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THE BIRTH OF THE LEGION.

BY PIONEER A. WHITEHEAD (L.F., 4339)

A man limped from the platform of the railway station of Toronto in Canada. He was not an old man but he limped. He was bronzed by exposure to the blazing sun, wind and rain of the plains and by the snow and blizzards of the far north, but he limped and because he limped was the reason for his being there.

He was an ex-member of the North West Mounted Police who had been given his discharge on account of disability through having his foot frostbitten while on duty during a small campaign.

His name was Roger Pocock and he was on his way home to his people. He had been away many years and in the course of his many adventures had wandered far in North America, turning his hand to any job that came his way.

The wanderlust had him in its grip and it was not until he had joined the "Mounties" that he was at home and found the comrades and life he yearned for.

But his luck was out, the cold of the North land had beaten him. A man not absolutely fit at Lloyds is no use in that strenuous job so he had to get out. And that was the beginning of a life of great adventure. Come then to a later time. Now England called but even while answering the call, he could feel a faint longing, a loneliness. There would be no one of his kind over there whom he would know and with whom he would smoke and yarn over adventures in past days in many countries.

Were there men of his kind in England? Yes, there were hundreds of them. Men who had lived on the frontiers of our Great Britain, whose outposts were scattered far and wide, north, south, east and west. Men like himself, gripped by the wanderlust, who had lived always a bit further "out-back" than the rest, in survey camps, trappers' camps, lumber camps, mining camps or who had sailed the seas a bit ahead of the next man, in fact frontiersmen of the real type. There are a few of the valings of the men Pocock loved and wanted to meet but who were wandering in England "homeless and hungry."

In the big cities of the Old Country there would be clubs where the members would meet at night to discuss business, pleasures, politics, etc., but these did not appeal to Pocock.

Why not a club where men of his kind could meet to smoke and yarn and tell stories of life and adventures in every corner of the globe. Men who had lived and worked on the frontiers of the Empire, men whose number was legion and the name of the club would be the "Legion of Frontiersmen."

On Christmas Eve, 1904, two years after founding the Legion, Pocock met in London Colonel D. P. Driscoll, D.S.O., a wanderer like himself, and the builder and commander of that marvellous corps of irregular scouts, who did such splendid work in the Boer War. These two changed Pocock's idea of a sit and yarn club to one of forming a body of men, each man a master of some art that would be of some use should the Empire, which all loved so dearly, call in time of trouble. Britishers who had lived in all corners of the globe, explorers, miners, engineers,

hunters, surveyors, ranchers, lumbermen, trappers, sailors, and men of kindred callings joined, so that before long the roll was a very large one and branches were being formed all over the Empire.

These men were always on the move, going to strange lands and carrying the story of the Legion of Frontiersmen into all corners of the world. How were they to know each other? A badge of some sort was necessary. Something small and distinctive which would become the wearers' most cherished possession. A small, circular badge the size of a sixpence, to be worn in the button hole on the lapel of the coat and on which the Union Jack was inscribed over the red cross of St. George, with the words, "God Guard Thee" (from the Arabic inscription on General Gordon's signet ring) engraved in the centre, was decided on.

From then on the "Circle Cross Outfit" became established and its members traveling in distant lands met comrades who would stick to the very last, comrades who would always lend a helping hand in time of trouble, and comrades who would stick to the very last, comrades who would always lend a helping hand in time of trouble, and would also lend a hand in times of rejoicing.

(The genial author of the foregoing article was responsible for conveying Capt. Pocock from his home at "Bagshot," Masterton to the "railhead." His motor chariot refused to start and a borrowed car ran out of benzine three miles from the station. "However, the local "Bag-wash" van arrived in time to enable our distinguished visitor to adhere to the itinerary. In telling the incident to "A" Squadron, the Commandant referred to the Founder finishing the trip with the "dirty linen."—Not "dirty," but merely "soiled," was the rejoinder.

WHITE ROSE.

