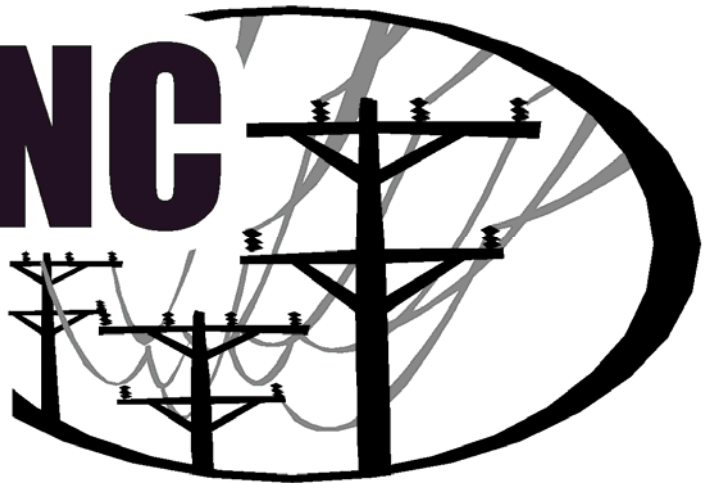


SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



Volume 27

Number 2

March — April 2015

PREZ SEZ

Greetings everyone. I hope you are staying warm and dry this winter. As I write this article it is cold and gray outside and I am thankful I do not have to shovel snow each morning like many of our northern neighbors. At times like this I am glad to live in the South. In August ask me again.

Our March meeting will be at 1:00 p.m. on Monday, March 16 and will feature a presentation by Marion Price of Southern Power showcasing Southern Power's solar energy program. Marion will provide an overview, or history, of Southern's entry into the solar power realm and a discussion.

Many of our members may not be aware of what Southern Power is and the role they play in the Southern Company. This is an opportunity to learn what they do and how they do it. Please make plans to attend the meeting.

We are planning two fellowship activities in the next few months. The first will be a trip to the Birmingham Museum of Art on Tuesday March 24 to see an exhibit called "Small Treasures." This is an exhibit of small paintings by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, and their contemporaries. Organized by the North Carolina Museum of Art and presented by PNC, Small Treasures brings together 40 small-scale masterpieces from the Dutch Golden Age. We

will meet in the Museum café for a Dutch lunch at 11:30 followed by a tour of the exhibit at 1:00. The price of admission will be \$10.00 per person, if we have at least 10 people.

On April 13 you are invited to join us for a Barons matinee baseball game. The game will start at 11:30, so let's get out and enjoy the spring day with a hot dog, drink, and baseball. Ticket costs and location will depend on how many people attend, but the tickets will run about \$12.00 each.

If you are interested in either or both of these two activities please call me at 205-532-8596 or email me at hanebrig@charter.net to get your name on the list and to get more details.

See you at our March meeting.

— Al Nebrig

JANUARY ATTENDANCE

Faye Patterson reports that attendance at the January general membership meeting was 36.

Arthur C. Clarke in *The View From Serendip*:

For every man, education should be a process which continues all his life. We have to abandon as swiftly as possible, the idea that schooling is something restricted to youth. How can it be, in a world where half the things a man knows at 20 are no longer true at 40—and half the things he knows at 40 hadn't been discovered when he was 20?

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

<http://www.scsretirees.com>

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SCS RETIREE LEADERSHIP FOR 2015

Officers

President	hanebrig@charter.net
Al Nebrig	532-8596
Vice President	bubbamac51@yahoo.com
John McCoy	631-7190
Secretary	ghjames19@gmail.com.
Glanda James	240-2458
Treasurer	michaelgriggs@gmail.com
Mike Griggs	823-7950

Directors

Keith Calhoun	987-0383
Paul Brown	822-4295
John Edmundson	969-0065
Rhonda Cook	541-8905
Lou Long	936-6765
Gray Murray	381-9818
Ray Bailey (ex-officio)	988-3032

