



Mud, mud, glorious mud:
Barrie after a cross-country
race back in November

Barrie's still outstanding

BARRIE Roberts has a nice line in self-deprecation about his time at Dynevor.

"I must have been an outstanding pupil," he says, "because I was frequently told to go and stand outside the classroom door."

Barrie might not have pulled up any academic trees at Dynevor but there was one thing he excelled in: **Running**.

He won the mile race at the annual school sports day back in 1960 - and just a few months ago, 54 years later, he took part in the Dylan Thomas Mile along Swansea Promenade.

Barrie, who turned 72 in January and was the oldest competitor on the prom, came eighth out of 23 finishers in a time of 6 minutes 28 seconds.

Mind you, this impressive performance was no big surprise - because his athletics prowess has seen him represent Wales and Great Britain over the years, and he's currently ranked number one

>Continued on Page 2

Dennis our guest speaker

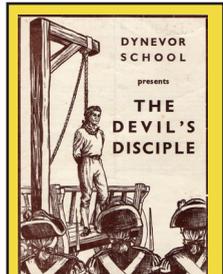
WELSH Rugby Union president Dennis Gethin will be guest speaker at the Old Dy'vorians' Association dinner on April 17.

We've a real treat in store after Dennis accepted an invitation from Selwyn Walters, who will be installed as ODA president on the night, to come along for our 77th annual bash at Swansea University.

The two became friends during former prop-forward Selwyn's ten-year spell on the WRU committee from 1993 until 2003. Dennis, born in Seven Sisters, enjoyed a successful career in both rugby and law.

>Continued on Page 2

Reflections of a determined epileptic - Pages 6-7



1960 drama
is brought
back to life
Pages 10-11



He's our very
own Mister
Globetrotter
Pages 12-13



The times
they are
a-changing
Page 4



There'll be rugby on menu!



Dennis Gethin: special guest at our 77th annual dinner

< From Page One

He played against the 1963 New Zealand All Blacks while at Cambridge University and became the record points' scorer for Cardiff.

Dennis, who gave up first-class rugby to pursue his legal career in 1971, was chief executive of Taff Ely Borough Council between 1982 and 1996 and became secretary of the Welsh Rugby Union for five years until 2002. In 2007 he was elected President of the WRU and continues to hold that office today.

Selwyn, from Brynhyfryd, graduated at the University of East Anglia, and has lived in Lampeter for many years. He has enjoyed two spells as the town's mayor and is president of the rugby club.

His varied working career has embraced teaching, the retail business, financial services and tourist guiding in Wales.

He said: "Rugby has played a very important part in my life and I

thought it appropriate to invite another Man of Rugby as my special guest for the night. Dennis is a very amusing speaker and I'm sure Old Dy'vorians will enjoy listening to him"

Selwyn's wife of 43 years, Judith, received an MBE in the recent New Year's Honours for her services to young people. She remains active in the Girl Guide movement after more than 40 years of service.

The couple have two children and three grandchildren.

It certainly promises to be a memorable evening on April 17 and all Old Dy'vorians are encouraged to book their tickets early!

It's £30 for ODA members and £37 for non-members and booking forms are now available online or you can complete the booking form inserted in this magazine. Either way, bookings must be returned to David Dickinson, dinner secretary, by Friday, March 13, at the latest - with full payment.



Selwyn Walters: he'll succeed Dudley Sinnott as ODA president

Still a man on the run at 72

< From Page One

in the UK in the M70 class, which consists of male athletes who have reached the age of 70 but are not yet 75.

The Dylan Thomas Mile was one of a number of special mile races run in 2014 to mark 60 years since Sir Roger Bannister broke the four-minute barrier.

Thomas won the Swansea Grammar School - later, of course, to become Bishop Gore - mile race in 1928 and the sea-front event in Swansea was named to commemorate the centenary of the year of his birth.

Barrie, who has lived in Birmingham for many years and still runs for Bourneville Harriers, says he enjoyed his time at Dynevor but admits he showed very little promise when it came to scholarly stuff.

But he certainly made a good fist of playing catch-up and can now boast a variety of letters after his name: Cert Ed; ACP; BA(Hons)

Government; DMS and Dip Theology.

His first proper job after school was in the Royal Navy (1962-1967). He attended Britannia Royal Naval College (1963-1965) then served on minesweepers, frigates and guided missile destroyers, together with various shore establishments.

On leaving the Senior Service he completed teacher training at Trinity College Carmarthen, going on to teach in Birmingham Schools for 25 years.

He has, too, had a lifelong interest in politics and in 2001 he stood as Labour candidate in the Birmingham Yardley constituency, coming third in a contest won by Labour's Estelle Morris. Then, ten years ago, Barrie became an Anglican Priest after a spell in lay ministry.

He married his GP wife, Katie, in 1973 and the couple have two children and two grandchildren.

— Growing old is inevitable; growing up is optional —



More miscellaneous musings from the editor

How these boys had fun when cricket was done

LOOK, I know it's the middle of winter but, being a lifelong aficionado of our great summer game, I can't resist sharing with you a little cricket story that I'll wager will raise an eyebrow or two.

A pal of mine was telling me that his grandson, who's in his twenties and a talented opening batsman, moved down to the West Country with his job last April and was looking for a new club.

Just before the start of the season he went along to the club that had been recommended to him and the captain was showing him around and explaining things. The conversation went something like this:

"We have net practice four evenings a week. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday."

"Four evenings a week? Isn't that a lot? Must I attend all four?"

"Oh no, not at all. But most of the lads do attend all four because after nets we usually have a little entertainment. For instance, after practice on Tuesday we have a poker school."

"I don't play cards."

"Never mind. After practice on Wednesday we have a right old booze-up"

"I don't drink."

"Not to worry. After practice on Thursday we have a few girls in."

"I don't mess about with women."

"Oh, are you gay?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah, well, there goes Friday night as well."

This cracker's for Mr Bennett

THROUGHOUT my 40-something years in the newspaper business I was regarded by friend and foe as a something of a pedant, a real stickler, when it came to grammar.

Still am. And proud of it. I wear the label as a badge of honour.

The person responsible for imbuing me with this obsession with getting the rudiments right - though four years of Latin with Bob Howells did me a power of good too - was John Bennett.

I, like so many of you, I'm sure, will always feel privileged to have been taught by some truly outstanding masters at Dynevor.

But for me, Mr Bennett, who guided me in English Language from Day One in 1958 right through to 'O' level five years later, was the tops. Numero uno.

So I reckon he'd be delighted, standing alongside his blackboard in that classroom in the sky, to learn that this was the Christmas Cracker joke that made me laugh loudest this festive season:

≡ *What do you call Santa's little helpers?*

≡ **Subordinate Clauses**

Far better to be safe than sorry, don't you think?

THE weather took a distinctly chilly turn in my north Warwickshire neck of the woods a week or two back.

Sensibly, though, I chose to heed the Government's timely warning that anyone travelling in icy conditions should take the following:

Shovel, blankets or sleeping bag; extra clothing including scarf, hat and gloves; 24 hours' supply of food and drink; and a de-icer.

