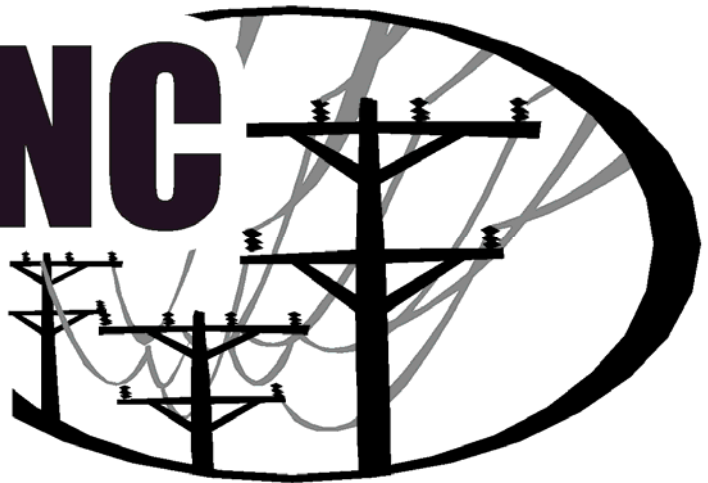


SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



Volume 27

Number 4

July — August 2015

PREZ SEZ

I hope everyone had a good time at our annual spring lunch at the Pelham Civic Center. Many people worked to make the luncheon happen. In particular, I want to thank Faye Patterson and Dora Brandt for all of their hard work coordinating the mail outs, working with the caterer, and reserving the Pelham Civic Complex. We should also thank Southern Company Services for paying the bill. It is great that our company provides this treat for us every year.

Billy Ball's comment about the use of drones was very interesting. I can see how drones could fly the transmission right of ways and inspect the transmission lines very efficiently. It would be very interesting to visit the future drone command center. Perhaps in the future we can get some more information on this subject. His comment about disposable drones that could fly inside of warm boilers was also thought provoking.

Our July meeting will be held on July 13 at 1:00 PM in the Horizons Conference Room, Building 42 Inverness. Our speaker will be Dr. Andrew Gaettinger who is a professor of Civil Engineering at the University of Alabama. Dr. Gaettinger is the director of the 3D Printing Lab and will speak on 3D printing. I think it will be a very interesting

presentation. I understand 3D printing can be used to make many useful devices. I look forward to hearing where the technology is going. I heard that SCS is already using 3D printing to make 3D building arrangements at some sites.

We are still accepting recommendations for charitable organizations to receive a small contribution at our November meeting. If you would like to recommend an organization please go to the retiree website, www.scsretirees.com, to get an application. Give the application to me at our July meeting or mail it to:

Al Nebrig
5740 Chestnut Trace
Hoover, Alabama 35244

Hope to see you at our July meeting. Have a safe Summer.

— Al Nebrig

MAY ATTENDANCE

Faye Patterson reports that attendance at the May luncheon was 167 members and guests.

The older generation thought nothing of getting up at five every morning—and the younger generation doesn't think much of it either.

— John J. Welch

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**

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 at 992-6551 between 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. to make an appointment. They are located in Inverness Building 42, Room 150.

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

— Dora Brandt

BIRTHDAYS

July

2-Sonia Garnem; 3-Roberta Ryan; 4-Mohinder Ghuman; 5-Ann Garrett; 6-Dorothy Bailey & Debbie Evans; 8-Robin Dyle & Jeanne Plaxco; 9-Lee Haubein & Marvin D. Salter; 11-Elaine Chambliss; 13-Curtis A. Baker & Larry Posey; 14-Sandra McCoy, Sherry Runyans & George Russell, Jr.; 15-Chris Anderson & Peggy Brashier; 18-Jack Faulkner & Robert Hinds; 20-Daniel Wise; 21-Dennis Runyans, E. Dennis Teat & Rosemary Wright; 22-Larry Frank Dunlap & Jo Ann Stallings; 23-Loretta Adkins; 24-Judy Kellum & Sandra Morgan; 25-Gerald Aultman; 27-Carter Leonard; 28-Kerry Adams & Bill Hinton; 30-John Garlington

Officers

President	hanebrig@charter.net
Al Nebrig	532-8596
Vice President	bubbamac51@yahoo.com
John McCoy	631-7190
Secretary	ghjames19@gmail.com.
Glenda James	240-2458
Treasurer	michealgriggs@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	988-3032
(ex-officio)	

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

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& Mary Koski; 31-Mary Ann Glover, Susan Lefoy & Theresa A. Shafer

