

CONTENTS	PAGE
Chairman's report	2
Dental School report	2
Life at BDH 1993	5
Student electives supported by BDAA	
To Australia and back	6
A survey in Rwanda	9
Junior staff computer room	10
Bristol Dental Hospital Golfing Society	10
Alumni news	12
Last year's reunions	16
Forthcoming reunions	19

The Bristol Dental Alumni Association is pleased to acknowledge the support of the Medical Sickness Society in producing this Newsletter.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Our major efforts during the last year have been directed at increasing our membership. Partly through the Newsletter, partly by promoting ourselves during reunions and partly by raising our profile among students (especially those close to graduation) we have had a steady flow of membership applications. About one-third of the 1993 graduates have joined: a higher proportion than ever before, but still disappointingly low. Surely all graduates would like to maintain contact with Bristol and to support worthy causes within the Dental School, and surely none would consider the £5 annual subscription too steep. So why don't they *all* join? No doubt apathy, once again, raises its ugly head.

During 1993 we supported two groups of senior students on their elective projects (their reports appear on pages 5 - 9) and we provided funds to buy computer software for use by junior staff (page 9). We would like to do much more, but to do so we need to raise more subscription income, our only source of revenue. In efforts to encourage final year students to join us on graduation we presented a prize of £100 for a raffle at the Final Year Dinner, and we contributed towards providing a buffet lunch for graduates and their families following the Prize Giving Ceremony on Graduation Day.

Two reunions took place in 1993 and no less than five - of the 25, 20, 10, 6 and 5-year vintages - are scheduled this year. This reflects a welcome desire to maintain links with Bristol, to return to old stamping grounds and to renew old friendships. We will keep in touch with the organisers and hope to persuade those who attend who are not already members to join us.

DENTAL SCHOOL REPORT

Ken Marshall, Dental Clinical Dean

Tempora Mutantur, Et Nos Mutamur In Illis (Harrison)

The above is a message from the Head of the Dental School and, since you undoubtedly had the benefit of a classical education, you will probably be able to interpret it with great ease.....but the fact is that both of these statements are far from the truth. The first I know to be untrue and a simple coincidence of names, while it has to be a fair assumption that very few of you enjoyed the pleasure of translating Suetonius and, on that basis, I will offer you a translation - "Times change, and we change with them".

It is a well catalogued characteristic of empires, governments and institutions that they can go through long period of stability before the trickle of change becomes a flood. Last year it would have been reasonable to assume that Bristol Dental School was pretty well postdiluvian but I'm afraid to say that we haven't yet reached the stage when we can make our paired exits onto dry land. Changes of considerable moment continue and we are certainly having to change with them.

The crossed fingers of twelve months ago are now firmly uncrossed and working furiously, as what purports to be the final extension to the Dental School has rapidly assumed substantial form. Funded by the Health Authority as recompense for the large amounts of academic and research space which has been lost over the years to the internal evolution of the clinical areas, this building will provide a new lecture theatre, seminar rooms, new School administration offices for the dental surgery assistants, a School of Hygiene, a centralised general staff canteen, research laboratories for Dental Materials and Metrology, additional staff rooms and rooms for postgraduates, and will free space in the old building for the Community Dental Service technicians. It will have a direct internal link on all levels, apart from the top floor, with the existing buildings, and the connection will be made principally to the 1984 link corridors.

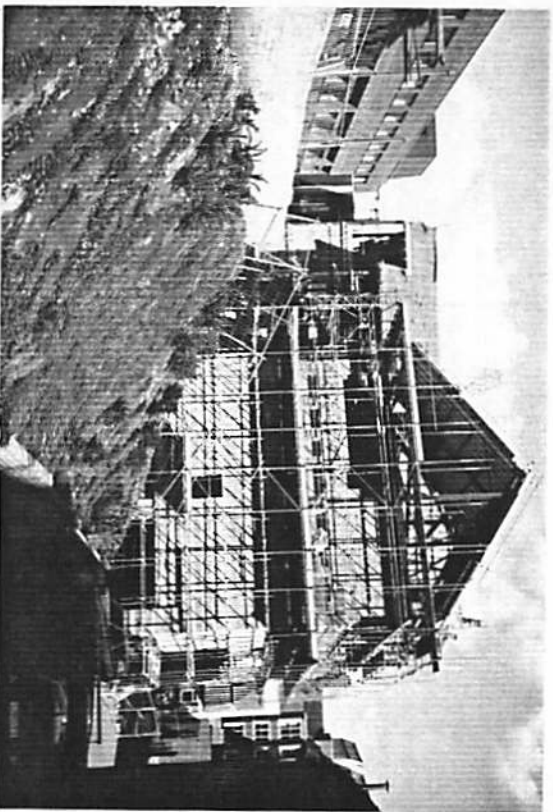
This final and grand extension will complete the development of the site and drive the final nail into the coffin of the School as you knew it. At last we will not have to go through the embarrassing process of having to explain to visitors why we apply the epithet 'new' to a lecture theatre which is

THE NEW EXTENSION

The beginning.....August 1993



Rising up.....March 1994



patently anything but so. At last we will have all the space we require to accommodate our needs for offices, teaching areas and research. If only! It is amazing how we seem to be managing in our current facilities when there are already discussions, not to mention arguments, about the shortage of space which will still exist in the brave new world of Bristol Dental School 1995, and you might well be tempted to ponder on the extension of Parkinson's Law to space as well as to activity.

And how have we changed to fit in with this brave new world? There has been a continuing movement in personnel, but the principal alteration has been in the academic structure. There has been pressure for quite some time for the Dental School to assume single Department status and, as from the 1st of August this year, this will become a reality.

