

owe it to him. Each of us has a little personal debt to pay off, so here is a darn good place to do it. Remember, we started off like this a good many years ago ourselves. Someone came along and took us by the hand and gave us the benefit of their valuable experience. Remember? Did you ever stop to think that you and I are pretty special people. I mean special in the sense that we enjoy a privilege accorded only to a few. We have been selected as leaders of people. Selected because we stood out from all the rest. Selected because someone had confidence enough in us to believe that we would step up to responsibility. When this selection was made we were given more than just the responsibility for getting a job done. We were entrusted with the most sacred thing in the world, the lives of human beings. These same people are looking to us for guidance and leadership and help. They need the advantage of our years of experience and so long as we enjoy the privilege of being their leaders, it is our sacred duty to give it to them.

A couple of months ago one of your fellow supervisors was telling me about his being in the hospital for a minor operation. While there he struck up an acquaintance with a nineteen year-old boy who had lost his hand in a punch press accident in an industrial plant. He told me what a pitiful sight it was to see that young man lying there with his right hand gone and most of his hopes and dreams gone with it.

During the course of their conversation one day, the supervisor said to him, "Son, didn't they tell you not to reach between the dies when they put you to work on that punch press?" The boy's choked reply was, "Mister they didn't tell me nuthin'."

On May 20, 1953, my boy became a man. I shook his hand and gave him a good pat on the back. Yes sir! Twenty-one years old and I want to tell you that it was a hard struggle. Never thought I'd make it. Twenty-one long years of heartbreak and worry trying to make a man out of that little bundle that was dropped off at our house on May 20, 1932.

What with scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles, poison ivy, fights with the kids down the block, trouble at school, breaking out the neighbor's windows, it has been a pretty rough go. You will probably get the idea by now that he has been a pretty rough character. Oh, I don't know—I guess he wasn't much different than any other growing boy. Anyway, it was worth it.

You see it hasn't been without its recompense, because that guy is the best darn fishing and hunting partner I ever had and you can bet I was pretty proud when he grounded a six point buck the first time out. And if you want to know something about automobile engines and hot rods, he's your man. Yes sir! There's a man in my house and a real guy at that.

You got a man in your house? Oh I know that he may be grown up and out on his own or maybe he is just a little guy. Doesn't make much difference though, he's still the man in your house and you love him don't you? Wouldn't trade him for anything in all the world.

Yes, I've got a man in my house and you've got a man in your house, but did you ever stop to think that there's a man in every house all over the world? A man that's just as important and dear to someone somewhere as that man of ours is to us? And who are these men in all the houses all over the world? Well I'll tell you, they are the fellow next door, and the one down the street. You will find them in New York and Chicago, in Albuquerque and Ann Arbor. In fact, you will find them wherever you go. But more especially you will find them coming in to work for you everyday. Men just like you and me, who are trying to make a living, be good citizens and enjoy their inherent rights as right living Americans.

What we are really driving at when we ask, "Why is safety so important?" is simply that human life is sacred and it is our business as industrial leaders to handle it accordingly.