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THE SAFETY OFFICER
AND BLISSYMBOLICS (SEMANTOGRAPHY)

The story of the hurdles and hindrances which face the realization
of any new idea in safety

An address given by C.K.Bliss on the 8th October 1965 at the meeting
of

THE INSTITUTION OF INDUSTRIAL SAFETY OFFICERS
N.S.W.Branch, Sydney

Note: This duplicated text is only a draft of the actual address. As usual, when preparing an address I marshal my thoughts by typing directly on to the wax stencil. As I always speak freely, I may use different words, and say less or more (following questions and interjections) of what I wrote here. But the draft remains then as a permanent document to be read by others afterwards. As such, it becomes an issue of the Semantography (Blissymbolics) Series. See also among others, the previous issues No. 42, 144, 146, 191 on the problem of safety.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

First let me express my thanks to Mr. Alan Goyot, our chairman, to the secretary Mr. H. A. Wade, to the program secretary Mr. R. A. Cole, and to you all who braved the uncertainty, and the prospect of a boring talk on a far-fetched idea like Semantography. You came here to hear me, and I want desperately to make my address a success. As you may know from bitter experiences, almost all academic lecturers and professors read their talk, usually in a monotonous voice. You may know that 300 years ago good old Charles II of England who instituted the Royal Society for the Advancement of Science deliberately as a society of amateurs, demanded from them "a natural talk, preferring the language of tradesmen and country people, before that of wits and scholars." He realized the dangers in boring talks in highbrow language, and he enacted a law, forbidding the professors of Oxford and Cambridge "to read a paper." Dozing boredom in long-winded phrases in long-forgotten words to long-suffering listeners became a criminal offence.

But the professors defeated good old Charles. To this very day, many of them read their papers, use highbrow words where common words would be better, and then they complain that their students are too lazy or too unintelligent to understand them. We do not realize that lectures for teaching things which are better said and can be better understood in books, are only a fossil from the time when book printing was not yet invented. Today, with books, tape recordings, films, and TV available to enable the student to proceed at his own pace, lectures should be abandoned. This in fact is the idea of the so-called "teaching machine" which is not a machine at all, but a roll of paper in which questions appear to be answered first correctly, before going to the next question. Their success is great, because missing a day at school or the university is not more the disaster it usually is of being unable to understand the teacher who proceeds irrespective of whether the students understand him or not. And he still reads prepared notes.

Talks should then only be given when something new is to be told, something which is not yet available in printed form. And this applies to my present talk. I am going to tell you a story of a new idea, and of the troubles and tribulations I encountered in trying to get this idea accepted. I am sure you will remember your own troubles and tribulations which you encountered when you wanted to put into practice some of your ideas on safety. It is of paramount importance that we understand the factors which oppose the introduction of any new idea, and that we learn to overcome this opposition.

At once we encounter two groups of persons so different in their activities and inactivities. They are the talkers and the doers. The talkers are the men in the governments, in the universities, and in the churches. They complain about the loss of life through accidents and other disasters. They complain about the slums, and about all the miseries which beset a troubled mankind. But usually they do nothing or little to alleviate these miseries. The doers however, don't talk much, but they do much. They are the engineers.

Let me express my delight therefore that I am talking to engineers today, because I myself am an engineer too, and the son of an engineer. We know that contaminated water carries disease and death. But who brings cool, clear water to parched people, plants and animals? We the engineer. We are the doers, we are the men who bring a better life to people, who bring them happiness with many of our innovations. We are the salt of the earth.

But you my friends are engineers on a higher level. Whereas all other engineers are working on the improvements of tools, and services, and machines which make our life easier and happier, you, the safety engineers have one job before you, namely to bring first and foremost happiness to people by working that accidents, disease, sickness and death should not make the lives of many miserable. In the last minutes of my talk I shall show you the meaning of "safety officer" expressed in my semantographic symbols, and you will be delighted by the meaning, the ethics, and the implications inherent in the symbols.

Twenty years ago, I would have been delighted to address you, as I was delighted then to address any group of people who wanted to hear of my work. I felt then and I still feel that only engineers, and engineers bent on preventing accidents could have use of my symbols, and could put them into practice. But today, 20 years later, after having approached thousands of the talkers in the governments, the universities, and the churches, my hopes are not high any more, and indeed I come to you to report utter failure in all my endeavours to get my work accepted. Slowly people begin to realize the goodness in my work, but it may take a hundred years or more, and it surely will take the lives of thousands of people who will die through accidents, until my safety symbols will be accepted and used.

Why it is so, I didn't understand this 20 years ago, but I am now beginning to understand it today. I am sure that you too have encountered the forces which prevent the realization of safety measures which could prevent accidents. You are battling these forces now, and probably every day. You too must be bewildered by these forces which oppose the goodness of new ideas for the betterment of mankind, and I feel it my duty to tell you of my experiences so to give you more enlightenment, and more courage and power in battling these opposing forces.

For these reasons I have decided to divide my address into two parts. In the first part I shall show you my symbols for safety precautions, and in the second part I shall tell you of the devilish opposition I had to face for so many years.

It has become obvious to all people that "symbols are better than words." On the highways of the world millions of motorists traverse linguistic frontiers of the various countries in a matter of hours, and some die in a matter of minutes if they fail to understand the warnings written in the native language of the country. Today we use a few symbols in all countries. A bent arrow means a bend in the road ahead in all languages. But pictorial symbols are not only better because they can be read and understood in all languages of the world. Symbols are better even for those people who can read and understand the road warnings in their own language. Many motorists drive in high speed, in rain, and fog and darkness, and some even in the stupor of liquor. Suddenly they are confronted with a jumble of lines. These lines form letters of the alphabet say CURVE or worse PEDESTRIAN CROSSING. In minute fractions of seconds they must grasp the exact outline of every geometrical line forming every letter of the alphabet before them. Then they must combine these letters into a word. Then they must grasp the meaning of the word. Then, and then only can they translate the meaning of the word into movements of their hands and feet in order to follow and obey the warning sign. With many motorists, there is not enough time for all these translations. They crash, and die, or get mutilated and maimed, and with them they take into death and a crippled life the innocent passengers in their car, or the innocent passengers and driver in the car they hit, or the innocent pedestrian.

Whom should we blame for these tragedies? Should we blame the Almighty who in HIS infinite wisdom let the innocents and their innocent children suffer and die?

Should we blame the milkmen or the garbage men, the midwives or the marmelade-makers? Or should we blame the men whose business is, and who are being paid for, to prevent those tragedies from happening? They and they only must bear the blame. They and those who too do not ^{do} their part, and those who actively oppose safety measures, because it is against their interests, which means against their purse, their money making which is endangered by some safety measures.

For fifteen years I have approached national and international authorities responsible for the safety of the roads, or rather for the slaughter on the roads. I told them in many letters, and where possible personally, that I don't want a penny, I don't want a post, nor a salary, nor personal recognition. And I begged the authorities here in Sydney for one thing, and one thing only: "When you have your next meeting, please let me wait in the anteroom, and then allow me a short demonstration to prove to you that I can express in pictorial symbols any road warning needed on the motor roads." Then I asked: "any member of the committee may fire at me any word they want to see in pictorial symbols, and I will oblige and prove indeed that my symbols can cover any meaning in any language." "Gentlemen," I cried, "just one demonstration, just say 20 minutes of your time for a short demonstration! Please, please!!!"

BUT I DIDN'T GET IT! Instead, I was told in so many words "Mr. Bliss, you are not going to tell us how to run our business!" And what is their business? Their business is to throw up their hands and blame anyone else but themselves about the rising toll of tragedies on the roads of every country in the world. I am crying out! I am shouting it over the rooftops in the hope of being heard, in the hope of being dragged into court for libel. I want court action. I want to be charged with libel. I want to tell the truth, and the truth is not libel.

Look my friends at this chart! It has been published by the Australian Road Safety Council, and it shows the road signs and the road sign code as worked out by the Road Sign Committee of the Standards Association of Australia. Since 1949 I approached this committee through its secretary first Mr. Smee, and then Mr. James. I have their letters in which they acknowledge that "symbols are better than words." And now look at their symbols, and look at their road warnings. Count those which are wholly in symbols, and count those which are in words only. Then you will find that only 14 signs show symbols, and these symbols, using mainly the old arrow sign, are almost as old as the motorcar. Some of them are in use for more than half a century. And now compare against these 14 old symbols the other road warnings expressed wholly in the English language. You will find altogether 81 road warnings expressed in words only. 14 against 81 !!!

But this is not the whole story. Thirtyfive years ago, the former League of Nations worked out a series of pictorial symbols for the use on the motor roads of the world. A number of the road warnings expressed ^{in words only} in this new code of Australia have been expressed in pictorial symbols by the League of Nations, as for instance: RAILWAY CROSSING, guarded railway crossing and unguarded railway crossing, ROAD NARROWS, NARROW BRIDGE, STEEP CLIMB and STEEL DESCENT, SCHOOL, HOSPITAL, and others. A number of European countries have adopted the code of the League of Nations, and their governments have ratified it, and thousands of such symbols dot the roads of Europe. Why have the Australian road safety authorities failed to impress upon the Government of Australia the necessity of ratification and adoption of these pictorial symbols? WHY, WHY, WHY???