Using the terminology 'Department' for the School in total brings its own problems and has led us into the semantic nicety of redesignating what were Department as Divisions; the irony of this has not been lost on some! The new Divisions have resulted in an element of radical restructuring and rationalisation of our resources: the five which have been designated are Cariology and Preventive Dentistry (Prof. Elderton), Child Dental Health (Prof. Stephens), Oral Medicine, Pathology and Microbiology (Prof. Prime), Oral and Maxillofacial Surgery (Prof. Ward Booth) and Restorative Dentistry (Prof. Addy). There has also been an administrative restructuring to accompany these newly defined teaching areas and Prof. Harrison currently heads the line management of planning and resources for the School. Time alone will tell how significant these changes are for the efficiency, productivity and image of the School but we are certainly going through an interesting period.

The more observant amongst you will have noticed that Prof. Scully does not feature in the above Divisional structure. No, this doesn't mean that he has been elevated to the Bristol peerage, been created a roving European Commissioner or that he has been put out to grass. What it does mean is that he is no longer in Bristol. Crispian Scully will be missed in many ways. He did a tremendous amount for the profile of the School, both nationally and internationally, and his value in this respect has made him a commodity almost too hot for Bristol to handle. The transfer market applied pressure and inducement and he has followed Gazza's example and moved to a different challenge in a different arena - for those of you who do not already know, he has been appointed Dean at the Eastman in London. We wish him better success than the Italian experience!

The last year saw the untimely loss of Marsh Midda. After a brave fight against cancer, Marsh went to the great wine cellar and raconteur's hall in the sky and we have all be left very aware of the void that he has left.

1993 saw two other stalwarts of the School leave after the fullness of time. Jack Ross was eventually ushered into retirement after almost thirty years and his genial manner and wealth of experience will be sadly missed. Also, Derek Crayton, who had been one of our visiting practitioners for a similar length of time, decided that the time was ripe to hang up his drill and we wish him a long and happy retirement. John Lucia's cup has not exactly run over (it very rarely gets a chance to!) but he decided during the year to accept the new challenge of being a Dental Reference Officer, if for no other reason that it still enables him to spend some time in the Dental School during the week. Although not with quite the same length of service (if you will excuse the horrible pun!) Ian Ball has also changed courts to join the less fraught environment of the Community Service in Bath, and his erstwhile confidante and room-mate Sarah Manton has made a similar move to Dundee - we will miss them both. Stephen Porter, a fast developing chip off his mentor's block, has preceded him to the Eastman to take up a post as Consultant Senior Lecturer, and it remains to be seen how and if he and Prof. Scully will be replaced.

So much for the debit side, but what about the credits! Oral Surgery has made two new appointments in Philip Guest as Consultant Senior Lecturer and Chris Bell (1980 vintage), who has been engaged to look after the day-to-day running of Locals. Karen Duncan has replaced Ian Ball in Child Dental Health and Ollie Keith is the new Senior Registrar in Orthodontics. Two significant additions have been made to the staff in Restorative Dentistry. October saw the arrival of Neil Meredith as the replacement for Clive Jenkins and this month has seen the installation of Paul King as the NHS Consultant replacing Marsh Midda. In effect, no one can replace Marsh and it has been

found to be appropriate with the current staffing levels in Periodontology to appoint Paul to bolster the Conservative Dentistry aspect of Restorative. The serendipitous nature of life is such that as we lose two staff to the Eastman, so the Eastman has lost two staff to Bristol; both Paul and Neil are from that source by pure coincidence.

On the organisation front we have acquired Margaret Coulter from the University Registrar's department as a full-time Dental School Administrator and we are currently benefiting not only from her availability but also from her great background in general University affairs, particularly at a time when the Dental School is coming under internal review and is facing the prospect of a GDC review in early 1995. The Dean's office has expanded its permanent secretariat to support Margaret's arrival and those of you who are more recent graduates will be interested to know that Annemieke and baby Elske are both thoroughly enjoying the year's maternity leave, but will return.

In the meantime, the year ahead should see some additional and replacement academic staff appointed and the growing and eager anticipation of the completion of the new building. It is a sobering thought that those of you who are thinking about a ten-year reunion will probably find only a handful of staff here that you knew as undergraduates - (I am not sure if that should make you feel old or me feel ancient) and a School that you will barely recognise, but do not let that stop you from coming to find out.

LIFE AT BDH 1993

Stephenie Wilkin - UBDSS President 1992-1993

'How many weeks is it this term?' most students ponder on returning from an all-too-short Christmas vacation. It suggests dread of the next few months, as the students of BDH deign to tread the dangerous path to the BDS-ship; and the only way to relieve such a burden is naturally to party. Here I have attempted to recount some of the events of 1993 that made that year pass so quickly and, looking back, relatively painlessly!

When Mr Roberts-Harry left Bristol, the UBDSS were sorry to lose their Senior Student President. Mr Roberts-Harry suggested Dr Sandy (Senior Lecturer, Orthodontics) would be an ideal replacement, and in January Dr Sandy agreed to come on board, a move which he in retrospect may regret! We, however, are extremely grateful for his invaluable and constant support and assistance.

In February, links with Birmingham Dental School were firmly established and on Valentine's weekend a coach load of Bristol students travelled to Birmingham for an evening of hilarity with our very own 'Blind Date' followed by a Disco. After Easter the 3rd BDS students arrived fresh-faced from the medical school to embark on the much loved Op. Tech. Course. This, with the advent of the five-year degree, has been extended to two terms in length (for enjoyment value!).

The personal achievements of two students in 1993 made us all feel especially lazy; Colin Langley (M year) completed three marathons, including the London Marathon in April, and Julia Williams (M year) also completed her first marathon attempt in good time.

June saw the celebration of the 20th anniversary since links were first established with Hannover Dental School. Twelve students visited Bristol for a week during which time the party enjoyed trips to Llanelli, Bath and Longcat. Shortly after the Hannover exchange, the S-year students headed off for their long-awaited electives around the world.

It was in August that we sadly bade farewell to a pregnant Annemieke (Clinical Dean's secretary), leaving the worry of who would be manning the 'sickline' for the next 12 months. Congratulations were in order in September, when Annemieke gave birth to a baby girl, Elske.