August

1-Anne Baldwin, Ruth Shepherd & Margaret Xanders; 2-Robert H. Jackson & Hubert Pai; 3-Jim Coleman & Ronald Mitchell; 4-Willard Payne & Jerry Wilson; 5-James Dailey, Gary Hollis, Nancy Hunt & Angela Pappas; 6-Robert Beason, Barbara Colby & Judy Martin; 8-Donald East & William C. Mason; 10-Jim Gordy, Gisela Hancock & Jean Horton; 12-Jim Rooker & Allen N. White; 13-Alice Lawrence, Arthur Lawrence & Phyllis Lawrence & Nancy Mooney; 16-Margaret Carter; 17-John Naramore; 19-Jerry P. Hayes & Nancy Moore; 20-Peggy Case; 21-Janet Nebrig & Michael E. Volk; 22-Geoff Huddleston & Cheryl Oatts; 23-Susan Hinds & Charles Valekis; 25-Shirley Harrison & Lee Rayburn; 26-John W. Martin & Lamar Sumerlin; 27-Jay Dorrance, Anne Fucich & James Jarrell; 29-Lisa Golden, Barbara Maluff, Charles David Pugh & Ty Robin, Jr.; 30-Mary Romano; 31-Charles Bidy & Fran Goforth

OBITUARIES

In Memoriam

Michael Oatts, 58, of Birmingham, Alabama, passed away on Thursday, May 21, 2015. He was an electrical engineer employee in the electrical department of Southern Company Services. Michael is survived by his wife of 32 years, Cheryl, a daughter, Kathleen, a son, Matthew, his mother, Lou Oatts, and his sister, Becky Oatts. He is preceded in death by his father, John Oatts.

A memorial service was held for Mr. Oatts on Tuesday, May 26, at the Vestavia Hills Baptist Church. His family greeted their friends at a reception at the church immediately following the service.

Condolences

Our sincere sympathy is extended to SCS retiree **Margaret Carter** and her family in the death of Margaret's brother, Joel Burgess, 79, of Marietta,

Georgia who passed away on Sunday, April 19, 2015. He is survived by, besides his sister Margaret, his wife, Judith and three daughters. He was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers.

A viewing was held for Mr. Burgess on Friday, April 24 at the Byars Funeral Home in Cumming, Georgia and a Memorial Service the next day at the Rivercliff Lutheran Church in Sandy Springs, Georgia, followed by a reception.

We would also like to express our sympathy to family and friends of Emily Shields, 85, of Birmingham, Alabama, who died on Sunday, May 31, 2015. Miss. Emily was an employee of Chicago Bridge and Iron and was known to many of our employees who worked with her at CBI before coming to SCS.

— 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...

GRACE MILLER PRIGMORE

In January 1945 I went to work for Alabama Power Company. About eight months later I

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transferred to Commonwealth & Southern and worked for L.M. (Sal) Chambliss. E. C. Gaston was the chief engineer and Norma Jean Johnston was his secretary. We occupied the fourth floor of the original power building. At that time, we were a small company with about 45 employees. It was like one large family. When the annex was built we took that space and the company began to grow.

I met John Kyser, who worked for Alabama Power. We were married in 1946 and we were married for 52 years. WOW! That was a trip down memory lane.

For over 41 years I worked on projects for most of the plants and when I retired in September 1986 I was Senior Tech Aid in Document Control. The last large plant I worked on was Farley Nuclear Plant in Dothan.

John Kyser and I built our home in Center Point and we joined Ridgecrest Baptist Church and were active members for over 32 years. I sang in the choir and taught many Sunday school classes.

Now I attend Sunday's services and Wednesday evening services at our church at Somerby at St. Vincent's One Nineteen Retirement community. This is where I met and married Edwin Prigmore who is retired from the Social Security Administration.

I have been active in the Order of Eastern Star Chapter for over 50 years and some of my travels have been with them. My first trip with them was to Hawaii and the last trip we made was to Ireland and between those trips I have been to about 28 countries;—England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Bahamas, many of the Caribbean Islands, Japan, Switzerland, Sweden, Holland, just to name a few. I have always wanted to go to the Holy Land but I don't see that any time soon.

My worst trip was to China. We landed the day the soldiers attacked the students in Tiananmen Square in 1989. Soldiers stopped our van and made us get off the highway. Our driver was trying to get us back to the hotel by back roads that turned into no more than pig trails. Four hours later we finally arrived at the hotel. At that time, the kitchen was closed in the hotel but they fixed us a meal anyway.

