

The Old Dy'borian

The Journal of the former pupils of Dynevor School

www.dynevorrevisited.co.uk



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A New Dawn!

This photograph was taken by Dave Tovey at 7-45 am on Sunday 27th November 2005 when a new dawn was indeed breaking at the new Dynevor site. It seemed an appropriate title for this latest TOD edition with the Dynevor campus taking on a new educational role within the Swansea Institute of Higher Education. The photo, and the one on the back page, shows how accurate were the artists' impressions published in TOD 5 had been.

The Llewelyn Tower block stands on the corner where the original school hall and tower of the 1930s stood before they were destroyed in the September Blitz of 1941. It is flanked by the refurbished old school buildings that have been renamed as the Dillwyn East Wing and the De la Beche North Wing. To complete the regeneration of the site the old gymnasiums have become the Grove West Wing, housing numerous individual artists' studios.

Turn to the back cover for a different perspective.



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Welcome

HOW the years have flown since that memorable day when we said goodbye to the old school (July 2002). Since then your Journal has kept you informed of the plans for the site and its subsequent development and in this issue we can now show the Dynevor annex that has replaced the former school.

I am pleased to announce that the Association's A. G. M. will return to the Dynevor site after several years of absence on Thurs. 23rd March.

Prior to the meeting, members will have the opportunity of a tour of the Dynevor campus.

During the evening, S.I.H.E. student Sean Toomey, a recipient of one of our 2005 Presidential grants, will present some examples of his recent work.

Croeso



Humour: Dynevor and After (abridged)

Christie Davies



Among the former pupils who attended the 2005 Annual Dinner was Professor Christie Davies who, among many other things, has carved a niche for himself in the field of Humour. During the dinner he was asked if he would tell those who shared his table, how he came to be caught up in this subject area, and, given the topic, it would not have been surprising to find that someone suggested that it was a ‘funny subject for professors to study’. Whatever was said, it gave Christie a chance to explain how one of life’s accidents set him on the path to the obvious success that he has achieved in researching, writing and lecturing about the things that make human beings chuckle, smile, or laugh out loud in different parts of the world.

It seems that, whilst on a lecture tour of Indian universities, where he was intended to speak about his (then) field of study, he was asked to talk about James Joyce. Initially he demurred on the grounds that it was not his field, but something made him change his mind. A copy of ‘Portrait of the artist as a young man’ was available and he used the book in preparing his lecture. In the book, Joyce is ‘put down’ by the Dean because of his ‘imperfect’ use of English and, in order to place the scene in context, Christie told his audience that it was customary in Britain to tell jokes about the Irish being stupid. When he gave some examples his audience became animated and Christie was told they used the same jokes using Sikhs as the dullards. That incident sparked off a research project through which Christie sought to find out why such jokes could be told about the Irish in Britain, the Italians or Poles in the U.S. and about the Sikhs in India, three very different societies. The output from that research includes several books, including ‘The mirth of a nation’ and ‘Ethnic Humour around the World’

When asked if his interest in Humour had started in Dynevor, Professor Davies quoted one of English master, Ozzie Morris’s gems, which was used in explaining the difference between Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek in Twelfth Night. The former, according to Mr. Morris, was merely a fool but the latter was ‘twp’.

Christie’s latest book, which was published in October 2005, is ‘Dewi the Dragon Finds a Wife’, which has a distinct Swansea flavour, for the author confesses that he can only write humorous fiction about the ‘lovely ugly old place’.

Christie’s complete article can be read on our website www.dynevorrevisited.co.uk



4. The Old By'borian

The remarkable Morgan Lloyd Part Two

David Mendus

In TOD 7 we published an article by our current President, David Mendus. Because of shortage of space we were obliged to divide his contribution into two parts. In this second part, David sets out reasons why Morgan Lloyd was truly remarkable.

The following story is illustrative of the features that made Morgan Lloyd truly remarkable. It was a Saturday afternoon at the end of the university term. My father was waiting for me on the platform when I arrived at High Street station. He asked if I had my oboe with me, and when I said that I had, he hurried me to the car and we sped off somewhere to the north of Swansea (I never knew exactly where). On the way my father explained that Morgan's oboist had a major problem with his instrument and Mr Lloyd wanted me to play in a choral concert that evening.

