

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.

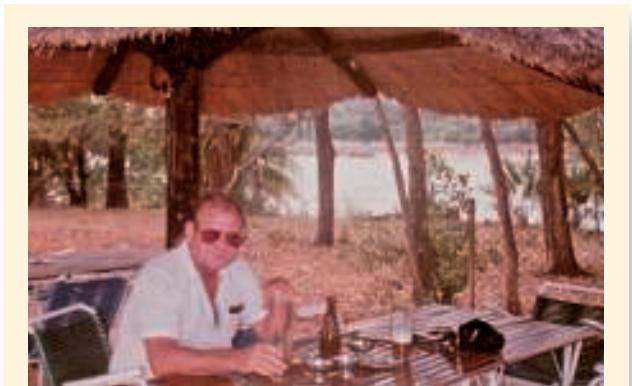
"Maybe so," I said, "but not this morning."

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



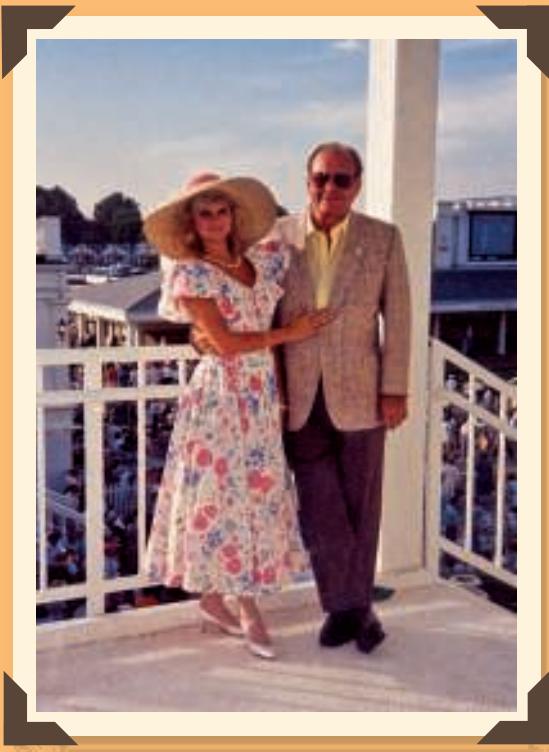
While I was off in Africa with Marli after the deal with A&A for the purchase of Summit fell apart, we visited Kruger National Park in South Africa. That is the Oliphant River in the background.



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 mother, Lucy 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.

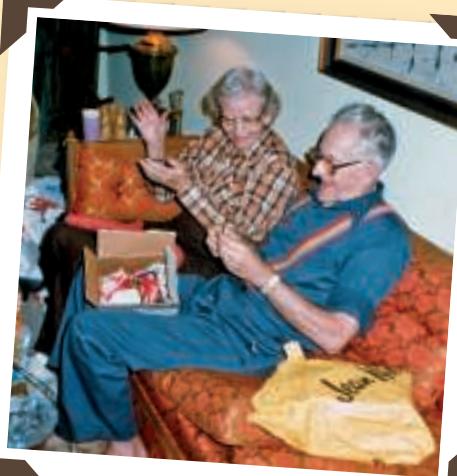


*Scuba diving in Devil's Grotto
off Eden Rock in Grand Cayman.*

*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.*

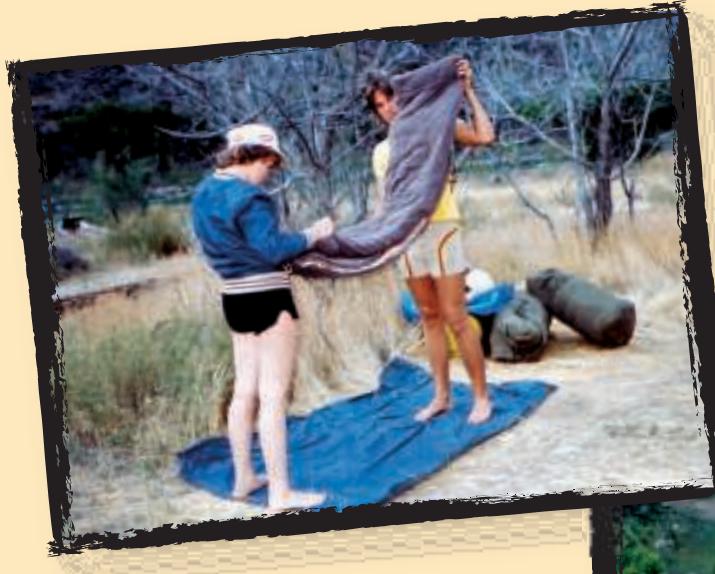


*Christmas 1983 with
Mom and Papa York.*

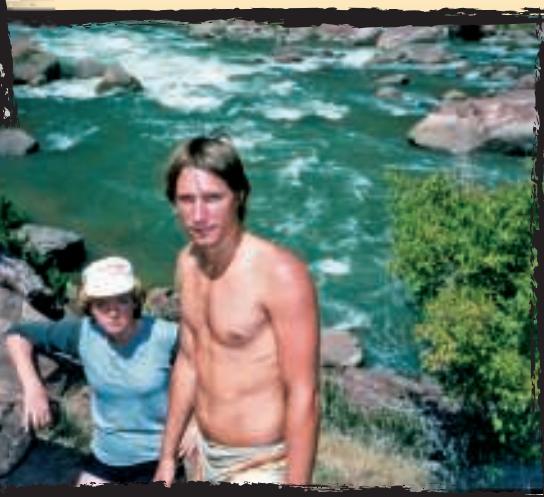


*Michele and me at the
World's Fair.*





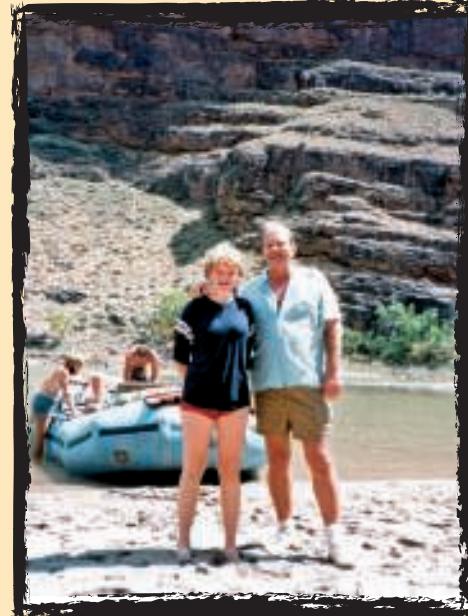
Michele and Carl making camp one evening during a Green River, Utah, rafting trip.



