

The Old Dy'vorian

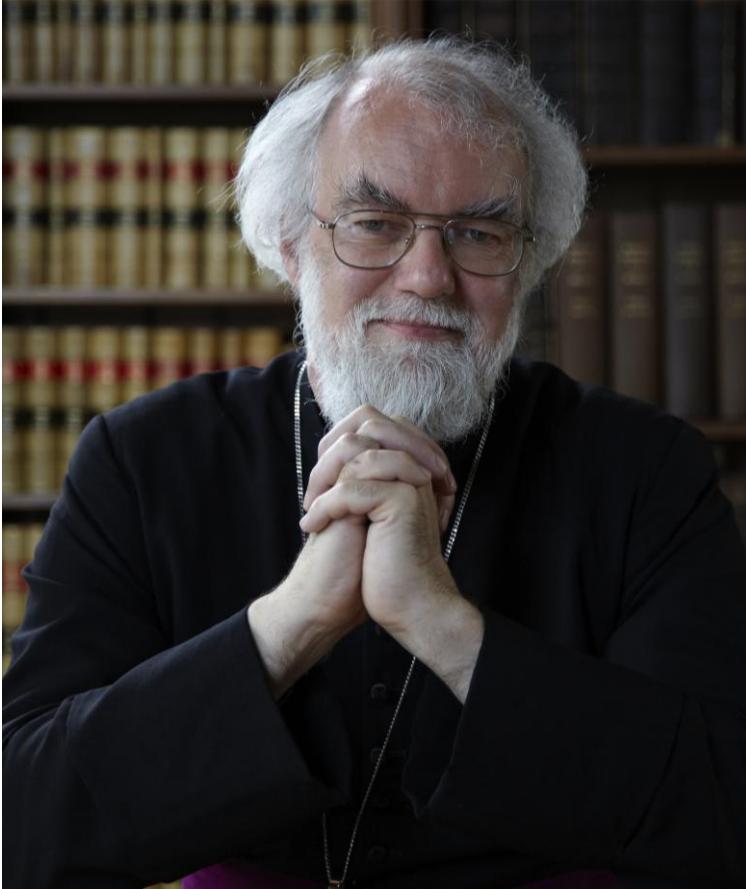
The Journal of the former pupils of Dynevor School

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The Most Reverend and Right Honourable the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, Dr. Rowan Williams (Dynevor School, 1961-68) will be installed as President of the Old Dy'vorian's Association on Friday, 25 March, 2011. He will then preside over the Annual Dinner of the Association. Dr. Rowan is the Senior Bishop of the worldwide Anglican Communion and occupies the See of Canterbury, founded by St. Augustine in 597.

2. The Old Dy'vorian



.... from the EDITOR....

WELCOME to TOD18! – Croeso i TOD18!

Thank you for your generous reception of TOD17. As it was my first issue, I was, I think you will agree, understandably a bit nervous about how it would go down. Let's hope we can maintain the high standard we have set ourselves, as well as your continuing approbation.

Was it the great Bard himself who said 'the seasons are all out of joint' – or words to that effect? It certainly feels like that when I sit down again to write this short editorial introduction to another edition of TOD. Deepest winter, we hope, may be past, spring is on the horizon, although not yet sprung. Yet all I want to say today, very early in January, is 'Happy New Year!'. 'Blwyddyn Newydd Dda!' to you all..

Welcome to yet another edition of nostalgia and happy memories – dare I say it - 'hiraeth? May your 2011 be blessed with all the good things we wish ourselves and may we have the strength to bear cheerfully any crosses we encounter on the road.

On 25 March, we Old Dy'vorian's are going to receive a splendid gift. As we all now know, Archbishop Rowan Williams is coming to celebrate with us his election to yet another post of high honour, the Presidency of the Old Dy'vorian's Association, which he has accepted with his renowned and typical grace, his modesty and, I suspect, a degree of wry humour.

Our Committee has agreed to publish a Commemorative Edition of TOD for the Annual Dinner, which promises to be a really 'good read' – but you may have to come to the Dinner to obtain your souvenir copy! **LAST ORDERS MUST BE IN BY 3rd MARCH !**

We hope you find the mix of articles and reports in this issue to your satisfaction. We've had to delay or leave out some really good 'stuff', but fear not, all will be revealed in the fullness of time! We've also been able to get a better handle on timing the publication of various announcements, all of which demonstrate just what a vibrant organisation we make up.

Let me conclude by thanking again my 'better half', Jim Waygood, for the quality of his input and without whose delivery I doubt TOD would make the newsstands!

GOLF AT CLYNE - Friday 25th March

Ken Sharp (1953) is organising a **GOLF DAY** at Clyne Golf Course, Mayals on the same day as the Annual Dinner (details in display ad. On Page 6). All ex-Dynevor pupils are welcome. Refreshments will be available before and after the Stableford competition.

CLOSING DATE for entries : 11th March, (Entry Forms available from ken.sharp@btinternet.com). **MAKE IT A DAY OUT !!**

Copy deadline for TOD19, due out in September : 21st June 2011



The Old Dy'vorian's Annual Lecture, October, 2010

'A LIFE on the ROCKS'



Our Guest Speaker was Dr. Brian Williams (1951-58), who was introduced by the President, David Dickinson.

