



IN MEMORIAM
FRANK DONALD RYE

9th December 1923 – 20th December 2006

*When we are dead and people weep for us and grieve,
let it be because we touched their lives with beauty and simplicity.
Let it not be said that life was good to us but, rather, that we were good to life.*

FRANK RYE

“A VERY NICE MAN!”

The Maasai tribe in Kenya believe that a man is not truly a man until his father has passed away. Well, if that is true it's one way to attain manhood I could certainly do without.

When I stood here 5 years ago last August to talk about my Mother Ruby, I didn't think I'd be standing here again so soon, if indeed ever, because in my own childlike stupid way I believe I thought Dad would last for ever – but only the rocks last forever!

Frank Donald Rye was born in Staple, in Kent on the 9th of December 1923. His father Norman was one of the first lorry drivers to work for the haulage company Robert Brett & Sons, and his mother Daisy was a village schoolteacher, and a rather good amateur artist. This rather unlikely combination produced four wonderful children, of which Dad was the oldest. Following him were brothers George and Peter, and the baby of the family, Kathleen.

Dad attended a Methodist school in Canterbury where he was a member of the church choir, and was often called upon to sing solos. Although not generally a sporty boy he particularly excelled at swimming, for which he was awarded a number of certificates. His brother George was a real tearaway and would regularly jump off the top board in the swimming baths waiting for his big brother to rescue him – literally, because he couldn't swim! That was George Rye! Swimming was an ability of Dad's that would prove very useful to him later in life. Dad would often sit in The Beaney (the library & museum) in Canterbury, reading all manner of books for hours on end. He was the quiet thoughtful type.

When he left school his first job was a milkman for Abbot's Dairy, then he was employed as a trainee motor mechanic in the Rose Lane Garage. He then moved on to Yeoman's haulage contractors, but was made redundant before eventually working at Brett's with his dad, delivering sand, ballast and tar around locations in Kent. With the outbreak of World War II, Dad went to join up with the RAF but for some unknown reason they didn't accept him, so in a fit of temper he went and joined the Royal Navy instead. His brother George had preceded him into the navy on board HMS Arethusa.

Dad was on board ship as part of the British fleet during the Normandy landings on D-Day, and his ship carried many of the Allied troops toward the beachhead. I remember him telling me how many of the 'Yanks' left their issued M1 Carbines behind

onboard in favour of the Winchester repeating rifle they'd brought with them from back home! One of the grim tasks he and some of his shipmates had to undertake later was to retrieve bodies of British and Allied troops from the sea. On another occasion the ship he was on sailed over an acoustic mine which sank the vessel. He and some of his other shipmates had to swim a mile to the French shore, where American G.I.s were waiting for them with blankets and hot chocolate. “Bloody good blokes!” he used to tell me.

Being unable to take his leave in July 1942 due to the lack of a relief Fire Engine Driver, Stoker 2nd Class Frank Rye didn't make it ashore and into Canterbury until August of the same year. Joining his father and mates for a drink one evening in The Hop Poles public house in Wincheap he spotted Mum working behind the bar – and lost his heart! Mum was on holiday

staying with her Aunt and Uncle, Fred and Marge Hart, the landlord and landlady, and helped out in the pub in the evenings. Over the next three years during the war, Dad & Mum would only see each other around seven weeks while he was on various leave.

On Saturday February 17th 1945, Dad & Mum were married at Heston Church, with Dad's young sister Kathleen Rye, and Mum's best friend Freda Leach attending her as bridesmaids. Dad had to borrow a naval uniform in which to get married as the police had ruined his when they dragged him off unconscious into a jail cell after some of his shipmates had taken him out for a drink or twelve to celebrate his upcoming marriage! The happy couple honeymooned in the romantic setting of Freda (Dad's cousin) and Alf's flat over a butcher's shop!

For the first six months of their marriage Dad and Mum lived with her parents Albert and Annie Allen, and brother Bert at 53 Fern Lane, Heston. Dad ate like he'd never eaten before as my Grandmother Allen was almost certainly the greatest cook at whose table I or he ever sat – and Mum ran a very close second! After being demobbed from the Navy, Dad attended night classes in electrical engineering, and in August 1946, Dad started work as an electrical maintenance engineer on the London Underground, being paid £5 three-shillings and sixpence for a 47-hour week! On February 25th 1947, Dad & Mum rented the bottom half of the house at 160 Regina Road, Southall, from where on a day the wind was blowing in their direction you could smell 'The Tube' factory, as it was called by the staff, and where Mum worked for a good number of years. Dad & Mum had to move all their belongings from Heston in a barrow on foot, as the roads were clogged by a record amount of snowfall. It snowed with little let up from January through to March in 1947.

