As you make the move to college many things are going through your mind; one of the most important of which is somewhere to call home. That's where Stenner Glen comes in. We run Stenner Glen for you, the Cal Poly student. To us the people are important.

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Treasures of the Flesh
by Michael Lafferty
photos by Gil Rocha

"Death is a very dull, dreary affair, and my advice to you is to have nothing whatever to do with it."—W. Somerset Maugham

This piece of wisdom, while quite wry, has little practical application. Death as a rule is something people resign themselves to, but never fully accept.

While most people condition themselves to acknowledge the demise of friends and loved ones, they cannot or will not admit that death will someday overtake them.

Yet there are thousands of people who do acknowledge the inevitable and make positive plans for its arrival. They donate their bodies, in part or whole, for scientific research and study.

Cal Poly has been on the receiving end of such donations since 1969. The cadavers, which are purchased from the UCLA Willed Body Program for the price of embalming, have been arriving at Cal Poly at the rate of approximately one per year.

According to Myron “Skip” Amerine, assistant instructor, part-time bicycle repairman and unofficial cadaver caretaker, the Biological Sciences Department currently has in its possession two to three cadavers. (One fully assembled, two in various stages of disarray.)
The cadavers, which are stored in a galvanized walk-in refrigerators and shuffled back and forth between the Science and Science North Buildings, are used in upper division anatomy courses.

Shortly after arrival, the cadavers are "preserved". That is, all skin and excess fatty tissue is removed and cremated. What remains is the complete muscle, organ and bone structure.

With each donor comes a death certificate which gives vital statistics, and a personal data sheet filled out by the donor before death, which gives further medical history information. It is estimated that nearly 90 per cent of the donors want their entire body used, not just the eyes or kidneys.

The shortage of donors reported in various parts of the country, does not appear to exist in California. In fact, there seems to be a surplus of bodies.

On his most recent trip to UCLA, Amarlna noted that with "an surplus of over 400 bodies to choose from, it was almost like walking down a supermarket aisle.

Many other schools rely on securing their cadavers from the ranks of the indigent. But that too is drying up as a source. With the passage of recent social-welfare legislation, the government will now pay up to $700 for the burial of the indigent when requested by friends or relatives of the deceased.

The Cal Poly cadavers have been instrumental in bearing the school and three members of its staff a certain measure of protection against the censure of Dr. Harry L. Frazier, with the assistance of Skip Amerine and Kathleen Bok, a new, more economical preservation technique has been perfected.

An article describing this new technique appeared in the November 1974 issue of the American Biology Teacher Magazine.

The acetone-resin technique allows the preservation of anatomical units, such as an arm, leg, heart or kidney.

The resulting specimen, permitted with a clear resin, is more life-like and more convenient to use as an instructional tool. In fact, according to Amerine, the technique may be too successful.

During the 1974 Poly Royal a booth was set up to demonstrate the successful technique to the general public. Reactions to the displayed specimens varied says Amerine, "People read the cards and found out what they were looking at was the real thing. One lady blessed them, while another walked out in a huff dragging her kids behind her. Somehow we also had a hand rapped on. That's why we did not repeat the demonstration this past year."

Reactions, even among the staff, varied according to Amerine. There are basically three types of instructors. Amerine says there are some like himself who use the cadavers extensively and without qualm. Other instructors use a cat specimen with the human cadaver in the corner of the room. Then there are those who, "because of philosophical or religious beliefs, just use the cat and won't have it (the cadaver) in the room" says Amerine.

Upon viewing the cadavers, one is open to many conflicting values and judgements. The religious belief of the sanctity of death immediately pops into mind. Yet, at the same time, one realizes that what lies on the table is essentially meat and bone, nothing more.

The practicality of willing one's body to science cannot be ignored. It eliminates reliance, as Amerine says "on the great American funeral," often a costly investment. At the same time, the body proves to be a useful tool for young students in their study of human anatomy.

Obviously, the major concern on campus is the dimension of where our physical remains will ultimately rest. Death is too far away and too unpleasant for most of us to consider.

Yet for those who do wish to make a contribution, there are helpful organisations. In California, interested people may write the UCLA Willed Body Program or the Department of Anatomy, Stanford School of Medicine.

A national organisation, the Living Bank, has a 24-hour phone service. The number is (714) 382-2971. The address is P.O. Box 4735, Houston, Texas 77009.

