

EDiT

The University of Edinburgh Magazine
Issue 15 Winter 1998/99



*now we are **one***

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The Cycle of Life

'The Cycle of Life' is the title of a stained glass window which was recently unveiled and presented by Sir Stewart Sutherland, Principal of the University, to the Chaplaincy Centre. The window has been made by users of Edinburgh University Settlement's Mental Health Project, Stepping Stones, and represents the culmination of three years' dedicated creative work, under the direction of artist Gary Smith.

The window depicts the variety and harmony of the natural world, in brilliant jewel-like colours, and a rich diversity of images.

A Warm Reception



The new, state-of-the-art Reception Centre at Pollock Halls has been officially opened by the Secretary to the University, Dr Martin Lowe, in a special ceremony attended by staff and invited guests. The £1million building, designed to provide top-level service for students and commercial visitors alike, incorporates the skilful conversion of the previously underused basement area in adjoining St Leonard's Hall.

Dr Lowe paid tribute to all involved in the work, with a special thanks to builders Balfour Beatty, for their consideration of the students at Pollock Halls during the construction of the centre. Director of Accommodation Services, Terry Cole, said he saw the new reception as the physical manifestation of "a new era of excellence" for both students and vacation visitors. All Accommodation Services staff and operations are now housed in the new premises at Pollock, drawing the entire service under one roof.



The University and the new Parliament

The University has seized a unique opportunity in establishing the Governance of Scotland Forum to provide a single point of entry to the remarkable range of expertise it can offer the new Scottish Parliament. The Parliament will be on the University's doorstep. It will be housed temporarily in the Church of Scotland's Assembly Hall, located in the middle of the University's New College on the Mound, and the new Parliament building will be adjacent to the University precincts at Holyrood.

As Scotland's leading research university, Edinburgh is ready to support the work of the Parliament which will have a major impact on the way Scotland is governed. The Parliament will deal with a range of matters affecting people in Scotland - jobs, housing, health, education, local government, planning, social work, law, tourism and transport - areas in which many of the University's academics already play a leading research role.

The Governance of Scotland Forum, which will encompass the whole range of the University's activities, has already been commissioned by Scottish Power and The Royal Bank of Scotland to research the potential contribution which business can make in the devolved Scotland to good government, successful business, and a prosperous society.



Dog's Work

David Grant from BBC Television's 'Animal Hospital' and the Principal Sir Stewart Sutherland recently performed the topping-out ceremony for the Dick Vet's new Hospital for Small Animals at the Easter Bush Veterinary Centre. The Dick Vet, the University's Faculty of Veterinary Medicine named after its founder William Dick, offers a veterinary service which is unsurpassed in the UK, not only to the people of Edinburgh and surrounding areas, but also to pet owners and vets who refer difficult cases from throughout the UK.

The new hospital will use the most modern techniques for treating small animals, train vets to meet the demands of veterinary medicine in the future, and search for new cures and treatment for small animals. It will be the largest of its kind in the UK with eight consulting rooms, four specialist treatment rooms, three general wards, and four operating theatres. It will also provide a dedicated ward for exotic animals and a wildlife ward, which will make it unique among hospitals run by the UK's six veterinary schools.

The building has been the subject of a successful fundraising campaign, which has so far raised £4.5 million of the £5.7 million target. This includes a grant of just over £1 million by the European Regional Development Fund, through the Eastern Scotland Objective 2 programme, and contributions from the University, the Robertson Trust and other charitable and commercial sources, as well as from members of the public.

Picture Perfect



This picture, which appeared in Edit, Issue 13, recently won the Best Mono Picture prize at the 1998 British Association of Communicators in Business Awards. Taken by Tricia Malley and Ross Gillespie of the University's graphics and photography unit, Visual Resources, it was part of the photo-feature Afore Ye Go on the University's graduation ceremonies.

To celebrate this prestigious award, the photographers contacted the subject of the photograph, Dr Nam Seog Park, who graduated from the Department of Artificial Intelligence, and presented him with copies for his family. Dr Park, who was delighted by the news, now works in the United States.

20,000th Clearance



Pictured with Iris Sloan, Information Assistant at the Clearing House Student Employment Service, is 3rd year Business Studies student Tanya Tskanyova, the 20,000th student to call upon the Clearing House's services since the start of the academic year 1997/98. "You can usually find some one-off or short-term jobs that suit your timetable during term time," said Tanya, "and which won't distract from essays and lectures."

Although one-off work has proved extremely popular with many, the University-run service also advertises regular part-time work and full-time work over the vacations. Established in 1995, over 3,500 students are currently registered with the Service which has advertised in excess of 4,300 jobs since October 1997.



Charged Up

The University's Department of Electronics and Electrical Engineering, in recognition of its success in building research partnerships with industry, has been Highly Commended in the Department of Trade and Industry President's Partnership Prizes.

This continues a run of success for the Department which in the 1996 Research Assessment Exercise was awarded the top 5* A rating, in 1995 won First Prize (Engineering) in the Office of Science and Technology Competition for Industry-Academe Collaboration, and which in 1994 was adjudged Excellent by the Scottish Higher Education Funding Council for the quality of its teaching.

The stream of success can be traced to three key factors: the combined intellectual abilities of its staff members; the creative environment which the succession of academic leaders have maintained within the Department allowing staff the individual freedom to make innovations in both teaching and research; and the culture of engineering professionalism and industrial awareness and partnership which pervades the Department.

Access Means Success



The University of Edinburgh/Stevenson College joint access course recently celebrated its 10th anniversary. The course is designed for adult returners to education who want to prepare for degree study; it offers an alternative to the more traditional Higher or A-level courses, and addresses directly some of the particular needs of adult learners making a fresh start.

Since it began, almost 500 students, mainly from the local community, have entered the University via the Access course, the majority taking degrees in Arts or Social Sciences, and others in Divinity or Law. Access contributes to widening participation in the University by encouraging, in particular, adults who missed out on educational opportunities in the past, and who might never have thought of going to university.

A Meeting of Minds

Moray House Institute of Education formally merged with the University of Edinburgh on 1 August 1998, establishing a new Faculty of Education and making the University the largest institution of higher education in Scotland with nearly 20,000 full- and part-time students and over 6,000 full- and part-time members of staff. Moray House has just celebrated the 150th anniversary of its location at Holyrood where the new Faculty of Education will, for the most part, be housed.

The Secretary of State for Scotland's approval, in June, of the proposed merger was described by Professor Sir Stewart Sutherland, Principal of the University, as "good news not only for both institutions but, more importantly, for Edinburgh, Scottish education and the teaching profession. This is, in essence, a marriage of two strong partners.

Together, we shall aim to build a national centre of excellence for Scotland in the professional education of teachers, to stand international comparison." Professor Gordon Kirk, former Principal of Moray House and now first-ever Dean of the new Faculty of Education said, "The merger is absolutely essential if we are to make further progress in addressing the new needs of the teaching and allied professions at all levels, from primary, through secondary, to further and higher education. Teachers will need not just high quality initial training, but a continuing up-dating of their skills and knowledge base throughout their professional lives."

(Professor Lindsay Paterson writes about the merged institution and its role in the new Scotland in 'Now We Are One' on p 18)



Thomas Chalmers House

Thomas Chalmers House, named after the first Principal of New College, has been officially opened by University Principal, Professor Sir Stewart Sutherland. The premises, next door to New College, are being leased from the Free Church of Scotland and are home to the Faculty of Divinity Graduate School, a 24 hour access reading room, a micro-lab - the Elizabeth Hewat Room - as well as the Centre for the Study of Christianity in the Non-Western World whose research and documentation collection, the Andrew Walls African Christianity Library, is one of the most impressive of its type in the world. Professor Andrew Walls is seen showing an ancient parchment from the collection which he has donated to New College to the Principal and Lady Sutherland.

EDUCATION IN THE NEW SCOTLAND Talking Heads

In November, the University will host a major conference organised by its Schools Liaison Service which will examine the implications of the profound changes, both political and economic, now confronting the Scottish education system.

The Inaugural University of Edinburgh Conference for Secondary Head Teachers in Scotland, which will have as its theme 'Education in the New Scotland', will look at education in Scotland in the light of the establishment of a Scottish Parliament, the publication of the Dearing and Garrick reports on Higher Education in the Learning Society, and the implementation of the Higher Still proposals, as well as the merger of Moray House Institute of Education with the University of Edinburgh. The Principal, Professor Sir Stewart Sutherland, author of the Dearing Report's proposals on teacher education and training, will give a keynote address to delegates who will discuss themes such as participation, the vocational-academic divide, modernising Scottish traditions in education, employers' wishes, lifelong learning, the future of teacher education, the nature of assessment and role of examinations, and information technology in education.

No.6 The first African graduate



OMNIANA

JAMES HORTON was born in 1835 at Gloucester village, near Freetown, Sierra Leone, and belonged to the Ibo people of West Africa. He adopted the name Africanus, and took the name Beale after the headmaster of the Grammar School he attended in Freetown, from where he progressed to the Church Missionary Society's Fourah Bay College. The high death-rate among European doctors in West Africa determined the British government to train suitable Africans as Medical Officers and, after taking his MRCS at King's College London, James Africanus Beale Horton matriculated at the University of Edinburgh on 19 October 1858 to study for an MD.