On September 13th 1951 I was born, and soon christened Graham Frank Rye at Heston Church. In 1953, unfortunately Dad was diagnosed an insulin diabetic, and Mum would ensure for many years his special diet was adhered to religiously – unless of course she or Nan Allen had made one of their legendary jam sponge cakes! Both Dad and I were probably the luckiest men alive when it came to meal times. Both my Mum and Nan's culinary skills would make all the TV cooks' meals today taste sad!

By 1960, Dad & Mum had acquired the rest of the house on a mortgage. Mum eventually left 'The



Dad's original birth certificate.



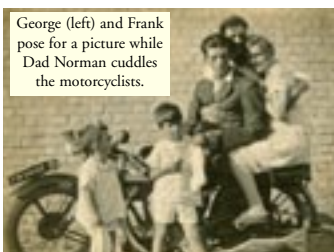
Frank Donald Rye age 6 months.



George, Frank, (front) little Kathleen, and Peter Rye.



The Terrific Trio - Peter, George & Frank..



George (left) and Frank pose for a picture while Dad Norman cuddles the motorcyclists.



Daisy, Norman, George, Frank and Peter Rye.

Tube' and got a job in the local Woolworths store, which she loved. We spent a number of wonderful family holidays in Canterbury, Devon, and Guernsey – although I remember crossing the channel by sea was hell for both Mum and I, both of us very much non-sailors, while Dad who had experienced waves higher than the ship's mast in the Atlantic took it in his stride.

Mum became restless with living in Southall, it was losing its charm – it was time to move to fresh fields! Dad & Mum drove around some of their favourite places they used to cycle in the late-Forties on their tandem with life-long friends, Marge & Den Parker, and Jean & Stan Micklewright. They settled on Addlestone. On February 25th 1972, exactly 25 years to the day since they moved to Southall, but with the weather much kinder to them this time, they moved into 14 The Ridings, Hare Hill. However, there was a power cut that day, so brand new neighbours Rita and the late Maud Miller gave them some candles and invited them in for tea. And their friendship began; only broken by their mortality.

Dad continued to drive to the report centre at Earls Court to work for London Transport, while Mum found herself a job at the local Woolworths, and was once again back in her element on the sweet counter. Mum would wake Dad every morning when he was on 'early turn' shift and ensure he left suitably fed and watered. Over the four decades Dad worked for London Transport I would estimate that Mum cut him enough sandwiches to stretch from Addlestone to Earls Court and back several times over! Mum eventually retired from Woolworths and then had more time to spend with her friends, and in her beloved garden, the main reason Dad and she had purchased the property in the first place.

After 42 years and 3 months with London Transport, Dad left the job he loved on December 9th 1988 for a much deserved retirement – and almost immediately threw himself into helping me by handling the despatch and posting of the substantial amount of mail my business handled at that time. It was probably around 1993 that Mum first started showing symptoms of the Alzheimer's disease which would eventually take her from us, although Dad and I couldn't have known at the time. Dad fought long and hard to look after Mum at home, but even with a wonderful team of Home Care girls, his own health was suffering terribly as a result. Eventually she had to be moved to a nursing home. It must have been the most difficult decision he ever had to make in his life to let her go – but it was the right decision in the circumstances. Dad and I stood at her hospital bedside together on August 8th 2001 when she took her last breath and drifted away. The gentlest of souls.

Of my 55 years I have spent the major part of my life under my Dad & Mum's roof. It wasn't laughter and smiles all the time, we had our disagreements, but these were always short-lived and ultimately of little consequence. I believe it says volumes about one's parents as people that it's possible to co-exist in such



Three Rye stalks: George, Peter, & Frank.



Mother Daisy with Frank & George at the beach.

close harmony with them for such a long period of time. They were both wonderful.

I have so much to thank Dad for but not enough words to adequately express my enormous debt of gratitude to him.

A lot of what I am and whatever success I've had in life is as much to do with him as it is to do with anything I've ever had to do with it myself! Not only did he give me a stable home environment for the majority of my life, from where I was able to launch myself into my chosen career and all manner of scatterbrain projects, but he also helped bankroll as much of it as he could afford.

Dad was a keen amateur photographer of a high standard who I believe had he wished and had had the confidence, could have become a very successful industrial photographer. He loved the cinema and theatre, and had the most eclectic taste in music of anyone I have ever known, and was a pretty fair snooker player as well! All these cultural aspects of his

personality (except the snooker I might add) he passed on to me during my childhood, absorption of culture that no amount of money could ever buy, and something for which I will be eternally grateful to him for. Dad was a kind, generous, thoughtful, and very nice man from a time and place sadly long gone from this once civilised country.

In the last two years, thanks in no small part to my estranged wife Tina, I think I probably got to know my father better than I ever did before in the rest of my life previously. He had a wicked (in every sense of the word) sense of humour and remained young at heart right up until the end. I remember him telling me over a glass (or several!) of Highland Park only a couple of months ago that he still felt the same inside as he had at 18 years of age. Some nights it would be debatable who helped who into bed after the cork went back in the bottle, if it did!

