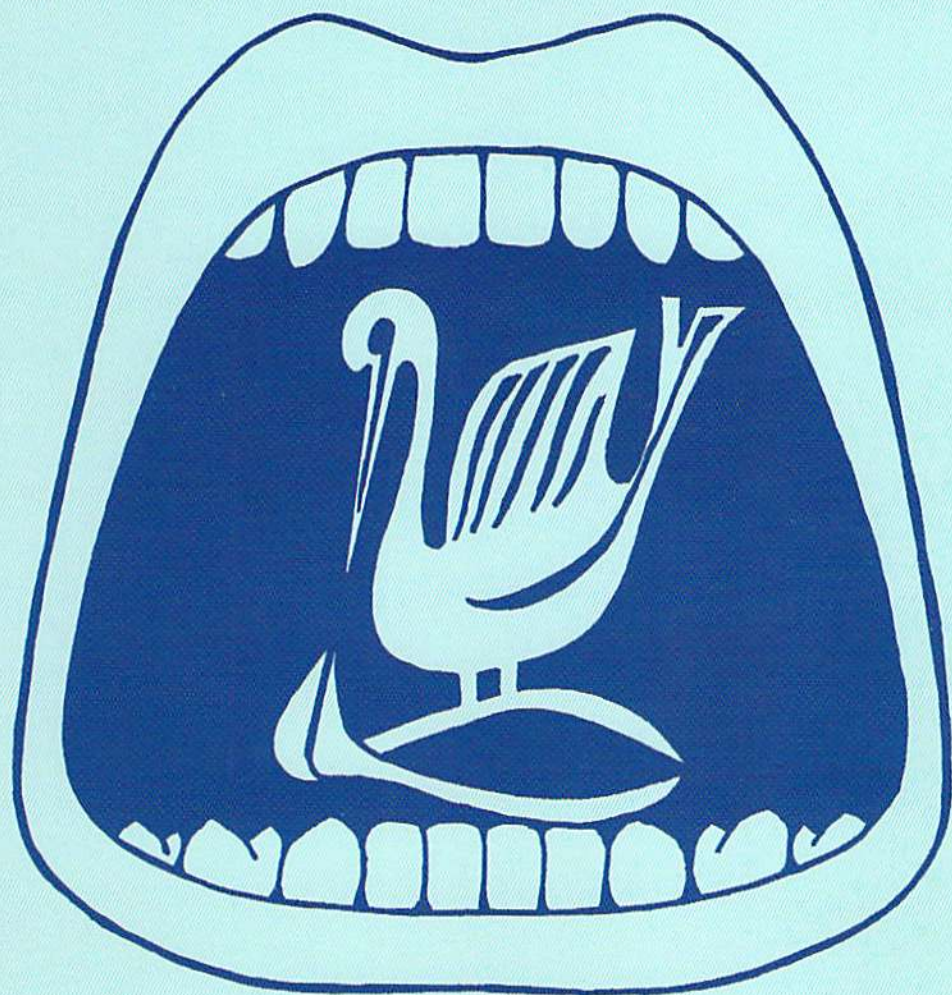


M O U T H P I E C E



**SPECIAL ROOT '76
EDITION**

MOUHPICE



The magazine of
U. B. D. S. S.

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Compiled by: Geoffrey C. van Beek

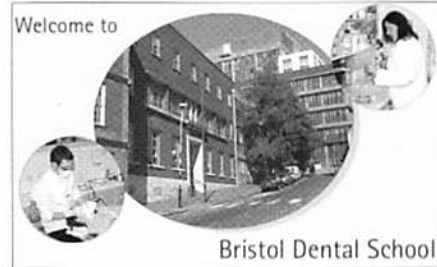
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Preface

Middle age is when you have more yesterdays than tomorrows.

Bill Clinton

This special edition of Mouthpiece is an attempt to put a Root '76 reunion on paper, in a photograph album/scrapbook format, using a large enough lettertype to make it just possible to read in bright sunlight at arm's length without reading glasses. It has taken much longer than originally planned because of the problems involved in locating



the various people from our year who seem to have spread out all over the world or simply gone into hiding. The response has been just over 90% which can't be bad. Mouthpiece was easier to produce when I was a student because Hilary typed it all for us then (on a typewriter that would now fetch quite a good price in an interior decoration/antique shop), as well as correcting the English. Now, after more than 25 years of speaking and writing Dutch, my own English has had more time to deteriorate than to be honed to perfection, and as many of us know, running a practice doesn't leave much time or energy to pick up and absorb works of English literature on a daily basis. You may therefore find a few mistakes especially since I have typed this all myself, which in profile must have looked rather like two chickens feeding on grains of wheat that had been scattered all over the keyboard. There were even times when I thought that two real chickens could have made a better job of it. But to err is human of course, and to foul things up completely requires a computer. My computer does not have a spelling check facility. Any instances of nonstandard spelling, grammar, or punctuation are hereby declared intentional, and should be considered jokes.

A small selection of original Mouthpiece articles has been included for the sake of nostalgia, despite the fact that nostalgia is not what it used to be.

It is quite evident that our year has produced many specialists, and I would even dare to say that we are above average in that respect compared with other years. But then, we knew that. **We are Root '76!**

Nearly all of our teachers have retired now, and even some of our contemporaries have too. During the many conversations I have had in order to gather the necessary text, words of respect and gratitude have always been forthcoming when talking about the staff at the Medical and the Dental Schools. I hope that they have an opportunity to read Mouthpiece and these indirect words of thanks, whether their names have been mentioned or not.

Reg Andlaw, Diana Stublely, Judith Fieldhouse and Paul Baines have been especially helpful in supporting this project, and Doris helped me every time English expletives (Dutch ones don't seem to give the same relief) came from the study. The usual words of gratitude one usually uses to cover this are: 'patient and encouraging' but in the case of Mouthpiece she helped me reassemble the computer each time Bill Gates let me down, and managed, more than once, to retrieve text from electronic oblivion. Doris brought cups of PG Tips at just the right moments, in just the right dosages, to hit just the right spot when even the three volumes of "Windows XP for idiots" failed to save my sanity. Really serious computer crises were treated with G & T's. (If at first you don't succeed, have a large G & T!). For all this she gets a free plug for the second string she has painstakingly added to her career bow: equine dentistry, which has involved several intensive courses in America and hours of home study. The other string is still professional Contemporary and Early Dance.

My thanks also to the Dutch Inland Revenue who are about to have the costs of Mouthpiece deducted from my practice accounts as stationery expenses. Should this fact still fail to give you peace of mind, having received Mouthpiece free of charge for the first time in your life, then you are welcome to buy me a drink at the next reunion. Better still, how about a tax-deductable cheque for five or ten pounds to the Dental School Library? This can be sent to Dr. Reg Andlaw, c/o Clinical Dean's Office, Dental School, Lower Maudlin Street, Bristol BS1 2LY.

If you enjoy reading this half as much as I had compiling it, then I've enjoyed it twice as much as you.

Best wishes to all of you. I hope to see you at the next reunion.

Geoff van Beek (Downer)



CONTENTS

1	Group Photograph Root '76	7
2	Questionnaire	8
3	Prof. Declan Anderson	11
4	Reg Andlaw "Walking the Cotswold Way"	13
5	Paul Baines	17
6	Raman Bedi	22
7	Glen Buxey-Softley	24
8	Alan Canty	26
9	Geoffrey van Beek	28
10	Graham Charlton	37
11	Vivienne Clemson	38
12	The best dentist in the World	41
13	Paul Davies	42
14	Hilary Deighton	44
15	Hugh Devlin	45
16	Lynne Doggett	47
17	Peter Duke	48
18	William Falconer-Hall	51
19	Lorraine Ferguson	54
20	Derek Fieldhouse	55
21	Judith Fieldhouse	57
22	Folk Music Evening	61
23	Claire Foster	67
24	Peter Grime	68
25	Gums	70
26	David Hardy	75
27	Jim Herold	77
28	Pratibha Hindocha	79
29	Terry Hitch	80

Bertie Jukes	81
Maria Kelham	85
Philip Key	88
Catherine McDade (Asher)	92
Neil McDonald	96
Matron	98
Susan Moser (Reed)	101
Anne Muirhead (Keep)	102
Simon O'Shaughnessy	107
Maya Patel	109
Paul Pritchard	110
David Reekie	111
The Professional Look	112
Reunion Root '76 Oct 1986	114
Reunion Root '76 Nov 2001	116
So you think it's time for a Reunion	119
Patricia Riley	121
Carol Robinson (Nowill)	123
Sophie Rudge (Hepenstal)	124
Richard Rycraft	125
Peter Sawyer	127
Shipshape & Bristol Fashion	129
John Simpson	132
Louise Sowden	134
Staff Photo Collage	138
Prof. Chris Stephens	142
Diana Stubley	147
Jackie Thackeray (Masterson)	149
Richard Thompson	154
Roselyn Tritton	156
Stephen White	157
Jane Wood	160

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL DENTAL SCHOOL

1976



**ROOT
76**

Dentistry: You start off with a big bag full of luck and an empty bag of experience. The trick is to fill the bag of experience before emptying the bag of luck.

Questionnaire

Dear Root '76 Dental Friends,

Two years ago I was walking in London in the general area of Sloane Square when I was set upon by a group of dental students from Guy's and interrogated. They were doing a survey as a final year project the aim of which was to try and discover exactly which factors tended to influence a potential patient when choosing a new dentist.

I was shown photographs, names and advertisements from the Yellow Pages and asked to make my choice each time. After about five minutes of questioning the students obviously couldn't put me into a slot. This called for extra questioning: Why had I chosen in an apparently erratic way? Their powers of logic were obviously quite limited (which dental student has the time to sit around doing Times crosswords) so I put them out of their misery: "It's quite simple, I merely chose dentists with B.D.S. U.Brist. after their names. Everyone knows that patients prefer a Bristol dentist!" They had no further questions and no further replies. They just stood there on the pavement discussing notes with their mouths open. I was on holiday so I resisted the temptation to add that the girl on the right should have something done about her lower left first molar. I am furthermore no longer registered at the G.D.C. I did not tell them that I was a dentist but it felt great finally to retaliate after reading so many associate job advertisements in the B.D.J. in 1976: "Guy's man preferred".

This introductory story illustrates a certain Bristol pride that we probably all share, and that is why several graduates from our year thought that a '76 Yearbook would be a good idea. So rally round chaps and I will print it for you. Now I know that not everyone considers him or herself to be in the Shakespeare league as far as writing talent goes, far less so when asked to write about one's self so I have included a questionnaire to provide a framework on which to work on. All anecdotes, memories, stories and photographs are welcome. The photographs do not have to be recent, anything from the last 30 years will do, and will be returned safely after publication of Mouthpiece. Here goes:

1. Do you still work part-time or full-time at a university? If not, then how would you describe your present function?
2. What made you choose dentistry as a career? Would you choose it again in hindsight? Why (not)?
3. From which teacher did you learn the most during your dental study?
4. Is there a recent dental publication that you would recommend to your colleagues?
5. Whom would you most like to sit next to during an intercontinental flight?
6. If you were 19 again, which university study would you choose?
7. Are you a member of a dental organisation? Which one(s)? Why (not)?
8. Do you still work with the same enthusiasm as when you started working as a dentist? If so, what is your secret? If not, why not?
9. Which social developments do you consider positive for the dentist and for dentistry as a whole?
10. And the negative developments?

11. How many times have you moved since qualifying? Are you still happy with your present address?
12. Where would you choose to practise if you could turn time back 25 years?
13. Which recent technical developments in dentistry do you consider play an increasingly important role in your practice?
14. Where do your interests lie as far as post-graduate education is concerned?
15. If you weren't a dentist, which job do you think you would be good at or capable of?
16. Do you work in a group practice or solo? Advantages? Disadvantages?
17. Does your partner have any idea of the physical and mental stress that you are subjected to as a dentist?
18. Burn-out: are you flame-resistant or smouldering at the edges at times?
19. Retirement in 10 year's time?
20. Hobbies. Sport (into golf yet?) Children? Photographs welcome.
21. Which aspects of your work do you dislike the most? Like the most?
22. How do you cope with evening and weekend emergency duty?
23. How do you cope with things that go wrong in the practice?
24. Do you think that dental education should include a course to train dental graduates to become dentists?
25. Were you ready to begin your own practice after qualifying?
26. Ever thought about specialising as a referral practice? Eg. Children's dentistry or homeopathic dentistry?
27. Are there shifting trends in the types of treatment asked for by your patients?
28. Do you still use amalgam?
29. If you could change something about yourself what would that be?
30. To what are you most attached? And whom?
31. What do you consider or experience as the most difficult task in daily practice?
32. Do you use rubber dam? Enamel chisels? Ward's carver?
33. Do you still come across instruments in daily use with your student number stamped on them?
34. Who were the other students in your firm? How do you remember them and are you still in contact?
35. Do you still have the group photograph taken at the end of the course? If you look at it which anecdotes and memories spring to mind?
36. Special memories of things like (beer) boat races, discos, smokers etc.?
37. How do reunions affect you? Are you shocked each time at being confronted with the damage inflicted at every 5-year time-leap?
38. Did you manage to find time to walk around your own personal Bristol last time you were there? Has Bristol changed much? The University?
39. Is there a dental instrument or material that has changed your practice and filled your working hours with joie de vivre? Where can you buy it?
40. Are you a member of the Rotary, Lions, Council, Freemasons, etc.?
41. How big is your practice? Mainly private or N.H.S.?
42. Staff?
43. Have you ever considered working abroad or emigrating?
44. Have you completed any post-graduate educational course since qualifying? If so, which extra letters have been engraved onto your nameplate?

45. Where did you study and what were your experiences? How did you combine this with your daily practice and family commitments?
46. Would you recommend it to others?
47. Which dental unit have you experienced as being almost perfect? ...and which as absolute ****?
48. What is the function of a labial bow?
49. Do you still have your toga (or did the kids ruin it playing Harry Potter)?
50. Which dental material in the past 25 years has turned out to be a disappointment for you?
51. How many major oral pathologies have you encountered in the last 25 years? Specify.
52. Has dentistry and life as a whole lived up to expectations?
53. Are you happy? Why? What's the secret?
54. Have you ever published anything in a dental journal? Short article? Letter? May we print it in this forthcoming Mouthpiece?
55. Any holiday recommendations?

I hope that the list of questions wasn't too exhausting. It is not a tax form so you can make a selection of about 40 questions to form a basis to your reply.

If you have any old photographic material of your student life at Bristol, the Smokers etc this would be very much appreciated. In the meantime I shall endeavour to get in touch with some of our teachers and ask them to write something for Mouthpiece.

My postal address is: Praktijk voor Orale Implantologie, Rochussenstraat 25, 3015 EA, Rotterdam, The Netherlands. Tel: 0031 10 4365231.

Thanking you in advance for your kind cooperation,
Geoff van Beek

So your associate wants a day off?

*So you want a day off do you? Do you realize exactly what you are asking?
 A year comprises of 365 potential working days. There are 52 weeks in a year of
 which 2 days per week are free anyway. That leaves 261 days.*

Of each day, 16 hours are spent not working which is equivalent to 170 days.

This leaves only 91 days.

*Every day you spend on average 30 minutes drinking coffee;
 per year that works out at 23 days, leaving 68 days over.*

*Then of course you have an hour's lunch break every day which amounts
 to 46 days. That leaves us only with 22 days left.*

*On average, you are ill 2 days a year which brings that down to 20 days.
 The obligatory national holidays amount to 5 days a year reducing the total
 number of possible working days to 15.*

*Then on top of all this we give you 14 days holiday leave each year,
 leaving just one day over.*

AND YOU WANT THAT ONE DAY OFF!!!!

Prof. Declan Anderson

"..Ever buoyant in his characteristic gloom, expectant of certain catastrophe."

Professor Anderson or Declan as he is known to his friends and members of the Anderson maffia (and never as Prof. Andy) is to be remembered for his physiology lectures in 2nd BDS, liberally interspersed with his wicked humour.

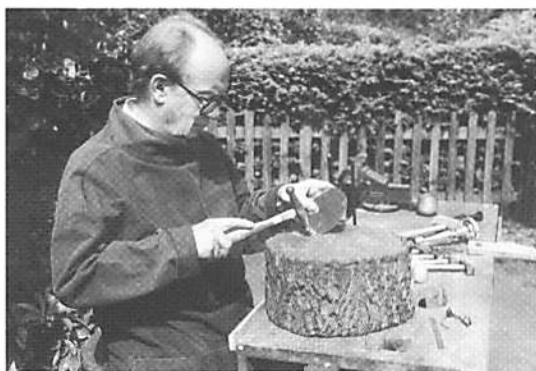
His knowledge of Latin and Greek has since been put to good use in the publication of a small book which he wrote together with Richard Buxton of the Classics Department of Bristol University: "How to dissect and understand medical terms". What a help this book would have been if it had been available when we as 2nd BDS students needed it so badly. The only help we had was the occasional explanation of the difficult scientific terminology by Declan, but not before the introductory phrase: "...and for those of you unfortunate enough not to have been blessed with the inestimable benefits of a classical education...."

Another time we were told: "It gives me pleasure in announcing that your brain cells are deteriorating at a far greater rate than mine!"

Declan made quite an impact at Bristol as being one of the few to stand up to Prof. Darling. His practical jokes, sometimes based on convincing forgeries, will also be remembered, better by some than others.

Apart from his book on Physiology, Declan has written two books on silver: "Introducing Silver" and "Introducing Silversmithing". He has also produced a film on how to do silversmithing. I have a more true-to-life copy of the first attempt in which the odd muttered expletive was not edited.

I have been lucky in having received many excellent lessons in silversmithing from him since. I learned the basics in Holland first, by rolling and folding silver instead of hammering up from the flat (raising) so the first thing Declan said while inspecting the results was "I always wondered what people meant by one's seamy side....." The accompanying article is from the university magazine 'Nonesuch' and the two photographs were taken outside his workshop in E.Sussex.



Sarah Whittingham finds that for Declan Anderson retirement has

A SILVER LINING



When Declan Anderson was a dental student in the early-1940s he felt, perhaps unusually, that he 'did not have enough to do in the evenings'. Salvation came in the form of London County Council which was running evening classes in silversmithing for people not intending to take it up as a profession. He enrolled... and continued taking classes for the next 20 years. Declan was one of a group of four friends who started at the Central School for Arts & Crafts, later known as the School for Art & Design.

After a short time in dental practice, Declan came to Bristol in 1966. After a long and successful career at the University he took partial retirement in 1982 and full retirement in 1985. As for so many before him, however, retirement for Declan has proved to be as busy as his professional life. Since retiring he has become a seven-days-a-week silversmith, with commissions from all over the world, including Japan, New Zealand, Australia and America.

These include two chalices for Stanford University in California, presentation pieces for the International Association for Dental Research—including a pair

of candlesticks—as well as various ecclesiastical pieces and repairs to the University mace, and items for University colleagues.

He recently demonstrated silver-making at the 'Festival UK Japan '98' in Sendai, Japan, organised by the British Embassy and the British Council as a showcase of the diversity and quality of British cultural activities.

Virgin Atlantic offered Declan two half-air fares to Japan if he took a silversmithing pupil with him. He took Simon Albert from Worth School, Sussex, where he teaches silversmithing to pupils of 15-years plus.

With these pupils, Declan made a cup for the Music Department, marked with the school's hallmark. He also has his own hallmark featuring his initials, and is using the Millennium hallmark on all pieces he makes this year and until the end of 2000.

Declan also has six adult pupils who come to his workshop in an old stable at his home, two at a time one afternoon a week. As he has been collecting silversmithing equipment over many years, people come especially to work in his studio.

Declan's pieces are based on antique designs, mainly pieces in museums around the country. He favours pre-19th-century styles, particularly the Queen Anne and Classical. Each piece he makes starts as a flat circular sheet which is hammered on the outside from the bottom upwards. This noisy process is called raising. It takes

about eight hours to raise a jug to shape. To cut the edge, cast the feet, make the wrought handle and solder it all together takes about a week's work altogether. The piece is then sent to the Assay Office where

samples are taken from all parts of it to confirm that it is 925 parts per 1,000 (sterling silver) and therefore eligible for a hallmark.

Although Declan is a member of both the Somerset and Sussex Guild of Craftsmen, he cannot become a Freeman of the Goldsmiths Company because he did not have a professional training. Despite this, however, Declan's second career is going from strength to strength and the future certainly looks bright.



Above: Teaching the techniques of silversmithing in Sendai, Japan. Top left: The chalices commissioned by Stanford University, California. Other: Pieces from Declan's catalogue

Reg Andlaw

Walking the Cotswold Way

What on earth do you do with yourself now that you've retired? This question has been put to me many times since I took early retirement. Implicit in the question is the thought that it must be incredibly boring to have so much time on one's hands, that leaving the workplace that has dominated one's life for so many years must leave a huge difficult-to-fill void. Sad that people can think this way! For me, retirement has meant freedom - freedom to do what I want when I want, the only difficulty being how to do all the things I want to do yet still have time to do the things my wife would like me to do.



I recently negotiated a week's leave from domestic duties to walk the Cotswold Way, a 100-mile route from Chipping Campden to Bath. I suppose I can call myself a keen walker, but I have to admit that more than the actual walking I enjoy just being out there in the open country, the sense of space, the scenery, the feel of MOTHER EARTH under foot, the sounds and smells. I read somewhere that Henry James, the American novelist, once wrote that "walking is like making love to the landscape and letting it return that love throughout our whole being". I wouldn't put it quite like that but I know what he means.

Solo walking would, no doubt, be best when making love to the landscape, but generally I prefer the camaraderie of kindred spirits with whom to discuss world affairs, exchange banter and lewd jokes, and enjoy a mid-walk meal and a few pints in a country pub. (The second half of these walks tend to start out rather sluggishly.) In recent years I have trekked many miles in the neighbouring counties of Somerset, Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, and across the Severn in Wales. These walks have generally covered 10 to 15 miles, at the end of which I have felt, if not completely knackered, certainly in need of a long soak in a hot bath - and leg muscles still ached next morning. The Cotswold Way would involve walking about 15 miles on six consecutive days after an initial 'easy' stretch of 10 miles. I did not know how my old legs would stand up to this challenge, but I was willing to test them.

My walking companion was John Ross, an old friend who lives in Bath. His wife deposited us in Chipping Campden and by mid-morning, after a quick stimulant in the Lygon Arms, we were on our way under clear blue skies. But not for long - an hour later, before reaching the impressive hilltop folly of Broadway Tower, the waterproofs were on. This was a portent of the variable weather we were to experience over the next six days. On a clear day there is a superb view from the hill across the Vale of Evesham and beyond as far as the eye can see, but all this was obscured by a curtain of mist and drizzle.

One of the delights of the Cotswold Way is the mix of town (or village) and country - and the Cotswolds are blessed with the best of both. A long-distance trek across wilderness untouched by civilization, with baked beans for supper and a tent for shelter, does have certain attractions, but the Cotswold Way allows one to indulge in some creature comforts. If spirits



flag at any time, slogging up a steep hill through driving rain, or trudging through sticky mud (of which there is plenty), it is comforting to know that a beer, a meal, and a bed are not far away.

Our first overnight stop was in the village of Stanton. Whereas Chipping Campden and Broadway, which we had already left behind, are recognised as two of the loveliest towns in the Cotswolds, Stanton must rank among the prettiest villages, its exquisite golden-stoned cottages, dating from the 16th century, having been restored by the lord of the manor in the early 1900s. It was late afternoon and it had stopped raining, but nothing stirred as we walked down the street, feeling like intruders and speaking in whispers for fear of disturbing the locals (if there were any alive). Our B&B, Vine Tree Cottage, maintained the charming olde worlde atmosphere up to and including the 4-poster beds in our rooms - but then sadly shattered it with awful shower cubicles jammed into the corners. We later confirmed that there are some living souls in the villages when we visited

The Mount Inn at the top of the village.

Slowly retracting a heavy eyelid next morning, did I see sunshine peeping through the curtain? The prospect triggered a special effort to haul myself out of bed. Sure enough it was a perfect sunny morning and, what's more, my legs were not complaining too much. After a traditional full English breakfast, during which we met the only other residents - a young couple from Texas (no place like Stanton in Texas!) - we set out eagerly and were soon striding along an avenue of chestnut trees in the parkland of Stanway House, a Jacobean mansion. Up a steep ascent to Stumps Cross, then down past the ruins of Hailes Abby, a Cistercian abbey founded in 1246, and into Winchcombe - and straight into the Plaisterer's Arms. This pub can be recommended, not least because of its jovial and rather eccentric Irish landlord, who enjoys wearing shorts, displaying legs that some might feel would be better hidden from public view.

Our destination was Cleeve Hill, which by road is a mere 3 miles from Winchcombe, but the Way takes a 7-mile detour, passing close to the impressive Sudeley Castle, climbing steeply to the Neolithic burial mound of Belas Knap before reaching the open moor-like Cleeve Common, the highest land in the Cotswolds at just over 1000ft. Our comfortable B&B, Malvern View, did indeed have a fine view but, more importantly, the Rising Sun was just down the road.

Another perfect day of sunshine greeted us the following day, and walking along the top of the Common, with its superb views over the city of Cheltenham, across to the Malverns, the Black Mountains and beyond, was a wonderful way to start the day. We were to admire the panorama from slightly different angles during the next three days as the Way weaves south, passing alternately through farmland and woodland but never far from the edge of the



escarpment, to which it returns at frequent intervals. A surprise awaited us as we climbed into Lineover Wood, just past Dowdeswell reservoir. Who should we bump into but Chris and Marion Stephens! Lineover Wood is an ancient wood administered by the Woodland Trust, and Chris and Marion are assistant wardens. The wood contains a rare sub-species of lime tree, which Chris took great pride in demonstrating to us (it looked like any other tree to me but I hope I looked suitably impressed). Soon after, we reached Seven Springs, which is where the River Churn rises, but because the Churn is the longest tributary feeding the Thames, Seven Springs has some claim to be regarded as the true source of the Thames. Past Seven Springs there is a stretch of relatively easy walking, with spectacular views from Lekhampton Hill and Crickly Hill, before reaching our next B&B, the Beechmount Guest House in Birdlip - and this time the pub was not just down the road but right opposite.

Our ration of good weather was exhausted - from now on it was to go from bad to worse. The Cotswold Way does have a reputation for inflicting a fair amount of mud on the walker, and we were to experience this in full measure - it was September and it had rained quite heavily during the previous few weeks, so this was hardly surprising. Plodding along woodland tracks with boots sticking or sliding in the mud is far removed from Henry James's making-love-to-the-landscape scenario.

Before reaching the beautiful market town of Painswick the Way first passes the base and then the top Coopers' Hill, famous for an amazing Spring Bank Holiday event, when a mock Double Gloucester cheese is rolled down the hill and local lads run, roll or plunge headlong after it, the prize for the captor being a real cheese - and, of course the honour. The hill is shorter than I had imagined, but steeper - peering down from the top I could only conclude that the contestants had to be either mad, inebriated, or both to even contemplate chasing a cheese down it. Soon after leaving Painswick and climbing Scottsuar Hill, a milestone was reached: Haresfield Beacon, the half-way point along the Way. Emerging from more muddy woodland into unsheltered fields approaching Middle Yard, we were hit by a torrential rainstorm, so that we arrived at the Old Chapel Guest House in a sorry state, dripping wet and mud up to our ankles. But Cotswold Way landladies have seen it all before and are well prepared - a place for muddy boots, machines for drying wet clothes, no problems. Not all offer evening meals, but Mrs Hanna here insisted, even re-arranging family plans for the evening to do so, because, she said, the pub down the road was no good, a view with which we would later concur.

From Middle Yard the Way again passes through extremely muddy woodland before breaking out into the open and offering more stunning viewpoints at Frocester Hill and Cam Long Down, then descending into Dursley and, as luck would have it, past the Old Spot Inn. It looked inviting and so it was - the sort of place to recommend to anyone who enjoys a good unspoilt pub. After a pleasant interlude with a group of elderly gentlemen who reminded us of those in 'The Last of the Summer Wine', we faced yet another hill and reached yet another fantastic viewpoint at the edge of Stinchcombe golf course, the Severn estuary

now featuring in the foreground. Arriving in Wotton-under-Edge dripping wet (again) we dived into a teashop in the High Street but were soon driven out by a horde of children just released from school. There was still a steep hill beyond the town to negotiate before reaching Warren Farm, our B&B. The farm specialises in breeding a pedigree herd of cattle, so when we presented ourselves at the farmhouse door it was not only mud that we brought along on our boots. We were offered a spacious self-contained wing of the farmhouse and were thoroughly spoilt by Mrs Gallop who used our kitchen to cook us a great dinner and returned next morning to present us with breakfast - a superb B&B indeed! The comfort was such that we felt no inclination to hit the nightspots of Wotton - perhaps there aren't any (actually the thought of climbing that hill again did influence our decision).

We left Warren Farm next morning with Mr Gallop behind his herd of cattle and soon found ourselves - yes - in muddy woodland. When we emerged, the lofty Somerset Monument was in sight, and just beyond it we strode into Hawkesbury Upton. We rested in the Beaufort Arms, another pleasant pub, where we found ourselves in the midst of a funeral party but, despite our inappropriate dress, in convivial company. Our destination was Chestnut Farm (now no longer a farm) in the village of Tormarton, and again were lucky in being offered a spacious self-contained cottage and being treated to an excellent dinner, prepared with Italian flair by our landlord Mr Cadei.

Tormarton to Bath - the last leg! Just to ensure that our Cotswold trek remained memorable, the weather got gradually worse during the day, so that by the time we reached Bath racecourse on Lansdown Hill a gale-force wind was lashing rain against us. It was a great temptation to sneak off the Way and head directly to John's home near the top of Lansdon Hill, because the Way descends steeply into Bath and we would then have that hill to climb again. To our great credit (if I may say so), we resisted - it was a hard decision in the circumstances. Even the great view over Bath from Prospect Stile was denied us as we stood there, pummelled by the elements.

So - was it all worth the effort? Certainly it was. There was much to enjoy - the beauty of the Cotswold towns, villages and countryside, grand country houses, serene village churches, Neolithic burial sites, Iron Age forts, historical monuments, not to mention welcoming pubs and friendly B&Bs. But there's more to it than enjoyment: there is a satisfaction of achieving something (albeit fairly modest in this case) that one has not previously attempted. It was reasonably demanding at times - slogging up countless hills, trudging through glutinous mud, clambering over innumerable stiles and field gates - and even unpleasant at times, when being pelted by wind and rain - but these travails only heightened the sense of achievement. Walking a flattened-out Cotswold Way under perfect weather conditions would not have been the same. Perverse but true. And finally - almost forgot - the old legs passed the test!

Photos:

1. The start - Chipping Campden, 2. Stanton, 3. Cleeve Common, 4. With Chris Stephens in Lineover Wood, 5. Cam Long Down, 6. View from Lekhampton Hill, 7. Feeling the strain on Scottsquar Hill, 8. The end of the road - dripping wet, and still friends

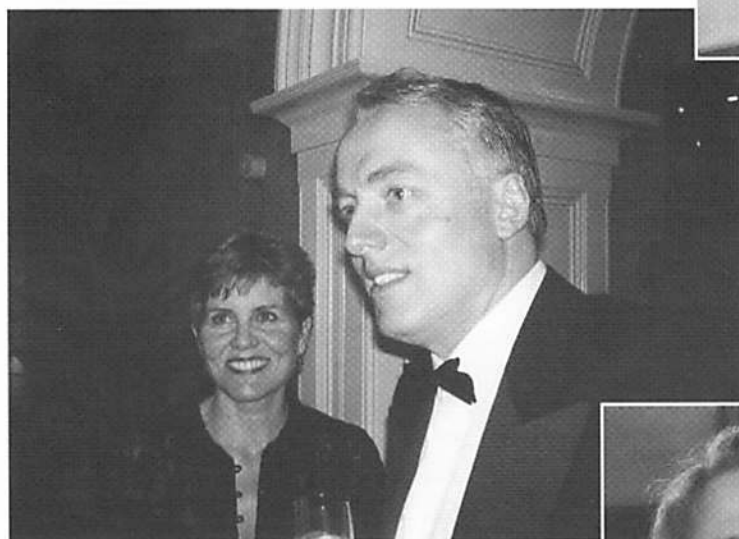
Paul Baines

With the possible exception of Judith Fieldhouse, I would say that Paul has helped me the most in the production of useful information to make this special edition of Moutpiece possible. Paul is a very successful Bristol dentist, by all accounts, and not his own may I add.

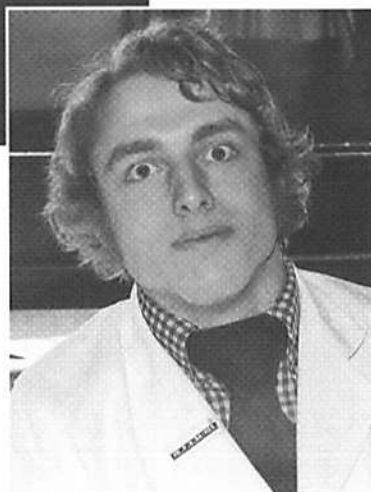
I had the pleasure of meeting him at a postgraduate course for ITI implants in London a few years ago, although my most vivid memories of him are still those of his very dry humour as a student and the incredible smoker "Gums". He and fellow comedian Phil Key have together put in a lot of effort to keep the Root '76 reunions going.



Paul's 2001 reunion speech at the Swallow Hotel, Bristol



Paul and Caroline during the 2001 reunion reception



Paul as a student

If I could do it all over again...

Potted thoughts after 25 years: Paul Baines

Crucial decisions –

No. 1 Not taking the advice of my careers master:

“Now Baines”, he would have said in his disinterested way, “there are jobs available at Avery’s (that’s weighing machines not wine!) or GKN, so pick one and stop wasting my time”

“If it’s OK with you I’ll apply to dental school”

“That’s a positive decision!”

“Not really. I’m not clever enough to do medicine and everything else looks horrible”

Crucial decisions – No. 2 Bristol

Didn’t know where it was in ’72 but I guess it has always been in the same place. Famous for ‘Cream Sherry’, being ships-hape and that rhyming slang with the football team. Recently a friend informed me that his wife couldn’t see anything amusing that rhymed with ‘Bristol United’. Ah, the innocence!

2nd BDS – The First Hurdle

What a sophisticated, cosmopolitan lot to be thrown together with. And such a range of costumes - from a half-size replica of Noddy Holder to the Witchfinder General. And two mature students from the RAF. And the Ferguson twins. And some with two surnames! And people with their own cars! It was inevitable that someone with an intimate knowledge of bri-nylon shirts and pork scratchings would make a big impression.

I fondly remember the histology lab where Cathy Asher sat on my left hand and Raman on my right. Is it any wonder that my notes were somewhat lacking and I failed the exam?

Op Tech – The Second Hurdle

A bit late in the day to find out that you have ten thumbs. It’s done more compassionately now I believe. Memorable for one item in particular – the chip syringe! What a useless piece of junk that was. Rapidly discarded by all the smart-arses in favour of a quick blow into the ‘mouth’ of the phantom head. This, of course, had dire consequences in the early days in Cons, where, depending on the inclinations of the patient and the state of one’s oral hygiene, any attempt to repeat the procedure led to a look of severe disapproval or a hot date.



Onwards to the end.....

No doubt a lot happened on the way but it's best not to remember too much. Special note should be given to the Smokers, largely inspired by Steve White, Geoff and Phil. Conceived on a wave of optimism, refined with some of the most tasteless humour possible and performed with an ineptitude few thought us capable of, they succeeded in offending nearly everybody. Bloody brilliant! I hear there has been nothing to match them since.

We did 'pilot' the student electives. Now they have changed; students are more likely to go to Sydney than Swindon. Four weeks 'study' (pah!) replacing the one week of clinics and theatre sessions that we were subjected to. But hey! If you get to stay in a Truro nurses home with a road-racing, beer swilling, wrestling fan who just happens to know the medical term for the abnormality of multiple nipples then life can't really offer much more, can it?

(Diana, you never told me how you got to know that word)

Hanover Trip – 1974

This is Bristol's twin town and 1974 was the first year that students graduated from the Hanover University dental school. This was, of course, an educational trip. The memory is of going into Der Gilderbrauerei (The Golden Brewery) – one of fourteen in Hanover! - at noon and waking up at about seven in the evening in a Mahler concert at the Herrenhausen Musikschule. A simple lesson – Mahler gives you a dreadful headache.

Another near death experience occurred on the journey back. The party was in a twelve-seater Transit minibus. I was sitting up front with Eric Bradford and his wife Nora. Everyone else was asleep when Eric skillfully steered the bus onto a flooded area of Dutch motorway at 70 – 80 miles an hour. There's an awfully eerie silence when a vehicle loses contact with tarmac and aquaplanes. A silence broken only by a shriek of, " Eric! " from Nora and a spine chilling cackle from our pilot for the day. I remember Carol was one of those asleep in the back – you never knew how close...



Significant transactions – Number 1

A year or so before graduation, as treasurer of the students' society, Caroline paid me £ 5.00. We got married in 1979. Now that's cheap!