While in Edinburgh Horton lodged at 50 Rankellor Street. He graduated on 1 August 1859 and his thesis, entitled 'The Medical Topography of the West Coast of Africa, with sketches of its botany', was published the same year. During his 20 years with the Army he served in most parts of British West Africa, not only as one of the first African doctors, but also as one of the first African regular Army officers, attaining the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Also during this time, he engaged in medical research, and his political writings, looking ahead to self-government for the people and countries of West Africa, secured for him a place in the history of African nationalism. He retired from the Army in 1880 with the rank of Surgeon-Major and died, three years later, at the early age of forty-eight.

The plaque is on the west side of the Adam Ferguson Building.



the acid test

A short story by award-winning crime novelist and Edinburgh graduate **IAN RANKIN**.

Inspector Rebus investigates deep in Old College.

There was no great excitement when the body was first discovered.

It had been found during excavation work beneath Old College. Fire prevention: they were installing a new sprinkler system, requiring the construction of a water-holding tank in the bowels of the quad. As one undergraduate had been heard to mutter: 'Waste of money. Long time since any heat was generated in this place.'

'He meant intellectual heat, of course,' Professor Sandy Gates explained to Inspector John Rebus.

'Of course,' Rebus said.

They were in one of the tunnels that ran beneath Old College, probably with James Thin's bookshop somewhere above them. The skeleton had been found here, covered with a thin layer of earth and rocks. And though the story had generated only a couple of paragraphs on one of the *Scotsman's* inside pages, there was interest among the university academics - along with a certain amount of bickering over territory. The archaeologists were claiming the skeleton as their own, while historians wagged their fingers and shook their heads. The lawyerly figures in Old College had a case of their own to offer. But for now, it had been decided, the whole collection of bones and dust should be left in the hands of Professor Gates. And of course there had to be police involvement, too, at least until it could be established that there had been no foul play.

'Not my sort of thing,' Rebus said, kicking at a stone. Arc lamps had been

set up by the workmen, and threw huge spiralling shadows over the vaults.

'There are miles of these tunnels, you know,' Gates said. 'Didn't realise there were any here though.' He paused, looked around. 'This is the spot.'

The skeleton had been exhumed, photographed, and removed to the pathology lab. As head of the Pathology Department, Gates had no intention of letting anyone but himself examine the remains. He crouched down, one hand on the ground to help balance his huge frame.

'One thing,' he said. 'Not much in the way of clothing. A few scraps of some blue material.'

'Think the rest perished?'

Gates shrugged. 'Depends how long the poor devil was down here.'

'Your best guess?'

'A hundred, maybe two hundred years. The cloth's gone for analysis.' He glanced up at Rebus. 'We probably won't be able to narrow it down to a date and time.'

Rebus smiled. 'Then let's hope there's no need for a murder inquiry.'

Gates nodded. 'Witness statements would be a problem.' He paused. 'Unless you have a ouija board handy.'

Rebus was pointing to a section of wall. 'Is that it?'

'That's it,' Gates confirmed. The reason they were down here: the writing on the wall. Rebus held a torch close to the scratch marks. Even so, they were barely legible.

'Someone had sharp eyes.'

'Wish I could take the credit,' Gates

said. 'But it was one of the workmen.'

'You think the writing connects with the body?' Rebus ran the torch over the wall, seeking more clues.

'Judging by position, I'd have to say yes. The scratches are less than a foot from where the corpse's hand was uncovered.'

Rebus looked again. Four capital letters, spelling out the word ACID.

'What's acid got to do with it?'

The two men were in the pathology lab. It hadn't been thought necessary to transfer the skeleton to the mortuary - there'd be no post-mortem in the usual sense. The bones had yet to be cleaned, though samples of bone and soil had been sent to one of the specialist labs.

Professor Gates shrugged at Rebus's question. 'Intriguing though, isn't it?' He pointed to the skull. 'No signs of damage or injury.' Ran his hand down the rib-cage. 'No obvious breaks or fractures. Nothing consistent with a violent demise.'

'Doesn't mean he wasn't killed.'

'You're thinking poison?'

'Or acid, something that would strip the skin away.'

'Hmm.' Gates sounded unconvinced.

'What else could the message mean?'

'I agree it's unlikely our friend died from natural causes. Looks to be the skeleton of a young adult male. Probably a fairly healthy specimen. Look at the teeth: they're intact. Others know more about the history of

dentistry than I do, but I'm willing to bet if he'd been poor or malnourished, teeth would have been missing.'

'Well, whatever happened to him, someone buried the body.'

'But that might have been later. Maybe to avoid a scandal.'

'What sort of scandal?'

'Corpses found on college property - hardly a good advertisement. Could be he committed suicide.'

'In a tunnel? It's an unlikely setting.'

Gates sighed. 'You know me, John. I'm not given to speculation. And if this were a contemporary case, I'd hold my tongue....'

'But?'

'But seeing how we're dealing here with a miscreant who'll never be caught or tried, and probably never identified in the first place, I'd make the assumption that our friend here met an unnatural death. And poison would be my guess.'

Rebus was thoughtful for a moment. 'So what now?'

'You're making it your business?'

'Unlawful killing, Professor. Can we get a fix on the deceased's age at time of death?'

Gates nodded. 'Dental forensics can do wonderful things. I'll remove a tooth or two for analysis.' He turned to his colleague. 'And meantime we wait?'

'We wait,' Rebus agreed.

They waited. The world turned, and fresh cases filled their days. A stabbing, a suicide leap. Rebus had a few domestics to sort out, a court case to attend. After giving his evidence, he bumped into Professor Gates.

'The McMurdo case?' Gates guessed. Rebus nodded. Gates explained that he'd already given his own evidence.

'Any progress with Piltdown Man?' Rebus asked as they walked from the High Court.

'A little. The scrap of cloth yielded something. Its age for one thing. Best estimate is mid-nineteenth century. The material is cotton, maybe underwear of some kind. Long Johns or whatever they wore back then.'

'So he was buried in just his underpants?'

'An educated guess, I believe. From the tooth, we're talking about an age anywhere between mid-teens and mid-twenties.'

'So a student rather than a lecturer?'

'Or someone from outside.'

'An outsider who knew about those tunnels?'

'Ah, but only the killer needed to know.'

Rebus chewed his lip. 'True.'

'Maybe there was work going on. One of the workmen at the time...?'

'Buried in just his underwear?'

'To make identification more difficult.'

They were outside now. The day was clear and sunny, the buildings radiant. Office workers were out hunting for lunch.

'The other clothing couldn't just have disintegrated?' Rebus asked.

Gates shook his head. 'We'd have found buttons, some fibres.'

'Who made those scratches? The victim, right?' Gates merely shrugged.

'Let's assume it was. What would he be trying to tell us?'

'The identity of his killer?'

Rebus nodded. 'But the body was buried.' They'd stopped walking. Pedestrians around them, catching snatches of conversation, turned their heads to stare. 'The body had to be buried *after* the scratches were made.'

'You have a theory?' Gates half-smiled. He guessed Rebus had been busy late into the night, thinking the case over.

'The body's left in the tunnel. Then the killer thinks better of it, and comes back to bury it. He doesn't want it found. Maybe he removes the clothing at the same time.'

'But is too delicate to remove everything?'

Rebus nodded. 'Someone with a shred of decency. But here's my point... between times, the victim wasn't quite dead. There was enough spark for him to pick up a stone and scratch the message.'

'And the killer didn't see it?'

'By candlelight, no. It was hard



enough with arc-lamps and torches.' He looked to Gates, who nodded agreement.

'Which leaves us not a great deal more enlightened,' the pathologist added. Then he saw the twinkle in Rebus's eye. 'Except that you've done a bit more digging.'

But Rebus shook his head. 'I'm no archaeologist, Sandy.' He paused. 'But I know someone who is.'

Which wasn't strictly true: Meg Gilfillan was no archaeologist, but she was the university's archivist. Rebus visited her in a third-floor office in Buccleuch Place.

'I've been following the story,' she said, peering over her glasses. There were three desks in the room, each covered with maps, plans and newspapers. She'd lifted a pile of bulging folders from a chair so that Rebus could sit down.

'Fascinating,' she said, looking at him as though *he* were the object of her studies.

'Your phone call was spot on. There was building work going on at Old College for a good part of the late-1800s.' She saw the look of disappointment on Rebus's face. 'Doesn't help narrow things down, does it?'

'No.'

'But this might.' She slid a photocopied sheet towards him. It was a page from the *Scotsman*, dated February 12th 1877. There was a story, one long narrow column, concerning some artefacts found in a tunnel under Chambers Street. The artefacts - jugs, utensils, wine bottles - were thought to date back to the seventeenth century. Rebus looked up at her. She was nodding.

'The problem,' she said, 'is that from the evidence of this, not many people in Edinburgh *wouldn't* have known about those tunnels.'

