

CONTENTS

	Page
Chairman's Report	2
The Dental School Year	3
The Students' Year	5
Student Electives Supported by BDAA	6
• The South American Way	6
• Cape Town and Beyond	7
• A Trip to the Wild West	11
• To Russia with Forceps	13
• Hakuna Matata in Kenya	15
Tales from the High Seas	18
Alumni Reunions 1997-1998	20
Consultants at Bristol Dental Hospital	30
Alumni News (including UBH Soccer Club)	31
Obituaries	36
Forthcoming Reunions	38
Income and Expenditure	39

We are pleased to acknowledge the financial support of the Medical Sickness Society in producing this Newsletter.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Soon after I was invited to become Chairman of the Bristol Dental Alumni Association early in 1990 two important decisions were taken: first, to establish a small committee that would meet on a regular basis, and, secondly, to produce an annual Newsletter to distribute to all members. Since then our committee has met three times a year, near the beginning of each Dental School term, and eight Newsletters have been published. During the 8-year period we have gradually raised the awareness of students, especially of the final year, to our existence, and have enrolled an increasing proportion as members when they graduate. We have used the subscription income (our only source of income) to support worthy causes, and have encouraged and become involved in reunions of alumni. We feel the Association is now well established and serving a useful purpose.

This year we have taken a further step forward by adopting a Constitution. It is a simple and informal document but it does define the duties of the Officers and the Committee. We hope this will ensure that the Association continues to run smoothly when new committees take over in the future.

This issue of the Newsletter contains reports of the five 'electives' we supported last summer. Travels in South Africa, USA, Kenya, Russia and Brazil make interesting reading, but, in case any alumni should question whether fun and games in foreign parts can reasonably be considered "worthy causes" for our support, it should be remembered that there is a serious element to every elective – as all those who have been on an elective will testify. The research projects are only lightly touched upon in these reports for our Newsletter, but they all had to be carefully planned and carried out, and then written up fully for presentation to the Clinical Dean.

We also include a report by Ben Pearson who, with Ciara Scott, took part in the BT Global Challenge Yacht Race. Congratulations to both of them for their parts in bringing *Toshiba Wave Warrior* home in second place in the race.

The six reunions that were held all seem to have been successful, ending with resolutions to meet again after five years – the 5-year interval seems to be considered about right. It has been a pleasure to meet many of you at these reunions and I look forward to meeting more of you this year.

Finally, I will take this opportunity to ask those of you whose Standing Orders still pay a subscription of £1 kindly to update the subscription to £5 (which was set nearly 10 years ago) by using the form provided in the centre of this Newsletter.

THE DENTAL SCHOOL YEAR

Ken Marshall, Dental Clinical Dean

George Bernard Shaw said in one of his writings, "There are only two qualities in the world: efficiency and inefficiency". Quality is something which is very much occupying the minds of universities at the moment and both quality of research and quality of teaching are being assessed for what might broadly be called the efficiency that is signified quantitatively by the attainment of results. Having just been through the latest Research Assessment exercise and commendably raised our grading by increasing our output volume we are now faced with the prospect of an external review of our teaching quality assurance mechanisms towards the end of 1999. The net result is the same, and the paper mountain of accountability is fast assuming giant proportions.

In the midst of all this, however, we still have to teach as well as demonstrate that we have the means to prove that we do it to the required standard. To teach we need teachers, and the demands placed on the academic staff of today make us begin to wonder if we will be able to attract new entrants to our life-style of the nineties.

Over the past few years there has been quite a change in the movement of staff in and out of Bristol. Many of the old faces have gone and few of us remain. It is, therefore very sad to have to report that by the time that you read this a year will have passed since one of our most dedicated teachers, Roger Smith, passed away and there cannot be many amongst you who will not have good memories of him. Roger first came to Bristol in 1966. He made the change from hospital to university shortly afterwards and it is quite hard to come to terms with the fact that he is no longer with us. His funeral and memorial services were attended by a large number of colleagues, friends and former students and the collective appreciation of his long and valued contribution to the School has seen the establishment of a prize in his name which will be awarded each year for excellence in Periodontology. We currently have the luxury of another two academic consultants in Periodontology and so Roger has been replaced by a Consultant Senior Lecturer in Restorative Dentistry with a more direct interest in Conservative Dentistry, as we have been lucky to appoint Jeremy Rees to the post. Jeremy will be remembered by quite a few former students from his time here as the Registrar in Cons. And I am sure that he will fill the teaching gap in his own and equally valuable way.

Another familiar face to have passed on is that of Charlie Wright. It does not seem all that long since Charlie retired from his position of instructor in the techniques laboratory and many years of students will remember his empathetic and fatherly approach to teaching and the wealth of mature experience he had to

offer. He will be missed by his family and friends. The techniques laboratory has experienced a more recent staff change, as was reported last year, with the retirement of Terry Foad, and it was decided to coalesce his post with the vacancy with which Robin Huggett's untimely death left us. Tony Telford has been elevated to this dizzy height and his place as instructor in the Prosthetics teaching laboratory has been taken by Joe Green, who has come to us from Leeds Dental School.

It is commonly believed that all misfortunes come in threes and our experience in the last year has certainly helped to substantiate this. June 1997 was a happy month, not just for the successful Finals candidates, but because it was a celebration of twenty five years of the Moxham Cup, the staff-student golfing trophy presented by Bernie Moxham when he was still a student. We went back to our original venue at St. Pierre and were very pleased to see so many alumni come out of the woodwork for this event, which was a great success despite the overnight rain thwarting our access to the championship course. It was good to see so many familiar faces but the gilt rather fell from the gingerbread when we heard that one of our number, Bill Armstrong, had dropped dead whilst playing golf with his son two weeks after the event. Bill and I had been in contact for quite a few months before the St. Pierre outing as he was the principal organiser of his graduating year's 25-year reunion and it was a tribute to him and his enthusiasm for such events that it went ahead in due course with the full support and participation of his wife Helen and his many friends.

Another sad passing away has been the demise of the MRC Dental Group. This was established as long ago as 1961 as the MRC Dental Unit under the leadership of Arthur Darling. Without it we would probably never have had the 1975 extension, their valuable input into both the research and teaching of the School and their fostering of the careers of so many people who have gone on to great things both here and in other dental schools. It will be a bit like losing a limb but we will now have to hobble on without them, and the individual members of the Group will go their separate ways hopefully knowing how grateful we all are for their support and assistance in the past.

Before you think that I am sinking too far into the depths of despondency there is one piece of good news on which I can end. The refurbishment of the old Prosthetics clinic on the first floor was actually completed this year and rounds off the evolution of the Restorative Clinic. It now houses the School of Hygiene and the initial stages of Prosthetics teaching and has allowed the whole of the second floor clinic to become totally undergraduate and the seat of whole patient restorative care. Drop by and see it some time because the new Dental School would quite like to see the old you.

THE STUDENTS' YEAR

Gary Price, UBDSS President

The election of the new committee in September 1997 brought about no radical change in UBDSS policy. Instead 'new-UBDSS' promised to maintain Uncle Jim's policy of sports-trips and as many parties as the cleaning staff would let us get away with. In good tradition, we are struggling to deliver.

We have, however, maintained our sporting prowess in men's rugby 7's by coming home in a fantastic second place at the Birmingham sports day last November. Our netball team, led by Dan Zillwood and Helen Moore, seems to be doing well. Shortly we shall be going to Liverpool to compete in the National Sports Day; whether we shall fall foul to the form that brought us wholesale defeat at Sheffield a year ago or whether we shall be able to rely upon 'Olive-ears' Campbell and his boys to produce the goods remains to be seen.

Matt and Andy's love affair with the Hathorn bar has seen them add a great deal to Friday nights: a new music system, new beers, refrigerated kegs, bouncers on the door There seems to be no end to Mr Jerreat's entrepreneurial acumen, suggesting that we even pay for the right to hang our coats up where we have done for years for free. Needless to say, the cloakroom didn't receive the all-round support that Matt had hoped for.

Throughout the year, we have hosted many parties in the Hathorn bar, including the hugely successful Halloween party that was well attended by all years. The committee had to even consider hosting the Revue there, but after many hours of debating with the Union, we were able to host it there. A few minor video problems aside, the evening was very successful and we all look forward (apprehensively) to next year's Revue!

Other events that committee members have become involved in include the BDSA conference in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A couple of members have been promoted to the lofty heights of the BDSA Executive Committee: Sarah Felmingham as IADS rep and Matt Jerreat as 'Launchpad' editor. Congratulations.

Later this year, we have many more social events (including a boat-trip) and sports-trips planned. Hopefully they shall be met with the same commitment and enthusiasm as we have enjoyed thus far this year.

STUDENT ELECTIVES SUPPORTED BY BDAA

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

Isabel Szyzsko and Tatiana Tortoro

Our elective project was a comparison of the treatment and management of patients with cleft lip and palate at Frenchay Hospital in south-west England, and Sobrapar in Sao Paulo, Brazil. We familiarised ourselves with the topic before embarking on the project by learning more about cleft lip and palate, as well as getting the relevant data from Frenchay Hospital. While there we were lucky enough to watch a cleft lip and palate closure on a 6-month-old baby.

