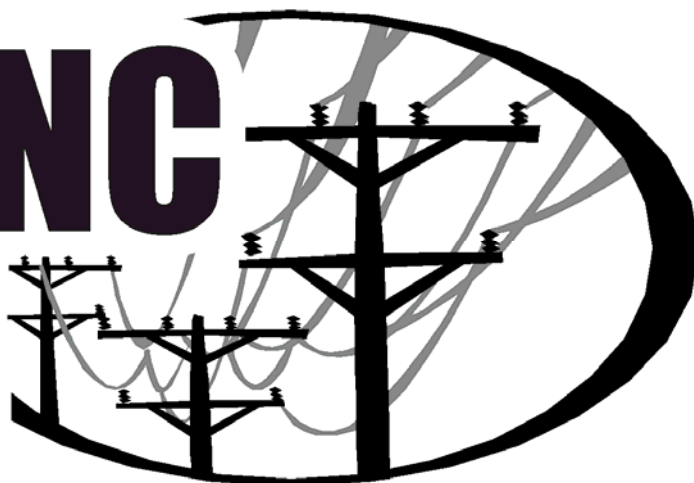


SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



Volume 21

Number 5

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PREZ SEZ

We are grateful to Dennis Read for sharing his eleven year experience in Africa during our July meeting. He and his wife sacrificed a significant portion of their lives to provide a future for innocent orphans. Equally impressive was the "Cash for Cows" charity founded by his grandson to help people help themselves. Great work!

Our September meeting will focus on the November election. The country cannot continue to burden future generations with debt as politicians make promises that cannot be kept and refuse to deal with America's financial problems. I believe our country is at a fiscal and ideological crossroads. Alabama Power External Affairs will provide a speaker to give an inside perspective. Additionally, we will have someone from SCS who can address any benefits questions that you may have. See you September 10, at 1 p.m. in Inverness Building 42.

— Lou Long

SEPTEMBER PROGRAM

Just to reinforce what Lou said about bringing benefit questions to the September meeting, I will share my own experience with you.

Earlier this year, I ran short of one of my prescription medications (about 2 weeks short), so I called CVS Caremark to tell them about it. Their response went something like this. *We're very sorry to hear about this apparent shortage; however, in order for us to deal with this kind of incident, you must contact us **within 30 days of receiving the medication.*** I asked the lady on the phone how many people counted their pills upon receiving them. She said she didn't know, but she could do nothing to help me cover this shortage because I had not contacted them within the prescribed timeframe. And that was that.

I don't know whether any of you have experienced a similar situation. But I do know that it is a tedious chore to count pills out of multiple bottles when my refills arrive. But if you do run short, and you have not made CVS Caremark aware of this shortage within 30 of receipt, you are just plain out of luck.

— Dan Wise

BIRTHDAYS

September

1-Ruth Campbell & James Welch; 2-Yvonne Colvin, Keith Tenney & Nell Wetzel; 3-Linda Chastain & Steve M. Corbin; 4-Carol Newton; 6-Larry Weaver; 7-Clifford James Buchanan, John L. Gwin & Lawrence Kilgore; 8-Alfred Mikell, Jeane Rayburn & Mary Ross Searcy; 9-Orlando Cole & John D. Merritt; 10-Wayne Carr & Rod Wildman; 11-Gene Kachelhofer, Bob Patrick, Bill

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

<http://www.scsretirees.com>

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Ponder, Jean Quick, & Alice Smith; 12-Virginia Bidly, Fred Ehrensperger, John Hall & Rick Kaster; 13-Donald Clevenger, Elizabeth Kopecky, Brahma Sani & Carol Yeager; 16-Joseph Colvin & Charles Maxwell; 17-Juanita Leonard & Lanee Wildman; 18-Byron Yance; 19-Claradel Holcombe, John Schmith & Dewey Yeager; 20-Jim Lofe & Roger Dale Williams; 21-Linda Marshall & Jamie Anderson; 22-Jack W. Kale, Jr.; 24-John P. Johnstone & Mary Varagona; 26-Liz Winter; 28-Percy Mohon & Bill Thurman; 29-Gerald Prince; 30-Samuel Ray Curtis, Martha Dorrance, Jerry Hall & Jerry Vandegrift