Committee Chairs

Arrangements	Faye Patterson 664-9666
Audit	OPEN
Fellowship	OPEN
Finance	Mike Griggs 823-7950
Member Care	Patsy Evans 991-7900
Membership	Dora Brandt 956-0502
Newsletter	Dan & Myrna Wise 942-2336
Nominating	OPEN
Program	Walt Dean 879-5775
Website	Cary Campbell 678-4725

HELPFUL INFORMATION

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

BIRTHDAYS

March

1-Betty Swann; 2-Elizabeth E. Ferguson, George D. McCoy, Tom Posey & Ann White; 3-Jennifer L. Cornett & Pat Goodman; 4-Rita Townsend & Rusty Williams; 6-Kenneth Horton; 7-Linda Katz & Clara Posey; 10-Diane Long; 11-Beverly Prince Patton, III & Mary Sue Thornburgh; 12-Billy Goforth, Jr., Joseph Limbaugh, Bruce S. Thomas & Sid Varagona; 14-Kerry D. Kline & James D. Russell; 16-Martha Cook; 17-David K. Kolar; 19-Pat Bowman; 21-Anne Carter, Robert M. Moore & Doyle Shaw; 22-TommyRyan & Woody Woodruff; 23-Peggy Burdeshaw, Anne Campbell & Daryl Hallmark; 24-Daniel Blackwood; 26-Teresa May & Barbara Mitchell; 28-Bernice Hill; 29-Barbara

Jones; 30-Richard C. Bloom & Gene Watkins; 31-Eric S. Likos & David Maxwell

April

1-Shirley Rutherford 2-Gene Limbaugh; 3-R. Mahal Khan & William Porteous, Jr.; 4-Rose Anna Brown, Vicky Garner & Houston Shaw, Jr.; 5-Jim Cofield & Jean Shaw; 7-Gayas Ahmed, Bryan K. Bowman, Jeanette Crane & Shirley Dickson; 8-Ken Kopecky, Ann Micklewright, Stokely Morgan, Jerry Ray & Alice C. Sani; 9-William Ollinger; 10-Tony Koski & Keith Legg; 11-Nancy Carr, Henry Garrett & Suzan Goertz; 12-John McCoy III, Al Nebrig, Jr. & David Earl Ward; 15-Dale E. Hoffman & Barbara Orr; 16-Lewis Williams; 18-Jack Goertz; 19-Glenda James & Eloise Vincent; 21-Judy Sanford 22-Richard W. Colby, Jr, Lou Ann Kaster & William Rowe; 24-Joe James; 25-Roger L. Johnson; 27-James Baldone & Robin Miner; 28-Ken Mooney; 29-Judith Heatherly; 30-Joyce Ehrensperger, Bill Garner, Stephen L. Hartsfield, Patricia Jarrell & Edward Moreland, Jr.

OBITUARIES

In Memoriam

Charles Birchfield, 78, of Chelsea, Alabama died Thursday, December 25, 2014. He had over 40 years of service with the Southern Company. Charles is survived by his wife of 48 years, Linda, two daughters and six grandchildren. A funeral service was held for Mr. Birchfield on Tuesday, December 30 at Ridout's Southern Heritage Funeral Home in Pelham, Alabama.

Condolences

We extend our sympathy to Retiree **Jo Benson** in the death of her husband Harmon Troy Benson, 87, who passed away on Sunday, December 7, 2014.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Retiree **Ann Micklewright** and her family in the death of Ann's husband, Charles A. Micklewright, 87, who died on Monday December 29, 2014.

We also extend our sincere sympathy to Retiree **Martha Mae Cook** in the death of her grandson, Christopher McKay, 36, who died on Monday January 5, 2015.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the family of the late **Bob Usry** in the death of his widow Janet Usry, 83, who passed away on Saturday January 10, 2015.

— Jay Dorrance

SPOTLIGHTING OUR FOUNDING MEMBERS

Editor's Note: As noted in a previous issue of Outside, some of the members of the retiree Class of 1986 got together and formed the nucleus of this retiree organization. It is our intention to bring to your attention these pioneers, their histories, and their accomplishments. For the record, here are the individuals from that 1986 membership roster who are still with us today.