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.

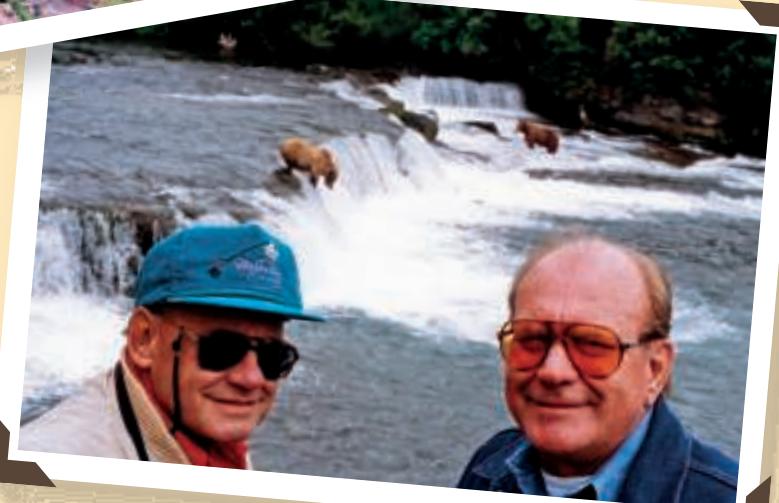


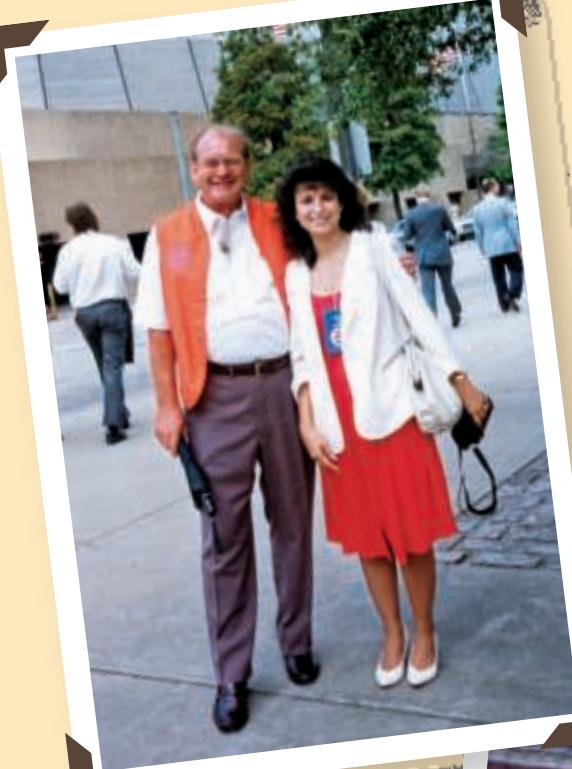
Tom Petcoff (on left) and me on a fishing trip out to Bimini with a couple of other friends.



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.*

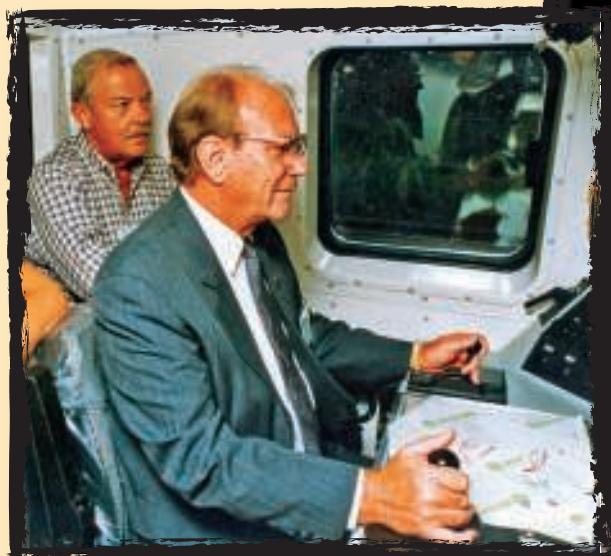


About a mile from my condo at Snowmass, Top of the Village, is a restaurant and several sled dogs. This photo was taken just before we took a sled ride through the mountains. These dogs and their sledders train here at Snowmass for the Iditarod race in Alaska.



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



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.)

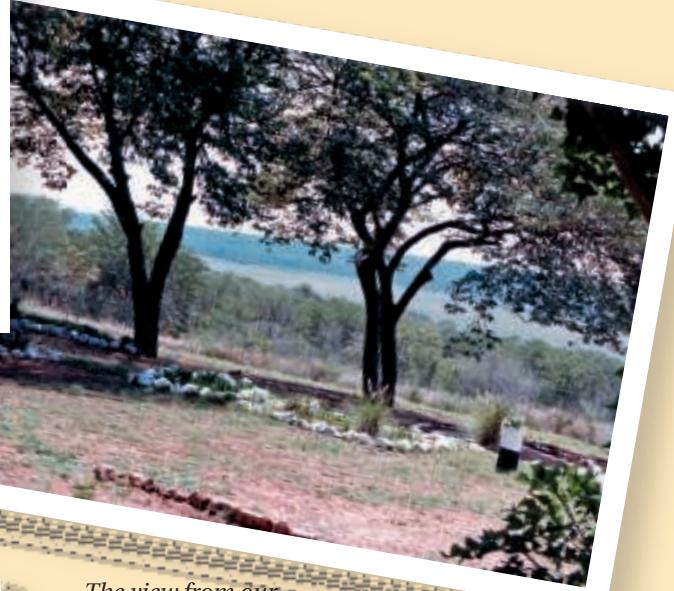
While on the study tour in Sweden we met and had dinner with U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Redman and Mrs. Redman. To my right is Nazih Haddad.



