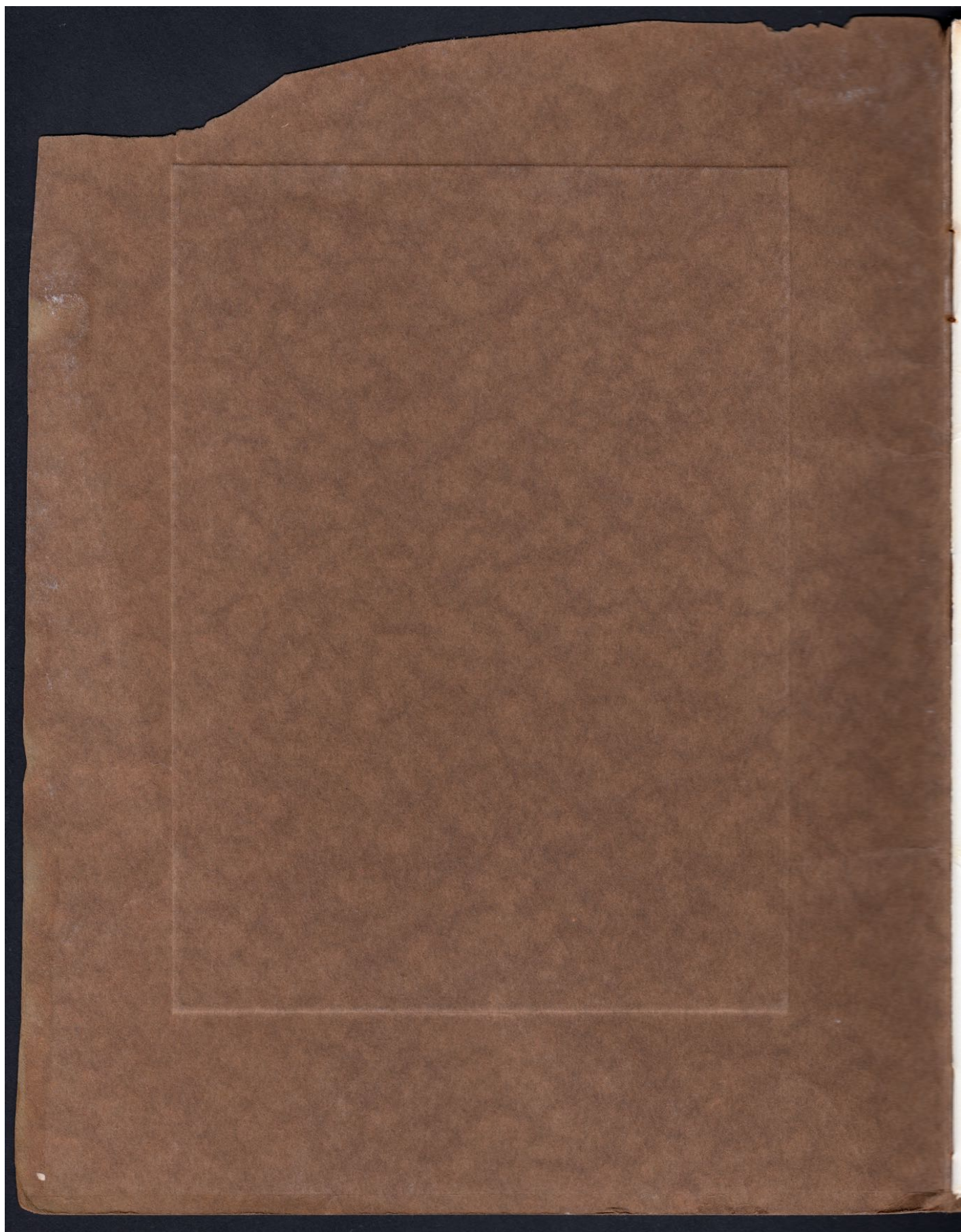




14TH (SERVICE) BATT^N
ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

REUNION AT LLANDINAM 30TH JULY—4TH AUG., 1937



MEMENTO
of
THE SECOND REUNION
of the
14TH (SERVICE) BATTALION
ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS

who sailed to France on
December 1st, 1915.

HELD AT
LLANDINAM
from
30th JULY to 4th AUGUST, 1937.

Through the generosity of The Right Hon. LORD DAVIES,
their Commanding Officer.



GREETINGS

*New Year greetings to all our old comrades
and friends.*

*This is intended to be a little memento of our
Reunion Camp, edited by our friend and
colleague, Glynn-Jones. It also provides an
opportunity of sending you the best wishes of your
old Colonel and Lady Davies for a Happy
New Year.*

Blwyddyn newydd dda i chwi.

Davies

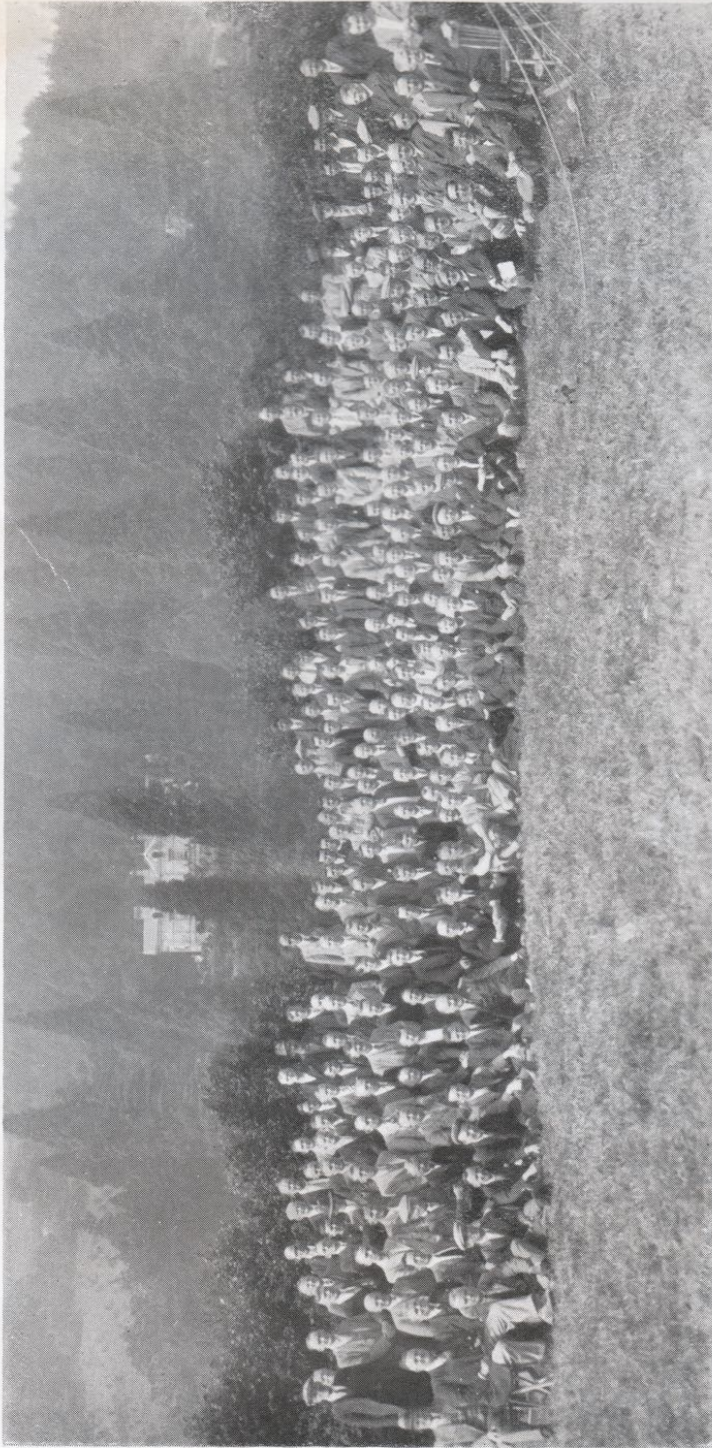


Photo Edwards Bros., Newport.

REUNION OF THE 14TH (SERVICE) BATTALION ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS,
LLANDINAM, 30th JULY—4th AUGUST, 1937.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SECOND REUNION.

"The pleasures peculiar to the soul, are all produced through memory."

Plato.

"As we that are left grow old," and industrial depressions, domestic troubles and bodily infirmities start breaking up that fine fellow with the Flash, Red Dragon and blue triangle, who still adorns the front-room mantleshef (and is still a source of pride, at least to one individual), we find more and more comfort in our memories.

In ordinary every-day circles those memories, although they are of quality which succeeding generations have never acquired, and will never understand, are generally treated as somewhat of a nuisance or "father's little weakness about the War."