Unlike Frenchay, which is an NHS funded hospital, the Brazilian hospital is entirely dependent upon donations and voluntary staff (with the exception of three plastic surgeons, one orthodontist and a social worker). The donations received by Sobrapar can vary a lot from time to time whereas the patients are constantly needing treatment; this financial fluctuation results in a rather unstable provision of treatment. This seems to be the reason for most of the differences observed at the two centres. At Sobrapar they have drastic staff shortages, there are times when a single nurse has to be shared between two operating theatres (this was not too much of a problem for us because we would be invited to participate in some of the surgeries). Another major difference between the two hospitals is that Sobrapar is much smaller than Frenchay; it deals only with the treatment of cranio-facial abnormalities, whereas Frenchay is a general hospital, one of its specialties being treatment of clefts.

Whilst in Sobrapar we met some dentists who worked as maxillo-facial surgeons at the public hospital of Campinas, the city where we carried out our project. At the hospital we observed a variety of operations - for example, one where the maxilla was pushed backwards and the mandible forwards for the correction of a severe Class II mal-relationship, another involving placement of pins on each side of the body of the mandible following an osteotomy to correct a Class III mal-relationship. The method used was not the method of choice, it was being done for research purposes. We also watched a bone graft where some bone was removed from the iliac crest and used to replace alveolar bone in the upper canine to canine region; the patient concerned had fallen off her bike some years previously losing not only the upper canines and incisors but also a reasonable amount of alveolar bone. It was interesting to see, apart from the surgery itself, that, despite the surgeon being called "max-fax" he was not doubly qualified and therefore not allowed to do the part of the operation where bone was removed from hip. For that part of the surgery an orthopaedist was needed in order to provide the dental surgeon with the necessary bone.

Once the academic side of our trip was completed it was time to pursue our travels around Brazil. Brazil is probably most famous for Rio, its carnivals and beaches. The beaches of Copacabana and Ipanema are filled with young athletic types in minimal attire, either perfecting their tans on the beaches or their bodies on the various gym equipment that is scattered around the beach. Sunset brings the sound of lambada, extravagantly sequined outfits and numerous neon lights. The famous statue of Christ the Redeemer (with his outstretched arms) on top of the mountain is a must-see, as is the cable car up Sugar Loaf Mountain. From the mountain beautiful panoramic views can be taken in.

Foz du Iguacu, a place of natural beauty, is Brazil's equivalent of the Niagara Falls. There we walked along the wooden walkways above the turbulent waters, clutching at the railings. An alternative to walking, and for a guaranteed adrenaline rush, is to go white-water rafting or take a helicopter ride (at a specially inflated price for tourists).

Next we travelled to the north-east coast of Brazil. This is home to beautiful white sandy beaches with crystal clear waters. From the picturesque cliffs hugging the shallow bay, dolphins can be spotted. From here a two-hour buggy ride takes you to magnificent sand dunes, the buggy driver accelerates as he ascends to the summit of the dune and then abruptly stops. While taking in the views and holding tight to your seat, the buggy jerkily meanders on its descent. It is not unheard of for passengers to fall out.

The Brazilian weather, as the people, are very warm and their hospitality is unbeatable. We enjoyed our trip immensely and would like to thank the Bristol Dental Alumni for their kind donation.

CAPE TOWN AND BEYOND

Jim Gabriel, Malcolm Newsome, Martin Smith and Paul Glover

After ten hours of generous hospitality provided by South African Airways, we floundered unsuspectingly into the Cape Town rush-hour. The dual carriage-way had four lanes of traffic squeezed in, thus making the queue rather intimate. Somehow, the rest of the travelling public sussed we may have been foreign, considering the amount of enquiries into our citizenship (and indeed parentage) we encountered. The tailback skirted Mitchell's Plain, a vast area of the Cape Flats on which exists a township of epic proportions. The shacks on the plain, were they to be placed on a British allotment, would earn their owner an immediate expulsion and a life of ritual humiliation, such is their construction. The visual assault is accompanied by a stench akin to that from the dental bar toilets on a Saturday morning.

On managing to reach the city centre we ran directly into a demonstration consisting of a throng of wildly whooping, gun-toting locals. I didn't ask what the demonstration was about as the shock of participating in what looked like a scene from *Shaka Zulu* left me mute, contemplating the immortal line, 'Mind those blahdy spears!' The next few days in the 'Mother City' were marred by the car being broken into three times in as many days, the hostel video being stolen and a friend enduring a mugging. I have to admit I did consider a speedy return to Blighty but the consumption of much cheap beer served by leather-clad beauties tipped the balance. Just.

Our elective was undertaken at the Mitchell's Plain Dental Hospital, University of the Western Cape. The hospital lies at the heart of the township and was reached at what could only be described as 'terminal velocity'. Any slower and we may have been considered fair game. At the eight-foot-high perimeter fence we were greeted by burly security guards wielding even burlier automatic weapons. Our obvious trepidation evaporated as the staff and students were very friendly and welcoming towards us, contributing to the overall relaxed atmosphere. The dental school teaches roughly the same number of students as Bristol though occupies a much smaller building. The clinics are small and well equipped. One could easily be in B.D.H. were it not for the view overlooking the Cape Flat's drug war and fruit-and-veg gangsters (the gangsters launder money and sell drugs from roadside fruit and veg stalls!). The course follows much the same structure as ours though includes an extra year of basic science at the beginning of the course. British teachers are held in very high esteem by South African students, who also hold the pound in equally high esteem as they are all very keen to pay off their considerable debts incurred while paying tuition fees.

Whilst in the department of community dentistry we visited a satellite clinic in an area of the township called Guguletu. Getting there was easier said than done. The ageing hospital bus broke down a total of five times in as many kilometres. Our arrival at 11 am was greeted by a packed waiting room; they had been waiting since around 6 or 7 am. The area surrounding 'Gugs' consists mainly of a transient population of those moving from rural areas into the town looking for work. The region also plays host to trading routes which traverse the country. These two factors go some way in explaining the HIV prevalence which runs at around 5% nationally and rockets to 20% in pockets such as those surrounding the clinic! The problem has worsened post-apartheid as border regulations eased, though ignorance still accounts for much of the spread. For instance, it is thought by some that if an HIV-positive black male rapes and HIV-negative white woman then he is cured. The dental clinic also provides information on safe sexual practices regarding HIV - it was certainly an experience working under a poster entitled "Johnny's adventures in the love tunnel!" The wooden shacks surrounding the clinic perch timidly upon a clay soil

that is easily washed away by winter rains, so homelessness is rife and conditions, even with a roof over your head, are damp, cold and smoky. This, along with gross overcrowding, explains the high TB prevalence within the community. TB kills ten thousand people annually within South Africa.

I looked, perhaps wrongly, on the waiting room as a highly infective risk to my completing the elective. Masked and gloved, I experienced my first taste of conveyor-belt dentistry. Patients were shown to the chair with a piece of A4 paper bearing their name and the words, "Medical History clear". It was surprising that no matter how old, obese or frail the patients were they were all deemed healthy. Supposedly. Without exception the line of patients opened up and pointed to the tooth causing their pain. Without such luxuries as radiography or special tests, treatment was exclusively extraction of the tooth with the biggest hole. The patients were not bothered by the lack of conservative treatment options though got quite upset if they went to the dentist and didn't lose a tooth.

About five people were anaesthetised in quick succession and brought back one at a time to have their extractions which were generally carried out at lightening speed with very compliant patients. One didn't even have time to check haemostasis, as post-extraction the patients made a speedy exit, aided by the nurse, and the next patient was seated, ready and willing. The morning wore on and the flow of people was not slowing. All the chairs were in use when my supervisor pointed out that you didn't need a chair to examine and inject patients, so three people were lined up against a wall, examined and injected. It was at this point I felt not unlike a soldier in a firing squad.

A little conservative dentistry is carried out at the clinic, though given the demand for dentures (which are seen as very fashionable) it's a pulling extravaganza. Some of you may have heard of the 'Cape Smile' phenomenon. This is well documented and describes the fashion whereby all upper incisors (healthy or otherwise) are extracted, allowing heightened sexual pleasures for a partner and also facilitating the provision of a trendy Kennedy Class IV denture complete with gold facings. I tried to bring the paper back to Bristol, but like some holy grail it had gone missing.

The diet of those living in the township includes vast amounts of refined sugar provided in the form of sweets and a certain carbonated vegetable extract drink. Incidentally, Coca Cola seemed to sponsor everything in the townships. The name appears on billboards, hostels and even schools. The dental school waiting room was also furnished with a drinks machine (not a diet drink in sight)). A lack of toothbrushes and toothpaste coupled with the poor diet and dash of ignorance leads to 6 and 7-year-olds presenting with every tooth affected by

caries. Even older children suffered large amounts of anterior inter-proximal caries as the norm rather than the exception.

