

Appendix I: E.M. Mustache Club

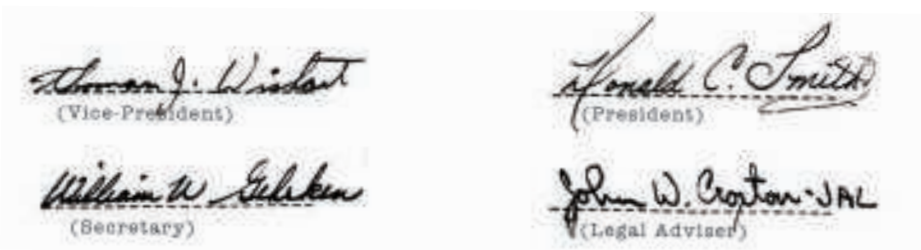
E. M. Mustache Club

BE IT KNOWN BY ALL WHO WITNESS THIS, THAT ON THE 6TH DAY OF MARCH 1954, AT KAISERSLAUTERN GERMANY, THE E.M.MUSTACHE CLUB WAS DULY FORMED AND OPEN FOR MEMBERSHIP. THAT ALL MEMBERS ARE MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING; SO LONG AS THEY DO NOT VIOLATE CLUB RULES. IF, FOR ANY REASON, WHETHER REAL OR IMAGINED ANY MEMBER KNOWINGLY OR UNWITTINGLY VIOLATES THOSE RULES AS DEEMED NECESSARY BY THE CLUB; THEN HE OR THEY SHALL WILLINGLY, OR, IF NECESSARY, BY FORCE BE MADE TO PAY THE PENALTY OF SUCH VIOLATION. THE MAXIMUM PENALTY WILL BE TWO (2) ROUNDS OF DOUBLE WHISKEYS FOR ALL MEMBERS; BUT, SHOULD THE LEGAL ADVISER FEEL THAT THE POOR UNFORTUNATE SLOB OF A VICTIM DOES NOT QUALIFY FOR THE MAXIMUM PENALTY; THEN A MEETING SHALL BE CALLED WHEREIN MEMBERS WILL DECIDE UPON THE PENALTY OF THE OFFENDER.

REGULAR MEETINGS SHALL BE HELD ONCE A WEEK. DURING THESE MEETINGS MEMBERS WILL DO THEIR UTMOST TO CONSUME AS MANY "MUSTACHE SPECIALS" AS IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE. CLUB MEETINGS WILL ALL COMENCE WITH EACH MEMBER HAVING A "SPECIAL". THESE CONSIST OF BEER-TOMATO JUICE-ONE RAW EGG. GUARANTEED FOR THE GROWTH OF BIGGER AND BETTER MUSTACHES. SHOULD MEMBERS PASS THE MUSTACHE GROWING PERIOD WITH SUCCESS THEY WILL BE AWARDED THE "COOKIE DUSTER" MEDAL AND THE REBE INSIGNIA.

MEMBERS WILL NOT:

1. Shave off their mustache until club regulations state so (one day before Dockery's wedding – out of consideration for his wife), 2. Attempt using talcum powder. 3. Use or think of using bleach. 4. Use adhesive tape to cover their upper lip. 5. Trim their mustache – except on the approval of all members. 6. Will refrain from throwing up on the table after drinking a "MUSTACHE SPECIAL".



Thomas J. Wistart
(Vice-President)

Ronald C. Smith
(President)

William W. Gelsken
(Secretary)

John W. Croston-JAL
(Legal Adviser)

Appendix II: “Island Outpost”

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RADIO AND TELEVISION DEPARTMENT

ARMY INFORMATION SCHOOL

Fort Slocum, New York

RADIO SCRIPT

“Island Outpost”

Prepared and Submitted by:

S/Sgt. Charles C. Dockery

S/Sgt Charles C. Dockery PIEM-E 24 Sep 56 Radio Script

1 MUSIC: MOOD MUSIC TO SET ISLAND OUTPOST SCENE, FADE OUT ON CUE

2 ANNCR: (ON CUE) “Island Outpost”

3 MUSIC: THEME IN FULL, ESTABLISH, THEN FADE OUT ON CUE

4 ANNCR: (ON CUE) This is your “Island Outpost” with.....

5 ANNCR 1: News of a hurricane survey!

6 ANNCR 2: A word from Fort Slocum’s new commander!

7 ANNCR 3: A story about a Fort Slocum soldier taking a trip around the world!

8 ANNCR 4: An interview on the banks of the Mozel!

9 MUSIC: THEME, UP AND OUT ON CUE

10 ANNCR: (ON CUE) Yes, this is Fort Slocum’s “Island Outpost”. The first

11 in a series of thirteen shows bringing you a report of Armed

12 Forces news and activities, and recorded interviews by our world-wide

13 roving reporter. And presented to you by the Public Information

14 Office of your local Army post, Fort Slocum.

15 MUSIC: DRUM FLARE, OUT ON CUE

16 ANNCR: (ON CUE) And here is tonight’s watchman on “Island Outpost”

17 _____.

18 HOST: Hi! Neighbors. Things have really been popping on the

19 island this week. As you may have read, we have a new Post

20 commander, and in just a few minutes we will hear from Colonel

21 Allen.

22 HOST: But first, here is the news.

23 ANNCR 1: Partial relief from howling hurricanes may be the result of a

24 hurricane and storm survey, The survey is being conducted by

(MORE)

25 the Army Corps of Engineers, and may result in construction of
 26 a breakwater from Premium Point to Execution Light. This
 27 program would be financed by the Federal Government as part
 28 of the national security effort. All boat and property owners
 29 are urged to report hurricane losses to the Army Corps of
 30 Engineers at Fort Slocum. These reports may date from 1958
 31 through Hurricane Katie.

32 ANNCR 2: “The Army has demonstrated outstanding ability to strike back
 33 and defend itself against surprise atomic attack.” This
 34 statement was made by Lt. Gen. Matthew B. Rollins, Special
 35 Representative of the Army for “OPERATION MUSHROOM”, in a
 36 speech to students of the Army Information School at Fort
 37 Slocum. General Rollins praised the rapid mobility and smashing
 38 power of crack armored units in stopping aggressor forces at
 39 Yucca Flats, Nevada. However, he also stressed the need for
 40 smaller and more mobile nuclear weapons and rockets.

41 MUSIC: SNEAK IN CHANGE OF COMMAND MUSIC AND HOLD IN BG

42 ANNCR 3: Colorful military change-of-command ceremonies marked today’s
 43 arrival of Fort Slocum’s new Commander. City officials of New
 44 Rochelle and other civilian guests were present at the ceremonies
 45 when Brig. Gen. Robert G. Peckham relinquished command of the
 46 Fort to Colonel Kenneth S. Allen. Colonel Allen who once served
 47 as Public Information Officer for Gen. MacArthur will also head
 48 the Army Information School here.

49 MUSIC: SWELL BG MUSIC AND OUT ON CUE:

50 HOST: (ON CUE) Ladies and Gentlemen, it’s a pleasure to present Colonel
 51 Kenneth S. Allen, Fort Slocum’s new post commander.

(MORE)

52 ENGR: INSERT POST COMMANDER’S MESSAGE

70 ENGR: END TAPE

71 HOST: (ON CUE) Thank you Colonel Allen.

72 ANNCR: (OFF MIKE) Hey _____!, the engineers have completed

73 that hook-up with the local Ground Observer Corps filter center.

74 HOST: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Thanks _____!

75 HOST: (ON MIKE) How about if folks? let’s listen in on the telephone

76 Line for a few seconds.

77 SOUND: SILENCE FOR THREE SECONDS

78 SOUND: (ON FILTER) NOISE OF JET BOMBER PASSING OVERHEAD OUT ON CUE

79 VOICE 1: (ON FILTER) (ON CUE) “GOC post five.....unidentified four

80 Engine jet bomber.....position.....eight miles northeast.....

81 10,000 feet,....heading.....southwest.....no markings visible.”

82 ANNCR: Those were the words of a member of the Ground Observers Corps.

83 Words that might someday give the necessary warning to Air

84 Defense Command.....saving a major city from complete destruction.

85 Words that will never come from an unmanned post. Are you the

86 one who should have sounded that warning? Man your GOC post

87 by joining the Ground Observers Corps now. Call New Rochelle

88 6-9600.

89 HOST: Did you get that number? It’s New Rochelle 6-9600. And to put

90 you in the mood for the long march to the phone from your easy

91 chair, let’s listen to Captain Chester Whiting conducting the

92 U.S. Army Field Band in “March of the Mighty”.

93 MUSIC: “MARCH OF THE MIGHTY” M-213 (4) 3:07

(MORE)

94 HOST: (ON CUE) How many of you have ever made a trip around the
 95 world? Well, one of the boys at Fort Slocum just completed
 96 such a trip. To tell us all about it, here is _____.

97 VOICE 2: A trip around the world in 30 days isn't such a short time
 98 considering today's modern air travel. But to travel by this
 99 fast means, normally requires a good bit of cash. Corporal
 100 James David hadn't saved that much over the past year and a
 101 half. James had entered the Army almost two years ago, hoping
 102 to see the world.....He had never left Fort Slocum. And with
 103 only six months service remaining, the chances of an overseas
 104 assignment were slim. He had 30 days leave coming though, and
 105 about three hundred dollars stashed away. Not much, but maybe
 106 enough to see at least one foreign country. That's if he was
 107 lucky enough to get a hop aboard a Military Air Transport Service
 108 Plane. With the three hundred dollars, and a 30 day leave,
 109 James started a journey that was to exceed his wildest expectations.
 110 Arriving at McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey, he found that he
 111 could leave for Paris in just a few hours. After arriving in
 112 Paris he heard that a plane would be leaving for Germany the next
 113 day. He was told that if there was a seat available he could go
 114 along. The next day James arrived at Rhine Main. By this time
 115 He began to think about visiting other countries. After an
 116 inquiry at the MATS terminal, he left, boiling over with enthusiasm.
 117 The Sergeant on duty had told him that MATS planes fly almost
 118 everywhere in the world. That's exactly where James wanted to go.....
 119 everywhere in the world. He traveled from Germany to Rome.....Rome

(MORE)

120 to Algiers, where he bought a camel saddle. His luck in getting
 121 space available seats on MATS aircraft was still running hot.....
 122 Athens, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Philippines, Tokyo.....and a meal
 123 of stewed fish heads.....Hawaii, and hula lessons.....and finally
 124 California. The leave was almost up and the three hundred dollars
 125 had dwindled to almost nothing. It would be four or five days of
 126 hot dogs and ham sandwiches until the train pulled into New
 127 Rochelle. But Corporal James David couldn't care less.....he
 128 had been around the world in 30 days.

129 MUSIC: MUSIC TO SET SCENE ON BANK OF MOZEL RIVER, FRANCE, FADE TO BG,
OUT ON CUE

130 HOST: (ON CUE) While we are still in a traveling mood, let's switch to
 131 Our world-wide roving reporter, who is in Metz, France, this week.

132 ENGR: INSERT INTERVIEW TAPE

182 ENGR: END TAPE

184 HOST: Well, I see it's about time for your watchman to make the rounds
 185 again. But I'll be back next Thursday night to bring you news and
 186 features about the folk on your "Island Outpost". Our world-wide
 187 roving reporter will be in Germany, interviewing two German officers
 187 who recently completed a course at Fort Slocum. Our feature item
 189 will be the story of a test pilot being shot out of his plane at
 190 one thousand miles and hour. See you then, good night!

191 SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS AND SOFT WHISTLE , FADE OUT ON CUE

192 ANNCR: (ON CUE) "Island Outpost"

193 MUSIC: THEME IN FULL AND FADE ON CUE

(MORE)

194 ANNCR: (ON CUE) You have been listening to Fort Slocum's "Island
195 Outpost". Tune in next Thursday night at eight thirty when
196 once again the Public Information Office of Fort Slocum will
197 present your "Island Outpost".

198 MUSIC: THEME UP MOMENTARILY AND DOWN AGAIN ON CUE

199 ANNCR: (ON CUE) "Island Outpost" is a public service presentation of
200 WNRC. Portions of this program were recorded and transcribed.

201 MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT ON CUE

Appendix III: I Fly

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, February 8, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor’s Note: This is the first in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB.

As I sat in the Palm Beach Chapter of the MATS Aero Club secretary’s office waiting to register my membership, the noise of one of the world’s largest transports caused me to look out the window and follow its flight path until it disappeared from view, taking my thoughts with it, turning them back several years. Wright Brothers – Lindberg – Billy Mitchell – I had read about all of them and their heroic efforts. I remembered the Chinese Clipper, which adorned the front covers of comic books before the war, and the wooden model Santa left me one Christmas. Then came World War II and the fast P-38s, F-51s, and P-47s. The curtain came down after the final act of World War II with the bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, by the world’s largest bomber, the B-29 Super-Fortress.

