

Hywelian Guild
Magazine 2022

Appendix

As we explain in the print version of the magazine, we are limited by space and weight, which means that some of your articles of necessity have to be judiciously pruned. We think it is important that when you have taken the trouble to write to us that we should not discard parts of your contributions. This Appendix contains the complete versions of your contributions.

Lyn Owen, Editor

Academic Achievement

Below we hear how one Howell's alumna has made her mark in ophthalmic medicine.

TASNEEM KHATIB is an alumna of Howell's and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. (Medicine, 2004). She has been awarded the prestigious degree of Doctor of Medicine. She told us more about her journey on reaching this achievement:

My Doctor of Medicine studies focused on the development of new tools to diagnose, repair and regenerate the optic nerve in glaucoma, which is the leading cause of irreversible blindness worldwide. Having first experienced translational medicine at the Nuffield Laboratory of Ophthalmology during my undergraduate time at Oxford, I was able to combine clinical and lab based research alongside my surgical ophthalmic training. I experienced the forefront of translational medicine and therapeutics and how pre clinical treatments can be taken forward to clinical trial testing through collaboration with industry. I was also invited to join the international Retinal Ganglion Cell Repopulation, Stem Cell Transplantation, and Optic Nerve Regeneration Consortium and I'm very excited to see what's next!

I was fortunate to be able to publish and present my work internationally, discuss early findings with leaders in the field and engage and debate about how best to take new ideas forward which was incredibly

stimulating and inspiring. I was awarded prizes for my doctoral work from the American Academy of Ophthalmology, the Association for Research in Vision and Ophthalmology (ARVO) and the European Association for Vision and Eye Research.

I also used the time during my DM studies to lead the development of a national award to promote vision research to sixth form students while collaborating with AstraZeneca in the US and UK, and the National Eye Institute, National Institutes of Health and successfully advocated for investment in vision research at Capitol Hill with ARVO. I was selected to join the ARVO Board of Trustees and have recently completed my 2 year term representing Members-in-Training around the world.

One of the strengths of the Doctor of Medicine is the flexibility around surgical training and I was also able to undertake the Healthcare Leadership and Management Programme at Cambridge University Hospitals NHS Foundation Trust and the Judge Business School, while also acting as the Royal College of Ophthalmologists Simulation Champion for Cambridge to help us safely get up to speed again surgically once elective surgery resumed during the pandemic.



Tasneem (L) with colleagues

Looking back with affection?

Another Hywelian remembers her time in HSL during the 1960s and 70s. Her account will be an eye-opener for younger Hywelians! Rosie's account has been edited—read the full version in the online Appendix.

I HADN'T WANTED TO GO to the 'posh school' at all: my friends from Junior school were going to the local comprehensive, but my mother said if I sat the Howell's entrance exam I could still choose. I'm sure my parents accepted immediately on my behalf, but I was still undecided by the time we were invited to the summer fair.

As we explored the school grounds, I was impressed by the extent of playing fields and games courts. Then we turned a corner and saw the swimming pool. Ah! the fickleness of youth - I decided I did want to go to HSL after all!

Of course, that was before I saw the uniform list. The grey pleated skirt and pinafore bib top had to be long enough to touch the floor when kneeling and mine was longer so I could grow into it – and this was the summer of 1968 when miniskirts were the fashion. At least the pink and white striped blouse was quite pretty and the grey cardigan just plain. The navy serge knickers and 60 denier stockings were just awful. The games uniform was more interesting – it looked like St Trinian's – a white blouse and square neck navy tunic tied with a red sash at the waist. (Mine would have a future life as a fancy dress party outfit.) This could be shorter and sportier – except that mine, of course, was designed to grow into.

We also had a long navy winter mac and felt hat with school badge, a summer blazer and boater, a summer games uniform and six different pairs of footwear – outdoor shoes and indoor sandals for winter and outdoor sandals for the summer, hockey/lacrosse boots, and indoor and outdoor plimsolls, all to be replaced in turn as our feet grew. Oh, and completing the list: a lacrosse stick, a hockey stick and a tennis racquet. Cheap this was not. At least my fees were covered by my direct grant scholarship...