Rebus passed the information on to Professor Gates, then prepared an interim report, stating that as far as a solution was concerned, the Procurator-fiscal's office might as well forget it. A press release was issued, and barely taken up by the media.

The story, such as it was, had died.

Ten days later, Rebus received an

invitation from Professor Gates to meet him at his office. The view from Gates' windows was of McEwan Hall and Teviot Row. Rebus, whose own meagre view from the CID suite at St Leonard's was of the cop-shop car park, gazed out at another perfect late-spring day as he waited for Gates.

The pathologist bustled in with a grunt of apology and set his weight down on an antiquated swivel-chair, motioning for Rebus to be seated, too.

'I'm just grateful you lot haven't been keeping me too busy,' Gates said. 'Given me a chance to do some detective work of my own.'

'Oh?'

Gates searched in his drawers for a folder, drew it out and slapped it onto the desk. He tapped it as he spoke. 'Poison and students, John. Students with a knowledge of poisons.'

'Medical students?'

Gates nodded. 'There were some great men in the medical faculty. Lister, Bell and the rest. It was a time for experiments and research, great finds. Mind, they weren't always successful. The first guinea-pigs to try laughing-gas... there were near-fatalities.' He stared at Rebus.

'Accidental poisoning?'

'Think for a moment. A group of students, doing their own work or just playing silly beggars. Testing cocktails of drugs. It happened then as now.'

'What's in the folder?'

Gates smiled at Rebus's impatience. 'Let's say one of their number dies, or seems to be dead. Maybe they can't find a pulse. They see their whole careers crumbling, even before they've begun. So what do they do?'

'Hide the body,' Rebus stated.

'Precisely.'

'But what about the acid?' Rebus asked.

Gates opened the folder, slid out photocopies: old faculty records. 'I was glad Miss Gilfillan came up with that news cutting. It narrowed my search. In 1877, there were a dozen students training with particular emphasis on pathology. One of them was called John Candless. This is the faculty roll for 1877.' He pushed the sheet towards Rebus. 'Three years later, the students

graduated. But Candless wasn't amongst them.' This second sheet he now pushed towards Rebus, who was nodding agreement.

'No one,' the pathologist went on, 'seems to know what happened to Candless. I've found what records I can, and it seems he just vanished into thin air as far as the university was concerned.'

'Our skeleton?'

'Possibly.'

Rebus studied the sheets. 'We'll never prove it.'

'No. But let's take the game a little further.'

Rebus sat back in his chair. There was excitement in Gates' eyes.

'Another medical student,' Gates continued. 'He set up as a consulting pathologist around 1877. By 1880, he was far from his *alma mater*, working on a whaling ship.' He leaned forward in his chair. 'The writing on the wall, John. That capital I, fainter than the other letters.' He pushed the photograph towards Rebus. 'What if it's not an I? What if it was meant to be the downstroke for the D, only the author didn't think it was deep enough, so tried again?'

Rebus blinked. 'ACD?' He looked again at the graduation list. 'Doyle, A C.' His finger tapped the name.

Gates was nodding, leaning back now, hands together as if in prayer.

'He covered up the mishap, hid the body, then returned to give it more of a burial. Guilty conscience perhaps. Maybe he had his own way of dealing with that dark secret in later life. Maybe it never left him....'

Rebus saw at last. The sheet fell from his hand. 'ACD,' he said. 'Arthur Conan Doyle.'

Gates applauded silently. 'Elementary, isn't it?' he said with the merest ghost of a smile.

© IAN RANKIN 1998

Ian Rankin graduated MA from the University of Edinburgh in 1982. His first Rebus novel, *Knots & Crosses*, was published in 1987. Ian Rankin is a past winner of the prestigious Chandler-Fulbright Award, as well as two Crime Writers Association short story 'Daggers' and the 1997 CWA Macallan Gold Dagger for Fiction.



text ALLAN LITTLE

illustration FIONA STEWART



What goes around comes around

Eighteen months ago, reporting for the BBC from Zaire on the collapse of the Mobutu regime, Allan Little wrote a diary describing the atmosphere in Kinshasa during the crucial final days. Now, those who helped to bring Laurent Kabila to power in the Democratic Republic of Congo are rising against him. Rebellion may be closing in on the capital once more, this time threatening to draw neighbouring countries into the conflict. The diary is both a reminder and a fore-warning of events all too familiar in African politics.

Wed 14 May 1997

Rebellion enters the city first in disembodied form - it comes in the shape of hearsay, and rumour, and rising apprehension. It comes out of the dense, damp immensity of the rain forest in silent, menacing legion, and along the teeming tributaries of the great river by steamer and ferry boat and dug-out canoe. The rebel advance is out there, travelling the same silent hidden paths, and it is all the more menacing for being unseen and unheard, a stalking night-hunter closing on its prey by stealth. We know the rebels are coming to take the city, and we know that when they descend it will be decisive and immediate, but we don't know how far they are, or how imminent their strike. We wait in the highly charged city, gripped by rumour and feverish counter rumour, and we try to separate fact from fancy, legitimate, balanced concern from mounting paranoia.

Thursday 15 May

At 1230 we hear from two sources simultaneously that the army has been routed and is in retreat from Nsele towards the airport. Nsele is only 30 to 40 miles from town. The airport road is crazy now, swarming with pumped up Zairean troops, heading into town.

Shops and offices are closing early. The people want to get home as quickly as they can. They are afraid of the rebel advance, it's true. But they are

much more afraid of what their own troops will do when the end draws near. The army hasn't been paid properly in months. It is their habit to ransack the city, to embark on a frenzy of looting and pillaging in which anyone who gets in the way risks being mown down in a volley of machine gun fire. It happened in Goma, in Kisangani, in Lubumbashi. Today I wrote in my diary:

There will be an attack and a pillage. It could be tonight. When the news from Nsele reaches here it will set the city on edge. It is the end for the Zairean army, the last defensive position has gone, collapsed. The airport is next, then the city.

I am convinced we are now living the last twenty four hours of the Mobutu regime. The only way we can avoid a bloodbath here is a military coup. The generals must tell him that they are not able to defend the city and that some kind of surrender must be negotiated. The radical opposition are going into hiding, convinced that there is a hit list of people to be murdered before the end comes. There is a new rumour abroad and it is bizarre and chilling - that the end will not come until a certain cremation has been carried out. No-one knows what it means. But rumour is the currency here and it's out of control.

Friday 16 May

Mobutu has left for Gbadolite, his home village in the jungle in northern Zaire, he and his entourage sneaking out of the city unannounced at the crack of dawn. It's over. He won't be back. Our sources tell us in confidence that the generals went to him last night and told him they could not defend the city and that the only obstacle to a peaceful transition to rebel control was his continued presence here.

But now the hiatus. The dictator's departure has left a dangerous power vacuum.

But there is hope. General Mahele, the army chief of staff, summons the BBC to his office. His staff brief us. "The General's view is that he cannot contemplate sacrificing an entire city for the future of one man. Those days are over." It is his way of signalling that he is prepared to do a deal with Kabila's men. Rumour is rife that since the rebels got to within mobile phone range of the city, there have been clandestine channels of communication between them and General Mahele's people. It is an act of extraordinary courage.

News from the airport as night falls. Defensive positions there have collapsed. The army - both the rank and file and the presidential guard - have abandoned their positions and are heading into the city.



What goes around comes around

Saturday 17 May

My friend and BBC colleague George Alagiah wakes me with a phone call at three in the morning, and his news chills me to the marrow. General Mahele has been assassinated by hard-line Mobutu loyalists. The regime has turned in on itself, fragmenting in its dying hours. I am instantly awake and shivering. I feel the familiar unwelcome knot in my stomach and that cold, pulse quickening chill spread from my feet through my legs, stomach and chest. My throat tightens. General Mahele was our hope of a peaceful handover. He was the man who risked his life to open a channel of communication with the rebels and who, it seems, has paid the last price.

The streets are ringing with small arms fire - single resounding shots echoing through the empty city, and the deep dug-a-dug-a-dug of heavy machine gun fire, rolling across the roof tops through the still heavy night air. From the Intercontinental Hotel, which sits on the south bank of the river, a group of print journalists report that Congolese Mobutu has arrived to organise his own escape and those of his entourage. The manager is wisely assisting by finding small boats to ferry them to Brazzaville in neighbouring Congo. The rebel alliance has audaciously block booked three floors of the Intercon - not only do they know

they're coming - they know when they will be here.

One rumour stands up. The delphic reference - earlier in the week - to cremation. In his last hours in the city, President Mobutu had the remains of an old friend disinterred from their grave at Camp Tshatshi, and cremated, so that he could take them into exile with him. They were the remains of the late president of Rwanda, Juvenal Habyarimana, who was assassinated on April 6 1994. His death immediately triggered the genocide in which up to a million Tutsis and moderate Hutus were murdered. The genocidal regime lost the war and fled to eastern Zaire, and the protection of Mobutu Sese Seko. It has come full circle. The shock waves from that assassination have at last toppled another great African tyranny.

