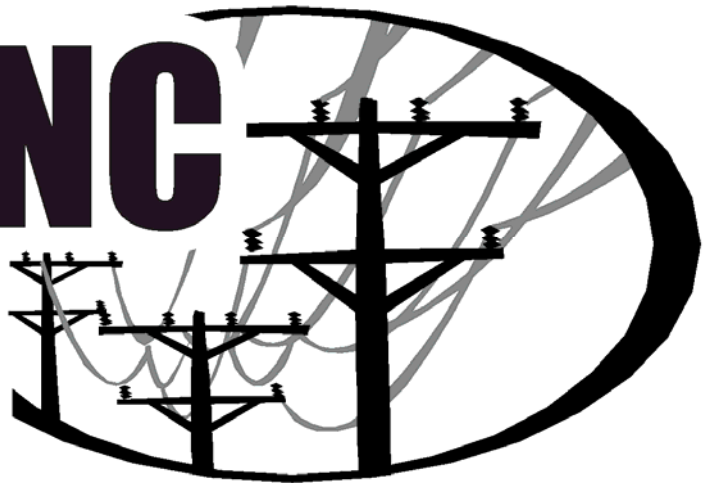


SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



Volume 21

Number 1

January—February 2012

PREZ SEZ

Twenty eleven has been an event-filled year. It also was a successful year because of the dedicated support of SCS/SNC Retirees officers, directors and committee chairs.

During January it was necessary to make the first ever cancellation of a Retirees meeting because of bad weather. The January 10 meeting was later rescheduled for January 31. Our thanks to Liz Winter, who notified our membership of the cancellation and the rescheduled date through e-mails and phone contacts. She expertly handled this change on short notice.

At the January Board of Directors meeting three people were authorized to sign checks (Treasurer, Secretary, Finance Committee Chair). Previously, only the Treasurer was authorized. The Treasurer remains the primary designee, with the other two authorized to sign in his absence.

For the March 14 meeting we deviated from our normal schedule, ate lunch at the Bright Star and went to a truly entertaining show.

Our May meeting date was changed because the Pelham Civic Center was not available on our normal meeting date.

The remainder of the year proceeded as expected with excellent programs, good fellowship and

uneventful timing. We ended the year at our November Luncheon with election of our 2012 officers and directors.

As you will see in our table of contacts, Louis Long is our new President. He will provide quality leadership for the next year. Please join me in welcoming Lou along with his fellow officers, directors and committee chairs for the new year.

The January saying is attributed to Ronald Reagan. He had a small plaque in his office that read: "There is no limit to what a man can do or where he can go if he does not mind who gets the credit."

Thanks again to Liz Winter for her excellent handling of the weather-related changes in January, as well as her dedicated attention to detail as our Member Care Committee Chair. Thanks also to Jay Dorrance for his ability to coordinate the changes the Arrangements Committee must make in order for our organization to proceed in a timely and organized manner. Special thanks to Dora Brandt for taking care of all our membership correspondence, which was more difficult this year because of delays in obtaining addresses as a result of personnel changes within the company. And we owe our gratitude to Dan and Myrna Wise for publishing and circulating our newsletter.

All nuances encountered during 2011 were handled expertly with the dedication of our officers, directors and committee chairs. My personal thanks to each of you. It has been my pleasure to serve as your President during 2011.

— Wayne Walton

Want to keep up with what's happening? Got a computer? Visit the SCS Retiree Website

<http://www.scsretirees.com>

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JANUARYPROGRAM

Our speaker at the January meeting will be John Greene. John is a fraud investigator for Travelers Insurance Company and will talk about his job and how fraud can directly and indirectly affect senior citizens.

He has a BS Degree in Criminal Justice and a MA Degree in Secondary Education, both from University of Alabama in Birmingham. Prior to his employment at Travelers, he served 20 years with the Birmingham Police Department. He recently retired as a Lt. Colonel from the U.S. Army Reserve after 40 years of military service with the Alabama National Guard and the U.S. Army Reserve.

He is a 30-year resident of Hoover and has served on the Hoover City Council for the past 3 years. He and his wife, Melody, have 4 adult children and 6 grandchildren.