If I know anything about him I know he loved Scotland, from when he served in Arbroath during the war. He loved growing roses. He loved his music. He loved his family, his brothers and sister, and brother-in-law Bob, all of whom he would always speak very fondly, sometimes telling me how much he missed his brother George who passed away a year before his father in 1977. As kids he and George fought like cat and dog, but Frank was always there to defend him in the playground if he took on more than he could handle, which he would often do. Dad was proud to be a Rye, and the same pride burns fierce in me. He loved my Mother dearly, and I believe I came a very close second.

There's a wonderful line near the end of the movie *Gladiator*, a film Dad and I would watch together many a time late at night while imbibing, and at the end of which we'd both look across at each other and every time we'd both have tears streaming down our faces. What a couple of lemons! The hero Maximus says to the mad bad emperor: "I knew a man who once said that death smiles at us all; all a man can do is smile back." After the doctor had told me of the cancer they had found in Dad I went into the ward to explain to him the best I could. He was drifting in and out of sleep, exhausted by his illness. Our conversation couldn't have lasted more than a minute: "Where I am I?" "You're in hospital!" Then he'd drift back to sleep and then wake again with, "Take me back to the hospital!" "You're *in* hospital Dad! You're ill. In fact you're very, very ill.

I don't think you're going to beat this one!" With that he looked at me and said in only the way he could, "Oh! Alright. Goodbye then!" and closed his eyes. He made me laugh. He left me with a laugh. It was the last thing he ever said to me before he died six days later. He was my best friend. He was my Dad.

Thanks Dad. Thanks for everything – and then some!

Graham Frank Rye – January 10th 2007



Dad in class circa 1927.



Dad's school swimming certificate 1936.



Dad's school swimming certificate 1937.



Dad's school certificate for hygiene of food and drink.

FDR IN THE ROYAL NAVY



BROTHERS IN ARMS!
Frank and George Rye.



ABOVE: Fireman Frank! (1942) Four months into his navy service Dad is in the second row, second from the end.
 BELOW: Part of the Crash Tender Crew in the Fleet Air Arm on HMS Condor in Arbroath, Scotland. Dad is in the front row at the end.



MR & MRS F. RYE



THE HAPPY DAY! Saturday February 17th 1945 - Dad & Mum are married at Heston Church.

GENERO CERTIFIED COPY of an

ENTRANCE OF MARRIAGE Act, 1836 to 1938.

Registration District: Brentford

Marriage celebrated at: The Parish Church of St. Andrew in the Parish of Heston

26th February 1945	Frank Donald Rye	21	Bachelor	21th February 1945	Ruby May Allen	23	Spinster
Solemnized by: Albert J. Allen				Witnessed by: Albert J. Allen			

Signature of Minister of Religion: Albert J. Allen

Signature of Registrar: Albert J. Allen

17th February 1945

Dad & Mum's marriage certificate.



Left to right: Daisy Rye, Norman Rye, Kathleen Rye, Bert Allen, Frank Rye, Ruby Rye, Beryl Leach, Albert Allen, Annie Allen.



Dad & Mum photographed to announce their engagement.



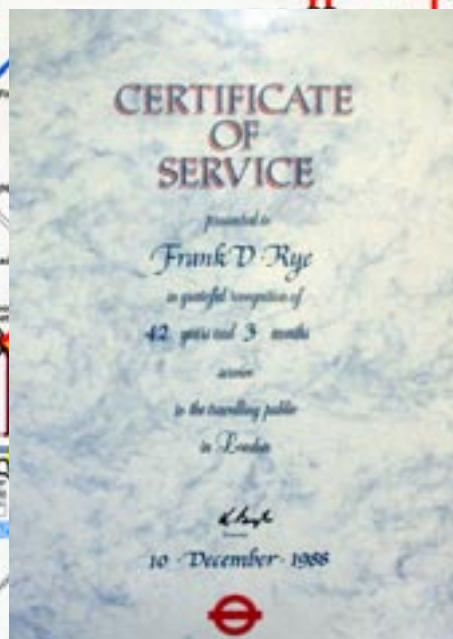
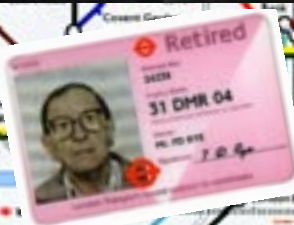
A hand coloured print produced by The Manor Studio, Southall, who photographed Dad & Mum's wedding day.



The Wedding Reception: (clockwise) Freda Shilton-Browne, Ted Rye and wife Wyn, ?, Peter Rye, Daisy Rye, Norman Rye, Kathleen Rye, Frank Rye, Ruby Rye, Beryl Leach, Bert Allen, Albert Allen, Annie Allen.