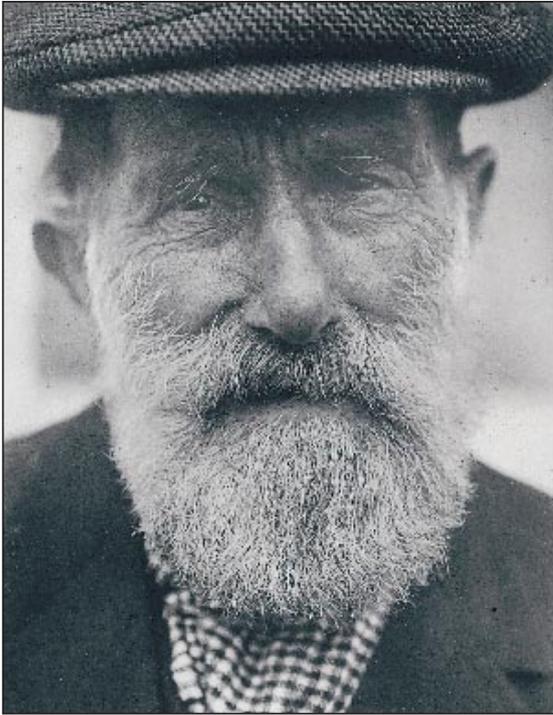
Sunday 18 May

The long march from the east is over, and the war is won. Today I walked with the rebels to the corrupt centre of the Mobutu empire. A single-file column of exhausted men - earnest and disciplined - snaked its way up the hill to Camp Tshatshi. They had come from Kalemie, far away on the shores of Lake Tanganyika and they have progressed through the heart of this huge country at the pace at which a man can march. They scarcely fired a shot. The dereliction to which Mobutu's regime has reduced the country has finally worked to its benefit - the army was rotten to the core, and could not put up a fight. Kinshasa was spared the bloodbath it feared. This was not a war. It was a people's uprising. From the impenetrable vastness of the rain forest, and along the tributaries of the river, hope has marched into this city on bare feet and weary legs.

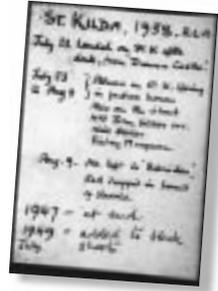
And now there is retribution. In a suburban street, seven members of the old secret intelligence service have been set upon by the mob and killed. Their bodies, piled together, have been doused with petrol and are burning. 'I and the public know what all school children learn. Those to whom evil is done, do evil in return.' While the reek of burning flesh filled the air the crowds sang songs of freedom and liberation through the smoke.



Allan Little graduated MA from the University of Edinburgh in 1982. He is currently BBC correspondent in Moscow.



1:



IN JULY 1935 Robert Atkinson and John Ainslie embarked on an ornithological quest for the rare Leach's Fork-tailed Petrel. Their 12 year journey took them from their base in Oxford to many of the remote and often deserted islands off the North West coast of Scotland. Robert Atkinson's photographic account of that journey is now in the archives of the University's School of Scottish Studies.

After dark on 23 July 1938, Robert Atkinson, unaccompanied on this occasion by John Ainslie, was landed on the island of St Kilda by the steamer Dunara Castle. He was greeted on the

ST KILDA, SUMMER 1938



2:

jetty by Neil Gillies and Finlay MacQueen, 'the oldest inhabitant', who together with Mrs John Gillies Snr, Neil's mother, had, as in every year since 1930 when the St Kildans were evacuated at their own request from the island, returned from the mainland for a few summer weeks. On 9 August, all four left the island on the steamer Hebrides.

In his account of the journey 'Island Going', he wrote of that morning: 'There was the same flat mazy calm and fresh dew-drenched dawn, opening to hot glare from a sky of unbroken lightest blue, hardly coloured. We carted all our gear down to the jetty and sat about. It was like waiting for a train.'

*published by Birlinn Ltd, 1995.



3:



4:



5:



6:

1: Finlay MacQueen. Aug 8 1938 2: Mrs Gillies scraping crotal. Carn Mor July 26 1938 (Crotal: a grey lichen used for dyeing wool)
 3: Finlay MacQueen and Neil Gillies with goods for sale. Aug 3 1938 4: Finlay MacQueen snaring puffins. Carn Mor July 26 1938
 5: Finlay MacQueen outside his house, No 2. Aug 9 1938 6: Interior of Factor's House. Living room and self-portrait. Aug 3 1938
 7: Cleit above village. Factor's House left, Manse beyond. Aug 1938 (Cleit: small drystone hut roofed with living turf, used for storing crops, hay or fuel) 8: St Kilda jetty. Aug 9 1938. Mrs Gillies, Neil Gillies and Finlay MacQueen waiting for the ship.



7:



8:

With thanks to Dr Margaret Mackay and Ian MacKenzie of the School of Scottish Studies for their help and kind permission to reproduce these photographs.

The merger of Moray House Institute of Education with the University will have benefits far beyond the enlarged institution.

now

we are

one

Professor Lindsay Paterson, in a personal view, looks ahead to the vitally important role the University can play in the new devolved Scotland.

The integration of Moray House Institute into the University as its Faculty of Education creates the largest University in Scotland. That alone would make it an event worth noting. But there are deeper reasons to mark the change - reasons to do with the impact it could have on the University, on Scottish education, and on Scottish culture.

To start with, though, what does Moray House bring? It adds some 1,500 undergraduates to the University's existing 13,000;

schools. It already takes large numbers of graduates from courses at the University onto its postgraduate certificates in secondary education, primary education and community education. It has undergraduate degrees which prepare students for primary teaching and for community education. There are degrees for teaching technological subjects and for teaching computing. And Moray House is the only place in Scotland that offers training to be

is available at other levels (for example, the University's highly rated postgraduate course in social work).

There is more overlap at taught postgraduate level: for example, work is in hand to integrate the two masters degrees in education. But Moray House is, again, distinctive because of the kinds of students it attracts, mainly professionals studying part-time.

The staff teaching these courses have a broad range of expertise in

from a variety of disabilities, community education, sport, leisure studies, and educational policy. Bringing this experience together with existing expertise in the University, the merger will allow some significant new areas of research to develop - for example, into further and higher education, into educational testing, and into computer-aided learning.

But if the merger were merely a matter of tacking on a few thousand students and a few

In Scotland, the major professions have always received most of their education in the universities... teaching has been the notable exception

1,600 postgraduates to the University's 4,000; and 350 staff to the University's 6,000. And it adds an annual budget of £17 million to the University's £230 million.

The spread of academic expertise largely complements the University's. Moray House's main educational role is the preparation of students for teaching in

a physical education teacher. There are also undergraduate degrees in sport science, leisure studies, teaching English to speakers of other languages, and social work. Most of this does not exist anywhere else in the University, and so all these courses are additions to what the University does, in some cases augmenting provision that already

education, sport, leisure studies, and associated topics. There are particular research strengths in school discipline and ethos, expert systems in education, pre-school and early primary education, educational philosophy, teachers' careers, gender and education, education for travelling people and for refugee children, special educational needs arising

hundred staff, then it would be of limited interest beyond the University's walls. There are five particular ways in which the merged institution can make an impact externally, each recovering aspects of Scottish educational traditions whose desuetude has weakened the quality of the Scottish educational system as a whole.



now we are one

The first is to place learning to teach at the heart of all learning. This was the traditional Scottish way of doing higher education. In the 19th century, and still quite commonly until the 1920s, it was taken for granted that learning to be a good physicist, say, would entail learning also to be good at communicating ideas about physics. That is one reason why such intellectually distinguished

generally. This topic has generated much controversy since the 1980s, but the imminence of the Scottish Parliament changes the whole context. It will be expected of international universities such as Edinburgh that they pay attention to what is going on around them; indeed, part of the political bargain that will allow Edinburgh to continue to be internationally eminent will be that the University

Whatever the merits of providing courses for young people straight from school - and there are many - the problem is that these people mostly disappear thereafter. The dialogue which a university can have with society is then attenuated. Dialogue is guaranteed when large proportions of course members are working in professional jobs, and living as established members of

out remotely from its users, but should be developed in dialogue with them. Upholding that moral principle is also, conveniently, in harmony with the requirements of the modern research councils.

In the new political situation which the Scottish Parliament will inaugurate from next May, one particular way in which research will be able to have an impact will be through talking to national policy makers - the fifth opportunity. The University has established the Governance of Scotland Forum, to encourage links between staff and the new Parliament. Moray House is in a good position to contribute to these links because of its range of expertise on educational policy. Its main campus (where the whole Faculty will be based in due course) also happens to be on the doorstep of the Parliament's eventual home, at the foot of the Canongate. Scotland has a long tradition of seeing education as underpinning democracy, a means to a common citizenship. So educational policy will not only be just another policy area for the Parliament. In the Scottish tradition, it could be said to be the most fundamental. One example of how the University can help to maintain links between education and democracy is the first in an annual series of conferences for school students of Modern Studies, to be held on 13 October: young people from all over Scotland will come to debate Scottish policy and to put questions to a panel of senior politicians.

None of these five beneficial outcomes of the merger is guaranteed to happen. But the enthusiasm of most staff for the merger ensures that some such impact is likely. The merger promises, then, to be a fitting response from the University to the radically new political and cultural journey on which Scotland with its own Parliament is about to embark.