My hobbies are knitting, crochet and sewing. Last year, the group I sew with, made lap robes for all of the residents in the Somerby's care unit. We knitted hats and scarves and bought gloves for the homeless who have Thanksgiving breakfast on 1st Avenue North in Birmingham.

My only child at this time is a beautiful Shih Tzu named Sophie. I have had her for almost 11 years and she does not know she is a dog. Thinks she is just a little person.

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

Pinhook Creek

Anyone who grew up in the Dallas or Lincoln Cotton Mill Village knew about Pinhook Creek. I'm not sure, but I think the creek got its name because kids in the mill villages fished with hooks made from straight pins bent into the shape of a hook. Earthworms, the main fish bait used in Pinhook Creek, slipped on the straight pin very easily. As much as the kids in the villages liked to fish, summer swimming was much more exciting.

At that time, there was tremendous rivalry among all the five mill villages but the one between Dallas and Lincoln was the most dramatic. The two villages were separated by an elevated railroad which became the battle line. During my young and teenage years, rock fights across the railroad were a part of village life. Huntsville's economy at the time was made up mostly by the various mill companies. That was before the city became the Aerospace Capital of the World. There were three other cotton mill villages besides Dallas and Lincoln. They were Merrimac, West Huntsville and Lowe mills. All three of the others were located on the opposite side of the county from Dallas and Lincoln.

In addition to fishing, Pinhook Creek had the best swimming holes in the area. The only other place to swim was the city pool in downtown Huntsville, but the city charged eleven cents to swim and you had to wear swim suits. At Pinhook there was neither a charge nor a

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requirement to cover any part of your body! I of course learned to swim in Pinhook.

The biggest problem was going to Pinhook Creek if you lived in Dallas was that you had to go through the Lincoln mill village to get there. It was a test in survival because the guys who lived in Lincoln would beat up anyone they caught from Dallas in their village. The same was true for Lincoln guys caught in Dallas, but the Lincoln guys didn't have to come through Dallas to get to the creek.

Both the Dallas and the Lincoln villages were like small towns. They had their own high schools and commercial areas. The Dallas high school was named Rison and the Lincoln high school was named Lincoln. There were no supermarkets in either area, just local grocery stores that sent someone to the home of the village residents to take grocery orders in the morning and delivered their orders that afternoon. The residents paid their grocery bills on Friday (payday).

One warm summer day, a friend and I decided to go swimming in Pinhook Creek, so we planned a way to sneak across the railroad and weave our way in and out of the alleys and behind shoe shop, poolroom, and grocery store. We were moving well until we got past the grocery store and had to cross the main street in Lincoln (Meridian Street). We looked both ways from behind the grocery store and decided it was clear. We eased out to the edge of the main street and started to cross when we heard someone yell "Dallas dudes!" They called us Dallas Dudes and we called them Lincoln Dudes.

There were four of them hanging out in front of the poolroom and they started for us! Any one of them was twice the size of either of us!

We turned instantly and started running back toward Dallas. They were on our trail, yelling names that I cannot repeat in this column. We knew what would happen if they caught us, so we ran as fast as we could. We knew that if we made it to the dividing line (the elevated

railroad) we would be safe, but the test was the four blocks we had to run before we got there.

The combination of fear and humiliation gave me more strength and speed than I had ever experienced. We had heard tales of what the Lincoln dudes would do to a Dallas boy if they caught them in their village; it was common knowledge. Besides a physical whipping, they would strip off their pants and make them run home with their bottoms exposed. They often threw them into a small stream called the Big Ditch and other humiliating things that I'm not at liberty to mention here.

I don't think I have ever run as fast as I did that day! It seemed that my feet barely touched the ground; my friend was a couple of feet in front of me. The Lincoln dudes were about ten yards behind us, laughing and yelling some pretty trashy stuff. Suddenly I saw a rock sail past my friend's head and I knew we had to move faster and start swaying from side to side.

Somehow, we made it to the railroad track and as we started up the incline, I felt a hand grab the collar of my tee shirt. Fortunately, the shirt ripped and I made it to the top and slid down the Dallas side of the rise with my ragged tee shirt dangling on my back. My friend was right beside me and we began to laugh when we realized that the Lincoln dudes had stopped on the Lincoln side of the track. They knew where the battle lines were drawn.

Those old Dallas-Lincoln stories get good laughs now. Every year I return for the Rison-Dallas reunion and enjoy talking about the rivalry. Now most of those former mill village rivals are friends and enjoy talking about those crazy times of the past.