The end of the beginning – after graduation

Some twenty-five or so of the year went into general practice in the Bristol area in 1977. Probably because it was easy, there were plenty of associate jobs and we had social ties. Almost exclusively this was NHS practice and very soon we faced the first funding crisis that would "ruin dental practice", as a colleague said at the time. This was the ten pound patient fee for a crown. So what happened? Nothing. Instead it was the beginning of a slow evolution of general practice to the current day where we are less dependant on fixed fees, we can expand the range of private treatments that we offer and improve standards of care for our patients. And guess what? the patients like it, we like it and the government likes it because it costs less.

Is high throughput, state funded practice a good place to start one's professional career? Probably, though the system needs some refining. The removal of high cost items – multiple crowns, bridges etc – would release funds so that basic treatments can be provided to a higher standard. Maybe our new Chief Dental Officer can work on this. Busy practice certainly allows you to get lots of experience very quickly and the new structures in practice provide for professional advancement through the whole of one's career. Experience is, of course, "the ability to repeat the same mistakes day after day, year after year with increasing levels of confidence"...Only joking, honest!

As far as practice goes, ours was set up in 1985 and continues to do well. There seems plenty of clinical work to do and it involves increasingly complicated retreatments, which are challenging. Caroline got her DPDS from Bristol University in 1995 and I passed MGDS in 1997. This had led me into other aspects of dentistry and one of my main interests is complaints and dento-legal work for the NHS and Dental Protection. Now there's a growth industry! Membership of the British Society of General Dental Surgery enabled the family to go on a twelve-day trip to Malaysia in '99 – for a conference, you understand – which



was excellent. Hopefully there will be more in the future. This has also put us in contact with colleagues all over the UK on a regular basis and provides a wider perspective of practice trends.

We have two teenage daughters so inevitably family life is also busy. Would we recommend dentistry as a career for them? Probably – but not the real stuff, something like orthodontics.

Is it a good time to be a dentist? Yes. All we have to do is find ways of making the widest range of treatments affordable for our patients and dentist are pretty enterprising when they need to be.

What of the future?

The NHS will continue to limp along providing a diminishing level and quality of service. Not because of lack of effort by those providing care but because of government inertia.

So, the private sector will expand and very soon most of us will be associated with Dental Bodies Corporate? No chance. Although this scenario has been promoted widely in the press over recent years, not least by the DBCs and those angling for executive positions, the chickens are coming home to roost. The Times on 27th July had an article detailing the enormous losses currently being made and recruitment problems the companies face. One company has already been taken over by a rival and Dencare is on the market at a discount price. Dental Corporate Bodies are a good thing! – they are one of the best things to happen to the independent practitioner for years. Let us hope there are one or two still around when we want to retire and sell up.

The future for Root '76

The reunions are always enjoyable and it's a pleasure to renew acquaintances. I hope people will continue to make an effort to attend. Thanks to Geoff for putting together this magazine.

And finally...congratulations to Raman as the new Chief Dental Officer. As a member of the General Synod, and now that dentists will have to do jury service, will justice be a summary "tooth for a tooth"?



Raman Bedi



Root 76's very own professor and more recently, Chief Dental Officer for England and Wales. "...and some have greatness thrust upon them"

BDA welcomes new Chief Dental Officer announcement, 17 May 2002

The British Dental Association has welcomed today's Department of Health announcement of the appointment of Professor Raman Bedi as Chief Dental Officer for England. The appointment comes at a crucial time for the profession as it awaits the publication of the Government's Options for Change proposals on the future of NHS dentistry.

Professor Bedi, currently Head of the Department of Transcultural Oral Health at the Eastman Dental Institute, University College London, is known throughout the profession for his contribution to diversity issues and is a member of the BDA's Transcultural Working Party.

Dr John Renshaw, Chairman of the BDA's Executive Board, said: "We welcome Professor Bedi's appointment to this key post at a time so critical for the future of NHS dentistry. We share Professor Bedi's commitment to equality issues and look forward to working with the new Chief Dental Officer on this area as an integral part of the wider oral health agenda".

Answers to the Mouthpiece questionnaire:

1. Present work status: Full time at University College London
2. Why dentistry: Unsure why I chose dentistry – but am very glad I did
3. Most inspiring teacher: Chris Stephens
4. Recommended dental publication: BDJ
5. Intercontinental flight seat companion: Katie my wife (boring answer but it is true)
6. 19 again..which university would you choose: Bristol – where else?
7. Member of: Dental Protection Society
8. Far more enthusiastic now than when I was in my 20/30s
9. Positive social developments in dentistry: Water fluoridation
10. And negative? The decline in the number of NHS dentists
11. How many times have you moved? A lot – really love Potter's Bar
12. #1 choice of area to practise: Bristol
13. Technical developments of importance: dental therapists – aren't they great?
14. Post grad interests: Training PhD candidates from developing countries
15. Teaching
16. Hospital/University
17. Katie looks after our 3 boys – I have no idea of the stress she faces day to day – my work load is easy compared to hers

18. Get tired sometimes – but burnout – not yet
19. Retirement at 60
20. Hobbies: Children and watching them play sport
21. Like the least in your work: Administration
22. Emergency duties: N/A
23. –
24. Dental graduate training necessary to become dentists: Yes
25. No
26. I have specialized: Paediatric dentistry and Dental Public Health
27. –
28. Amalgam: yes
29. Management skills
30. Most attached to: Family
31. Most difficult task in daily practice: Getting up
32. Rubber dam: Yes. Enamel chisels: Occasionally. Ward's carver: Yes
33. Instruments from your student days: No
34. Still in contact with Hugh and Claire
35. Group photograph: Yes
36. –
37. Reunions: Love them
38. Bristol: Yes – still in love with the city
39. –
40. Freemasons? Rotary? Lions? Absolutely not
41. –
42. –
43. Spent 4 years in Hong Kong
44. Extra letters: BDS MSc DDS FDS(Edin) FDS(Eng) Dip HE
45. –
46. –
47. –
48. Labial bow: Don't use it
49. Toga: No
50. Disappointing material: Compound and copper rings
51. Oral pathologies encountered: Quite a number
52. Dentistry lived up to expectations: Its gone too quickly – but overall yes
53. Happy? Content
54. Published articles: 130 referred articles and other
55. Holiday recommendations: Devon



*Raman and his wife Katie
at the 2001 reunion*



*Raman and his wife Katie
at the 2001 reunion*



*Official Eastman website
photograph of Raman*

Glen Buxey-Softley



VB: "Your nurse probably warned you that I'd be 'phoning you for a Mouthpiece article. I'm sorry I complimented her on her telephone manner. I suppose she wants a raise now. So, tell me a bit about yourself and your work."

BS: "Nice of you to 'phone, greetings to everyone! I work full-time and I love it. I think I work about 50 hours a week including Saturday mornings. The practice is brand new and I have one associate, a part-time oral surgeon, a part-time orthodontist and an oral hygienist.

I have always supported the NHS system but recent trends and lack of investment have been disastrous. The NHS has become constipated in its own bureaucracy and it will need more than the proverbial dose of salts to flush it through. That is why I am going private now and I have just handed in my NHS release contract. Dentistry as a career though: Yes, I still love it, and would choose it again, and wouldn't change a thing! I would also choose Bristol again."

VB: "BDH memories?"

BS: "Yes, the Lunchtime Bridge School."

VB: "Who would you most like to sit next to during an intercontinental flight?"

BS: "My wife Sue"

VB: "Going back to your work as a dentist, tell us about your special interests, the things you like best/least, and your experiences with materials and equipment."

BS: "I have been secretary and then treasurer of the LDC for many years. I am a member of the BDA, SAAD and stuff. What I really like about dentistry are the instant results unlike some other medical treatments. The most noticeable technical developments in dentistry are really just engineering breakthroughs like laser and greatly improved motors and handpieces. I like doing restorative and adhesive dentistry most of all. We're not into implants. As far as equipment is concerned I have found Adec to be very bad, there's always something that breaks down at the wrong moment. The new surgery has been equipped throughout with Belmont chairs and units and I have no complaints whatsoever.

As far as materials are concerned, I think that 'ICI Occlusion' is rubbish. There are a lot of cusp-smashing compomers and composites out there. If you want toothache, get your local dentist to fix your molars up with ICI Occlusion. That's why I still use amalgam, but the aesthetics-conscious patient will often bring his money elsewhere if even his wisdom teeth aren't dazzling white. We do a good trade in whitening treatments and cosmetics (mainly male patients)

What I like least are the aggro patients who are unappreciative of special efforts made. NHS bureaucracy and pettiness is also a drag."

VB: "If you weren't a dentist, what job do you think you might be good at?"

BS: "Anaesthetist."

VB: "Retirement plans?"

BS: "I'll be going on to 65 at least. I love my work, and dentistry as a whole has exceeded all expectations. Super!"

VB: "So my next standard question: 'Are you happy?' is a bit superfluous."

BS: "I'm happy and getting happier. I have a good social life, a good family life, a good job, I'm my own boss..."

VB: "Finally, hobbies/holiday recommendations?"

BS: "Squash and skiing. The Alps for obvious reasons."



Glen during one of the reunions



The new practice



Alan Canty



When I think of Alan I am immediately reminded of the transformation that took place some time during the short summer holiday between 2nd and 3rd BDS. At the Medical School he had a great bush of frizzy hair and a beard, and wore faded denims most of the time. Once at the BDH however, he shocked us all by having visited not only a hairdresser but presumably a tailor for a grey 3-piece suit. Even before qualifying he looked ready to muscle in on Wimpole Street as the new kid on the (bite) block. The following is approximately how the telephone interview went:

A: "Okay Geoff...I'll try and send a photograph for Mouthpiece. The beard is gone as has most of my hair. I work part-time now, three days a week. I always wanted to be a dentist from the moment my dentist gave me a free tube of toothpaste. It's amazing what one simple, friendly gesture can mean to an impressionable young boy. Think of the consequences the next time you give a child a tube of toothpaste! If I hadn't chosen dentistry then I would probably have chosen Medicine. Teachers that stand out in my memory are Graham Charlton for his all round manner and technical abilities, and Jim Fletcher for his enthusiasm and depth of knowledge."

G: "Who would you most like to sit next to during an intercontinental flight?"

A: "Mark Twain."

G: "If you were 19 again, which study would you choose?"

A: "Medicine, and definitely at Bristol."

G: "But now it's dentistry. Tell us about it."

A: "I suppose I don't work with the same energy anymore. The enthusiasm is still there but I find it tiring and I might even be on the verge of becoming cynical. The recent developments in bone augmentation and implants mean a giant step forward for dentistry, but tooth jewellery and tooth whitening as demanded by patients is annoying and negative. I am still a member of the BDA and the BAOS. I have moved four times since qualifying because of various hospital jobs, and I now live in the Cotswolds. If I could turn the clock back 25 years I would definitely choose the Cotswolds as a place to practise and to live. Implants play an increasingly important role in my practice although we don't advertise. I use ITI implants. If I hadn't chosen dentistry I think I would have considered writing or medicine. I have two associates in my practice. The work we do is private."

G: "Burn out?"

A: "Smouldering at the edges. I hope to retire in ten years' time."

G: "Hobbies?"

A: "Fly fishing and I make my own flies. (How many fishermen does it take to change a light bulb? – One, but you should have seen the bulb. It was this big!) I also cycle a lot as well as go to the gym on a regular basis to keep fit. I am married but we have no children. I am not a member of the Lions, Rotary etc. I am not clubbable!"

G: "Do you think that dental education should include some sort of course to help you survive the real dental world out there?"

- A: "Vocational training does that now but it is biased towards the NHS unfortunately. After I had qualified I don't think I was ready to take on the rigors of general practice, and I am glad I stayed on to do hospital jobs for a while first, before doing a stint as an associate."
- G: "Who were the other students in your firm?"
- A: "Bill Falconer Hall, Rick Dale, Sue Reed (I saw Sue about 15 years ago), Carol Robinson and Jackie Thackeray. I still see Carol and Jacky at reunions. As far as anecdotes of the BDH are concerned...nothing that's printable! Putting a cotton wool bunny on the pulley string of the electric drill at cons. and in the childrens' dept. was of course a special memory because dentists qualifying just a few years after us wouldn't know what we are talking about. (The new micromotors are really an amazing development in dentistry.) I usually avoided the smokers and the discos although I must say, the final year dinner was very good. I still have the group photograph you took."
- G: "Has Bristol changed?"
- A: "I don't live so far away. It's just down the road so my visits are too frequent to notice any changes. There have been changes of course with quite a few new university buildings."
- G: "Post-grad qualifications?"
- A: "FDS RCS Eng. I did this at London. It was a part-time study made possible only because I was unmarried at the time."
- G: "What is the function of a labial bow?"
- A: "Split or ordinary?"
- G: "Er.....let's go on to the next question. Do you still have your toga?"
- A: "No, never had one."
- G: "Has dentistry and life as a whole lived up to expectations?"
- A: "Did I have expectations? Difficult. It was and still is an adventure. I enjoy it! What's more, I'm happy."
- G: "Have you ever published anything in a dental journal?"
- A: "BDJ paper: Eosinophilic granuloma presenting as periodontal disease."
- G: "Any holiday recommendations?"
- A: "My wife Catherine, who is an IT manager, is American and comes from New York. We visit her family quite often which means frequent visits to that part of America."



*There is one
thing about
baldness:
it's neat!*



Geoffrey van Beek (Downer)

My first impressions of Bristol were not entirely favourable. I arrived by train at Temple Meads station thinking how dirty, old and black it was. It hasn't changed either, it still is dirty, old and black. What has changed though is my association and hence perception of it. It has a wonderful patina! This can only mean that my years at Bristol have been stored in the old memory banks as good years.

1st BDS

My A-level choice was not exactly congruent with the initial requirements for dental undergraduates, so I had to do the entire science crash course. This was hell since my A-level Technical Drawing, Art and French hadn't exactly prepared me for the first lecture at Bristol, in the Chemistry Dept.: "Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle". I didn't need this to know what uncertainty meant!

The other students from this year were Derek, Cathy, Sue, Maria and Diana.

My impressions of this period include my lodgings at Waverley Road, with a landlord who had made a business out of student lodgings and who crept about outside the windows to check on the 'guests', reminiscent of Basil Fawlty. Other impressions: The smell of scorched pumpkin at my first encounter with Halloween; the sound of Led Zeppelin III and Leonard Cohen from the record players of the other students; the leafy smells of autumn in Bristol.

2nd BDS

At this stage we were 50 strong with an even larger group of students to share lectures and coffee breaks with: the 2nd MB students. The lectures took place for the most part in the Medical School, an enormous building with extremely long corridors. I could cope with anatomy, physiology and histology etc. because these subjects seemed to make sense to me, but biochemistry was a nightmare. This was Heisenberg come to haunt me again in the guise of Annie Cole who was dedicated to making potential Nobel Prize biochemists of us, and I was definitely a lost cause. I liked her a lot though. Thanks to Diana lending me her superb notes, I managed to pass the resit in September.

BDH

This was the place that was to turn us into dentists. With the exception of Human Disease, everything started to point toothwards.

The new place to sit between lectures was the Common Room with its blue vinyl-covered chairs. We walked in like the first year students at Hogwarts with our blazer-style white jackets and new name tags. We had yet to encounter the 'pasties of death' or 'rat pies' as they were later called, a Mrs Knight specialité de la maison, lovingly prepared in the basement. The basement is also where I did all the printing for Mouthpiece and it was crawling with cockroaches. But why cockroaches when all that was stored there were old patient files and study models. They don't eat plaster do they? Of course not, so what was it they were after? Exactly, rat pie left-overs and in doing so did one or two perhaps fall into the coffee urn to give the aforesaid beverage its unique 'je ne sais quoi'? We shall never know. There

was an alternative however, which our firm had no trouble discovering. It was situated very conveniently across the road, a place where some of us would drown our sorrows and others simply irrigate them. Here's to the good time I must have had!

Op Techs: On the first day a couple of technicians were heard to say: "Give them the job and they'll finish the tools". The Op Techs Lab was dark and cramped for space. I can't remember getting on too well with our allotted technician either, but then I suppose he wasn't amused by extracurricular activities such as egg cups made of pink acrylic with teeth around the rim, or lifelike wax models of teratomas, made from round lumps of pink wax embedded with teeth and hair. He did rescue a full upper denture for me however, which I had managed to perforate during its removal from a metal-reinforced lump of plaster. I still hate dentures.



Student at BDH (cons.dept)



Horse riding: Stag hunt in Compiègne, France

The clinics

Of all the clinical subjects we had to tackle as undergraduates, the department I liked best was Cons. I loved doing crown and bridgework and got carried away one day doing six PJC preps in one session, to the extreme annoyance of Dr.Griffiths when I ran out of time to fit the temps. Hardly surprising considering the air rotors were Ash Wispairs and the Stores handed out temporary crowns as though they were gold nuggets.

What I liked least was Prosthetics. There is something about slimy, smelly acrylic that makes me feel nauseous. You've all been there, seen it, smelled it. I will spare you the details. You may be eating while you're reading this!

I wasn't that keen on kids either. Nothing has changed for me after all these years: I refer prosthetics to a guy down the road who can't get enough of them, an absolute godsend. Children are okay but combined with mother in the surgery they demand a great deal of patience. Leave the mother outside and everything is fine. The child doesn't realize that I have administered the local anaesthetic and I can get on with the job. Let the mother in however and before you can say "Extreme Time/Blood Pressure" she has comforted the child by saying "Don't worry it's only a small needle and there's no blood and it won't hurt and if you behave I'll buy you a Nintendo....."

"Nurse, cancel the next three patients please"

Of all the clinical teachers we had, I was most inspired by Graham Charlton and Chris Stephens. Perhaps if I had had John Farrell as a tutor in prosthetics, I might even have taken to dentures.

Mouthpiece

As you know, I was responsible for several issues of Mouthpiece, after taking the job over from Roz. It was heavily subsidised by the Maths Department and many small advertisers. This would have been very difficult without the help of a classics student called Hilary Deighton, who typed it all out for me every time. Its price of 10p may have been a drag, but Mouthpiece did help the UBDSS at a crucial moment when no funds were available to pay the beer bill after a particularly vigorous disco. The accumulated Mouthpiece profits saved the day so although the magazine itself did not always amount to much, it did have its uses: Reinstatement of the BDH – Courage Brewery umbilical cord!

Smokers and Pantomimes

These were events of the year that we all looked forward to. The humour went a little far at times, usually at the cost of someone else's feelings but that's all part of a dentist's training to become cruel. Paul Baines and Phil Key had natural talents for show business and organized perhaps some of the best Smokers in the history of the BDH. I also took part by showing collage slides, and acting in a few sketches, one of which I regretted afterwards. Herbie Newman made me report the next day to Jimmie Fletcher's office because of the impersonation I had done of him in which possible obsequious behaviour towards Jim had, in his opinion, been highlighted. Apart from the apologies which I sensed Jim accepted rather tongue-in-cheek, I felt awful about having hurt Herbie's feelings, which I hadn't meant to. I just imitated his slight Irish accent and rambled on about chocolate not causing tooth decay, and how one should never let the sun shine on undrained pus. 'Whom the shoe fits' and all that...

Another sketch was based on the Black Knight in the film Monty Python and the Holy Grail. In this part of the film, a lone knight refuses to let people pass on a certain road. When King Arthur comes along, the knight's unreasonable obstinance results in a duel in which he loses all his limbs, one by one, but can't seem to grasp the situation and give up, much like Saddam Hussein's rather comical Minister of Information. I had to sit in a wheelchair for an interview and different limbs had to fall off for reasons that escape my memory. The original idea of filling the limbs with tomato ketchup was abandoned for safety reasons as this would have made the floor slippery. When I was in the wheelchair with my legs tied in knots waiting to be kitted out, Roland Kitchen thought it might be funny to add the ketchup after all without my knowledge. The limb attachments were made of red rubber so the ketchup was impossible to see. When the stuff started splashing around the stage Phil, quite rightly, went beserk. He was the producer after all.

My favourite pantomime memory is of Phil, dressed in a tutu, (enter bounding daintily stage left) emerging from an enormous cloud of CO₂ from an off-stage fire extinguisher.

Stage right: Cinderetcetera (Gill Hardy): "Who are you?"

Still stage left but a bit more to stage centre now: Fairy Godmother (Phil Key): "The Co-alman!"

Final Fives

This was not a very good time for any of us and the question on many a mind was: Had we picked patients who were healthy enough not to croak before being assessed by the external examiners? I had put a disproportionate amount of eggs in one basket by asking the receptionist at the Children's Department, Mercia I think she was called, to be my Final Five patient for both Cons. and Perio. Everything went okay and I enquired about her health almost daily, suggesting perhaps that she eat plenty of fresh fruit and wrap up well. The last thing that had to be done was to restore two lower molars with two two-unit bridges based on the hygienic principles of Prof. Veldkamp. The result was awful. The restorations looked like two badly enamelled saucepans with both handles pointing to where the light was coming in. Poor Mercia, I hope someone has since replaced them for her.

Final five prosthetics was memorable by virtue of the external examiner's obvious criticism of the way things were done at Bristol:

Prof: "Tell me, how many impressions did you take to produce this?"

Geoff: "Er...two m'lud"

Prof: "Two?"

Geoff: "One up, one down"

Patient: "Fits a treat!"

Prof: Sigh..."Thank you"

First years out

Can you remember your first year as a dentist? I personally have not experienced such extreme tiredness before in my life! After a day's work 'at drill' I just arrived back at my lodgings in Weymouth and collapsed on the bed. It took me about three months of this before I could start to get myself a life, as the saying goes. I got on quite well with the principal, even though he was Welsh, and being on the Costa del Geriatrica, the practice had plenty of private crown and bridgework to offer. It was a cultural desert though so I looked around for a new challenge: Oxford. This I mention only because of what I experienced at the interview: The job advertised was for an 'associate in a prestigious practice, modern equipment'. I was shown the surgery, situated in a lovely old building with high, ornamented ceilings. The senior partner pointed proudly to the dental chair I was to use if I were lucky enough to be accepted for the job. He had made it himself and was basically unrecognisable as a piece of dental equipment. It looked more like something out of a Quatermass film, and of the same vintage. I was already used to the estate-agent terminology of job adverts and knew that 'modern' usually only meant 'post-war' but in this case I was wondering which war I should use as a reference point. This dentist also announced that he was so good that the RDO was a patient, which then clinched my suspicions of the place. His breath was so bad I am sure he could strip paint with it at three paces, and he had so many missing premolars it looked as if his tongue was in a cage. It reminded me of the statistician's announcement: "Do you realize that every time I breathe, someone dies?" Perhaps he should treat all the RDOs at close range and do us all a favour!

My own experiences with RDOs up till now had not been exactly that of jovial bonhommerie, which explains any subtle shades of antipathy which may have crept undetected into this account. A certain Mr Grey had complained once that a few of my perio patients had residual pockets of 2mm after hours of scaling and perio surgery. My Weymouth principal was absent during the Grey vis-à-vis Downer discussion, and was unable to instruct me as

to how to deal with these people: "Give them a pub lunch and apologise for leaving 2mm pockets and promise to get them to 0mm in the future." is what I am sure he would have advocated. Instead, due to inexperience in these things, I was rather abrasive.....

This RDO's territory more or less precluded the South West from my BDJ travel brochure choices. My next job was in a private practice in Cambridge, or so I was made to believe until I started work there. As it turned out, it was really NHS and all the patients had to be told about 'certain changes' by the new associate. You can imagine the reactions! This was so depressing, aggravated by regular threats of certain death by my DSA's boyfriend who was worried she might fall in love with this dashing young dentist. She was so podgy that I had to orbit around her and she was so stupid she put lipstick on her forehead to make up her mind. Deus misereatur! The practice had "Do not resuscitate" written all over it by the time I left, almost penniless, after nine months. All was not lost however for in the rigor mortis period of the practice, I decided to learn Dutch. There was ample time to do this during surgery hours, interrupted only by the occasional patient popping in, but only for another argument. This was safer for the patients too: a hungry dentist is a dangerous dentist!

Next stop Rotterdam

I started work in Rotterdam in the autumn of 1978 in a group practice and in my first year I had 8000 patients due to a shortage of dentists. Amalgam powder used to fly through the air and I had purchased huge amalgam rifles from England to cope with the sheer volume of dental cavities. I also started using an incredible machine, an air-powered amalgam condenser by Teledync. My health soon started to deteriorate due to the stress of overwork and also due to two other English dentists who were jealous of the number of private patients I was treating. They were convinced I was paying the central reception backhanders to pass these patients on to me and even photocopied my entire appointment book at night as so-called evidence. I am sure that if these chaps (from London schools I might add) had taken the trouble to learn a modicum of Dutch, their own efforts would have been rewarded instead of looking to others for their lack of success.

By now I had also experienced bad debts and even threats of physical violence by a certain section of Rotterdam's cosmopolitan population. I left the group practice and started my own practice in a better area of the city. I only gave my better patients my new address and left the dregs behind to find another dentist. I was free and determined to cope with the huge overheads of the new premises. For at least one year I had no nameplate on the outside of the practice, and my telephone number was ex-directory. I also changed my name by deed poll to that of my mother. The Dutch name would avoid people mixing me up with the bad reputation the two other English dentists were creating for themselves and English dentists as a whole.

I cut the number of patients down to 2000 and my blood pressure dropped proportionately but financially, things were touch and go, and it was at this stage that my marriage also broke down.

For a quite a while a small grey rain cloud seemed to follow me around like a lost dog, until I decided to stop playing Leonard Cohen music all day and get on with salvage operations. A new patient also changed things: He was a local medical specialist and needed a dentist. I had been recommended to him by an oral surgeon who had seen plenty of my work. The potential patient tried to corroborate this advice by consulting a dentist at the Rotary. This colleague, who thought he might undermine the recommendation to his own advantage said



Classic car rally in the French Alps



Geoffrey Wooster likes his bubbles! (You can take the Englishman out of England, but you can't take England out of the Englishman)

“Oh yes, you mean that little NHS practice on the corner....”

The patient made an appointment and related this short dialogue to me. Upon hearing this, my practice changed tack overnight. If you are a NHS dentist you are presumably something to be looked down upon by your colleagues. The practice was now pointed irrevocably in the direction ‘up-market’.

The Tropical Rainforest in the Waiting Room

I thought that practice upgrading could be achieved by a few gimmicky things like an unusual waiting room or an aquarium in the ceiling. The practice also suffered from unpleasant static electricity in the winter due to dry air. What better than to humidify it with something decorative and exclusive in the large, open waiting room. A zinc-lined planter was installed: 300cm x 100cm x 75cm and filled with huge plants, ferns, pond, small stream with waterfall plus all the necessary fishy bits. The results weren't quite as I expected them to be though. For a start we couldn't get on with normal dentistry as the patients were all queuing to go to the loo because of the noise of the splashing water. In the meantime, the children who obviously had stronger bladder control, kept pestering the fish by trying to catch them with their hands or simply by chucking stones at them. Once word had got around that this potential goldfish nature reserve had been established, patients even started adding their unwanted fish, above and beyond basic oxygen requirements.

Dutch children are remarkably undisciplined, so I had to find a (legal) means with which to deter them from dredging up to their elbows in what was designed to be a scaled-down Garden of Eden or something out of a John William Waterhouse painting. I decided to add a few nasty crayfish to nip their inquisitive little fingers. It worked and to such an extent that someone thought I might like an eel to add to the general effect. This eel however decided (quite rightly) at an early stage that this pond was a little crowded and tried to look for pastures new. As we discovered a day or two later, eels are capable of progressing beyond the simple confines of water and this one ended up behind a cupboard in the reception area to decompose in the disappointment of not having found a larger pond. It took a while to trace the smell but I found it before the maggots had set in.

By this time, the zinc was deteriorating because of the soil acids and it wouldn't be long before wood rot would develop and the whole lot would fall through the floor. The plants had also decided to play host to blackfly and these had the annoying habit of spreading through the practice to the surgeries where they would zoom in on the bright operating lamps on miniature suicide missions. This resulted more than once in fresh-fried flies falling over backwards off the hot halogen bulb and landing in the open orifice below, although I suspect that patient halitosis might have been the primary factor in a couple of cases.

I dismantled the whole lot and have never allowed a real plant in the practice since. The fishes and crayfish are enjoying their freedom in one of the many canals Holland is so famous for, and eel is no longer a part of my diet.

Going up-market

I decided to invest in about six weeks of post-graduate training each year: Occlusion; Advanced Crown and Bridgework by Pameijer (the Dutch equivalent of Michael Wise); Oral Implantology. I then went on neuro-linguistic programming and marketing courses run by Anthony Robbins and others, even including Colin Hall Dexter.

I gutted the premises and chucked out all the secondhand equipment, some of which I even

sold to one of the English dentists who had made my life so miserable when I started in Holland. The two-surgery practice was now fitted out at great cost with new Kavo and Flex equipment throughout, including an OPG. A fancy self-cleansing toilet to impress the overall vision of cleanliness upon patients was added as a one of many marketing techniques. Now all I needed was a couple of good-looking blonde DSA's with smart uniforms, running shoes and something above a double-digit IQ. The standard Daks/Burberry attire took up the remaining few guilders leeway my loan could be stretched to, and my present style of dentistry was initiated. I was now an awesome marketing machine: a drill with a will.

By now I was speaking fluent Dutch with only the slightest hint of an indefinable accent. Patients thought it was probably from doing all those American post-graduate courses. Marketing rule number 1: Fake it until you make it!

The practice now

The implant side of the practice has turned out to be quite lucrative and I do about 500 a year including all the extra crown and bridgework on the resulting abutments. (These are mostly referrals of course. I think someone could make a strong case for over-prescription if they were all my own patients!) The fees are lower than in the UK but I make up for this by sheer quantity. I also advertise in magazines like Cosmopolitan, and pay a web-site company for preferential appearances on the internet. I never let up on the marketing.

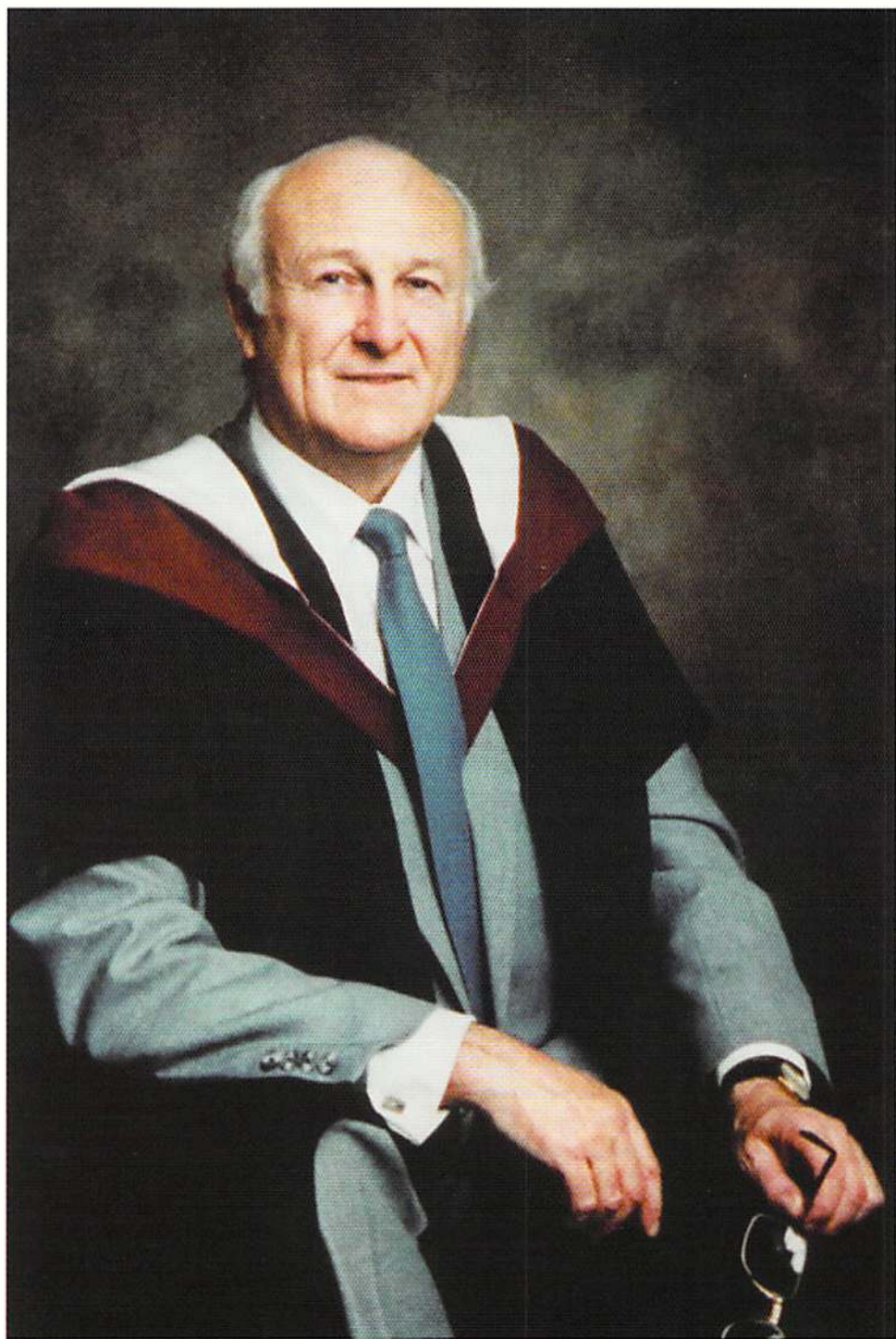
The latest gadget is a CEREC 3-D machine and milling unit, capable of making porcelain crowns and inlays while the patient sits in the waiting room. If anyone is thinking of investing in this technique, now is the time. The very first Cerecs were so disappointing that it was probably better to smash some porcelain with a hammer and select the best-fitting fragments to cement into the tooth cavity using copious amounts of composite. Now the fit is comparable with anything coming from a laboratory, and the porcelain is stronger. I now light-cure the restorations using the DenMat Sapphire, corrected wavelength, plasma lamp. This piece of equipment alone must save me almost an hour a day!

I now have a clientele including quite a few dental and medical colleagues, prominent Dutch politicians including the Secretary of State for Health, the Minister of Water and Transport, the Minister of Home Affairs as well as the Lord Mayor and Deputy Lord Mayor of Rotterdam.

There are already one or two colleagues who now refer to my practice as 'The Rotterdam Ceramic Tile Centre' but that is better than being known as 'that little N.H.S. practice on the corner'.

Hobbies: Fencing, horse riding, silversmithing, watercolours and messing around with vintage cars (Morgan threewheeler and a Bentley Speed Six)

To conclude by answering just a few of the questions on the questionnaire: I still work full-time in a solo practice, three nurses and one secretary. I still enjoy dentistry very much and would certainly choose it again, although a better choice of A levels would have to preclude the intensity of 1st BDS. This has been scrapped in the meantime anyway. I would certainly choose Bristol again! For photos of the practice: www.gcvanbeek.nl



Graham Charlton

Graham Charlton

Dear Geoff,

Looking through your year list of the 1976 BDS graduates, I was pleased that I remembered most of them, and hope that I may have the opportunity to meet some of them again. Some of your alumni may know that I was appointed Dean of Dental Studies and Professor of Conservative Dentistry at Edinburgh University in March 1978. I retired in October 1991 and, shortly after, Stella and I moved to Bearsden (near Glasgow) to be near our daughter, son-in-law, and our first 2 grandchildren. Our two sons were working in the Medical School in Newcastle and unmarried at that time.

Our intention had been to live in York (a delightful small city with a surprisingly good climate) where we have a number of old friends and are within reasonable distance of Newcastle and Glasgow. However, it wasn't until our grandchildren were well established in their school that we moved to York in the summer of 1999. Since then our sons (and their wives) have produced 3 more grandchildren who we see every 3 weeks or so. Stella and I still keep in touch with friends in Bristol and visit the area every couple of years. As you surmised I have many pleasant memories of the students and staff from the 14 years I served in the Dental School.

I remember exam howlers such as "periodontitis is caused by gingival orgasms" and "caries is mainly caused by plague" and the definition of 6 handed dentistry as "to prevent the dentist from getting tired he has a nurse at 9 o'clock and another at 3 o'clock".

Some of the sentences which appear in exam papers show the effect of stress on some candidates e.g. "a fixed bridge requires a minimum of abutments", "there are sex differences between men and women" and the incomprehensible "to get good gingival get wedge the inlay care being taken so as to obtain".

I hope that your 30 years reunion is very successful and if it is possible I hope that Stella and I may be able to attend.

Best wishes,
Graham Charlton

P.S. The dental treatment you did for me is excellent - especially the implants!

Vivienne Clemson

Letter to Mouthpiece 30.5.03

Thanks for your letter.. I'm so sorry I haven't replied before now. I hope I'm not too late to make the publication. I'm still working full time and enjoying it. I'll be 60 next year and I hope to run the full course before retiring. Our son Andrew is at Bristol University taking an LLM (Master of Laws) after graduating last year with a BSc. Hons in Chemistry with Law (also Bristol). He is living in Redland in a flat we've bought for him to use.

