

JAN 8
Dear Jerry,

Would you please take a look at pages 5, 6, +7, while holding onto your hat. Will you also show it to Phil Robinson on the 14th.

I shall probably already have spoken to you + Phil by Telephone when you receive this letter.

This type of irresponsible publishing has been giving the industry hell. The National Foremen Institute in Norwalk Conn is a highly respected outfit, offering ~~the~~ short, concise courses in foremen training, as well as safety courses, the enclosure is an example.

I think it would be wise for both you and Phil to go to Norwalk, see these people and get a retraction/clarification published in the very next issue. The culprit was not lead, but the organic solvents - certainly NOT lead.

This sort of thing has got to be combatted with force. Apparently force is the only weapon that is listened to. Unfortunately, there are literally thousands of "issue # 106" out already. See what you can do.

Best regards

Don Buildstein

ST. JOE

MINERALS CORPORATION
LEAD SMELTING DIVISION
HERCULANEUM, MO. 63048
TELEPHONE 314-479-5311

JAN 26

J.W. SHERMAN
DIVISION MANAGER

January 26, 1972

Mr. Jerry F. Cole
ILZRO
292 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Dear Jerry:

This is to confirm my handwritten note to you of
January 25, 1972.

The National Foremen's Institute of Norwalk, Conn.
publishes, among its many, a "Safety Management"
monthly. In issue #106 on pages 5, 6 and 7 is an
article titled "Poisoned Paint." Your particular at-
tention is drawn to lines 20, 21 and 22 on page 6 in
which it is inferred that "lead-based paint" was the
reason for the painter "keeling over." This is obvious-
ly nonsense - the more logical reason would be organic
fumes.

I would strongly suggest that you and Phil Robinson
pay a personal call on the Editor in Norwalk with the
intention of a written retraction and/or a clarification
to be published conspicuously in issue #107.

This type of irresponsibility has got to stop some-
where, and the National Foremen's Institute, with its
thousands of publications, is a good place to start.

Very truly yours,

D. H. Teilstein

DHB:vmj

cc: J. G. Sevick

LIA-76811

N 981.01

moving. If you'd like, we'll have the switch tagged off and keep a man here to watch it."

"No dice," said Stokes, and another electrician was called to fix the crane.

comment

Stokes's refusal to work led, in turn, to a suspension, a grievance and arbitration. The company was eventually upheld on grounds it had asked Stokes only to follow "accepted safety procedures."

Use of the cutout switch may have been accepted, but we wonder if it really should have been. Stokes, a qualified electrician, judged it too flimsy to offer protection, and his judgment should at least have been respected. Not to mention the matter of the shortcut around the fuse box. An unfused circuit, to put it simply, should never happen.

If this incident is any indication, this plant's safety program is in real trouble. Neither the foreman nor the manager seemed to show any real concern about the wiring problem, and they gave every sign they expected their men to be equally blind to the situation.

The plant's attitude toward safety is directed from the top, and these two have set a poor example.

Rogers bears the immediate responsibility. The patchwork wiring had been in use for years, but he had done nothing about it.

And while Miller may have only just learned about the situation, he demonstrated that he is equally blind. And, he apparently has not encouraged foremen such as Rogers to be particularly safety-conscious.

Purely and simply, this defect should have been corrected years before it was blown up into a "refusal to work" case. Stokes, as it turned out, paid a pretty stiff penalty for his caution, and other employees are sure to take their cues from that example.

The best way to avoid this situation would have been to correct this, and any other hazard, as soon as it became apparent—and to keep an eye out for those that were not so apparent.

Neither management nor supervision did that in this plant. And because they did not, there's probably trouble lurking in their future.

Poisoned Paint

"Where were you yesterday?" Foreman Carl Means asked Painter Bob Sharp as they checked in on a Tuesday morning.

"Sick as a dog," Sharp answered. "You know something? I think that paint we're using has been poisoning us."

