

6. "THEY DIED IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY"

© by Valerie Ives ¹

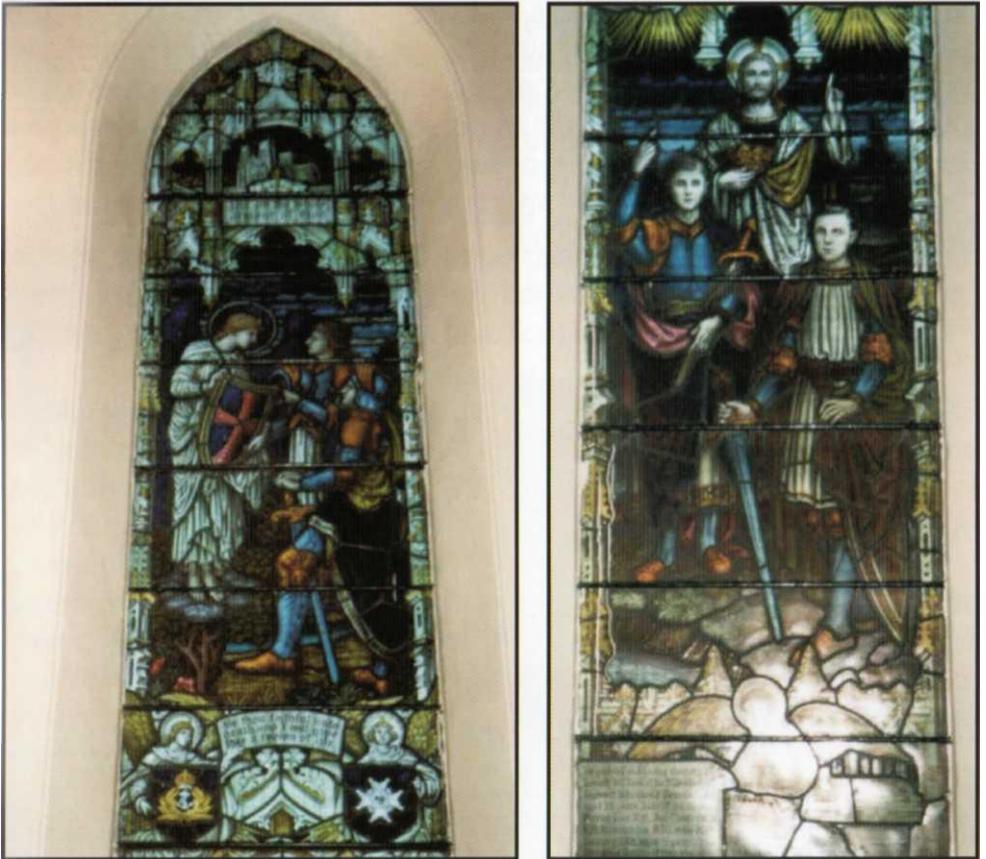


Fig. 1. The Ives Memorial Window ²

"They Died in the Service of Their Country" is part of the inscription on the Ives memorial window in St John's Church, Roundhay. It refers to 2nd Lieutenant Kenneth Hill Ives, 8th Battalion, West Yorkshire Regiment, recently qualified as a Solicitor. His early promise was terminated by his premature death in a military hospital in York, in 1914.

The other figure in the window is Lieutenant Derrick Ives RN, born in 1896, who at an early age was sent to HMS Osborne in preparation for his entry to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. He served in submarines from May 1914. His last posting was to HMS H10 in July 1917. When the H10 left Yarmouth on 6th January 1918 to patrol the North Sea, it was never heard of again. I well remember as a small child, that my grandmother still found it hard to accept that her son could disappear without trace or knowledge of where he might be. The loss of H10 is recorded in the book of Remembrance at the Submarine Museum in Gosport.



Fig. 2. Derrick Ives, RN. Lost with the H10 in 1916.

