



LTC Harry Alford Davis, Jr.

August 6, 1924 - December 27, 2014

LTC (ret.), HARRY ALFORD DAVIS, JR., US ARMY, passed away on Saturday, December 27, 2014 at Novant Prince William Medical Center, Manassas, VA.

He was born on August 6, 1924 in New Brighton, PA to the late Harry A. Davis, Sr. and Laura (Dunn) Davis. He was a 1946 graduate of West Point and was commissioned in the Field Artillery. LTC Davis military career included Commander, 2nd Battalion, 27th Field Artillery, 3rd Armored Division, 1964-1966, 1st Signal Brigade, Vietnam, 1969-1970 and retirement from the Army in July 1974. After retirement he served as a Field Service Representative for TRW, 1975-1991 then fully retired in 1991. His military awards included: Commendation Medal (3 awards), Legion of Merit (2 awards), Bronze Star and Joint Service Commendation Medal.

Predeceased by a daughter, Lynn Ann Davis; son-in-law, Roy Hawkins; brothers: Bruce and Dale Davis.

Survivors include his loving wife of 68 years, Theda May Davis; two children: Allison K. Ruehlmann and husband John F.; and Jan Forrest Hawkins; four grandchildren: Wendy N. Ruehlmann, Aubrey McNiff and husband Christian, Matthew Ruehlmann and Miranda Ruehlmann; three great grandchildren: Tristan Ravanelle, Ethan and Tyler McNiff.

The family will receive friends on Sunday, January 4, 2015 from 6:00 PM – 8:00 PM at Pierce Funeral Home, 9609 Center Street, Manassas, VA where services will be held on Monday, January 5, 2015 at 10:00 AM. Interment will follow at Quantico National Cemetery, Triangle, VA with military honors.

In Lieu of flowers, donations may be made to: United Cerebral Palsey, 1825 K Street NW Suite 600, Washington, DC 20006 or Birmingham Green Foundation, 8605 Centreville Road, Manassas, VA 20110 in loving memory of Harry Alford Davis, Jr.

Cemetery Details

Quantico National Cemetery

18424 Joplin Road
Triangle, VA

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 28. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Pierce Funeral Home
9609 Center St.
Manassas, VA 20110
(703) 257-6028
pfh@piercefh.com
<https://www.piercefh.com>

Service

JAN 5. 10:00 AM (ET)

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Tribute Wall

LW

“ I did not know Mr. Davis personally but met him at the Gainesville Rehab Center where my husband’s bluegrass band would play first Sunday of each month for several years. We noticed he would come each Sunday, search all the faces for his wife, then find a seat beside her, take her hand and kiss her. It was obvious that he was still very much in love with his wife and it always made me smile to watch Mrs. Davis reaction when she saw him and he took her hand.

Once when he arrived early, I asked him how long they had been married and how they met which made him smile and he shared briefly about their meeting, courtship and mentioned his military career. As the months passed by, he was slower and slower walking down the hall with his cane to the dining room where the music was taking place. We started saving an empty chair next to his wife so it would be available when he arrived. When he finally made it, we pointed out where Mrs. Davis was setting and his chair—he would smile, always say thank you and shuffle over to greet her. It was obvious Mrs. Davis was an Officer and a Gentleman—and a romantic. I will always remember him fondly.

Sincerely,
Linda & Smokey Winstead

Linda Winstead - January 12, 2015 at 02:01 PM

JR

“ Dear Jan, Sorry to hear of your loss. --- Joyce Riolo

Joyce Riolo - January 06, 2015 at 08:46 AM

BD

“ I too have many fond memories of Uncle Diz, as my sister and cousins have shared below. I guess what I remember most is the sense of humor - like the tent in the front yard Mark refers to. I recall being at the house for a meal, asking him to pass the butter, only to be reminded of "what a pound of butter costs these days". On any given day you could ask him "How are you doing?" and his immediate response would be "Terrible". If that had ever changed, we would all have known that something was wrong.

He was a kind and generous man, and cared a great deal for his extended family. When my father (Dale) was so sick, he drove from Virginia to Florida "to check up on his baby brother". Once back to Virginia he turned around in just a couple of days, and came back for Dad's service.

When the three brothers (Diz, Bruce and Dale) got together anything could happen. In fact I believe that right now they have gotten together in heaven, found their father and are doing their best to drive their mother crazy.

I'm going to try to attach a photo - what it probably looks like every afternoon now...

Bye Colonel - we love you and will miss you greatly...



Bill Davis - January 02, 2015 at 02:10 PM

MD

“ So many fond memories... A tent pitched in the front yard with a garden hose running to it -- "Only the finest of accommodations for family." Countless trips to the Air and Space Museum. An itemized repair bill sent to my father (Bruce, the middle of the three boys) because the washing machine broke while washing a load of my clothes. Dead tree in the back yard that fell "exactly" where we wanted it to fall and miss the shed. Countless hours playing Cribbage putting the "whammee" on the cards so I could beat Dad... again. "Pantsing" Uncle Dale in the neighbor's swimming pool and tossing his trunks over the fence. "Hey, Moe!" The boys always knew which "Moe" was being summoned. Many, many tears shed laughing at his antics.