Together with 5kg of rock salt; torch or lantern with spare batteries; road flares and reflective triangles; tow rope; 5-gallon petrol can; first-aid kit; and jump leads.

I looked a complete idiot on the bus that morning ...



That's progress



By Keith Evans
(1965-72)

BACK in December 2012 the Old Dy'vorians' Association announced the launch of its new website www.dynevorrevisited.org.uk which was seen as a key step in developing our online presence.

At that time we wrote that we were seeking to provide a new easier-to-use website with a modern appearance and hoped that the new site would allow users to locate former colleagues and find information about Dynevor more readily.

Just over two years later, we believe we have moved significantly forward and are now seeing the benefits of investing in the website, which was generously funded by members' donations.

The Committee has continued to develop the content of the website and, again as a result of the generosity of members, we have been able to publish the new *Archive of School Magazines* dating from 1910 to 1979.

In addition, we have started to publish our journal *The Old Dy'vorian*, affectionately known as *TOD*, online and this will form the basis of a second 'archive' of material devoted to Dynevor.

This significant new content was first published in April 2014 and, since that time, the number of visits to the website has increased by a third and the average time spent browsing online has increased even more significantly.

The importance of the growing trend of social media has also been recognised and, under the guidance of our new website co-ordinator, Tony Wright of awgraphics.co.uk we have now established both **Facebook** and **Twitter** accounts for those who engage in social networking.

Since August 2014, when we updated the Dynevor ODA **Facebook** page, there have been over 140 'likes' and a good number of members have been posting regular comments.

On a statistical note, it is interesting to record that approximately 30 per cent of those 'liking' are female, which is possibly a reflection of the school becoming co-educational in the 70s, when Llwyn-y-Bryn Girls' School amalgamated with Dynevor to become the new Dynevor Comprehensive School.

Solid progress has been made over the past two years in developing the online presence of the ODA, but the internet is all about fresh content and new ideas.

As we move ahead as an association, we would encourage all members and users to take a regular look at www.dynevorrevisited.org.uk and explore all that it has to offer.

We would love to know what you think and, more importantly, we would welcome any ideas on what more could be of interest to Old Dy'vorians!

You can easily let the committee have a quick comment using the *Contact the ODA* page at <http://www.dynevorrevisited.org.uk/> contact-details or by posting on **Facebook** or **Twitter!**

Boys of '55 set for cracking reunion

THE 60th anniversary reunion of the Class of '55 on September 4-5 looks like being a smashing couple of days. There'll be golf on the Friday if enough people fancy a game (contact Clem Williams on dcw43@tiscali.co.uk or 01792 405611) and an old school visit - now Dynevor campus of UWSTD - in the afternoon, with the main event, a buffet meal at the Marriot Hotel in Swansea's maritime quarter, in the evening (contact Noel Blows on nrblovs.swansea@btinternet.com or 01792-368768).

Saturday features a Gower Walk (contact Alan Sampson on alanmumbles@onetel.com) or a get-together at the beach huts at Langland Bay, with an evening curry at The Patti Raj Restaurant in Victoria Park (Noel again). Details on our website www.dynevorrevisited.org.uk



What Tony carried in that little old suitcase

Back in September *The Old Dy'vorian* published the first part of Ian 'Bo' Maunders' stroll down Dynevor's musical Memory Lane. As we report on Page 15, Ian (1958-65) died suddenly in November. We believe he would have wanted the concluding part of his fascinating rock'n'roll odyssey to go ahead as planned. We are happy to run it.

A COMMON sight at break times was boys taking 45rpm singles out of their satchels and swapping them with other pupils. We were all on pocket money and couldn't afford to buy many new records, so constantly swapping allowed us to hear new music.

One of the finest tutors was David Norris from West Cross, who managed to ferret out some of the finest and most obscure music.

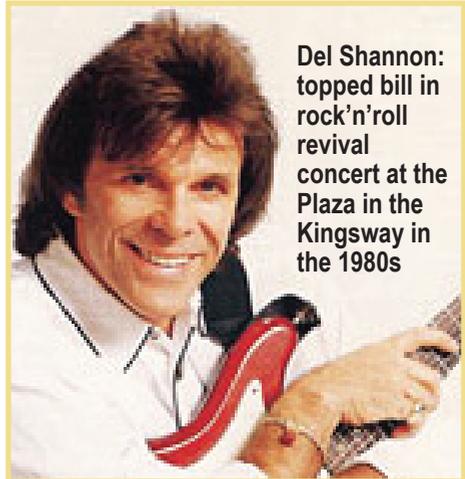
It was thanks to him that many of us heard Bobby Bland, the Wailers and many others, which are still favourites, for the first time.

The king of the swaps was Tony Barry from St Helens, who had a small suitcase in which he carried his 45s, and who was always open to swapping offers. There must be dozens of old 45s with the legend *Tony Barry* scrawled on them in pencil still in circulation.

I have fond memories of running into Tony in the 1980s at the Plaza in the Kingsway, at a rock'n'roll revival concert featuring Del Shannon, Ricky Nelson, the Marvelettes, Frankie Ford and my own dear Bo Diddley. Nostalgia ran riot that night!

In fact, that was not the first time I had seen Bo Diddley in concert. A group of us including Willy Davies went to Cardiff Capitol in 1963 to see a show featuring him, the Everly Brothers, Little Richard (who predictably stole the show), and a new upcoming band called the Rolling Stones. We were all desolate when we had to leave before the Everlys finished their act, in order to get the last train home to Swansea.

When the Merseybeat boom began in 1963, several of us pupils at the time wrote to the *Record Mirror* despairing of the new music and the new groups' poor (in our opinion) versions of rock'n'roll and rhythm & blues



Del Shannon: topped bill in rock'n'roll revival concert at the Plaza in the Kingsway in the 1980s

classics, asserting the much higher quality of the originals.

We signed our letter *Seven Shattered Wrecks From Swansea*. Perhaps predictably, it got a response from the Merseybeat fans, telling us to "go back to the jungle".

There were those who had greater aspirations than to simply collect music. In our year, the main aspiring musician was Phillip Davies, known to all as Swee. He had a guitar and wanted to play like his heroes in local Swansea groups, Link Conway and Jimmie Humphries, although I'm not sure he ever achieved it.

Most of the time I recall him playing away, then stopping and rubbing his nose in frustration when he hit a wrong note, before trying again.

But that's the story of so many of us at the time, myself included. Aspirations ran much higher than actual talent for most of us.

> **Continued on next page**



Reflections of
a determined
epileptic

By Rob Wilks
(1957-1962)

Just pick yourself up, dust yourself down and start all over again

A DIAGNOSIS of epilepsy can be pretty horrible at any time in life but for someone entering puberty, just about the time when you change from primary to secondary education, it can be even more devastating.

Such was the case for me back in the mid-50s when things were far different, so it might come as no surprise that Meredydd Hughes, headteacher of Dynevor, back in 1957 decided the best thing would be for me to see an educational psychologist!

My mother and I saw this as a bit silly. I had passed the 11-plus; what more evidence did the school want?

In the event I satisfied the educational psychologist that I did have a grain of intelligence so I stayed in Dynevor.

I had first noticed something was not quite right several years before while at Gors Junior School. I was experiencing strange frightening sensations and only when I had a nocturnal major seizure did my GP decide that the problem might be epilepsy.