Post-elective, we thought it high time to have a look round the country, so, surprisingly, we ended up on a remote island called Mauritius in the middle of the Indian Ocean. The winter of Cape Town was swapped, strangely enough, for the winter of Mauritius, where the locals complained at the sub-30°C temperatures. The sun was burning our eyes out and sweat poured from our brows as we lay eating fresh oysters as clear blue waves lapped at our feet. From the gently waving palm trees emerged what was to be the island's downfall in my opinion – the beach vendor/hawker cross-breed. These nasty little parasites, once engaged, need surgical removal. Their thirst for money is insatiable and they use all manner of deception to extract what they can. The breed is easily identifiable brandishing what can only be described as 'tat' for attracting prey (shells, wooden rubbish and masks etc) and they all wear Manchester United football shirts!

On our return to South Africa we travelled north to Durban. This blinding city is a must for visitors to the country; it reminded me of something out of Baywatch – rolling waves and silicone beach balls! We had the privilege of surfing North Beach, a mecca for bronzed, toned surf types, so naturally I kept my shirt on!

Following our city exploits we thought it appropriate to get back to nature in the bush. A few hours driving led us to the luxury of the Hluhluwe game lodge (an air-conditioned paradise in the middle of nowhere) where the zebras mooch round the grounds and the mosquitoes infect you with malaria. This formed our base from where we 'Carried on up the Khyber' in true 'Brits abroad' style. In fact the wildlife took a distinct dislike to our motor (or its occupants) as they led us up a single track where we were confronted by two enormous nellies, flapping their ears and trumpeting. It was immediately apparent that these were not bun-eating zoo elephants but were wild animals out for a fight! Obviously we fled the scene at a considerable rate. We all lived to tell the tale and have been telling people ever since! By the way, did I tell you the one about the clinic in Gugs.....

Our grateful thanks to Bristol Dental Alumni Association for their generous financial contribution to our elective. It has given us enough story material for a lifetime and as a result people have started to avoid us in the pub!

A TRIP TO THE WILD WEST

Andrew Norris and Constantine Ong

We arrived in the 'sunny' state of California on a warm July morning after a long ten-hour flight on board a United Airlines flight into San Francisco International airport with a suitcase packed full of T-shirts and shorts, thanks to the generosity of the Bristol Dental Alumni.

Our T-shirts and shorts remained neatly folded, as the weather in San Francisco was, and usually is, bitterly cold during the month of July, especially in the biting wind that blows up over the Pacific Ocean and sweeps inland over the Bay area, pulling in with it a thick blanket of fog which can obscure views of the Golden Gate Bridge for days at a time; in fact, it wasn't until the eighth day of our stay that we eventually saw the magnificence of this modern wonder of the world. So if you do decide to go to SF do remember to bring a big, thick woolly jumper, ear muffs and a hat.

Chinatown, one of the closest communities to our hostel and home to the largest Chinese population outside of Asia, is a cauldron of oriental cuisine with restaurants, butchers and grocers abounding, and with such a choice before us it was not hard to find a reasonably priced traditional Chinese meal.

We also ventured into the Haight region where a generation of hippies were born, some of whom can't quite recollect and others who would rather forget this turbulent period of sex, drugs, and rock-'n'-roll. Today, however, it is not the spectacle that I am sure it once was and it has definitely "mellowed out man". Still, it retains some remnants of rebellion, with a few bikers frequenting many tattoo parlours and bars.

We had the opportunity to experience the American health care system at the University of California, San Francisco. During the period of one month, we visited the various dental departments, but concentrated our research and particular interest in oral surgery. We were able to compare the use of various anaesthetic types in the removal of lower third molars between the United Kingdom and USA, as well as comparing the differences in the criteria used to judge this use. The relevant data were collected in the form of a questionnaire and the results were statistically tested between the two centres. Our project highlighted a significant difference in the use of the various anaesthetic types between the two countries, specifically the greater use of sedation in the USA. However, it would appear from our research that there is no difference in the criteria used to judge their use, therefore the only reasonable explanation for the differences in the use of GA, LA and sedation is the different threshold levels for each criterion between the UK and USA. We were also able to observe the differences in the treatment of patients within the American health care system,

specifically between the privately-funded affluent UCSF and the more modest San Francisco General hospital that was state owned. Needless to say which hospital we would much rather be in had we been the patients. The elective period also highlighted the inherent flaws in both the American and British health services.

Being wine buffs we could not resist a trip north to Napa Valley and Sonoma where most of the wines of California are grown and where the weather is much warmer. When we called into these vineyards we were given numerous samples of the various chardonnays, cabernet sauvignons and merlots that they have to offer, and when you consider the number of vineyards in the regions you begin to understand why we had such a good time there!

On we travelled aboard a Greyhound bus, which was very cheap and comfortable, to Monterey. There we attempted to roller-blade along the beach promenade, and also hired bikes and cycled along 17-Mile Drive with natural wonders making a showcase of glorious sights set against a rolling surf and nestled amid protective canopies of cypress.

Yosemite National Park was also on our agenda, and we'd like to recommend it as a definite 'must' for any other prospective pilgrims to this part of the world.

On to Las Vegas, Nevada, and to the Aladdin Hotel & Casino which is on The Strip with most other hotels, each of which has its own long-running theme (no prizes for guessing the theme of our hotel). For an education in tacky American culture LV is a must. It lacks all humanity and spirituality. Instead, these are replaced with flashing neon signs, screaming bells and buzzers and wild promises of a better and richer life, all of which being within one's reach by the pull of a handle, roll of a wheel or turn of a card. To be honest we found it very exciting at first, but later a bit suffocating.

At the Grand Canyon we managed to refrain from stepping too close to the edge and taking the infamous '12-second tour' although we did go a bit trigger-happy with our cameras, but that's to be expected every now and again, especially considering how much enjoyment our trip to the Wild West of the USA was giving us.

TO RUSSIA WITH FORCEPS!

Christian Gollings and Steve Hamilton

Why go to Russia? Many people have asked us why we picked St. Petersburg as our venue for the elective period, and in short it was a choice between the Ukraine, Uganda, and somewhere in South America. These were the options given to us by Dentaaid – a newly formed dental charity that distributes equipment to the third world, and trains dentists and surgeons in current techniques.

Fortunately there was to be a large financial gain, as the charity we were to meet in Russia, called Redkids, paid for our flights and accommodation, so we only had to fund what we spent. In return we would set up a mobile dental unit (caravan) donated by Dentaaid, and hand it over to Redkids to use – surely a simple task! The second part of the project was to conduct an oral health survey of children in the city. This would be of benefit to the charities, as areas with worst oral health are in greater need of attention. The WHO were also interested in the results as access to Russia is difficult and hence they have fewer statistics.

On touchdown on Russian soil, it was immediately noticeable that the city was huge, and that's Russian huge – they certainly don't build anything by halves, buildings bigger than stadiums, and streets that stretch from one side of the city to the other. Our welcome was excellent, with several members of the charity sporting various beers and bottles – we weren't going to have to teach these guys how to drink! The communication barrier was sometimes useful and other times not – even two translators were no help after a few toasts, and so, not to be rude, we continued to knock back the vodkas! Big mistake! The next morning was a truly hazy occasion, only to be offered more drinks for breakfast! They were obviously thoroughbred drinkers, and from this point on we kept to our own cultural routines.

We were taken by our driver (no expense spared!) to a hanger out of town to find that the caravan had been turned upside down by customs. We got to work cleaning, checking the equipment and even some rudimentary plumbing. Some of the dental parts were not working, and, even after some more specialist help from local engineers, it was apparent that the caravan would not receive a stamp of approval from the health authority. The replacements and adjustments needed were noted and a report sent to Dentaaid. Donations from the Bristol Dental Hospital and Minerva were also handed on to those responsible for the mobile unit.

Next phase - tough phase. We had decided to screen children from all over the city, but just before departure had been informed that they were on school holidays! Where could we find children if they were not based at school? Domiciliary visits were not the answer! The four places to find them were the city orphanages, the police detention centres, the local hospitals, and on the streets – those with no home, street-kids, who congregated outside Metro stations.

We carried out a WHO-approved Oral Health Survey and obtained DMF figures from each of the groups. No real surprises, children with neglected mouths have gross caries, even rampant – affecting every tooth. The permanent dentition was equally affected, and the relatively small amount of work we did was concentrated on primary care – removing caries and placing glass-ionomer material, or extraction of teeth that had little if any prognosis. The results were quite reflective of the overall situation, with average DMFT values between 6.5 and 7.0; the worst were children at the hospital which served the rural areas of the city.

The dental department at the hospital was run by Dr Volodia, who was carrying out any procedure from fillings to complex maxi-fax surgery. The conditions were extremely dated, and what materials they had needed to be stretched. Many extractions and some minor oral surgery are carried out without analgesia – and this, even with the increased pain threshold and tolerance of the Russian race, we found rather staggering.

Reports were compiled and sent to the charities. The mobile units would be very helpful to gain access to children in all these categories. With what little time we had left, we checked out the city by day and night, and tried the local cuisine other than cabbage and vodka. Some of their many specialities are chicken kebabs, spicy sausages and dried fish! The latter was only bearable after a decent measure of the local rocket fuel. We even managed to find a lake with sandy beaches, where we sapped up some of the very little sun they get in the summer.

