

THE DANGERS OF COMPRESSED GAS CYLINDERS

I stand 57 inches tall.

I am 9 inches in diameter.

I weigh in at 175 pounds when filled.

I am pressurized at 2,200 pounds per square inch (psi).

I have a wall thickness of about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch.

I wear a regulator and hose when at work.

I wear a label to identify the gas I'm holding. My color is not the answer.

I transform miscellaneous stacks of material into glistening ships and other things— when properly used.

I may transform glistening ships and many other things into miscellaneous stacks of material— when allowed to unleash my fury unchecked.

I can be ruthless and deadly in the hands of the careless and uninformed.

I am to frequently left standing alone on my small base without other visible means of support — my cap removed and lost by an unthinking workman.

I am ready to be toppled over — when my naked valve can be damaged or even snapped off — and all my power unleashed through an opening no larger than a lead pencil.

I am proud of my capabilities — here are a few of them:

- I have on rare occasions been known to jetaway — faster than a dragster.
- I might smash my way through brick walls.
- I might fly through the air.
- I may spin, ricochet, crash and slash through anything in my path.

You can be my master only under these terms:

- Full or empty— see to it that my cap is on, straight and snug.
- Never—repeat—never leave me standing alone. Secure me so that I cannot fall.