Sam Bowman, Angie Campisi, Margaret Carter, Bill Coughlin, Jay Dorrance, Jack Faulkner, Henry Garrett, John Hargett, Samuel R. Hart, James Hartin, William Hinton, William R. Lambert Jr. (1984) Alfred T. Mikell, Grace Miller Prigmore, Tony Niemzak, John Plaxco, William Rowe, George Russell, Jr., Jack Townsend Jerry Vandegrift, Henry Vincent, Billy J. Walker Robert C. Walker, James O. Welch, and Richard Woodruff (1978).

This month we have in the spotlight...

GEORGE RUSSELL, JR.

When George retired in 1986 from Southern Company Services he was Supervisor of Training and Procedures. While at Southern Company Services, George developed a training manual for system operations and centralized budgeting for operating services. He also was a team member on a committee that worked to develop a plan to stretch operating life of system operating computers (IBM.360), which led to a 4-year delay in buying the

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next computer, saving Southern Company six million dollars.

George has been a Boy Scout Troop Master and Neighborhood Commissioner in Pensacola and Birmingham. He has been a member of the Birmingham Aero Club, Civil Air Patrol, Association Naval Aviation, IEEE, President of Toastmasters and President of the National Management Association.

George and his wife Bonnie have seven children, 12 grandchildren and eight great grandchildren.

He and his wife Bonnie have vacationed in Rome, Naples, Florence, Athens, Istanbul, Gibraltar, Sicily and Lisbon. In the USA, they have vacationed in Branson, Nashville, New Orleans, Gatlinburg, Dayton, Charleston, Savannah, Tampa and Houston.

One of George's interesting experiences as a civilian pilot was that he flew members of Southern Company Coordination Center to Lake-of-the-Woods in North Kenora, Ontario, Canada for fishing. He and his friends were invited to the Indian Guide camp for their family festivities (camp owner said they had never done that before). He also flew the Birmingham Aero Club members to Dayton, Ohio's National Museum of the United States Air Force Banquet as guests of the General at Wright Patterson Air Force Base.

One of the more interesting Southern Company stories was when Gulf Power System Control operator had experienced total blackout of the Gulf System from Mobile to Panama City, caused by junior engineers testing relays.

Another time when George inquired about experiencing hard hits on all the lines and frequency to Birmingham Coordination Center, he was patched through to TVA who then patched him through to AEP, then ConEd, to the system in North Dakota, he was told that an ICBM silo just exploded, then after a pause he

was told no further information could be given out. No report was ever heard from any news media.

During a New York City blackout that brought a request to ship all available power to them. Southern Company provided a substantial amount as most other systems were maxed out.

During naval flight training, flying an N-2-S Stearman, George was learning landings and kept landing main wheels first. His instructor told him to climb to 1,000 feet and circle the field, then told him to unbuckle seatbelt and bend forward with head between legs. Thinking that he had dropped something, he was looking diligently when all of a sudden he pulled his control stick back, causing his control stick to Bam-Bam-Bam hard on top of his head. His instructor then told him to "buckle up and get that tail wheel down." George never had trouble making three-point landing since.

When flying the SNJ (AT-6) in acrobatics, George always flew with the cockpit canopy open with his silk scarf flowing in the breeze (hot pilot). During a check ride he was to perform a two-and-half precision turn spin. In recovery, he popped the control stick full forward while pushing in full opposite rudder. As his hand pushed the stick forward, his sleeve opened the seat and shoulder harness as the nose of the plane pitched straight down and he went sailing out of the plane. He caught the top of the windshield with the tips of his fingers and tips of the shoes. His instructor noticed him leaving the plane 'without permission' and pulled back on his control stick causing George to fall back into the seat sideways and his helmet had turned halfway around covering his eyes and he thought he had gone blind. On getting settled back on his seat and buckled up, he noticed blood pouring down on his flight suit. His instructor handed him a handkerchief to stop the bleeding. After landing and walking into the hangar, his buddies ran up to see if he had passed his check hop and when they saw the blood stains and his upper lip all puffed up they asked what happened. George told them that if they get his instructor for their check hop and he tells them to do something, don't

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argue with him as he will take his control stick and beat them all about their head and shoulders, and kept on walking leaving them wide-eyed and mouths open. They all had a big laugh about it later.