He's 23 years old. Our daughter Sarah is 25 years old and qualified as a physiotherapist at Hatfield University 3 years ago with an honours degree. She has just started a Master's Degree course at the Royal Veterinary College to become an animal physiotherapist.

Tony has retired early and spends his time overseeing his pet project to build a new village hall at Tibenham (the village we've just left). He has got Lottery Funding plus funding from three other sources. It will be finished the first week of June and officially opened on 12th July. He is also treasurer for Tibenham Church.

My hobbies are Yoga and art, especially watercolours. We've got a house in France and DIY is part of the holidays there. I also do silversmithing which I hope to do a bit more of when I retire. I'm sorry I missed the last reunion. We were all set to go , new dress etc., when I was taken ill on the Friday morning and had to stay in bed.

Tony and I will be celebrating our 30th wedding anniversary this July and we're very happy. Life is great and we have two lovely children. I really enjoyed my time at Bristol and I hope to be able to meet everyone again if there is another reunion.

26.6.03

Thanks for your letter Geoff. It's amazing that we have the same hobbies, silversmithing and watercolours! I have only started silversmithing relatively recently and I don't have my own hallmark.

I am attaching some photographs of us all. The picture of me on the roof is at our property in France where we were constructing a new roof on one of our barns. Tony and I have spent many enjoyable holidays renovating the house and appreciating the French way of life.

As far as my career is concerned, I was working as a very part time associate at the beginning. Sarah was born in 1978 and Andrew in 1979. Later on I bought my own practice in Winchester and was one of the first to join Denplan. I sold the practice when I moved to Norfolk because of Tony's job. I continued to work full time as an expense sharing partner in two practices. I am probably going to retire at Christmas and feel quite sad at giving it all up, but at the same time, looking forward to having more time for other things

Best regards, Viv

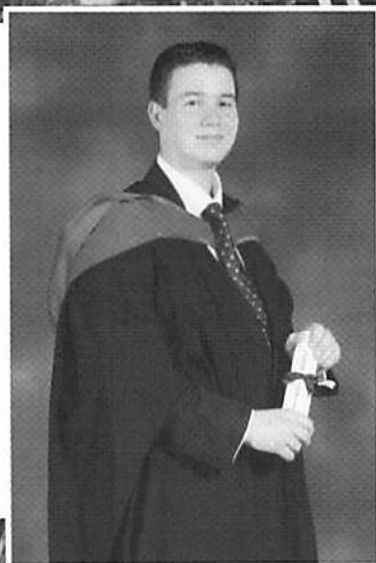


*Vivienne as a dental student at BDH.
(cons.dept.)*





Daughter Sarah



*Son
Andrew*





Vivienne Clemson

The best dentist in the world

Somewhere in a town in Great Britain there is a street where no less than three dentists have set up practice. In accordance with the relaxed latter-day restrictions on advertising, these three dentists are trying to promote their own businesses. Unhindered by any feelings of modesty, the first dentist had a very large nameplate fixed to his door: "The best dentist in England"

The second dentist thought that it would make good business sense to outdo this cad so he had a large sign painted above the door of his practice: "The best dentist in the whole of Europe!"

The third dentist was more restrained, but by doing so he had actually outdone his other two colleagues. His practice had a sign in the front garden with the following text: "The best dentist in the street"

How do these dentists differ?

The first dentist has become a specialist in aesthetic/cosmetic dentistry. A veritable wizard with composites, he is able to slap on facings to upper incisors with masterly precision, and makes many patients happy with his hi-tech bleaching machine for amazingly white teeth. His patients are mostly in the age group twenty to begin fifty, and although many of these patients have children, he only treats a few, reluctantly. The reason for this is that he just doesn't get along with difficult-to-treat toddlers.

The second dentist is even more specialized. He is a periodontist and implantologist. His results are a wonder to behold and his clients are (nearly) all very impressed with his work. This dentist doesn't treat children at all since fillings are no longer done in this establishment. For this reason he doesn't treat older patients either since they often present with cervical caries. After implant treatment, these patients are simply referred back to a colleague who does fillings.

The third dentist is a general practitioner with a mixed practice, perhaps concentrating more on the treatment of children and senior patients. Where necessary, the children's teeth are carefully restored and adequately cared for with preventative measures such as fissure sealants and fluoride applications. Bitewings are taken periodically to aid his diagnosis of early carious lesions in his daily task of helping his patients to hang on to their teeth as long as possible even if it means making compromises now and then. He works at a large nursing home one afternoon a week. His younger patients attend on a regular basis and his older patients are grateful that they are still welcome.

The sign above his practice entrance should really read: "The best dentist in the world."

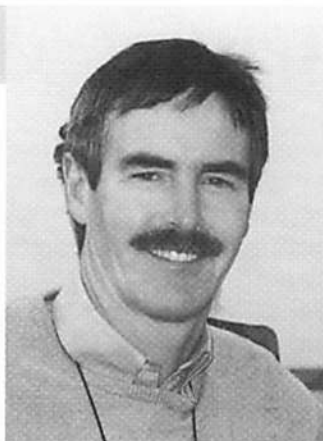
Translated and adapted for Mouthpiece from an original editorial in the Dutch dental Magazine "Tandartspraktijk".

Ever thumped the unit or computer to make it work? Some call it T.R.A. (Technology Related Aggression). Others simply call it "Percussive Maintenance"

Paul Davies

A brief personal history from 1976 till present day:

I moved to Southport by Liverpool for two years as an associate. In April 1979 we moved down to Portishead and bought a practice. I ran the surgery for 17 years. During the same period, I opened a new surgery in Long Ashton with Dave Bowles. After 4 years we sold the business to John Glew (house officer whilst we were students) and he has run the surgery until his retirement in 2001. Following another couple of years, Paul Pritchard and I opened another surgery in Pill, Bristol. I was also the visiting dentist to Her Majesty's Prison Leyhill for 8 years. As you can imagine, I was pretty busy!



Jill and Paul on their Silver Wedding

Jill and I now had Tom and Helen to keep us busy at home and life never had a dull moment. In 1993 I had reached the end of my NHS days. I went looking for a better alternative. I have found myself in Jersey. The best place to revitalize my interest in my career. Nobody looking over your shoulder; nobody to tell you how to do your job; nobody to restrict the type and amount of treatment you can provide, and best of all, patients who don't mind paying for treatment. Do you get the drift of what I am trying to convey here?

Well now I work a four day week, earn a reasonable living, and enjoy life to the full. I still play squash three times a week, golf whenever the weather permits and have had time to enjoy my family. I am hoping to leave Dentistry when I am fifty in 2003. I wish then to pursue a career in some sort of property development business. My current practice situation is that we now have 9000 patients on our books. I have one associate to help me out, and four staff.

I have only one gripe about current dentistry in the UK, and that is the introduction of compulsory post grad education. I thought I had escaped the non-productive pen pushers, who seem always to have a go at general practitioners. Why not let them get on with the job and pay them better for it? I haven't met a current dentist who has recommended the career to their offspring, which is quite sad really.

As to our reunions, I think they are great, long may they continue. If there are any 76'rs who wish to holiday in Jersey then I will certainly help out in any way I can with arrangements. On a final note, the person who taught me most which is relevant to my work was Pete White, my technician. He still does my lab-work, and I am pleased to say he has made a good recovery from recent heart surgery (probably caused by the stress of doing my lab-work!)

I look forward to seeing everyone again at the 30th year reunion.

Newspaper cutting (Jersey Evening Post) of daughter Helen

12 FEATURE

JERSEY EVENING POST • MONDAY 22 JULY 2002

Livingpeople

Waiting in the wings

Ex-JCG student Helen Davies will one day take the controls of a jumbo jet. Louise Nibbs found out how she is achieving her dream

WHEN local girl Helen Davies had her hopes of flying fighter planes for the RAF dashed because she didn't have perfect eyesight, she started for another way to increase her love of flying.

Now, at just 18, after choosing flight school over a university place, there is a student in a qualified commercial pilot seat and could be at the controls of a jumbo jet, after further training with an airline - when she can find a job.

After September 11, the airlines stopped recruiting, and if they

have sponsored people through flying school, they take them first before they choose other people," said Helen.

Her young age is quite unusual in the world of learning to fly.

Determined

Last week, 20-year-old Jonathan Clarke from New York made the headlines in the Daily Mail when he achieved his commercial pilot's licence.

Like Helen, he was determined to fly planes and is now

seeking a job. "I want to be in the RAF, but I don't have perfect eyesight, so I started thinking about what else I could do," Helen explained.

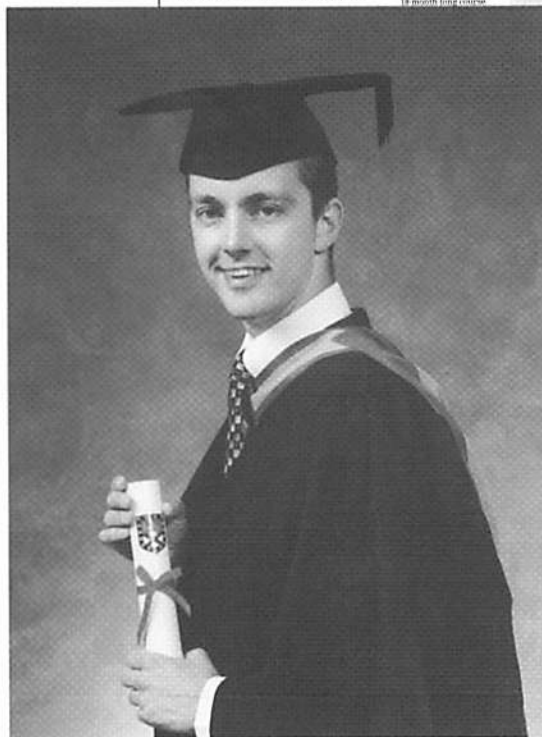
"I went onto the internet and found out about flying schools."

After more research, Helen decided to apply to the Oxford Air Training School. "It seemed very disciplined, which was very important," she said.

As a self-sponsored student, Helen has had to pay £10,000 to get through the intensive 18-month long course.



Helen Davies is keeping her piloting skills in top condition by taking out some of Jersey's smaller planes at the Aero Club



and her training commercial pilot as the out of a group of 200, she has three more years learning lots to female

air of men, but that women probably find more support. They don't have to be supportive of Helen.

she followed by 10 of them and then led to Phoenix, months of Visual Basic 2000, or more taken back and school for job and to show out of 16

exam. For all the leading pilots, the crucial test came between June and August last year, when they took their commercial pilot's licence skills test

Rules

Eight more exams followed in November and then Helen began an instrument flight rules course, which teaches the procedure to fly using only the instruments inside the plane.

Helen's hard work paid off on 1 June, when she took and passed the final instrument rating exam.

She has now qualified as a commercial pilot with a "frozen" licence, which can only be "unfrozen" after 1800 hours of flying experience and after her 21st birthday.

"When you get a job with an airline, that's when you get further training for his job," she said.

'Flying a plane is something that you have to psych yourself up for'

they want me to fly. And pilots have to take exams every year to refresh their skills, said Helen.

After a year and a half of intensive work and training, Helen is now enjoying a well-earned break, but is keen to secure a job as she can't under go further training.

"When you get a job with an airline, that's when you get further training for his job," she said.

gradually qualified would be a bonus.

Now, I just want to get on with flying.

Helen plans to keep her flying skills in top condition by taking out small planes at the Aero Club once her licence comes through, and as students of the Oxford Air Training School are allowed to hire out flight simulators to practice on.

"I might also consider flying in the RAF reserves or flying to support staff," she said.

Son Tom graduating from Exeter

Hilary Deighton

Hilary Deighton was not a dental student but nonetheless played an important role in the production of Mouthpiece for the few years that I was editor. Hilary studied Archaeology and Classics, but was kind enough to find time to type every Mouthpiece magazine for us, as well as the manuscript for Dental Morphology, including the second edition. She corrected the English, grammar, syntax and spelling of big words. This photograph of her was taken near the Cabot Tower, Bristol.'



Scotland:

At the beginning of time God was discussing the creation of the world with the Angel Gabriel. Leaning back on His golden throne, He told him of His plans for Scotland.

'Gabriel', said God, 'I am going to give Scotland towering mountains and magnificent glens resplendent with purple heather. Red deer will roam the countryside, golden eagles will circle in the skies, salmon will leap in the crystal clear rivers and lochs, and the surrounding seas will teem with fish. Agriculture will flourish and there will be a glorious coming together of water with barley to be known as whisky. Coal, oil and gas – all will be there. The Scots will be intelligent, innovative, industrious and...'

'Wait a minute!' interrupted Gabriel. 'Are You not being just a wee bit too generous to these Scots?'

But the Almighty replied, 'Not really. I haven't told you yet who their neighbours are going to be!'

Hugh Devlin

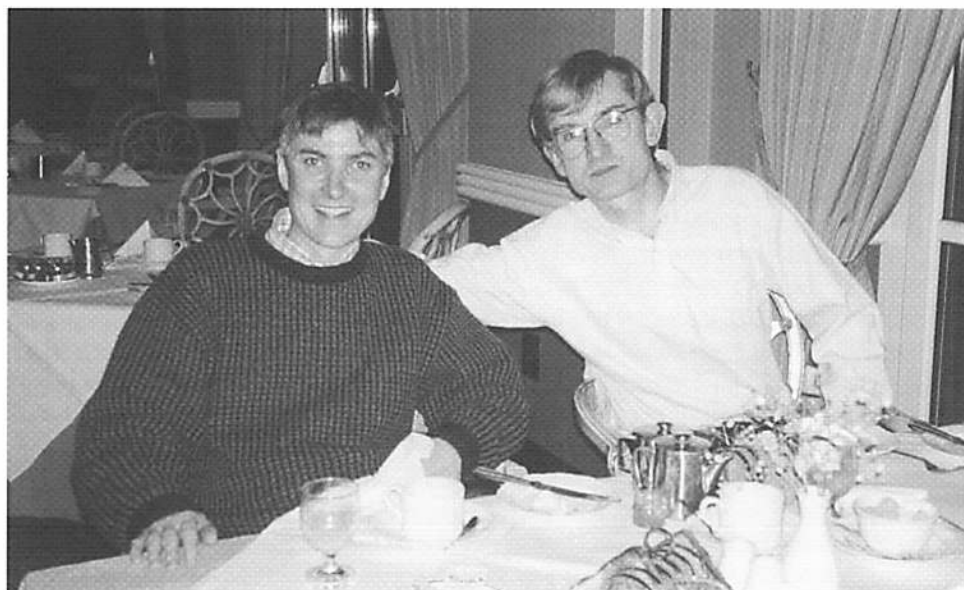
Hugh was a quiet sort of chap, quite friendly and serious most of the time. Like any of us, he also had moments that he was down in the dumps, and who better to bump into at one of these moments than an expert in this field, yours truly. We decided the time had come to try out the Victoria Square homemade elderberry wine and we finished the bottle off to prevent any remaining wine from oxidizing. After a while our troubles lifted, a few thousand more brain cells probably hit the dust, and God help our patients the next day. Now he is Hugh Devlin Ph.D., B.Sc., B.D.S., M.Sc.



Hugh at the 2001 reunion

- G. "Do you remember the elderberry wine?"
- H. "Yes, not exactly premier grand cru but it hit the spot!"
- G. "What are you doing at the moment?"
- H. "I'm teaching at Manchester University where I am Senior Lecturer in Restorative Dentistry. This includes cons. and dentures, what we used to call Prosthetics."
- G. "Why dentistry? Would you choose it again?"
- H. "I have always liked dentists as a professional group, and yes, I would choose it again, and Bristol too. The teachers who inspired me most were Chris Stephens for his amazing energy, enthusiasm and ability to present a difficult subject in an orderly fashion. Jeff Watkins inspired me because of his good approach to patients, especially mentally handicapped patients."
- G. "Who would you like to sit next to on an intercontinental flight?"
- H. "Michael Faraday. He was a humble man and a great scientist, who also did a great deal of work for charity, a fact that not many people seem to know about."
- G. "Do you belong to any dental organization?"
- H. "BDA, IADR, stuff like that."
- G. "Moved around at all?"
- H. "After qualifying I stayed around in Bristol to do a BSc. in physiology with the Anderson mafia. From there I went to Dundee for a house job before my present appointment at Manchester. I have recently come back from working two years in America and I returned rejuvenated. It gave me a different perspective on Britain, which has a lot to offer."
- G. "Important technical developments in dentistry in your opinion?"
- H. "Apart from latex gloves, Schreinemaker's impression trays."
- G. "Ah! Dutch! Did you know that I translated the instruction manuals of all his products from Dutch to English for him? If you weren't a dentist, which job do you think you'd also be good at?"

- H. "Mending shoes."
- G. "Okay...cobblers. Got the message. Next question: Burn out?"
- H. "Not really, but when I start smouldering a good glass of wine can put out the flames."
- G. "Homemade elderberry wine?"
- H. "I said good wine!"
- G. "Hobbies? Making homemade wine for example?"
- H. "Golf."
- G. "If you could change something about yourself, what would that be?"
- H. "Get more hair."
- G. "Who were the other students in your firm? Special memories, anecdotes?"
- H. "Raman Bedi, Dave Reekie, Pratibha Hindocha, Simon O'Shaughnessy and Neil MacDonald. I remember that one of Raman's denture patients arrived on a stretcher to have the dentures fitted. Raman just placed them under the pillow of the patient and let the poor chap be carted off again!"
- G. "Mmm....makes one think doesn't it? I suppose the tooth fairy also plays an important part in NHS negotiations. I can say things like this! I work far away! Disco memories?"
- H. "The discos were riotous events. We had one once with students from Cardiff and they smashed the place up."
- G. "How was Bristol the last time you saw it?"
- H. "I haven't seen Bristol since the last reunion, when I was delighted to see everyone again."
- G. "Has dentistry lived up to expectations? Are you happy? What's the secret?"
- H. "Yes. Yes. Being able to read the newspaper in the morning and listen to Radio 4 at night."



Dave Reekie and Hugh at the 1997 reunion

Lynne Doggett

I remember Lynne as a quiet girl who spent her few common room moments mostly down the far end but that was probably due to the above-average rugby player percentage in her firm. Lynne shared her tutorial and clinical hours with Jim Herold, Peter Grime, Paul Baines, Ralph Day and John Simpson. The following is a brief interview by telephone, inbetween patients.



- G: "Good morning Lynne, just a few very quick questions for Mouthpiece. It's going to the printers next week and I'm attempting a near 100% response. How are you?"
- L: "Fine. I'm still doing dentistry, part-time, about 15 hours a week spread over three and a half days. It's enough to live on and this way I can honestly say that I am still enjoying it."
- G: "Any special interests?"
- L: "I just do general dentistry, a bit of everything. I have done several courses on TMJ-dysfunction diagnosis and treatment but it's more a sideline than a specialization."
- G: "Any special memories of Bristol or the BDH? I remember you as having half-long dark hair. Do you think you could send a photograph for the Mouthpiece Yearbook?"
- L: "I don't have any special memories of Bristol at all. I didn't like dentistry then so I suppose anything to do with dentistry at the BDH hasn't really registered as a memory worth hanging on to. As I said, I enjoy dentistry now though. My hair is shorter now, but it's still naturally dark!"
- G: "Yes, yes.....have you been to Bristol recently, and if so, what was your impression of it?"
- L: "I visited Bristol about twenty years after qualifying. It certainly has changed a lot since we were students, especially down the bottom of Park Street."
- G: "Hobbies?"
- L: "I enjoy walking. I've just come back from a walking holiday in Scotland. I'm not married so I can't tell you all about my family and children."
- G: "Who would you most like to sit next to on a long intercontinental flight?"
- L: "You, Geoff!"
- G: "Oh Lynne....."



Peter Duke

Doris and I visited Pete and Jennifer at their lovely house in Somerset in the summer of 2002 in order to collect the necessary information for Mouthpiece. We had a wonderful meal and Louise (Priest) and her husband Anthony Sowden also turned up so it was a mini firm reunion. Pete's hand-written manuscript starts off with a Limerick about someone he remembers from his BDH days:



There was a young dentist called Downer
Who really was quite a bounder
One day in a fit of pique
He changed his name to Van Beek
Since then he has been much sounder

Abiding memories of BDH:

Having fitted a full/full wax try-in, I went to seek the approval of a 'long white coat' and upon our return the patient had attempted to eat a cheese sandwich to test them out!!

Being a member of the best undergraduate firm ever:

Diana Ostick: As Peter Grimes definitively stated – she deserves a whole paragraph to herself.

Rick Thompson: Who?

Louise Priest: Our esteemed gold medal winner and champion wire-bender.

Bertie Jukes: How could we have passed those biochemistry practicals without Bert giving us the results beforehand?

Peter Duke: Regular bar man at the White Hart in Nailsea and registered groundworker in the building industry. How did he have time to attend the hospital?

I only missed one lecture - because it coincided with the birth of my son. You would think that the syllabus programmers would have foreseen this and rescheduled the lecture!

Geoff Downer – the only man who:

1. Used to supplement 'possible amino-acid deficiencies' by pouring meat juices and



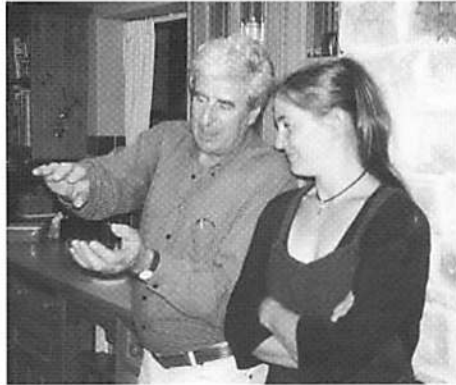
Pete as a student at the BDH, cons. dept.



Pete and Jennifer at the last reunion

sausage meat into the nut-roast of the fair Hilary – his vegetarian girlfriend.

2. Was skilled enough to hallmark his initials upon his crown and bridgework – probably led to periodontal problems though!!
3. Appeared on local television encouraging young women to smash blokes in the family jewels.
4. Manufactured and played the Northumbrian Small Pipes.
5. Still the only undergraduate author of a best-selling dental textbook.



Pete explaining how to make dentures to Doris

Here we go round the Mulberry Bush

My first job as an associate in January 1977 was a plum post in Clifton (45% and no lab fees) from which I was sacked after just over a year having declined a partnership which was most unfavourable to me.

Tacking stock for a week (well I had two young kids then and needed to earn) I rejected the opportunity to buy a practice in Exeter and became a part-time associate in a newly-opened surgery in Weston Super Mare which I built up to a very full book within four months. A partnership was offered and accepted – most probably because no written agreement existed.

Everything proceeded very well for another year before the practice accountant and my partner turned renegade on the partnership agreement resulting in a most acrimonious dissolution which took over a year. Three and a half years qualified and in a right mess! What do you do?

I took out a large loan to buy High Street premises in Weston Super Mare and set up by myself. Fortunately the demand was still buoyant and within two further years a hygienist and two associates had joined me. The Duke Empire was about to take over Somerset!!

Another bank loan bought a prime village centre house in which we did a cold squat to set up the branch practice. This proved to be a most successful venture as we were offering top class NHS treatment to people who were most



Jennifer in her immaculate garden



Pete's beautifully restored house in West Staughton

appreciative. The Empire continued to thrive and at its height I was employing twenty-two people and coping with all the headaches consequent upon that position. Thank goodness I decided not to expand any further though I must admit I was tempted occasionally. Many happy and excellent years followed which were the best of my practising life.

With the advent of the New Contract NHS dentistry changed overnight. Coincidentally with this a key full-time associate resigned and could not be replaced. To keep the Empire afloat I had to absorb his book and for a year was unable to spare time to take a holiday. An obscene cash sum was earned but at a punitive cost to my health. Good Fortune intervened and I was able to sell the branch practice whilst holding onto the freehold.

To keep the main practice fully operational, I became a Vocational Trainer in conjunction with Louise, and to date we have successfully launched six new graduates into the hostile world of general dental practice. Being appointed as a trainer was like a breath of fresh air. It rekindled my enthusiasm for dentistry; ensured that I keep up to date with all the hoops we now have to jump through and enabled me to remain as a NHS principal (which I value)

At the end of April 2002, I was overjoyed to sell the practice to a dental corporate body and Integrated Dental Holdings are happy for me to stay on as a part-time associate for as long as I choose.

Well, twenty five years on I am back to where I started as an associate....
Older, fatter, greyer, wiser, richer but most importantly, content.

An RAF chappie called Pete
Thought a change of career would be neat
Now he's a dental professional
And a BDH sessional
And no longer says "stuffed" but "replete"
(and his denturework fits a treat!)

G. v. B.



Pete and Geoff at one of the reunions



Pete, Jennifer, Steve & Louise

Bill Falconer-Hall



*Thumbnail sketch of life 10th December 1976 to date –
the ramblings of a mercury-crazed GDP.
Bill Falconer Hall*

11th December 1976 – severe hangover. Then:

First job as associate in two-man family practice in Fowey, Cornwall. Not a bad, fairly gentle start into general practice, helpful principal who introduced me to the real world and NHS. (Ref. Questionn 25 –NO) Did a day per week at a 'branch practice' in an ex-school service caravan (non-mobile as the chassis was rotten) in a nearby village where we did blood and vulcanite dentistry. These days it would be called an outreach facility. Learned that lower molar forceps are very useful for tightening airline couplings. Once a week the local GP came in and did a G.A. session which I hated and ultimately opted out of.

Returned to Bristol mid 1978 and joined a five-surgery NHS city practice, coincidentally along with Paul Baines. Busy seven years before Paul and I bought our goodwill (how very ethical eh?) and opened The Old Market Dental Practice on 20th May 1985 in the premises that just three months before had been a derelict wire-working factory. We took care of the demolition and site clearance, had the builders carry out the reconstruction, and we then did most of the rest. Paul's wife, Caroline, joined us six months later as our associate.

Very busy NHS until private conversion in 1994 (new contract, falling revenue although working longer hours, getting older and possibly wiser and need for time to maintain/increase quality of care, do postgrad. stuff etc.)

Various permutations of full/part time associates, as families arrived but we are now back to Paul and Caroline Baines, myself, a part time restorative consultant for internal and external referral work and our four part time hygienists. NHS children, private adults and as busy as we want to be, allowing for family, professional and social commitments.

Career position – General Dental Practitioner says it all really. Fair amount of postgrad. study (no further letters though). A small amount of teaching with second year BDS students sitting in during their materials course to see the uses (and abuses) of materials at work in the real world. Did a small audit/research project on Glass Ionomer as a suitable material to replace lost cusps which showed that 90% of repairs last at least three years.

Voracious reader of dental journals, mags & rags, which keeps the neurones ticking over and keep up with the gossip. A lot of post-grad reading done whilst waiting to collect the girls from various activities.

Life out of the practice:

I married Janet in 1987 (Tutor Hygienist BDH 1984 – 1988) Two daughters Katherine(13) and Jennifer(11)

Life is very family-orientated, viz: DIY, gardening (long hours nurturing things in the greenhouse), homework, home-brewing, music (daughters'orchestras, weekly lessons and home practising, quartets etc. (I am the taxi driver, not composer or player)

Community service – governor at daughter’s junior school after chairing the PTA.
Holidays usually spent in the surf in Cornwall.
Lightweight running helps keep body and soul together. Quote Prof. Elderton: “...clinical dentistry is both physically and emotionally extremely demanding”. I agree, ref. Geoff’s questions 17 & 18.

With regard to Geoff’s suggestion list:

YES to:

Rubber dam (not for everything though)

Enamel chisels – my dental nurse astounded her tutor during her evening class course by knowing (a) what a Black’s marginal trimmer was in the spot test (b) that it was a distal one

Wards Carver

Instruments with student number on them: In particular a burnisher that Graham Charlton modified for me, in front of the patient I was treating, with a pair of ortho pliers, to make it work better. He was right too!

Amalgam – yes – any reason not to?

In general:

Really liked the last reunion – we now appear to feel quite happy sharing the important things in our lives rather than just what our professional lives are doing.

Don’t keep in touch regularly with firm members or that many year members. Social life is mainly with non-dentists.

Things I don’t do anymore:

Ride and tinker with motorbikes (though I still have a Moto Guzzi under wraps in the garage)

Sitting in the BDH car park consoling a very homesick Sarah Clamp at the sherry reception on first arrival.

Monday afternoon’s histology (asleep)

Highly enjoyable physiology practicals

Dreaded biochemistry

Badock discos

First extraction, followed by hours of pulling teeth in Locals

Cycling/walking just about anywhere in Bristol, day or night, drunk or sober

The hurly burly of Exam dept. – good training for NHS though

Waiting in trepidation for cons patients to turn up and disappointment/relief when they failed. (It’s the same in practice!)



Murdering a nephew in the new practice, June 1985



One of my favourite childrens photos



*Bill Falconer –Hall in a former life:
Brand’s Hatch July 1981*

Some fond memories of most members of staff (when they could be found) their watchful eye and good advice. I do recall that Mrs Fletcher was gentler on us in Cons. than Prof. Charlton. Not forgetting Matron.

BDH discos – Teddy Bears’ Picnic as the finale

Alan Canty’s suits

Smokers (bit hazy on that one)

Prof Darling asking if my identification badge was actually my name or address (very unsettling for me as it was during a Cons viva)

Giving Midda a pair of braces for Christmas as his trousers were too long

Secreting a pint of Guinness into the ortho dem room as a leaving present for an Irish registrar (name?)

Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is Guinness. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with a ploughman’s lunch.

Fixing a broken motorbike in the BDH car park using jaw ligature wire and locking artery forceps

Rick Dale setting fire to a bracket table covered in surgical spirit six inches above his supine patient, whilst annealing copper rings

On call in BRI Casualty – suturing someone’s backside and not volunteering that I wasn’t a medical student, as he assumed; and, for the first time, seeing someone die.

Rick Dale and I sneaking in to watch an appendix op. in theatre and putting on Senior Reg operating pyjamas in error. The theatre staff were most helpful.

The euphoria of finally qualifying

Did BDH prepare its students well? In general I think yes. We certainly did plenty of hands on. The first few months after qualifying were pretty nerve wracking, but one coped with most things (when in doubt – bluff!) I still do a number of things in the same way that we were taught but lots of other things get modified or re-learned in light of improved techniques, philosophies and materials.

Ref: question 55: Any holiday recommendations? Yes, take lots, we never take enough. That is, unless you reckon daily practice is a holiday in itself.



Scotland 1982



20-5-85, 9.45 pm. The ‘chippy’ constructing the reception desk



Bill as a student in the BDH common room



Initial surgery planning, March 1985 “Chair goes about here...”

Lorraine Ferguson

Information about Lorraine is sparse since she emigrated to the Republic of South Africa. She lives in Durban.

Lorraine was a member of the all-female firm at the BDH, the others being: Judith , Claire, Pat, and Anne.



◀ *This photograph was kindly sent by Jacky, who visited Lorraine while holidaying in South Africa. Lorraine is seen here holding Jacky's daughter, Isabella. (1987)*

▼ *Lorraine during a reunion (left) with Jill Davies and Frank Wood, who married Jane Ferguson.*



Derek Fieldhouse



Derek as a BDH student

Derek was another 1st BDS student so we knew each other quite well already when the 2nd BDS course started. 1st BDS is perhaps, then, a good place to start. The story of Derek:

The first impression of Bristol, apart from the gloom of Temple Meads Station was nearly the same for everyone: the first lodgings/accommodation. Derek's initial Bristol abode was just as awful as the year itself was about to become. He was put in lodgings with some eccentric old bat of a woman who expected him to be back by 9.30 pm every evening, allowed no visitors and threatened to report him to his older brother if he misbehaved. She also had a special padded armchair for her pampered pet dog which was for its exclusive use and Derek was told off for sitting on it. He only lasted out living there for just over a week before obtaining a place at Burwalls.

He also had a couple of alarming moments during his 1st BDS examinations and Finals which almost meant he might not have qualified at all. At the end of 1st BDS he almost got booted out of the examination room and was not allowed to do the exams as there were no exam papers set out for him. Using almost physical violence, (the exam was physics after all) he refused to leave and promptly plonked himself down at the desk reserved for another student who had not turned up. (She was a Norwegian 1st BDS student, a real cracker but a very pregnant cracker.) After wriggling out of the grasp of the adjudicators and hissing one or two subdued but well-chosen expletives (the adjudicator said afterwards that it sounded as if he kept going on about the metal things on rowing boats that you put the oars in) he scratched his pen across piles of paper as if the added adrenaline had inspired him to answer more than even he thought he knew.

A mistake had been made and he had been wrongly eliminated from the remaining 1st BDS exams because he did not turn up for the first exam which was chemistry. If the administrators had checked properly, they would have noticed that Derek already had 'A' level chemistry and was therefore exempt from taking the exam. So 1st BDS started and ended traumatically.

Not half as traumatic as the treatment (metal things on rowing boats-verb) Prof Anderson gave the administrators afterwards though! Derek received an official apology.

He also received an apology from Prof Darling – yes I'll repeat that: An Apology From Prof. Darling, following his final viva voce exam on account of a mix up between two of the examination patients which meant that Derek was questioned by him about the wrong patient and dismissed as an absolute idiot who had totally missed a really obvious pathology and would he please f... off at his very earliest convenience after Derek persisted in saying that he had not seen anything of the sort.

Apparently Prof Darling was sincerely apologetic afterwards and very concerned that Derek should be aware that "It would all be taken into consideration". Needless to say, Derek's name was on the pass list.

Obviously there are many memories of the BDH, but Derek preferred to talk about more pleasant things like a certain holiday in Normandy. He remembers Dave Reekie taking his bowler hat with him everywhere including the beach. In the restaurant Dave dissected his seafood with surgical precision with a party of French people all looking on and giving instructions on how to do it. Peter Sawyer smuggled a load of spirits back into the U.K. wrapped up in his tent (it was at the time when the amount of alcohol you could bring back was far more limited) Claire was chief cook and Jude was the linguistics expert. Pete struck up a relationship with the local bakery and did not seem to require any expertise in linguistics to secure a regular order for a piece of special cake called 'flan' to be reserved for him behind the counter every day. He was a growing lad after all. Everyone looked in amazement as he towered over the queue in the shop and received priority for his order which was handed to him over everybody's heads, paid for and without a word of French being spoken!



1st BDS: The Norwegian cracker who did a 'no show' for physics, leaving her desk free for Derek to requisition. A very rare photograph! Dave West (medic) and Sue Reed in the background. Even Derek hasn't seen it yet!



Reunion 2001



The surgery in Weston-Super-Mare



Derek in his surgery, summer 2002



Derek chatting with Doris in the Italian restaurant of Weston-Super-Mare, 2002

21 Judith Fieldhouse (Pym)

Fifty-Seven Green Bottles

I had been warned that Dentistry would be a tough course, even though three grade D's at A level could secure you a place in those days. In fact more of us applied and fulfilled this requirement than had been anticipated, and so more places than usual were taken up, resulting in fifty seven of us arriving at Medical School in 1972 for Second BDS. Five came from First BDS (Maria, Derek, Geoff, Sue and Diana). We were all wearing the standard uniform of jeans and T-shirts which has remained relatively unchanged over the years.

I remember attending long lectures in the vast Medical School lecture theatre. Complex anatomy lectures were given by Barry Berkovitz, who had an Americanized Cockney accent, having just arrived back from an exchange with a university in the U.S.A.. He used to wear unusual knitted suits which we presumed he had purchased during this visit. Then there were the bewildering physiology lectures given by Robin Matthews with practical sessions where extrovert volunteers from our year would be connected up to electrodes or other interesting pieces of scientific equipment. Histology was always a complete mystery to me, as I could never locate those elusive cells that we were supposed to study under the microscope every Monday afternoon. Thankfully, Geoff put on a superb display of beautiful photographs and colour drawings that he had taken of all the histology slides, which I am sure helped many of us pass the physiology exam.

Friday afternoons were spent in the Biochemistry laboratory with Annie Cole, who told us of pioneering work done by Watson and Crick on DNA. One afternoon we were busy constructing Meccano models of DNA when the peaceful atmosphere was broken by a loud female voice demanding her male partner to tighten his nuts and give her a screw, at which everybody exploded into laughter. I am still not sure why!

I used to spend every Sunday morning writing up the biochemistry experiments we had done, making several adjustments to the results in order to "compensate for scientific errors" so that the correct graphical result could be obtained. Other more enterprising students borrowed the work from members of the year above in exchange for a pint of beer.

During this time I lived in Badock Hall, along a corridor dominated by female medics and dentists, in a room next to Roz, with Claire and Pat a few doors away. Other dentists in Badock were Simon O'Shaughnessy, Dave Hardy and Peter Sawyer, along with Mick Charlton, whom we sadly lost at the difficult hurdle of the Second BDS exams with the trio of friends Colin, Denise and Sarah.