We arrived at the hall just as the rehearsal was about to start and, as I took my seat in the orchestra, the conductor signalled for the choir to stand, but their efforts were not tidy enough for him. 'Choir, choir,' he complained, 'we shall be a laughing stock', following which he turned to Morgan and asked if the orchestra had played the music before. After being so assured, he let the band go for a cup of tea, while he dealt with the important business of the choir standing and sitting.

During this tea break I told Morgan that I had not seen the music. 'Don't worry' he replied, 'he is an excellent conductor who will happily follow anything you do. If you have a problem, just give me a nod'. So, I took my place that evening never having seen the music, or even being told what it was. There was no time for me to be briefed, but I knew that I could rely on Morgan Lloyd's planning to help me along.

Among the meticulous aspects of Morgan Lloyd's preparation for an event was his music library. He had a fine collection of oratorios, symphonies, light music and other items. Each piece was protected by a brown paper cover, neatly mitred at the corners and carefully strengthened with Sellotape. For a concert, there was always a bookmark in the appropriate places and written on them would be all the information that the individual musician might need. For example 'Number 27 - first repeat in, second repeat out, cut bars 110-115, watch the conductor bar 24'. The quality of these bookmarks was near perfect. That evening the concert began with me playing the first few items from the anonymous brown books, and indeed it went well. Each piece was announced



by the conductor and most of them turned out to be familiar and did not cause any problems for the players (high praise for an oboist).

Part of the way through the concert, a special item was announced. We were told that a young tenor had just completed his musical studies in London with great distinction and that we were to have the pleasure of listening to his professional debut. The conductor said that, in his opinion, the young man stood at the threshold of a glittering career. Since the young tenor was Stuart Burrows, history has proved him right.

I opened my music at the bookmark that gave the usual details of the recitative and aria that Stuart was to sing. At the foot of the right hand page was the recitative with the marking 'Oboe tacet' which means 'the oboe does not play this item'. Being quite tired by this stage, gratefully, I relaxed while Stuart sang his recitative. Then there was a pause broken only by Morgan's penetrating stage whisper 'Psst - David'. After a few moments bewilderment, I turned the page to find the instruction 'Aria - oboe solo' to my chagrin, the piece was marked 'Andante' and was in 6/8 time. For those who did not have the benefits of the teaching of John Richards (and the inestimable support of Peter James), 'andante' is a musical term that has changed over time. Originally it just meant 'walking pace' and one bar of 6/8 might have lasted a couple of seconds. Later it came to mean 'slowly' and, in extreme cases (Brahms springs to mind), a bar could last six to eight seconds. I did not know the item we were playing nor the date when it was written, so my only hope was observation and deduction. The oboe part filled two full sides of music, further more there were not many black notes. I thought, if this was a slow 'andante', it would be a long and boring evening, so I started off at a relatively brisk pace. As Morgan had predicted, the conductor followed me perfectly and the rest of the orchestra came in as required a little later. Thus it was that Stuart Burrows began his career singing at a tempo which had been set in arbitrary fashion. Happily, he handled it well and went on to fulfil his promise. If you read this, Stuart, please accept my apologies and congratulations!

As this story illustrates, Morgan Lloyd was a major figure in Swansea music for many years. I only wish he was still alive so that I could thank him properly for all that he did for me and for many others. He gave a great deal of pleasure to audiences throughout the region and was a great help to a supporter of many aspiring musicians, not the least those from Dynevor. Swansea owes him a great debt of gratitude.

