As I look back on the 2010 accomplishments of our organization, I am honored and proud to have been a part of this leadership team. Each officer, director and committee chair made important contributions which resulted in us having a very successful year.

Of particular note was our Arrangements Committee headed by Jay Dorrance who spent many hours working on our May and November luncheons. Jay also arrives early for every meeting to make sure the refreshments are ready when the members arrive and makes sure the door prizes are awarded. In addition, I want to thank Dan and Myrna Wise for their excellent work in producing the bi-monthly SCS/SNC Outside Newsletter.

However, any organization depends ultimately on the participation of its members. Thanks to you who attended our meetings and other activities, and volunteered in preparing mailings.

And finally I want to thank my long-term friend and mentor, Henry Garrett, for his long-term service as the Treasurer of our group. He is stepping down but I expect to see him, with Ann, at our meetings.

The first meeting of the year will be held on Monday, January 10, 2011, at 1:00 p.m. at Inverness Building 42, Room 130.

Please come and join me in welcoming Wayne Walton and the new officers and committee chairs for 2011.

— Charles Goodman

Our speaker for the January meeting will be Nick Irvin. His talk is titled "Reducing Carbon Emissions from the Energy Sector." Nick is a Principal Research Engineer at Southern Company. He is a Chemical Engineer with a BS from the University of Alabama and MS from Auburn University. He has an extensive background in the development and management of research projects associated with controlling the emissions from coal-fueled power plants.

George Russell’s wife, Bonnie, will have gall bladder surgery today at Trinity. She fell in the spring, broke her right hand and suffered severe pain in her back. They are hopeful when this surgery is over her pain will be gone. George has asked us to remember her.

John Carter is feeling much better since they have stopped his chemo treatments.

Joyce Studinka’s husband Frank has recuperated from his bypass surgery and is feeling very good.
**SCS OUTSIDE**

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Patsy Evans has been sick with severe congestion, and her dad is not doing well. They hope to be able to get him some physical therapy to strengthen his ability to walk.

Margaret Xanders’ husband, Alan, is in the hospital suffering severe pain. He was unable to continue his chemo treatments last week.

Howard Hubbard’s wife, Rachel, is at home now after suffering with pancreatitis, walking pneumonia, and infection. She is better, but very weak.

Joyce Steele is being scheduled for more vocal cord surgery at UAB.

Buddy Coggin had surgery on December 2 and had complications that required additional surgery on December 4. He is now recuperating at home.

— Liz Winter

**BIRTHDAYS**


— Jay Dorrance

**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

**IN MEMORIAM**

No retiree deaths to report for this issue; however, I would be remiss if I did not report the death of an old friend of most of us from the days when we were downtown in the APC building. Robert "Bob" Greek, 80, of Pell City, Alabama passed away on Tuesday, November 23, 2010. Bob was an Alabama Power Company retiree having worked in retail sales in the Pelham office of APC, but most
will remember him from the days when he ran an insurance debit for Liberty National Life Insurance Co. in the Power Company building downtown.

— Jay Dorrance

REMEMBRANCE OF RETIREES AND LOVED ONES FROM THE PAST YEAR

Retirees
Bob Davis, 84, Jan. 7, 2010; Hugh Williamson, 83, Jan. 24; Rhoy Swearingen, 86, Feb. 18; Bruce Bailey, 85, Mar. 18; Ray Roberts, 59, Mar. 30; Tim Sullins, 56, Apr. 1; Benny Freeman, 63, May 8; Joe Farley, 82, May 24; Tommy Schillaci, 56, June 12; Houston Welch, 75, July 5; Clyde Wood, 88, July 11; Frank Fenn, 84, Sept. 11; James Hurley, 56, Sept. 14.

Loved Ones
Mary Swindle, 87, Feb. 24, 2010, widow of SCS retiree the late C. V. Swindle; Maria Valekis, 84, Mar. 28, widow of SCS retiree the late Bill Valekis; Frances Seay, 83, June 10, wife of SCS retiree Boddie Seay; Sam Morgan, 67, June 20, brother of SCS retiree Carol Yeager; James Lofe, Sr., Sept. 2, father of SCS retiree Jim Lofe; James Quick, 90, Sept. 20, husband of retiree Jean Quick; James McArdle, 80, Sept. 28, brother of SCS retiree Steve McArdle

— Jay Dorrance

NOVEMBER ATTENDANCE

Jay Dorrance reports that 91 members and guests attended the July meeting.