October

1-Rosemary Green & Bill Hanks, Jr.; 2-Mary Alice Thurman; 5-Ajit Ghuman; 6-Glenda Beason; 7-Carole Allen & Mary Weaver; 8-James H. Miller III; 9-Luverne Blackwood; 10-Dean Vandegrift; 12-Shirley Shipman & Janice Thies; 13-Jimmy L. Hunter & Gayle Price; 14-Brenda Hall; 15-Jacquelynn J. Gore & Ann Huddleston; 16-Norman Bradley; 18-Billie Ewing & James Ludwig; 19-Bonnie Russell; 20-Rhonda H. Cook, Glenn Evans, Sr. & Wallis Harrison; 21-Robert E. Elliott, Dianne Murray, Gerald Neyman & Julie Troha; 22-Ernestine Craig & Sharon Stephens; 23-Hall P. Miner; 24-Don Burdeshaw; 25-Raymond Garnem; 27-Pat Cofield, Bill Harrison & Grace Miller; 30-Aaron Daniel Dansby

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 158. The times are from 8:30 to 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 to 3:30 p.m.

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

— Dora Brandt

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

JULY MEETING NOTES

Jay Dorrance reports that 29 members and guests attended the July meeting

OBITUARIES

In Memoriam

Herol H. Stone, 89, of Alabaster, Alabama, died Sunday, June 24, 2012. Herol was a US Army veteran of WWII. He retired after 30 years of service as an Electrical Engineer with the Southern Company. He is survived by his wife of 69 years, Evelyn, a daughter and a son, two grandchildren and four great grandchildren. A graveside service was held for Herol on Wednesday, June 27 at the Sulligent City Cemetery, Sulligent, Alabama.

Mildred Ray Hire Fleming, 90, of Birmingham, Alabama, passed away Monday, June 25, 2012. Mildred retired from SCS in September 1986 with 30 years of service as a Coal Processing Analyst in the Fuel Services Department. She was preceded in death by her husbands, SCS Retiree James Hire and U of Georgia retiree Attie Fleming

**SCS RETIREE LEADERSHIP
FOR 2012**

as well as several siblings. She is survived by a daughter, two grandsons and five great grandchildren. A funeral service was held for Mildred at Ridout's Elmwood chapel on Wednesday, June 27, followed by burial in Elmwood Cemetery, Birmingham, Alabama.

Dr. William B. Harrison III, 89, died peacefully at his home in Mobile, Alabama, on Wednesday, July 25, 2012, from complications of pulmonary disease. Bill was born in Tennessee, did his undergraduate studies at UT where he received a degree in Chemical Engineering, joined the US Army in 1944, worked on the Manhattan Project (code name of the atom bomb), returned to UT and got his MS and PhD and joined the faculty of Georgia Tech, all before coming to SCS as Vice President – Research, going on to retire in 1987 as Senior Vice President. He is survived by his wife, Jo, a daughter and a son, three grandchildren and one great grandchild. A funeral service was held for Bill on Saturday, July 28, at Ashland Place UMC, Mobile, Alabama.

George H. Burson, 84, of Birmingham, Alabama, died Friday, August 10, 2012, after a courageous struggle with cancer. George served in the US Navy before getting his BS degree in Electrical Engineering at Auburn University in 1951. While working in Fort Worth, Texas, George earned his Master's Degree from SMU in 1963. George worked for both SCS and SNC, retiring from SNC in 1995. He was preceded in death by his first wife, June, the mother of his children, and is survived by his second wife of 23 years, Martha, the children (from both wives) two daughters and a son, as well as four grandchildren.

A funeral service was held for George at Ridout's Chapel in Trussville, Alabama, on Monday, August 13, with burial in Elmwood Cemetery in Birmingham, Alabama.

Condolences

We offer our sincere sympathy to the family of the late **Bob Gilbert** in the death of his widow Iris Williams Gilbert, 86, who died on Friday, August 10, 2012.

— Jay Dorrance

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

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MEMBER CARE

We have an update on **Carol Yeager**. She has had two stents put in her right leg. She was scheduled for another arteriogram on August 28 to look at arteries in her neck and arms. The doctor has diagnosed her with inflammation of the arteries. They are unable to take her blood pressure in either of her arms, and they would like to be able to get true readings by trying to clear arteries in her arms. She has been in a good deal of pain.