The complete article can be read on our website www.dynevorrevisited.co.uk



6. The Old Dy'orian

DYNEVOR: THE DINNER HOUR, 1953-60 – Roger L. Brown, Welshpool

Steve Way's reminiscences of lunch times at Dynevor were rather different from my time there, even though he was only five years after me in his years at the School. At that time school dinners were the order of the day, for which we paid at first 5s. a week. But, although the dinners were never like home cooking, there were advantages. The Tycoch "boys" who travelled home for dinner took about half an hour each way and had to gulp their meal down equally quickly. For those who ate the school dinners there were two sittings, and we alternated by year each other week, the first sitting at 12.30, and the second at 1.00. The meals were taken in the canteen, sitting at tables on forms, eight to a table, the person at the top end being required to collect the empty plates and put the slops and cutlery into separate buckets. The canteen was on the first floor, two classrooms joined together, and the staff ate in another classroom with china plates, compared to the plastic ones we had, and had tea or coffee laid on as well. The meal consisted of a main dish and a pudding, and was rather basic, especially as it was imported from another kitchen. The kitchen staff became great friends of ours and was often apologetic about the conditions we ate under and sometimes the quality of the food. A number of boys, Anthony Pearce being one, used to help the staff washing up the plates for example and dishing up the food as we queued up individually, table by table, to collect it. The canteen later moved into one of the old labs on the Dynevor Place side of the school.

The first shift meant we had an hour free, the second two spells of half an hour. Some spent it entirely in the playground, playing fives or in the nets, but others of us used to go to the local library in Alexandra Road and do our homework. Some of us even organised a homework syndicate. The children's library, where we met, was then in the front of the building, and had some good resource books. We also borrowed books as well, and sometimes exchanged one another's favourite book for a Welsh language book. Edmunds did this to Tucker's Biggles book, the latest, and was not forgiven for many weeks.

On other occasions we would wander around Swansea, and I got to know the city, then being rebuilt, extremely well. A favourite excursion was to the model shop opposite the then ruined St Mary's Church. The shop next door had a devil above its door, said to be placed there by the architect who lost the commission to rebuild the church in the 1890s. These shops have long since been demolished. Indeed the route we took to the library has been entirely changed.



Walking past Mount Pleasant Chapel and crossing Dynevor Place, we moved onto a street that contained on the right a printing works, and on the left a car park that later became the site of the Dragon Hotel. Passing a terraced row of houses, with various gaps where bombs had struck, we then crossed a large bomb site, with the backs of houses in Grove Place in front of us, and manoeuvring around the lorries parked on it, we came out with the bombed remains of Holy Trinity Church in front of us, with its tall spire still intact. We then entered Alexandra Road and made our way to the library, where we sometimes terrorised the junior library staff, especially Howard who had been in school with us.

The market was another place to visit, as was the Museum, while on occasions we explored the Strand area. This to me was rather daring, as my mother remembered the time when policemen would never venture there on their own. By the fourth form I had discovered Ralph Wishart's two-second hand bookshops. His main shop, almost opposite High Street Station, was behind his news agency business that was open to the street. His other shop was a former garage in Northampton Place, presided over by his brother Bryn. These were the days when large libraries were being sold, and people hadn't realised the value of books. Though I bought much rubbish, I still treasure some of the books I bought here, including a complete set of Burn's Justice of the Peace of 1810.

One shop was patronised more than any other. This was the confectionary shop next to the Albert Hall, Lovell's, whose proprietor also had a sweet factory. It was an old fashioned shop, with counters both sides (I think the other side was tobacco), and a large glass case for boxes of chocolates, but the attraction for us boys was the 2d. packets of sweets. These were a half-quarter in weight, and could consist of anything, generally a mixture of sweets that came from the sweepings of those splendid tall jars in which they were displayed. It was good value for money, and sometimes frequent customers, like myself, would receive some special offer as well.

It was a privilege to be able to explore Swansea during those days, and with many others I am grateful for the trust placed in us by the school that permitted us to do so.



Stuart Winks' photographic



**Sports judges at Ganges 1956?
Sam Bassett, Graham Jones & Emlyn Evans**



Mayor makes the Sports Day Trophy presentation to Brian Hopkins



memories (mid to end 50s) – 1



Can you identify the masters in a close-up of the presentation - with Gerald Worts



Glan Powell and the staff of 1958



10. The Old Dy'orian

To the USA and Back

Larry Owen (1947 & 1951-53)

I remember my first day in Dynevor, the 9th September 1947, as so vividly detailed by Rhys Bryant in your March 2005 issue. My time there was unusual, possibly unique, in that after the first term in 1947 I transferred to a High School in Wheeling, West Virginia, USA, where I completed my Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years before returning to Dynevor in early 1951.

