

Dr Gail M Addis, M.B., Ch.B., M.R.C.G.P., D.C.H.,
D.R.C.O.G., D.F.F.P.

I graduated in 1979, and then worked in Paediatrics, General Medicine, Respiratory Medicine and Geriatrics before entering General Practice in 1986. I've recently changed practices to work 7 sessions per week in General Practice, doing weekly sessions elsewhere in Family Planning/Reproductive Health and Diabetes.

For 5 years I spent most of my waking hours studying and socialising in a strange 'village' populated by 200 or so of my peers. We wore flared jeans and desert boots or platform shoes, old fur coats or army surplus greatcoats. We drove old beetles, minis and Ford escorts. Our hair started long and feathered, but became shorter and spikier, as we stopped listening to Led Zeppelin and started playing Blondie and the Police on our stereos instead.

We took part in University life, debating, discoing, climbing and other sports, especially Rugby. At one point most of the University's first 15 were from my year. We got involved in the Medico-Chirurgical Society, wrote for 'SURGO', ran our own Year Club, and put on Christmas pantomimes for Children's homes.

Many of our teachers stand out in my memory. I recall the enthusiastic and encouraging John Shaw-Dunn in Anatomy. The controversial G.T. Stewart trying to lecture on 'Human Ecology' through a snowstorm of paper aeroplanes. The charismatic Irish wit, and the bow ties of Gerry Crean, Gastroenterologist at the Southern General. Jake Davidson, who woke us up during the interminable Topic Teaching lectures by declaring that there should be a Chair in Radiology. 'Aye, a wheelchair' was the repost from the back of the hall. Sir Andrew Watt Kay's bright young surgical registrar Harry Burns, who taught me all about the latest drug, cimetidine, and now sends

me letters from the Scottish Executive.

Several of us came from Medical families, and had our fathers as teachers. Martin's Dad, Fred Stone in Child Psychiatry, Jeremy's Dad, Henry Tankel in Surgery, and mine, George Addis, in Materia Medica. (Now known as Clinical Pharmacology.)

Dad lectured on the drug treatment of Tuberculosis, and livened up his lecture with slides of pictures and quotes from famous people who had suffered and succumbed, such as F.Scott Fitzgerald, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Orwell, and R.L.Stevenson. There was also a famous, or infamous, medical person who died of gunshot at the OK Corral, but as Dad explained, Doc Holliday would never have ended up there if he hadn't been told to 'Go West' for the sake of his lungs. The next slide was a corral with full-size plastic horses and gunfighters, in whose midst was a figure in shorts, Stetson and a bright orange tee shirt. This appalling tourist was unmistakably our lecturer, and undeniably my father. I'm still living it down.