the feasibility of high-speed rail from Tampa to Orlando. At a price of \$1.3 million, the study was to be a policy guide — more than a good guess but less than a guarantee.

“Wilbur Smith Associates and Steer Davies Gleave projected that in its first year the train line would have 3.3 million riders and produce an operating profit of \$10.2 million. By the 10th year, the operating surplus would be up to \$28.6 million.

“Not waiting for the study to be released, Scott told the federal government that unless it agreed to spend it on something Scott approved of, it could keep the \$2.4 billion Florida had been awarded for the project. No matter what anyone said or what private investors were willing to kick in, Scott didn’t want an Obama-sponsored train in his state.

“But it’s also easy to see how a fast train could make a profit for a competent operator, as industry experts have long said it would. Remember, the money for the infrastructure would not have to be repaid from operational revenue. It would not be like a toll road that must repay the bondholders who finance it.

“The federal government would have paid for the track. (Which is to say Florida would get more of its federal fuel taxes back.) The state would provide free right-of-way, again, already paid for by taxpayers.

“Companies were, in fact, eager to bid on the opportunity to build and operate the train. They know that rail travel would be most appealing during peak hours when I-4 traffic is at its worst. They also expect fuel prices to increase.

“Scott’s doubts that rail is feasible mirror the skepticism of the Paris edition of the New York Herald, which a few years after the Wright brothers had made the first powered airplane flight, wrote: “They are in fact fliers or liars. It is difficult to fly. It’s easy to say, ‘We have flown.’”

“It is also easy to say, the Tampa-Orlando train will operate in the black. But how can Scott be so sure it can’t?

“Scott’s arbitrary handling of the issue says he doesn’t want more information. He assumes the private investors, just like the train experts hired by the state and everyone else supporting the project, are miscalculating.

“Scott is sending an early message that he doesn’t plan to govern in an open, deliberative way. To him, nothing matters more than his personal ideology.

“It’s an incautious and potentially costly way to run a state.”

I agree with the Tribune!

Scott’s arrogance reminded me of a conversation I had with former Governor Jeb Bush about implementing the constitutional amendment to require the construction of a high speed rail system in Florida. As Jeb’s opposition became more apparent and aggressive I asked him about violating his oath of office to protect and defend the Constitution of Florida. His response was, “What is the penalty?” I left him thinking that surely there must be a penalty for failure to abide by the oath of office, which he swore

to uphold at his first inauguration with one hand on the Holy Bible.

One of my attorneys, David Cardwell of Orlando, reported to me that, unfortunately, there was no penalty. This was in the summer of 2002. Again, I went to my friend, advisor, and pollster David Hill. I was determined to test public opinion in Florida to determine whether registered voters believed that there should be a penalty for the failure of elected officials to uphold the oath of office.

With the help of Justice Grimes, we crafted the first draft of the Oath of Office Enforcement Act. The language follows:

Any member of the Legislature or Cabinet found guilty of violating the oath of office by refusing to carry out or seeking to prevent the implementation of a mandate of the Florida Constitution or its amendments as approved by voters, shall, in addition to any other penalties, forfeit the office, be barred from elected or appointed Florida public office and fined. Enforcement is through civil action by Attorney General, state attorney or citizen.

When David polled Florida registered voters, they approved of the amendment by 74 percent to 19 percent, with 6 percent unsure. Because the preliminary wording of the proposed amendment called for penalties for violations, voters were asked to rate various examples of these.

<i>How Appealing Is the Following Punishment?</i>			
Politician in violation would be...	“Very”	“Somewhat”	“Not Very”
Immediately removed from office	65%	22%	12%
Barred from seeking/holding office again	60%	21%	17%
Assessed a financial penalty	47%	30%	21%
All of the above simultaneously	51%	28%	18%

With this encouraging public opinion poll, we finalized the text of the proposed amendment to read:

Any person who is a member of the Legislature, or who is a statewide elected executive branch officer, who is found guilty of violating his or her oath of office by refusing to carry out, or attempting to impede implementation of any provision of the Florida Constitution, shall forfeit his or her office and be barred from any Florida public office, whether elected or appointed, for a period of six years.

This section shall be enforced by a civil action brought by the Attorney General, a state attorney, or any citizen.

With the help of Justice Grimes and David, we agreed that the ballot summary would read:

Any member of the Legislature or a statewide elected executive branch officer who is found guilty of violating the oath of office by refusing to carry out, or attempting to impede implementation of any provision of the Florida Constitution, shall forfeit the office and be barred from elected or appointed Florida public office for six years. Enforcement shall be through civil action brought by the Attorney General, a state attorney, or any citizen.

The amendment language was approved by Secretary of State Glenda E. Hood. We were operating under the title of Citizens for Public Integrity, a nonprofit corporation. We would be required to collect 488,722 valid petitions. Our collection process began. I was the first to sign the petition, in the office of Polk County elections supervisor Lori Edwards, one of the few elected officials who supported the amendment.

It wasn't long before Paula, a member of the Florida Legislature, began getting a lot of flack from elected officials asking, "What does Doc want to do—put us all in jail?"

As the weeks dragged by, it became apparent that the county supervisors of elections were being very slow to certify the petitions. Additionally, after we collected

more than the required number of petitions certified by county supervisors of elections and submitted to the secretary of state, I believe that there were evil forces blocking our efforts. Days, then weeks, went by without our receiving the certification by Secretary of State Glenda Hood, a Jeb appointee, that would put us in a position to forward the petition to the attorney general for review. Elected officials in power seemed determined to grind our effort to a halt. At the same time, Paula continued to be berated by fellow members of the Legislature.

Reluctantly, I recognized that the effort to get the amendment on the ballot was fruitless, despite the overwhelming support of the voters.

Much of the money I have spent on lobbying for high-speed rail, the constitutional amendment, and the oath of office amendment came as a result of my very successful business ventures, Summit Consulting, Inc., and Crossroads Insurance Company Ltd.

As 2002 rolled onto my calendar, Crossroads was continuing to operate out of Bermuda. Gulf Insurance was located in Grand Cayman. A portion of the Crossroads reinsurance agreements had been retroceded to Gulf. We had voluntarily given up our licenses in Florida and Louisiana. It seemed that the prudent thing to do was to merge—or, as the Bermudians titled it, to do an amalgamation agreement—with Gulf, effectively transferring all the assets of Crossroads to Gulf along with all the outstanding liabilities.

We executed the amalgamation agreement in October of 2002. This relieved us of ongoing management and licensing expenses in Bermuda. This move had been previously discussed with Rick Hodges, president of Summit Consulting, who had no objection to the amalgamation. Claims payments submitted by Summit would now be paid by Gulf Insurance out of Grand Cayman. As the number of open claims continued to decrease, we decided in 2007 to aggressively pursue lump-sum claims settlements for the few outstanding cases we had with the Florida Retail Federation and the Employers Self Insurers Funds. We were successful in agreeing to a dollar value with Rick for lump-sum claims payments, which would erase our liability for future payment of claims to either of the funds.

Our next step was to place Gulf Insurance into voluntary liquidation with the approval

of the Cayman Islands Monetary Authority, which monitored insurance companies. On June 19, 2007, we appointed independent liquidators and authorized them to distribute the company's assets to the shareholders, depending on the number of shares held by each—Michele Jones, Carl Dockery, Mavis Dockery, Paula Dockery, and me.

It had been a great learning experience for me to have been an underwriter at Lloyds and president and CEO of Summit, Crossroads, and Gulf. Also, it had been very profitable for me and my family. But there was a touch of sadness in my heart as we lifted our glasses of champagne to toast the successful end of our association with these organizations.

There was never a lack of excitement or purpose in my life. With the help of the good Lord, I have enjoyed reasonably good health, which enabled me to pursue many activities, including fishing and hunting, mostly quail, pheasant, and ducks.

Advancing birthdays didn't seem to catch up with me until 2005, when I turned seventy-two. It was beginning to take me longer to recover from minor lapses of good health. Walking the fields hunting for pheasant and quail was not as easy as it used to be.

In August of 2004, I had to have a pacemaker installed because of an irregular heartbeat. At about the same time, I was beginning to have a problem with my left knee. The cartilage was slowly wearing away. Orthopedic surgeons advised me to wait until the pain was no longer bearable before I had a knee replacement. With the help of Celebrex and Vioxx (which was taken off the market on the order of the federal government), I was controlling the pain very well until January 2009, when it became necessary for me to use a cane.

After interviewing three orthopedic surgeons, I settled on Dr. Samuel Messieh of Davenport and the Heart of Florida Regional Medical Center for the operation. Paula had recommended Dr. Messieh highly and, as it turned out, he was the best choice. My left knee was replaced on July 29, 2009.

A year earlier, on my seventy-fifth birthday, we were celebrating at Charlie's Steak House in Tampa when I had a very painful gall bladder attack. Early the next morning I

went to the emergency room at Lakeland Regional Medical Center. Doctors examined me, released me, and told me that they would keep me under observation. Two days later, I was back in the emergency room and was admitted to the hospital for the removal of my gall bladder.

In 2009, a bout with kidney stones put me out of commission for a while. At about the same time, my dermatologist told me I had a cancerous growth on my nose. She recommended a specialist, who took the cancer out, leaving a small scar that adds a bit more character to my face. Within the same time period, I was diagnosed with a bleeding prostate. It started on Christmas Day 2009 while Paula and I were at our home in North Carolina. Two days afterward it cleared up. But a few months later, while we were on vacation in Grand Cayman, the bleeding became worse. After three days, we returned to Florida. A couple of days later, my urologist cauterized the area from which the bleeding was coming. That and new medication seems to have solved the problem.

It took five months for my knee to get back to ninety-five percent of normal. Thankfully, I haven't had any problems with the knee since then. Two of my very good friends were not fortunate enough to have an orthopedic surgeon as good as Dr. Messieh. They had to go back for do-overs, and one of them for a second do-over that still did not correct the problem.

Sadly, in 2003, I lost my brother, Ken. He had been ailing for several years with emphysema and heart problems and was not able to get around comfortably. His doctor had urged him to take it easy and give up long trips. Ken's response was, "What do you want me to do? Die sitting in a chair watching Oprah Winfrey?" He didn't stop traveling. He took a trip to Russia and after a few days in Moscow he spent ten days on a luxury river cruise, where he became friends with the crew and many of his fellow travelers. That was typical of him—he'd always been a guy with an outgoing personality, fun to be with at any time, and he made friends wherever he went.

His last trip was a cruise to Alaska on the inland passage from Vancouver, Canada, to Seward. He was flying home from Alaska and died of a heart attack as he was being seated for a connecting flight in Ohio, just two months before his birthday in July when

he would have turned sixty-nine. At his request, he was buried with full military honors in the National Cemetery in Bushnell, Florida.

Just nineteen months later, my mother died at eighty-eight years of age. At her request, services were held in Elkin, North Carolina, where I was born and where she had spent so many years growing up and working at the Chatham Manufacturing Company. She was buried in the Friendship Baptist Church graveyard about eight miles east of Elkin alongside her beloved Carl, who had died in 1990; her mother, Victoria Hurt; her sister Hilda; her father, Henry Croffard Hurt; and her aunt, DeEtte Greenwood.

By preference, Mom had been living at the Oakbridge nursing home in Lakeland when she died. Earlier, she had executed a living will, ordering no resuscitation and no tube feeding. Near the end, as she weakened, her doctor wanted to move her to the local hospital, Lakeland Regional Medical Center, but she said no. Her doctor was a very nice person but didn't understand my mother's religious faith. When Mom would say to him, and to me and Paula, that she wanted to go home, he didn't understand that she was talking about going to her heavenly home "to be with Jesus." She knew that he didn't understand and asked me to explain it to him. I did, but not being of the Christian faith, the doctor may not have really understood. Mom quit eating and would drink very little water. Thanks to the staff, Dene, Paula, and other family members, her lips were moistened frequently. Dene was the family member who was there holding her hand when she began her journey to her heavenly home to be with Jesus.

As 2010 came up on our calendar, Paula was being urged by thousands of supporters to enter the race for Florida's governor. She was still in the state Senate, where she had served eight years after serving four years in the Florida House. Attorney General Bill McCollum had been ordained by the establishment as the Republican gubernatorial candidate. Chief Financial Officer Alex Sink, a good friend of ours, was running on the Democratic ticket. The mood of the state and the country was anti-establishment. Would-be voters were beginning to clamor for someone who would shake up the status quo.

Paula fit that mold perfectly. Her independent voice in the Senate was not



Family and friends join Mom for one of the birthday parties we held for her at the Oakbridge nursing home before she died on December 6, 2004. She was a great, loving mother and grandmother. I tried to get Mom to let us hire help to take care of her at home but this strong-willed woman was determined to get into a nursing home. She was first in the assisted living area next to the nursing home. Her doctor would not certify her for the nursing home. But she found out that if she missed five days of not getting out of bed and going to eat in the dining room she would be required to move into the nursing home. So, guess what? She stayed in bed and six days later she was moved to the nursing home!

In the picture, in front seated either side of Mom are Justin and Alicia (Vickie's daughter, with her baby). The rest of us, from left, are: Ken, me, Michele, Matthew (Brian's son), Carl, Brian, his sister Vickie, Kristin (Vickie's daughter), Mom's cousin Verna Binkley and two friends.

appreciated by the leadership, but other members of the Legislature and the people in her five-county district loved her outspoken style and agreed with her stand on many if not all the issues of the day.

McCollum was a friend whom I had supported going back to his first run for the U.S. Congress, but he was never an exciting or inspiring candidate, although he was a competent, friendly politician. In late 2009, Paula decided to challenge McCollum in the Republican primary. She was cheered on by the thousands who had urged her to run. Most of the media liked her for her honesty, integrity, and willingness to buck the establishment.

The campaign and fund-raising were under way. Unfortunately, on the fund-raising side of the campaign she hit an obstacle. She was not permitted to solicit or accept campaign donations during legislative committee weeks or during the legislative session. The same rules did not apply to McCollum, because he was not a member of the Legislature. Even so, we raised enough money, nearly \$400,000, for a TV media buy in the Tampa Bay market. The same week Paula debuted on Bay Area screens, like a bolt of lightning out of the blue, Rick Scott (worth \$300 million) announced his candidacy and spent \$1.7 million for a statewide TV blitz. The unknown former CEO of Columbia HCA, with no experience in political office, vowed that he would spend \$25 million, if necessary, in an effort to win the Republican primary.

Reluctantly, Paula and I acknowledged that we would never be able to compete with that kind of money. McCollum, at that time, had raised just under \$10 million. David Hill, Paula's senior political advisor, had estimated that she could be a serious contender against McCollum if we could raise \$4 million.

In late May 2010, Paula pulled out of the race. Scott contacted her immediately. They became good friends, and she was at one time under consideration to be his running mate for lieutenant governor. Historically, the lieutenant governor has had a very small role in the Florida governor's administrations. Paula decided against that and asked Scott to withdraw her name from consideration. Scott would end up spending \$70 million of his personal fortune to win the primary and then the general

election in November. Paula and a few other of his trusted friends were named to his Transition Advisory Committee.

Paula would have made a great governor. I'm very proud of her. Many of her friends continue to remind her of that but are very happy with her decision to stay in the Florida Senate where she has two more years to serve, bringing her length of public service to sixteen years.

One of the happier events at the beginning of the twenty-first century occurred on January 30, 2004 when Andrea and Carl presented me with my newborn granddaughter, Katharine Grant Dockery. Now, besides Justin, Michele's son, I have a beautiful and talented young lady to call me Papa.

At seventy-seven, I still enjoy reasonably good health. It's just that the strenuous pheasant and quail hunts have to be tempered with good judgment on my part. Duck hunting is as good as ever, since we walk out to the blinds in flooded fields and sit there until the ducks fly in.

My life has been a wonderful adventure for which I thank the Lord, my family, and friends. I look forward to facing and embracing the next decade with enthusiasm, purpose, and perseverance.

Scrapbook From The Twenty-first Century

This is the front of our home on South Oakland Avenue in Lakeland. It's a three-bedroom home with two bedrooms upstairs and a master bedroom downstairs, as well as an exercise room downstairs. It is surrounded by several gardenia bushes. When they are in full bloom the lovely gardenia fragrance surrounds the house.



On the north side of the house I added a pool/bar room about eight years ago. In addition to the regulation size pool table there's a poker table which seats six players, shown in the bottom left corner of the picture.



The backyard is lavishly landscaped with a small pool. The steps to the right side of the pool lead up to a spa. The front of the pool is separated from the back of the pool by a large gray rock formation. A waterfall to the right of the rocks leads to the back end of the pool. The water also flows over and down to crevasses in the rock pile. I confess that I had a big hand in the design of the landscaping and the pool. The artificial rocks were built by two "moonlighting" landscaping guys from Disney World.

Another wonderful hunt in 2008 at Thunderstik with Carl, grandson Justin and Comet, Carl's dog.



Greg Branch owns this home in Montana, about an hour's drive south of Bozeman on the way to Yellowstone National Park. In 2009 he invited me and other friends for a driven pheasant hunt. That's Greg seated on the front porch to the right. I'm seated in a chair to the left of Greg.

This is the Tobacco Stick Lodge near Cambridge, Maryland. The lodge is owned by my friend Tom Boggs who has invited me there for eighteen consecutive years for duck and geese hunting.



This is a blind which will house three hunters as we wait for the ducks to fly back in from the Choptank. The entrance is on the left end. This view is from the back side of the blind. On the front side there is an opening which allows us to stand up and shoot as the ducks come in. There's a bench seat running the length of the blind.

To the right are decoys used to attract the ducks.

Mallards fly up from the flooded fields. After being shot at they fly out to the Choptank.

In two to three hours they fly back into the fields.



Here I am enjoying a drink with Tom, center, and Scott Hughes, Tom's manager of Tobacco Stick. Early each spring Tom and Scott release more than four thousand mallard ducklings on their four hundred acre hunting preserve. The ducklings are grain fed throughout the summer and early fall. Two weeks before the hunting season opens, fields which were planted with grain are flooded. The ducks immediately move into the flooded field from the nearby Choptank River.



*Justin with Carl and me in Chub Cay, Bahamas with one of the
large bull dolphins we caught that day.*



My first visit to the Oktoberfest in Munchen, Germany, was in 1952 when I was stationed in Bavaria. I arrived with my buddy at noon.

We spent the next ten to twelve hours drinking beer and dancing polkas with the beautiful frauleins of Munchen.

We partied with an elderly German couple who brought sausages, rolls and cheese with them. They shared their food with us and we bought the beer for them.

Since then, I've been back to the Oktoberfest eight times. This photo was taken at the 2003 Oktoberfest in the Hacker-Pschorr tent. With Carl, Paula and me are Carl's friends

Laura Hawley and Kelly Zarvas.



In addition to the dozen or so beer tents, there are numerous rides and side shows. Here we are at the entrance to the Oktoberfest.

Just prior to the opening of the Oktoberfest a two-hour parade winds its way through the center of Munchen, to the delight of thousands of visitors. Cities from all over Germany are represented in the parade with colorfully decorated floats, marching bands and dancing frauleins.



When in Munchen we visit English Park where hundreds of people gather each afternoon and evening during the summer months to drink, eat and make merry. Entertainment is provided by an oom-pah-pah band at the China bandstand.

