Taking the plunge

Ken Harris takes the first steps towards gaining an MSc

Along with the news of my upcoming 50-year reunion came the realisation that I am actually in the twilight of my career, much to my children’s glee, and their regular quips about my advancing years (and receding hairline) seem all the more appropriate these days. Should I go gently into that good night or should I try to raise the enthusiasm to rage a little more against the dying of the light?

One thing I’ve learned after 50 years in dentistry is everyone’s an expert. The advent of the evidence-based dentistry movement, possibly driven by government and perhaps fuelled by dry-fingered academics (OK, I’m prepared to concede moist) has often been given short shrift by the army of general practitioners such as myself who is working in the ultimate “in vivo” laboratory. After all, we’ve all been there and done that, even if for many of us the T-shirt no longer fits.

It is a truth universally acknowledged (at least by wet-fingered dentists) that an academic dental colleague in possession of a “learned” opinion must be in need of a soap box (and we think we have an image problem) urging the public to consider the world of opportunity out there. Using an example about Holland exports (although I’m lost as to what relevance the fact that Holland exports more soy sauce than Japan has), one piece of advice caught my eye. Tucked away at the bottom of the poster was the suggestion that we need to invest in education in order to be ready for the new opportunities coming our way. Hmmm...

Hallowed path

My academic career was stopped in its tracks back in 1982 when my application for a house job at Newcastle Dental Hospital was unceremoniously rejected, and I went straight into practice instead. There was no vocational training in those days. I had given up any thoughts I would ever tread the hallowed academic path when I discovered a whole load of “interesting” stuff on the internet and it seemed that post-graduate education was available online. I have never seen the attractions of technology for technology’s sake, preferring the more intellectual pursuits of a good book or a stimulating conversation (or so I tell myself) and my usual scepticism held me back. But I soon discovered that you could sign up for an MSc in almost any branch of dentistry with guaranteed success if you had both a pulse and a credit card (with the latter being most important).

Two years ago I first noticed the MSc in restorative and aesthetic dentistry at the University of Manchester; a highly renowned establishment. I was looking for a course with serious aspiration and the confidence in itself to challenge its delegates; I was also looking for a university with the courage to set the bar high enough to gain respect within the academic community at large! After a recommendation from my old friend Elaine Halley, who had signed up at the outset two years ago, I decided to take the plunge.

I thought people would praise me for my open mind and the willingness to take up a new challenge, yet when I told my family, my friends, and even my patients, they could scarcely disguise their amazement! Only one of my friends, who actually has 37 watch- es (almost as many, as Nigel Saynor) said he recognised a kindred impulsive spirit, and congratulated me on my decision.

Consequently, I now find myself reading about the influence of air abrasion on Zirconia ceramic bonding; unusual, I’m sure you’ll agree, but it’s more unusual given that I’m sitting on an exercise bike at the very swanky Biltmore Hotel in Miami, while everyone else is relaxing by the pool! This MSc thing is starting to take over my life: I’m afraid… maybe I should be very afraid!

One thing I’ve learned after 30 years in dentistry is everyone’s an expert’