Since being back in Bristol, we have completed the project, which received the elective award from the British Society of Paediatric Dentistry. We would both like to thank the Bristol Dental Alumni Association for their kind donation to our funds, helping us to afford a visit of a lifetime.

HAKUNA MATATA IN KENYA
Conor Farrell and Kiner Savadia

I don't think we were ever in doubt as to the venue for our elective period. For the past four years I had heard at length of a paradise on Earth, the supposed birthplace of humanity, location of countless naturalist documentaries and Kiner's home. So Kenya it was.

Our project was to undertake a retrospective study comparing the aetiology and treatment of maxillo-facial fractures treated over a two-year period between dental hospitals of Bristol and Nairobi. To simplify our work once we got to Kenya, we created a database and prepared the required bits and pieces with the help of Mr C Bell, who was our supervisor for the Bristol part of the project, and Professor J Cowpe. We established a link with Dr Chindia at the Nairobi Dental Hospital who was to be our supervisor in Nairobi. Everything was going smoothly and as the days loomed closer to the departure time we were getting pretty excited. And then came the news that there was a bit of political unrest in Nairobi due to the elections coming up, which had culminated in a number of violent riots within the centre of Nairobi. ITN conveyed some unnerving pictures of rampage and clashes with the police into our living rooms. This was more than enough to make two Leeds dental students rethink their summer plans and unpack their suitcases. Both the British and American embassies were advising to avoid Nairobi. So we decided to call Dr Chindia, who laughed when we asked about the situation and reassured us that it was not as bad as the media were portraying it to be.

Undeterred, we arrived at Nairobi's Jomo Kenyatta international airport. Having made initial arrangements with friends we were picked up and stayed at Kiner's uncle's place for the night. Next day we transferred to the youth hostel which was practically next to the dental hospital and therefore avoided having to commute long distances.

We arrived fresh and eager on the doorsteps of the dental hospital and there to greet us was a portly African displaying a broad smile of pearly whites. Chuckling to himself he asked, "so you haven't been mugged yet, don't worry there is still time!" Apparently Nairobi had gained the reputation of being the place where you are most likely to have your wallet pinched from you. Under the guidance of the permanently jolly Dr Chindia, we managed to see a whole variety of conditions and pathology, many of which presenting in the later gruesome and disfiguring stages. We had quite an organised schedule for three weeks, which involved visits to the main national hospital and the operating theatres and time off to carry out our project. Many of the patients that we saw had travelled long distances to be seen at the hospital. The genuine poverty and subsistence living

of many of these people was very sobering and it really brought home what we take for granted.

The dental school, set out of harm's way on the periphery of the city, had a very relaxed and friendly atmosphere. Many of the students we talked to had experienced disruption in their courses. This was due to the main University closing often for months at a time due to the political unrest. The final year students we met should have graduated about two years before.

Nairobi is a fantastic city and lives up to its alias of little London. The rumours of crime in Nairobi were proved to be true when a number of people in the hostel were mugged. The healthy contingent of American tourists with their Rolex watches and Pentax cameras kept the muggers busy and in pocket, leaving us free to walk the streets in relative safety. The night life had taken all the best ingredients from home and was spiced up with an African magic and aura, giving it a frenzied home-grown flavour. We managed to get transport anywhere we wanted, thanks to some friends back there, and thereby saw different venues practically every night. Almost all the nationalities of the world were represented by one of the numerous small restaurants in Nairobi, allowing us to eat our way around the world twice over, and for a fiver for two why not?

After we had gathered all the data we needed, and just as the riots were beginning again, we said our goodbyes and left Nairobi for the great open plains of the Maasai Mara and the rift valley, a great time for a safari. We spent a week travelling around. The Mara was a magical place, a 320 sq. km slab of open grassland dotted with flat-topped acacia trees, tucked in the southwest of the country. The colourful Maasi, traditional custodians of the Mara, kept elephants, lions and hyenas at bay while we camped out under the stars dreaming of a big game. We travelled with an eclectic group of English, Danes, Canadians, Australians and a New Zealander, chemical Charlie, who with her portable drug store of pills guaranteed her trip was literally out of this world.

From the awesome sights of Lake Naivasha with its myriad of flamingos, we made our way on coach at warp speeds to the coast via a bone-breaking potholed 8-hour journey. Mombasa is the largest port on the coast of east Africa, with a varied geniality of Arab, African, Asian, English, German and Portuguese. It was hot and humid but it sure had the whitest beaches and excellent hotels. Due to the low turnout of tourists because of the troubles, we were able to cut an excellent deal (cheaper than the hostels in UK) to stay in one of the beachfront hotels, where we stayed the better part of the week. This was definitely the life. The hard-core tourist population of mainly expatriates, and the locals, ensured that the main night-clubs were bumping until 6 in the morning every day of the week. To finish off the night on a couple of occasions we took up an invitation to

swim the channel separating Mombasa from the mainland from a group of locals who made this early (6am) swim every morning of the year come rain or shine. Although the real threat of sharks and Portuguese man 'o' war (jellyfish) didn't seem to bother them much, it certainly sobered us up from the night before.

On one of the last days of the week, we took up an opportunity to travel with a charity organisation to a rural settlement north of Mombasa. The charity packed two bus-loads of doctors, dentists, pharmacists, opticians, voluntary helpers, medicine and equipment for a military-style day-long healthcare blitz. We joined the dentists and learned how to extract African-style. While we were still giving our patients locals, they (dentists) were on their fourth or fifth patients, no messing about. The week ended and we packed our bags to return to England with the realisation that it was to be the start of the final year, and that meant some serious studying and work.

We would like to thank the Bristol Dental Alumni for having kindly supported our elective project.

TALES FROM THE HIGH SEAS

Ben Pearson (1988)

In 1992 I applied for a crew place in the BT Global Challenge round the world yacht race. Having been selected along with 130 others I commenced four years of rigorous and intensive training for the race. In January 1996 I was chosen to be the First Mate and Watch Leader on *Toshiba Wave Warrior* skippered by Simon Walker. The rest of the crew was made up of people from all walks of life, including a bank manager, a salesman and a guitar teacher. Funnily enough we had more than enough dental cover on board as Ciara Scott, who qualified from Bristol only 3 months before we left, was also in the team.

We left Southampton on September 29th 1996 on the first leg of the race bound for Rio de Janeiro. The weather in the Solent was appalling and after the spectator fleet had headed home we were left to face a force 8 gale on our way across the Channel.

After a poor start (last!) we rounded Ushant Rock off the coast of France in first place and, heading down into warmer latitudes, we got used to the routine of living and racing on a 67-foot yacht. Staying in the top three we crossed the Equator with all the usual ceremony, paying fines for upsetting King Neptune and getting daubed with copious amounts of gunge. We finally arrived in Rio only two hours behind Group 4 (a position we were going to have to get used to) after twenty-six days of hard racing. Two short weeks of rest and recuperation followed and all too soon it seemed that the inherent terrors of the Southern Ocean awaited us. We set sail due south and it wasn't long before we were in full thermals and foul weather gear. Turning right at Cape Horn, which is the world's most notorious stretch of ocean, we were mid-fleet. But the prospect of spending a further month on board whilst we sailed 4000 miles to our next port of call, Wellington in New Zealand, was not something we were relishing. In the Southern Ocean the waves are truly colossal and on several occasions you really wonder what you are doing down there. This is the home of the albatross, where the giant birds glide effortlessly behind the yacht looking down on you as if to say "you stupid fools!". The most noticeable and distressing event of this leg was the dismasting of one of our fellow competitors, *Concert*, which had to limp to the nearest port over 2000 miles away for repairs. We arrived in Wellington in 3rd place on New Year's Eve to a warm welcome and a well deserved rest. We had some time to explore the country, most crew members taking advantage of the time off to try something a bit different - swimming with the dolphins in the Bay of Islands is an experience never to be forgotten.

The next leg was a short hop across to Sydney. We were lucky enough to have Michael Burke on board who it turned out was not a natural sailor. The

Nine O'clock News will never be the same again after witnessing him cleaning the heads (toilets). Possibly the worst experience of my race was during this leg when we plummeted from 3rd to 11th position in only 6 hours. All the training prior to the race had not prepared me for the feeling of utter despair as we only managed to redeem ourselves by one further place and finish 10th.

From Sydney it was back into the Southern Ocean through the Roaring Forties and into the Furious Fifties on our way to Cape Town. It appeared that our first venture down south was only the hors d'oeuvres; now we were getting the main course. Of the forty days at sea, the fleet experienced twenty eight days with winds force 8 or above and with waves as big as houses. This constant pounding definitely wears you down but the sight of the southern lights was an image that in some way made up for it. On our arrival in Cape Town (again in 3rd place) we were greeted by a magical African sunrise over Table Mountain. We were all glad to be out of the Southern Ocean although whether I will return there will remain to be seen.