But this is again not the whole story. After years of approaches, the road sign committee of the Standard Association of Australia decided to ignore all my approaches, and all my symbols, and they published then this chart. From the newspaper reports, articles and letters to the editors it became known that many of these word symbols are not the "invention" of the road sign committee. Instead they have taken them over from the American road sign code. Which means in other words, that the same incredible situation exists in the United States where indeed different States have different road signs, and this all in a country which is the cradle of the motorcar industry. But not only the bureaucrats in the governments departments of America oppose any good idea which seems absurd at first. I approached the Ford Company and proposed a booklet only. They spend many millions in advertisements for their motorcars. How about a booklet, I wrote, where the text is in English, French and Spanish, showing all my symbols for all and every meaning on the roads of the world, and all expressed in pictorial symbols? How about distributing this booklet to all road safety authorities in all countries of the world, to all automobile companies, to all automobile clubs, to all motorists who are concerned with their own lives and with the thousands of lives lost?

And what did the Ford Company answer? Sorry, we are not interested. I tried to reason out the cause for their inexplicable answer. Apparently, the answer is the same given to me from authorities. The Ford Company, by publishing this booklet for a world unification of all symbols in road safety, would imply to all the road safety authorities in all countries that they should alter their symbols in favour of a complete new code in which all warnings are expressed in pictorial symbols. And the Ford Company was apparently afraid to interfere with the authorities who might say "The Ford Company is not going to tell us how to run our business!" Just as they told it to me.

Then I wrote to the Ford Foundation, the richest of all scientific foundations. They give away hundreds of millions of dollars for all sorts of cultural endeavours, and they get all this money from the Ford Company whose shares they hold. I proposed this same booklet to them. And they too refused me every penny, though I said again and again, as I said to everybody: "Not a penny for me! All the money for the printing and publishing!" But they ignored my pleas.

Now look again at this chart of the road sign code of Australia. You will find one pictorial symbol which I have not counted, because this is my symbol, and my symbol only. It is the symbol of the walking legs to indicate PEDESTRIAN CROSSING. This is a dreadful personal story dealing mainly with me and with the chairman of the road sign committee Professor Elkin, former professor of anthropology at Sydney University. I wrote him a begging letter, I asked him for an interview, for a demonstration of my symbols. He ignored my letter and did not answer. Through the secretary of the road sign committee Mr. Smee I begged Professor Elkin for an interview. But he did not give it to me, nor did he acknowledge even with one word my work, my proposals, and my idea. And this unacademic treatment of myself and of an idea which can save lives, comes from a man who is not only a professor but an ordained priest of the Church of England. I want Mr. Elkin to charge me in court with slander and libel. Do you hear me, professor? Dragg me into court please!

This is the story of the walking legs. I explained to Mr. Smee, and to anyone else who wanted to listen, that the overlong jumble of alphabetical letters

PEDESTRIAN CROSSING

is just too long, too illegible to be noticed by a fast driver, in rain, fog and darkness, and above else in the stupor of liquor. I said that time and again we read in the papers that old people who cross the road at the correct spot are run over and killed. At night, the letters glare in a long stretch of glass reflectors, and are almost illegible. Against the glare, the drunken driver, who doesn't grasp the meaning, does not see the old people and they get killed. And then I showed my symbols of the two legs, which I use in my books in combination with other symbols to express any meaning connected with legs and walking. These two legs are simply symbolized, and are easily spotted even in darkness. I proposed my walking legs to replace the word sign PEDESTRIAN CROSSING. This was in 1949. I did not realize at the time the crime I committed for suggesting to officials that they should publicly show that my symbol is better than their words.

And so the years went by from 1949 to 1953 and more and more people got killed at pedestrian crossings. Then suddenly my walking leg symbol appeared in Sydney, and in an article in the Sydney Morning Herald of the 6th July 1953 it was said that Professor Elkin introduced this sign as chairman of the road sign committee because he saw a similar sign in Ceylon. Naturally, if the meaning of walking people is to be expressed in pictures, the picture of walking legs is the natural one. But I have proposed this very same pictorial symbols years before, but Professor Elkin didn't want to listen to me.

In rage I sat down to write a letter to Mr. Martin, the then Minister of Transport in the N.S.W. Government. He had answered to criticism in a letter to the editor, and had used the words:

"I do not know of any amount of money which may properly purchase a human life, and similarly the small amount of trouble involved in an experiment which may lessen human suffering is surely justified."

I asked then the minister for the small amount of trouble involved to listen to my story. I then told the story of my walking leg symbol, and also put before him the favourable comment of the N.R.M.A./^{the}organisation of N.S.W. which speaks in the name of all motorists of New South Wales. The secretary Mr. Richards had said in a letter to me:

"This Association is of the opinion that the adoption of your system of symbol writing throughout the world would contribute towards much

much safer traffic conditions in international motoring."

When I got this letter from the N.R.M.A. I was jubilant, but when I presented it to the Road Sign Committee it made no impression whatever. Only later did it dawn upon me **why**. The N.R.M.A. is a private body, and although they represent the motorists of N.S.W. they have no say whatever in the final decisions made by the officials.

After sending off my letter to the Minister I received a letter from the Department of Transport that I should get in touch with a Mr. Peach who is in charge of this symbol business. I phoned Mr. Peach. He wasn't in. I left my phone number, but he didn't ring me up. I then went to his office. He wasn't in. I again left my phone number, and what I want to see him about. But again he did not ring. I went a third time, but with the same result. Slowly I got mad. After all, who should run after whom? I have the life-saving symbols, and the man who is paid for installing life saving symbols, Mr. Peach should seek me and should see my symbols. I received then a letter from the secretary of the minister who wrote to me that the matter has been closed because I failed to get in touch with Mr. Peach. This put me into a rage. I wanted to see the Minister. But where was he? He did what all other Ministers of Transport did. He was off on a world tour "to study transport" as the usual explanation runs.

Now let's have a look at what Mr. Peach did with the leg symbol. He put it into a winking lighted beacon across the road which was a good idea. But at the same time he realized that people must keep their eyes on the road when driving. He felt he had to paint some sort of warning sign directly onto the roadway in order to draw the attention of the driver to the sign of the walking legsoverhead. The most natural thing would have been to paint again the walking legs onto the road in yellow paint. But instead of doing the natural thing, Mr. Peach painted 2 successive diamonds on the road which have no meaning whatever, but they surely take about 5 times more paint to fill in, and surely more labour, and this means more of the tax payers money.

Now let us look for a change elsewhere, not to officials who don't want to be bothered with the opinions, proposals, and suggestions of taxpayers. Let us look now closer home, namely to safety symbols to prevent accidents in industry. Now to whom would you go with such symbols? You could go to individual industries and I tried first this. I approached the Nuffield Organisation, the General Motors Holden people, but they simply were not interested. I realized then that I must approach the organisation of the industry directly, that is the Chamber of Manufacturers. But alas, here I met an official again, Mr. Hall, Director of the Chamber of Manufacturers. I explained to him that safety symbols in industry here in Australia would serve a double purpose. They would warn the Australians in a better, and much quicker way than warnings in the English language, and they would serve a second purpose with the thousands of New Australians who simply don't understand the English words FIRE EXIT, or INFLAMMABLE, or LIVE WIRE or DON'T TOUCH and others like these.

Mr. Hall found me a real nuisance. He bought the books on semantography for the library just to placate me, and to get rid of me, because I insisted that he give me an opportunity to show my symbols to safety officers in industry. I then made up a leaflet, and asked him to distribute it to the safety committees in the various industries. I sent him 100 copies, and was prepared to send him thousands more. But they went apparently straight into the wastepaper basket because I heard nothing more of them.

Now here it is, issue no. 42, and I would like to cite a few lines from this leaflet which I sent to Mr. Hall. In the first sentence I begged him

"Please receive for distribution to the safety committees of your members

INDUSTRIAL EMERGENCY SIGNS

which - like Road Signs - could be read and understood by New Australians in any of their languages"

And here is the text of the first paragraph:

"Almost every factory in N.S.W. employs New Australians. The majority of them are feeling strangers in a strange land. The main reason is language. Unfortunately, this is not a passing phase. Many of the "unskilled workers" never learn to speak properly English. Many Italians in N.S.W. speak mostly Italian throughout their lives: so do Greeks, Hungarians, etc. In South Australia there are towns

towns where only German is spoken - in the 4th generation. In Queensland there are Italian towns. In Canada, the United States of America, etc. millions of people speak almost exclusively the language of their forefathers who came into the country centuries ago. English is for them a foreign tongue - to all intent and purpose.

But emergency warning signs must be understood quickly. Your factory may burn down because a New Australian just didn't care to learn the meaning of INFLAMMABLE, and DON'T SMOKE. Moreover lives are at stake.

And so on in my leaflet, showing some signs and promising to show others if only interest were shown by the people whose business is to prevent accidents in factories. But Mr. Hall did not take my ideas seriously. He did not distribute my leaflets to the industries. May be, had he done so, some industrial safety officers would have come forth and take an interest in my work.

The date of this leaflet is the 18th September 1951, almost exactly 14 years ago. Now at last, through the initiative of Mr. Goyot, Mr. Wade and Mr. Cole I am speaking to industrial safety officers, and I wish to express again my thanks to these three gentlemen, and to you all who have come to hear me and see my symbols. I shall now proceed to show slides which I have made of various parts and pages of my 3 books on semantography. These slides have been prepared for my first lecture at Sydney University. Now, you may find that some of the symbols are too simple in outline, and that perhaps more pictorial signs would be better. But you must realize that these symbols can be used not only for warning signs, but for communication and correspondence in commerce, industry, and even science. Moreover they are designed to fit the keys of a typewriter, and to be typed in combination with other symbols so as to express combined meanings, as I shall now proceed to show.