Interested parties receive a Uniform Donor Card and a form to be filled out and returned to the Living Bank. The donor card is kept in a purse or wallet, and instructs medical personnel to contact the Living Bank immediately upon the death of the card holder.

The idea of being polished and punch-ed and dissected after death is not an inviting one. The notion of having one's eyes, kidneys or heart used to prolong another's life is less disturbing.

But no matter what a person's choice, it's good to know options do exist, even in death. The only trouble is that death does not "telegraph its punches." It's something to think about seriously now, because tomorrow may never come.

"Do not take life too seriously, you will never get out of it alive."

—Elliott Hubbard

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Bruce Peterson, a Cal Poly graduate, hung beneath the wing of a B-52, counting the seconds until the aircraft carried him 48,000 feet above the earth. When the plane had climbed to its prescribed altitude, Peterson in M-2 F-3 lifting body was launched from its mother craft and sent speeding into space on a 400 m.p.h. test flight. A wild race against death that nearly killed the young NASA test pilot.

Peterson had flown numerous test flights out of Southern California's Edwards Air Force Base for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. But he still felt a quirk of fear each time he was hurled into space, sentinel alone to guide his mechanical carriage safely back to the ground. Each time the knot in his stomach tightened and grew until he stood once again among wormbound men at the landing site. He could never be certain whether or not he could come out alive; he remained constantly prepared for death.

What is a man's life worth? Peterson never really stopped to think about it until that fateful day, May 10, 1963. When his seventy-six craft crashed and slid across Rogers dry lake bed dragging him along with it, a pile flashed across Peterson's mangled body. The Six-Million Dollar Man.

It is Peterson's tragic, yet spectacular crash that is aired across the nation's television screen every week, at the opening of each "Six Million Dollar Man" episode. By sheer coincidence, an Air Force photographer was testing a mini-closed-circuit TV system that day, and he decided to track Peterson's test flight to check his own equipment. His cameras were able to capture the realism of the crash on film, an excellent clip from the point of impact through the aircraft's 200 m.p.h. slide across the lake bed. According to Peterson, the government granted the film clip to the creators of the television show.

The popular science fiction series tells the story of a fictional pilot who crashed in a space vehicle (Peterson is) and was physically demolished. Supposedly, it took $5 million worth of technology to rebuild and shape him into a super-athletic, lightning-quick, air-pressure-suit superior to himself. The television fantasy picks up where Peterson's reality left off.

"It didn't really cost $5 million to put me back together after the crash," Peterson told outpost. "But it cost a bunch. I tell you!

Peterson has watched the show based on his crash only a few times. He just doesn't seem to be able to identify with the husky actor, Lee Majors, who portrays the rebuilt astronaut. When he watched the film clip of his own close brush with death, he finds it difficult to imagine himself inside the wreckage. "If you've seen one crash," shrugs Peterson, "you've seen them all.

Peterson vividly remembers what went wrong on the day his M-2 F-3 went down, although he can't recall much about what happened after the impact. Leaning back on two legs of a wooden chair in his Lancaster, California, living room, the 41-year-old test pilot told outpost what had happened eight years before.

"The main reason I was flying the M-2 that day was because in the previous flight, the pilot who had flown the vehicle had reported some control difficulties. We hadn't been able to sort them out, so that was my main job that day. I was going up to see if I could find out what wasn't feeling good about the airplane..."

It flew well through most of the flight, but near the end and the winds picked up out of the west. When I made my final turn to pick up speed for the landing, I decided I was going to do it the old-fashioned way, and drop an angle across the runway which was marked on the lake bed, and I was up around 17,000 feet then.

"When I first started to pick up speed, I noted that something didn't feel right about the airplane, and the nose slid out to one side. When I tried to bring the nose back, it oscillated the other way and set up a very violent lateral direction of oscillation. I banged my head against the side of the cockpit, and I guess it shocked me pretty silly for a few seconds.

"I know that in order to save the vehicle, I had to pull back on the nose and get my angle of attack up so I could get out of the area of instability. I was coming down at 15,000 feet per minute and getting pretty close to the ground. Then I saw what my rescue helicopter was somewhat dislocated, and it was hovering right in front of me, about 28 feet off the ground. I elected to try to get underneath it to land. Just as I finished the landing, he started moving away. I thought I was about three to five feet off the ground, so I put the landing gear down. When it came down, the gear door caught on the lake bed. The thing rolled and pitched, and the whole glass nose came up and hit me in the face. That's the last thing I remember."