BDH's involvement with the ERASMUS scheme was scaled when three French students arrived from Bordeaux to spend a term in Bristol. From next year, the final year Bristol students will have the

opportunity to take part themselves in the ERASMUS scheme, with the possibility of spending a term in Hannover, Bordeaux, Valencia or Amsterdam.

Always seemingly a hectic term, the winter term of 1993 was no exception. A huge amount of work went into providing an 'absolutely fabulous' review with the theme 'A night at the movies with Marilyn'. The election of a new UBDSS committee took place as usual in October, with Colin Langley (M year) being elected Student President. The Dental Ball, held on the 27th November at The Grand Hotel, Bristol (yes, we've finally been allowed back!) was another success of the Autumn term. Despite the severe lack of staff support, over 300 guests enjoyed the evening, at which Professor Prime was the guest speaker. By this stage of term, the S-years were over the worst and, nearing the end of their student careers, celebrated with their final year dinner at Ashton Court.

The term culminated with a long-awaited and very successful 70's evening, when there was a prize for the best (or worst?) dressed person and also prizes for those judged to be the best at strutting their funky stuff - say no more!

STUDENT ELECTIVES SUPPORTED BY BDAA

To Australia And Back Tamara Khayatt

Fit nine weeks of blood, sweat and tears into two sides of A4? Impossible! My story has turned into a bit of an epic saga and for this I'm sorry! *[It certainly is an epic, but too good to prune, so here it is in its entirety. ED.]*

Although there had been months of planning, my elective started at Heathrow on Sunday 13 June 1993. After a twitchy night's sleep I met my friend and travelling companion Christie Scanlan at the check-in desk and along we plodded - the two Karrimor Ninja Turtles. Relationships with our backpacks were already becoming strained as our backs ached from carrying them between the entrance and the desk.

Twelve hours, a Bangkok transit lounge and two Quantas chamois-leather omelettes later we were in Hong Kong. Followed by a gaggle of ex-pats whinging about how typical it was of the "bloody Chinese" when there was a pile up at the top of the escalator, we were befriended by a nice young man who knew of a good youth hostel where we could stay. After a brief but hair-raising taxi ride we drew up outside Chung King Mansions and re-donned our Ninja outfits. Anyone who knows anything about Hong Kong would know that Chung King 'mansions' is a hell hole. Unfortunately we were not two of these people, although we soon discovered this as we marched up the flooded stairs laced with party-streamer-like electrical wires only to find a rather unsavoury character at the top complete with off-white vest and horny, disfigured feet propped on the desk. We were saved the embarrassment of having to tell our escort that we wouldn't stay there if it was the second to last place on earth (the last being Hiatt Baker Hall) by the fact that for some bizarre reason there were no beds left. Christie and I immediately assumed our desperately disappointed expressions and made our way to the YWCA after a fruitless search for cheap, reasonable accommodation. We lavished in the luxury of our own shower and fridge and watched the condensation trickle down the outside of the window as we switched the air conditioning on. Then we made a plan.

The next day, after a hearty breakfast of soup and noodles and a delicious cup of tea diluted with condensed milk we set sail for Lantau Island (which is twice the size of the HK island with half the population) to visit the Po Lin monastery. The guide book had promised us a delicious vegetarian lunch of various fungi with the monks and a glimpse of the biggest outdoor Buddha in the world. We had neither, there wasn't a monk in sight and the statue was shrouded in mist. However, Christie did manage to transform herself into a beacon after toasting her thighs on the boat during the only couple of hour's sunshine in the whole three days, we saw a tea plantation, and were hypnotized by the beat of a drum being pounded aboard a dragon-boat while its crew frantically paddled, before returning to our air-conditioned sanctuary.

Tuesday was Kowloon discovery day. After a rather turbulent trip on the Star Ferry and a bus ride in torrential rain (people were rolling their trousers up and taking their shoes off to get off the bus!) we made our way to the foot of the four hundred steps leading to the 'Temple of the ten thousand Buddhas'. Half an hour, two cardiac arrests and a few inches of rain later we were at the top looking as though we'd made a narrow escape from a particularly unsurvivable shipwreck and snapping "this had better be worth it" at each other. It was. We marvelled at the brilliance of the three gold Buddhas of past, present and future as the incense diffused through us. They sat cross-legged, seemingly in a state of perfect tranquillity, surrounded by their other 9,997 miniature gold counterparts peacefully sitting on shelves from floor to ceiling of all four walls. After lunch we decided to roam the streets of Kowloon and stumbled upon a food market. Most of the produce was unrecognizable. There were live (just) chickens - half a dozen stuffed into small wooden crates with their heads poking out of the slats gulping for air, fish splashing and eels squirming, fungi, tofu and lots of metal racks with what looked like thin slices of skin stretched across them. There was even a woman sitting on the ground with a sack full of frogs, skinning them alive. When I tried to take a picture, she shot up and shouted at me in Mandarin, threatening me with her bloodied meat cleaver. I put my camera away.

Our last day was spent on Hong Kong Island. We decided to take the famous tram from one end to the other and back for only 50 cents each way and managed to see the other side of Hong Kong behind the high rise, high finance and Louis Vinton designer luggage shops. This contrast was graphically illustrated at the typhoon shelter where the lowly sampans meet millionaires' yachts. Our trip culminated in 'yum cha' at the Blue Heaven Restaurant. We were the only Westerners amidst the hoards of Mandarin-chattering diners. 'Yum cha' is Mandarin for 'drink tea' which is what you do continuously at these restaurants while a brigade of uniformed old ladies barrage you with dim sum and steamed buns from their trolleys. Fortunately, we could not communicate verbally and so we didn't know what we were eating. It tasted good though and that was all that mattered. We left Hong Kong that evening feeling enlightened and hoping that one day we would return.

