

Arthur C. Clark was born in Minehead, Somerset and returned to the town in 1992 for his 75th birthday celebrations. He gave a lecture on science fiction at the local theatre on The Avenue and I took Claire to hear him.

Edmund, maybe a tad miffed that Arthur C. Clarke was, and is, a household name, always used to say "Arthur who?" with a look of puzzled disinterest whenever he heard the name mentioned.

I knew that Arthur C. Clarke had reviewed some of Edmund's books so when I took Claire to a lecture he gave in honour of his 75th birthday, I determined that I would speak to him afterwards.

We bought a couple of his books and while he was signing them I asked him what he thought of those of Edmund's books that he had reviewed. Arthur C. Clarke was generous. "Enjoyed them" he said. "Good stories. Really enjoyed them."

Then I explained that I was Edmund's eldest daughter and that Claire was his granddaughter. Arthur C. Clarke nodded and as we shook hands he asked how Edmund was. I explained that Edmund had died about ten years before. He nodded gravely. "Sorry to hear that," he said. "Edmund was a good writer."

by Glynis