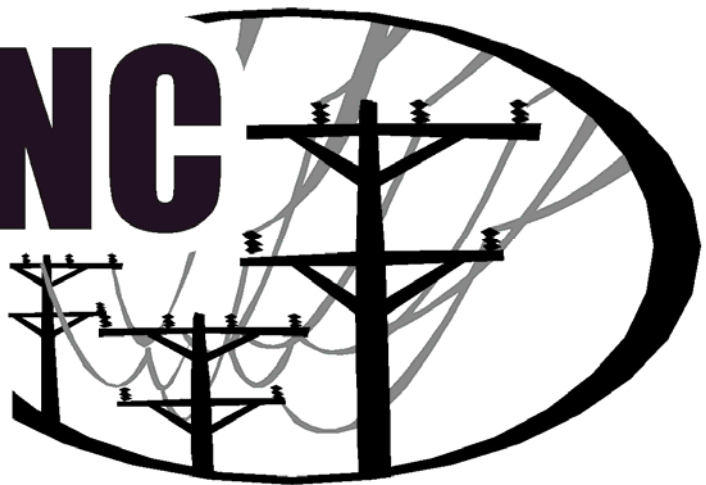


# SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



---

Volume 21

Number 5

September – October 2009

---

## PREZ SEZ

As summer grows to a close, I find myself asking several burning questions – Where are my 2009 Auburn football tickets and will I be able to tailgate in the same place as last year or did they move us out into some cow pasture way off campus? I guess you Alabama folks don't have this problem.

Anyway, our SCS/SNC Retirees Organization has had a very successful six months and our future plans for the rest of the year are being finalized.

At our July 13 meeting Vicky Sullivan, Southern Company's Climate Change Strategy Manager, brought us up to date on what Southern expects the impact of the current Cap and Trade Legislation to be on the company and our customers.

Our September 14 meeting will feature George Marling, Southern Retirees Human Resources representative, who will talk about any changes to our benefit plan and will be available to answer any questions we have about our October sign up packets.

I have also asked Jessica Joyner, Southern Company's United Way representative, to come by and talk to us about the campaign and receive our organization's contribution of \$750.

Our November luncheon will be Wednesday, November 11, at Vestavia Hills Country Club. Our feature entertainment will be Jerry Ryan. Jerry is a member of Three on a String who has a solo act that I have been told by several of our members is very entertaining. We plan to send you a luncheon invitation and sign up form in October for this meeting.

Our nomination committee is hard at work contacting prospective officer candidates to fill various positions on our board. If you are contacted I would encourage you to join us in the leadership position we request.

I look forward to seeing you all at the September 14 meeting.

— John Brandt

## SEPTEMBER PROGRAM

George Marling, Southern Retirees Human Resources representative, will talk about any changes to our benefit plan and will be available to answer any questions we have about our October sign up packets.

## MEMBER CARE REPORT

John Carter has finished his radiation treatments. He tires very easily, and is working to renew his strength. His urologist and radiology oncologist said they would see him in a month.

**Jack Goertz** suffered a fractured pelvis in June, did not have to have surgery, and is now 100%.

## SCS OUTSIDE

September - October 2009

**Jim Coleman** had radiation treatments in June and July, and the treatments are now completed.

**Don Smaha** suffered a broken ankle and is now in his 7<sup>th</sup> week in a leg/ankle boot. One more week in the heavy boot, and then he will start wearing a lighter boot for 4 more weeks. The ankle is doing great, but he has developed severe arthritis in his knee on his bad leg and is taking anti-inflammatory medication to relieve the pain, which he hopes is temporary. Don is up and about now.

**Jim Rooker** will undergo a procedure to install a shunt in approximately six months.

**Gail Rollins** had surgery to fuse 3 discs and remove one disc. She said she can finally feel her feet, which is something she had not been able to do in 10 or more years. She is very glad she can now drive. Her back will never be "fixed," but most of the pain is now gone, and that is tremendous progress.

— Liz Winter

Ernest Thompson, 24-Mary Varagona, 25-Jack Hart, Larry Phillips & Liz Winter, 27-Robert Oedamer, 28-Roger Green, Perry Mohon & Bill Thurman, 29-Gerald Prince and 30-Martha Dorrance, Jerry Hall & Jerry Vandegrift.