As soon as it crashed, the wingless craft inverted and slid across the lake bed, scraping the pilot's face across the rough sand at a speed of 200 m.p.h.

"The sand took all the right side of my face off, and most of it had to be repaired by plastic surgery. They sewed my neck back on, my lips back on, and rebuilt my eyebrow and eyelid. That's why I'm not very pretty," reflects Peterson.

In addition to his facial injuries, Peterson suffered a broken hand and shoulder and severe eye injuries. He lost his vision in one eye not due to the crash, but due to a hospital staff disease acquired eight weeks later. Eventually, he became allergic to penicillin after reacting to much of it, and he developed hepatitis from a blood transfusion. The rescue team at the scene of the accident had tried to relieve his breathing difficulties with a tracheotomy, "But they missed."

The most serious of Peterson's injuries was a fractured skull. He lost part of his memory from before the accident, and some blanks haven't returned to him, even after eight years.

"You don't know you've forgotten anything. I mean there's a blank missing, but you don't know what you've got missing until you can associate it with something else. There are certain portions of the memory I can't remember. There are too many missing links.

Peterson has had some loss of memory of things that have happened after the accident, but most of those have returned to him.

"When I was in the hospital, I remember asking if I hit the helicopter, because at that point I didn't remember that I'd missed it. But later, that all came back to me.

The young test pilot underwent a series of operations that lasted almost 18 months. Most of his hospital stay was at UCLA Medical Center. What he was in the process of being rebuilt, so was his plane. The M-2 F-3 was restored and taken to wind tunnels to determine the source of its instability. A third fin was added to the vehicle, another was cut off, and the M-2 - F-3. The M-2 program was a joint NASA-Air Force undertaking. Wingless, the M-2 obtained its aerodynamic lift for flight from the shape of its body. This lifting body class of vehicles was under study for possible use as a spacecraft that could be landed under pilot control. The program now is retired and belongs to the Smithsonian Institute.

"I think there are lots of reasons why I made it out alive," speculated Peterson, "but I'm not really certain whether or not he could come out alive; he remained constantly prepared for death.

Peterson has been with NASA for 16 years, as an engineer, test pilot, and now the Director of Safety and Quality Assurance. Before becoming a part of the NASA programs, he served as a Marine Corps pilot. He is still Lt. Col. in the Marine Corps Air Reserve, now serving his 33rd service year.

The program started at Cal Poly in 1960 with a degree in Aeronautical Engineering, after transferring from UCLA as a business major. He decided that he was much more interested in flying that sitting behind a desk the rest of his life. Although his job with the space programs.

..."I've done a little flying since the accident. In fact, I'm still flying for the Marine Corps. I took a 747 up a few times as that's not too much demand for one-eyed test pilots,"

Peterson just recently returned from being a part of the panel that was flying on "To Tell the Truth." The impostors included a restaurant owner and "some guy equally unlikely." Two of the impostors had been flying by Peterson. The man was the real Bruce A. Peterson.

The show was aired on a San Diego station in early May.

When asked if he had any summary statement or final observation to add to the interview, Peterson thought a minute, then stepped his leg and smiled. "Yeah. If it's known you were going to take a picture, I'd have taken off my dirty Levis!"

outpost
from the editor

(continued from page one)

suggestions or aid to the concerned student who is soliciting help with the concert scene, write and tell us about it.
And last but not least, we offer a subject in this issue that’s not usually talked about — death. It’s not how you do it but what can happen afterwards. Ever thought about donating your body to science? Believe it or not it’s becoming popular right here at Cal Poly. Read on.

Ellen Pensky
Editor

letters

Editor

In reference to your articles about the sad shape of the concert scene at Poly, it would seem like a hopeless attempt to bring a big name band to Poly. I was wondering if the chancellors and the deans would be persuaded to let the stadium be used if people wrote letters to show their concern about the situation. It seems to me that everybody wants a big name band, but nobody wants to work to get one. I would like to help out, if possible in getting a big band concert going. Can you suggest a good place to start out?

Duff Davine

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