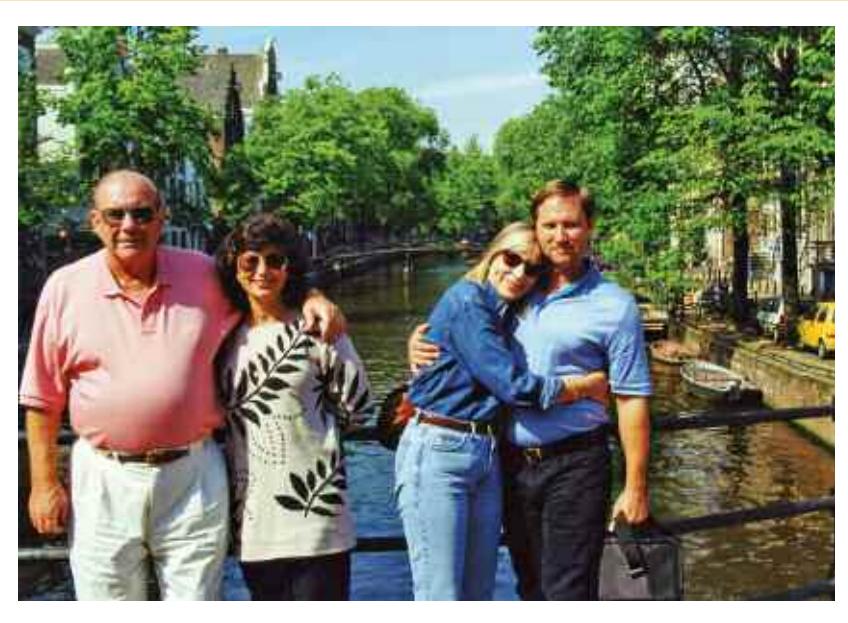


These are the barracks John and I lived in while we were stationed at Landsberg.

Here Paula and I are visiting an Oktoberfest with Jean and John Croxton, a buddy of mine from the fifties when we were stationed in Germany. John took the picture.



African Trip – Spring 2000



In May, 2000 I would commence my fifth trip to Africa, this time with Paula, Carl and Andrea. We left Tampa on May 14 for Amsterdam, Holland, with a change of planes in New York City. We arrived in Amsterdam early the next morning for a two-day visit. This photo was taken at one of the many canals connecting different areas of Amsterdam.



Mt. Kilimanjaro above the cloud tops which we flew by on our way to Ngorongoro Crater.



After Amsterdam, our next stop was Nairobi, Kenya, for one night at the luxurious Norfolk Hotel. The next day we arrived at Ngorongoro Conservation Area, Tanzania, on a King Air charter flight arranged by Robin Hurt Safaris. The area is a UNESCO World Heritage Site adjoining the Serengeti National Park occupying 3,200 square miles. Within it lies the Ngorongoro Crater, a large volcanic caldera covering 100 square miles. It is unique in Tanzania in that wildlife is protected while allowing human habitation. We spent two nights in these huts at the Ngorongoro Crater Lodge. They were located about one hundred yards from the main lodge where we had our meals.

One evening, Carl, Andrea and I went over to the Lodge to have cocktails before dinner. Paula wasn't quite ready and said she would come later. We asked the lodge desk clerk to send someone to accompany her since it was already getting dark. They did, a young boy about thirteen or fourteen years old armed with a stick. Paula came out and the two headed for the lodge. Suddenly they heard something behind them. The young boy turned and pointed his flashlight directly at a Cape buffalo, one of the deadliest animals in Africa. Paula was not happy when she joined us and told us about the encounter with the Cape buffalo which kept following them almost all the way to the lodge.



This beautifully maned lion I dubbed King of the Rock.



*These are wildebeests
which never leave the crater.
Normally they are migratory
animals but everything
needed for their food
supply grows year round
in the crater.*

*The zebras were abundant
in the crater and allowed us to get up
very close to them.*



*One afternoon we left the
Ngorongoro Crater for an
hour's drive to a Masai
village. The villagers gladly
posed for this picture.
This tribe lived in dung huts.
One of the elders bragged
that he had three wives, each
with her own hut.*

After leaving Ngorongoro Crater we spent the entire day driving to Sopa Lodge in the Serengeti. We spent three nights at Sopa. There we would get up early and spend the entire day roaming the Serengeti with our private guide in an open-top vehicle. This is a leopard we spotted one morning. Leopards are very difficult to find during the day. Paula spotted this one and we were able to get close enough for this good photo.



This is a herd of elephants we watched for thirty or forty minutes out on the Serengeti.

This is a young male lion up in a tree. It was a surprise to see him up there. Previously, I had been told that lions do not climb. Our driver drove up to what I thought was dangerously close, only twenty to twenty-five feet away. We were standing up looking out the top of the vehicle and were cautioned by our guide to "don't move a muscle." After ten or fifteen minutes we slowly drove away.



It is almost as if these three giraffes were posing for us, standing out in the road as we drove through South Africa's Kruger National Park. This is one of the best animal pictures I've ever taken.

After visiting Kruger we caught a flight to Pretoria, one of South Africa's three capital cities. The other two are Cape Town and Bloemfontein. The next day,

Monday, May 29, we boarded the famous Blue Train for an overnight trip to Cape Town. Carl and Andrea enjoy the club car on the Blue Train.



Paula and me at the Cape of Good Hope. After three days in Cape Town we left via South African Airways for a flight back to Ft. Lauderdale, arriving home on June 3. It was a wonderful vacation shared with Paula, Carl and Andrea.



Paula and I greet then presidential candidate George W. Bush on his arrival in Tampa for a campaign swing through Florida in 2000.



GEORGE W. BUSH

September 13, 2000

Mr. Doc Dockery
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, FL 33806

Dear Doc,

Laura and I are grateful for your leadership on my campaign in Florida. Your support means a lot. With the help of friends like you, we will spread our inclusive message of hope and opportunity from Pensacola to Miami.

The remaining months of the campaign will be tough, but I welcome the contest. I take nothing for granted. This will be a close race, but with you on the team, I am confident that we will win not only Florida, but the White House, as well.

Sincerely,

George W. Bush

POST OFFICE BOX 1902, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78767 PHONE 512/637-2000 FAX 512/344-4798 WWW.GEORGEWBUSH.COM
PAID FOR BY BUSH/CHENEY 2000, INC.
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*The Committee for
The Presidential Inaugural
requests the honor of your presence
to attend and participate in the Inauguration of
George Walker Bush
as President of the United States of America
and
Richard Bruce Cheney
as Vice President of the United States of America
on Saturday, the twentieth of January
two thousand and one
in the City of Washington*



YOU HAVE GRANTED ME LIFE AND LOVING KINDNESS; AND YOUR CARE HAS PRESERVED MY SPIRIT.
JOB 10:12 (NABBI)

May you celebrate the joys of
faith, family, and friendship
this holiday season and always.
2003

For Bill *Laura Bush*

This is a Christmas card sent to Paula and me from President George Bush and Laura.



Meeting President Obama in 2011 was a distinct pleasure for me. And, I was extremely flattered when I introduced myself as Doc Dockery and he responded, "Yes, your name and your work on high speed rail are familiar to me. Buddy Dyer (Mayor of Orlando) and I were discussing you and high speed rail earlier today." President Obama's vision to build a high speed rail network throughout the U.S., similar to what President Eisenhower did with the Interstate Highway System, has made me a real fan of his. It's a shame that Governor Rick Scott refused to accept more than \$2 billion from Obama's administration to build the first leg of the system, Tampa/Orlando, in Florida.



Paula and me with President Bush and his brother Governor Jeb Bush.



U.S. House Speaker Denny Hastert was a frequent visitor to Florida. Here we're on a boat owned by our good friend Michael Holley for a dinner cruise out in the Gulf of Mexico off St. Pete Beach.



Paula and me with our good friend Senator Bill Nelson at a reception in Lakeland



Paula and me with 2008 presidential candidate Senator Fred Thompson from Tennessee.

Before he became a senator, and late in his senate career, Thompson had many acting roles in movies and on TV. The ones I like best are his roles in The Hunt for Red October and his appearances on the TV show Law and Order.



Florida Governor Charlie Crist, Paula and me. Charlie was elected to succeed Jeb Bush.

He served one term before resigning to run for the U.S. Senate but failed to win the Republican nomination. He was beaten by former House Speaker Marco Rubio who was subsequently elected to the Senate. When Charlie did not receive the Republican nomination he ran as an Independent in a three-way race which included Marco Rubio and Democrat Kendrick Meek.



Polk Community College

999 Avenue H, Northeast • Winter Haven, Florida 33881-4299

Office of the President

Phone: 863.297.1098 • Suncom: 580.1098

Fax: 863.297.1053

December 16, 2004

Mr. C.C. Dockery
Dockery Management
PO Box 2805
Lakeland, FL 33806

Dear Doc:

Congratulations on being selected by *Florida Trend* as one of the most influential leaders in Florida. While there could be much debate about the subjective process and valid questions raised about the inclusion of a few of the individuals and the omission of some who might be more deserving, *Florida Trend* hit the mark in most cases. In my humble opinion they were certainly justified in including you in the select list.

I commend you for your enlightened service to your community and state as well as for your obvious success in your chosen career field. My wish is that you will continue to use your influence to make this a better place to live and work. If I can ever assist in any way, do not hesitate to call on me.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that appears to read "Larry".

J. Larry Durrence
President

JLD/be

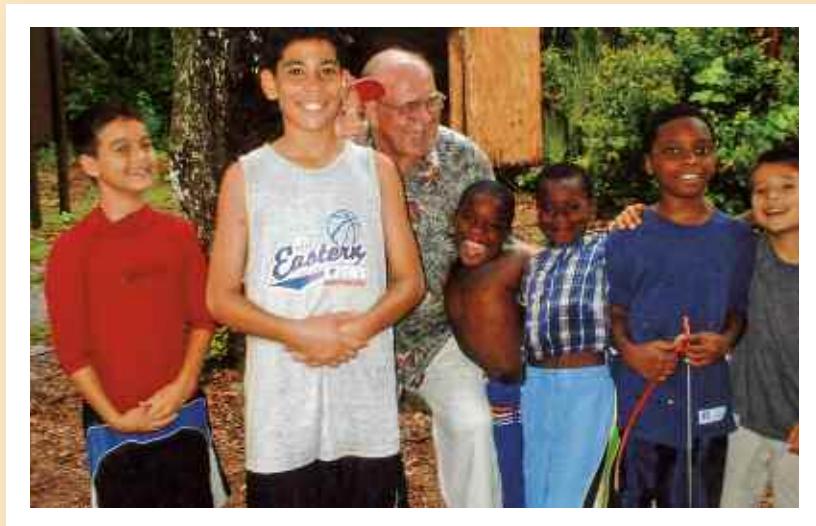
Lakeland • Winter Haven
Equal Access / Equal Opportunity Institution • www.polk.edu

For more than a decade I have sponsored 336 children to attend Camp Wewa, a YMCA run camp north of Orlando. The children are members of Girls Inc and the Boys and Girls Clubs of Lakeland and Mulberry. A few of the very first campers are now working as counselors at the summer camp.

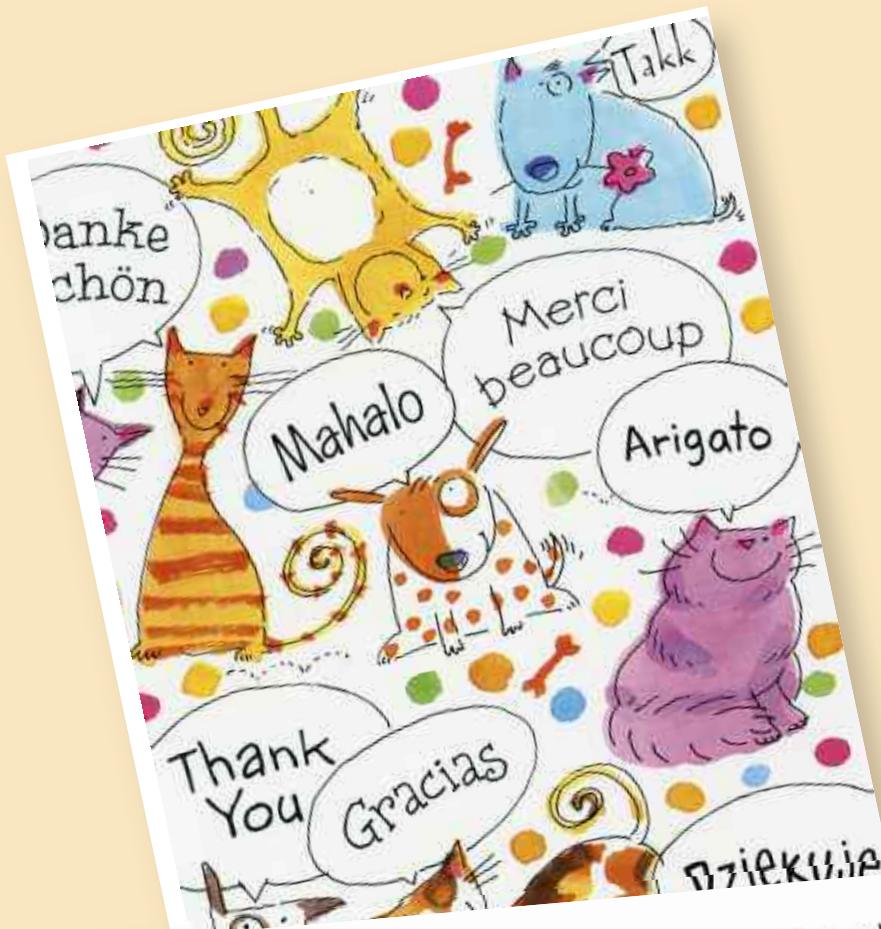


Mr. and Mrs. Dockery,

We all would like to thank you for allowing us to be able to attend Camp WEWA. The experience was both exciting and educational. We were glad to be a part of the Camp WEWA family, and we thank you for allowing us to do so. At Camp WEWA, we learned many skills - such as, diving, archery, basketball, pioneering, and most of all... SOCIAL SKILLS!! Learning to get along and make friends were two very important things we learned how to do at camp. Once again we thank you greatly! Love, Girls Inc



That's me with some of the kids from Boys and Girls Clubs attending Camp Wewa.



Unknown Angel"

Words can never express our deepest gratitude & thank you for your generous donation to our mtg. co. I still can't believe that we have somehow touched your heart in a way that you would take your hard earned money & help us beyond our

Occasionally I make anonymous donations to individuals whom I've read about. This donation was for several thousand dollars to help a Polk County couple save their home. To remain anonymous, I changed their first names to initials and deleted their last name.

wildest dreams.

I believe in prayers & God's blessings, & in our eyes you are a blessing from God & for that we are internally grateful.

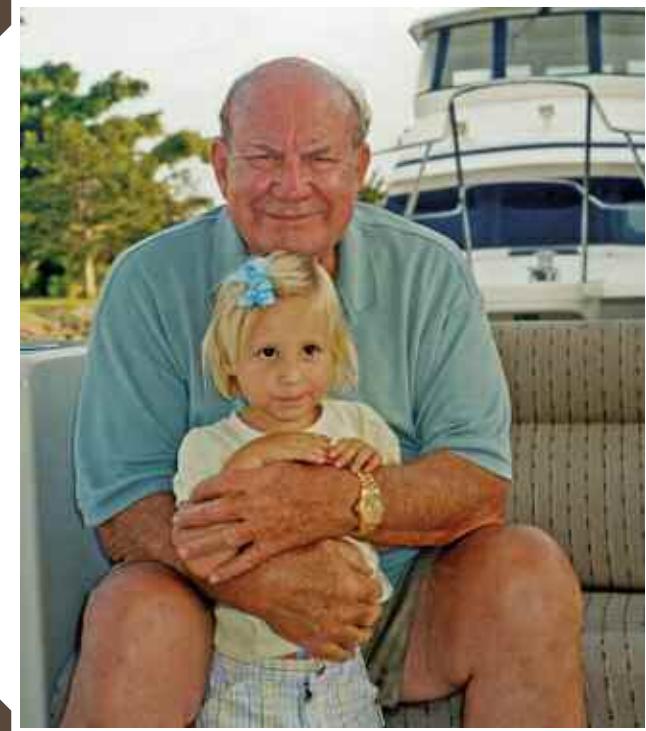
Thank you & may God bless you!

J+E



*Granddaughter Katharine on the back of her dog Halley,
a female from the same litter of pups as Comet.*

Katharine and Papa on a yacht near Lake Okeechobee. Paula and I boarded the yacht in Ft. Lauderdale and came up the inland waterway to canal C-44, near Stuart, to Lake Okeechobee. Paula had to leave us to get back to Tallahassee after we crossed the lake. Then Carl, Andrea and Katharine boarded the yacht and we traveled down the Caloosahatchee River to Fort Myers. They got off there and drove back to Lakeland. I continued down Florida's west coast to Everglades City where Michele and Fred joined me for a couple of days of fishing. The boat broke down there so I got off and traveled back to Lakeland with them. I had planned to cruise down to the keys.



Katharine and Papa having fun at her home on Jefferson Drive. She's a delightful young lady who always makes me laugh.



Having fun with Katharine feeding the ducks on Lake Hollingsworth. The bandage on my nose covers the spot where I had a skin cancer removed.

*This is our home near
Blowing Rock, on top of a
4,000 ft mountain.*

*We can sit on the front porch,
looking south, and see the
famous tourist attraction
Grandfather Mountain, about
fifteen miles away.*



*Bass Lake surrounded by
beautiful fall foliage.*



*While in North Carolina I try to get in
a daily walk around Bass Lake,
near Blowing Rock. The walk around
the lake is nine tenths of a mile.
Many more hiking trails intersect with
the lake. They are located on the Cone
Estate which was donated to the National
Parks system by the estate of Moses H.
Cone. When I was in better health
I enjoyed the longer hikes, up to three and
a half miles through the mountains.*





Michele has just hooked a nice sized trout in a lake a few miles from our home in Blowing Rock. That's Justin on the right and me sitting on the wall.

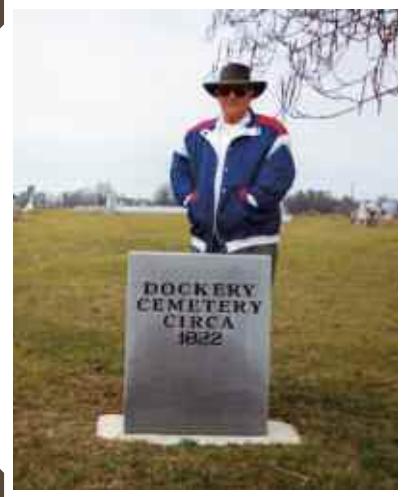


Justin and Michele at Linville Falls south of Blowing Rock. I first visited Linville Falls in the forties with Mom, Grandma and Auntie.



Paula with one of the snowmobiles we rented to ride through the mountains east of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Standing with her are three of the lodge employees. We didn't choose to take a guide, instead going off on our own, as usual. The trails were well marked but as we were headed back to the lodge it started snowing very hard and I was afraid that I would miss the markers and lead Paula out into the wilderness. Fortunately, with some luck, we got back safely.

The Dockery Cemetery is located about a mile south of Union Cross Church where my grandfather and grandmother Dockery are buried with a lot of other Dockerys. The cemetery is across the road from Grandfather Dockery's farm. At one time the land surrounding the cemetery was all owned by him.

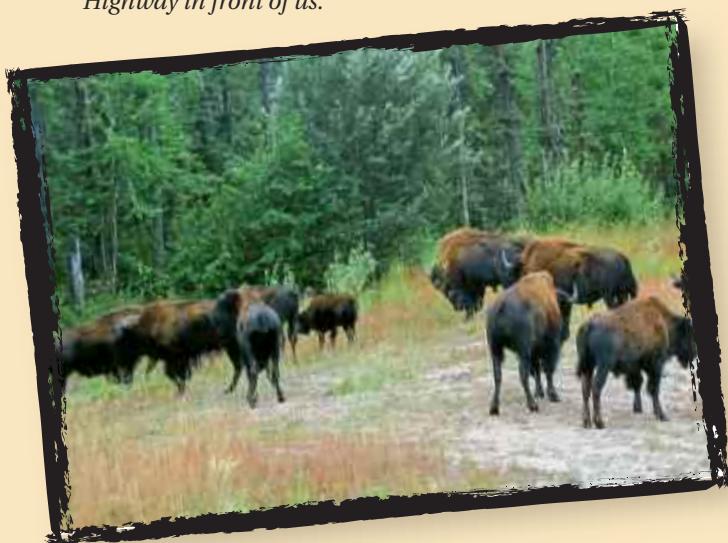




Each year Paula and I go to Sausalito, California for week's vacation. A visit to Napa or Sonoma is always included for a day of wine tasting.



