



the  
AUSTRINGER

News journal of the WELSH HAWKING CLUB

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## Foreword

We hope you are going to enjoy the second issue of your News Journal. In this copy there is a very interesting account of a falconry trip to Austria, contributed by Lawrence Workman. Which brings to mind a very important matter.

This is your journal, without your help, it will not get off the ground. How can you help? Every one of you who reads this has something to contribute. Your job is to get it down on paper and let the Editor have it. His job will be to edit it, so worry not about the English Grammar you have long since forgotten.

This edition is being compiled, as was the first by the Chairman and Secretary, but as and from now the newly appointed Editor will be Graham Date. Graham has had plenty of experience in this field but was naturally reluctant to accept the "hot job" believing that members will not submit enough material and thereby making his job extremely difficult. I have assured him that you will not let him down, so get to it. The next complaint I want to hear is that the Editor has too much material and can't decide what to print.

All contributions then to

G. F. Date,  
14, Kenfig Road,  
Gabalfa,  
Cardiff.

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## THE JABBERWOCK

Lawrence Workman.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son !  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch ! "

Lewis Carroll.

The gestation period of our first news journal seemed to me to be interminable. During this period I became accustomed at each monthly meeting to enquiring about the rate of progress and to badger those responsible for its production. I was soon to regret this obsession of mine, for at the confinement of the first edition a long suffering and slightly irate member of the journal committee suggested that as I had been so verbose in the discussions about the first edition, I might care to submit an article for the second and ease the main problem of finding material. Also, as I had caught a few hares this season it would make a fitting subject. This immediately drew a growl of approval from the members present (who no doubt said under their breath "Got 'im"). I readily agreed, not because of any latent journalistic tendencies, but due to the fact that I had consumed several pints of draught Guinness.

As I sit here chewing a pen, the fact that the English Master aged perceptibly during my stay at school becomes more understandable.

The mature brown hare as quarry for the eyas female goshawk is ruled out by many Austringers, they feel she is overmatched and tries to bind to the hare through ignorance; while others trot out the trite "What do you want - a flight or a fight ?". However, the fact remains that many goshawks have been successfully flown at hares for quite long periods, even though most have eschewed them after the first encounter. I doubt if anyone will emulate MR. ARTHUR NEWALL with his bird GAIETY GAL which took fifty-five hares in one season, but surely the secret ambition of most Austringers who train an eyas female gos' is that she will catch them at least one hare weighing over 7-lb. in fair flight. To hope for more is to be over-optimistic.

The following is an account of how I trained a gos' that was moderately successful in this field, probably in spite of and not because of me. I neither intend this essay as a guide (for those who wish to put the skids under *LEPUS EUROPAEUS OCCIDENTALIS*), nor do I advocate it as a method of manning, it is merely my record of an experience. My method of training has developed through countless hours spent in the company of LORENT de BASTYAI, in the field and indoors, also by the reading of numerous books and manuals. To the pundits my mistakes will be obvious, I hope they will be kind enough to bear with me.

Keeping a hawk properly presents many problems, especially when one has to earn a living and pay attention to domestic affairs. To make things easier three of us have joined forces, JOHN BUCKNER, Vice Chairman of The Welsh Hawking Club, ROSS JOHN and myself. John and I have been partners in field sports since childhood, but in those days our sport ranged from the conventional to the extremely nefarious. ROSS JOHN is twelve years old, he has the unenviable task of controlling my Welsh Springers FARO and FLOSS and as things frequently go wrong in the field, I can rant and rave at him to prevent myself from becoming a chronic case of hypertension. Ross was 'blooded' this season when he caught a pheasant with a tiercel gos' trained by John. Our set up works very well, there is always someone to look after the birds during holidays or illness and never any greed or jealousy in the field, as our delight is in the work of the dogs and the flight of the bird. Whose fist it left is immaterial.