Fifty one of us arrived at the Dental Hospital in the autumn of 1973. Everybody had undergone a total transformation in appearance. The females were smartly dressed in office type attire. I will never forget that Alan Canty, totally unrecognisable without his long wavy hair



Testing the cariogenic properties of a chocolate éclair

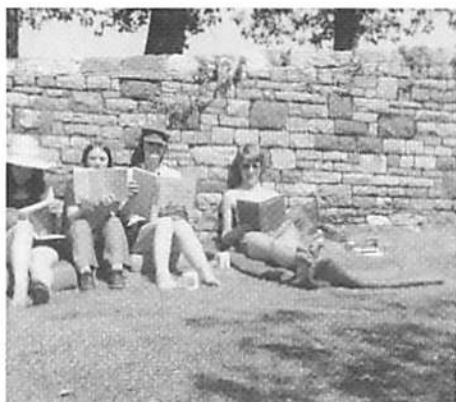
and bushy beard, was wearing an immaculate three-piece suit. There had been rumours that Matron would not tolerate any sloppiness, and that things would be different down the road in the Dental Hospital.

We began with the Phantom Head course. We were allocated to work benches with a technician. I sat next to Derek, which is how we became acquainted. Bert and Louise sat opposite. One day, Keith Miller, who sat behind me, purposefully downed tools, and declared that he did not want to spend the rest of his life drilling teeth and he had decided to change courses. At the time I admired his bravery, but now I admire his foresight. At the end of the course we all had to take the "Op Tech" examination before treating patients and at this obstacle we lost Max, Frank and Andy.

The forty seven of us that were left were duly given name badges to wear on the clinics, and we were instructed that that from now on we must always address each other formally in front of patients, and that first names should not be used, as such familiarity was unprofessional – how times have changed! We noticed that our badges bore red spots to denote that we were junior students. There was some speculation that red was symbolic of danger.

For the clinical teaching there were seven groups of six students and one of five. I was in the group of five with Claire, Pat, Anne and Lorraine. We were the first ever all-female group at Bristol. Our year was the first to have fifty per cent female students in a previously male-dominated profession. Our teachers ranged from god-like professors and consultants to more down-to-earth lecturers, registrars and general practitioners and the standard of teaching varied from excellent to almost non-existent. Teaching in radiography fell into the latter category, in my opinion, which later, was to contribute to my demise.

During the time that we trained the Dental Hospital was in desperate need of refurbishment. We treated our patients in old upright black upholstered chairs with pulley drills.



*Badock Hall revision for Second BDS:
Claire, Jude, Roz, Dave Hardy.*



*The first all-female group at
Bristol Dental Hospital:
Anne, Pat, Claire, Jude, Lorraine.*



Wedding day

We were fortunate in not having to purchase our instruments as previous and subsequent years of students have had to do. We were issued with kits and had to mark the instruments with our personal number. Mine was 124, and I still use some of those original instruments, a testimony to the quality of Ash.

The Human Disease exam or Part 1 finals was the next fence. We spent numerous sessions trudging behind various BRI consultants (who obviously regarded us student dentists as rather a nuisance when they had got better things like the care of their patients to consider) in order to learn about human diseases in preparation for this ordeal which happily we all survived.

In the meantime there were the inevitable Boat Races in which the renowned piss artists always took part. These involved teams drinking pints of beer and standing the empty glasses on their heads with the first team to down all the pints being the winner, if I recollect correctly.

After three years of clinical training, we were faced with the "Final Fives Exams" or Part 2 Finals, presenting patients we had treated in Cons, Perio, Prosthetics, Orthodontics and Childrens' Dentistry. This proved to be a close shave for a few who were let down at the last minute by their patients and who had to find replacements at short notice. We were all very nervous because in previous years there had always been failures, but against all odds this time there was a 100% pass rate.

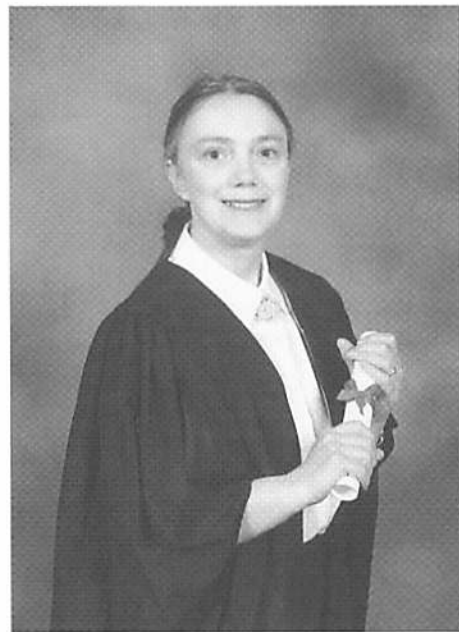
Six months later we sat Part 3 Finals, but this time some of us were not so fortunate and only forty two succeeded. The remaining five of us resat the exams in the summer of 1977, and this time three gained BDS, the remaining two of us given the option of being awarded an LDS, which we gratefully but unceremoniously received by post.

And so our dental careers began.

I spent the first six months as a House Officer at Birmingham Dental Hospital, followed by a year in practices in Exeter and Honiton, living in Cullompton where Derek and I got married. I then worked full time in the Community Dental Service at Taunton and Bridgewater for five years. In 1981 Derek purchased his own single-handed practice in Weston-Super-Mare, and following the birth of our first child in 1984 I joined him and started a second surgery working part-time. Our daughter was



The children



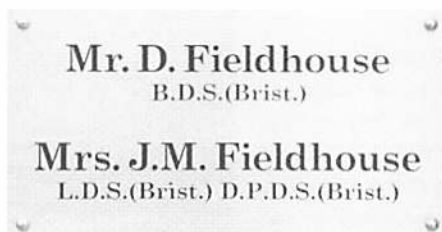
D.P.D.S. Yes!

born in 1989 and I have continued to work part-time, currently doing six sessions a week. We are a totally NHS practice treating a large number of Social Class 4 and 5 patients as well as patients undergoing drugs rehabilitation treatment and a lot of elderly and handicapped patients.

Recently I gained the third credit towards the Bristol University Diploma in Postgraduate Dental Studies (DPDS) following the BUOLD (Bristol University Open Learning Diploma) course and now I am looking forward to attending the Diploma Ceremony on April 27th, 2003.

Thirty years after commencing Second BDS, a surprisingly large number of the original "fifty seven green bottles" continue to practise. We have not yet all fallen.

*The
nameplate*



The practice

The Christmas Folk and Frolic Evening

Dental Students' Common Room, Saturday Evening, 6th December 1975

Folk Music became an interest of mine during my time as a student and I still listen to it quite often. This prompted me to try and organize a folk evening together with influential people like Cathy, who was President of the UBDSS at that time.

Artists like the Chieftains, Enya, Clannad, Loreena Mc Kennitt and others have since made folk music more palatable for the average tastes but in 1975 we had Arthur Darling singing Northumbrian folk songs; Adrian Watkinson on guitar and vocals; Mark Griffiths on fiddle and Graham Charlton's son Bruce on accordeon singing mucky, agricultural songs. Then there were all the musical dental students such as Roger Robinson with his beautiful classical guitar playing, Cathy Asher with her violin/fiddle and Gilly Butterworth (Hardy) with her vocal rendering of "The Cuckoo". Host, presentator and village idiot was of course Phil Key. Never before or since has such a musical evening ever taken place at the BDH. We were also the first year to present a Pantomime instead of the traditional Smoker: "Cinderetccetera". Our year also presented a Smoker, "Gums" as a reaction to the then new best-selling book by Peter Benchley about some rabid goldfish or other making beaches in America unsafe.



To refresh your memories, the text of one of the folk songs sung by the Dental Matrix Band:

Wind that shakes the Molar

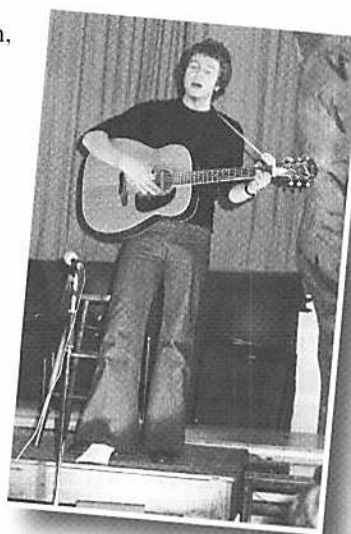
Around the town, around the town, as far as we can tell,
There once was a molar that not a soul could pull,
It's been tugged at by forceps and elevators too,
But there's not a single dentist could extract this rotten tooth,
With a tug, pull and a diddle-eye-day, tug diddle-eye-aye.

They went unto the place where this molar used to lie,
And they sterilized their forceps for to have another try,
The water it was hot me boys, and the coffee freshly ground,
So there wasn't a single dentist to be found, to be found,
With a tug, pull and a diddle-eye-aye, tug diddle-eye-aye.

There was Maggie Smith the dental nurse to hold the patient down,
She waited for the dentists in their dazzling snow-white gowns,
And when they tried to touch it, me boys, the pulp it gave a yelp.
So they gave up there and then and went to get some help,
With a tug, pull and a diddle-eye-aye, tug diddle-eye-aye.

The surgeons and the dentists, they came from every side,
Such hollering and shouting: "Extract!" they all did cry,
Such hollering and shouting I never before have known,
And all of them were crying "Tally-ho, tally-ho",
With a tug, pull and a diddle-eye oh, tug diddle-eye oh.

There were twenty good dentists a-caus-ed for to die,
There wasn't a one among them that hadn't had a try,
A way to extract the tooth, me boys, it never could be found,
And never was there such dentistry upon our Bristol ground,
With a tug, pull and a diddle-eye-aye, tug diddle-eye-aye.



I also remember how we managed to murder Steeleye Span's "Gaudete" by each singer choosing his or her own favourite note to start off with. It was more a musical rendering of the Chaos Theory than a madrigal. Roland Kitchen from the year below sang "Crazy Man Michael"...

*Another month ends:
All targets met.
All equipment and units working.
All staff eager and enthusiastic.
All pigs fed and ready to ffly.*









U.B.D.S.S. CHRISTMAS PARTY



DANCE

SOLD AND TEAR ALONG DOTTED LINE

U.B.D.S.S. CHRISTMAS PARTY



CONCERT

U.B.D.S.S. CHRISTMAS PARTY



ONE FREE MEAL

AVAILABLE ONLY AFTER THE CONCERT

U.B.D.S.S. CHRISTMAS PARTY

ONE FREE



DRINK

TEAR AND SELL ALONG DOTTED LINE

Claire Foster (Fotheringham)

It has been very difficult trying to get in touch with Claire. She gave a very good presentation during the last reunion at Bristol, and I was one of the lucky ones to win a prize when she was handing out chewing gum freebies.

Claire has two children, both of them graduated from Leeds University: Catherine (Law and French) and Stephen (Geography).

Claire now has a high-powered job within the NHS and is a clinical director. With the new NHS contracts she obviously has her hands more than full.....!



Claire as "La Penseuse" 2001



Claire with Roger Robinson

Claire on the bubbly with Anne Muirhead 2001



Peter Grime

Peter and I never really spoke that much to each other as students. Nothing personal, it's just that he and the other students in his firm tended to congregate at the far end of the common room for some reason. Perhaps the pillars between the windows there resembled rugby goalposts in their subconscious minds. Our firm usually chose to sit under the pigeon holes to survey the entire common room like the guns of Navarone. Besides, the people down the rugby end had strange habits like showing pacifiers (dummies) in their mouths at the mention of some secret codeword (even during tutorials by Prof. Darling rumour has it). Funny lot really. Peter had a huge bush of curly blond hair and was considered to have all the looks of the then archetype 'bovver boy'.

One of his mates gave him a unique insight to the underside of the Clifton Suspension Bridge one evening by picking him up bodily and hanging him over the side by his belt. Luckily the leather and buckle were of good quality or Peter might not have lived to tell the tale. The same Burwalls commensal (Steve Elliot) also managed to urinate in Pete's wardrobe one night in the drunken misapprehension that it was the toilet, filling our young bovver boy's boots to the brim.

Now of course, Peter is a highly respected pillar of society with more letters after his name than the Mouthpiece printing budget can stretch to. The following account is a condensed version of a short telephone interview:



Peter filming the 1997 reunion for Maria.

Peter has moved more times in his life than he would care to remember due to the intensive training involved in reaching his present position of Specialist Maxillo-Facial Surgeon at the University Hospital of North Staffordshire, Stoke-on-Trent. He does NHS surgery at the hospital (mainly oncological stuff), and also runs a private practice (mainly skin and cosmetics).

G: "What made you choose dentistry?"

P: "Dunno"

G: "Whom would you most like to sit next to during an intercontinental flight?"

P: "Jimmy Greaves, to learn more about his time as a professional"

G: "If you were 19 again, which university study would you choose?"

P: "Something completely different I think. Nothing useful. Perhaps philosophy at Ox-bridge and then become a don and dodder around some college and then retire."

G: "Are you a member of a dental organization?"

P: "No, because as you grow older and wiser you realize that they are unhelpful and that the people running them are mostly only there for their own ends"

G: "Where would you choose to practise if you could turn back time 25 years?"

P: "Where you want to practise and where you should practise aren't necessarily the same thing. To get anywhere you have to work in a major city, but of course most of us would like to live in a nice house somewhere in the country."

G: "Alternative career fantasies?"

P: "If I hadn't gone into dentistry then I'd quite like the idea of having been involved somehow in professional sport, management, training etc."

G: "Burn-out?"

P: "Absolutely not! Apart from my work, I am Chairman of the Council Network of NW Midlands, and involved in rugby with professional teams such as Midlands RFU. I also provide medical services for the British Police Rugby Team. My hobbies include sports, watercolours, pen/ink & pastel drawing. I collect Victorian glassware and antique clocks (although I haven't got round to learning how to repair them yet)."

G: "What do you dislike the most in your work?"

P: "The fact that I have no control whatsoever over my NHS clinical work."

G: "And the most difficult task?"

P: "TMJ dysfunction."

G: "If you could change something about yourself, what would that be?"

P: "Well, I used to be conceited but now I'm perfect. Yes, that and my modesty could be considered my two strongest points!"

Peter is not married. His partner Jackie and he have two children: Harry is 16 months and Oliver is three.



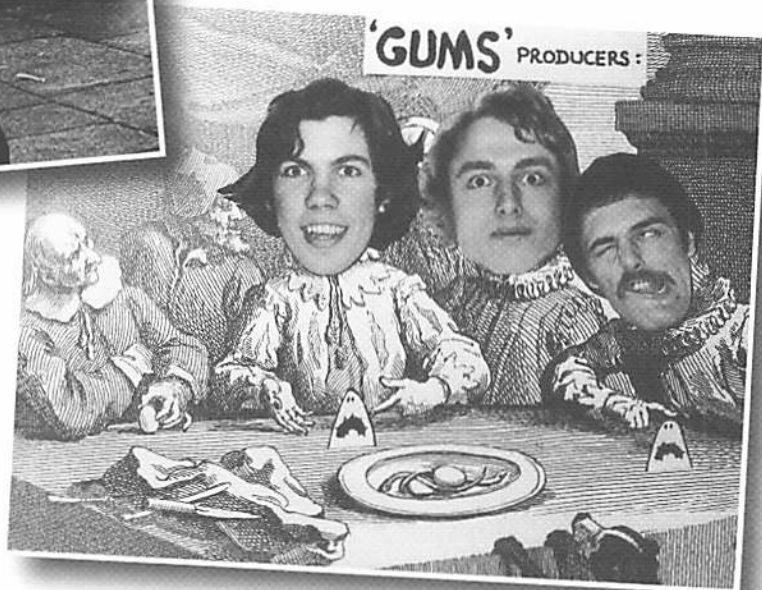
The Clifton Suspension Bridge photographed in the seventies, before high mesh fencing was placed to prevent people being suspended over the sides by their belts.

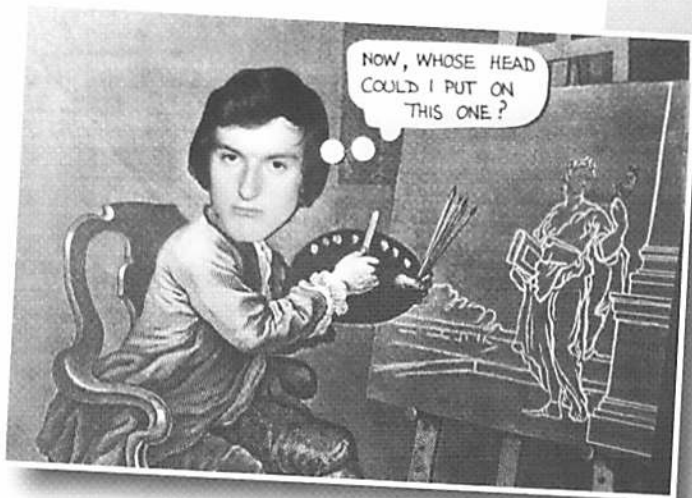
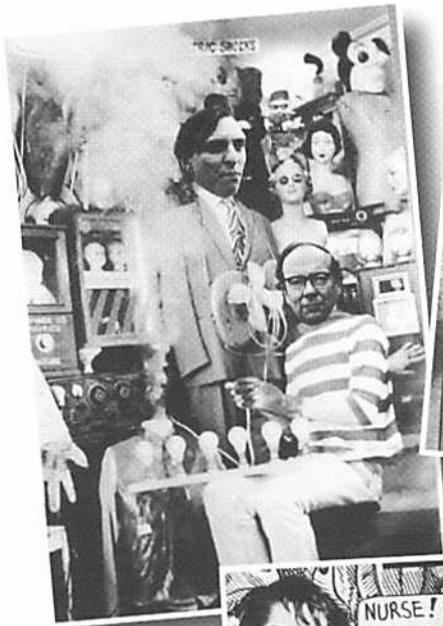
2 Gums

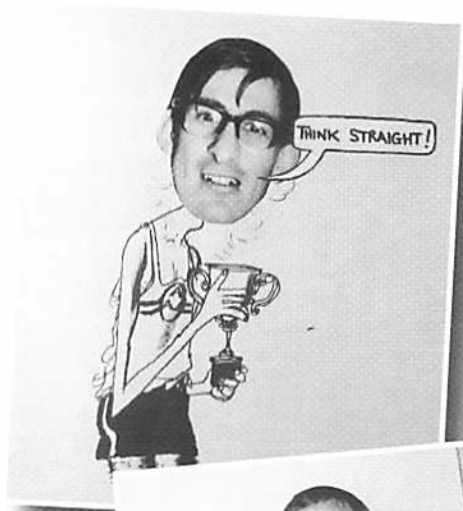
The smoker "GUMS" was presented in the N.T.U. on Friday, 13th February, disco afterwards.

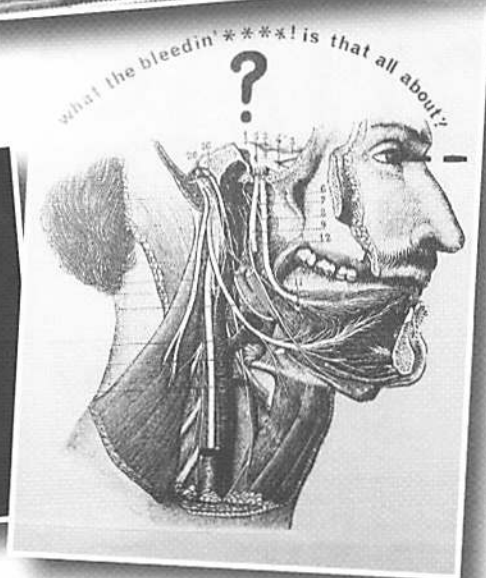
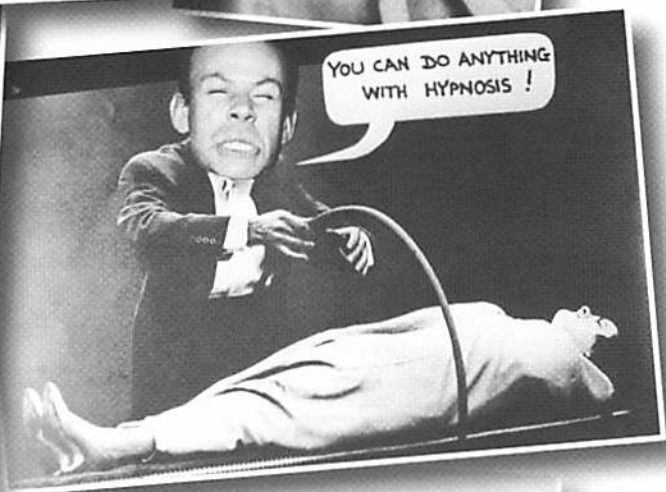
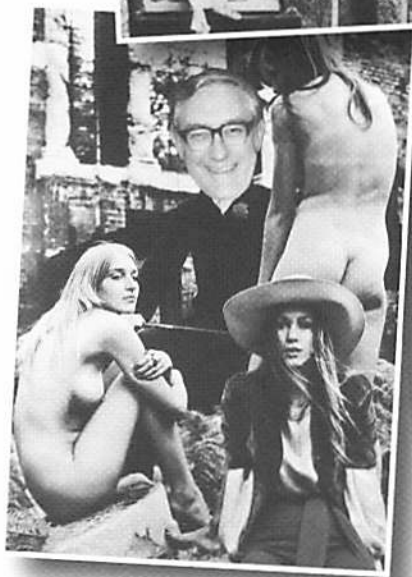
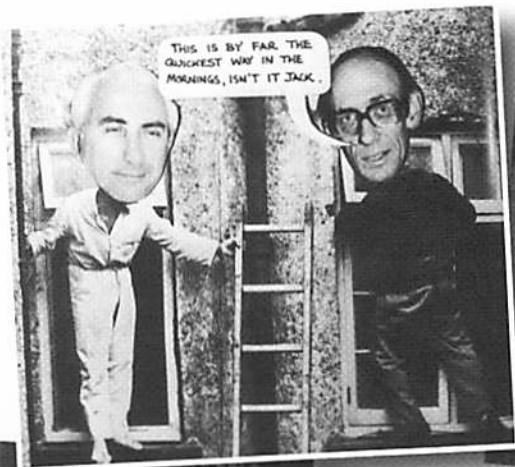
It's just asking for trouble isn't it? There are several references to smokers throughout this edition of Mouthpiece. See also: Phil Key.

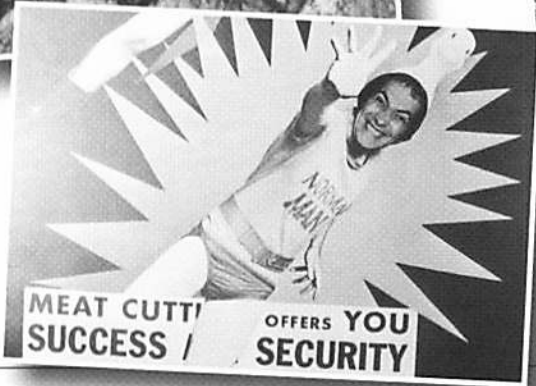
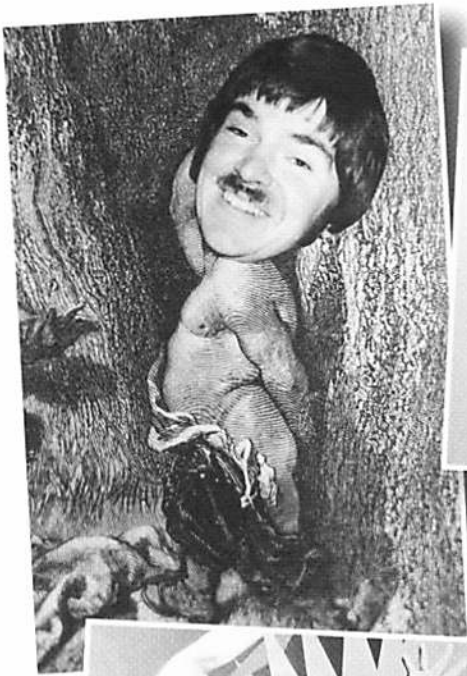
This is merely a mix of some of the slides made for a few cheap laughs at the expense of some members of staff and students. Once again my apologies.





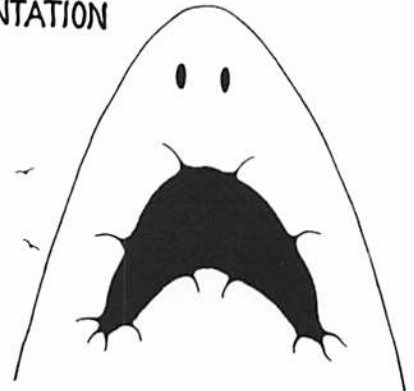
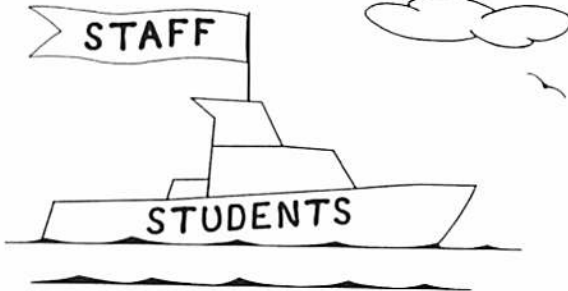






GUMS

UBDSS
PRESENTATION



Dave Hardy

GOING DOWN

I've never been very happy in water. On water is fine. I can sail, windsurf and water ski with the best of them but put me in the water and I don't like it. Swimming has always been a means to an end. I don't swim very well and am constantly aware of what can go wrong. You get tired very quickly and drown, just think, all that life flashing before you business. And who hasn't seen 'Jaws'? Need I say more?



Anyway. The New Millenium was approaching, I felt in need of a new challenge. I know. I'll learn to SCUBA dive! Obvious choice.

This might seem a tad irrational but there was method in my madness. My daughter loves swimming and my wife, having been a competition swimmer in her youth, swims for exercise and pleasure. Daughter had always wanted to learn to SCUBA so in 1998 we organised a holiday to the Maldives with the express intention that she could learn. Once we arrived Gill and I decided that as we were there we might as well learn too. That was until I bottled out. Well the water is very deep, and there are lots of sharks around the Maldives. OK, so they are dozy ones and there has never been a shark attack on a human in the Maldives but they are still sharks!

So it was that my wife and daughter qualified as open water divers and I spent a lot of time lazing in a hammock on the beach.

Soon after our return I realised how disappointed I was in myself. The sharks seemed much less intimidating from a Manchester perspective, and if my 16 year old daughter and my wife can do it so could I. How could I have been such a wimp?

And so it came to pass that I enrolled as a student diver with the local SCUBA centre. Two evenings a week, one in the classroom and one in the pool, were dedicated to my mission. It really wasn't that difficult. The first time you strap on a tank and breathe under water is a little intimidating but once you realise that the kit actually works and that you aren't going to drown it becomes easier. Anyway, you're only in 9 feet of water and the incidence of shark attack in South Manchester is pretty low.

Thus on an unforgettable day in August 1999 I qualified as an open water diver. It was unforgettable because it was the day of the eclipse. As far as the diving went it was totally forgettable. Unfortunately, swimming pools do not count as open water and sand pits in Cheshire are remarkably cold, even in August, and visibility is about three feet. Not ideal

diving conditions. Still, wearing a full, extra thick wet suit, including hood, I manfully took the plunge and got on with it. I even came face to face with the only fish in that stretch of water. A four inch perch. I'm not sure who was more surprised. At the end of a cold and exhausting day I came away with the all important certification and a steely determination never to dive in British waters again.



Since then we have dived in a number of places. I have tested the waters in Barbados, Mauritius and Florida. It's good fun although I still get apprehensive on entering the water. What's it like being under water? Well you can forget all that guff about floating silently in another world. Diving is noisy. There is the constant reassuring sound of your breathing as the valves in the regulators open and close and the bubbles fizz past your face. On top of that the sea is a very noisy place, with an ever present clicking from all the wildlife that surrounds you. I have also yet to experience the 'almost like flying' thing. I am still very much a novice and although I find plenty of time to look around I have to concentrate on the mechanics of it all to a certain extent. I am convinced that buoyancy control is one of the dark arts. I am sure that one day I will crack it but for now I seem to spend a lot of time gently rising and falling when I am supposed to be swimming straight and level.

My only regret is that I didn't learn in the Maldives. Not because I am ashamed of myself for wimping out but because wherever we dive as soon as we surface my wife tells me that it isn't a patch on the Maldives. It would appear that the fish in the Maldives are more plentiful, varied and colourful than anywhere else in the World and I missed out.

Perhaps we will have to go back.



Dave, Gil, Steve and Roz during one of the reunions

2 Jim Herold



Jim was one of the rugby fanatics down the far end of the common room. He was once heard to say to Bert Jukes, our own personal rugby fanatic: "You English don't know how to play rugby." Jim is Welsh. He is now a maxillo-facial consultant at Brighton with lots and lots of letters after his name. Very modestly, Jim didn't want to go into that.

He is married to Jenny Davies who also studied dentistry at Bristol, two years below us. She is now a consultant orthodontist. They have two girls, Eluned, 13 years, and Rhiannon, 11 years.

G: "Why dentistry?"

J: "Dentistry was not my first choice. It's the frustrated medic story I'm afraid!"

G: "Hobbies, sports?"

J: "Squash and golf."

G: "Any teachers that stand out in your memory?"

J: "Graham Charlton, definitely."

G: "Intercontinental flight...?"

J: "Sports personality."

G: "Still enthusiastic about your work?"

J: "Yes, very much so."

G: "Which social developments do you consider positive/negative for the dentist and for dentistry as a whole?"

J: "You reap what you sow, basically."

G: "How many times have you moved since qualifying?"

J: "The moves had more to do with my training than itchy feet. Bristol, Stafford, Swansea, London, Guildford, N.Ireland and finally here in Brighton. We are living very happily in the countryside now."

G: "Where do your interests lie as far as post-graduate education is concerned?"

J: "I am a local dental tutor."

G: "If you weren't a dentist, which job do you think you'd be good at?"

J: "Something out in the open...road digging!"

G: "Retirement plans?"

J: "I work for the NHS, therefore that means at sixty."

G: "Do you still have your BDH group photograph and do you have any special memories?"

J: "Bedminster memories. The students in my firm included John Simpson, Ralph Day, Lynne Doggett, Paul Baines and Peter Grime. One thing I recall vividly was helping to clear up after the UBDSS discos. At that time of the night the nurses' canteen was always alive with cockroaches when we brought the tables back."

G: "You should have seen the basement where I printed Mouthpiece! What do you think of Bristol now?"

- J: "Bristol is very attractive and has very good sports facilities."
 G: "What is the function of a labial bow?"
 J: "Retention, retraction and anchorage."
 G: "Ever published any articles etc. in a dental journal?"
 J: "As little as possible."
 G: "Any special developments in your work?"
 J: "Well, we have done quite a few OOKP's recently to restore sight to patients with severe corneal scarring. An OOKP is an osseo-odont-kerato-prosthesis and provides the patient with a sort of window in the cornea."
 G: "Are you happy?"
 J: "Absolutely!"



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Pratibha Hindocha

Unfortunately nobody has succeeded in tracking either Pratibha or the other Indian girl, Maya down.

I had the distinct impression that they didn't get along together very well. Maya was more extrovert and joined in the UBDSS discos, wore mini-skirts, and made sure she enjoyed her time as a student despite the social handicap of sometimes painful and very visible upper and lower fixed orthodontic appliances.

Pratibha on the other hand was a serious girl who kept herself to herself and as far as I could see, very rarely smiled. She had a perpetual look of sadness on her face, which of course doesn't mean that she was sad.

Pratibha found some aspects of the course extremely challenging, and I remember giving her private lessons in bending orthodontic wire one day before the op-tech exams. She finally went home, tired out after having used up several yards of stainless steel wire, and after having made a shoebox full of Adam's Cribs and labial bows, I'm sure that if I would have been able to ask her what the function of a labial bow was she'd answer "To fill shoeboxes with!"



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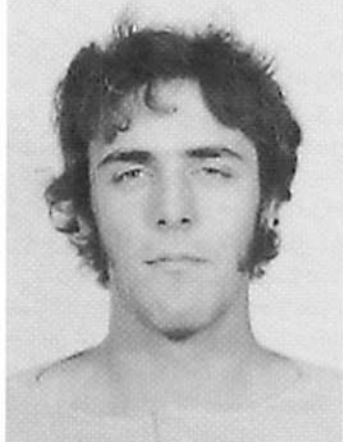
Just brought down, a fresh Parcel of

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20 Terry Hitch

Terry has unfortunately lost contact altogether with Root '76. He lives in Bognor Regis, as close as possible to the sea , presumably to pursue his winsurfing sport and hobby to the full.

Apart from the official university mugshot, this is all I could find: a group photo I took in the common room. We wish you well....hope the headache's better!



Bert Jukes

Bertie Jukes was one of the members of my firm and was a really good laugh at times when things were bad and yours truly felt like the gloomy donkey in Winnie the Pooh. He always loved his beer, as indeed we all did, but to him it had a special, almost religious significance, a raison d'être. If you wanted to liven a disco or a party up, you just had to invite Bertie!



I remember a 2nd BDS physiology project when we were put into groups of two or three and had to prepare a short lecture on a specific subject. Bert thought that a little cheering-up might be just what the front row of guests needed so he started his talk with a small, yellow laughing-bag. Talk about lead balloons! Prof. Darling and Prof. Anderson just looked at each other in disbelief and concurred for the only time in their careers. What ho! It's Bertie Jukes:

"I don't consider myself bald. I'm simply taller than my hair."

Since our reunion I have seriously wondered why the hell I ever went into Dentistry. I should have studied medicine so that I could ignore patients and just sit there and write prescriptions.

As always the reunion was superbly organized but I left Bristol not overly happy. It appeared that, apart from a small minority, no one was happy in Dentistry. UK-wise only Pete Duke seemed happy. He had so many associates from whom he was taking 50% he didn't have to work himself!! Successive governments have ruined our profession, to the level that we are on a par with estate agents and double glazing salesmen.

Now to the 55 questions which I will answer in order:

- Q1: Present function: Retired hurt! Practising dentistry has cost me my C5/C6 disc and now I have been left to dry by an incompetent health authority.
- Q2: Would I choose dentistry again? From the age of 12 it's all I wanted to do. Would do it again.
- Q3: I learned the most from Abdul Adatia. "Shut your teeth!"
- Q4: Recommended dental publication? Cosmopolitan, it always seems to have the latest research, at least my female patients thought so.
- Q5: Intercontinental flight question: no one!
- Q6: Dentistry, but I'd then leave the UK immediately.
- Q7: British Dental Association
- Q8: see 1
- Q9: ??
- Q10: ???
- Q11: Have moved twice since qualifying and not happy with present address.

- Q12: If I could turn back Time 25 years I would practise overseas
- Q13: Adhesive dentistry
- Q14: My post grad interests lay in Periodontics
- Q15: Man(person) management
- Q16: see 1
- Q17: Not a clue or even the slightest interest
- Q18: Burn out: Been through all that, sadly in that situation you are on your own
- Q19: See 1
- Q20: Hobbies: Bridge, Rugby(now non-playing). Children: Louise (34) with 4 offspring, Robert(29) still enjoying life
- Q21: The aspect of my work I disliked the most was unnecessary paperwork
- Q22: Evening and weekend emergency duty: After military service it was easy
- Q23: Things that go wrong in the practice? Leave them and come back to them later
- Q24: Dental graduate training to launch newly-qualified dentists safely into their careers? A good idea.
- Q25: I personally felt I was not ready to begin my own practice after qualifying
- Q26: I would have liked to have specialized in Perio
- Q27: Yes
- Q28: If practising, yes
- Q29: Lose four stone
- Q30: To what am I most attached?..my train set!
- Q31: The most difficult task in daily practice?.. Walking into the surgery
- Q32: Rubber dam: no. Enamel chisel: no. Ward's carver: yes
- Q33: See 1
- Q34: The other students in my firm: Peter Duke, Diana Ostick, Louise Nash, Rick Thompson (the lazy mean bastard) and Geoff Downer.
- Q35: I think the group photograph of our year is in the archives somewhere. There are many memories that spring to mind but the human disease ward rounds gave me some hilarious moments
- Q36: Special memories of things like smokers, discos etc: Smoker, introducing it, having



Bert as a student, photographed here in the cons. dept.



Spanish flat



Spanish surgery



A Shetland remote clinic

adapted the first chapter of Genesis to the creation of the Dental School. Friday discos beer swilling and Chris Sanderson (the year above us) trying to be a pompous creep. Plus many others involving drinking and driving.

Q37: Up until the last reunion I always left them feeling elated and glad I chose dentistry

Q38: I did walk around my own personal Bristol last time I was there. It hasn't really changed that much.

Q39: Beer. You can buy it in pubs.

Q40: I am a member of the Church, but have to, to ask forgiveness for always being a naughty boy

Q41: See 1

Q42: I prefer the rod (classical education)

Q43: I have often considered working abroad. In fact I had two periods working (a) in Spain (b) Mallorca

Q44: No.

Q45: See Q44

Q46: Doing nothing, yes

Q47: My most perfect dental unit: My nurse, the one who looked like Madonna

Q48: The function of a labial bow (a) to confuse the operator (b) to con the patient into higher charges

Q49: I don't have my toga anymore but I still hav my "Gums" T-shirt

Q50: NHS forms

Q51: During my career I have diagnosed three cases of oral carcinoma and one coeliac disease totally missed by the GP, of course it started out as recurrent oral ulcers.