But when two or three old "stiffs" foregather and no one else is about, there arises an opportunity, the value of which, to the body and soul of the old soldier, can never be over-estimated.

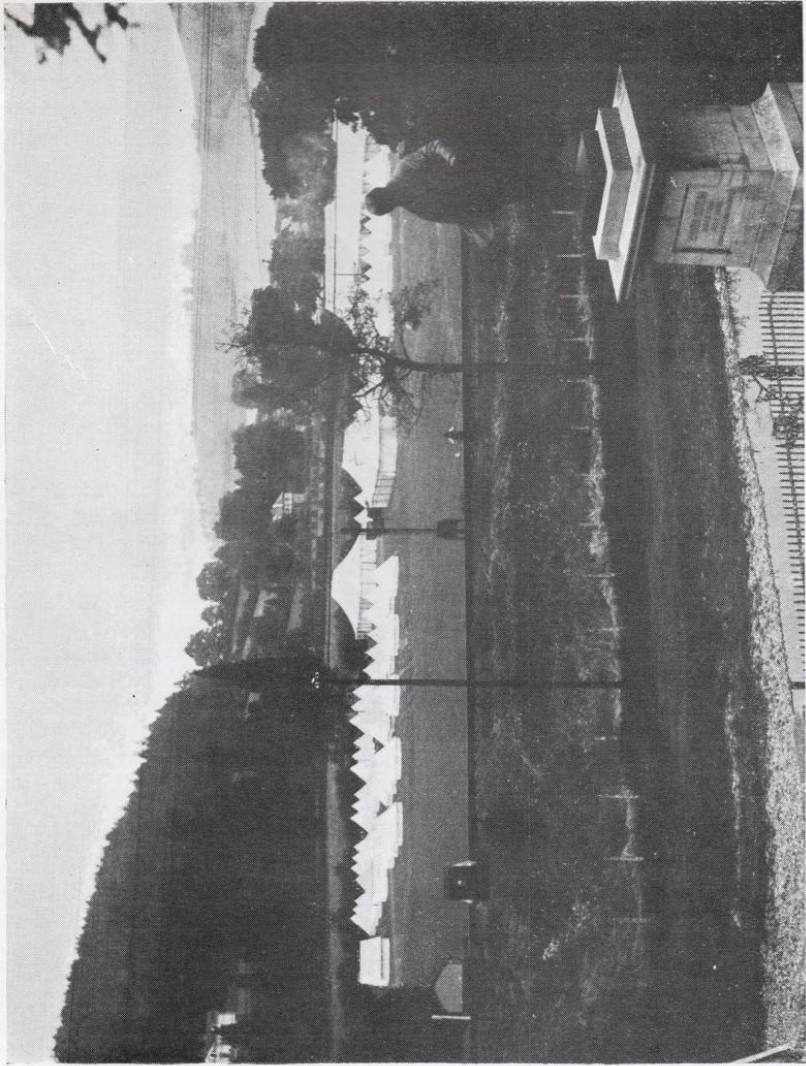
It was because his great generous heart appreciated to the full the value of this "Do you remember?" experience, that the Colonel arranged this reunion. As one man told me, "He is now one of our country's greatest men, and one of the few who is giving most of his gifts and his time to causes that benefit others. He may do many things which are more spectacular or more comprehensive in their ultimate results. But he will never get nearer to the hearts of simple men, capable of warm, honest reactions, than he does in the cases of the men of the old 14th on such occasions as these."

On this second great occasion, even the weather was good to us, and the few who wondered if the old "sweats" were still capable of sleeping under canvas, were thus relieved of much anxiety. On the contrary, a feature of the first night was the snoring, a fact which reminds me that I would like to lay my hands on that fellow who for the whole of the first night kept me awake with a two-stroke snore that was something of a cross between a pig's grunt and an asthmatic tin whistle.

In this particular connection only those of us who had responsibilities and had to see everything safe and sound by going round the tents the last thing at night, had the experiences of listening to the growls, squeaks, snarls, rumbles, rattles and grunts that emanate at night from fellows who in daylight appear to be harmony itself.

Of course, there were minor friendly criticisms, like that of the Sir Fôn man who reminded us that he had left at home "a soft feather bed and a big woman, for this hard straw paliasse and unsympathetic tent-load of fellows." But even this bit of philosophy was more of a contribution to the fun of the fair than an attempt at complaint.

Appetites, too! One ex-corporal—and a well-nourished one at that—reports an increase of two pounds in weight. One certainly heard of no efforts at slimming, or never saw waitresses go so often to a single place during a single meal. In passing, by the way, we take our hats off to those caterers and waitresses. They did us well and proudly, and had no small share in making every meal a really happy family gathering.



The special trips and excursions will remain long in our memories. No one fell out of the train and there was perfect time-keeping for the return journey. Of course, one was told that during the later afternoon many special sub-committees of the National Eisteddfod had to be held at various corners of Machynlleth. In spite of this, and some very urgent and very dry prohibition business, these gatherings were dispersed in good time and all the men, plus one large salmon, safely in the return train for Llandinam.

One noticed no one sleeping on the sands or using his bucket and spade at Aberystwyth this time, but rumour has it that two prominent gentlemen slept for three hours in the lounge of the Queen's Hotel. From the absence of the 14th R.W.F. men from the streets and promenade one gathered that the rest were at the University or the National Library.

Capt. Rex Hayes assumed command for the second journey to the "National." As a result, there was no salmon, but only the following riddle:—

Q. "How did Rex bring home the wrecks?"

A. "They were all in a Haze."

In the face of such results, some of us were glad that we had a short round of golf, although that was complicated considerably by the difficulty of securing left-hand clubs for a tiger from Somerset.

As regards the general arrangements, our old friend T. E. Jones, of Bangor, comments:

"I think the whole lay-out of the Camp, the amplified gramophone records, the alarum clock's warning of coming events, Sergeant Evans' vocal call for cookhouse, and the doh-re-me-fah organ recital on Capt. Glynn's car were unforgettable. The latter gentleman's perorations, exhortations and advice at meal times, too, were masterpieces of eloquence and invariably delighted the audience. I shall also retain a lasting impression of the five Pontypridd boys, especially the one with the face of a cherub and the appetite of a sea-lion."

He also adds: "Sadness enters my mind when I think of Sunday morning and our host, hostess and more especially the younger members from Plas Dinam doing their hundred lines in autographs. The writer collected one signature, that of Lord Davies, and barely got out of the crush with what was left of his life. Oh the giddy youthfulness of us all! No one looked, no one felt, and no one behaved any older than they did twenty years ago. In fact, everyone shed twenty years from his real age. It must have been some sort of monkey gland business, probably from that defunct public-house monkey of which Chris told us. Yes, the underlying impression of the whole reunion was one of great comradeship. It was a reuniting of comrades of the like of which has not occurred in any other of the innumerable battalions of the vast British Army of the war years. Every battalion went through indescribable trials, filth, pain, fatigue, and a thousand emotions, but ours is the only one that had in its Commanding Officer a man who had both power and the overwhelming desire to recognise his men's efforts in that holocaust. This reunion satisfied that desire, and God bless him for it. Little did I guess at the time of my joining that delectable 'mob'—nor for many a long day afterwards—what a good thing I had done for myself."

OUR REMEMBRANCE.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1ST, 1937.

In the silent moments of our remembrance we confronted the great phantom host which included the dearest friends of our youth.

Real friends, brave friends, joyous pals of danger, partners in our discomforts.



Slowly our thoughts glided from their happy faces as we knew them to the painful circumstances of their passing. Then to the little crosses which now surmount their crumbling dust in Flanders fields.

As we stand in silence we know that they would have liked their old pals, in their happiness of reunion, to remember them in this way.

But, from what we also knew of most of them they would soon have become restive and impatient at the thought of what we who know what war means are now doing to save their dear ones from a similar fate to theirs.

On such occasions my own mind always dwells upon one who would have said to me :—

“What are *you* doing about it all? Is it to be nothing but clubs and beer and billiards, the claims of living ex-servicemen, the harrowing of feelings, the laying of wreaths and the blowing of Last Posts?”

In this mad world, are the ex-servicemen of nations, the men who have been through the mill, not going to be the first to save their youngsters from having to experience it?

