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**BADIN BULLETIN**

Devoted to the interests of the employees of the Tallassee Power Company, and the pleasure and profit of all people of Badin.

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**Food for Thought**

The following extract from an article entitled, "Time and the Hour," which forms an epilogue to the 157th volume of the famous English weekly review, *Punch*, affords excellent material for reflection to one of thoughtful-mind, applying with remarkable aptness to America as well as England. The article, charmingly written, is in form of a dialogue between Father Time and Mr. Punch, who are represented as sitting together to see the New Year in, and discussing present conditions in the light of Time's vast experience. Mr. Punch, the Young Fellow with the Hump, has just expressed the wish that everybody might go to sleep for a year, while some good angel (or a choir of them) carried on the work of setting a war-shocked world to rights again. He shudders when he thinks of the things that must be done in 1920.

"You see," he says, "it's the transition period which is so difficult; it is so hard to be off with the Old World before you are on with the New."

The Old Man with the Scythe answered, taking the floor, as it were:

"I have heard much talk of New Worlds since I began to take notice," said Father Time, a little wearily. "I have seen tyrannies overthrown and tyrannies set up in their place. And I have known many wars that were to end all war; and they didn't. You do well to be glad that for a while, perhaps for a generation, you have secured peace for your land; that is a great achievement; but there is something more to be done before the millennium is announced.

"I don't suppose any nation has ever had such a chance as you have been given. But do you look like using it? You would be indignant if I told you that you are lacking in gratitude to your dead. But all this breathless race for wealth and luxury, this hunger for just any diversion that may distract you from the memory of the past few years (I am told that no novel or picture-palace film has a chance of popular success today if it touches upon the War)—is this your best response to their sacrifice?

"I was never of those who imagined that the War would make much change in men's natures. Natures are not easily changed. You throw a rock into a pool, and it is convulsed to its depths, but the waves soon pass into ripples, and the ripples die away, and the pool remains unchanged. Its water is not turned into dry land, or wine, or anything else.

"According to the President of the United States (whose own Republic, held up as a model for the rest, threatens to be as late for the Peace as it was for the War), the Allies were out to make the world safe for democracy. But safe against what? Against autocracy? Good. But who is to make it safe against itself? I hear a great deal about the Sanctity of Labour (meaning the theory of it, or a particular class that appropriates its name), but very little about the Sanctity of Work (meaning the Actual Thing). Yet it is by its work, and little else, that a nation grows to greatness. If Germany could have foregone her military ambitions, and been content to go on working, within a decade or two she could have had the world at her feet. And unless you challenge her in the lists of Labour she will yet have the world at her feet; for she knows how to work, as you don't; she knows, as you don't, how to spurn delights and live laborious days; and that—far more than her army—is what

made her great, and will make her great again."

What defence of his country was on the lips of Mr. Punch may be conjectured but will never be known, for at this point the midnight bells began.

"There goes the Old Year," said Father Time, "and I must fly. I'm always flying."

"Good speed to you," said Mr. Punch, "and a better New Year than you seem to expect."

(Note:—For the above article, the BULLETIN wishes to thank Mr. Fickes, vice-president of the Aluminum Company of America. This is not the first time that Mr. Fickes has sent something good our way, and we are sincerely appreciative.)

**By Their Works Ye Know Them**

That the Tallassee Power Company has made earnest and effective efforts to give its employees healthful and attractive surroundings in which to live is a fact that admits of no argument. This is appreciated here in Badin; it is also appreciated by many outside of Badin who have had occasion to visit here and see for themselves what the Company has done for its employees, both white and black.

The following quotation from a letter to Mr. Thorpe, signed by two representatives of the Charlotte Community Center (*War Camp Community Service*), speaks for itself:

"We wish to congratulate you on the living conditions and social environment of the employees of the Tallassee Power Company, and feel sure, if more of our big plants would follow such an example, our country would not be besieged with so trying labor problems."

**Saint Valentine**

A patron saint who, lovers claim,  
Is keeping friendship ever true.  
This is his day, and in his name,  
I'm sending greetings, Dear, to you.

The violets I send today,  
So modest, yet so true and fine,  
Are thoughts of you, so let them say,  
I'll always be your Valentine.

—AIKEN MOORE

Mr. M. L. Fox is leaving the Company on the fourteenth. He goes to Pittsburgh, where he will be connected with a hardware concern of which he is part owner.