The next morning we arrived in Sydney, Australia at the start of arguably the most challenging leg of our trip. We were met by Dr Angus Cameron who is the acting head of the department of paediatric dentistry at Westmead Hospital and were shuttled off there to settle into our rooms and meet with Farnaz Parvizi, thereby completing our travelling trio. Conscientious as ever, we started work the next day after meeting the rest of the 'paedo' team. Our project was based on all the general anaesthetics performed in the paedo department at Westmead during 1992. Westmead has excellent facilities for the provision of dental treatment under G.A. as it has an operating theatre used exclusively by the dental departments. We compiled a questionnaire relating to all the information we required and completed one for every child who underwent a general anaesthetic during 1992, using their clinical notes. We wanted to know the patients' age, sex, postcode, how they initially presented, why they had a G.A., whether there were any relevant medical histories, radiographs taken, what type of treatment was carried out and on which teeth, the DMF/dmf indices, whether there were any post-operative problems and when the patients were recalled. It took us about ten days to gather this information from 730 patients' files and almost another three weeks transferring it onto computer and juggling with the statistics. Although the project was perhaps not one of the most exciting, doing it gave us a taste of what research is about and anticipating potential problems before they became real ones. The latter we learned the hard way with the respect to the computer!

Apart from at weekends, we felt quite isolated during much of our time at Westmead as it was a little too far to venture to Sydney in the evenings. The isolation sometimes put strains on our relationships with each other for the first couple of weeks. The boredom in the evenings manifested itself as home and boyfriend sickness but was remedied by watching Wimbledon live at one o'clock in the morning and making friends with the resident medical students downstairs. At weekends we ventured to Sydney and its environs where we discovered the magnificent Blue Mountains (recently badly damaged in the New South Wales bush fires), the Rocks, Sydney Tower, Darling Harbour, Manly, Taronga Zoo, Bondi Beach, the Harbour Bridge and, of course, Sydney Opera House, where we were lucky enough to see Strauss' Salome and Puccini's Madame Butterfly at student rates (which became obvious when we trooped in wearing jeans and everyone else was in black tie attire).

Angus was kind enough to arrange a visit to the centre for forensic medicine and dentistry in Sydney for a day. This visit was to leave a lasting impression on me as I did not sleep soundly for three nights afterwards. We were looked after by Dr Chris Griffiths who has recently been working on the series of murders of British backpackers in New South Wales. We spent the morning watching autopsies. I shall not go into detail. Suffice to say that I vacated the room early feeling faint while my two companions witnessed the entry of the body of a suicide victim who had thrown himself in front of a train. The afternoon was spent putting together pre-mortem dental records of plane crash victims using practitioners' badly kept notes and radiographs and watching a demonstration of the latest in computer photo fit by the Victoria police which actually makes its subjects look human. Our day there, although disturbing, was fascinating and inspired us to vow to always keep thorough and clear notes on patients for a reason other than medico-legal ones.

Four weeks in Westmead soon came to an end and, after bidding a sad farewell to the paedo team and our new friends downstairs, we moved on to Brisbane for five days where we came face to face with Wonderwoman and Daffy Duck at Warner Brothers' Movie World, discovered a man-made (or should that be person-made?) beach in the Expo '88 park and were embraced by the Hare Krishna movement when we had a cheap vegetarian lunch at their restaurant. We also spent a day with a minibus-full of middle-aged tourist-information ladies and an eccentric guide who bore a striking resemblance to Grizzly Adams, discovering Obi Obi Gorge, the Glasshouse Mountains and tea made in a billy can.

The next leg of our trip was the one we had been looking forward to the most (other than our project of course!). Although we had already seen, discovered and experienced so much in our six weeks, it was winter in Sydney and we were looking forward to treating our skins to some sunshine. It was raining when we arrived in Cairns and we soon discovered that we had booked ourselves into a concrete monstrosity of a youth hostel. We caught the first Greyhound bus out the next day and headed a little further south to Mission Beach. The place was amazing. Our accommodation, aptly named the Trechose hostel, was situated in the middle of a rain forest. It was all very bohemian, the cans doors having no locks, no TV to encourage the art of conversation, and the lingering, hypnotic sound of the didgeredoo drifted through. It was a hippy peace and love experience without drugs. One walk, 'the Edmund Kennedy Trail', took us across beaches, through crocodile-inhabited mangrove swampland and rain forest in the pouring rain. We loved it. After three days of mosquito bites, wondering whether we should risk going white-water rafting and constant dampness we moved further south and on to Magnetic Island feeling as one with the world.

We spent the next five days lapping up the sun while listening to an old man's commentary about his last basal-cell carcinoma. We saw wild koala bears and possums roaming around our homely hut at night. During our stay, we decided to take the plunge and go white-water rafting. This involved spending the day in an inflatable boat with two wimpy Australian girls who didn't want to get wet despite coming rafting, a Magnum-like Canadian and a mad Japanese river guide, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I was the only one to fall out of the boat going down a rapid, but our guide had pulled me back into the boat before Christie and Farnaz knew I had gone!

Upon our return to Cairns, the weather had improved dramatically, we booked ourselves into the Gone Walkabout hostel and I was looking forward to learning to dive. Diving on the barrier reef had been an ambition for a number of years. I booked my course, passed the simple swimming test and was raring to go when disaster struck. I had been trying to shake off a stubborn cold for the past couple of weeks. Consequently, I was a bit short of breath when I puffed into the spirometer during the compulsory diving medical. Unfortunately I failed the medical because of this, was told to return in a few days for a repeat and was heartbroken. The next couple of days were spent anxiously nursing myself to health and although I had convinced myself that I would fail again to avoid disappointment, happily I managed to muster up enough hot air to pass the next time. While my two friends went crocodile spotting in a boat on the Daintree River because they were too scared to dive, I spent two days in a pool and classroom learning the basics and three days aboard a boat on distinctly shaky sea legs out on the reef. A whole new world of the most glorious technicolour and tranquillity was opened up to me and my dive buddies while we swam alongside Wally the giant Maori wrasse, turtles, sharks, stingrays, angel and clown fish and watched giant sea clams snap shut with the waves from our flippers.