At this stage I now show slides of various pages of my 3 books on Semantography and give the appropriate explanation. I explain also that the meaning of the symbol must be written or printed underneath the symbol so as to explain to the native its meaning, and so to make him understand the symbol when he sees it in another country, or in another context in combination with other symbols. The reader of this leaflet must excuse me for not displaying in these pages many of my symbols. He is advised to study them in my various publications which will be made available to him on request. They are also available in some Sydney libraries.

When I showed these symbols for the first time, the date was the 15th May 1951, and the place was the Wallace lecture theatre at the University of Sydney. I had applied to the Sydney University Extension Board for permission to present my work, and I had submitted the favourable testimony of Bertrand Russell and other eminent scholars. I got the permission, and Professor A. G. Mitchell of the English language department agreed to be chairman. I was elated, and so was my good wife, who had worked with me for 9 years on this idea. I prepared my lecture very carefully, and my good wife wrote out letters of invitation to hundreds of people in the various spheres of scholarly work, all people who could take an interest in my work and foster it to practical realization. I had also invited every professor and lecturer of Sydney University, and have made sure that proper invitation leaflets were distributed in all departments of Sydney University. My wife Claire and I felt that now the tide will turn in our favour. The lecture at Sydney University will mark a crucial stage in my endeavours to interest the men who alone could put this idea to practical use in communication and commerce, industry and science.

In the week before the lecture dozens of letters arrived from people who cared to thank me for their invitation, and who regretted that owing to this and that they cannot attend, but wish me every success, etc. etc. My wife was utterly downcast, and she and I realized that behind the dozens of these letter writers are the hundreds of the other eminent people of Sydney who did not care to send me a letter of apology, but simply did not bother with the whole invitation. My wife had a breakdown, and I had to call the doctor who had to give her a heavy sedative. She, who was looking forward for years, then months, then weeks to go with me to the most important lecture of my life, she was physically unable to go, and I had to leave her alone, weak and in fever, and go alone to the university.

The university lecture theatre was full with students, but only one other professor came, Prof. MacDonald of ancient history, who had promised me to come.

Well, I gave a good lecture. Professor Mitchell had words of the highest praise for me and my work in the closing address. The students were simply enthusiastic, and they wrote so in short notes in their student papers *Honi Soit* and *Union Recorder* (see *Semantography Series No. 50*). I was elated, and then I applied to the University Extension Board to be included in the list of lecturers who are ready to give single lectures to social organisations like Rotary, Lions, etc. in short, organisations which have nothing to do with the university. I did not dare to ask that I should be allowed to lecture of my work at the university itself. But I was sure that I shall be accepted as an occasional lecturer for private clubs. Moreover, this carries no salary, and no burden for the university.

I was therefore thunderstruck when a short letter arrived, informing me that my application was refused. I went to see Prof. Mitchell, the chairman at my lecture, and incidentally also the chairman of the board which refused my application. Our discussion was a terrible and dreary affair. "You must understand Mr. Bliss" he said, "that the university can take an interest in a new idea only if a set of literature has been built up about it. This takes a long time." "But Professor, this may take more than a life time. I shall surely be dead by then." I said bitterly. He shrugged his shoulders, and closed the debate.

I went home utterly dejected to tell Claire. She was in tears. The students invited me to speak to their various societies, and so did other bodies, but my hopes for recognition were dashed. I applied and appealed to other educational bodies in Australia, but all with the same result. But the very same result came from approaches to universities and institutions overseas, in the United States and Great Britain. Slowly, but surely, all our hopes sank, and our zest for life too. Claire was more affected than I. She and I too had believed that a new idea would be welcome by those men who are paid the taxpayers money to foster the new ideas. The University is called the Alma Mater, the fostering Mother. Now it turned out that she fosters only the ideas of her own men who are on her payroll. These ideas however, have been inaugurated by lone thinkers who were not recognized during their life-time by the university men.

Claire's health went down and down. In vain did I try to show her that the pioneers of any new idea have faced the same fate. All her hopes were gone, and as she saw me sinking into despair and despondency, she lost all her will to live. She began to have heart palpitations and attacks, and her health deteriorated. She fought on bravely for 8 long years, helping me more than she could, but on the 14th August 1961 she died heartbroken. Thinking back of the years of hopeless struggle, of the bitter disappointments, and the unfair and unacademic treatment at the hands of professors from many countries, I cry "Murder!" And this indeed is what happened to other men of new ideas. They were murdered, condemned by the very men of new ideas who let them sink into despair and death. Only when the pioneer is dead for good, is he exhumed, extolled, and - exploited. Only then is the value of his work recognized, and taught in the schools and universities. But he must be dead first!

You may tell me that I should go to the United Nations, and to Unesco. Of course, this was my very first thought. But I could show you heaps of letters which I wrote to the U.N.O. and to UNESCO. It was all in vain. Professor Lancelot Hogben said bitterly "Unesco is a comic synonym for Fiasco!" Unesco is here for 20 years, and during this time not one single new idea has come forth from Unesco, though they command all the educational and scientific brains of all mankind. The only thing they can do is to act as a free travel agency, organising conferences where the ideas for new conferences are debated, and then discussed at new conferences. And so they hop around the world for the taxpayers' money.

You may tell me that my idea of writing in symbols is indeed too new, and too unusual as to find immediate recognition. This may be true. In order to show you that every idea for the benefit of mankind is counteracted by the very men whose job it is to foster this idea, I shall now proceed to tell of some cases with which you are only too familiar. I am doing so, because I know that you, everyone of you, are fighting the same fight to get your ideas for safety accepted. We must know our adversaries in order to defeat them. At the end of my lecture I shall tell from my own experiences what everyone of you can do in your own field, and what this organisation of yours can do to help to practical realization new ideas for accident prevention.

Let us now have a close and hard look at the Australian scene. Let us see how our fight for safety is counteracted by the very men whose job it is to help us.

Just a few days ago I heard over the radio the news that the chairman of the pharmaceutical guild bitterly complained about the fact that last year in N.S.W. alone 4000 children got accidentally poisoned. He throws up his hands in horror and blames the parents. But no blame can possibly fall on him, and on all the pharmacists and chemists of N.S.W. and of Australia. But are they really blameless? They are not. In fact, the whole blame rests on them and not on the parents.

I ask you: do chemists and pharmacists properly label bottles with poisonous substances? The answer is NO! Even the manufacturers of pharmaceutical products print the word POISON in very small print, surely too small for children to read, and even for parents. Well then, how about a good symbol, which even children, who haven't learned to read yet, can recognize?

A year ago, chemists in one state of the U.S.A. proposed a symbol. It shows a snake. There was an outcry from animal lovers, who pointed out that most snake species are completely harmless, as indeed they are. It will only lead to the wholesale slaughter of innocent small creatures, which in their own way keep the balance of nature in their surroundings. So, the snake symbol is not good. Can we think of a better one? Of course, we can. Indeed we have already one which is hundreds of years old, and which is internationally recognized, and immediately understood in all languages. Indeed I remember that poisonous substances in Europe had to have that symbol on every bottle and jar. It is the old sign of the skull and the cross bones. A good symbol, a very good one, indeed!

Why then is this symbol not used in N.S.W. and Australia. The whole world uses it, and I have seen big drums unloaded in Sydney harbour which show that symbol of the skull and crossbones. Why don't the chemists of Australia use it? Why hasn't the government of our state issued a law, demanding that this symbol is to be prominently displayed on every chemist bottle? Why, why, why??

I have long thought of an answer to this and similar questions. And I remembered many a conference of engineers in the factory I worked. And I am sure you too will remember such conferences. Let us suppose a conference on an appropriate symbol for POISON. The chairman puts up his most important face, and begins the debate, proposes his own symbol, say a snake, and all the other engineers put forth their own new ideas on a symbol. And then suddenly a small voice is heard, one of the very youngest engineers goes up and in halting and stammering words he makes his proposal. He stammers because it is the first time he has dared to speak among the exalted older engineers, and in the presence of the managing director. I know that young engineer so very unsure of himself, because I was that young engineer many a times, and I have never understood why my proposal was defeated, though it was the simplest of them all.

Let's now imagine that young engineer, who says apologetically, and unhappily, because he is afraid of offending the whole exalted gathering of engineers, he says that perhaps - I mean - may be - we should use the old symbol of the skull and crossbones. Then he sits down, smiling awkwardly, and almost begging to excuse his stupid idea. The result is like a thunderclap. Everyone sits speechless. Why has everyone not thought of this most simple solution? Why, of course, the skull and crossbones, the old symbol already internationally recognized!

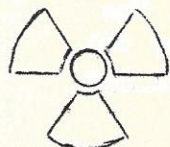
The proper thing to do for the managing director would be to burst into laughter, and to say: "Aren't we all idiots? Why haven't we thought of this before? Why of course, you Mr. Bliss are perfectly right. The best symbol is the old skull and crossbones symbol. The problem is solved, and the meeting is adjourned. Thank you very much Gentlemen!"

But in most cases this is NOT what happens. Everyone gets mad, subconsciously about himself, but first and foremost about that precocious little engineer who wants to be cleverer than all the others. How then do they react? With the most idiotic arguments. "Bah," said one, "that symbol is old-fashioned and has lost its vigour!" "It's no good at all!" said another engineer, "it was good in the time of the Buccaneers, but not in our modern time!" Meanwhile Mr. Bliss the young engineer sinks more and more into his seat overwhelmed by the silliness of the arguments, and speechless and afraid to hurt anyone by the proper counterargument. In the end, the good old symbol is not adopted, and everyone gets angry with Mr. Bliss. I have seen it happen time and again, and it has made me wonder whether engineers are indeed always led by rational thought, logical reasoning, or whether perhaps passion and emotion is colouring their thoughts. I believe the latter is the case, and here hangs another story.