Too Young Then

I was still too young to join the Armed Forces when the war ended, never the less, I had been the juvenile hero of many air battles, emerging victorious from dog-fights with the Japs, and returning to England and North Africa after blasting European targets into oblivion.

Old Enough Now

Korea and the jet age – this time I was old enough to get into the air frackas. I joined the Air Force expecting to become a pilot in no time but things didn’t quite turn out the way I planned. I became a desk jockey.

However, by joining the Aero Club, I now would learn to fly. No, probably not the fast jets – and the Air Force won’t recognize my training except for a possible smile of approval, satisfied to know that their desk fliers are also aviation minded, but for me it will be the realization of a life-long desire.

Things To Come

I waited for M/Sgt. Russell Henderson to finish his phone call. He hung up and greeted me, “Hi Doc, hear you want to join the Aero Club.” After receiving a positive answer, he went on to explain many of the club policies: how to obtain a radio operator’s permit, how to arrange for a physical, etc. He explained the steps of progress from beginning through obtaining a commercial license. First, I would receive my primary instruction under the supervision of Capt. William K. Langner, a C-118 instructor with the 1741st Air Transport Squadron, then solo and receive a student’s permit. Approximately 40 hours later I would be eligible for a private license.

Cost Little To Learn

Joining the Aero Club was hardly any trouble at all, I paid Sgt. Henderson \$1.00 for the last third of a month's membership dues, \$1.00 for a Civil Air Regulations book, and \$10.00 (half the initiation fee) and agreed to pay the rest payday.

I would have to give up a couple of nights at the NCO club each week to pay \$2.00 per hour for the instructor and \$3.00 an hour for plane rental, but from what I hear it would cost about three or four times that much for private individual commercial instruction.

(next issue – “Lesson No. 1”)

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Thursday, February 21, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB.

Most of the country was covered with snow or freezing rain, reminding shivering victims of the recent cold wave that it was still January and ole man winter hadn't the slightest notion of giving way to the birth of spring a moment sooner than he had to.

But Florida had escaped the cold wave and beads of perspiration formed on my brow as a bright sun beat down through the hazy afternoon sky. I squinted as I looked across Lantana Airport strip to the far side where a Bonanza had started rolling down the runway. Soon it was airborne with landing gear neatly tucked into the wings and fuselage.

Lesson One

As I turned, my instructor, Captain William Langner of the 1741st AT Sq., drove up, parked his car, strolled over and said, “Ready to go?”

“Yes sir!” I replied, enthusiastically, and after a brief inspection walkaround-tour of the plane, we boarded and were seated, I in the front, Captain Langner in the rear seat. Another member of the Aero Club propped the plane. As we rolled along the runway, my instructor explained the fundamentals of taxiing our Aeronca Champion.

All Mine?

“Okay Doc, she's all yours.” I twinged a little at this, but later was to feel easier about having her “all mine.”

“Apply pressure, first on the right rudder pedal, then the left,” my instructor told me as we zig-zagged down the runway. I couldn't help thinking, this is the beginning of reality for a dream that had many times before been on the brink of coming true, but had been pushed back to make room for other things.

“Hold the stick back – heels on the brakes,” Captain Langner coached. “Now run her up to 1500 RPM, switch to left magneto – notice the slight drop in RPM?”

I noticed the indicator had dropped slightly. Then he told me, “Switch to both magnetos – see how the revs per minute pick back up? Okay, now switch to right magneto – all right, now back to both.”

I strained to hear the instructions over the roar of the 65 horsepower Continental engine that powered the Aeronca. “If there is a 75 RPM difference at any time during this type of check, take her back in – something’s wrong with the engine.”

The muscles in my right arm strained from lack of exercise as I held the stick firmly back during full power run-up. I made a 360 degree turn at the end of the runway, visually checked the area, then the captain took control.

Airborne

In what seemed only a hundred feet, the light plane rose off the ground and a few seconds later we were at 2000 feet. Once again I heard, “Okay Doc – she’s all yours! Fly it straight and level.”

My instructor explained that to do this, I should pick out a spot on the cowling of the plane, a spot in relation to the horizon when the plane is flying laterally level, and try to keep the nose in that position.

“Push the stick forward to go down. This forces the tail up, causing the nose to drop.” Captain Langner was shouting over my shoulder and the noise of the engine.

“Now pull the stick back and you get the opposite effect, tail down – nose up, causing you to climb. Watch that tachometer – keep your RPM at 2000.”

Plane Flies Itself

This was my first lesson. I was learning how to make coordinated 90, 180, and 360 degree banks and turns, performing confidence maneuvers, flying straight and level.

Discovering that the airplane will, in calm weather, fly better by itself than the pilot can fly it, was my biggest surprise during lesson number one which lasted 45 minutes.

I had read many of the instructions, which I received in lesson number one, the night before in “Fundamentals of Elementary Flight Maneuvers” section of the “Civil Air Regulations and Flight Standards for Pilots” manual. But having the paragraphs come to life at my own hands with the instructor’s help was the thrill of a lifetime.

It’s In The Book

The “Pilot Record and Flight Book” which I purchased at Lantana for \$1.00, now reads: “Flight from: Lantana. Flight to: Local. Equipment Flown: Aeronca Champ, N1036E, Continental Engine, 65 HP, Duration of Flight: 45 mins, Breakdown of trip time in classification: Dual 45 mins. Remarks: Straight Level 90, 180, 360 degree banks and turns, familiarization confidence maneuvers.”

(Next issue – Lesson No. 2)

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, March 8, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor’s Note: This is the third in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Monday was a typical Florida day, the sun shining brightly, surface wind about nine miles per hour and just a little gusty – almost perfect flying weather, only a few scattered clouds at about 2200 feet.

But for some unknown reason I was a little nervous this time as I waited to climb into the Aero Club’s Aeronca Champion. Perhaps that was why I almost went into an outside loop when attempting my first stall recovery, about forty-five minutes after the second lesson began.

Lesson Two

This time I took the controls from the beginning. I wiggled my toes as recommended to relieve some of the tension building up inside me as I tried to remember whether the stick is held forward during taxiing, or back when the wind is blowing from the rear as it was then. Forward – that’s it – to keep the tail down.

My instructor, Capt. William Langner, and I waited for two planes to land, and a twin engine job that had come up behind us to take off before we rolled onto the active runway, made our 360 degree clearing turn and headed into the wind to begin lesson two.

This time I took control of the plane almost immediately after our wheels kissed ole terre firma goodbye.

Not Alone Up There

I made the standard 90 degree left turn at 400 feet and then began a series of left and right climbing turns, until we reached 2000 feet, then I eased back the throttle to cruising speed. By now the nervousness I had experienced on the ground had all but left me. And I guess my chest was beginning to swell some as I carried out Capt. Langner’s instructions. That is until my right wing dipped at the start of a 180 degree right turn, and I heard my instructor say, “We’re not up here by ourselves unfortunately, better check the area for other aircraft before making your turns.”

At the same time, I saw a blue and white tri-pacer about 300 feet below and to the rear of us. No danger of hitting him, but the important thing was that I had failed to be on the alert for other planes. Had the tri-pacer been higher I still would not have seen him until it was too late, unless I had looked before turning,

A few minutes later Capt. Langner had picked out a rectangular field and had flown around it twice at 500 feet when he told me to take the controls and explained that flying around the field was similar to the flight pattern around an airport.

Crabbing

There was just enough cross wind to get in some experience in crabbing, which is done by heading the aircraft into the wind enough to correct for drift, causing you to fly slightly sideways over the ground, but

parallel to the side of the field.

After the rectangular course came the power off stalls. As usual Capt. Langner went through a couple before asking me to try it and explained the symptoms of approaching a stall, which he said you had to learn to “feel,” and that a stall occurs when the angle of attack, or climbing angle becomes too great for the speed. It is mostly caused by too much back pressure on the stick and can be corrected by releasing that pressure and getting the wing back to a proper angle of attack.

I soon learned that symptoms of an approaching stall is loss of air speed, the decrease in the effectiveness of the controls, and the tendency of the nose of the aircraft wanting to drop.

Goofing

Finally when the nose can not be held up by back pressure on the stick and you begin to feel like you’re falling, you are in a stall.

Recovery is really very simple – just ease the stick forward until the plane enters a glide or shallow dive and add power. Anyway it sounds simple enough, but this is where I goofed.

“Ease the stick forward a little to recover,” said Capt. Langner.

I eased it forward all right – all the way forward, and instead of a shallow dive, I was soon on my way straight down, and about to enter an outside loop when I pulled back on the stick and abruptly came out of the screaming dive.

“Kinda hard on this type of plane,” said Capt. Langner.

Almost before I had time to get scared over what had just happened he had me make several more stalls and recoveries.

Once again we returned to Lantana airport. Capt. Langner took the controls on the base leg with me following through, and with my mind crammed with new experiences and knowledge lesson number two ended.

While crawling out of the plane I remembered the answer of an old North Carolina Sharecropper when he was asked after his first hop in an airplane whether he was glad to be back on terre firma.

“Yessah, I’s e glad, an’ the’ mo’ firma, de less terra!”

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, March 22, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor’s Note: This is the fourth in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Weekend Wearier

Eight a.m. during the week means that the day is well under way but Sunday 8 a.m. is still very early for me. However, that was the only time left on the Aeronca schedule when I went down Wednesday to sign up for week-end time.

My instructor, Captain Langner, was waiting at the Lantana Airport when I drove up at 8:05 after a hurried breakfast and a not-too-slow trip to the airport.

This One’s On Me

As I had on the occasion of the previous lesson, I taxied the Aeronca out to the end of the runway, completed the engine run-up and lined the plane up with the runway, but this time instead of Captain Langner taking the controls and telling me to follow through as he had done on previous take-offs, he shouted over my shoulder, “this time you make the take-off!”

My heart skipped a beat as he came back with “now remember everything I have told you about take-offs.”

Continuing, he hurriedly reviewed take-off procedures. My mind raced to bring back bits of information it had stored that I would now have to use if I were to get the plane off the runway and into the air, without cracking up. I remembered that right rudder must be applied to compensate for the engine torque created by the prop at maximum speed. I remembered, too, that I would lift the tail of the plane as we increased speed, and would roll along on the main gear until the plane would begin to feel light. Then I would ease back on the stick to bring the nose up and we would be airborne. All this I remembered now, but would I be able to carry out the instructions at the proper time and in that sequence. Well, not much to that, I thought, as we began to ascend.

Call Me Ziggy

All went well on my first take-off. Oh, I zipped a little and zagged a little, but we got off and in no time were back in the traffic pattern preparing to land. Now that I think back about the first take-off, I realize that I must have had a lot of help from my instructor, sitting back of me where I couldn’t see what he was doing, and not yet experienced enough to know whether he or I was controlling the airplane.

Or Zaggy

Anyway, the next take-offs were humdingers. After pushing the throttle forward for full power, I realized as the plane swung to the left that I had not applied enough right rudder to compensate for torque. So down goes my right “number 18” on the right rudder pedal, and away we go to the right, gaining speed all the time. You guessed it – down went my left brogan, and back to the left we go. After a series of left and right 45 degree turns on the runway and forgetting to raise the tail and later the nose, we somehow got off the

ground (thanks to Captain Langner) at about a 30-degree angle to the runway. Both knees were knocking out some sort of unmelodic tune by this time, but somehow I managed to get back in the take-off pattern.

When we turned back on the base leg without breaking out of the pattern I anticipated my instructor's next words . . . "Well, let's see how you can do on a landing now."

First Landing

The first landing was comparable to my first take-off.

We had taken off and were at 800 feet on the base leg, flying the pattern for my second landing. I cut the carburetor heat on to keep from icing (in Florida yet) just before reaching the spot opposite where I would touch down, I cut my power just opposite the landing spot I had picked and nosed the plane into a normal glide.

"Make your 90-degree turn parallel to the end of the runway just as I did before" said Captain Langner. Noise from the air passing overhead began to kinda swoosh by and I realized I was gliding too steeply. As I eased back the stick a little, I heard my instructor say "That's right, try to keep a normal glide."

Easier Said Than Done

We passed over the canal off the end of the east-west runway and through the bumpy air over it. A slight southwest crosswind kept fouling up my attempts to line up with the runway. I had her lined up now. We were about 20 feet off the ground when Captain Langner said "fly straight and level now, check both wings, keep her level." At about five feet off the ground he said, "Ease the stick back . . . back . . . back. Get the plane in a three-point landing attitude." Screech . . . bump . . . screech! We were down. Off to the left again and then to the right, zig-zagging down the runway as I had done on take-off. "Keep control of the aircraft," said Captain Langner. Easier said than done, I thought, as my number 18's fought with the rudder pedals to control the plane's direction.

"Don't forget to hold that stick back," shouted my instructor. The plane slowed down and I gained control, with Captain Langner's help.

Positive Preparation

Three landings and take-offs later, I crawled out of the air-knocker as wet as if I had bailed out in the canal at the end of the runway. I plopped down on top of the storage bin used by the Aero Club and listened as Captain Langner explained my mistakes and how to correct them, using a model plane to illustrate landing and take-off maneuvers.