After just one year, before I had a chance to grow into it, the navy mac and hat were replaced by a mid-blue shapeless mac and air hostess style hat. Two years later, the games uniform was updated to a maroon pleated skirt and white shirt. We cheered when we were given the option of tights instead of those horrible stockings!

I started in Upper IIIIX in September 1968, with Mrs Bevan as our form teacher. (I, or rather my parents, had decided I would learn Welsh.) Upper IIIY was next door in the other dayroom schoolroom, and Upper IIIZ was in the tower above the cloakroom.

I was in Founders (the best house!). The other daygirl

houses were Lowden, St David's, St Dyfrig's, Drapers and Buckley. Boarder houses were Kendall, Taylor, Oaklands and Hazelwood.

Between the Lower IV and Upper V, we were in the classrooms above the big dining room with Mrs Flat and Mrs Lowden Roberts. I had a window seat and a lovely view out at the horse chestnut tree. During one tedious French lesson I was gazing out the window thinking I'd collect some conkers at break when Mrs Watkin-Jones asked what I was doing. "Oh, I was just making up a story about the cartoon" (in the text book we were meant to be studying). "Well tell us then". I suppose I'd asked for it.

During one hot history lesson (the temperature was hot, not the history), a classmate opened a window. "Has Miss Lewis entered the room?" enquired Dr McCann. We looked puzzled: of course not; we would have stood if she had, as we did whenever a mistress entered or left the classroom. The explanation was that if the mistress had not asked for the window be opened, then it could only have been by instruction from a superior, such as the headmistress. We didn't open or close windows without permission after that.

I liked gym lessons, but I did not like being made to stand in the covered way, in my navy gym knickers, with workmen walking past, just because I had climbed up the rope when I was supposed to be merely swinging artistically. I was also in trouble during a gym display for the Governors when I thought a Tarzan call would add to my performance while swinging from the wall bars to the horse. One of the Governors kindly intervened on my behalf and said he thought it was funny.

We played games every lunchtime: lacrosse, hockey and netball in the autumn and winter terms, and cricket, tennis and rounders in the summer term. Bad weather did not matter: we played hockey in the snow and walked around Llandaff Fields if it was too wet for games. We could also play lacrosse before and after school, and attend gym or swimming club after school on Fridays. In the Upper VI, we were allowed to walk into Llandaff Village at lunchtime instead.

At Christmas, each house produced a Dorcas blanket (named after a biblical character), for which we knitted squares. We each had to donate a garment or toy we had made. Some of us were not skilled in domestic arts, so Jayne offered to knit our squares and baby booties for us. When we flooded the market in baby booties one year, it was decreed that only Upper III forms could

make booties in future.

We had an Eisteddfod each year for which you could earn house points. Mrs Watkin-Jones said if we learnt 'Le Corbeau et le Renard' we would each get a house point. I learnt it, but unfortunately she couldn't give us all points. Fifty years on I can still recite it...

The BBC came to film us one year. Mrs Flat chose Maggie Howells to be filmed making shortbread as she always looked clean and tidy (unlike some of the rest of us).

In the Lower VI, we were still split into three classes. We had a small classroom off the downstairs cloakroom. In the Upper VI, we became Arts, Alpha and Science. Science had a tiny room at the end of a corridor. As a

treat we were allowed a kettle and could make coffee. Our form mistress, Mrs (Teddy) Evans, Physics, refused to take the register 'in the cupboard' so we had to decamp to the Physics lab for registration.

I recall that mistresses were on the whole firm but fair. Discipline was strict, and homework and games were compulsory.

Looking back, we received an excellent education. Most of us enjoyed HSL most of the time. We had some laughs and we made lifelong friends.