When my three year old passage tiercel left me in a gale, it so happened that John's work had increased dramatically, so for a season I looked after his intermewed eyas VIVA. However, in the spring of '67 he was in a position to have VIVA back so he ordered an eyas from A. Landschutzer for me. At last the box with its twittering occupant arrived and we carried it into the windowless bacon room at John's place. The first we saw of her was a yellow steel shod foot, which flashed out of an air slot to lance my hand as I struggled with a knot and because of this incident I called her the JABBERWOCK. We could see that she was not wearing jesses so I inserted a gloved hand into the box and she immediately bound to it, John pinned her wings and brought her protesting into the light. While we were putting the jesses on we were attacked by bacon flies, well known as lusty biters, with a struggling gos' and this extra hazzard our language became decidedly 'Billingsgate'. Imagine our surprise when we turned to find Ross' mother silently watching us. Her son still accompanies us so I can only assume that she thought we were addressing the hawk in traditional Saxon terms.

The eyes stood on my fist straight away and took small pieces of beef from my fingertips. As she roused and glared at us John commented "You'll catch a hare with that one". His prognostication was correct.

From the start I took her everywhere, when I exercised the dogs she came with me and while I watched television she stood on my fist. She was practically hard penned so training started at once. If a bird is shown as much as possible in the first two or three days, while the shock of capture is still upon it, I think a great deal is gained. Before long she trusted me enough to lower her head and feed from the fist she stood on and after several days of feeding in this fashion, I took her to a high gate-post to get her to make the exciting first jump to the fist. It took quite a few visits to the post before she took that great step in training, but suddenly those heart-stopping evenings of anticipation and disappointment were behind us and she was flying a few yards to the fist. Soon she would come any distance, so from now on all her food was given by calling her off the gate-post on a fifty yard creance and she was always called to a large piece of meat. If she was high - she had one flight only to her complete meal for the evening, if going low - three flights, but never more. I went through this routine every evening until she would come fifty yards to my fist. I now introduced her to the lure as an insurance in the field. On my lure are two yards of nylon, when the hawk is coming I drop the lure in the grass and place my foot in the line, in this way the hawk is still coming to me. This form of carriage and feeding made her very obedient but probably sowed the seed of a fault that emerged later.

Naturally at this stage our thoughts turned to entering her to quarry, even though there is no rush to the field as our area is heavily wooded and covered in bracken. On Saturdays John would come over and drag a freshly killed rabbit through the grass, when she bound to it he would jerk the line to simulate its struggle for freedom and we would allow her to break into it and take a full gorge.

On her first day of hunting she flew a rabbit which beat her to cover, a big hare which she tumbled over twice scattering flock everywhere and a half-grown rabbit which evaded her inexperienced attempts at footing. By October when we were due to go to Vienna she had caught just one hen pheasant.

John, DOUG MORGANS, LES REID and myself had been invited to Vienna by ALFRED LANDSCHUTZER and as we had three gosses to take, we asked TERRY JENKINS to design a box in which the hawk could stand on a perch but not spread its wings, also the boxes must fit the boot. This was duly done and the boxes made.

The JABBERWOCK hated the box on sight and attempts to train her to it exasperated both of us. I decided the only thing to do would be to tape her tail and bundle her in on the day we left. The day dawned and Doug and I were tearing down the M 4 to meet the rest of the party, JABBERWOCK in her box on the back seat and VIVA on my fist. There was such a commotion from the box that in my anxiety I foolishly raised the hatch slightly to see if she was on the perch, in a flash her head was out screaming abuse at us. The look on Doug's face was indescribable, I had last seen it after Pentyrch point-to-point, following a bad day with the bookies he caught a round of twenty-eight and sixpence at the 'Greyhound'. (Prior to that, it had only been worn by the victims of mediaeval torturers.) However, the birds settled down and with Les' excellent driving we arrived in Vienna to the strains of the hunting horn, the howling of ARROW the Munsterlander and a tremendous welcome from Alfred, Frau and Elizabeth Landschutzer.

The next day found us in the field as much in 'yarak' as the hawks. John started in grand style, killing a cock and hen pheasant in straight flights from the fist with VIVA. In order to show off my very obedient bird, I called her back from ridiculous distances instead of going to pick her up and consequently made her very tired. Punishment for this vanity came at the end of the day when having called her back some three hundred yards, ARROW flushed a rabbit-sized leveret which in her fatigue the JABBERWOCK ignored. That night to alleviate my low condition I took a full gorge of white wine and had to be assisted to the screen perch.

