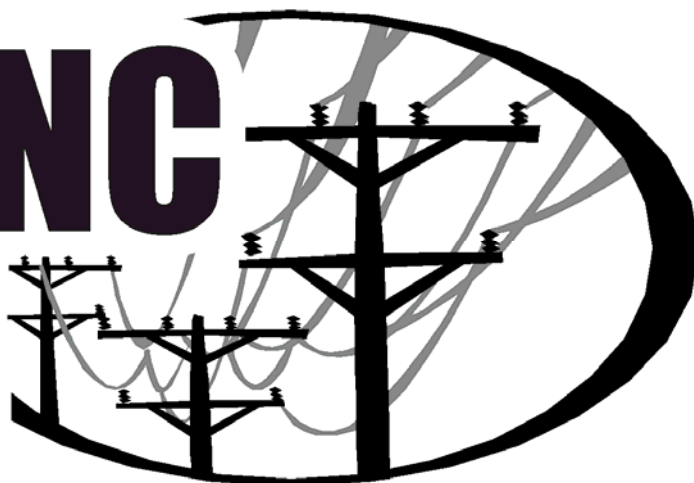


SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



Volume 24

Number 4

July — August 2012

MEMBER CARE REPORT

We have received updates on SCS retiree **Lee Wetzell**, and on Katie Kendall, granddaughter of SNC retiree **John Meier**.

Lee has made slight improvement and continues speech therapy each week in Auburn. His progress is very slow, so keep those cards going to him. Also, his son has encouraged any of the retirees who might be in the Auburn area to give Lee a call, and a visit if possible. His address is 1583 Oakhill Ct., Auburn, AL 36832-6798.

Katie, who is 13, was diagnosed on March 8th with leukemia. She has been undergoing chemotherapy, but has suffered quite a few complications. She has spent approximately 40 days during the last three months in the hospital. We need to remember Katie and her family. Some of you may remember Katie's mom, Nancy, worked some summers at SNC. Katie has a journal posted on the internet at <http://www.caringbridge.org/visit/katiekendall>.

Please remember to contact me with any news concerning SCS/SNC retirees and their families. Also, remember to contact me with any of your email and phone changes.

— Liz Winter

PREZ SEZ

Susan Story, SCS President, gave a comprehensive presentation on the state of the Southern Company at our May meeting at the Pelham Civic Center. She was informative, inspirational and extremely gracious to speak to us on the way to a speaking engagement in Washington. Thanks to Jay Dorrance for making all the luncheon arrangements!

Our July speaker will be one of our own retirees, Dennis Read. Dennis was a General Manager at Southern Nuclear following a career in the Navy. Following his retirement, he and his wife Donna spent eleven years in Africa with two Christian mission organizations. We welcome him back to Birmingham and appreciate his willingness to share his experiences.

July is the month that we celebrate Independence Day and the birth of this great country. The challenge to every generation is to perpetuate this greatness. Elections are important. Please make sure that you are registered to vote!

— Lou OLong

It is not the hand that signs the laws that holds the destiny of America. It's the hand that casts the ballot.

— Harry Truman

JANUARY ATTENDANCE

Jay Dorrance reports that attendance at the May retirees luncheon, which was open to all Southern Nuclear and Southern Company Services retirees, was 223.

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

SCS OUTSIDE

July -August 2012

**SCS RETIREE LEADERSHIP
FOR 2012**

HELPFUL INFORMATION

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	988-3032
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	Open
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	Charles Goodman 823-5187
Program	Fred Ehrensperger 655-2725
Website	Charles Hickman 823-4597

**Contacting Hewitt When You Don't Know Your
Password or ID number**

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.

Monday through Friday 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. ET
Call Hewitt 1-888-435-7563 - when they answer and after they ask for your ID key in *0# (star, zero, pound). Someone will answer

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

Getting a Retiree Badge

If you would like to obtain a Southern Company retiree badge, please contact Dan Calvert or Lorean McAdoo, Inverness Building 42, Room 150.

If you join us for our next meeting, you may find it convenient to contact them before or after the meeting.

— Dora Brandt

OBITUARIES

In Memoriam

Donald Wayne Jackson, 84, of Birmingham, Alabama, passed away on Tuesday morning, May 29, 2012 at his home in Pinson. Don retired September 1, 1986 as a Project Cost Engineer with 16 years of service to the Southern Company. He is survived by his wife, Elliene a son and a daughter, two step-sons and six grandchildren. A visitation for Don was held at 1 p.m. on Friday, June 1 at the Jefferson Memorial Funeral Home in Trussville, Alabama followed at 2 p.m. by a funeral service and internment in Jefferson Memorial Gardens East.