This herd of buffalo seemed not to care about our intrusion as they crossed the Alaska Highway in front of us.



After one of our trips to Sausalito, we decided to drive up the California, Oregon, and Washington coastline with a stop in Seattle to visit Paula's Aunt Louise and Uncle Dick McChesney. We continued the drive north through Canada up the great Alaska Highway constructed from 1942 to 1944 extending for 1,523 miles from Dawson Creek, British Columbia to Fairbanks, Alaska. Some of the road is paved but most of it is gravel. We left the Alaska Highway at Tok then drove down to Glennallen, visited Chugach State Park then on to Valdez where we spent a couple of nights before taking a ferry over to Whittier.



This pipeline runs from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez, a distance of eight hundred miles. Two thousand one hundred and thirty-six million barrels of oil per day can be pumped through the pipeline. The first barrel of oil traveled through the pipeline in 1977. The pipeline runs underground but much of it is above ground. To the left side of this photograph you can see where the pipeline comes out of the ground and runs for many miles above ground.

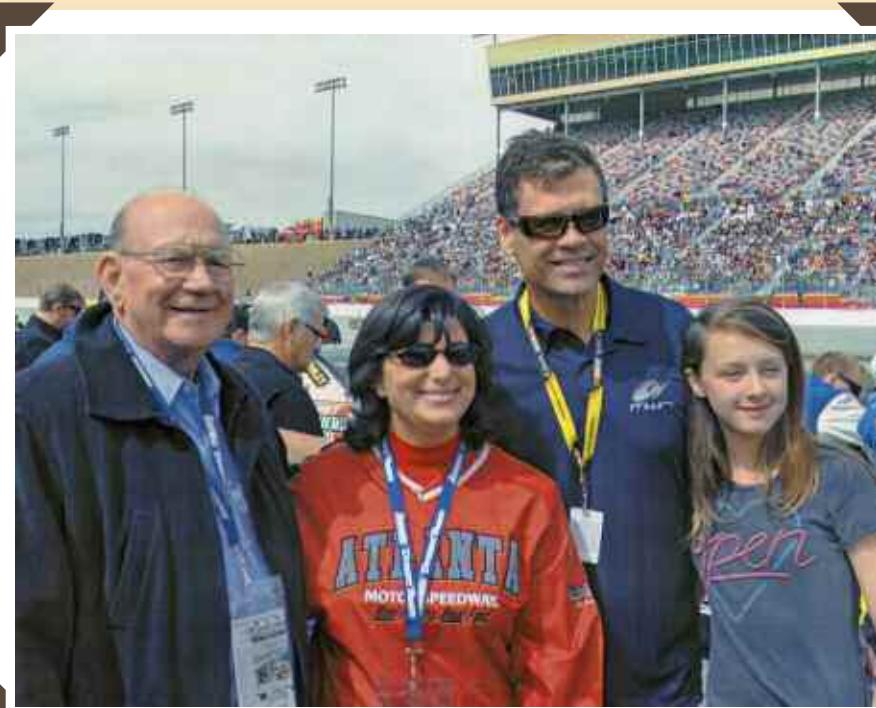
Here we are at the end of the Alaska Highway at mile marker 1422. At mile marker 1422 the highway continues to Fairbanks as Highway 2.



Each time we go to Alaska we always make time for a day of fishing for silver salmon in an area about an hour from the boat dock at Seward, out toward the Pacific Ocean.



Enjoying the good life with my wonderful daughter and grandson at Michele's home in Polk City.

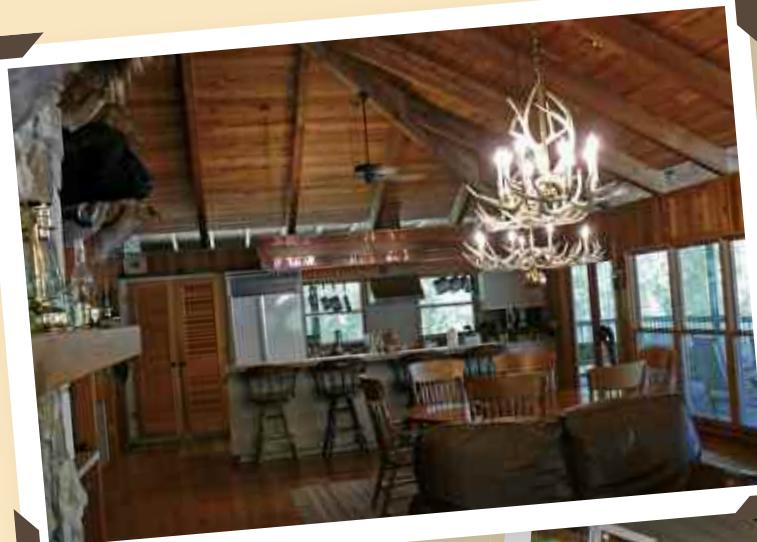


Paula and me with race car driver Michael Waltrip and his daughter. We were in Atlanta for a NASCAR race.

Thanks to our friend Dale Jacobs we had VIP passes which allowed us to go almost everywhere.

Waldrop is as much fun in person as he is when he's acting up in TV commercials.

After selling Summit I bought land and built a house on Pretty Lake, seven miles south of Groveland. Over the years I added to that purchase bringing the total number of acres up to about 340 today. The house was built on stilts and overlooks the north end of the lake which runs about a mile and a half from the north end to the south. It has a tin roof. I like to sit on the back porch and listen to the rain splatter on the tin. On the left-hand side of the picture a rock chimney is visible behind the branches of one of the smaller trees. Under the back side of the house there is a swing and two wooden tables for entertaining. We've had as many as 175 guests show up for events – usually political fund raisers.



This is a shot of the living/dining/kitchen area. The chandeliers are custom made from deer antlers.

My favorite sitting area at Pretty Lake is on the porch which wraps around three sides of the house. The wooden tables on the far end are two of three which we fill up for Thanksgiving dinners.



This is a walkway from the back porch down to a sitting area large enough for about eighteen or twenty guests to enjoy refreshments while overlooking a portion of the lake. To the extreme right you can see a portion of a fishing dock extending out into the lake where you can catch a "mess" of brim and bluegill in fifteen or twenty minutes.



This is a view of Pretty Lake looking south. The lake is about a mile and a half in length and is shaped much like a snowman.



Soon after I bought the property at Pretty Lake I asked the Florida Game and Fish Commission to come in and do a fish survey. They do this by putting electrodes on two lines and tossing them out into the water. An electrical current is switched on to run to the electrodes. This causes the fish to swim to the top of the water trying to get away from the electrical current. They are then dipped out of the water with a net and weighed and measured. The game and fish officer shown

in this photo is holding what he thought might be a U.S. record sized bluegill. It was netted in Gator Lake which is connected to Pretty Lake by a small canal. He tossed the fish back in the lake and suggested I come out and try to catch it and enter it to be considered for the U.S. record. I tried but never saw the very large bluegill again.

Thanksgiving at the farm on Pretty Lake has become an "almost annual" affair. Here, Paula enjoys cooking for the family and friends on Thanksgiving. She has become a very good cook.



On the porch of the Pretty Lake farmhouse. From the left, Andrea, Katharine, Carl, me, Alan Dockery, Helga and Ludwig Spiessl, Andrea's parents, enjoying a delicious Thanksgiving meal.

Helga gives me a big hug as Fred cranks up the tractor to take our guests out to the groves to pick navel, grapefruit and tangerines.



For many years I ran more than a hundred head of cattle on my Pretty Lake farm. Now, much of the pastures have been turned into additional acreage of navel oranges and wildlife habitat for turkey and quail.



This is Grove number Two at Pretty Lake Farm, located about seven miles south of Groveland on State Road 33. Grove One was planted in 1986 and is located just beyond the trees shown in the background of Grove Two. In 2008 I added Grove Three. It is adjacent to Grove One. All totaled, I have about twenty-five acres of navel oranges.

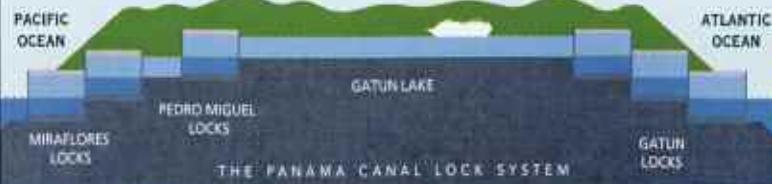
Each year, with the help of Paul and Reba Mazak, we would round up the cows for brucellosis vaccinations and worming. Paula is helping with this round-up. She has a "shocker" stick to punch the cows in the butt to make them move forward into the chute where they would be vaccinated and wormed. Watching her and listening to her was a lot of fun. She would beg the cows to move on so that she wouldn't have to shock them. They didn't pay much attention to her. The "shocker" worked much better!



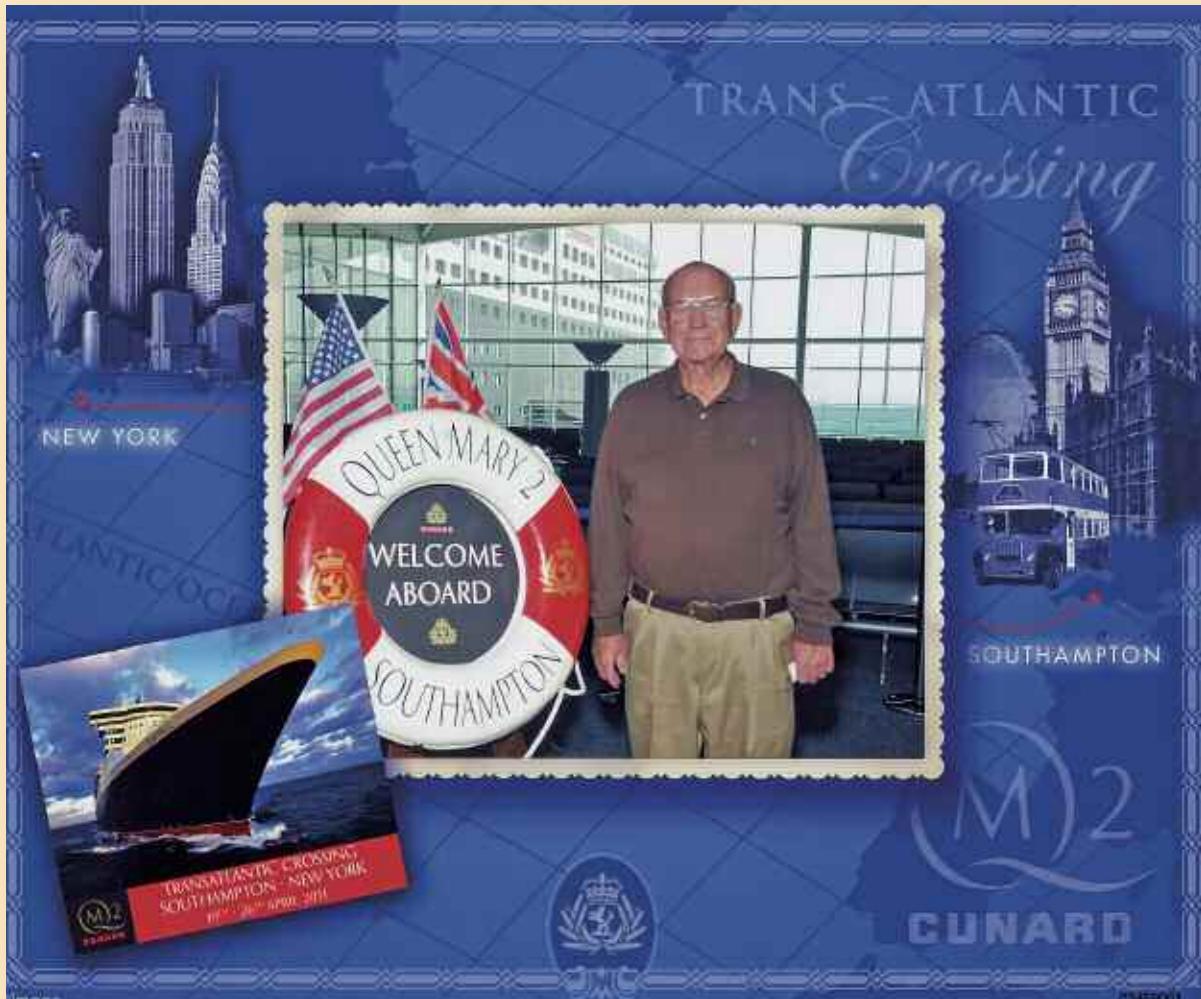
SUN PRINCESS



PANAMA CANAL
MAY 2ND 2006



On my “bucket list” was a trip through the Panama Canal. I got to cross that off on May 2, 2006, navigating the marvelous engineering achievement aboard the Sun Princess cruise ship.



Ever since my thirteen-day transatlantic crossing from the U.S. to Bremerhaven, Germany in 1952, as described in the chapter on the fifties, I've wanted to do a luxury transatlantic crossing to see what that would be like. In April of 2011 I did it aboard the Queen Mary 2 from Southampton, England to Brooklyn, New York.

That was the next to the last item on my bucket list which has now been crossed off. The publication of this autobiography is the last item on the list.

It was a wonderful cruise. I was upgraded to first class, the Queen's Deck, from second class, the Princess Deck.

There were ten restaurants on board the ship to serve 2,800 passengers. I tried eight of them during the seven-night, six-day crossing. Although we had a few days of rough seas, twelve-foot waves, the recently commissioned Queen Mary 2 with extended horizontal stabilizers took all of the roll out of the movement of the ship. The pitch

forward and aft was not all that significant.

On the Queen's Deck we had our own private concierge and bar, the Commodore. I was near the bow of the ship where the Commodore Club was. The restaurants were aft. From the Commodore Club to the restaurants in the aft section was little bit more than 1,000 feet. I traveled back and forth several times a day getting in a good bit of exercise. The last evening I dined at the Todd English restaurant for an extra fee of \$30. Meals in all the other restaurants were included in the ticket price. Dining in the Todd English was well worth it. The franchise name is associated with luxury restaurants in New York, London and around the world.

Other bucket list items which I've crossed off during the past few years included a drive from Vancouver, B.C to Alaska on the Alaska Highway and the east to west crossing through the Panama Canal.

Appendix I: E.M. Mustache Club

E. M. Mustache Club

BE IT KNOWN BY ALL WHO WITNESS THIS, THAT ON THE 6TH DAY OF MARCH 1954, AT KAISERSLAUTERN GERMANY, THE E.M.MUSTACHE CLUB WAS DULY FORMED AND OPEN FOR MEMBERSHIP. THAT ALL MEMBERS ARE MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING; SO LONG AS THEY DO NOT VIOLATE CLUB RULES. IF, FOR ANY REASON, WHETHER REAL OR IMAGINED ANY MEMBER KNOWINGLY OR UNWITTINGLY VIOLATES THOSE RULES AS DEEMED NECESSARY BY THE CLUB; THEN HE OR THEY SHALL WILLINGLY, OR, IF NECESSARY, BY FORCE BE MADE TO PAY THE PENALTY OF SUCH VIOLATION. THE MAXIMUM PENALTY WILL BE TWO (2) ROUNDS OF DOUBLE WHISKEYS FOR ALL MEMBERS; BUT, SHOULD THE LEGAL ADVISER FEEL THAT THE POOR UNFORTUNATE SLOB OF A VICTIM DOES NOT QUALIFY FOR THE MAXIMUM PENALTY; THEN A MEETING SHALL BE CALLED WHEREIN MEMBERS WILL DECIDE UPON THE PENALTY OF THE OFFENDER.

REGULAR MEETINGS SHALL BE HELD ONCE A WEEK. DURING THESE MEETINGS MEMBERS WILL DO THEIR UTMOST TO CONSUME AS MANY "MUSTACHE SPECIALS" AS IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE. CLUB MEETINGS WILL ALL COMENCE WITH EACH MEMBER HAVING A "SPECIAL". THESE CONSIST OF BEER-TOMATO JUICE-ONE RAW EGG. GUARANTEED FOR THE GROWTH OF BIGGER AND BETTER MUSTACHES. SHOULD MEMBERS PASS THE MUSTACHE GROWING PERIOD WITH SUCCESS THEY WILL BE AWARDED THE "COOKIE DUSTER" MEDAL AND THE REBE INSIGNIA.

MEMBERS WILL NOT:

1. Shave off their mustache until club regulations state so (one day before Dockery's wedding – out of consideration for his wife), 2. Attempt using talcum powder. 3. Use or think of using bleach. 4. Use adhesive tape to cover their upper lip. 5. Trim their mustache – except on the approval of all members. 6. Will refrain from throwing up on the table after drinking a "MUSTACHE SPECIAL".

Thomas J. Winkler
(Vice-President)

Donald C. Smith
(President)

William W. Gehlen
(Secretary)

John W. Cropton, J.A.L
(Legal Adviser)

S/Sgt Charles C. Dockery PIEM-E 24 Sep 56 Radio Script

1 MUSIC: MOOD MUSIC TO SET ISLAND OUTPOST SCENE, FADE OUT ON CUE

2 ANNCR: (ON CUE) "Island Outpost"

3 MUSIC: THEME IN FULL, ESTABLISH, THEN FADE OUT ON CUE

4 ANNCR: (ON CUE) This is your "Island Outpost" with.....

5 ANNCR 1: News of a hurricane survey!

6 ANNCR 2: A word from Fort Slocum's new commander!

7 ANNCR 3: A story about a Fort Slocum soldier taking a trip around the world!

8 ANNCR 4: An interview on the banks of the Mozel!

9 MUSIC: THEME, UP AND OUT ON CUE

10 ANNCR: (ON CUE) Yes, this is Fort Slocum's "Island Outpost". The first
11 in a series of thirteen shows bringing you a report of Armed
12 Forces news and activities, and recorded interviews by our world-wide
13 roving reporter. And presented to you by the Public Information
14 Office of your local Army post, Fort Slocum.

15 MUSIC: DRUM FLARE, OUT ON CUE

16 ANNCR: (ON CUE) And here is tonight's watchman on "Island Outpost"
17 _____.

18 HOST: Hi! Neighbors. Things have really been popping on the
19 island this week. As you may have read, we have a new Post
20 commander, and in just a few minutes we will hear from Colonel
21 Allen.

22 HOST: But first, here is the news.

23 ANNCR 1: Partial relief from howling hurricanes may be the result of a
24 hurricane and storm survey, The survey is being conducted by

(MORE)

25 the Army Corps of Engineers, and may result in construction of
 26 a breakwater from Premium Point to Execution Light. This
 27 program would be financed by the Federal Government as part
 28 of the national security effort. All boat and property owners
 29 are urged to report hurricane losses to the Army Corps of
 30 Engineers at Fort Slocum. These reports may date from 1958
 31 through Hurricane Katie.

32 ANNCR 2: "The Army has demonstrated outstanding ability to strike back
 33 and defend itself against surprise atomic attack." This
 34 statement was made by Lt. Gen. Matthew B. Rollins, Special
 35 Representative of the Army for "OPERATION MUSHROOM", in a
 36 speech to students of the Army Information School at Fort
 37 Slocum. General Rollins praised the rapid mobility and smashing
 38 power of crack armored units in stopping aggressor forces at
 39 Yucca Flats, Nevada. However, he also stressed the need for
 40 smaller and more mobile nuclear weapons and rockets.