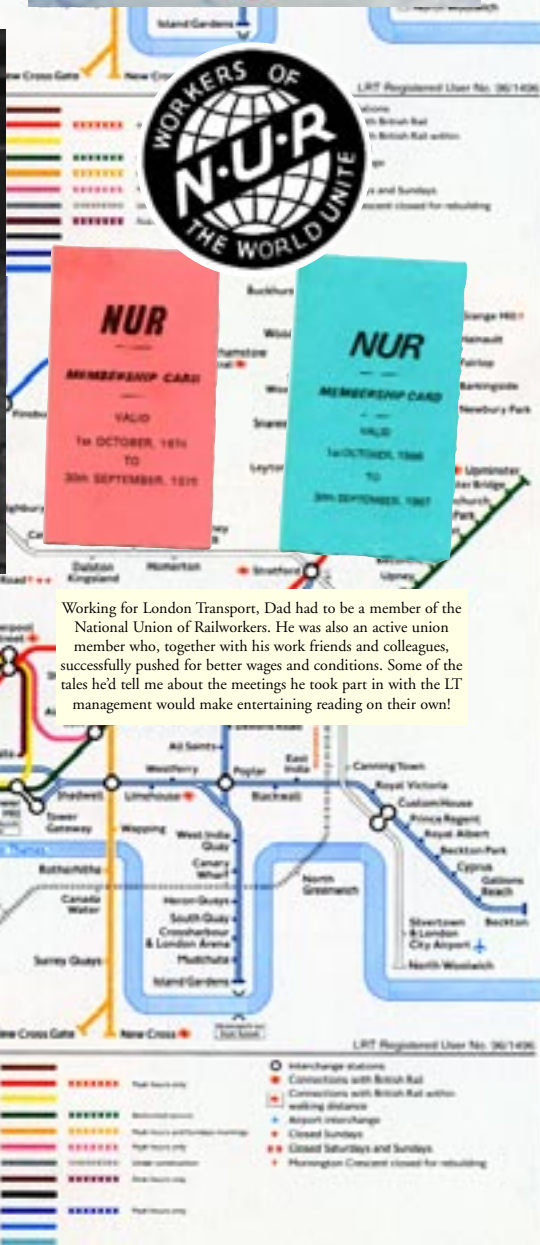
LONDON TRANSPORT



Nice set of china me old china! Dad (far right) attends a leaving do for one of his older colleagues at LT.



1971: From the Angel to West Kensington - '25 Years Man & Boy' - Dad was photographed for the London Transport Magazine when named 'Call Man of the Year'.



Working for London Transport, Dad had to be a member of the National Union of Railworkers. He was also an active union member who, together with his work friends and colleagues, successfully pushed for better wages and conditions. Some of the tales he'd tell me about the meetings he took part in with the LT management would make entertaining reading on their own!