The next morning as we set off to the hawking area, I was surprised to find myself bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Once again John and VIVA entertained us almost immediately with a beautiful flight at a hen pheasant - which subsequently proved to have a badly diseased liver.

Shortly after this as I was walking the bank of a ravine, a cock pheasant was flushed from the bottom of it by ARROW. The pheasant had to rise up past us and was easily caught by the JABBERWOCK - not a flight to set the blood coursing but his weight in the bag was very satisfying. Next I tried 'still hunting' with her, casting her into the odd trees while the others walked the maize to send birds under her. If nothing appeared within a few minutes, she would turn her gaze to me and though I lay down in the grass or flattened myself against the trunk of a tree, she would fly down to the ground beside me, curtsy and twitter and generally play the vamp.

A shout from John that he had seen a leveret in its form had me advancing slowly under his guidance, with the JABBERWOCK held high and my heart hammering my ribs. Suddenly puss appeared and the JABBERWOCK was gone, one shot and they tumbled and parted, JABBERWOCK was up again and put in another, they bounced a yard straight up but she stayed with him and his next leap, which was his last, was lower as she had him by the head. Shouts from the spectators awakened her foolish master, who with gaping mouth seemed to have taken root and when eventually tried to run, fell over before reaching the hawk. After the raised hats, handshakes and FALKNERS HEILS, I let her eat all of his liver and heart while the others went on. He only weighed 5-lb. but who cared, she'd caught a hare !

That evening when she had digested her reward, the fault that I had alluded to earlier first became apparent. From the mews came the sound of screaming, just a few that night, a few more the next and so on, but more of that later.

The next morning she was 2-lb. 3 oz., the weight at which she is sharp set without loss of vigour and she tackled the first hare we saw. At her first shot they both fell into a river about ten yards wide, the hare swam to the far bank and the hawk rowed herself into some rushes with her wings. A delay followed while we dried her in the warm Austrian sunshine. When she was dry and had roused we set off down the river bank which was clothed in long grass, three hundred yards on she tied up an eight pounder very quickly (possibly aided by the grass), just as he reached the water's edge. During the morning she flew several more without success and then demonstrated to us just how unpredictable goshawks are. Doug and I saw a leveret of around five pounds which had previously swum the river, coming our way to cross again. We waited until it entered the water, then ran about two hundred yards and arrived as it left cover. I thought "He's in the bag", but no, she flew up to it, raked away and flopped down on to the plough. I was amazed and said that I thought the exertions of the morning had made her go low. I decided to feed her up but as the car was near by I would weigh her before feeding. On the way to the car Alfred put up a hare which his bird put one shot at then raked away, as it passed me the JABBERWOCK was after it. A tremendous tussle followed in which she put in eight shots to beat him, I had never seen such persistence. After she had eaten a good piece of his liver, I examined the hare and found a well-mended fracture to the right hind leg. Had she somehow instinctively detected this ? She was positive that she could take him even though he weighed  $7\frac{1}{2}$ -lb.

After lunch she caught a leveret about rabbit size, which we released having made sure it was in good shape. Les caught a cock pheasant with his tiercel to round off a memorable day. John dragged a dead hare on the line and she fed off it, too well as it turned out for the following morning she weighed 2-lb.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  ozs., flew the hares half-heartedly and caught nothing. The next day she had one  $8\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. in the morning and one  $6\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. in the afternoon. The day after, which was our last, one  $7\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Also on that last day she murdered a short-eared owl which foolishly left a grape-vine while she was free. I am very fond of all Raptores and this seemed to me like a breach of ethics.

John was involved in an amusing incident one morning when he and a young rough-haired pointer got between a hamster and its burrow. This truculent little rodent bore very little resemblance to the animal kept as a pet by children in this country, it was about the size of a guinea pig with a ginger back and a mole-black belly. It was up on its hind legs jumping and swearing as if on the verge of apoplexy. The dog kept his distance and when John went too close the hamster bit through his wellington. As they store vast amounts of maize below ground hamsters are disliked by farmers so VIVA was recalled from a tree, where she had taken stand, to end the career of this game little pest.

