

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 Oktoberfest. 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 Liaho 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. Dorken,

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 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 fledging 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.

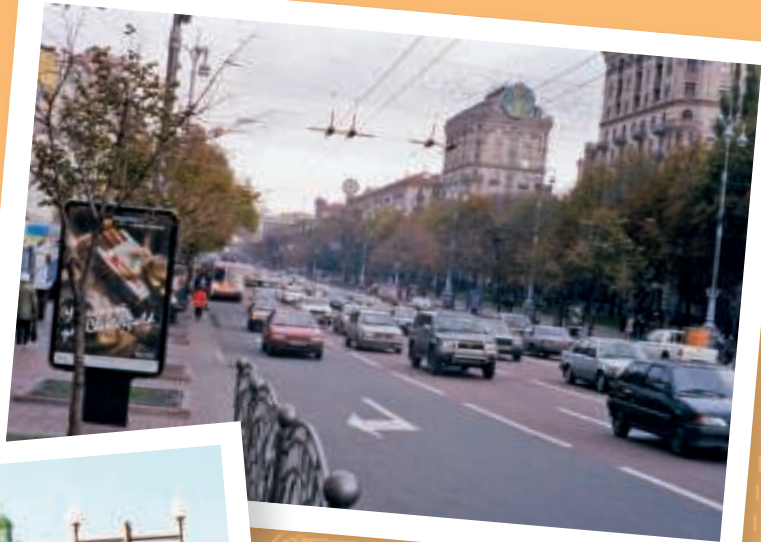
My journey to the Ukraine began with a phone call from Governor Bush's chief of staff. She asked if I would be interested in being nominated to serve as an official observer of the presidential election. I hesitated for a moment, recognizing that I would miss an annual pheasant hunt in South Dakota with 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.



On arrival in Ivano-Frankivsk, I was met by my Ukrainian interpreter on the left and driver on the right. Wonderful people.

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 Yeuhon 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.

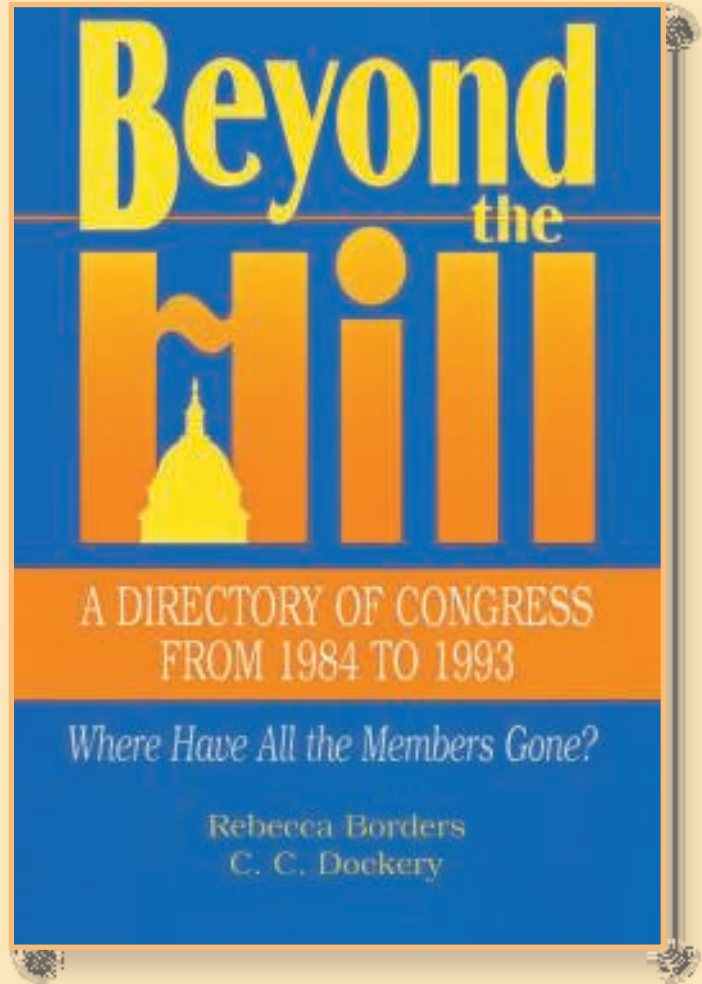
Two weeks later, in the November 4 general election, 74 percent of the voters returned to the polls to re-elect incumbent president Kuchma, who received 57.7 percent of the vote to the communist party leader Petro Symonenko's 38.7 percent. The rest of the voters checked off "none of the above."