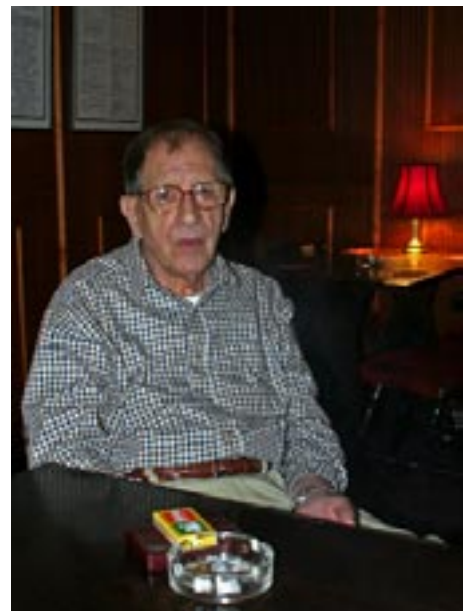
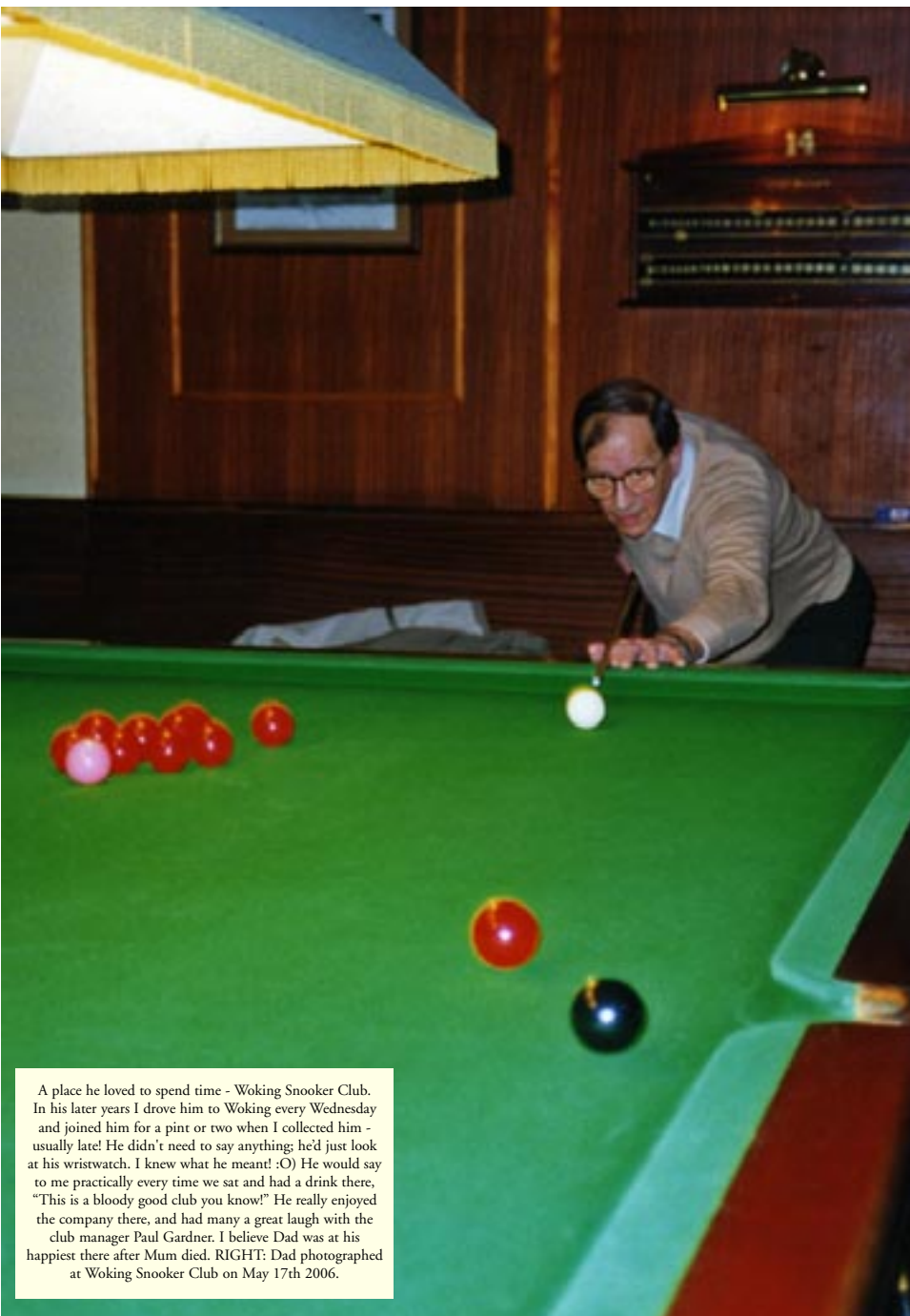
• SNOOKER •

London Transport



ABOVE: As a member of the 'Albert Stanley' Institute in Hammersmith, it was here that he played his best snooker, winning a variety of cups and medals (right) and enjoying a drink and a 'gurn' afterwards with a team mate.

Woking Snooker Club



A place he loved to spend time - Woking Snooker Club. In his later years I drove him to Woking every Wednesday and joined him for a pint or two when I collected him - usually late! He didn't need to say anything; he'd just look at his wristwatch. I knew what he meant! :O) He would say to me practically every time we sat and had a drink there, "This is a bloody good club you know!" He really enjoyed the company there, and had many a great laugh with the club manager Paul Gardner. I believe Dad was at his happiest there after Mum died. RIGHT: Dad photographed at Woking Snooker Club on May 17th 2006.

THE FAMILY RYE

FDR BRANCH!



A late Forties gathering of the clan! Kathleen, George, Daisy, Norman, Frank, Ruby and Peter Rye are joined in this shot by my Dad's cousin Freda and her daughter Cherry and son Philip.



Dad and his parents attend brother George's wedding to 'the pretty Belfast Irish girl' Mary.



Dad enjoys a beer at his brother Peter's wedding reception with his father-in-law James Channings, cousin Alf, Uncle Ted, and father Norman.



Sister Kathleen and Brother Peter 'surprise' Dad at his retirement party at The Ridings in 1988.



