

## GLASGOW

Doc was born Albert Edward Augustus Ridgway and he was born in Glasgow in Scotland. I think his mother was a small lady, and was French. She had many children. I know nothing of the father, or any of the other children except Hector, for Hector I think it was that Doc said was the father of the quite famous colonel in America, but no one was sure about that. Doc was a brilliant guy. I think it must have been almost from birth. He won a scholarship to Edinburgh University where he studied - either separately or consecutively electrical and mechanical engineering.

## THE FAR EAST

Doc's training took him eventually to the Far East. The names I remember hearing about were Burma, Borneo, Java and Sumatra. I suppose it was here that he worked with the Ghurkhas for whom he had the greatest respect. I think that was a bit to do with their size and this will be because Doc was a very small man.

It must have been before going to the Far East though that he fought in the Boer war. A piddling little war he called it.

On one of his long leaves back in England he married someone whose name I never knew. He took his wife back with him. In those countries during the monsoon season the women were sent up into the mountains to live. She did not take kindly to this, so returned to England. They had a son George. No relation to me of course but regarded as my half brother.

He trained at Charring Cross hospital and was also a doctor. It seems George, poor guy, was not as brilliant as Doc, and was always a bit of a disappointment to him. He married a French lady, Elaine, and they had two children, a girl and a boy. I met George only once - after Doc died. He seemed very nice indeed. He had greyish eyes like Doc.

I do not know much about what Doc did in those Far East countries but I seem to remember that he was responsible for laying the electricity ahead of the railways as they needed electricity for the laying of the rails. I remember also that they had a lot of trouble with monkeys, who kept getting themselves fried, and bunging up the works in the process. On one other of his long leaves he took a course in law because he said he found himself in the position where he needed to advise people on all matters of law.

Doc had not been in the Malay States very long - and I don't know what he termed 'not very long' - before he realised that dwelling in that place meant an early grave for white people. So after investing all his money in the rubber plantations because they were producing this up and coming material which was in great demand, he headed home.

## BACK HOME TO LONDON

It was then that he decided to become a doctor. He signed up at Charring Cross hospital, and did that. He must have done very well indeed because he was quite well known by the other doctors as a gynaecologist and obstetrician. He was either, and I don't know which, a Master or Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. Plus, as I think was common in those days, he had his degree in pharmacy. In fact I remember him telling me that he was one of the last doctors to have to do pharmacy. I am not sure that they did a specialist training in gynaecology and obstetrics in the 1920's, but his expertise in these branches was certainly known and highly regarded by his peers.

After he put up his 'brass plate' outside No. 85 Inverness Terrace and waited for patients, other doctors sent him difficult midwifery cases. He had them staying in 85 where he saw them through the birth. This seems a bit strange to us these days but I believe that was how it was. He had his own methods, which were maybe a bit unconventional. I know this because when my mother