APPENDIX

THE BREATHALYSER

Here is an excerpt from a Bangalore newspaper dated 6th November, 1976:

The City police will soon get a gadget to detect whether a driver was under the influence of alcohol, Mr. T. Albert Manoraj, IGP, said here today.

Participating in a meeting organized by the Road Safety Association, Mr. Manoraj said that a recent survey conducted by the Police Department revealed that a majority of accidents were caused by drivers under the influence of alcohol. The police were seriously considering steps to put down this menace, he said.

Read the following extract from a new law passed in Britain in 1968 and find out what kind of a gadget is used there to detect if a driver is under the influence of alcohol.

Why a New Law?

1. To drive under the influence of drink has been an offence in this country since 1926. Why do we need this new law and the new tests for detecting drivers who have drunk more than they should?

2. The simple answer is that we need to be much more precise and accurate about measuring the effects of drinking on
driving. It's fact, well established by medical authorities, that alcohol in the blood stream affects the reflexes and impairs judgement. It's another fact, well established from accident statistics gathered over the years, that drinking by drivers plays a part in nearly 10,000 fatal and serious accidents every year.

3. A driver may actually feel more confident after a few drinks. He may not feel, look or act drunk. But his judgement may be so impaired by drink that he is a danger at the wheel.

4. The old law often misses drivers in this condition. It really only works in the case of drivers who are pretty obviously drunk—the really bad cases. We need a much more scientific and precise test to pin point drivers who have had more than they should. The new law makes it an offence to be in charge of a vehicle if you have more than 80 milligrams of alcohol in every 100 millilitres of blood.

5. The aim of the new law is not to stop people drinking. The aim is to stop the minority who drink too much for safety, and then drive.

**How does the New Test Work?**

6. Anybody can be asked to take the first stage of the test. Any driver stopped by the police for a normal caution arising out of some quite minor traffic infringement (such as crossing a white line), any driver involved in an accident (whether it's his fault or
not) or any driver whom the police suspect has been drinking can be asked to take the test.

7. **Stage 1.** At the roadside the driver will be asked to blow through a small glass tube into a plastic bag. Inside the tube are chemically treated crystals which change colour if the driver has alcohol on his breath. If the colour change goes beyond a certain line marked on the tube this indicates that the driver is probably over the specified limit. If the colour change does not reach the line the driver is in the clear under the new law. But if the colour change does reach the line then the test has proved positive and the driver will be asked to go to the police station for.....

8. **Stage 2.** At the police station the driver can repeat the first test—the one he has already taken at the roadside—if he wants to. This check is for his protection. But if he does not take a second breath test, or if the second test also proves positive, he goes on to...

9. **Stage 3.** Still at the police station, the driver is required to give a sample of blood. This is provided quite painlessly by pricking a finger or the lob of an ear. If the driver refuses a blood sample he is required to give two samples of urine within an hour. After this, the driver can leave immediately provided he is not going to drive. If he is going to drive he will be detained in the station until the police are satisfied he is below the limit.
10. **Stage 4.** The driver's blood or urine samples are sent to the forensic laboratories where they are analysed by the latest scientific equipment. If the analysis shows that the driver has more than 80 milligrams of alcohol in every 100 millilitres of his blood then the driver has broken the law and will be prosecuted.

11. It is the evidence of this analysis which the police will use in court and once the blood alcohol level has been established there is no room for argument.

12. But the driver does have this reassurance: At Stage 3 (see above) he can ask for an extra sample of his blood or urine, taken at the same time. He can send this sample to a doctor of his own choice for independent analysis. In this, as in the opportunity to take a second breath test, the driver's rights are protected twice over and every care is taken to eliminate the chance of error.

**What are the Penalties?**

13. A driver convicted as a result of the test will be disqualified from driving for one year. The fact that he needs his licence to make his living—as a lorry-driver, salesman or doctor for example—will make no difference. But a doctor who is called out to an emergency on a night when he is not ‘on call’, could plead that there was a special and inescapable reason why he
had to drive when over the limit. Under the new law the courts can take a very few such 'special reasons' into account.

14. As well as disqualification a convicted driver may also be fined up to £ 100 or he may be sent to prison for up to four months—or both.

**What if a driver refuses to take the Test?**

15. If a driver refuses to take the roadside breath test and the court decides that he had no good reason for doing so then he will be fined up to £ 50.

16. If he refuses to take the roadside test – and has been drinking – he will still be asked to come to the police station. There, if he refuses to provide blood or urine samples, he will be treated as if he had taken the tests and these had proved positive. This means that he will face exactly the same penalties – including disqualification – as if he had been proved scientifically to have more than the alcohol limit in his blood.
There had been a christening that afternoon at St. Peter's Neville Square, and Albert Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He kept his new one, its folds as full and stiff as though it were made not of alpaca but a perennial bronze, for funerals and weddings (St. Peter's, Neville Square, was a church much favoured by the fashionable for these ceremonies) and now he wore only his second-best. He wore it with complacence, for it was the dignified symbol of his office, and without it (when he took it off to go home) he had the disconcerting sensation of being somewhat insufficiently clad. He took pains with it; he pressed it and ironed it himself. During the sixteen years he had been verger of this church he had a succession of such gowns, but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out, and the complete series, neatly wrapped up in brown paper, lay in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

The verger busied himself quietly, replacing the painted wooden cover on the marble font, taking away a chair that had been brought for an infirm old lady, and waited for the vicar to finish in the vestry so that he could tidy up in there and go home. Presently he saw him walk across the chancel, genuflect in front of the high altar and come down the aisle; but he still wore his cassock.

