

ACCIDENTS ARE REAL

Accidents do happen, and they happen to us. This year there have been several accidents requiring medical attention including one lost time.

A pipe wrench fell off a ladder on which a machinist was working. The wrench struck his toe which has been rather painful. Make sure tools are securely placed.

Another falling object, this time a lot board dropped by another employee, bruising the foot so severely to cause over a week lost time. Lot handlers, make sure of grip on lot boards.

Another case of twisting body while lifting sent a die caster to the doctor with strained back muscles. Lift with body facing load and turn body with feet instead of twisting body.

Another lifting injury, this time a die slipped and pinched finger. The die has since been equipped with eye bolt for handling.

Failure to look overhead when getting up from sitting position produced a hard bump on the head.

Two cases of butts flying off jacks being cut and striking the eyes have been corrected with goggles.

Die caster was struck by hot aluminum spit from machine. Standing in wrong position.

A scratched hand while working on a knitting machine and a splinter from carrying a wooden box required minor attention by doctors.

While lowering a window without weights, two ladies let the window fall without getting hand out of the window sill. Two badly bruised fingers resulted. Properly authorized persons will raise and lower windows.

Accidents happen, and they happen to people. They happen to us. We can prevent most of these accidents with proper foresight and proper attention to doing it the safe way.

TOES

I think that I shall never know

A poem lovely as a toe.

A toe that is so firmly pressed
Within my shoe, where five
congest.

A toe that takes me on my way
With speed and sureness,
through the day.

A toe that grants me freedom's
stride,
And keeps me walking tall,
with pride.

Upon whose tender nail could drop
Loose objects that might
crunch and lop!

No fool am I--I'll always choose
To keep my toes in safety
shoes.

--Industrial Supervisor

Slow me down, Lord. Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time. Give me, amidst the confusion of my day, the calmness of the everlasting hills. Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing tunes of the singing streams that live in my memory. Help me to know the restorative power of sleep. Teach me the art of taking minute vacations--of slowing down to look at a flower, chat with a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines from a good book. Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise, that I may know that the race is not always to the swift, that there is more to life than increasing speed. Let me look forward into the branches of a towering oak, and know that it grew strong because it grew slowly and well. Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values, that I may grow toward the stars of my greater destiny.

--Author Unknown