SCS/SNC Retiree **W. O. (Bill) Holcombe** has been in Brookwood Hospital for 16 days (as of August 22). He was recently moved from ICU to Room 472. I spoke with his wife August 21, and she said he is better, but will still remain in the hospital for several more days.

— Liz Winter

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

When I Win the Lottery, What Will I Do?

Buy a trash truck. One of those big, shiny, white 2-ton ones like Homewood has, with that huge enclosed body on the back to hold great volumes of trash, and a compactor that scrunches it down to about a tenth of its original size.

I realize a good number of people coming into a windfall would be vacationing all over the world, and buying fancy cars, and being down at their tax lawyers trying to pinch down on every dime they're having to pay in taxes, but I just don't have time for such.

Trash, that's the biggest thing in my life now. It multiplies overnight. I leave it one night, in the dark, down in the basement, and get up the next morning at 6 o'clock, and there's twice as much as there was the night before. I've even tried going down there at 5 o'clock. Same results. I can't explain it. The recycling people come by every two weeks, and all the newspapers and plastic goes with them, and the next day there it is in full force again.

Our daughter Andrea came by two or three years ago, and she and Bobbie did a mass haulout to the street of accumulated trash. Or sould I say they put

it by the basement door, and I did a mass haulout to the street. I expected the city of Homewood to leave me a note on top of the heap saying, "You've got to be kidding." They dutifully picked up all of it. I did read afterwards the place where they normally hauled their trash was full (No doubt an accumulation over a number of years, and not just ours.), and they were scouting for new places to dump trash—Michigan, Indiana, Russia.

There has to be a logical, scientific, geological, GPS reason for all this trash. Perhaps I should examine my method of accumulating from the very first day the basement was totally clear of trash, probably the first 10 minutes of the first day we moved in lo those many years ago. I mean the floor had such a gleam to it, I had to wear sunglasses because of the brightness.

My memory is a bit vague at this point, but as I think back, I recall the first bit of accumulation started with an old desk stored out of the way in the basement. I was going to dispose of it in 1978, in fact almost dialed the place that would pick it up, but had a slight hesitancy. After all, that old desk with the old typewriter had seen and heard many a word pounded out on it, not counting the times I'd sit there with a blank mind. Writer's block it's called. I think people behind my back were saying Bob's a blockhead, but I paid no heed to that.

Wait a minute. The first item was probably an old tire off the first car I ever owned. Of course if Bobbie knew I had that old tire wrapped in some clothes in the basement that would have been the first thing she and Andrea tossed out.

Then I added three old lamps, a bicycle wheel (one never knows when a neighbor might need a bicycle wheel), several pieces of furniture, old newspapers with articles of interest. Mustn't forget the metal button box. My Mother never threw away a button. She said you never knew when you might need one. If anyone needs a shirt button from 1937, let me know. An unused napkin (I can't tell you the name of the fine eating establishment, because I don't think the statute of limitations has run out on swiping it). A brand new towel (can't remember the name of the hotel). Soap and shampoo from the same hotel (Bobbie said to use it or ship it off to the

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basement). A tube of toothpaste (I'm certain this is not from the same hotel as the other lifted merchandise). Why, you ask, would anybody in their right mind save a tube of toothpaste? I'm thinking about using it. It's only out of date by 25 years, but the color and taste are still good.

I could go on about what's in the basement, along with the history of each item, but that would take more space than I have here. Suffice it to say, the end of the basement where all of this is stored is so weighty, it has tilted the house slightly less than the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

But now you're saying to yourself there is another point of contention. Why in the world would an idiot buy a trash truck with the lottery winnings when he doesn't know how to drive a trash truck? I've thought about that. There is a solution. Rod Roberts. Actually he's known as Rod II. Our son is Rod I, because we've known him longer than Rod II.

Rod II takes care of us in his spare time. You name it, and Rod can do it. Just to give you an example, in May we were tromping around in the front yard cutting down bushes that had grown up in the ivy. The bugs, and mosquitoes, and ants, and snakes, and poison oak, and hay fever were chasing both of us simultaneously. He also checks our cars to see if everything is ok, and a zillion other things.