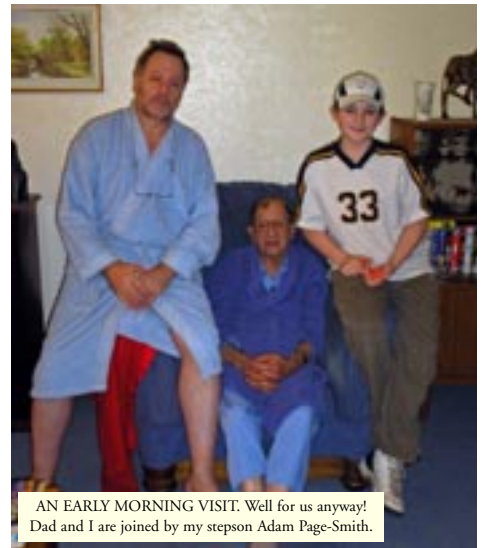
Dad & Mum and me with my first wife Diane at Anne Ballantyne's wedding.



Tina cracks up at their antics! Difficult to know who was dafter out of my Dad and stepson Adam? I think Dad won by a whisker!



ABOVE & TOP RIGHT: With his 'favourite girl' (as he called Tina) at our wedding, and photographed together in the back garden at The Ridings on August 6th 2006.



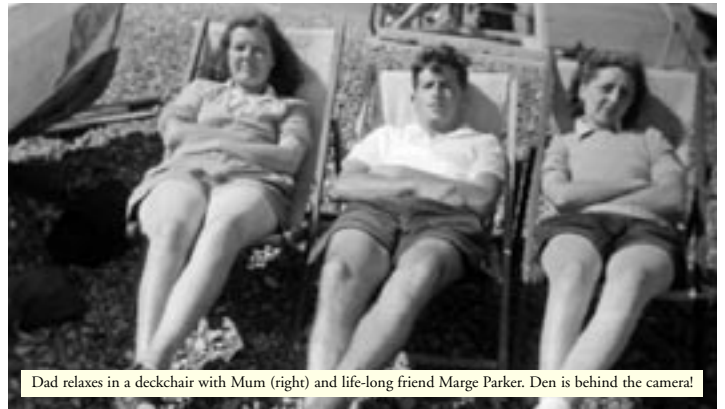
AN EARLY MORNING VISIT. Well for us anyway! Dad and I are joined by my stepson Adam Page-Smith.



ABOVE: 1971 - A family gathering in my grandparents back garden at 13 St Mildred's Place, Canterbury. The Roll-Call: (front row) Janice Ballantyne, Gillian Ballantyne, Carole Ballantyne, Michael Rye, Daisy Rye, Peter Rye. (middle row) Ruby Rye, Anne Ballantyne, Kathleen Ballantyne, Mary Rye, Gina Rye (holding Timothy Rye), Barbara Rye. (back row) Bob Ballantyne, David Ballantyne, Brian Rye, Norman Rye, George Rye, Frank Rye.

AT THE SEASIDE

- AND A HOLIDAY OR TWO!



Dad relaxes in a deckchair with Mum (right) and life-long friend Marge Parker. Den is behind the camera!



Dad and Mum are joined by Kathleen Rye for trip to the coast.



Mum, me, Uncle Bob Ballantyne and Dad partake in that curious olde English Fifties' custom of sunbathing fully clothed! No doubt Kathleen is wearing her raincoat while taking the picture!



Wish you were here! says this photograph of Dad & Mum.



Dad & Mum in the days you could get a space on an English beach when the sun came out!



The hair's shorter and smarter for a holiday in Guernsey.



Dad & Mum on their only holiday abroad in Minorca. Needless to say they weren't impressed



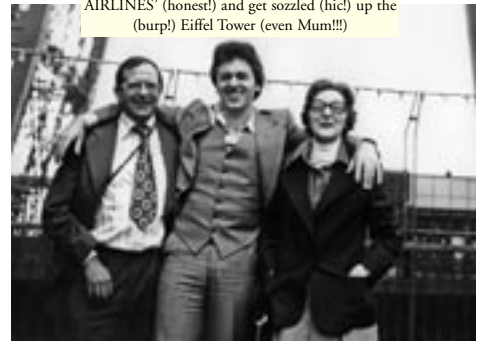
Dad and a mate indulge in more fully clothed sunbathing!



Saturday March 26th 1977: I win a TV Times competition and off we all fly to Paris with 40 friends, neighbours and relations via 'RYE AIRLINES' (honest!) and get sozzled (hic!) up the (burp!) Eiffel Tower (even Mum!!!)

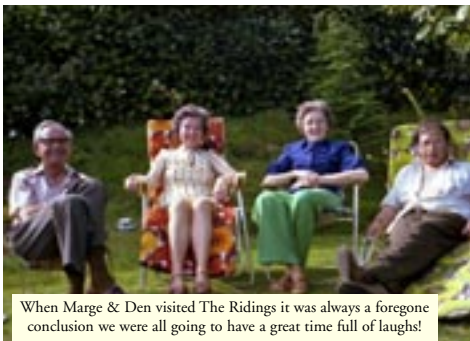


Dad & Mum holiday in Guernsey and...



...in bonnie Scotland!!