Q52: Dentistry and Life as a whole have lived up to 75% expectations

Q53: I'm sort of happy and the secret is beer and Twickenham

Q54: Only a letter about pregnancy diabetes, don't ask

Q55: Holiday recommendation: Nude hang gliding, for males you have an extra braking facility

Q56: Pass the brown sauce my Lord Mayor, circa 1960's



My Shetland transport



Plymouth surgery, my office



My surgery & hygienist & victim



Me and my daughter

Post-qualification: Eight years in the RAF. History: Dec 1976 – Jan 1978, RAF Lyneham in Wiltshire. The strategic Hercules base. Interesting friends I flew with during my flying career. I talked my way to Germany, Sardinia, Netherlands and Canada, but best of all, Las Vegas through the whole of the Grand Canyon. I had a five-star room in downtown Las Vegas, totally pointless as in that town nobody ever sleeps.

Jan 1978 –Jan 1981: Exchange appointment to the Royal Navy in Plymouth, big clinic: six dentists, three hygienists and support staff. Thirty four frigates, six destroyers and two aircraft carriers and eleven thousand alcoholics including the dentists. My three years took ten years off my life, but what a party!! The Rolls-Royce visit was to Amsterdam for eight days: HMS Apollo, Torquay and Euraylas (my ship) travelling along the North Sea Canal line astern, quite a sight. During that visit I swear we entertained the whole of the city! The height for me was a wardroom-only invitation to the Bols Distillery, each officer personally entertained by a director and his wife.



Life's just a big bowl of cherries

After that tour of duty I knew more about diagnosis and treatment of social diseases than any other officer in the RAF.

Feb 1981 – Dec 1984: Senior Dental Officer to RAF Kinloss and RAF St. Mawgan, the two maritime Nimrod bases. Again I knew most of the aircrew so it was up in the air again, to Gibraltar and Norway. They told me that chewing gum would stop my ears popping during flight. It worked a treat but it was a hell of a job getting it out of my ears once we'd landed.

Leaving the RAF was probably the worst move I have made, but a growing family needed a permanent presence. I bought into a practice in Plymouth, and from scratch, within 18 months was very successful. God only knows why, it must have been my quiet unassuming manner they fell for!



July 1983: and of course...golf!

I soldiered on for the longest twelve years of my life: burnout! Done that. It is a mistake trying to please all of the people all of the time. Since Jan 1996 I have spent time in the community, the all-weather paper exercise, never mind the fillings gimme the stats. At least it was a salary. It confirmed to me what good value NHS GDP'S are.

My last stint was in Mallorca but a further injury to my neck has grounded me.



Maria Kelham (Chambers)

This has been extremely difficult to write. Like so many other people from our year, I find it so sad that such a gentle person should have her life cut short by such an unpleasant illness. It is sad too that her young children should have to learn to cope without their mum, and Steve without his loving wife.



I knew Maria quite well because of the fact that we had done the 1st BDS course together. Then later we found ourselves living opposite each other in Victoria Square, Clifton. Her room was large and decorated in a typical, well... sort of Maria way: printed cotton drapes to hide a damp patch on the wall and plenty of rambling plants in assorted pots. Joss sticks too. I remember being invited once together with Amanda Clough to try some illegally distilled Irish Whiskey called Potheen. It had been freshly smuggled back from a holiday in Ireland.

Maria's roots were in Southern Ireland. She was Catholic of course but very open-minded and respectful of other people's beliefs. She had really wonderful parents whom I met once or twice, the last time being on her wedding day in London. She asked me to take my uilleann pipes along and play a couple of tunes. I remember saying that although I had purchased a set from a maker called Alan Ginsberg in Manor Park, my playing was still pretty embryonic and limited only to a couple of simple jigs and a march. "No problem!"

Maria later moved, coincidentally to Manor Park, and that is where Cathy McDade, Dave Reekie and I stayed when we held a mini-reunion, not knowing exactly which course her illness would take or how soon.

Back to Bristol though: Maria enjoyed a spectacular bonfire night organized by the students in my flat and I remember her and Cathy walking down a steep path through the woods on the Burwalls side of the Avon Gorge. We all carried a flaming torch made of sacking tied around loose sticks from chestnut fencing, and dipped in old dental wax. (3rd BDS)

Another memorable evening was a Christmas dinner at my flat. (See photograph, Cathy Mc Dade. Maria is in the foreground) Looking at this photograph, I remember Maria's long wavy hair which she sometimes highlighted with henna. This looked beautiful because she had fair skin, masses of freckles and twinkly, almost mischievous eyes that betrayed her Irishness. And of course that ever-friendly smile! She liked to dress in printed Indian cotton clothing.

Even as a student, Maria was conscious of the needs of the poor and I remember getting roped in to helping her with her soup-runs on a few occasions. This involved bringing warm soup to the down-and-outs in Bristol, who were mostly to be found in areas where extra volunteers were necessary to cover each other's backs.

Then later as a dentist, Maria did her best to help her patients by doing ever larger fillings to avoid the expense of crowns. She also studied psychology part-time.

Maria remembered coming for dinner at our flat once, when I made a dessert called 'Queen of Puddings'. I was touched when, many years later at that little reunion at her house, she

said; "Geoff, remember that delicious Queen of Puddings you made when you were a student? Shall we have another go at it...do you remember the recipe?"

Queen of Puddings:

Serves 4-6: Ingredients: 1 pint milk; 1oz butter; 3oz freshly made white breadcrumbs; 3oz caster sugar; the finely grated rind of one small orange; 2 large eggs, separated; 3 tablespoons raspberry jam.

Melt the butter in the milk, stir it into the breadcrumbs in a bowl, add 1oz (2 tablespoons) of sugar and leave the mixture on one side to soak for 30 minutes. Stir the egg yolks into the soaked breadcrumb mixture, pour it into a 2-pint ovenproof dish and bake at the base at Gas 4 / 350 degrees F / 180 degrees C for 30 minutes or until just set.

Warm the jam and spread it over the cooked base. Whisk the egg whites until they are stiff and stand in straight peaks, add 2 tablespoons from the remaining sugar and whisk again, then fold in the rest of the sugar and turn the meringue onto the jam. Carefully spread it to the sides leaving the surface rough. Sprinkle the surface with a little extra caster sugar then bake at Gas 3 / 325 degrees F / 160 degrees C for 10 minutes or until the meringue is tinged golden brown. Serve with single cream.

Another memory of Maria, after we had qualified but some time before the mini-reunion, was when she came with her husband, Steve, her two daughters, Hannah and Katy, and her two sons, Tom and Joseph to stay with us for a couple of days here in Rotterdam. We had a good time together visiting the lake, the windmills and the riding stables nearby, as well as other standard touristy things such as the Euromast and a boat trip through the docks of Rotterdam. What I also remember is rushing around each breakfast time with heaps of scrambled eggs, toast, bacon (not for Maria as she was a vegetarian) and pots and pots of tea! This is normal procedure I suppose, for those



*Grand Hotel, Bristol 1986.
Maria, Geoff and Cathy*



*Dave, Maria, Cathy and Geoff
at Maria's mini-reunion*



The Kelhams in Rotterdam



The Kelhams in Rotterdam

of you with large families who are reading this, but I just wasn't used to it!

Peter Grime very kindly videofilmed the 1997 reunion for Maria to see in the comfort of her home as she was then already too ill to come herself (see photograph, Peter Grime).

Well I know that this hasn't turned out to be a very standard account of someone who has passed away, but then I didn't want it to come across too much as an obituary. It is just a jumble of loving memories as I am sure we all have of Maria. These personal memories, photographs, a Waterford crystal honey-pot she once gave me, and the music of Planxty we shared, plus a few letters written in her spidery-Rotring-drawing-pen handwriting are all I have left to remember her by.

*Maria's
mini-reunion*



Victoria Square, Clifton



Phil Key

Phil Key is one of the students that made our year so....well, memorable. His crazy humour together with that other Root '76 comic, Paul Baines, was a driving force for the Smoker 'Gums', the Pantomime 'Cinderetcetera' and the Folk Music Evening. Phil was the presentator and sang one number together with me: 'The Bonny Black Hare' which was a folk song about a hunter with an abundance of testosterone, who meets a young lady in the woods. We were each equipped with stage shotguns, the barrels of which changed form at the last verse of the song:

"Oh me powder is wasted and me bullets all gone.

Me ramrod is limp and I cannot fire on.

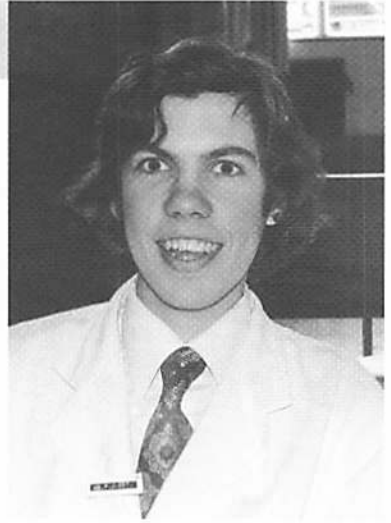
But I'll be back in the morning and you are still here,

We'll both go together again to hunt the bonny black hare"

The success of most of our reunions are due to his efforts and those of Gill Key who I'm sure has done a lot of organizing in the past behind the scenes. Gill was a DSA tutor from a London dental school, and I remember that she wasn't overly impressed with a stringy, gooey substance that Graham Charlton made us cement everything with at Bristol: a polycarboxylate called Poly-F. Luckily those days have passed and with a bit of luck everything is now cemented with encapsulated glass-ionomer.

Is it me or is life stressful? Last year our family took delivery of a brand new 55foot narrowboat, an attempt to discover our countryside and to detoxify from the pressures of life in general and dentistry in particular. And guess what, it works! The detoxification bit is probably a poor choice of words since Britain's waterways have an abundance of pubs at frequent intervals along the cut (that's the wet bit). But at a maximum of 3 or 4 mph, you can't go far quickly and, every so often, a lock is placed to allow you to burn off all the calories you just put on at the last hostelry.

My fascination in canals started when I was at school. A small number of carriers had realised that spotty school children instead of coal was a much more economic way of making a living. Consequently, they took a 70 foot, canvas covered narrowboat, swept the bottom of the boat (I think), put in twelve bunk beds, a cooker, and an elsan in a small cupboard at the bow and said get on with it. It was great fun (except the elsan in the bow, which had to be emptied!!) and I enjoyed the experience for three years. During my second year at Bristol some school friends decided to organise a week themselves and I took along Peter Sawyer and Richard Rycraft for the week. For some reason my main memories are staying



Phil as a student

at Peter's house in Bromsgrove and catching the bus to Birmingham (presumably, also from Bromsgrove). Doesn't mercury play funny tricks on the memory?

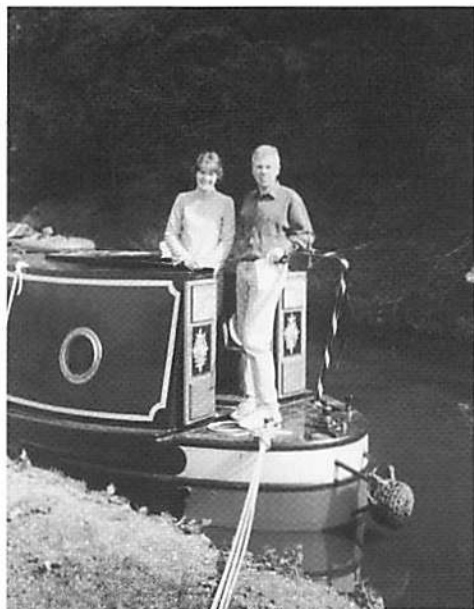
For several years there were more important things to think of other than canals but, as the children grew up, and we considered holiday ideas, I mentioned narrowboating again. Much to my surprise everyone seemed quite keen and after three week-long holidays we were hooked again. So much so that, during a walking holiday in Derbyshire, I decided that if I didn't buy one soon I never would.

It would have made a lot of sense to buy a cheap, second-hand boat, just to make sure we were going to enjoy it, but that would have meant missing out on all the fun of design and involvement. The fitter, Ian Cundy (not a name I would have chosen!) has a business on the River Severn, hiring, building and servicing boats. With the help of computer graphics as well as cut out furniture it is possible to design your own boat. The hull was laid in a Nissen hut, 10 miles from Shrewsbury and 5 miles from the nearest river! It was built by John South Bros.; Kevin and Michael are third generation boat builders and use no plans! This is how boats have been built in the family, using chalk to mark out the steel, and years of experience.

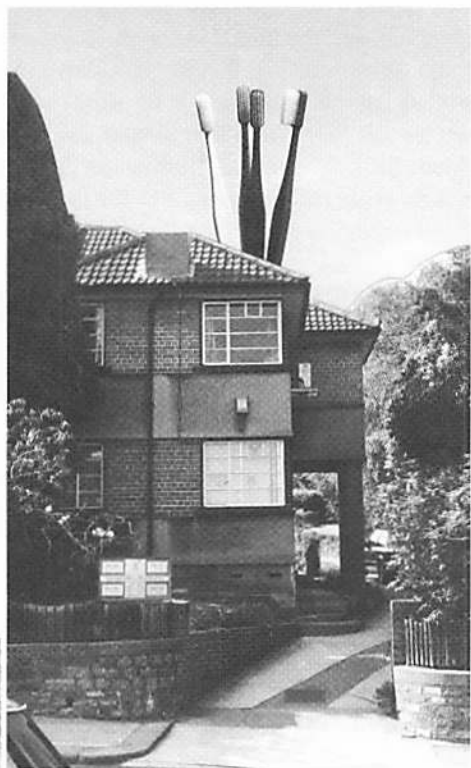


A picture from Cinderetcetera of the Fairy Godmother having just emerged from the fireplace and Cinderella. Notice (a) the startling good looks, (b) tidy figure, and (c) shapely legs. Gill Hardy is also in the picture!

Once finished the boat was taken by lorry down the M5 to Upton-upon-Severn where it was fitted out. Choosing a name was also fun and there were many options: Cirrhosis of the River being very tempting. We considered the Root Canal Carrying Co. with an appropriate name such as Hedstrom. In the end we chose Cassiopeia, the name of a now defunct narrowboat, built in 1935, and appropriate to the builder's company name, Starline. The sign writing was also cheaper! There is a downside, well yes there is: you become a canal nerd!



Two photographs: one of me and 'er on the boat and, the other, peace and tranquillity on the Staffs and Worcester Canal at Easter.



A picture of my practice, which can be spotted from many miles away.



J. ARTHUR PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS :- 'GUMS'

A sort of suck it and see production.

This is the tragic tale of a young man and the love for his deg.....the court case and his subsequent years of confinement at Battersea dogs home where he was befriended by a three-legged Yorkshire Terrier. Later, after many years of solitary confinement, on his own, he became a black belt in Origami and taught himself how to make matchsticks out of obsolete Cunard luxury liners. A bout of gastric flu prevented him from taking part in the Tavistock all-cancers military two-step (Home Counties East), semi-finals, where he would have come last. A serious industrial accident, where he lost both arms, forced him to decide to become a Bristol Dental Student. How read on.....

What the papers had to say about 'GUMS'.

Witheywood Shoemaker's Monthly :- Piffle!
John O' Granta Chronicle :- ***** Rubbish!!
Portishead Nudist's Weekly :- Not enough sex!!

P.S. We wish to remind the audience that the characters portrayed in this production bear no resemblance to any living person..... unless blatantly obvious.

P.P.S. By the way, the audience is also reminded that they are forbidden to spit, pick their noses or commit sexual intercourse during the interval.
Paper bags are provided.

P.P.P.S. That reminds me, the Gent's toilet is restricted to members only.

FOR CARDIAC ARREST KING 7-2222.

* Fried rice extra 5p.

CAST - In order of inside leg measurement.

Elton Bug	:	A.C. Watkinson.
Feddy Bear	:	J.J. Watkins.
Mark Brothers	:	A.I.D., D.C.B., E.C.B.
Trigger	:	Princess Anne.
Gurly mob in street	:	'J'- Tear.
Bugs Bunny	:	Humphrey Begart.
'Graf Spee'	:	Driven by G.P. Howden.
Rachael Welch	:	A.Jukon & Dr.Griffiths in a sack.
A. M. Other	:	Himself.
Used car salesman	:	M.Lidda.

Producer	:	Hiran Z. Phutphutwhisspoppp.
Director	:	J.G.
Editor	:	A.Wallet.
On-the make up	:	Val Honoley.
Side-boards by	:	G-Plan.
Physiotherapist	:	G.Cooper.
Choreography	:	Lionel Bloauuggghh.
Pornography	:	F.C. Sawyer.
Paper bags by	:	Vomitmeer.
Sound defects	:	Fa and Ma Cont.
Colour	:	A.K. Avison.
Film (duff)	:	JACK!!!.
Refreshments	:	T-Bag.
Sensible shoes	:	H.R.H.

FOR OTHER EMERGENCIES RING 9-47361945863209170421680

THE REAL PROGRAMME.

1. A sort of introduction :- Paul,Terry.
2. Overture :-
3. Another sort of introduction :- Phil.
4. A doctors surgery almost anywhere :- Jane,Pete,Clive.
5. Snas :- Paul,Phil.
6. Out foot :- Dave,Duncan,Mark,Rob.
7. Snaks gets in your eyes :- Roland.
8. Spare a thought :- Terry,Nicky,Pete,Jeremy.
9. Schoolboy :- Paul (who else?).
10. Just a prick :- Jane,Jackie,Iona.
11. Relief in Sherwood Forest :- Bill,Dave,Iona.
12. Parkinson :- Paul,Geoff,Duncan,Roland.
13. Mark Davies.
14. Bodpans People :- Sophie,Gilly,Nicky,Paul,Dave,Phil.

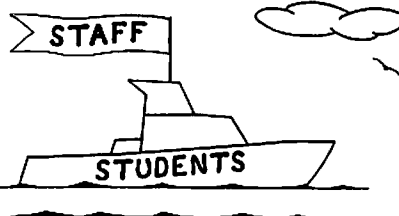
HALF TIME - Change ends.

15. Overture :-
16. Blackmail Studios Ltd. :- Geoff.
17. Stafftek :- Geoff,Dave,Bill,Bert,Wayn,Phil,Paul,Terry
18. Billy Colony :- Mark Davise.
19. Hanson & Bodgoe :- Roland,Gilly,Paul.
20. Svenin' All :- Duncan,Iona,Roland.
21. Mr. & Mrs. :- Phil.
22. Optecall & Kantopren :- Sophie,Terry.
23. That blasted heath :- Paul,Dave,Phil,Bill.
24. The Great Impresario, Marie Grims :- Pete.
25. Bona Bouffante :- Bert,Roland,Geoff,Phil.
26. Finale :- Cast.

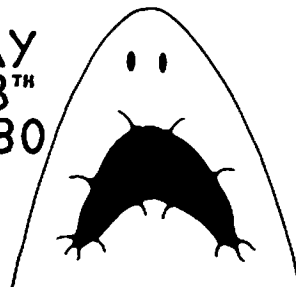
Behind the scenes :-	Costumes - Janet F. Scott.
Pianist - Diana Ostick.	Costumes - Maya Patel.
Make up - Jane Wood &	MUSIC - Sophie &
Jane Polge.	Julian Brockleag.
Photography - Geoff Downer	Stage - Jeremy Bloomer.
Poster - Steve (Gums) White	Lights - Al Miller.
Orchestra :- Sophie Hopenstal - Recorder/Violin.	
Martin Moore, Louise Priest - Recorder.	
Chris Coate - Cymbals/Violin Denis Pearce - Trombone.	
Jill Collard, Paul Gover - Trumpets.	
Alex Williams - Clarinet.	

GUMS

UBDSS
PRESENTATION



FRIDAY
FEB. 13TH
NT.U. 7.30
DISCO
AFTER



Cathy Mc Dade (Asher)

Cathy Asher and I met for the first time at Bristol as two of a small group of 1st BDS students.

We had some very good times together during the physics and chemistry practicals, and quite frankly, she was one of the few study friends at Bristol who helped to make life bearable during this science crash course. Special memories of Cathy include being invited to an evening dinner of roast pheasant with all the trimmings, which I had never eaten before. I also remember a Christmas dinner at my flat at Victoria Square in Clifton, when she sang Christmas madrigals and played her violin together with a few other musicians to create perhaps the best Christmas evening I have ever experienced. I was delighted when she agreed to stay with us in Holland for a brief visit several years ago.

Since those bewildering, and for me, terrifying 1st BDS days, Cathy is now at the pinnacle of her very successful career: Part-time hospital consultant in a district general hospital and the University Dental Hospital, she advises the DPB on orthodontic cases and is an examiner for the Royal College for the M. Orth and MFDS exams.



Cathy, 1st BDS student 1970

The stop gap



Cathy, 1st BDS student 1970

My career since leaving Bristol has been unusual in some ways, but usual in most. On qualifying, I spent a couple of years in general practice in Newcastle, quickly realising that my future lay in another, as yet, unknown branch of dentistry. Then came the inevitable passage through junior hospital posts, the myriad exams which litter the path of any aspiring hospital dentist and finally arrival at 'the peerage' as a consultant orthodontist at the very average age of 35. My reasons for choosing orthodontics may have been a little unorthodox. I decided at an early stage that dentistry had to fit around my life as a musician, with its many rehearsals, individual practice and evening performances. Oral surgery, for example, with its famously unsocial hours (not to mention several more years as an undergraduate again) was immediately discounted. Initially I chose orthodontics because the working hours are conventional,

the patients with plaque are fewer than in other specialties and the pay is okay. I remain as enthusiastic about my speciality as the first day of my post grad course, perhaps because it involves daily cerebral exercise which never fails to satisfy.

That is my dental career.

Most of us from that year of '76 are in our late forties. Most of us will by now have experienced quite a lot of the highs and lows that life throws at us and my life has been no exception. One of us, Maria, experienced life's ultimate cruelty, her relatively young life cut short by cruel incurable cancer. Maybe one or two of us at the opposite extreme have managed as yet to avoid serious personal disappointment, bereavement, sorrow or tragedy. But I doubt it.

My life has not been devoid of drama. I experienced the pain of a short-lived, miserable marriage followed by the unexpected, undreamt-of happiness with my present husband and our two beautiful sons. These are the three people who have brought me more joy than I could have imagined. Living comfortably in a leafy suburb of South Manchester, my husband and I decided that we had to put something right which we had both got wrong, independently, before we had met. We had both been successful through the predictable sausage machines of our chosen specialities. Alisdair and Rowan, our six and eight year old sons, were trundling contentedly through their primary school years.

We took a gap year.

Twenty years later than most, but still a gap year.

I resigned my consultant post, undeterred by the cries of my colleagues left to cope. Gerry put his name on to an international locum agency list – anywhere in the English speaking world would do us – and told his colleagues and employers that that he would be taking a year's unpaid leave, a sabbatical. Recklessly, we chose the first place that was offered to Gerry, a psychiatrist, and six months later we all stepped into the extraordinary dazzle and



Cathy playing the fiddle and singing madrigals at a Christmas Dinner given at my flat at 23, Victoria Square, Clifton. This would be about 1973. There are many medical students present, four of which did 1st MB with us: Conal McCrum, Anne Marsden, David Ryan (carrying the boar's head) and David Wise, sitting below right next to Maria Chambers.



Cathy in the cons. dept. as a 3rd or 4th BDS student

glare of the New Zealand spring sunshine in Auckland. Here, our months of feverish bureaucratic activity in the UK paid off and Gerry was processed and registered with the New Zealand GMC. Three days later we flew on to our destination, the breath-takingly beautiful South Island, and its little jewel of a capital, Christchurch. Those snow topped mountains, turquoise lakes and emerald plains came immediately into view. The Pacific Ocean with its penguins, whales and surfing beaches was two minutes in the opposite direction from our rented house. Those of you who have

seen Lord of the Rings eat your hearts out – that landscape surrounded us!

We immediately felt that we were abroad in a foreign country, more foreign feeling than any European or distant country we had visited. We felt the heat and light, saw the cabbage trees, and quickly realised that the oft-repeated, sad old saying that New Zealand is like the UK was in the '50's was erroneous, patronising twaddle. The roads were wide and straight, the people few and far between, the traffic negligible, the houses low and wooden, the gardens ('sections') large and it was the most colourful place I have ever seen. Huge green weeping willows sweeping down to the river, bushes thick with exotic lilacs, carpets of giant daffodils, brilliant monarch butterflies and the whirring of the cicidas made us feel as if we were in some wonderland of rainbow colours, heated by the surprisingly fierce sun.

Our boys settled quickly into their local school. The atmosphere was relaxed, with social skills, artistic skills and community activities given as much prominence as the three 'R's. Their teachers were incredibly relaxed, having no pressures of National Curriculum or Key Stage assessments to divert their attention from teaching these children the importance of civility, kindness, courtesy, enjoyment of life, and at the same time commitment to hard work. The boys blossomed and flourished living an outdoor life surrounded by acres and acres of green school fields, majestic trees and even tame ducks with their lines of ducklings who waddled through the school each day to be fed the crumbs from the childrens' packed lunches.



Hiking on Franz Joseph glacier, N.Z. 2000



*At our home in Christchurch N.Z. 2000.
Left to right: Alisdair, Gerry, Cathy, Rowan*

of Queenstown Mountain a thousand feet up a steep dirt track had been the most frightening and exhilarating experience of my life.

After a year we couldn't bear the idea of returning to dark dismal dreary dirty depressing Manchester so we stayed on for another six months. Why ever did we return? We certainly seriously considered emigrating for good: not a problem for us, since psychiatry is a shortage specialty everywhere in the world. But eventually we hankered after our large close families, with the rituals and celebrations of life stages and our friends with whom we share our pasts, to whom we do not have to explain ourselves. People simply won out over landscape and lifestyle. We don't regret a thing, we know what we miss about New Zealand but we appreciate our community and friendships here. It is just these endlessly long winters and queues of traffic we can't stand. And just in case we change our minds one day and decide to return, we have bought a little house in Chistchurch, just by the beach, looking out over those wonderful mountains...

Catherine Asher – Mc Dade,
10 April 2002

I revelled in my first extended experience of being a full time Mum. Gerry enjoyed the novelty of a job with sociable hours and low stress levels. We could not have been made more welcome anywhere in the world.

Gerry and I both decided early on to stretch ourselves beyond our comfort zones as much as we could. New Zealanders try to go beyond their comfort zones as an essential part of Kiwi life, aware I suppose, that their ancestors only five generations back had suffered hardship beyond anything imaginable today as they had struggled to build settlements on the murky swamps of this newly discovered island. We tried every sport known to man, and a few unknown. Towards the end of our stay, I travelled in a hot air balloon, sliding silently above the pinkish fields in the early morning sunshine, proud of our many achievements. My pinnacle, quad biking to the top



*Back in U.K. 2001. A very English narrow
boat holiday on the canals.
Alisdair is now 11 and Rowan 10*

Neil McDonald

Ten Years in Nepal

Looking back it was the best decade ever! Leaving the UK with our three young kids and heading off to live in a house made of mud and stone. Learning a language only 25 million people speak. Eating rice and vegetables as staple. Providing dental care in an impoverished environment where we were the only thing going for the entire west of Nepal. Hardly upwardly mobile but, strangely, an experience we would never change.



After leaving Bristol in 1976 I worked in hospital and practice for a couple of years before going to East Africa for the next five to run a 2-surgery mission clinic, a dental laboratory and a Land Rover-based mobile service around the north and east shores of Lake Victoria. Jane (BDS Cardiff) agreed to marry me and our first daughter, Katie, was born in Kisumu. A further six years on the NHS in Dorset was brought to an abrupt end in 1990 when, at a Christian Dental Fellowship conference near London, a dentist spoke of his work in Nepal and how, for family reasons, he'd had to return to Britain at short notice. Jane and I felt the ground shake under our seats and turned to each other with that all-knowing spouse look: "Help! This is God. We'd better comply or else!"

Our work in a remote mission hospital encompassed surgery which Dental Protection would feature us for attempting. Fractures, tumours, developmental abnormalities and a host of minor pathologies were our daily bread. We would often treat children who had fallen 25 feet out of fruit trees and, having purchased the fracture wires with gifts from UK friends, would then sort the bill out of the Hospital Assistance Fund we paid into! The alternative was for the family to sell their only asset – the buffalo – with which they could earn a small income



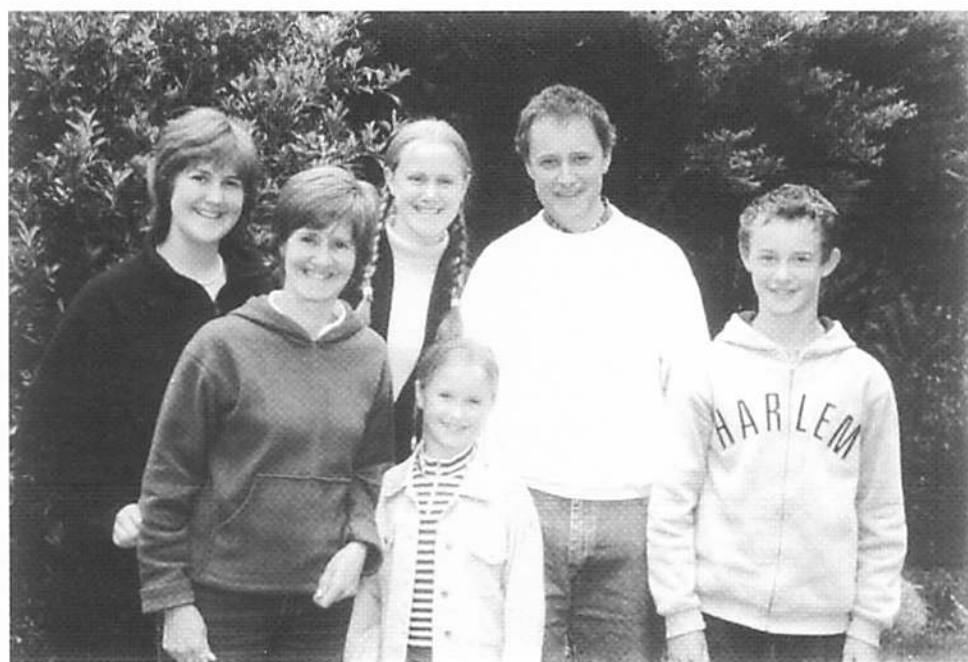
producing milk. What knife-edge decisions impacting on poor people. And not just in Nepal.

After 4 years (and Heidi, child number 4, born to us) of hands-on care and training government healthpost workers in pain relief we discovered a major gap in our knowledge of Dental Public Health. A year in London developed some new skills which we took to

Kathmandu to help run a nationwide government oral health programme. Our clinical time was reduced as we devoted more energy to training and research. Fluoridated toothpaste was virtually non-existent in Nepal in 1996 largely because India has pockets of fluorosis-inducing water and Nepal, without any 'serious' toothpaste companies, bought Indian unfluoridated paste. After a 3-year project collecting some 800 samples from all over its formidable terrain we were able to show negligible natural fluoride in Nepal's water. Lobbying toothpaste companies (Pepsodent and Colgate) has now resulted in 95% of Nepal's toothpaste fluoridated to international standards, endorsed by the Nepal Dental Association and, most importantly, made locally to keep prices affordable by ordinary people. What a change in the landscape!

Now in Cornwall we wonder where all the challenge has gone. Life is certainly more mundane but our family has grown and can no longer be educated in a remote hill village. We would say that we gained more than we ever gave to Nepal. God was with us through the hard times as well as the good times. Our children have been enriched through living with some of the poorest people in the world and, guess what, they'd like to work overseas when it's their turn ... but none of them wants to be a dentist! What have we done wrong?

Neil and Jane now work for the Personal Dental Service, based in Truro, where Neil is Assistant Clinical Director.



Neil & Jane McDonald, Katie (19), Lucy (17), Iain (14) and Heidi (10)

MATRON

BDH memories are more than just images that flash through the mind at certain moments when we smell methyl methacrylate monomer (op techs) or stewed coffee mixed with Cornish pasty (common room). The people around us all created that special BDH atmosphere, one of whom was "Matron". Here is a shortened version of an interview for Mouthpiece with Matron, on the subject of her retirement but including a small part which I felt at the time would be better not to include. (On hearing it I nearly dropped the tape recorder!)

The Mouthpiece Interview

Mrs. Moore, known by her maiden name as Sister Davidson, came to the BDH in January 1953, three years after her marriage, when there was only a total of 36 clinical dental students and 40 chairs in the hospital. Her only previous contacts with dentistry were the predictable cases of toothache that came into the BRI Casualty Dept. where she was the Casualty Sister for six years. After this she went abroad as a ship's sister on the maiden voyage of the new Orchides in 1948 when the ship broke a record by reaching Australia in three weeks. This spell of maritime nursing was followed by posts in many hospitals and clinics before Sister Davidson arrived here at the BDH to fill the vacant position of Sister-in-Charge.

At that time there were only two staff nurses. Unknown to her one of them had already applied for the job, and Sister Davidson was welcomed with the news that if the staff nurse did not get the job, the students would riot! We know the outcome of course and the students did not riot. What of the staff nurse? She married a dental student and left when he qualified, so that solved that problem.

It was tough going at first for someone used to bedpans and bandages to be thrown in the deep end amidst such strange jargon as Eaglebeak, Hawk's Bill, Pelican, Parrett and Hornbeak forceps. She must have thought the place was some kind of aviary, and so she was understandably cagey about it all at the beginning. Time soon flies however, and one of the many things she noticed while she was here was a friendly personal atmosphere among all levels of a highly professional team. It is a situation where the staff, students and nurses all have a reciprocal respect, and in order to preserve this, first names should not be used in the clinic, nor should anyone be addressed by his/her surname only, without the courtesy title of Mr., Miss or Mrs. Little things like this all count.

One of Matron's first students was Mr. Treweke. Three other students that she has seen pass through the Dental Hospital are now professors, and in order to spare their embarrassment, their names are not mentioned here. She remembers one of them sitting his final examinations in which some practical task had to be performed e.g. casting a gold inlay or restoring a tooth with amalgam or silicate. After a few minutes there was a despairing wail for help emerging from a chair, and when she came across she saw a worried-looking student stan-

ding next to his patient, with the remains of a dental engine and cord-arm trailing on the floor from the handpiece which he was holding in front of him. It seems that dental units have broken down since time immemorial, so things haven't changed much.

Another of these three select students provided her with entertainment of a more spectacular nature: to her horror, she saw a bracket table suddenly burst into flames. What was more mystifying was the sight of this dental student standing next to this display of pyrotechnics with his arms folded and a look of calm but studious interest on his face as he supervised this burnt offering. Before you could say "nervous breakdown" he announced authoritatively that he had just read that the best way to sterilize a bracket table was to pour alcohol onto it and set light to it.

The third select student came up to the store in Cons one morning looking just a shade pale around the gills: "Excuse me please, may I have a swab please?" When Matron asked what he wanted the swab for he muttered something about it being useful, house surgeon wanting it, blood...

Matron thought it might be a good idea to follow this particular swab, and it led her to this student's patient who was bleeding profusely from a lacerated tongue caused by a runaway, unguarded diamond disc.

In our dialogue I confronted Matron with the observation that the student nurses weren't always very enthusiastic to help in the Cons Dept. Her reply, although guarded to protect the student dental nurses under her direct charge, included the following immortal line, which I felt I could not print at the time. She sighed and admitted that the nurses seemed to prefer the drama of any department concerned with haemodontics: "What these girls like to do best is retract and suck"

Matron's parting advice to students:

Always keep your sense of humour because there is always a funny side to everything even if it is 5 p.m. and the patient has just destroyed an afternoon's hard labour by biting the marginal ridge off an extensive pinned amalgam in front of an external examiner with indigestion, so that you have to put a temporary dressing in, but your entire cabinet has just fallen on the floor and spewed its contents and the nurses are glaring at you because it's late and they want to get away.....remember , there's always a funny side! Always stay calm and always try to be fair. Remember the dental nurse who has been helping you. A little courtesy and a "thank-you" go a long way.

Matron's parting advice to Staff:

Although the temperature often rises and there are many other worries and commitments, always count to ten rather than say something to an erring student that you would regret afterwards. Remember that although harsh words in an ordinary everyday context do not cause too much damage, they are a major catastrophe to a student when they come from a teacher wielding ultimate sanction.

Matron's parting advice to nurses:

Courtesy to students and staff is a reciprocal thing. Cleanliness does count, and if after you qualify here you decide to leave nursing altogether, you will at least make an excellent housewife. If you decide to marry a dental student, as so often happens, then help him organize his own practice by your experience gained from working first in other dental surgeries.

Someone once said that one of the hallmarks of a good man is his eagerness to train a successor. With 274 DSAs having passed through her hands since Matron came to this hospital, she has amply fulfilled this condition.

.....and we still don't know her first name!

*Nurse: "I've looked all over the place for new tapered diamond burs,
but we haven't got none"*
*Dentist: "You used a double negative. When you say "We haven't got none"
it actually means that we've got some"*
Nurse: "In that case, where are they?"