Before we knew it, our eight weeks in Australia, armed with the lonely planet backpacker's 'bible', were up and we embarked on the journey home via Singapore. Once there, we spent much of our time on sorties down Orchard road in the suffocating, humid heat, occasionally diving into one of the wonderfully air-conditioned shopping malls for air. At vast expense, but with immense pleasure and attempted sophistication we fulfilled our main ambition of drinking a Singapore Sling each at Raffles. After a couple of days' acclimatisation we drifted away from the air conditioning and towards the more Oriental part of town to eat noodles and buy cheap tapes and C.D.s. A visit to a crocodile farm culminated in vows of never purchasing crocodile skin products, while a dinner of chilli-crab at the seafood centre resulted in hot mouths, empty stomachs and lots of cracked crab shell. Our last day in Singapore was spent on Sentosa Island on the beach watching the oil tankers go by before our flight home that evening.

Although we were tired and had been away for a long time and had all felt a little homesick at one time or another, we were sad to be returning home. We all know that some regard electives as an excuse for a long holiday and no doubt there is an element of truth in this. However, besides the academic gain of planning and carrying out our project and working in another hospital, our nine-week elective was much more than just a holiday. The constant flow of new people, cultures, places and the reliance upon ourselves and each other in difficult situations, made our elective an experience for life and, although clichéd, it was one we shall never forget. Farnaz, Christie and I would like to thank the Alumni for their contribution towards our shared experience for life.

A Survey In Rwanda

Sally Fountain and Fadi Barrak

We left London on June 14th for the African Continent. A long journey lay ahead of us to Rwanda. The most densely populated African country, with a population of 6.7 million in an area equivalent to the size of Belgium, Rwanda is land-locked between Tanzania, Zaire, Uganda and Burundi. The average life expectancy is just 46 for men and 48 for women.

We stayed in the east in a place called Gahini and lived with a mission doctor and his family.

Our elective project aimed to achieve three goals:-

- 1) To provide information to use in applications to charitable organisations for support in setting up an oral health programme in Rwanda. (At present there is very limited dental care available.)
- 2) To submit our result to the W.H.O. Global Oral Data Bank.
- 3) To investigate the cause of fluorosis previously observed in the region.

For two days a week of our month-long stay we worked in a dental surgery set up in the Mission Hospital. This was mainly extractions and scaling with a few fillings. The rest of the time we went out and about in a hospital vehicle with a translator. (Kinyarwandese is the first language and French the second.) We visited primary and secondary schools, ante-natal clinics and markets in the Gahini, Juru and Rwinsheke regions to examine people in specific age groups. In every area we surveyed we also took samples of the local water supply, which we brought home and analysed at the Dental Hospital.

Our results displayed a low rate of caries, which is to be expected with their low sugar diet. However, all of those examined had 'gum' disease (Rwandans 'brush' their teeth with chewed-up twigs 1 to 3 times weekly). There is therefore a great need for dental health education and promotion. The highest prevalence of fluorosis (63%) and the highest water-fluoride level (1.18ppm) were found in the Rwinsheke region, but the fluoride level probably was not high enough to account for the severity of fluorosis observed.

We thoroughly enjoyed our time in this amazing country and made many friends. Our first week in Gahini was a real culture shock and it took us some time to adjust to the language, diet, climate, traditions etc, as well as the limited water and electricity supplies. We never ceased to marvel at the spectacular sunsets each evening or the sounds of the hippopotami that shared the lake we bathed in! The dental experience certainly broadened our knowledge and gave us confidence as we dealt with new challenges.

After finishing the project we travelled to the volcanoes in the north-west and trekked to see the famous mountain gorillas. On our final day we were able to help out in a feeding programme.

All in all our elective was a time we will never forget and one day hope to relive.

JUNIOR STAFF COMPUTER ROOM

Iain Hathorn

Increasingly our junior staff require word processing skills for writing papers and also their ever expanding curriculum vitae. There has therefore been some conflict on occasions with junior members of staff keenly trying to write such work on available computers within the department, normally those of our hard-working secretaries. It was therefore apparent that we needed to purchase or acquire some computers for their exclusive use.

The South West Region Dental Postgraduate Dean, Derek Seel, very kindly provided two 286 computers which have been stripped down and produced for our junior staff use exclusively. With limited funds available for such areas we applied to the Bristol Dental Alumni Association for copies of Word 5. These have been very generously purchased along with some 'rodents'. The computers are now installed and working and give a wonderful new opportunity to our young trainees.

The Hospital is immensely grateful for the generosity of the BDAA and we hope that this is just the beginning of a more enlightened future.

BRISTOL DENTAL HOSPITAL GOLFING SOCIETY

Ken Marshall

The regular golfing activity of the Dental School was initiated in the late 1960's when Bernie Moxham - now Professor of Anatomy at the University of Wales - was a student and it was he who issued the challenge to staff and organised the first match at St. Pierre. It has to be said that this was long before the international potential of that course was realised but the original formula which was used for the match was quite in keeping with its future status. A coach load of players, caddies and spectators issued from Bristol, each player was fully supported with a course planner and marker board personally drafted with anatomical precision by the young Moxham and the contest was a series of head-to-head singles. Whilst the result of the match has long since been dimmed in the memory, the result of my own singles match against the opposing captain is firmly and indelibly imprinted.

The formula has changed over the years and, because of the variable numbers of both staff and students participating, it has now settled on being a Stableford competition, with the result of the match being decided on an addition of the best points totals from each side. For the same reason, the scope of the outing has also widened so that previous staff and students can still participate in a general competition without being involved in the match, and this has seen a gradual but steady growth of the Society to its present size of about fifty members.

After the first two or three matches at the original venue it was decided to make one of the functions of the occasion to try out different courses in the area and, over the years, more than ten courses have been sampled. In addition, because of the growing interest of those no longer at the Dental School, more than one meeting is held during the year and, wherever possible, commercial sponsorship is attracted. The autumn one is traditionally still the staff-student outing and is now firmly assuming a permanent 'home' at Taunton and Pickering, the delights of which were introduced to us by Chris Ledger when he was one of our visiting practitioners.