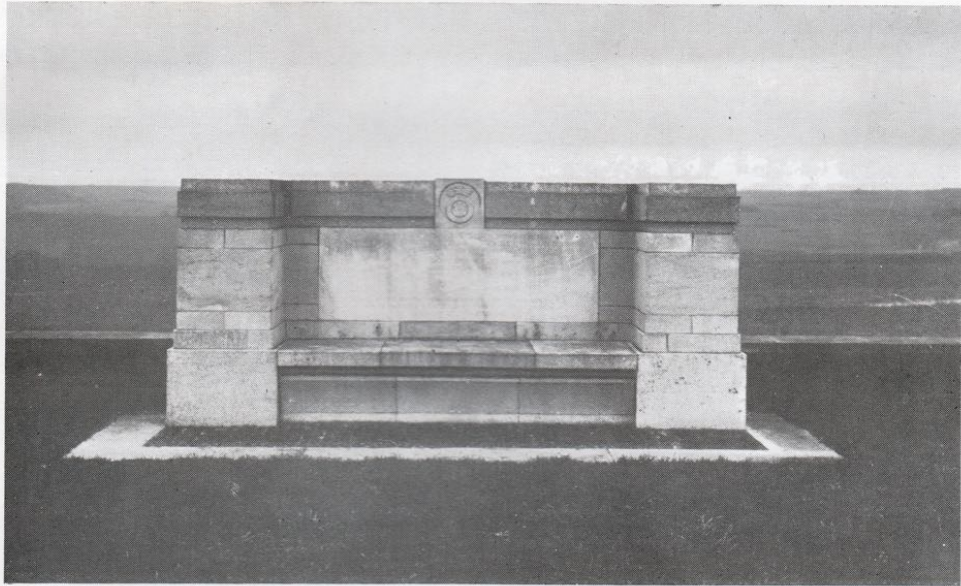
Just think of the power for peace that a great, determined international legion of ex-servicemen could be!

Do we *hate* the ordinary men and women of other countries? Do they hate us?

Hear these imaginary words of a German mother to a Welsh mother :—

“Your son and mine in love were bred,
Your son and mine in hate are dead,
You never hated, never knew
The sense of what they had to do.
But perished brother, slain by brother,
Who might as well have loved each other.”

And then ask yourself, old soldier, if *you* are really doing anything to put your back into a real effort for peace.



THE 14TH ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS MEMORIAL SEAT, MAMETZ WOOD.

“Ni all pellerau eich gyrru yn ango,
Blant y bryniau glân;
Calon wrth galon sy'n aros eto,
Er ar wahan.”

Hedd Wyn.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1ST, 1937.

THE ADDRESS BY LORD DAVIES.

It is difficult to realise that twenty-two years ago we were all in camp together, preparing for the ordeal of battle, and awaiting the signal to join our comrades in France. Twenty-two years is a big slice in a lifetime, and few of us were "chickens" at the moment when the war clouds burst upon Europe on that first fateful Sunday in August, 1914.

Today, "shorter in wind as in memory long" we look back over the vista of years. We recall the toil and the drudgery. Once again we feel the heat and the cold; we walk through the dust and the mud; we hear the deafening and horrible sounds; we recollect the pangs of uncertainty and the fears that beset us; the hurried farewells to stricken and departing friends, and all those terrible and tragic things which are summed up in one little word—War. And then there was the other side of the picture. We remember the comradeship of those hectic days; unselfish acts and deeds; courage and heroism. We laughed and sang and cursed, when we could have wept for sheer mental pain and physical weariness.

We lived in a world gone mad; strafed by the enemy; strafed by our own "Brass Hats"; hardened in body and soul, but, thank God, buoyed up and animated by one noble and simple thought—that we were doing our bit. It wasn't our fault that there was a bloody and devastating war; our job was to help to win it. Why? First, because we felt that the honour of our country was at stake—we couldn't stand the idea of being licked. Secondly, because we didn't know what would become of our homes, our wives and our children, our relatives and friends, if the enemy once had them at his mercy. Thirdly, we wanted to be loyal to our Allies, and to rescue the smaller nations from being trampled for ever under the heel of the invader. And lastly, deep in the inmost recesses of our hearts we felt that we were fighting for a just and righteous cause. We were helping to overthrow the bully of militarism. We were engaged in a war to end war. We were going to make the world a safer and better place for our children to live in. That was the thought and the ideal uppermost in the minds of millions of men, perhaps on both sides, who fought in the world war. It was the big thing—the reaching forward to some new and nobler destiny—the thing worth fighting for—which steeled their nerves and kept them sane throughout those four tragic years when hell was let loose in Europe, and, indeed, throughout the world.

Today, my friends, we can look back dispassionately upon those far off days which so often seem to many of us to be only a dream. But, when we recall the high hopes we cherished at the end of the struggle, as the war fever ebbed out of our hearts and brains, and compare those hopes with the grim realities of today, we cannot help being weighed down with a sense of failure and disillusionment. It is true that we won the war. We sustained the military traditions and honour of the Old Country. We saved our people from the shame, the miseries and the impositions which have almost always been the fate of the vanquished. We helped to rescue the smaller nations and to restore their liberties. But, alas, the achievement of the paramount aim—the abolition of war—has been thwarted and suppressed. Our avowed intention of establishing a better and safer world for those who came after us has been neglected and forgotten. It is a truism that we won the war, but we lost the Peace.

Who is to blame? I think we are all to blame. We cannot throw all the guilt upon the peoples of other countries. If we are fair we must admit that the new armaments

race, and the existing state of anarchy in Europe, are not entirely the fault of other peoples or even of their Dictators. Who helped to put these Dictators where they are today? The democratic countries failed to establish a righteous peace, based upon justice, tempered with mercy. The victors refused to submit themselves to the rule of law which they endeavoured to impose upon the vanquished. Therefore, they cannot escape at least a part of the blame which it is always so easy for us to pass on to our neighbours. We, as individuals, may blame our own statesmen and rulers, but in democratic communities, governments can only do what public opinion tells them to do. What is public opinion? After all it is, I suggest, only what the majority of us are thinking at a particular moment. We know that Parliament is the medium through which public opinion is able to exert its influence upon the policy and actions of their governments. Consequently, in the long run we, as individual citizens and electors, must share the blame with our governments. Therefore, my friends, let us admit that we have all sinned and fallen short of the glory of God.

I suggest that this should be a season of repentance. On the anniversary of the day when the first shot was fired twenty-three years ago, not one, but all the nations of the world, should cover themselves with sackcloth and ashes. In a spirit of humility they should confess their sins of commission and omission, because as the Bible tells us, "without repentance there can be no salvation."

I think we must also confess that from the moment when the last shot was fired, our ardour for peace has gradually but surely been diminishing. The peoples of our own and other countries—and by peoples I mean not the governments and vested interests, but the rank and file—have become indifferent and apathetic. When the Armistice was signed we all thought that peace would be absolutely assured for many generations, and that the nations of Europe, having bled themselves white, would refrain from plunging into another blood bath for at least a century. But what do we find today, after only eighteen years of peace? Every country professing peace, but all feverishly arming for the next war. Already millions upon millions of pounds are being poured down the sink in preparation for the next gigantic slaughter. A new armament race is in full swing which, as all past experience proves, is the certain precursor of another war.

Insanity! Madness! Of course, it is madness—only a few degrees removed from the madness of war itself. When the General Staffs are able to tell their rulers that all is ready; when the time-tables have been carefully prepared; when zero hour has been fixed; all that is needed is for some idiot to throw a match into the powder magazine, just as the assassin at Serajevo did in July, 1914, and Europe will go up in smoke, and with it the certain destruction of our homes and children. Our country is part of Europe—even if we wanted to we cannot get away from our neighbours. You remember we did our best to keep out of the last war, but in spite of all our efforts we were dragged into it. The same thing is bound to happen again unless we are prepared to take the lead in establishing a new system of international relationships, based upon righteousness and justice. But such a system is impossible so long as every nation is still to be the judge in its own cause and the punisher of its own wrongs, and so long as every country is going to decide for itself when and how it is going to use its armaments. Under these conditions, sooner or later, there must be war. Our people don't want war, and the people of France don't want it. The small nations hate it. I am also convinced that the rank and file of the peoples in Germany and Italy don't want it. But, in spite of all this, if things are allowed to drift, and no substitute can be found, we shall all—like sheep—be driven again to the slaughter. Why? Because, overcome by a sort of fatalism, we still believe war is inevitable. We refuse to make reason the arbiter instead of force, and to submit all our disputes to a peaceful procedure of settlement. We still prefer to engage in international

duels, rather than refer our quarrels to some impartial and disinterested body—let us call it an Equity Tribunal—composed of independent, experienced and upright persons who will recommend an equitable and just settlement of all disputes. We still prefer to keep the big stick in our own hands—that is the real trouble.