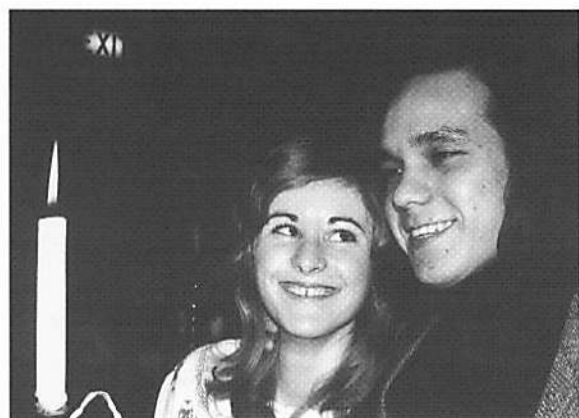
DORIS VON DER AUE
HORSE DENTIST

ADVICE, DENTAL MAINTENANCE,
OCCLUSAL EQUILIBRATION FOR HORSES

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR EQUINE
DENTAL EQUILIBRATION, INC.

Sue Moser (Reed)

Sue was a charming young lady, petite, blonde. She entered the dental course, like me, at 1st BDS level and after qualifying, married and emigrated to the USA after meeting an American Tank Commander called David. They met in Germany when Sue worked at a military base there. They now have two children and live in West Chester County, New York State.



Candlelight dinner with the light of her life at that time. This was with other 1st BDS , MB students at a Bristol restaurant.



The boyfriend of Sue (forgotten his name, sorry) was our karate teacher as well as a fellow student (1st MB). I made this photograph of Sue in the dojo at the Victoria Rooms.

Rather than do the entire dental course again in America for a DDS, Sue gave up dentistry at quite an early stage and now uses her artistic talents as an interior decoration advisor and consultant. Information is sparse but I was sent a recent photograph of her together with her son, taken by Jacky during a holiday there.

The earlier photographs were taken by me in 1970, our 1st BDS year



Sue, much later in the USA, photographed together with her son.



57 Anne Muirhead (Keep)



Anne Keep as she was known to us all during our BDH days, was a charming young lady who usually sat about midships in the common room to drink her coffee with the rest of her firm. Not with the rugby lads at the far end, nor under the pigeon holes with my own firm friends. Anne, who seems hardly to have aged at all, but who seems to have acquired an accent, has given one or two interesting accounts of her work and life in Canada since qualifying, during the presentation sessions of our reunions. Her claims not to have any grey hairs as yet, (I quote a recent Dental Alumni magazine) remain of course, to be verified with colorimetric and mass-spectrometric analysis certificates to be duly presented at the next reunion. Normally I would consider it singularly unsporting to dwell on such trivia, but these are for most of us painfully provocative claims!

Enfin, Anne-Joie-de-Vivre-Muirhead, the story so far...

I have had a varied career and for those who have attended the reunions the stories may be familiar so I apologize for that.

After qualifying I decided I was too young to settle down and plod away in NHS dentistry. I wanted excitement. So I told lies about becoming an oral surgeon and got a surgical house job, first at Bristol and then at Cophthorne Hospital, Shrewsbury. The skills I learnt there have been some of the most useful ones to me over the years. You asked if there was a particular instructor whom we remember, school kind of merges into a blur, but at Shrewsbury there was an old Oral Surgeon called Charles Cartledge (say it with a very British accent). He wore tweeds as befit a country gentleman and if I had to call him in he would often appear in plus-fours. He had fixed faces in the war with stair rods and he had no time for my newly qualified ideas that each tooth needed a separate pair of forceps to extract it. He and the theatre staff did not appreciate their coffee/lunch breaks being delayed because YOU broke a tooth or weren't slick enough at your surgery, they taught to be quick and good. Over the years I have removed many teeth in all sorts of different surroundings other than dental surgeries and I have used those skills but I have not wrapped anyone in kaolin poultice packs after lower eight surgery as he did!

Shrewsbury was exciting but I still wasn't ready to settle down into proper dentistry. I wanted to travel. Nigeria and Papua New Guinea sounded just a little too exciting so I decided on a job in Northern Labrador, Canada. I interviewed in London and I thought I was going to ask them for a job and it turned out they were begging me to work for them! I went to work for an organization called the Grenfell Organization, who provided medical services to the coast of Northern Newfoundland and Labrador. They still do but it's much

Yes, I still use amalgam, despite what you hear about North America; works just fine and when it's bonded it's great. The last and only bridge I did was about 10 years ago. I then realized other people did them better than I did and I saved myself a lot of headaches by referring them. I do get asked to talk to high school students about being a dentist. I always tell them it's a great profession but you have to be crazy to do it. It has been good to me and it has taken me to places I might not have travelled to. I'm not a millionaire but it pays the bills and I still have no grey hair.

Yes, Virginia, There Really Is A Muktuk Annie

..... picture a young British girl who came to Canada in 1978 seeking adventure. Petite, blond hair and blue eyes - wide with anticipation, and ready for her new life as a "travelling dentist" in Canada's outposts.

Dr. Anne Muirhead of Prince George is "MUKTUK ANNIE". Four of us sat around her cozy den and listened to her reminisce about her adventures in these outposts. Her enthusiasm, and sense of humour shine almost as bright as the twinkle in her eyes. Some aspects of her stories were hard to believe, but she had proof to back these tales of adventures on the high seas, and barren frozen landscapes. Albums full of beautiful pictures. Single engine planes, that didn't seem reliable enough to sit in, let alone fly in over icebergs. Skidoos and dog sleds that should have been ridden in for fun, not as the only means of transportation available to get you from point A to point B and back again SAFELY. But she laughs at our fears knowing she too had felt that way when she first arrived in Grenfell, Newfoundland.

"Why on earth, would a new graduate from the University of Bristol, (southwest, England) want to go to such a barren part of the country?" Our first question to her. "Well....." she laughs, "I didn't want to set up practice right away, I wanted to try something different. I had heard of a medical student who had gone there, and decided that sounded like just what the doctor ordered." Her duties included travelling throughout southern Labrador from the Quebec border and servicing approximately six fishing villages. They flew in and out of these villages all along the coast line. Accommodations were small nursing stations, which left a whole lot to be desired, but did serve the purpose. Most dental facilities were the bare necessities only. A chair, a light, and the rest you had to bring with you. Of course those were at a minimum as well, as these had to be portable and flown in with you on these beautiful silver birds (ducks might be more appropriate). And just to see how resourceful you could be, it wasn't unusual to do some emergency treatment in some of the villager's living rooms. "See, some doctors do make housecalls! Assistants, not a chance, you did it all by yourself. So of course there were compromises to be made, but the main concern was to do what you had to do to get your patient out of pain with as little cost as possible. Our main treatment was extractions." Today of course the equipment is more sophisticated and more easily transported.

Two years later, Dr. Muirhead went back to England. "But, once that way of life gets in your blood, you just can't walk away from it. I had to play it out, life was too exciting, flying in helicopters, skidoos, etc., so I found a job in the Northwest Territories and headed off for my next adventure."

She provided dental service to several small Indian and Eskimo settlements, Nahani, Peli Bay, Holman and others, around the Hudson Bay area. Here she found the equipment more sophisticated, similar to equipment that the American military had used. Again, there were nursing stations or school rooms to operate out of. "When I was with my assistant at one nursing station, I heard her yell 'MOUSE'. We hurriedly went for help. The nurse only laughed and said that everyone had mice. That night my assistant slept on the

examining table and I in the dental chair. The mice couldn't climb the slippery metal legs! - we hoped!" Yes, in the NWT there were dental assistants. These ladies weren't certified, but they were an extra pair of hands, and seeing how the paper work had tripled, the help was definitely appreciated.

"Some places didn't have electricity so you used gas lights, which sometimes was a godsend. With our portable generator you couldn't have more than one thing plugged in at a time. So, you would unplug the handpiece, to run the amalgamator, then unplug the amalgamator to run the condenser, etc. It was a hoot." The equipment that had to be brought to the schools were chairs, compressors and some times even an overhead light. Suddenly Anne starts to laugh, and relates one story to us to clear the confused looks off

our faces. "When I arrived there was no chair, so I phoned and requested one be sent. They had replied that they didn't have one available to send. So, I said 'you had better find one or I'm on the next plane out of here.' Well, two hours later I had my chair alright, a Lawn Chaise Lounger. So between patients I made good use of the chair, and got some of the beautiful sunshine outside." Resourceful? You bet!

Again, it was the basic treatment she did. The older people were basically caries free as they still chewed skins and maintained their natural diets, but the kids had a lot of cavities due to the introduction of sweets through the school system.

Was she ever brave enough to try some of their cuisine? Of course, don't be ridiculous! Lots of caribou, bear and fish, but she didn't like the Muktuk (whale blubber). "It was yucky... just like fishy fat..."

The weather could be beautiful, the flowers, the sunshine, the clean air, but some places were horrible with mosquitos! "We would have coils burning everywhere, just to survive and try to get through the day."

Transportation? The boats were an adventure in their own right. There weren't many life jackets. And asked if the crew could swim, the captain said, "Nope, but that don't matter, if you go overboard lady, you wouldn't survive in these frigid waters anyways." So away she'd go!

The weather was the biggest hazard you had when travelling by air. "Oh I always had perfect faith in the pilots". Good thing. "Sometimes with the fog you'd be flying from flag pole to flag pole, just to maintain your position. If it got too bad you'd just unpack and stay longer."

"Another time we'd be over the weight limit, and somebody or something would have to be left behind 'til the next plane. The people there are the most open and friendly I've ever met. If the weather was bad, they'd just open their homes for you, and before you knew it supper was eaten and you were all tucked in for the night. The people are the one thing I miss the most. They talk to you as if they've known you all your life, and never hesitate to help in any way they can. They truly are beautiful people".

Again, Ann stayed for about two years, then quit when she married a Canadian. She now travels to Mackenzie, north of Prince George and works part-time in Prince George. Presently she awaits for the birth of her second child.

You want adventure? Now you know where to go. Thanks Dr. Anne Muirhead, a.k.a. MUKTUK ANNIE!!!



Geriatric Outreach Dental Program PG Takes the Lead!

What do you do if you are suffering pain from a cavity or an abscessed tooth? Or maybe your denture is loose, making chewing a painful ordeal? Easy! You phone your dental office and make an appointment with your dentist or dental hygienist. But what if you are a resident within one of our long term care facilities? Accessing the services of a dentist or dental hygienist is very difficult. So, could we not bring the dental team to the residents?

Prince George has been a model for such a program for the past five years when the Geriatric Outreach Dental program was created through the collaborative efforts of the public health dental program, private dentists and facility administrators. This program provides on-site oral health care services to residents at Jubilee, Parkside, Rainbow and Simon Fraser Lodge. Three local dentists, a dental hygienist and a certified dental assistant provide monthly visits to attend to residents oral health needs. Several other communities in the North have fashioned similar programs for their facilities based on the Prince George model. The Faculty of Dentistry of UBC and the Association of Dental Surgeons of B.C. refer to our model of delivery to encourage other oral health care professionals to assure oral health care services are available to long term care facility residents in all communities. Once again Prince George leads the province in innovative, creative and collaborative ways to meet the health care needs of our community!



Dr. Anne Muirhead provides oral health services to residents at Rainbow and Simon Fraser Lodge

last year when we had a difference of opinion and I moved to another enormous office in town, to associate with a guy there. For those at the last reunion I explained how I work shifts one week on and one week off. One set of dentists use the facilities one week and another set use them the next week. Each dentist has their own set of staff and own practice, but all within this huge building. It all seems quite strange at first but it seems to work.

As well as general practice I look after two Senior's care homes, visiting them half a day a month. Some of these patients are severely Alzheimer and providing care can be quite a challenge. I use mobile equipment so the skills I learned in the North still come in handy. Recently I have become involved with the local College that runs Dental Assisting and Dental Hygiene Courses. I do clinic supervising sessions, i.e. I pretend to know things when I don't!!!

In between dentistry I am married to Tom who works for the British Columbia Government, doing something to do with water licences but the name of the department keeps changing. I have two children: a girl, Alice who is 14, and a boy

Graham who is 12. They are both on our local downhill ski racing team so find all sorts of ways of spending my money.

I ski a little when it snows and play tennis when it doesn't. I'd like to be a golfer but it takes too much time so that's for retirement. I also do volunteer work at our local hospital.

I should answer some of the Mouthpiece questionnaire too:

I do still have the group photo, in fact a few years ago I had it blown up, framed and hung it in my dental office. In this country they take these elaborate graduation photos and a lot have those hanging so this was my answer to that!!!

Reunions are great and walking around Bristol is like one never left...is it really 25 years?

Dentist on the wing

"I had a most unusual reaction from a man in St. Anthony," chirps Anne Keep, an English girl who's the only dentist serving the Labrador coast from the Quebec border to Charlottetown. "I had just taken his daughter's teeth out, and he told someone he wanted to speak to

me. I walked outside the door to where he was, he looked up and down and said he thought that I'd be a huge girl. Sometimes they ask, 'Are you sure you'll be able to get this tooth out?', wondering if I'm strong enough."

After a year on the coast,

Anne has a reputation as "A good hand to pull teeth", a comment some city dentists would probably feel to be an insult. On the coast, however, it's a sincere compliment. For years, the only dental service available to residents came from the nurse practitioners, who had no facilities to do anything except extractions. Even today, despite Anne's logging thousands of air miles in the mission planes and helicopters, facilities are still less than ideal for routine work, like fillings.

"When I'm at Forteau, I'm fully equipped," Anne indicates referring to her home base. "Most of the other places I visit have basic dental equipment: a light chair of sorts, and a compressor. I carry the drill kit which plugs into the compressor. This summer they'll be putting proper drill units in each community, so I won't have to carry that with me. But we won't have the money for instruments."

The life Anne Keep leads wouldn't be every English lady's cup of tea. Based in Forteau, she covers close to 200 miles of



Anne Keep, the southern coast's only dentist.

coast, mainly by air and provides the only dental service for close to 5,500 people.

"It's incredible, really, when you look at it," Anne explains, with a burst of laughter. It involves small inconveniences, like being stranded in one community for three weeks and a lot of flying. Equipment breaks down occasionally, and there's always the business of making sure that everything is running smoothly. Added to that

is the prospect of living in relative isolation, and you have a situation that attracts only people looking for a challenge.

"It is something more than a job," Anne offers. "If you do it just as a job, you wouldn't stay; the small hassles would get to you. I regard it as a challenge and as an education. It's something you try to achieve, and that's why I've almost renewed my visa for another year. I'd planned to leave after a

year but I keep staying on. Now I say I'll leave next spring. But when it comes time to go, I suspect I may not go at all. I've just gotten a nice place to live in Forteau, and the people are just getting to know me.

In some ways, this job is like starting a totally new practice, and I keep thinking that if I were to leave now, I wouldn't have really accomplished anything. I'll believe I'm really leaving when I see it."

tures: I worked at the job in the North West Territories for two years, first living in Hay River and then commuting from Prince George. As well as working in the clinic in town they had a contract to provide dental services to Indian and Eskimo communities in the Arctic. So I was off again in small planes with mobile equipment, mostly to nursing stations but also a few schools. Again I have many memories and stories from those times, they alone could fill Mouthpiece. The people and places are fascinating. We arrived at one school to work and no portable chair came with us. So I 'phoned the clinic but they didn't have one, so I said "Send me something". The request was answered by the dispatch of a sun lounge! By sitting on a child's school chair it worked okay. When there were no patients I pushed it outside and lay in the sun.

(Two Eskimos were paddling their kayak along the Alaskan coast. The temperatures were so low that even beneath their layers of clothing, the Eskimos started to feel the cold. In a desperate attempt to keep warm, they lit a fire but the wooden kayak went up in flames and the pair drowned. The moral of the story is that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.)

After this job I finally decided it was time to settle down, I had got my Canadian qualification, so I could work in British Columbia. It only took nearly ten years after qualifying to go into practice though. Seeing patients come back for six month checks was quite a novelty after years of emergency type work.

I started as an associate for a lady here in Prince George, working just two days a week. I did that for thirteen years until



*The group studying the old exam papers.
The caption should be
"Oh no! Was I that bad!"*



*Jackie, Anne and Claire together during a
nostalgic sightseeing walk around Bristol.*



*Anne dressed up for Halloween
together with her dental nurse*

more sophisticated and modern now. I was given the job of travelling dentist for the Southern Labrador shore, it is the area about the size of Devon and Cornwall with a few fishing villages in it, accessible at that time only by air or boat. I had three main nursing stations I worked out of using mobile equipment. I also travelled to minor out-ports to do clinics and extractions in living rooms or whatever was available. I'm not much of a boater so I opted for the air route most of the time. There were then no airstrips so it was floats in the summer, skis in the winter and helicopters in between. Pilots of small planes and helicopters are just about as crazy as dentists so it was lots of fun. Sometimes in the winter we 'drove' from one village to the next by snowmobile, one had on so many layers to keep warm it was almost impossible to move.

The dentistry was very basic, but I saw some very interesting places, met some incredibly interesting people and had lots of fun. However I realized that if I didn't leave after two years I could be there for a very long time and that wasn't what I wanted, BUT I still didn't want to plod at that NHS dentistry.

I quite liked Canada so instead of existing on work permits I got my landed immigrant status by telling them I was engaged to a helicopter pilot which I was or rather I wasn't as I discovered when I returned to Canada! So I returned to Chetwynd, a very small uninteresting town in Northern British Columbia. En route I had taken some Canadian exams in Ontario and met up with Richard Dale who told me of a job in the North West Territories. I was therefore waiting in Chetwynd for the job to become available. When one of the pilot's customers offered to show me Prince George, I jumped at the chance to see the mountains. I married the customer, Tom, a year later and still live in Prince George. But not before I had more adven-



Studying the old exam papers



Photograph taken by Anne of Bert and Claire at the last reunion

Simon O'Shaughnessy



Simon at the 21 year reunion

We have now been living in NZ for nearly a couple of years after having sold up in the UK.

Our 3 children are here and go to the university and seem to have sensibly taken to the media or various other professions.

Alex is a film producer and is starting to get good work in Auckland. Hannah is on a psychology course and will work with children, and Adam is going on an Arts degree course and will probably earn for us all when he gets going!

NZ is very much a country UK people would like to live in. The temperature is higher being sub-tropical and you can always see the sea as the islands are so narrow. With only 3.5 million people in an area greater than the UK there really are more sheep than anything else! Apparently approximately 85 million give or take 3 million which they seem to have 'lost' after the last count up!

I am on my third (main) career and run a TV station, which broadcasts to about 250,000. Also I have helped sell a cartoon product to the USA (will be in approx 100million homes by next year) and have an interest in a plastic bag plant (rubber dams not a product line yet).

Well, to try and answer the questions:

1. Present function – the best part of my life, doing things I needed 30 years of experience to do
2. Dentistry was the obvious choice with my A-levels and a father as a dentist
3. The best teachers were the practical ones on the floor
4. 'American Werewolf' even your worst days are not as bad as this!
5. Albert Gubay. (10th richest man in the UK, was Mr Quicksave, now 74 years old and vibrant and a friend)
6. I would not go to university
7. 'Retired Old Molars'
8. I love my work; it is constantly changing and giving me challenges
9. –
10. –
11. Eleven houses where we stayed over 12 months or more
12. n/a
13. n/a
14. n/a
15. n/a
16. n/a
17. She can't remember that far back and in any case says 3 children was more work, so no luck there
18. Burn out – well I would have said I was pretty good, but building and running companies did stress me a little. Not the work, just the rotten people you have to deal with in

the mix of great staff

19. Retirement? Interesting concept as I'm officially not employed now.
20. Hobbies- new jobs
29. My age, mind willing – body knows it's nearly 50 years
30. My wife and our life together
31. Taking the car to work. Rush hour here means you might see a car over the 4km stretch to work. You need to look out for them though as they are nuts.

On the rest of the questions I'm afraid I don't appear very competent to answer them any more, except 53..., but I would be pleased to write a more intelligent article and even send photos if you think they might be any good for Mouthpiece.

Apart from the member of Wills who resides at HM pleasure for the attempted destruction of a nuclear power station I think I can say Life has been interesting so far and dentistry was an interesting start

Question 53 -?

Obviously I am not very good at answering the dental question so to cover the other points, here are a few lines:

I found my mid-thirties the hardest time, as we had to establish and grow a company. We probably worked on average a 14-hour day. After 40 years this is a strain and I think I found I needed time to understand my own self and also have the maturity to cope with stress. I did but also developed high blood pressure (which is now nearly okay again). Having a wife (now married 26 years – my main friend) who is also my business partner made understanding a lot easier. Apart from watching films we did not have hobbies, we just had no time. Boating and fishing are coming on now as we have more time, and the opportunity as the beach is only about 3 minutes away.

You ask if I am happy? I think to say 'yes' is something special for me as frankly I have spent much of my life very driven and focused. For me good friends and an excellent wife have been a salvation. Also as Christians we always had a focus in our lives and good friends.

Most of our main life changes have been started because of wanting to help establish church groups from very small starts. In Liverpool we started with 12 and when we left it was 600 with 1000 children 'kids' club' on Saturdays. Business actually came in second place when it came to church, but it always worked out.



Simon looking discretely away as Geoff and Anne have a chat

Maya Patel

"Stantonbury Health Clinic, how can I help you?"

"Could I speak to Maya Patel please?"

"Sorry, Maya Patel doesn't work here."

"Well the GDC gave me this as her address: M.Patel."

"M.Patel is the principal, and he's a him. His daughter works here and she's 23."

"No, the one I'm looking for must be knocking on 50."

"Oh bless her!"

"What do you mean.... 'Bless her'! Bless her as in 'bless her anodized aluminium zimmerframe'? I'm 53 I'll have you know and don't you dare start blessing me either! Thanks anyway and bless your little white DSA cotton socks. Good day to you."





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■ Chaldon Rd., CATERHAM-ON-THE-HILL, Surrey. ■ SOUTHAMPTON, Hants.
■ ST. LEONARDS, Nr. Hastings. ■ PLYMOUTH, Devon.

40 Paul Pritchard



Reunion: Paul is pictured here in the centre of the group

Dave Reekie

Dave and I got to know each other better through our mutual friend Maria. Life is busy enough with all the domestic duties of a family and the professional duties that go with running a successful family practice. No wonder then that the last thing he needed was the title of "Dentist of the Year" to be thrust upon him.

David was very supportive to Maria during her illness for which I hold him very very high in my esteem.

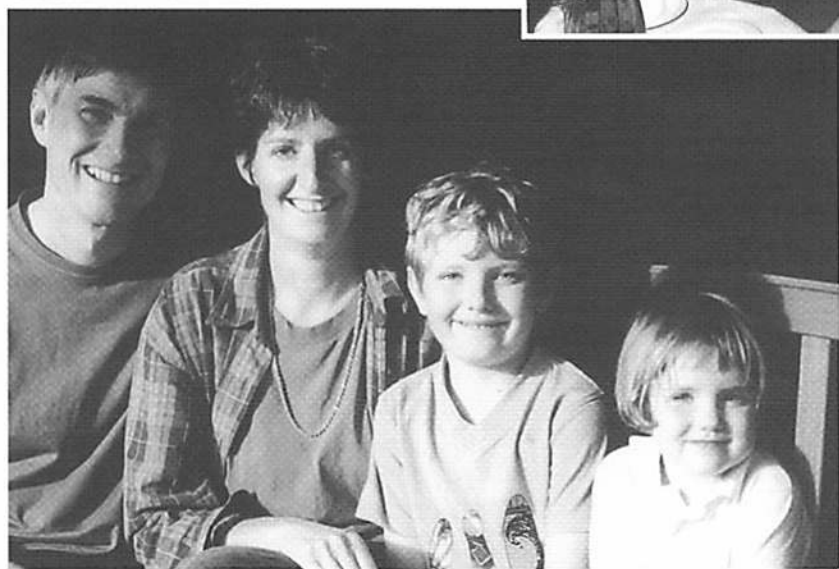
One of the highlights of his student years was a camping holiday in Normandy with Derek, Jude, Claire and Pete Sawyer. It stands on record that he exhibited a degree of Englishness above and beyond the call of duty by wearing a bowler hat everywhere he went to in France!



Dave and Nicola during one of the reunions



Dave and his wife Nicola during the 2001 reunion at Bristol



Dave, Nicola and their two children Sam and Susannah

The years we spent at the BDH were not without the occasional protest as reflected by some of the articles deposited anonymously in the Mouthpiece pigeonhole. This particular riot concerned conformist norms of dress being forced upon a group of students in their twenties, wanting to be as individualistic as possible. One of the articles was....

THE PROFESSIONAL LOOK

Miss BDH 1975 – The Professional Look is IN!

Hair: To be tied back, if possible in a bun, or cut off. No intermediate lengths, these are to be tied back.

Neck: No attempt should be made to spoil the exquisite cut of the white collar. Buttons to be done up to the maximum, with ties as an optional extra. (No scarves)

Legs: If on view (this aids in distinction from male contenders for the title Miss BDH) a tight covering maintains the image. Optional attire: Trousers in black, blue or dark brown.

Feet: Total coverage required (extended coverage of the legs is unhygienic)

For years the hoary subject of surgery coats has been debated and decisions delayed because of cost considerations, laundry problems and other things equally trivial. At least some people have had some opportunity to view the goods on offer. I believe the article of clothing in question is a side-buttoned affair with a neck fitting reminiscent of the clerical dog-collar, and described by the retailers as the "Cossack Surgical Coat". (Price 3.75 in jacket length, special quotations for bulk orders from Gardiner's, 154 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1P 9LJ) To my knowledge other schools in Great Britain have adopted these coats, and in Scandinavia they have been wearing them since Black described five classes of restorative cavity. Is Bristol going to be left behind yet again?

Do not stop at the Chairman Mao jackets, but adopt the trendy trousers with flares (with or without turn-ups and colour to be decided) and the white plimsoll shoes. Marsh Midda knew what he was talking about when he spoke at the Staff-Student Talk-In on May 9th 1974. The students must insist that all those who wear spectacles should obtain a pair of regular pattern, tortoiseshell frames for their lenses. In order to bring all facial appearances into line, all beards and moustaches should be removed and men will sport a special dental haircut with side-burns no longer than the level of the external auditory meatus. For women too there will be a regulation hairstyle and everybody will have his/her hair coloured to conform to the set standard.

In this way, the remaining clues that indicate that people are different, or should I say, individual, can be almost completely eliminated. Naturally this will benefit us all as then they will be able to see that we are the same, and not even a face in the crowd.

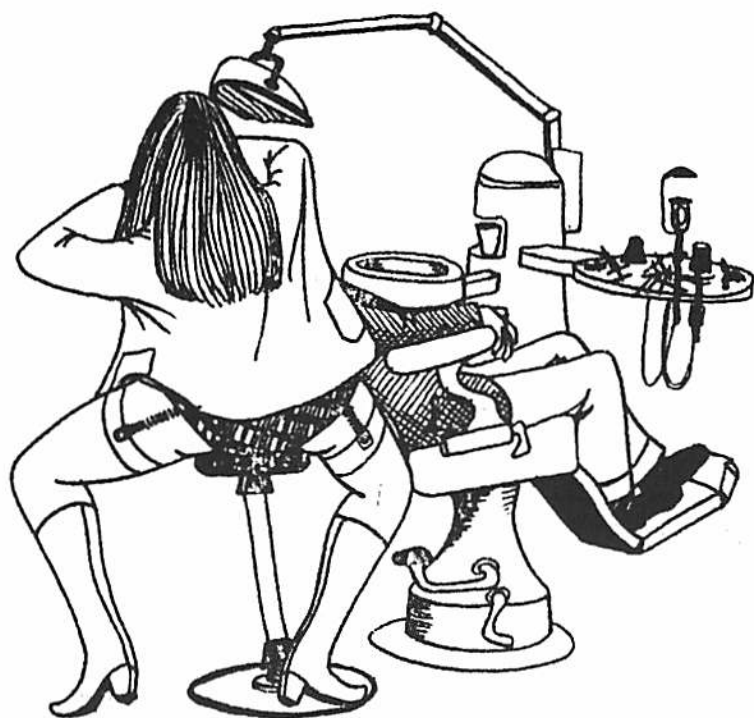
Amusing page-fillers were also gratefully received, and the Monty Python humour of that era is easily recognisable:

Dear Sir,

In reply to the letter from Ms. X of Weston last month, I too am a leather boot fetishist and agree that Mouthpiece should contain far more pictures of female dental students in thigh-length leather boots.

Yours sincerely,

Brigadier Gen. Sir Goodthing Higham (retired)



*Think of your speech as a mini skirt.
It's got to be short and cover the important things*

45 Reunion Root '76, October 1986

at the 'Grand' Hotel Bristol





Reunion Root '76, November 2001

I remember, deep in the mists of time, the start of a new term, probably in the autumn of 1973, moving to the Dental Hospital after the pre-clinical year. As a year we were about to start Op Tech, getting to grips with tooth preparation and wondering who these vaguely familiar people in our year were. Certainly in 2nd BDS, there was no one with short hair, sober clothing (including a tie!) and a basic understanding of spoken English. Surely Alan Canty was a big, hairy bloke, clad entirely in denim, not this suave sophisticated chap destined for practice. Indeed, as we looked forward to our first taste of clinical dentistry, a senior lecturer made a most significant statement to the remaining year. He said "Whether you like it or not, you are now going to be dentists". A cold chill ran round the room but, as promised, a little over three years later we were, and 25 years on, some of us still are.

So it was that a quarter of a century on, the year of '76 began to muster. Of course it would be over-optimistic to get all post-grads to attend, and in the end 32 made it to some part of the weekend which began with a good old chin-wag, on Friday night, over traditional Italian cuisine (just like Mama used to make) at Marco's, Baldwin Street. Paul Baines treats the owner and many of the staff so it was reassuring that, as far as I know, none of them was interested in getting their own back. Mind you, the coffee was very frothy! Internationally, Anne Muirhead (nee Keep) flew in from British Columbia (on the basis that if she hadn't we'd have talked about her) and Geoff (Downer) van Beek made the journey from Holland. Paul Davies island-hopped from Jersey and slobby Ollie (nee Thompson) journeyed from Devon especially for the evening. Twenty three carafes of wine later we wended our way home with the promise of more excitement to come.

It has become something of a tradition for Root '76 reunions to include short presentations by delegates on Saturday mornings. This year's were quite excellent and were prefaced by Paul Baines's display of spot-the-student using 'Power Point' to show a negative of our original mug-shots and then the real thing. The big hairy bloke clad entirely in denim was a dead give-away! Steve White began the proceedings with a satirical critique of how government has treated the GDP over the last 25 years. Niel McDonald entertained us with his missionary work in Nepal. Dave Hardy provided a view of what it was like to be taken over by a 'Corporate Body', a subject that produced considerable discussion afterwards. Entertaining as always, Hugh Devlin's text dealt with the interesting subject of George Washington's teeth, and our Transcultural Attache, Prof. Raman Bedi dealt with the changing ideology of dental health in the impoverished parts of the world, which included many out-of-focus slides of his children; presumably they move so fast they're difficult to capture on film. The morning was finished by Geoff van Beek with a romp through a pot-pourri of his slides accompanied by an eclectic mix of nostalgic music.

This was my first experience of the Marriott Royal (nee Swallow Royal) Hotel and I was pleasantly surprised. Prior to dinner we had arranged a champagne reception in the drawing room; this I always think, provides the best opportunity to take stock of individuals. How have they fared over the last 5 or 10 years? Peter Sawyer looked very Dickensian, Jane Wood looked very delicious and Bertie looks exactly the same now as he did in 1976 (which must be disappointing). It was my first chance to see Sophie Rudge (nee Hepenstal) since qualifying. Sophie had travelled from Chester to York and then on to Bristol that day and arrived at the hotel just in time to join us as

we went up to dinner.

It was fitting that, prior to our meal, we stood in contemplative silence in the memory of Maria Chambers who had sadly died shortly after our last reunion. My thanks to John Riley for his kind words during 'grace'.

Replete after an excellent meal the evening was further enhanced by toasts from Paul Baines and Professor Chris Stephens who, with his wife Marion, were our guests for the evening. It is rare for reunion dinners to spring significant surprises (perhaps Duncan Lamond singing "I did it my way" is one) but here was a reunion dinner with something totally unexpected: Chris produced our results from final fives! Now two things come immediately to mind: (1) Why would anyone want to keep a record of my exam results for twenty five years, and (2) Come on, what did I get?

Actually it wasn't quite like that as most people feigned disinterest to begin with on the grounds that we had all lived in hope that we had just missed a distinction by a few marks and now we'd find the truth. Curiosity of course got the better of us and within a matter of minutes the results were being closely scrutinised (maybe to ensure that the marks had been added up correctly). Now, if any other year should be made party to these important secrets, don't get too excited, there seemed to be some pretty contrived results!

With the formalities over the evening finished with many a reminiscence and general assertions that we would all do it again in five year's time, just to see who was still practising dentistry.

Thanks should be expressed to Diana Stubley who encouraged those graduates who wavered over their attendance (and made rude remarks about those who didn't reply). Also to Paul Baines who managed the technical part of the week-end, made an excellent speech and turned up to breakfast at the hotel to ensure that everyone departed safely.

Philip Key



Geoff and Anne



Hugh Devlin with Louise



Exam results! Bertie looks on as Prof Stephens reveals hitherto unknown results



Phil Key later on in the evening.

Is that a hangover on the way or were the cigars a little too strong?

Paul and Caroline



Steve White



Speech by the Master of Ceremonies, Phil Key

Bill Falconer-Hall



SO YOU THINK IT'S TIME FOR A REUNION

This questionnaire will provide you with some of the reasons why you are coming back to the Bristol Dental Hospital.

1. You are in Bristol. A passer-by asks you the way to Lower Maudlin Street.
 - a) You don't know.
 - b) You say "Come this way, I was going to the White Hart myself".
 - c) You recognise him as Mike Cooksey and point out he's 30 years late for the radiology lecture.
2. You are on holiday in Holland. You visit a dentist who looks like Geoff Downer.
 - a) You cannot remember why this is important.
 - b) You tell him that hayfever IS a psychosomatic illness.
 - c) You ask if you can borrow his montage slides of the staff and students.
3. You attend a Post-Grad. slide show by Reggie Andlaw.
 - a) Two hours sleep leaves you refreshed.
 - b) Run for the bar.
 - c) You ask for signed copies of the slides.
4. Albert Jukes has been promoted to head of the RAF.
 - a) A copy of the Telegraph gives you all the details.
 - b) You phone Dickie Rycraft in Canada and ask for immigration details
 - c) You accept that lectureship in the Philippines.
5. Someone phones you at work. The only words you understand are 'dummy run', in a Welsh accent.
 - a) It's another wrong number.
 - b) Who put the dummy in your mouth?
 - c) You automatically put 50p in the nearest charity box.
6. Paul Baines and Phil Key are seen in conference in a Bristol pub.
 - a) You moan to the barman that Dentists get everywhere.
 - b) You remember the reunion cabaret and buy a double.
 - c) They remember the Cabaret and ask you for a double.
8. Steve White and Maya Patel are seen at a BDTA show.
 - a) Who are they?
 - b) You thought they were on a different course.
 - c) You write your acclaimed paper proposing continuous assessment of dental students.
8. Your husband asks why he must come to the reunion with you. Do you think:
 - a) It will be a cosy tête-a-tête with a few friends.
 - b) He will be needed to carry you home after the party.
 - c) You might swap him for a Professor or a Dean.
9. Your life is dull, so you look at the old group hospital photograph.
 - a) It must be your mothers, they all look so dated.
 - b) You shed a tear for your old drinking cronies.
 - c) With a bit of retouching it could be made to look like Guys.

10. Some idiot invites you to a 10-years-after reunion.

- a) What did I join 10 years ago?
- b) If I keep this quiet it will go away.
- c) This could be your new research topic.

SCORE: (a)= 1 (b)= 2 (c)= 3

1-10. Congratulations! You have forgotten everything and everyone. You must come to our reunion and meet some new people. Have you ever considered a career in Dentistry.

10-20. Well done! Dental personalities may come and go, but you stick to your ageing principles. Come back to Bristol and relive those days of blood and vulcanite seasoned with Darling and Bradford.

20-30. Incredible! You were our star student! Take a break from writing your latest paper, strap on your MGDS and fly over to Bristol for our two day course of Hankey Pankey et al.

S.White B.D.S.

Psychiatric Hotline:

Ring...ring, Ring...ring, Click...recording

'Hello, welcome to the psychiatric hotline.

If you are obsessive-compulsive, press 1 repeatedly.

If you are co-dependent, please ask someone to press 2.

If you have multiple personalities, please press 3, 4, 5, and 6.

If you are paranoid-delusional, we know who you are and what you want.

Just stay on the line until we can trace the call.

If you are schizophrenic, listen carefully and a little voice will tell you which number to press.

If you are depressive, it does not matter which number you press, No one will answer.'