— Jay Dorrance

BIRTHDAYS

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

July

2-Sonia Garnem & Howard Hubbard; 4-Mohinder Ghuman & Carolyn Muglach; 5-Ann Garrett, Bernard Lucas Karabin & Jo Harrison; 6-Dorothy Bailey, Debbie Evans & Kathleen Rickertsen; 7-Diane Walker; 8-Roy Bush Cooper, Jr., William Hinton, Jeanne Plaxco & Eulala Woodall; 9-Lee Haubein; 12-William H. Cole & Pat Redwine; 14-Nancy Folk, Sherry Runyans & George Russell, Jr.; 15-Chris Anderson & Peggy Brashier; 16-Randall Deane Ulch; 18-Jack Faulkner; 20-Daniel Wise; 21-Dennis Runyans, Elbert Teat & Rosemary Wright; 22-Jo Ann Stallings; 24-Sandra Morgan; 24-David Searcy; 25- L. Michael Stinson; 27-Paul Timothy Hardy, Carter Leonard & B. Richard Sanders; 28-Kerry Adams, William Hinton & Jan Witt; 30-John Garlington & Mary Koski; 31-Mary Ann Glover & Susan Lefoy

August

1-Ruth Shepherd & Margaret Xanders; 2-Robert Jackson, Hubert Pair & Mona Gail Rollins; 3-Jim Coleman, Barbara Harris & Ronald Mitchell; 4 - Willard Payne & Donald Yessick; 5-Nancy Hunt; 6-Robert Beason & Barbara Colby; 7 Mrs. Joel Neuman; 8-Donald East & Thomas M. Harris; 10-Jim Gordy & Gisela Hancock; 12-Jim Rooker; 13-Phyllis Lawrence & Nancy Mooney; 14-Ed Muglach & Annette Todd; 16-Margaret Carter; 17-John Naramore; 18-Martha Burson; 19-Faye Elmore, Walter Brown, Jr. & Nancy Moore; 20-Peggy Case & Don Welliver; 22-Geoff Huddleston; 25-Shirley Harrison & Lee Rayburn; 26-Lamar Sumerlin & Jim Young; 27-Jay Dorrance & James Jarrell; 29-Barbara Maluff, Charles David Pugh & Ty Robin, Jr.; 30-Alex Morrison; 31-Charles Bidy & Lee Wetzell

— Dora Brandt

People often say that, in a democracy decisions are made by a majority of the people. Of course that is not true. Decisions are made by a majority of those who make themselves heard and who vote—a very different thing. — Walter H. Judd

Editor's Note: How often do we read stories of wartime memorabilia, sometimes items with a rich history, being discovered tucked away in some obscure place? Both because I lived in Iowa and married my wife there and because I am a Mason, I found this article about a Civil War flag interesting enough to share with you in this issue. I hope you find this "footnote on history" interesting. And, if you have any similar stories of little bits of history, I would like them for future issues.

One Flag's 142-Year Journey

The Civil War flag on display at the Library of the Grand [Masonic] Lodge of Iowa is a truly unique item. It is an irreplaceable artifact from the past that transcends space and time to help us connect with events that took place almost 150 years ago. As a museum curator, I always look forward to finding that hidden treasure that may be lurking in our midst. It may be hidden in an attic somewhere, placed lovingly into a family trunk years ago and forgotten. This flag was not so much forgotten, because it was used in parades and other patriotic celebrations, as its significance was overlooked. This is a real treasure, an important reminder of events long ago that is present for us today. It will continue to serve as that reminder because it has been so well preserved.



The flag was made in Marengo, Iowa, a small town located southwest of Cedar Rapids, in Iowa County. It was made by the women of Marengo, no doubt as a patriotic gesture when the Civil War began. If you get the chance to visit our library, you can look at the intricate stitches that were made,

SCS OUTSIDE

July -August 2012

even the unique pattern where the stars were placed. We do not know the names of the ladies who made this flag, but they were probably not unlike others in small towns all over the country, both North and South, who were caught up in the patriotic fervor that swept the nation at the beginning of the War.

When the 28th Iowa Volunteer Infantry was organized in 1862, the flag was presented to Company B of that regiment, undoubtedly because many of the members of Company B were from the Marengo area. One of the organizers of this company was James T. Sargent, later appointed 1st Lieutenant of Company B.