Both Dallas and Lincoln mills closed in the fifties and many of the mill houses were purchased by the former workers. Huntsville then became the home to Marshall Space Flight Center and the old mill village economy became a high tech aerospace economy.

— Bill King,
Senior Living,
February 2012

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A Modest Hero from World War II

By any definition, Calvin C. Tanner of Hoover was a hero during World War II but he doesn't look at it that way.

Tanner left Southwest Alabama as a draftee and ended the war as a corporal with "all kinds of medals" but no Purple Heart, although he deserved one.

"I don't care about that," Tanner said. "I didn't want to be a hero, but when the time came, I had to do things that were bad, dangerous."

Now 84, Tanner and his wife of 62 years, Elmira Tanner, aren't as big on Fourth of July celebrations as they are on observing Memorial Day.

Fireworks do not interest him that much "because I saw that just about every day in Europe. The skies lit up and plenty of noise from weapons." The rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air, as it were.

Tanner is one of five brothers from Semmes, just west of Mobile, to serve in the military and he lost one brother in the Korean War.

"The main thing I'd tell people is that we don't want a war over here."

Although his mother tried unsuccessfully to get him a draft deferment to work on their dirt farm, Tanner said he didn't object to entering the Army. "I wanted to get away from that farm," he said. "I had never spent one night away from home."

That changed quickly. As a member of the 1392nd Engineer and Forestry Company, he trained in Louisiana where a fellow trainee who became his best friend was from New York City. "He leaned on this old country boy," Tanner said. "He was scared to death of snakes and spiders."

After further training in Oregon, Tanner's company went to New York for embarkation to Europe. Before the boat left, his New York friend showed him sights that he never expected to see while plowing fields and running a logging team of horses on the farm.

That background, Tanner said, helped him survive the landing at Utah beachhead shortly after D-Day, June 6, 1944, date of the invasion of Western Europe by Allied troops.

"We climbed down from the ships on rope ladders with German machine guns firing at us.

Many of us got killed right there," not only from gunfire but from accidents while getting from the boats into the water.

After Tanner shipped out from New York, his family "didn't know where I was. I couldn't tell them where I was at. I couldn't tell them anything."

Even if he could, he said, "there was no dry paper to write on because it rained every day I was in Germany. I thought the rains came because all those bombers and their bombs burst those clouds. At times the sky seemed full of bombers, going to and from England."

In addition to his rifle, he carried a .45 and also fired bazookas because he had learned how to do that.

During the Battle of the Bulge he lost two company commanders and he saw one of them die. "It'll do something to you, seeing men killed."

One month after D-Day, Tanner was transferred to the 3rd Army commanded by Patton. Tanner said, [he] didn't care about people—just save the equipment."

During his combat days, "every three or four months they'd let us shed our old uniforms, run us through a shower and give us new clothes when we came out."

Tanner was knocked down numerous times by buzz bombs—robot bombs used by the Germans. He was wounded twice, not seriously according to him, and he had to endure a lot of penicillin shots "from a great big needle."

After Germany surrendered, Tanner began training in France to go to the Pacific theater, but Japan surrendered before he had to go there.

Months after he returned home he developed a pain in his eyes. A doctor found and removed a piece of metal from his forehead, another reminder of the way a war can affect a down-home country boy from Alabama.

Denis Tanner, one of the couple's two sons, also lives in Hoover and noted that while he was growing up his father rarely talked about his war experiences. "But he always told us to be thankful for the people who fought for our country," he said.

— Hoyt Harwell

Senior Living, July 2010

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HAUNTED SPOTS ALONG ROUTE 66**The Museum Club**

Located in Flagstaff, Arizona, The Museum Club was built in 1931 by Dean Eldredge to house all of his hunting trophies and large collection of rifles and Indian artifacts. The building was also used as his taxidermist shop, as well as a trading post.

In 1936, After Prohibition, a Flagstaff saddle maker named Doc Williams turned the Museum Club into a popular night club. The building was promoted as the largest log cabin in Arizona. It was built around five live ponderosa pine trees that appear to grow right out of the huge dance floor.

A mahogany bar, dating back to the 1890s, sits in the northwest corner of the Museum Club, embellishing the Old West atmosphere. More than 85 mounts are on display, so it's no wonder the locals in Flagstaff fondly call the roadhouse "The Zoo."

