
AN APPRECIATION

Brian Macdougall

Brian Macdougall was born in Scotland in 1946 and brought up in Rhodesia. He qualified with honours from the University College of Rhodesia and a first class intercalated degree from the University of Birmingham. After house jobs in Salisbury and a brief spell of military service as medical officer, he came to England and made his home here. He trained at Warwick with Dr Stephen Whittaker as senior house officer and registrar in medicine, and then moved to the Liver Unit at King's College Hospital.

His love for patients dictated that he would be involved in clinical rather than laboratory problems where he published papers on liver transplantation and portal hypertension. He became senior registrar to the liver unit in 1979, and was the first physician to take up variceal injection and wrote his thesis on the subject of haemorrhage in liver disease.

He went to Brighton initially as senior registrar to Tony Trafford and Joanna Sheldon, then in 1983 as consultant gastroenterologist, organising the Spring Meeting of the British Society of Gastroenterology in Brighton in 1985. From the day of his appointment he set out to improve the lot

of patients with gastrointestinal haemorrhage. He established a one man rota, turning out at any time to endoscope and advise. Unit funds, enhanced from his own practice, paid for equipment and nurse training. The service for liver patients in Brighton was also transformed, with expert opinion for some, and long hours of counselling for others.

He showed great care and concern for others and his thoughtfulness brought him many friends and no enemies. When something very good happened he would raise a finger and celebrate with 'That was special.' He delighted in entertaining his friends to champagne and smoked salmon followed by his favourite Rhodesian barbecue.

He took the early failure of his first marriage very much to heart, and only remarried in 1987 after several years as a bachelor. Life with Jane bloomed, and only this year they bought a house in France, typically loaned with pleasure to all their friends. The suddenness and certainty of his last illness led to a month at home, beautifully cared for by Jane, when he still found time for a talk and a joke with friends before he died on 22 September 1990.

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