The third brother to serve was my father, Flight Lieutenant Edward Leslie Ives RFC who flew the early aircraft bi-planes, including Sopwith Camels, from airfields in France and later in Italy. He also served in the army of Occupation. Leslie married Joyce Preston in St John's Church, where I, my sister and brother were christened. My sister June married Barrie Ramsden there and my brother Kenneth married Elizabeth Fletcher of Roundhay there too.

After the war Leslie joined his father in running the family business and was later joined by his younger brother Lionel. During this time Leslie, Lionel and their younger sister Alex, were exceptionally good golfers playing to single-figure handicaps.

Leslie was on the Volunteer Reserve of officers and rejoined the RAF in September 1939 at the age of forty-one which was considered quite old in a service of predominantly young men. As a Squadron Leader and Senior Fighter Controller at Speke he was badly hurt in the Liverpool blitz. On his recovery, he was posted to Ceylon, India and later Burma, where he served until May 1945 when he was demobilised in Group 5 in recognition of his age and service. Despite not being a regular he served in wartime in the RFC and RAF for nine years. It was always his regret that he did not get down to Rangoon. He died in 1949.

His younger brother Lionel was a 2nd Lieutenant in the West Yorkshire Regiment and survived both Dunkirk and the remainder of the War.

Also during the Second World War, two of my four cousins served. John Kenneth Anthony Bromley, son of my Grandparents' eldest daughter Audrey. He was a Gunner Major, landed in France shortly after D-day when he was wounded and on regaining consciousness found himself in Pinderfields Hospital, Wakefield.

His younger sister, Yolande, a Lieutenant in the ATS joined up in 1940, and in 1941 was seconded to Britain's wartime Resistance Army. In the event of invasion its personnel would have existed individually behind enemy lines as the eyes and ears of the British Army Commanders. Yolande was a Royal Corps of Signals Radio Operator and should Divisional HQ have to retreat she would remain behind to get the messages through. She was issued with a black bike. An anecdote she has recently been able to tell - while she was training initially in a field a mile out of Tunbridge Wells, she picked up a freak frequency call signal 'Cauliflower' in Scotland. It was reporting the landing of somebody who turned out to be Rudolph Hess. A very unusual and until recently, a very secret posting.

Audrey, the mother of these two, became a renowned breeder of Gordon Setters and later a Crufts judge.

During this time, Leslie's wife, Joyce was Commandant of the Roundhay Detachment of the British Red Cross Society, which operated a convalescent home for soldiers, sailors and airmen at Uplands in Roundhay. Apart from there being a middle-aged army Matron, a war disabled Sergeant and a cleaning lady, the home was run entirely by volunteers. Both Leslie and Joyce, who died in 1984, are commemorated by a plaque beneath the window in St. John's.

The window was given by my grandmother, Beatrice, in loving memory of my Grandfather, Alfred Edward Ives, Alderman of the City of Leeds, and in memory of their two sons. He died in 1934, the day after his only Ives Grandson, my late brother Kenneth, was born.

My Grandfather, who was born in London in 1866, came to Leeds and as a Victorian entrepreneur, owned and managed the Grand Restaurant, Boar Lane. Seven of his eight children were born at the Grand and were christened at Holy Trinity Church. Subsequently the business expanded to include the very elegant Powolney's in Bond Street. Up to the Ives family relinquishing their interest in it in 1938, 'Pollys' enjoyed a prestigious reputation in the social scene and was renowned for outside catering for weddings and public functions.

The family moved to the Grange in Old Park Road in 1900 and to Greystones, Park Avenue in 1911.

Both my Grandparents were heavily involved in politics. Grandpa was a Tory Alderman and Granny a Tory Councillor for Roundhay Ward. Greystones was always a hive of activity for the Tory cause and frequently the venue for large constituency gatherings. I remember clearly a garden party in the early 1950's that the late Anthony Nutting came to open and rally the troops. In those days, Tory ladies felt obliged to wear hats and on this occasion, several of them, in their hats, were sitting on a bench which suddenly tipped over and they were unceremoniously flung to the ground.