After Dynevor, Brian read Geology at University College, Swansea and then was awarded his Ph.D. in 1964, for a thesis on 'Geology in South Pembrokeshire'.

He spent a couple of years in Ottawa, before returning to join the Water Resources Board in Reading, but shortly afterwards, was appointed to the Geology Staff at the University of Bristol, where he remained for 18 years.

In 1988, he took up the Chair of Petroleum Geology at Aberdeen, where he worked until his retirement in 1998, later being awarded a D.Sc. by the University of Wales in 2004 for his Geology research on 'South West Wales and Comparative Rocks in SW Ireland and Eastern

Canada'. A 'life on the rocks' indeed!

His lecture, entitled 'Rivers, Rocks, Reservoirs and Oil', was notable for 'its quality and for its boyish enthusiasm', wrote Noel Blows shortly afterwards.

Bill George writes in similar vein 'this was a sparkling and virtuoso presentation by Dr. Brian Williams, Professor Emeritus, University of Aberdeen. Brian moved from academe into consultancies involving travel to existing or potentially oil-rich areas of the world, containing fluvial reservoirs of different kinds, including those in Alberta, Quebec, Utah and New South Wales, as well as the UK.

The large and appreciative audience was provided with clear insights into the highly technical and scientific principles underlying the discovery and extraction of future fuel resources.

He displayed optimism that future improvements in engineering and geological skills would extend the availability of carbon-based fuel for many years to come.

In response to questions, he expressed personal views on the effects of carbon emissions on climate change as a subject where there is no overall consensus'.

4. The Old Dy'borian



MY FIRST DAY AT DYNEVOR

Robert Ackland (1965)

It was the 6th September 1965. Not only was it one of my infrequent visits to town, it was the first time I had been allowed to go into town on my own. There I was, freshly dressed in my in my school uniform of blazer, tie, jumper and short trousers. They had all been carefully purchased at Wildings Gents Outfitters in the Kingsway, where Elio's Coffee Shop is now. My uncle worked there and my parents had a very necessary 10% discount.

I walked through the gate for the first time into the seemingly deserted schoolyard. Since it was our first day, we had a 10am start. We were ushered into the school hall. There were more pupils there than in the Primary school I had just left. It was my first experience of teachers wearing gowns. There on the stage was a gentleman I was to know as **THE HEAD**, Mr Hughes, who was just about to become a lecturer in the University. The names were called for the forms. I was so nervous I kicked the chair in front of me when my name was called.

The master was Mr R B Morgan, who was known as 'Rubbo'. Our form master, Mr Williams (Wiggie), was on long-term sick. After filling in forms with goodness knows what facts, we were asked which house we wished to belong to. My father's cousin had been in Dillwyn, which was the house I opted for.

Then it was time for break. We were told it was to be called 'break' and not 'playtime'. In the yard we had our first encounter with the older boys. They seemed so big. I was nervous of a ceremony known as 'being dunked'...although I never was. One of my classroom mates approached me and asked if I would vote for him to be Form Captain. I said I was voting for someone called John Terry...and it turned out that it was John Terry who had approached me.



After break there was the class photograph (*see below*), which I still have. I'm last on the right in the front row. I was pleased that I was missing a PE lesson. Then the first lesson in my new school...Welsh, by a lady teacher whose name I have forgotten. I recall that in the afternoon I had a

music lesson with Clive John. I've never been very good at either Welsh or Music.

On the way home I called at some friends of my parents and grand mother to show them my new uniform. Both gave me 2/6d...I felt like a millionaire with 5/- in my pocket.

And so began a very happy 7 years in Dynevor. Looking back at 45 years remove there are tears in my eyes. They are tears of joy as well as of nostalgia.



ANTIPODEAN DY'VORIAN and SEAGOON

Memories of another 'great' Old Dy'vorian, Harry Secombe, have been revived by receipt of the following message from Keith Wilkinson, residing in Auckland, New Zealand. Keith is not an Old Dy'vorian, but his Father, Alan Wilkinson was there in the 30's.. He settled in NZ after retirement from Air Ministry. The message continues

'My father died in 1980. Amongst his papers, we found a Dynevor Leaving Certificate, with many heartfelt comments from Teachers of the day, who obviously held him in "high regard" ' (Keith thinks he may also have been School Captain).

Alan was a Danygraig boy and his Mother was friendly with a Mrs.Secombe, whose Son, Harry was also at Dynevor.

Alan Wilkinson became a Senior Executive Officer in Air Ministry, based in Whitehall and was twice sent to represent the British Government in Aden during the years of the emergencies there, 1956-58 and 1963-65. During this time, Harry looked up the family, whilst he was entertaining the troops. Our photos show shots taken by Alan of members of the family with both Harry and Eric Sykes, the famous Goons script-writer.



Photos courtesy of Keith Wilkinson

Left – Alan Wilkinson, taken soon after joining Air Ministry pre-war.

Right – Harry Secombe, Keith Wilkinson, Mrs Wilkinson, Eric Sykes in Aden.

6. The Old Dy'borian



REUNION SPELT SUCCESS

There aren't many places around Swansea as attractively located for a function as Langland Bay Golf Club, which offered the ideal setting for the second Annual Past Presidents' Luncheon on October 1st last.

