

## Alec Davies

Alexander Hugh Davies

Alec, Dad, Grumps, Doctor.

Dad was born in Cardiff on the 25<sup>th</sup> August 1933. He was an only child but made up for the lack of siblings with his many friends.

His parents were Hilda and Ivor.

At this time his father was the Curate of St Pauls Church in Aberavon, but soon after moved to become Vicar of Pencoed. Where he sadly passed away when Dad was only eighteen years old.

Dad started life in a vicarage and ended his life in a vicarage.

He went to Bryn Tyrion school in Bridgend and then to St Johns Leatherhead, where he had one inspirational teacher called Mr Clark who nurtured Dad through the sciences and encouraged him to follow his dream of studying Medicine, against the advice of the Headmaster (which made him even more determined).

At St Johns he made a life-long friend in Mike Sykes who recounts many amusing stories of their school days together, including serving sweets in the tuck shop with Field Marshal Montgomery, Chairman of the Governors. He enjoyed his school rugby and joked about being the Honorary Secretary of the photographic society. Hon Sec Phot Soc.

Trips home during school holidays provided many stories that Dad loved to recount and of course embellish. One of which was; His Father, The Vicar, being sent from the side of the rugby pitch for prodding an opposition forward with his umbrella for fowl play.

Dad succeeded in obtaining a place for 1<sup>st</sup> MB at the London Hospital in October 1951 and this was the start of a long and happy career in Medicine.

During his time at the London Dad shared a flat at 5 Sydney Place with life-long friends, some of whom are here today. This was a special time for this close group, but I'll let Keith and Anthony expand on this.

At the London, besides his medical studies, he was proud to be Secretary of the Hospital rugby Club

Whilst a student in London on a visit back to Bridgend, Dad met Mum at a dance at Christmas 1953 and it was an instant attraction.

During the next few years Dad studied in London and Mum was at University in Cardiff but their relationship blossomed.

May 1958 was a very special month. Dad qualified as a Doctor and days later on the 21<sup>st</sup> Mum and Dad were married in Bridgend. They have had a magical marriage which has lasted almost 60 years.

Following a short Honeymoon in St Ives and a house job at the London Hospital they moved to Bath where Dad had other house jobs at the RUH.

A favourite story of this time was when Eddie Cochran was admitted to the RHU after his car accident and Dad was the duty Dr and had to certify his death.

Around this time Mum and Dad would occasionally wander to the Rec to watch Bath play rugby and in Jan 1960 on such an occasion a mis-fired punt from Dickie Jeeps landed on Mum's back, she was heavily pregnant and as a result of the impact Sally was born that night.

In the early sixties National Service was extended for Doctors and Dad was keen to do his bit. As they were enjoying life in the West Country he applied to be stationed with the RAF in Chippenham. However, the request was misplaced and he was to be sent to Cyprus. Prompting his favourite oxymoron, 'Military Intelligence'.

This was the start of 3 amazing years.

Dad's arrival in Nicosia (without Mum who was to follow a couple of weeks later) was the same day as another Dr Davies. You might have already guessed that this was more than RAF could cope with. As a result of the predictable mix up of luggage Dad met David and within a few weeks David & Mary and Mum & Dad would be friends. A family friendship that has lasted ever since.

Lots of fun was had during this time and other great friendships were formed including with Mike Knight who I'm sure will recount later many stories of the RAF Middle East Rugby trips.

In May 1961, the first year in Cyprus Annoo was born with a notable story of the 40 mile journey to the hospital in Larnica in a Morris 1000 Traveller across the Cyprus plain.

After 3 eventful years in Cyprus Mum and Dad moved back to England to a GP practice in Canterbury.

They really enjoyed their time there and made more life-long friends including Roger and Marion Unwin, whose son Jon is married to Sally.

I was born in Canterbury in May 1965. Dad took great pleasure in recounting the story of my first action, a wee in the eye of the consultant.

In 1967, with a yearning to move closer to Wales Dad got a job in a GP practice in Chepstow. The Severn Bridge newly opened.

The 2 senior partners in the practice were Eric Hardman and Lyn Jones. Eric retired soon after Dad started and Lyn passed away soon after that, leaving Dad as senior partner.

He was senior partner in Chepstow for the next 26 years but continued to work in the area for another 10 years, enjoying being MO at the racecourse as well as other medical related jobs. He planned the building of the Vauxhall surgery and was proud to open it with Clay Jones in 1988. He was founder and organiser of the Chepstow medical Society which hosted many distinguished speakers.

One of his notable achievements was a published paper in the BMJ on Liver Fluke, following an outbreak in the area in the 1960's.

Emily was born in October 1971 and the family was complete.

Dad loved to travel, with Mum, with friends and with extended family. Always at the heart of the party.

He took great pleasure from his 14 Grandchildren, currently aged between 32 to 8. He always had time for each of them and there is a bit of him in all of them.

Dad had many and varied interests, he loved rugby and fly fishing as well as golf and enjoyed watching most sports as long as it involved spending time with friends or family. Always keen to support us all whatever the sport. He was especially proud of Emily winning a Welsh cap at lacrosse.

He had a full and happy life and he was;

A devoted husband,

An inspirational Father and Grandfather

A loyal friend.

A GP in a million.

But most of all a special and exceptional human being.