"What's he hanging about for?" the verger said to himself. "Don't'e know I want my tea?"
The vicar had been but recently appointed, a redfaced energetic man in the early forties, and Albert Edward still regretted his predecessor, a clergyman of the old school who had preached leisurely sermons in a silvery voice and dined out a great deal with his more aristocratic parishioners. He liked things in church to be just so, but he never fussed; he was not like this new man who wanted to have his finger in every pie. But Albert Edward was tolerant. St. Peter's was in a very good neighbourhood and the parishioners were a very nice class of people. The new vicar had come from the East End and he couldn't be expected to fall in all at once with the discreet ways of his fashionable congregation.

“All this 'ustle,” said Albert Edward. “But give him time, he’ll learn.”

When the vicar had walked down the aisle so far that he could address the verger without raising his voice more than was becoming in a place of worship he stopped.

“Foreman, will you come into the vestry for a minute? I have something to say to you.”

“Very good, sir.”

The vicar waited for him to come up and they walked up the church together.

“A very nice Christening, I thought, sir. Funny'ow the baby stopped cryin' the moment you took him'.
'I've noticed they very often do,' said the vicar, with a little smile. "After all I've had a good deal of practice with them."

It was a source of subdued pride to him that he could nearly always quiet a whimpering infant by the manner in which he held it, and he was not unconscious of the amused admiration with which mothers and nurses watched him settle the baby in the crook of his surpliced arm. The verger knew that it pleased him to be complimented on his talent.

The vicar preceded Albert Edward into the vestry. Albert Edward was a trifle surprised to find the two churchwardens there. He had not seen them come in. They gave him pleasant nods.

"Good afternoon, my lord. Good afternoon, sir." he said to one after the other.

They were elderly men, both of them, and they had been churchwardens almost as long as Albert Edward had been verger. They were sitting now at a handsome refectory table that the old vicar had brought many years before from Italy and the vicar sat down in the vacant chair between them. Albert Edward faced them, the table between him and them, and wondered with slight uneasiness what was the matter. He remembered still the occasion on which the organist had got into trouble, and the bother they had all had to hush things up. In a church like St. Peter's, Neville Square they couldn't afford scandal. On the vicar's red face was a look of resolute
benignity, but the others bore an expression that was slightly troubled.

"He has been naggin' them, he has", said the verger to himself. "He has jockeyed them into doing something, but they don't half like it. That has what it is, you mark my words".

But his thoughts did not appear on Albert Edward’s clean-cut and distinguished features. He stood in a respectful but not obsequious attitude. He had been in service before he was appointed to his ecclesiastical office but only in very good houses, and his deportment was irreproachable. Starting as a page-boy in the household of a merchant-prince, he had risen by due degrees from the position of fourth to first to footman, for a year he had been single-handed butler to a widowed peeress, and, till the vacancy occurred at St. Peter’s butler with two men under him in the house of a retired ambassador. He was tall, spare, grave, and dignified. He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialised in dukes’ parts. He had act, firmness and self-assurance. His character was unimpeachable.

The vicar began briskly.

"Foreman, we have got something rather unpleasant to say to you. You have been here a great many years and I think his lordship and the general agree with me that you have fulfilled the duties of your office to satisfaction of everybody concerned."

The two churchwardens nodded.
"But a most extraordinary circumstance came to my knowledge the other day and I felt it my duty to impart it to the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write."

The verger's face betrayed no sign of embarrassment.

"The last vicar knew that, sir," he replied. "He said it didn't make no difference. He always said there was a great deal too much education in the world for his taste."

"It's the most amazing thing I every heard," cried the general. "Do you mean to say that you have been verger of this church for sixteen years and never leaned to read or write?"

"I went into service when I was twelve, sir. The cook in the first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't seem to have the knack for it, and then what with one thing and another I never seemed to have the time. I have never really found the want of it. It think a lot of these young fellows waste a rare lot of time reading when they might be doing something useful."

"But don't you want to know the news?" said the others churchwarden. "Don't you ever want to write a letter?"

"No, me lord, I seem to manage very well without. And of late years now they have all these pictures in the papers I get to know what's going on pretty well. Me wife's quite a scholar and if I want to write a letter she writes it for me. It's not as if I was a betting man."
The two churchwardens gave the vicar a trouble glance and then looked down at the table.

“Well, Foreman, I have talked the matter over with these gentlemen and they quite agree with me that the situation is impossible. At a church like St. Peter’s Neville Square, we cannot have a verger who can neither read nor write.”

Albert Edward’s thin, sallow face reddened and he moved uneasily on his feet, but he made no reply.