After a blessing by Desmond Tutu we were off again on our longest leg to Boston in the USA. During this leg not only did the night sky change dramatically as we said goodbye to the Southern Cross and once again were able to recognise the Pole Star and the Plough, but we also became circumnavigators of the world crossing our outward track. The race was still highly competitive despite the sailing being easy. We were back in shorts and T-shirts and in party mood when we arrived in Boston in the top three once more. A quick dash across the Atlantic (only 3000 miles and a fortnight at sea!) was all that remained before the journey of a lifetime was to sadly come to an end. One of the highlights of this final leg was the huge amounts of wildlife we saw - dolphins, porpoises, turtles, sharks and whales all chose to visit us. One sperm whale swam past the yacht only six feet away, a truly amazing sight.

After ten months away we got our first sight of Old Blighty. In the small hours of a warm July night we glided triumphantly across the finish line in second place and secured second place overall. Chay Blyth had billed the 'World's Toughest Yacht Race' as the adventure of a lifetime and that is exactly what it was.

ALUMNI REUNIONS 1997-1998

1957 REUNION, JULY 1997

The happy band who had qualified in 1957 had held a 25th year reunion (unreported) in 1982 and felt that its 40th anniversary now demanded celebration.

It is not so simple to collect a group together when they have had that long to lose touch, although of course they had not all lost touch. Sadly, three of the group had died, Mike Woods, John Britten and Bill Chapman. The only two girls - yes, that is how it was in 1957 - had married and disappeared. Margaret Jones had gone to South Africa and Vivienne Brewer to the United States, but we had no idea exactly where they were. Norman Thomas had long departed for Canadian academia - we had an address but a letter had produced no response. John Macpherson and Gill Willetts were otherwise engaged on the Convocation weekend.

The remainder of the group, Peirre Viader, Alan Meredith, Barry Mumford, Clive Goodman, Witold Maksymiak, Adrian Morrey, John Curthoys and the writer of this report, joined by Ken Turrell of the year of 1958, managed to find their way to Bristol on July 19th, a glorious summer day. Lunch had been arranged, through Royston Parish and the alumni system, at the Victoria Rooms. This was a nostalgic occasion for those who had not been there since their drinking and dancing days of 40 years ago - nothing much had changed! - and after a certain amount of pottering about in the afternoon with such wives and partners as could be mustered, we gathered at 16 Westfield Park for drinks before a noisy, informal dinner at the Bella Pasta restaurant on Whiteladies Road. The back for post-dinner drinks and more chat before heading off in our various directions.

It was all held to have been a great success - we all loved each other just as much as we had done all those years ago - and departed with the intention to exchange a few more Christmas cards and to meet again in five years, ten years, who know!

Gordon Tucker

1972 REUNION, NOVEMBER 1997

The weekend of November 22nd-23rd saw the return of '72-'73 students to Bristol for their first actual reunion. The event began on the Friday evening in the new dental students bar where we all spent the first ten minutes ignoring each other mainly because we didn't recognise each other after such a long time.

Bright and early next morning the delegates assembled in the new dental school to receive a series of talks chaired by Mike Hill. Mike spoke about mercy ships, Kjell Wesnes from Norway then produced an amazing slide show from yesteryear - God did we really look as bad as that! John Chope produced his Final Fives patient and Rosemary Lewis and Vince Maolini brought the show to a close. Following this we were kindly treated to a nostalgic tour of the dental hospital - a far cry from the seventies. What happened to the VD clinic and to our beloved Common Room?

The evening Dental Ball was held at the Grand Hotel where 80 people attended for what we thought was a great evening with some excellent speeches from Ruth Evans (nearly as good as her final year dinner speech) and the ageless Ken Marshall, the evening being Mc'd by Mr Charisma himself - Ian Grant. It was great to see some of our tutors attending, especially Reg Andlaw, Mike Cooksey and Chris Stephens. Thanks must go to Bill and Helen Armstrong who masterminded the event. Unfortunately Bill died in July and never saw the fruits of all his efforts. We all left on Sunday morning with talks of annual meetings and cheered by the re-acquaintances we had found.

Richard Taylor



1972 Reunion

1976 REUNION, DECEMBER 1997

The most talented year ever to graduate in Dentistry from Bristol University graced the Capitol of the West Country on December 6th 1997 by holding their 21st Reunion at the Swallow Royal Hotel. The event of the season was organised by none other than Mr Peter D Grime whose finest moment of a distinguished undergraduate career involved visualising Bristol upside down at 400ft (without the aid of an aircraft). Mr Grime was ably assisted by Mr James Herold who also assisted Mr Grime into the Avon docks prior to the 'Embassy' power-boat Grand Prix of 1975. These remarkable achievements led to the discovery that large quantities of raw cider, by mouth, appear to protect an individual from Death, a potentially fatal disease thought to be contracted by association with Mr Steven Elliott, a virulent pathogenic (or should that be psychopathic) organism that inhabited Bristol in the early 1970s.

At this 'Class of '76' Reunion were, amongst others, a professor of trans-cultural oral health and a member of the General synod, Raman Bedi; a senior lecturer in prosthodontics who drives a Mercedes sports car and still has to run around in the shower to get wet, Mr Huge Devlin; two consultant maxillo-facial surgeons of international disrepute (Messieurs Grime and Herold) and a consultant orthodontist with the thespian connections, Kathy (Asher) McSomething or other. Mr Paul 'Lennie' Baines, one of only a handful of GDPs with MGDPR(I)CkS (or whatever it is), assured those attending the educational part of the weekend that sleeping with ones' patients is not only absolutely necessary to 'get the feel of them' but also a tax-deductible expense. Mr Paul Pritchard who, incidentally, nearly prevented the reunion from occurring by trying to murder Mr Grime back in 1974, has bred well and produced a fine Rugby Union centre for Bath and England under 21's. Well done Pritch (although he assures me that this feat could not have been achieved without a small contribution from his lovely wife Pauline). Burt Reynolds and party flew in to join us from the Channel Islands (but he still insists on being known as Paul Davies for some reason, although I suppose it's marginally better than being called "wanker"), and 'the Simpsons' (minus Bart, Lisa and Maggie) braved the railways from Costa-del-Sud-Anglettere (Mrs Simpson) and 'Pritchard's Taxis' from Twickenham (Mr Simpson). Despite the fact that the English RFU had tried to persuade me to change the date of the reunion so that it wouldn't clash with England v New Zealand (and I wouldn't of course - first come first serve I say), I believe that they did manage to get a few people to turn up including Messieurs Simpson, Reynolds and Pritchard who then turned up late for our party! Needless to say I was jolly relieved that this disruptive element was in the minority!

Bertie 'hot poop from group with all the gen' Jukes surprised us all, not only because he brought his wife (at one time it was rumoured that he'd murdered her and buried her under a disused clothes hanger) but also because he appeared to have lost the power to make a complete arse of himself on the dance floor! I am glad to say that at least one trendy, west-coast type turned up to grace the occasion - Mr Simon O'Shaughnessy from the west coast of England (Liverpool), who sensibly obtained a proper job as a sun-bed guru and brought tears to our eyes with tales of freedom from the burden of patient care (not that this has ever been a problem for Glen Buxley-Softley who informed me that the best way to make NHS dentistry pay is to run 4 chairs at once - by yourself!). Well done Simon, you had the courage to get out and do something different and how well you look too (is that tan real?).

Lorraine Ferguson flew in from South Africa (on her broomstick, by the sound of things) and told EVERYONE what a marvellous service we have in England, not like in sarf-arfreeca where you couldn't even get someone to piss on you if you were on fire - by the way, Lorraine, guess where the next reunion is going to be! Anne Keep dropped in from Canada and, judging by the coat she was wearing, intended to return by way of Canadian Trawler. It was a great pleasure to see so many attractive women during our reunion - unfortunately, such is our luck, they were with another party!

The Sawyers were there, looking a little sea-sick (I was informed that they are into water-beds in a big way), Peter Duke looked most distinguished (sort of old really) and Mr Van Beek (you do remember the time that one of the DSAs put hot water on the bracket table and melted one of his F/F wax ups, don't you - couldn't have been deliberate could it?) maintained an air of dignified attachment throughout the entire weekend and looked after one of our guests, Professor Declan Anderson. Declan took time away from the silversmithy to entertain us with the highly amusing story of his spoof GDC communication with Doc. 'How do you do then'; as usual, he was not too steady on his feet, although it be for a different reason that it once was! Thank you Declan for your good form, and long may it continue.

It was a great pleasure to have Professor Jim Fletcher, Mrs Judy Fletcher, Ken Marshall and Mrs Ken Marshall as our other guests - thank you for turning up, the cheques are in the post - trust me, I'm a (proper) Doctor.

Jane and Frank Wood RNRet, Pat and John Riley (I'm sure I've seen him before, in Gloucester I think), Carol Nowill and Roger Robinson, Dave Reekie, Jackie Masterson, Steve White, Dave Hardy, Claire Fotheringham, Louise Nash, Phil Key and Bill Falconer-Hall (isn't that somewhere near Reading?) also made it but failed to behave in a manner that assured a place of ridicule in this report.