**OCTOBER: 1**-Bill Hanks & Sandra Watkins, 2-Mary Alice Thurman, 5-Ajit Ghuman, Gerald Grainger & R.R. Herbst, 6-Glenda Beason & Joseph Farley, 7-Cynthia Schramm, 8-Jeff Higgins, 9-Faye Douglas, 10-Dean Vandegrift, 11-Nancy Morey, 12-John Hall, Shirley Shipman & Janice Thies, 13-Gayle Price, 14-Brenda Hall, 15-Charles Smith & Timothy Sullins, 16-Judy Grainger, 17-Don Holsomback, 18-Billie Ewing, Nettie Hartin & James Ludwig, 19-Bonnie Russell, 20-Wallis Harrison, 21-Julie Troha, 22-Ernestine Craig & Charles Wuer-deman, 23-Harmon Benson, 24-Meg Glover, 25-Raymond Garnem & Sara McCrary, 27-William Harrison III & Grace Miller, 28-Monroe Smith, 29-Joseph Wolek & Nell Mehaffey and 31-John Green.

— Jay Dorrance

Want to keep up with what's happening?

Got a computer?

Visit the SCS Retiree Website

<http://www.scsretirees.com>

### BIRTHDAYS

**SEPTEMBER:** 1-Ginger Hoehn, James Welch, 2-Ron Wedge & Nell Wetzal, 3-Linda Chastain & David Walters, 4-Peter Lynch & Carol Newton, 6-Janet Usry, 8-Alfred Mikell & Jean Rayburn, 10-Wayne Carr, Ken Gillespie, Linda Hockman & Rod Wildman, 11-Gene Kachelhofer, Bob Patrick, Bill Ponder, Ivagene Quick & Alice Smith, 12-Virginia Bidy, Fred Ehrensperger, John Hall, Sue Hassell & Richard Kaster, 13-Martha Brown, Betsy Kopecky & Carol Yeager, 15-Phillip Douglas, 16-Charles Maxwell, 17-Juanita Leonard, Lanee Wildman & Mike Zyne, 19-Lois Burns, Claradel Holcomb, John Schmith, Lana Watts & Dewey Yeager, 20-James Lofe, 21-Linda Marshall, 22-James Anderson & Alfred Wilkinson, 23-Memuna Chandiwala &

### OBITUARIES

#### In Memoriam

**Ranndall "Randy" Cheatwood**, 60, of Birmingham, Alabama passed away on Monday, July 6, 2009. Randy retired from Southern Nuclear Operating Company with 39 years of service. He is survived by his wife Becky, his mother, a son, 2 daughters and a sister. The family received friends at a Memorial Service held at the Lakeside Baptist Church on Thursday, July 9 at 6 p.m.

**Thomas W. Palmer**, 85, of Roswell, Georgia died on Friday, July 17, 2009. Tom saw action in the Southwest Pacific during World War II and served in the Army Air Corps Active Reserve after the war as an Intelligence Specialist. He graduated from Birmingham Southern College. Recalled to active duty in the U.S. Air Force as a 2nd Lt, he saw service during the Korean Conflict. Mr. Palmer joined SCS in 1953 as an internal auditor and progressed up the ranks to Treasurer and Assistant

**SCS RETIREE LEADERSHIP  
FOR 2009**

Comptroller. In 1971 in addition to his duties with SCS he was elected Treasurer and Assistant Secretary of the Southern Company. Then in 1977 he assumed the position of Director of Audit and Management Services which he held until his retirement. He is survived by Nancy, his wife of 61 years, 2 daughters and other relatives and friends. The family received friends at the Roswell Funeral Home on Monday evening July 20 with funeral services from the funeral home chapel the next day, followed by internment in Green Lawn Cemetery in Roswell.

— Jay Dorrance

**JULY ATTENDANCE**

Thirty-one members and guests attended the July meeting.

**TREASURER'S REPORT**

Henry Garrett reports that SCS/SNC Retirees has over \$7900 dollars in the bank with the only known obligation outstanding at this time being the \$750 United Way contribution that will be presented at the September meeting.

**THE MIRROR**

Mirror hanging on the wall  
I really don't like you at all.  
And the reason is because  
I ain't what I used to was.  
But my heart reflects  
What my mirror can't see.  
That way deep down inside of me  
I'm just as young as I used to be.

— Jeanne Millare  
Senior Living, August 2009

<b>Officers</b>	
President	John Brandt 956-0502
Vice President	Carol Yeager 822-5506
Secretary	<b>Open</b>
Treasurer	Henry Garrett 853-6079
<b>Directors</b>	
Buddy Coggin	785-5992
Jim Coleman	991-7403
Charles Goodman	823-5187
Don Irvin	491-3841
Jim Rooker	287-3210
Don Smaha	823-0173
Richard Chastain (ex-officio)	822-8971
<b>Committee Chairs</b>	
Arrangements	Jay Dorrance 663-2828
Audit	Mike Griggs 823-7950
Fellowship	Joe Leamon 870-5637
Finance	Henry Garrett 823-6079
Member Care	Liz Winter 822-6142
Membership	Dora Brandt 956-0502
Newsletter	Dan & Myrna Wise 942-2336
Nominating	Fred Ehrensperger 655-2725
Program	<b>Open</b>
Website	Charles Hickman 823-4597

