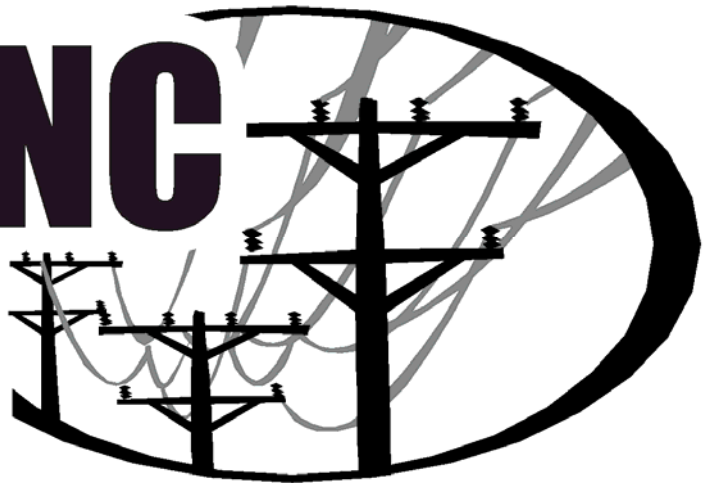


SCS/SNC OUTSIDE



Volume 28

Number 1

January - February 2016

speaker. I know we are all interested in money and hopefully Jim will tell us how we can make more and keep what we have. Stay safe and I will see you in January.

— Al Nebrig

PREZ SEZ

I hope everyone enjoyed our Holiday Lunch in November. The food was good, the Warblers were very entertaining, and we were able to help out a few people with our contributions. At the meeting we were able to make cash contributions to the Greater Birmingham Humane Society, Ambikes of Birmingham, Three Hots and a Cot, and the Paul Anderson Youth Home. Following our meeting I delivered your canned goods and toys to The Greater Birmingham Ministries. Hopefully we will be able to continue our support for these and other deserving organizations in the future.

I would like to thank the 2015 officers, board of directors, and committee heads for their service this year. It is not a lot of work but it does take a little time to make our meetings happen. In the future, if you are asked to serve, please consider saying yes. We each have something we can do to help out.

I would like to ask your help coming up with some fellowship ideas for 2016. Is there anything you think would be fun for our group to do? Let me hear from you and I will present it to the board for consideration.

Please mark your calendars for 1:00 p.m., Monday, January 11 which will be the date of our next meeting. Jim Kline from UBS will be our

SPOTLIGHTING OUR FOUNDERS

William Hinton

William Hinton has continued to be an active member of our organization and served as a Director in 2000 and 2001.

Here is his story-in his own words:

I left home, while still a teenager, to join the Navy and fight for my country in World War II. It was July 1945, when I boarded a train that carried me for the first time out of the South and up to Illinois, to the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. It was the coldest I've ever been while training there. But then the Navy assigned me to the Carrier Air Craft Unit #1 stationed at Ford Island, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. I went from arctic cold to paradise in just a few short months.

The war ended shortly after that and I received an Honorable Discharge and returned home to Alabama where the GI Bill gave me the opportunity to attend The University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. Playing the trumpet in the Million Dollar Band is a great memory. Roll Tide!

In 1952, Southern Company Services hired me as a Designer. This began a pathway that led to my being a Registered Professional Engineer in Alabama, Georgia and Florida. Some of the projects

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

<http://www.scsretirees.com>

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for which I was proud to provide structural design included Vogtle, Wansley 1 and 2, Hatch, McDonough, and Bowen. While working at Southern Company, I met many great people who became close friends. Colleagues John Atkins and Juan Blanco had the courage and the patience to teach me to snow ski and this was followed by numerous fun skiing trips to places like Beech and Sugar Mountain in North Carolina and out west to Aspen, Vail, and Park City.

During this same time, my wife, Peggy, worked as a travel agent. We were able to visit many interesting places including England, Germany, Austria, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, the Cayman Islands and Hawaii. This may sound exciting, but my family knows that there's nowhere on earth I'd rather be than simply here at home in Birmingham, Alabama.

