

The Nineteen Sixties

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

was making more than my college professors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Powerful Mafia don offers job”

asked. "That's a lot of money." I answered, "I'm not sure. Do you know who Mr. Trafficante is?" When she said no, I said,

"Well, he is rumored to be part of the Mafia." "What's that?" she asked. "It's organized crime," I replied. "You wouldn't be involved in that, would you?" Dene asked. I told her I wouldn't, that I would just be working on the ship. "Do whatever you want," she said.

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

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

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

my mind to leave Wesley, a hard decision.

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

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

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

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

to eight employees plus me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Blessing in disguise”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

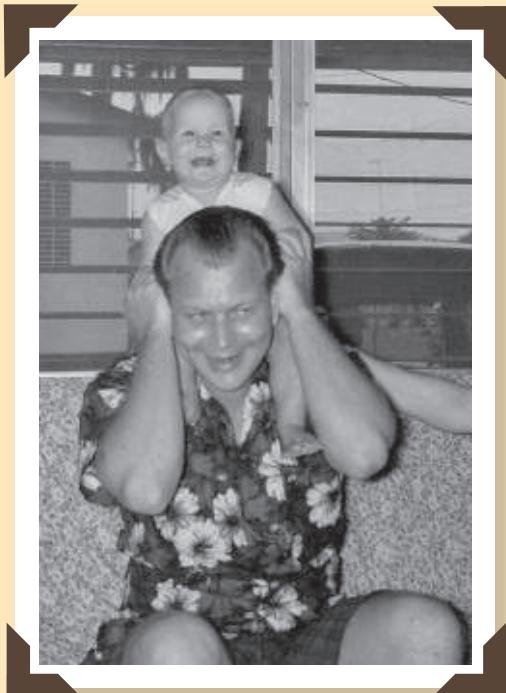
Scrapbook From The Sixties



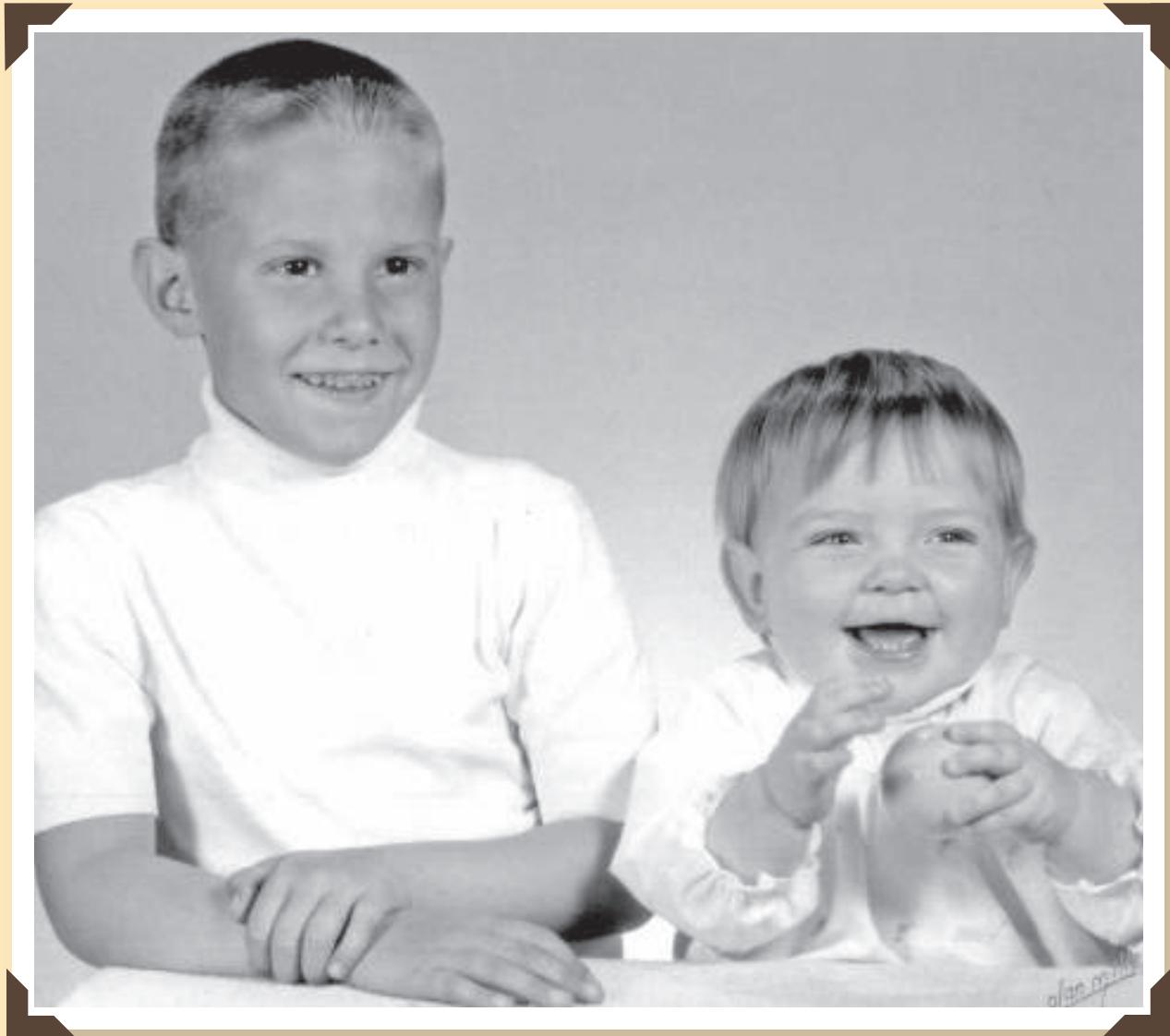
*Carl having fun with his toys
at an early age in 1963.*