Lindsay Paterson is Professor of Educational Policy Studies in the new Faculty of Education at the University of Edinburgh, and Vice-convenor of the University's Unit for the Study of Government in Scotland.

Scotland has a long tradition of seeing education as underpinning democracy, a means to a common citizenship

// **An educational institution contributes most to social development when it encourages its students to take the knowledge and skills they have acquired into the wider community**

graduates of the University as James Clerk Maxwell were effective at popularising scientific ideas: they wrote well, they took seriously a duty to talk to an audience beyond the specialist laboratory, and they engaged in debate about public affairs. It is also a reason why, in Scotland, the major professions have always received most of their education in the universities: doctors, lawyers, ministers and engineers have been part of the University for a long time. Teaching has been the notable exception.

The merger is an opportunity to recover the parts of these traditions that are relevant to modern concerns. Knowledge is tested in debate, and the best way of ensuring an effective contribution to debate is to learn something about how to teach. As a result of the merger, many students in a variety of faculties might soon have the opportunity to learn some elementary principles of pedagogy and educational philosophy through introductory classes in educational studies. Correspondingly, students taking undergraduate teaching degrees at Moray House will learn from the contact with subject specialists which attending such introductory classes could encourage.

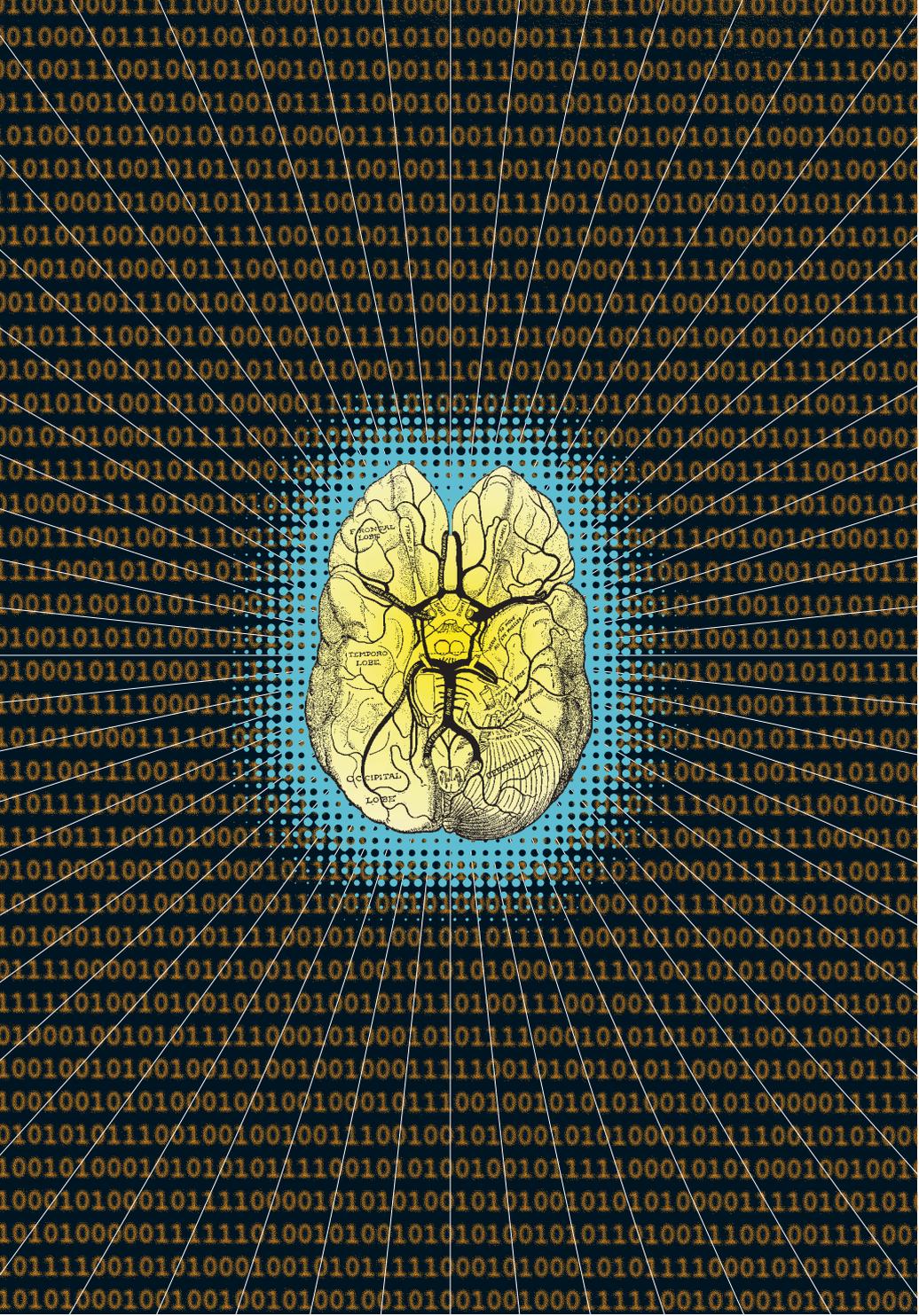
A consequence of this first point is the second: the merger allows the University to strengthen its links with Scottish education

returns to Scotland some of the cultural capital which it acquires through its international networks. The link with schools and community education which the merger offers will help this process. For example, it has been proposed that new postgraduate courses could be offered to school teachers to enable them to upgrade their specialist knowledge, say in science, information technology, language or cultural studies. That, too, is a return to an old Scottish tradition. It is a modern version of the recurrent contact which the parish school teacher had with the local university, a feature of Scottish school education in the 19th century which was probably an important reason why it gained then the reputation for academic excellence.

Bringing educators into the institution is the third opportunity which the merger offers to the University. Through its part-time postgraduate courses, Moray House already contributes significantly to developing a learning society. In Scottish historical terms, that is better known as the democratic intellect - the proposition that an educational institution contributes most to social development when it encourages its students to take the knowledge and skills they have acquired into the wider community.

communities. They tend to write their course essays on topics which concern them in their professional lives, they can undertake the research for their dissertation in order to contribute to the body of professional knowledge which they and their colleagues need, and they can retain links with their tutors and dissertation supervisors after they have graduated.

The University's contributions to society also happen in ways other than teaching. Making links between University expertise and educational practitioners can happen through the dissemination of research - the fourth opportunity. On the one hand, it allows Moray House research to benefit from the rigour and academic networks which the University offers. Because Moray House already has many well-established links to the educational system, that in turn also allows University researchers to talk more readily to policy makers and professionals. One immediate example of this is a conference for secondary headteachers which will take place in the University on 6 and 7 November (the first in a series), allowing them to debate issues about Scottish higher education. Such means of disseminating research was another aspect of the old idea of democratic intellectualism - that scholarship should not be carried



Talking Technology

Kristy Dorsey meets three new recruits to the University for whom conversing with computers is something to be shared with colleagues

Although January 1998 saw celebrations of the birthday of HAL, the famous fictional computer from the film '2001', we have yet to see such a computer. What we need, the futurists say, is a computer that can understand and take account of how people think and act, and can shape its own actions accordingly.

"When you look to biology, it has solved a lot of problems," says Michael Fourman. He heads up the Division of Informatics at the University of Edinburgh, where an array of academics in subjects ranging from psychology and human cognition to mathematics and computer engineering endeavour to make artificial systems that will interact naturally with people and society.

For those who are out of the loop, informatics sounds like one of those vaguely familiar terms that we might have possibly heard of. "Has it something to do with automation?" or "Is it a new sort of maths?" Well, yes and no.

Research into the field of informatics will yield some tangible gadgets that could become commonplace in your children's or grandchildren's homes. However, the bulk of the fruit to be born in this area will change the way we do things, rather than altering the things we do them with. Professor Fourman explains it in the context of setting a university exam timetable.

"It's like using evolution to solve all of the logistical problems such as making sure the exam room is large enough and making sure no student has more than one exam on any given day," he said. "We can solve this by evolving what are initially quite bad solutions and allowing them to mate. We kill off the bad solutions and allow the goods ones to procreate, and you do that through several generations until you've got a good timetable."

The idea of fornicating exam schedules may sound like the making of student nightmares, but to the administrators who undertake this daunting task each term, a computer programme that works through these problems on its own is a dream come true.

At home, the University of Edinburgh's Division of Informatics is probably one of the best-kept secrets around. This is notwithstanding the international reputation which various components within it have managed to build up over the years. It contains, for example, one of the oldest artificial intelligence (AI) programmes in the world. It also happens to be one of the few research groups outside the US to get support from the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, America's chief funder of AI research.

Settling in to a Chair of AI this term is Johanna Moore, a sprightly American who left



An array of academics endeavour to make artificial systems that will interact naturally with people and society.

her tenured post at the University of Pittsburgh to take up a job within the Division of Informatics. Like all of her new colleagues, she is an 'edge person'; that is, she works at the boundaries of overlapping disciplines. Despite the lure of better pay in the US - either in academia or in the private sector for the likes of Bell Labs' Lucent Technologies - she chose to come to Scotland.