In 1982, after thirty years of service, Southern Company honored me with a beautiful engraved silver Rolex watch. A few years after that, I decided to retire. Taking an early retirement gave me the chance to pursue my lifelong dream of becoming a pilot. And coincidentally, just as I was finishing up training, I met a man who had an aerial photography business and needed someone to fly the plane while he took the pictures. My time with Alabama Flying Service not only gave me more flying time than I ever dreamed of, but also gave me one of my greatest friends, Les Buckalew. We flew around the country together taking aerial photos of weddings, football games and construction sites, such as the Robert Trent Jones Golf Courses.

Speaking of golf, that was always one of my favorite hobbies. Although I played for decades, it was only after I retired that I finally hit that elusive "Hole in One" that all golfers dream of. It was on #6 at Inverness Country Club on April 4, 1987. Peggy had the ball framed and it has proudly hung on our wall at home ever since.

Another important event in my life after retiring was being invited to participate in The Honor Flight Program as a veteran of World War II. A group of us veterans were flown on a chartered jet to Washington DC to visit the World War II Veterans Memorial Park. It was a very emotional visit for all

of us. The memorial honors the 16 million soldiers who served in the armed forces of the U.S., the more than 400,000 who died, and all the many Americans who supported the war effort from home.

But what I'm mostly proud of is that Peggy and I recently celebrated 63 years of marriage. We have two daughters, Elizabeth Martin and Ginger Edwards (John).

We have three grandchildren: Christina Martin and David and Katharine Edwards. Although only Christina is still in Birmingham, Ginger and John live in Chicago, Beth is in Panama City Beach, David lives in Cleveland and Katharine is our vagabond – performing as a singer on cruise ships all over the world.

We still manage to get together several times a year at our family condo in Destin, Florida. It is my hope that those happy vacations will continue for many years to come. I have a cousin who is over 105 years old, so who knows what the future may hold?"

BIRTHDAYS

November 2015

2 - Charlotte Graham; - James C. Thompson, Jr.; 6- Glenda Beason & Roman A. Brechun; 7-Nan Altizer; Emma Laura Patrick, Betty Ponder & Linda Sanders; 8-Camella Veazey; 9-Randy Glisson & Ronnie Green; 10-Jean Guthrie, Dennis Kendrick & Mary Jane Maple; 11- Charles Hickman; 12-Angie Campisi, Robert Fucich, Terry Mitchell & Thomas Sanford; 14-Dora Brandt; 15-Renee Gwin & Linda Pugh; 16-Bruce Hunt, Dilip Ray & Stanley A. Varnum, Jr.; 18-Sherry Baldone, Theresa Burns, Beverly Lisenby & Rosemary Tenney; 19-Sharon Jones, Billy Walker & Margaret Williams; 21-Mike Altizer; 22-Robert Akridge; 23-James Shivers; 24-Jo Ann Hollis; 25-Michael Belford; 27-Roy Raymond Martin III; 28-Donald C. Beck, Noel Chambless, Donald Allen Gaddy & Dorothy Legg; 29-Jerry Lee Monosky, James O'Brien, Wayne Vanlandingham & Charlsie Smith; 30-Peggy Kline, Martha Gail Pugh & Sondra Smaha

FebruaryDecember

1-Shirley Bailey, Amal Barroody & John Edmundson; 3-Paula Blevins-Russell & Evelyn Mansfield; 4-Sharon Chaffin, Roger Henderson & Lou Payne; 6-Betty Shivers; 9-Betti Jean Clausell & Linda Henry; 11-Kathy Porteous; 13-James Larry Blount, Jerry Sappington & Jackie Walton; 16-Ted M. McGill, Jr.; 17-John Sechrist; 18-James Bailey, - Glenda Massengale & James Shepard; 19-Patsy Evans; 20-Pat Moore, Russell R. Riego, Jane Rooker & Stephen Wells; 22-Joan Brooks, Lee Niemzak & Doug Shelton; 23-Richard Chastain & Malcolm Garner; 25-Tallulah DeMarco; 26-Melanie Crane, Betty Headley Latta, Mary Dean Shelton & Jack Townsend; 27-Jerry Fields, Edward Price & Mary Willis; 28-Krishna Ray & Katherine Sechrist; 29-Ronald Campbell, Penny Manuel, John Plaxco & John D. Salter; 30-Lucille Belford, Sandi Boylan, William Lambert, Jr. & James Maughn, Jr.; 31-Buddy Coggin, Jack Jones & Dave Lisenby