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



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



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

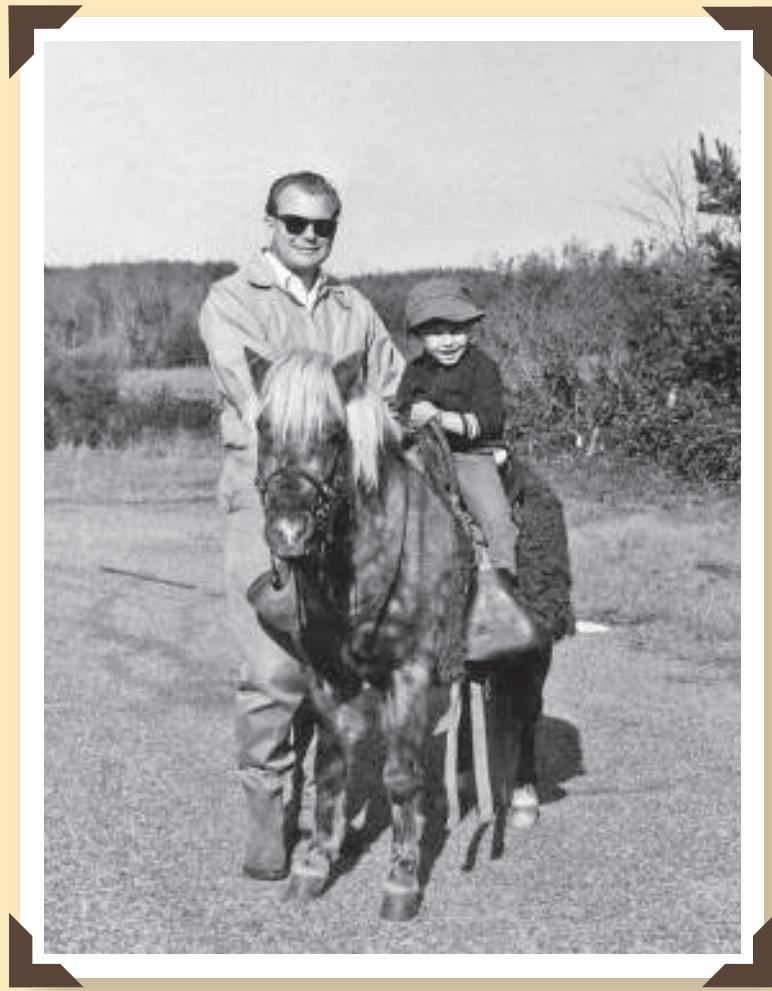


Carl with his dog Jack Daniels. I rescued Jackie from the median on Hwy 92 about a mile and a half west of the Combee Road intersection at about 1:00 AM one morning. Jackie had been in the median of Hwy 92 after supper. He was still there in the median shaking uncontrollably when I came by again on my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