— Fred Ehrensperger

BIRTHDAYS

January:

2-Mollie Midlik and Dennis Rickertsen, 5-Betty Ramsey and Frank Rutherford, 6-Bob Haubein and Bernard Moore, 7-Elsie Graham, 8-Gary Miller, 9-Doug Boylan, 11-Paul Brashier, Rena Coleman, and David L. Elmore, 12-James Gerald Boyles and Genevieve Porteous, 13-Charles Crane and James Crane, 14-Dwight Hostetter, 15-Jan Stowe, 16-Lois Dowdle and Martin G. Nowell, 17-H. Stanley Smith and Karen Sumerlin, 18-Mrs. Donald Clevenger, Pamela Collins, Charlie Micklewright, and Rickey Joe Vick, 19-Don Thornburgh, 22-Betty J. Middlebrooks, 24-Mary Rowe, 26-Reggie Stephens, 27-Charles Craig and Gray Murray, 28-Kathy Elliott, Jackie Imbusch, Richard E. Mullins, and Bob Smith, 30-Charles Goodman and Cheryldean Lowery, 31-Barbara Quinn and Perry Stowe

February:

2-Charles A. Graeber, Larry Postell, Rex Walker, and Shah Khan, 3-Edna McCullers, 4-Shirley East, 6-Paul Brown and Dot Kachelhofer, 7-Carla

Milstead, 8-Wendell Kirk, 9-Henry C. Fisher, Jr., W. L. Marshall, Van McClurkin, John Quinn, and Frances Walker, 11-Bill Ramsey and George Sippola, 12-Charles Evans, William Midlik, and Donald Smaha, 16-George Imbusch, 18-Johnny Allen Jones, 20-Sue Prince and Myrna Wise, 21-Veva Naramore, 22-Louis Long and Henry Vincent, 23-R. L. Bates and Thomas Sheperd, 24-Jim S. Griffith and Doby Hanks, 25-Gale Dougherty, Paul A. Herrmann III, and Joe Leamon, 27-Carolyn Calhoun, 28-John Hargett

MEMBER CARE

SCS/SNC retiree **Lee Wetzel** suffered a stroke November 18 and was taken to East Alabama Medical Center. He has shown some improvements, and plans were being made to move him to a rehab facility.

SCS/SNC homebound member **Mildred Hire Fleming** lost her husband in mid-December. Services for Attie Fleming were held on Saturday, December 17, at the First Methodist Church in Bear Creek, Alabama. Mildred is now a resident at Fair Haven in Birmingham, Alabama.

Please remember to contact me with any updates concerning our members or their families.

— Liz Winter

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.

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We extend our sincere sympathy to SCS Retiree **Mildred Hire Fleming** and her family in the death of Mildred's husband, Attie A. Fleming, 90, who passed away on December 14, 2011.

— Jay Dorrance

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

NOVEMBER MEETING NOTES

Jay Dorrance reports that 115 members and guests paid for the November luncheon, with 4 no-shows.

OBITUARIES

In Memoriam

Karen Ann Summers, 70, of Pelham, Alabama, passed away on Thursday, October 20, 2011. She retired from the Southern Company with 22 years of service. She is survived by her husband, Ron with whom she had been married 50 years.

Samuel L. Daniel, 67, of Pinson, Alabama, died November 11, 2011. He retired from the Southern Company as an electrical engineer. He is survived by his wife of 44 years, Janette.

Glenn Morgan Grove, 79, Vestavia Hills, Alabama died December 4, 2011. He retired from Southern Nuclear Operating Company (SNC), a Southern Company. He is survived by his wife of 46 years, Joanne.

Sarah Gibson, 67, of Bessemer, Alabama, passed away on Friday, December 16. Sarah retired from the Southern Company. She is survived by her husband Alfred E. Gibson, Sr.

Condolences

We offer our heartfelt sympathy to SCS Retiree **Henry Vincent** and his family in the death of Henry's wife, Beverly Vincent, 70, who died on October 25th 2011.

We extend our sympathy to SCS Retiree **Margaret Xanders** and her family in the death of Margaret's husband, Allan Xanders, 65, who died on November 4th 2011.

RETIREES AND LOVED ONES WHO PASSED ON DURING 2011

Retirees

Pat Foster, 60, Dec. 16, 2010, John Woodall, 84, Jan. 24, 2011, Tim Petty, 69, Feb. 4, Norma Jean Johnston, 85, Feb. 16, Dean Brake, 78, Mar. 9, Charles Wuerdman, 86, Apr. 8, Ben Lacher 56, May 7, Mike Zyne, 92, May 9, Don Duckworth, 78, June 10, Herb Swindle, 84, June 20, Woodrow Ivey, 85, July 5, Louise Sensabaugh, 87, July 5, Ozen Batum, 73, July 10, Eddie Dixon, 63, Aug. 9, Marvin Bates, 88, Aug. 10, Dick Conger, 81, Sept. 16, Charles Myers, 73, Sept. 16, Edna Wright, 76, Sept. 17, Karen Summers, 70, Oct. 20, Sam Daniel, 67, Nov. 11, Glen Grove, 79, Dec. 4, Sarah Gibson, 67, Dec. 16.