George flew F4U Corsairs aboard USS Midway. During the annual competition in 1949, VF-43 won the Excellence Award for top squadron on the East Coast, consisting of gunnery, rockets, bombing, formation flying around the ship and carrier landings. His squadron set a record of landing a plane on the straight deck of the carrier every nine seconds.

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

A Proverb by Any Other Name...

Here are some familiar proverbs—things like “A rolling stone gathers no moss”—except they’re virtually unrecognizable, because they’ve been translated into the most obtuse language possible. Do you know the saying? If not, look for the answers on page 7 of this newsletter.

1. If you retire with canines, you’re prone to commence the next day alongside wingless bloodsucking insects of the order *Siphonaptera*.
2. Exist and allow your fellow Homo sapiens to be.
3. Consolidation affects erection of our personhood, whereas bifurcation affects our declension.
4. 4.One-sixteenth of a pound of prophylactic is equivalent to sixteen ounces of alleviation.
5. While sugary condiments provide supereminence, it must be admitted that fermented grain provides greater celerity.
6. Never under any circumstances scrutinize the mastication orifice of a gratuitous herbivorous quadruped.
7. Pulchritude does not extend beyond the profundity of the epidermis.

8. Show extreme caution to those of the Hellenic persuasion who are transporting goods for disposal on a noncharge basis.
9. Habitual or customary performance of what you advise in your homilies is advisable.
10. Penniless solicitors should not be expressing existential imperatives.
11. Just because one can engage in accelerated locomotion does not imply that one will be successful in concealing one’s precise location.
12. He who administers to the somatic ailments of mankind should be applying balm to his own personhood.

Uncle John’s Bathroom Reader,
Bathroom Readers’ Press,
Ashland, Oregon,
October 2000

Cold Rain and Paper Dolls

A cold January rain always conjures up days of my childhood when I couldn’t go outside to play and had to figure out what to do with myself. If it was a school day, I had to go to school, of course, if I wasn’t sick. But if it was on the weekend, why that was just a blasphemy to me, the only days I had to be free!! I would sit inside, by the heater, and think of things to do. Then I would get the idea of making paper dolls by cutting pictures out of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue (that was unless I happened to cut out a picture of a dress or something my mother wanted to order...or something on the back of the page she wanted to keep.) I could play for hours with those paper dolls, using pictures of furniture to create a home with different rooms. I had all sorts of different clothes the dolls could wear and I could even create a family with a mother, daddy, and children. There were plenty of toys for the children to play with and the latest in housewares and appliances for the Mother to use, even a fishing rod and reel for the daddy. (Think of what the psychiatrists would do with the social implications today...oh well.)

Before I would know it, it was time to eat supper and then I could listen to whatever favorite radio program happened to be on that night—The Lone

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Ranger, Fibber McGee and Molly, Amos and Andy, or maybe the Fat Man or The Shadow. My mind could conjure up all sorts of visions while listening to those shows. I was right there with them as they did each scene. It was before TV, so there were no moving pictures to watch. I had to imagine everything as the show progressed.

Children today, as smart as they are, and with all the technology they have at their fingertips, will never be able to use their imaginations as we did. I confess the old days weren't always better, but some of the things we lived without probably did more good that we would never have expected. I also learned that reading a book was a wonderful way to pass the time on an old cold, rainy, dreary winter day. It taught me the love of reading in a way that I might not have learned if I had a TV to watch. So, parents (and grandparents), think about teaching your children how to entertain themselves without the TV; read to them and provide books appropriate to their age level and try to think of ways that they can use their imagination!! I know we don't get Sears, Roebuck catalogues anymore, but I certainly get a ton of others, especially around Christmas. Maybe you could scare up interest there.

