

cheerful until the end, sustained by his family and his very real Roman Catholic faith, to which he had converted before his marriage in December 1944. He is survived by Peggy and their children, Martin a solicitor, and Fiona a director of nursing.

ALAN HEATON-WARD

Lorna Wheelan (Lady Hill), formerly Director in Charge of the Department of Child Psychiatry, King's College Hospital

Lorna Wheelan died at home on 25 March 1994. She had been having disabling pain for several months previously, but had kept in touch with friends and family in her usual lively and forthright way, urging them on to help change the world.

Lorna was born in Scotland in 1925, the only child of John and Bessie Wheelan. Her mother had, before marriage, taught painting and drawing, an interest which Lorna herself, and both her children, later enjoyed. The family story was that Lorna had initially intended to become a fashion designer, but having been treated with care and consideration by a local GP during a brief illness decided to study medicine instead. She gained her MBChB in 1948 and MD in 1954, both at the University of Aberdeen. She trained in psychiatry at the Maudsley from 1950 to 1955 and became an Associate Member of the Institute of Psycho-Analysis in 1959. In 1961, with Dennis Hill, she founded the Department of Child Psychiatry at the Belgrave Children's Hospital in Kennington; this closed in the mid '80s and the clinic moved to King's College Hospital.

Lorna married Denis Hill in 1962, and they had two children, Richard and Annabel. Lorna continued to work 'part-time' but was very far from marginal, being clearly the head of department. Her colleagues remember her as wise and supportive, a well-rounded, composed and very civilised person, who maintained a sense of humour even in the face of the irritations of hospital politics. She enjoyed the professional help she was able to give and organise for the unhappy children referred, and was never doctrinaire in her approach, seeking out what would be most useful for the particular case. There remains an illuminating picture among her papers, drawn by a child patient; it is headed 'Dr Whelan flying a chopper' – and there she is, clearly on a rescue mission. In her later clinical years, she told me that one of her greatest

pleasures was to encourage the young doctors in training with us, and we could tell how much this was appreciated by the numbers who kept in touch.

Denis Hill was knighted in 1980. He died in 1982, not long after his retirement, and Lorna clearly suffered a great deal from this loss. Nevertheless, after her own retirement in 1990, despite physical ill-health, she kept on seeing private patients and did locum part-time consultant jobs when she could. As her children were now launched into adulthood she developed her own interests especially in art and travel. She loved to discuss politics, and was angry at many of the changes in the National Health Service, which seemed to her to be detrimental. In the last few months she had begun a course of study of 'conservation' with the Open University as part of a developing interest in 'green' issues she had caught from her children.

A memorial service was held for Lorna on 9 May 1994 in the chapel of King's College Hospital. There was an abundance of friends, family and colleagues eager to testify and share how much Lorna had influenced and inspired them.

FIONA SUBOTSKY

Patrick Gerrard McGrath, formerly Physician Superintendent, Broadmoor Hospital



Dr McGrath died from cancer at his home on 18 October 1994. The following address was given by Dr Henry Rollin at the Requiem Mass held at the Church of the Holy Ghost, Crowthorne, Berkshire on Monday, 24 October 1994.

Dr Patrick McGrath ('Pat' as he was affectionately known as by a host of friends) was the sort of man for whom the term 'charismatic' was coined. Wherever he sat was the head of the table, be it in the old Broadmoor Medical Officers' mess – now, alas, sacrificed on the altar of economy – or, as later, in the nondescript, plastic, self-service hospital cafeteria.

Pat was born in Glasgow on 10 June 1916. His father, also Patrick (as is his oldest son) was a headmaster of what he describes in an

autobiographical sketch he once sent to me as "a large school in a Glasgow slum, inhabited almost entirely by Irish labourers". Patrick senior, he goes on, "was exposed to discrimination little short of persecution and was paid one tenth of the salary of the head of a small Protestant school in the same area". Despite the obvious financial stringencies, Patrick senior, a man of scholarship and a classicist, saw to it that his three children, Patrick junior and his two sisters, Sarah and Molly, received the best available education. Whether as the result of genetic or environmental factors, or both, a line of scholars has been established, as witness the scholastic achievements of his children and grandchildren.

Pat himself attended St Aloysius College, a Jesuit school, before entering Glasgow University to study medicine. He qualified MB ChB in September 1939, coinciding almost exactly with the declaration of war. He enlisted immediately and was commissioned in the RAMC Airborne Division – an elite, prestigious unit. At one stage he was posted to Gibraltar when, in 1941, in undisclosed circumstances, he literally fell off the Rock and did himself such orthopaedic damage that he was invalided back to the UK until such time as he was again fit for active service.