That's What You Think!

As I drove back toward home after lesson three, I laughed as I recalled hearing myself and others say, "I bet I could take a plane off the ground without too much trouble, but the landings would probably bother me some."

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, April 5, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor’s Note: This is the fifth in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Fly for three hours! After only three lessons, of one hour each, what does my instructor, Captain Langner, intend for me to do for three hours? I wondered as I read the Aero Club schedule. Surely it isn’t a cross-country this early in my training. When I returned to my office that Wednesday afternoon, I tried to call Captain Langner, but he was flying with his regular Air Force students, teaching them how to handle the Douglas C-118 Liftmaster.

The next afternoon at three o’clock I drove to Lantana still not knowing what was in store for me. As things turned out, Captain Langner had scheduled another student for the same afternoon and had merely used my name on one line of the schedule with an arrow indicating that the other two hours would be used also.

Still Zigzag

Relieved at the thought of flying only the regular one hour schedule, which leaves me completely pooped in spite of the fact that I love to fly, I made my first take-off that day without cracking up. Once again, however, I zigged and zagged down the runway barely being able to maintain control of the little Air-knocker.

Practice Turns

That afternoon we flew out over the newly completed Sunshine State Parkway and I practiced making the 45, 90, 180 and 360 degree turns at two thousand feet over the snake-like Parkway.

After a few minutes of banks and turns, Captain Langner told me to head for a field over to our left. As we approached the field he said, “Go through a couple of stalls now to refresh your memory.”

Heart Stalls Too

I took her through two stalls. My heart still skipped a beat or two when the nose of the plane dipped below the horizon and left me looking down at the green field marshes below, but now I knew how to control a plane in a stall and it didn’t frighten me. I would ease the stick forward, advance the throttle for power, then ease the stick back, until we’re flying level again.

Spins?

After the second stall, Captain Langner said, “Climb back up to 2000 feet, and do the stalls a little differently this time.” As I eased the stick back and pushed the throttle all the way forward, my hands broke out in a cold nervous sweat. “Spin,” I thought. I hadn’t had spins yet and CAA didn’t require them any more but Captain Langner believed in taking his students through them.

As I later found out, I only had to dip each wing a little as I stalled the aircraft.

After the stalls, I returned to the airport for more landings and take-offs. The sun had begun to sink slowly behind a cloud bank as I came bouncing in on the asphalt runway for the final landing of lesson four.

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, April 19, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor’s Note: This is the sixth in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Lesson five, like lesson three, began early one Sunday morning, with arrival at the airport about 20 minutes after my loud but trusty alarm had sounded off.

Two cups of coffee hurriedly stashed under my belt would serve as breakfast until I had completed my flying lesson. My first take-off wasn’t too bad this time, at least I got off over the end of the runway instead of over the side as I did so often during my last lesson. I climbed to 400 feet, made the standard 90-degree left turn and began climbing.

Touch And Go

A few seconds later, Captain Langner shouted, “Now make another 90-degree left turn and stay in the traffic pattern. Today we are going to shoot touch-and-go landings.” I needed no further explanations. I had seen the pilots of the big transports shoot touch-and-go landings many times. They would land the aircraft, and seconds later lift the nose into the air and be airborne again. That’s what I was about to do.

At 800 feet and opposite the spot I had picked to land, I throttled back the engine, after turning the carburetor heat on, and entered a normal glide. Twenty seconds later I eased the throttle forward to clear the engine, the added torque effect caught me by surprise and the nose of the Aeronca abruptly swung to the left. I straightened her out and made a 90-degree turn parallel to the end of the runway, then turned on final and lined her up with the runway.

Too Low

“Just a little too low,” said Captain Langner.

It was time to clear the engine again so I pushed the throttle forward. This time I held it there for a moment and picked up the altitude I needed.

The end of the runway passed under us and soon I heard the main gear screech as it touched the runway. We bounced a little and the main gear settled, then came the thud of the tail wheel.

“Get it under control,” said my instructor as I zigzagged down the strip.

“OK! Back around now,” Captain Langer shouted.

My right foot went forward on the right rudder peddle to compensate for the torque as I eased the throttle forward. I gently pushed the stick and the tail came up, then back with the stick and we were airborne.

Confident Now

Several touch-and-go landings, mistakes and corrections and 55 minutes later, I taxied the Aeronca over to the MATS Aero Club parking area where another early-bird club member was waiting to fly while the weather was still very calm and the air traffic light.

“Yes, sir! Nothing like an hour’s work-out before breakfast to whip up a good appetite.”

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, May 3, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor’s Note: This is the seventh in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

Since 5:30 o’clock Saturday morning, I had been trying to find someone to issue two parachutes which Captain Langner had requested I bring along for lesson No. six. Finally, at 6:00 a.m., I located a sleepy-eyed personnel equipment clerk who issued me two back-type parachutes as we exchanged a few words about the aero club.

At 6:20 a.m. it was light enough to fly and I was on my way to Lantana.

Dew Dropped In

Captain Langner was waiting for me as I drove up to the MATS Aero Club parking area at 6:30 a.m. He had already made a ground check of the Aeronca Champ which was covered with the heavy dew that had fallen during the windless night.

Captain Langner propped the plane and I taxied out to the edge of the runway. During the run-up Captain Lagner noticed a definite drop in the RPM. After a while, he decided the cause was carburetor ice but by the time he felt it was safe to fly it was 7:00 a.m. and another student had shown up for his flying lessons.

Spins Today

An hour later I was back in the Aeronca and flying at three thousand feet over an area not too far from the airport. Captain Langner, after telling me we were going to do spins today, made a series of maneuvers to make sure the area was clear and indicate our intent to do acrobatics. Then Captain Langner performed a couple of spins with me following through the controls.

My Turn

Now it was my turn. Sensing how I felt after the two spins he had made, he handed me a couple of “Tums” as he told me to make the next spin.

The first step of a spin is a partial power stall at almost 1500 RPM. I had the stick almost all the way back in my lap and the Aeronca in a stall attitude when Captain Langner cried out “Right Rudder . . . hard!”

Roulette Terrain

Cautiously but hard I pushed down on the right rudder. The right wing dropped and the fields below rushed up at me, spinning like a monstrous green roulette wheel.

“Close throttle,” shouted my instructor.

Throttle closed. Now all as silent except for the noise created by the Champ spinning through the warm sun kissed air of southern Florida.

I waited for what seemed hours for the next command that would stop the cattle in the fields below from spinning and leave me staring straight down at them as they came up to meet me.

Opposite Rudder

“Apply Opposite Rudder,” “Stick Forward,” instructed Captain Langner and the spinning green mat below slowed and swung back in the other direction for a fraction of a second and then stopped its unnatural revolution.

I neutralized the rudder, and the air speed indicator began to cite respectable people to love or hate, to follow their leaders move to the right, 50 .. 55 ..60 . . .

“Now make a normal recovery,” said Captain Lagner.

I gently applied back pressure on the stick and brought the nose up to the level flight position, then eased the throttle forward to cruise RPM.

Spin Satisfaction

My tensed facial muscles relaxed and a satisfied grin emerged as I confidently pulled the stick back and stared out at the soft clouds many hundred feet above me while climbing back to three thousand feet for another spin.

Palm Beach Air Force Base BREEZE

Friday, May 17, 1957

“I Fly ...”

By S/Sgt. C. C. Dockery

Editor’s Note: This is the last in a series of articles being written to acquaint non-flying personnel with the first hand experiences of a new member of the MATS Aero Club at PBAFB

When the sun drops below the horizon in southern Florida, it normally takes with it the gusty breezes that during the day provide pleasant moments of relief for those not fortunate enough to relax in the frosty comfort of an air conditioner.

Little did I realize when ole man sol robbed the breeze which was providing impromptu bumps for me in the Aeronca Champ today that he would be providing a gateway to the most exciting moment in my life.

“S” Turns

Lesson Seven began about 40 minutes earlier at 5 p.m. Since that time I had been doing stalls at three thousand feet about eight miles from Lantana Airport. Now I was at 500 feet flying back and forth over a canal in a maneuver referred to as “S” turns. The object of this is to complete each turn and be in a straight and level position each time I crossed back over the canal.

When Captain Langner said “Let’s go back in” I figured that we were through for the day since the sun was already being swallowed up by the Everglades in the west.

But I later found out that was what he had been waiting for.

There were occasional gusts of wind as we flew back to the landing strip at 800 feet but they were weak now and diminishing rapidly.

Screech . . . Screech . . . phud . . . “I had made better landing” I thought as the Champ began to slow down.

Who – Me?

“Let’s taxi back to the end of the runway for another trip around the pattern,” said Captain Langer.

“Guess he figures that I should do better than that, especially since there was no wind now,” I said to myself.

When we got to the end of the runway, Captain Langner suddenly said, “I’m kinda tired, how about letting me sit this one out?”

My heart skipped several beats and wound up somewhere in the upper part of my throat. He was telling me that I was about to S-O-L-O.

Captain Langner uttered a few last minute instructions which I heard only faintly. A multitude of dreams, hopes, expectations, and anxieties flooded my mind, and even my vision.

I managed a scared grin as he slapped me on the back and slammed the door behind him.

Sans Gremelin

This was it! Could I remember everything? Would Captain Langner be disappointed in me? His voice wouldn’t be coming from behind to remind me that I was too low or too high, nor would I be reminded to lift the tail on take-off, or that my glide was too shallow or steep.

As I waited for a Cub to land, I re-set the trim-tab to compensate for losing the added weight of Captain Langner.

I swung onto the runway, lined up with the other end and thrust the throttle forward. Tail up. . . I stole a glance at Captain Langner as I whizzed past him . . . Nose up . . . and I was airborne.

At four hundred feet, I glanced back over my shoulder to see if I had drifted to either side of the runway, made a 90 degree left turn and began climbing.

Go Around

Six . . . seven . . . eight hundred and I was opposite the spot I intended to land. I applied the carburetor heat and pulled the throttle all the way back. I was on final now and lined up with the runway which was too close for my 500 feet of altitude. The end of the runway passed under me and I was still at 350. I knew now that I would have to make another approach even though there was still enough runway to land. I let the Aeronca settle to 100 feet then pulled up for the trip back around.

Positive Approach

The next approach was okay, and at about 20 feet I leveled off over the runway. Now I was only a few feet off the asphalt. I eased back on the stick and the nose came up . . . a little higher . . . more pressure to keep the Champ in a three point attitude.

The Champ settled the last foot or two and I landed . . . my first solo landing.

Maybe not a real landing, a touch and go, but after two more of the same I taxied off the runway and over to the parking strip where Captain Langner was waiting with a smile almost as large as the excited grin I flashed at him as I sat almost too erect in the cockpit of the plane "I Fly . . ."

Fly Safely!

Appendix IV: God, Please Help Us

(This story was written in the late 50s while I was stationed on Okinawa.)

God, Please Help Us

"Jess, are we going to school together next fall?" asked the brown skinned boy.

"What in the world are you talking about Deak Dobbins?" answered his white playmate, Jess Boclaire, as the two youngsters shuffled through the thick alder bushes which hid their secret swimming hole.

"That's what I heard a stranger say at the meeting house last night."

"I ain't never seen so many horse flies and sweat bees in all my life. And it seems like that August is the worse month of the whole summer for the buzzing little devils," muttered Jess, while slapping at the empty space above his head.

The alder bushes had thinned out some now and the cool refreshing waters of Turtle Creek could be seen slowly winding its course around Hanging Bend.

"Last one in is a rotten egg," shouted Jess, as they stepped out of the dense summer growth and onto the sandy beach.

Many years before, the sharp curve in Turtle Creek had been the scene of brutal violence. It was there that ole man Jim Bawlings flogged and hung scores of his darkies. Some said ole Jim owned the biggest plantation in the South and the most slaves in the world. Others disagreed. But they all agreed that he was the cruelest of all times.

Today, most of the whites avoided Hanging Bend, probably out of shame and remorse. The darkies avoided the Bend out of fear and superstition. But both still recounted the violence of ole Jim at Hanging Bend.

For the past two summers, it had been Deak's and Jess' secret swimming hole, their retreat from the simmering Carolina cotton and tobacco fields.

A crane abandoned his search for a mid-afternoon snack and sailed gracefully upstream as Jess and Deak splashed through the shallow water and then pulled their

naked bodies up the sloping bank.

There they sat, resting and dreaming aloud to each other their fantastic plans for manhood adventure. Confiding in each other their aspirations for the future. All in a life-time, they would become baseball stars and would fly off into outer space in rocket ships to defend the earth from celestial monsters, and they pledged their undying friendship to each other.

Their allegiance they swore to each other, not knowing that death would claim their comradeship before they became rookies of the year and before they would blast off into the heavens as pilot and co-pilot.

"Deak, what's that you said about us going to school together? Did Carson School burn down or something?"

"Shucks, no, but sometime I wish it would. I sure do hate the thought of going back to school."