Di Ostick is always worthy of a sentence of her own.

Apparently, Derek and Judy Fieldhouse pawned the family (next door's) silver to join us and sold their children into white slavery, such was their desire to attend. Allan McMichael, who as a very homesick, somewhat outspoken, almost aggressive Northern Irishman, left us in 2nd BDS and returned to his native Belfast, is now a much rounder, less vociferous and distinctly conservative Dental Public Health consultant in Worcester, braved potential embarrassment to return to the fold - welcome back Allan. This commendable behaviour was not matched, however, by some of our fellow students who provided a number of poor, nay pitiful, excuses for non-attendance. (They shall not be named here - they are, however welcome to join us in 4 years time for our 'Silver Graduation', an invitation which extends to all the alumni). Neil McDonald sent his best wishes from Nepal where he is a missionary for the 'God Squad' and Richard Rycroft sent his best wishes from Canada where he is a missionary for the 'Dog Squad'.

There was one member of the class of '76 who desperately wanted to attend but was prevented from doing so by illness. The class of '76 send a BIG HELLO, a hug and a kiss to our absent friend, Maria Chambers.

P.S. A big thank-you to Ken Marshall for his help in organising events during the weekend and to the hotel who provided excellent accommodation, food and service at a very reasonable rate. I would thoroughly recommend the hotel as a venue for reunions. Thanks also to the Alumni and Reg Andlaw in particular who provided sound advice and help with contacting the year.

Peter Grime

1977 REUNION, SEPTEMBER 1997

My wife Gill began '97 with the crazy idea of organising a reunion for that vintage '77 year of dental graduates. She was delighted to find upon 'phoning around that there might be one or two who would come! I reckoned us to be a fairly unusual, antisocial group and thought the whole idea would get no further! No such luck - Gill can be quite persistent! I did not anticipate quite so much paperwork (my typing is strictly two-finger stuff!) and foot-slogging to the library to peruse the Register! Amazingly the event began to take shape. By September even I was beginning to look forward to meeting up with everyone again.

Proceedings started off, for a hardy few, on Friday night with a meet at the Dental Hospital bar. This was an eye-opener! We were reassured, however, by the familiar 'stickiness' of spilt beer on the floor! This led to an intoxicating evening exploring the new Corn Street hostelries.

My headache had almost cleared for a tour of the Dental Hospital on Saturday afternoon. Ken Marshall and Adrian Watkinson were the guides, who demonstrated a nearly complete mastery of the alarms at every door! No one could fail to be impressed by the dramatic changes since we left 20 years before. Thank heavens they haven't moved the main staircase - it was the only hope of keeping our bearings!

Following the tour everyone split up, some for retail therapy in Broadmead and others in the quest for a pint of Courage Best. Gloomily we discovered that many pubs no longer serve the oil of vivas, but we were relieved to find the White Hart was still a handy watering hole! Many of us then met up in the hotel pool; little swimming was done but the enormous task of 'catching up' was started in earnest!

We all gathered for the reunion dinner at the Swallow Royal Hotel (they seem to have cornered the market in dental reunions!). After dinner Gill told us the details of how many had come and named the absentees. Thirty six of us were there out of a possible forty two - could this be a record! No address could be found for Roger Quaye. Mandy Lewis and Maria Cochrane were on holiday. No amount of persuasion could get Paul Bainbridge or Clive Harvey to come, and Sue Wilkes told everyone who asked that she was definitely coming - but she didn't!

Ken Marshall gave an entertaining speech well judged to the occasion. It also happened to be the 30th anniversary of his first day in Bristol, which was something of a coincidence. He suggested that we, as a year, adopt a five-yearly 'check-up' routine and most seemed to think this was a splendid idea (so long as we don't end up organising it again!).

The evening was just long enough for the reminiscences we had to fit in. Conversations continued well into the small hours of Sunday until the hotel finally refused to sell us any more to drink! Next time there will be an all-night bar! Any loose ends were tied up by those who actually surfaced for breakfast. Some recovered by walking round the docks and visiting the Industrial Museum. Then it was sad goodbyes after a wonderful event which left us looking forward to the next time!

P.S. Some invigorating news that surfaced over the weekend was that Maxine Partridge (née Armstrong) is now the Hunterian Professor at King's College, London! Also Alastair Miller had landed the job of Postgraduate Dean - always knew the 'gift of the gab' would take that lad far!!

John Smalley



1977 Reunion

BACK ROW (Left to Right)

Steve Pearce, Mark Davies, Martyn Bean, Joe Neal, Peter Gordon, Steve Preston, Rod Kent, Steve Gooda, Bob Paice, Tony Vallance, John Smalley, Dave Westley, Martin Jeremy, Dennis Pearce, Tony Smith.

MIDDLE ROW

Geoff Curnock, Jeremy Bloomer, Phil Muntus, Peter Bateman, Alastair Miller, Brian Osborne, Joan Davidson (née Errington), Julie Mitchell (née Chang), Maureen Mlotswa (née Stephens), Jane Fielder (née Spark), Mary Robson (née Delaney).

FRONT ROW SEATED

Annabel Watkinson (née Clarke), Jacqui Vallance (née Larner), Helen Falcon (née Bott), Gilly Hardy (née Butterworth), Maxine Partridge (née Armstrong), Gill Smalley (née Voice), Liz Bailey, Gill Roberts (née Collard), Alex Evans (née Williams).

1982 REUNION, JANUARY 1998

Our 15-year reunion took place on 17 January 1998 with an excellent evening at the Swallow Royal Hotel. As a Bristol based graduate it was surprising initially for me when several colleagues could not place this prestigious hotel. Then again - fifteen years ago it was a decaying façade opposite College Green. How things can change! Unlike the eighteen who made the day - we all assured each other that we had not changed much at all!

There was also news of some who would have liked to attend but unfortunately could not. Al Strong in Canada only received all the information two days before the event due to a major postal strike. She faxed the hotel with her news - she is juggling practice with family life and is hoping to come to the next get-together. Heather Totten is based in Dubai and was unable to travel as she now has twins of 18 months, but sent her best wishes. Squadron Leader Tony Wyn Jones, (now stationed in Germany), Ian Hardy and Dave Roberts (skiing) and Steve Preddy (moving house) were also sadly absent. However, Pete Allen, who has been working in Belize for several years, was present and entertained everyone with stories of 'his hospital'. His duties still include dentistry on one session a week - but he is also managing all health services in the area, monitoring the water purification system, managing the mosquito control programme, setting up a new Information Technology System, and painting the hospital in his spare time.

Other news seemed quite mundane after tales of Belize. Ken Hemmings is now a consultant at the Eastman Dental Hospital and Steve Fayle a consultant in paediatric dentistry in Leeds.

As Ken Marshall noted in his after-dinner speech, several of our year have gravitated towards orthodontics. Al Williams and Guy Atherton included, and others are surviving the ups and downs of practice life: Janette Walker, Helen John, Clare Adams, Helen Clover, Steve Wood, Graham Cockroft, Mark Draper, Richard Jones and John Cantwell, to name a few. Chris Ackland and Penny Hambley are no longer involved with dentistry but were present to reminisce on student days, as was our 'honorary' dentist, Dr Rob Morgan, who spent more time with us than with his fellow medics.

The Swallow Royal Hotel looked after us all well and the evening went by so quickly most people met again on Sunday in the old refectory, now Browns, to spend a few more hours exchanging news and memories. We may all meet again this summer when Heather Totten is in the UK escaping the hottest weather of Dubai - so if anyone is interested in joining us do contact me, Diana Collard, for details. Otherwise it will be 2002 for the 20-year reunion.

Diana Collard

1992 REUNION, NOVEMBER 1997

Five years is a long time. It was how long we spent at University and is also how long we have now been qualified. We all changed a lot in those first five years - from spotty teenagers eager to learn, to twenty-somethings eager to earn (hallelujah for student loans) – but how had we fared in the last five? It was time to find out.

The initial probing letters went out at the last minute (some things never change) and thankfully some replies came back pretty quick. It was a bit of a battle to pin everyone down, but in the end we had a pretty good turnout – about 20 from our year, made up to 50 with partners. The date was set to Saturday 22nd November in the Avon Gorge Hotel. It was going to be a good night.

The weekend started off well with quite a lot of people meeting in the Dental Bar. Some things in life may come and go but the Friday night binge down the bar remains a constant in an ever-changing world. The faces may change but the bar does not (although it has been painted yellow and seems not to need to shut at 8pm any more). In fact that evening there were some even older faces down at the bar as there was another reunion on over the weekend.

The next day came and everyone seemed a bit nervous for some reason. People started to drift into the hotel and pick up drinks. It was great to see the people that you had not kept in touch with, which is, I suppose, the whole object of a reunion. There was a funny feeling, almost like the past five years had been only five days. I suppose all those ritual humiliations on consultant clinics forges a special bond. Thankfully time had been kind to most people, even the old ones. There was one notable person missing from the night's festivities – Seth. We needed someone there to ask something that may sound stupid butwhere was she? No-one seemed to know.