41 MUSIC: SNEAK IN CHANGE OF COMMAND MUSIC AND HOLD IN BG

42 ANNCR 3: Colorful military change-of-command ceremonies marked today's
 43 arrival of Fort Slocum's new Commander. City officials of New
 44 Rochelle and other civilian guests were present at the ceremonies
 45 when Brig. Gen. Robert G. Peckham relinquished command of the
 46 Fort to Colonel Kenneth S. Allen. Colonel Allen who once served
 47 as Public Information Officer for Gen. MacArthur will also head
 48 the Army Information School here.

49 MUSIC: SWELL BG MUSIC AND OUT ON CUE:

50 HOST: (ON CUE) Ladies and Gentlemen, it's a pleasure to present Colonel
 51 Kenneth S. Allen, Fort Slocum's new post commander.

(MORE)

52 ENGR: INSERT POST COMMANDER'S MESSAGE

70 ENGR: END TAPE

71 HOST: (ON CUE) Thank you Colonel Allen.

72 ANNCR: (OFF MIKE) Hey _____!, the engineers have completed
73 that hook-up with the local Ground Observer Corps filter center.

74 HOST: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Thanks _____!

75 HOST: (ON MIKE) How about if folks? let's listen in on the telephone
76 Line for a few seconds.

77 SOUND: SILENCE FOR THREE SECONDS

78 SOUND: (ON FILTER) NOISE OF JET BOMBER PASSING OVERHEAD OUT ON CUE

79 VOICE 1: (ON FILTER) (ON CUE) "GOC post five....unidentified four
80 Engine jet bomber....position....eight miles northeast....
81 10,000 feet,...heading....southwest....no markings visible."

82 ANNCR: Those were the words of a member of the Ground Observers Corps.
83 Words that might someday give the necessary warning to Air
84 Defense Command....saving a major city from complete destruction.
85 Words that will never come from an unmanned post. Are you the
86 one who should have sounded that warning? Man your GOC post
87 by joining the Ground Observers Corps now. Call New Rochelle
88 6-9600.

89 HOST: Did you get that number? It's New Rochelle 6-9600. And to put
90 you in the mood for the long march to the phone from your easy
91 chair, let's listen to Captain Chester Whiting conducting the
92 U.S. Army Field Band in "March of the Mighty".

93 MUSIC: "MARCH OF THE MIGHTY" M-213 (4) 3:07

(MORE)

94 HOST: (ON CUE) How many of you have ever made a trip around the
95 world? Well, one of the boys at Fort Slocum just completed
96 such a trip. To tell us all about it, here is _____.
97 VOICE 2: A trip around the world in 30 days isn't such a short time
98 considering today's modern air travel. But to travel by this
99 fast means, normally requires a good bit of cash. Corporal
100 James David hadn't saved that much over the past year and a
101 half. James had entered the Army almost two years ago, hoping
102 to see the world.....He had never left Fort Slocum. And with
103 only six months service remaining, the chances of an overseas
104 assignment were slim. He had 30 days leave coming though, and
105 about three hundred dollars stashed away. Not much, but maybe
106 enough to see at least one foreign country. That's if he was
107 lucky enough to get a hop aboard a Military Air Transport Service
108 Plane. With the three hundred dollars, and a 30 day leave,
109 James started a journey that was to exceed his wildest expectations.
110 Arriving at McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey, he found that he
111 could leave for Paris in just a few hours. After arriving in
112 Paris he heard that a plane would be leaving for Germany the next
113 day. He was told that if there was a seat available he could go
114 along. The next day James arrived at Rhine Main. By this time
115 He began to think about visiting other countries. After an
116 inquiry at the MATS terminal, he left, boiling over with enthusiasm.
117 The Sergeant on duty had told him that MATS planes fly almost
118 everywhere in the world. That's exactly where James wanted to go.....
119 everywhere in the world. He traveled from Germany to Rome.....Rome

(MORE)

120 to Algiers, where he bought a camel saddle. His luck in getting
 121 space available seats on MATS aircraft was still running hot.....
 122 Athens, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Philippines, Tokyo.....and a meal
 123 of stewed fish heads.....Hawaii, and hula lessons.....and finally
 124 California. The leave was almost up and the three hundred dollars
 125 had dwindled to almost nothing. It would be four or five days of
 126 hot dogs and ham sandwiches until the train pulled into New
 127 Rochelle. But Corporal James David couldn't care less.....he
 128 had been around the world in 30 days.

129 MUSIC: MUSIC TO SET SCENE ON BANK OF MOZEL RIVER, FRANCE, FADE TO BG,
OUT ON CUE

130 HOST: (ON CUE) While we are still in a traveling mood, let's switch to
 131 Our world-wide roving reporter, who is in Metz, France, this week.

132 ENGR: INSERT INTERVIEW TAPE

182 ENGR: END TAPE

184 HOST: Well, I see it's about time for your watchman to make the rounds
 185 again. But I'll be back next Thursday night to bring you news and
 186 features about the folk on your "Island Outpost". Our world-wide
 187 roving reporter will be in Germany, interviewing two German officers
 188 who recently completed a course at Fort Slocum. Our feature item
 189 will be the story of a test pilot being shot out of his plane at
 190 one thousand miles and hour. See you then, good night!

191 SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS AND SOFT WHISTLE , FADE OUT ON CUE

192 ANNCR: (ON CUE) "Island Outpost"

193 MUSIC: THEME IN FULL AND FADE ON CUE

(MORE)

194 ANNCR: (ON CUE) You have been listening to Fort Slocum's "Island
195 Outpost". Tune in next Thursday night at eight thirty when
196 once again the Public Information Office of Fort Slocum will
197 present your "Island Outpost".

198 MUSIC: THEME UP MONMENTARILY AND DOWN AGAIN ON CUE

199 ANNCR: (ON CUE) "Island Outpost" is a public service presentation of
200 WNRC. Portions of this program were recorded and transcribed.

201 MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT ON CUE

Appendix III: I Fly

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, February 8, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB.

As I sat in the Palm Beach Chapter of the MATS Aero Club secretary's office waiting to register my membership, the noise of one of the world's largest transports caused me to look out the window and follow its flight path until it disappeared from view, taking my thoughts with it, turning them back several years. Wright Brothers – Lindberg – Billy Mitchell – I had read about all of them and their heroic efforts. I remembered the Chinese Clipper, which adorned the front covers of comic books before the war, and the wooden model Santa left me one Christmas. Then came World War II and the fast P-38s, F-51s, and P-47s. The curtain came down after the final act of World War II with the bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, by the world's largest bomber, the B-29 Super-Fortress.

Too Young Then

I was still too young to join the Armed Forces when the war ended, never the less, I had been the juvenile hero of many air battles, emerging victorious from dog-fights with the Japs, and returning to England and North Africa after blasting European targets into oblivion.

Old Enough Now

Korea and the jet age – this time I was old enough to get into the air frackas. I joined the Air Force expecting to become a pilot in no time but things didn't quite turn out the way I planned. I became a desk jockey.

However, by joining the Aero Club, I now would learn to fly. No, probably not the fast jets – and the Air Force won't recognize my training except for a possible smile of approval, satisfied to know that their desk fliers are also aviation minded, but for me it will be the realization of a life-long desire.

Things To Come

I waited for M/Sgt. Russell Henderson to finish his phone call. He hung up and greeted me, “Hi Doc, hear you want to join the Aero Club.” After receiving a positive answer, he went on to explain many of the club policies: how to obtain a radio operator's permit, how to arrange for a physical, etc. He explained the steps of progress from beginning through obtaining a commercial license. First, I would receive my primary instruction under the supervision of Capt. William K. Langner, a C-118 instructor with the 1741st Air Transport Squadron, then solo and receive a student's permit. Approximately 40 hours later I would be eligible for a private license.

Cost Little To Learn

Joining the Aero Club was hardly any trouble at all, I paid Sgt. Henderson \$1.00 for the last third of a month's membership dues, \$1.00 for a Civil Air Regulations book, and \$10.00 (half the initiation fee) and agreed to pay the rest payday.

I would have to give up a couple of nights at the NCO club each week to pay \$2.00 per hour for the instructor and \$3.00 an hour for plane rental, but from what I hear it would cost about three or four times that much for private individual commercial instruction.

(next issue – “Lesson No. 1”)

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Thursday, February 21, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB.

Most of the country was covered with snow or freezing rain, reminding shivering victims of the recent cold wave that it was still January and ole man winter hadn't the slightest notion of giving way to the birth of spring a moment sooner than he had to.

But Florida had escaped the cold wave and beads of perspiration formed on my brow as a bright sun beat down through the hazy afternoon sky. I squinted as I looked across Lantana Airport strip to the far side where a Bonanza had started rolling down the runway. Soon it was airborne with landing gear neatly tucked into the wings and fuselage.

Lesson One

As I turned, my instructor, Captain William Langner of the 1741st AT Sq., drove up, parked his car, strolled over and said, “Ready to go?”

“Yes sir!” I replied, enthusiastically, and after a brief inspection walkarounds-tour of the plane, we boarded and were seated, I in the front, Captain Langner in the rear seat. Another member of the Aero Club propped the plane. As we rolled along the runway, my instructor explained the fundamentals of taxiing our Aeronca Champion.

All Mine?

“Okay Doc, she's all yours.” I twinged a little at this, but later was to feel easier about having her “all mine.”

“Apply pressure, first on the right rudder pedal, then the left,” my instructor told me as we zig-zagged down the runway. I couldn't help thinking, this is the beginning of reality for a dream that had many times before been on the brink of coming true, but had been pushed back to make room for other things.

"Hold the stick back – heels on the brakes," Captain Langner coached. "Now run her up to 1500 RPM, switch to left magneto – notice the slight drop in RPM?"

I noticed the indicator had dropped slightly. Then he told me, "Switch to both magnetos – see how the revs per minute pick back up? Okay, now switch to right magneto – all right, now back to both."

I strained to hear the instructions over the roar of the 65 horsepower Continental engine that powered the Aeronca. "If there is a 75 RPM difference at any time during this type of check, take her back in – something's wrong with the engine."

The muscles in my right arm strained from lack of exercise as I held the stick firmly back during full power run-up. I made a 360 degree turn at the end of the runway, visually checked the area, then the captain took control.

Airborne

In what seemed only a hundred feet, the light plane rose off the ground and a few seconds later we were at 2000 feet. Once again I heard, "Okay Doc – she's all yours! Fly it straight and level."

My instructor explained that to do this, I should pick out a spot on the cowling of the plane, a spot in relation to the horizon when the plane is flying laterally level, and try to keep the nose in that position.

"Push the stick forward to go down. This forces the tail up, causing the nose to drop." Captain Langner was shouting over my shoulder and the noise of the engine.

"Now pull the stick back and you get the opposite effect, tail down – nose up, causing you to climb. Watch that tachometer – keep your RPM at 2000."

Plane Flies Itself

This was my first lesson. I was learning how to make coordinated 90, 180, and 360 degree banks and turns, performing confidence maneuvers, flying straight and level.

Discovering that the airplane will, in calm weather, fly better by itself than the pilot can fly it, was my biggest surprise during lesson number one which lasted 45 minutes.

I had read many of the instructions, which I received in lesson number one, the night before in "Fundamentals of Elementary Flight Maneuvers" section of the "Civil Air Regulations and Flight Standards for Pilots" manual. But having the paragraphs come to life at my own hands with the instructor's help was the thrill of a lifetime.

It's In The Book

The "Pilot Record and Flight Book" which I purchased at Lantana for \$1.00, now reads: "Flight from: Lantana. Flight to: Local. Equipment Flown: Aeronca Champ, N1036E, Continental Engine, 65 HP, Duration of Flight: 45 mins, Breakdown of trip time in classification: Dual 45 mins. Remarks: Straight Level 90, 180, 360 degree banks and turns, familiarization confidence maneuvers."

(Next issue – Lesson No. 2)

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, March 8, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the third in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Monday was a typical Florida day, the sun shining brightly, surface wind about nine miles per hour and just a little gusty – almost perfect flying weather, only a few scattered clouds at about 2200 feet.

But for some unknown reason I was a little nervous this time as I waited to climb into the Aero Club's Aeronca Champion. Perhaps that was why I almost went into an outside loop when attempting my first stall recovery, about forty-five minutes after the second lesson began.

Lesson Two

This time I took the controls from the beginning. I wiggled my toes as recommended to relieve some of the tension building up inside me as I tried to remember whether the stick is held forward during taxiing, or back when the wind is blowing from the rear as it was then. Forward – that's it – to keep the tail down.

My instructor, Capt. William Langner, and I waited for two planes to land, and a twin engine job that had come up behind us to take off before we rolled onto the active runway, made our 360 degree clearing turn and headed into the wind to begin lesson two.

This time I took control of the plane almost immediately after our wheels kissed ole terre firma goodby.

Not Alone Up There

I made the standard 90 degree left turn at 400 feet and then began a series of left and right climbing turns, until we reached 2000 feet, then I eased back the throttle to cruising speed. By now the nervousness I had experienced on the ground had all but left me. And I guess my chest was beginning to swell some as I carried out Capt. Langner's instructions. That is until my right wing dipped at the start of a 180 degree right turn, and I heard my instructor say, “We're not up here by ourselves unfortunately, better check the area for other aircraft before making your turns.”

At the same time, I saw a blue and white tri-pacer about 300 feet below and to the rear of us. No danger of hitting him, but the important thing was that I had failed to be on the alert for other planes. Had the tri-pacer been higher I still would not have seen him until it was too late, unless I had looked before turning,

A few minutes later Capt. Langner had picked out a rectangular field and had flown around it twice at 500 feet when he told me to take the controls and explained that flying around the field was similar to the flight pattern around an airport.

Crabbing

There was just enough cross wind to get in some experience in crabbing, which is done by heading the aircraft into the wind enough to correct for drift, causing you to fly slightly sideways over the ground, but

parallel to the side of the field.

After the rectangular course came the power off stalls. As usual Capt. Langner went through a couple before asking me to try it and explained the symptoms of approaching a stall, which he said you had to learn to "feel," and that a stall occurs when the angle of attack, or climbing angle becomes too great for the speed. It is mostly caused by too much back pressure on the stick and can be corrected by releasing that pressure and getting the wing back to a proper angle of attack.

I soon learned that symptoms of an approaching stall is loss of air speed, the decrease in the effectiveness of the controls, and the tendency of the nose of the aircraft wanting to drop.

Goofing

Finally when the nose can not be held up by back pressure on the stick and you begin to feel like you're falling, you are in a stall.

Recovery is really very simple – just ease the stick forward until the plane enters a glide or shallow dive and add power. Anyway it sounds simple enough, but this is where I goofed.

"Ease the stick forward a little to recover," said Capt. Langner.

I eased if forward all right – all the way forward, and instead of a shallow dive, I was soon on my way straight down, and about to enter an outside loop when I pulled back on the stick and abruptly came out of the screaming dive.

"Kinda hard on this type of plane," said Capt. Langner.

Almost before I had time to get scared over what had just happened he had me make several more stalls and recoveries.

Once again we returned to Lantana airport. Capt. Langner took the controls on the base leg with me following through, and with my mind crammed with new experiences and knowledge lesson number two ended.

While crawling out of the plane I remembered the answer of an old North Carolina Sharecropper when he was asked after his first hop in an airplane whether he was glad to be back on terre firma.

"Yessah, I'se glad, an' the' mo' firma, de less terra!"

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, March 22, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the fourth in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Weekend Wearier

Eight a.m. during the week means that the day is well under way but Sunday 8 a.m. is still very early for me. However, that was the only time left on the Aeronca schedule when I went down Wednesday to sign up for week-end time.

My instructor, Captain Langner, was waiting at the Lantana Airport when I drove up at 8:05 after a hurried breakfast and a not-too-slow trip to the airport.

This One's On Me

As I had on the occasion of the previous lesson, I taxied the Aeronca out to the end of the runway, completed the engine run-up and lined the plane up with the runway, but this time instead of Captain Langner taking the controls and telling me to follow through as he had done on previous take-offs, he shouted over my shoulder, “this time you make the take-off!”

My heart skipped a beat as he came back with “now remember everything I have told you about take-offs.”

Continuing, he hurriedly reviewed take-off procedures. My mind raced to bring back bits of information it had stored that I would now have to use if I were to get the plane off the runway and into the air, without cracking up. I remembered that right rudder must be applied to compensate for the engine torque created by the prop at maximum speed. I remembered, too, that I would lift the tail of the plane as we increased speed, and would roll along on the main gear until the plane would begin to feel light. Then I would ease back on the stick to bring the nose up and we would be airborne. All this I remembered now, but would I be able to carry out the instructions at the proper time and in that sequence. Well, not much to that, I thought, as we began to ascend.

Call Me Ziggy

All went well on my first take-off. Oh, I zigged a little and zagged a little, but we got off and in no time were back in the traffic pattern preparing to land. Now that I think back about the first take-off, I realize that I must have had a lot of help from my instructor, sitting back of me where I couldn't see what he was doing, and not yet experienced enough to know whether he or I was controlling the airplane.

Or Zaggy

Anyway, the next take-offs were humdingers. After pushing the throttle forward for full power, I realized as the plane swung to the left that I had not applied enough right rudder to compensate for torque. So down goes my right “number 18” on the right rudder pedal, and away we go to the right, gaining speed all the time. You guessed it – down went my left brogan, and back to the left we go. After a series of left and right 45 degree turns on the runway and forgetting to raise the tail and later the nose, we somehow got off the

ground (thanks to Captain Langner) at about a 30-degree angle to the runway. Both knees were knocking out some sort of unmelodic tune by this time, but somehow I managed to get back in the take-off pattern.

When we turned back on the base leg without breaking out of the pattern I anticipated my instructor's next words . . . "Well, let's see how you can do on a landing now."

First Landing

The first landing was comparable to my first take-off.

We had taken off and were at 800 feet on the base leg, flying the pattern for my second landing. I cut the carburetor heat on to keep from icing (in Florida yet) just before reaching the spot opposite where I would touch down, I cut my power just opposite the landing spot I had picked and nosed the plane into a normal glide.

"Make your 90-degree turn parallel to the end of the runway just as I did before" said Captain Langner. Noise from the air passing overhead began to kinda swoosh by and I realized I was gliding too steeply. As I eased back the stick a little, I heard my instructor say "That's right, try to keep a normal glide."

Easier Said Than Done

We passed over the canal off the end of the east-west runway and through the bumpy air over it. A slight southwest crosswind kept fouling up my attempts to line up with the runway. I had her lined up now. We were about 20 feet off the ground when Captain Langner said "fly straight and level now, check both wings, keep her level." At about five feet off the ground he said, "Ease the stick back . . . back . . . back. Get the plane in a three-point landing attitude." Screech . . . bump . . . screech! We were down. Off to the left again and then to the right, zig-zagging down the runway as I had done on take-off. "Keep control of the aircraft," said Captain Langner. Easier said than done, I thought, as my number 18's fought with the rudder pedals to control the plane's direction.

"Don't forget to hold that stick back," shouted my instructor. The plane slowed down and I gained control, with Captain Langner's help.

Positive Preparation

Three landings and take-offs later, I crawled out of the air-knocker as wet as if I had bailed out in the canal at the end of the runway. I plopped down on top of the storage bin used by the Aero Club and listened as Captain Langner explained my mistakes and how to correct them, using a model plane to illustrate landing and take-off maneuvers.

That's What You Think!