Edgar McCarthy (1958), who has inherited the leadership from Bill Gibbs, whose brainchild it is, had worked very hard to promote the function. Almost 30 guests (ex-Presidents, their Wives and our Secretary, Clem Williams and his wife) sat down in the Dining Room, which looks out over the 18th Green, eastwards towards Langland Bay and the Bristol Channel.

The years represented included 1968/ Cyril Goldstone, 1976/ Iorrie Mort, 1981/ Peter & Gislinde Macpherson, 1984/ Jim & Christine Watkins, 1985/ Alan & Georgina Goodwin, 1986/ Murray Donald, 1991/ Stuart Batcup, 1993/ George & Rhona Sambrook, 1995/ Bill & Joan George, 2000/ Lionel & Linda Hopkins, 2004/ Edgar & Mary McCarthy, 2006/ Bill & Brenda Gibbs, 2007/ Noel & Maureen Blows, 2009/ Brian & Lyn Willis and 2010/ President David and Jill Dickinson (unfortunately, Maureen Donald and Bill & Gloria Perrins had to cry off at the last minute).

After enjoying an excellent menu, David Dickinson made a brief introduction, followed by Edgar McCarthy, who spoke – not too long – about his experience of starting work at Tir John and later with the CEGB.

A most successful function, thoroughly enjoyed by all present and auguring well for future such gatherings, especially in view of the 'gaps' left by former Presidents who were unable to attend.

Memorandum : We must arrange a photograph next time

What's happening on Friday, 25th March ? The Annual Dinner

But there's MORE !!!

GOLF AT CLYNE – book this date... NOW!!!

Tee off from 10.00am

18 hole Stableford Competition

Members £10, Visitors £25

Contact : ken.sharp@btinternet.com



PRESIDENT'S AWARDS - 2010



Photo: Rob Mitchell SMU

Left to right: *Clem Williams, Tim Evans-Jones, Chris Shopland, David Dickinson, Lisa Fox, Noel Blows.*

President David Dickinson made the 2010/11 Presidential awards to three Swansea Metropolitan University students prior to the Annual Lecture in October.

The three recipients were Lisa Fox (reading a BSc Business Information Technology in the Faculty of Applied Design & Engineering), Chris Shopland (reading a BA(Hons) General Illustration in the Faculty of Art & Design),Tim Evans-Jones (reading a BA(Hons) Counselling and Psychology in the Faculty of Humanities).

The students were introduced by their respective 'Heads of School' following which each student was presented with a cheque for £350.

This was the 7th Year of the Presidential Awards. President Edgar McCarthy started them in 2004. An Award is presented to a student from each of the three Faculties. The student will have shown high promise in spite of circumstances that might have hindered them. Next year there will be a fourth Faculty award. The money is conditional upon the surplus generated by the ODA .



THE NEW WRISTWATCH - continued

Grafton Maggs (1937)

Readers will recall that in TOD 17, Grafton told the delightful story of how his parents had promised to buy him a wristwatch if – and when – he passed the Scholarship. Much to his surprise, he did and we left the story as he and his father got off the Mumbles Train, to go into town to buy the watch. Now please read on....(Ed)

We alighted at the Rutland Street Terminus and walked up to the Town Centre. To my surprise, instead of going up to High Street to Crouch's or Samuel's or Evans's, we turned in to Swansea Market.

We threaded our way through the busy, chattery lanes between the stalls, brushing against white clothed trestle tables, loaded with butter tubs, and sides of bacon. Past Peacock's Clothes and Walters' Fruit, Coakley's fish and Mrs Foster's Llanmadoc chickens, to arrive at a grubby little stall, set up in a murky, cobwebbed corner. Two wobbly looking wooden posts supported a banner, upon which was the barely decipherable announcement:

**Gonzalez Fitzroy Pugh, Esquire,
International Horologist Est. 1904
Gold Medallist, Paris Exhibition 1910**

(I discovered later that he was known in the Swansea Market as, "Dai Tick".)

Between the posts was a sloping shelf, on one side of which was a half eaten, deflated meat pie on a dish with coagulated brown gravy on the rim. On the other side was a hand-written sign:

**Watches repaired.
24 hour service except when it takes longer.
Not on Saturdays when the Swans are playing at home.**

Between these two objects was a *melange* of all that is associated with timekeeping. Silver pocket watches of all sizes lay between wristwatches, partly hidden by leather straps and chains. To one side, alarm clocks rubbed shoulders with wooden-cased mantelshelf clocks. A Mickey Mouse-faced nursery clock lay beside an off balance wall pendulum clock that looked in dire need of a duster and oxygen. The whole ensemble rested benignly under its undisturbed fine layer of Market, moon-like dust.

There was no sign of the time lord, Gonzalez Fitzroy Pugh, Esquire.

My father looked around and bleated, "Hello! Hello!.....I say! I say!"

There was movement from behind the stall and a head appeared topped by a brown crumpled trilby with staining all round the hatband. Beneath this hat was a face that seemed to reflect all the tragedies and disasters ever inflicted upon mankind. The sagging eyelids, the bloodshot eyes were set in a pallid, roadmapped, unshaven face bedecked with a large brown tinted moustache drooping over a mercifully concealed mouth. I had the impression that, as a child, he had never been an "Ovaltiney".