This, at the time, came as a bit of a relief for I came from a strong Christian family and the only explanation I had formed was that the sensations were some sort of punishment from God for a childhood misdemeanour I had committed.

To my mother, widowed at an early age, it was terrible news and she was determined that it was not going to make much difference to my life. Fortunately it has not for I, too,

wanted to be treated no differently by others. In my first two years at Dynevor, while settling into the new regime, I was also wrestling with anti epileptic medication - not to mention drug side-effects).

I had poor self-esteem and seemed to spend more time outside the classroom door than actually in class.

Teachers such as Ossie Morris and John Bennett were, however, very patient and encouraging, as was Michael Willis, brother of Brian (you see, some 50 years later I discovered the prefects had been told of my epilepsy and that "they should be nice to me!")

In the event I left school with just English Language at 'O' level, probably because I had great respect for John Bennett. He seemed to take a personal interest in me and, while academically I had not done too well, as my fifth-form teacher he gave me a glowing end of school report.

I began work at the Brynymor Press as an apprentice compositor and it proved to be good training in self-discipline. Working under Ron Harper, who started the business, taught me skills which I use to this day.

I passed several printing exams which gave me the confidence to retake the exams I had failed at Dynevor so that I could train for teaching.

The seeds sown at Dynevor eventually came into fruition. 1969 proved to be a turning point in my life. for not only did I get the

> **Continued on next page**

< From previous page

Even the school's Literary & Debating Society got in on the act, debating a motion that "Pop music is for morons", staunchly opposed by Christopher "Kit" Jones, school Elvis fanatic and part-time record shop assistant.

Our love of music at times threatened our academic progress. I clearly recall our physics teacher David Iorwerth Mort yelling at me in frustration: "Mauder, pop records will NOT get you through your examinations!"

He was right, they didn't, but they did get me work writing for music magazines in the 1970s, and I still have a wonderful record collection, full of the marvellous music we all discovered together at Dynevor all those years ago.



Rob on an ascent of Ben Nevis in 2002 in aid of Epilepsy Action. He hopes to repeat this climb when he reaches the age of 70 later this year

< From previous page

qualifications for college entry but I got friendly with Christine (nee Dale), a Glanmor girl who I married and who has been my wife for over 42 years.

Epilepsy is not a condition that can be cured but you do learn to live with it, and gradually, given the right kind of support, it is possible to see the funny side of disability.

My wife certainly sees the funny side of epilepsy, as do our two grown-up children. I rode a motor bike in my early years! You do silly things when young. I also did a lot of rock climbing which could be considered hazardous in normal circumstances, let alone if you are epileptic.

My mother did not believe in holding me back, something which must have been difficult for her, but in the long term I feel sure it has helped me gain confidence and even assertiveness. Something which sometimes helps when dealing with the NHS!

I once collapsed in front of a bus - not the best place - but as ever I was rescued from hospital by my ever-patient and fearless wife.

On another occasion, when arriving at hospital, I recall the paramedic saying to a nurse: "Epileptic!" The nurse replied: "Incontinent?" "No", I chimed in, "But I will be if you don't find a b***** toilet!"

My son, now 39, always seemed to witness bad seizures, such as when I had a tonic clonic seizure in London. Alone with a 15-year-old and eight-year-old in such circumstances is far from ideal, but somehow we got by. When we got home all my son said to my wife was: "He's been a pain - all day!"

Epilepsy can best be described as a weird condition, for in school at Dynevor I cannot remember there being any major problems in the form of fits. Side effects and bullying, yes - but not fits.

Everyone is different and you cannot predict where and when seizures will occur. They often go unnoticed, as they can be very mild. The only time I recall a teacher being really discriminatory was when a new child was told: "Don't go near him, he's on drugs".

The new lad was from London and it captured his interest. When in the playground he said: "Is that right, are you on drugs?" "Yes", I replied, "But not the sort you are thinking of?". I had found a new friend!

The pattern of seizures continued into working life and, if anything, the only time I had problems was after the end of the school day when I was tired. One headteacher I worked for described me as "a bit odd - but certainly no risk!"

I ended my working life as a Support Worker with profoundly and moderately disabled. I actually had a major seizure one day when cycling to work; strangely, I got some sort of premonition, so I dismounted, parked my bike then after a minute collapsed! The only remark made to other staff by my line manager when I went into work was: "Well, I don't know - he's the only bloke I know that's got a paramedic to 'phone him in sick!"

I have always made light of my medical condition, tried to live a normal life (whatever that is) and remained positive, conscious that life is precious, God-given and should be lived to the full.



Carys Spencer



Nathan Buller



Lara Jones



Jacqueline Phillips



Anna Brayshaw



Didn't she do well! Rachel Revis with ODA president Dudley Sinnett

Congratulations to our super six

THE OLD Dy'vorians' Association has again teamed up with University of Wales Trinity Saint David (UWTSD) Swansea to reward six first-year students who have worked through adversity to achieve academic excellence.

Cheques for £230 were presented by ODA President Professor Dudley Sinnett to the deserving students who were nominated by their lecturers.

They were photography student Lara Jones, from Swansea; fine art student Jaqueline Phillips, from Llanelli; psychology and counselling student Anna Brayshaw, from Taunton; web development student Nathan Buller, from Swansea; and tourism management students Carys Spencer, from Swansea, and Rachel Revis, from Greater Manchester.

Professor Mike Phillips, UWTSD Pro Vice-Chancellor, said: "What we have seen during the presentation is people facing adversity and triumphing. I have been touched by all of the stories. We are a university that widens access and is open to all. The rewards of being such a university are incalculable."

Dudley said: "On behalf of the ODA I would like to thank UWTSD for the involvement that they have with us as an association; it means a lot to us.

"We feel that this awards ceremony is very important to the students being celebrated and to representatives of the old Dynevor School."

It was back in 2005, when these awards were introduced, that UWTSD Swansea, then Swansea Metropolitan University, completed a refurbishment of the former School site which is now home to the university's Faculty of Art and Design.

Give Peter a call

PETER Samuel, organiser of our annual Golf Day, has already contacted all the ODA's 'known' golfers who may wish to play in this year's event at Clyne on April 17.

The overall winner will receive The Peter Saword Cup in memory of Peter (1948-55), who was school vice-captain and a keen sportsman. He died in April 2012. Last year the Cup, awarded for the first time, went to Kelvin Howells.

Any 'new' golfers who'd like to take part, or anyone with any inquiries about the event, are welcome to contact Peter at pete.sam@talktalk.net or on 01792 230076.



Geoff Clarke transferred from Dumbarton House School to Dynevor. In his latest book *A Yawoo Life*, published on Amazon at <http://amzn.to/1yBtofZ>, he recounts his experiences at Dynevor from 1955 to 1958. Here is an extract from the book, which Geoff calls a 'fictional memoir'.



Peter Sellers and Mai Zetterling in *Only Two Can Play*, filmed in Swansea

Brynley Cox and those iambic pentameters...

NOW I get to go to real grammar school. Not that Dumbarton is bad. After all, it produced Catherine Zeta Jones.