One of the most significant aspects of the transfers, in view of the current standards in state education in the UK, was that I was placed two years ahead in the US because of the high regard there for the British grammar school system, whereas on my return to Dynevor I was set back a year for "lack of education abroad".

Two direct results of my American experience were firstly that Mr Burgess refused to accept me in his gym in my multi-coloured American shorts until I borrowed a pair of the obligatory navy blue variety! Secondly, my strong American accent enabled me to obtain the only speaking part in the Swansea Schools presentation of the Pageant of Swansea in 1952 (being the tallest boy in the school was possibly also an advantage)!

Although I experienced a severe culture shock on returning to Dynevor, the most difficult part was to cram five years work into two and a half years to achieve the necessary "O" levels to obtain an accountancy-training contract.

Two memories are unforgettable from my second period in Dynevor. The first is of Michael James, who arrived from Australia to 4A at the same time as I returned from the US. He and "Diffy" Fox were riding their bicycles down Oxwich Hill when Michael lost control and was killed. Seeing that one empty desk for the remainder of the school year was quite depressing. The second memory is of the day that all Dynevor form captains were invited to Bishop Gore School for the opening of their new swimming pool. In front of us and various civic dignitaries, Haydn Mainwaring from Bishop Gore, a future senior Welsh rugby international, dived off the top board whilst completely naked!

My happy times in Dynevor are reflected by the fact that I have maintained regular contact for over fifty years with two of my best friends from Dynevor, Don Amer and Peter Saword, although I left Swansea in 1960 to work in Frankfurt, Johannesburg, Brussels and London, and did not return to Swansea until 1998. On my return to Swansea I linked up with old friends Murray "Muzzo" Crook and Hugh Porter. Murray, a well-known former Wales and



Great Britain football international, lives part-time in France, and Hugh, after twenty-five years in the Royal Marines, is now a Christian missionary in China. At the annual re-union dinner this year it was the first time that the "Three Musketeers" - Peter, Hugh and myself - had been together since 1954!"

REFLECTIONS ON THE M.C.C. (Monday Coffee Club) Ray Farmer

As a member of 'that august body ... at Lords', as Iorrie Mort put in the TOD 7 issue, I was intrigued to read of this select group of former staff members who met up for a morning coffee, once a week. It was the mention of the masters involved in this weekly meeting that, as an old boy of the long-past 1930s, resulted in nostalgia taking over. Cecil McGivan motivated me to pass my Maths exam in the 1939 CWB: Tom Chandler oversaw my final months in school, both were new appointments at the time; Graham Gregory was the backbone of Dynevor Rugby and W. S. (Bill) Evans, for many a year the stalwart of our school's cricket.

Mr. Evans was in charge of cricket when I played a couple of games for the Middle School XI. However, he did not 'rate' me, and unlike fast bowler Sid James (TOD 7), I never made the senior side. Bill was still running cricket some 13 years later when I arranged an Old Dy'vorian team to play the school at St. Helens in the first post-war fixture. The school team was led by Ken Walters, who subsequently became a professor, and who's team won the day, beating a strong Old Boys' side by twenty runs. Among the former pupils were Ronnie Longhurst (Swansea C.C.), Tom Kiley (Swansea C.C and F.C.) and Graham Dadds (Olympic International Hockey goalkeeper). Top scorer in the school team was K. Edwards, who struck a fine half-century. When we were batting, I had scored but a few desultory runs before being dismissed and, as I left the field, the square leg umpire (a certain W. S. Evans) murmured 'I was right Farmer, you were not good enough!'

With the July C.W.B. exam starkly in our minds, Mr McGivan arrived in the Spring term of 1939 and took over from Dynevor's 'Mr. Chips' - Edward Phillips, to teach Maths to my form - 5A. The much-loved Mr. Phillips retired at Christmas 1938, when the whole school gathered in the top floor hall (soon to be lost in the February 1941 Blitz). Headmaster Llewellyn (Beak) John led the valediction and presented Mr. Phillips with a pair of binoculars for his retirement to Pembrokeshire. The old master's response was greeted with resounding cheers; no one present will forget the tears in his eyes as he spoke his adieu!