"Well, I know Turtle Creek School is still standing, so what's this talk about us going to school together?"

"All I know is that some stranger was talking about it at the meeting house last night. He said that next fall, all the colored children would be going to the white school like they was supposed to in the first place."

"Sounds okay to me, then you can be our catcher. That Billy James couldn't catch a ball if someone dropped it smack in his mitt. Tell you what, Deak, I'll ask Dad tonight, he'll know for sure. By the way, we had better be getting back home, Dad and Uncle Spinks are probably hollering their heads off by now for us to come and do the milking."

"All right, Jess. Race you back across."

Mrs. Boclaire, Jess' mother, had just finished saying grace at the supper table and Jess' father was slicing the sugar cured ham, when Jess blurted out...

"Dad, is it true that Deak and I will be going to school together this year?"

Banging the big kitchen knife so hard on the table that it caused Jess' empty plate to bounce, Mr. Boclaire shouted back, "Hell, no, you aren't going to

school with no damn niggers. Where did you get such a foolish idea? Speak up, son, who's been putting such nonsense in your head?"

"Jessie Boclaire, you shut up using such foul language in front of Jess. At the supper table of all places and especially after I've just finished saying the blessing," stormed Mrs. Boclaire.

Jess, surprised at his father's anger over the question, sat watching his parents, gripping his glass of fresh milk as if it represented an anchor which kept him seated at the table.

"I'm sorry, Daisy," Jessie muttered to his wife and turned to Jess and told him they would discuss the matter after supper.

The meal was eaten in silence except for an occasional "Eat your supper, Jess" from Mrs. Boclaire.

Jess couldn't help but wonder why his father had exploded the way he did. He sure hadn't expected it. Great day in the morning, hadn't he and Deak been buddies for a long time, they had worked together in the fields, same as his father and Uncle Spinks had done. Ever since he could remember they spent their afternoons and week-ends together. His dad had never objected to that. But now all of a sudden, he got mad because going to school together had been mentioned.

Jessie Boclaire was sitting on the steps of the front porch chewing tobacco and petting his two rabbit hounds when Jess heard him call...

"Come here, boy. I want to talk to you a minute."

Jess was down near the road firing small pebbles with his slingshot at the bats, which had come out at twilight in search of an evening meal of insects, when his father called him.

Pocketing his slingshot that he and Deak had made together, he walked slowly back to the house, wondering if his father was still angry.

"Sit down, Jess. Now tell me who said you were going to have to go to school with niggers."

"Didn't anyone tell me, Dad."

"Tell the truth, son. That ain't what you said at the supper table."

"Gee, Dad, didn't anyone say we were going to school together. Deak just asked me if we were, that's all."

"How come Deak to ask you that? I know Spinks didn't put any such ideas in his head. Spinks' family been with my family too long to start stirring up trouble like some of those other tenants. Why, I've always treated Spinks right. He and I grew up together, same as you and Deak. My father and Spinks' got along alright too, never had any trouble. Son, Deak's family has been farming our land here since before they were set free by your great-great-grandfather. It's as sure as flies in a cow barn that Spinks ain't behind this. Speak up son, who is?"

"I didn't know anybody was trying to make trouble, Dad. Deak just told me that some stranger over at the colored meeting house last night said that the colored and whites would be going to the same school this fall."

"I knew it. I told the boys at Nate Fuller's store that this would happen. Before you know it, they will be wanting to marry our daughters too. Come on, Jess, we're going down to Nate's store. I want you to tell the boys the same thing you told me."

"But, Dad..."

"No back talk, Jess, you come on here with me. By grannies, I told them so..."

All the way to Nate Fuller's store, where most of the farmers within five miles gathered almost every evening, Jessie Boclaire kept muttering to himself about how he had warned the boys and if they had taken his advice and run the stranger out, they would have been a lot better off. Now they'd pay heed to his advice.

Jess still couldn't understand why his father was making such a fuss over the whole thing but he had begun to realize that his father didn't approve of him and Deak going to school together. Maybe now he wouldn't let them go fishing together on Saturday afternoons, or go romping in the woods together, or share

their rabbit guns next winter when the water at their secret swimming hole would begin to freeze along the banks.

But Uncle Spinks and Deak hadn't had anything to do with whatever his dad thought would bring trouble. His father had said so himself. And if they hadn't anything to do with it, then he and Deak could still be friends.

Even though darkness and a gentle breeze had cooled the evening some, it was still a hot August night and the men at Nate's store were sitting outside, some on empty cartons, some in chairs and Mister Nate in a hammock he had strung between two red oaks.

As Jess and his father joined the gathering, the group was roaring with laughter over a story made up by Nate about someone getting saved at the church up the road, and how they got down on the floor and rolled all over the place and was jabbering "monkey talk."

Nate always laughed the loudest and longest, especially at his own tales. After everyone had quieted down some and Jessie had exchanged greeting with Nate and the rest, he excitedly explained...

"I told you so, didn't I? I told you that nigger from up North would bring nothing but trouble. Well, now it's happened."

Nate was the first to speak. "What's happened, Jess? I haven't heard of him doing anything."

"Yeah," chimed in the others, "What's up, Jess?"

"He's stirring up our colored folk around here, that's what," replied Jess.

"You tell them about it, son. Tell them about what he said at their meeting house last night, how he was egging them on."

"I don't know, Dad, I..."

"Never mind, boy, never mind, I'll tell it myself."

"Last night at the meeting house," continued Jessie, "while we were all home minding our own business, like he should have done, the stranger was telling our colored folks how they should be sending their children to the white schools. And,

how we weren't treating them right and..."

"But, Dad, they weren't..." interrupted Jess.

"Be quiet, son, don't interrupt me."

"Haven't we always treated them fair and square? Sure we have. Give them credit every year so they can get by."

"That's right, Jessie," added Nate Fuller, "I guess just about every one of them owes me over a hundred dollars right now, some of them on toward five hundred, I treat them right as rain, every one of them."

"You're darn right we do," added the other men in the group, "and this is the thanks we get. Why, they've got a school same as ours. Next thing you know, they will be wanting to go to church together, and marry our youngsters."

"Exactly what I told Jess here just a few minutes ago," said Jessie Boclair.

Jess was sorry his father had brought him here now. Before, he always liked to come to Nate's store with him. And even more so, he was sorry he had asked his father about going to school with Deak. He realized now that he had made a mistake. They would have found out about it anyway but he wished he hadn't mentioned it. Tomorrow he would go to Deak and ask him to ask Uncle Spinks to persuade the stranger to leave and then everything would be okay again.

But tomorrow would be too late. One of the group suggested that they go out tonight and take the stranger down to Hanging Bend and scare him into thinking he would be hanged like Jim Bawlings used to do it. Surely he had heard the stories about Hanging Bend, thought the men at Nate's store. Although some of them didn't agree to the plan at first, the other farmers soon convinced them that this was the only way to nip the stranger's plans before they really got under way.

Jessie promised Nate he would be back just as soon as he took Jess home. Then they would find the stranger and take him to Hanging Bend, and scare "the black right off him."

Mrs. Boclair knelt beside Jess in his room as they said the Lord's Prayer

together. She put Jess to bed assuring him that everything would be all right in the morning. The stranger would be gone and he and Deak could play together as they had today.

It was only 7:30 and Jess knew that Deak would still be playing out in the yard with his three sisters, or that Uncle Spinks would be telling them stories about the wild animals. Uncle Spinks could tell the best stories of anybody in the world, thought Jess, as he lay in his bed. He had sat with Deak and his sisters countless evenings listening to them.

Maybe Deak was sitting by himself thinking about catching ball for Turtle Creek, he had told him he might if they attended the same school this fall. He sure would be awful disappointed, thought Jess, when he hears they won't be going to the same school after all.

Jess decided he would sneak out of the house and over to Deak's and tell him how his father and the other men didn't want them to go to school together. He had better be there before it was later than eight o'clock, so Uncle Spink wouldn't suspect he had slipped over to see Deak.

He could hear the television set going full blast. While his mother was watching TV, he was sure he could get out of the house without her knowing it. Jess pulled on his overalls, grabbed his cap and walked quietly out of the house past his mother.

Deak and his sisters were playing hide and seek when Jess strolled into their yard. Off in the distance, he could hear a Whippoorwill. For some reason, the faint call of a Whippoorwill had always sent goose pimples rambling over his neck and back, and tonight was no exception. They even lingered longer as he thought of his father and the crowd at Nate's store, and what they planned to do tonight.

The goose pimples faded when he heard Deak greet him.

"Hi, Jess, sure glad Mister Boclaire let you come over tonight. I was getting tired of playing with these sissies."

"Let's go around to the back of the house, Deak, I've got something I want to

tell you in secret."

"Gee, what happened, did your father whip you for not getting home in time to do the milking?"

"Nope, it's nothing like that, Deak. Do you remember asking me if we were going to school together?"

"Sure, that'll be fun, huh? I can't wait until next spring to try out for catcher."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Deak. I don't think we will be going together."

"But the man at the meeting house said..."

"I know what he said, Deak, but I asked Dad about it and he got all riled up. And then he went down to Nate Fuller's and told everyone what the stranger had said and they got mad too."

"Gosh, why did they do that?"

"I don't know," said Jess glancing away from his friend, "but they're going to scare the stranger away tonight, then everything will be just like it always was."

"How're they going to scare him, Jess?"

"You've heard the stories about our secret swimming hole and how it got its name long ago."

"You know I have, but what's that got to do with it?"

"Maybe I shouldn't tell you. But you are my best buddy, right?"

"Right."

"I guess it's okay then. Deak, they plan to take the stranger down to Hanging Bend and make like they are going to hang him. They figure that will scare him into leaving the country, and then there will be no more talk about colored and white folks going to school together."

"You really mean that, Jess, all this fuss over us going to the same school?"

"I guess so. Doesn't seem like it would hurt anything to me, but you know how grownups are sometimes."

"Yeah, they sure do act awful funny once in awhile. Say, Jess, let's go down and watch it. We can be back by nine o'clock, Dad will think we are down at the fish pond catching frogs like we do sometimes."

"I shouldn't really. Mom doesn't know I am over here now."

"Oh, come on, Jess, we'll be back before she misses you."

"I would like to see what they do to the stranger. Alright, come on, let's go."

A few minutes later, Jess and Deak had quietly disappeared into the tall pines behind Uncle Spinks' house. All the way to Hanging Bend, neither boy spoke until they stood peering from behind a clump of alders that had grown almost to the water's edge.

"There they are," whispered Jess.

"Doesn't look like they've been here too long," breathed Deak.

"Hey, look, Deak. Is that the stranger?" questioned Jess as he pointed to the one Negro, surrounded by the crowd from Nate Fuller's.

As if in answer to Jess' question, he heard Nate's voice drift across the silent waters of Turtle Creek.

"...and charged with disturbing the peace of this community, and poisoning the minds of our colored friends against us. For this, we the members of this court, have sentenced you to hang by the neck until death does claim your foul soul."

"God, no. Please, don't," cried the stranger, "I was only doing a job. I'll leave tonight and never come back. Believe me. Have mercy. Please."

Jess and Deak almost screamed aloud as they heard a last gurgling cry slip from the stranger's throat and saw the story of Hanging Bend tragically unfold in the flickering glare of a bond fire.

The thick alder brush and blackberry briers lashed at the two scared boys as if to punish them for what had happened as they ran, stumbling through the darkness, for home.

Jess didn't ever slow down to say goodnight to his friend but raced through Uncle Spinks' yard as though he himself were being chased by the murderers.

Mrs. Boclaire was still watching television and didn't hear Jess sneak hurriedly up the stairs and fall sobbing across his bed.

Jess couldn't sleep but lay there in the ghostly glow of a summer moon that had begun to creep into the sky. Why had they hanged the stranger? Had it been a mistake, a joke that was carried too far? Or, did his dad and the rest change their mind after his father brought him home? These questions danced throughout young Jess' mind searching for answers.

He heard a car stop in front of the house, a door slam, and an exchange of farewells. The clock downstairs had just struck twice a few minutes before. Jess had been home almost five hours now, his mother had turned off the TV shortly after eleven and come by his room on her way to bed. Jess hadn't answered her when she had called to him, "Jess, dear, are you asleep?" and then moved on down the hall.

Now he waited for his father, listening for the moment he would awaken his mother and explain the horrible mistake that had taken place the evening before.

He heard his father stumble onto the porch, the screen door banged and then sprung back twice more, each time making less noise.

The shattering of a vase awakened Mrs. Boclaire as it dropped to the hall floor in the wake of her drunk husband.

"Jessie Boclaire, you know better than to go and get drunk in the middle of the week," scolded Jess' mother.

"Bet you and Nate Fuller got drunk and didn't even bother to run off that fellow that's stirring up the trouble."

Without answering, Jessie Boclaire undressed and passed out as he lay back on the feather tick bed.

Finally, Jess, too, dropped off into a fitful sleep.