My good mother was a poetical woman. She read with me the great poems of world literature, and made me recite them. She taught me also a number of proverbs, and one of them had a profound influence on me. It runs in German (my mother tongue): "Sich selbst besiegen ist der schoenste Sieg!" which means translated "To conquer oneself, this is the greatest victory!"

When I had such debates at conferences in the factory, or at other debates within my friends, I could see that most people debate not to find out the truth, but to prove to themselves that they are right, and the other guy is wrong, though the other guy may have the better idea. I taught myself then to say in such debates, when I really came to the conclusion that the other guy has the better idea: "You are right, and I am wrong!" It was a hard job to teach this to myself. Very often it had disastrous results for my own standing within the debate. It looked that I had been beaten, and I counted myself out. Within engineers in a factory it is very hard indeed to succumb and submit in such a way. But in the end I won friends that way. The other engineer who was already mad about the silly counterarguments against his good idea, suddenly found a friend and supporter. And he became my friend and our friendship lasted. He would then have little difficulty to agree that sometimes I had a better idea. This is the way how people co-operate, or should co-operate by give and take. I can recommend to you this method, and I am sure it will help you.

Another good method which closely follows the lesson of that proverb is this: sometimes I made a silly blunder, as all of us sometimes make. Usually the boss, or the engineer is upset, even angry, and he says so. What do people do in such a case? Usually, they try to defend their silly blunder. And somehow they find lots of words, and lots of excuses to prove them right, though they know they are wrong. Such an attitude makes the boss even angrier, until the spirit of co-operation is gone completely, and only hostility remains. I have taught myself to say whenever I made a blunder "I am sorry Sir, I made a stupid blunder. I was out of my mind, or absent-minded. What an idiot I was!" I assure you that these few words acted like oil on troubled water. Everyone began to laugh, and I was not considered an idiot, but a reasonable fellow. In the end, such actions of mine helped me to get higher and higher in the esteem of my fellow engineers, and it was no accident then that I came out on top and was a director. If anyone of you has sons and daughters I suggest that you tell them this story. I have no children, and when I tried it on my nephew, who is a stupid and arrogant fellow, he answered flatly: "I shall never give in and say I am wrong, even if I know I am." This young man is now 27 years old, and 12 years in Sydney, and though he tried very hard in a number of jobs, he is still at the bottom.



Now this story about the debate for an appropriate symbol for POISON is invented. But strangely enough, such a debate, or perhaps more of them, have taken place on an international scale. It was found out that a new kind of poison can do untold harm, and that an international symbol must be invented to warn all people, nomatter what language they speak, of the poison. It is a very insidious poison, the effects of which do not show up immediately, but after a while, and then it is too late to apply antidotes. This poison is radiation. Today, many industries use isotopes of radioactive cobalt or other elements, and these isotopes are sent through the mail, and by parcel post. It is of the utmost importance that everyone coming near such parcels or pellets be properly warned. Moreover, atomic reactors are now working in almost every country, manufacturing such isotopes, and the workers at such reactors must be properly warned too.

And so it happened that an international body of atomic scientists discussed a possible good symbol to indicate radioactive poison. And after much deliberation they hit on the symbol shown above, and this symbol is now internationally used. When I saw it, I just got mad. It gives no indication whatever about radiation, nor poisonous radiation. It could mean anything. And indeed to people who don't know what it means, it is utterly useless.

Now everyone knows the very familiar picture shown many a times in newspapers and magazines, and indicating the forces within the atoms. This picture shows elliptical closed circles with little electrons whirling around the centre proton. Show this symbol to any schoolboy, and he will immediately know that it indicate the atom and its intricate whirling of electrons. Imagine now if the atomic scientists would have chosen this world-wide internationally known picture, but with the skull and crossbones in the middle surrounded by circling electrons. Everyone would know immediately that it means RADIOACTIVE POISON.

Why then did the atomic scientists of the world not recommend this simple pictorial symbol, the skull and crossbones surrounded by whirling electrons in elliptical lines? I am sure that someone at the conferences would have made this simple suggestion. But apparently he was beaten down in much the same way as I described before. Let us realize that professional scientists have no desire to use simple words, and simple explanations. Instead they use long words of Greek and Latin origin, words the simple people, and the students, don't understand. This disastrous trend which actively blocks understanding must have been at work to create a symbol which is nothing more but a secret sign for a secret society. It gives no indication, no pictorial representation of its meaning.

Now let us go back nearer home and to the unfortunate 4000 children who have been accidentally poisoned last year in N.S.W. Before we blame the parents, as the professionals do, let us ask: why don't the chemists put the skull and crossbones on all the bottles containing poison? Why has the government of this state not made a law demanding this simple measure? Who is to be blamed of neglect, and as the lives of innocent children are at stake, of CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE? Only the men responsible, the officers of the pharmaceutical guild, the professors of pharmacology, and the men in the governments and the government departments.

To realize the sorry fact that chemists have no interest to do more than they need to do, let us have a look at what they DO write on the labels. When I came to Australia, and bought some medicines, I was simply flabbergasted when I looked at the label of the prescription. There was no indication what the tablets are for, whether they are against headaches or stomachaches, whether for indigestion or insomnia, etc.etc. All that written on tens of thousands of bottles all over New South Wales, and every day, is in large block letters THE TABLETS, THE PILLS, THE OINTMENT, THE SOLUTION, THE THIS AND THE THAT. I could understand that doctors and chemists are reluctant to write the proper name of the medicine. But surely some indication of what it is for is necessary. The other words on the label: to be taken 3 times daily, etc. are of no indication as to the real nature of the medicine and for what ailment it is to be used. In the end, you have at home a full medicine chest with bottles upon bottles, and all which you can read on all the labels is THE TABLETS, and THE TABLETS, and again THE TABLETS.

Why do chemists do such idiotic things? To understand this, let us look at an advertisement which appeared a few days ago in Sydney papers. It is, as the text explains:

Issued in the interests of your health by the
FEDERATED PHARMACEUTICAL SERVICE GUILD OF AUSTRALIA

The ad shows an attractive young woman with a gun in her hand pointing at the open medicine chest, and the headline is SHOOT OUT THOSE OLD MEDICINES NOW. The text goes on to say that "Old medicines are no good to anyone. In fact they can be downright dangerous if you have lost track of what they are, or what they are for. (underlining mine) So spring clean your medicine cupboard now."

I ask you: a bottle of aspirin, is it not good one year hence? You can use it to the last tablet as the occasion in your family arises. And this holds true with most medicines. They can be used over and over again until the bottle is exhausted. Let me tell you that I have a university degree in chemistry, and I know what I am talking about. Those bottles which contain chemicals which deteriorate in say 3 or 6 months time are marked so in Europe. And the nature of the medicine, if not the name of that particular prescription, is written too on the label. But when I came to Australia and was given THE TABLETS, THE TABLETS, and again THE TABLETS on different medicine bottles for my ailing wife, I simply refused to take them unless the chemist gives me the name of the medicine. This they refused. I had to tell them that I myself am a professional chemist, and that they can safely tell it to me. Only my neighbour chemist did, and by writing the name of the medicine on the bottle I knew what I had in our medicine chest, and could use it again and again without calling in the doctor again and again, and going to the chemist to buy again and again the same medicine.

Should I now assert that this idiotic procedure about THE TABLETS is arranged to give more earnings to chemists and doctors I would make myself open to a charge of libel and slander. So I better don't say this, and let you draw your own conclusion. Now, suppose I am called to participate at a conference of experts to decide what should be done to stop the senseless slaughter of thousands of children getting accidentally poisoned, dead, or ailing. What would I suggest? This I would propose, but I know for sure, because I have taken part in just such conferences, that I would be h^ot down, simply because my proposals would be so

so idiotically simple, and self-evident that everyone would get mad inwardly at himself ("why haven't I thought of this before?") and outwardly mad at me.

I propose a law, demanding from every chemist, and every manufacturer of poisonous substances to display prominently the skull and crossbones with the word POISON underneath. This may be followed by explanations in smaller print, giving the dose at which ill effects will be caused, and giving also the necessary antidotes, and how they should be administered.

In addition I would suggest that such bottles have a special stopper which too would indicate to the user that the substance is poisonous. This idea is not mine. Many years ago I heard that an American manufacturer of weedkillers and other poisonous substances sells his bottles with a special stopper which rattles (inside is a piece of metal) when the stopper is taken off. This good idea is to prevent people taken out the wrong bottle in the dark of a shed, or kitchen, as it often happens. However, as we are here concerned with children, such a rattling stopper would not serve its purpose, and would instead attract children. Another special stopper should be used, and it may well be of plastic and have the shape of a skull. It may even glow in the darkness with fluorescent coating.

But this would not be enough. I would suggest that poisonous medicines, and even aspirin is poisonous if taken in many tablets (as it has happened already with little children who died of it) should be kept in a special medicine chest under lock and key - no, no key. It should be a combination lock which opens only at a special set of figures or letters. And only the parents should know of the combination, and no one else in the house. With the compulsory demand by law of such a chest should also go the enactment that parents whose children die, or get seriously sick, should be charged in court with criminal neglect. If a child dies because of some act by the parents, they are charged with murder or manslaughter. Let us charge them with childslaughter. After all, the children are the most precious treasure a nation has. Every child could be a potential scientist, or scholar, or inventor, or benefactor, or even prime minister. A child lost, is an irreparable loss not only for the parents, but for the nation too. Let's charge the parents with criminal neglect. But should the responsible professors of pharmacology, the responsible men of the pharmaceutical guild, the responsible men in the government department of health, the responsible minister of health, fail to advocate and to enact such a law, then a group of fearless citizens should take out a writ in court and charge these men with criminal neglect. I have given much thought to this idea in one of my books, and we have even precedents for this, as I shall relate later on.