In order to win the last war, we were compelled to pool and organise our military and economic resources with those of our neighbours. Why not do the same now in order to prevent the next from happening at all? I repeat, why are we today rushing headlong towards the abyss? It isn't that we haven't tried. It is because we have not persevered. Of course, we have tried. We joined with other nations in establishing the League of Nations and a Permanent Court of International Justice. Up to a point these institutions have succeeded, but, on several occasions, they have grievously failed to keep the peace. They haven't been able to prevent a new armament race, and they have not sufficed in their present form to banish the spectre of war in Europe.

Why has there been failure? First, because the nations who were members of the League failed to carry out their promises and obligations under the Covenant. Secondly, because selfish national interests were put before the common interest—justice. National pride and prejudice were allowed to get the upper hand and the League was discredited by its enemies, and abandoned by its friends. Thirdly, universal apathy and indifference has prevented a virile public opinion from asserting itself on the side of law and order. Fourthly, the members of the League have so far refused to put force behind justice.

In these circumstances, the prestige and authority of the League has been fatally weakened, not because the principles and Covenant of the League were unsound, but because its members lacked the courage to give effect to them, and to carry out their solemn promises and obligations.

My friends, we are gathered here today in a religious service. I may be told that these subjects are political, and have nothing to do with religion. I believe, on the contrary, that they have everything to do with religion. True religion, I suggest, is not merely a matter of forms and ceremonies. It should influence our attitude and actions as individuals in relation to all the problems of life, both great and small. Peace and war are two of these problems, and as soldiers or ex-soldiers, it is essential that we should know what religion and Christianity have to say about them. Can the employment of force be justified? Is it wrong to fight in all circumstances, as the Rev. Dick Sheppard, Mr. George Lansbury and other pacifists would have us believe? If they are right, then all our exertions and sacrifices in the World War stand condemned. We have been false to our religion and betrayed Christianity. But if it is not wrong to resort to force, under what conditions is it morally justifiable? May I endeavour to give you a simple answer to this question?

The founder of our Religion is called the "Prince of Peace." Therefore, it is clear that force, if it is used at all, can only be used to maintain peace. Peace is founded on justice, because a righteous peace cannot be founded upon injustice. If there is no other way of removing injustice, men will always fight. Therefore, it follows that the "Prince of Peace" is also the "Prince of Justice."

How do we secure justice in our own country? By submitting ourselves to the rule of law and by taking our disputes to impartial and disinterested persons—Courts, Commissions and other Tribunals—who decide what is just, equitable and fair. This means that we appeal to the divine gifts of reason and the moral sense, instead of to brute force. That is the system which has grown up in every civilized community, in order to outlaw war. Sometimes, of course, like all other human institutions, the system breaks down temporarily, and the result may be a cruel Civil War, such as we are unfortunately witnessing in Spain at this moment. But this does not condemn the system, because it is the only one which offers us an escape from tyranny and injustice, and, therefore, from war.

Surely, the same principles should be applied to nations. But as you cannot dispense with force, as the servant of the law and not the law-giver, in the national community, neither can you afford to do without it in the international community. In both these spheres, the only right or moral use of force is the policing function.

What is this function? First, to protect law-abiding people against criminals and aggressors of every kind, and secondly to ensure that the law is respected and upheld.

I do not believe that there is anything in the teaching of Our Lord which forbids us from using force for this purpose. On the contrary, the New Testament teaches us to strive for equity and justice, tempered by mercy and forgiveness. We are gathered here today as ex-soldiers. Since our last reunion many of our old friends have passed away. Year after year, the numbers of ex-servicemen are slowly diminishing, but nevertheless, if those who remain throughout the world banded themselves together in order to demand that all force should be organised solely as the instrument of justice, and for the protection of their hearths and homes against the aggressor, I believe that the institution of war would very soon be abolished.

We have a right to demand this, not only on our own account, but in order to carry out our vows and promises to our fallen comrades. After all, they gave everything—they made the supreme sacrifice. Is it all to be in vain because, in the days of peace, we have not had the courage, perseverance and the energy to battle for those ideals for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, and because we have failed to transform them into practical institutions for the suppression of war.

That, my friends is, I believe, the only way in which we can be true to our comrades, and although their graves are dotted over France and Belgium, I can't help feeling that, in spirit, they are with us here today.

Let us, therefore, renew our vows today and, in the words of the Apostle Paul: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, press towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God."

Let us not be distracted by those counsels of despair which tell us either that all force is wrong and immoral, or that force is the only thing that counts in the world. Rather let us highly resolve to serve the Prince of Justice, and to dedicate all the resources of our country, whether they be financial, economic or military, to the establishment of the peace of righteousness. Let us do our best, in whatever capacity we find ourselves, or in whatever circle we may move, to do our bit in this arduous campaign, and to enlist the support of our friends and neighbours. Denunciation of war and its horrors are not enough. We have to think out practical plans for its suppression. We may not be able to check up on all the details, especially the technical details, but we can all take a hand in supporting the principles which we believe are essential for the maintenance of peace and the administration of justice. Let us also remember what Nurse Cavell said on the eve of her execution: "Patriotism is not enough." The highest patriotism demands not militarism or pacifism, but equity and justice—the international judge and policeman.

Therefore, my friends, I would entreat you, this morning, to send forth a clarion call to all our ex-service comrades throughout the country, and appeal to them to

"Hasten the coming of that day in whose
Clear shining light, all wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt is healed."

THE NEW COMMONWEALTH.

*A Society for the promotion of International Law and Order through
the creation of a Tribunal in Equity and an
International Police Force.*

PRESIDENT :
INTERNATIONAL SECTION
THE RT. HON. G. N. BARNES, C.H.

PRESIDENT :
BRITISH SECTION
THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H., M.P.

DIRECTOR INTERNATIONAL SECTION :
PROF. ERNST JACKH.

CHAIRMAN AND HON. TREASURER :
THE RT. HON. LORD DAVIES.

GENERAL SECRETARY :
N. B. FOOT.

The New Commonwealth is an international organisation founded in 1932 by Lord Davies, The Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, and others, to advocate the strengthening of the League of Nations by the creation of an International Police Force and [an impartial Tribunal for the peaceful settlement of all disputes between nations.

Its programme undoubtedly represents a practical and constructive approach to the problem of the abolition of aggressive war, and it is gratifying to be able to record that the movement has already achieved an encouraging measure of success not only in the British Empire but also in the many other countries where branches have been formed.

Any further information in connection with the Society's activities can be obtained from :—

THE GENERAL SECRETARY,
THE NEW COMMONWEALTH,
THORNEY HOUSE,
SMITH SQUARE,
LONDON, S.W.1.

BIG-WIGS AT THE REUNION.



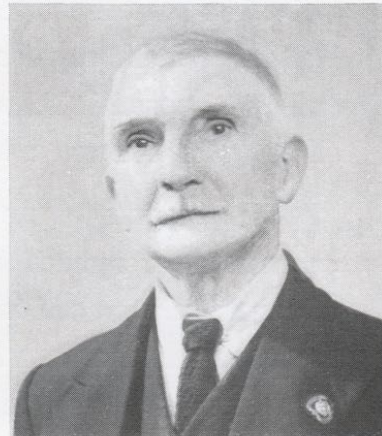
"CHRIS" (no one seems to use his surname). Though small of stature, figured largely in everything. In spite of much adversity in a depressed area, was the most cheerful man on parade. Has a pronounced Sioni accent and humour, but favours kilts and monkeys.

Is perfectly certain that he reminded the Colonel when at Deganwy, Chris forgot to salute him, that the former had a —— good job and should stick to it. Is a living proof that in the production of humour, cider is quite as effective as—milk!

Not one of us would have missed Chris for the world.

JOHN EVANS.—Another small man with a big heart and voice. Remembers the last reunion because he then had a "tub" in the big house, in a bath with silver taps. Since then has migrated to Basingstoke, where he has had to do an excessive amount of shovelling. For this reason he appreciated the set of garden tools which his comrades at Llandinam gave him.

Is now at Blaengwynfi at a job which he desired, and to obtain which his old Colonel assisted him. Has a special badge to denote that he does not propose to join another war.



THE REG. SERGEANT MAJOR and the Welch Fusilier from head to foot.

Some of us remember him as such when we were small boys. All of us have realised it sooner or later. No Sergeant Major ever carried out more efficiently and thoroughly work which often had to be irksome and distasteful.

Since our return to civil life, no-one has become so much "one of the boys," entered into the fun of things, or had at heart to a greater degree the welfare of the 14th R.W.F. It is for this reason that we reproduce him in his reunion "get-up." Good Luck to the old R.S.M.

"TAFF" THOMAS, now on duty with the Caernarvonshire police, and still a figure of a man worth seeing. Adorned he Life Guards for a time, and was a pal of Victor MacLaglan. A Company Sergeant who was liked as well as respected, and a 14th man to the core. Now makes Bangor safe for some of us to speed in, keeps the Suspension Bridge from falling, and his subordinate, Tom Williams, in his place at Penygroes.