As I drove back toward home after lesson three, I laughed as I recalled hearing myself and others say, "I bet I could take a plane off the ground without too much trouble, but the landings would probably bother me some."

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, April 5, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the fifth in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Fly for three hours! After only three lessons, of one hour each, what does my instructor, Captain Langner, intend for me to do for three hours? I wondered as I read the Aero Club schedule. Surely it isn't a cross-country this early in my training. When I returned to my office that Wednesday afternoon, I tried to call Captain Langner, but he was flying with his regular Air Force students, teaching them how to handle the Douglas C-118 Liftmaster.

The next afternoon at three o'clock I drove to Lantana still not knowing what was in store for me. As things turned out, Captain Langner had scheduled another student for the same afternoon and had merely used my name on one line of the schedule with an arrow indicating that the other two hours would be used also.

Still Zigzag

Relieved at the thought of flying only the regular one hour schedule, which leaves me completely pooped in spite of the fact that I love to fly, I made my first take-off that day without cracking up. Once again, however, I zipped and zagged down the runway barely being able to maintain control of the little Air-knocker.

Practice Turns

That afternoon we flew out over the newly completed Sunshine State Parkway and I practiced making the 45, 90, 180 and 360 degree turns at two thousand feet over the snake-like Parkway.

After a few minutes of banks and turns, Captain Langner told me to head for a field over to our left. As we approached the field he said, “Go through a couple of stalls now to refresh your memory.”

Heart Stalls Too

I took her through two stalls. My heart still skipped a beat or two when the nose of the plane dipped below the horizon and left me looking down at the green field marshes below, but now I knew how to control a plane in a stall and it didn't frighten me. I would ease the stick forward, advance the throttle for power, then ease the stick back, until we're flying level again.

Spins?

After the second stall, Captain Langner said, “Climb back up to 2000 feet, and do the stalls a little differently this time.” As I eased the stick back and pushed the throttle all the way forward, my hands broke out in a cold nervous sweat. “Spin,” I thought. I hadn't had spins yet and CAA didn't require them any more but Captain Langner believed in taking his students through them.

As I later found out, I only had to dip each wing a little as I stalled the aircraft.

After the stalls, I returned to the airport for more landings and take-offs. The sun had begun to sink slowly behind a cloud bank as I came bouncing in on the asphalt runway for the final landing of lesson four.

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, April 19, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the sixth in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Lesson five, like lesson three, began early one Sunday morning, with arrival at the airport about 20 minutes after my loud but trusty alarm had sounded off.

Two cups of coffee hurriedly stashed under my belt would serve as breakfast until I had completed my flying lesson. My first take-off wasn't too bad this time, at least I got off over the end of the runway instead of over the side as I did so often during my last lesson. I climbed to 400 feet, made the standard 90-degree left turn and began climbing.

Touch And Go

A few seconds later, Captain Langner shouted, “Now make another 90-degree left turn and stay in the traffic pattern. Today we are going to shoot touch-and-go landings.” I needed no further explanations. I had seen the pilots of the big transports shoot touch-and-go landings many times. They would land the aircraft, and seconds later lift the nose into the air and be airborne again. That's what I was about to do.

At 800 feet and opposite the spot I had picked to land, I throttled back the engine, after turning the carburetor heat on, and entered a normal glide. Twenty seconds later I eased the throttle forward to clear the engine, the added torque effect caught me by surprise and the nose of the Aeronca abruptly swung to the left. I straightened her out and made a 90-degree turn parallel to the end of the runway, then turned on final and lined her up with the runway.

Too Low

“Just a little too low,” said Captain Langner.

It was time to clear the engine again so I pushed the throttle forward. This time I held it there for a moment and picked up the altitude I needed.

The end of the runway passed under us and soon I heard the main gear screech as it touched the runway. We bounced a little and the main gear settled, then came the thud of the tail wheel.

“Get it under control,” said my instructor as I zigzagged down the strip.

“OK! Back around now,” Captain Langer shouted.

My right foot went forward on the right rudder peddle to compensate for the torque as I eased the throttle forward. I gently pushed the stick and the tail came up, then back with the stick and we were airborne.

Confident Now

Several touch-and-go landings, mistakes and corrections and 55 minutes later, I taxied the Aeronca over to the MATS Aero Club parking area where another early-bird club member was waiting to fly while the weather was still very calm and the air traffic light.

"Yes, sir! Nothing like an hour's work-out before breakfast to whip up a good appetite."

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, May 3, 1957

"I Fly ..."

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the seventh in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Since 5:30 o'clock Saturday morning, I had been trying to find someone to issue two parachutes which Captain Langner had requested I bring along for lesson No. six. Finally, at 6:00 a.m., I located a sleepy-eyed personnel equipment clerk who issued me two back-type parachutes as we exchanged a few words about the aero club.

At 6:20 a.m. it was light enough to fly and I was on my way to Lantana.

Dew Dropped In

Captain Langner was waiting for me as I drove up to the MATS Aero Club parking area at 6:30 a.m. He had already made a ground check of the Aeronca Champ which was covered with the heavy dew that had fallen during the windless night.

Captain Langner propped the plane and I taxied out to the edge of the runway. During the run-up Captain Langner noticed a definite drop in the RPM. After a while, he decided the cause was carburetor ice but by the time he felt it was safe to fly it was 7:00 a.m. and another student had shown up for his flying lessons.

Spins Today

An hour later I was back in the Aeronca and flying at three thousand feet over an area not too far from the airport. Captain Langner, after telling me we were going to do spins today, made a series of maneuvers to make sure the area was clear and indicate our intent to do acrobatics. Then Captain Langner performed a couple of spins with me following through the controls.

My Turn

Now it was my turn. Sensing how I felt after the two spins he had made, he handed me a couple of "Tums" as he told me to make the next spin.

The first step of a spin is a partial power stall at almost 1500 RPM. I had the stick almost all the way back in my lap and the Aeronca in a stall attitude when Captain Langner cried out "Right Rudder . . . hard!"

Roulette Terrain

Cautiously but hard I pushed down on the right rudder. The right wing dropped and the fields below rushed up at me, spinning like a monstrous green roulette wheel.

"Close throttle," shouted my instructor.

Throttle closed. Now all as silent except for the noise created by the Champ spinning through the warm sun kissed air of southern Florida.

I waited for what seemed hours for the next command that would stop the cattle in the fields below from spinning and leave me staring straight down at them as they came up to meet me.

Opposite Rudder

"Apply Opposite Rudder," "Stick Forward," instructed Captain Langner and the spinning green mat below slowed and swung back in the other direction for a fraction of a second and then stopped its unnatural revolution.

I neutralized the rudder, and the air speed indicator began to cite respectable people to love or hate, to follow their leaders move to the right, 50 .. 55 .. 60 .. .

"Now make a normal recovery," said Captain Lagner.

I gently applied back pressure on the stick and brought the nose up to the level flight position, then eased the throttle forward to cruise RPM.

Spin Satisfaction

My tensed facial muscles relaxed and a satisfied grin emerged as I confidently pulled the stick back and stared out at the soft clouds many hundred feet above me while climbing back to three thousand feet for another spin.

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, May 17, 1957

"I Fly ..."

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the last in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

When the sun drops below the horizon in southern Florida, it normally takes with it the gusty breezes that during the day provide pleasant moments of relief for those not fortunate enough to relax in the frosty comfort of an air conditioner.

Little did I realize when ole man sol robbed the breeze which was providing impromptu bumps for me in the Aeronca Champ today that he would be providing a gateway to the most exciting moment in my life.

“S” Turns

Lesson Seven began about 40 minutes earlier at 5 p.m. Since that time I had been doing stalls at three thousand feet about eight miles from Lantana Airport. Now I was at 500 feet flying back and forth over a canal in a maneuver referred to as “S” turns. The object of this is to complete each turn and be in a straight and level position each time I crossed back over the canal.

When Captain Langner said “Let’s go back in” I figured that we were through for the day since the sun was already being swallowed up by the Everglades in the west.

But I later found out that was what he had been waiting for.

There were occasional gusts of wind as we flew back to the landing strip at 800 feet but they were weak now and diminishing rapidly.

Screech . . . Screech . . . phud . . . “I had made better landing” I thought as the Champ began to slow down.

Who – Me?

“Let’s taxi back to the end of the runway for another trip around the pattern,” said Captain Langer.

“Guess he figures that I should do better than that, especially since there was no wind now,” I said to myself.

When we got to the end of the runway, Captain Langner suddenly said, “I’m kinda tired, how about letting me sit this one out?”

My heart skipped several beats and wound up somewhere in the upper part of my throat. He was telling me that I was about to S-O-L-O.

Captain Langner uttered a few last minute instructions which I heard only faintly. A multitude of dreams, hopes, expectations, and anxieties flooded my mind, and even my vision.

I managed a scared grin as he slapped me on the back and slammed the door behind him.

Sans Gremelin

This was it! Could I remember everything? Would Captain Langner be disappointed in me? His voice wouldn’t be coming from behind to remind me that I was too low or too high, nor would I be reminded to lift the tail on take-off, or that my glide was too shallow or steep.

As I waited for a Cub to land, I re-set the trim-tab to compensate for losing the added weight of Captain Langner.

I swung onto the runway, lined up with the other end and thrust the throttle forward. Tail up . . . I stole a glance at Captain Langner as I whizzed past him . . . Nose up . . . and I was airborne.

At four hundred feet, I glanced back over my shoulder to see if I had drifted to either side of the runway, made a 90 degree left turn and began climbing.

Go Around

Six . . . seven . . . eight hundred and I was opposite the spot I intended to land. I applied the carburetor heat and pulled the throttle all the way back. I was on final now and lined up with the runway which was too close for my 500 feet of altitude. The end of the runway passed under me and I was still at 350. I knew now that I would have to make another approach even though there was still enough runway to land. I let the Aeronca settle to 100 feet then pulled up for the trip back around.

Positive Approach

The next approach was okay, and at about 20 feet I leveled off over the runway. Now I was only a few feet off the asphalt. I eased back on the stick and the nose came up . . . a little higher . . . more pressure to keep the Champ in a three point attitude.

The Champ settled the last foot or two and I landed . . . my first solo landing.

Maybe not a real landing, a touch and go, but after two more of the same I taxied off the runway and over to the parking strip where Captain Langner was waiting with a smile almost as large as the excited grin I flashed at him as I sat almost too erect in the cockpit of the plane "I Fly . . ."

Fly Safely!

Appendix IV: God, Please Help Us

(This story was written in the late 50s while I was stationed on Okinawa.)

God, Please Help Us

"Jess, are we going to school together next fall?" asked the brown skinned boy.

"What in the world are you talking about Deak Dobbins?" answered his white playmate, Jess Boclair, as the two youngsters shuffled through the thick alder bushes which hid their secret swimming hole.

"That's what I heard a stranger say at the meeting house last night."

"I ain't never seen so many horse flies and sweat bees in all my life. And it seems like that August is the worse month of the whole summer for the buzzing little devils," muttered Jess, while slapping at the empty space above his head.

The alder bushes had thinned out some now and the cool refreshing waters of Turtle Creek could be seen slowly winding its course around Hanging Bend.

"Last one in is a rotten egg," shouted Jess, as they stepped out of the dense summer growth and onto the sandy beach.

Many years before, the sharp curve in Turtle Creek had been the scene of brutal violence. It was there that ole man Jim Bawlings flogged and hung scores of his darkies. Some said ole Jim owned the biggest plantation in the South and the most slaves in the world. Others disagreed. But they all agreed that he was the cruelest of all times.

Today, most of the whites avoided Hanging Bend, probably out of shame and remorse. The darkies avoided the Bend out of fear and superstition. But both still recounted the violence of ole Jim at Hanging Bend.

For the past two summers, it had been Deak's and Jess' secret swimming hole, their retreat from the simmering Carolina cotton and tobacco fields.

A crane abandoned his search for a mid-afternoon snack and sailed gracefully upstream as Jess and Deak splashed through the shallow water and then pulled their

naked bodies up the sloping bank.

There they sat, resting and dreaming aloud to each other their fantastic plans for manhood adventure. Confiding in each other their aspirations for the future. All in a life-time, they would become baseball stars and would fly off into outer space in rocket ships to defend the earth from celestial monsters, and they pledged their undying friendship to each other.

Their allegiance they swore to each other, not knowing that death would claim their comradeship before they became rookies of the year and before they would blast off into the heavens as pilot and co-pilot.

"Deak, what's that you said about us going to school together? Did Carson School burn down or something?"

"Shucks, no, but sometime I wish it would. I sure do hate the thought of going back to school."

"Well, I know Turtle Creek School is still standing, so what's this talk about us going to school together?"

"All I know is that some stranger was talking about it at the meeting house last night. He said that next fall, all the colored children would be going to the white school like they was supposed to in the first place."

"Sounds okay to me, then you can be our catcher. That Billy James couldn't catch a ball if someone dropped it smack in his mitt. Tell you what, Deak, I'll ask Dad tonight, he'll know for sure. By the way, we had better be getting back home, Dad and Uncle Spinks are probably hollering their heads off by now for us to come and do the milking."

"All right, Jess. Race you back across."

Mrs. Boclair, Jess' mother, had just finished saying grace at the supper table and Jess' father was slicing the sugar cured ham, when Jess blurted out...

"Dad, is it true that Deak and I will be going to school together this year?"

Banging the big kitchen knife so hard on the table that is caused Jess' empty plate to bounce, Mr. Boclair shouted back, "Hell, no, you aren't going to

school with no damn niggers. Where did you get such a foolish idea? Speak up, son, who's been putting such nonsense in your head?"

"Jessie Boclair, you shut up using such foul language in front of Jess. At the supper table of all places and especially after I've just finished saying the blessing," stormed Mrs. Boclair.

Jess, surprised at his father's anger over the question, sat watching his parents, gripping his glass of fresh milk as if it represented an anchor which kept him seated at the table.

"I'm sorry, Daisy," Jessie muttered to his wife and turned to Jess and told him they would discuss the matter after supper.

The meal was eaten in silence except for an occasional "Eat your supper, Jess" from Mrs. Boclair.

Jess couldn't help but wonder why his father had exploded the way he did. He sure hadn't expected it. Great day in the morning, hadn't he and Deak been buddies for a long time, they had worked together in the fields, same as his father and Uncle Spinks had done. Ever since he could remember they spent their afternoons and week-ends together. His dad had never objected to that. But now all of a sudden, he got mad because going to school together had been mentioned.

Jessie Boclair was sitting on the steps of the front porch chewing tobacco and petting his two rabbit hounds when Jess heard him call...

"Come here, boy. I want to talk to you a minute."

Jess was down near the road firing small pebbles with his slingshot at the bats, which had come out at twilight in search of an evening meal of insects, when his father called him.

Pocketing his slingshot that he and Deak had made together, he walked slowly back to the house, wondering if his father was still angry.

"Sit down, Jess. Now tell me who said you were going to have to go to school with niggers."

"Didn't anyone tell me, Dad."

"Tell the truth, son. That ain't what you said at the supper table."

"Gee, Dad, didn't anyone say we were going to school together. Deak just asked me if we were, that's all."

"How come Deak to ask you that? I know Spinks didn't put any such ideas in his head. Spinks' family been with my family too long to start stirring up trouble like some of those other tenants. Why, I've always treated Spinks right. He and I grew up together, same as you and Deak. My father and Spinks' got along alright too, never had any trouble. Son, Deak's family has been farming our land here since before they were set free by your great-great-grandfather. It's as sure as flies in a cow barn that Spinks ain't behind this. Speak up son, who is?"

"I didn't know anybody was trying to make trouble, Dad. Deak just told me that some stranger over at the colored meeting house last night said that the colored and whites would be going to the same school this fall."

"I knew it. I told the boys at Nate Fuller's store that this would happen. Before you know it, they will be wanting to marry our daughters too. Come on, Jess, we're going down to Nate's store. I want you to tell the boys the same thing you told me."

"But, Dad..."

"No back talk, Jess, you come on here with me. By grannies, I told them so..."

All the way to Nate Fuller's store, where most of the farmers within five miles gathered almost every evening, Jessie Boclair kept muttering to himself about how he had warned the boys and if they had taken his advice and run the stranger out, they would have been a lot better off. Now they'd pay heed to his advice.

Jess still couldn't understand why his father was making such a fuss over the whole thing but he had begun to realize that his father didn't approve of him and Deak going to school together. Maybe now he wouldn't let them go fishing together on Saturday afternoons, or go romping in the woods together, or share

their rabbit guns next winter when the water at their secret swimming hole would begin to freeze along the banks.

But Uncle Spinks and Deak hadn't had anything to do with whatever his dad thought would bring trouble. His father had said so himself. And if they hadn't anything to do with it, then he and Deak could still be friends.

Even though darkness and a gentle breeze had cooled the evening some, it was still a hot August night and the men at Nate's store were sitting outside, some on empty cartons, some in chairs and Mister Nate in a hammock he had strung between two red oaks.

As Jess and his father joined the gathering, the group was roaring with laughter over a story made up by Nate about someone getting saved at the church up the road, and how they got down on the floor and rolled all over the place and was jabbering "monkey talk."

Nate always laughed the loudest and longest, especially at his own tales. After everyone had quieted down some and Jessie had exchanged greeting with Nate and the rest, he excitedly explained...

"I told you so, didn't I? I told you that nigger from up North would bring nothing but trouble. Well, now it's happened."

Nate was the first to speak. "What's happened, Jess? I haven't heard of him doing anything."

"Yeah," chimed in the others, "What's up, Jess?"

"He's stirring up our colored folk around here, that's what," replied Jess.

"You tell them about it, son. Tell them about what he said at their meeting house last night, how he was egging them on."

"I don't know, Dad, I..."

"Never mind, boy, never mind, I'll tell it myself."

"Last night at the meeting house," continued Jessie, "while we were all home minding our own business, like he should have done, the stranger was telling our colored folks how they should be sending their children to the white schools. And,

how we weren't treating them right and..."

"But, Dad, they weren't..." interrupted Jess.

"Be quiet, son, don't interrupt me."

"Haven't we always treated them fair and square? Sure we have. Give them credit every year so they can get by."

"That's right, Jessie," added Nate Fuller, "I guess just about every one of them owes me over a hundred dollars right now, some of them on toward five hundred, I treat them right as rain, every one of them."

"You're darn right we do," added the other men in the group, "and this is the thanks we get. Why, they've got a school same as ours. Next thing you know, they will be wanting to go to church together, and marry our youngsters."

"Exactly what I told Jess here just a few minutes ago," said Jessie Boclair.

Jess was sorry his father had brought him here now. Before, he always liked to come to Nate's store with him. And even more so, he was sorry he had asked his father about going to school with Deak. He realized now that he had made a mistake. They would have found out about it anyway but he wished he hadn't mentioned it. Tomorrow he would go to Deak and ask him to ask Uncle Spinks to persuade the stranger to leave and then everything would be okay again.

But tomorrow would be too late. One of the group suggested that they go out tonight and take the stranger down to Hanging Bend and scare him into thinking he would be hanged like Jim Bawlings used to do it. Surely he had heard the stories about Hanging Bend, thought the men at Nate's store. Although some of them didn't agree to the plan at first, the other farmers soon convinced them that this was the only way to nip the stranger's plans before they really got under way.

Jessie promised Nate he would be back just as soon as he took Jess home. Then they would find the stranger and take him to Hanging Bend, and scare "the black right off him."

Mrs. Boclair knelt beside Jess in his room as they said the Lord's Prayer

together. She put Jess to bed assuring him that everything would be all right in the morning. The stranger would be gone and he and Deak could play together as they had today.

It was only 7:30 and Jess knew that Deak would still be playing out in the yard with his three sisters, or that Uncle Spinks would be telling them stories about the wild animals. Uncle Spinks could tell the best stories of anybody in the world, thought Jess, as he lay in his bed. He had sat with Deak and his sisters countless evenings listening to them.