1984 First African Hunt to Zimbabwe



These mud huts were our sleeping quarters in the Matetsi Forest.



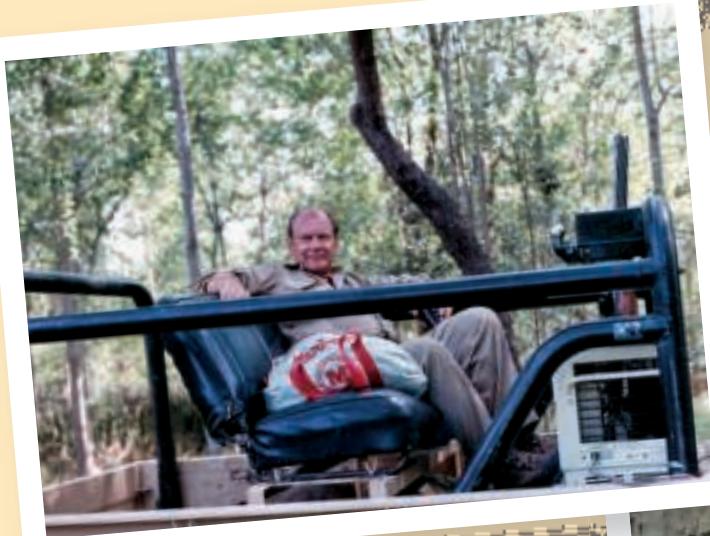
The view from our dining room.



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.

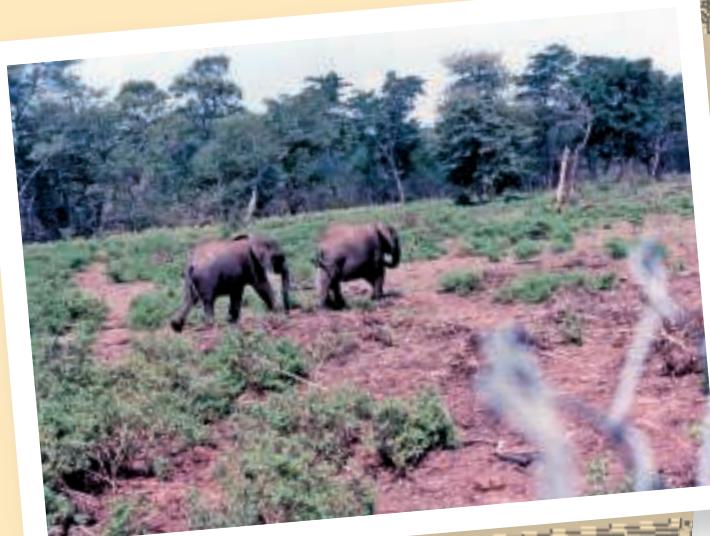


This impala missed qualifying for SCI ranking by a fraction of a point.



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.

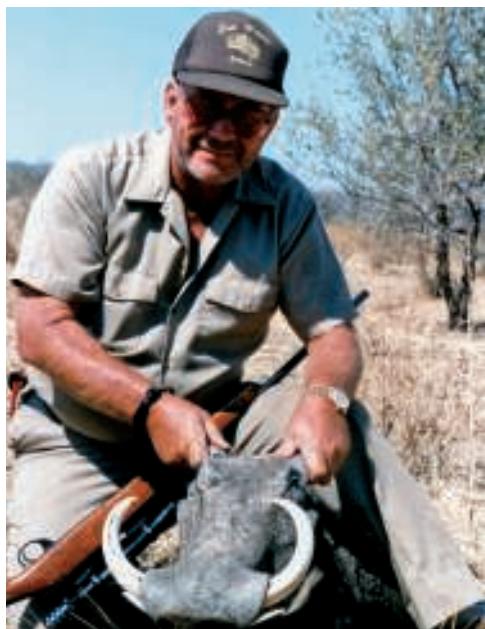
1985 Second African Hunt to Zimbabwe



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.

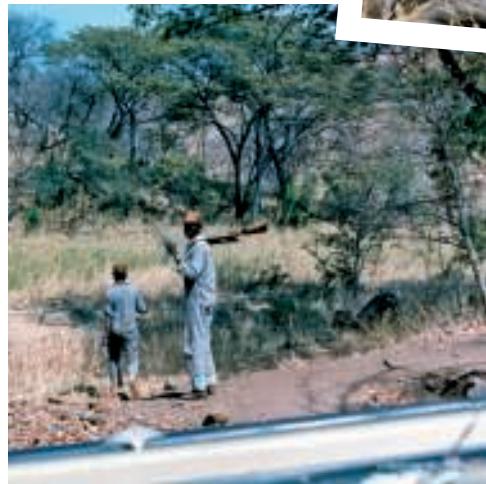
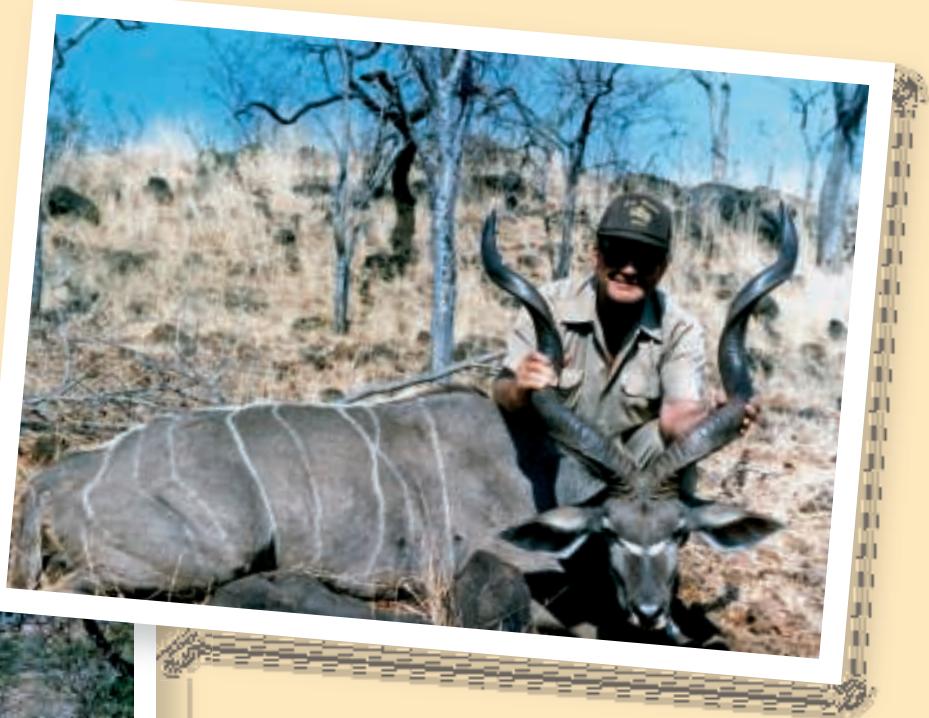