Greystones had originally been a school and stood in four acres of land. Grandpa was a very good gardener and would be up at 5.00 a.m. to be in his greenhouses where he successfully grew a variety of exquisite pot plants. He would do this before going to the office.

Granny was an indomitable lady of great energy whose activities ranged from organising large fund-raising events for charities, to being a visitor at the Old St. James Workhouse, where the grandchildren had to parade on her birthday to present the old ladies with sweeties and the old gentlemen with tobacco. Under another hat she was very proud of her black leghorn hens. On one occasion when my sister and I went with her to view these fowls, we saw our first rat, two of them in fact, fighting in a trap. Quite unperturbed Granny picked up the trap and dropped them in the water tank in the greenhouse - end of rats.

In those days there always seemed to be plenty of staff to run the house, and a car and chauffeur to transport her from one activity to the next. Granny was far too busy with her political and charitable work to involve herself in housekeeping duties. She was a devout attendee at St. John's Church and would never play bridge on Sunday until the war came and for some unexplained reason it then became acceptable to play cards on the Sabbath.

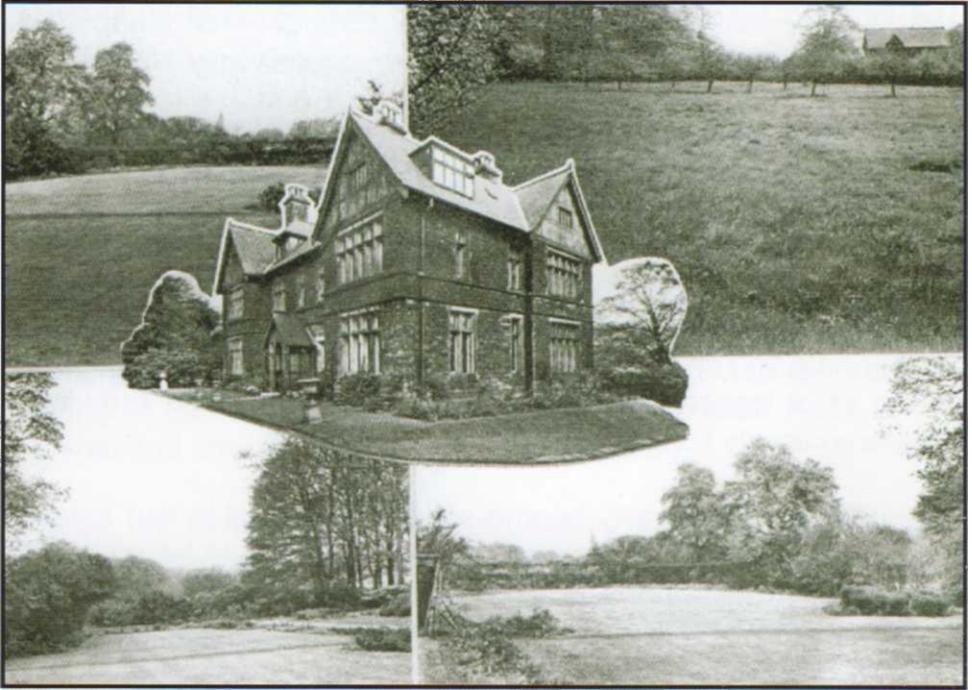


Fig. 3. Greystones, former home of the Ives family.

None of the generations who knew Greystones in its heyday is still living but the name goes on. My late brother, Kenneth Hill Preston Ives 1934 - 1996, Lieutenant Royal Marines, Green Beret parachutist had two sons. The elder, Richard Edward Leslie has a son, Robert Edward and a daughter Jodie. Kenneth's younger son Julian has two sons Alexander Henry Kenneth and Charles Louis John. It is because of them that I was persuaded to record what I can of the family story.

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