Such a special box with a combination lock should also be used for firearms, and the father should be personally responsible for not giving his youngsters the gun to handle. Many terrible tragedies have happened, and they still happen, where a brother shot his brother, or sister, or friend, simply by playing with the loaded gun. The father must be charged with criminal neglect. You know of the terrible murder of John F. Kennedy, and of the fact that Oswald bought his murder gun by answering a mail advertisement. It is a horrible thought that in America murder guns can be bought through the mail. I don't know how the situation is in Sydney, but whatever restrictions exist in Australia, in my opinion they are not enough. There should be the most stringent restrictions. And let grumblers cry of restriction of personal freedom. Nobody should be a potential killer, and nobody should carry a gun, unless he does so to protect people. As to the hunters, this is another terrible story, and I cannot go into it now.

Now let us go back to that accidental killing by poison in Australia. When I was a boy in the highschool of our Austrian town, we began to study chemistry at the age of about 12, and we made excursions into factories with our teachers. I remember vividly, though it happened more than 50 years ago, our visit to a brewery. The silent big vats were of no special interest, but the bottle washing department was fascinating for me. The beerbottles would run silently on conveyor belts, and suddenly with a great noise a stream of hot water would shoot into the bottle, and long brushes would go into it and rotate furiously, and then at a second stage, and a third stage again a jet of water followed by rotating brushes, etc. etc. It was a terrific sight for all of us. Surely whatever dirt or other substances were in the old bottles had been washed out.

Imagine then my horror when I read time and again reports in Australian papers of horrible stories. I am sure you have read them too. A man bought a bottle of beer in the bottle department of a hotel, took it home, drank it, and died.

The government analyst found arsenic in the residue, and in such quantities to kill more persons. But the bottle had come full of beer from a reputable Australian brewery. Yet it contained poison in quite a quantity. It appeared then that this bottle must have been used previously by a farmer who kept some weedkiller or other poison in it. Later it was thrown into the garbage, collected by a "bottle-ho" and sold back to the brewery, which "washed" it, filled it with beer, and sold it through a hotel. Result: a father killed!

Another story which I read about one year ago was of a boy who bought a bottle of soft drink of a very reputable softdrink maker at the grocer. He drank it and died. Other children who too have drank from this bottle, got violently sick but survived. The coroner found that the responsible brewery in the first case, and the responsible softdrink manufacturer should be charged with criminal neglect of having not cleaned the bottles properly. Imagine then my chagrin, my rage, and my utter unhappiness when I read that the judges had dismissed the cases, declaring that the brewery, and in the other case the softdrink manufacturer cannot be blamed because they had taken "all necessary precautions." But alas, people died.

This my friends is not law and order. This is a mockery of law and a mockery of order. If judges can come to such verdicts then something is utterly wrong. I know very well that I make myself open to a charge of (I don't know what, perhaps contempt of court) but I cannot remain silent. I cry out in shame.

And now, having told such atrocious stories about Australian affairs, I feel even more ashamed, but this time about myself. You may know by now that I am a former Austrian chemist, graduated from the University of Technology of Vienna. When Hitler overrun Austria I was one of the first to be shipped by the Gestapo to the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald. Through the heroic fight of my good wife I was released after 13 months of horror. I could flee to England, because my wife had secured for me an entry visa. When I tried to get my wife to London the war broke out, and we were declared enemy aliens. We then got united after three years of terrible separation. I travelled West via Canada and Japan to Shanghai in China, and my wife went East via Russia, Manchuria to Shanghai. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, bad times came for us. We refugees were herded by the Japanese into a ghetto. But then the Americans liberated us, and I could then get an entry visa into Australia, and we arrived here in 1946, and soon became Australian citizens. I can say truthfully that the years we spent in Australia are and were the happiest years of our lives. We admire Australia, and we love the Australian people. In one of my books I say this:

It was the British people who helped me to an entry visa and who rescued me from the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald.
It was the American people, whose young soldiers rescued me and my wife from the ghetto in Shanghai.
And it was the Australian people who gave me an entry visa, and a new home in Australia.
May my right arm wither if ever I should forget you Britannia, America, and Australia!

How I feel now by telling you these stories about inefficient laws and inefficient safety precautions in Australia, I cannot say. I feel miserable. But at the same time I feel I have to tell you instances from Australia, because you are Australian safety officers, and I must tell you of things of which you know that they are true. What's the use of telling you about happenings in Guatemala, or India, or America. They may be true, or not. I have to tell you of instances of which you know personally. And there is another story which goes with this.

Having suffered at the hands of totalitarian^{ian} dictatorships, you will readily understand that I cherish democracy. Why then do I accuse things in democratic Australia? This question has been answered in a general form by the social writer of Vienna Karl Kraus, who died 30 years ago, but whose books are now more read than ever. Karl Kraus asked the question: "Why do people grumble and criticise in a democracy?" And he gives the answer: "Because the grumbling and criticising is allowed!" And this indeed is the crux of the matter. It is not allowed to criticise the government and the responsible men in countries which are not a democracy. The grumbler and critic faces prison, deportation and even death. And my friends who know my stand will tell you that I am simply wild about the injustices and atrocities which are a daily occurrence in Russia, in China, and in other despoties where there is no freedom of speech, where no man would dare to stand up and make such charges as I have made here. No matter how things are here in Australia which could be improved. We must know that matters in other countries under dictatorial rule are a thousand times worse.

Sydney is a wonderful city, and one of the few great cities which are directly situated at the ocean, not within a bay, not within a riverdelta. And if you ask me which sight is the most impressive one in Sydney I will tell you, and it may well be that no one has ever told this to you before.

The most awesome sight in Sydney is to go in the afternoon peakhour to Ashfield station, and to stay at the end of the station where you have unobstructed view of the railway tracks. There are the tracks for the slow suburban trains, for the fast through suburban trains, for the country trains, and for other trains. Stay there between the hour of 5 and 6 p.m. and watch the trains roar by. On the very same track often one train is followed by another one within minutes. But as there are so many tracks there, there is a constant coming and going in both directions. There are usually three and more trains which rush past you with terrific roar and terrific speed. It takes your breath away, literally. And all the cars are lit, and all the cars are full with people, many thousands of them. And they all travel home, and they all know that they are in safe hands, and that they will arrive safely at the station of their home.

It is an awe-inspiring sight, and it is vivid proof what safety precautions can do, and what a task those safety officers have who direct all this dangerous passing of many trains with many thousands of people. I don't know of anything more impressive than this sight at Ashfield station, which can give you an idea of the importance of the safety officer's work.

But alas, what some engineers have invented for the safety of the people, some bureaucrats can turn into the opposite. There was once a crash near Liverpool when one suburban train ran into the rear of another stationary train. It was a foggy morning. Still, the safety signs and lights should have been working, and the train driver knows exactly where to look for them. I was thunderstruck then when I read in the paper that the government transport department allows drivers to overrun a red stop light. "But," the regulation says "he must proceed with "utmost caution." This is a shameful semantic trick with words, which puts the blame on the driver if anything happens. Well, he hasn't proceeded with "utmost caution." Think of mist and fog, and you will realize that no matter how slowly he proceeds suddenly the last car of a train will loom up at him within yards. A crash will be inevitable, even if has proceeded with a slow speed of say 5 miles per hour.

If you ask me, I would say that there are not enough safety symbols and signs to warn train drivers on the railway tracks, and what is worse to warn the many thousands of motorists on the roads which they may use for the first time, not knowing of the dangerous spots. In Austria and in other European countries I remember that each semaphor signal on the railway track was preceded by three pre-warning signs, the first having three stripes, the second two, and the last one stripe only. Then came the semaphor. Even if the train driver has overlooked the first pre-sign, he will see the second one, and he will know that this is not the first, but the second one, because it has only two stripes, and he knows too that another pre-sign will come and then the semaphor with the important message of STOP or GO.

Now take the thousands of car drivers on the many roads of Australia, and in all other countries. There are usually no pre-signs before curves. Only railway crossings have a pre-sign, but this is not enough. Imagine now the driver racing at fast speed, and being distracted for a moment when just overrunning a warning sign. He may be distracted by a signboard on the opposite sight, or by a nice girl with nice legs walking by, or he may lit his cigarette, or, as it often happens, he may tell his friend in the car a story, and would look at him to see the effect of his clever tale. They sometimes even turn around to look at the listener who sits in the backseat. In short, he will overlook an important safety symbol, and this may have terrible consequences. What to do?

You surely have read many times in the papers the complaints of local councils who demand that safety signs be erected at dangerous corners and streets. Usually a commission from the transport department arrives to survey the situation, and very often their verdict is that the situation "does not warrant the erection of signs"; or the erection of traffic lights. To this point we shall come later. The local residents are enraged, and they press on with petitions, and sometimes with strike actions, passing to and fro a dangerous crossing and halting all the traffic. Sometimes their plea is heard, but more than often not. Why? The fact is that the men from the transport department would gladly give them more signs, but they just haven't enough signpost to go around, simply because there is not enough money allocated for more such safety signs. Are they right? No, I say!

As far as I know the thousands of signs and symbols erected at the many roads of Australia are hand-painted. We all know that government employees of any country don't rush themselves out of a job. They take their time. Here in Australia many a survey has shown that the 40 hour week is actually only a 33 hour working week even in industry, and even less in government departments. Now take an engineer who becomes supervisor of the symbol painting department. He knows exactly how much money has been allotted to his department, and he knows too how many or how few signs his employees will finish in an 8 hour day. If he realizes that lives are at stake, and that lives can be saved by delivering more and more signs, he will think of other methods to make more signs with the same money. Can he do this? I venture to say that he can make 5 times more signs with the same money.