More importantly, the wisdom he shared with me, the affection, and the inspiration he gave me over these many years. He was the inspiration for me to apply to and attend the U.S. Naval Academy (sacrilege to a West Pointer - Go Navy!). The tears of pride in his eyes on my induction day. The tears of laughter, moments later, when I said, "I would salute you, but I'm not allowed, yet." To call him "Uncle" is woefully inadequate. Mentor. Friend. Confidant. Advisor. Second father. For me, these are much better descriptors. I can only hope to live up to his legacy.

I love you always -- Mark

Mark Davis - December 31, 2014 at 02:43 PM



“ Exotic Grace was purchased for the family of LTC Harry Alford Davis, Jr..



December 31, 2014 at 11:13 AM

DT

“ My Uncle "Diz" was a strong, kind, generous man. My brother, cousins, and I were always told that the name "Diz" came from his nickname at West Point - "Dizzy Davis." It makes sense to me because when his younger brother Dale (my Dad) followed him to West Point several years later, his nickname was "Daisy Davis." Those names didn't matter at home, though. All three brothers - Diz, Dad, and Uncle Bruce - called each other "Moe." And it didn't matter when all 3 brothers were together - if one of them said "Hey Moe," they always knew which "Moe" was speaking and which "Moe" was being addressed. We have never figured out how they always knew!



The term "uncle" is too vague and impersonal to represent Diz for me. He was my father's brother. He watched over us when Dad was in Vietnam and Southeast Asia. He was the surrogate Dad my brother Bill and I needed during the hard times. He even responded when I had my famous car wreck at age 17. With 2 Colonel Davises in identical uniforms on the scene, I don't think the cops ever figured out which one was actually my father!

Diz's care for the entire family went far beyond my own personal experiences. I know my brother and cousins all have stories like mine. He and "Aunt Pete" (Theda) cared for our grandmother for many years after our grandfather Harry Sr. passed away. My late cousin Lynn, their daughter, had very special needs. Diz and Pete cherished and cared for her at home her entire life.

He was always there for all of us. And I know we all have funny stories about Diz as well. He had a great sense of humor and kept us in stitches most of the time!

Aunt Pete, Jan, Kay, and all of the grandkids and great grandkids: I am so very sorry for your loss. I hope it brings you comfort to know that our sense of loss is nearly as great.

Rest in Peace, Uncle Diz, and now that you and Dad are together, please watch over him as you always have. I miss you and will love you always, Deb

Deb Tobey - December 31, 2014 at 10:43 AM

DE

“*Harry Davis. We bought our home next door to Harry and "Pete" in 1987. Harry saved us from myriad missteps as a first time homeowner. I borrowed tools, physical assistance, and especially his knowledge of how things worked. He put up with a lot from our side of the "fence" but never said no, even when we needed to run a hose from his house so that we could have water. He usually told us that he would take a pie or some cookies in trade for his help. We will miss him, but know he is looking down and would tell us all to just get on with life.*

- The Elliott Family



David Elliott - December 31, 2014 at 10:07 AM

Miranda
Ruehlman

“ *Grumpy was not only my grandfather, he was also my friend. When I was little, my mom had to have surgery and so I stayed with Grandma and Grumpy. Every morning I would wake up and watch cartoons with Grumpy, mostly the Woody Woodpecker show or Tom & Jerry. Grumpy loved Tom & Jerry. I would also help him in his garden, which he grew several types of vegetables in; mostly I watched him, but when you're 3 years or so old, that is helping. Grumpy taught me the basics for playing piano which inspired me to learn music. When I did, I would play all the songs I knew for him and Grandma whenever I could. My ultimate goal being able to play just like him. He used to play the piano a lot when I was younger. He played one song in particular a lot, which I found out is called The Tennessee Waltz. I loved listening to him play it; now it always makes me think of him when I hear it, and it always will. I love you, Grumpy! Until we meet again.*



Miranda Ruehlmann - December 30, 2014 at 09:56 PM

JH

“ *My father was our Rock, our Anchor, the one person you could always turn to if you had a problem. From the time of my birth, he was always there for me, even when stationed overseas in Korea or Vietnam. I know you've gone on to be a guardian angel to Mutti and the rest of us here on earth. I Love You, Vati, and Miss You Terribly. Hug Roy and Lynn for me, and we will meet again.*

Jan Hawkins - December 30, 2014 at 07:48 PM

JH

“ *Jan Hawkins lit a candle in memory of LTC Harry Alford Davis, Jr.*



Jan Hawkins - December 30, 2014 at 07:45 PM



“ *My great grandfather was a great man. If you had a problem he was always one of the first people to help you with it. Not only that but he was always happy no matter what is happening. He is a great man and im sad to see him go. I really miss him and wish he was still around. The nickname we called him was Grumpy. Because he always looked grumpy but was happy. He knew the name was a joke and liked the name. I miss him a lot. I love my great grandfather. He was a great man. I love you grumpy. Look over everyone. ---Ethan*

Ethan McNiff - December 30, 2014 at 03:58 PM



“ *Sentiments of Serenity Spray was purchased for the family of LTC Harry Alford Davis, Jr..*



December 30, 2014 at 09:12 AM



“ Grumpy was one of the kindest, most generous, loving people I had in my life. From childhood until he passed always caring for others. He cherished every minute with Grandma and his family. There are so many people that he touched and helped whose lives changed for having known him. But he never saw himself that way. Just another day and he was just Grumpy. Such an amazing Grandfather and beamed with pride over his Great Grandchildren. The lessons he taught us all will forever be how we live life. I love you Grumpy. I miss you dearly. You are home now.

Aubrey McNiff - December 30, 2014 at 09:08 AM



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