With five GCE 'O' levels under my belt, I move on to Year 12 at Dynevor Secondary Grammar in Delabecche Road. A training in using the brain rationally is on offer at the sixth form.

Bunny (Clifford Evans) concentrated on our writing skills and honed them into acute analysis using facts, dates and ideas.

Brynley ('from the Latin') Cox would lick his lips and then expound for minutes on *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* of English Verse ('It's an iambic pentameter', he would explain.).

Mr Bennett gives us a love of Wordsworth. His analysis of the nature poems deepens our understanding of the effect a vernal wood could have on a solitary man who could imbibe its messages.

With 'Top Cat' (Tom Chandler) we enjoyed Racine, Maupassant and Balzac. We translated freely and learned French poetry by heart, 'Ainsi, toujours pousse vers de nouveaux rivages'. And discovered in *Father Goriot* how a parent could be driven to penury by the parasitical behaviour of his up-coming daughter. He borrows at interest to provide her with the luxuries she craves. He goes without food and every necessity to pay the money back to his creditors. He dies in abject poverty.

In Maupassant's *The Necklace* a wife spends thousands of francs for a diamond necklace. She wears it to a ball and then loses it. She buys another as a replacement, obtaining the money by borrowing from her friends. And it turns out to have been made of paste. I didn't apprehend the venality of man and the possibilities for corruption of purpose then.

Our classroom is conveniently next to the Albert Hall cinema where we could debunk during library periods. One wet Thursday afternoon, I watch *Only Two Can Play* with Peter Sellers and Mai Zetterling. It is based on the novel by Swansea University's Kingsley Amis. Filmed on location in Swansea, there's even a glimpse of the cottage homes in the background of one scene where Sellers and Mai Zetterling are driving along Cockett Road up to Townhill in an open convertible.

The taxi firm, Glamtax, is the one that provides the taxis for the outdoor scenes. Later, I do my holiday jobs with them as a driver. Mai Zetterling, with an alluring show of her legs, alights from the taxi to meet the sexually-deprived librarian, played inimically by Sellers. John Lewis is portrayed as dull and bored. He has a stifling home life. The excitement of meeting the attractive Norwegian wife of a local business magnate could help him in his career ambitions. The plot develops along amusing and socially perceptive lines.

Especially about suburban life in Swansea.



Encore!

Charlie Chaplin once played there. So did Lilly Langtry. Marie Lloyd too. But for three nights back in April 1960 it was Dynevor School that stole the show at the Palace Theatre in Swansea. Jeff Humphreys, editor of *The Old Dy'vorian*, takes a step back in time and invites those who took part to take another curtain-call 55 years on.

THE CAST

Dick Dudgeon.....	R.C.HOLLAND
Christy Dudgeon.....	J.A.STRONG
Rev A.Anderson.....	A.C.HICKS
General Burgoyne.....	D.J.JASPER
Major Swindon.....	D.M.JONES
Sergeant.....	A.JONES
Lawyer Hawkins.....	J.DALE
Uncle William Dudgeon.....	M.DUNNE
Uncle Titus Dudgeon.....	M.R.HUGHES
Chaplain Mr Brundenell.....	J.L.KENYON
Mrs Dudgeon.....	H.ATHERTON
Judith Anderson.....	P.SAYER
Essie.....	M.HYMAN
Executioner.....	J.N.NORRIS
Officers.....	M.C.FLOOD,
	R.V.BARNES, D.M.STEVENS
Soldiers.....	M.W.OWEN,
	C.D.JONES, M.R.HUGHES
Townfolk.....	J.P.JONES,
	R.V.GRIFFITHS, A.F.HARRISON, W.E.FULLER,
	H.G.THOMAS, K.R.SHARPE, J.S.THOMAS,
	D.PELTA, L.F.BALL, H.P.NORRIS

Produced by.....	Mr DEGWEL OWEN and Mr DENNIS JONES
Stage manager.....	Mr HYWEL LLOYD
Scenery made and painted by.....	R.A.COCKLE, V.A.DAVIES, G.G.LONGDEN
Under the direction of.....	Mr T.MORGAN
Prompters.....	Mr D.J.HOPKIN, Mr S.H.MUGFORD
Make-up.....	Mr and Mrs T.MORGAN, Miss G.VOYSEY
Wardrobe.....	Mr G.HOUNSELL

BLAME Iorrie Mort. He was the one, not so long ago in *The Old Dy'vorian*, who brought up *The Devil's Disciple*.

The 1897 play by Irishman George Bernard Shaw, telling the story of resistance to British rule in colonial America, was Dynevor's big drama coup back in 1960.

The previous year a Hollywood version had hit the Big Screen. And what a stellar cast: Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Laurence Olivier and the lovely Morecambe-born Janette Scott

Well, Dynevor had to make do with the likes of Robin Holland, Anthony Strong, Anthony Hicks, David Jasper and Philip Sayer.

But, eh, they and the rest of the cast were simply fantastic on that famous old stage in the distinctive wedge-shaped Grade II-listed building at the top of High Street.

And let's not forget the superb school orchestra and behind-the-scenes crew without whom the production would not have been such a resounding success.

Anyway, it was Iorrie, the Prince of Physics (anybody who could steer me to 56 per cent in 'O' level must have been a bit special), who mentioned in last summer's edition of *TOD*, that Degwel Owen and Dennis Jones, fine teachers of Welsh and Biology respectively, had been the co-producers of *The Devil's Disciple*.

And the piece generated a tidy response from some of those involved, as you'll see on the opposite page.



When Dynevor put Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier in the shade

The late Philip Sayer: he played the minister's wife Judith Anderson ... and Robin Holland can remember having to kiss him



Robin Holland writes:

My role was the devil-may-care character Dick Dudgeon, who in an act of redemption decided to take the place of the rebel minister at the scaffold.

The first cringe-making memory I have was having to kiss the minister's wife in front of the British general to convince him of my false identity. What an embarrassment for a sixth-former and a second-former to have to endure every rehearsal and every performance!

Happily the second-former (Phillip Sayer), who was probably the only performer with any real talent, went on to a glittering career as a professional actor - he starred in several television series. Sadly he died some years ago.

My second heart-stopping moment was standing with a noose around my neck under a rather too sturdy scaffold built in Tom Morgan's workshop. My insurance policy was to insist that my good pal John Norris should be the executioner. Such trust!