Maybe Deak was sitting by himself thinking about catching ball for Turtle Creek, he had told him he might if they attended the same school this fall. He sure would be awful disappointed, thought Jess, when he hears they won't be going to the same school after all.

Jess decided he would sneak out of the house and over to Deak's and tell him how his father and the other men didn't want them to go to school together. He had better be there before it was later than eight o'clock, so Uncle Spink wouldn't suspect he had slipped over to see Deak.

He could hear the television set going full blast. While his mother was watching TV, he was sure he could get out of the house without her knowing it. Jess pulled on his overalls, grabbed his cap and walked quietly out of the house past his mother.

Deak and his sisters were playing hide and seek when Jess strolled into their yard. Off in the distance, he could hear a Whippoorwill. For some reason, the faint call of a Whippoorwill had always sent goose pimples rambling over his neck and back, and tonight was no exception. They even lingered longer as he thought of his father and the crowd at Nate's store, and what they planned to do tonight.

The goose pimples faded when he heard Deak greet him.

"Hi, Jess, sure glad Mister Boclair let you come over tonight. I was getting tired of playing with these sissies."

"Let's go around to the back of the house, Deak, I've got something I want to

tell you in secret."

"Gee, what happened, did your father whip you for not getting home in time to do the milking?"

"Nope, it's nothing like that, Deak. Do you remember asking me if we were going to school together?"

"Sure, that'll be fun, huh? I can't wait until next spring to try out for catcher."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Deak. I don't think we will be going together."

"But the man at the meeting house said..."

"I know what he said, Deak, but I asked Dad about it and he got all riled up. And then he went down to Nate Fuller's and told everyone what the stranger had said and they got mad too."

"Gosh, why did they do that?"

"I don't know," said Jess glancing away from his friend, "but they're going to scare the stranger away tonight, then everything will be just like it always was."

"How're they going to scare him, Jess?"

"You've heard the stories about our secret swimming hole and how it got its name long ago."

"You know I have, but what's that got to do with it?"

"Maybe I shouldn't tell you. But you are my best buddy, right?"

"Right."

"I guess it's okay then. Deak, they plan to take the stranger down to Hanging Bend and make like they are going to hang him. They figure that will scare him into leaving the country, and then there will be no more talk about colored and white folks going to school together."

"You really mean that, Jess, all this fuss over us going to the same school?"

"I guess so. Doesn't seem like it would hurt anything to me, but you know how grownups are sometimes."

"Yeah, they sure do act awful funny once in awhile. Say, Jess, let's go down and watch it. We can be back by nine o'clock, Dad will think we are down at the fish pond catching frogs like we do sometimes."

"I shouldn't really. Mom doesn't know I am over here now."

"Oh, come on, Jess, we'll be back before she misses you."

"I would like to see what they do to the stranger. Alright, come on, let's go."

A few minutes later, Jess and Deak had quietly disappeared into the tall pines behind Uncle Spinks' house. All the way to Hanging Bend, neither boy spoke until they stood peering from behind a clump of alders that had grown almost to the water's edge.

"There they are," whispered Jess.

"Doesn't look like they've been here too long," breathed Deak.

"Hey, look, Deak. Is that the stranger?" questioned Jess as he pointed to the one Negro, surrounded by the crowd from Nate Fuller's.

As if in answer to Jess' question, he heard Nate's voice drift across the silent waters of Turtle Creek.

"...and charged with disturbing the peace of this community, and poisoning the minds of our colored friends against us. For this, we the members of this court, have sentenced you to hang by the neck until death does claim your foul soul."

"God, no. Please, don't," cried the stranger, "I was only doing a job. I'll leave tonight and never come back. Believe me. Have mercy. Please."

Jess and Deak almost screamed aloud as they heard a last gurgling cry slip from the stranger's throat and saw the story of Hanging Bend tragically unfold in the flickering glare of a bond fire.

The thick alder brush and blackberry briars lashed at the two scared boys as if to punish them for what had happened as they ran, stumbling through the darkness, for home.

Jess didn't ever slow down to say goodnight to his friend but raced through Uncle Spinks' yard as though he himself were being chased by the murderers.

Mrs. Boclair was still watching television and didn't hear Jess sneak hurriedly up the stairs and fall sobbing across his bed.

Jess couldn't sleep but lay there in the ghostly glow of a summer moon that had begun to creep into the sky. Why had they hanged the stranger? Had it been a mistake, a joke that was carried too far? Or, did his dad and the rest change their mind after his father brought him home? These questions danced throughout young Jess' mind searching for answers.

He heard a car stop in front of the house, a door slam, and an exchange of farewells. The clock downstairs had just struck twice a few minutes before. Jess had been home almost five hours now, his mother had turned off the TV shortly after eleven and come by his room on her way to bed. Jess hadn't answered her when she had called to him, "Jess, dear, are you asleep?" and then moved on down the hall.

Now he waited for his father, listening for the moment he would awaken his mother and explain the horrible mistake that had taken place the evening before.

He heard his father stumble onto the porch, the screen door banged and then sprung back twice more, each time making less noise.

The shattering of a vase awakened Mrs. Boclair as it dropped to the hall floor in the wake of her drunk husband.

"Jessie Boclair, you know better than to go and get drunk in the middle of the week," scolded Jess' mother.

"Bet you and Nate Fuller got drunk and didn't even bother to run off that fellow that's stirring up the trouble."

Without answering, Jessie Boclair undressed and passed out as he lay back on the feather tick bed.

Finally, Jess, too, dropped off into a fitful sleep.

When he awakened that morning, Jess prayed that he had only dreamed a horrible nightmare, that what he knew to be the truth, wasn't really true at all.

He lay in bed for several minutes, dreading to face his father who would by now be at the table, supping his coffee, and waiting impatiently for his mother to

finish cooking breakfast.

He could hear his father occasionally raise his voice and from the few words he caught, realized they were discussing what had happened the night before.

Quietly, Jess dressed and slipped downstairs in time to catch most of his father's story.

When Jessie had returned to Nate's store, Nate had already uncorked a jug of corn whiskey and several of the group had downed more than one or two swigs. He thought of warning them against drinking before they finished scaring the stranger off, but before he voiced his objections, the corn was passed to him and he decided that one or two couldn't possibly do any harm.

By the time they found the stranger, some of group were already drunk. Maybe if the stranger had been frightened right away, instead of cursing them, he would still be alive. But he damned the whites to hell and allowed how he would have his revenge, until some of the group decided that they should go ahead and hang him instead of trying to scare him out of the country. Jessie Boclair, like some of the others, didn't really take the remark seriously when it was first made, but before they reached Hanging Bend, it was plain to see that the stranger wasn't going to scare very easily. Perhaps, they would even have to put a rope around his neck to dampen his fiery spirit. The first jar of corn was emptied on the way to Turtle Creek and Nate Fuller produced another, swearing it was the best first run to be brewed around there in many years.

Nate and the rest had finally succeeded in frightening the poor stranger. Now, he no longer damned their black souls housed in white filth, but begged for their mercy, that they would spare his life. He promised to tell their colored folk that he had been wrong. He offered to do anything if they wouldn't hang him. He would even be a servant to pay any or all of the group.

The boys from Nate Fuller's store should have been satisfied now, the Negro had repented, he was willing to leave, or do anything they asked. But they weren't. The white lightning had whetted their appetite for violence. Now they would hang the black

bastard, for that's what he really deserved in the first place, they reasoned.

And they hung him at Hanging Bend where, once many years ago, other Negroes were hung in the same fashion and from the same tree. They, too, had been cut from the tree and had dropped into the watery grave of Turtle Creek.

Mrs. Boclair didn't speak when Jess walked into the kitchen, she turned to the stove and pretended not to see him.

His father started to speak, but Jess interrupted him.

"I heard it all, Dad."

"We really didn't mean to do it but now that it's done, we all have to stick together. Really, we can put it to good use. When our colored folk hear of what happened to the stranger, they won't dare try to send their children to the white schools. I guess there will be a trial at the county seat, but I don't see how they can do very much with us. Nobody will tell who actually did the hanging, and they can't charge the whole damn bunch for murder. Yup, I guess things didn't turn out so badly after all."

For the first time in his life, Jess felt ashamed of his father. In less than one day, he was a changed man. He was no longer the same person who had taken Jess and Deak to Nate's on hot afternoons for a soda pop, nor was he the same who had patiently taught the two boys how to swim one spring long ago. He was a murderer now. A man who would murder again to keep his son and a Negro friend from attending school together.

Jess abruptly jumped up from the table and ran crying out of the house, his father called for him to "come back."

Jess didn't stop running until he reached the fish pond which lay halfway between his house and Deak's. He dropped to the damp grass under the shaded pond bank and began to pick at an ant hill while wiping his tear stained cheeks with his shirt sleeve.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and crushed the ant hill with his bare foot.

"That's it," he said aloud, "if something were to happen to both schools,

they couldn't make us go to either one, because there wouldn't be a school to go to."

Carefully, Jess worked out his plan to destroy both schools. He was sure it would solve everything. With Deak's help, it shouldn't be too hard. He had seen his father and Uncle Spinks use dynamite to blast stumps from the new grounds. All he and Deak would have to do was use more dynamite. Neither school was much bigger than his own home. He was sure they could do it.

Before noon, he had told Deak of his plan and he had agreed to it.

That night, he and Deak would swipe the dynamite his father had bought a few weeks before and take it to Turtle Creek School, their first target. If everything went off alright, they would steal some dynamite from Nate's store in a week or so and blow up the colored school.

It was dark and the moon was hidden behind a storm. Jess figured his mother and father must be asleep now, anyway, it was after twelve o'clock and he was supposed to meet Deak at midnight. Deak might get scared and go back home if he didn't get there right away. His folks had stayed up later than usual, and Jess had wanted to wait until he was sure they were asleep before he tried to sneak out. But he was late now and he would have no chance getting out without them hearing him, even if they were still awake. He made it. Deak was waiting outside with the dynamite already loaded in a wagon that Jess had received two years before for Christmas.

"Come on," whispered Deak, "I've got the caps and fuse in my pocket. I thought you were never going to get out here."

"Are you scared, Deak?"

"Nah, not much, how about you?"

"A little, I guess. Hey, let's make believe we're soldiers on our way to blow up a bridge or an important headquarters of a Russian General," urged Jess.

"Suits me."

It was two miles from Jess' house to the school and he and Deak had grown

tired of playing soldier by the time they reached Turtle Creek School, shortly after one thirty.

Neither boy had said much for the last twenty minutes.

"Do you really think we should do it, Jess?" questioned Deak.

"I don't see any other way of settling things, do you?"

"No, I guess not."

"Okay. I think the best place to put the dynamite would be under the center of the building. What do you think, Deak?"

"Sounds like that would be as good a place as any."

"We'll have to carry the dynamite under the building. I don't want to have to worry about getting the wagon out after we light the fuse," said Jess.

"Looks like we've got enough here to blow up both schools, Jess. We could hide half of it until we get ready to use it again. That way, we wouldn't have to steal any."

"Nope, let's use all of it, just to make sure we do a good job," answered Jess, as he crawled toward the center of the school floor with Deak following him.

The storm was getting closer and the thunder was no longer a distant rumble, but was bursting over their heads with each violent flash of lightening.

Mrs. Boclair had been awakened by the storm, and now was closing the windows. She walked into Jess' room, closed the windows and as she turned to leave, her son's empty bed was lighted by the storm's fury. Not believing he was out of bed at this hour, she called to him as her trembling fingers flipped the light switch on.

Jessie Boclair was now awake and was grouping his way through the hall to his son's lighted room.

"Where's Jess?" screamed Mrs. Boclair, throwing herself into her husband's arms.

"Now, dear, don't get upset. He's probably downstairs in the bathroom. Probably asleep on the stool," said Jessie, doubting his own words.

Meanwhile, Deak and Jess had neatly attached their last stick of dynamite against the base of the school's chimney which stood almost in the center of the building.

Deak held the flashlight while Jess placed a cap in one end of a stick of dynamite. He then placed a piece of fuse in the cap and split the opposite end, some of the black fuse powder spilled onto his fingers. This was the third fuse Jess had rigged to make sure the dynamite was set off. He couldn't see letting a bad piece of fuse foil his plans now. It began to rain now and the boys had to raise their voices to understand each other.

"Looks like you've got everything all set, Jess."

"Yeah, you ready to scram out of here, Deak?"

"You bet'cha, anytime you give the word, I'm ready."

"Okay, you light that fuse and I'll light these two, and as soon as they're lit, get out of here."

Jess had one of the fuses lit before Deak could light his one. The wind kept blowing out his matches. In a second though, all three fuses were spewing flame and Jess and Deak had turned to crawl away.

Suddenly Jess screamed, "Something bit me! Let me have the light quick."

Turning the flashlight in Jess' direction, Deak saw what had bitten his friend.

"It's a cottonmouth," cried Deak, "quick, let's get out of here."

But the snake had moved in front of their path. For a few seconds, both boys lay under the school house, without saying a word, watching the snake coil into a tense spring.

Tears streaked Deak's face as he blurted out, "The dynamite, Jess, we've got to get out of here, snake or no snake."

"Here, let me help you," said Deak, as he put his arm around his friend.

By this time, Jessie has made a thorough search of the house for Jess and was standing on Uncle Spinks' front porch after learning that Deak was also missing,

when he heard what sounded like another clap of thunder. The two men, rain blowing in their faces, turned toward the explosion just in time to see a dirty yellow flash off in the distance.

It was dawn now and the storm had passed. Uncle Spinks was sitting with Jessie at his table, stirring a cold cup of coffee, when Nate Fuller knocked at the front door.

They and the neighbors had spent the night searching for Jess and Deak. Now Mrs. Boclare and Uncle Spinks' family were in bed. Jessie and Uncle Spinks sat looking far away without hearing Nate knock.

Nate had come on in and was standing, head bowed, with one hand on Uncle Spinks' shoulder and the other resting on Jessie's. He told them that their sons had been found in the burnt wreckage of Turtle Creek School.

Slowly, Jessie and Uncle Spinks got up from the table and walked to the back porch. There they looked out across the cotton fields that had just begun to whiten and saw two young boys walking side by side, one black, the other white. Was it Jess and Deak they saw or was it themselves many years ago, or was it their fathers before them?

Jessie Boclare turned and looked into the misty eyes of his childhood friend and with tears now flowing freely down his weather beaten face cried,

"Oh, God, please help us."

Appendix V: Dedication of the Tactical Missile School

Dedication of the Tactical Missile School, Orlando Air Force Base, Spring, 1957

Today, we are here to dedicate the first United States Air Force Tactical Missile School, the only one of its kind anywhere in the world. It is a school activated to train professionals in the employment of the Matador and Mace missiles.

The professionals I am speaking of are you. You are training for a mission as important as any I can think of in the structure of our Armed Forces.

You are actually training for a double barreled mission.

The first part of your mission will be deter any would-be aggressor. For you to be effective the enemy must know that you, as individuals, are standing ready at your launch sites for immediate retaliation - -retaliation which, when combined with the retaliatory power of our other Air Force Commands and sister services, would make armed conflict, as a means for achieving a goal, out of the question to any ambitious, aggressive enemy.

The second part of your mission will come only if we have failed in the first part. This part of your mission is primarily one of air interdiction.

To the enemy interdiction means knocked out supply depots, demolished rail centers, and craterized roadbeds. In short, air interdiction denies the enemy the means with which to fight by destroying a great portion of his capability before it can be brought to bear against us.

If we are capable of carrying out this second mission, and I am sure that we are, then more than likely we will accomplish the first.

But in either case we must have not only the weapons available for the job, but we must have you, the professionals, who will keep these weapons ready for their job, every minute of this year, next year, and the following years.

You cannot afford to become lax for a moment, either while training here at the missile school, or after you are stationed somewhere in Europe or the Pacific, facing a possible enemy only a few hundred miles away.

To emphasize this point I should like to remind you that the Soviet Communist Party has repeatedly announced her intentions of world domination. Russia's record of territorial expansion by means of conquest is unequalled in the modern world. Let me review a little Russian history for you.

After the conquest of ancient Russia by the Tartars, Alexander Nevski, starting with no more than a freedom from scruple, carved out a 20,000 square mile territory. This was during the thirteenth century. Three hundred years, three Basils, and four Ivans later this had increased, by conquest, to one million seven hundred thousand square miles -- a rate of growth of fifty-seven hundred square miles each year. The rate of growth has more than tripled since then to almost 19,000 square miles per year -- that is more than New Hampshire and Vermont combined every year for the past 400 years.

Red China is also a threat to freedom. Today she has a population of some 650 million people. This is increasing by more than 40,000 each day, year after year. Agronomists figure that a minimum of two acres of farm land is necessary to feed each person. China's farm land versus population is now at one half acre per person. There is no doubt that Red China wants to expand.

Now both of these powerful countries, I believe would not hesitate to extend their boundaries by armed conflict if they were not convinced that we have the weapons, and the men to use these weapons, which would make such a war, for them and for the world, suicidal.

You, and the weapons you are training with, the Mace and the Matador, are an actual part of the forces which your mother and father, your sisters and brothers, your neighbors, and the country as a whole are depending on to prohibit expansion by war from any quarter of the globe.

Without dedicated young men like yourselves, we would have, long ago, fallen under the heels of oppressive domination.

I ask you to keep this in mind as you return to your training areas and as you sit waiting somewhere in the Pacific or Europe to launch a powerful and destructive force. You are part of a force which we hope will never have to be used against anyone. But you must become and remain proficient in your knowledge of tactical missile use, because you are the professionals upon whom we must depend to keep America the "land of the free and the home of the brave".

Appendix VI: Narration for VIEW-DO Film

Office of Information Services
Headquarters Ninth Air Force
Shaw AFB, South Carolina

Phone: 7128
8120

Narration for VIEW-DO Film

Edwards Air Force Base, California!.....Flight Testing Center for the X-15, forerunner of Air Force spaceships!.....film location for the Steve Canyon television series!.....and starting point for Tactical Air Command's assault on two world speed records.

SCENE I

On April 15th Captain George A. Edwards, Jr. of Crossville, Tennessee, flew a swept-wing RF-101 McDonnell Voodoo at an average speed of 816.279 miles per hour to shatter the 500 kilometer closed circuit course world's record. Colonel Thomas R. Ford, 837th Air Division Commander, climbs to greet and congratulate the new record holder. Captain James B. Murphy of Gallup, New Mexico, who flew the 500-kilometer circuit at a slower speed than Edwards, is also met by Colonel Ford. One week earlier. Colonel Edward J. Taylor of Austin, Texas, set a new world's speed record for the 1000 kilometer closed circuit course with an average speed of 700.047 miles per hour. The four Air Force officers discuss the new speed records. The former 500 mark of 695.127 miles per hour was established by the Navy in July 1955. France, until now, has held the 1000 record established last July with 668.188 miles per hour. Home station of the pilots is TAC's Shaw Air Force Base, South Carolina. Just ten days before, the TAC team arrived at Edwards AFB, California, to prepare for an assault on the former 500 and 1000 kilometer records.

SCENE II One of two sleek BF-101's arrives at this desert Air Force Base from its home station, Shaw AFB, South Carolina. At the controls of the world's fastest photo reconnaissance plane is Colonel Taylor, a Charter Member of the First official United States Air Force's Aerial Exhibition Team. Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy prepare to set a new world's speed record for the measured 1000-kilometer closed circuit course in their swept-wing McDonnell Voodoos. TAC's record flight attempt has been nicknamed Project VIEW-DO. A play upon the plane's name, Voodoo, and its reconnaissance mission and speed.