**STUFF FROM HERE AND THERE**

**My Grandmother's Refrigerator**

Armed with a toothbrush, white vinegar and baking soda, I embarked upon my twice yearly drive from Southern California up to Monterey to clean my grandmother's kitchen. Grandma was an exuberant hostess who embraced *la dolce vita* with fervor—but she was neither a cook nor a stickler for hygienic counter tops. A baked chicken might sit on top of the grease-spattered stove for days, to be picked at for snacks and sliced up for meals. I visited my grandmother in fear of botulism.

The year I turned 25, my great-aunt developed Alzheimer's. Magnanimously, my grandmother offered to care for Aunt Grace. "But don't expect me to keep the house clean," she warned my mother and me.

She kept her word. Upon opening her refrigerator during my spring vacation, I found myself assaulted by ancient condiment jars, fuzzy purple cheese, cloudy bottles of enigmatic liquid and a loaf of sourdough bread.

"I bought your favorites!" My grandmother beamed. "Pink grapefruit juice and sourdough."

"Thank you," I said, breathing a silent prayer of gratitude. The juice was unopened and the bread was soft and fresh from Fisherman's Market. I could safely make toast. "Do you have any peanut butter?"

Grandma reached into the murky cavern of her pantry and produced a jar. I opened it and gasped in horror at the clump of fur nestled among the nuts. But my grandmother chuckled.

"Peanut butter gets the sap out of Mew's coat."

Mew was her Siamese cat.

Horried, I vowed to clean my grandmother's kitchen every time I visited. I'd arrive, travel weary, to find Aunt Grace hunkered down at the glass-topped table, sticky with prune juice. Cookie crumbs sifted from her mouth like chocolate confetti as she read and reread *The Monterey Herald*. Bravely, I scoured the tower of dishes in the sink and whisked bits of rice and oatmeal from

pantry shelves. With my toothbrush and a fizzing concoction of baking soda and vinegar, I attacked the blackened grout around the faucet, holding my breath against the revolting odor of mildew.

My grandmother would appear at the door in her lavender-skirted swimsuit and wrap me in a warm embrace. "Welcome back," she'd say. "The broom's in the hall closet.

Serenely, she'd swim laps in her backyard pool, liberated from her caregiving duties for one glorious afternoon. Immaculate bird feeders hung from the limbs of her apple trees; she cleaned the feeders ever Sunday so the finches wouldn't catch a disease from moldy seeds.

Grandma never thanked me for cleaning her kitchen. She didn't need to. It was enough to know she'd be less likely to poison herself and Aunt Grace until the next time I visited.

When Grace died—from respiratory failure, not salmonella—my grandmother bought a house down south to be closer to my mother and me. She crammed boxes with the contents of her pantry and instructed me on where to put them in her kitchen. "Don't throw out those olives," she admonished. "I'll use them for martinis." Never mind that the date on the olive jar showed them to be older than her senior Siamese. The olives found a place on her refrigerator shelf.

My grandmother lived another four years, her kitchen habits unchanged. She resented the burden of dishes and dustcloths, preferring to spend her time in the garden or redecorating other, less fearsome rooms in her new house.

After she died, the antiquities within her refrigerator lent merriment to the otherwise mournful task of assessing and distributing her belongings. "I think it's fruit..." My mother sniffed a fist-sized object encased in a green, molding shell.

"Look—it's Billy Beer!" I held up the dusty six-pack of beer popular in the 1970s. "We can sell it on eBay."

But I wasn't in need of money. Grandma had left me a small inheritance which I used to buy a house in Oregon. Excited at first to clean and decorate my own living space, soon I felt overwhelmed. A full-time job, a mortgage, three dogs, five cats, a yard

and attempts to write a novel—all clamored for my attention, and none received thorough consideration.

My kitchen became the first casualty.

“It’s filthy,” I admitted to my mother when she flew up for a visit. Dismayed, I led her inside. A cat hair stuck to the tomato-sauce spattered stove. The refrigerator fairly glowered—a wasteland of sour tofu and red-leaf lettuce gone black. That night, I discovered my mother behind sticking out of the fridge. I panicked, sure the ancient noodles within were strangling her.

But she was *cleaning*.

I snatched the wad of paper towels from her hand. “Go relax!” I commanded.

I *am* relaxing,” she replied in the constricted voice of one who is holding her breath.