Hywel Thomas writes:

The parts of the soldiers, officers and town-folk were taken by a group of sixth-formers who happened to be studying in the school library when the producers called in to ask for volunteers. The taller boys were chosen as soldiers and the rest as male or female town-folk, again depending on height. Acting talent was not considered. The display of talent was left to the main actors. It was an excellent production. We had a great time and have happy memories of our few days of fame on that famous stage.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

During the interval music will be performed by the School Orchestra and will include:

- OVERTURE - 'Lucio Silla'.....Mozart
- 'Barcarolle' from the 'Tales of Hoffman'.....Offenbach
- 'Morning Song'.....Woodhouse
- Movements from the Suite in D.....Bach
- 'Jamaican Rumba' - Piano Duet.....Benjamin

Played by ANTHONY WITHERS and JOHN MCGIVAN

The music heard during the play has been arranged for wind instruments by JOHN HUKKU

Players

Violins 1

- Peter James
- David Harris
- Adrian Jones
- Robert George
- Colin Sheppard
- David C. Williams
- Guy Beynon

Violas

- John McGivan
- Anthony Withers

Double Bass

- William Holt

Oboes

- David Mendus
- Huw Jones

French Horns

- Mr Michael Griffiths
- Gareth Bevan
- Dewi Lloyd Evans

Trombones

- John Hukku
- David Addiscott

Violins 2

- Mansel Hughes
- David H. Williams
- Alwyn Richards
- Richard Griffiths
- Anthony Peregrine
- Edward Jones

'Cellos

- Michael Jones
- David Hitchings

Flute

- Roger Williams

Clarinets

- Michael Rees
- Michael Dunne
- Kendal Munslow

Trumpet

- Michael Condon

Timpani and Percussion

- Laurence Jones
- Brian Jaynes

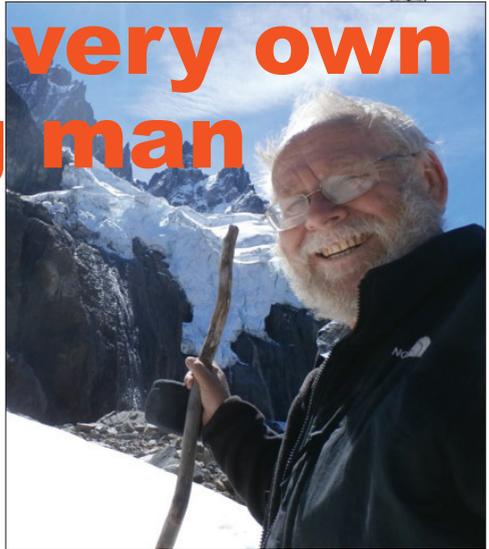
John McGivan writes:

- I was not involved in the play itself, but a
- prominent feature of the evening was per-
- formances by the school orchestra during
- the intervals. The orchestra comprised an
- impressive 30 musicians, including wood-
- wind brass and percussion. I played the
- viola in this, but my abiding memory of
- the occasion was playing a piano duet (Ja-
- maican Rumba) with Tony Withers right at
- the top of the Palace Theatre to some fairly
- enthusiastic applause.



Meet our very own travelling man

Jeff Woods still lives in the same Penlan house he lived in even before he started at Dynevor in 1958. But if you think he's a home bird you'd be wrong. Very wrong. Because Jeff is probably the most widely-travelled Old Dy'vorian who ever lived. You name it, chances are he's been there. Jeff is spending our winter in the Patagonian Andes, where it's summer. He says this is one of his 'farewell trips' because, at 67, his body can no longer handle long, mountainous hikes carrying a 20kg pack. Here's his latest update to *TOD* just a few weeks ago



THIS part of the trip I travelled with my German friend Stefan and with my English friend John. We all met up, as arranged, in Puerto Natales in the far south of Chile. After organising food supplies and transport we set off for Torres del Paine National Park .

This park is probably the jewel in the crown of the Chilean National Park system, so there are a lot of people hiking there, especially along the easily accessible bits.

Sadly, the park service (CONAF) hasn't invested enough in the management of such numbers (some of the campsites are like refuges with tents tightly packed together).

Part of the problem has been irresponsible people lighting fires where they shouldn't. As a result, a large part of the park burned a few years ago following an illegal campfire by some Israelis, who are very unpopular among the backpacking community.

The park's response has been to prohibit many of the activities - in fact, many of the specific things and places that I wanted to visit on this trip were no longer permitted. So, we changed our plans and hiked "the circuit", somewhat longer (eight days) but with the advantage of far fewer hikers.

Anyway, none of that could distract from the fantastic scenery and the experience of hiking in a remote area.

The weather was very changeable, going

from bright, hot sunshine to horizontal snow in the very high winds crossing the main pass on the side of the southern ice-cap. Glaciers galore. I had done this particular hike twice before, but am still inspired by the scenery.

Back to Puerto Natales and a bus into Argentina and on to the small town of El Chalten to go hiking around the Fitzroy Towers (Fitzroy was the captain of the Beagle that carried Darwin on his trip to South America, from which followed his book which was very unpopular with creation "scientists").

Equally spectacular scenery, but only four days this time - much of which was cloudy, windy and rainy - but a great trip nonetheless.

We spent Christmas here camped out close to a large glacier at the base of the Towers and I cooked a beef curry. Stefan had brought in some wine and we had a lovely cake for dessert. Ah, it's a tough life out there on the trail.

We continued north on the bus to Los Antiguos on the border with Chile, where we all split up: Stefan to head to Ecuador to meet his girlfriend who was flying out from Germany to meet him, and John to head back to Britain. So, I was on my own for the first time on the trip.

So, I started hitch-hiking. Normally, I use buses to travel, but where there are no (or few and infrequent) buses I prefer to hitch. That way I get to meet Chileans and Argentinians

> **Continued on next page**



What a fantastic way to start the year!

< From previous page

and speak Spanish (which I really enjoy), and get to more remote places I might otherwise by-pass on a bus.

I had great rides. The first was across the frontier to Chile and the town of Chile Chico. There I was planning to take a ferry across a huge lake (Lago General Carrera/Chelénko), but I had missed the boat, so I decided to hitch around the south side of the lake. Then I got a very lucky ride off down a tiny track off the main (dirt) road to a little community (pop 20 or so) called Bahía Jara, a lovely sheltered bay on the lake. I stayed there several days camping, and spent New Year there.

It was a fantastic location - the door of my tent was two feet from the water's edge and the door faced the sunrise. So at 6am on New Year's Day the sun was shining directly down the length of my tent, and I was drinking my coffee without even having had to get out of my sleeping bag. What a way to start the year!

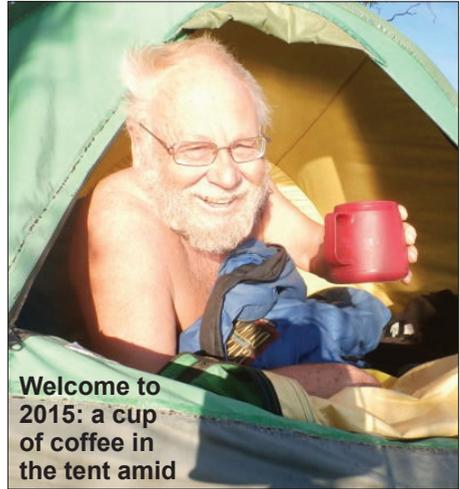
I had a companion too: a scrawny, badly injured, starving dog whom I befriended and fed.

Then another lucky hitch: the first vehicle to come by after an hour's wait on the roadside took me back to the main road and then all the way along the south side of the huge lake and I marvelled at the wonderful scenery, and on down to a little place called Puerto Beltrand (pop 50 or so), with a lovely campsite along the Rio Baker.