It was sad that some people could not make it. Quite a few were out of the country – Cathie Crocker and Rachel Elliott working in Australia, Karen Mudd on holiday in Mexico (obviously the cash flow is better than when we used to know her), Sarah Sobrian back home in Trinidad having just got married and, the most impressive of all, Cathie O' Selmo Christmas shopping in New York.

The evening itself seemed to go well. A few drinks were consumed and then a bit of food. After dinner it was agreed that everyone should get up and say a few words about what they had been doing over the past five years. This was most enlightening. I am sure that most people would not have suspected that Donna would have spent all that time as a lap dancer. Actually the best bit was knowing what people chose not to say. A toast was made to the next five years and then the drinking re-commenced. It is all a bit of a haze from then on. The

same old traumas followed and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. There were the usual unknown goings on in the toilets. No-one was quite sure who was where with who. Two and two were added up and seemed to make about fifteen!!

The following day loads of us met for a late and subdued lunch to mull over the previous night's exploits. Not much alcohol was passing between anyone's lips. I think that the general opinion was, what a good night and when's the next one. And if I was to do it again? Maybe I would start earlier, get somewhere with better food, later bar and a decent disco. Better still – let someone else do it! Here's to the year 2002!

Ian Walker



1992 Reunion. Left to right: Prakash Patel, Babita Kainth, Ian Walker, Karen Mayle, Mike Gregory.

1987 REUNION

A reunion of the 1987 year was held on 10th January 1998 but unfortunately we have been unable to obtain a report for the Newsletter.

CONSULTANTS AT BRISTOL DENTAL HOSPITAL

The list below is provided in response to requests from local practitioners who would like to know the names of current consultants when referring patients to BDH.

Consultant	Secretary*	Speciality
Prof. M Addy, PhD MSc FDSRCS BDS	928 4506	Periodontology 6 ✓
Prof. J G Cowpe, BDS FDS RCS, PhD	928 4500	Oral & maxillofacial surgery 3 ✓
Mr P Crawford, MSc FDSRCS(Ed)	928 4338	Paediatric dentistry 2 ✓
Dr J Eveson, FDSRCS MRCPath PhD	928 4311	Oral medicine and pathology 2 ✓
Dr M J Griffiths FDSRCS	928 4391	Oral medicine, oral surgery, dental care for special needs patients 11 ✓
Dr P Guest, MB CHB BDS FDSRCS FRCS	928 4388/928 4500	Maxillofacial surgery 2 ✓
Mr N Harradine, MSc FDSRCS MOrth RCS	928 4434	Orthodontics 2 ✓
Prof. A Harrison, FDSRCS PhD	928 4391	Prosthetics 2 ✓
Mr I S Hathorn, FDS DOrth	928 4350	Orthodontics 2 ✓
Mr P King, BDS FDSRCS MSc	928 4392	Restorative dentistry 2 ✓
Dr N Meredith, MFC FDSRCS PhD	928 4384	Restorative dentistry 2 ✓
Dr J Moran, PhD MScD FDSRCS MDS	928 4347	Periodontology 5 ✓
Prof. S Prime, PhD FDSRCS MRCPath	928 4391	Oral medicine and pathology 2 ✓
Dr J Rees PhD MSc FDS RCS	928 4145	Restorative dentistry 2 ✓
Dr J R Sandy, MSc PhD DOrth FDS(Eng) FDS(Edin)	928 4356	Orthodontics 2 ✓
Prof. C D Stephens, FDS MOrth RCS	928 4350	Orthodontics 2 ✓
Mr C M Woodhead, MSc FDSRCS	928 4389	Prosthetics 7 ✓

* All telephone numbers Bristol STD code (0117).

Referrals may be to a specific consultant, or they may be open, in which case they will be given to the consultant with the shortest waiting time on the day of arrival. Please include full details of medical history, including all medication and any relevant dental history and previous treatment. New appointments are made strictly on the basis of urgency - each new letter is ranked and booked 'urgent', 'soon' or 'routine'. The aim is to ensure that no patient with an urgent condition will wait longer than one month for an appointment.

ALUMNI NEWS

Please send us snippets of news for inclusion in our next Newsletter (see below Standing Order form on centre page)

1969

John Green moved from Northamptonshire in April 1997 to take up a post as Consultant in Dental Public Health with Lincolnshire and South Humber Health Authorities.

1970

Graham Charlton (MDS 1970) is now living in the Glasgow area, having moved there from Edinburgh when he retired in 1991, to be close to his daughter and family. He was a consultant senior lecturer in Bristol from 1971 to 1978 and Clinical Dean from 1975-78, before moving to Edinburgh as Professor of Conservative Dentistry and Dean of Dental Studies.

1975

Steve Kneebone now has a daughter in Bristol University, studying Biology. She started in September 1997.

1978

Roland Kitchen will be remembered as the student who spent his energy in the pursuit of a stage and musical career, and is still seen popping up on our TV screens occasionally. He now works in Bristol as a part-time dentist, oral surgeon and orthodontist whilst maintaining a second income as a tenor in opera and oratorio both in the UK and abroad. Special interests include attending lectures by the Clinical Dean.

1982

Janice Boswell is a GDP in Swindon. She has been married about 4 years to a Navy man whom she met when she was taken to a Navy 'do' by her sister Gillian, who was in the Navy at that time.

1983

Gillian Boswell was awarded an MSc degree (with distinction) in Endodontics at the Eastman Dental Institute in September 1997. She now works part-time as a civilian for the Navy and also helps Chris Stock at the Eastman. She plans to go for FDS next year.

1984

Huw James is a Dental Advisor for BUPA Dental cover. He is running a practice in Hampshire and has one child (Rhys) with another on the way! **Judy**

Hurst (née Grimes) is married to Jonathan and has two boys. She is living in Hale, Manchester. Annie Hagan (née Walker) is married to Paul, has two girls and is working in the CDS in Gravesend, Kent. Lisa Davies and Sproddy are living in Bristol and have two children. Andy has completed a degree in Public Health. Anthea Hardiman is a partner in a surgery in Stoke Bishop and is living in Redland, Bristol. Delyth Rose (née Evans) is married to James and working as a GDP in Bristol. Sophie White-Flower is living in the country just outside Bristol and is working as a GDP. She is still horse riding and bringing up her family!

1987

Caroline Drugan (née Downer) obtained a PhD in Bristol in August 1997. She is expecting her first baby this month (April).

1988

Ben Pearson is finding his feet again after his great adventure on *Toshiba Wave Warrior* in the BT Global Challenge. He is working in general practice in Weston-Super-Mare and living in Bristol.

1990

Sophie Watkins is living in Battersea, London. She completed a Cons, MSc at the Eastman Dental Institute last year and is now a Senior Registrar in Restorative at the Eastman. She feels she is one of a rapidly dying breed, and suspects she may be the very last SR to be accredited in Restorative (sometime in 2000, currently under review).

UBH SOCCER CLUB NEWS

Firstly I have to note the sad loss of **Bill Armstrong**. He was enthusiastic, very funny and usually loud, both on the pitch but more especially in the bar afterwards. A Burnley Fan and not, I may add, the only member of this club to have such a sad affliction. He will be greatly missed. Our sympathy goes to his wife Helen, Rachel, Gerald and Richard. Bill and Helen were the energy behind our year reunion and during that weekend I caught up with a few old mates.

Bob 'I've got it covered!' Mallison is very well, still living near Halifax. He has left dentistry and now prospers as a car park owner. His moustache is grander than ever.

Mick 'was he the man they called the cat? I don't think so!!' Hill was much as we all remembered though with considerably less hair on top. He is now a consultant oral surgeon in Cardiff, having followed a circuitous route via house jobs, mission work in Vietnam, general practice, senior reg. and lecturing jobs in Leeds. He spent an hour telling us all about The Mission Ships, a project he and his wife Jenny are very committed to, and they are always looking for colleagues who would like to help. Mick's memories of Bristol included the football, Abdul's Albatrosses, Jack Ross' 8's, The Fun Palace, The Smokers, Viv and Angie and the dental nurses, Dobbie and The Don, resident house jobs and the BRI Mess. Mick and Jenny have three children, Katy (20), Joe (19) and Peter (14). They would love to hear from anyonee-mail address: (cmhill@compuserve.com).