When I came to Australia I was flabberghasted to see that these safety symbols are handpainted. When I was a young man I used to hike through the mountains, and I marvelled at the ingenuity of the men who have devised the signposts on the mountain tracks. These are made of tinsplate, but the lettering or symbols are embossed. The painting of the text is then done in a few seconds simply by rolling over a paintroller over the embossed lettering or symbols. Moreover, even if the black paint has faded with the years, the embossed lettering still stands out in shadows and is legible. Renewal of the painting of the text is then simply done by rolling a paintroller over the embossed lettering.

Suppose now that energetic engineer, preoccupied with the safety of the people on the road whom he want to give as many safety signs as he possibly can make, comes up with the suggestion that these many thousands of signs, which have the same text, and the same symbol should be stamped out by a firm, and painted by dipping the whole tinsplate in paint to get the overall colour, usually yellow, and then the lettering is done with a paintroller and automatically. I venture to say that for the price of 1000 signs handpainted today, more than 5000 signs can be manufactured by automatic stamping, embossing and painting.

What is going to happen when this engineer makes his suggestion to the boss and to the employees? Everyone would look at him in horror. Is he out of his mind? It would mean that 4/5 of the employees would have to be dismissed, or put into other jobs. And they all had such a lovely time painting leisurly at their own pace these signs by hand as if they were painters making masterpieces in oil. IT CAN'T BE DONE. And it isn't done. That engineer may lose his job.

What can we do? We can protest. We can demonstrate. And we can take the responsible men to court charging them with criminal neglect every time an accident happens because of insufficient safety symbols on the roads. Surely, we would lose. Their regulations are cleverly framed for such contingencies. But the publicity would be terrific. And all the people would realize that here is the money (which we earn with our hard work) wasted, and that 5 times more signs can be made and erected with the same amount of money. I firmly believe that the motorists organisations of Australia should charge the responsible men with criminal neglect, and should carry the charge through in all court instances. The charge would stick, even if the judge would dismiss the case, because he has to adhere to the letter of the regulations. But the responsible men would stand condemned nevertheless. It would work. They would change their ways of doing.

Some years ago it happened in New Zealand that three linesmen lost their lives on the high tension wires, because of insufficient safety precautions. The union charged the responsible minister with criminal neglect in their paper. The minister charged the union with libel. And the union won. The libel suit was dismissed, and the minister stood condemned before the whole people of New Zealand. As you might know, New Zealand is the first country which has adopted the institution of the Danish ombudsman, a man not responsible to the public service board, not responsible to the government, their departments, but solely responsible to parliament. Any citizen who has a grievance against the bureaucrats can go to the ombudsman. We need badly in Australia such a man. And all the other countries need him too.

And now I come to the sorriest story of our time here in Australia, in the United States and in most other countries, the story of the level crossing smash. Hardly a month passes, and sometimes a week without a notice that a level crossing accident has happened in Australia and innocent people got killed. And every time I get convulsed with rage. I have written a book which will soon be available, and I gave it the title "In Search of a logical God". I begin with a true story which happened years ago in Victoria. It was a wonderful Sunday

when a bus full with young people was caught at a level crossing. Seven young men and women died, and many more were injured. Did they come from a dance, from a drinking party? No, they came from worshipping the Lord in the nearby church. And the Lord in HIS infinite wisdom let it happen that innocent young people who worshipped him had to die a senseless death. Is this a logical God?

In another paper of mine I told another story. This is contained in the Series No. 138, and I titled it "God, Julian Huxley, and the Level Crossing Smash"; and it has the sub-title "A children's story for grown-up people." Julian Huxley, as you know, is the pope of the atheists, and they believe that collisions of atoms and molecules, and planets and galaxies occur in the universe, and if the atoms belong to an engine, and the other atoms to human beings in a car on the track, well - it's just too bad, but it cannot be helped, because it is inevitable. But is it inevitable? I ask. In my books I show my symbol for the meaning of "inevitable" and even a child who has a smattering of my semantography will know that what some people call inevitable isn't inevitable. It is in fact "evitable" that means, it can be averted.

This children's story tells of the Godfather appearing in my dreams when I toss about in rage and tears about another level crossing smash. And then I tell him the story of my youth. When I was a little boy I loved engines and trains. And it happened that I was many a weekend with friends of my father and mother. These friends lived about 10 miles out of our town near the railway track where there was a guarded level crossing. I made friends with the children of the guardsman and I accompanied him on his daily routine rounds of the tracks. And I watched in wonder how those automatic semaphor apparatuses worked, and made a collision impossible, though the line was only a one line railway with trains running both ways.

Strangely enough, there never was a level crossing smash. Wherever a road crossed the rails there was a guardhouse with a guardsman who operated the gates. Wherever there was only a small road, there was an overpass, or an underpass. There simply were no unguarded level crossings on this line. And imagine that the time was about 1906, a time when motorcars were unheard of, where the only vehicles which passed the tracks at the guarded crossing were horsedrawn carriages. This line was a privately operated railway line, called the Lemberg - Czernowitz-Jassy Line, going for a distance of about 600 miles through Eastern Austria and Roumania. Those were the times when private companies were building railway lines all over the world, because it was good money and good earnings.

When I came to Vienna from our Eastern provincial hometown, I saw government-operated railways, and learned of terrible level crossing smashes. I came to Canada, and it was the same story, and it happens in the United States every day, and it happens in Australia every month or more, and it is no news any more. It was when I began to study the prevention of accidents through appropriate symbols for warning people, that I remembered the line of our home town. And in this my dream I tell what I believe must have happened. That consortium of financiers who put up the money to build that line must have contained a man who was a man of ethics and ideals. Or he may have encountered in the department of transport such a man who thought likewise. And this man thought of the possible disasters which could happen to innocent people in carriages, to horses, and to cattle and to children crossing the tracks at unguarded crossings. And this man said like you Godfather said when you created the world: "There shall not be any unguarded level crossing!" And there was no unguarded level crossing. And the man saw that it was good. And from the beginning of this line in about 1875 to this very day no level crossing smashes happened, because there were no unguarded level crossings on this line. And untold killings and miseries were thus averted.

But when financiers in the United States, and in other countries came to the department of transport they were not moved by sentiments of ethics, but moved only by the sentiment of making as much money as possible. To build guardhouses, to employ guardsmen, to build over-and under passes, all this may cost about 5% more. Why spending more money? Let the people beware. Let them look out when they pass the tracks. And when they are not careful enough, let them be killed. And the government officials in the various departments in the various countries looked the other way, didn't bother about future killings and miseries, and they approved the building of lines, by private companies, or by the government, with lots and lots of unguarded level crossings - and with lots of killings of lots of people throughout the years, and to this very day, and in the years to come, world of man-made misery without end!

There are over 3000 unguarded level crossings in N.S.W. (or Australia?) according to a newspaper report. During the last 20 years only 20 crossings have been eliminated by building over-or under passes. Some of these works have been built by private enterprise. For instance in Victoria the Shell Company spent 40,000 Pound for an underpass in order to enable their employees and their children, and all the other townspeople to cross the line in safety. If this pace of one crossing eliminated in one year is to be continued then it will take 3000 years until there will be no level crossings any more.

The government officials throw up their hands and cry that they haven't got the money to build over- and underpasses. True enough. But a man with initiative could do wonders. It is exactly this special quality of the engineer (usually the engineer in private enterprises) to improvise, to make things do with the money available. And this is what can be done. The department of transport could call a meeting of the towns councils, and the citizens, and tell them, that the department would provide the plans, and the rails, and the steel beams, but all the shovelling and spadework would have to be done by the male and female citizens of the towns concerned whose concern is not to get killed when crossing the line. Those who cannot find the time to go to work on Sunday, or in the evening hours, or on Saturday, they could pay a sum to pay a labourer to do the job for them. And thus, the department could with a fraction of the money needed, build that safety underpass.

Another, and much cheaper way would be to erect not one but 5 and 10 warning signs before every level crossing. Here again, we could have many more such signposts if not hand-painted plates, but stamped ones would be used. And the labour to dig the holes, and put the signposts in, could again come from the private citizens who live nearby and whose concern it is to make the line safe for themselves, for their children and for all the people. There is simply a dearth of warning signs before level crossings. One day I came down with my car from Robertson via the MacArthur Pass, and into Port Kembla, and suddenly I found myself on a track. There were no warning signs whatever, and overgrown bushes on both sides of the road gave no visibility, and suddenly there I was on the railway track. It was a sideline to be sure, but it was in use as I could see, and it was a tremendous stroke of luck that no engine came my way to take me into death.

Being an engineer, I have speculated why cars get stalled on railway crossings. At first I thought that the wheels of the car are stopped by the rails and this violent bump makes the engine conk out just in that vital spot. But then I found that level crossings are usually smooth with the rails embedded in the road bed, and with no violent bumps to stall the engine. Why then do engines stall at that fatal spot? I couldn't find the answer, until it happened to me. I was driving with my wife over a tramline, when suddenly a tram came racing towards me. I saw that I could not back down from the rails, so I pressed the accelerator to get over the line. And suddenly the car stalled. Fortunately for us, the tramdriver could stop his tram just before us, but I was shaken to the core, and drove away trembling. But wait a moment! I didn't need to start my engine. So, the engine hasn't stalled. It was still running. What then has happened?