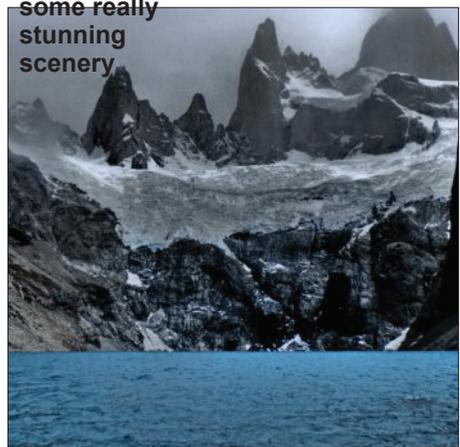
I spent several days there, and then went back north. I decided to hitch unless and until a bus came along, but got rides very easily all the way to Coyhaique - a moderately-sized town for the region. Actually, once again hitching was remarkably easy, given such a paucity of traffic on this dirt road. The longest wait was three cars passing.

Anway, the guy who gave me the final ride (Sergio) invited me to stay at his mother's house, where he lived. That was very nice. I revictualled there and then headed back south to do a nine-day hike around Cerro Castillo.

People normally do this in four days, but I decided to take my time, do several somewhat demanding side trips and just have the time to sit and enjoy being in this very remote spot. It was GREAT!



Welcome to 2015: a cup of coffee in the tent amid some really stunning scenery



The weather was very changeable - at one point I spent 36 hours in my tent due to heavy and at times torrential rain and high winds.

To my great pleasure my 33-year-old tent didn't let in a drop of rain (Early Winters Winterlight tent).

Actually, one of the poles had broken on the Torres del Paine hike, but I managed to repair it adequately and it has held up very well. But on the days of glorious sunshine, it was a joy to be alive.

Anyway, another easy hitch back to Coyhaique and I'm taking a much-needed break from all the travelling. After this I continue my way north.



Haydn the hit man!

By **Will Holt** (1958-65)

I was never a great sportsperson and many will have much better tales to tell than I - but the editor's invitation for sporting contributions afforded me the opportunity to indulge an occupation never before hazarded: sports journalism. At least, perhaps, these memories will be "pour encourager les autres".

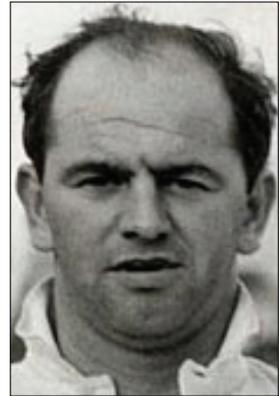
LET me start with rugby. In the 1960-61 season, one team played 34, won 31, drew two and lost one - a match I attended. The Springboks. February 4, 1961. Cardiff Arms Park, Barbarians 6 South Africa 0.

I do not recall how I came to have travelled alone to Cardiff with a ticket for the south enclosure for the end-of-tour finale.

There I saw a most unexpected victory to which Hadyn Mainwaring (pictured above right) of the All Whites - a late replacement for Terry Davies as the last line of defence - made a hugely-significant contribution.

The Springboks had beaten each of the Home Nations and the tour had been characterised by what was seen as pretty rough-house play, usually from the pack but also from Francoise Roux whose specialism was the late tackle.

Avril Malan, the mighty Springbok lock, broke free and was charging down the line towards the Barbarians' full-back, who stood motionless a few yards from me. This



appeared to be an irresistible force moving at great velocity towards an all too moveable object.

The mighty shoulder-to-shoulder impact must have released huge amounts of energy. Mainwaring's position, with legs braced for impact, had barely moved. Malan's sideways trip to oblivion was unfortunately arrested by the concrete wall of the enclosure.

If there was a wave of sympathy for the South African captain from the crowd it certainly was not palpable.

Mainwaring, born in Swansea in 1933, had trained as a Royal Marine commando!



Eddie Thomas scored 21 goals in 68 games for the Swans between 1962 and 1964

A screamer from Eddie

AND so to football. One of my greatest memories of the Vetch Field (probably, but for me, a zero in *Pointless* if you questioned 100 respondents) is down to an inside-forward from Newton-le-Willows in Lancashire, who also scored with a precision finish against Liverpool in that dramatic FA Cup win at Anfield in 1964.

That same season against Sunderland, the ex-Evertonian Eddie Thomas received the ball just outside the penalty area at the double-decker end and was closely confronted by at least four defenders in a line blocking his passage into the penalty area.

A common enough scene and one where nowadays Barcelona play intricate one-tvos, which suddenly result in Messi being on his own six yards out, with the goalkeeper already accepting his cause is lost. Alternatively the ball gets played out to the flanks to try and stretch the defence by opening up some space.

This case was different. I can tell you what happened in the end. Thomas scored with a rasping shot, with minimal back lift, which struck square on the stanchion at the back of the net with such force

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Thomas scored with a rasping shot, with minimal back lift, which struck square on the stanchion at the back of the net with such force that the ball was bouncing towards the penalty spot before the goalkeeper's diving frame hit the ground.

In between times there had been a convulsion of movement, with legs flying in different directions, in a fashion redolent of Fred Astaire meeting a flock of hens startled by a fox.

This all probably took two seconds at the most, but at the time it seemed an eternity; the instant a gap to goal opened the strike was surgical and without the assistance of laser guidance.

When it comes to cricket, two bowling 'I Was There's' spring to mind: firstly Jeff Jones's 6-38 against Surrey on June 8, 1963, a beautiful summer's Saturday followed, a day later, by Canon Hughes' sermon at All Saints, Oystermouth, beaming with vicarious pride, on the virtues for the human spirit achievement endows, as the reward for endeavour.

And secondly O.S. Wheatley's 8-40 v Worcestershire on July 3 of the same year, including Tom Graveney (all 122 first-class hundreds), failing to cope with seam on an incoming Wednesday evening tide. Worcestershire were 26-6 at close of play on Day One.

There is something very special about gifted left-handers at any sport (for example, McEnroe and Mickelson) and when I was in the sixth-form Glamorgan were blessed not only with one Jones - Jeff - but also with Alan.

I do not even have to close my eyes to remember Jeff's trajectory arcing through the corridor of uncertainty or Alan, with consummate timing, stroking a slightly over-pitched half-volley racing to the boundary through extra cover. I am not a scientist and perhaps there is some physiological explanation why outstanding left-handers appear more talented.

≡ **Will talks about The Incomparable One in the next issue of The Old Dy'vorian ...and we'd love to hear your Swansea sporting memories too**

Tudor's life cut so short

Tudor Williams (1958-64) is remembered by Tudor Price, Jeff Woods, Phill Davies and Selwyn Walters



TUDOR Williams's life was cut tragically short. Fifty years on, it seems timely and fitting to pause and remember him.

Tudor, a student in UVI Arts, passed away on December 11, 1964 at the age of 18, following a heart operation.

Those of us who knew him, classmates and teachers alike, were shocked and deeply saddened by his death, especially as few of us knew or guessed that he had any health problems. Indeed, he had enrolled and was participating in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

Tudor was friendly and likeable; he carried no airs about him; he clearly enjoyed life at Dynevor; and he was an enthusiastic student of English, French and History, the subjects he was studying for A-level. His positive attitude was exemplary.

We remember Tudor with fond respect and we regret that his years were so few.