As you would expect, the reasons for her decision are a mixture of personal and professional motivations. After all, there are few people who would uproot to another continent on a whim. But while loathe to speak ill of her former employers, she admits the environment for edge people such as herself is better at the University's Informatics Division, where the boundaries between the sciences are intentionally being blurred.

"When I think about (the University of Pittsburgh) trying to change in the way that Edinburgh is trying to change, it would never happen," Professor Moore said. "I know many people who do a great deal of interdisciplinary work in a lot of places in the US who are very frustrated. There are a few places that are quite good, but that doesn't trickle down to the rest of US academia.

"I can knock on every door here and people will know interesting things about



language. Edinburgh has one of the best - some would argue the best - group of people in the world working in natural language processing. That was very important to me, to come to a place with a thriving language department."

Recent reviews which assigned "excellent" ratings to what was previously known as the Informatics Planning Unit led to increased funding for re-organisation into a division centred around solving particular problems, rather than the traditional structure of cordoning people off by academic discipline. It also allowed Professor Moore and two other new recruits - Professors Bonnie Webber and Mark Steedman of the University of Pennsylvania - to be drafted in what some have described as a reverse brain drain.

Re-organisation has been one of the keys to this coup. Professor Moore, who also heads up the Human Communication Research Centre, believes tearing down artificial walls will greatly benefit work in one of the areas she is most interested in, intelligent tutoring.

The central notion to this is that everyone responds best to one-to-one teaching. Since there are not enough teachers to go around, what we need is a computer to fill that role. The problem lies in putting together a programme that responds to individuals and prods students into thinking through problems for themselves, rather than just spitting out canned answers of the 'correct' or 'incorrect' variety. In short, the computer needs to interact with humans in a human sort of way.

To do this, it needs to understand language and the way people use it. The computer must be able to interpret, rather than taking everything at its literal and logical face value. To create such a programme, the designers need an in-depth understanding of how humans communicate and what thought processes are taking place behind the spoken words. The input of cognitive linguists and psychologists is essential.

Professor Webber, who has taken a Chair of Intelligent Systems admits it is often difficult to explain to people exactly what it is that she does. She recalls a conversation she had some years ago with her accountant. "He said, 'What is it that you're working on that is going to affect my life ten years from now?' I told him I would call him back."

One of the things she is interested in which could affect anyone's life - although few of us would ever realise it - is the application of artificial intelligence in medicine. Professor Webber would like to see the creation of a programme that analyses specific situations and gives consistent medical advice, particularly in the hectic atmosphere of an emergency room. Many of the obstacles here are similar to those presented by the challenge of creating an intelligent tutor, in that you need to span the bridge between human language and computers, and the machine needs to work towards multiple goals simultaneously.

"The computer can be used to make consistent decisions about the application of medical care," Professor

Research into the field of informatics will yield some tangible gadgets that could become commonplace in your children's or grandchildren's homes.

Webber said. "But this would be done in a way without the machine interrupting. It would just give you the information you need, but the results would be much more informative."

For Professor Steedman, his new post as a Chair of Cognitive Science is something of a homecoming. He was part of the original team that more than 10 years ago set up the University's first cognitive science programme, the forerunner to today's Division of Informatics.

The Watford native got his Masters Degree from Edinburgh in 1968 and, after periods at Sussex, Warwick and then again at Edinburgh, he left to go to Philadelphia in 1988. He continued "broadening his horizons" at the University of Pennsylvania - where they had a strong team of people working in informatics - and he returns now for similar reasons.

"While Edinburgh has always had a very strong presence in this field, they're doing some exciting things with this re-organisation and increased funding that made me think this was a good place

for me to be," Professor Steedman said. Having studied syntax and intonation for the past several years, much of his work will be focused on improving speech recognition and synthesised speech from computers.

"One of the reasons synthesised speech sounds so bad is because the intonation is wrong," Professor Steedman said. "If you get the intonation right, it will still sound like a machine, but at least it will sound like a machine that knows what it is talking about."

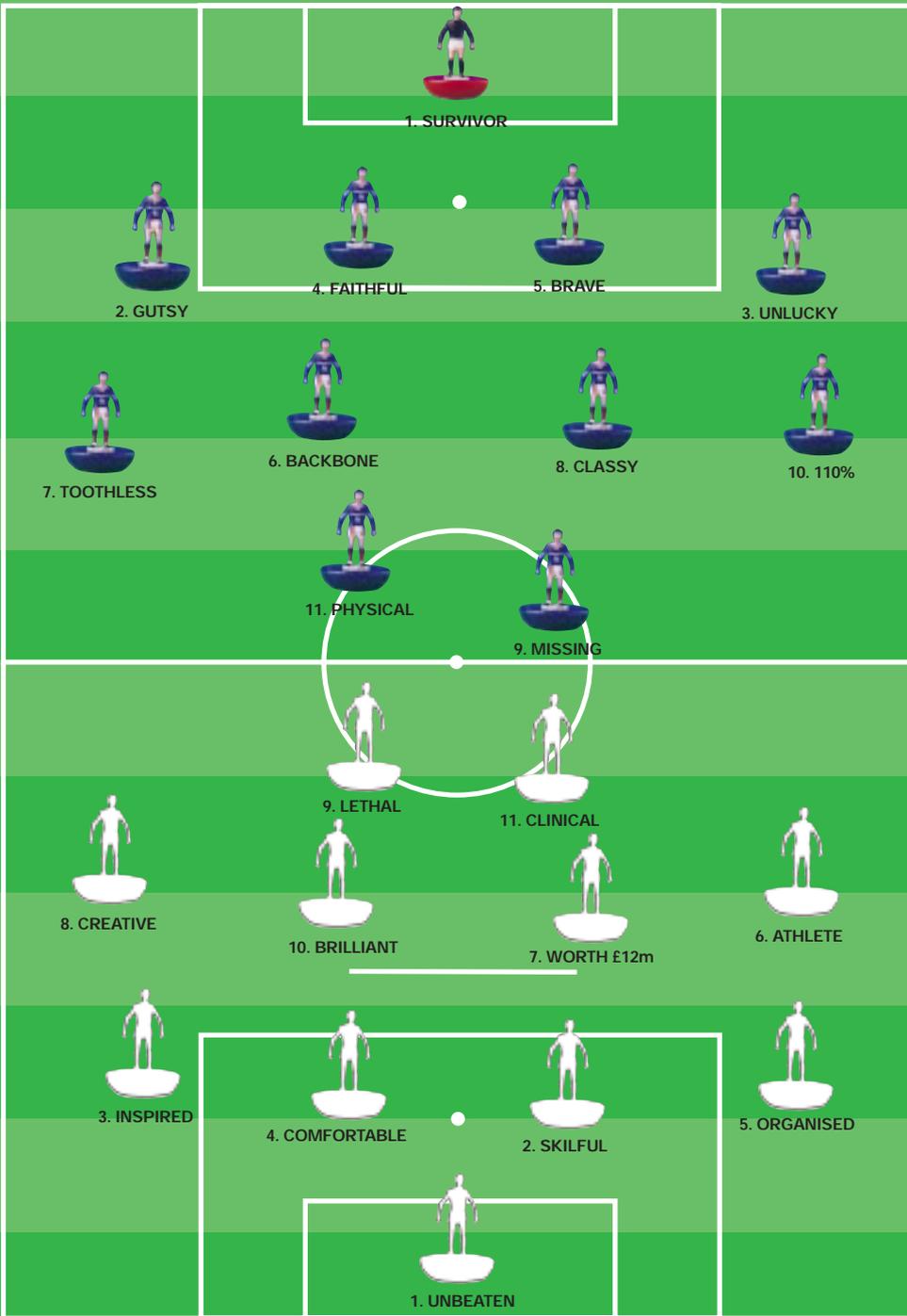
"At the moment, most speech recognition throws away the intonation. That actually makes the task of translating speech into text, which is already quite difficult, even harder."

Professor Moore reckons without the previous work of Mark Steedman and his peers, she wouldn't be at the University today because the Division of Informatics would not exist as an interdisciplinary environment. Now with a hand in the re-organisation, part of her job and that of the other new recruits will be to take that integration one step further.

"We don't want to break the world up into divisions where people worry only about AI, or cognitive sciences or natural languages," she said. "What we are trying to do is get more interaction among different people, because we think new things will happen that way."

"Whatever we do will encourage some research projects, and it won't help some others. But people will be free to move around as research needs change."

Kristy Dorsey is a freelance journalist.



On a wing & a prayer



UNIVERSITY CHAPLAIN AND MEMBER OF THE TARTAN ARMY, IAIN WHYTE, LIKE HIS FELLOW FOOTSOLDIERS, JUST CAN'T BREAK FAITH WITH THE SCOTLAND TEAM.

“Un pasteur d’Université au Mondial?” said Laurence incredulously. It was the morning of 10 June, six hours before Scotland’s opener against the mighty Brazil, and we were standing under the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Laurence is a reporter for Radio France and her interview with me must have produced the worst piece of Franglais since the Auld Alliance began - I could see in my mind’s eye countless French motorists desperately trying to find another channel on their radios.