Is in the front-rank—and certainly deserves to be—in all big functions in Caernarvonshire.



MAJOR W. P. WHELDON, D.S.O., M.A., now a big pot in Whitehall, and able at last to run an office without the assistance of his company clerk, Young Williams. Still manages without red-tape and retains what has always characterised him so prominently—a sound and sympathetic knowledge of human nature and a limitless wealth of common-sense. Does not now ride horses as vigorously as of old, but still pulls legs very satisfactorily. No 14th function ever was or will be complete without him, and no one has a warmer place in the old boys' hearts. With him is Morgan, his old batman—a man of very few words but always capable of "winning" all that was deficient in "B" Company's Mess.



TOM WILLIAMS seen here serving a summons upon the Hon. D. M. Davies. Another huge fellow who still retains all his youthful vitality and, when out of his uniform, is capable of any amount of monkey-business. Thinks he is a golfer, but has changed his views since he encountered a certain ex-officer. Can ride a bicycle carrying very heavy loads.

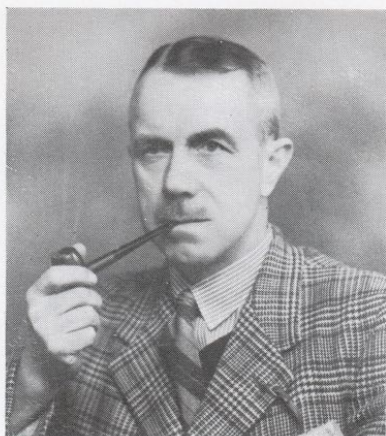
Altogether a most attractive fellow and just the type one likes to see in the Force.





SERGEANT JOE EVANS.—A Festiniog man from head to foot, and one of the finest of the men that joined the 14th. Welsh to the core and proud of it. He was the best example one knows of an N.C.O. who could be most efficient but yet thoroughly natural and, more often than not, humorous. His witticisms provide hosts of yarns that will live for a very long time. His songs at the Reunion reminded us that time has not changed the old Joe Evans that we all liked so much. Hei lwc, Jo !

“THE BRATS” from the Pontypridd Boys’ Club, who “followed the Colours” all right. A merry gang, given to much food consumption, and capable of work when required. Achieved much popularity with the old soldiers and were a credit to their Boys’ Club.



CAPTAIN J. GLYNN-JONES, M.C., Hon. Organiser of the Reunion, who because he is compiling these pages, considers that as “nuf sed.”



DO YOU REMEMBER ?

A FEW PRINTABLE REMINISCENCES HEARD THROUGH THE
TENT FLAPS AND IN OTHER CORNERS DURING THE WEEK.

Some of us are getting old. The future has very little for us ; the past holds more than anyone of the present generation can ever appreciate. The phrase "Do you remember?"—and to a pal who does—now means everything in the world. So also do such rare opportunities as these for giving full expression to it.

"J.E." started it. A rare teller of yarns, J.E., especially Welsh ones. But to enjoy them thoroughly, one has to hear him tell them, as the Padre and I did on the train journey to Machynlleth.

Here are a few—all of them 14th R.W.F. :—

Private Jones had always been a farm hand, indulging in the doubtful pleasure of shaving only on Saturday nights, or for some very occasional funerals or weddings. His Platoon Officer had considerable difficulty in producing him on parade properly shaved. Eventually the final test came, and Jones, on inspection was found to certainly have made an effort, but the result was far from the Army standard of "being shaved." His Platoon Officer turned to Sergeant Hughes remarking, "Well, S'ant Hughes, Jones is NOT shaved." The following conversation then took place :—

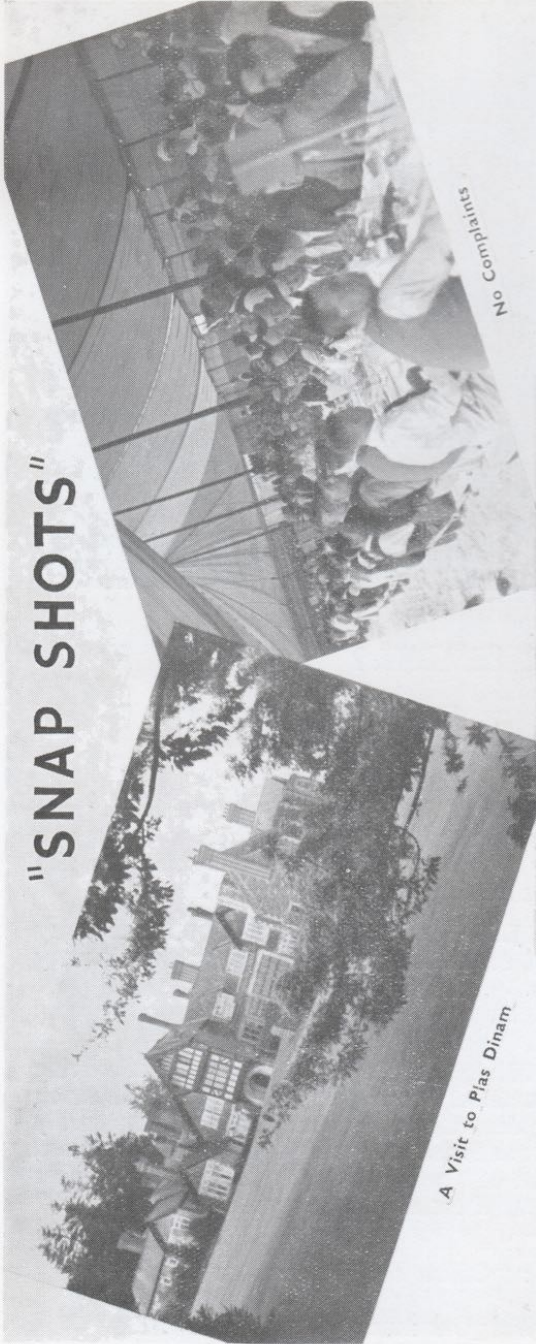
Sergt. Hughes (fiddling for his notebook) : "Officer ses you not shaved."

Pte. Jones : "Wel, Sar-jant it was . . ."

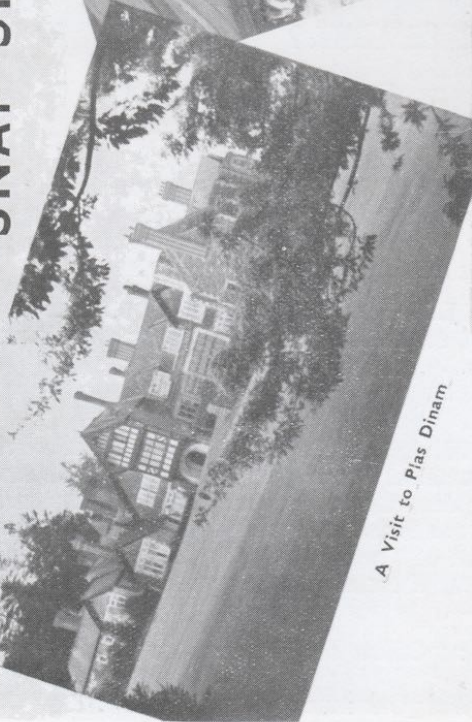
Sergt Hughes : "Stop your argue . . . Wat your number?"

Pte. Jones : "Indeed, Sar-jant. I try to . . . last night . . ."

"SNAP SHOTS"



on Completists



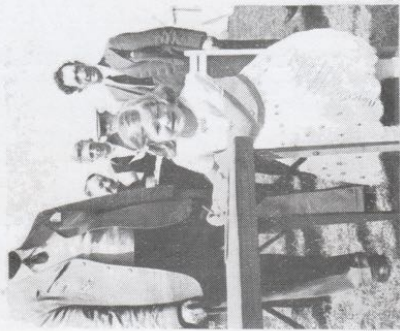
A Visit to Pias Dinam



Open Air Sing-Song with Lady Davies at the Piano



Speaks for itself



The Hon. Jean Autographs for a Headless Man

Sergt. Hughes : " Damn man. Stop to answer me back . . . What your number ? "

Pte. Jones : " I not answer back Sar-jant, but I shave . . . "

Sergt. Hughes : " Look here. I haven't put a man in the Guard Room yet for answering me back . . . but you'll be next."