*Rosie Humm
(née Nash, HSL 1968-75)*

Somewhere in the ether...

Just occasionally, a contribution goes adrift and we don't know about it until someone contacts us to ask where it got to. Adrienne's update, unfortunately, fell into this category. As we are unable to include it in the print or online versions of the magazine, we include it here, with our apologies to Adrienne for its omission.

Adrienne Crockett (HSL 1972-79) writes:

"I'M STILL LIVING IN YORKSHIRE with my husband, Vince, and our younger daughter; our elder daughter has flown the nest.

I retired back in May 2020 but during Covid-19, returned back to work after the obligatory 24-hour retirement. I continued full time as a Psychiatrist for six months and did a lot of GP Triage at the height of the Pandemic. I heard some very upsetting things - Care Homes with half their residents dead...

I went part time a year ago and I'm now gradually reducing my working hours. We are all planning to move home to Cardiff next year.

I hope to be able to catch up with old friends who still live in Cardiff and the surrounding area, and some of my friends from Med School now live there too. I will be looking forward to attending more Hywelian meetings as well. I do still plan to work a little bit to keep my brain ticking over!"

In memoriam

The obituaries on the following pages are fuller versions of those which appear in the printed magazine.

SUSAN ELIZABETH SWIFT (née Murch, 1950-2019)

This is a fuller version of the tribute to Sue, which was omitted from the 2021 Magazine.

Susan Swift, known to friends as Sue, was clever, and had an active mind all her life; she loved animals, and enjoyed her job until she retired. She also enjoyed the social and competitive sides of playing petanque at a high level.

Sue was born in Birmingham on 12 September 1950 to Betty and Stan Murch. Her brother Jonathan completed the family three years later. They soon moved to Cardiff; Sue always thought of herself as Welsh.

She was academically-minded from an early age. She gained a scholarship to Howell's School; from there, she went on to Girton College, Cambridge, where she read Zoology. Sue was a keen and very good cricketer; she had captained the Howell's XI and earned a Blue at Cambridge.

Sue married her first husband in 1972 and moved to Leeds where she did a Master's degree in Biochemistry. From there, she joined the NHS's Steroid Endocrinology section of Chemical Pathology. She very much enjoyed her work, preferring laboratory work to administration.

The marriage ended in divorce in 1979. In September 1983 she married Alan Swift and they moved to Moortown.

Sue enjoyed gardening, growing herbs and other plants from seed. She created a garden in which she could sit and enjoy.

Sue was also an avid reader. She read mainly fiction, especially science fiction, science-fantasy and historical dramas. Sue and Alan loved cats and kept many over the years.

In 1994, they visited Sue's brother Jonathan in Cardiff and the three of them decided to play in a petanque triples tournament in Brecon. From then on petanque became a huge part of their lives, both competitively and socially, and they made many friends.

When they bought a caravan, every tournament became a mini-break. They would often combine these weekends with visits to family. Sue particularly enjoyed her trips back to Wales and to Lincoln where her cousin lived.

In 2002, they reached the final of the National Mixed Pairs in Exeter, in spite of Sue suffering from a bad back. She continued to play at a high level and became involved in the administrative side of the sport; she was the secretary of Northern Petanque from 2001 to 2017.

After a period of serious ill health, including two diagnoses of cancer, in 2016, Sue underwent the removal of a kidney. Her health improved, and after a long stretch in hospital she was able to return home.

By mid-2017, Sue was able to start playing petanque again, an important milestone for her. She was also able to visit her mother, Betty, in Cardiff on her own – again, this was important to Sue as it would be the last time they saw each other before Betty died.

In September 2017, Sue felt unwell and had to withdraw from a university reunion in Cambridge. In October 2017, she suffered the first of a series of strokes and was in hospital for over six months. She returned home in May 2018, unable to walk, speak, or write and with the use of just one hand. Despite these severe limitations, she realised that looking at her garden was preferable to looking at the walls of a hospital.