The warthog meat is delicious, probably the best of any wild game meat I had while hunting in Africa. The impala is second best. This warthog ranks 96 in the SCI record book.



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.



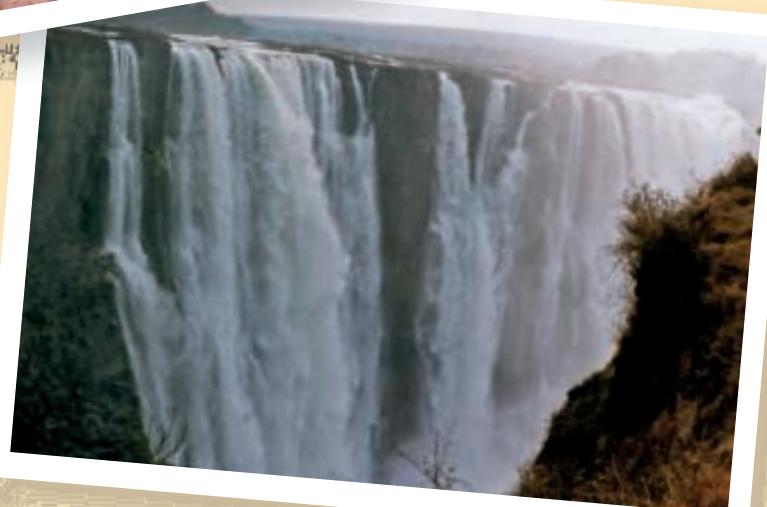
This klipspringer was one of my longest shots, at nearly 200 yards, and is ranked 26 by SCI.

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.

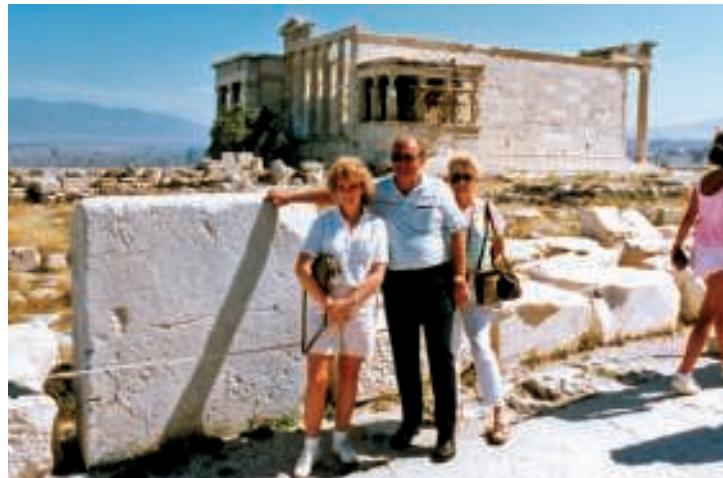


From Paris we traveled to Bavaria visiting many of the castles in southern Germany. This is the beautiful Linderhof Palace near the famous Neuschwanstein Castle. Both were within a short driving distance of my favorite city in Germany, Garmisch-Partenkirchen.



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.

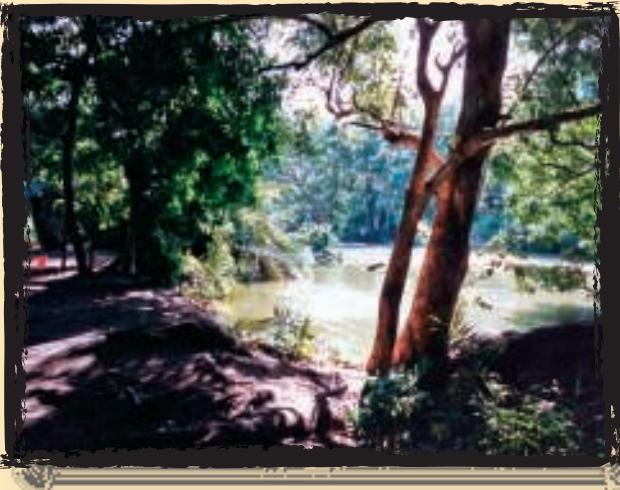




From Greece we traveled to Nairobi, Kenya, where we visited, among other places, the home of Karen (Isak) Dinesen Blixen. Her book *Out of Africa* is one of my favorites.



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.



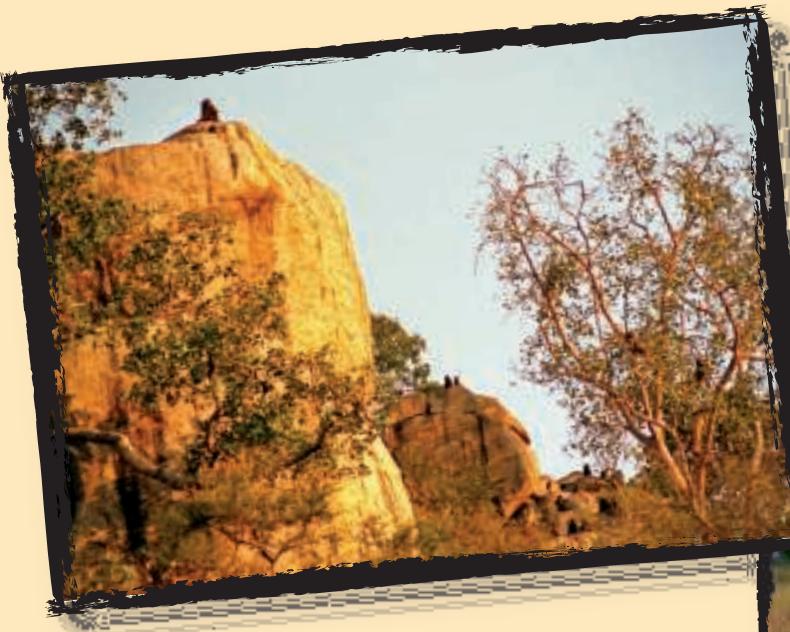
From Ruva we drove to the Ngorongoro Crater. It was an all-day drive, sometimes on a paved road such as this one. More often, the road was dirt with huge pot holes reducing our speed to a crawl.



