

# THE RUSTY NAIL

Alert today, alive tomorrow.

September 2011

Issue #1

## WHAT'S NEW?

Greetings! I am very excited to announce the birth of *The Rusty Nail*, a monthly publication for all HOTWORK employees.

This newsletter will focus on:

- Company Health & Safety News
- Health Tips for Personal Well-Being
- Applause (A way recognize co-workers that go above and beyond to work safely in a way that is not easily recognized)
- Employee Feature Story (Get ready for Tales of Treachery as featured employees relay events from their pasts' in which they were injured due to an error in judgment.)

As I get to know the ins and outs of HOTWORK's safety practices, I hope to get to know all of you as well.

Please help make the *The Rusty Nail* a success by sending any odd's and end's that you think would benefit this publication, such as Tips, Applause, and Safety News.

Also, get ready to share an embarrassing story when it's your turn to be featured, because trust me, we all want to know.

Kari Evely  
Safety Coordinator

## APPLAUSE

This month, I'd like to place special emphasis on Hazard Recognition & Reporting.

Please join me in recognizing **Erasmio Bustos & Daniel Pompei**, who both went above and beyond in this area.

## HEALTH TIP

Sleep Smarter: Too much sleep, or not enough of it, can kill you. A British study found that getting more than 9 hours of sack time a night, or less than 6, doubles your risk of an early death from any cause. Aim for 7 to 8 hours a night.

## TALES OF TREACHERY

Featuring: Kari Evely



Okay, since this was my idea, I'll be the first to make a fool of myself.

When I was about 4-years-old, I was sitting on the stoop, watching my older brothers play baseball in our front yard with their friends. Wanting to join "the big boys", I sat there with my arms crossed, stewing over my brothers' ignorance in not recognizing my worth as a first class ball player (they usually let me play with them when their friends weren't present).

After a while, my anger boiled over, and consent or no consent, I was intent on joining the game. Stealthily, I edged my way over to the batter's box, ready to insist on a turn to knock one out of the park, or over the house, in that instance.

Not wanting to be overlooked as the next in line to bat, I got a little too close to the current batter, who didn't notice my miniature presence.

Fortunately, the blow that struck across the bridge of my nose did not break anything in my face, but the bruises that overtook both of my eyes remained for some time to come, if not proving my worth as a ball player, at least showing my brothers' that I could take a hit like a champ.

As soon as you see a mistake and don't fix it, it becomes your mistake.

~Author Unknown