When he awakened that morning, Jess prayed that he had only dreamed a horrible nightmare, that what he knew to be the truth, wasn't really true at all.

He lay in bed for several minutes, dreading to face his father who would by now be at the table, supping his coffee, and waiting impatiently for his mother to

finish cooking breakfast.

He could hear his father occasionally raise his voice and from the few words he caught, realized they were discussing what had happened the night before.

Quietly, Jess dressed and slipped downstairs in time to catch most of his father's story.

When Jessie had returned to Nate's store, Nate had already uncorked a jug of corn whiskey and several of the group had downed more than one or two swigs. He thought of warning them against drinking before they finished scaring the stranger off, but before he voiced his objections, the corn was passed to him and he decided that one or two couldn't possibly do any harm.

By the time they found the stranger, some of group were already drunk. Maybe if the stranger had been frightened right away, instead of cursing them, he would still be alive. But he damned the whites to hell and allowed how he would have his revenge, until some of the group decided that they should go ahead and hang him instead of trying to scare him out of the country. Jessie Boclaire, like some of the others, didn't really take the remark seriously when it was first made, but before they reached Hanging Bend, it was plain to see that the stranger wasn't going to scare very easily. Perhaps, they would even have to put a rope around his neck to dampen his fiery spirit. The first jar of corn was emptied on the way to Turtle Creek and Nate Fuller produced another, swearing it was the best first run to be brewed around there in many years.

Nate and the rest had finally succeeded in frightening the poor stranger. Now, he no longer damned their black souls housed in white filth, but begged for their mercy, that they would spare his life. He promised to tell their colored folk that he had been wrong. He offered to do anything if they wouldn't hang him. He would even be a servant to pay any or all of the group.

The boys from Nate Fuller's store should have been satisfied now, the Negro had repented, he was willing to leave, or do anything they asked. But they weren't. The white lightning had whetted their appetite for violence. Now they would hang the black

bastard, for that's what he really deserved in the first place, they reasoned.

And they hung him at Hanging Bend where, once many years ago, other Negroes were hung in the same fashion and from the same tree. They, too, had been cut from the tree and had dropped into the watery grave of Turtle Creek.

Mrs. Boclaire didn't speak when Jess walked into the kitchen, she turned to the stove and pretended not to see him.

His father started to speak, but Jess interrupted him.

"I heard it all, Dad."

"We really didn't mean to do it but now that it's done, we all have to stick together. Really, we can put it to good use. When our colored folk hear of what happened to the stranger, they won't dare try to send their children to the white schools. I guess there will be a trial at the county seat, but I don't see how they can do very much with us. Nobody will tell who actually did the hanging, and they can't charge the whole damn bunch for murder. Yup, I guess things didn't turn out so badly after all."

For the first time in his life, Jess felt ashamed of his father. In less than one day, he was a changed man. He was no longer the same person who had taken Jess and Deak to Nate's on hot afternoons for a soda pop, nor was he the same who had patiently taught the two boys how to swim one spring long ago. He was a murderer now. A man who would murder again to keep his son and a Negro friend from attending school together.

Jess abruptly jumped up from the table and ran crying out of the house, his father called for him to "come back."

Jess didn't stop running until he reached the fish pond which lay halfway between his house and Deak's. He dropped to the damp grass under the shaded pond bank and began to pick at an ant hill while wiping his tear stained cheeks with his shirt sleeve.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and crushed the ant hill with his bare foot.

"That's it," he said aloud, "if something were to happen to both schools,

they couldn't make us go to either one, because there wouldn't be a school to go to."

Carefully, Jess worked out his plan to destroy both schools. He was sure it would solve everything. With Deak's help, it shouldn't be too hard. He had seen his father and Uncle Spinks use dynamite to blast stumps from the new grounds. All he and Deak would have to do was use more dynamite. Neither school was much bigger than his own home. He was sure they could do it.

Before noon, he had told Deak of his plan and he had agreed to it.

That night, he and Deak would swipe the dynamite his father had bought a few weeks before and take it to Turtle Creek School, their first target. If everything went off alright, they would steal some dynamite from Nate's store in a week or so and blow up the colored school.

It was dark and the moon was hidden behind a storm. Jess figured his mother and father must be asleep now, anyway, it was after twelve o'clock and he was supposed to meet Deak at midnight. Deak might get scared and go back home if he didn't get there right away. His folks had stayed up later than usual, and Jess had wanted to wait until he was sure they were asleep before he tried to sneak out. But he was late now and he would have no chance getting out without them hearing him, even if they were still awake. He made it. Deak was waiting outside with the dynamite already loaded in a wagon that Jess had received two years before for Christmas.

"Come on," whispered Deak, "I've got the caps and fuse in my pocket. I thought you were never going to get out here."

"Are you scared, Deak?"

"Nah, not much, how about you?"

"A little, I guess. Hey, let's make believe we're soldiers on our way to blow up a bridge or an important headquarters of a Russian General," urged Jess.

"Suits me."

It was two miles from Jess' house to the school and he and Deak had grown

tired of playing soldier by the time they reached Turtle Creek School, shortly after one thirty.

Neither boy had said much for the last twenty minutes.

"Do you really think we should do it, Jess?" questioned Deak.

"I don't see any other way of settling things, do you?"

"No, I guess not."

"Okay. I think the best place to put the dynamite would be under the center of the building. What do you think, Deak?"

"Sounds like that would be as good a place as any."

"We'll have to carry the dynamite under the building. I don't want to have to worry about getting the wagon out after we light the fuse," said Jess.

"Looks like we've got enough here to blow up both schools, Jess. We could hide half of it until we get ready to use it again. That way, we wouldn't have to steal any."

"Nope, let's use all of it, just to make sure we do a good job," answered Jess, as he crawled toward the center of the school floor with Deak following him.

The storm was getting closer and the thunder was no longer a distant rumble, but was bursting over their heads with each violent flash of lightening.

Mrs. Boclaire had been awakened by the storm, and now was closing the windows. She walked into Jess' room, closed the windows and as she turned to leave, her son's empty bed was lighted by the storm's fury. Not believing he was out of bed at this hour, she called to him as her trembling fingers flipped the light switch on.

Jessie Boclaire was now awake and was grouping his way through the hall to his son's lighted room.

"Where's Jess?" screamed Mrs. Boclaire, throwing herself into her husband's arms.

"Now, dear, don't get upset. He's probably downstairs in the bathroom. Probably asleep on the stool," said Jessie, doubting his own words.

Meanwhile, Deak and Jess had neatly attached their last stick of dynamite against the base of the school's chimney which stood almost in the center of the building.

Deak held the flashlight while Jess placed a cap in one end of a stick of dynamite. He then placed a piece of fuse in the cap and split the opposite end, some of the black fuse powder spilled onto his fingers. This was the third fuse Jess had rigged to make sure the dynamite was set off. He couldn't see letting a bad piece of fuse foil his plans now. It began to rain now and the boys had to raise their voices to understand each other.

"Looks like you've got everything all set, Jess."

"Yeah, you ready to scam out of here, Deak?"

"You bet'cha, anytime you give the word, I'm ready."

"Okay, you light that fuse and I'll light these two, and as soon as they're lit, get out of here."

Jess had one of the fuses lit before Deak could light his one. The wind kept blowing out his matches. In a second though, all three fuses were spewing flame and Jess and Deak had turned to crawl away.

Suddenly Jess screamed, "Something bit me! Let me have the light quick."

Turning the flashlight in Jess' direction, Deak saw what had bitten his friend.

"It's a cottonmouth," cried Deak, "quick, let's get out of here."

But the snake had moved in front of their path. For a few seconds, both boys lay under the school house, without saying a word, watching the snake coil into a tense spring.

Tears streaked Deak's face as he blurted out, "The dynamite, Jess, we've got to get out of here, snake or no snake."

"Here, let me help you," said Deak, as he put his arm around his friend.

By this time, Jessie has made a thorough search of the house for Jess and was standing on Uncle Spinks' front porch after learning that Deak was also missing,

when he heard what sounded like another clap of thunder. The two men, rain blowing in their faces, turned toward the explosion just in time to see a dirty yellow flash off in the distance.

It was dawn now and the storm had passed. Uncle Spinks was sitting with Jessie at his table, stirring a cold cup of coffee, when Nate Fuller knocked at the front door.

They and the neighbors had spent the night searching for Jess and Deak. Now Mrs. Boclaire and Uncle Spinks' family were in bed. Jessie and Uncle Spinks sat looking far away without hearing Nate knock.

Nate had come on in and was standing, head bowed, with one hand on Uncle Spinks' shoulder and the other resting on Jessie's. He told them that their sons had been found in the burnt wreckage of Turtle Creek School.

Slowly, Jessie and Uncle Spinks got up from the table and walked to the back porch. There they looked out across the cotton fields that had just begun to whiten and saw two young boys walking side by side, one black, the other white. Was it Jess and Deak they saw or was it themselves many years ago, or was it their fathers before them?

Jessie Boclaire turned and looked into the misty eyes of his childhood friend and with tears now flowing freely down his weather beaten face cried,

"Oh, God, please help us."

Appendix V: Dedication of the Tactical Missile School

Dedication of the Tactical Missile School, Orlando Air Force Base, Spring, 1957

Today, we are here to dedicate the first United States Air Force Tactical Missile School, the only one of its kind anywhere in the world. It is a school activated to train professionals in the employment of the Matador and Mace missiles.

The professionals I am speaking of are you. You are training for a mission as important as any I can think of in the structure of our Armed Forces.

You are actually training for a double barreled mission.

The first part of your mission will be deter any would-be aggressor. For you to be effective the enemy must know that you, as individuals, are standing ready at your launch sites for immediate retaliation - -retaliation which, when combined with the retaliatory power of our other Air Force Commands and sister services, would make armed conflict, as a means for achieving a goal, out of the question to any ambitious, aggressive enemy.

The second part of your mission will come only if we have failed in the first part. This part of your mission is primarily one of air interdiction.

To the enemy interdiction means knocked out supply depots, demolished rail centers, and craterized roadbeds. In short, air interdiction denies the enemy the means with which to fight by destroying a great portion of his capability before it can be brought to bear against us.

If we are capable of carrying out this second mission, and I am sure that we are, then more than likely we will accomplish the first.

But in either case we must have not only the weapons available for the job, but we must have you, the professionals, who will keep these weapons ready for their job, every minute of this year, next year, and the following years.

You cannot afford to become lax for a moment, either while training here at the missile school, or after you are stationed somewhere in Europe or the Pacific, facing a possible enemy only a few hundred miles away.

To emphasize this point I should like to remind you that the Soviet Communist Party has repeatedly announced her intentions of world domination. Russia's record of territorial expansion by means of conquest is unequalled in the modern world. Let me review a little Russian history for you.

After the conquest of ancient Russia by the Tartars, Alexander Nevski, starting with no more than a freedom from scruple, carved out a 20,000 square mile territory. This was during the thirteenth century. Three hundred years, three Basils, and four Ivans later this had increased, by conquest, to one million seven hundred thousand square miles - - a rate of growth of fifty-seven hundred square miles each year. The rate of growth has more than tripled since then to almost 19,000 square miles per year - - that is more than New Hampshire and Vermont combined every year for the past 400 years.

Red China is also a threat to freedom. Today she has a population of some 650 million people. This is increasing by more than 40,000 each day, year after year. Agronomists figure that a minimum of two acres of farm land is necessary to feed each person. China's farm land versus population is now at one half acre per person. There is no doubt that Red China wants to expand.

Now both of these powerful countries, I believe would not hesitate to extend their boundaries by armed conflict if they were not convinced that we have the weapons, and the men to use these weapons, which would make such a war, for them and for the world, suicidal.

You, and the weapons you are training with, the Mace and the Matador, are an actual part of the forces which your mother and father, your sisters and brothers, your neighbors, and the country as a whole are depending on to prohibit expansion by war from any quarter of the globe.

Without dedicated young men like yourselves, we would have, long ago, fallen under the heels of oppressive domination.

I ask you to keep this in mind as you return to your training areas and as you sit waiting somewhere in the Pacific or Europe to launch a powerful and destructive force. You are part of a force which we hope will never have to be used against anyone. But you must become and remain proficient in your knowledge of tactical missile use, because you are the professionals upon whom we must depend to keep America the "land of the free and the home of the brave".

Appendix VI: Narration for VIEW-DO Film

Office of Information Services
Headquarters Ninth Air Force
Shaw AFB, South Carolina

Phone: 7128
8120

Narration for VIEW-DO Film

Edwards Air Force Base, California!.....Flight Testing Center for the X-15, forerunner of Air Force spaceships!.....film location for the Steve Canyon television series!.....and starting point for Tactical Air Command's assault on two world speed records.