Loved Ones

Ernest Gordy, 92, Jan. 3, 2011, Jimmy Gordy's dad, J.C. Wright, 88, Jan. 3, Patsy Evens's father, Kenneth Hassell, 75, Feb. 10, Sue Hassell's husband, Jerry Ray, 72, April 1, Mildred Fleming's brother, Pete Anderson, 88, June 28, Chris Anderson's father, Elizabeth Pair, 80, June 29, Hubert Pair's wife, John Carter, 85, July 6, Margaret Carter's husband, Janus Ellenburg, 89, Aug. 4 the Late Bob Ellenburg's widow, Helen Gordy, 90, Oct. 5, Jimmy Gordy's mother, Attie A. Fleming, 90, Dec. 14, Mildred Fleming's husband.

— Jay Dorrance

Youth is when you're allowed to stay up late on New Year's Eve. Middle age is when you're forced to.

— Bill Vaughn

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SCS RETIREE LEADERSHIP FOR 2012

Officers	
President	Louis Long 936-6765
Vice President	Gray Murray 871-5194
Secretary	Peggy Burdeshaw 608-9636
Treasurer	Mike Griggs 823-7950
Directors	
Ray Bailey	9883032
Patsy Evans	991-7900
Jim Gordy	290-2186
John Meier	967-4498
Don Welliver	733-1684
Wandra Wyatt	587-6492
Wayne Walton (ex-officio)	822-1875
Committee Chairs	
Arrangements	Jay Dorrance 663-2828
Audit	Alvin Harris 664-2886
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	Louis Long 936-6765
Program	Fred Ehrensperger 655-2725
Website	Charles Hickman 823-4597

NOTE: Contact information for officers and directors reflects the results of the November election. Committee chair may change.

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

Casual, unplanned—and heavenly

You don't have to live in a cabin to get cabin fever. You can come down with a bad case of cabin fever—which I think of as “the doldrums”—even if you live in a snazzy mansion. Indeed, I often come down with them right here in my office, on the town square in Bryson City.

The term “the doldrums” is perfectly descriptive of the listless state of mind and body into which one can seemingly fall at any moment for no specific reason.; indeed, if you've got a specific cause for your spiritual malaise, you're “depressed,” which isn't the same thing.

My dictionary defines the doldrums (a term that is correctly plural in form and usually preceded by “the”) as a period of inactivity with the following symptoms: listlessness, low spirits, gloomy feelings, and being generally “down in the dumps.”

The Oxford English Dictionary quotes a 19th Century gentleman named C. Keene as having observed that “The great thing is to avoid the doldrums.” Well, that's seemingly sound advice, but the difficult thing about them is that, like a bothersome guest, they're usually upon you before you know they're coming. I'd amend Mr. Keene's observation to “The great thing is to know how to rid yourself of the doldrums.”

The OED quotes yet another 19th Century gentleman as having found that “A glass of brandy and water is a panacea for the doldrums.” That's a time-honored prescription, but if you reach for the juice too often when you get the blahs you're going to have real problems.

The only surefire remedy for the doldrums is a good stroll—not a hike—a bothersome term that implies planning and the toting of heavy loads for some distance. No agenda. No destination. Don't hurry. Don't carry anything. Go alone. A stroll can be executed at any distance more than 400 yards and less than a mile. Break a sweat and you're disqualified. When in doubt, slow down. Pretty soon the doldrums will get bored and go find someone who's sitting down at a desk.

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The view from my office window is limited to the front of the fire department across the street, the tree line of a ridge back of town and a thin slice of the sky to the south. This morning, I've already checked the e-mail, voice mail and snail mail. But I can't seem to settle down to the task at hand, which is writing this column. Deadline looming, I feel fidgety and a little irritated. I've got the doldrums. What I need is a little stroll before settling down.

When we go out with a set objective—to observe birds or flowers or fall colors or deer sign, whatever—that objective limits our range of comprehension. While looking as the purple-crested “zoombee” up in a hemlock, we fail to spot the polka-dotted elephant in the underbrush.