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.



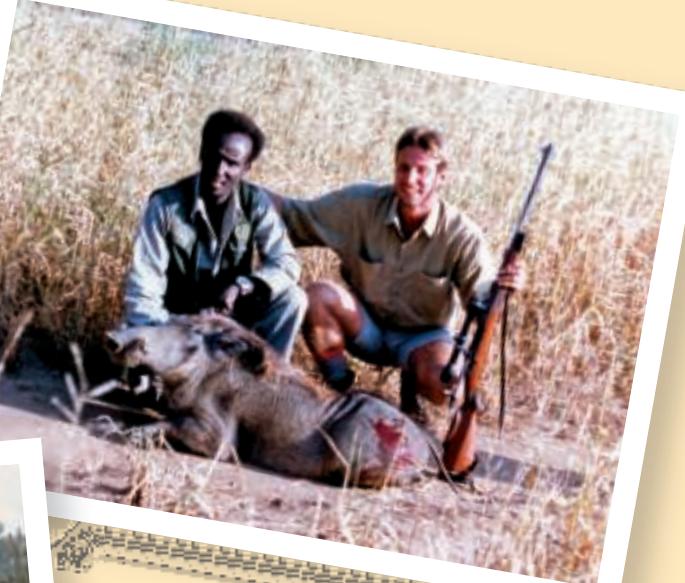
This is a beautiful sunset over the Serengeti Plain. In addition to the lovely sunset, later in the evening we were treated to a superb view of the Southern Cross, not visible in the northern hemisphere night sky.

Hunting Trip to Ethiopia – Summer 1987

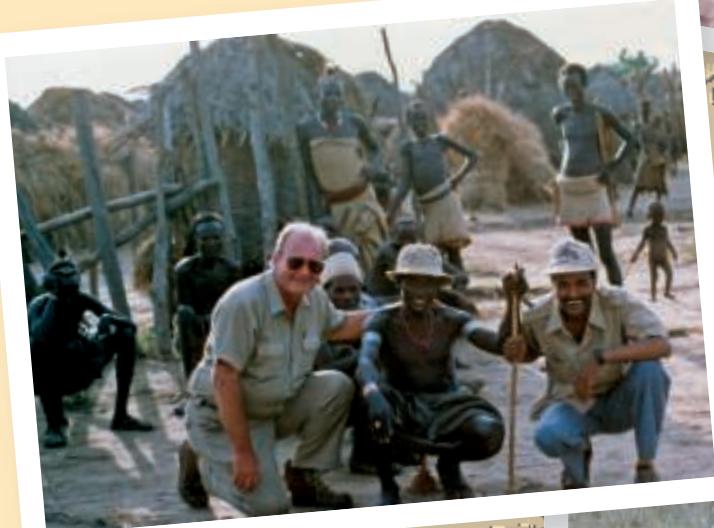


Carl and one of our trackers with a northern grant gazelle he had just taken.

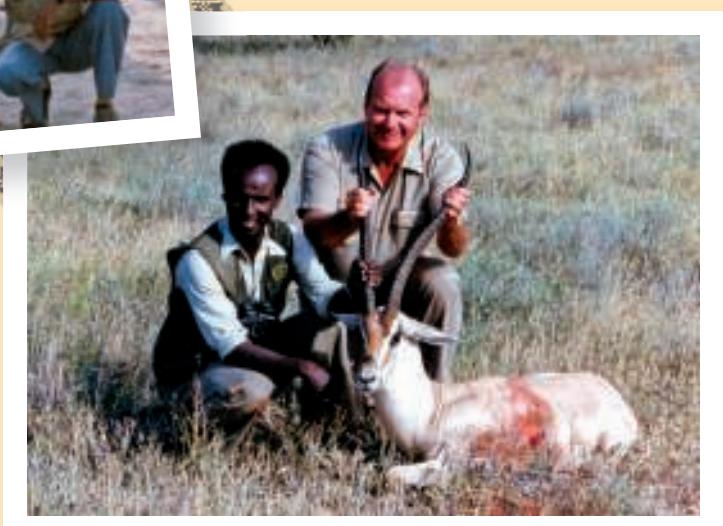
It ranks 11 in the SCI Record Book



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.

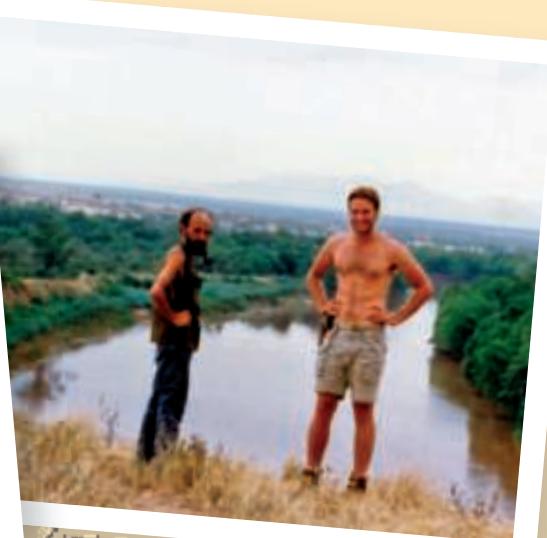
The tracker was not such an expert.



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.