The rest of him emerged. It is best to dismiss his clothes by just saying that they were not new and had not come from Sydney Heath's. He wore a black suit with a brown waistcoat and grey trousers, all of which were delightfully toned in by cigarette ash. As he lurched around the stall, he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, releasing a stifled belch which wafted across a miasma of Worthington 'E'.

In rich, Rhondda Valley tones he greeted us, "Gentlemen, what can Gonzalez Fitzroy Pugh do for you, today?"

My father, regally, replied, "We want a wristwatch!"

"You've come to the right place, my lovely boys! Anything in mind?"

I piped up, "I want a black dial and numbers that glow in the dark"... *to be continued*
The plot thickens, but you will have to wait until TOD 19 to hear how the story ends!!!

If you have mislaid or lost your copy of TOD 17 then Dave Tovey our Webman has a supply. His contact details are on the back page.

SWANSEA 1948 – by John Linnell (1953)

The air raid shelter was big and grey
And made of blocks of foot thick cement
The bombs hit houses near and far away
But in the shelter there wasn't a dent.
After the war the bomb shelter remained
And the stench of ammonia was high
Now we're looking for those evil Russian planes
Hoping those A-bombs keep flying by.

We'd fish for tadpoles down in the old canal
Ignoring the filth and the grime.
Share a pack of five fags with a favourite pal -
Secret puffing would pass a little time
We played in ruins without fear all day
With frequent glances to the eastern sky
Our arrows were sharp, our bows at bay
Hoping the A-bomb would keep flying by

Torn pants, cut knees and specs askew
For a bath I had to wait for Friday night
How I survived I simply haven't a clue
But with books and BBC I felt all right
I saw photos of Jews in a prison camp, naked and ghostly soon to die
If the Germans were bad guys the Russians were worse
Hope those A-bombs keep flying by.



3 GOOD MEN

How often in life do circumstances combine to alter cases! No sooner is a procedure or policy agreed than events occur which force us, not necessarily to revise it, but at least to trim our sails to meet the prevailing wind (witness the present problems of our Coalition Government!).

Such is the case with the unfortunate, but continuing need, from time to time to report the death of one or more Old Dy'vorians. So much so that it was agreed last Summer simply to report their passing in TOD, referring those who wished to know more to the Dynevor Website.

What a strange irony, then, that TOD17 and TOD18 have each been preceded by the death of one of the 'founding fathers' of the modern, resuscitated ODA. I refer, of course, to **George Hounsell** and **David Farmer**. *Like me, each acknowledged the powerful influence of Dynevor and its Teachers in helping to shape whatever person we became.*

George's efforts on behalf of the ODA, as Secretary, stretched over almost 40 years and were generously supported by a succession of fine Old Dy'vorians until he finally handed over the reins to Stuart Winks. Nevertheless, the latter years saw a standstill in membership, or, at best, slow growth, fresh recruitment at each Annual Dinner representing the lone star in the firmament.

David, on the other hand, as recorded in Dave Tovey's fine article in TOD17, was the catalyst who set the 'new' ODA on its course in 2002, when the school finally closed and then helped to preside over its metamorphosis and spectacular growth thereafter, as recorded in successive issues of TOD.

Now each has gone to his eternal reward.

There is a further irony in the links with my own life. I started at Dynevor with **George** on the same day in 1944. We remained good friends thereafter. **David's** influence came later, with his kindness and generosity of spirit after my first wife died in 1998. I became his successor, as the second Editor of TOD, not long before he himself died.

So who is – or was - the third 'good man'? None other than **Meredydd Glyn Hughes**, who, although not an 'old boy' of the school, nevertheless was an Old Dy'vorian. His death, at the age of 88, was reported last March. This gives us, in successive order and bridging all gaps, a former Head, a former Teacher, Deputy Head and ultimately, long-serving Secretary of the ODA and finally, an 'Old Boy' who became the catalyst for the events described above. *What better reason for Dynevor to survive in the minds and memory of all, sometimes even of the most unlikely people.*

Meredydd was appointed Head in 1957 and served the school with distinction for 8 years, before going on to pursue a career in Higher Education, finally becoming Professor of Education at Birmingham until he retired in 1988. A quiet man, he was known and



respected, writes John Davies (1952-59), for his 'vision, impeccable organisational skills, approachability, kindness, sense of fun and equanimity'.

Whether apocryphal or not, it is said that, having set up a VIth Form Group, he asked one gathering about their career aspirations. Two hands (at least) shot up: one, Tony Pearce, replied 'Bishop', the other, Alan Rees, responded 'Abbot'. It is not recorded what the future Archbishop of Canterbury said!

George, who died last Summer at the age of 77, came to Dynevor in 1944 and, effectively, never left, spending the rest of his life there, from 1957, after reading Classics at University College, Swansea and completing his National Service as a Sergeant in the Education Corps. He devoted himself to serving the interests of successive generations of boys and, later, of 'old boys'.

Known, like Meredydd, as Iorrie Mort said at his funeral, for his 'equanimity and kindness, his keen sense of fairness and his reliability' George was a fount of wisdom and knowledge of all things 'Dynevor'. He was loved by all he met. John Walters, Vicar of Pontardulais, who conducted the service, described George as 'one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's favourite teachers'.

David's sudden death, last November, left everyone who knew him with a palpable sense of shock and sadness. Yet another, happy irony in this story, however, meant that he was able to read the general appreciation of his efforts on behalf of the old School and the ODA, which were warmly recognised by Dave Tovey in TOD17.