SCENE I

On April 15th Captain George A. Edwards, Jr. of Crossville, Tennessee, flew a swept-wing RF-101 McDonnell Voodoo at an average speed of 816.279 miles per hour to shatter the 500 kilometer closed circuit course world's record. Colonel Thomas R. Ford, 837th Air Division Commander, climbs to greet and congratulate the new record holder. Captain James B. Murphy of Gallup, New Mexico, who flew the 500-kilometer circuit at a slower speed than Edwards, is also met by Colonel Ford. One week earlier. Colonel Edward J. Taylor of Austin, Texas, set a new world's speed record for the 1000 kilometer closed circuit course with an average speed of 700.047 miles per hour. The four Air Force officers discuss the new speed records. The former 500 mark of 695.127 miles per hour was established by the Navy in July 1955. France, until now, has held the 1000 record established last July with 668.188 miles per hour. Home station of the pilots is TAC's Shaw Air Force Base, South Carolina. Just ten days before, the TAC team arrived at Edwards AFB, California, to prepare for an assault on the former 500 and 1000 kilometer records.

SCENE II One of two sleek BF-101's arrives at this desert Air Force Base from its home station, Shaw AFB, South Carolina. At the controls of the world's fastest photo reconnaissance plane is Colonel Taylor, a Charter Member of the First official United States Air Force's Aerial Exhibition Team. Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy prepare to set a new world's speed record for the measured 1000-kilometer closed circuit course in their swept-wing McDonnell Voodoos. TAC's record flight attempt has been nicknamed Project VIEW-DO. A play upon the plane's name, Voodoo, and its reconnaissance mission and speed.

SCENE III Upon his arrival at Edwards, Colonel Taylor is greeted by National Air Association officials and ground crew members who preceded him to California. Briefly, Colonel Taylor discusses with the speed run observers his plans to break the existing 1000-kilometer record. The veteran air-force pilot is the Director of Operations for the 432d Tactical Reconnaissance Wing at Shaw AFB, S, C. During World War II he flew the first low-level reconnaissance mission for the invasion of Iwo Jima.

SCENE IV Shortly after the Ninth Air Force Voodoo pilots arrival at the Air Force Flight Test Center they invite the National Air Association officials out for a closer inspection of the RF-101's. During this time the entire group poses for news photographers and an official photo. Officials are Ted Carpenter, observer; S. W. Smith, timer; Charles Kepner, barograph operator; Daniel McConnell* ground observer; William Cook, ground observer; Chuck Tibbetts, air observer; and George Tibbetts, air observer. Captain Murphy and Colonel

SCENE IV Taylor are kept busy answering individual questions about the Voodoos' reconnaissance capabilities. Both pilots pointed out that the RF-101's in the speed run are standard combat models and are not souped up versions for this special event. The National Air Association judges were particularly impressed when they learned that the Voodoos were deployed to the Middle and Far East last year during the Lebanon and Taiwan crises as a weapons system in TAC's Composite Air Strike Forces (CASF). The McDonnell RF-101's. can deploy to any point in the world within 24 hours for immediate combat action.

SCENE V The BIG DAY begins, just after dawn, for Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy's highly-trained ground crew members who must tow the Shaw-based Voodoos twelve miles out onto the cracked mud flats of Muroc dry lake. At the slow, snail's pace of five miles an hour the world's fastest photo reconnaissance plane moves toward its take-off point. The careful trip across the sun-bleached desert is typical of the care exercised by TAC crews, some of the best in the world. Similar crews enabled TAC's Voodoos to set former official record-breaking speeds from Los Angeles to New York at 781.7 miles per hour, and 677.7 on the return flight. On a Los Angeles-New York-Los Angeles run the 1,000 mile-per hour plus RF-101 averaged 721.8 miles an hour. This happened during Operation SUN RUN in November 1957.

SCENE VI With the Voodoos in place, Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy survey their position from the cockpit of Taylor's aircraft. They are aligned with their first check point, a fuel tank, five miles away. Flying over the predetermined 1000 kilometer closed circuit course requires precision planning by the pilots. Overlooking the smallest detail could result in failure to establish a new world's record. Their Tactical Air Command training in exact reconnaissance photo flying calls for the

SCENE VI same, often tedious, planning and professional flying skill.

SCENE VII Before take-off the Voodoos are serviced with a maximum load of fuel. Liquid Oxygen is also carried, but not for an assist boost in take-off power. The liquid oxygen will be converted to a gas so the pilots may breath in the rarefied atmosphere at altitudes of 40,000 feet and higher. Without oxygen the RF-101 pilots at this altitude could fly their aircraft for only 15 seconds before losing consciousness and would die within a matter of minutes.

SCENE VIII As the time for take-off draws nearer, Mr. Charles Kepner, NAA Barograph operator, switches on the device which will measure and record the Voodoos' altitude throughout the speed run. This is just one of the many technical aspects involved in determining the validity of a flight in which a world's speed record is at stake.

SCENE IX Efficient TAC ground crews top off external fuel tanks. When they are emptied, the pilots drop them in a pre-selected remote area.

SCENE X Colonel Taylor and Captain Murphy, after going over their flight plan together for the last time, declare they are ready to shatter Bernard Wit's world record of 668.188 miles per hour. S/Sgt Myron Warfel of Salem, Missouri, T/Sgt Samuel King of Johnson City, Tennessee, and T/Sgt Sanford Weaver of Lafayette, Indiana, join Colonel Taylor in a good-luck handclasp.

SCENE XI Helping Colonel Taylor button in is his crew chief, T/Sgt Samuel S. King of Johnson City, Tennessee. He assures his pilot that the RF-101 is in perfect condition for the 622-mile oval course. Captain Murphy gets the same assistance and assurance

SCENE XI from his crew chief S/Sgt Samuel Shirey, Jr., of Camden, South Carolina. Tactical Air Command crew chiefs play a vital role in the defense of the United States by keeping their tactical jets in a combat ready status around the clock. Participation in a record-breaking speed run is a satisfying reward for extra hours of toil day after day.

SCENE XII Slowly, Colonel Taylor's BF-101 reconnaissance jet begins to roll across the dry lake on a heading of 250 degrees, passing his sister Voodoo piloted by Captain Murphy, who will follow him minutes later. As a cloud of dust billows in the wake of his jet exhaust the Voodoo is quickly approaching its take-off speed of 200 miles per hour. None of the take-offs are from a prepared airstrip. The sun-baked earth of Muroc dry lake is amply hard to sustain the heavy load of a fully fueled airplane. Colonel Taylor is airborne in one and two-tenths of a mile and is speeding toward a new world's record for the 1000-kilometer closed circuit course.

SCENE XIII Captain Murphy of Gallup, New Mexico guns his Voodoo into action only minutes after the dust has settled. Both pilots are observed from the ground and air as they fly the 622-mile oval course. Airborne officials, flying in T-33 jets, circle inside the oval and have radio contact with the Voodoos and ground observers. Actually the official 622-mile circuit is increased to 630 miles because the RF-101 pilots must make an eight-mile detour to drop their expended fuel tanks in a pre-selected isolated location.

SCENE XIV In less than 55 minutes after wheels-up, Colonel Taylor is back at Edwards AFB, bringing with him a new world's speed record for the 1000-kilometer closed circuit course. The Tactical Air Command pilot's average speed is a record smashing 700.047

SCENE XIV miles per hour, almost 32 miles an hour faster than the French record. He crossed the starting point at 1000 feet, climbed to more than 40,00 feet and crossed the finish line at 19,000 feet. He began his letdown 91 miles from the finish marker.

SCENE XV First person to greet the holder of a new 1000-kilometer world's speed record is T/Sgt Samuel S. King, Colonel Taylor's crew chief. Colonel Thomas R. Ford, 837th Air Division Commander, from Shaw AFB, South Carolina, offers his congratulations. He receives a first-hand account of the record-breaking run from Colonel Taylor.

SCENE XVI Others are also anxious to hear details of the flight and while completing flight forms that will be preserved for history Colonel Taylor answers a barrage of questions. Among those who are most anxious to learn of the Voodoo's performance are technical representatives of McDonnell Aircraft and Pratt and Whitney Aircraft companies. McDonnell manufactures the RF-101; the engines are made by Pratt and Whitney. Captain Edwards, later to set the new 500 kilometer record, also discusses the flight with Colonel Taylor.

SCENE XVII Captain Murphy arrives only minutes after Colonel Taylor and taxis his swept-wing RF-101 into parking position. He has also topped the French mark by clocking a speed of 678.607 miles per hour, but the higher speed is counted as the official new world record.

SCENE XVIII Colonel Taylor climbs the utility ladder to greet his running mate, Captain Murphy, and the two Ninth Air Force pilots discuss their record flights. A small crowd continues to mill about the two tactical reconnaissance planes, commenting

SCENE XVIII to each other about the Air Force's new world speed mark. Captain Murphy, even though he beat the former world record, is visibly disappointed.

SCENE XIX With the speed runs now recorded in history to stand for a month or several years, the pilots return to Shaw Air Force Base. At Shaw they will continue their ever constant training as reconnaissance pilots for the Tactical Air Command of the United States Air Force. There they will stand ready to move, as they did when world peace was threatened last summer, to any part of the world as a team member of TAC's Composite Air Strike Force, a powerful deterrent to aggression.

Appendix VII: Dear Legionnaires

This is my letter to members of American Legion Post 4 who elected me as their youngest commander ever, at age thirty-two. I was also the first Korean veteran to serve as Post 4 Commander.

May 16, 1966

Dear Legionnaires:

As the sun begins to set on my year as your Commander, I extend my sincere appreciation and a farewell "thank you" to all of you who have helped make these past 12 months one of the most pleasantly memorable years of my life. While there are a few moments of twilight left in this year, I want to recall with you some of the things which have taken place since that humbling ceremony early last June which installed me as your Commander.

There are, of course, the usual programs of any American Legion Post, with some of these, such as American Legion baseball, Boy's State, Child Welfare and membership, where we set a new record for the sixth consecutive year, we did admirably well. In other programs, we were moderately successful, and in some we failed to function. But, in reminiscing, I want to share with you some of the new ideas, or different twists to old ideas, which became a part of Post 4's program this year.

Probably one of the most unselfish and charitable acts of the Post was the establishment of a perpetual memorial fund at the local Children's Rehabilitation Ranch to honor, and in memory of, Chuck Wrede who was serving as our second vice commander when he died nearly two years ago. He was, at the same time, director of the Rehabilitation Ranch. To insure annual contributions to this fund, the annual American Legion Ball was renamed the American Legion Chuck Wrede Memorial Ball, with all proceeds going to the Chuck Wrede Memorial Fund.

Also, this year, a speaker's bureau was established with the assistance of Past Department Commander Col. Ed Bentley, Past Commander Quillian Yancey and Second Vice Commander Bob Levitt. Although there were not as many requests for speakers as we had hoped for when the bureau was established, it was favorably received throughout the community and should continue to be a source of speakers with ever-growing frequency. Primarily the speaker's bureau was established to acquaint members of the Lakeland community with the ideals of Americanism as viewed by the American Legion with special emphasis on the U.S. Constitution.

A step forward, I feel, was taken when we placed our publicity program in the hands of Bill Cheek, a professional in handling and placing publicity items. Because of previous inactivity in promoting close and beneficial ties with local news media, our publicity program did get off to a slow start this year, but has been picking up steam and I feel is rolling along smoothly now with an ever-increasing number of mentions in the local newspapers and on local radio of the American Legion and its programs and activities.

To the delight of many members, our Legion clubroom has been completely renovated and now provides an atmosphere for socializing and fellowship unequalled by any other club, private or public, in town.

A speaker's program at our second and fourth Tuesday meetings each month was also well received. We were privileged to have with us during the year such noted personalities as Tom Waddell of the Insurance Commissioner's office in Tallahassee, Representative Ray Osborne from Pinellas County, Representative Ray Mattox from Winter Haven, Senator Ben Hill Griffin from Frostproof, former Lakeland Mayor Tom Joyner and Representative Wallace Storey from Bartow. Also, we were visited on two occasions by our Department Commander Lamar Cannon and by 7th District Commander Spencer Stott.

Another new program this year was the establishment of an outstanding member selection committee. This committee was charged with the difficult task of selecting one of our members as the outstanding Legionnaire of the year. As you may know by now, their choice this year was Charles V. Jones, a past commander of the Post, who has done much for the American Legion and its program over the past several years, and continued his efforts at a record pace this year, even in the face of personal tragedy within his family.

And last, but of much importance to me since it was established as my own personal goal, attendance at meetings this year has been increased by approximately 30 to 60 percent. This, I feel, is vital to a vigorous execution of American Legion programs and I sincerely hope that more and more members will attend meetings this coming year and in succeeding years.

You have been wonderful to me in providing an opportunity to serve the greatest organization on earth. I sincerely hope and urge that you give your new Commander, Al Richter, and all the officers who will be serving with him, your enthusiastic and faithful support during the coining year.

See you at the meetings, from my new chair as past commander.

Kindest personal regards to you all.

Sincerely,

Charles C. Dockery
Commander

Appendix VIII: Talk given to Dixieland Lions Club

Talk given by C. C. Dockery, past Commander of American Legion Post 4, before the Dixieland Lions Club May 27, 1969.