Ian Maunder (1958-1964), whose *Rock'n'Roll Odyssey* appears on Pages 5-6, died in October. Lifelong pal Hugh Picton, who was at Dynevor the same time, writes: *By the time he entered Dynevor he had already discovered the likes of Bill Haley, Little Richard and Elvis and had built up a good collection and knowledge of the new rock'n'roll. In 1961 he introduced everyone to Bo Diddley and acquired the name 'Bo' himself. He did well at 'O' level but needed money to follow his passion so left while in the Lower Sixth. He worked in the Civil Service in London then in Social Work and Mental Health, moving to Devon, Hertfordshire, Australia and then back to Port Talbot and Swansea. If you'd like to sample some of Bo's magical music just e-mail me at hughpicton@hotmail.com and I will provide a CD in the true Maunder tradition of sharing the enjoyment and spreading the word. Bo, who wrote numerous articles for music magazines, married twice and had five children.*



Fond memories of our 'Doc'

JOHN Protheroe, pupil and teacher at Dynevor, died in June of last year. He was 79. Affectionately known as 'Proth' during his schooldays from 1946 until 1952 and 'Doc' when he was Chemistry master between 1959 and 1963, John was hugely popular, totally dedicated and greatly respected. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, and two children.

Norman Thomas (1946-52) writes: *John Protheroe was a very close, lifelong friend of mine. He was from Cwmbwrla and was a faithful member of Libanus where the late Rev Bryan John was the minister.*

We met up in Form 2B in 1946 and, under the teaching and influence of Graham Gregory, we both pursued teaching careers in Chemistry.

I miss him a great deal and still keep in touch with his family in Llanelli. I can still remember some old boys who were with us in that Latin class who would undoubtedly remember John, e.g. Geoff Phillips, John Wright and Philip Kingdon.

Roger Williams (1958-65) writes: *John was, I think, the first PhD to teach in Dynevor. He was a superb form-master who served the pupils very well,*

During his time at Dynevor, the continued

outstanding A level results and entries into university departments of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering were a tribute to Graham Gregory and John.

It was obvious during my visit to his home near Velindre some years ago, in connection with attending our 1958 reunion, that his physical and mental powers were deteriorating. But he did recognise colleagues in an old staff photo, and recalled some of "his" pupils from 2D/3D/4D/5D, especially Professor Roger Evans of Imperial College.

Phill Davies (1958-65) writes: *It was my good fortune to have Dr Protheroe as my form master for four years. His academic achievements were known to all but not everyone knew what a fine sportsman he was, excelling at football, cricket and fives. His exploits in these areas are well documented in the School Magazine Archive 1910 - 1979, which is now available online at www.dynevorrevisted.org.uk.*

In particular, I read in Volume 83 (December 1950) that he was the Senior Fives winner (page 31); that along with Walter Quick and Gerald Hardey he was a member of the Swansea Schoolboys football team that won the English & Welsh Shield and was given several trials for the Welsh team (page 32).

David really enjoyed life to the full

DAVID Chapple, former Oxford University Physics lecturer, author and poet, died in Oxford in October at the age of 70. Godfrey Jones, his best friend at Dynevor, and Noel Blows were among those who paid tribute after his funeral at Clyne Chapel and burial at Oystermouth Cemetery.

Godfrey (1955-60) writes: *I had the opportunity to chat to a number of people and look at about 100 family photos which were shown on a TV on the wall via a computer.*

Apart from family shots and group photos, they showed David over the years enjoying life to the full. There were photos of him running various marathons, rebuilding a late 1950s classic Jaguar MK2, playing a large pipe organ, and flying an aircraft.

Everyone attending was given a copy of his book of poems entitled Goodbye Love that he published in 2010, although they were actually written when he was a young man.

He also had a property company, Chapple Properties UK Ltd, based in Hanover Street, Swansea, and his four children are directors.

Noel writes: *This was a man who was a published author and poet, a master builder, a wealthy and successful businessman, a physicist with a strong following in his particular field of expertise, a practised lecturer, an accomplished musician (particularly an organist), an athlete who ran several marathons and who managed to run/jog his way through the whole of the Swansea 10K in 2013 shortly after being diagnosed with front temporal dementia and motor neurone disease.*

What we tend not to remember was that he came to school from Manchester shortly after his mother died. He was put to live with foster parents in Swansea and his father was somewhere else. All a traumatic time for him.

He was clearly a remarkable man.



Ah yes, I remember it so well

Can you recall your very first day at Dynevor? Norman Thomas certainly can



THE SUMMER of 1946 was an exciting one for me. Success in the 11-plus examination meant that for the first time I was to have a school uniform. I was proud of my new blazer with the badge and motto of Dynevor.

A cap with concentric red and yellow rings matched the colours of the tie and tops of knee length grey stockings.

My new satchel had the smell of fresh leather and was already furnished with a geometry box containing pencils, a compass, a protractor and other odd-shaped plastic utensils which I would, no doubt, soon be taught how to use.

My friend, Malcolm, had already completed a year at Dynevor and he offered to accompany me on my first day - and although almost 70 years have now passed, I cannot forget that eventful September morning.

The 8.25am bus took us from Peniel Green down through Winch Wen and Bonymaen to the terminus in town alongside the bombed-out shell of St. Mary's church. From there we hurried past the shuttered stalls of the roofless Swansea Market.

We were scarcely halfway through the market when a group of boys in black blazers confronted us.

"There's one," the leader cried as he pointed a finger towards me. Malcolm fled! I was grabbed by the arms and shoulders of my uncreased new blazer and frogmarched up Park Street, Pell Street and then through high wooden gates into a large school yard.

The grip of the hands which held me did not slacken as we headed towards a single-storey building away from the school's main entrance. Amongst the commotion, from within

the building I could hear shouts of excitement and the sound of gushing water. A very large tap was emptying cold water on to a very wet concrete floor and all the new boys were, in turn, being "ducked" beneath this tap.

My cap was unceremoniously removed, my head pushed into this icy flow, and then I was set free with hair, shirt and shoulders soaking wet.

This treatment was repeated a number of times until we were finally saved by the bell! Apparently, this ducking initiation was carried out mainly by second-year pupils who were inflicting the treatment they had suffered the previous year.

So I spent the first day in my new school sitting out the lessons wet through to my vest!

In those early post-war days, there was no advice given concerning choice of subjects; no parents' meetings to discuss pupils' progress. In fact, I do not think my parents ever visited the school during my six years of secondary education.

When the bell eventually rang on that grey September morning, about one-hundred wet 11-year-old boys were marshalled into a section of the yard.

After a loud shrill with a whistle, a middle-aged teacher shouted: "All those who want to do Welsh form a line here, those wishing to do Latin, there, and those for German, over there."

I did not know what to do. I did not know that such decisions had to be made even before seeing the inside of the school!

I could speak Welsh, so I did not consider that to be very exciting. A boy from Bonymaen whom I had befriended suggested we

> **Continued on next page**

What did we go back to before drawing-boards were invented?



When Mighty Mac took his revenge on Connors

By Jim Waygood

A SIZEABLE gathering of Old Dy'vorians and guests were treated to a highly-entertaining lecture by lawyer and sports broadcaster David Mercer.

David, guest speaker at the annual ODA lecture on October 8, recounted some of the highlights - and the odd gaffe - of his long career.