Remember that child's play is their work and a very important factor in their best development. Go find some safe scissors and make some glue out of flour and paste!! You never know when the next designer may be born..or the next screenwriter...or whatever you or they can IMAGINE!

Becki McAnnally,
Senior Living,
February 2012

A Haunted House

Well, more accurately, a haunted tavern.—DW

When John Cordwell opened this English pub in Chicago, he decided it would be a good opportunity to do something in memory of his father. The senior John Cordwell never had a headstone on his grave back in their homeland of England. John had a stained glass window on the landing halfway up to the second floor of the pub. Beneath it he placed a brass plaque honoring his father. He felt that the older Cordwell would be pleased with the gesture.

The numerous spirits of the Red Lion Pub took it as an invitation to come out and play. They've been out ever since.

John has had experiences with the spirits. He's felt taps on his shoulder and heard someone speaking to him as clearly as any human voice. When he's turned, no one is ever there. If he's imagining things, then so are plenty of his customers and employees who have experienced the same things.

Not long after John bought the building in 1984, he had the second floor converted from living space to restaurant space. On slow days the upstairs would be closed, yet people on the first floor could hear footsteps overhead. Employees would go up to find out who was there, but no one ever was.

One evening near closing, the bartender closed the upstairs and came back down. Two police officers had stopped in for coffee and another bartender was working. No one else was in the building. All four jumped when they heard a crash upstairs that sounded as if a window had been broken. The officers unholstered their guns and proceeded upstairs. What they found was one barstool upside down. Everything else was in perfect order and no one was around.

The women's restroom upstairs seems to have a great deal of ghostly activity. There have been reports of screaming coming from inside. One evening an off-duty police officer was in the bar and heard the screaming. He tried to open the door, but even though it had no lock, it wouldn't budge. The officer finally kicked the door in, only to find the bathroom empty. One waitress worked for 15 minutes, unable to get out, when suddenly the door opened by itself.

John Cordwell's father may be one of the ghosts who make the Red Lion Pub their home, but others have been around a long time. The previous owner used to invite other business owners in the area to come over and meet his invisible friends. A carpenter who lived on the second floor fifteen or twenty years earlier tried renovating the place. He would lock his tools behind the upstairs door whenever he left, but when he came back, the padlocks were opened and he day's work was

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undone. Nails were pulled from boards and dropped on the floor. No one was ever around.

The building dates from 1882 and has had quite a checkered past. The ghosts may come from any one of the building's incarnations—a bookie joint, a western saloon, apartments or a day care facility. Whoever they are, they don't seem to mean any harm and they sure make for an interesting evening.

If you want to visit the Red Lion Pub, you will need to go to Chicago. It is located at 2446 N. Lincoln Avenue. The telephone number is (773) 348-2695. They are open from noon until 1 a.m. daily. Need directions? Take I-94 to the Fullerton Exit and head east on Fullerton to Lincoln. Turn west on Lincoln and go 1½ miles to the Red Lion Pub.

*Haunted Highway:
The Spirits of Route 66*
American Traveler Press, 1999.

The Answers to A Proverb by Any Other Name

1. If you sleep with dogs, you'll wake up with fleas.
2. Live and let live.
3. United we stand, divided we fall.
4. An ounce of prevention equals a pound of cure (*or, as my grandmother said it, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." -DW*)
5. Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker.
6. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.
7. Beauty is skin deep.
8. Beware of Greeks bearing gifts.
9. Practice what you preach.
10. Beggars can't be choosers.
11. You can run, but you can't hide.
12. Physician, heal thyself.

You've Got To Be Kidding!

There is no surf this morning. The Gulf of Mexico on this January 2, 2012, is almost flat calm. I say almost because there is just enough of a ripple from the north wind to have the reflections of water diamonds in the sunlight as far as I can see. It's cold, so cold the water temperature is much warmer than the air temperature. The north wind is cold and blowing steadily.