Story writers say that love is concerned only with young people, and the excitement and glamour of romance end at the altar. How blind they are. The best romance is inside marriage; the finest love stories come after the wedding, not before.

— Irving Stone
DOUBLE FUNNY!!
A Fellowship Event

Carl Hurley and Jeanne Robertson are appearing at the Bessemer Civic Auditorium on Monday, March 14.

Fellowship chair Joe Leamon announces that SCS/SNC Retirees are planning a day of fun, fellowship and food that includes attending a 2 p.m. matinee performance of these two uproariously funny people after having a group lunch at Bright Star at noon.

Carl Hurley bills himself as America’s funniest professor. He grew up in a two-room cabin built by his father in the Appalachian foothills of Laurel County, Kentucky. He grew up swapping yarns in a family of colorful storytellers. Drawing from his roots in the tradition of such other American humorists as Andy Griffith and Garrison Keillor, Carl delights audiences with a healthy clean sense of the absurd. At 5 feet 6 inches, he’s rotund and jolly, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, a sublime sense of the ridiculous and an ever-ready punch line.

Jeanne Robertson, nationally recognized humorist and professional speaker, peaked at her current height of 6 feet 2 inches (and size 11 shoe) at the age of thirteen. Her talent and determination are crucial, but the ability of see humor in the everyday humdrum of life is the foundation upon which she has made her mark. Jeanne holds the distinction of being the tallest-ever Miss North Carolina and the tallest-ever Miss America contestant.

Joe says tickets for the performance are $31 each and need to be ordered in advance. Please note that lunch is Dutch Treat so whatever you spend on lunch is in addition to the ticket cost.

Our Retirees group will have a private dining room, and we will order from the menu. Bright Star is located at 304 19th Street N in Bessemer.

Editor’s Note: Myrna and I have heard both of these great humorists perform (on DVD). Both of them are 100% clean and 100% funny. You are in for a great afternoon!

Send your checks, payable to SCS/SNC Retirees, to Joe Leamon, 404 Yorkshire Drive, Homewood, Alabama 35209-4438 by February 9. If you have questions, call Joe at 870-5637.

WELL DESERVED RECOGNITION

At our last meeting of the year, in November, the SCS/SNC Retirees officers and board of directors voted to give an Appreciation Award to Norma Jean Johnson. On December 17, Board members presented a custom-inscribed plaque to Norma to commemorate this honor.

Norma, a native of Jasper, grew up in Pratt City and graduated from Ensley High School in Birmingham. She was employed by Commonwealth and Southern Corporation in 1944 and worked for L. M. (Sal) Chambliss in the materials department for a year and a half. In 1945, she became secretary to Ernest C. Gaston, who later became vice president of engineering.

In 1949, the government ordered Commonwealth and Southern Corporation to split into separate utilities: Commonwealth Associates and The Southern Company. Southern Services was the service organization for the operating companies under the umbrella of The Southern Company.

In 1957, E. C. Gaston was named president and CEO of Southern Services, and Norma became his executive secretary. When Gaston retired in 1968, he was replaced by William Brownlee, who retired in 1970. Norma continued to serve as the president’s secretary under Brownlee and then Clyde Lilly.

When Lilly and William Lalor were killed in an aircraft crash in 1977, William Reed was named president and CEO. Norma served as his secretary until his retirement in 1984.

By this time we had become Southern Company Services, with Edward Addison, CEO of The Southern Company acting as SCS president for a short time. Norma moved to human resources at that time, but she had served as executive secretary to four presidents over a period of 27 years—a record that has yet to be equaled.
Norma retired with the first group of “early out” retirees in 1986.

Both while she worked and after she retired, Norma traveled extensively not only in the United States and Canada, but also in the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Japan, China, Australia, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands.