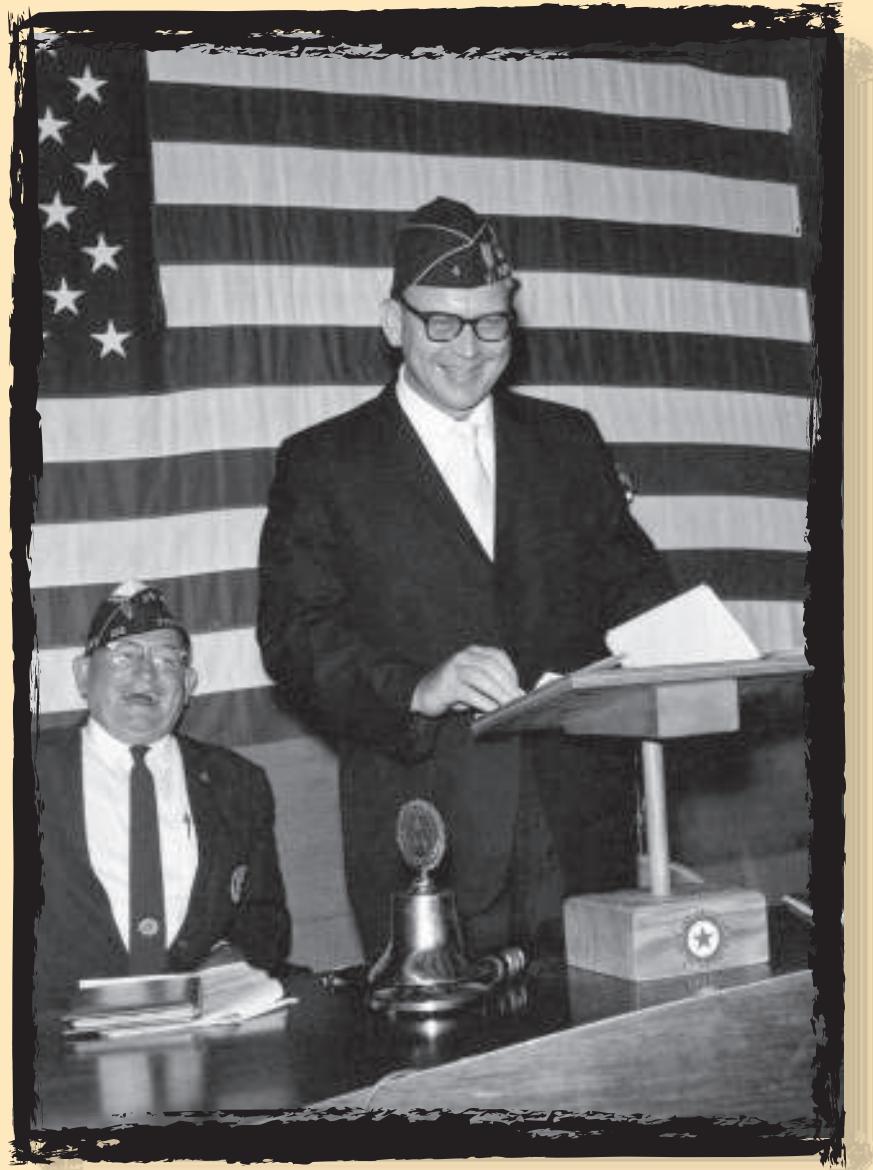
Michele and Carl playing in the water from the lawn sprinkler in the back yard at Burgundy Place.



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



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



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



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

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



Parachutist Rescued From Auburndale Lake

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

Wayward Skydiver Lands In Lake Mariana, Rescued

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

Admitted to Winter Haven Hospital after the mishap was Willard G. Phillips, 31, of the Henkle Trailer Park, Winter Haven.

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

Skydivers Practicing
First article by a Lakeland resident and two Auburndale residents may have meant the difference between life and death for Phillips, especially making his first parachute jump after several ground training sessions with the Lakeland Skydivers Club.

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

One of the rescuers, Charles Dockery, 29, of 408 Elm Road, Lakeland, this morning gave the following account of what happened yesterday:

Group Sees Diver Hit Water

"My wife and I were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stephenson at their home on Lake Mariana. We were all sitting in their Florida room about 8 o'clock yesterday when I happened to look out the window and saw this guy about 100 feet in the air.

"It was obvious the par-

achute was drifting so that he would land in the lake.

"We all ran outside. Just as he went into the water, he called for help and then went under the surface of the water.