Walking the beach early this morning, I can see only six other people in either direction. I approach a middle aged couple who are warmly dressed. He has a hooded sweatshirt and long pants, and she has long skirts, reaching to her ankles, and apparently several sweaters. After greeting them, I notice the woman's grey hair is hanging down each side of her face, and streaming water. Then I notice there is water dripping from her sweaters and skirt. In fact, from head to foot she is soaking wet.

"Have you been swimming this fine morning?" I ask.

With a big grin she explains she was collecting shells along the water line. With no waves coming in, she was able to see shells on the bottom in the crystal clear water. Her first step was into water about a foot deeper than it looked, and she went headfirst into the Gulf.

Gemma and I, and our good friends, Edsel and Lucille Webster, traveled to Orange Beach for the New Year's weekend. It was foggy all the way from Trussville on Friday and the fog continued all day Saturday at the beach, making it cool and damp.

The condo where we stay is about a quarter of a mile from the Florida-Alabama state line. The Flora-Bama is a bar and grill on the state line close to the beach. Each New Year's Day, at noon, customers from the Flora-Bama and anyone else who cares to participate, make a dash and plunge into the Gulf waters. I've watched in previous years, and decided to join the polar plunge this year. On this January 1, there were at least a thousand people on the beach at the state line, and at the signal, at least two hundred of us rushed and plunged into the water. Well, some rushed, a few plunged, and some crept or were dragged or pushed. Fortunately, the air temperature was a balmy 70 degrees. After staying in the water a few minutes, and submerging to my chin, I dried off with the big towels Gemma handed me and it was a comfortable day. She also recorded all this with the camera. One person's response to my telling them of the plunge was, "You've got to be kidding!"

In November 1973, at the height of the cold war with communist Russia, I was in Leningrad (now St. Petersburg). The daytime temperature was about 0°F, and lows about -15°F. I wore all the clothes I could get on. Sidewalks and streets were plowed, but there was snow and ice everywhere. Our group was walking along a street, enroute to see a fortress and old prison. I was taking pictures and being very careful, as we were watched constantly to make sure we did not photograph the wrong thing.

Suddenly I heard talking and laughing, which was so unusual on Russian streets at the time, I turned to see

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what it was. What a shock! Running down a street that crossed the one we were on was a group of men and women with nothing on but swim suits and shoes. The men had on swim trunks and tee shirts or tank tops, and the women had on one-piece swim suits. They were mostly middle age or older, and all appeared to be well insulated with fat (obese). They were laughing and joking, which usually was heard only from foreigners while in Russia.

I took off after them, leaving my group, and followed them to the banks of a river frozen over. There were people fishing through holes in the ice, and it appeared to be a couple of feet thick. A large hole had been cut close to the bank, and while I watched, these people in swim suits all jumped into the bitter cold river. It turned out to be the Russian equivalent of our Polar Bear Clubs.

“You’ve got to be kidding!” I said to myself as I snapped photos.

Several minutes passed, and I had some good shots of the group as they emerged. The I panicked, realizing my group was gone without me. An Intourist guide finally found me, much to my relief, and I received a severe scolding.

If the truth be known, this year I took the plunge into the Gulf of Mexico as one of the things I promised

myself to do for my 80th birthday in September 2011. One less thing on my bucket list. And it was a Happy New Year!

— Jim Hickman,
Senior Living,
February 2012

A Couple of Cold Weather Comments

In the winter, bees form a bowling-ball cluster. Like Pacman, the sphere moves around the hive, eating honey stores. The center of the cluster, where the queen resides, is kept at a constant 92 degrees when she starts to lay eggs in February. Bees expand or contract the sphere to maintain a steady, radiating warmth.

The lesson for us humans is when it’s cold outside, huddle with loved ones.

How do bees provide warmth? By shivering. By moving body muscles, they radiate energy out. And by huddling close together, that energy is turned into heat. Even bees at the outer surface of the cluster have enough warmth to survive.

Is there a lesson here? Sure. Shiver and stay warm.

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

MEETING DETAILS:

When: Monday, March 16, 2015

Where: Inverness 42, Room 130

Board meeting: 11 a.m.

Dutch Lunch: 12:00 noon

General Meeting: 1 p.m.