Sometimes it's worthwhile just to get out and see what pops up. Now, at times, no matter how adroitly you stroll along, nothing happens. That's life; indeed, there are strolling purists who maintain that the ultimate strolls are those in which absolutely “nothing” happens. But generally, something pops up. Let's see.

October skies. The morning sun catches the gold enamel on the old courthouse clock tower just so. Generally, it's best to stroll on flat ground, but my feet carry me up the hill behind town to a patch of scrub pine that has overgrown a barren site where some excavation work took place years ago. Under these pines in fall, amanita mushrooms flourish. Their varied hues—ranging from lemon to pink to orange to lime—are gaudy, probably a warning of sorts of the deadly toxins contained therein. Exotic and menacing, they are beautiful in the same way a thick-bodied black-and-yellow timber rattler is truly beautiful.

Back down by the Tuckasegee River, the town's main bridge attracts a variety of strollers and walkers. The walkers hustle on across, headed for the shops or the railroad depot. The strollers are moving at a pace that allows them to peer over the rail into the river below.

The Tuckasegee is emerald green. A multi-colored tapestry of fall leaves floats on the surface. Some have become slightly waterlogged and swirl downstream just below the surface. Others gather in piles on the bottom. A school of brightly-hued

breem floats in the quiet pool just upstream from the bridge, making rings where they break the surface to feed.

Joint-weed, virgin's bower, Virginia creeper, poison ivy, and other plants cover the hog-wire fence beside the building supply store along the north side of the river. There are morning glories in four shades—purple, red, white—color forms of what we call “common” morning glory, but there is nothing common about them.

The 150-foot swinging bridge leading from the north bank of the river over to Bryson City Island Park several hundred yards upstream from the town square is just about impossible to avoid when you're out strolling around. You don't have to think about the bridge to wind up on it. Your feet just naturally take you there.

A footpath winds around the western tip of the island that ought to be marked *Strollers Only—No Walking, No Jogging, No Biking*. On the inland side of the island the river is a narrow channel that once served as the “boom” area for a timber operation that floated logs down Deep Creek out of the high Smokies. Overhung with giant oaks and tulip poplars it's now a peaceful spot.

On the river side of the island, the water crashes through a cascade called devil's Dip. Kayakers like to fool around here, but today none are present. Instead, a group of 25 or so cedar waxwings are putting on an aerial show as they hawk insects in the bright sunlight out over the river. I've read about cedar waxwings feeding in this fashion but have never actually observed them doing so.

Back in the office again, strolling concluded for the day, doldrums at bay, it's time to crank it up. Out over the fire station, beyond the far ridge, my thin slice of sky is October blue.

— George Ellison
Smoky Mountain News,
Waynesville, NC,
Oct. 26–Nov. 1, 2011

Word Origins

Bootlegger: Someone illegally distributing alcohol.

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In the 19th Century, bootleggers actually carried illicit merchandise in the legs of high boots when making deliveries. The term was well-known and since their most common commodity was liquor, it gradually became applied exclusively to distributors of illegal booze. (From *Dictionary of Word and Phrase Origins* by William and Mary Morris.)

Shrewd: Clever or cunning.

Probably derives from the mouselike shrew, which will fight for the smallest morsel...and finish the meal by eating its defeated foe. Original meaning: wicked, dangerous, ugly. By the 16th Century, it had its current meaning. (from *Take My Words* by Howard Richler.)

Playing Hookey: Skipping school.

First appeared in the late 1840s. It probably comes from the Dutch *hoekje*, a name for the game of hide and seek. The derivation is obviously one of skipping school to play games. (From *Etymologically Speaking* by Steven Morgan Friedman.)

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

MEETING DETAILS:

When: Monday, January 9, 2011

Where: Inverness 42, Room 130

Board meeting: 11 a.m.

Lunch: Dutch Treat Inverness Cafeteria

Program: 1 p.m.

Caddie: A person hired to carry a golfer's clubs. From the French word *cadet*, for "younger son." In noble families the second son inherited neither title nor fortune and consequently often joined the army. The word *cadet* retained this military meaning, but acquired the connotation of someone who hung around waiting to be called on to do errands. This kind of cadet was abbreviated to caddie. (From *Fighting Words* by Christine Ammer.)

— Uncle John's Bathroom Reader,
Volume 13, page 24
Bathroom Readers' Press,
Ashland, Oregon

Faith is like radar that sees through the fog—the reality of things at a distance that the human eye cannot see.

— Corrie Ten Boom
Tramp for the Lord