We usually manage an attendance of between twenty and thirty and we have three matches arranged for 1994 with a fourth in the offering. The first of these, at Shirehampton, will have come and gone by the time that this is published but the next outing is to Long Ashton on June 20th, to be followed by Taunton and Pickering on August 31st. It is hoped that we will negotiate a date at Mendip later in the year.

If anyone who is not already a member of the Society would like to join and participate please drop me a line with a note of your current address, telephone number, golf club and handicap. Who knows, you may well meet up with some long forgotten but familiar faces and may yet join the elite band who adorn the plinth of the Moxham Cup.

Ken Marshall, The Dental School, Lower Maudlin Street, Bristol, BS1 2LY. Tel: 0272 284308.

ALUMNI NEWS

We would be pleased to receive news from alumni at any time for inclusion in our Newsletter. A space is provided elsewhere in this issue which we hope will encourage some of you to jot down news of yourselves and/or others you have met.

We are grateful for the following contributions received from Ian Grant, Steve Kneebone, Chris Whitehead and James Spencer.

Ian Grant (72): It is ironic that, after all the abuse we gave Dobbie (Mr Dobson) in the op-tech lab, I should spend my time near the home of THE DON. I have now been in Wootton Bassett for 16 years and have an en-suite single-handed practice. Though treating all children on capitation, I turned down that lucrative contract the Secretary of State offered me for adults. We made ground improvements to comply with the Taylor Report and, yes, if I was honest, we really do miss all the paperwork and forms. Forty percent of my time is taken up with orthodontics, including one session per week at Princess Margaret Hospital in Swindon as a clinical assistant in orthodontics. I take referrals from a small number of friends. We are geared up for straight-wire fixed and are very keen on Clarke twin blocks.

Much more importantly, Bassett Wanderers are holding their own in the Swindon over 30's floodlit soccer league. 8-a-side and played on astro turf, the team's average age is 43 years. Friends can be reassured that I have not lost my touch of finding the wrong net and the local physio is doing very well out of me.

Gail has just started a course in Bristol and our three children are shooting up.

Once again can I ask members of UBH Soccer Club to take a few minutes to contact me with any news/memories etc and in '95 let's have a mega-report. Telephone number: 0793 853411/852360.

Lillehammer '94.

Friends of Kjell Wesnes will no doubt have spotted him in many of the crowd scenes at this year's Winter Olympics; he was the one carrying the flag. Living only forty minutes away from Lillehammer in the small town of Raufoss - the centre of the Norwegian munitions industry (they do still kill whales you know) - he was able to attend many of the competitions. His family all contributed to the cultural festival that ran concurrently. Kjell works both on the local school dental service and in his private practice. He still enjoys running and squash and finds time to teach cross country skiing and demonstrate his knowledge of ski wax technology. During his years in Bristol Kjell was the team photographer at all functions, with his trusty Nickormat. His collection of sepia prints of the hospital days is impressive. Having skied with him this month I can report that he is as fit and amusing as ever. The successes at Lillehammer and the trip to the World Cup in the summer have finally laid to rest the reputation of Norway - the country that gave us 'null point'.

UBH Soccer Club.

Martyn Bean - remembered by team mates for his tireless running off the ball and his trend-setting baggy shorts (or was it his knobby knees?) - is still on the move. With two practices to run he darts between Bath and Frome. Unable to sell the established, profitable Frome practice which has been on the market for some time, he has steadily been building up his Bath practice where he is in partnership with Peter Sawyer. All this is taking its toll on his boyish looks; lucrative contracts with Grecian 2000 will compensate for this, I'm sure. Martyn lives in Bath, overlooking the railway line and the mouth of the Kennett & Avon, with Chris and their three daughters.

No great decisions could be made in the Dental Hospital on a Wednesday afternoon as often the Secretary (Manager) would be out with the lads playing in the intermural league. Members will remember Stuart Farrer bolstering the defence during the early 70's. With his goggles held on with knicker elastic, short and sticky with the aggression of a royal corgi, Stuart bit many a leg. Some of his tackles still carry a Health & Safety Executive warning. He now works kitting distance from the Dental Hospital in King's Square. Here at the Regional Health Authority he is Head of Management Development. He lives in Bath with his wife Viv (nee McLennan, DSA greenbelt) and their three children.

Steve Kreebone (75): Lives and has a specialist orthodontic practice in Wokingham, Berkshire, and also runs a private medical centre in Windsor. He has two children, a girl aged 15 and a boy of 12. He has news of the following:

Mary Calvert (nee Suffed) is now a part-time consultant orthodontist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She is also a senior lecturer at the Royal London Hospital and an honorary consultant at the Hospital for Sick Children at Great Ormond Street. Mary is the Extern Examiner for University Colleges, Cork, Ireland.

Roger Robinson is now a consultant orthodontist at Torbay and Plymouth Hospitals. Roger married Carol Nowell, who graduated in 1976, and they now have 3 daughters. Roger and Carol can often be heard at the local choral society in Torbay. Roger is the Postgraduate Dental Tutor for South Devon.

Paul Newell has been a lecturer at Sydney Dental Hospital. A couple of years ago he got hitched and is now believed to be in practice in the Sydney suburbs.

Jim Holder, who is married to Ann Wharock, a graduate from the 1974 year, is now in a dental practice in Painsion, Devon.

Jeremy Preston has moved to Turro in Cornwall, where he is in general practice.

Julia Wharack, who has spent some time in Canada, is now back in this country with her husband, Dr Holton, an anaesthetist. Julia has 4 children and is living near Woking.

James Spencer (87): Started the 2-year orthodontics course at the Eastman last October. His last reported sightings of the year of '87 are:

Dave Ashcroft: in practice as Dave Wayne's associate.

John Bowden: after an MSc and FDS now at Southampton doing medicine.