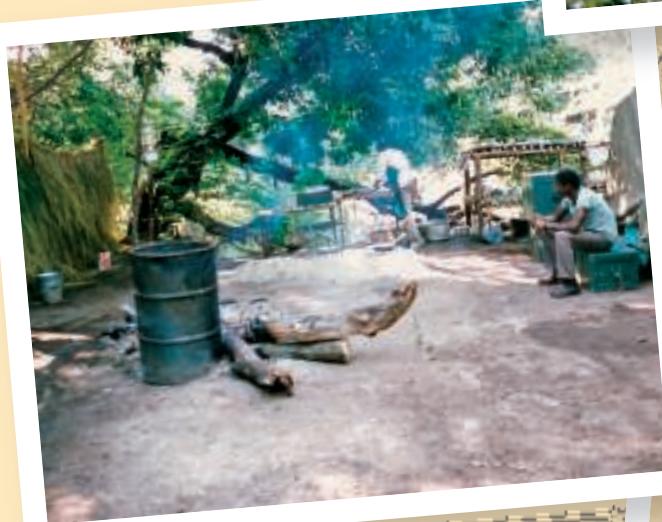


This is a wild ostrich which visited our camp from time to time looking for handouts.



Vultures on the look-out for a meal.

One evening he came up behind me while I was eating and snatched a bite of food from my plate.



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.



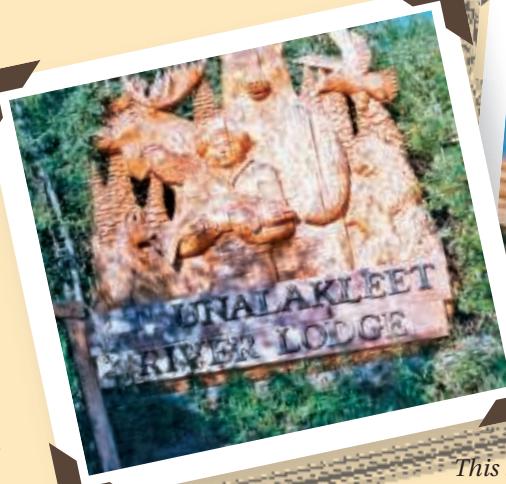
This is the cabin I stayed in while at the Denali Wilderness Camp, a short walk from the lodge.





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.



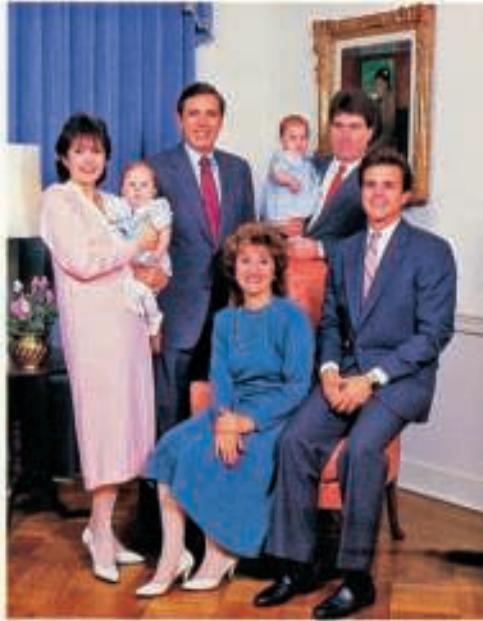
This is the lodge at Unalakleet where meals were served along with "adult" beverages at a beautiful eight-stool bar. I slept in a cabin about 200 feet below the lodge by the river. Across the river is a section of the Iditarod trail.



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 of Adelie Evelyn)
Adelie Evelyn
Bob Martinez, Mary
Jane Martinez (seated),
Neil Keen (son-in-law,
holding Lydia Marie),
and son Alan Martinez.*

*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 in government that lowered property taxes, decreased city employees and improved the quality of life.

The city has resultingly been touted as one of the 39 "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 sensible 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.

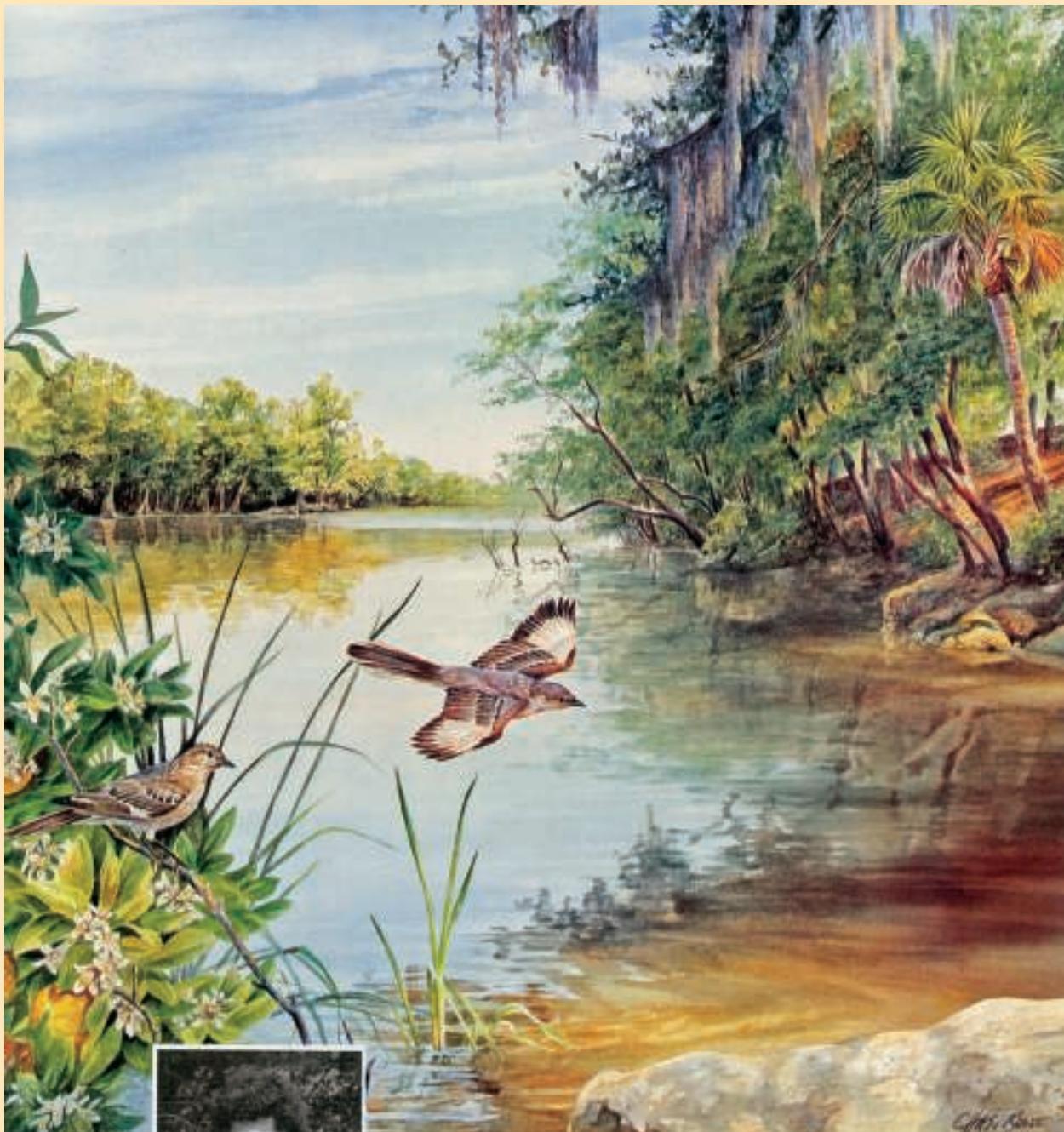
In addition to his management background, as Mayor of Tampa, he also successfully operated a private business until it was sold in 1983.