“Understand me, Foreman, I have no compliant to make against you. You do your work quite satisfactorily; I have the highest opinion both of your character and of your capacity; but we haven’t the right to take the risk of some accident that might happen owing to your lamentable ignorance. It’s matter of prudence as well as of principle.”

“But couldn’t you learn, Foreman?” asked the general.

“No, sir, I am afraid I couldn’t, now. You see, I’m not as young as I was and if I couldn’t seem able to get the letters in my head when I was nipper I don’t think there’s much chance of it now.”

“We don’t want to be harsh with you, Foreman,” said the vicar. “But the churchwardens and I have quite made up our minds. We will give you three months and if at the end of that time you cannot read and write I’m afraid you will have to go.”

Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He had said from the beginning that they had made a mistake when they gave him
St. Peter's. He was not the type of man they wanted with a classy congregation like that. And now he straightened himself a little. He knew his value and he wasn't going to allow himself to be put upon.

"I am very sorry, sir, I am afraid it's no good. I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. I have lived a good many years without knowing how to read and write, and without wishing to prise myself, self-praise is no recommendation, I don't mind saying I have done my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased a merciful providence to, place me, and if I could learn now I don't know as I had want to."

"In that case, Foreman, I am afraid you must go."

"Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be happy to and in my resignation as soon as you have found somebody to take my place."

But when Albert Edward with his usual politeness had closed the church door behind the vicar and the two churchwardens he could not sustain the air of unruffled dignity with which he had borne the blow inflicted upon him and his lips quivered. He walked slowly back to the vestry and hung upon its proper peg his verger's gown. He sighed as he thought of all the grand funerals and smart weddings it had seen. He tidied everything up, put on his coat, and hat in had walked down the aisle. He locked the church door behind him. He strolled across the square, but deep in his sad thoughts he did not take the street that led him home, where a nice strong cup of tea awaited him; he took the wrong turning. He walked slowly along. His heart was heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself.
did not fancy the notion of going back to domestic service; after being his own master for so many years, for the vicar and churchwardens could say what they liked, it was he that had run St. Peter's, Neville Square, he could scarcely demean himself by accepting a situation. He had saved a tidy sum but not enough to live on without doing something, and life seemed to cost more every year. He had never thought to be troubled with such questions. The vergers of St. Peter's, like the popes of Rome, were there for life. He had often thought of the pleasant reference the vicar would make in his sermon at evensong the first Sunday after his death to the long and faithful service, and the exemplary character of this late verger, Albert Edward Foreman. He sighed deeply. Albert Edward was non-smoker and a total abstainer, but with a certain latitude; that is to say, he liked a glass of beer with his dinner and when he was tired he enjoyed a cigarette. It occurred to him now that one would comfort him, and since he did not carry them he looked about him for a shop where he could buy a packet of Gold Flakes. He did not at once see one and walked on a little. It was a long street, with all sorts of shops in it, but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"That's strange," said Albert Edward.

To make sure he walked right up the street again. No, there was no doubt about it. He stopped and looked reflectively up and down.
“I can’t be the only man as walks along this street and wants a fag,” he said. “I shouldn’t wonder but what a fellow might do very well with a little shop here. Tobacco and sweets, you know.”

He gave a sudden start.

“That’s an idea,” he said. “Strange how things come to you when you least expect it.”

He turned, walked home and had his tea.

“You’re very silent this afternoon, Albert,” his wife remarked.

“I’m thinking”, he said.

He considered the matter from every point of view and next day he went along the street and by good luck found a little shop to-let that looked as though it would exactly suit him. Twenty-four hours later he had taken it, and when a month after that he left St. Peter’s Neville Square, forever, Albert Edward Foreman set up in business as a tobacconist and newsagent. His wife said it was a dreadful comedown after being verger of St. Peter’s but he answered that you had to move with the times, the church wasn’t what it was, and hence forward he was going to render unto Caesar what was Caesar’s. Albert Edward did very well. He did so well that in a year or so it struck him that he might take a second shop and put a manager in. He looked for another long street that had not got a tobacconist in it and when he found it, a shop to-let, took it and stocked it. This was a success too. Then it occurred to him that if he could run two
he could run half-a-dozen, so he began walking about London, and whenever he found a long street that had no tobacconist and a shop to-let took it. In the course of ten years he had acquired no less than ten shops and he was making money hand over fist. He went round to all of them himself every Monday, collected the week's takings, and took them to the bank.

One morning when he was there paying in a bundle of notes and a heavy bag of silver the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into an office and the manager shook hands with him.

"Mr. Foreman, I wanted to have a talk with you about the money you have got on deposit with us. Do you know exactly how much it is?"

"Not within a pound or two, sir: but I have got pretty rough idea."

"Apart from what you paid in this morning it's little over thirty thousand pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit and I should have thought you had do better to invest it."

"I wouldn't want to take no risk, sir. I know it's safe in the bank."

"You needn't have the least anxiety. We will make you out a list of absolutely gilt-edged securities. They will bring you in better rate of interest than we can possibly afford to give you."