SCENE III Upon his arrival at Edwards, Colonel Taylor is greeted by National Air Association officials and ground crew members who preceded him to California. Briefly, Colonel Taylor discusses with the speed run observers his plans to break the existing 1000-kilometer record. The veteran air-force pilot is the Director of Operations for the 432d Tactical Reconnaissance Wing at Shaw AFB, S. C. During World War II he flew the first low-level reconnaissance mission for the invasion of Iwo Jima.

SCENE IV Shortly after the Ninth Air Force Voodoo pilots arrival at the Air Force Flight Test Center they invite the National Air Association officials out for a closer inspection of the RF-101's. During this time the entire group poses for news photographers and an official photo. Officials are Ted Carpenter, observer; S. W. Smith, timer; Charles Kepner, barograph operator; Daniel McConnell* ground observer; William Cook, ground observer; Chuck Tibbetts, air observer; and George Tibbetts, air observer. Captain Murphy and Colonel

SCENE IV Taylor are kept busy answering individual questions about the Voodoos' reconnaissance capabilities. Both pilots pointed out that the RF-101's in the speed run are standard combat models and are not souped up versions for this special event. The National Air Association judges were particularly impressed when they learned that the Voodoos were deployed to the Middle and Far East last year during the Lebanon and Taiwan crises as a weapons system in TAC's Composite Air Strike Forces (CASF). The McDonnell RF-101's can deploy to any point in the world within 24 hours for immediate combat action.

SCENE V The BIG DAY begins, just after dawn, for Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy's highly-trained ground crew members who must tow the Shaw-based Voodoos twelve miles out onto the cracked mud flats of Muroc dry lake. At the slow, snail's pace of five miles an hour the world's fastest photo reconnaissance plane moves toward its take-off point. The careful trip across the sun-bleached desert is typical of the care exercised by TAC crews, some of the best in the world. Similar crews enabled TAC's Voodoos to set former official record-breaking speeds from Los Angeles to New York at 781.7 miles per hour, and 677.7 on the return flight. On a Los Angeles-New York-Los Angeles run the 1,000 mile-per hour plus RF-101 averaged 721.8 miles an hour. This happened during Operation SUN RUN in November 1957.

SCENE VI With the Voodoos in place, Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy survey their position from the cockpit of Taylor's aircraft. They are aligned with their first check point, a fuel tank, five miles away. Flying over the predetermined 1000 kilometer closed circuit course requires precision planning by the pilots. Overlooking the smallest detail could result in failure to establish a new world's record. Their Tactical Air Command training in exact reconnaissance photo flying calls for the

SCENE VI same, often tedious, planning and professional flying skill.

SCENE VII Before take-off the Voodoos are serviced with a maximum load of fuel. Liquid Oxygen is also carried, but not for an assist boost in take-off power. The liquid oxygen will be converted to a gas so the pilots may breath in the rarefied atmosphere at altitudes of 40,000 feet and higher. Without oxygen the RF-101 pilots at this altitude could fly their aircraft for only 15 seconds before losing consciousness and would die within a matter of minutes.

SCENE VIII As the time for take-off draws nearer, Mr. Charles Kepner, NAA Barograph operator, switches on the device which will measure and record the Voodoos' altitude throughout the speed run. This is just one of the many technical aspects involved in determining the validity of a flight in which a world's speed record is at stake.

SCENE X Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy, after going over their flight plan together for the last time, declare they are ready to shatter Bernard Wit's world record of 668.188 miles per hour. S/Sgt Myron Warfel of Salem, Missouri, T/Sgt Samuel King of Johnson City, Tennessee, and T/Sgt Sanford Weaver of Lafayette, Indiana, join Colonel Taylor in a good-luck handclasp.

SCENE XI from his crew chief S/Sgt Samuel Shirey, Jr., of Camden, South Carolina. Tactical Air Command crew chiefs play a vital role in the defense of the United States by keeping their tactical jets in a combat ready status around the clock. Participation in a record-breaking speed run is a satisfying reward for extra hours of toil day after day.

SCENE XII Slowly, Colonel Taylor's BF-101 reconnaissance jet begins to roll across the dry lake on a heading of 250 degrees, passing his sister Voodoo piloted by Captain Murphy, who will follow him minutes later. As a cloud of dust billows in the wake of his jet exhaust the Voodoo is quickly approaching its take-off speed of 200 miles per hour. None of the take-offs are from a prepared airstrip. The sun-baked earth of Muroc dry lake is amply hard to sustain the heavy load of a fully fueled airplane. Colonel Taylor is airborne in one and two-tenths of a mile and is speeding toward a new world's record for the 1000-kilometer closed circuit course.

SCENE XIII Captain Murphy of Gallup, New Mexico guns his Voodoo into action only minutes after the dust has settled. Both pilots are observed from the ground and air as they fly the 622-mile oval course. Airborne officials, flying in T-33 jets, circle inside the oval and have radio contact with the Voodoos and ground observers. Actually the official 622-mile circuit is increased to 630 miles because the RF-101 pilots must make an eight-mile detour to drop their expended fuel tanks in a pre-selected isolated location.

SCENE XIV In less than 55 minutes after wheels-up, Colonel Taylor is back at Edwards AFB, bringing with him a new world's speed record for the 1000-kilometer closed circuit course. The Tactical Air Command pilot's average speed is a record smashing 700.047

SCENE XIV miles per hour, almost 32 miles an hour faster than the French record. He crossed the starting point at 1000 feet, climbed to more than 40,00 feet and crossed the finish line at 19,000 feet. He began his letdown 91 miles from the finish marker.

SCENE XVI Others are also anxious to hear details of the flight and while completing flight forms that will be preserved for history Colonel Taylor answers a barrage of questions. Among those who are most anxious to learn of the Voodoo's performance are technical representatives of McDonnell Aircraft and Pratt and Whitney Aircraft companies. McDonnell manufactures the RF-101; the engines are made by Pratt and Whitney. Captain Edwards, later to set the new 500 kilometer record, also discusses the flight with Colonel Taylor.

SCENE XVII Captain Murphy arrives only minutes after Colonel Taylor and taxies his swept-wing RF-101 into parking position. He has also topped the French mark by clocking a speed of 678.607 miles per hour, but the higher speed is counted as the official new world record.

SCENE XVIII Colonel Taylor climbs the utility ladder to greet his running mate, Captain Murphy, and the two Ninth Air Force pilots discuss their record flights. A small crowd continues to mill about the two tactical reconnaissance planes, commenting

SCENE XVIII to each other about the Air Force's new world speed mark. Captain Murphy, even though he beat the former world record, is visibly disappointed.

SCENE XIX With the speed runs now recorded in history to stand for a month or several years, the pilots return to Shaw Air Force Base. At Shaw they will continue their ever constant training as reconnaissance pilots for the Tactical Air Command of the United States Air Force. There they will stand ready to move, as they did when world peace was threatened last summer, to any part of the world as a team member of TAC's Composite Air Strike Force, a powerful deterrent to aggression.

Appendix VII: Dear Legionnaires

This is my letter to members of American Legion Post 4 who elected me as their youngest commander ever, at age thirty-two. I was also the first Korean veteran to serve as Post 4 Commander.

May 16, 1966

Dear Legionnaires:

As the sun begins to set on my year as your Commander, I extend my sincere appreciation and a farewell "thank you" to all of you who have helped make these past 12 months one of the most pleasantly memorable years of my life. While there are a few moments of twilight left in this year, I want to recall with you some of the things which have taken place since that humbling ceremony early last June which installed me as your Commander.

There are, of course, the usual programs of any American Legion Post, with some of these, such as American Legion baseball, Boy's State, Child Welfare and membership, where we set a new record for the sixth consecutive year, we did admirably well. In other programs, we were moderately successful, and in some we failed to function. But, in reminiscing, I want to share with you some of the new ideas, or different twists to old ideas, which became a part of Post 4's program this year.

Probably one of the most unselfish and charitable acts of the Post was the establishment of a perpetual memorial fund at the local Children's Rehabilitation Ranch to honor, and in memory of, Chuck Wrede who was serving as our second vice commander when he died nearly two years ago. He was, at the same time, director of the Rehabilitation Ranch. To insure annual contributions to this fund, the annual American Legion Ball was renamed the American Legion Chuck Wrede Memorial Ball, with all proceeds going to the Chuck Wrede Memorial Fund.

Also, this year, a speaker's bureau was established with the assistance of Past Department Commander Col. Ed Bentley, Past Commander Quillian Yancey and Second Vice Commander Bob Levitt. Although there were not as many requests for speakers as we had hoped for when the bureau was established, it was favorably received throughout the community and should continue to be a source of speakers with ever-growing frequency. Primarily the speaker's bureau was established to acquaint members of the Lakeland community with the ideals of Americanism as viewed by the American Legion with special emphasis on the U.S. Constitution.

A step forward, I feel, was taken when we placed our publicity program in the hands of Bill Cheek, a professional in handling and placing publicity items. Because of previous inactivity in promoting close and beneficial ties with local news media, our publicity program did get off to a slow start this year, but has been picking up steam and I feel is rolling along smoothly now with an ever-increasing number of mentions in the local newspapers and on local radio of the American Legion and its programs and activities.

To the delight of many members, our Legion clubroom has been completely renovated and now provides an atmosphere for socializing and fellowship unequaled by any other club, private or public, in town.

A speaker's program at our second and fourth Tuesday meetings each month was also well received. We were privileged to have with us during the year such noted personalities as Tom Waddell of the Insurance Commissioner's office in Tallahassee, Representative Ray Osborne from Pinellas County, Representative Ray Mattox from Winter Haven, Senator Ben Hill Griffin from Frostproof, former Lakeland Mayor Tom Joyner and Representative Wallace Storey from Bartow. Also, we were visited on two occasions by our Department Commander Lamar Cannon and by 7th District Commander Spencer Stott.

Another new program this year was the establishment of an outstanding member selection committee. This committee was charged with the difficult task of selecting one of our members as the outstanding Legionnaire of the year. As you may know by now, their choice this year was Charles V. Jones, a past commander of the Post, who has done much for the American Legion and its program over the past several years, and continued his efforts at a record pace this year, even in the face of personal tragedy within his family.

And last, but of much importance to me since it was established as my own personal goal, attendance at meetings this year has been increased by approximately 30 to 60 percent. This, I feel, is vital to a vigorous execution of American Legion programs and I sincerely hope that more and more members will attend meetings this coming year and in succeeding years.

You have been wonderful to me in providing an opportunity to serve the greatest organization on earth. I sincerely hope and urge that you give your new Commander, Al Richter, and all the officers who will be serving with him, your enthusiastic and faithful support during the coining year.

See you at the meetings, from my new chair as past commander.

Kindest personal regards to you all.

Sincerely,

Charles C. Dockery
Commander

Appendix VIII: Talk given to Dixieland Lions Club

Talk given by C. C. Dockery, past Commander of American Legion Post 4, before the Dixieland Lions Club May 27, 1969.

Good evening, it's a real pleasure for me to be with you tonight representing the American Legion of Florida and Post 4 here in Lakeland.

After taking a look at the goals and activities of Lions International I feel right at home since your aims closely parallel those of the American Legion. Because of this strong belief in our mutual service to community, state and nation, you may be interested in knowing that this year, the American Legion celebrates its 50th anniversary. Some of you, I know, belong to the American Legion and are quite familiar with it, however, for those of you who are not, I'd like to briefly get in a couple of plugs about our background before I get to the subject of my visit with you tonight.

The American Legion was formed in Paris back in 1919, by the veterans of World War I who were very much concerned about the problems they faced in being returned to civilian life. Of course the American Legion has broadened its program tremendously since that time to not only assist veterans in returning to civilian life but to assist the community and especially our youth in becoming vitally conscious of the rewards our great nation has given us, and to help them take a roll in perpetuating the abundance of freedom we enjoy.

The American Legion does this through several specific programs including Boys State and Girls State where we send our promising young men and girls to Tallahassee for a firsthand look at state government and then, those who are selected there go on to the American Legion sponsored Boys Nation and Girls Nation to see how things operate at the federal level.

Another well-known program is American Legion baseball. Probably more than one fourth of all major league players today have had some contact with American Legion baseball. More importantly though, it has given thousands upon thousands of youngsters an opportunity to participate in a sports program they might not have otherwise had the chance to enjoy.

The American Legion sponsors an annual oratorical contest for our teenagers aimed at making them more aware of Americanism and what it means. School awards are presented to outstanding young leaders each year. We, like you, are interested in community programs and have our own welfare committee, blood bank committee, Christmas bag committee and others to do everything that we can to help make Lakeland a better community to live in.

As you are probably known most widely for your work in sight conservation and aid to the blind, the American Legion is recognized as being fiercely aggressive in its Americanism programs, jealously guarding

our Constitution and Bill of Rights. So you can see that we, through our different organizations, work for the same common purpose. This can best be illustrated by the splendid cooperation which is now going on between Lions International and the American Legion in "our kind of guy" program. This is an ambitious undertaking which we share along with the Jaycees and the Kiwanis to offer assistance to the more than 70,000 Vietnam veterans who are returning to civilian life each month. We have just received the word on this program in a letter signed by our National Commander and your Mr. David Evans, along with heads of the other organizations I've mentioned and hope to get something started on a local level soon.

In case you haven't received your letter yet, the program encourages civic groups to make a supreme effort to invite each returning service man, or woman, to be their guests at a meeting, publicize their appearance and set up committees to help them find employment. In general, let them know that they are "our kind of guy" and we're interested in their return home. We hope that you, too, will become actively involved in this. But, I suppose that's enough of talk about what great guys we all are, so I'll get on to another subject which is very close to me and I believe to you, too.

Just three short days from tonight, our nation will pause for a few moments to recognize the greatest list of heroes in our history. On Memorial Day, May 30, 1969, each of us—in our own way—will pay tribute to those who have paid the highest price to purchase the way of life we enjoy tonight. And, I say each of us because I doubt that there is a person in this room—few in the nation—who has not been touched in some way by those gallant men who have given to us, God's most precious gift to them—their lives—so that we may live in the freest of all free nations.

Some of you may be touched by the sacrifices your ancestors so willingly made during the Revolutionary War to send a young nation on an uncharted and unparalleled course of individual freedom and responsibilities. Others will recall the stories passed on to them about the bloody and terrible war between the states. Some may long for the acquaintance of a grandfather who never came back from the trenches of World War I. Many of us have had our hearts scarred with the loss of a dear loved one in World War II and Korea. And perhaps—although I pray not—some of you may have been shattered with the death of someone near in this hard to understand and frightful defense of freedom in Vietnam.

Each of us will pause on Memorial Day to remember different ones and different wars, but we will have in common the knowledge that we live in freedom through their death in war. This then, with the Vietnam War still being fought, causes Memorial Day to take on a deeper and more heartfelt significance. Our casualties in Asia now surpass the 33,629 Americans who gave their lives in the Korean War. We see with saddened eyes that this is now the fourth costliest in American lives in our history. From Florida alone we have sent nearly one quarter of a million young men to serve the cause of freedom—200,000 of them volunteers, patriotic youngsters who heard the call for help and said yes, "take me, I believe in my country." Already more than 3,000 of them from Polk County have returned to join the 60,000 other veterans here who faced the forces of fascism and communism and said, no you shall not prevail, freedom will live.

Some who left will not return. They are the ones we honor on May 30th. And, we honor their families—those who know better than we—perhaps even better than our longed for buddies—the meaning of sacrifice for freedom. Our buddies know now the reward of final peace while the young wives, sons and daughters, mothers and fathers struggle on and shed silent tears, at Christmas, on birthdays, anniversaries and on Memorial Day.

For them—more than 1200 in Polk County—the space of time has been too short between the gaiety of life and the tragedy of death. However, it is my dream—and a dream I hope you will share with me—that some time in the future of our planet, Earth, the space of time will be so distant, the absence of war so long, the abundance of freedom so great, for all peoples of this earth, that Memorial Day will have lost its significance. Oh no, I do not want those in that time to be ignorant of the sacrifices for freedom which have preceded them. Yet, I do want the memory of their ancestors' involvement in these sacrifices to be so dim that Memorial Day will cease to be a time of heavy hearts, mournful memories and tear filled eyes. Until that time comes, we have a responsibility to stand fast in our defense of freedom against its enemy at home and abroad. This is the time when we here must support our men in uniform wherever they may be.

This support, although there are common goals which will bind us together, is much like our observance of Memorial Day, an individual thing. Some will sacrifice a higher interest rate to purchase savings bonds, at a time when our country finds it necessary to borrow more and more money from its citizens. Some will support our men through increased donations to the Red Cross and the USO. Some will dedicate their lives to community service, thereby insuring a better town for our veterans to come home to after the long vigil is over. Some will rise to serve our state and nation as great servants of the people. However, the great majority of us will support our heroes of today through the observance of a way of life under a system of law, a love for our country, that has given us much in return, a reverence for a flag which is the symbol of freedom everywhere, a love of God, the great Giver of all things, a prayer to take good care of those who have died, to comfort those who fall wounded, and to save those who have not yet been called to give their all.

Then, we as a nation shall surely survive. We will survive those who would protest rather than serve, those who use the rules of democracy to destroy the institutions of a republic, and those who would burn rather than build. Yes, we will survive, thanks to the men and women of all services, of all wars, whom we honor on May 30, and to you, the members of the Dixieland Lions Club, who have not and will not let them down at home.

Appendix IX: Talk given to Southwest Jr. High School

Talk Delivered By Me At Southwest Junior High School, Lakeland, Florida, November 11, 1969, Veterans Day

Good morning.

Today, Veterans Day, is a day set aside for commemorating the courage and patriotism of all the men and women who have served in the armed forces of our country. This day is co-celebrated in Canada, Great Britain and France, originally as Armistice Day in the United States, to remind all of the tragedy of war.

It was in 1954 that the Congress of our country established November 11 as Veterans Day to honor all American veterans war time and peace time. This then is the reason I, a member of American Legion Post 4 in Lakeland, an organization of war-time veterans, am here with you today—to pause for a moment to remember our fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers who have served our country.

Service is what I want to talk with you about this morning. Because, as they have served in the past, you will be called on to serve in the future—perhaps in the military as those we honor today, or you may choose other areas in which to serve. Most of you, I imagine, have not yet decided how you will serve either yourself, your community, your state, your nation and mankind—but serve you will.

Some of you will serve well, some not so well and I hope that no one of you will serve poorly, but history says some few will. This is borne out in the deeds of those who came before us, my own generation, the Korean War generation. As a group that generation has given mankind and our country some of the most remarkable achievements on record—witness the landing of man on the moon last July 20.

We've also made some blunders, witnessed the legacy of discontent and disillusionment we handed your older brothers and sisters. Your generation too will make mistakes. However, if you work now for your role as masters of the future, perhaps you and your classmates will hand to your younger brothers and sisters, your children and grandchildren, future generations, a better community, a better state, a better nation, a better world.

But if you are to be successful, in this, you must prepare for this important role. You must go on a mind expanding binge—I'm not talking about LSD, I'm not talking about marijuana and I'm not talking about pills and booze. All of these have been tried by those before you and while they may be real mind benders, they are only side trips to mind expansion, like heading for glamorous Palm Beach and getting side tracked in Yehaw Junction, stumbling blocks in the way of the real happening—life and you.

I'm talking about mind expansion through yak-a-de-yak thoughts shared with a good friend, speaking to your teachers, talking with your grandparents, reading about your community, learning more about your

state, studying the South, the North, the East, the West, getting to know the United States, learning about our planet and dreaming about the universe. You say, Rats, Mr. Dockery, we know about those things, we talk with each other every day. We're with our teachers day in and day out, Mom and Pop are always yelling, our books are full of Florida, the United States, the world and all that junk.