Other minor health problems meant visits to numerous hospitals and health centres around Leeds. After a fall in March of this year [2019], an operation to repair a broken hip led to post-operative infections which, sadly, her body this time was unable to repel. She died on 26th March 2019 in Leeds General Infirmary.

MISS MARGARET EVANS

My beloved aunt was born at a house called Angorfa on Penprisk Road, Pencoed to Ernest and Olive Evans in 1931. Her father was the local Chemist with his shop next door and her mother the district nurse.

My aunt had one brother John, my father and from the day he was born in June 1935 was the most loving and proud sister.

At the age of 3 or 4 my aunt suffered an awful accident which resulted in many operations in London and Chepstow. This accident together with other family difficulties undoubtedly impacted on her later life however only made her all the more special and wonderful a person and cemented her profound Christian faith.

She went away to School at Howell's in Llandaff and her time there was a happy one with weekly church services at the Cathedral where she was also confirmed.

Despite schooling and her twenties being impacted by further long spells in hospital she spent several years firstly working for Penybont Council and then with Barclays Bank in their Trustee Department and latterly with the insurance company that became Commercial Union. Later on she supported my father when he set up in business in Bridgend and Wick.

However, at the heart of my aunt's life was her strong and committed Christian faith. St David's Church, Pencoed, was her place of worship for over 75 years. She was a hugely committed member of the congregation having been church warden, Sunday school teacher, member of the choir, one of the original lay visitors, organiser of the harvest supper. She was also one of the first women in the Diocese to be granted a licence by the Bishop to administer the communion in the 1990's. My aunt most weeks would go visiting someone who was unwell or housebound. She was particularly proud when the Church's amateur dramatics group, called the St David's Players, asked her to become its President. She was also instrumental in bringing different denominations of the Christian faith together in prayer and worship in helping to organise United Faith services in Pencoed.

Away from the Church, my aunt maintained her affection for Howell's School and was an active member of the Hywelian Guild and was Chairman of the Bridgend branch for many years, helping with organising lunches and reunions. In 2013 she was appointed a Vice President of the School's Hywelian Guild – an honour she was very proud of. She made many close friendships from within the Hywelians.

Music was another love and, along with her mother, she was one of the founding members of Pencoed Choral Society. The choir used to meet every Monday night and competed in many competitions, the highlight being when they sang at the Royal Albert Hall in the early 1980s.

Friends were hugely important to my aunt and she was blessed to have many close friends, Lynne Williams was a dear friend as was David Thomas with whom she had many shared interests and happy times - I know it was a huge blow to my Aunt when these two dear friends both died in 2001.

One thing I remember of my aunt was her kindness. She was always doing something to help someone, whether it was giving someone a lift, taking someone to hospital for an appointment or visiting someone unwell or housebound or simply putting someone in her prayers. I know she insisted on having a four-door car so she could give people a lift!

Family was central to my aunt's life, she was a wonderful daughter who devoted so much of her life to caring for her mother who suffered from ill health for much of her later life. She and my father were as close as any brother and sister could. When my father married my mother in 1966, my aunt was thrilled to have a sister in law and treated my mum more a sister and dear friend than a sister in law.

I know I also speak for my brother when I say we could not have had a more loving and devoted aunt. She has been central to every part of our lives from the moment we were born, took an interest in everything we did and gave us support and advice - simply put, we could not have asked for a better and more wonderful aunt.

Sadly the last few years have been a difficult time which resulted in her having to be cared for in a nursing home – as a family we are grateful to all the staff at Newton Care home for the kindness they showed my aunt in looking after her.

Whilst we mourn and grieve her passing, we as a family take comfort in the knowledge she is now at eternal peace in the Lord's safe hands and her presence and guiding spirit will forever live on and grow in our hearts.