"Oh, come on, now," said Means. "I've heard some excuses for taking a three-day weekend, but this is the piperoo of the month. I'll take your

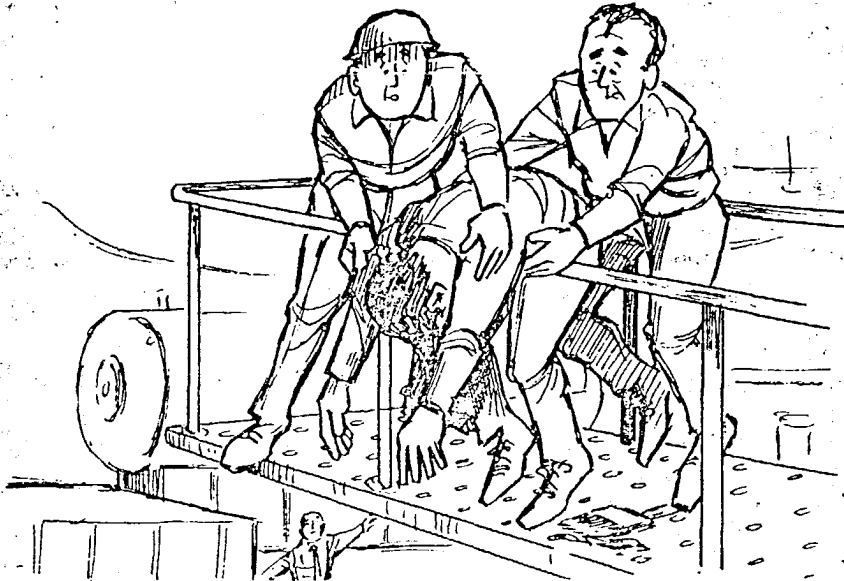
(continued)

word this time, just because it's the first time. But once is the limit. Now, let's get to work."

Sharp reluctantly walked off toward his job, which involved painting the steel railings on a high catwalk.

In the middle of the afternoon, Sharp suddenly keeled over the railing. Two co-workers quickly grabbed him to keep him from toppling to the floor below.

Sharp was checked at the infirmary, but when he left after an hour's rest, he was still noticeably unsteady on his feet. "I'm not going to touch that stuff again," he vowed.



At the same time, Means was in the office of Plant Manager Jack Rudolph, listening to a complaint by Ted Hickson, one of his painters.

"Do you know how many sick men you have on our painting crew?" asked Hickson. "Every one of them at one time or another. They get dizzy, sick to their stomach—and it usually takes them two or three days to get back on the beam. Sharp isn't the first, he's just the worst."

"How long has this been going on?" Rudolph said, addressing that question directly to Means.

"I don't know—haven't really kept track," said the foreman.

"Ten months," interjected Hickson. "About the time they started using that new lead-base paint. And I'll tell you something else. If you don't do something about it, the whole crew is going to walk out."

"That won't be necessary," said Rudolph. "I'm going to have the lab boys check out that paint—see what is in it and what it could do to the men. If it is hurting them, we'll get rid of it. And they won't have to use that paint until we find out for sure."

"I guess that's fair enough," said Hickson.

Means rose to leave, too, but Rudolph motioned him to stay.

"I'm afraid those lab tests won't look too good," said the manager. "And even if they do, it's obvious something is affecting those men, even if it's only their imaginations."

"But what really bothers me is that you should have spotted this in advance. Was he right about the number of guys on that crew who've been sick?"

"Yeah, I guess so," said Means. "I just never thought much about it."

"Well, let's start thinking, then," said Rudolph. "Keep your eyes open—try to catch these things before they cause trouble."

"And I'm going to start a new program. I want you, and every other supervisor in this plant, to make it a point to have at least one safety talk with one man every day."

"Make it a man-to-man conversation. Check his working conditions, give him a pep talk and, above all, ask for his suggestions. Encourage him to report any safety problems, including 'near misses.'"

"Maybe this way we can pick up a few of those things before somebody really gets hurt."

comment

The new program is a little late although, of course, late action is better than no action at all. And it's a sound, workable idea.

It has two things going for it. In the first place, it helps foremen such as Means make themselves aware of potential dangers before someone falls victim to them.

The foreman, of course, should have noticed the pattern of illness in the painting crew and done something long before.

His talks with the men, however, should help him "pick up" situations he might not notice otherwise.

Second, the program involves the men directly in the safety program. It makes them more conscious of hazards and gives them an opportunity to speak up. And the individual, man-to-man approach can help make each employee feel that he has an important part to play in the program.

This program is no substitute for personal alertness on the part of the supervisor. He must still keep his eyes open for hazards. But it can do a lot to extend his field of view.

Gold Band

"Whew, that was a tough one," said Welder Charlie Buck as he shut off his torch and lifted his mask.

"Come out all right?" asked Ben Gibson, Buck's foreman.

"Yeah. Kinda tough working right next to that conveyor belt with the boxes whizzing by, but that broken railing is back in one piece."

"Good," said Gibson. "But wait—what's that?"

(continued)