Now Rod II has a fulltime job which fits right in with everything. He drives a city of Homewood truck, and takes dumpsters out to the hinterlands, empties them, and brings them back. I'm sure he will drive our trash truck.

I will have to take it up with the city council, to see how much a truckload of trash will cost to dump in the area they pay to do so. Of course, if they're dumping it in Russia, there's the matter of the passport for Rod II. The trash will probably also require a passport. And there will be money involved because of the distance, but remember, I will have won the lottery. And I mustn't forget somebody to teach Rod II to speak Russian. Gee, I hope he doesn't like it so well over there he decides to stay and ship our trash truck back home alone. There is no duplicate Rod II, and he would be sorely missed. Aw, I know he will come home. His

daughter Alexis will be a senior in Homewood High School starting this fall, and he certainly won't miss her graduation. He's very proud of her.

No doubt, you will have heard many financial experts say if you win the lottery don't do anything for a few months. Sit on your money until you find somebody else who is smarter than you are who can tell you how to spend your money better than you can.

Let me ask you this. Can there be anything more logical than me buying a trash truck? I don't mind the financial planners lining up and coming to my house after that. They just need to look where they're going, and not run into my trash truck. I'll have it parked out front—if Bobbie's not home at the time. If she's home, you'll notice a new concrete driveway that leads deep into the woods where my trash truck will be parked, sufficiently distant from the house to be out of Bobbie's line of sight.

— Bob Nelson
Senior Living,
June 2012

Mountain Lore—Maypops

When you are number eight in a family with nine children, growing up way out in the country, you quickly learn to identify the wild edibles God has provided to sustain you while enjoying outdoor activities. We played hard and it seemed we were always hungry!

One of the most interesting and tasty of autumn's goodies was the Maypop. If you aren't familiar with this fruit, perhaps you know it better by its bloom, the Passion Flower. During the summer, we Martin kids would take note of where the flowers were blooming so that we'd be able to find the fruits as they ripened in early autumn. We'd keep an almost proprietary eye on the roadways and fields where our harvest of maypops would be. (Sometimes I'd grow impatient and pop one of the green, egg-like fruits open, only to find the contents tasteless, undeveloped pith.)

The best way to describe eating a maypop is something akin to eating a pomegranate. The seeds are encased in a juicy membrane that you can just

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swallow, seeds and all, or try to separate from the seeds in your mouth before swallowing. As with most fruits, the unripe fruits are very sour, somewhat pithy and the seed membranes opaque. The riper they get, the sweeter they get (though still sweet-tart), and maypops taste best when the membrane gets clear and the seeds are easily seen. If you wait too long, though, the insides will start to ferment and become inedible.

One reason we had to watch our maypops closely was because there were locals who gathered the vines, dried them, and sold them to the herb men who came through the mountains looking for herbs, ginseng, and wild honey to sell at the Crossville, Tennessee, flea market. We didn't realize it at the time, but there was big money to be made in herbs (any money was big money for poor folks in the hills of Tennessee back then).

The dried maypop vine, when made into a tea, is said to be a cure for digestive complaints and to be a nerve relaxer. Though I've never drunk the tea, I've eaten scores of the fruits, and I've enjoyed a

stomach that can tolerate most anything I eat (might be from a childhood of eating anything and everything that didn't eat me first), and some might say I'm a fairly laid-back person who doesn't get nervous. Maypops or good genes? Who knows?

There's a field I've been keeping my eye on just down the road that is loaded with maypops this year. I think I'll head out there and see if they're ripe and gather a few before someone else discovers my treasure trove.

— Charlotte Gentry
The Groundhog,
Vol 30, No.9/10,
Mentone, Alabama

In any moment of decision, the best thing you can do is the right thing, the next best thing is the wrong thing, and the worst thing you can do is nothing.

— Theodore Roosevelt

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

MEETING DETAILS:

When: Monday, September 10, 2012

Where: Inverness 42, Room 130

Board meeting: 11 a.m.

Dutch Lunch: 12:00 noon

Membership Meeting: 1 p.m.