But do you really know Mom and Dad? Do you know your teachers? For example, how many of you here know your principal? Raise your hands. By that, I think you assume I mean his last name. You're right. Now, for another question. All those who know Mr. Kersey's first name, raise your hand. That's right. It's John. How many of you know what he likes to do when he's away, not here at the school with you? How many of you know he still talks with friends about the big nine-pound bass he hooked out of Lake Hunter? How many of you know about his son, Charlie, in the second grade and Bill, a couple of years away from attending school? Do you know how long and hard he fought to get the new library, how hard he's working to get a new bandroom and a larger Cafeteria? This is what I mean when I say you ought to get to know those around you more—your best friends, parents and teachers.

All this is why I urge you to get to know your community, state and country. Ask your teachers to plan a field trip to one of the school board meetings. Listen to the members of that board decide how Southwest Junior High and the county's other schools will operate. They tell us whether you will ride a school bus or walk. Get to know them. Try to arrange a visit with the county board of commissioners. These are the men and women who decree whether you live on a paved road or a dirt one. They decide how millions of your parents' tax dollars are spent. Get to know them and you will get to know Polk County better. Take in a Lakeland City Commission meeting. In addition to planning the future of Lakeland they decide many issues which directly affect you in your home—how much your families pay for water—how much for electricity, how much for parking and how many or how few teen recreation facilities you'll get. Get to know the city commissioners and you'll know more about Lakeland.

With every little tad of knowledge you add, you then become better qualified to march with your generation to the front ranks of mankind and assume your role as master of the future. After you know the "real thing" about Lakeland, Polk County, Florida and the U.S. you can ask for change, you can demand change, because you will know where the change will lead and will be prepared to justify it, why the timing is correct for now instead of later. Studied and reasoned change will earn you the respect of the generation traveling before you and of the generation that follows. You will have created an important new generation gap.

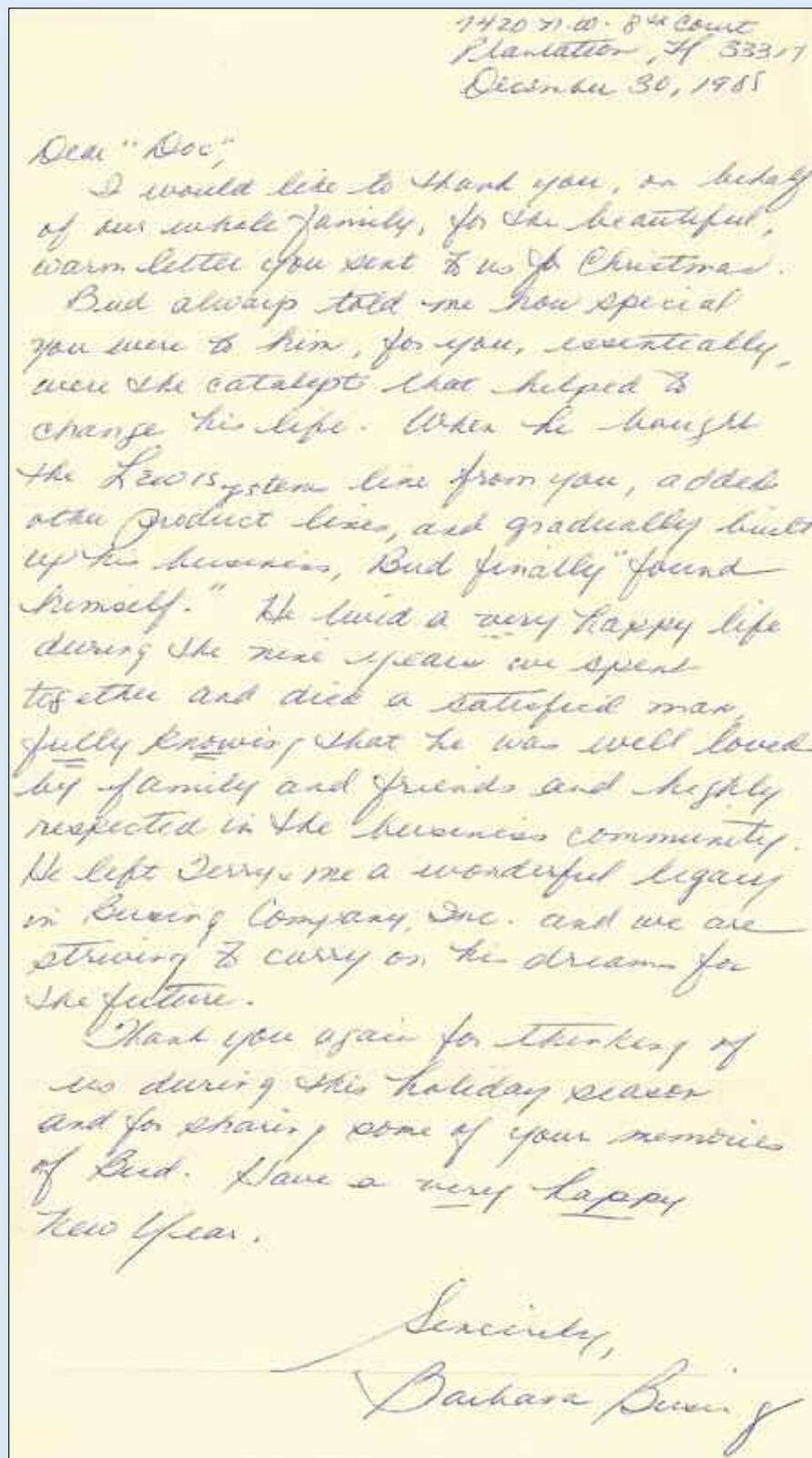
Yes, generation gap, or change, and I don't use the word despairingly or in a derogatory manner. If you've ever been to the mountains then you know you can't have lovely, majestic mighty mountain peaks without gaps between. Generation gaps, thank God, set us apart, each rising in its own beautiful splendor. Agreed, the splendor is occasionally scarred by the erosion of time, but each peak is beautiful, each generation can be the same.

I love neither flat, drab plains, nor dull, colorless generations. Your generation gap can lead upward to a

great new peak of human understanding, of the fulfillment of dreams of all the peoples of this world. It can become a great mountaintop of good will that wins the admiration of all generations. You can be the masters of the future, take the good from the past, your fathers and forefathers and thrive on it, improve on it. Take the bad, study it, find out why it's bad, then put it in a corner somewhere so that you can look at it and let it remind you of the dangerous sidetrips so that you will not forget and fall prey to the same shortcomings in life which created the bad in the first place.

If it sounds as though I'm trying to send you all off to be president of our country or pilot of a university, this is not true. The patriotic, energetic spirit we gather here today to commemorate can be just as effective if concentrated in your home, Lakeland or Florida, as it can in Washington or in the United Nations in New York. Get to know yourself and the world better and you will see more of the good in all. Travel through your generation gap with the confidence that knowledge instills, choosing your way deliberately and you will reach a mighty peak where all must look up to see you, as today we honor those who have served our country in war and peace.

Appendix X: Barbara Busing Letter



Appendix XI: Carl's Eulogy for Carl York

Carl Dockery speaking about his namesake at his grandfather's funeral

March 4, 1990

When Poppa asked me to speak at his funeral, he told me the following: "No one can preach you into heaven, a man's life is his sermon."

For that reason in particular, I would like to share some thoughts with you about the qualities of character of the man we have come to pay respect to today.

As I remember and speak about this man that you and I knew and loved, please search your memory also. I am going to speak about my memories and knowledge of Carl because that is what I know, but you knew him too and his memory is special to you for similar reasons as mine. I'm going to ask you now to close your eyes, clear your minds, and as I mention a few characteristics that make me think of Carl York, I want you to remember Poppa's qualities through your own memories.

PEACEFUL, not easily angered, good natured . . .

Not a complainer, not a quitter . . .

GRATITUDE, a grateful man . . .

HUMOR,

FAITHFUL.

Carl York was a man who was not easily angered. As his namesake, I spent more time around my grandfather than many people are able to do. I visited in the summer and Thanksgiving; he visited at Christmas and when we would be babysitted for a long period of time. Only once was I able to get Poppa upset at me, and even then it was a group effort – it took the efforts of both me and my cousin to anger him.

This quality, that of a peaceful man with a long temper, was something Poppa considered valuable. As his final days approached, several family members confided to me that Poppa told them he was happy that they had never exchanged harsh or angry words. And if a man doesn't lose his temper in the presence of his family, he seldom loses it elsewhere.

Carl York was a peaceful man, not easily angered.

Carl York was also not a complainer. Before I was born, Poppa had already endured several heart attacks. I never knew him to be completely free from pain; and I never knew him to talk much of it. He was with me when I saw my first snow; when I killed my first quail, he was coaching me; and when I went on my first deer hunt, he was there. No, poor health didn't turn Poppa into a complainer or a quitter.

In his later years, with his legs removed, and his right eye blind, he learned to shoot left handed and still went quail hunting with us – and even shot a boar on a hog hunt.

Carl York didn't quit on life, and he didn't complain.

Another thing Poppa was, was a man of gratitude. A man of few idle words, except maybe when he got on the CB or if you happened to be in his barber chair; Poppa was not one to pay God or his fellow man lip service. If he said he was grateful or thankful, he meant it.

This was most clearly displayed to me when his legs were amputated. A man who loved to tromp in the woods, fish, or go downstairs and mess around in his basement – lost his mobility.

I know it was not an easy time when he lost his legs, but those closest to him during that time strongly remember one thing more than any other – he prayed, he thanked God for the use of his legs for those many years.

Carl York was a grateful man.

Another important part of Poppa's character was his humor. I think everyone who knew Carl could easily think of two funny things or sayings of his. Humor made life more fun.

But humor also helped him get through adversity.

Once, when one of his great-granddaughters came up and gave him a big hug, she also rubbed what was left of his legs and asked, "Poppa, where are your legs?" "I let the hospital have them." was Poppa's response. The great-granddaughter continued, "Well, when are you going to get them?" "Oh, not yet." said Poppa.

Poppa well knew the truth of the scripture "laughter makes the heart merry like a good medicine." Please pardon me if many of my memories are of Carl when his health was poorest. But it is then that the only thing left to see in the man is the qualities of his character.

I think Poppa would like for me to leave you one last funny thought from him. Last year, I visited the graveside where Poppa will be buried. His name was already on a tombstone on the cemetery's edge near the road. I came back and told him that he looked pretty good there, planted in the ground. He said yes, he thought so too but he was afraid someone was going to miss the curve in the road and was going to run over him instead!

Besides being a humorous man, Carl York was a faithful man. Those of us that were family or friends of his knew we could count on his friendship. If Carl York was your friend, you knew you always had a friend. This quality was valued highly by Carl, and rightly so. He was a humble man, but proud of the fact that he had never been unfaithful to his wife. And he was a faithful friend to all of us.

Carl York was a faithful man,
and I would be unfaithful if I concluded now, because
Carl York was also a man of faith.

He attended church and considered himself a Christian until the late 1970's. At that time, he suffered a severe heart attack. His heart stopped beating. When he was revived and after he recovered, he told his family that he had seen and talked to Jesus. I don't know what was said, but I do know this much: Carl's religious life changed. I believe Poppa concluded that being christianized was not the same thing as becoming a Christian, and I know that he would want us to hear those words.

And now, hear from Scripture a passage appropriate for our loved one and friend.

II Timothy 4:7-8

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day - and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for his appearing.

Let us PRAY:

Dear God,

Thank you for a man of little formal education – but rich in wisdom; a man of little physical health – but a man of great internal strength. You graced us with the company of a man who loved life and us well. We are grieved by our loss at his passing, but we are joyful for Carl Horace York because his pain is over and his life has now begun. We thank you for his earthly life, and while we cannot keep him, no one may take away our memories of him. May these memories fill us with joy and cause us to be better people.

In the name of the GREAT and ONLY God, and His Son Jesus Christ, Amen.

Appendix XII: Osama bin Laden Killed

ABC News

Osama bin Laden Killed: 'Justice Is Done,' President Says

By DEAN SCHABNER and KAREN TRAVERS

May 1, 2011

Osama bin Laden, hunted as the mastermind behind the worst terrorist attack on U.S. soil, has been killed, President Obama announced tonight.

The president called the killing of bin Laden the "most significant achievement to date" in the effort to defeat al Qaeda.

"Justice has been done," Obama said.

Bin Laden was located at a compound in Abbottabad, Pakistan, which was monitored and when the time was determined to be right, the president said, he authorized a "targeted operation."

"A small team of Americans carried out the operation," Obama said. "After a firefight, they killed Osama bin Laden and took custody of his body."

DNA testing confirmed that it was bin Laden, sources told ABC News.

Obama said tonight that he was briefed last August on a possible but "far from certain" lead to bin Laden, but it took many months for the intelligence community to "run this thread to ground."

"I met repeatedly with my National Security team as we developed more information about the possibility that we had located Bin Laden hiding within a compound deep inside Pakistan," the president said.

"Finally, last week I determined that we had enough intelligence to take action and authorized an operation to get Osama Bin Laden and bring him to justice," he said.

Sources said the attack was carried out by Joint Special Operations Command forces (Navy Seals) working with the CIA.

Vice President Biden briefed Republican congressional leaders this evening on the operation, which had been kept secret until shortly before the president's announcement tonight.

Former President George W. Bush said in a statement tonight that Obama called him to inform him of the news of bin Laden's death.

Bush called the operation a "momentous achievement" that marks a victory for America, for people who seek peace around the world, and for all those who lost loved ones on September 11, 2001.

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"I congratulated him and the men and women of our military and intelligence communities who devoted their lives to this mission. They have our everlasting gratitude," the former president said in a statement. "The fight against terror goes on, but tonight America has sent an unmistakable message: No matter how long it takes, justice will be done."

Outside the White House, a crowd of about 200 people has gathered with American flags. They are singing the Star Spangled banner and chanting "USA USA."

This major development in the war on terror comes just days after Obama announced significant changes to his national security team.

Bin Laden's death brings to an end a tumultuous life that saw him go from being the carefree son of a Saudi billionaire, to terrorist leader and the most wanted man in the world. (After the raid, U.S. forces took bin Laden's body to Afghanistan for identification, then buried it at sea within 24 hours of his death.)

Bin Laden created and funded the al Qaeda terror network, which was responsible for the Sept. 11, 2001, attacks on the United States. The Saudi exile had been a man on the run since the U.S.-led invasion of Afghanistan overthrew the ruling Taliban regime, which harbored bin Laden.

In a video filmed two months after the Sept. 11 attacks, bin Laden gloated about the attack, saying it had exceeded even his "optimistic" calculations.

"Our terrorism is against America. Our terrorism is a blessed terrorism to prevent the unjust person from committing injustice and to stop American support for Israel, which kills our sons," he said in the video.

Long before the Sept. 11 attacks, bin Laden was known as an enemy of the United States. He was suspected of playing large roles in the 1998 bombings of two U.S. Embassies in Africa and the attack on the USS Cole in the Yemeni port of Aden in October 2000.

In addition, authorities say bin Laden and his al Qaeda network were involved in previous attacks against U.S. interests – including the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, failed plots to kill President Clinton and the pope, and attacks on U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia and Somalia.

Bin Laden also used his millions to bankroll terrorist training camps in Sudan, the Philippines and Afghanistan, sending "holy warriors" to foment revolution and fight with fundamentalist Muslim forces across North Africa, in Chechnya, Tajikistan and Bosnia.

Until the capture of one of his top al Qaeda lieutenants in March 2003, there had been no confirmation of his whereabouts – or even that he was still alive – since late 2001, when he appeared in a series of videotapes later released to news organizations.

In recent years, several audio recordings of bin Laden have been authenticated by U.S. officials and made public. In an 18-minute videotape weeks before the 2004 U.S. presidential election, bin Laden threatened fresh attacks on the United States as well as his intent to push America into bankruptcy.

Appendix XIII: Biographical Data Sheet

C. C. “Doc” Dockery Biographical Data Sheet

When I was introduced to speak before Bob Martinez’s Rotary Club of Tampa in October, 2002, I was honored that he recalled a Tallahassee reporter who conferred the title of Renaissance Man on me. Here is a summary of some of the activities in which I’ve been involved.

Business

Chairman Emeritus, Summit Consulting, Inc.
Chairman of the Board, Dockery Leasing Corp.
Former Chairman and CEO of Crossroads Insurance Co.
Former Chairman and CEO of Gulf Insurance Co. Ltd.
Former Director, Florida 2012, an effort to attract the 2012 Summer Olympics to Florida
Former Member, Board of Directors, First Union Bank, Lakeland
Former Member, Board of Directors, Summit Holdings Southeast, Inc.
Former Member, Board of Directors, U. S. Employers Insurance Company
Former Member, Executive Committee, Florida TaxWatch
Former Trustee, Florida TaxWatch
Former Member, Lloyds of London
Former Member, Board of Directors, Cotton States Life Insurance Company
Former Member, Board of Directors, Cotton States Mutual Insurance Company

Professional

Co-Author, *“Beyond The Hill, A Directory Of Congress From 1984 To 1993, Where Have All The Members Gone?”*
Former Editor and Publisher, Florida Forum Magazine
Former Member, Florida Department of Labor & Employment Security Rules Advisory Committee
Former Member, Florida Department of Labor Workers’ Compensation Advisory Committee
Past President, Associated Self Insurers of Florida
Past President, Florida Society of Association Executives
Past Vice Chairman, American Society of Association Executives
Publisher of *“Who’s Killing Workmen’s Comp?”* an exposé of the abuses of Florida’s workers’ compensation law.

Political

Past Polk County Chairman, Martinez/Brantley Campaign for Governor
1990 Past Polk County Chairman, Governor Martinez’s Re-election Campaign
Past Polk County Chairman, Republican Party Victory ‘92
Founding Member, Governor’s Advisory Committee to the Florida Commission on Aging
Past Member, President H.W. Bush Presidential Personnel Advisory Committee
Past Member, School Board of Polk County

Civic and Fraternal

Former Chairman, Florida High Speed Rail Commission
Former Commander, American Legion Post 4, Lakeland
Former Member, Blue Ribbon Task Force on Imperial Polk Parkway
Former Member, Board of Governors, Polk Museum of Art
Former Member, Florida High Speed Rail Authority
Former Member, Lakeland Yacht & Country Club Board of Trustees
Former Member, Polk County Citizens Committee for Efficient Civil Government
Former Polk County Chairman, *Eight Is Enough* Constitutional Amendment Drive
Former Trustee, Webber International University, Babson Park
Member, American Legion Post 4, Lakeland
Member, Audubon Society
Member, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Lakeland
Member, Defenders of Wildlife
Member, Imperial Polk Lodge No. 91 F & AM, Lakeland
Member, Imperial Symphony Orchestra, Polk County
Member, Lakeland Yacht & Country Club
Member, Scottish Rite
Member, Tallahassee Governors Club
Member, University of Florida Gator Boosters

Awards and Recognition

Honorary PhD in Business Administration, Webber College, Babson Park, Florida
Award of Appreciation presented by the Sierra Club Central Florida Group for outstanding commitment to the protection of the environment.
Boss of the Year Award presented by the American Business Women's Association
American Society of Association Executives Key Award in recognition for superior achievements in the field of association management.
American Society of Association Executives Grand Award for management achievement presented in recognition of the development of one of the nation's first management safety planners for the implementation of the Occupational Safety and Health Act.
Unsung Hero Award, Florida Department American Legion
Action Time Award, Florida Department American Legion
Cavalcade of Freedom Award, Florida Department American Legion
Winner's Circle, Florida Trend Magazine
Eagle Award, Outstanding Republican in Polk County
Workers' Compensation Self Insurers Annual Award for Outstanding Service
Champion of Higher Independent Education in Florida Award, Webber College
Elected to the Republican Club of Lakeland's Hall of Honor