Italian Accent

Onea day Ima gonna Bristol to se bigga hotel. Inna se morning Ima going down to eata se breakfast. I tella se waitress, I wanna two pisses of toast. She bringa me only se one piss! I tella her, I wanna two piss; she say: go to se toilet. I say: you no understand; I wanna two piss onna my plate. She say: you better no piss onna se plate, you sonna ma bitch. Later I go out to eat at se bigga restaurant. Se waitress brings me a spoon and a knife, but no fock, I tella her: I wanna fock. She tella me: everyone wanna fock, I tell her: I wanna fock on se table. She say: you better no fock on se table, you sonna ma bitch! So I go back to my room inna hotel and there are no shits onna my bed. I calla se manager and tella him: I wanna shit. He tella me to go to the toilet. I say: 'You no understand: I wanna shits onna bed. He say: you better no shit onna se bed, you sonna ma bitch! I go to check out and se man at se desk say: peace to you! I say: Piss onna you too! You sonna ma bitch, Ima gonna back to Italy.

Pat Riley (Harbourn)



Pat, as I remember, (Really? ...no, Riley) was never a very extrovert sort of person but simply got down to the job of studying dentistry. She was a member of the only all-female firm of our year, together with Judith, Claire, Anne, and Lorraine and a dab hand at composites even then. Her op-tech models were among those chosen to be placed in the showcase in the narrow corridor leading to the students' common room. The story so far is based on the Mouthpiece questionnaire:

I still work at my practice on Whiteladies Road, and treat lots of students, although many of them have grey beards now. I started here in 1985 when I purchased the practice from Tani Betchers. I do mostly NHS work and enjoy treating younger patients. The work is mainly cons. especially composites.

Why I chose dentistry?...It seemed "a good idea at the time" but to answer your question, 'would I do it again?' ..I don't know. Perhaps I would choose to be a research or analytical chemist.

My favourite dental publication is Dental Update. There was an excellent article about Lymphomas in it about a year ago.

I am not a member of any dental organization anymore. I resigned my membership of the BDA when their negotiations for NHS dentists failed. I am not an activist though. I still enjoy dentistry but not the politics of it all. As far as that is concerned, I think the situation is not very hopeful, and I am even considering resigning from the NHS.

I live in Chepstow and commute to Bristol every day using public transport as I don't drive. As far as my work address is concerned, I have moved from Bristol to Swansea to Chepstow and finally back to Bristol where I am quite happy. If I could turn back time 25 years I think I would have preferred to work in Chepstow.

Impressive technical developments since qualifying: Luxators and 5 micron-filtered air-conditioning. The Kerr composite tinting system is excellent. I am particularly impressed with Dentelze units and chairs. The least impressive dental development as far as I am concerned was the so-called improvement of Fuji cement to Fuji II improved cement which as we all know is no improvement at all.

Post-graduate training tends to hover around composites and cosmetics.

In my practice I work with an associate (VT) and between us we have four nurses. As I mentioned earlier, the work is mainly NHS and the practice can be considered smallish. There are no burnout signs or symptoms at the moment although like many of us, there are times when I am smouldering at the edges. I am aware of the risk of burnout though and therefore stable. Work can even be therapeutic! Retirement? About ten years to go I reckon.

Hobbies: I grow every conceivable variety of tomato and have even helped the Heritage Seed Group save one or two species that would otherwise have become extinct. They come in all colours and sizes ranging from the size of a grapefruit to a pea, and with unusual colours including black and white. A few are even striped such as 'Green Zebra' and 'Tige-

rella' and no doubt even one or two types that extend beyond even the imagination of J.K. Rowling. Another hobby is photography (Canon SLR) including monochrome developing and printing.

I am still involved with work for the Church, although no longer at P & J. I have done six years of part-time theological training (1984 – 1990) and my present activities are now centred around Clifton Cathedral.

Back to the dental questions: The aspects of my work that I dislike the most are NHS politics. What I like the most are clinical cons. and dental nurse training. We train one trainee a year. We cover for our own patients.

When things go wrong in the practice we panic just like everyone else!

This brings us on to the next question: "Do you think that dental education should include a course to train graduates to become dentists?" I think we need to look again at dental education and consider an apprenticeship model combined with the present university degree system. I coped okay though when I started in general practice. I was thrown in at the deep end though because the boss buggered off to France for six weeks leaving me to run the practice on my own! I don't know if I was quite ready for such an abrupt start to my career, a tad more self-confidence might have helped then I suppose. The most difficult tasks in this line of work remain juggling appointments and emergencies: time management.

I use a Ward's carver on a daily basis, as well as enamel chisels and rubber dam for endodontics. Rubber dam has the added advantage of keeping the patient from asking the perpetual question: "I hope you're staying in the NHS?"

Yes, I still have instruments from my time as an undergraduate.

I have had no aspirations to specialize in anything other than general dentistry.

Special memories of the BDH: Getting married at the end of the 2nd part of Op Techs (crown and bridgework)

Member of the Rotary, Lions or anything similar? Yes, I am attached as a lay member to 'The Oratory of th Good Shepherd'. My post-grad training concluded with being awarded 'Cert. Th. S.' but since this is not dental it is of course nothing that I could embellish my nameplate with.

How many major oral pathologies have you encountered in the last 25 years? "Fractured styloid, squamous cell carcinoma, and quite a few rodent ulcers"

Holiday recommendations: Norwegian coastal boat trip and the Swiss Alps.

Hang on Geoff, I've thought about that question at the beginning, the one in which you asked who I'd most like to sit next to during an intercontinental flight: Assuming of course that I could be persuaded in the first place to enter a flying sardine can: The Bishop of St. Helena! Pity they don't do commercial flights in open-air planes like a Sopwith Camel or Tiger Moth....much less claustrophobic!



Pat at one of the reunions at Bristol, together with Derek and Judith

Carol Robinson (Nowill)

Roger and I celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary recently and we can look back on a very happy 25 years. I worked in general practice in Bristol and Bromley for several years supporting Roger through the years of qualifying as an orthodontist. When he was appointed consultant in Torbay and Plymouth I happily abandoned the juggling act of work and motherhood and settled down in beautiful South Devon to bring up our three girls. Now they are all teenagers and I have gone back to work to support them through their education! Katy is going to Oxford Brookes University to do a BEd in primary school teaching but first she is doing the travelling the world bit for 2 years. Sophie is about to go into the upper sixth and can't decide whether to study dentistry or medicine. Esther will be doing GCSEs next year.



Carol and Caroline at one of the reunions



This photo shows us all in the back garden last summer plus Katy's boyfriend Jack who is very much a permanent fixture.

I am in private practice in Ashburton and also do some NHS in a deprived area of Plymouth. The Plymouth practice was a finalist in Practice of the Year this year. We have just got planning permission to put a second surgery in the Ashburton Practice so I am looking forward to working there only. I gained my DPDS a couple of years ago and am about to embark on a Dental Homeopathy course. I should have no lack of takers in Ashburton.

In my spare time(!) I run the local Brownies and keep up my love of walking by taking a group out on Dartmoor every week.

29 years ago Jacky and I celebrated our 21st birthdays together, so we continued by celebrating our 50ths this summer. We had a party in Tunbridge Wells with Heather and Liz who some may remember from the time we all shared a house in Elton Road. Lots of happy memories and embarrassing moments dredged up.

So there is my potted of history of what I have been up to and now I'm off to learn to sail in the lovely warm waters off Turkey.

Sophie Rudge (Hepenstal)

Just look at the photographs: The first two mug shots were taken by me when Sophie was a student at the BDH. The third photograph was taken by me at the reunion in 2001. Incredible! Hardly any difference! Just shows what good clean livin' and Palmolive can do for yer.

I remember Sophie saying as a student that she managed to get through nearly all her exams by subtly bringing the subject around to 'balancing extractions' every time. Bit difficult if they ask you about lymphomas, for example, but that's what she told us.



Sophie as a student at the BDH, 1974



Sophie as a student at the BDH, 1974



Sophie at the Root '76 Reunion 2001

Sophie works as a full-time orthodontist in Chester. She qualified at the University of Liverpool, Dip. Orth. Her husband is also an orthodontist.

They have four children, two boys and two girls.

At the BDH her firm-mates were: Derek Fieldhouse, Glen Buxey-Softley, Terry Hitch, Roselyn Tritton and Vivienne Clemson.

Sophie still sees Carol and Roger Robinson a lot because of their mutual interest in orthodontics.

Hobbies: None, just the kids. Her son Peter is the coxwain for the British rowing team and takes part in World Championship rowing competitions. By studying theology, he can cut down on study time and maximize the rowing time, or so he reckons. Sounds a bit like balancing extractions but then applied to time. Like mother, like son.

Sophie's daughter Madeleine is thinking of studying Classics at Bristol, but is also considering Oxbridge. By the time Mouthpiece comes out, the decision will of course have been made. If things take any longer, she might even have qualified!

Special memories of Bristol: The Smokers, especially 'Gums'. Happy in life? Yes, especially because of her four children. And has dentistry and life as a whole lived up to expectations? A very definite "Yes"

Then I was stupid enough to ask if Sophie could still tell me what the function of a labial bow was. Quick as a flash she rattled on about "Horley's retainers" and before I knew it "Balancing extractions".....as I said, Sophie hasn't changed a bit!

Richard Rycraft

I was excited when I received the invitation to write something for Mouthpiece, thought it was a great idea, then started the prevaricating wait for a rainy day (we've had a great year), or a surge of Munchausian exploits of the last 30 years.

At last the mood and the opportunity have combined, I have sprained my knee running and have to rest it up for a race on Sunday. (Just ran a spell checker and the suggestion for Geoff was Goof, thought you might be interested). I have been very much out of touch with Bristol (and reality) since I left England in 1980 so for me this idea would be a great way to catch up.

Maria was my main link and there my laziness cost me dearly. I never replied to her last letter in time, which I deeply regret. I also missed her funeral, as I didn't find Steve's E-mail till too late to book a flight. I greatly miss her honesty and sense of fun. She was the last classmate I saw (except Anne Muirhead), my daughter and I had a great day with her and children in 1992. We had a lot of good times at Bristol and she is a large source of my boring reminiscences at work. We were back a couple of years ago but our holiday was cut short by my mother-in-laws's death. I've missed the reunions since 1986 for one reason or other, i.e. selling office and moving, Sept 11th jitters.

Although I haven't had much contact since I left, I do look back quite often through what I am sure are rose-tinted spectacles (thicker than they were), a bad habit of us colonial exiles. Life was simpler in many respects, we were broke, the whole country seemed broke. Being detached from Bristol I think of it more in black and white terms, maybe greys are correct, than colour. Probably one of the many contributing factors as to why I left. There seemed almost to be an air of revelling in the decline and disparagement of success.

We didn't think we were at the time, but we were very much innocents abroad, I think I was guilty more of sins of omission than otherwise.

Overall it was a good environment to mature in, some of us never quite did, which I believe is good in some respects as the loss of that innocence and curiosity of youth is something to be regretted, that wonder at the world and that most valuable of youth assets, time.

Stop rambling and get on with it.

My last 30 years in brief: Sharman and I married in 1978 and emigrated to Canada in 1980. I met Rick Dale in the travel agents booking tickets the same day I was. I had to do the Canadian exams but worked in the oral surgery dept. of Vancouver hospital whilst doing so. This was entertaining for somebody who hates surgery, hasn't taken an 8 out in years and refers all extractions.

We moved up the coast to a small pulp mill town, Powell River, in 1982, a somewhat Brigadoon experience as 15 years later we woke up and found ourselves still there. It was a great place to start a family and find my feet in practice but in every aspect the world passed on by. We were seduced by having the beach at the bottom of the garden and the laid back lifestyle. Our urge to move started as Heather, our daughter, approached high school. We



were concerned at the parochialness of the teachers and students and sent her to boarding school on Vancouver Island. This involved spending time in more alive places and awoke us to how we were stagnating.

We moved to Victoria in 1998 and our only regret is that we didn't move years ago. For a reminiscent exile Victoria is dangerous, it bills itself to Americans as 'English' but is more a parody with afternoon teas in the hotels and cheerful Cockney entertainers in Union Jack waiscoats in "English" pubs. It is the hotbed of rugby in Canada which I enjoy supporting, the crowds being a great blend of Celtic accents. At Heather's school the Celtic influence was becoming a joke, the head and deputy both being ex-Scotland B internationals; one coach ex-London Welsh; and an ex-Canadian national team captain. (At her graduation ball more men were wearing short skirts than women).

My comments on dentistry: It's been a generous profession in that I can achieve a good level of income with relatively little effort compared with many other jobs. I haven't worked a Friday in 20 years and my hours are short. Now the butts: I have learnt to delegate that which I don't enjoy and I am fortunate in having specialists readily available for surgery, endo, kids and perio. Yes, there is something left to do when you've taken all that away. As you may have gathered I'm not the most enthusiastic of dentists.

My main memories of the dances is the smell in BDH on the Saturday morning after. I can remember draining a monumental pus-filled abscess with Maggy Dobbs, both of us horribly hung-over and looking about the same colour as the exudate. (Does anybody remember her performances in the boat races, awe inspiring). Almost my last sighting of Pete Grimes was when he was helping Amanda, Jim and I celebrate our belated release, it was as he fell backwards off a bar stool at the Union but still with enough presence of mind to hand me his beer on the way down and swearing he wanted to wake up Welsh. Has he achieved his dream?

Anne I see sometimes at conventions as we live in the same province but we are 4-500 kms apart. That group photograph I have tried to find but can't. It may have gone the same way as my old school photo which the dog ate, he's given up on photos and prefers first editions. I would love to get another copy if I could.

I will definitely make the next reunion if there are any of us left.

Scientist's salary

Petro's 'Salary Theorem' states that 'engineers and scientists can never earn as much as business executives and sales people,' This theorem can now be supported by a mathematical equation based on the following two postulates:

Postulate 1: Knowledge is Power

Postulate 2: Time is Money

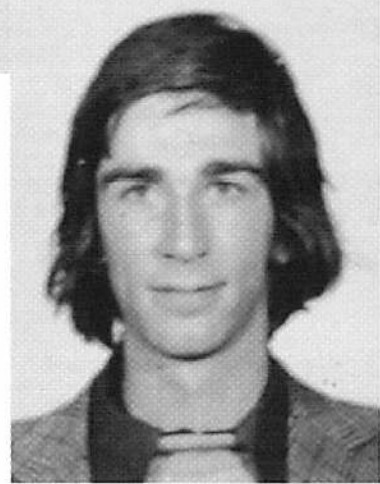
As every engineer or scientist knows: $Power = Work / Time$. Since $Knowledge = Power$ and $Time = Money$ follows $Knowledge = Work / Money$.

Solving for Money, we get: $Money = Work / Knowledge$.

Thus, as Knowledge approaches zero, Money approaches infinity, regardless of the amount of work done.

Conclusion: The less you know, the more money you make.

Peter Sawyer



Peter Sawyer was for a short while my flatmate towards the end of the course. I remember him as an extremely likeable sort of chap. He acted Mr Plod the policeman so well during the pantomime 'Cinderetetera' that I'm sure Scotland Yard would have snapped him up like a shot had he wished to pursue another career. Peter has a very nice up-market practice in the middle of Bath with views across Pulteney Bridge and the water.

I still work relatively full time in general practice but with a gradual, imperceptible increase in days off for R and R.

Preferred dental publication: Dental Update seems a good publication as I can understand most of the words (but not all)

Question 6 is somewhat ambiguous. "If you were 19 again which university study would you choose?" The obvious choice would be any study as long as it was in a female flat or hall of residence.

I am a member of Bath Clinical Society and the BDA (the latter only to get access to the web site)

If I were not a dentist I would like to be a Travel Guide. The only drawback would be my total inability to learn other languages and to tolerate certain members of the paying public.

We have two boys, one at medical school and one about to sit his A-levels.

I would like to think that my wife Sarah, who is a psychologist, fully understands me and my stressful career, but I am not sure at times.

Hobbies: Sailing, Drinking, Travel Walking Eating Out (and any other pastime which would look good on a CV)

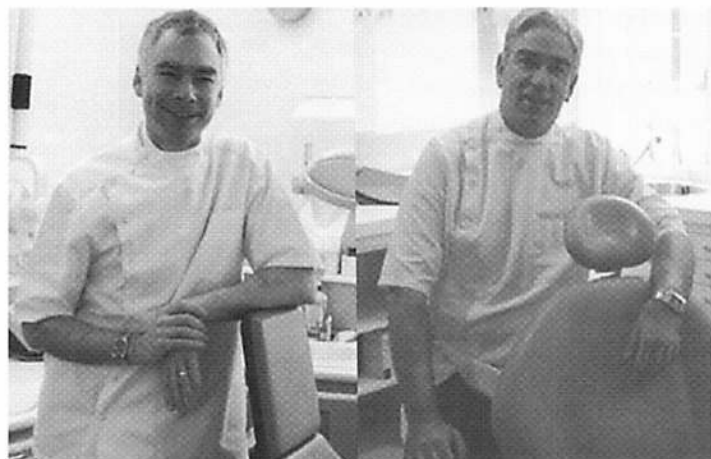
Retirement Plans: Yes. Planning to retire in ten years, hopefully before I reach burn out

I cope with the things that go wrong in the practice by using the age-old management skill of always blaming others.

Do I still use the same instruments that we were given at Bristol? Yes! But the handles on the wooden cabinet are now beginning to look a bit shabby.

I think that all in all we have all had a good life in dentistry and that despite the odd moan it was a good choice to make all those years ago.

Any holiday recommendations? YES, just have lots!



Peter Sawyer and his partner Martyn Bean 2002. Still together after many years.... "Tired but still smiling"



Sitting next to Mr and Mrs Fletcher during the 1997 reunion



Peter with his wife Sarah, sitting next to Peter Grime

Shipshape and Bristol Fashion

Geoff van Beek

For those of us who took time off from drinking to walk around Bristol during the reunion weekends, it was obvious that while the atmosphere of the city had changed very little, one couldn't help but notice the increased noise of the congested traffic and the tell-tale signs of changes in society.

The harbour area is no longer delapidated and down-town. The folk music pub where I used to go almost every Friday evening was impossible to find amidst the seriously high-priced luxury apartments that have been built as part of an up-market complex around this patch of water. A trip in a water taxi gives the immediate impression of these flats being very dark and depressing. Why choose such gloomy colours?

This part of Bristol is what is now known as 'Harbourside' which extends all the way to The Centre. Large artworks now decorate this area where colourful water taxis are moored to take tourists around the harbour right up to the S.S. Great Britain and Hotwells.

The other side now houses a modern building development by Lloyds Bank as well as an amphitheatre. A science learning-museum has also been built here complete with an intriguing silver spherical object called the 'Imaginarium'. Bristol seems to aspire to becoming a second business centre for investors who have given up on London.

College Green has been restored as an urban park and the run-down hotel next to it has enjoyed our faithful custom for reunions since its restoration in the hands of the Marriott Group.

I thought I'd take a look at Goldney Hall where I had lived for a year during 3rd BDS. Unrecognisable! It is now walled off like a prison and has been architecturally 'remodelled' and surrounded by security cameras. I dread to think what must have happened to render all this necessary. Only the residents have access to those



Polly Jean Harvey



Bristol Blenheim Speedster

lovely formal gardens, the beautiful Orangery overlooking the long rectangular pond, the tower and grotto follies.

The shops are about the same though, especially those in Clifton, and I noticed that the public lavatories at the suspension bridge have even been awarded the Nobel Piss Prize or something during a National Public Toilet Competition. Would each urinal now have a fresh daisy chain hung around the bowl I asked myself? No, but it was a big improvement on the 70's standards.

The Suspension Bridge itself is now 'caged' for obvious reasons.

Bristol is also enjoying world fame for the development and manufacture of hot-air balloons, not to forget the film animation industry responsible for well-known characters as Grommit. The hot air we remember as students came from another source I seem to recall.

The popular music industry has also shown interest in Bristol with a brand of music called 'Bristol Sound'. The chief exponents of Bristol Sound are Massive Attack, Tricky and Portishead. Of these three Bristolian groups, 'Portishead' is perhaps the most accessible and I can thoroughly recommend their first CD 'Dummy' as relaxing music to 'loungue' to, with a Pimms and tonic of course! Messrs. Harvey are still in mid-season form, with their Bristol Milk and especially Bristol Cream selling worldwide, and on the subject of Harvey and music, another local musician, (more from the Yeovil area) is also worth listening to: Polly Jean Harvey. This brand of listening should not be attempted by those with more conservative tastes! If you want to give it a try though, might I suggest the CD's 'Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea' and 'To bring you my love' for starters.

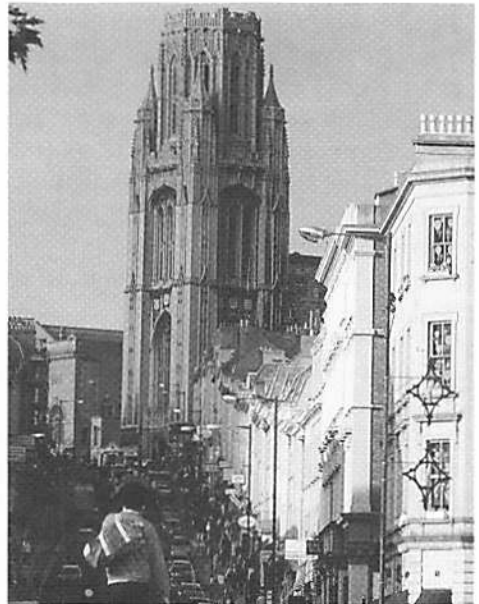
The Bristol Car Industry has recently produced a new sportscar, just in time for Bristol graduates who have done well in life but are going through their mid-life crisis: the Bris-



College Green



Imaginarium at Millenium Square



Bristol University as seen from Park Street

tol Blenheim Speedster. This is the follow up to a fifties concept, the Arnolt Bristol. More information can be obtained by checking their website: www.bristolcars.co.uk

These are just a few of the many successful business and cultural resources that Bristol is now offering. Last but not least, the University of Bristol continues to provide excellent Higher Education and high quality research in spite of increasingly difficult times.



Brunel's S.S. Great Britain at the renovated Bristol Docks

Yes, I can understand why so many graduates have decided not to leave Bristol, but settle down in the place I still refer to as the Centre of the Universe.



University Coat of Arms



Portishead

NHS Dentistry:

*We, the willing, lead by the unknowing,
Are doing the impossible for the ungrateful.
We've done so much, for so long, with so little,
We're now qualified to do anything with nothing*



John Simpson



John and his wife Maria have two children: Their son Andrew, is studying History at Edinburgh University; their daughter Julia has just finished with a combined hon. in psychology and sociology and is now studying psychiatric nursing at Northumbria University.

G: "Hi John. How are you? Tell me something about yourself for Mouthpiece."

J: "You've caught me just in time because in a couple of weeks I'll be retiring. We've sold everything and we're moving to Newcastle Upon Tyne. I have had enough! I went semi-private in 1997 with Denplan, but all you end up doing is flogging yourself to death. It's nothing brilliant. Denplan was merely an attempt to cut down on practice time. The new NHS contract has more or less binned everything with the result that I have no interest whatsoever after 28 years. There was a culmination of factors: I didn't get on well with my partner; we had a couple of bustups which rather spoiled things."

G: "But can you afford to retire so early? I know I can't."

J: "I don't know if it's viable yet. Maria is a nurse and won't be retiring for some time. It's also much cheaper to live in Newcastle. Here in East Sussex it's a place for old people: nice tidy, green, leafy lanes and pretty cottages. Newcastle on the other hand is a fabulous city with real people and lots to do. We bought our house there this year so the first year should keep me occupied with DIY restoration. It has a smaller garden. After that, if I get bored I might do something else but certainly no dentistry ever again. I don't care if I have to be a postman, as long as I can live more happily and have my pint of beer in the evening. I have already cancelled my GDC registration. I just want to get back to normality, no boring leafy lanes!

I thought Maria Kelham's death was so sad. She really was a lovely person. It makes you think though how irrelevant earning more and more money is. All I want now is a life and enough to get the kids through university. I don't want university to be a slog for them either. I want them to enjoy it. I really want to do all this."

G: "Er..what made you choose dentistry in the first place then?"

J: "Insanity I think! My first choice was, and should have remained Marine Biology, but when I suggested this to the careers officer he just laughed and said: "So you fancy yourself as some sort of Jacques Cousteau do you? No way!"

G: "Hobbies?"

J: "I fancy doing some carpentry and even a bit of wood turning."

G: "Special memories of the BDH?"

J: "Our year as a whole was a well-balanced crowd, a fantastic group of people. It was because of them that it was so sad to qualify and leave them all.

The teacher who stands out the most in my memory is Ken Marshall. He was amusing, straight and I had a lot of respect for him as a clinician. On the other hand, there was some idiot whose name escapes me, who fancied the girls. The other people in my firm included Jim Herold, Peter Grime, Paul Baines, Ralph Day and Lynne Doggett."

G: "All the best with your new life John!"

*John with Anne
Muirhead (Keep)
during the
1997 reunion*



*John with his
wife Maria,
1997 reunion.*



Louise Sowden (Priest)

Louise was good to have in our firm. She had it all: looks, manual dexterity, sense of humour, and above all, the answers to difficult questions during tutorials, with enough in the smiles department to back up any bullshit needed to convince the tutors we could leave on time for coffee. She wore Rive Gauche eau-de-toilette in those days. Very nice.....!



In response to the questionnaire:

1. Yes, part time as a clinical demonstrator
2. I was always going to do medicine but I worked in a dental practice and thought I rather liked the idea. I'm not sure I would choose it again although I have enjoyed most of it. Perhaps a mid-life career change!
3. Difficult to say. I think Jim Fletcher and Marsh Midda had quite an effect
4. Dental Update
5. Robert Redford
6. History of Art
7. BSSO, Faculty of Homeopathy. I resigned from the BDA after the 'new contract'
8. I still get flashes of enthusiasm and don't always have to lie down until they wear off
9. Oral hygiene awareness
10. Litigation
11. Three, yes, yes
12. Perhaps by the sea
13. Recent advancements in endo instruments
14. Pretty far and wide. Particularly homeopathy
15. Teaching
16. Group. Major advantages in communication and sharing of experiences
17. To a certain extent
18. Definitely the odd puff of smoke
19. If not sooner
20. Yoga. No tennis anymore since rupturing my achilles tendon, skiing



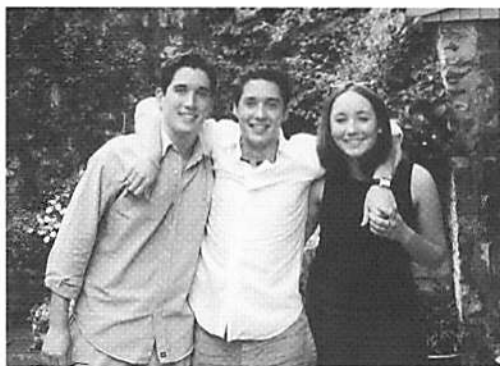
21. Time pressure. Achieving a good result
22. On call rota. Two weeks per year
23. Fume
24. Yes
25. No
26. I don't think I would like to specialize in just one thing
27. Yes. More cosmetic work
28. Yes, but not very much
29. I would be more decisive, possibly... I think...I'm not sure!
30. Difficult one. My family
31. Keeping procedures interesting
32. Yes. Gingival margin trimmers, yes
33. No
34. Peter (most days) Diana (a couple of times a year) Bert and Rick (at reunions) Geoff (by post)
35. Yes, I have it framed in my study. I remember it was a very hot day
36. Mrs Knight's 'rat' pasties, The White Hart
37. It all seems like yesterday!! The first 15 were the worst
38. Bristol has changed a lot, and I still live here
39. Warm GP
40. No
41. Private adults, NHS children
42. Very good nurse, hygienist and practice manager
43. Not really
44. LF Hom
45. Bristol. Quite hard to study while being main breadwinner at the time
46. Yes
47. No real preferences
48. A stabilising component in most instances, helps to guide the appliance into the correct position
49. No
50. Posterior composite
51. A squamous cell carcinoma. Several rodent ulcers
52. Pretty much



Louise as a student at BDH, cons. dept.



Louise about to treat Pete Duke in cons



Will, Tom and Catherine

- 53. Most of the time. If I knew the secret I'd bottle it
- 54. A couple of articles in Dental Practice
- 55. We're off to Tobago, I'll let you know!

Remember those Friday afternoon Cons sessions? It's 4.30 and Graham Charlton is doing his rounds with a flat plastic and a tube of Cav- it in his top pocket....

Well, a lot of things changed considerably and some things don't seem to have changed much at all since then.

Liz Fiddes has taken over from Matron in the short skirt/tie your hair back department, although piercings don't seem to cause much reaction these days. The equipment is certainly better than in our time, probably better than in a lot of practices, cross-infection control taken to levels we couldn't have imagined. Could you envisage working without gloves nowadays and how about those lovely wooden cabinets?

I always rather fancied a teaching post after qualifying as I felt that I had gained a lot from the practitioners who came in to help us, (I shall always have a soft spot for Ken Roberts!) and so I was lucky enough to be taken on as a demonstrator in 1983. The day I started coincided with the day Prof Elderton took

up his post as head of Restorative Dentistry, bringing some pretty revolutionary thinking to Bristol. Strange fruit to those of us brought up on Black's cavity design.

I'm sure his philosophy had its place and there has certainly been a greater emphasis on the preventive side, though students did have less practical experience than we were allowed.

Paul King and Neil Meredith took over the mantle and brought a more technical approach to the teaching philosophy, continued today by Jeremy Rees and particularly Gordon Gray trying to instil the quest for excellence.

Throughout all this time there was always Ken Marshall – inscrutable as ever!!

It seems that so many areas are becoming specialised these days that soon dentists will need an MSc to do more than a BPE, no wonder students seem to take life more seriously than we did.

I really enjoy my teaching day at the hospital. It makes a complete break from practice and brings me a lot of satisfaction, making me keep up to date with the latest techniques enough to take tutorials and to be involved in clinical assessments.



Louise and husband Anthony (Summer 2002)



2002: A mini reunion at Pete Duke's house, 2002. Pete, Louise, Geoff

As a follow on from my teaching post I became involved in the V.T. scheme, and with Peter Duke as joint trainer joined the pilot G.P.T. scheme in the South West. This has been a very rewarding experience to see young dentists taking their first steps and to encourage them to pursue their ambitions towards specialisation or finding a good practice.

We are about to take our seventh graduate, from Trinity College Dublin. We have an even mix of Bristol/non-Bristol, so we can't be accused of being nepotistic!

On the personal front, I remarried in 1999 and now live happily in Hotwells with my husband Anthony, who invents things for Hewlett Packard.

My three children are all getting very grown up:

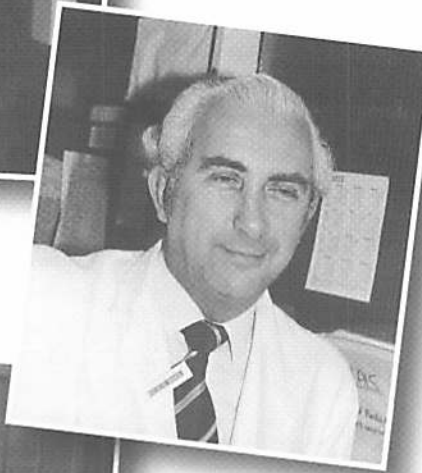
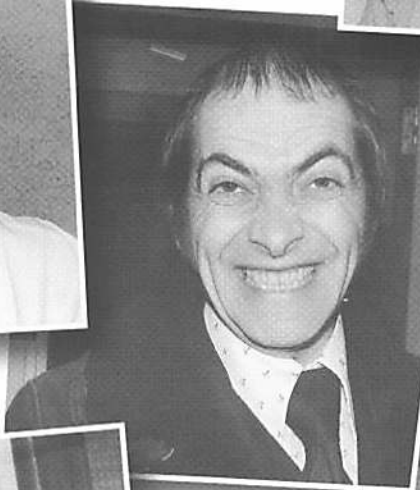
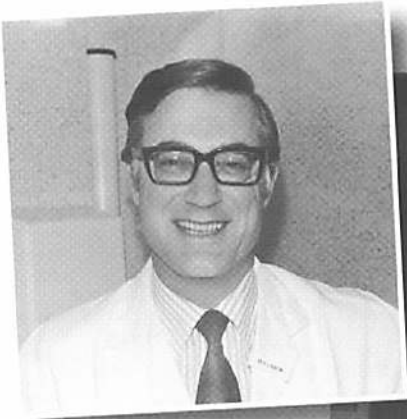
Will is graduating this year from King's College, Tom is in his second year at Leeds and Catherine is about to take her 'A' levels. She is then off to Cambodia to work before starting her Law degree next year. No dentists among them!

So although I haven't strayed from the Alma Mater I've enjoyed my activities in dentistry over the past 25 years and I may be able to keep it up for another ten, who knows?

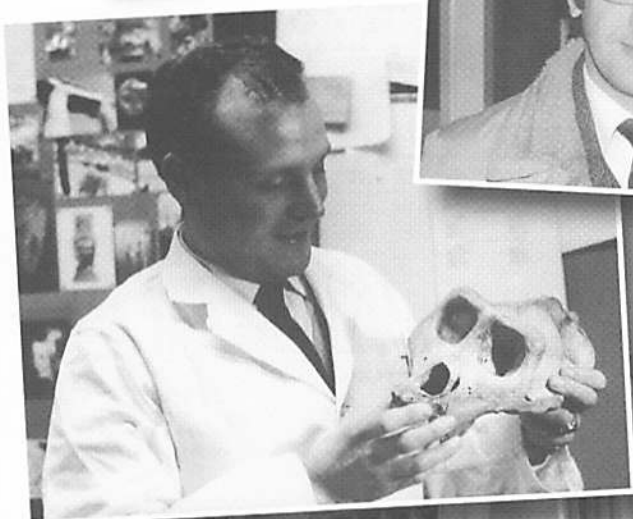


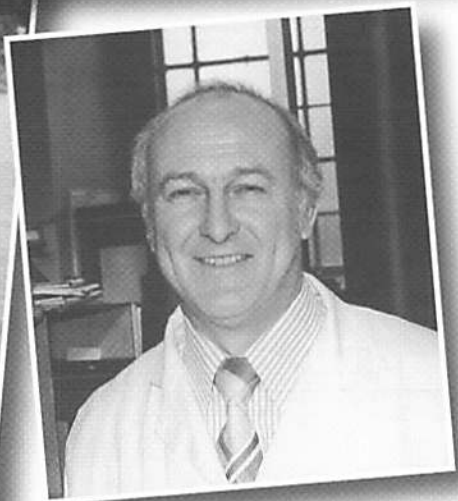
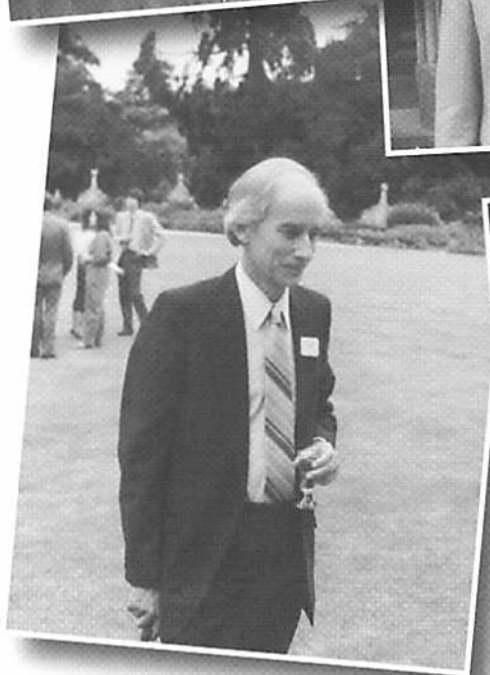
54 Staff Photo Collage

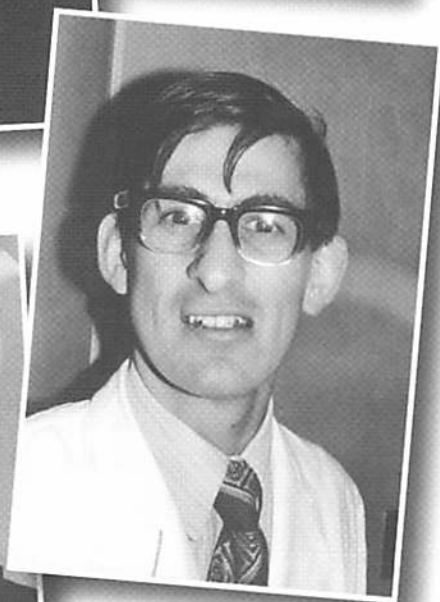
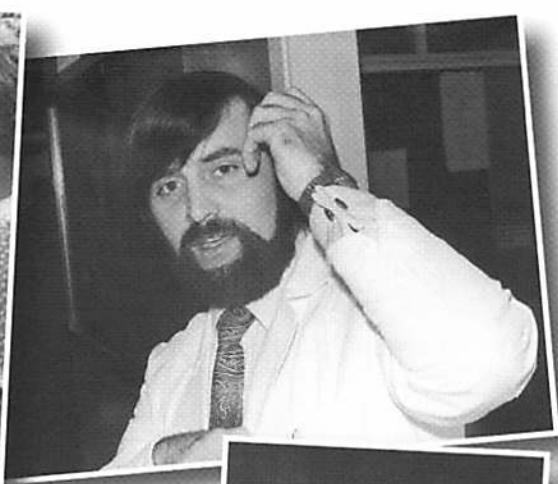
A collage of some of the members of staff at the University of Bristol Dental School



*Professor Darling:
"Sometimes wrong,
but never in doubt"
(D.J.A.)*



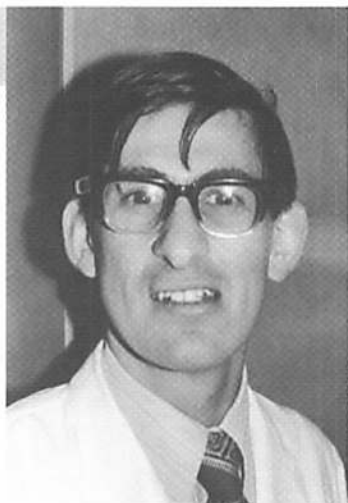




Chris Stephens

1976

Professor Chris Stephens, who was guest of honour at the 1976 reunion not only came up with the brilliant idea of presenting those present with slips of paper on which to write a few words about their recent activities etc, but also managed to persuade some of them to use the paper for that purpose. The following is a compilation of the notes by the Bristol Dental Alumni Association Chairman and Editor, Dr Reg Andlaw (April 2002) :



Paul Davies celebrated his silver wedding anniversary with his wife Jill last year. Their son graduated with a 2:1 in Law at Exeter and their daughter is training to be a commercial pilot. He looks forward to getting his golf handicap into single figures, retirement and - yes - a world tour. Hugh Devlin has finally learned to swim and also looks forward to retirement. Peter Duke is now working part-time, has reduced his golf handicap (present level not admitted) and - you've guessed it - looks forward to his retirement. Claire Foster was appointed Clinical Director of the Community Dental Service and looks forward to future developments in NHS dentistry, and to more holidays. David Hardy has sold his practice to Oasis and is reducing his workload so as to spend more time on leisure pursuits. He has qualified as a scuba diver. Bertie Jukes has run a successful practice in Majorca, where he was included in the British Consul's guest list, but has now retired. His wish to see England winning a grand slam has again been dashed this year. Niel McDonald was happy to find that the UK still accepts him after returning from 10 years in Nepal. He looks forward to delivering four children into university education and working to pay the bills. Anne Muirhead (nee Keep) lives in Prince George, Canada, and has survived so far with no grey hairs, but looks forward to the kids leaving home. David Reekie was 'Dentist of the Year' in 1999. Pat Riley (nee Harbourn) still works full time surviving as a 100% NHS practice. Carol Robinson was awarded a DPDS last year and (just as commendable) is the Brown Owl of Dartington Brownies. She looks forward to their three girls doing well at school and university and, of course, to the next reunion. Sophie Rudge claims no notable achievements over the last 20 years - except giving birth to four children. Peter Sawyer records as his achievement having survived his children's exams. Jacky Thackeray admits to no notable recent events but looks forward to the next reunion. Geoff van Beek lives and works in Rotterdam, specialising in oral implantology. Jane Wood has retired, despite her husband's best efforts to dissuade her. She has won the Dittisham Horticultural Society's flower-arranging cup two years in succession and looks forward to winning it again.