I slunk into the pantry. My gallon jug of white vinegar was empty. A thin film of baking soda caked the bottom of the box. Even my sponge was dried up and hopeless. Without warning, I’d turned into my grandmother.

The humiliation lingered as I drove my mother to the airport the following week. “Thanks for cleaning,” I mumbled.

She patted my hand. “Honey, when I was 30, I had babies instead of books. Your grandmother cleaned my kitchen.

“She *cleaned*?”

“She spent hours scrubbing. She loved it!”

I dropped my mother off and headed for home, resolved to make amends to my neglected domicile. A kitchen represents the heart of a home, and I’d stomped all over mine until its life-blood in the form of spilled ketchup obscured muddy paw prints and errant diced carrots. But for now, my counter tops gleamed beside the spotless stove. My mother had alphabetized the spice jars and dusted their lids. Shame ravaged me, competing with hunger. I opened the refrigerator.

Mom had scrubbed the inside of my refrigerator until it glowed. Condiment jars glistened. Vegetables nestled into crisper drawers. Half a lemon cradled a scoop of odor-eradicating baking soda. And on the top shelf stood a bottle of grapefruit juice and a loaf of Sourdough bread.

### Passing Up the Perfect Photo-Op

The incident I always consider the best illustration of [Ronald] Reagan’s regard for ordinary individuals took place in a North Carolina parking lot. “It was during the 1976 primary fight,” says Dana Rohrbacher, who then worked on the Reagan campaign as an assistant press secretary. “We were getting ready for a rally in this gigantic parking lot at a shopping mall. I was in the staging area behind the podium, and a lady called me over to the side and said, ‘I’ve got a group of blind kids here. Since they can’t see him, I was wondering if you could have Governor Reagan come over and tell them hello.’”

Dana passed the request on to Mike Deaver, and Reagan, who was standing nearby, overheard. “He said he’d do it, but he didn’t want any photographers,” Dana explains. “Can you imagine that” He was in the middle of a Presidential campaign, and the press would have gone wild for a photo of him with a group of blind kids. But Reagan wanted this to be between him and the kids.”

Deaver came up with a plan. When the speech ended, Deaver told Dana, he’d begin walking Reagan back to the campaign bus. Concluding that the candidate was about to leave for the next event, all the reporters and photographers would hurry back to their own buses. And then, when the press had cleared out, Deaver would double back with Reagan, returning the candidate to the area behind the podium, where Reagan would meet the blind children.

“It worked,” Dana says. “The press guys all went back to their buses, and I brought the lady with the blind kids back behind the podium. There were six or seven kids, real sweet little kids about eight or nine or ten years old. Since there was a lot of background noise, Reagan bent down to the kids, to talk to them. But somehow I could see him thinking that that wasn’t enough. So after the kids had asked him a couple of questions, he said, ‘Well, now I

## **SCS OUTSIDE**

*September - October 2009*

have a question for you. Would you like to touch my face so you can get a better understanding of how I look?' The kids all smiled and said yes, so Reagan just leaned over into them, and one by one these little kids began moving their fingers over his face to see what he looked like.

"The only picture of that scene is the picture in my mind," Dana says. "But I can still see those kids, touching Ronald Reagan's face and smiling those really big smiles.

— Peter Robinson  
Senior Living, November 2007

### **On Your Next Vacation Visit...**

#### **The Mosquito Cookoff**

Location: Crowley's Ridge State Park, Arkansas

Background: It's part of the annual World Championship Mosquito Cooking Contest. Participants

try to top one another with recipes containing mosquitoes. (Cooking the bugs for 30 minutes makes the mosquitoes safe to eat.) "I'd also suggest using dry mosquitoes," says park superintendent Larry Clifford, "so you don't get that gummy quality to it."

Don't Miss: The mosquito meat pie, mosquito supreme pizza, and mosquito paté.

#### **The Annual Casket Race**

Location: Goodwater, Alabama

The Event: Pallbearers manhandle a coffin over an obstacle course, including a pile of sawdust and a mud-pit....The 'corpse' within must carry a cup of water through the course without spilling a drop.

#### **The International Worm Fiddling Contest**

Location: Caryville, Florida

The Challenge: Drive a stake into the ground to entice worms to come up and check out what's happening.

— *Uncle John's Bathroom Reader*,  
Vol 13, 2000

## **SCS RETIREES**

**P.O. BOX 2625**

**BIRMINGHAM, AL 35202**

### **MEETING DETAILS:**

**When: Monday, September 14, 2009**

**Where: Inverness 42, Room 130**

**Board meeting at 11 a.m.**

**Lunch: 12 Noon, if you wish**

**Program: 1 p.m.**