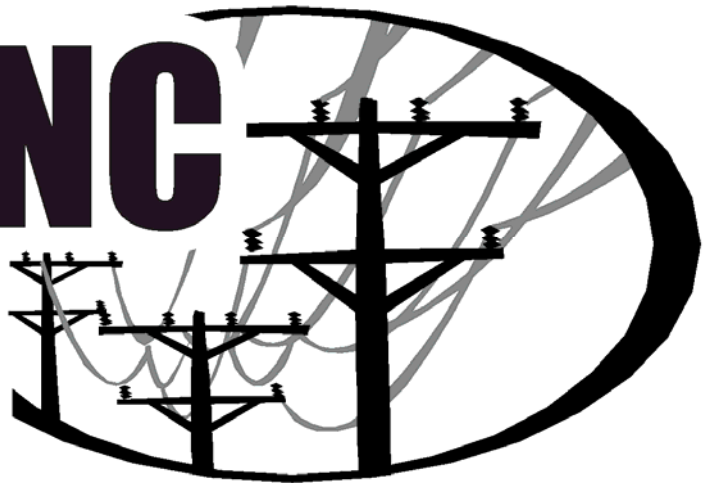


SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



Volume 22

Number 5

September - October 2010

PREZ SEZ

Our SCS/SNC Retirees Organization has had a very successful six months and our plans for the rest of the year are being finalized. At our July 12 meeting Dr. Charles Hickman and his daughter Charlene McNeill gave a very informative and fun presentation entitled "Flowers by the Numbers." Charles and Charlene, thank you.

Our September 13 meeting will feature several presentations. Our featured speaker will be Don Seibert with a presentation titled "A Retired American's Shocking Firsthand View of Uganda!" 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. Then, David Mohon, Southern Company's United Way representative will talk to us about the 2010 campaign and receive our organization's contribution of \$1000.

Our November luncheon will be Wednesday, November 3, at Vestavia Hills Country Club. Our feature entertainment will be Bobby Horton of Three on a String. Bobby will present a program on Civil War music.

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 encourage you to join us in the leadership position we request.

I look forward to seeing you all at the September 13 meeting. Our meeting will be held in room 130 of the Inverness 42 Building at 1:00 p.m. We encourage you to join us at 12:00 noon in the Inverness cafeteria prior to the meeting. For our Board and Committee members, don't forget our 11:00 a.m. board meeting

— Charles Goodman

SEPTEMBER PROGRAM

Our speaker, as Charles noted, will be Don Seibert, telling us about his trip to Uganda. The title suggests that he was both distressed and enlightened by what he saw there. You will have to come to the September meeting to hear this presentation.

Don spent the bulk of his career in management of computer software and hardware companies, including one he founded in Hoover. Upon retiring from the computer industry, he bought and operated a 500-slip marina. With this kind of energy, is it any wonder he went to Uganda? His observations are sure to be of much interest to all of us.

America did not invent human rights. In a very real sense it is the other way around. Human rights invented America.

— Jimmy Carter

Want to keep up with what's happening? Got a computer? Visit the SCS Retiree Website
<http://www.scsretirees.com>

SCS OUTSIDE

September–October 2010

BIRTHDAYS

SEPTEMBER: 1-Ginger Hoehn & James Welch, 2-Keith Tenney & Nell Wetzel, 3-Linda Chastin, 6-Janet Usry, 8-Alfred Mikell, Karen Viruleg & Jean Rayburn, 10-Roderick Wildman, Wayne Carr & Giseia Hancock, 11-Gene Kachelhofer, Bob Patrick, Bill Ponder, Ivagene Quick & Alice Smith, 12-Virginia Bidy, John Hall & Richard Kaster, 13-Elizabeth Kopecky & Carol Yeager, 15-Phil Douglas, 16-Charles Maxwell, 17-Juanita Leonard, Lanee Wildman & Mike Zyne, 19-Dewey Yeager, Claradel Holcombe & John Schmith, 20-James Lofe, 21-Linda Marshall, 22-Jamie Anderson, 23-E. P. Thompson, 24-Mary Varagona, 26-Liz Winter, 28-Barbara Mohon & Bill Thurman, 29-Gerald Prince and 30-Martha Dorrance, Brenda Hall & Jerry Vandegrift.