*Huw Evans (Nephew)
1 November 2021*

CAMELIA ELIZABETH MARTHA KEEGAN (23.01.1930 – 17.05.2021)

Camelia was born in Woolwich, London where her father was on the Army Base. She was the only child of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas and Ivy Wilkinson. They moved to Regents Park Army Barracks when she was three years of age. Then they moved to a mews in Victoria.

She went to the famous Greycoat School for Girls in Westminster. After they moved to Hounslow, she was able to stay at the same school. When she was only six, she travelled daily to school from Hounslow on the tube changing at Hammersmith which was a long way for someone so young.

She went to the Coronation of George VI, sitting on her father's shoulders. They moved back to Victoria from Hounslow. The building had a big wall, against which she used to hit a ball, which gave her the first interest in tennis.

In December 1939, at the outbreak of war, Camelia moved with her parents to Milton Road, Penarth where her father worked at the Army base in Barry. She started school at St Alma's and from there gained a scholarship to the highly-acclaimed Howell's School in Llandaff, Cardiff, where she was a boarder. She was there during the war years and was popular with the other boarders when her father sent fruit cakes for her. She made lifelong friends including Mary Simpson, (Godmother to Paul), who died two months ago and was the longest with over 80 years of friendship.

After she left school she went to Secretarial College in Bond Street, London to learn Pitman shorthand and typing. She was the youngest there. This was followed by her return to Penarth where she got a job in Cathedral Road for an insurance company, sending out renewal notices and answering the phone. Her next job was working as the Director of the Coal Board's secretary in Cambrian Buildings. She enjoyed her jobs.

Camelia enjoyed sport at school including cricket (where she was hit on the nose) and tennis. She joined Penarth Lawn Tennis Club in 1947. She played for the team and won many trophies over the years including mixed doubles with her son Martin.

It was about this time she met the man who was to become her husband and life partner Brinley James Keegan an Architect at that time working at City Hall, Cardiff.

It wasn't long before they were married in 1952 and building their first house in Plymouth Road, Penarth where their first two children Paul and Martin were to join them. When Paul was four and Martin two, they moved to Shrewsbury, following promotion for Brin.

Camelia spent ten happy years in Shrewsbury and her third child Dawn was born. They also built another luxury and modern bungalow splitting the garden of the property they had in half. Camelia was Clerk of Works as she would tell people.

Camelia also worked from home for Sarah Coventry Jewellery, Spirella Corsets and Avon Cosmetics.

In 1970 it was then time to move again, and it was decided to move back to Penarth rather than other options. A large comfortable house was found for the family in Stanwell Road.

Camelia decided to go back to work and found a job as Secretary to Mr Roland Harris owner of the Penarth Times. She was there for many happy years. She then worked for Bateman Catering (later Grand Met) in Windsor Place and ended her career at Cardiff and Vale Enterprise in Cardiff Bay which helped up and coming businesses.

Camelia was on the PTA at Victoria School and was involved in the successful train trip to the Ideal Home Exhibition where they hired the whole train and sold tickets.

In her spare time, she played tennis well and worked hard with Brin to save Penarth Lawn Tennis Club in Rectory Road from closure. They were able to secure a long lease and prevented the club site becoming a housing development. She worked hard with Lord Plymouth and Plymouth Estates. She was then given Life Membership of the club and was the first female Club Captain.

Camelia also enjoyed family holidays abroad and celebrating Birthdays and special occasions with a wonderful spread of food.

Camelia and Brin moved to Cosmeston Drive in 1983 and spent many happy years there. She looked after her parents in old age and also cared for Brin who had heart valve problems. Brin died in 2006; Camelia after 10 years of Polymyalgia and finally two strokes died on the 17 May 2021.

She was able to enjoy four world cruises and much travel abroad and around Great Britain before illness prevented further trips. She was a regular Bridge player.

Camelia had a long and happy marriage, with three children, five grandchildren, one great grandchild - and a dog called Molly. Her son Paul lived with her for her last five years to ensure as much quality of life as possible.

Camelia was well liked and had many friends, and she will be greatly missed.