Thanks to Alfred Landschutzer and his family our trip was a memorable one, Alfred worked tirelessly on our behalf. He arranged a dinner and invited the chief hunters so that we could meet them - from this meeting came invitations to hawk in many preserves. In the field Alfred covers the ground very rapidly, to make sure we had frequent flights he said we must go from "situation to situation" and in doing so we proceeded at a pace normally associated with beagling. His intermewed gos' was a great performer at pheasants, following them until they came down and if they landed in sparse cover they were invariably taken. She also took a mallard and a hare. Frau Landschutzer fed us like fighting cocks, she cooked the hares and pheasants for us in a most delicious way and contributed a great deal to our enjoyable visit.

Back home again, what could I do to end the JABBERWOCK'S screaming? When I was alone with her, when she was in the mews or weathering, it was nowincessant. Fortunately in the field when accompanied by other falconers she was quiet, just giving an occasional scream. I consulted the manuals and R. STEVENS provided the answer - quite simply, fly her everyday and make sure she kills. My application to the Ministry of Defence for three months paid leave was turned down flat (no falconers there it seems!). Foot and mouth disease struck so I fattened her up, this stopped her screaming but by the end of January the restrictions were lifted and as soon as she was sharp set, she started screaming again. She caught rabbits, moorhens, a mallard and a cock pheasant but no hares.



Perhaps she did not meet enough as we could only find six flights at hares for her, even then the shots she put in at them were not in the crashing abandoned style of the autumn. One day looking for moorhens she thought she was an osprey, she spied a fleeing trout and dived into the river from about ten feet up. I think I was more alarmed than the hawk as she made for the bank using her wings.

Will she do anything unusual next season ? I have a recurring fantasy in which she catches a goose. The white fronts which visit this area are often as light as 4-lb. when immature, obtaining a close slip would be the hardest part. Anyway, it makes a pleasant dream while the JABBERWOCK moults away the summer.

### Welsh Game Fair

As you know the hawking Club arranged a static exhibition and flying display at the Welsh Game Fair, held on Saturday August 3rd at Merthyr Mawr.

The public attendance was in excess of 5,000, and the organisers were well pleased.

Now to our show.

Not having helped physically in the tent display etc, it was with a distinct and pleasant surprise that I viewed the efforts of the few. The tent carried a very good furniture display, many interesting photographs and the overall impression was most pleasing and efficient. Lorant's new book was on sale, as were some postcards, donated to the Club by Lorant and some of the Xmas Cards.

A quite large weathering ground had been pegged out and there were 12 hawks and falcons on show, the ring fronted the tent display and made the whole quite impressive.

Neatly printed cards giving the names and details of exhibits had been well prepared by Roy Saunders at very short notice and quite set off the exhibition.

When I arrived at the Fair around 2.30pm. I had the utmost difficulty in forcing my way into the tent, such was the interest shown, and I am left in no doubt having talked to many spectators and show officials that our efforts were well received.

The flying display was also very popular. Unfortunately the Police Dog handling Team failed to arrive and our display was the only one to take place in the main ring. At the show organisers request I was asked to try and 'stretch' the show, which as you all know is almost impossible, but with Bartle Jones's Red Tail showing a distinct reluctance to take wing and Terry Jenkins's falcon being more interested in viewing the display from one of a number of very tall trees we were able to keep the large crowd reasonably interested for upwards of 50 minutes.

Lawrie Workman flew his Gos. on a creance to the fist very successfully and demonstrated early stages of training.

Hugh Bartle Jones showed his Red Tail, but had presented the Hawk overweight and it was reluctant to leave the embarkation point.

Lorant flew his Sakar and Lanner to the lure and without doubt his personality and 'hat doffing' captivated the spectators, as did the length of the flight which was arranged to be through a gap in the crowd and not unnaturally caused a bit of ducking.

Terry followed with his falcon, showing itself very briefly to the crowd before leaving hurriedly and spending an hour or so loafing about the trees.

Fortunately Mr. Denis Jones had brought his Kestrel along and it gave a splendid show of flying to the lure.

In all a very pleasant and successful afternoon. Our thanks are due to all those who took part but especially to John Buckner, Lawrence Workman and Roy Saunders for their efforts, without which we would have had little to enthuse about.