* * *

The veritable sea of mud from the Canal Bank to Pilkem will always be fresh in the minds of everyone who " put his foot in it." Whilst trekking along with a line of about thirty pack animals—wagons of any kind being useless—Private Roberts, the smallest man in the Transport, with the biggest mule in the Transport in his care, was found to be missing. Only a short search was possible, and this soon proved futile. After delivering the rations, etc., and despatching all the other animals back—one by one—the Transport Officer was returning alone, when he saw a small man approaching, with a short piece of rope in his hand. It was Roberts, who greeted the officer with the words, " Syr. Oedd gen i ful ar hwn " (Sir. I had a donkey on this.) A shell had blown them both up (or down) and it was characteristic of the Transport lads to think of their pet animals before anything else.

* * *

The sympathy of the Royal Welchman reached far and wide, and although he may not know it, Mr. David Lloyd George, in his trials and difficulties of those days, had many a Tommy's full sympathy.

Twm bach had just returned from Blighty where he had heard that ammunition was costing this country very dearly. This fact had impressed Twm greatly, especially as L.G. was then in charge. Twm and his Company Officer were standing on the firestep watching the retaliation that our trench mortars were giving. It will be remembered that for some months they were only allowed to fire four shells in all. The first dropped in No Man's Land, and Twm immediately exclaimed " Dammo." The second dropped behind the German front line and did no damage. " Well, Me'n D . . . 1 " said Twm. The third was a dud and left Twm speechless. When the fourth also proved a dud, Twm could stand it no longer, and, turning to the officer said, " I just heard when I was 'ome now Syr, that each of those ruddy trench mortar shells cost about £150—just one of them—Dewch annwyl Dad. And there you are, four gone and done no damage at all. You know Syr, If Lloyd George was here to see that, he'd break his b . . . heart."

* * *

Three Royal Welch Tommies entered an estaminet, and feeling a bit out of it by speaking Welsh, decided they would for once hide their nationality and blossom forth in English. Whilst gulping their first glass, they were heard to say :—

Lias : " This is the best beer as never I did taste."

Iolo : " So did I, neither."

Bill : " Neither did I, too."

* * *

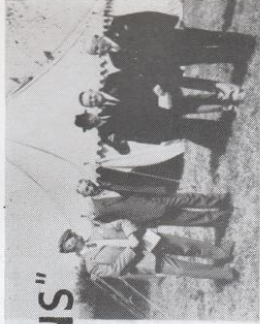
G. Williams, of Portmadoc, then added this one :

" Two of us were travelling towards Bray, with full pack, very tired, and hoping against hope that something with wheels would soon come along. All of a sudden a limber wagon, travelling like fury, and drawn by two terror-stricken mules, thrown into a panic by a bursting shell, flashed past us. Recognising the old 14th blue triangle, I yelled to the driver :

' How far are you going ? '

' I dunno,' was the reply, ' ask the . . . mules. '

"SOME OLD TIME CONVERSATIONS"



C. Horne, of Bagillt, contributed this incident from Llandudno days :—

A friend of mine had to appear before Colonel Davies. The following conversation ensued :—

Colonel : "What were you when you enlisted?"

Private : "Bill-poster, sir."

Colonel : "Why did you enlist?"

Private : "Got the sack, sir."

Colonel : "What for?"

Private : "For posting bills on gravestones, sir."

Colonel : "What kind of bills?"

Private : "'Wake up! Your King and Country needs you', sir."

* * *

Sergt. Taff Thomas, having explained that although Mr. Graves had bagged it for his book "Goodbye to all that," says that this yarn is ours :—

Abel Jones had been detailed for guard and had protested violently, explaining that he was a "stretcher barrow." He was absent from guard and in due course taken before the C.O. When asked to explain his absence, he said : "The Sar-jant said to me, was I for guard, and I asked him no, and than the . . . said was I?" Fortunately, the C.O. understood.

* * *

This contribution came from E. Williams, Beaumaris :—

Wil of the 13th R.W.F. is on guard in the front line when he hears the familiar voice of his old pal Daio of the 14th who soon comes round a traverse struggling between the posts of a huge rivetting frame, which he is carrying.

Says Wil : "Where are you taking that to, Dai?"

Says Daio : "Dunno. But I'm . . . sure I'll have to take the . . . back again when I get there."

* * *

We then had this one from T. H. Owen, Cardiff :—

The Corporal was taking a squad of E Company at Llandudno. They were very awkward indeed, and Private Jacob in particular. Every time "Right!" was called he turned left, and eventually drove the poor N.C.O. frantic.

In such an emergency the English language failed him and his Welsh came to the rescue with the loud explanation : "Tro dy din at Llanbadarn, y d . . . l hyll."

* * *

Our old friend A. Nurse, of Pontypridd, also burst out with a memory of a visit of the Colonel to his Lewis Gun post at Givenchy.

At the time the German bullets were whizzing noisily overhead. So much so that the Colonel said : "Those machine guns are very active. Can't you do something about it with your Lewis Gun, man?"

The Lewis Gun man replied : "I can't seem to silence 'em sir, but I believe I'm putting the . . . wind up their transport coming up behind!"

A POETIC TRIBUTE

from an N.C.O.

Beat the drums and blow the bugles,
Sound the trumpets far and wide,
For Lord Davies of Llandinam
Wants his old pals by his side ;
Yes, this genial, gallant Colonel,
Has a great and generous heart,
And in time of war had promised
In time of peace to add his part.

So, we fought again the battles,
Fought together as of yore,
Not in fields of France and Flanders
Full of mud and bloody gore ;
But in meads all fair and fragrant,
And beneath the verdant trees,
With every prospect calm and pleasant
In the summertime of peace.

Joy in plenty was our portion,
Each man happy as a lark,
There was song and recreation,
Golden days within the park :
All united by experience
In the trenches long ago,
All true comrades who had suffered,
All extolling their C.O.

Hand to hand was clasped in friendship,
As we thought of those so far,
Who that Sunday in their glory
Slept in poppy fields of war ;
And to them in fond remembrance
Every comrade bowed his head,
As we paid our silent tribute
Of affection to the dead.

Then a vow to save their loved ones,
From more war and base intrigue,
Through the equity tribunal
And a Police Force for the League ;
Yes, we swore to bānd together,
Comrades, 'spite of wounds and scars ;
Firm to stand behind their leader,
In his battle-grips with Mars.

On the shore at Aberystwyth
Gathered we a happy throng.
At Machynlleth we were jovial
In the nation's sea of song ;
Every wave and breeze and sunbeam
Gave us joy and welcome rare,
Heaven and earth were full of gladness,
And the weather passing fair.

To the genial Host and Hostess,
Noble both in deed and name,
Praise and honour and thanksgiving,
Most sincerely we proclaim ;
Long and happy be their future,
Richly bless'd, where'er they be,
Say the gallant old battalion,
Joined to give them "three times three."

Sir Fôn.

SUGGESTIONS.

During the Reunion several suggestions were made as regards the future.

ORGANISATION.

Major Wheldon referred to the difficulty of keeping in touch with the movements of members and suggested a division of the country into areas.

The following were then arranged, and the gentlemen stated against each appointed local correspondents :—

<p>NORTH WALES : Caernarvonshire } Anglesey } Merionethshire } Montgomeryshire } Denbighshire } Flintshire }</p>	<p>R.S.M. O. Simms, No. 5, The Barracks, Caernarvon.</p>
<p>Lancashire } Cheshire } Staffordshire }</p>	<p>Capt. B. B. Cotterill, Ye Olde Royal Oak Hotel, Chester.</p>
<p>SOUTH WALES : West of Port Talbot ..</p>	<p>Capt. R. G. Hayes, M.C., "Sarn Helen," Cwmdwr, Clydach, Swansea.</p>
<p>Cardiganshire .. } East of Port Talbot .. }</p>	<p>Capt. J. Glynn-Jones, M.C., Miners' Welfare Offices, Treorchy, Glam.</p>
<p>Somerset } West of England }</p>	<p>Capt. J. E. Williams, M.C., 80, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.</p>
<p>London } Rest of England }</p>	

It is hoped that these correspondents will now make and maintain their lists as up-to-date as possible and that members will help by notifying them of all changes of address.

All assistance in tracing the present whereabouts of members not in our present list will also be appreciated. Several popular members were missed on the last occasion, because all letters sent to their known addresses were returned.

PILGRIMAGE.

Several members suggested a pilgrimage to Mametz Wood in June. The general idea was something along the following lines :—

FRIDAY	..	Leave London for Paris.
SATURDAY	..	A day in Paris, leaving that night for Amiens.
SUNDAY	..	Visit to Mametz Wood and battlefields; return to Amiens.
MONDAY	..	Return to London.

Capt. Glynn-Jones promised to collect and circulate particulars in due course. Will those who would like them get into touch with him as soon as possible?

CHRISTMAS.

Members were invited to remember old 14th R.W.F. friends at Christmas time : at least to the extent of a Christmas Card.

LOCAL REUNIONS.