1-Dan Finney; 2-Danny Huguet & Rex Walker; 4-Betsy Black, James O. Chaffin, Shirley East & Eleanor K. Hopper; 5- Sharon Beck; 6-Paul Brown; 7-Helen Cobb, Nancy Henderson & Dot Kachelhofer; 8-Wendell Kirk, Debbie Moore & John Tackett; 9-John Quinn; 10-Judy Yance; 11-Bill Ramsey; 12-William Midlik, 2 Sheila Pounders & Donald Smaha; 13-Becky Cheatwood & Tommy Lowe, Jr.; 14-Barry G. Smith & Gregory E. Whigham; 16-George Imbusch, Michael Moore, Charlotte Shanlever & Donna Read; 17-Dennis S. Read & Robert Talmadge; 18-Walt Dean; 20-Don Charles Hagan, Betty Sue Prince & Myrna Wise; 21-Veva Naramore; 22-Patricia K. Evans, Nora Jones, Louis Long & Judi Morris; 23-Ken Carr, Jr. & Thomas Shepherd; 24-Doby Hanks & Carolyn Smith; 25-Gale Dougherty & Joe Leamon; 27-Carolyn Calhoun; 28-John Hargett; 31-Barbara Quinn, Perry Stowe & Nina Wilson

January 2016

— Dora Brandt

1-Gladys Bailey; 2-Mollie Midlik; 3-Nell Herron; 4-Jean Aman & Denson Burnum, Jr.; 5-Betty Ramsey; 6-Margaret Davies, Bob Haubein & Bernard Moore; 7-Elsie Graham, Wayne Jones & Kenneth Shafer; 8-Francis Brooks, Jr. & Arthur F. Ellis; 9-Doug Boylan; 11-Paul Brashier, Rena Coleman & Ronnie Ellis; 13-Charles Crane, James Crane, Tom Massengale & Terry Wayne Sides; 14-Randall Rush; 15-Jan Stowe; 16-Thelma Walker; 17-Stan Smith & Karen Sumerlin; 18-Derek Ackley, Gaye Aultman & Susan Clevenger; 19-Don Thornburgh; 20-Reed Edwards, Janine C. Hagan, Thomas Marion Sexton & Charles Jeffery Strowd; 24-Nelda Finney, Elizabeth Oedamer, Jimmy Pappas & Peter Webb; 25-Trudy Huguet & Jane Webb; 26-David W. Morris; 27-Perry Boren, Jr., Charles Craig, Gray Murray & Deborah Rouse; 28-Kathy Elliott & Jackie Imbusch; 30-Kathy Glisson, Charles Goodman & Margaret Moreland; 31-Anthony R. Arrington

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.

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.

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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

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

RETIREEES

Charles Birchfield, 78, December 25, 2014; **Toby Leamon**, 63, March 30, 2015; **Michael Oatts**, 58, May 21; **Donna Ellison**, 67, July 11; **Oliver Davies**, 73, July 11; **Barry Dodson**, 62, August 17

LOVED ONES

Tory Benson, 87, December 7, 2014, husband of retiree Jo Benson; Charles Micklewright, 87, December 29, 2014, husband of retiree Anne Micklewright; Christopher McKay, 36, January 5, 2015 grandson of retiree Martha Cook; Janet Usry, 83, January 10, widow of retiree the late Bob Usry; Joel Burgess, 79, April 19, brother of retiree Margaret Carter; Doug Layton, 81, July 15, husband of former SCS employee Villeta Williams Layton; Joe Romano, 92, August 22, husband of retiree Mary Frances Romano; Glenn Brothers, 79, October 20, husband of retiree the late Helen Brothers.