12. The Old Dy'orian

Why Mr. Phillips, a Maths teacher had the nickname 'Teddy Test-tube' was a puzzle that was passed on to new boys year by year? The explanation, probably some mixture of truth and much exaggeration, gained national attention when Sir Harry Secombe, when asked on a Parkinson show about his schooldays, told the story of the Chem. Lab explosion.

Enter then the young Mr. McGiven who endeared himself to the boys in my form through his enthusiasm and method of teaching. My youthful diary for 1939 records that he introduced extra Maths classes and 'lots of Maths homework'.

T. H. Chandler B.A. arrived as most of the class Upper 5B left for the world of work. As a new man he had the task of overseeing our departures. His angular signature is the last entry, dated January 9, 1940 in my faded blue 'Pupils Report Book' embossed with the School emblem and its guiding ideal 'Nihil Sine Labore' – appropriate then and throughout our working life

Reminders

1. The Association's 2006 Reunion Dinner will take place on Monday 24th April, and will be held once again in the Dolphin Hotel. Demand for tickets is once again expected to be high (159 sold last year) so contact Stuart Winks with your ticket requests by returning the form that accompanies this publication. The tables will once again accommodate either eight or ten so bear this in mind if you are planning to organise a 'year' group. Please assist Stuart by booking early.

It will particularly help Robert Howells on the night if one member on each table 'group' could collect any unpaid ticket money.

2. Please do not forget the Dynevor School archive. If you have material relating to Dynevor in your attic, filing cabinet or whatever, why not consider depositing it with the County Archivist – 01792 636589.

3. Regularly check the Dynevor website www.dynevorrevisited.co.uk for all the latest news and photographs. Why not use it to support any reunion plans you may be contemplating.

4. Your editor reminds you that this journal is dependant on your literary contributions. Please send all articles and photographs to him. 3 ½ " floppy discs are an ideal medium (saves him re-typing into Word!). All forms of communication are welcome. (E-mail Word attachments can be sent to Dave Tovey – see page 15.)



Dear Editor

Grafton Maggs

It was with great joy that I read the previous issue of TOD. May I offer you and your co-workers, warmest congratulations? I am not unaware of the effort needed to bring anything into a cohesive, printed and presentable form.

I officially became a Dynevor schoolboy at 10-15 am, Wednesday, September 15th 1937. At that moment, I crossed the threshold from the publicly owned Pell Street into the hallowed, private school yard of Dynevor, accompanied by ninety or so, first year pupils. All wore the conspicuous, red and amber, ringed caps and school neckties. Those, of well-endowed parents, also wore the 'Full Monty', i.e. blazers, pullover, stockings and school scarf. Most of us came somewhere in between.

The Mumbles contingent consisted of myself, and lifelong friends Bernard Hullin and Richard (Dickie) Davies. Bernard was from my street, in Oystermouth and Dick, from Norton. I started in 2A (French and German) and the latter two in 2B (French and Latin). For the record, that dreadful fellow Lorrie Mort was in 2C (French and Welsh).

Amongst the commuters on the Mumbles Train was a third year lad, Peter Thomas Jones Hooper (4B). He and I became very close friends over the years, right up to joining the Army in 1943.

Now, at last, the point of this letter! I read with great sadness the obituary of William Watkins DFC at the age of 82. He was in Peter Hooper's form and it was my pleasure, over the years, to hear of this remarkable lad's escapades. He was NOT called 'Willy' but 'Wily'. This nickname, I think, was bestowed because, at the time, one of those worthy weekly 'tuppennies' (I think the Hotspur or the Gem) had a popular fourth former named – Wily Watkins.

He was the scourge of that rather embittered old teacher, 'Maggots' Price, who taught Geography. Wily was able to pull his leg mercilessly and got away with it. He was certainly one of the school bloods and I have unearthed a few references from the school magazine (by 1938 he was in 5B).