Certain of the South Wales members asked if local reunions and possibly some modest suppers could be arranged, for example, on the dates of international matches at Cardiff or Swansea.

Is there a substantial demand for this? Will those who are interested communicate with Capt. Glynn-Jones.

Possibly the North Wales sections may like something arranged at Wrexham or Chester. In that event they had better communicate with Capt. Cotterill.

GREETINGS.

On the suggestion of Lord Davies, which was welcomed with acclamation by all those present, the following message was despatched to the British Legion (London and Wales):

“ Old comrades 14th Royal Welch Fusiliers in camp Llandinam, send messages of goodwill to British Legion, and appeal to all ex-servicemen to continue to strive for Peace based upon justice, equity and honour.”

And the following to representatives of the 13th, 15th and 16th Royal Welch Fusiliers:

“ Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men 14th R.W.F., in camp at Llandinam, send greetings and good wishes to 13th (15th) (16th) Batt.”

The following replies were received:

BRITISH LEGION (LONDON).

“ British Legion deeply appreciates and reciprocates kind message, and trusts 14th Royal Welch Fusiliers Old Comrades will have a successful time in camp.”—British Legion (London).

BRITISH LEGION (WALES).

“ British Legion Welsh Area reciprocates expressions contained in telegram and admire Lord Davies' persistent efforts in the direction of peace, and trust that all in camp enjoy good health and a good time.”—British Legion (Welsh Area).

13th R.W.F.

“ The Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the 13th R.W.F. wish to thank their comrades of the 14th Batt. R.W.F. for their cordial message. On their behalf I reciprocate those greetings and congratulate our sister battalion for the wonderful fellowship that still exists in their ranks, from the Commanding Officer to the Drummer Boy. Hir oes I Arglwydd Davies a'i fataliwn dewr.”

Gomer Evans.

15th R.W.F.

“ 15th R.W.F. Old Comrades Association thank 14th R.W.F. for their message of goodwill, which is heartily reciprocated, and wish all at Llandinam a happy reunion.”—Vincent Evans.

16th R.W.F.

“ All ranks of the 16th Battalion thank all ranks of the 14th Battalion for their greetings.”—Hunkin.

THANKS.

The Reunion closed with certain expressions of thanks :

(1) THE RIGHT HON. LORD DAVIES—

R.S.M. Sims, in a happy little speech, expressed the gratitude of all those present, to the "Colonel," and asked Lord Davies to accept from the remnants of his old battalion a contribution of ten guineas to the funds of the New Commonwealth Society. Inasmuch also as His Lordship was now reputed to be a fierce pipe smoker, a suitable pipe was also offered him.

Lord Davies, in response, said how glad Lady Davies and he were to see so many present, and all thoroughly enjoying themselves. He reminded us all of our opportunities for assisting in the cause of peace.

(2) CAPT. J. GLYNN-JONES, M.C.—

Lord Davies, on behalf of the members, presented Capt. Glynn-Jones with a gold wrist-watch and a handbag for Mrs. Glynn-Jones.

(3) OTHER NOTABLES—

Capt. Glynn-Jones, on behalf of a committee of "wags," offered suitable gifts, appropriate to certain talents and needs, and purchased at considerable expense at Llandrindod Wells, to several members who had suffered from the lack of such amenities during the course of the Reunion.

These included C.S.M. Jones, Messrs. John Evans, Christmas Davies, G. Williams, and D. D. Fullylove.

Each recipient was overwhelmed by his emotions.

14TH ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.

A BRIEF HISTORY.

On 21st November, 1914, Lieut.-Col. David Davies, M.P., was appointed to raise and command a 14th (Caernarvonshire and Anglesey) Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, as a unit of the new Welsh Army Corps which was being raised for Kitchener's Army.

A headquarters having been established at Llandudno, recruiting detachments were formed at Amlwch and Pwllheli, and at the important quarrying centres of Festiniog and Llanberis.

Within two months the battalion was up to strength, and so heavy was the overflow that a 17th Battalion was started.

With characteristic thoroughness its Colonel began to bring his new battalion into shape. Those of us who passed through those gruelling days will never forget them. Parades, route marches, lectures, training courses more and more intense, and always repeated until efficiently achieved—these and everything else that agile brain of his could think of, were packed into every day, with little or no opportunities for anything else but food and sleep.

How we groaned after a long route march and an attack upon the Sychnant Pass or the Great Orme! Did we not know that instead of a cheery march home, to the strains of the band, like the other units of the Brigade, our portion was to be a strenuous rearguard action, with that hefty charger and that eagle-eyed C.O. in a hundred places at one and the same time. There were breaks, of course, like a bright little visit by Mr. Lloyd George on St. David's Day, 1915, and a tented camp—which also provided a minor strike—at Gloddaeth Park.

By this time a somewhat nondescript lot in bowler hats and puttees, wielding dummy rifles, and expending most of their talent upon inventing excuses for overstaying week-end leave, had been converted into what promised to be a first class fighting unit. Monoglot Festiniogers were beginning to understand the parlance of regular sergeants from Birmingham, without threatening a week's notice for a harsh word. Inoculations and vaccinations came along. Equipment arrived and volunteers departed to fill gaps in regular battalions.

It was at this stage too, that our C.O. seemed to relax. At last he ceased to be what the Army and the war compelled him to be—that somewhat ruthless producer of efficiency—and we began to see the heart of the man who even then was doing so much for the healing of the sick, the helping of lame dogs over stiles, and the improvement of the educational amenities of our country.

With his private resources he was purchasing for us field telephones, extra bicycles, and miscellaneous comforts which were not included in Army issue, and which made all the difference in the world to our existence and our comfort.

Then it was also, on one inspired occasion and one which, in the face of the circumstances of the time and subsequent years, most of us forgot, he promised that when the war was over he would make possible a reunion of those whom he was addressing.

In July the battalion was moved to Winchester. Comfortable billets in an attractive seaside resort were exchanged for a somewhat drab and half-completed camp upon a wind-

swept down. Training became more realistic and included field work, the digging of trenches and musketry. In November a visit to Salisbury Plain for range-firing, and incidentally the firing by certain irresponsibles of certain unsanitary canvas huts—completed preparations. By the 29th of the month the battalion was fit for inspection by H.M. The Queen and pronounced ready for the ordeal of battle.

In the meantime, those sad occasions known only to the men of that generation as “last leaves” were in progress, and there were other definite signs that our days in this country were numbered.

On 1st December, 1915, the battalion marched to Southampton, and on that evening an old steamer which flattered itself with the name of “Empress Queen” took us into her bosom.

That night—the most stormy of 1915—was spent on the English Channel, the sway of which remained with us for a further two days—during a short stay at Havre, and a long and tedious journey in cattle trucks to Aire.

Then followed what should have been a short march, but which, thanks to the wickedness of an imbecile of a guide, proved to be a most laborious all-night trudge to our first experience of French billets at the little village of Rebecq.

A fortnight was spent there disturbing the dirt and dust of five previous generations of Flemish barn dwellers—much to the annoyance of the good wives of the French peasants.

Then came our first experience of the front line—fortunately attached to the Guards Division, at the comparatively quiet sector of Laventie.

Quiet when compared to later experiences, but very serious business to us at the time, except possibly for the exchange of cigarettes with the “Jerries” on Christmas Day.

A hectic stay in the mine-smitten sector of Givenchy and a holding of sectors between Laventie and Neuve Chapelle, with intermittent stays behind the line, misnamed “rests,” followed. What a host of hectic experiences is condensed into this brief paragraph! And by this time 27 men had been killed and 73 had returned sick or wounded to England.

Then late in June, came a mysterious march, in long stages and by night, to the Somme. It was during this march that we lost our Commanding Officer, who was recalled to England to take on important duties as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Lloyd George who, at that time, was taking steps to put an end to the munitions scandal.

From July 5th to the 11th the battalion occupied scraped-out holes on the Somme battlefield. Later it participated in the memorable attack on Mametz Wood—one of the many ghastly tragedies of the War—which Mr. Lloyd George was good enough to refer to as “glorious,” but which deserved the name only so far as it applied to the courage of those in the “line” in the face of a pathetically effete general staff.

By 12th January, the remnants—having lost 15 officers and 300 other ranks—returned to the back areas for reorganisation, a process which started with an eloquent address to some worn out relics by a loquacious Corps Commander with a passion for buttons and latrines.

A short stay, surrounded by many hundreds of bodies of their fellow-countrymen slaughtered at Beaumont Hamel and Serre followed; after which the brigade entrained for Ypres, there to undergo months of monotony, hell, mud and “minnies” in the Salient.

Only those who experienced it can appreciate what all that meant.