David, who was at Dynevor from 1960 to 1967, played tennis as a youngster and won the Welsh junior doubles championship in 1968.

After qualifying as a solicitor in 1973 he joined the family firm - and around the same time he realised that, after six months on the tournament tennis circuit, he was not going to be good enough.

He decided, though, that he would become an umpire

and joined the Umpires' Association, combining law with his tennis umpiring until he began freelance broadcasting in 1979, commentating at numerous tournaments and Davis Cup ties.

An illustrious career in tennis included many highlights, starting with his first duties at Wimbledon in a men's doubles match which featured the Armritraj brothers, Vijay and Anand

In 1982, David encountered his first match involving John McEnroe, who was playing Hank Pfister in the fourth round.

McEnroe won and went on to the final, losing in a five-setter to Jimmy Connors.

Two years later he umpired the rematch of the 1982 final between Connors and McEnroe in which McEnroe won 6-1,6-1,6-2 in an hour and 20



David Mercer: Roger Federer is the best he's ever seen

David's career as a commentator was kick-started when he won a competition to work for the BBC Wales line-up in 1984 and since then he has continued to commentate at major tennis, rowing, rugby union and badminton events and has recently joined the Euro sport and BT Sport commentating teams.

David said the best player he had ever seen was Roger Federer, but the best player now was Novak Djokovic.

That first day

< From previous page

tried Latin - and that was it for the next four years. French, we learned later, was compulsory. The boys studying Welsh formed class 2A, the Latin boys 2B, while German, being the most popular, accounted for classes 2C and 2D.

We were led to our classroom which overlooked the road which served as a terminus for the Townhill buses.

Our Form Master was Mr S.C. Jones, who constantly complained about the noise made by the buses as they revved up outside before tackling the steep ascent of Mount Pleasant hill.

When four o'clock came at the end of that first day, I could not get home quickly enough to relate to my family all the experiences my new school had offered.

It was an exciting time and was just the beginning of six happy and successful years in Dynevor.

Tudor's still on lookout for info on Great War

TUDOR Price (1958-65) is grateful for the response to the request in TOD 25 for any information regarding former Dynevor pupils/relatives who served in World War One.

If you have any stories and/or photographs please contact him at tudorprice3@btinternet.com or 07788136904.



Perish the thought

A letter by Old Dy'vorian Christie Davies, Emeritus Professor of Sociology at the University of Reading, appeared in the *London Evening Standard* on the night of the Scottish Referendum back in October. The newspaper shortened it slightly but below is the full version, published here after he was contacted by John Barker, who started at Dynevor at the same time in 1953. Christie (pictured right), who went on to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is the author of many books on criminology, morality, censorship and humour.



AS A Welshman I am appalled at the thought of Scotland seceding. I am happy to be Welsh and British and the Scots are in effect attacking and destroying my identity.

Independence will destroy the most productive partnership of nations in a federation that the world has ever seen. Look at what we achieved together over those hundreds of years.

I feel much closer to the ordinary Scotsman, someone I know well from experience to be very much like us, than to Cameron, who is Lord Snooty, the out-of-touch Etonian toff who talks posh, so why am I being spurned

because the Scots, quite reasonably, do not like him.

I have spent much of my life studying Scottish humour, and the dialects in which it has been expressed, and explaining it to the Germans.

I have come to feel great affection for the ways of Scotland which are close to those of Wales. If they reject me, I shall not forgive them. If they go independent it will mean a divorce made bitter by betrayal and not the kind of easy, casual break-up that is a product of indifference.

Prof. Christie Davies

Dept of Sociology, University of Reading.

When tragedy struck the 74

**Letter to the editor: from
Peter Macpherson**

I REALLY enjoyed reading Sholto Thomas's two articles on school buses: they brought back so many memories, especially the bus used on the SWT 18 service from Brynamman to Swansea.

The low-bridge double-decker, with the long seats and a gangway upstairs, was also used on the 33 Tycnoch bus. Coming home after school, overloaded as usual, it would groan under the weight of passengers, as we swept past stops, unable to pick up more people, including the High School girls at Belgrave Flats!

I was once on one that had the misfortune to kill a man as he unwisely stepped out from behind a 74 Sketty bus at the Flats. The driver 'slammed the anchors' on, but just too late. He came around the bus, pushed people aside

and took the rear seat out as a form of temporary stretcher.

But the fun really started when the bus attempted to climb steep Glanmor Hill. More and more slowly she would go, until the cry went up from the conductor - 'Everybody off!'

About 20 passengers would jump off, some would push the bus and the rest walk the rest of the way to the top, until they could get back on board at Glanmor School.

The other interesting point is that, in my day (1944-51), the buses going 'up the Ganges' started in Dynevor Place.

On a hot summer's day, our teachers would have to struggle against the roar of the engines, accompanied by clouds of fumes, as the big 6-wheeler single-deckers took off from the 'Dynevor Aerodrome', as it was described in one issue of the School magazine in 1948!

Memories are made of this!

Give the ODA website a whirl ... we're on Facebook and Twitter too



Who's Who in the ODA 2014 - 2015

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- > **Golf Day : Peter Samuel** pete.sam@talktalk.net Tel: 01792 230076

Other members of the committee include **Keith Morris** (Ties), **Phil Stone & David Dickinson** (Past Presidents). David, Ken, Keith Evans and Jim comprise the Annual Dinner sub-committee.

Diary check

- > **Thursday, March 5**
Annual general meeting. Dynevor Campus UWTSD. 6.30 for 7pm.
- > **Thursday, April 16**
Annual ODA/UWTSD lecture. *Climate Change, Coastal Vulnerability, Impacts and Adaptation*. Professor Mike Phillips. Dynevor Campus. 6.30 for 7pm.
- > **Friday, April 17**
Golf Day at Clyne GC. Registration 9am. First tee-off 10am.
- > **Friday, April 17**
Annual Dinner. Fulton House, Swansea University. Guest speaker WRU president Dennis Gethin. 6.30 for 7.30pm.
- > **Fri-Sat, Sept 5-6**
Class of '55 60th anniversary reunion. Details on Page 4.

Balconiers all set for summer

THE ODA's cricket-loving Balconiers are looking forward to another cracking get-together at the St Helens Ground in 2015.

About forty members, wives and friends had an enjoyable time last summer, thanks largely to a brilliant lunchtime speech by former Glamorgan captain Ossie Wheatley.

Details of this year's event will be posted on the website soon, or you can contact Ken Sharpe.

Mike's lecture

PROFESSOR Mike Phillips will give the annual ODA/UWTSD joint lecture *Climate Change, Coastal Vulnerability, Impacts and Adaptation* at Dynevor Campus UWTSD on Thursday, April 16 (6.30 for 7pm). Please book your place(s) with Joyce Wills on 01792481100 or Email joyce.wills@uwstsd.ac.uk

Welcome, Paul

THE Old Dy'orians' Association is delighted to welcome newcomer Paul Barker (1965-68), who joins his brother John (1963-60) as a member.

Copy deadline for TOD 27 is July 18 , 2015

Please submit in Word format if possible, ideally 500/600 words & photos, to Jeff or Jim (contact details above)