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.*

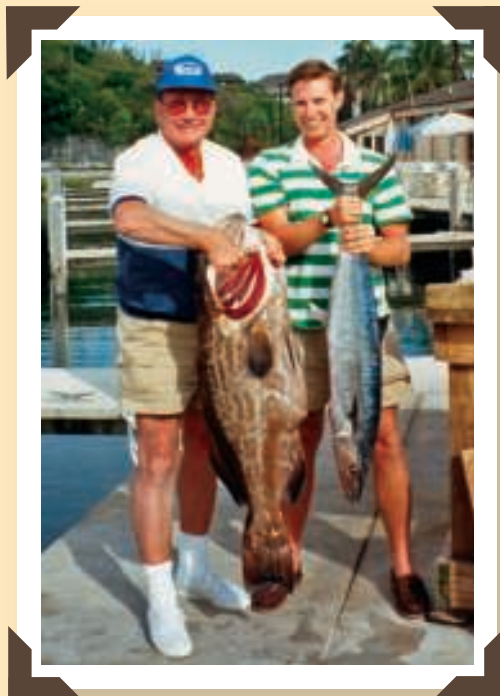


*Becky Borders, my co-author of *Beyond the Hill*, and I appeared on *Washington Journal* with Brian Lamb of CSPAN in Washington, DC.*

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,*

Dan Quayle

*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,
G. 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.