– Jay Dorrance

NOVEMBER MEETING REPORT

Faye Patterson reports that 110 members and guests were present at the November luncheon at the Vestavia Country Club

An optimist stays up until midnight to see the new year in. A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves.

– Bill Vaughn

RETIREE LEADERSHIP

FOR 2015

Officers

President	hanebrig@charter.net 532-8596
Vice President	bubbamac51@yahoo.com 631-7190
Secretary	ghjames19@gmail.com. 240-2458
Treasurer	michealgriggs@gmail.com 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

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MEMBER CARE

Patsy Evans reports that Carol Yeager has suffered a mild heart attack and is at home resting. She requests that she receive no phone calls for the immediate future.

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

Poison Succotash

It was our pre-Christmas sail on Chesapeake Bay. I thought it would be our last sail as well as our last Christmas.

We had sailed across the bay, starting early that morning at dawn, and before noon dry land was only a dim hope miles and miles in the distance. The immediate present was sloshing waves that rocked the 25-foot sloop back and forth. Captain Bligh, a/k/a Clarke Stallworth, was seated in the bow, hand firmly grasping the tiller. We were headed for a port called Oxford and it was a full-day's sail to get there.

I had on a working life jacket this time, as opposed to the last, and was reading. The water was fairly calm, the sky a washed blue—the sun shining so bright that we put up our awning. Even though the weather looked fine, the book I read on *Making Friends with the Chesapeake* said “storms can come up as quick as a wink, so one should also keep a weather-eye on the sky.” Well, I did that, and it annoyed Clarke. “I wish I’d never bought you that boat,” he said. “How come you obsess on one line, ‘quick as a wink’? Why not the beauty of the ballooning sails, the gulls that follow us out? Saw those lines in there, too. I had hoped to make you love this bay.”

“I’ll love it when frogs sprout wings and don’t have to bump their asses on the ground,” I said.

He sighed, “Well, I’ll just keep on living. You have to try too.”

“Okay, I’ll try,” and I put the book away. But, oh, did those trees in the far, far distance look great. So I just concentrated on reaching that shore and I really did begin to enjoy myself.

“Daddy sailed this bay,” I said. “In the army, towing targets. He said they fired off big guns and all they had was some cotton to stuff in their ears.”

And as I looked at that vast expanse of water, I also remembered him saying, “You know that bay is just an arm of the Atlantic Ocean. I never liked being out there.” I wondered if perhaps that influenced my feelings about so much water. And I thought of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner: “Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.”

Clarke got me to take a trick at the tiller, showed me on the chart where we were on the Bay, which point to steer toward (a tall tree) on the shore. And I really did have fun steering that boat though the tree didn’t seem to come a wave closer. Clarke was heating our lunch of Dinty Moore Beef Stew on the Coleman in the galley and squeezing lemons for lemonade for me, and popping a beer for himself.

So, I was amazed that I was finally beginning to like sailing, and after many hours had passed, the tall tree was getting taller. Clarke sent me to my post in the bow to play my role as bpat hook. That meant we were going to tie up to a buoy when we got to Oxford. And as luck would have it, with the sun sinking low on the western sky, a stiff wind began to blow. And as luck would have it, our little outboard motor wouldn’t start. Of course, I had jinxed the sail by allowing myself to relax my diligence and actually enjoy things. Ha, that I heard the spirits of the water laugh. You fool! You actually thought we would let you have FUN? And more laughter swirled along the now whipping wind.

PLEASE, GOD, I prayed, let that darn motor start! But, no. Captain Bligh announced we would have to anchor under sail. That is not desirable in a rising wind and the waves beginning to white cap.