OCTOBER: 1-Bill Hanks & Sandy Watkins, 2-Alice Thurman, 3-Bobby Sherer, 5-Ajit Ghuman, 6-Glenda Beason, 9-Faye Douglas, 10-Nancy Morey & Dean Vandegrift, 12-Fred Ehrensperger, Bob Pigford, Shirley Shipman & Janice Thies, 14-Jerry Hall, 16-Frank Studinka & Norman Bradley, 17-Don Holsomback, 18-Billie Ewing, Nettie Hartin & James Ludwig, 20-Wallis Harrison, 21-Julie Troha, 22-Ernestine Craig, 24-Don Burdeshaw, 25-Raymond Garnem, 27-Pat Cofield, Bill Harrison & Grace Kyser Miller, 28-Monroe Smith and 29-Joseph Kwolek.

— Jay Dorrance

HOW TO CONTACT HEWITT When You Don't Remember Your Password

How does someone get to a real live person at Hewitt without knowing passwords and IDs? Here is the answer: You still must be prepared to provide the personal information necessary to identify yourself or the person you are calling for.

There are two ways.

Hewitt Direct. Monday through Friday between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. you can call Hewitt at 1-

888-435-7563. When their automated system answers, and after it asks for your ID, press *0# (star, zero, pound). Someone will answer.

HR Direct. Monday through Friday between the hours of 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. call 1-888-678-6787 and select Option 3. You will get a contact person who will transfer you to the right Hewitt benefit person.

— Dora Brandt

MEMBER CARE

Finally, we have some good news from a retiree to report. This is an interesting story about the grandson of retiree **John Thies**. The interesting fact about this story is the speed at which everything happened to him. Austin Lucas, a former Thompson High School baseball standout recently signed a free agent minor league contract with the major league Houston Astros to play professional baseball. On Wednesday, June 16, about noon he received a phone call from the Astros. At 8:45 a.m. on Thursday morning he left the Birmingham airport for Orlando, was picked up by their van, taken to their ballpark in Kissimmee, signed a contract, was taken to the locker room where his locker already had his name on it, and changed into his uniform.

Austin was 9-3 with 105 strikeouts in his senior season at Thompson. He played two years at Wallace State Community College in Hanceville before transferring to Jacksonville. At Jacksonville State he finished his two-year career with a 13-3 record (.812) which was the eighth-best winning percentage by a pitcher in school history.

Congratulations to Austin, and to his proud grandparents, John & Janice Thies.

On a more somber note, we need to continue to remember John and **Margaret Carter**. John is again taking chemo treatments for the cancers we reported to you last month. He is very weak, and we know any encouragement you might give John and Margaret would be appreciated.

— Liz Winter

**SCS RETIREE LEADERSHIP
 FOR 2010**

Officers	
President	Charles Goodman 823-5187
Vice President	Wayne Waltonr 822-1875
Secretary	Linda Griggs 823-7950
Treasurer	Henry Garrett 853-6079
Directors	
Jim Coleman	991-7403
Mike Griggs	823-7950
Don Irvin	491-3841
Gray Murray	871-5194
Jim Rooker	287-3210
Carol Yeager	822-5506
John Brandt (ex-officio)	956-0502
Committee Chairs	
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	Open
Website	Charles Hickman 823-4597

In Memoriam

Houston L. Welch, 75, of Mountain Brook and more recently of Hoover, Alabama died on Monday, July 5, 2010. Mr. Welch served in several management, engineering and research capacities at SCS, Mississippi Power and Georgia Power Companies before retiring from the Southern Company in 1992 as Director of Community Affairs and Assistant Secretary with over 31 years of service. Mr. Welch is survived by his wife of 49 years, Leila, two daughters, one son, eight grandchildren and several nieces and nephews. A funeral service was held for Mr. Welch on Thursday, July 8 at Briarwood Presbyterian Church in Birmingham, Alabama followed by burial in the Southern Heritage Cemetery, Pelham, Alabama.

Clyde D. Wood, Jr., 88, A resident of Indian Springs Village 35 years before moving to Kirkwood by the River in 2005 died on Sunday, July 11, 2010. Clyde worked for several companies before coming to SCS from which he retired in 1989. He was preceded in death by his parents, a daughter, three sisters and his wife of 64 years, Fay, who died on February 3, 2009. A visitation was held for Mr. Wood on Saturday, July 17 at 10 a.m. followed at 11 by a funeral service in the Southern Heritage Chapel with burial in the Southern Heritage Cemetery, Pelham, Alabama.