Laurence was even more surprised to discover that my bearded and kilted companion was minister of a prominent Edinburgh Church. Her questions about my own lack of kilt and what kind of a man was Craig Brown began to be drowned out by a cacophony of sound that would not have disgraced the old Hampden Park. The Tartan Army had arrived and were striking camp.

With each minute new divisions were arriving through the Champ de Mars, in full song and often led by a piper. Row upon row of tartan, hundreds of Lion Rampants and St. Andrew crosses and scores of ginger ‘See you, Jimmy’ wigs filled the space between the four giant pillars of the most famous landmark in Paris. What its 19th century engineer would have made of it is anyone’s guess, but I was reminded of the cryptic words of that scourge of Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, when surveying his troops, “I don’t know

what effect these men will have upon the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me.”

But this time the troops brought goodwill and peaceful celebration. One wee woman from Glasgow turned to me in the queue for coffee and said, “This is great, son (sic)! I came here for my holiday and I never expected this!” She was anxious to have a cup of tea, since watching the spectacle was thirsty work and I advised her that ordering it with a Belfast accent would secure the right brew. I bought her a cup and turned round to receive a good luck message from a nun from Dublin who had charge of a party of convent schoolgirls and assured us that, in the absence of St. Jack Charlton’s lads at this World Cup, they were all solidly behind Scotland.

If there were Scots in every corner of Paris that week, some were more obvious than others. What I took to be a neatly dressed French businessman sipping an aperitif in a bar at the Gare du Nord turned out to be an old friend - Douglas Alexander Snr, father of the former University Rector’s Assessor who is now MP for Paisley South. He, like so many,

the ground minutes after I had spoken to someone I normally see in the Adam Ferguson Building. She had brought her family to seats that gave little change from a three figure note.

The prices charged by FIFA were steep. “They’re no feart the coos get them,” would have been the comment of my late mother-in-law. Suspicious colleagues in the University have quizzed me about whether divine influence provided me with a ticket. Not so. For once, the Scottish Football Association gave priority to loyal fans in the allocation of the rare entry permits and this was my reward for travelling to Belarus last June.

We used to imagine that well regulated groups of tourists were a speciality of South East Asia. No longer. Brazil’s football fans can outpace them by far. The massed ranks of canary coloured strips at the Eiffel Tower were as much a match for the Scots as their counterparts on the pitch in moving together and linking up with panache and style. There were samba groups, massive flags held by 30 or 40 people (no group from the Tartan Army were that organised) and, like the old

For Scotland fans the script is always that of hope deferred and then dashed.

had been let down by a travel agency and, ticketless, had just decided to make the journey. Others were better equipped. The Vice President of Edinburgh University Students Association hailed me from a pub near

school crocodile lines, there were miles and miles of fans two abreast striding to the stadium with plastic name tags and passport photos on their chests. You could stand for half an hour at a time shaking hands with each one as they passed - “olá



What is it that drives intelligent and rational people to travel to see Scotland play in an all too predictable exercise in masochism?

Carlos, olá Carla" - and we did!

There was an incredible atmosphere of friendship and I saw no example of sourness between the different fans. Crowd segregation was irrelevant and the swopping of emblems, drinking and dancing together was unaffected by the result of the match. It sounds too good

Suspicious colleagues in the University have quizzed me about whether divine influence provided me with a ticket. Not so.

to be true, but it wasn't. And this infectious spirit was caught by other groups anxious to be in on the biggest party in the world. The Mexicans were keen to be photographed with everyone else and they perhaps won the prize for the most classy flag. For one who has supported sanctions for decades, it was an unusual but delightful experience to wish black and white supporters of the 'Bafana Bafana' from South Africa good luck for their Group. And even cross-dressing took on a new meaning. I photographed a trio wearing ginger wigs and Nigeria strips. "Are you from Nigeria?" I asked. Stupid question. In broad Glaswegian and with equally broad grins they chorused "Aye, we're all Nigerians!"

What of the game itself? The magnificence of the Stade de France made it seem a bit unreal. Two soft goals conceded by Scotland was an all too familiar experience. But the emotional wringer took another twist when John Collins stepped up to the penalty spot. I only dared watch through the viewfinder of my camera. The woman behind me was in floods of tears (joy, relief, or disbelief?) when it was 1-1 and I tried my best pastoral technique in assuring her that it was, for the moment, time to celebrate. But not for long.

Once again we had the bitter sweet

medicine of a glorious defeat. Hearts went out to captain Colin Hendry and to the luckless Tom Boyd as the Tartan Army marched back to the city to celebrate. Yes, celebrate!! We found a quiet bistro where stood a middle-aged Brazilian couple who insisted on buying us beers with the genuine air of com-

forters. They were on their way home after a European holiday and, interestingly, were the only ones of their countryfolk who expressed doubt that the golden trophy would be on its way to Rio in a month's time.

For Scotland fans the script is always that of hope deferred and then dashed. Qualifying for eight World Cup Finals is a better record than Holland holds, but there the similarity ends. Eight times we have failed to make the second round, a feat unparalleled by any other finalists. Even if now we are more realistic than the madness of 'Ally's Army' in '78 we still harbour thoughts above our station.

Scots punters must be the best mathematicians in the world. Everyone always knows all the permutations before each final game - "If A beats B by two goals and we get a score draw with C then we're through" is a familiar chatline inside the ground. But, of course, it never happens. We went out on goal averages in '74, '78 and '82, but mostly we just go out because the other teams get results and we don't. This time, it took a good North African team to bury our hopes comprehensively. But, true to the spirit of this World Cup, the defeated Scots fans turned to console their devastated Moroccan friends when they, in turn, learned that

Norway had ousted them by an incredible defeat of Brazil in injury time.

With the exit of the team once again we could only cherish some of the great moments of the later rounds. Who can forget Denis Bergkamp's last-minute winner against Argentina, for my money the outstanding goal of the tournament? Nigeria's power and talent failed to deliver, but new boys Croatia did so in style and Suker won the Golden Boot. The Laudrup's Denmark were desperately unlucky. England were probably victims of their own overconfidence, but France were not. Despite the tragedy of Ronaldo and the embarrassing sight of seeing old lions humiliated (a fate Brazil shared with Germany), it was heroes such as Zidane and Thuram who managed to unite the host nation and counter, for the time being, the racist propaganda that has been such an ugly feature in its political and public life. And that can't be bad.

What is it that drives intelligent and rational people to travel to see Scotland play in an all too predictable exercise in masochism? I asked myself that question last year on the Minsk/Warsaw night train as we left Belarus. And I asked it again on the Eurostar when some of the footsoldiers were planning their return to France the next week. I have no answer. But I'm already looking for an excuse to go to Sarajevo or Tallinn in the closing stages of the qualifiers for Euro 2000.

Perhaps the last word should go to a bemused citizen of Bordeaux after the Norway game. "You Scots," he said, "you party when you lose, you party when you draw, what in the world do you do when you win?" One day, we (and he) might just find out. And that's real faith.

The Reverend Iain Whyte is Chaplain to the University

When The Cock Crowed

A Meal To Remember by Bill Fyfe Hendrie



The first of many school ship cruises, on which I accompanied pupils after I graduated from Edinburgh and survived my teacher training year at Moray House College of Education, took place in 1964. This was three years after British India Steam Navigation Co. Ltd. had launched the idea of their floating co-educational boarding schools, which contributed so much to education in the 60s, 70s and early 80s, until scuppered by the Falklands War when the last school ship, SS Uganda, was taken over by the government as a hospital and later a troop ship.

On that first cruise we sailed from Tilbury aboard Dunera and next morning I was awakened half way across the North Sea, not by the sound of seagulls as I might have expected, but by a cock crowing.

Mystified, as a very young party leader, as teachers were described, I decided I must have been mistaken and that it was best to say nothing. But next morning the cock crowed

again and, when my Indian steward brought my early morning tea, I plucked up courage to ask if I was hearing things.

It was then that I learned about Ramadan and that the young cockerels were no figment of my imagination but were indeed on board, in cages just astern of my cabin awaiting ceremonial slaughter to become part of the feast which would be served in the crew's quarters to mark the end of the month of dawn to dusk fasting.

Sadly, few of my teaching colleagues appeared to bother finding out about the Indian crew who were such a feature of the service aboard all four school ships, Dunera, Devonia, Nevasa and Uganda. But for me, my interest paid off, because on the second last night of the cruise, my steward invited me to come to the Asian crew's deck to share in the feast.

At the time, I did not appreciate the honour conferred on me. When I arrived, however, I discovered that I was the only passenger, and along with the captain and his

senior officers the only Europeans in the crew's totally Asian area of the ship, which was decorated with garlands and strings of fairy lights. As on all British India and later P&O ships, when they were incorporated into that shipping line, the Lascar crew did all their own cooking and the banquet of Indian delicacies, including the chicken curry to which the cockerels had contributed, was more delicious than any of the six and seven course dinners served nightly in the ship's dining saloon.