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,

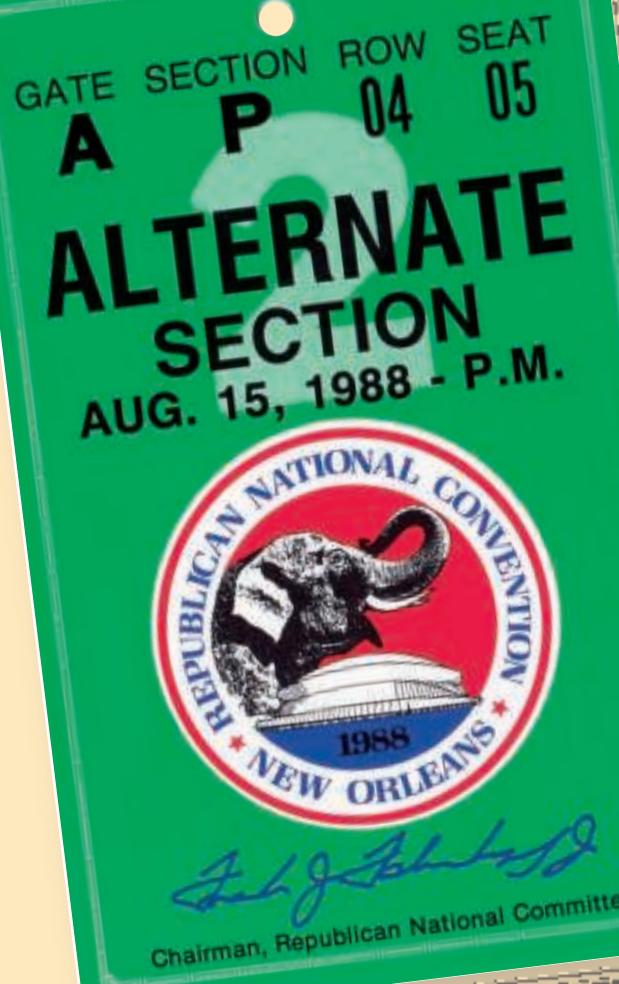
Butchie and I will not forget your unusually kind acknowledgment of our year in Tallahassee. True, you pushed me into that role, but I enjoyed the opportunity and the feeling of having really accomplished a lot for our state and industry in that relatively short period of time.

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,
Jackie



*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 Doc 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.*

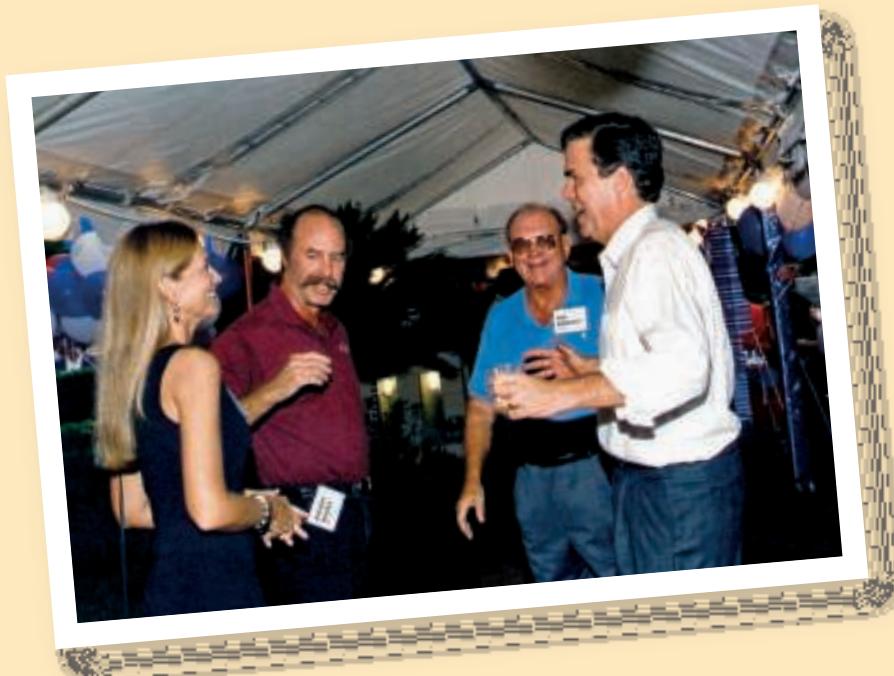


To Doc Dockery
Best Wishes
Dan & Marilyn Quayle

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.