But stalwartly, I stooped in the bow, my boat hook thrust forward like a spear. And when Clarke, a look of joy on his face at this new challenge, sailed that little boat straight into a slip and we were able to tie up to a piling. I really was proud of him but at the same time strongly tempted to bang him on the head with my boat hook. The other small sailboats out with nothing in mind but to enjoy a sunset sail, had gathered close around, ready to help

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if we had “tumped.” They cheered as we climbed off our boat, THE JOLLY ROGER. That is the really great thing about the water, or sailing, is how people change. They may be terrible on land, serial killers, bank robbers, whatever, but on the water something changes. Is it evolution? We came originally from the water, and we are finally at home? Or is it the imminent threat that we’re all in danger, like on an airplane and we have to help each other? Whatever it is, it’s kind of like the old time religion; it makes you love everybody.

I loved everybody. As soon as my foot touched the solid board of the pier, I felt ecstatic. I was ready for supper. I hadn’t eaten the beef stew. I was too busy willing that boat to reach the tall tree of the faraway shore. Now I was hungry. Now I was going to be disappointed—no, devastated. The boat tied up next to us invited us to supper. They, obviously, had just come from buying provisions. They had a case of beer, fruit and other goodies. Good deal, I thought. Now we won’t have to cook.

Well, supper was home-canned succotash. The very thing my mother had warned me about all my life. NEVER EAT HOME-CANNED FOOD. IT’S POISON! IT HAS BOTULISM!

“Oh, great,” Captain Bligh said. “We have that down home in Thomaston, Alabama.

We used to put it up every year. Now, she doesn’t anymore. I don’t know why.”

Well, I do. All the people who ate it died. Except you, I thought. You who have a cast-iron stomach.

I tried to catch Clarke’s eye, and then I punched him in the ribs. “What?” he said.

I shook my head solemnly at him, mouthing the words, DON’T EAT THE SUCCOTASH. IT’S POISON. And in its quart-sized Mason jar all it needed was a skull and cross-bones.

“It’s okay,” he said, and the three men off the ROVER looked quizzically at us.

“She’s just tired,” Clarke said. “She was on the tiller most of the day.”

The men nodded approval, saying they wished their wives would sail with them, but you know how women are, so we just batch it and they put up succotash for us. Smart women, I thought. Maybe next year I’ll put some up for Clarke.

I excused myself and said I had to go back to our boat and go to bed, that I was slightly queasy from the long day’s sail. I could tell they were glad I was leaving. Now they could belch and cuss and tell dirty jokes and do all that great man stuff.

I said goodbye sadly to Clare, wondering if we could get him to shore quick enough to have his stomach pumped, and he squeezed my arm and said everything was all right.

He said what my father used to say, “Honey, you worry too much.”

Back on our boat, I had a piece of bread and butter and a cup of tea in a tin cup and Clarke didn’t die. I don’t know about those other three. They probably made it, too. Things like that always amaze me. I was sure that succotash was poison. That was something to think about as I fell asleep—morning was far away, a full pale moon trailed its watery light across the Chesapeake. I would worry tomorrow, for tomorrow was another day.

— Anne Nall Stallworth
Senior Living, January 2010

The Matching Game

If you have children who are now, or have been in the past, on Christmas break from school, you may remember how knowledge acquired through the weeks of Fall seemed to drain out of them like energy from a battery that sits unused for an extended period. Well, here is a little bit of intellectual stimulation you can try on them to get them back into condition to face the rigors of returning to school.

Here are the questions to be answered by the student.

1. In which battle did Napoleon die?
2. Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?
3. The River Navi flows in which state?
4. What is the main reason for divorce?
5. What is the main reason for exams?
6. What can you never eat for breakfast?

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7. What looks like half an apple?
8. If you throw a red stone into the Blue Sea what does it become?
9. How can a person go eight days without sleeping?
10. How can you lift an elephant with one hand?
11. If you have 3 apples and 4 oranges in one hand and 3 apples and 3 oranges in the other, what do you have?
12. If it took eight men 10 hours to build a brick wall, how long would it take four men to build it?
13. How can you drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without breaking it?

And here are the answers you need to match to the appropriate question.