What happened was that I pressed not the accelerator, but the clutch and perhaps also the footbrake. There is a word in German for just this happening with motorists in fatal circumstances. It is called the "Schrecksekunde" which means the "Terrorsecond", that split-second where we are gripped with terror and do things we shouldn't do, as in my case, pressing the clutch instead of pressing the accelerator. After this discovery I took a hard look at the many accidents where people drive over cliffs here in Sydney, and elsewhere. They plunged to their death, or when they are only maimed, it was found that they were not intoxicated. What then has happened which made them drive over the cliffs? It is clear to me. Suddenly they found themselves near the abyss, and instead pressing the clutch and footbrake, they pressed the accelerator, and plunged into the abyss. What then is the actual cause in this horrible affair?

The cause is the utter idiocy that the pedals of every motorcar in the world are made to be pressed down, whether to accelerate or to stop. In the "Terror-second" the wrong pedal is pressed down. What can be done to eliminate this terrible hazard? New pedals can be devised in which pressing down means always STOP. These pedals can have shoes into which the front end of the driver's shoe would fit. By gently moving his shoe UPWARDS he would accelerate. By pressing

the pedal DOWNWARDS it mean STOP and only STOP. And this movement of pressing your feet, and your whole body downwards, as if you could stop it like a children's cart, is indeed the natural movement which people would do even in the "Terror-second." Just recently I saw a drawing in a Sydney paper with a new pedal devised to be pressed downwards either with the front of the shoe, or with the heel of the shoe, but it has nothing to do with the idea of which I told in these paragraphs. I am sure that thousands of people had the same idea as I had, and I am sure that there exist hundreds of patents for just such pedals, but these ideas are not heeded by the car manufacturers.

Some time ago I read a picture story in the papers of a motorcar engineer living in Detroit, who has devised a number of safety devices to make car driving safe. And the title of this article is the outcry of that man "I CAN MAKE YOUR CARS SAFE, BUT THE MANUFACTURERS WON'T LET ME!" And this is true. Car manufacturers would rather put up some more chrom and other idiocies which sometimes are hazardous, but they won't make your car safer. The safety belt, is still not compulsory equipment in cars. Who is to be blamed? Only the men in the governments. If they would enact a law demanding safety measures in cars, the car manufacturers would have to obey. Indeed, sometimes such laws are made, but only after many people got killed, or people have clamoured for these safety measures for decades. Why don't the people in the governments of all countries act?

To answer this question let us look at the main killer in motorcar accidents. It is demon alcohol. All the research carried out in many countries show alcohol as the main killer. Thirtyfive years ago I saw in Canada a breathometer which enables a policeman to find in a matter of minutes whether the driver is intoxicated or not. This breathometer is already standard equipment in many countries. But here in Australia, even the N.R.M.A. is against it. Why? Because the motorists don't like to be dragged into court, don't like to be proved drunken. But when the N.R.M.A. is concerned with the membership fees, surely the men in the governments are men of lofty ideals whose main business is to care for the people and to protect the people. Many a times the suggestion has been made in the papers that policemen should watch people coming out of the hotels. Those whose uncertain steps show that they have surely drank too much, should be stopped from getting into their cars. Why then is this sensible measure not carried through? Is it because the breweries would make less money and sell less liquor? Does this smell of bribery, of big sums changing hands to protect bigger sums? Not at all.

And here we come to a sorry fact connected with democratic procedures. We all believe that the best man should become the representative of the people. But how can the "best" man prove to the people that he really is the "best" man? By words, words, and nothing but WORDS. This is the sorry result why talkers, talkers, and only TALKERS get into parliament and into the government. Many of them haven't learned a trade, but they can talk only. And many of them cannot even talk well. Yet, they are elected. How is this possible? How is it possible that the real best men, the DOERS, the engineers cannot get into parliament?

The explanation shows that another sorry fact of democratic procedure is not readily recognized. To talk to the people cost money, and much money at that. Halls must be hired, loudspeakers must be rented, handbills must be printed, advertisements in the papers must be paid for, placards must be pasted to the walls, time on radio and on TV must be bought, and all this goes into the hundreds of thousands of pounds. The party machinery is inevitable, the machinery to get these enormous funds. The men who present themselves for election are all honourable men. Not one of them takes even one penny from the party fund for himself. All goes for the election campaign. But the money must come from somewhere. In Great Britain Lloyd George and Baldwin have shown how great sums can be extorted by selling baronetcies, and knighthoods. But more money is needed, and there are big pressure groups, big vested interests which are prepared to pay very large sums into the partyfunds for the election campaigns provided their voices are heard and the laws they like are passed, and the laws they dislike are not passed. In undemocratic countries it is ten times worse. But the trouble in democratic countries is big enough as to cause serious concern. The members of parliament who have made politics their way of making a living, are forced by the sheer force of survival to see to it that the partyfunds are filled.

We must think of other ways. We must think of educating our children to realize that to be the leader of the people, to be a high official, is a great honour, and a man who has chosen this high ethical career should be satisfied with little monetary rewards. I could write and write about this, and of what I thought in many sleepless nights. But I must make a stop here.

I must make a stop here, because this is already page 18, and to tell all what I said in these pages would take me three hours. However, I have put it on paper, and it has become an issue of my Series, and as such it will go into many libraries, and will be read by people. May be, some of my readers will have an opportunity to go forth and implement something I said here. It remains for me now to note down at least all the other points I wanted to tell, but I can only do so in short notes, hoping to have an opportunity at another meeting to tell about all this in another issue of this series.

Hardly a month passes without a father, or mother, or son, or daughter or child falling from the open doors of our suburban trains. The silliest arguments have been brought forth by the men responsible for this slaughter. In Paris, and in other cities the doors close automatically. In Vienna the station master shouts "Close all doors" and only then gives his signal to proceed. We can do something similar. We can make a loudspeaker system, and an electrical contact operating at all doors, which would tell the driver that they are all closed. Otherwise, he would call out over the address system, and people would be quick to close the doors, as they want to get to work, or to their home in the evening. It can be done easily, and the result would be: no father, no mother, no son, no daughter no child would fall from Sydney suburban trains. It would be heaven.

When local residents and their council cry out that traffic lights be installed at a dangerous crossing, the department cries out that traffic lights are "not warranted." Why not? Because not enough people have been killed yet. But why do they not instal traffic lights? Because they haven't got the money for all the traffic lights needed. If this is the case, perhaps we could do with cheaper traffic lights. And indeed this is what great cities have done. Here in Sydney traffic lights are installed on 8 points carried by 8 masts, and all connected through underground cable to a central switchboard. But with a fraction of the money for one Sydney traffic light crossing, other cities have built traffic lights for 4 and more crossings. How is that? Simply by placing the traffic lights in a lantern directly in the centre of the crossing overhead. It is seen from all four sides, and it cost very little to make and operate. I have seen such lanterns in great cities, and they operate very well. Why not here? What can we do? Charge the men with neglect of experiences won overseas. Demand that they instal cheaper and more traffic lights.

We are talking of express ways skirting the cities or going overhead on long bridges over the main highways. These expressways cost hundreds of millions of dollars and pounds. Yet, thirtyfive years ago I saw in Berlin a system so idiotically simple which works like an express way streight through the city. I have read in the papers that other German cities have also adopted this system. It consists of a central connection linking all lanterns of the main thoroughfare. At one stage, all lamps show green throughout the main street in the inner city. Cars which set out at the city limit, and travelling at 30 miles per hour can be sure that they can proceed in one big sweep through the whole city. Only then do all lights change to allow the cross traffic to proceed. Why don't they do this here? Why must drivers stop at almost every street crossing? Why, why?

How many motorbike riders have been killed, until the need for safety helmets has been realized? Yet, it still^{is} not a law for every motorbike rider to wear a helmet. Why not? Let us realize that the youngsters, who dare to ride on fast bikes, are some of the best and most courageous young men we have. Can a nation afford these young men to get killed? No, I say. We must demand a law for safety helmets, and for safety belts, and for other safety measures. We cannot afford to lose even the life of one citizen. Safety helmets were already worn by despatch riders in the first world war. Why did it take half a century until the police commissioner of Sydney gave our traffic police riders safety helmets? A number of these young men had to die first of injuries received, until at last safety helmets were issued. If this is not criminal neglect, what else is it? Ask the parents of the dead policemen? They should go to court and charge the men responsible, and fearless citizens should support them.

Threehundred years ago there lived a man in England John Aubrey. He was the laughing stock of all educators, and of all people. He had crazy notions about education, yet, he could not get the smallest job in any school. Instead, he had to run from his debtors, because he was destitute. Today, threehundred years later, almost all of Aubrey's ideas are incorporated in the schools of England and Australia. No, not all. Aubrey had the crazy notion that all children of seafaring England should learn to swim. Learning to

swim as a compulsory school subject would take only a few hours of teaching. Yet, once a child has learned to swim it will never forget it. A few hours more would teach children what to do in a dangerous situation, and how to avoid being drowned, and how to rescue people about to be drowned. It would be a school subject easily learned, and enjoyed by all the classes.

But today 300 years later, swimming lessons are not yet given in school. Instead children are pestered with idiotic irregular grammatical vagaries, and with other subjects ^{which} most of them never need and never use in later life. What can we do in the face of the tragedies which happen almost daily in summer when children, the joy of their parents, drown. We can charge the minister of education, the director general of education and some other high officials in the department of education with criminal neglect. I assure you it would work wonders, because many educators are sadists and cowards at heart. They refuse to introduce new subjects, and for 300 years they have refused to introduce swimming lessons in school, and they still refuse it in the face of innumerable tragedies which can be avoided. Into the criminal court with them! Even if we lose, the publicity would be terrific, and the outcry of the people deafening. The cowards would introduce swimming lessons.