FRIENDS (& NEIGHBOURS) ACROSS THE YEARS





February 24th 2001: Dad chats with the much-missed late Rita Lorden at the wedding of Tina and I, while bridesmaid, my stepdaughter Lisa-Marie Hendrie listens intently.



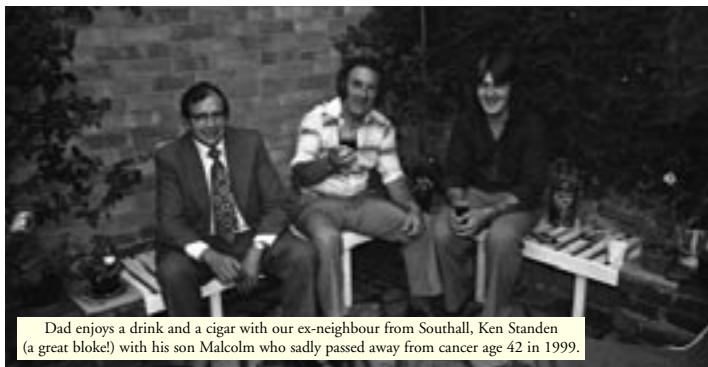
Graduates from the George Foreman School of Cooking (Lee Flint & sister Carly Jones) serve luncheon for Dad & Mum in the back garden of Falcon Lodge.



11th August 1999: Neighbour Mary Roulet joins Dad & Mum to marvel at the Eclipse of the sun. A strange day indeed!



Old friends visit: The Bryants have long been part of the extended FDR side of the Rye family, and we've all been through many sunny and cloudy days together. (kneeling) Carole Bryant with Nicholas. (standing) Old school Fred Bryant, great family friend Andrew Pilkington, Dad, Mum (cuddling the late Timothy Bryant).



Dad enjoys a drink and a cigar with our ex-neighbour from Southall, Ken Stranden (a great bloke!) with his son Malcolm who sadly passed away from cancer age 42 in 1999.



Cheers me dears! Dad is joined for a glass of bubbly with good neighbour Lee Flint and family friend Margaret Leach.



Dad is surprised at home for his 1988 retirement bash by friends, family and neighbours, including Jack Flint and the late Ob.

AT HOMES WITH THE RYE'S

Heston

Love in tandem at 53 Fern lane, Heston.

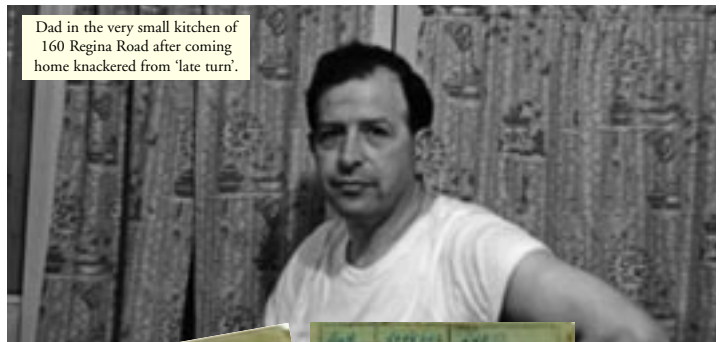


Southall

Dad! Where did you get that shirt?



Dad in the very small kitchen of 160 Regina Road after coming home knackered from 'late turn'.



Addlestone



In the back garden - Addlestone



FDR



Dad chats with Den Parker (inset). I believe next to Mum, Dad missed Den more than anyone else he ever knew. Den was great fun to spend time with and a great conversationalist. His name would often come up in our late night drinking bouts.



Harry Wheatcroft eat your heart out!! Who? Oh look him up on the Internet then! Dad with his precious roses



"What are you doing with that camera?" Dad is 'surprised' by Adam for this photograph my stepson took on May 21st 2006.



Puffing on the obligatory Villiger cigar in the garden during August 2006.



June 2006: Dad the animal lover - not! "Go and piss on somebody else's grass. Bloody cats!"

Cars



Mum & Dad with his Morris 1800S.



ME AND MY DAD



BELOW (left & right): Two of Dad's favourite photographs he took over the years, both of which at sometime graced the wall over the fireplace at 14 The Ridings.





Eilean Doonan Castle, Scotland. PHOTOGRAPH/FRANK RYE

The Ancient History of the Distinguished Surname

RYE

Sui Victoria Indicat Regem

(Victory over oneself is the sign of the King)

The ancient chronicles of England reveal the early records of the name Rye as a Norman surname which ranks as one of the oldest. The history of the name is closely interwoven into the majestic tapestry which is an intrinsic part of British history.

In-depth research by skilled analysts into ancient manuscripts such as the Domesday Book (compiled in 1086 by William The Conqueror), the Ragman Rolls, the Wace poem, the Honour Roll of Battel Abbey, the Curia Regis, Pipe Rolls, the Falaise Roll, tax records, baptisms, family genealogies, local parish and church records shows the first record of the name Rye was found in Sussex where they were seated from very early times and were granted lands by Duke William of Normandy, their liege lord, for their distinguished assistance at the Battle of Hastings in 1066 A.D.