Originally destined for a career on the railways, by his grit, perseverance and determination, he came eventually to celebrate a distinguished academic career in the field of Management Studies and was the author of more than 20 books. As our Secretary, Clem Williams, remarked, 'this impressive man displayed an extraordinary energy and commitment to all things Dy'vorian'.

Truly, an amazing story. Circumstances, in this case, did indeed combine to alter cases!

PHM

'IN MEMORIAM' *We regret to announce the deaths of the following Old Dy'vorians. Fuller tributes are either on or are being prepared for the Website.*

September, 2010 : **Graham Ivor Bidder** (Dynevor years not known);

23 May, 2010 : **Anthony Hicks (1954)**, Handel Scholar

30 June, 2010 : **Lord (Brian) Flowers**, Internationally-renowned Physicist

9 December, 2010 : **Meirion Pennar**. (1959) Lecturer in Welsh, Lampeter

'May they rest in peace'



12. The Old Dy'vorian

OUR SECRET WEAPON or 'blow by blow' !!!!

Peter Macpherson (1944)

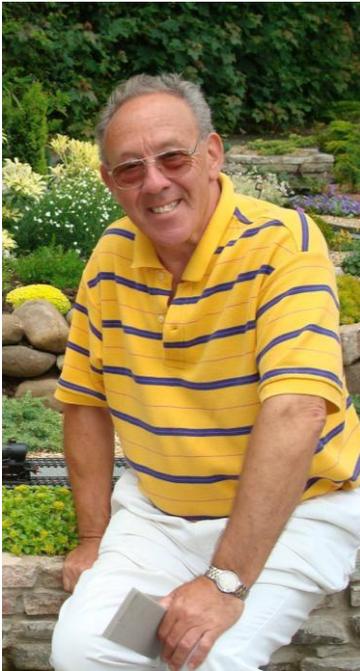
The word is out! The Old Dy'vorian's have a secret weapon!

Back in 2007, at the OD Annual Dinner, when he was installed for the ensuing year, like all incoming Presidents, Noel Blows had a vision, a dream. It was, quite simply, to make the Old Dy'vorian's grow in numbers and grow and grow.

Why should he want to do this? Quite simply, because he had identified the pride that OD's embraced for their old school and realised that, properly harnessed, this could be a force for many people to come together and celebrate, as well as keeping alive in future years the spirit of Dynevor.

David Farmer's impassioned appeal in July, 2002 to the assembled members of the old school, just before it finally closed, had applied the necessary spark; a large number were recruited to the Association that day. What was now needed was someone who had the determination to build this into something permanent.

Enter Noel Blows. Elected to the Committee, by virtue of his Presidency, he offered his services as Recruitment Officer.



He was admirably suited to the task. A career in Banking and General Management had equipped him with all the skills of organisation and marketing needed to undertake a lively and continuous campaign.

If proof were needed of its success, we have only to look at the figures. From a baseline of some 150+ members, growth has been phenomenal. 115 new members were recruited in 2009; 134 in 2010. At the time of writing (17 January, 2011), membership stands at 509!

Reading Noel's regular reports is a lesson, not just in marketing and information management, but in the power of enthusiasm – literally to move mountains, in this case realising the potential waiting to be tapped.

'Blow by blow', he's getting there

What price a thousand members soon?!

Noel in the garden of his home.



OSSIE V. GREG – ARTS OR SCIENCE
- a personal dilemma by Tony Walters (1951)

In TOD17, we published one of Robert Frost's short poems, entitled 'The Road not Taken'. Graham Davies (1944) had submitted it, together with a short article on the choices we make in life. He remarked that such decisions often affect our subsequent careers. The 'hidden agenda' of the poem lay in its 'levels of ambiguity' - as the poet says : 'I took the one less travelled by, and that has made all the difference'

How many of us can adduce experiences in our lifetime which made the same difference. I certainly can! Tony Walters' article was submitted recently; it is almost a direct answer to Graham's challenge. We want to use it to challenge any of you who have a story to tell along those lines : which choice did you make? which road did you take? what was the result? –Ed.

Following my initial years at Dynevor, it dawned on me that for the VIth Form I would be streamed either into Arts or Science. This put me in something of a dilemma, in that my favourite subjects were Chemistry and English. I was a Sub-Editor of the School Magazine and had worked on the 75th Anniversary edition, celebrating the founding of the school in 1883.

Ossie Morris taught us how to construct essays and short stories with a strong ending. He also encouraged us to read such great writers as Joseph Conrad, George Bernard Shaw and Henry James. Graham Gregory was a superb Chemistry Teacher, who made his subject come alive. Both would play a significant part in my life and in my career.

The choice I took meant that I came to graduate from Leeds University in 1962 in Coal and Mineral Process Engineering. I set sail from Southampton to Capetown, thence to the Northern Rhodesian (Zambian) Copper mines. Over the next few years, I earned my apprenticeship in metallurgical and mineral processing operations.

I was then transferred to Hawange Colliery, near Victoria Falls, in Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), where a new processing plant was being introduced. Prime Minister Ian Smith, who had declared UDI in 1965, triggering the revolt led by Robert Mugabe, came to attend the opening. I demonstrated to him some of the new technology with a laboratory scale model
.....there we must leave the story for now. Watch out for the conclusion in TOD19.