In July and August of 1917 the battalion took part in the third Battle of Ypres, in connection with which memories of Pilkem Ridge and Langemark stand out prominently and painfully.

A period of trench duty in calmer sectors followed, with occasional raids and minor attacks to vary the monotony and destroy most of the original members of the unit.

On August 15th, 1918, the final offensive began, and the battalion took a most prominent part and successful share in the advance from the Ancre to the Forest de Mormal, incidentally passing through Mametz Wood once again, and hurriedly erecting, in passing, a memorial cross to comrades who had fallen there on the previous occasion.

On November 11th, came peace, and after it a visit from H.M. The King, the presentation of Colours, and final demobilisation in May 16th, 1919.

But by that time, in the fields of France and Belgium, lay the bodies of 42 officers and 583 other ranks who had served with that regiment.

And now remains with us only our memory of gallant men and cherished comrades, whilst in the records of the regiment appear the following decorations to members of the 14th R.W.F. :—

V.C.	1
C.M.G.	1
D.S.O.	5
Bar to M.C.	4
M.C.	26
Bar to D.C.M.	1
D.C.M.	24
Bar to M.M.	5
M.M.	90
M.S.M.	7
Croix de Guerre	3
Mentioned in Dispatches	22
				<hr/>
Total	189
				<hr/>

In 1920, in accordance with his promise, David Davies, Esq., M.P., invited all those who had embarked for France, 1915, to a week's reunion on his grounds at Llandinam. Two hundred and sixty-two men attended, and an unforgettable week was spent.

The occasion was also notable because of the establishment of a 14th R.W.F. Memorial, in the shape of a three years' Scholarship, open at each of the Welsh Universities to any of the dependants of men who, at any time, had served with the battalion.

The present function which, even though seventeen years have elapsed, shows that, from ex-Colonel to ex-Private we all retain among our most cherished treasures, the memories of those days when we were members of the finest Infantry Battalion that ever left the shores of Britain.

And now the old remnants look into the future, in the spirit of Tennyson's "Ulysses" :

"Tho' much is taken, much abides : and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven : that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

14TH ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.

ROLL OF EX-OFFICERS, WARRANT OFFICERS, N.C.O.'S AND MEN WHO SAILED TO FRANCE ON 1ST DECEMBER, 1915.

Note.—It is realised that this list is incomplete and any additions or corrections will be gratefully received.

*The * denotes men present at the Second Reunion.*

CAERNARVONSHIRE.

Correspondent : Mr. Oscar Sims, The Barracks, Caernarvon.

- *Jones, Hugh, Maenan Cottage, Penmaenmawr.
- *Jones, Jack, 11, Caerwen Terrace, Penmaenmawr.
- *Jones, John, 18, Gwynan Road, Greystroke Park, Penmaenmawr.
- *Thomas, A., 4, Glyn Terrace, Capelulo, Penmaenmawr.
- *Griffiths, W., Twthill P.O., Caernarvon.
- *Sims, Oscar, No. 5, The Barracks, Caernarvon.
- *Williams, T., 16, High Street, Penygroes.
Williams, J., 6, County Road, Penygroes.
- *Evans, Evan, 37, Hyfrydle, Road, Talysarn, Penygroes.
Roberts, Ll., 58, Hyfrydle Road, Talysarn, Penygroes.
Williams, W. T., 1, Hyfrydle Terrace, Talysarn, Penygroes.
- Campbell, E. J., 17, Treflin Cottages, Talybont, Bangor.
Ellis, R., Tynhendre, Talybont, Bangor.
- *Morgan, Owen, 5, Catchwarel Street, Llanllechid, Bangor.
- *Davies, Henry, 4, Tyntwr, Bethesda, Bangor.
- *Hughes, R., 25, Gerlan Road, Bethesda, Bangor.
- *Hughes, E. I., 4, High Street, Bethesda, Bangor.
- Hughes, Sam, 40, Carneddi Street, Bethesda, Bangor.
- *Jones, W. G., Amana Chapel House, Llywydd Llandegai, Bethesda.
Owen, Richard, 9, Ffrydlas Road, Bethesda, Bangor.
Williams, J. T., Bungalow, Coetmor Yard, Bethesda, Bangor.
- Eames, W., 51, Ambrose Street, Bangor.
- *Jones, A. O., 7, Seiriol Road, Beach Road, Bangor.
Jones, Wm., 62, Dean Street, Bangor.
Jones, J. E., 7, Maesydfref, Bangor.
- *Owen, John, 17, Treflan, Bangor.
- *Thomas, E. E., "Gorddinog," 10, Friars Road, Bangor.
- *Taylor, R. W., 16, Waterloo Street, Bangor.
- *Williams, R., 23, Tabernacle Street, Bangor.
- *Williams, J., 18, Frondeg Street, Bangor.
Williams, R., 5, Seiriol Road, Bangor.
- *Jones, Isaac, 17, Fountain Street, Hiracl, Bangor.
- *Jones, J. R., 4, Mason Street, Hiracl, Bangor.
Parry, D. J., 36, Ambrose Street, Hiracl, Bangor.
- *Williams, W. B., 33, Water Street, Hiracl, Bangor.
- *Owen, Eli, 5, Dob, Tregarth, Bangor.
- *Williams, E., The Cottage, c/o A. M. Dickie & Sons, Ship Builders, Garth, Bangor.

CAERNARVONSHIRE—*continued.*

- *Hughes, T., Tanygrraig, Cwmyglo.
 *Jones, H. W., Meillionen, Cwmyglo.
 *Williams, H., Station House, Cwmyglo.
 *Williams, W. F., Glanffrwd, Brynefail, Cwmyglo.
 Roberts, G., "Helyg," Pencaenewydd, Chwilog.
 Evans, Herbert, 9, Marl Drive, Llandudno Junction.
 *Jones, Llew, 6, Marl Drive, Llandudno Junction.
 *Jones, J. W., 7, Avalon Avenue, Llandudno Junction.
 Jones, Wm., Baron Hill, Pedew, Llandudno Junction.
 Lewis, T., Wenallt, Pedew, Llandudno Junction.
 Roberts, R., "Trigfa," 12, Broad Street, Llandudno Junction.
 *Williams, E. F., "Dwyros," Penrhos Avenue, Llandudno Junction.
 Anton, E. S., 34, Mowbray Road, Llandudno.
 Beattie, Wm. W., 8, Maesdu Place, Llandudno.
 Bowen, H. T., 4, Quarry Road, Llandudno.
 Hughes, Robert, 4, Jubilee Street, Llandudno.
 Jones, Edgar, 14, Council Houses, Llandudno.
 Parry, John, 33, Jubilee Street, Llandudno.
 Ward, F., "Endcliffe," Brookes Street, Llandudno.
 Whitehouse, H., 10, Lloyd Street, Llandudno.
 Wynne, W., 31, Alexandra Road, Llandudno.
 Whitehouse, A., 14, Marion Road, Llandudno.
 Williams, John, "The Mount," 7, Tanyrogo Terrace, Llandudno.
 Wynne, Hugh, 3, Jubilee Street, Llandudno.
 Davies, Richard, 2, Cyll Terrace, Gt. Ormes Head, Llandudno.
 Davies, Isaac, 26, Llwygon Road, Gt. Ormes Head, Llandudno.
 Griffiths, T., 5, Wyddfydd Road, Gt. Ormes Head, Llandudno.
 Hobson, Robert, 1, Cyll Terrace, Gt. Ormes Head, Llandudno.
 Owen, Thos. Hy., Fernbank, Tyncoed Road, Gt. Ormes Head, Llandudno.
 Roberts, Wm., 2, St. Beuno's Road, Gt. Ormes Head, Llandudno.
 *Hughes, G. K., Tanybryn Cottage, Nantygamar, Llandudno.
 *Jones, Thomas, 1, Mount Pleasant, Penrhynside, Llandudno.
 Davies, J., 13, Quarry Cottages, Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno.
 Griffiths, J. A., Oak Bank, Llanrhos Road, Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno.
 Jones, W. A., "Ensley," Hall Road, Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno.
 Griffiths, H., 2, Dyffryn Road, West Shore, Llandudno.
 Jones, E. Pugh, 9, Queen's Road, Graig-y-Don, Llandudno.
 Whitehouse, A. G., The Graig-y-Don, Promenade, Llandudno.
 Williams, Dd., 31, Victoria Street, Graig-y-Don, Llandudno.
 Roberts, R. O., Morfa Farm, Glanwydden, Llandudno.
 *Evans, Geo. R., 3, Pentreuwchaf, Bontnewydd.
 Owen, R., 3, Libanus Terrace, Bontnewydd.
 *Roberts, M. R., 14, Beuno Terrace, Bontnewydd.
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