Whenever this or other subjects are brought up which cry for remedy, the papers, and the government bring expertises by eminent experts who defend the present system with so many words of false arguments. Let us have disrespect of the experts. They have been proved wrong many a times. Threehundred years ago there lived the great educator Jan Komenski (Comenius). He had the crazy idea of putting pictures into schoolbooks. He brought out his first picture textbook Orbis Pictus. How long did it take until the professional schoolmasters adopted the idea? Not very long. Only 200 years.

How long will it take until schoolmasters will teach my universal writing, which contains also a simple universal logic? To answer this question let us look at Esperanto for which many millions of people are fighting for nearly one hundred years to bring it into the schools of the world. But the schoolmasters refuse, and their experts bring forth so many stupid arguments. One thousand years ago an Arab mathematician took the Sanscrit letters of the Indian numeral system to form new symbols 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9. How long did it take until teachers and professors in the schools of Europe stopped pestering their pupils to multiply MCCCCLIX by MMCLVIII? Not very long. Only 600 years. How many years will my bones rot in my grave until they will introduce my symbols in school. At least 100 years and more, unless fearless citizens challenge their mediocre teaching and teaching methods.

Just one more example. A few weeks ago the papers reported a terrible tragedy in Switzerland. The government was building a dam high in the alps. A large camp was built for the many workers, and right under a steep precipice. Above them loomed the tongue of a glacier, hanging precariously over the valley. Many people predicted that the glacier will come down. The government engineers who had surveyed the situation and who had approved the camp site pooh-pooched the danger. When the voices became louder and louder, they called in an expert geologist. Naturally, they chose a geologist who has the same opinion, and who would vindicate the action of the government men. And indeed he did. He declared that the glacier instead of advancing is actually retreating. A few weeks later, the glacier came down in a terrific roar and buried the whole camp. Nearly one hundred people died. And what did the geologist say? It was "completeley unpredicable!" But was it? Many people predicted that the tragedy will happen.

What shall we do with experts and government men whose expert ideas cause the death of people? Why should their victim have all the bad luck in the world, and why should the real culprits get away with it by using a few exousing words? We must enact a law, or demand that it shall be enacted, that experts must be made responsible for their blunders. Put them into prison for 5 or 10 years in order to teach other experts a lesson to be more careful with the lives of others.

And now I come to my last item. It is one of the worst tragedies which has happened in Australia year after year, causing such tragic losses that it is termed ATOMIC BOMB - AUSTRALIAN STYLE. I mean the bushfires. I believe to know a bit ^{of} the chemistry of fire, and how it starts, and how it can be fought and defeated. Moreover, since my early youth I have hiked through the Carpathian mountains, the Bohemian mountains, the Austrian alps, the Swiss Alps, the Italian Alps, the French alps, and the German forests. I have spent almost every

Sunday of my long life in the outdoors walking through thousands of forests. Never have I seen such a desolation as I encounter here in Australia in most forests year after year. I have been a scientific trouble shooter in the factories I worked, and many a times I was faced with problems which had to be solved. Let me tell you then what my thoughts are about the innumerable bushfires which ruin our country.

When I came to Australia, read of bushfires, and then saw the destruction myself, I was flabberghasted to learn that farmers are allowed to burn off rubbish and undergrowth. I can assure you that embers, even those drenched with many buckets of water, contain enough latent heat to warm up again, and to spark a fire. I was even more flabberghasted when I learned and saw that people make here open fires in the forest for the only reason to boil their tea.

I assure you that in Europe no one dares to make an open fire in the forest. And no one is allowed to do so. Moreover, no one is so out of his mind as to spend half an hour collecting twigs and fan a fire, just to boil a pot of water. When I was a little boy with the boy scouts, we used to have small aluminium cookers with a metylated spirit burner, in which we had boiling water within minutes. During my boyhood, that is more than half a century ago, a Swiss chemical firm brought out solid spirit, little tablets which burn like liquid spirit, and which were enthusiastically received by the many thousands of bushwalkers of every country. Here in Australia you can buy such aluminium cookers at the boyscout store, but so far, I have never seen one in use in the bush. Even the boyscouts make an open fire.

Just last week bushfires swept the Blue Mountains. I was invited by my cousin to go up in his car on Sunday. The desolation was indescribable. But there was something else to be seen too. As we speeded through blackened forests and utter desolations we could see no warning signs against fire making. Instead, we saw at frequent intervals the signs FIREPLACE 200 yard. After two miles again the sign FIREPLACE 200 yard, and so on, and so on. And we could see fires still raging and people still boiling their billies at open fires in spite of the banning of open fires during bushfires. Just yesterday an enraged letter to the editor of the Herald reported also this sorry fact.

Let us then ask: why do Australians go to all length of trouble just to boil a billy which takes them up to half an hour, and then have a sooted, dirty can on hand. Or make barbeques in the open, roasting steaks which either are burned to a crisp, or simply too uncooked to eat. Why do they do all these silly things? After speaking with many people I have found out that making fires in the open remind them of pioneer days, and they feel like pioneers when boiling the billy.

Isn't this the silliest thought? Why do not teachers, and educators and all the wise men tell them, not only of the stupidity of their doing, but also of the untold harm to the forest, the death of thousands of little creatures and birds, and the wholesale death of sheep and cattle? Why are not children taught to use an aluminium cooker with solid spirit? Why are not farmers obliged to bury their rubbish, instead of starting fires which are potentially dangerous. A quenched fire may burst into flames days later. Why are we not taught all these things?

But this is not the whole story. The real firebugs are not so much the billy boilers. The real firebugs are the thousands upon thousands of adult Australians (almost all of them) who smoke, and who think nothing of tipping the glowing ashes out of the car nochalantly, and throwing the burning stub afterwards. Not that they want to start a bushfire deliberately. They do these actions completely subconscious and thoughtless. And they go in the thousands in their cars spreading destruction as they speed through the bush of Australia. What can we do?

Putting up many fire warning signs would be something, but surely not enough. There should be on every cigarette pack a warning not to smoke in the forest. But this too would not be enough. During bushfire danger with humidity low and heat high, voluntary policemen in cars, on bikes and on foot should have the power to stop every car, and fine on the spot every person smoking a cigarette. The fine is to be paid in court later on. The culprit should be deprived of his cigarettes, and he may get them back later in court, when he paid his stiff fine. In addition, the tobacco firms should be made to pay for the bushfire brigades. This is not a silly thought. In Australia, the fire insurance companies pay two thirds of the cost of the fire brigade. Let the tobacco firms pay two thirds of the cost of the bushfire brigades.

The tobacco firms would cry out in defence of their profits. But you may be rest assured that they would soon raise the prices. Very well then, let the price go up. Let the cost of one cigarette be the price of 20 cigarettes today. What will happen? People will not smoke 20 or 40 cigarettes a day. They will smoke 2 to 4 a day, because it will hurt their purse. But it will help their health. Tobacco firms in America will now be obliged to carry on every pack a notice that smoking is potentially dangerous to health. So it is. It is not only the danger of lung cancer. The whole body is affected. One drop of pure nicotine is such a tremendous poison that it can kill a man. Imagine that poison taken in during a whole life. It wrecks the men and women of the nation.

What then should be done? A great education campaign should be started in school. But why has this campaign not been started many years before? Because every school teacher who warns his pupils of the dangers of smoking, and of the silliness of it, and of the nefarious practices of the tobacco companies, and of their lying advertisements, every such school teacher will get his knuckles rapped by the headmaster not to interfere with the economy of respected firms. The Prime Minister of Australia opened personally the new factory of Rothman. Why? Is this not an admission that the government depends on the revenue from cigarettes, and that the nation become wrecks by this nefarious habit?

Enough my friends of examples. Wherever we look we see lives being wasted and wrecked. And the men responsible for this wastage and this wreckage, they go scot free, and are even admired as being the leaders of the nation. Let us recognize their faults and failures. Let us charge them with criminal neglect. We are living in a democracy, and therefore I can speak and write of these things, and we can discuss them, and we can think of ways and means to make our democracy a better democracy, a healthier nation, with a better future for our children. Advance Australia fair!

And now let me end my overlong lament with my demonstration of how the words "safety officer" are expressed in my symbols.

I have shown you slides from my books, and I have explained to you the meaning of my symbol for CREATION. It is an age-old symbol displayed for thousands of years on churches, temples and synagogues. Usually it carries an eye within the triangle to symbolize the all-seeing creator of the universe. For the Greek of old, the equal-sided triangle appeared to be the most harmonious and most simple geometrical construction, and they said that the beauty and symmetry of these geometrical figures are proof that a divine harmony exists in the universe. This then is my symbol for God and creation, but without the eye it stands for the meaning of Nature, a word equally mysterious.



Creator, Creation, Nature

I considered it then as a stroke of luck that the international safety symbol is also the equal-sided triangle. Considered from my point of view, it means now not only Beware, Danger, and Safety First. It means a Creature, the creation of a living being, and as such we should protect every creature and ensure its safety. In order to stress the meaning of Safety and Danger, I add an exclamation mark, thus



Safety First, Beware Danger!

Now I combine this symbol with my symbol for man to indicate a man who works for safety, a safety officer. If I add the multiplication mark I get a group of safety officers, a society, an association, a convention, an institution.



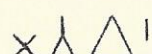
man



many men, a group
society, institution



man of safety
a safety officer



Institution of Safety Officers

The meaning of industry is expressed in my semantography by the wheel  and by the picture of the sun  as the prime producer of energy, thus  Hence an engineer, and an industrial safety officer are symbolized thus



Institution of Safety Officers in Industry

The End