A CALL TO ARMS!

Can you, will you HELP?!

Readers and members will recall receiving, with TOD17, a letter of appeal from our Secretary – 'A Call to Arms'. Whilst there has been some welcome response, the explosive growth of the ODA in recent years has placed a growing burden upon the shoulders of the Elected Officers. If you have a particular skill or talent for such work and are willing to devote a small amount of your time to maintaining the ODA as a dynamic organisation, please get in touch NOW with Clem Williams (details on back page).

Reminder – AGM, Wed 2nd March at 7.30pm. Venue – SMU, Dynevor Campus



**REMINISCENCES OF AN UNDISTINGUISHED CAREER IN
DYNEVOR RUGBY**

John L. Davies (1952)

I was never much good at it, being rather slow and ponderous about the field, invariably late at rucks and mauls (though very enthusiastic on arrival). Since my junior school hero was the splendid Horace Phillips, a fine dashing ex Dy'orian left wing of the all Whites and Wales, I had delusions of becoming a touchline flyer, but wise gentle Sam Bassett, the coach of the First Year XV had no doubt that the absolute ceiling of my ambition was a loose-head prop, maybe a hooker. He was dead right, of course.

The school was served by a plethora of rugby teams, 1st and 2nd XV, A B C D and First Year XV's – and this was in addition to a parallel set of soccer XI's, masterminded by Tom James. Graham Gregory, of course, was the Graham Henry of his day, though considerably less laconic and much more animated. He once ran 30 yards on to the field at Ashleigh Road and belted me round the ear for missing a tackle against Bishop Gore; mind you, they did score the winning try as a consequence. But we also had the quite different coaching styles of Glyn Jones (quiet persuasion); Iorrie (messianic exhortation of the Clive Rowlands' type); Fuzz Lloyd (who pioneered the Afro hair style); Sam Bassett (cool rationalist); and Derek John (for whom our puny efforts in the First Year XV disillusioned him so much, he emigrated to Nigeria). These splendid gentlemen spent hours of their spare time after school and weekends trying to inculcate in us the basic skills of passing, tackling, scrummaging etc. and inspiring us to levels of achievement of which (from time to time) the School might be proud. This was, of course, well before the NUT work to rule campaigns of the 1980's brought a halt to such dedication.

Dynevor, of course, had no playing field, other than Gange's Townhill acres, so it was training in the Yard (not the best location for practising tackling) and invariably Saturday away matches at Ashleigh Road, the Rec at St. Helen's (which doubled up as a car park for the afternoon All Whites' matches), Llansamlet and Port Talbot. The First XV even ventured to Llanelly (as it was spelt then), Llandovery and Brecon (the big time!). So it was that Alan Goodwin, Chris Edwards and I gathered in Manselton Road with our black and amber shirts and multi farious shorts and socks (Chris even had the effrontery to wear his brother's Bishop Gore socks) and embarked for these exotic destinations with great expectations and pride. We even got our picture in the "Evening Post" once, headed "Stars of the Future". This was kind of the reporter, though our exploits over the following decade did not really adequately repay his optimism. Various citizens played honourably for Swansea Schoolboys and Billy Hullin for London Welsh, Cardiff and Wales, of course. After the game, wherever it was, it was straight to St. Helens (still caked in mud and rather damp) to admire Clem Thomas; Billy Williams and Dewi Bebb showing us how it should be done – or to the Vetch to marvel at the sublime artistry of Ivor, Len and Cliff). What a privilege.



There were some splendid players in my time in the A team, including the Lewis brothers (Hwyl and Gwyn), the formidable crash tacking Tudor James at centre (I still can't avoid him in my dreams), the mercurial fly half Colin Richards, the redoubtable Martin Twomey at full back, Colin Lane on the flank, Terry Thomas on the wing who reduced Iorrie (who was refereeing one game) to total bafflement by sending himself off in a fit of pique and my conspirators in the dark arts of front row play, David Bevan and Alan Tribe.

For some reason at that time,(probably because they were considerably better) Bishop Gore were always our nemesis, sorry to say. We used to dread Glan Powell or Meredydd announcing the weekend result in Mount Pleasant Assembly, and the consequent disgust of our peers – and Gregory – was always painful. However, in the cold light of fifty years on, I have to concede Bishop Gore were very good – but we were very stylish running on to the field, though not as impressive staggering off it as 25 – 3 losers!

I wonder what the above mentioned Dynevor hopefuls managed in their subsequent rugby careers? Billy Hullin we know about. For myself, I dabbled in Aber, virtually broke my neck playing against Felinfoel, turned to refereeing (much less dangerous and you can slow the game down to suit yourself). Whilst undertaking a visiting professorship in an US university in the late 1970's, I was persuaded against my better judgement to become coach of the University of Utah XV, where various tactical tricks learned from Gregory and "Fuzz" came in most useful. US rugby at that time, had not yet come across the possibilities of carefully planned skulduggery relating to the "Up and Under". This was my great contribution to rugby thinking in North America.

As in many other things, our esteemed masters inspired us with their love of the subject – how could we not absorb their wisdom for subsequent use?

Copy deadline for TOD 19, due out next September, will be June 21th, – but it's never too early!