Someone else I have contacted finally after so many years is **Martin Brown**. He was captain of the club when I started playing and he epitomised everything that a young student starting at Maudlin Street might aspire to. He was an extremely talented player, a great captain who led by example in the centre of the defence, encouraging and cursing but always humorous. We only had the one 11 and played faculty matches on Wednesdays and good friendlies on Saturdays in a claret and blue strip some Burnley connection I fear. Martin has always been fervent about Man. Utd. but then no one's perfect. Martin sent me a 4-page e-mail and I will offer you some excerpts, but I will give you his address later as I know he would love to hear from old friends. He arrived in Capetown on The Windsor Castle during Easter '75 and immediately fell in love with the place. He joined Green Point soccer club and during the first year progressed from the 6th team to some appearances for the 1st team. The club was like a semi-pro set-up with hot showers and floodlights. On Sundays matches were played in an IFA league where teams represented all the immigrant communities. The matches went on all day starting at 10.30am and crowds would build up through the day; there would be thousands and a cup final would have a crowd of ten thousand. This level of fitness stood him in good stead as he

has just hung his boots up at aged 50. He added that the left boot is as new. He has been made a life member of Green Point. He also plays golf, tennis, water-skis and wind-surfs. He is married to Annie, an incredibly hardworking lady from Belfast, who has a very successful business designing and selling knitwear. They have a 6-year-old daughter Tiffany, and they live right by Newlands rugby and cricket grounds. It sounds idyllic, meals by the pool in the garden, walking the dogs in adjoining fields in the warm evening sunshine. Martin remembers the early days with UBH no ground, the Downs with 200 other teams, the rain made your shirt stretch to your knees (no nylon shirts then), only the rugby boys got to play at Bris' and only they could behave like they had just got out of prison. However, on some days we all played the same opponents so we could all join in. But then as sports rep. Martin was instrumental in getting us our first pitch at Bris'. He remembers as I do the visits to Prof. Tinkle in the VD clinic next door (somewhat appropriate that the site should now carry the students common room). He describes checking to see if anyone was watching his nonchalant walk towards the clinic entrance, and if all looked OK then slipping in like a no. 10 file up a canine root canal, then having to look very important and official to the patients inside. Just getting into silly walks in those days! Anyway we did get to use Brislington sports ground and later the bar, much to RAMA'S chagrin, and of course not many years later the rugby club had collapsed and we were left with the bills. The highlight for the club house was undoubtedly Lover's Last Stand. Martin keeps in touch with Brian Baxter and Mary Jane, and Tony Welch and Lorraine Ferguson. He also sends his regards to Phil Ratcliffe, another distinguished past captain, who I can tell you continues his recovery from the horrendous ski accident and, undaunted, has just passed with top marks the international cricket umpires exams. Martin welcomes letters at: (drmbrown@intekom.co.za).

I have also had some news from Les Snape. Les played as a forward for many years with UBH and, I think, then turned out for Frenchay Hospital. He was a player who never stopped running and exhorting his team-mates. I'm not sure how successful we were in those days but memories returned of excited changing room arguments after matches with Tooks and Trevor Mays telling us what crap we had played. Les qualified in medicine and then spent 5 years in New Zealand, returning to extend his skills and qualifications in OMS. He worked in Plymouth and Liverpool before being asked to return to New Zealand, where he is now Consultant Oral and Maxillofacial Surgeon at Christchurch Hospital and a senior lecturer at Otago University with a private specialist practice too. Les is married to Ruth, a consultant haematologist. They have two children, Philip (16) and Michelle (13). They live overlooking Christchurch with plenty of room for visitors. Life is hard with alpine skiing and the delights of the Southern Ocean on their doorstep. Add to this hockey, horse-riding, and a multitude of other outdoor pursuits. Visitors would obviously need a rest on

returning to UK. Les now plays hockey on the Astroturf and coaches school teams. He still follows Chesterfield and those of us who support Nationwide teams know how much last year's cup run meant to him. Les' memories of UBH are the cold showers at Bris., trips and tight matches at Cirencester Agricultural College and, dare I add, T. Mays!!! Les and Ruth would be delighted to welcome any friends and share this wonderful country (e-mails: lsnape@chmeds.ac.nz).

As you can see I have had great fun hearing from friends around the world. I can recommend e-mails and would encourage all those indolent buggers who as yet have failed to send me may information to consider dishing the dirt on their mates in cyberspace. You know I can keep a secret!!! Anyone wishing to or if you require more information about friends mentioned, contact me at (ian.grant.bds@pipex.com) or 56 High Street, Wootton Bassett, Swindon SN4 7AQ. Tel: 01793 852360 or 853411.

OBITUARIES

Roger Grenville Smith

Roger Smith died on April 16, 1997, aged 56. Born and raised in Stoke-on-Trent, he graduated from the University of Leeds in 1965. After completing house officer appointments and a short period with the West Riding of Yorkshire schools' dental service, he moved to a registrar's post in Bristol and was appointed lecturer in 1968. He gained a fellowship of the royal College of Surgeons (England) in 1970 and was awarded the academic degree of Master of Dental Surgery in 1979, for a clinical research study of *The gingival crevice of erupting teeth*. Roger was also appointed senior lecturer and honorary consultant in restorative dentistry in 1987, a post he held until his death.

Although involved with research throughout his working life, Roger will best be remembered as a devoted teacher and a skilled and meticulous clinician. Many past (and present) students owe much to his quiet, gentle and unstinting efforts. He also took a great interest in the education and training of dental nurses and was the editor of a popular handbook for dental surgery assistants.

Roger met Janet in 1963 at the university Christian Union; they married in 1966. Their two children - Austin and Eleanor - completed the family. A devoted family man, Roger was also a committed Christian.

On completion of his undergraduate course, Roger joined the Christian Dental Fellowship and for many years served as the national general secretary. Roger actively supported his local Methodist church - both as a lay preacher and as church secretary - and it was a great pleasure to see so many members of this church at a recent thanksgiving ceremony in his honour. Roger's other interests included music (both classical and church) and the Welsh language. Indeed, he was sufficiently proficient to lecture to the Welsh Dental Society in the national language on two occasions.

Roger will be remembered with affection for his professionalism, devotion to any job he took on and for his quiet, unassuming and gentle nature. His many friends, colleagues and former students extend their sympathy to his wife, Janet and his two children, Austin and Eleanor.

A.H.

This obituary was published in the British Dental Journal on June 14, 1997, and is reproduced with kind permission of the Editor.

A. John Gwinnett

Dr John Gwinnett, since 1979 Professor of Oral Biology and Pathology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island, USA, died suddenly on March 16 1997.

He graduated from the University of Birmingham Dental School in 1959 and soon after joined the Medical Research Council's Dental Research Unit in Bristol, working under Dr David Poole. He soon became an esteemed colleague and friend, and a popular member of a closely-knit and happy Unit. After obtaining a PhD in 1964 he went to the USA and made his life there. He pursued a highly successful career in dental research, first at the Eastman Dental Center in Rochester, New York, then at the University of Western Ontario, Canada, and finally at Stony Brook. At the Eastman he worked with Michael Buonocore, the father of adhesive dentistry, and this remained his primary research interest throughout his career. He was the author of over 300 research articles and was co-author of seven books. He died suddenly while attending a meeting of the International Association of Dental Research at which he was to be honoured with the 1997 Wilmer Souder Award.

He is survived by his mother, Violet; his wife, Irene; his children, John Evan and Suzanne Lee; and by three stepchildren and eight step grandchildren.

R.A.

Bill Andrew Armstrong

Bill tragically collapsed and died playing his beloved golf on Saturday 12th July, 1997. He was born in Burnley and had worked for over 25 years with his wife Helen in an excellent practice in Wrexham, North Wales.

He first came to Bristol in 1968, instantly fell in love with Helen and was married in 1972. He was famous for his sense of humour, a broad Lancastrian twang and a Morris Minor Traveller which went everywhere with him. His cultured left foot earned him the privilege of appearing in the UBH football team.

Bill leaves his wife Helen, his children Rachel, Gerald and Richard, and his mother Millicent. He also leaves many sad friends who know he will never be replaced.

R.T.

We have recently heard, with regret, of the death in November 1996 of John Wesley ('53), and of Owen Phillips ('71) on March 3 1998.

FORTHCOMING REUNIONS

We have been notified that the following reunions are being organised. The name and address of each organiser are given below - please contact him/her if you have not already been in touch.

- | | | |
|-------------|---|---|
| 1973 | (date to be arranged)
Tony Brodie
25 Gay Street
Bath BA1 2PD | Tel/fax: 01225 310812 (practice) |
| 1983 | 14 November 1998
Shilly Sharma
55 Long Ashton Road
Long Ashton
Bristol BS18 9HW | Telephone: 01275 392789 (home)
01275 872066 (practice) |
| 1988 | 28 November 1998
Frin Mills
2 Swn y Don
Benllech
Anglesey LL4 8PR | Telephone: 01248 853596 (home)
01248 853608 (practice) |

We would be pleased to help reunion organisers in any way we can - please contact Reg Andlaw or Diana Collard (telephone numbers on inside front cover)

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE 16.11.96 - 15.11.97

Income		Expenditure	
Subscriptions*	£1678.00	Donations	
		Dental School Library	£ 150.00
Donation from Medical		Prizes for Final Yr Dinner	£ 100.00
Sickness Society**	£ 120.00	Student Electives (5)	£ 500.00
		Advert in Final Year book	£ 150.00
	£1798.00	Newsletter	
		Printing	£ 199.00
		Typing	£ 50.00
		Miscellaneous	£ 33.40
		Bank Charges	£ 104.64
		Total	<u>£1287.04</u>

* Current subscription is £5 but many old standing orders have not been changed.

** For Newsletter.