Lakeland Rescuer

Twenty-nine-year-old Charles Dockery of 408 Elm Road, Lakeland, swam about 125 yards and then administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation after an unconscious skydiver was hauled into a boat yesterday on Auburndale's Lake Mariana. (LEADER Photo by Shulkin)

Skydiver Lands In Lake

(Continued From Page One)

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

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

Fishermen Arrive In Boat

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

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

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

Resuscitation Given

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

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

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

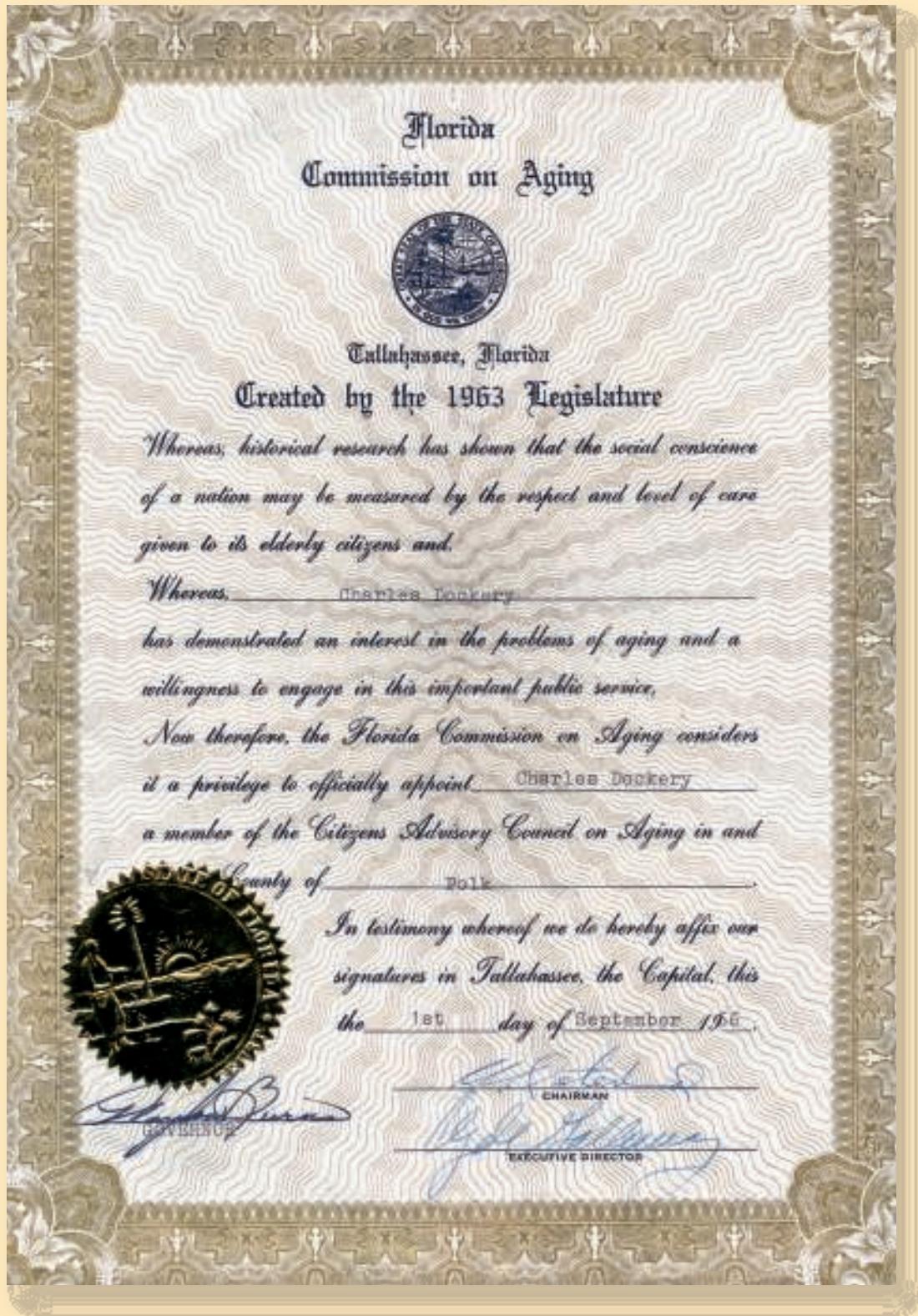
Revival Efforts His First

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

Dockery said he has never administered artificial respiration before.

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

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



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

Honorable Discharge



from the Armed Forces of the United States of America

This is to certify that

CHARLES C. DOCKERY AF14429840 TSG AFRES

was Honorably Discharged from the

United States Air Force

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

R. P. Docke

R. P. Docke
LT. COLONEL, USAF

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THIS IS AN IMPORTANT RECORD - SAFEGUARD IT!

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