The flag accompanied the unit as it was mustered into Federal service in October 1862 at Camp Pope in Iowa City. It went with the regiment as it traveled to Davenport, Iowa, and then to Helena, Arkansas, where the unit spent the winter of 1862-63. Some of the men of the 28th Iowa described that winter as one of the most depressing of their wartime experience. This was due to freezing temperatures, snow, rain, ice and very little shelter to protect the men. Many died as a result of illnesses they incurred.

By the spring of 1863, the 28th Infantry joined other Union regiments of General Grant's army in the campaign to capture Vicksburg, Mississippi. This Confederate-held fortress was a key to controlling the Mississippi River. Several battles took place leading to the eventual siege and fall of Vicksburg in July 1863. One of the more important battles was the one fought at Champion Hill on May 16, 1863. It was here that this flag suffered some of the damage that you can see. As the two armies pushed each other back and forth across the battlefield, the flag was torn by shot and shell. The color bearer was wounded and some of his blood stained the flag as he fell to the ground. This stain can be seen just to the right of the blue field at the top of the flag. The Union army prevailed at the Battle of Champion Hill, with the 28th Iowa sustaining 97 casualties. In the official report to the Adjutant General regarding the 28th Iowa's participation during the battle, it was written, "the 28th has added new laurels to the noble young State of Iowa, and will continue to do so."

After the Vicksburg Campaign, Lt. Sargent resigned his commission and returned to Marengo. It is thought that he brought the flag back with him, as it does not carry the "battle honors" on it that were traditionally sewn or painted onto the flag.

After the war, when Company B was discharged, the flag remained with Lt. Sargent. He eventually moved to Yankton, Dakota Territory, and took the flag with him. The flag was used in many parades and patriotic events. At the death of Lt. Sargent, the flag was passed on to his son, William F. Sargent, who became a Master Mason, like his father, and served as Grand Master of South Dakota in 1929-30. William Sargent passed the flag on to Oriental Consistory where it was carefully stored in the Yankton Masonic Temple for many years.

Realizing that a historic flag of this significance belonged in its home state, Charles Kaufman, Past Grand Master of South Dakota, presented the flag to Grand Master Robert H. Erickson at the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Iowa on September 17, 2004. Erickson accepted the flag on behalf of the Masons of Iowa.

The flag is now carefully stored under museum conditions to preserve the delicate fabric. It is displayed in the Grand Lodge of Iowa building in Cedar Rapids as a tribute to the brave men of Iowa who volunteered to serve their country.

—William R. Kreuger
Scottish Rite Journal,

November-December 2012

A Wing—Sometimes a Prayer

Clarke and Anne Stallworth have told numerous stories of escapades with aircraft and flying. They have reminded me of some happenings in the past. Flying fascinated me as a boy. Its promise of excitement and adventure was constantly fueled by WW II stories told by my uncles and others.

When about 12 years old and visiting an uncle in Eldon, MO, my interest was so apparent he paid for my first plane ride. I believe it cost 5 dollars. I remember it was a small, single-engine, high-wing aircraft. We soared off the grass runway, turned, went up and down, and I held the controls, and was hooked for life. Never have I forgotten the sensation

July - August 2012

of pure joy at leaving the ground, and being able to move through the air.

Several years passed. While in my senior year of chemistry studies at Oklahoma Baptist U., I hung around the local airport, till finally the Fixed Base Operator (FBO) gave me a job helping with the aircraft. I soon learned to “prop” a small aircraft to start the engine, got acquainted with different types of small, fabric-covered aircraft, and was able to repair holes and tears with carefully shaped pieces of linen cloth, glued with cellulose nitrate, of “dope.” Also, they had me qualified to record weather conditions and send them to Ft. Worth via teletype. This was 1952.

One day a local pilot offered to take me for a ride in a small plane. We buckled on parachutes, climbed in, and I got one of the wildest rides of my life. I loved it but got a little green. Soon after, he got grounded by the FAA for doing aerobatic stunts in an airplane not built for such things.

Immediately after graduating from college I reported to smokejumper training with the U.S. Forest Service in Missoula, Montana. For the next seven airplane rides, I took off in planes, but did not land in them. Instead, my landing was made on the ground, hanging from a parachute harness. I’ve told the story of the first jump before. Then, before ever getting to make a parachute jump on a fire, orders arrived from the U.S. navy, and the next flight was to Officer Candidate school in Newport, RI.