Send (in **Word** format if possible) to:

Peter Macpherson – Tel..01792 403268

petermacbarbican@gmail.com

Jim Waygood – Tel..01792 899019

j.waygood@btinternet.com

How about that article you were going to write? NOW IS THE TIME! Send it to us!!!



THE LETTERS OF W.S (Bill) EVANS - continued

I find words hard to come by to express my total satisfaction with, first of all the photographs of the “old gang” and secondly, the pen pictures of so many old Boys. They were delightful, and reading them kept me closer in touch than even the sporadic communications I receive from members of the M.C.C. (You mentioned the Monday Morning Coffee Club. Well, we cut out the M from Morning so it sounds more classy as the M.C.C.) I am very glad you called in to Littlewoods’ to see them – even though they drink tea rather than coffee.

By your account you have really found your way into all sorts of posts, even studying at 37+. It is a good thing for you that you have an interest in the Rugby club and I am sure you are the life and soul of the Club, and especially of the Club Shop. What thrilled me more than that, you are keenly interested in Classical music. That, to me, is my food and drink. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn are my idols.

Just a year or two before WW2, Graham Gregory, his brother, Harry, McGivan and myself on, of all instruments, the Double Bass, started playing – of all pieces under the sun – the first movement of Schubert’s famous 9th Symphony – the item which, in Schubert’s days, the Vienna Orchestra refused to play as it was TOO DIFFICULT!!!

We ploughed our way through the first 20 bars – that would be early 1939-1941; mercifully the Huns had got news of this piece of blasphemy and on February 21 1941 Dynevor was bombed; all the orchestral instruments stored were destroyed, including my double B. I mentioned to you previously of Rangecroft playing the cello on the imaginary strings; well I was just as bad: a tiny piece of hair was sticking out of one string on the Double B, and **scraped** my bow, I would hit the note F, for which I was so glad; any other notes were purely accidental. BUT, I conducted the Swansea Youth Orchestra from 1945-1951; conducted some music festivals, including 3 at Bryn Cox’s old church at Carmarthen Road. In 1962 we emigrated to N.Z., and by 1964 we discovered that, on the staff of Hamilton Boys’ High School, there were a violinist, a 2nd violinist, a cellist, a clarinettist and a flautist, and with myself playing the piano, we played regularly until 1977 when my eyes gave me trouble.

This next item has a remote bearing on music. In 1966 we paid a return visit to Swansea by way of Hong Kong, Jerusalem, Beirut, Cairo, Rome, Paris, London. Then in 1980 Gwyneth twisted my arm to pay another visit to Wales. I gave in subject to two conditions: as we had called in to where the Prince of Peace lived, Jerusalem, this time I wanted to see where the other “Prince” lives – Las Vegas; and secondly I wanted to see where my musical idol lived, Saltzburg, and we achieved both conditions. First we stayed at the Red Flamingo hotel, opposite Caesar’s Palace. We then visited where dear Mozart was born. I really loved Austria. So when you say you love classical music you have a mate out in N.Z. who loves the same kind of music – up to and including DVORAK, but not much further.

Returning to your letter: kind regards to Roy Edwards whom I remember very well, and his father, Reg; also “porky” Davies whom I taught while up at the Grammar School 1941-1944. After reading your pen pictures of those in the photograph I feel so happy that so many of the boys I met have done so well, and have accomplished great things in their respective callings. It did my heart good to read of their achievements. If at all possible please give them my



congratulations. Also the fact that so many came to the Reunion meant that Dynevor was very close to their hearts.

Good old Joe Keane; good old Hywel Williams; good old everyone.

I well recall Tom Williams and Bernard Preedy taking the Double Maths course with me. I would not be surprised to learn that by now Tom is a Deacon in his chapel!

So good to hear from John D. Bowen – a real honest-to-goodness worker; tell him, I shall, in the next few days try and contact a local ham radio enthusiast.

You mentioned Cliff Waghorn being interested in books and memorabilia. A piece of useless information: one of my fellow bowlers (I am an enthusiastic bowler and so is Gwyneth) is SIR JACK NEWMAN and in a cricket match in (I think) 1933, in N.Z. Hammond hit him for 3 sixes in succession, but, as Jack told me, “I got him in the end “. Whether he did, I cannot vouch, I just have his word.

C (Scruf) Lewis I remember very well – a very good Mathematician, and I am not at all surprised at his subsequent record. Ken Lewis and his brother, D. Lewis, I recall very well.

You mention MALCOLM MORT. Is that his correct name/ I recall a HARRY MORT who captained the cricket team. Brian Mathews and “Winkle” Davies I recall so well. Winkle was a good cricketer.

DAI DAVIES I knew him and his family very well. His mother, Ceinwen , and her family went to the same chapel as I did. They were a very musical family. His father died before Dai was born, and that news shocked Fforestfach. I knew his father’s family very well too.

I do hope DAVID HORN is recovering from his serious illness.

Glad to hear of Don Yerbury – stumper in the cricket team. Can you by any means – fair or foul – contact these players? I would be very happy to know that **we** are still in contact. Sorry to hear that Bernard Creber had died. He was the cricket captain in his last year.

Five pages!! Again I repeat, thank you so very much for filling in so many blank pages. Very rarely does one learn of the development of our young hopefuls at school, and I feel my heart is lighter; my step will now be brisker as I walk along the bowling green, and my memories have been revived and stimulated by learning of all your contacts.