- A. Large hands
- B. Easy; sleep at night
- C. The other half
- D. Marriage
- E. The liquid state
- F. His last one
- G. Just about any way, given that concrete is hard to crack
- H. Never because it would be really hard to find one
- I. Lunch and dinner
- J. Failure
- K. On the bottom of the page
- L. Wet
- M. None whatsoever, because it was already built

HAUNTED SPOTS ON ROUTE 66

The Biograph Theater, Chicago

On the night of July 22, 1934, John Dillinger, Public Enemy Number One, was leaving the Biograph Theater and walking right into the arms of death. Police and FBI agents were outside, waiting to ambush him. They did wait, in fact until Dillinger had walked two doors down Lincoln Avenue and turned to enter a narrow alley, a shortcut to Halstead Street. It wasn't until Dillinger reached for a

concealed gun that police opened fire. Three shots hit and killed him.

Why had the police hesitated? What had given Dillinger the confidence to appear in public?

The answers may be the plastic surgery he'd had nearly two months earlier. His moles and scar were removed, his chin and nose altered, leaving several of the police and agents wondering just who this man was..

Another possibility involves one of his female companions. Dillinger had been seen entering the theater with two women, one in a red dress. This woman was said to have tipped off the feds that Dillinger would be at the theater for the performance of "Manhattan Melodrama." It was rumored that Dillinger, unable to get his hands on his stolen loot, was running low on cash. Perhaps this made the reward money offered for Dillinger's arrest look pretty good to his current sweetheart. Her need for ready cash might have made her convince the outlaw that he was ready for a public appearance.

Whatever fueled Dillinger's confidence, he underestimated his pursuers. Eventually they did recognize him and ended his career as a notorious gangster.

Surprisingly, it wasn't until the 1970s that reports of Dillinger's ghost began. The sightings were of a figure running down the alley, falling to the ground and vanishing. Others reported cold spots in the alley.

Dillinger was so determined to survive that he'd had his features altered to elude the law in a day when plastic surgery was not a common practice. His spirit may still be clinging to life, refusing to cross over. Another theory is that since his death was sudden and traumatic, his spirit may not have had a chance to move on and still haunts the alley, lost and confused.

If you visit the Biograph, you can read the story of Dillinger's death and examine a diagram that details the FBI's setup and the last few minutes of John Dillinger's life. Both are posted in the window of the outside box office. Then walk south down the street and enter the alley—and decide for yourself if Public Enemy Number One is really dead.

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The Biograph Theater is located at 2433 N. Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. You can travel I-94 to the Fullerton Exit and then head east on Fullerton to Lincoln. Turn west on Lincoln and go a mile and a half to the Biograph.

— Ellen Robson & Dianne Freeman

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

Learning to Fly

Some dogs are afraid and nervous when their masters take them on an airplane. Now there is a training course in the United States that will teach dogs to be calm when flying. The course is taught at Air Hollywood, a film studio in Hollywood, California. The studio is set up to look like the inside of a real airplane and there are sound effects and simulated turbulence as well. It has been used in many television shows and movies, and owner Talaat Captan thought it would also make a good training ground for dogs because it simulates the reality of flying.

—Coffee News,
Tempe, AZ edition

SCS RETIREES

P.O. BOX 2625

BIRMINGHAM, AL 35202

REGULAR MEETING DETAILS:

When: Monday, January 11, 2016

Where: Inverness Building 42

Board meeting: 11 a.m.

Meeting: 1p.m., Room 130

Dutch lunch in the Inverness cafeteria at noon.

Everyday Philosophy

If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds, and it were necessary only to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them. But the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being. And who is willing to destroy a piece of his own heart?

— Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn,
The Gulag Archipelago

My father once looked through one of my information-crammed books and asked, “How did you learn all this, Isaac?”

“From you, Pappa.”

“From me” I don’t know any of this.”

“You didn’t have to, Pappa. You valued learning and you taught me to value it. All the rest came without trouble.”

— Isaac Azimov
Memories Yet Green,
Doubleday