As soon as possible, I tried to get into the naval aviation program, but my eyes were not satisfactory for the pilot program, and that’s all I was interested in. Finally, my orders as a newly commissioned Ensign in the Navy sent me to San Diego, January 1, 1953. After a year there, primarily learning to swim and blow things up, an officer friend who already had his private pilot license, offered to go in with me in the purchase of an airplane. It was a 1930s Rearwin, with a radial engine, high wing, two place. Another friend who was a certified instructor, agreed to teach me to fly.

Our first trip up we did take off, straight and level, climbs, and gentle turns. Landing was a guessing game, because as soon as you leveled off and raised the nose, the radial engine completely

blocked forward view. The side windows were small, and you could only look straight down. You had to get it right every time. I did not. I hit hard and bounced, or stalled about 10 feet off the ground, and hit hard and bounced. Practicing flight exercises was sheer terror. For those who know, the wing was flat, with no dihedral. With throttle back, in a slight climbing turn, the aircraft would instantly stall and flip over in a spin. I was afraid to try the most basic maneuvers unless 5000 feet above the ground. I finally quit trying to fly and sold my half to my partner, who had shipped out to Japan.

Released to inactive duty after the Korean War, I was back in college again at Utah State U., to get a degree in Forestry. I immediately looked up the small airport in Logan, Utah. I told the FBO my sad story, and he suggested a ride in a small Aeronca Chief airplane, which he used for instruction. In 30 minutes it had revived my love for flying. The GI Bill paid for my Private Pilot license, which I had in a very short time.

All my family and many of my friends took their first airplane ride with me as pilot. My strong, wonderful grandfather refused to ever set foot in an airplane, but my feisty little grandmother, who was almost 70 at the time, immediately loved flying. For the rest of her life, till age 92, she traveled by air whenever possible.

In the meantime I returned to smokejumping in 1956, then in 1957 was employed as an aerial observer on the Lolo National Forest at Missoula, MT. This meant that I spent the summer riding in the right seat of a Cessna 180 or 185, in the worst of weather conditions, looking for forest fires with hot dry lightning storms slashing across the mountains of western Montana. The aircraft and pilot were on contract to the Forest Service, but I got a lot of flying practice in between spotting fires. One rough day over a high rocky ridge we got instantly inverted. Another time we were caught in a down draft, falling for 1500 feet down into a deep canyon. Just before hitting the rocks, the aircraft caught air, both doors flew open and would not completely close, and rivets around the main struts popped out. We went back to Missoula slowly, with a lot of prayer. On landing I got out, lay down and hugged

SCS OUTSIDE

July -August 2012

the ground. There is an old saying: “Any landing you walk away from is a good one.” Next day we were in a different airplane, looking for fires. Even with seat belts snugged tight my nose was broken on one of those hot, rough days.

I owned two more airplanes later, and lost money on both of them. It’s worse than owning a boat. One memorable day I was refueling my Cessna 172 from a 55-gallon drum at the airport at Libby, MT, where I kept it. I used a large funnel which locked into the gas tank on top of the wing. I was in a big hurry, so I made a big mistake. After filling the tank, I started the plane and taxied out, then took off. The controls felt a bit strange, and the plane did not respond as it usually did. Flying over the mountains, and checking my gauge frequently, I suddenly realized in half an hour I was down almost half a tank of fuel. What the ??? Oh no! I had forgotten to take the big funnel off the wing and fuel was siphoning out at a rapid rate, besides the effect on the controls. I made a quick landing at a small private field in the

mountains where no one would see me, removed the funnel, took off, and flew on, on a wing and a prayer of thankfulness.

— Jim Hickman
Senior Living, June 2011

International Cuisine

While I was grocery-shopping for a Fourth of July party, my supermarket cart bumped one pushed by a Hispanic man. I speak no Spanish, and evidently he spoke no English, so we just smiled apologetically at each other.

I looked at the contents of his cart—hot dogs, hamburgers, rolls, potato chips, ketchup and coleslaw—and his eyes followed mine. Then he motioned to my cart, and we burst out laughing. I had selected tortillas, avocados, chili peppers and refried beans.

— Joseph C. Spencer, Jr.
Reader’s Digest, July 1999

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

MEETING DETAILS:

When: Monday, July 9, 2012

Where: Room 130, Building 42

Board meets at 11:00 a.m.

Dutch Lunch: 12 noon in cafeteria

Neeting: 1:00 p.m.