JJ Cliffe: married to Nick and in practice in Derby.

Jeanie Clifford: has sold her bike and is in practice.

Cathy Bigwood: finally married Tony and now is in practice in Devon.

Astrid Daggert: in 27 practices in the London area and still skint.

Brian Davison: practice in Leyton Buzzard.

John Dodson: last heard of in Belize with HM Forces but probably back now.

Car Downer: also did an MSc and FDS. Is now doing PhD with Steve Prime (don't people change).

Kevin Durrant: finally ran out of wild oats to sow and is in private practice in Bournemouth.

Siamae Hadjagher: currently at King's doing orthodontics.

Helen Harvey: last heard of in practice in Bristol.

Claire Hodgson:	recently became an honorary Lancastrian (is it an honour?) and is working near Warrington.
Jamie Hustler:	living it up in Brighton
Dave Lee:	practice in Exeter
Simon Lewis:	has taken his nose off, around again with Sharron.
Jo Collins:	working in Oz and married to Bob.
Mike Lowdell:	principal in Gloucester.
Tony McCaskie:	suffering every day in practice..... in Barbados.
Simon Martin:	another mad fool who after FDS has gone to do medicine.
Sally Anne Nurse:	another banished to Barbados.
Susi Powell:	married to Alberto and doing oral surgery in Preston.
Lucy Remnant:	married and in the Army.
Michelle Sanders:	practice in London.
Pete Saund:	married to Veena and working dangerously close to Kev.
Barry Slade:	after 2 more children has now decided to run a cider press as well as doing an MSc and work in practice.
Malvin Smith:	yet another to do an MSc and FDS followed by medicine. Only MS and FRCS to go!
Jo Soszko:	practice in London
Richard Stephenson:	practice somewhere.
Maurice Trotter:	practice in Perth (Australia).
Darren (Spine) Wilkin:	after going around the world is now back in Grimsby.
Sarah Williams:	fitting practice in around horse riding in Carmarthen.
Louis Wong:	practice in London.
Lynne Waller:	not pregnant and working in Bristol.

Chris Whitehead (89): I am in practice in a two-handed surgery in Fleetwood, Lancashire. I am trying to make ends meet while converting to private practice (in Fleetwood? I hear you ask). Yes, it actually works - even in Fleetwood! I hope the following information is not too inaccurate or out of date - I didn't make it up.

As expected, information about some of the 1989 graduates is difficult to come by but many thanks to Pete 'Sniffer' Andrews for being constantly aware of everybody's activities - he's probably responsible for taping Charles and Di's telephone conversations. If any information is incorrect I apologise but it is difficult to keep track. Bristol graduates seem to like staying and working in or around Bristol and the year of 1989 is no exception.

Annie Whitby, Michelle Fleming, Pete Andrews, Mark Heseltine, Nick Radcliffe and Les Robinson have all stayed (working at least) in the city. Peter now lives out in the countryside and is getting into the rural way of life with a wife, two dogs and farmland at the back of the house. Is this the same Peter Andrews we all knew?

Paul Cole has worked and lived in Sussex since qualification and is now engaged to be married - congratulations **Paul Nikki Atask** has returned to Bristol and is working on the 3-year MSc/MOrth. course. I hear **Arash Bagheri** is in London and that **Tony Coelho** has returned from Canada and is now living in Plymouth. **Mike Goldsmith** has turned into an Essex-man and is in Canvey Island. Another of our colleagues to be married is **Lynda Heath**. She has gone for a younger man (in academic terms anyway) - **Chris Dunham** from the year of 1990 is the lucky man. **Aro Jeremy Peake** and **Debbie Hughes** in the R.A.F.? My unreliable source says he thinks so, but we're not sure. **Mike Johns** is still in Ilfracombe, **Dave Lyons** works in Cheltenham and **Heather McDonald** has returned to Northern Ireland. **Sarah MacGillivray** has become a partner of a practice in Amersham, **Emma Passemard** is travelling around the world I hear - must be better than working in this country at the moment. **Helen Robbins** is married and living in Shropshire (in a caravan?). The effervescent **Jane Roberts** is living and working down at the end of

the M5 in Exeter. Les Robinson married Michelle (September 1990) who most of us knew - she was a hygienist while we were in M-year. Alex Rodgers has been in the hospital side of dentistry since qualifying in June 1990. We don't know where he is now though. Claire Stephenson is also married but I don't know her whereabouts.

I've had no end of postcards from Kailesh Soneji - thanks Kailesh, it is nice to hear from you (just how many holidays do you take each year?!). Oh by the way, Kailesh was married to a lovely young lady shortly after we qualified - she's also a dentist, so no doubt the family practice is expanding!

Mark Fahey I still consider to be one of us even though he qualified a year later. He is living and working in Bristol but seems to be keeping himself to himself. If you're out there Mark - get in touch - Pete and I would like to hear from you.

Unfortunately, I have no news of Charanjit Masaun, Reema Massis, Rhona Maxwell, Simon McKinnel, or Karen Wilson. If any of you are reading this please get in touch.

Other snippets of news

Celia Staunton (Darlington) (74): In practice near Warrington. She is organising a 20-year reunion, and has managed to contact all members of her year except Louise Benson and Andrea Mills.

Geoffrey van Beek (76): Better known in Bristol as Geoffrey Downer, he has lived and worked in Holland for many years. Married and with two young children, he has recently been honoured by being elevated to Fellowship status within the International Congress of Oral Implantologists.

David Babb (84): Doing an MSc in Paediatric Dentistry on a part-time basis, coming to Bristol 1 day a week, otherwise working in the Community Dental Services in Warminster. Married to Muriel (Craw), who is in practice nearby.

Adrienne Benns (84): Lives in Sale, Cheshire, works in the Community Dental Service, has two children aged 4 and 2.

Curtis Sealy (84): Flourishing in his native Trinidad, hoping to attend the 10-year reunion this year.

Sandip Haria (87): Started a 2-year orthodontics course in October 1993 at the Eastman in London, along with James Spencer (87).