The authorities were understanding enough to consult him as to where he wanted to work during his convalescence. By then he had witnessed the mental devastation that war can bring about in both combatants and civilians and it was this awareness that prompted his interest in psychiatry. He therefore chose the Crichton Royal in Dumfries, Scotland, a mental hospital taken over for the duration for the treatment of psychiatric war casualties. It was staffed by some of the *crème de la crème* of British psychiatry, for example, Willi Mayer-Gross, Dennis Carrol and Erwin Stengel – as inspiring a set of tutors as one could wish for.

Once fit, Pat, in 1942, returned to active service and there can be few doctors who enjoyed (I use the term advisedly) such adventures as came his way. *Inter alia*, he literally travelled the Golden Road to Samarkand from end to end, while at different times operating in hazardous conditions in Burma, China and India.

After demobilisation Pat took up psychiatry as a career and as an earnest of his intent he sat and passed the Dip Psych Med (Edin) in 1955. He worked at Gartnavel Hospital in Glasgow before taking another Golden Road,

the road south to London where he joined the staff of Peckham House, a private mental hospital. It was here that he met his wife, née Helen O'Brien, also from an Irish family in Glasgow. They were married in 1949. After a stint at the Royal Eastern Counties Hospital, Colchester, he returned briefly to Scotland as deputy medical superintendent at Glengall Hospital outside Ayr.

In 1956, by serendipity (or so he claims), he joined the staff of Broadmoor as deputy medical superintendent to be promoted superintendent in 1957, a position he filled with distinction until his retirement in 1981. I well remember, incidentally, his official farewell party, an amazing jamboree attended, seemingly, by the entire staff of the hospital, present and past, as well as the great and the good who descended in hordes from their government citadels in London. He was showered with gifts to such a degree that it must have required a sizeable pantechinon to cart them all away.

It was at Broadmoor with its unique collection of dangerous mentally disordered patients, most of whom had offended against the criminal law, that Pat's interest in forensic psychiatry took root and flourished. He was undoubtedly one of the founding fathers of British forensic psychiatry as we know it today. He served on the sub-committee of the Forensic Psychiatry Section of the old RMPA which, in 1971, was transmuted into the Royal College of Psychiatrists. Pat played an important part in the development of the College, services recognised by his appointment to the Vice-Presidency from 1978–80.

His forensic skills were further recognised by his appointment to the Parole Board (1982–85) on which he sat by a happy coincidence at the same time as his sister, Sarah McCabe, a distinguished criminologist in her own right, and my old and dear friend and sometime mentor. In 1969 he was awarded a Cropwood Fellowship tenable in the Department of Criminology, Cambridge University. It follows that the majority of his published papers in the medical press were focused on forensic-psychiatric topics.

I have sketched all too briefly the many claims to fame of this gifted man. But it is, of course, in the context of Broadmoor that he has won himself a place in the Hall of Fame, Not that he had an easy ride. Broadmoor, like the man who bites dogs, was and remains, newsworthy: any escape, or mis-judged release, as was the case of the mass poisoner Graham Young, or the rapist

Ronald Salfes, led to a stream of protest. Invariably, it was Pat's head that was on the block. In these circumstances, his reply to his critics would be that he could safely discharge 90% of his patients if only someone could tell him who the other 10% were.

Nevertheless, in his 25 years of devoted service to Broadmoor he succeeded in converting a grim forbidding institution into a caring, efficient psychiatric hospital. He succeeded in this herculean task not by adopting the stance of a dictator, however benevolent, but by the exercise of his particular brand of paternalism. As a father he could, most certainly, be benevolent, but when occasion demanded he could be mightily stern. No matter what he was always the boss – the head of the table.

Although reward was not his objective, Pat was, justifiably, richly rewarded for his work. He held the honorary rank of Lt Col RAMC; he

was appointed Vice-president of the Royal College of Psychiatrists and made an honorary fellow. He was twice honoured by the Queen: in 1971 he was created CBE and CB in 1981, when he retired. Further, at Broadmoor, a newly constituted library was named after him.

So, all we who are gathered together here today extend to Helen, Pat's devoted wife for over 40 years, our heartfelt sympathies as we do to his children, Patrick, Stephen, Judy and Simon; and to his sisters, Sarah and Molly and other members of his family. May we at the same time give thanks for a life richly lived and richly rewarded.

One last prayer, if I may: in whatever corner of the Elysian Fields Pat happens to fetch up may there be, or may there be created, a championship course so as to enable him to continue to enjoy what he loved best, apart from his family and his work – golf.