As for me: I came out to Hamilton in September 1962, as Head of Maths at the High School – since I was a young lad, I had wanted to see N.Z. I retired from there in 1971 when I was 65 years old; did part time teaching 6th & 7th forms in Maths at the Girls’ High School, then in 1983 when I was 77, I was asked to come to the rescue at St. Pauls Collegiate, as the Head of Maths had had a nervous breakdown.

We moved to Nelson November 1990, to be near our daughter and we get so much sunshine I am sorry we cannot send you some.

W S Evans

February 10, 1992



DYNEVOR BOY LOST AT SEA

...The following article and picture have been submitted for publication. As the story records, Jim Dadds had a brother, Graham, who was also at Dynevor and was a well-known Hockey player in Swansea.

Our research has found that Jim Dadds was 3rd Engineer Officer on the SS Ocean Crusader, which was one of 60 'Liberty' ships built by the Americans at Portland, Maine. Launched on 18 October, 1942, it had sailed to New York, to load general cargo for the UK.

From there, it linked up with a large convoy and set sail on 19 November, but was torpedoed and sunk with all hands on 26 November. There were two other Swansea men on board, as well a number of Pembrokeshire men, including the Captain. Jim Dadds was 26 years old.

DYNEVOR OLD BOY LOST AT SEA

NEWS has been received by Mrs. F. E. Dadds, of Stone Cottage, Llewelyn Circle, Swansea, that her son, J. A. Dadds (Jim) third engineer in the Merchant Navy, has been lost at sea. He had been torpedoed twice previously, but had reached land little the worse for his experiences.

He was an old boy of the Dynevor Secondary School and later a student at Swansea Technical College. He served his apprenticeship at the Newport and South Wales Tube Works, Landore, and later went to South America in the employ of Cable and Wireless, Ltd., breaking his contract at the beginning of hostilities to take more active part in the war effort. It was on his return passage home that he was first torpedoed.

He obtained his "ticket" as second engineer at the age of 26, and intended sitting for chief engineer's "ticket" at the conclusion of his last trip.

He had been an ardent member of the Wesley Mission



J. A. DADDS.

for many years, taking a great interest in youth organisations and the Scouts

He leaves a widowed mother, an elder brother, Graham, who has been invalided out of the Air Force; a younger brother, Wilfred, who is a sergeant in the R.A.S.C., out East, and a sister, Violet, in Swansea Electricity Department.

Graham left Dynevor, to join the RAF, from which he was later invalided out. I spoke recently to his daughter, Jill, who married Old Dy'orian John Davies (1947-54). John told me he still occasionally wears his late Father-in-law's Dynevor tie. He hopes to get to the Dinner, maybe wearing the tie (amongst other items of clothing, of course!) – Ed.



PIC FROM THE PAST

The ODA Annual Dinner 1953



We published the above photo in TOD 17. Ray Farmer (1935) has kindly provided us with more names which you will find below. See if you can match them.

Front : Bernard McNerney, Glan Powell, Rev Leslie Norman, Wilf Wooller, Bryn Thomas, Sir William Jenkins, Albert Hopkins (Peter's father).

In the crowd behind : Bill Perrins, CA Jones (Tojo), WS (Bill) Evans, Wilfred Higgs

Howell Mendus, Dr Elwyn James - The new President, George Elford, Edward Phillips (Teddy TestTube), Eric Yates and Ray Farmer

APOLOGY

On Page 14 of TOD 17, we published 'Reflection', by Graham Davies, a delightful and sensitively-written article about one of Robert Frost's poems, 'The Road not Taken'.

Unfortunately, a typographical error meant that the Poet's name was transcribed as David, not Robert Frost! The same mistake occurred a second time in the text and was not picked up.

There is only one person to blame for such an error in proof-reading and that is me, the Editor! I would like to apologise most sincerely to Graham and hope that he will be able to find the generosity to accept this public apology.

A BIG 'THANK YOU'

Ray Farmer (1935-39), brother of David, has written to ask us to publish the heartfelt thanks of David's Wife, Pat, the family and himself for the 'wonderful turn-out' of Old Dy'vorians, many wearing the Old Boys' tie, at the Funeral Service and Cremation of David and later, at the Reception offered by Swansea City Football Club at the Liberty Stadium'.



BOOK THIS DATE!!!!

SWANSEA METROPOLITAN UNIVERSITY / OLD DY'VORIANS
JOINT ANNUAL LECTURE 2011

Thursday 5th May 2010 at 4.00pm (Refreshments after lecture)
Main Lecture Theatre, Dynevor Centre for Art, Design & Media
Swansea Metropolitan University

John Evans, OBE (1963)

**“Breaking the Myths and Stereotypes of Disability -
Disabled people can and do contribute to society”**

Reserve place/s : Joyce Wills on Tel 01792 481100 or Email joyce.wills@smu.ac.uk

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WEBSITE – ‘dynevor revisited’ – definitely worth a look !

A mine of information, history, photographs, etc can be seen on the Old Dyvorian Website which can be accessed at <http://www.dynevorrevisited.co.uk> . Webmaster Dave Tovey is always looking for new information and any items or questions you have that can add to the site should be sent to Dave at - webman@btinternet.com

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Wed, 2nd March at 7.30pm. Venue – SMU, Dynevor Campus