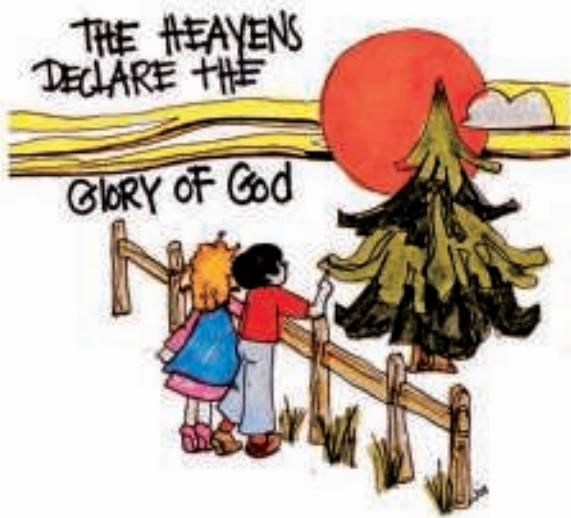
HOW DID HE GET INVOLVED IN WHAT HE DOES? Dockery said he was executive vice president of a trade association for 16 years, serving as their administrator for the workers' compensation self-insurance fund. Two years ago he left them to start Summit Consulting Inc.

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 enjoys her own practice she loves a part time job and it looks good now. Patti wants to work until January and then go to Pittsburgh Community College to study Child care management. Patti is still searching to find out who she really is and we will do a lot about her grandmother. And the firmament sheweth His handy work

PSALM 19:1

Dear Mr. Dailey,

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 Patti I realized if it had not been for you perhaps her life would have already gone in a different direction. I believe that CCS has kept Patti with stability in her life. May both girls

Patti 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 I am there way more to higher education they will appreciate the value of that education more. We can never thank you enough for what you have done. I hope you received an increase and your CHRISTIAN God Bless

THE GRACE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Sincerely

Linda Lewis

TAMPA, FLORIDA

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:dma

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

Dear
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,

Bob Martinez
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 "Aug 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,
A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Bob".
Governor

BM/rdp



GEORGE BUSH

April 27, 1988

The Honorable C. C. Dockery
Post Office Box 2805
Lakeland, Florida 33806

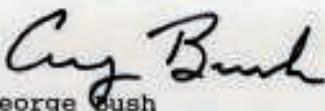
Dear Doc,

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



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 Do^r

Thanks so much
for your support in
our Dad's campaign
to take Wales

PAID FOR BY GEORGE BUSH FOR PRESIDENT

reception was very
successful thanks
to an excellent loc
committee.

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.

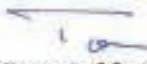
The hotel ballroom was filled with die-hard supporters who refused to leave until our victory was sure. Over their cheers, I introduced my family members and key campaign staff members who had worked so hard to win this very important office. Each of them joined me on the tiny platform to share a precious 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 19th 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

Shirlee Bowne
SHIRLEE BOWNE

Alie J. Courtney
ALIE COURTYARD

L. L. Dickey
L. L. DICKERY

Thomas M. Fiorentino
MARTY FIORENTINO



Arthur J. Hill
ARTHUR J. HILL

Patrick C. Hucker, Sr.
PATRICK C. HUCKER, SR.

Toni Jennings
TONI JENNINGS

Melvin F. Semmler
MELVIN F. SEMMLER

Victor Henry Silver
VICTOR HENRY SILVER

Roy Speer
ROY SPEER

Javier Souto
JAVIER SOUTO

Shirley Taylor
SHIRLEY TAYLOR

L. E. "Tommy" Thomas
L. E. "TOMMY" THOMAS

John Velasquez
JOHN VELASQUEZ

Vince Whibbs
VINCE WHIBBS

Zachariah P. Zachariah
ZACHARIAH P. ZACHARIAH

Joe Tappan
JOE TAPPAN



*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) 688-2812

P.O. BOX 2841 • LAKELAND, FLORIDA 33806

JEAN BURT
Chairman

WILLIAM L. DeHAVEN
Treasurer

BUDGET & FINANCE
COMMITTEE April 13, 1989

H. Paul Sentt, Jr., Chr.

Barney Barnett

Mark Boslick Mr. C. C. Dockery
C. C. "Doc" Dockery
P. O. Box 2805

Matt Kowachek Lakeland, Florida 33806

Arts Maxwell

Parkhill Mays Dear Doc:

Bill Raley

Lewis Stidham

Carl J. Strang, Jr.

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
Jean Burt

J8: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,

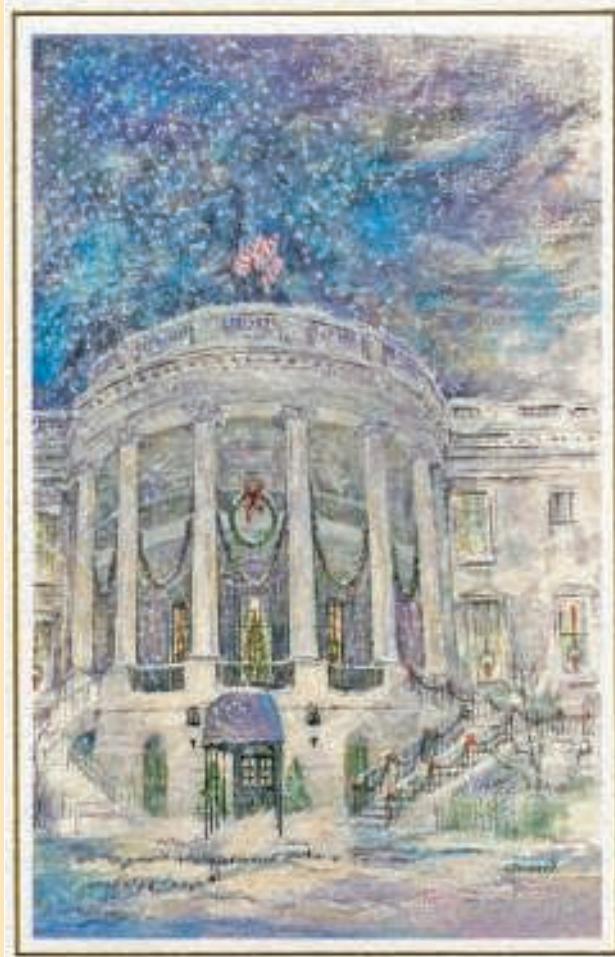
Jeb Bush

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