Finally, it would be admirable if the Falconers spent more time around their exhibits despite the not unnatural urge to go walking, and it would have been nicer to have seen a few more members make the effort to visit the show.

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#### Secretary's Notes

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of one of our founder members, Ken Bannerjee.

He will be sadly missed at both our own functions and at hawking meetings abroad where he was a regular attender.

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Please note the following amendment with regard to the Hawking furniture list in the last issue of the Austringer. Hawking bells should read 12/6d per pair and not as stated 10/- per pair. For those members who wrote to the Treasurer requesting this item, they will no doubt be pleased to learn that they are now in stock.

For those of you who are rather forward looking, the Treasurer also has for sale Xmas cards at 1/- per card. These portray a Peregrine falcon and Mallard duck scene, exceptionally well designed by Graham Date and are well worth purchasing.

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Secretary's Notes cont'd

The Club's present code of conduct has been re-produced below, it is however hoped that this will be revised at the next A.G.M. in order to bring it on par with the North American Falconers code of conduct which is the accepted code by the majority of the World's falconery organisations.

The code will I hope act as a reminder to members, for it is one of the basic considerations of the Club's committee, that all applicants for membership accept and adhere to this code.

I would emphasize to members item 8 of the code, following the recent spate of lost and found hawks.

1. The sport of Falconry is the flying of a trained hawk at suitable quarry found in the natural state. Any action or practice inconsistent with this is prohibited.
2. Every trained hawk must be properly manned.
3. Trained hawks must not be kept unless they are given regular flights in suitable country. Falconers must take care that they do not keep more hawks than they can manage.
4. Hawks must not be kept for display or profit.
5. Trained hawks must be kept in a proper mews with every regard for their health and well-being.
6. Hawks that are no longer wanted must either be returned to the wild state in suitable country or handed on to someone who will treat them in accordance with this code. Before a hawk is released, the falconer will see that it is in good feather, in the highest possible condition, and also that it can kill for itself. If there is any doubt of its ability to do so it should be hacked back.
7. Every endeavour must be made to recover a lost hawk.
8. The name and address of the falconer should be on one jess of a bird flown free.

With regards to item 4. in this Code of Conduct, members are requested to obtain the advice of the Publicity Officer if they are approached to take part with their hawks in films or television programmes or sound broadcasts.

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Secretary's Notes cont'd

A number of members at sometime or other, through various reasons are unable to take part in practical falconry. Because of this, and due to a number of letters received requesting assistance in this direction, we in the South Wales area would welcome member guests for this purpose.

Most weekends throughout the season one or more parties are hawking, so there should be no difficulty in arranging a suitable date for those that are interested in paying us a visit.

It is appreciated that travelling distance may be a deterrent to some members, so any members in other areas willing to assist in this service, and those wishing to take advantage, please drop me a line.

The dinner at 'The Kestrel' on the 7th May was a great success. Many thanks to Jean, Peter Nannfeldt's wife for preparing such a delicious and unique cuisine. Following the dinner we all took part in a 'noggins and natter' mostly about hawking and concluded the evening with the Chairman 'Kacy' taking his usual stance at the piano, Les Reid, the Treasurer, sounding the hunting horn with no horn and Lawrie Workman leading the chorus.

A good evening was enjoyed by all, it is hoped to arrange another in the near future.

Congratulations to Lorant, our President, on the publication of his first book in this country. I haven't yet had the opportunity of reading it myself, however others that have left me in no doubt that it makes interesting reading.

Lorant has presented a copy to the Club library, so this will be additional to the library book list issued in the last Austringer.

Fulfilling the promise of the last issue we include in this one, information on how to apply to the 'Home Office' for a licence to take birds of prey for falconry purposes in this country. We are also including a list of members addresses.

The majority of you already know that shortly it will be necessary to obtain a licence for the purpose of importing birds, hawks etc. into this country. We have not yet been advised by the 'Home Office', when we do the information will be passed onto you.

With regard to the list of addresses, this in no way implies that all have paid their annual subscription fees. The Treasurer has informed me a number are outstanding. May I remind you that fees are due in January each year. The Treasurer is in the process of issuing membership cards, which will in the future be an official receipt of membership fees paid. Some members have already received these cards others will receive them in due course.