Condolences

Our sincere sympathy is extended to SCS Retiree **Carole Yeager** in the death of her brother, Sam R. Morgan, Jr., 67, who died in Tallahassee, Florida. A graveside service was held for Mr. Morgan on Tuesday, June 22, 2010 at the Oakland Cemetery.

– Jay Dorrance

JULY ATTENDANCE

Jay Dorrance reports that 46 members and guests attended the July meeting

SCS OUTSIDE

September–October 2010

TREASURER’S REPORT

Henry Garrett reports that as of August 12, SCS/SNC Retirees had a net worth of \$9313.19. However, as noted by Charles Goodman, we will be contributing \$1000 to United Way at the September meeting.

MY AFRICAN/AMERICAN MAMA

My early years were unique; a southern white boy living in the home of a black female bootlegger. It was a uniqueness that provided me with a deeper understanding of human nature, compassion, and love.

My father died when I was seven. My mother, who was crippled from a fall off the porch of their tenant farm house when she was only two years old, wore a brace on her right leg. A little more than a year after my father’s death, my mother became involved with another man and they decided to get married. I didn’t care much for my future stepfather and I don’t think he cared much for me either.

A few weeks before their wedding, my stepfather-to-be wanted to take me on a ‘get-acquainted’ weekend. That was the weekend that I met Kathrin. She operated a bootlegging business from her rural home in Madison County, Alabama. My future stepfather and I stopped at her place on Saturday afternoon so that he could buy a pint of moonshine. When he got his whiskey, he asked Kathrin if he could leave me there for a short time while he visited a friend. He didn’t show up again until Sunday afternoon and he was so drunk that he could hardly walk. Kathrin persuaded him to leave me until Monday. Two months later, after he and my mother were married, he showed up again. This time he shrugged and left when I told him that I didn’t want to go. This time he told my mother that he paid Kathrin to take care of me for the summer.

Kathrin, who had never been married and had no children, was a strict disciplinarian who ran her back porch Lounge like a legitimate business. The porch was screened on three open sides from the ceiling down to a three foot wooden base. In the

winter the screens were covered with sealed wooden shutters. A linoleum rug covered the unpainted pine floor. An old 78 rpm record player sat on a table in the corner and I learned to love black blues music as I listened to Jimmy Reed, Robert Johnson, and Muddy Waters from my designated bench by the kitchen door.

Three black men, Hobo, Clarence, and Toby, were all friends of Kathrin and occasionally assisted her with the lounge operations. They were an interesting trio. Hobo, who got his nickname from hopping freight trains, worked part-time with the county patching roads in rural districts. Clarence, who lived in a sharecropper shack with his elderly mother, worked for his landlord during the day and for Kathrin as a peacekeeper at night. Toby worked at various odd jobs, but mostly hauled booze for Kathrin from moonshiners located across the Tennessee state line. I enjoyed all three of them, but Hobo was my favorite. I loved to hear his tales of hopping freight trains and his experiences in strange places. Clarence was my checker-playing buddy. We played checkers using soft drink tops on a board so worn from the jagged edges of the checkers that the black and red squares were almost gone. Clarence usually won.

No matter how late the back porch lounge stayed open on Saturday night/Sunday morning, Kathrin always took me to church on Sunday. It was a rural black church and all the women wore big hats. On my first visit, when I realized that I had the only white face in the room, I felt awkward and slid down into the church bench. Kathrin nudged me gently with her elbow and whispered “Sit up, boy”. My name was ‘boy’ to Kathrin and all her friends. The church people were friendly and I played hide and seek with the black kids in the church yard while Kathrin visited with the adults.

There was a small creek across an empty field behind Kathrin’s house and she, her sister Mary, and I would go there in the summer, especially on Sunday afternoons when the lounge was closed. I would play in the creek while Kathrin and her sister sat on the bank and gossiped. Our creek bank lunches consisted of Royal Crown colas with salty peanuts and peanut butter crackers. I would pour the

September–October 2010

salty peanuts into my RC, stick my thumb into the neck of the bottle and shake it so that it spewed cola and peanuts into my mouth and salty soda up my nose. They chuckled at my silly performances.

In the summer my skin actually got darker than Kathrin's, whose skin color was a creamy tan. I would hold my arm along the side of hers to see who was darker and usually it was me. She would kid me saying she was going to take a curling iron to my straight hair and make me a 'colored' boy.

