

## **OHIO FARM TRACTOR FATAL ACCIDENTS 1956-65**

During the ten year period 1956-65, 384 fatal tractor accidents were investigated in Ohio.

1. 63% of the victims were killed when the tractor overturned. It averages out to 24 deaths per year from over-turns alone. Two-thirds of these deaths occurred when the tractor overturned sidewise.

2. 19% were under 16 years of age and 21% were over 65 years.

3. About 50% of those killed were members of families of full time farmers and 20% had full time employment other than farming.

4. One-fifth of the deaths occured on the highway.

5. Weather was a factor in 10% of the accidents.

6. Mechanical failure was a contributing factor in less than 6% of the cases.

7. About one-half of the fatalities occurred with "wide front end" tractors. In a study conducted by the Department of Agricultural Engineering, the Ohio State University, in 1960, it was determined that only one-third of the farm tractors in Ohio were the "wide front end" type.

8. Studies conducted at The Ohio State University indicate a substantial reduction in tractor fatalities per year since 1956, while the number of tractors has remained about the same.

## "BACKYARD SAFETY"

A power lawn mower is something like a car-convenient but dangerous. There were 70,000 mower accidents last year, including 20,000 in which children were injured by flying debris. About 50,000 toes were lost, and 18,000 fingers.

## MY GET UP AND GO HAS GOT UP AND WENT

How do I know that my youth is all spent? Well, my get up and go has got up and went. But in spite of it all I am able to grin, When I recall where my get up has been.

Old age is golden so I've heard it said. But sometime I wonder when I get into bed With my ears in a drawer and my teeth in a cup, My eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes I say to myself, Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf? And I'm happy to say as I close my door, My friends are the same, perhaps even more.

When I was young my slippers were red. I could kick up my heels right over my head. When I grew older, my slippers were blue, But still I could dance the whole night through.

But now I am old, my slippers are black. I walk to the store and puff my way back. The reason I know my youth is all spent, My get up and go has got up and went.

But I really don't mind when I think with a grin, Of all the grand places my get up has been. Since I have retired from life's competition, I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits, Pick up my paper and read the "Obits." If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead, So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.



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