There is little which I can add to what has already been said about Wily, I did not know him personally and as a First Year, I was beneath contempt! However, he certainly shone on the sports field and held his own with very talented contemporaries. His service career speaks for itself and one can truly say that he did his old school proud.



14. The Old Dy'vorian

World War Two was so very near at this time and it touches one's heart to see the open, fine faces of the lads in the school photographs of the time, all of whom I believe, would be cast into the conflict.

Hope you find the enclosed interesting. To me, it all seems like yesterday!

In Memoriam

Mr. Cecil McGivan

All Old Dy'vorianians who knew him were saddened to hear the news of the passing of Mr. Cecil McGivan, affectionately known as 'Mac'. Indeed it was very pleasing to see so many old pupils paying their last respects in the service held in St. Michaels and All Saints, Manselton and at the crematorium.

Mac was educated in Swansea at another school 'on the hill', though we did not hold that against him. From there he went to Swansea College, University of Wales where he graduated in Mathematics. He then taught for a short time in a residential Protestant School in southern Ireland before returning to Swansea to Dynevor School in 1936. He and Graham Gregory arrived in the same year but, over the years, Graham kept reminding Mac that he was the senior. How fortunate Dynevor was to have the dedicated services of these two gentlemen. During the war years Mac became a commissioned officer in the RAF-Met Office, while Graham joined ICI. Otherwise they spent all or most of their careers in the School. It was in 1946 that Mac returned to the School and, when W. S. Evans left for New Zealand, he became head of the Maths Department. Eventually he retired in 1974.

Even then he did not lose contact with the School for he became a founder member of the M.C.C. (see TOD 7) and remained faithful to it until his last illness. At 92 he was the one did not even use a walking stick. I am so pleased that Mac and Tom Chandler were able to attend last year's Annual Dinner.

One other endearing memory will be his prowess at solving crosswords. In the old days a number of the staff would come to school early and combined to try to solve the Times crossword before school started. Most of us were Science-based with W. S. in charge, occasionally we had help with Shakespearian quotations from John Bennett or Ossie Morris but it was accepted that the real experts were Mac and Evan Price. If it had not been completed by the end of the school day we remained in the staff room until it was completed.

We extend to his family – John (an Old Dy'vorian), Ian and Angela – our deepest sympathy.

Iorrie Mort



In Memoriam

Abbot Alan Rees



Abbot Alan Rees died suddenly at Belmont Abbey in Hereford in October 2005. He was regarded as a leading figure in the music of the Roman Catholic Church and wrote a special mass for the visit of Pope John Paul's visit to Cardiff in 1982. Alan was appointed the abbot of Tewkesbury in 1993 following his work as the ninth abbot of Belmont, a position he held for seven years.

Old Dy'vorians who attended the Annual Dinner in 2003 will remember him as a gifted speaker. At the time of his passing, a spokesman for Belmont Abbey said 'He will be sorely missed by the monks and nuns of the English Benedictine Congregation'.

Born in Morryston in 1941, Alan was a member of Dynevor's 'Class of '53'

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David Tovey

Back Numbers of 'The Old Dy'vorian' can be still obtained at 40p each, plus postage, from Dave Tovey.



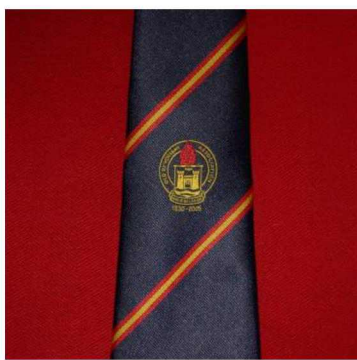
16. The Old Dy'borian



The Llewelyn Tower Block – Viewed from Alexandra road

Finally, a new building has risen in the central courtyard and is named the Roberts Ceramics Block, thereby completing the assignment of five of the six former 'House' names to the complex.

The 75th Anniversary tie



Photographs – Geoff Kimmings

The Anniversary ties are still available from Stuart Winks or Robert Howells at the price of £8.00 (post free in U.K.).

Why not order one now and/or collect it at the Annual Dinner?