Secretary's Notes cont'd

The Club's Ordinary Meetings are held each second Wednesday of the month at the Tredegar Constitutional Club, 8, Oakfield Road, Newport, Mon. (near Civic Centre) It is here future activities are decided, new members if possible should attempt to attend, it would thus give them an opportunity to meet other members and no doubt learn much to their advantage.

Protection Of Birds Act, 1954--Licences: Falconry.

1. Section 10(1)(b) of the Act enables the Secretary of State to grant to any person a licence to take by any specified means, or to sell or import alive, any specified number of birds of prey of any specified description for the purpose of falconry.
2. No licence is in fact required at present to import any bird of prey, or to sell any bird of prey other than an owl. This is because the Act does not restrict the importation of birds of prey, and does not prohibit the sale alive of birds of prey other than owls (except the little owl). A licence to import or sell would only become necessary if the Secretary of State were some day to exercise his powers under the Act in such a way as to restrict the importation or sale alive of other birds of prey.
3. Accordingly a licence is required only if it is proposed to take a wild bird of prey.
4. An application for a licence should be made by the person to whom the licence is to be granted, and should give the following information:-
  - (a) The applicant's name and address;
  - (b) The number and species of birds of prey which it is desired to take;
  - (c) The means by which, and the place or area in which it is proposed to take the birds of prey;
  - (d) If someone other than the applicant is to take the birds, that person's name and address (see 6 below);
  - (e) A detailed statement of the reasons for the application;
  - (f) Particulars of any Club or society concerned with falconry which the applicant is a member.
5. A licence will authorise the holder to take the birds by himself or with the help of another person. But if the applicant wants someone else, not acting under his immediate supervision, to take the birds for him, that other person must be named in the licence, and his name and address should be stated in the application. If the applicant may wish to ask more than one person to take birds for him, each person should be mentioned.
6. The Home Secretary can grant licences for England and Wales only. Any application for a licence to take birds of prey in Scotland should be addressed to the Secretary, Scottish Home Department, St. Andrews House, Edinburgh.

Home Office, Whitehall, February, 1955.

List of MembersPresident.

Lorant de Bastyai. 47, Beauchamp Ave.,  
Leamington Spa, Warks.

Vice Presidents.

Lady Traherne. Coeda Rhydyglyn, Nr. Cardiff.  
P. Humphries. M. R. C. V. S. Maindee House, Pontnewydd,  
Cwmbran, Mon. (Club's Vet.)  
P. Glazier. The Falconry Centre,  
Newent, Glos.  
A. Landschutzer. President of the Oesterreichischer  
Falknerorden.

Honorary Members.

M. Dawson. Hon. Sec. Hawking Club of Great  
Britain.  
M. Woodford. M. R. C. V. S. Hon. Sec. British Falconers Club.  
The Hon. D. Weir. English Charley, Aviemore,  
Invernesshire, Scotland.

Chairman.

K. Macleur. 27, Broadwalk, Caerleon.

Vice Chairman.

J. Buchner. Bryn Hyfrya, West End,  
Abercarn.

Treasurer

L. Reid. Grove Villa, Llanarth,  
Raglan, Mon.

Honorary Secretary.

T. P. Jenkins. 30, Rumney Walk, Llanyravon,  
Cwmbran, Mon.

Committee.

G. F. Date. (Editor) 14, Kenfig Road, Gabalfa,  
Cardiff.  
L. Workman. (Librarian) 'Ynysdawl', Rudry, Caerphilly.  
G. Gower Ty-Bychan, High St., Cwmndows,  
Newbridge, Mon.  
D. Morgans. 9, Ash Grove, Nelson,  
Treharris, Glam.  
P. Nannfeldt. 'The Kestrel' Bwlch, Brecs.  
M. Pritchard. Wern Ddu Farm, Allt-yr-yn,  
Newport, Mon.  
R. Saunders. 63, Wenaut Road, Rhiwbina,  
Cardiff.

6201

List of Members cont'd.

E.L. Amphlett. 27, Brackley Ave., Colwyn Bay.