Many alternate spellings were found in the archives researched, typically linked to a common root, usually one of the Norman nobles at the Battle of Hastings. Although our name, Rye, occurred in many references, from time to time the surname included Rye, Rie, Ries, Ryse, Rise, and these changes in spelling frequently occurred, even between father and son. Scribes recorded and spelled the name as it sounded. Typically a person would be born with one spelling, married with another, and buried with a headstone which showed another. All three spellings related to the same person. Sometimes preferences for different spelling variations either resulted from a branch preference, religious affiliation, or sometimes nationalistic statements.

The family name Rye is believed to be descended originally from the Norman race, frequently but mistakenly assumed to be of French origin. They were more accurately of Viking origin. The Vikings landed in the Orkneys and Northern Scotland about the year 870 A.D., under their King, Sturgud the Stout. Thorfinn Rollo, his descendant landed in northern France about the year 940 A.D. The French King, Charles the Simple, after Rollo laid siege to Paris, finally conceded defeat and granted northern France to Rollo.

Rollo became the first Duke of Normandy, the territory of the north men. Rollo married Charles' daughter and became a convert to Christianity. Duke William, who invaded and defeated England in 1066, was descended from the first Duke Rollo of Normandy.

Duke William took a census of most of England on 1086, and recorded it in the Domesday Book. A family name capable of being traced back to this manuscript, or to Hastings, was a signal honour for most families during the middle ages, and even to this day.

The surname Rye emerged as a notable family name in the county of Sussex where they were recorded as a family of great antiquity seated as Lords of the manor of Rye and estates in that shire. They were originally from Cairon in Calvados in Normandy. Hubert Ryes was son of Eudo Dapifer, who granted to him estates at Aslakeby, and his successor Hubert Rye was the last Lord of Hengham in Norfolk. They branched to Swanton in Norfolk and Whitwell in Derbyshire. Captain George Rye and Captain Peter Rye of Culworth in Northampton were descended from this branch. They also acquired estates in Yorkshire. Junior lines flourished and gave their name to a town in Sussex. Notable amongst the family at this time was Lord of Gengham.

The surname Rye contributed much to the local politics and in the affairs of England or Scotland. During the 11th and 12th centuries many of these Norman families moved north to Scotland. Later, in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries England was ravaged by religious and political conflict. The Monarchy, the Church and Parliament fought for supremacy. Religious elements vied for control, the State Church, the Roman Church and the Reform Church. All, in their time, made demands on rich and poor alike. They broke the spirit of men and many turned from religion, or alternatively, renewed their faith, pursuing with vigour and ferocity, the letter of ecclesiastical law. Many families were freely 'encouraged' to migrate to Ireland, or to the 'colonies'. Non-believers or dissidents were banished, sometimes even hanged.

The settlers in Ireland became known as the 'Adventures for land in Ireland'. They undertook to keep the protestant faith. There is no evidence that the family name migrated to Ireland, but this does not preclude the possibility of their scattered migration to that country.

The democratic attitudes of the New World spread like wildfire. Many migrated aboard the fleet of sailing ships known as the 'White Sails'. The stormy Atlantic, small pox, dysentery, cholera and typhoid took its toll on the settlers and many of these tiny, overcrowded ships arrived with only 60 or 70% of their passenger list. The migration or banishment to the New World continued, some voluntarily from Ireland, but mostly directly from England or Scotland, their home territories. Some clans and families even moved to the European continent.

In North America, migrants which could be considered a kinsman of the family name Rye, or variable spellings of that same family name included George Rye who settled in New England in 1772; John and L. Rye settled in San Francisco in 1852. From the port of arrival many settlers joined the wagon trains westward. During the American War of Independence some declared their loyalty to the Crown and moved northward into Canada and became known as the United Empire Loyalists.

There were many notables of this name Rye, and the family name continued to make an important contribution to the political and cultural life of the societies on both sides of the Atlantic.

In the process of researching the Rye family name it was also traced the most ancient grant of Arms from the branches which developed their own Arms. The most ancient grant of a Coat of Arms found was: Red with an ermine diagonal stripe on which there are three rye stalks.

The crest is: An arm holding in the hand three rye stalks.

The ancient family motto for the name Rye is:

'Sui Victoria Indicat Regem'

('Victory over oneself is the sign of the King')

THE FOLKS WHO LIVED ON HARE HILL 1972 – 2006



PHOTOGRAPH/GRAHAM RYE

FRANK DONALD RYE

9th December 1923 –
20th December 2006

RUBY MARY RYE

7th July 1921 –
8th August 2001