Norma is a charter member of SCS Retirees and was one of the 10 original directors who were responsible for forming the corporation known as SCS RETIREES in April 1987. She served as a director until 1990 when she was the first woman elected president of the organization.

No SCS employee or retiree has been better known, admired, respected, or liked by both employees and retirees. Those of us who know her well and are fortunate enough to be included in her wide circle of friends feel deeply blessed.

Norma is part of a 28-member birthday group—Friends to the End—that is composed mostly of retired SCS women. They meet monthly for lunch to celebrate members’ birthdays in that month. Throughout our careers, Norma was our role model and mentor. Now we acknowledge Norma as the “most loved” member of our birthday family.

Norma, all of us thank you for your many years of service, hard work, efficiency, loyalty, helpfulness, and friendship—covering a span of years from 1944 to 2010. We are extremely proud of your world-class representation of Southern Company employees and retirees.

Joyfully submitted
Carol Williams Yeager

A LITTLE OF THIS, A PINCH OF THAT

I’ve Seen the Light

The important relationship between light and the winter holiday season was one of the first things I discovered in the early days of my life.

My family has been marrying and burying from the sanctuary of Omaha’s Clifton Hill Presbyterian Church for nearly 150 years. At about age five, I auditioned for a part in the church’s Sunday School Christmas play. I was cast as a Roma soldier. It was a non-speaking part that required me to stand there with my tin-foil-accented spear and look mean. I did it so well that I was asked to reprise the role in the Easter pageant the following year. I even considered a career in the ministry. Briefly.

But I digress.

The Christmas play was, of course, the retelling of the birth of Christ in the stable. At the center of the set was a small wooden manger filled with straw and a tiny white blanket. The role of the Baby Jesus was played to perfection by a carefully concealed 75-watt light bulb.

Ever since that event, I’ve known there was a direct relationship between electric lights and how we celebrate the joy of the holiday season, but sometimes I think the lights overcome the joy and significance of the season.

This was strongly reinforced last night as I watched the television news. They featured local homes with their lighting displays. The particular home featured last night had enough lights to illuminate most Third World countries. And that was just on the outside. On the inside, every room was festooned with lights, electric trains, Christmas villages, tacky statuettes of small elves, and more. Much more.

Outside, plywood cutouts representing several fairy tales (although exactly what Little red Riding Hood has to do with Christmas escapes me at the moment), fake snowmen (in desert Phoenix no less), an old Ford pickup wound with hundreds of twinkle lights (it never looked so good), and more. Much more. The house, inside and out was enough to bring tears of uncontrolled joy to the eyes of utility officials.

Cars filled with awestruck children and rubbernecking adults filled the street stretching in lines as far as the eye could see, blocking driveways, and jamming the street tighter than Scrooge’s heart on Christmas Eve. Small groups of neighbors were standing around, obviously taking great joy from the owner of this display of high tech who was being interviewed on television. I don’t remember everything he said, but it was something to the effect that he knew Jesus was glad he had
I’ve thought about not doing the electric light thing. The Southwestern alternative doesn’t really appeal to me, however. You’ve seen it: people lining up brown paper lunch bags on their sidewalks, each with a candle held in place by sand. Even the occasional fire, when the candle slips too close to the paper bag, does not put off these determined individuals.

Somehow, I think it may be time to return to my childhood roots. That 75-watt bulb makes a lot of sense, especially since we also had a firm hold during my youth on the true meaning of the holiday season—its celebration of hope for world peace and goodwill toward all men.

— William H. Boyer
Scottish Rite Journal, November-December 2004

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I actually put up lights outside our home, and I have a miniature Christmas village that I have been constructing for my family for years. It has about 30 buildings in it now. I add to it every year.

Outside our home, I have several strands of elegant, tasteful, white lights that I string around the eaves. My lights are something of a neighborhood tradition. Every year, I stand in the front yard and untangle the light strands, punctuating my work with carefully chosen seasonal words and phrases. The neighbors, on the other hand, gather their small children and encourage them to go indoors until I’m finished.

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**SCS OUTSIDE**

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done this. Personally, I’m not so sure. I mean, in my youth Jesus appeared to be satisfied with a 75-watt bulb. I know I sound like Scrooge. Bah! Humbug!

Not so.

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