Good evening, it's a real pleasure for me to be with you tonight representing the American Legion of Florida and Post 4 here in Lakeland.

After taking a look at the goals and activities of Lions International I feel right at home since your aims closely parallel those of the American Legion. Because of this strong belief in our mutual service to community, state and nation, you may be interested in knowing that this year, the American Legion celebrates its 50th anniversary. Some of you, I know, belong to the American Legion and are quite familiar with it, however, for those of you who are not, I'd like to briefly get in a couple of plugs about our background before I get to the subject of my visit with you tonight.

The American Legion was formed in Paris back in 1919, by the veterans of World War I who were very much concerned about the problems they faced in being returned to civilian life. Of course the American Legion has broadened its program tremendously since that time to not only assist veterans in returning to civilian life but to assist the community and especially our youth in becoming vitally conscious of the rewards our great nation has given us, and to help them take a roll in perpetuating the abundance of freedom we enjoy.

The American Legion does this through several specific programs including Boys State and Girls State where we send our promising young men and girls to Tallahassee for a firsthand look at state government and then, those who are selected there go on to the American Legion sponsored Boys Nation and Girls Nation to see how things operate at the federal level.

Another well-known program is American Legion baseball. Probably more than one fourth of all major league players today have had some contact with American Legion baseball. More importantly though, it has given thousands upon thousands of youngsters an opportunity to participate in a sports program they might not have otherwise had the chance to enjoy.

The American Legion sponsors an annual oratorical contest for our teenagers aimed at making them more aware of Americanism and what it means. School awards are presented to outstanding young leaders each year. We, like you, are interested in community programs and have our own welfare committee, blood bank committee, Christmas bag committee and others to do everything that we can to help make Lakeland a better community to live in.

As you are probably known most widely for your work in sight conservation and aid to the blind, the American Legion is recognized as being fiercely aggressive in its Americanism programs, jealously guarding

our Constitution and Bill of Rights. So you can see that we, through our different organizations, work for the same common purpose. This can best be illustrated by the splendid cooperation which is now going on between Lions International and the American Legion in “our kind of guy” program. This is an ambitious undertaking which we share along with the Jaycees and the Kiwanis to offer assistance to the more than 70,000 Vietnam veterans who are returning to civilian life each month. We have just received the word on this program in a letter signed by our National Commander and your Mr. David Evans, along with heads of the other organizations I’ve mentioned and hope to get something started on a local level soon.

In case you haven’t received your letter yet, the program encourages civic groups to make a supreme effort to invite each returning service man, or woman, to be their guests at a meeting, publicize their appearance and set up committees to help them find employment. In general, let them know that they are “our kind of guy” and we’re interested in their return home. We hope that you, too, will become actively involved in this. But, I suppose that’s enough of talk about what great guys we all are, so I’ll get on to another subject which is very close to me and I believe to you, too.

Just three short days from tonight, our nation will pause for a few moments to recognize the greatest list of heroes in our history. On Memorial Day, May 30, 1969, each of us—in our own way—will pay tribute to those who have paid the highest price to purchase the way of life we enjoy tonight. And, I say each of us because I doubt that there is a person in this room—few in the nation—who has not been touched in some way by those gallant men who have given to us, God’s most precious gift to them—their lives—so that we may live in the freest of all free nations.

Some of you may be touched by the sacrifices your ancestors so willingly made during the Revolutionary War to send a young nation on an uncharted and unparalleled course of individual freedom and responsibilities. Others will recall the stories passed on to them about the bloody and terrible war between the states. Some may long for the acquaintance of a grandfather who never came back from the trenches of World War I. Many of us have had our hearts scarred with the loss of a dear loved one in World War II and Korea. And perhaps—although I pray not—some of you may have been shattered with the death of someone near in this hard to understand and frightful defense of freedom in Vietnam.

Each of us will pause on Memorial Day to remember different ones and different wars, but we will have in common the knowledge that we live in freedom through their death in war. This then, with the Vietnam War still being fought, causes Memorial Day to take on a deeper and more heartfelt significance. Our casualties in Asia now surpass the 33,629 Americans who gave their lives in the Korean War. We see with saddened eyes that this is now the fourth costliest in American lives in our history. From Florida alone we have sent nearly one quarter of a million young men to serve the cause of freedom—200,000 of them volunteers, patriotic youngsters who heard the call for help and said yes, “take me, I believe in my country.” Already more than 3,000 of them from Polk County have returned to join the 60,000 other veterans here who faced the forces of fascism and communism and said, no you shall not prevail, freedom will live.

Some who left will not return. They are the ones we honor on May 30th. And, we honor their families—those who know better than we—perhaps even better than our longed for buddies—the meaning of sacrifice for freedom. Our buddies know now the reward of final peace while the young wives, sons and daughters, mothers and fathers struggle on and shed silent tears, at Christmas, on birthdays, anniversaries and on Memorial Day.

For them—more than 1200 in Polk County—the space of time has been too short between the gaiety of life and the tragedy of death. However, it is my dream—and a dream I hope you will share with me—that some time in the future of our planet, Earth, the space of time will be so distant, the absence of war so long, the abundance of freedom so great, for all peoples of this earth, that Memorial Day will have lost its significance. Oh no, I do not want those in that time to be ignorant of the sacrifices for freedom which have preceded them. Yet, I do want the memory of their ancestors' involvement in these sacrifices to be so dim that Memorial Day will cease to be a time of heavy hearts, mournful memories and tear filled eyes. Until that time comes, we have a responsibility to stand fast in our defense of freedom against its enemy at home and abroad. This is the time when we here must support our men in uniform wherever they may be.

This support, although there are common goals which will bind us together, is much like our observance of Memorial Day, an individual thing. Some will sacrifice a higher interest rate to purchase savings bonds, at a time when our country finds it necessary to borrow more and more money from its citizens. Some will support our men through increased donations to the Red Cross and the USO. Some will dedicate their lives to community service, thereby insuring a better town for our veterans to come home to after the long vigil is over. Some will rise to serve our state and nation as great servants of the people. However, the great majority of us will support our heroes of today through the observance of a way of life under a system of law, a love for our country, that has given us much in return, a reverence for a flag which is the symbol of freedom everywhere, a love of God, the great Giver of all things, a prayer to take good care of those who have died, to comfort those who fall wounded, and to save those who have not yet been called to give their all.

Then, we as a nation shall surely survive. We will survive those who would protest rather than serve, those who use the rules of democracy to destroy the institutions of a republic, and those who would burn rather than build. Yes, we will survive, thanks to the men and women of all services, of all wars, whom we honor on May 30, and to you, the members of the Dixieland Lions Club, who have not and will not let them down at home.

Appendix IX: Talk given to Southwest Jr. High School

**Talk Delivered By Me At Southwest Junior High School, Lakeland, Florida,
November 11, 1969, Veterans Day**

Good morning.

Today, Veterans Day, is a day set aside for commemorating the courage and patriotism of all the men and women who have served in the armed forces of our country. This day is co-celebrated in Canada, Great Britain and France, originally as Armistice Day in the United States, to remind all of the tragedy of war.

It was in 1954 that the Congress of our country established November 11 as Veterans Day to honor all American veterans war time and peace time. This then is the reason I, a member of American Legion Post 4 in Lakeland, an organization of war-time veterans, am here with you today—to pause for a moment to remember our fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers who have served our country.

Service is what I want to talk with you about this morning. Because, as they have served in the past, you will be called on to serve in the future—perhaps in the military as those we honor today, or you may choose other areas in which to serve. Most of you, I imagine, have not yet decided how you will serve either yourself, your community, your state, your nation and mankind—but serve you will.

Some of you will serve well, some not so well and I hope that no one of you will serve poorly, but history says some few will. This is borne out in the deeds of those who came before us, my own generation, the Korean War generation. As a group that generation has given mankind and our country some of the most remarkable achievements on record—witness the landing of man on the moon last July 20.

We've also made some blunders, witnessed the legacy of discontent and disillusionment we handed your older brothers and sisters. Your generation too will make mistakes. However, if you work now for your role as masters of the future, perhaps you and your classmates will hand to your younger brothers and sisters, your children and grandchildren, future generations, a better community, a better state, a better nation, a better world.

But if you are to be successful, in this, you must prepare for this important role. You must go on a mind expanding binge— I'm not talking about LSD, I'm not talking about marijuana and I'm not talking about pills and booze. All of these have been tried by those before you and while they may be real mind benders, they are only side trips to mind expansion, like heading for glamorous Palm Beach and getting side tracked in Yehaw Junction, stumbling blocks in the way of the real happening—life and you.

I'm talking about mind expansion through yak-a-de-yak thoughts shared with a good friend, speaking to your teachers, talking with your grandparents, reading about your community, learning more about your

state, studying the South, the North, the East, the West, getting to know the United States, learning about our planet and dreaming about the universe. You say, Rats, Mr. Dockery, we know about those things, we talk with each other every day. We're with our teachers day in and day out, Mom and Pop are always yelling, our books are full of Florida, the United States, the world and all that junk.

But do you really know Mom and Dad? Do you know your teachers? For example, how many of you here know your principal? Raise your hands. By that, I think you assume I mean his last name. You're right. Now, for another question. All those who know Mr. Kersey's first name, raise your hand. That's right. It's John. How many of you know what he likes to do when he's away, not here at the school with you? How many of you know he still talks with friends about the big nine-pound bass he hooked out of Lake Hunter? How many of you know about his son, Charlie, in the second grade and Bill, a couple of years away from attending school? Do you know how long and hard he fought to get the new library, how hard he's working to get a new bandroom and a larger Cafeteria? This is what I mean when I say you ought to get to know those around you more—your best friends, parents and teachers.

All this is why I urge you to get to know your community, state and country. Ask your teachers to plan a field trip to one of the school board meetings. Listen to the members of that board decide how Southwest Junior High and the county's other schools will operate. They tell us whether you will ride a school bus or walk. Get to know them. Try to arrange a visit with the county board of commissioners. These are the men and women who decree whether you live on a paved road or a dirt one. They decide how millions of your parents' tax dollars are spent. Get to know them and you will get to know Polk County better. Take in a Lakeland City Commission meeting. In addition to planning the future of Lakeland they decide many issues which directly affect you in your home—how much your families pay for water—how much for electricity, how much for parking and how many or how few teen recreation facilities you'll get. Get to know the city commissioners and you'll know more about Lakeland.

With every little tad of knowledge you add, you then become better qualified to march with your generation to the front ranks of mankind and assume your role as master of the future. After you know the "real thing" about Lakeland, Polk County, Florida and the U.S. you can ask for change, you can demand change, because you will know where the change will lead and will be prepared to justify it, why the timing is correct for now instead of later. Studied and reasoned change will earn you the respect of the generation traveling before you and of the generation that follows. You will have created an important new generation gap.

Yes, generation gap, or change, and I don't use the word despairingly or in a derogatory manner. If you've ever been to the mountains then you know you can't have lovely, majestic mighty mountain peaks without gaps between. Generation gaps, thank God, set us apart, each rising in its own beautiful splendor. Agreed, the splendor is occasionally scarred by the erosion of time, but each peak is beautiful, each generation can be the same.

I love neither flat, drab plains, nor dull, colorless generations. Your generation gap can lead upward to a

great new peak of human understanding, of the fulfillment of dreams of all the peoples of this world. It can become a great mountaintop of good will that wins the admiration of all generations. You can be the masters of the future, take the good from the past, your fathers and forefathers and thrive on it, improve on it. Take the bad, study it, find out why it's bad, then put it in a corner somewhere so that you can look at it and let it remind you of the dangerous sidetrips so that you will not forget and fall prey to the same shortcomings in life which created the bad in the first place.

If it sounds as though I'm trying to send you all off to be president of our country or pilot of a university, this is not true. The patriotic, energetic spirit we gather here today to commemorate can be just as effective if concentrated in your home, Lakeland or Florida, as it can in Washington or in the United Nations in New York. Get to know yourself and the world better and you will see more of the good in all. Travel through your generation gap with the confidence that knowledge instills, choosing your way deliberately and you will reach a mighty peak where all must look up to see you, as today we honor those who have served our country in war and peace.

Appendix X: Barbara Busing Letter

7420 97th St. P.O. Box
Blainville, N.Y. 33317
December 30, 1985

Dear "Doc,"

I would like to thank you, on behalf of our whole family, for the beautiful, warm letter you sent to us for Christmas.

But always told me how special you were to him, for you, essentially, were the catalyst that helped to change his life. When he bought the Lewis system line from you, added other product lines, and gradually built up his business, but finally "found himself." He lived a very happy life during the nine years we spent together and died a satisfied man, fully knowing that he was well loved by family and friends and highly respected in the business community. His life brings me a wonderful legacy in Busing Company, Inc. and we are striving to carry on his dream for the future.

Thank you again for thinking of us during this holiday season and for sharing some of your memories of Dad. Have a very happy New Year.