Kathrin's regular customers were mostly white and usually friendly. Other than an occasional argument, I can recall only one incident of a physical encounter between two guys who were with a woman; all three were white. The guys started shouting at each other, then stood up and began shoving. Fortunately, Clarence was there and stepped between them. Kathrin firmly ordered them to leave and they did.

I attempted to live with my biological mother and stepfather occasionally, but it was more than I could handle. At other times, I lived with my grandmother who ran a boarding house in a cotton mill village in Huntsville. But my real home was always at Kathrin's.

Finally, at seventeen after bouncing from one place to another, I joined the Air Force. When I was discharged, it was Kathrin that I wanted to see. She was happy to see me, but badgered me constantly to take advantage of the GI Bill and go to a trade school or college. I finally agreed to go to college and after a year of non-credit high school courses, I began working on my degree. Three years from that day I graduated. I wanted Kathrin to come to my graduation because she was the reason I went to college. She had agreed to come but changed her mind when she found out that my biological mother and stepfather would be there.

It was also Kathrin who encouraged me to go into business saying, "You can't lose when you start with nothing" or "Any time you can get into a poker game that you will either win or break even, you'd better take a seat!" She also encouraged me to seek public office, which I did and served eight years (four in the Alabama House and four in the Senate).

One of Kathrin's profound observations that still lingers with me 'til this day came after her friend Clarence took me on a bird hunt in the field at the back of her house. I was carrying a Red Rider BB gun and Clarence spotted a robin in a small maple tree. He stopped me, pointed to the bird, and told me to focus my aim on the bird as he had trained me to do shooting tin cans in the back yard. I had the bird in my sight but couldn't pull the trigger. Clarence shot the bird and I sadly watched the red and black feathers drifting in the air. I felt embarrassed that I couldn't pull the trigger until Kathrin pulled me over in the kitchen and said, "Don't feel bad, Boy. Killing for the sake of killing ain't right."

– Bill King
Senior Living, January 2010

A CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION—AND COMMITMENT

[Sixty-five] years ago, on September 2, 1945, a great rejoicing occurred throughout America and in many countries around the world. That Sunday, prayers for peace were answered and hopes for a more secure future were realized. On that morning, the USS *Missouri*, a 45,000-ton battleship with 16-inch side armor and nine 16-inch guns, was anchored in Tokyo Bay, the closest point by sea to the heart of the Japanese empire. General Douglas MacArthur, Commander in Chief of the Allied Forces in the southwest Pacific, was aboard the battleship to receive a delegation of Japanese officials who had come to sign an unconditional surrender with only one proviso, the Emperor of Japan would be allowed to retain his title. With the signing of that document, World War II officially ended, and General MacArthur became the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers with authority over the occupation of Japan.

While that formal ceremony on the deck of the USS *Missouri* brought an end to combat and was a just cause for celebration, it did not automatically bring peace, for peace is more than the cessation of hostilities. Peace comes through a process,

SCS OUTSIDE

September–October 2010

sometimes long and arduous, in which wrongs have been recognized; reparations, where possible; have been made; forgiveness has been offered and received; and new, positive relationships have been established. Following that somber ceremony, this process was duly recognized when, at the climax of his address to the world, General MacArthur said, “Basically this [building a new world and securing peace] is a theological matter, a matter between man and God.”

As the [65th] anniversary of the end of World War II is observed this year, *hot spots* around the world are poignant reminders that international order with durable peace has not been fully realized. The “matter between man and God,” as MacArthur called it, is an ongoing process which must engage each generation. This is a mission worthy of every American. May we apply ourselves to the task and contribute our part to the victory of peace for all of humankind.

– W. Howard Coop
Scottish Rite Journal,
September/October 2004

SCS RETIREES
P.O. BOX 2625
BIRMINGHAM, AL 35202

MEETING DETAILS:

When: Monday September 13, 2010

Where: Inverness Building 42, Room 130

Board meeting: 11 a.m.

Lunch: 12 Noon

Meeting: 1 p.m.

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

KID COMMENTS

On Nudity: I was driving with my three young children one warm summer evening when a woman in a convertible ahead of us stood up and waved. She was stark naked! As I was reeling from the shock I heard my 5-year-old shout from the back seat, ‘Mom, that lady isn’t wearing a seat belt!’

The Bible: A little boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly something fell out of the Bible. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed between the pages.

‘Mama, look what I found,’ the boy called out.

‘What have you got there, dear?’

With astonishment in his young voice he answered, ‘I think it’s Adam’s underwear!’

– From the Internet