Helen Rodd (88): Moved to Sheffield from the Eastman in London on being appointed a lecturer in Child Dental Health.

Mark Brinkley (88): Is a research fellow at Cardiff, working the Jon Shepherd on applications of neural nets in clinical dentistry.

Chris Dunham (90) and Linda Heath (89): Married, and after spending some time in Linda's native Trinidad, are now living in south Yorkshire.

LAST YEAR'S REUNIONS

1983 Reunion, November 1993

It was way back in November '92 when a few people suggested that I take on the task of organising our 10-year reunion. I knew it would be a good excuse to chat to old friends over the phone, so I accepted.

I had some fun as well as problems tracking down some of the members of the year; they had spread as far away as Hong Kong, Australia, Canada, Westbury-on-Trym and Libya! (There's no truth in the rumour that Barry Walker is sorting out Colonel Gadaffi's dentition!).

After several months of planning and correspondence 36 out of 45 members of the year actually came for the weekend. We felt as if we were going back in time. Nobody had changed too much, except perhaps one or two who seemed a bit keener to buy a round of drinks. There were a few extra pounds in weight here and there and, inevitably, conversations about pounds being earned.

The weekend kicked off on Saturday 20th November '93 with lunch and beers in the old favourite BDH local, 'The White Hart'. This was followed by a tour of the new BDH building, kindly organized by Ken Marshall. Due to the fact that Ken arrived a little later than expected at the White Hart, it appeared that some of us were not able to fully appreciate the numerous new buildings and equipment which are now part of the set up. However, we were able to note that unlike general practice there appeared to be no shortage of funding there!

The main evening's proceedings were held at the Redwood Lodge Hotel and Country Club. A sherry reception helped to get things going. Following the meal we were entertained by Mr Dave Wood and his student days' slide show; of course all the photos were carefully selected so as not to offend! We also held a raffle and raised £130 for Oxfam. The prizes were donated by various dental companies with various levels of generosity! They ranged from a supply of Orbit gum to three bottles of very nice Italian wine.



The disco went down well, with hits from 1983 being played throughout the evening. Unfortunately we had to wind the disco up at 1.00am; however the diehards transferred themselves to the hotel bar in order to continue the merriment. By this time all sorts of 'shenanigans' were taking place but, being a discreet person, I'm not prepared to give any details!

The Smyth Arms in Long Ashton provided the final venue of the weekend, with children being welcome to join us for lunch. The weekend was obviously enjoyed by all, as promises were made to get together again in 1998, if not before.

Shilly Sharma

1987 Reunion, May 1993

By the time the reunion had finally been organised the fifth anniversary of 'The Great Escape' had long since passed. This in part was due to my incompetence (I was never any good with dates) but also due to my co-organiser's virility (how many now Baz?). Luckily AJ delivered a healthy baby just in time and so both Baz and AJ were able to attend.



Astrid Dangoor - but whose is that hand, and where is it going!

Astrid arrived dressed as subtly as ever and Dudley shocked us all by not wearing white socks and arriving with his fiancée. It was also great to see some people who started the course with us, namely Ian and Lynne who finished in '94, and Michelle Pinto who wisely decided to do law.

⁴After a pleasant meal Robin Matthews gave an excellent speech and we were then entertained by the Kitchen Syncopators featuring John Eveson and John Lucia. Festivities continued later at both the

Not unexpectedly, on the Friday night a lot of us made our way to the bar at the Dental Hospital. After a few drinks and having encountered some familiar faces, tracks were made up to the Ship and on to a kebab. I was glad to see how many people had become so much more sophisticated in the preceding five years!

The reunion was held in the Victoria Rooms in Clifton on the Saturday night. The rooms had recently been converted by the University and proved an ideal venue (it had a bar). The evening started with a drinks reception, unless of course you were one of the many who had obviously felt thirsty and had nipped into Colonel Jasper's earlier. This gave everyone ample opportunity to meet each other's partners and catch up on five years of news. Despite almost nine months' notice Spiney could still not come up with anyone, so at least things had not changed too much.

Clifton Hotel and Vadins (which must say something about how much we all contributed to the bar profits of the Victoria Rooms).

After all the hard work put in by Barry and Lynne in organising the event it was good to see how many people turned up and enjoyed themselves. I am sure that I am not the only person looking forward to 1997.

In memory to Debbie Burbridge, who sadly passed away the previous year, a collection was made, which raised four hundred pounds. It is intended to buy a picture to place in the Dental Hospital library in her memory.

James Spencer

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

The following reunions are being organised. The organisers would be pleased to hear from any of their years who have not yet been contacted.

Reunions planned for 1994

1969 graduates	Roger Hartley 7 Ashmole Close Lichfield Staffs WS14 9RS	Telephone: (H) 0543 264241 (W) 0675 463305
1974 graduates	Celia Staunton (Darlington) Heath Cottage Ferry Lane Thelwell Warrington WA4 2SS	Telephone: (W) 0925 766398
1984 graduates	Anthea Hardiman 3 Clyde Mews Clyde Lane Redland Bristol BS6 6QW	Telephone: (H) 0272 738481 (W) 0272 692638
1988 graduates	Helen Rodd Woodland Cottage Well Green Calver Derbyshire S30 1XX	Telephone: (H) 0433 630331 (W) 0742 670444 (extn: 3074)
1989 graduates	Peter Andrews 3 Elmtree Villas Wanswell Berkeley Gloucester GL1 9SE Telephone: (H)0453 511585	Anne Whitby 3 Gloucester Street Clifton Bristol BS8 4JF Telephone: 0272 743068

Reunions planned for 1995

1985 graduates	Rod Ferguson 219 Dartmouth Road Sydenham London SE2G 4QY
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The BDAA would be pleased to help reunion organisers in any way we can - for example by providing lists of names, giving up-to-date information about suitable venues in Bristol, and covering postage costs of correspondence. Contact us if you feel we can help.