Sincerely,
Barbara Busing

Appendix XI: Carl's Eulogy for Carl York

Carl Dockery speaking about his namesake at his grandfather's funeral

March 4, 1990

When Poppa asked me to speak at his funeral, he told me the following: "No one can preach you into heaven, a man's life is his sermon."

For that reason in particular, I would like to share some thoughts with you about the qualities of character of the man we have come to pay respect to today.

As I remember and speak about this man that you and I knew and loved, please search your memory also. I am going to speak about my memories and knowledge of Carl because that is what I know, but you knew him too and his memory is special to you for similar reasons as mine. I'm going to ask you now to close your eyes, clear your minds, and as I mention a few characteristics that make me think of Carl York, I want you to remember Poppa's qualities through your own memories.

PEACEFUL, not easily angered, good natured . . .

Not a complainer, not a quitter . . .

GRATITUDE, a grateful man . . .

HUMOR,

FAITHFUL.

Carl York was a man who was not easily angered. As his namesake, I spent more time around my grandfather than many people are able to do. I visited in the summer and Thanksgiving; he visited at Christmas and when we would be babysitted for a long period of time. Only once was I able to get Poppa upset at me, and even then it was a group effort – it took the efforts of both me and my cousin to anger him.

This quality, that of a peaceful man with a long temper, was something Poppa considered valuable. As his final days approached, several family members confided to me that Poppa told them he was happy that they had never exchanged harsh or angry words. And if a man doesn't lose his temper in the presence of his family, he seldom loses it elsewhere.

Carl York was a peaceful man, not easily angered.

Carl York was also not a complainer. Before I was born, Poppa had already endured several heart attacks. I never knew him to be completely free from pain; and I never knew him to talk much of it. He was with me when I saw my first snow; when I killed my first quail, he was coaching me; and when I went on my first deer hunt, he was there. No, poor health didn't turn Poppa into a complainer or a quitter.

In his later years, with his legs removed, and his right eye blind, he learned to shoot left handed and still went quail hunting with us – and even shot a boar on a hog hunt.

Carl York didn't quit on life, and he didn't complain.

Another thing Poppa was, was a man of gratitude. A man of few idle words, except maybe when he got on the CB or if you happened to be in his barber chair; Poppa was not one to pay God or his fellow man lip service. If he said he was grateful or thankful, he meant it.

This was most clearly displayed to me when his legs were amputated. A man who loved to tromp in the woods, fish, or go downstairs and mess around in his basement – lost his mobility.

I know it was not an easy time when he lost his legs, but those closest to him during that time strongly remember one thing more than any other – he prayed, he thanked God for the use of his legs for those many years.

Carl York was a grateful man.

Another important part of Poppa's character was his humor. I think everyone who knew Carl could easily think of two funny things or sayings of his. Humor made life more fun.

But humor also helped him get through adversity.

Once, when one of his great-granddaughters came up and gave him a big hug, she also rubbed what was left of his legs and asked, "Poppa, where are your legs?" "I let the hospital have them." was Poppa's response. The great-granddaughter continued, "Well, when are you going to get them?" "Oh, not yet." said Poppa.

Poppa well knew the truth of the scripture "laughter makes the heart merry like a good medicine." Please pardon me if many of my memories are of Carl when his health was poorest. But it is then that the only thing left to see in the man is the qualities of his character.

I think Poppa would like for me to leave you one last funny thought from him. Last year, I visited the graveside where Poppa will be buried. His name was already on a tombstone on the cemetery's edge near the road. I came back and told him that he looked pretty good there, planted in the ground. He said yes, he thought so too but he was afraid someone was going to miss the curve in the road and was going to run over him instead!

Besides being a humorous man, Carl York was a faithful man. Those of us that were family or friends of his knew we could count on his friendship. If Carl York was your friend, you knew you always had a friend. This quality was valued highly by Carl, and rightly so. He was a humble man, but proud of the fact that he had never been unfaithful to his wife. And he was a faithful friend to all of us.

Carl York was a faithful man,
and I would be unfaithful if I concluded now, because
Carl York was also a man of faith.

He attended church and considered himself a Christian until the late 1970's. At that time, he suffered a severe heart attack. His heart stopped beating. When he was revived and after he recovered, he told his family that he had seen and talked to Jesus. I don't know what was said, but I do know this much: Carl's religious life changed. I believe Poppa concluded that being christianized was not the same thing as becoming a Christian, and I know that he would want us to hear those words.

And now, hear from Scripture a passage appropriate for our loved one and friend.

II Timothy 4:7-8

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day - and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for his appearing.

Let us PRAY:

Dear God,

Thank you for a man of little formal education – but rich in wisdom; a man of little physical health – but a man of great internal strength. You graced us with the company of a man who loved life and us well. We are grieved by our loss at his passing, but we are joyful for Carl Horace York because his pain is over and his life has now begun. We thank you for his earthly life, and while we cannot keep him, no one may take away our memories of him. May these memories fill us with joy and cause us to be better people.

In the name of the GREAT and ONLY God, and His Son Jesus Christ, Amen.

Appendix XII: Osama bin Laden Killed

ABC News

Osama bin Laden Killed: 'Justice Is Done,' President Says

By DEAN SCHABNER and KAREN TRAVERS
May 1, 2011

Osama bin Laden, hunted as the mastermind behind the worst terrorist attack on U.S. soil, has been killed, President Obama announced tonight.

The president called the killing of bin Laden the “most significant achievement to date” in the effort to defeat al Qaeda.

“Justice has been done,” Obama said.

Bin Laden was located at a compound in Abbottabad, Pakistan, which was monitored and when the time was determined to be right, the president said, he authorized a “targeted operation.”

“A small team of Americans carried out the operation,” Obama said. “After a firefight, they killed Osama bin Laden and took custody of his body.”

DNA testing confirmed that it was bin Laden, sources told ABC News.

Obama said tonight that he was briefed last August on a possible but “far from certain” lead to bin Laden, but it took many months for the intelligence community to “run this thread to ground.”

“I met repeatedly with my National Security team as we developed more information about the possibility that we had located Bin Laden hiding within a compound deep inside Pakistan,” the president said.

“Finally, last week I determined that we had enough intelligence to take action and authorized an operation to get Osama Bin Laden and bring him to justice,” he said.

Sources said the attack was carried out by Joint Special Operations Command forces (Navy Seals) working with the CIA.

Vice President Biden briefed Republican congressional leaders this evening on the operation, which had been kept secret until shortly before the president’s announcement tonight.

Former President George W. Bush said in a statement tonight that Obama called him to inform him of the news of bin Laden’s death.

Bush called the operation a “momentous achievement” that marks a victory for America, for people who seek peace around the world, and for all those who lost loved ones on September 11, 2001.

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“I congratulated him and the men and women of our military and intelligence communities who devoted their lives to this mission. They have our everlasting gratitude,” the former president said in a statement. “The fight against terror goes on, but tonight America has sent an unmistakable message: No matter how long it takes, justice will be done.”

Outside the White House, a crowd of about 200 people has gathered with American flags. They are singing the Star Spangled banner and chanting “USA USA.”

This major development in the war on terror comes just days after Obama announced significant changes to his national security team.

Bin Laden’s death brings to an end a tumultuous life that saw him go from being the carefree son of a Saudi billionaire, to terrorist leader and the most wanted man in the world. (After the raid, U.S. forces took bin Laden’s body to Afghanistan for identification, then buried it at sea within 24 hours of his death.)

Bin Laden created and funded the al Qaeda terror network, which was responsible for the Sept. 11, 2001, attacks on the United States. The Saudi exile had been a man on the run since the U.S.-led invasion of Afghanistan overthrew the ruling Taliban regime, which harbored bin Laden.

In a video filmed two months after the Sept. 11 attacks, bin Laden gloated about the attack, saying it had exceeded even his “optimistic” calculations.

“Our terrorism is against America. Our terrorism is a blessed terrorism to prevent the unjust person from committing injustice and to stop American support for Israel, which kills our sons,” he said in the video.

Long before the Sept. 11 attacks, bin Laden was known as an enemy of the United States. He was suspected of playing large roles in the 1998 bombings of two U.S. Embassies in Africa and the attack on the USS Cole in the Yemeni port of Aden in October 2000.

In addition, authorities say bin Laden and his al Qaeda network were involved in previous attacks against U.S. interests – including the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, failed plots to kill President Clinton and the pope, and attacks on U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia and Somalia.

Bin Laden also used his millions to bankroll terrorist training camps in Sudan, the Philippines and Afghanistan, sending “holy warriors” to foment revolution and fight with fundamentalist Muslim forces across North Africa, in Chechnya, Tajikistan and Bosnia.

Until the capture of one of his top al Qaeda lieutenants in March 2003, there had been no confirmation of his whereabouts – or even that he was still alive – since late 2001, when he appeared in a series of videotapes later released to news organizations.

In recent years, several audio recordings of bin Laden have been authenticated by U.S. officials and made public. In an 18-minute videotape weeks before the 2004 U.S. presidential election, bin Laden threatened fresh attacks on the United States as well as his intent to push America into bankruptcy.

Appendix XIII: Biographical Data Sheet

C. C. “Doc” Dockery

Biographical Data Sheet

When I was introduced to speak before Bob Martinez’s Rotary Club of Tampa in October, 2002, I was honored that he recalled a Tallahassee reporter who conferred the title of Renaissance Man on me. Here is a summary of some of the activities in which I’ve been involved.

Business

Chairman Emeritus, Summit Consulting, Inc.

Chairman of the Board, Dockery Leasing Corp.

Former Chairman and CEO of Crossroads Insurance Co.

Former Chairman and CEO of Gulf Insurance Co. Ltd.

Former Director, Florida 2012, an effort to attract the 2012 Summer Olympics to Florida

Former Member, Board of Directors, First Union Bank, Lakeland

Former Member, Board of Directors, Summit Holdings Southeast, Inc.

Former Member, Board of Directors, U. S. Employers Insurance Company

Former Member, Executive Committee, Florida TaxWatch

Former Trustee, Florida TaxWatch

Former Member, Lloyds of London

Former Member, Board of Directors, Cotton States Life Insurance Company

Former Member, Board of Directors, Cotton States Mutual Insurance Company

Professional

Co-Author, *“Beyond The Hill, A Directory Of Congress From 1984 To 1993, Where Have All The Members Gone?”*

Former Editor and Publisher, Florida Forum Magazine

Former Member, Florida Department of Labor & Employment Security Rules Advisory Committee

Former Member, Florida Department of Labor Workers’ Compensation Advisory Committee

Past President, Associated Self Insurers of Florida

Past President, Florida Society of Association Executives

Past Vice Chairman, American Society of Association Executives

Publisher of *“Who’s Killing Workmen’s Comp?”* an expose of the abuses of Florida’s workers’ compensation law.

Political

Past Polk County Chairman, Martinez/Brantley Campaign for Governor

1990 Past Polk County Chairman, Governor Martinez’s Re-election Campaign

Past Polk County Chairman, Republican Party Victory ‘92

Founding Member, Governor’s Advisory Committee to the Florida Commission on Aging

Past Member, President H.W. Bush Presidential Personnel Advisory Committee

Past Member, School Board of Polk County

Civic and Fraternal

Former Chairman, Florida High Speed Rail Commission
Former Commander, American Legion Post 4, Lakeland
Former Member, Blue Ribbon Task Force on Imperial Polk Parkway
Former Member, Board of Governors, Polk Museum of Art
Former Member, Florida High Speed Rail Authority
Former Member, Lakeland Yacht & Country Club Board of Trustees
Former Member, Polk County Citizens Committee for Efficient Civil Government
Former Polk County Chairman, *Eight Is Enough* Constitutional Amendment Drive
Former Trustee, Webber International University, Babson Park
Member, American Legion Post 4, Lakeland
Member, Audubon Society
Member, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Lakeland
Member, Defenders of Wildlife
Member, Imperial Polk Lodge No. 91 F & AM, Lakeland
Member, Imperial Symphony Orchestra, Polk County
Member, Lakeland Yacht & Country Club
Member, Scottish Rite
Member, Tallahassee Governors Club
Member, University of Florida Gator Boosters

Awards and Recognition

Honorary PhD in Business Administration, Webber College, Babson Park, Florida
Award of Appreciation presented by the Sierra Club Central Florida Group for outstanding commitment to the protection of the environment.
Boss of the Year Award presented by the American Business Women's Association
American Society of Association Executives Key Award in recognition for superior achievements in the field of association management.
American Society of Association Executives Grand Award for management achievement presented in recognition of the development of one of the nation's first management safety planners for the implementation of the Occupational Safety and Health Act.
Unsung Hero Award, Florida Department American Legion
Action Time Award, Florida Department American Legion
Cavalcade of Freedom Award, Florida Department American Legion
Winner's Circle, Florida Trend Magazine
Eagle Award, Outstanding Republican in Polk County
Workers' Compensation Self Insurers Annual Award for Outstanding Service
Champion of Higher Independent Education in Florida Award, Webber College
Elected to the Republican Club of Lakeland's Hall of Honor