First many thanks for you kind invitation. It is a great pleasure to meet up with you all again. You are particularly distinguished year - already you have three senior academics in your. Bearing this in mind I thought I ought to check your past academic records and I find that it is almost 28 years to the day since you took the Operative Techniques written paper. As we didn't have a chance to discuss these at the time I thought you would wish to be reminded to the heights of confusion manage achieve despite my excellent teaching you

Q9 was as I am sure you will remember "List the important features in the design of an Adams Clasp". How does it work"

The lowest marks in the year were obtained by Messrs Day, Dale, Key and Professor Bedi, all of whom gained only 2 out of a possible 20 marks. Their clarity of thought and later academic potential was not immediately apparent to me from their answers

Quote "The function of the Adam's Crib is to retain the tooth in a position so that enough force is applied to it to resist the reciprocal forces due to the movement of other teeth"

Quote "The width of the bridge must not be any greater than the width of the tooth and not any less really"

(Mr Phil Key aside "Seems fair enough to me")

Keeping Kosher

Dialogue while Moses is at the top of Mount Sinai.

God: And remember Moses, in the laws of keeping kosher, never cook a calf in its mother's milk, It is cruel.

Moses: Oh! So you are saying we should never eat milk and meat together.

God: No, what I am saying is, never cook a calf in its mother's milk,

Moses: Oh, Lord forgive my ignorance. What you are really saying is we should wait six hours after eating meat to eat milk so the two are not in our stomachs.

God: No, Moses, what I'm saying is, don't cook a calf in its mother's milk!

Moses: Oh, Lord! Please don't strike me down for my stupidity! What you mean is we should have a separate set of dishes for milk and a separate set for meat and if we make a mistake we have to bury that dish outside and....

God: Moses, do whatever the hell you want!

*Seen outside a bar in Australia:
If you keep your dog out of my bar,
I'll keep my bullets out of your dog*

Stone walls and churchyards -

The majority of the churches in the north Cotswolds were built by the Normans around 1100-1200 AD many of them on the site of earlier Anglo Saxon churches. On the whole the churchyards are of a similar size and although of a variety of shapes these seemed to be based on a rectangle with sides of 50-80 yards. The orientation of the enclosed area seldom bears any relationship to the shape of the church. In other words it not be relied upon to have its long axis running east-west, nor is the north-south dimension always less than the east west one. A consistent finding is that all the churchyard walls are at least partly built of dry stone and the majority of these are "earth-retaining" with the churchyard about a metre above the level of the surrounding ground.



Broadway – a suitably impressive tomb for a Cotswold MRCS surgeon at Broadway

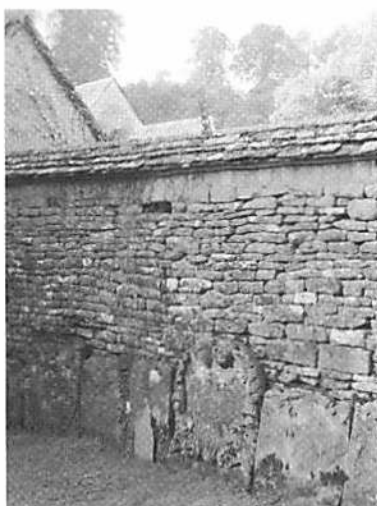
This I already knew when in 1998 I started a survey of churchyards wall on behalf of the Dry Stone Walling Association Great Britain (see www.dswa.org.uk). As soon as I did so I began to realise how little I knew about churchyards. What exactly were they?. How did they originate? What was the difference between a churchyard and a cemetery? Why were the churchyards I was visiting almost always raised? Some research was necessary and a visit to a local bookshop and a few hours reading one evening revealed some interesting facts.

First of all I discovered that not all churches have churchyards although most do. Their origin is usually attributed to Archbishop Cuthbert of Canterbury who obtained permission from the Pope in 752 AD to establish churchyards around city churches. Initially these were not enclosed but were marked out after consecration by means of wooden crosses. It was not until the 10th century that churchyards began to be enclosed and even then this was by no means the general rule. In AD 1229 Bishop William de Bleys of Worcester required that the churchyards should be properly enclosed by a wall, hedge or ditch and that no portion of it was to be built upon. Since all the churches I looked at or their predecessors were under his authority at that time this seems to fix the time at which most of the walls around these would have been built. From then until the end of the middle ages churchyards were used for a variety of purposes, both religious and secular. They were, it seems the forerunner of the village hall. The activities included public meetings, fairs, religious dramas, cock fighting, morris dancing and archery practice. An Act of 1466 actually stated that every able-bodied Englishman should have a long bow and should practice on Sundays and feast days! With the proximity of the churchyard to the local hostelry I am sure all red bloodied Englishmen responded to this call from their monarch ("Just popping down the churchyard for a spot of archery practice, luv!").

But what about all the gravestones, didn't they get in the way of all these activities? The answer is that throughout the Middle Ages, apart from the very rich, people were buried

only in a shroud, there were no coffins and no gravestones. Burials normally took place on the south side of the church and bodies were interred starting from close to the walls of the church and moving out progressively across the churchyard until the churchyard wall was reached whereupon the next layer started back at the church again. The north side was generally reserved for strangers, criminals, unbaptised infants and paupers. These findings account for why all the churchyards I visited were raised (some have churchyards above the level of the floor of the church) and explains why there was often a marked difference between the levels on the south and north sides of the churchyard.

By the end of the 16th century there was a desire by all those who could afford it to buy a burial plot and presumably this, and the increasing use of headstones, effectively prevented the addition of further burial layers in the churchyard. Among the Cotswold churchyards I saw it was clear that some churches had managed to buy adjacent land to extend their churchyard, for example at St James, Longborough (SP178297), and St Lawrence, Bourton on the Hill (SP175326). At St James it appears that one section of the original dressed stone wall was swung through 90 degrees and rebuilt to provide one wall of the new area with the remaining walls added in undressed stone. Others established a quite separate cemetery on land outside the village as at St Denys, Little Compton (SP248292).



Edgeworth - an ancient stile left beside a later Victorian gateway at Edgeworth church

Another interesting fact which perhaps has a bearing on our churchyard survey came to light concerning the early maintenance of churchyard walls and fences. Although as early as 1267 it had been stated that the grazing of animals within churchyards should be prohibited, parish priests continued to graze their animals long after this and in some areas until Victorian times. The local priest would have had a vested interest in maintaining a stockproof churchyard wall and by the 17th century it had become the churchwarden's job to maintain the boundary of the churchyard.



Bibury - Bibury churchyard with an unusual dry stone wall roofed with Cotswold stone tiles.

In Sussex there are several churches which have records noting who was responsible for this. For example the fence at Cowfold was maintained by 81 parishioners with their initials cut on the fence posts some of which can still be seen today. At Broomfield in Somerset there are a number of small stone tablets on the north wall of the churchyard bearing initials and figures indicating who was responsible for the upkeep and the number of feet they were expected to maintain. I wonder how long this continued and if it explains why many dry-stone churchyard walls in the Cotswolds have sections of clearly differing ages. This can't just be gapping as the sections are too long and appear to end vertically rather than on the slope. Also often different stone has been used.

Certainly there were very few of the 18 churchyards I looked at during my holiday where it appeared that entire churchyard wall had been rebuilt at one time. Those which showed the evidence of this were either

1. those adjacent to and supported by a local landowner for example St Mary Magdalene at Chastleton (SP 248292) where the local aristocracy might have wished to preserve an overall architectural integrity between the garden wall of their house and that of the adjacent church and could well afford to rebuild them to achieve this. At Chastleton this is borne out by the fine ashlar arch built into a dry stone wall with matching dressed flat stone coping along most of the walling.

2. churches which had been subject to extensive restoration in the late Victorian period where the entire wall carried a mortared dressed stone coping. In some cases supported a typical Victorian railing as at St James, Longborough

Final thoughts

More than half of the 16,000 parish churches of England have been built since the 17th century and so the majority of dry stone walls around churchyards are likely to have existed no longer than this. In any case, for reasons given above, they would be most unlikely to pre-date the 10th century. On the other hand since dry stone walls have existed since Neolithic times and Pope Gregory 1st recommended that pagan sites should be used as sites for churches wherever possible, walls which originated earlier than this are not out of the question. After all until the 18th century when local inhabitants learned how to break up its stones Stonehenge was still in pretty good condition after 3800 years. So if one came across bones while relaying the footings of a churchyard wall it just might be a whole lot older than the rest of the bones of the churchyard. Fortunately there are now experts such as paleopathologists and field archaeologists who can tell us which is what provided someone remembers to ask them!

Further Reading

For those who wish to learn more about churchyards and churches the recently published book by R.J.Brown (The English Village Church, Robert Heal Limited, London 1998. ISBN 0 7090 5512 9) can be strongly recommended. John Betjeman's Guide to English Parish Churches (Harper and Collins, London 1993. ISBN 0 00 217727 7) recently revised by Nigel Kerr remains a standard reference work but sadly only mentions churchyards briefly and dry stone walls not at all!

Diana Stublely (Ostick)

Diana came to Bristol a year earlier than most of us because, like me, she did 1st BDS. Then later we discovered that we had been put together in the same firm at the BDH, but not before she had qualified in 2nd BDS with a distinction in Biochemistry.

The other people in our firm were Peter Duke, Louise Priest, Richard Thompson, and Bert Jukes. Diana was pleasant company throughout the course and we are still good friends after all these years. The following is a condensed version of a telephone interview a few days before the entire manuscript for Mouthpiece was due to go to the printers. Now read on...



G: "It's not so much a social call this time as an interview for Mouthpiece. I have before me several photographs of you as a student including the one we used for the Smoker. You know the one I mean. No, I won't use that one for Mouthpiece, promise! Two of the photos are of you and that Swedish girl, the one who didn't turn up for her physics exam and whose paper Derek took over by force"



Diana as a student at BDH

D: "Yes, I know who you mean: She was not Swedish but Norwegian and her name was Wenke Lund before she married. Her surname is Johanssen now, and she went on to complete dentistry at Oslo."

That is just an example of Diana's amazing memory that helped her get her distinction in biochemistry; the best 2nd BDS student award; and her BDS Finals with Honours. She uses it now for one of her hobbies: taking part in those difficult quizzes on the radio and in the newspapers. Funny enough though, Diana insists she doesn't remember the Smoker photograph even after a little prompting by my singing "Thanks for the m..." She is an avid reader (simply devours quality Tory newspapers) and enjoys walking.



Diana and Wenke, 1st BDS

A few questions from the questionnaire:

G: "What made you choose dentistry?"

D: "It chose me!"

G: "Would you choose it again in hindsight?"

D: "No! No! No! No!"

G: "Okay, got the point, calm down. From which teacher did you learn the most during your dental study?"

D: "Ken Roberts. He was an excellent teacher and demonstrator"

G: "If you could do it all over again, which subject and which university?"

D: "Anything to do with inanimate objects and not people. Engineering perhaps. I'd like to study somewhere nice and not in some awful city. Durham maybe. I hated every minute at Bristol and I don't see what other people see in it. I have vague recollections of nice things but then again the course was hard work, so that limited the social side of things quite a bit. The only reason I come to the reunions is because I like the people in our year"

G: "Do you still have the group photo?"

D: "Yes, I am looking at it now as we speak"

G: "Still in contact with people from your firm?"

D: "Yes, Pete, Louise, and yourself"

G: "What is the function of a labial bow?"

D: "Stabilizes something....bloody hell Geoff!"

Apart from the reunions, Diana and I phone each other regularly, and I have visited her on a few occasions at her lovely home in Burringham, Rose Cottage. This was usually on the way home in the Morgan three-wheeler from a camping weekend in Wales, en route to the ferry at Hull. Her cat Lucy would invariably investigate the warm bonnet as we chatted over a cup of tea. (Lucy was feeling very pleased with herself the last time I came. She had just won a milk drinking contest and had won by six laps). By that time it was usually too late to park 'that heap of junk' around the corner, out of sight of the neighbours!

Diana retired in 1998 and is no longer registered with the GDC



Diana and Geoff, 1st BDS



Diana, Geoff, Wencke, 1st BDS and Dave West 1st MB (now a lawyer!)



Diana in cons., BDH

Geoff has very kindly allowed me to add a few words to explain my apparent bitterness in my article submitted to Mouthpiece.

When I married Peter in 1993, I found true happiness for the first time in my life. I took a difficult decision in 1998 to retire from general dental practice because of chronic renal failure. Due to my illness (which my consultant thinks has been present, but undetected, since my teenage years) I had become unreliable at attending work every day. Part-time work was not an option because of the unpredictability of my general health.

I retired in February 1998 and looked forward to many years of happiness with my husband. However, in September 2003, after fighting a psychiatric illness for a number of years, Peter died suddenly under tragic circumstances. As I write this in February 2005 I am just starting to enjoy my life again. My thanks go to Geoff, Louise, Pete Duke and Phil Key who listened to me in the months following my bereavement.

I look forward to seeing everybody in 2006.



Jackie Thackeray (Masterson)

Jackie was always one of the more quiet girls in our year I thought. She was friendly though.

The interview:

The other students in Jackie's firm were: Bill Falconer-Hall, Alan Canty, Rick Dale and Sue Reed (or Moser as she is now called)

Jackie no longer practices dentistry now. She has two girls: Isabella, 17 years and Eleanor, 14 years at the time of writing which is February 2004.

Jackie didn't really want to be a dentist at first but had considered medicine. Unfortunately one has to specialize to get anywhere in medicine, so she was convinced that dentistry might be a good alternative during a visit to a Dental Open Day at Bristol. These press gang methods soon produced the required results and before she could say "Darling" she was sitting in a lecture theatre in the Medical School scribbling down notes from her first Annie-biochemistry-Cole lecture.

In hindsight, Jackie wouldn't choose dentistry again as she feels it wasn't quite suited to her. If she could choose again for a new start she would probably go for something like physiotherapy. Whatever it would be, it would have to be less 'technical', 'less nuts and bolts' than dentistry.

One teacher who stood out in her memories of Bristol was Chris Stephens: "Explained everything so clearly and was always cheerful"

"Whom would you most like to sit next to during an intercontinental flight?" "....No one. Just a good book!"

After Bristol Jackie moved to Germany for a hospital job and stayed there for two years. After that she moved to London and met her future husband Tim. Tim works in oil, and it wasn't long before he was posted off to Oman. Here Jackie was able to work in a private practice with its own laboratory and hygienist. Dentistry and life in general was great, and I am sure that most of our regular Root '76 reunionists will remember her slide show account of this episode in her life. Tim and Jackie moved back to London when their first child Isabella was born. Then in 1988 they moved again to Jakarta, Indonesia and stayed there for nearly nine years until returning to Great Britain to live in the Frozen North, that most of us refer to as Scotland, in 1996. To this day they live in Aberdeen. Jakarta marked the end of Jackie's dental career as the city was overpopulated with dentists and after the luxury practice in Oman, the contrast would have been too much to enjoy the work.

Hobbies: Playing chauffeur for the children, bridge and walking the dog "...a lovely cross between a Jack Russell and an Irish Terrier. She also enjoys gardening in her large garden (third acre) and Scottish dancing. Jackie also spends a considerable amount of time doing



charity work for 'Save the Children'. "The garden is lovely although deer and rabbits are a problem. We thought they were nice at first but the deer eat the roses and the rabbits finish off what's left. Please let it be known however that I am not a wearer of the dreaded green wellies!"

Memories of Bristol: "The Smokers and the discos were good fun. I really enjoyed my time at Elton Road when I shared a house with Carol"

Reunions: "Never miss a single one..they are very good. The faces haven't changed much although it always takes a few moments to acclimatize"

Bristol: "Bristol has certainly changed considerably. There are more bars and restaurants and I was aware of an increased youth culture. They seem to have more money to spend than we did at their age"

What is the function of a labial bow?

"Gosh...isn't that an ortho thing? Um, hang on a minute...it holds things together...I can't remember!"

Secret to happiness: "Be content with your life and don't keep checking to see if the grass is greener on the other side of the fence, or in my case, if the heather is more purple. Anyway the grass probably is greener on the other side of the fence by the time the bunnies have finished with it but who cares!"

Retirement: Hopefully the South of England somewhere



Group photo of staff at Bristol Dental Hospital, 1977

The letter to Mouthpiece:

Aberdeen, March 2004

Dear Geoff,

Thank you for phoning me, you prompted me to finish my letter to you, which I started over a year ago, isn't it frightening how time flies. I enclose some photos (too many for you to use, but hope some are of use), and this is my life story so far!

You mentioned that a good starting point is 2nd BDS, this is so long ago, and my memories of that period are coloured by family problems. Shortly before starting University my Father had died, and my Mother suffered serious heart problems throughout my studies. So at times I was rather stressed out, especially when clinical work began, and when members of staff terrorized us! However, I really enjoyed sharing a house with Carol Robinson (Nowill) and some other students. I am still good friends with the girls I shared the house with then, in spite of living so far apart all these years.

On qualifying I took a house job in Bristol Dental Hospital, and had an interesting and enjoyable 6 months.

Then I went on to a hospital job in the Hanover Dental School, in the Prosthetics Department (dentures, crowns and bridges were provided in this department). It was sobering to discover that I was younger than many of the students as schooling goes on until the age of 18 or 19, gap years are common, and many students were taking their second degree. We were an international group of house officers; other nationalities included a Norwegian, a Ghanian, a Turk and a Greek. There was also an East German girl who had been imprisoned in the East after attempting to escape. The West German Government had paid for her release to the West.

It was tempting to stay in Germany, with their good quality of life, and skiing on the doorstep. But I craved for the British sense of humour so I returned to a prac-



1985: Our wedding day. A photo with our best man Al Fraser. Tim must have been impressed with his kilt as he now has one! Al's wife Gil is on the right.



1985: A practice trip to the interior of Oman – our technician on the left (with the children), me, and my principal on the right.



1987: Our first daughter, Isabella with her godparents, who include Roger Robinson on the right.

tice job in the City of London. It was a great location with motivated, reliable patients. The Principal was charming and very supportive.

However I missed hospital work and Germany, so I accepted a position in the periodontal department in Munster Dental Hospital. The work was interesting, but after a year I decided to return to London.

In North London I worked two residential practices. One was brand new, owned by two enthusiastic dentists; the other was a rather dated, though cosy family practice. In both places I experienced families as patients – so many forgotten appointments and some miserable people! An eye opener.

While living in London, an old school friend introduced me to Tim, and two years later in 1985 we got married. Tim works as a Geologist with BP and accepted a posting to Muscat, Oman. A friend helped me find a job in a splendid practice there. The practice was every dentist's dream come true, brand new with super equipment. A Canadian Hygienist and German technician (the principal's wife) on site. Unfortunately when the oil price dropped, the BP office closed down, and we had to leave. Our return to the UK was necessary as my Mother had suffered a stroke, so we settled in London. I didn't look for work as I was pregnant, and soon Isabella was born.

My Mother died a year later in 1988, and shortly afterwards we moved to Jakarta, Indonesia, where Eleanor, our second daughter was born. We thoroughly enjoyed our eight and a half year posting; it was the perfect environment to have children. With help in the house, friends nearby and a pool. We took the opportunity to do a lot of travelling in Asia and Australasia. I couldn't work in Jakarta as their dentists do not want foreign competition in the Capital city.

In 1996 we returned to Britain and settled in Aberdeen. Apart from the shock of the climate and lack of live-in staff, it has been relatively easy settling in here. Mainly because this is an international city, so people are very welcoming. I haven't attempted to return to work as my time is fully occupied being a



*1996: Our home,
Westwood House in Aberdeen*



*2003: Family trip to Bristol (summer)
Me with my two daughters
Isabella & Eleanor*



*Tim's 50th birthday - celebrating
at our house in summer 2003*

chauffeur, cook and bottle washer. There is the added complication of a dog and many other unemployed ladies who need bridge partners, walking companions, exercise chums, and volunteers for school and charity events.

Tim and I both like Scottish Country Dancing, we frequently go to ceilidhs, and the occasional Ball. We enjoy the challenge of complicated dances and believe that quick recovery, with the ensuing hilarity is the sign of a skilled dancer!

To survive the long dark winters, we use the October half term holiday to travel somewhere warm and sunny. Equally, to recover from the rigors of winter we go skiing each Easter. If we have two weeks we prefer North America, Breckenridge is our favourite resort. But the pressure of School exams has limited us to one week recently, so we now choose European resorts, frequently Austria, and pray for adequate snow so late in the season.

What is my secret for a happy life? Treasuring my family and friends, trying to stay reasonably fit and remembering that the grass isn't greener on the other side.

Now I have daughters who are deciding what to do with their futures, and I wonder if I would choose dentistry again. I think I would go in for speech therapy, or if I were to study dentistry again, I would specialize in Orthodontics.

I hope this is adequate Geoff? Thank you for volunteering to publish a '76 Year Book, I look forward to reading it!



All the best,
Jacky

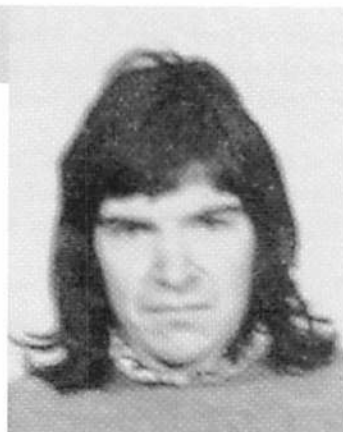


The entrance to the Hanover Dental Clinic (1978)



The Hannover Dental Clinic staff on an outing to Siemens. Head of Dept. Prof. Jung third on left. I am 7th from right (1978)

Rick Thompson



G: "Hi Rick. It's the dreaded Mouthpiece interview!
First question: Why were you called Slobby Olly?"

R: "Peter Sawyer started that as a sort of revenge for something."

G: "Tell the Mouthpiece readers about your practice."

R: "I live and work in Devon. My practice is in Torquay, the English Riviera. It is a beautiful place, nice and green."

G: "Green = wet!"

R: "Yes, we are blessed with refreshing spells of precipitation from time to time. I have been working four days a week for the last four or five years. I work solo, with just a hygienist and a nurse each. No associates."

G: "Why did you choose dentistry?"

R: "I enjoyed the thought of helping people"

G: "Would you choose it again?"

R: "Yes."

G: "Any outstanding teachers?"

R: "It's got to be Chris Stephens because of his immense enthusiasm. He was such a clever guy and so good at teaching."

G: "Would you choose Bristol again?"

R: "Yes, definitely, although it has changed an awful lot since we were there. It's very busy, and as far as the university is concerned, it seems to be filling up with a new type of student: Daddy's little boy or girl now goes there, complete with one-year-old VW Beetle convertible. Oxbridge is out, Bristol is in."

G: "Who would you most like to sit next to during an intercontinental flight?"

R: "Liz, my wife."

G: "Still enthusiastic about your work?"

R: "Still gives a buzz. My practice is private. I like preventative dentistry, orthodontics, aesthetic and cosmetic dentistry. I hate endodontics because it ruins an otherwise perfectly planned day. The treatment is fiddly, takes up a lot of time, and usually presents as an emergency."

G: "Moved a lot since qualifying?"

R: "Practice x 2. Home x 3."

G: "If you weren't a dentist, which job do you think you would have been good at?"

R: "Property Development."

G: "Burn out?"

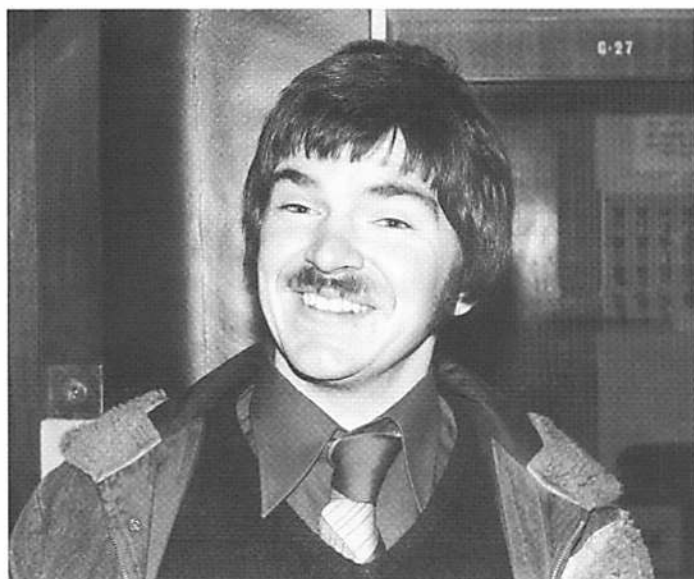
R: "No, absolutely not. I hope to work for a while longer, perhaps retiring at 58 - 60. I have still loads to do: piano, saxophone, painting, travel."

G: "Hobbies, children etc.?"

R: "I do circuit training which is a sort of gymnastics. I like walking and cycling.

The children: Juliet is 21 and is studying English at Exeter University; George is 19 and will be off shortly to Southampton University to study Zoology; Isabelle is 17 and

- wants to do Medicine at Cardiff, Southampton or Bristol, in that order of choice.”
- G: “Do you still use amalgam? Shifting trends in dentistry in your practice?”
- R: “Yes, I still use amalgam and I do a lot of bleaching and porcelain veneers.”
- G: “Do you still come across instruments with your BDH number stamped on them?”
- R: “Yes, but there are no BDH probes left though!”
- G: “Do you still have the group photograph, and can you tell me something about the members of your firm?”
- R: “Yes, I still have the photo. The students in my firm? Here goes:
Peter Duke: Most laid-back dude.
Bert Jukes: The bald headed dental student.
Louise Nash: Glorious.
Diana Ostick: Best pint-drinker I know.
Geoff Downer: Best quality dentist I know.
Rick Thompson: Positive & happy”
- G: “I’m most flattered, but I wasn’t going to write anything negative about you anyway. You must come to the next reunion and explain that you were in no way coerced! Now, what is the function of a labial bow?”
- R: “Anterior retention and retraction.”
- G: “Has dentistry lived up to your expectations?”
- R: “Yes, absolutely.”
- G: “Happy?”
- R: “Yes. I am very much involved with my family. I am a positive thinker, the half-full glass sort of thing.”
- G: “Holiday recommendations?”
- R: “We did a Safari in Kenya not so long ago...fantastic! And my daughter Isabelle has just climbed to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro! The first attempt with an Irish team failed. They ran out of scaffolding.”



Roz Tritton



I am sure that some of you may have heard bits of potted history about me from Anne Keep but I thought I'd put together some snippets for the official version.

After House Jobs at Bristol and Addenbrooke's Cambridge I went off to work in Nuremburg, Germany for the German government treating American and Diplomatic personnel. This move was hugely significant as it enabled me to combine three loves: dentistry, languages and travel.

Originally going for one year, I ended up staying for five, seeing most of the country and becoming pretty good at German. I also had the opportunity to work with a fine group of American army consultants from whom I learned a great deal.

During this time I married Peter, an Austrian, but this did not last.

On my return to the UK I began practising in Oxford starting my patient base with my family and a small group of friends. This has expanded now and I have settled back into my home town.

I still have an over-riding love of sport and am still very involved with all aspects of cricket, playing, coaching, umpiring, and administrating. I still play mean games of tennis and squash.

My current hobby is finding dental conferences in places I'd like to visit. I managed two wonderful trips to China on the back of these.

As former editor of Mouthpiece I am looking forward to the 'Special Edition'.

With all good wishes to everyone, Roz

A very brief introduction to the rules of cricket:

"You have two sides, one out in the field and one in. Each man on the side that's in goes out and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that's been out in the field goes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those going in, out. Then when both sides have been in and gone out, the game ends. OK?"



Steve White

Doris and I went to the Isle of Wight for a holiday in July 2002, so a Mouthpiece material-gathering opportunity presented itself merely by driving from GHQ at Freshwater to Shanklin, where Steve and Ros White live. Upon arriving we had trouble locating Steve at first, so we asked some bloke on the pavement dressed as a king: "Sorry about the garments and all that. I'm not really a king" he said, Leaning over his right shoulder, "Amateur dramatics!"



"Methinks he doth protest too much" methought but recognized our Steve by the smell of his eugenol aftershave. We had inadvertently parked outside his house which of course had further confused us by reinforcing our initial impression that this might really be a king and probably of the whole of the Isle of Wight..

Steve and Ros came to the island in 1980 when Steve started as an associate in his present practice. The principal was more interested in his jazz music than dentistry and the practice was very run down as a result. Ergo, jazz music can be harmful to your practice. Steve has since taken it over and built it up with two associates and oral hygienists.

I noticed a clever notice in his waiting room: "Last year we had...failed appointments. How long did you have to wait for your appointment? 1 week? 2 weeks? 3 weeks?"

Steve and Ros have four children and the youngest is Jessica who is 9 years old.

We had a good meal together in a local top-class Italian restaurant. The owner did everything to please Steve and his guests so my guess is that Steve's a bit of a celebrity or the owner still owes him money for dental treatment. Either way, the kinging bit still keeps nagging somehow, and our short stay prevented us pursuing our investigations further for Mouthpiece.

Apart from Italian food, Steve also filled us in on the local village idioms:

"OVENERS": from the mainland.

"CORKHEADS": locals, preferably 2nd generation

"NIPPER": young lad

The visit to Shanklin was most enjoyable and Steve's own brand of dry humour had us misbehaving in the restaurant until closing time.

The White answers to the Mouthpiece questionnaire are as follows:

1. Present function: I am a GDP and the thorn in the side of as many committees as possible
2. Why dentistry? My father made me choose dentistry. It has amazed me as to how right he was. In 1990 I made a desperate attempt to find another career, but after doing a battery of tests with a careers advisory company I was told: "You are most suited to being a dentist"

3. The teacher who taught me most was Declan Anderson. His bullshit phrase “You’re not here to learn facts, you’re here to learn how to think” has served me well! I have never let the facts spoil a good theory!
4. The most useful dental publication I read is the obituary column – it puts my job into perspective!
5. I would like to sit next to Osama Bin Laden on my next flight – he’s in planning, not delivery
6. Bristol University suited me very well at 19, I wouldn’t change anything
7. I belong to BDA (*Yawn*) also Ident Services Ltd which is a company we have set up on the Island to provide weekend emergency dental cover. I am pushing to set the foundation for the I.O.W. dental company from this
8. No. I do not work with the same enthusiasm as when I started as a dentist. There is no secret. However I still enjoy sex and would much rather talk about that!
9. Which social developments do you consider positive for the dentist and for dentistry as a whole? ...what sort of question is this?
10. This question is worse than question 9. I refuse to answer
11. Are you asking about my bowels (stats available if you are seriously interested) or where I live? I like the Isle of Wight
12. Far away from where I am now
13. The electric toothbrush
14. Where do your interests lie as far as post graduate education is concerned? Far away
15. Alternative career? Manic depressive
16. Group practice or solo? In a group. See 8
17. Yes. See 8
18. Already burnt out; re-fuelled in 1992 when I started to privatise my NHS practice
19. Retirement: Yes please
20. My great pleasure is amateur dramatics. It has all the emotion of real life but with believable stories
21. I dislike treating reluctant kids, and the best bit about work is going home at the end of the day
22. How do you cope with evening and weekend emergency duty? I just cry a lot
23. Who told you things go wrong in my practice?
24. It already does, I just didn’t take all that time in the pub seriously
25. Ready for own practice after qualifying?
No
26. Referral practice ambitions? Nonononono
27. Shifting trends noticed in dentistry? Yes, and things have really picked up since I stopped using Domestos for bleaching
28. Do you still use amalgam? Yes, but the police only caution you for it now
29. I would like to have more hair. A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.
30. To what are you most attached? And



Geoff and Steve outside the premises of their new joint venture. The previous owners, Norfolk and Chance were forced to sell up.

- whom? (a) my wedding tackle (b) the woman most often at the end of it
31. Most difficult task in daily practice? Taming the staff
 32. Rubber dam: No. Enamel chisels: Yes. Ward's carver: Yes
 33. Yes
 34. What was a firm?
 35. Group photograph question: No – I lent it to someone and never got it back. I still remember the weasely deputy dean (was it Bradford) and vowing never to end up like him
 36. Boat race memories? I still remember the triumph when Ros helped our team win the beer race at a Common Room disco
 37. I enjoy reunions much more now that we are all secure in our achievements and keep dentistry in its place – Monday to Friday at work
 38. Why spoil a dream?
 39. A corkscrew – available at all good hardware stores
 40. Rotary – they were desperate
 41. How big is the practice? 3 – man plus hygienists, mostly private. Not my ambition but I did what I had to do to survive
 42. Staff? A necessary evil
 43. Considered working abroad? Yes
 44. No, I don't need letters after my name to prove that I continue to learn
 45. Bleugh
 46. I expect Freemasonry is more exciting
 47. The Volvo is near-perfect, the Maestro was awful, the BMW is just boring and everybody's got one
 48. Function of a labial bow? It prevents saliva from pooling in the upper labial sulcus
 49. Toga? I assume you misspelt YOGA, which I still use from time to time
 50. Glass Ionomer filling materials, however they were a halfway step to Compomers – some of the best tooth-coloured materials I have come across
 51. Only a cruel man would mention his mother-in-law
 52. I'll tell you when I've finished
 53. Happy? Yes. Insanity runs in my family
 54. Publications? Some letters in the BDJ which I'd rather forget
 55. Holiday recommendation: The Isle of Wight – it needs your money



Steve outside his practice



The White House

5 Jane Wood (Ferguson)

Jane had the looks of a photo model. No wonder that she was snapped up by Frank Wood from one of the years above.

When trying to get in touch with them via the GDC register recently, I was informed that Frank was no longer registered. I had also heard from someone else that Jane had stopped practising a few years ago, and taken up hobbies like flower arranging so that there was not much point in asking the GDC her whereabouts either. She and Frank were in private practice together in Gloucestershire.

Notwithstanding, Jane has unwittingly influenced the outcome of this edition of Mouthpiece by inspiring question 48 of the questionnaire: "What is the function of a labial bow?" Her answer to this exam question became evident during a reunion when Prof. Stephens produced answer papers which he had kept for at least 25 years: "It gives the patient something to hold it with and it looks pretty." Strange really because I remember her as having dark hair...



Reunion: Paul Davies, Jane Wood, Claire Foster, Roger Robinson

**THE TEETH OF WISDOM
MAY WELL BE FALSE
ELLIOTT PRIEST**