P. Ashall. 68, South Bank Ave., Marton, Blackpool.

F.R. Bond. Broom Hall, Chwilog, Caerns.

D. Cound. 12, Wessex Rd., Chippenham, Wilts.

C. Cardwell. 'Avondale', Kitty Lane, Marton Moss,  
Blackpool.

A.R. Channon. 'Chequers', Langley, Saffron Walden,  
Clavering, Essex.

J.D. Clark. 4, Christopher Crescent, New Balderton,  
Newark, Notts.

J.R. Cording. 57, Allt-yr-yn Close, Newport, Mon.

J. Cullen. 5, Heol Fach, Drumma Rd., Birch Grove,  
Swansea.

A. Davies. 13, Victoria Rd., Pontymoile, Pontypool,  
Mon.

C. Davies. The Manse, Manse Rd., Drybrook, Glos.

M.G. Farmer. 29, Alexandra Rd., Heaton Moor, Stockport,  
Cheshire.

S. Farrar. 145, Oakley Way, Caldicot, Chepstow.

W.G. Fiske. Debden Hall Farm, Saffron Walden, Essex.

P. Warmington Gardner. Berllaw Gron, Blackwood, Police Station,  
Monmouth.

I. De Gregory. Oakfield Park Camp, Kinnel Bay, Nr. Rhyl.

J. Griffiths. 9, Cefn Yr Allt, Aberdulais, Nr. Neath,  
Glam.

J.F. Griffiths. 13, Ribbingham Rd., Withington, Manchester.

J.B. Guy. Holly Cottage, Post Office Lane, Norley,  
Nr. Warrington, Lancs.

A.F. Gates. Ken-Dor, Oak Walk, St. Peter, Jersey.

M. Ham. Gwydyn Forester T/School, Capel Curie,  
Bettws-Y-Coed, Caerns.

T.E. Harrison. 169, Runnymede Rd., Newcastle Upon Tyne.

P. Hill-Jones. Laurels, West Barnham, Nr. Bognor Regis,  
Sussex.

J. Issott. 1, Nant Gwyn, Trelewis, Nr. Treharris, Glam.

P.T. Fields. 53, Franklands, Longton, Preston, Lancs.

D.F. King. Glenona, Abermad, Llanfarian, Aberystwyth,  
Cards.



List of Members cont'd.

H. C. Bartle Jones.	Ty-Fry House, Pendoylan, Nr. Cowbridge.
S. M. Jenkins.	30, Rumney Walk, Llanyravon, Cwmbran, Mon.
W. A. Jones.	Drymma Farm, Skewen, Neath, Glam.
Dr. Gordon Jolly.	Yorke House, Hannington, Nr. Swindon.
Capt. K. Morgan-Jones. R. A. V. C.	Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Swindon, Wilts.
S. Large.	4, Princess Rd., Old Colwyn, Colwyn Bay.
R. Manley.	'Shangri-La, The Grove, Merthyr Tydfil.
E. Morgan.	Tyn-Y-Beruan, Rudry, Nr. Caerphilly.
D. Morgan.	263, Wellington Rd. South, Stockport, Cheshire.
K. Nicholas.	Glendale Hotel, Plymouth Rd. Penarth.
T. R. Pickford.	11, Orchard Ave., South Shore, Blackpool.
H. Pascoe.	Burnaby house, 3, Burnaby Rd., Bedford.
M. W. Poole.	6, Lyndhurst Ave., Davyhulme, Manchester.
I. Skidmore.	Picton Hall, Picton, Chester.
C. Slater.	The Mount, 7, Pannett Hill, Millom, Cumb.
R. T. Spernayel.	Gwydyr Forester T/School, Capel Curie, Bettws-Y-Coed, Caerns.
D. R. Millington.	'Tretower Court', Llanyravon, Cwmbran, Mon
P. Tew.	27, Florence Place, Griffithstown, Cwmbran Mon.
N. Turner.	12, Parvet Ave., Droylsden, Manchester.
J. T. Tomlinson.	Beechfield, Clifton, Preston, Lancs.
J. Vater.	26, Horsefair, Malmesbury, Wilts.
R. Workman.	85, Fidas Rd., Llanishen, Cardiff.