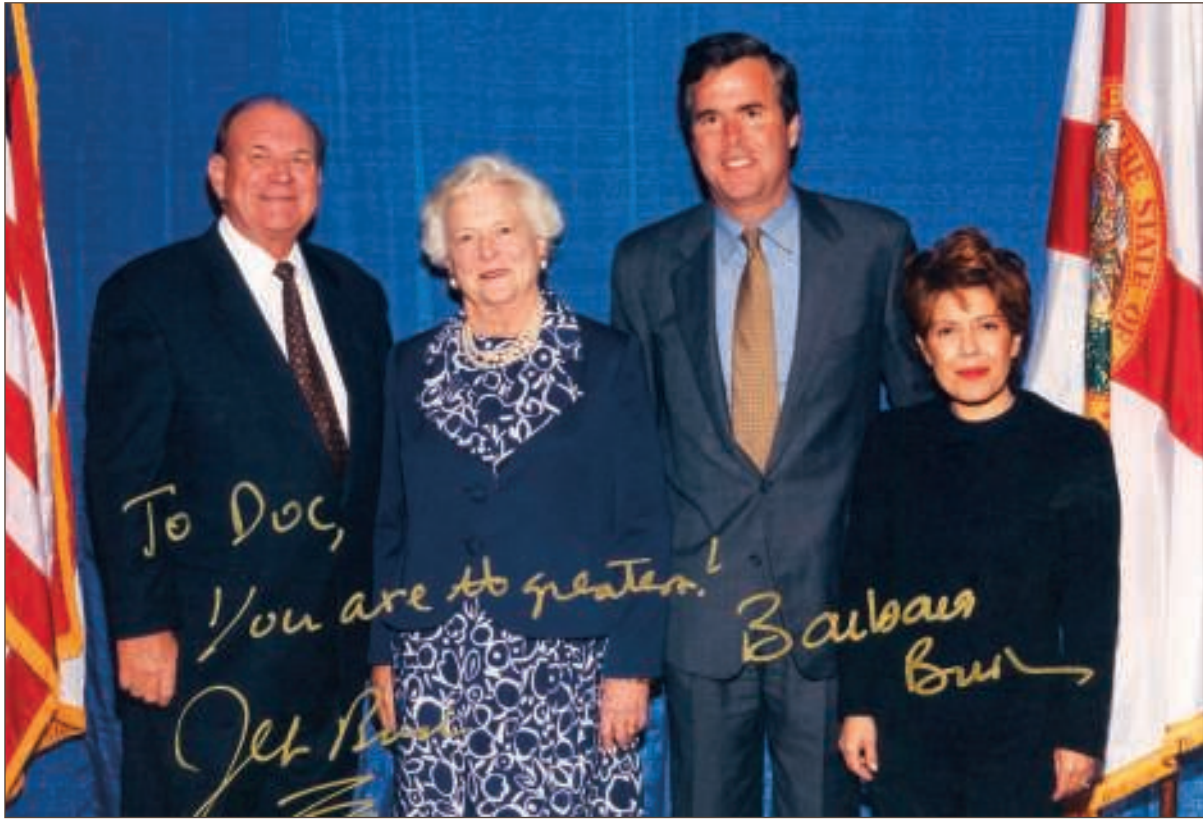


To Doc
With deep appreciation, *Newt Gingrich*

*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. L. L. Dockery,
With our very best wishes,*

Bozette

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.



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.

Justin and me on the ski slope by Top of the Village where I once owned a condo.



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 Georga 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 Check*

*Massachusetts Avenue at 36th 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: 

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 MARTINEZ
Director



Editorial Page

THINKING 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.

Tribune photograph by GREG FIGHT

GOP leader says 'Eight is Enough'

By DOUG NURSE
Tribune Staff Writer

LAKELAND — C.C. "Doc" Dockery, confidante of congressmen, consultant to governor, 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 eat the seat they hold 'their own,'" 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 135,000 signatures.

The limit on political terms would take effect eight years after approval.

Dockery predicts they'll get enough signatures and the referendum will pass.

"If we get it on the ballot, it's a done deal," he said. "The average Joe and Mary, 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 tenacious 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 Sen-

See PETITIONERS, Page 2

Petitioners seek limit to terms

From Page 1

ate, 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 Democrats 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 attor-

ney 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.

BUSH
QUAYLE
92

Dear Doc & Paula,
Thanks for your great
effort for the VEEP bus
tour. It was a hard run
and you did it on very
short notice.
Thanks!

Sincerely,

Jet Bush

BUSH
QUAYLE
92

10-9-92

Dear Doc,

Thanks for unleashing the
hot air balloon on our arch
enemy, Boy 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,
Jet Bush

Paid for by Bush-Quayle '92 Primary Committee, Inc.

GEORGE BUSH

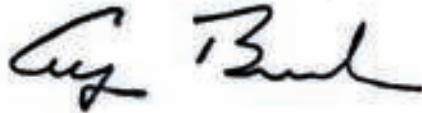
November 12, 1992

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,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "G. Bush", written in a cursive style.

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
several speeches I've recently
given. I'd enjoy your
feedback, my friend.

See you soon and
regards to Paula.

Sincerely,
Jeb.

Jeb Bush
for
Governor

9-3-93

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1993

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.



Dockery

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 dormitory and established a presidential scholarship worth more than \$250,000.

"He's very generously given of his time and money," Webber College President Rex Yates 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.

SUNDAY A.M.

50 CENTS

News CHIEF

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.

MAY 1, 1994

VOL. 83, ISSUE 215

SERVING EAST POLK COUNTY





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 Dix & Paula,
Thank you for the beautiful
hat. You are so thoughtful
to think of me. It was great
seeing you Jols. I hope you
(Paula) had a chance to digest
all those crabs!

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. Nielson (R-Utah) was a full-time Mormon missionary living in Provo.

They talked with former representative Roy Dyson

Former representative Willis D. Gradison Jr.



"Some former members have told me they don't like to lobby. I love it."

—Gradison, in "Beyond the Hill"



(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", written in a cursive style.

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 moneyman 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, 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 moneybags.

"Doc is one of those guys who genuinely has an interest in public policy issues and what the future is



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

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 Haley, 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 guru." 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 Crofford 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 31-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 moneyman 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 booming voice, Kirk ordered Dockery over to his table, where he was dining with 12 other people.

"I'm 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.



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 dark ink, appearing to read "G. Bush", written in a cursive style.

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

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 whopping
 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