Although I sailed on more than a dozen more school cruises from North Cape in Norway to North Africa, I was never again lucky enough to be invited below decks to the crew's quarters, and I learned later that British India strongly disapproved of any such visits. But, looking back, I'll never forget the cock which crowed or the feast which marked the end of Ramadan all those years ago aboard Dunera.

Bill Fyfe Hendrie, MA 1962
Torphichen, West Lothian



LETTERS

Readers' letters are welcome and should be addressed to the Editor. Here is a selection of the responses to Issue 14.

The Edit Prize Letter

BACK TO THE FUTURE

I PARTICULARLY ENJOYED OFFICERS AND Gentlemen in the latest issue of Edit, and its account of the true further adventures of Bonnie Dundee's men.

About a year ago I came across W. E. Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, which I bought as it was peripheral to my researches on a book I have just finished co-writing with American author, C. Bruce Hunter. Aytoun's poem The Island of the Scots romanticizes Dundee's officers' last battle in true Victorian fashion.

The book I was researching deals with the strange secret history of the Knights Templar in Scotland, and especially the Lothian area, from their introduction by David I in 1128, through their involvement at Bannockburn, to their eventual influence on Freemasonry. A covert survival of Templars in Scotland - long after their official dissolution by the Pope in 1312 - seems to have been supported by a network of Scots noble families.

It was interesting to note, for example, that the preferred leader of Dundee's men in France was the Earl of Dunfermline, Alexander Seton, a family rich with Templar connections. Viscount Dundee himself was allegedly found after his death at Killiecrankie to be wearing Templar emblems. Aytoun's book of poems was dedicated to Alexander Montgomerie, Earl of Eglintoun, a family closely connected to the Setons.

What seems to have happened is that the Templar legacy in Scotland - and in particular a tradition that they appeared at the head of a reserve division at a crucial stage at Bannockburn, winning the day for the Scots - became bound up with the powerful Bruce/Wallace myths which have such a strong grip on the Scottish imagination even to this day. In Jacobite times, this legacy informed the actions of key members of the aristocracy such as Dunfermline. The same 18th century political upheavals gave birth to a Freemasonic movement which has a strong Scottish, and Templarist, accent in its mysterious traditions.

What does all this tell us? Perhaps only that there is much still to be discovered about Scottish history. When I was at Edinburgh I had to spend a lot of my time up to my elbows in dull law books; but I hope that, with Scotland's new Parliament just around the corner, students from all faculties have as much access as possible to learning about Scottish history. Who was it that said a nation with no past has no future?

Andrew C. Ferguson LLB 1984, DipLP 1985
Glenrothes, Fife

TIDY MINDS

JAMES ROBERTSON'S interesting article (Edit, Issue 14), prompted by a passage from W.E. Aytoun's The Island of the Scots, sent me to look up Aytoun and his four immediate successors in the Regius Chair of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres (later English Literature) down to my own time at University.

All five are noticed in Chambers Biographical Dictionary, and I was intrigued to discover that not only did they cover among them precisely a century (1845-1945) but their individual terms of office fell into exactly completed decades within that period. They were: W.E. Aytoun 1845-65
David Masson 1865-95
George Saintsbury 1895-1915
Herbert Grierson 1915-35
J. Dover Wilson 1935-45
Surely this must be a unique coincidence?

Professor Emeritus Henry M. Knox,
MA 1938, Edinburgh

DID YOU HEAR OF McTEAR?

I AM WRITING to ask the assistance of your readers in my search for information about Rev Dr James McTear, a Scotsman who practised as a physician on the Caribbean island of Tobago between 1825 and 1830. I am completing a book on Tobago entitled The Evolution of Society in Tobago, 1838-1938, which includes a chapter on the slavery period. I also intend to publish an essay on the importance of McTear's journals, mentioned below.

The information I have on Rev McTear is as follows. He was born at Caledonia in Scotland; qualified as a medical doctor c. 1825 and left for Tobago, where he remained from 1825 to 1830, working as a physician on 39 plantations. He wrote two Journals - 'Journal of a Voyage to and Residence in the

Island of Tobago, 1825-1826' (1826) and 'Journal of a Voyage to and Residence in the Island of Tobago, from the Year 1825 till the Year 1830, with Observations on the Slaves in the British Colonies' (1831). These are lodged in the Library of Congress, Washington DC, USA. The 1831 Journal was addressed to Messrs A.G. Hunter and Co., Buchanan Street, Glasgow. He became a minister of religion some time after leaving Tobago.

Any assistance received would be gratefully acknowledged in my work. Thank you in advance for your help.

Dr Susan E. Craig-James, MA 1970
Trinidad and Tobago, West Indies

(Ed.: Please send any information you may have to the Editor, Edit, who will forward it to Dr Craig-James.)

THAT'S BETTER!

I am writing to congratulate you on the latest issue of Edit. For me you have at last got it right with little snippets of information followed by longer articles of general interest. And I could read it all! Thank goodness you have given up the arty approach of overlays, underlays and type in an unreadable colour.

Elizabeth Talbot Rice, London

Write to Edit; win a prize

EDIT WANTS to hear your views on the issues raised by contributors. The writer of the most distinctive letter to the next issue will win a prize for their efforts.

All letters are welcome and should be addressed to Anne McKelvie, Editor, Edit, Communications & Public Affairs, The University of Edinburgh Centre, 7-11 Nicolson Street, Edinburgh EH8 9BE.

Email: A.McKelvie@ed.ac.uk

Close Quotes

In the first of an end-of-millennium series, Professor KATH MELIA looks at the prospects for the nursing profession



Towards the end of centuries and even more towards the end of a millennium societies tend to become preoccupied with change and possibilities for the future. Nursing began its Project 2000 - the move of the traditional hospital-based Colleges of Nursing into the higher education sector - in the early 1980s. In 1986, the Project 2000 Report delivered a claim for a new practice. It created a new education programme for nursing with the aim of producing practitioners who could do work in either hospital or community settings.

However, more important perhaps for nursing in the 21st century, are the changes that have come about in the last two decades of this century. These are familiar to us all and can be summed up as the demographic, epidemiological, political, economic and technological changes that have presented themselves with some force as we draw to the close of this century. The NHS underwent great organisational changes in the 1980s. New managerialism, Working for Patients, and the NHS and the Community Care Act 1991 brought the internal market into health care. The Labour government has outlined further changes in the health care system, putting an emphasis on partnership and continuity of care between hospital and community. Devolution may offer real change for the Scottish health care system.

The role of nursing in the health care system of the 21st century is likely to be much the same, insofar as seeing patients through experiences of altered health state to some resolution or accommodation will still be a major feature of the work of the main carer, whether or not this person is still called a nurse. It is the context, social

and geographical, which is likely to differ.

It is crucial that we educate nurses who can plan and effect care in a changing social context, and with an ageing population. The shift in emphasis in health care provision to the community is likely to produce a nursing profession in which a more generalised idea of care and nursing practice is more important than specialisation. The education process will have to yield nurses with analytic skills and a capacity to adapt; the graduate nurse with a firm grounding in the ways of community care will be in the lead in this scenario.

When Edinburgh's Department of Nursing started out in 1956 there was a clear job to do, namely, to establish academic nursing. Now, with Project 2000 launched and the outcome yet to be declared, the established departments need to look to the second phase of the enterprise - to work out where the next cutting edge is and to start to have a clearer picture of what the graduate nurse should be about. The 1956 model had new ground to plough - that ground is now littered with degree and diploma courses. If an all graduate nursing profession is still on the agenda in 2006, it will have to be on a much smaller scale and with a clearer view of the place of the graduate in the evidence-based community dominant, primary care led, consumerist scenario of the future.

The current approach to education in nursing seems to be producing the same kind of hierarchy of academic and professional qualifications that we were trying to get away from through Project 2000. There is a danger of producing a catch-up climate in which no-one is ever satisfied with the credentials that they have because some brighter, newer, shinier model has just appeared on the horizon. A more

collegial approach might be preferable, with a skill mix which allows nurses with different backgrounds and qualifications to work together in multi-skilled teams to effect patient care.

Changes in nursing practice and its organisation are often discussed in the context of the roles of other health care professionals, with teamwork and role blurring being high on the agenda. Nursing should not be duped by talk of role expansion and extension if it means cheap doctoring. If the medical profession is in need of assistants, let it find and train them without mounting border raids on nursing.

Any 21st century shift in emphasis to the community should allow nursing to exploit what it already knows, for while some of the challenges of the closing decades of this century are new, many have been seen before. For example, HIV/AIDS resulted in a moral panic which was arguably new, but nursing's responses were similar to those made to earlier infectious diseases, such as TB, syphilis and plague.

We are indeed coming full circle, for hospitals were not always regarded as safe places to be in. It has been said that it was not until well into the 19th century that hospital patients could be reasonably certain of dying from the diseases with which they were admitted.

As Florence Nightingale wrote to Henry Bonham Carter in 1867,

'My view, you know, is that the ultimate destination of all nursing is the nursing of the sick in their own homes...I look to the abolition of all hospitals and workhouse infirmaries. But no use to talk about the year 2000.'

Kath Melia is Professor of Nursing Studies at the University of Edinburgh