Enter the roadhouse through an inverted forked trunk of a native ponderosa pine tree. When the country music starts to play, swing your partner around the tree-studded dance floor. Perched above in the tree branches you'll find a bobcat, a bear, owls and even peacocks.

The owners and employees are not a bit shy admitting that ghosts are lingering around The Zoo. In fact, they're proud that the Museum Club has a reputation of being haunted.

Don and Thelma Scott owned the Museum Club in the 1960s and '70s and unfortunately both suffered tragic deaths. Mr. and Mrs. Scott lived above the shop. One day while going down the stairs to the dry storage area, Mrs. Scott fell, breaking her neck. Becoming despondent, Don later took his own life in front of the fireplace.

Signs that Don and Thelma never left are evident to employees as well as guests. Footsteps and creaks coming from the upstairs where they lived, lights flickering on and off, chairs that rock back and forth, and fires lit in the hearth when no one is around are just a few things that employees and customers are accustomed to.

These spirits do much more than the usual hijinks that ghosts generally do, though. Mrs. Scott doesn't seem to mind if you see her spirit. One

tourist went to the back bar for a drink and got impatient when the ady bartender wouldn't wait on him. Tired of waiting, the customer went to the front bar to complain. Needless to say—the bar in the back wasn't even open. On another occasion, a customer ordered a drink for a lady that was sitting in the corner. Upon getting the drink he went to her table but she had vanished into thin air. The bar wasn't the only place that Thelma is seen; she is also sometimes spotted on the stairway during the day.

While in their upstairs apartment where the couple had lived, one man claims he was pinned to the floor by a friendly female's ghost. I wonder how Mr. Scott feels about that?

A bartender, just starting her shift, was surprised to see the bar shelf disarrayed. Beer bottles were switched around, drink mixes were at the wrong end, and some liquor bottles had been knocked over. The bar area had already been straightened up the night before. She had no choice but to blame it on the Scotts.

If you want to visit the Museum Club during a visit to Flagstaff, it is located at 3404 E. Route 66 and is open daily from noon until 1 a.m.

— Ellen Robson & Dianne Freeman

Haunted Highway: the Spirits of Route 66,
American Traveler Press 1999

@ The "at" Symbol

The "at" symbol is at least 479 years old. It may be hard to imagine, but there was life before email and Twitter, at least in the case of this curvy character. The first documented use of the ampersat, as it is informally known, was in 1536. In a letter, Florentine merchant Francesco Lapi employed @ to represent amphorae, or dry vessels used to store wine. It evolved to mean "at the rate of" and appeared on typewriters as far back as the late 19th century. Things came full circle in 1971, when computer scientist Ray Tomlinson invented email. "When I selected @ for separating name from computer, it was a relatively unused character," he says. "Now, in some sense, it signifies what the Internet has become." Is it safe to say @ has

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successfully made the transition from symbol to icon? All signs point to yes.

— SPIRIT, Southwest Airlines
Inflight magazine, September 2013

FUN STUFF

A Biblical Lesson

A teenage boy had just passed his driving test and inquired of his father as to when they could discuss his use of the car. His father said he'd make a deal with his son. "You bring your grades up from a C to a B average, study your Bible a little and get your hair cut. Then we'll talk about the car."

The boy thought about that for moment, decided he'd settle for the offer and they agreed on it.

After about six weeks his father said, "Son, you've brought your grades up and I've observed that you have been studying your Bible, but I'm disappointed you haven't had your hair cut."

The boy said, "You know, Dad, I've been thinking about that, and I've noticed in my studies of the Bible that Samson had long hair, John the

Baptist had long hair, Moses had long hair, and there's even strong evidence that Jesus had long hair."

Father thought for a moment and then solemnly asked the boy, "Did you also notice that they all walked everywhere they went?"

—Author Unknown
From the Internet

Well Trained

When my daughter and I caught only one perch on our fishing trip—not enough for even a modest lunch—we decided to feed it to our two cats. She put the catch into their two dishes and watched as the two pampered pets sniffed at the fish and refused to eat.

Thinking quickly, the daughter then picked up the dishes, walked over to the electric can opener, ran it for a few seconds, then put the fish back down. The cats dug right in.

— LAUGHTER: THE BEST MEDICINE,
Those Lovable Pets, 2012

SCS RETIREES

P.O. BOX 2625

BIRMINGHAM, AL 35202

MEETING DETAILS:

When: Monday, July 13, 2015

Where: Inverness 42, Room 130

Board meeting: 11 a.m.

Dutch Lunch: 12:00 noon

General Meeting: 1 p.m.