Post-prandial orators poised gracefully over the dining table have been known in nervous moments to produce architectural triumphs on the table-cloth with knives, spoons and wine glasses piled one on another with a bread roll balanced on the summit. Even men without "nerves" addressing their fellow creatures often employ their fingers. Captain Roger Pocock, founder of the Legion of Frontiersmen, poised, practised, immensely travelled, cultured, and charming, is not without his little effort of manipulation during his table talks. Not only is he immensely practised but he is said to be seventy. A young fellow of forty-nine whispered to present listener between bites that the notable Roger, like a keen recruit, rather understates his age, and that the extremely energetic Empire worker is near four score. Captain Pocock during an untired and not tiring talk of upwards of an hour, manufactured a white rose deftly from a paper table napkin, talk and all. It was unobtrusively done, and very likely few noted it, and why there was not a rush for this trophy from the fingers of the beloved veteran none knoweth. Very like he is unaware that he made the white rose or caused an outsider present to think of the Wars of the Roses and roses white and red. One cherished the thought that the rose was speckless—an emblem of peace, if you will; for the Legion of Frontiersmen, warlike in 'spurs won on many fields, have had all the war they want and like white doves and white flags (if honourably displayed) and white roses. May Roger's white rose be an augury for a bloodless future.—"M.A.T." in Auckland "Star."

A SYMBOLICAL PRESENTATION.

Lt. C. Wright, of "O" Squadron, in addressing the Founder when making a presentation, stated:—

"This Maori axe was once a piece of misshapen hard rock, so hard that it was recognised by an ancient man to be suitable, when properly shaped, for a useful purpose.

After much work and by the use of great skill, it was reduced by repeated efforts alone to its present shape and smoothness.

We ask you to regard it symbolically for, as it was modelled and wrought from the rough and unheven stone to its present form, so has the Legion of Frontiersmen been brought to its present state of perfection and usefulness from foundations which may be symbolically likened to that hard stone, by your efforts and your example.

It was an essential part of the old Maoris' existence just as to-day the Legion of Frontiersmen is an essential part of our National existence, and we hope that this axe will serve to remind you, not only of what I have said, but also of your comrades in Te Kuiti and this particular memorable occasion."

HERE AND THERE.

"R" (OTAGO) SQUADRON.

INAUGURATION OF CATLINS RIVER TROOP.

A memorable evening was held at Owaka on Saturday, the 31st. August, when members of the City Troops paid a visit to Owaka to start the new troop off on the right foot. Fourteen members under Captain Mitchell made the trip by bus, leaving Dunedin at 2.30 and arriving at Owaka about 6. The staff work of the new troop left nothing to be desired. On arrival the visitors were installed in an empty farm house kindly lent for the purpose by F'man Bert Taylor, and the hot meal prepared by F'man Cooper and his orderlies received the thrashing it deserved.

After tea a meeting of the new troop was held, presided over by Captain Mitchell. The name of the troop was fixed as "The Catlins River Troop," whose district embraces all the back country district. F'man. H. A. Sell was appointed Sergeant and Secretary. The matter of appointment of Troop Leader was left in abeyance until more members were enrolled.

After the meeting all hands foregathered in the large dining room where a typical farm house fire blazed in the big fire place. More visitors arrived, including F'man. Jack Stevenson, from Balclutha Air Troop who, was at once roped in to officiate at the piano. After the loyal toasts the meeting went into harmony. The following toasts were proposed and honoured: "The 9000," Squadron H.Q. (proposed by Sergt. Sell, and replied to by Lieut. Klee); "The Army and Air Force" (proposed by F'man. Cullen and replied to by F'man. Stevenson); "The Legion" (proposed by Mr Rogen and replied to by Colonel Mitchell); "The Visitors and the Artists." After the official programme had been completed, as the night was still young, the toastmaster announced an open competition for humorous (!!!) stories. There were several entrants but unfortunately the judge was so overpowered by some of the efforts that he was unable to give a decision. However, it appeared as if F'man Charlie Cooper was leading on points with his "dinkum" South African memories.

A real Legion gathering broke up at a late hour, after which all hands retired to the straw. On the Sunday the city members were taken on a round trip through the district and the visitors had a good sample of back country roads, especially when all hands had to turn to get the bus over a swing bridge whose hand rail was rubbing the sides of the bus. The fact that the bridge was safe for 2 tons, while the bus weighed nearer 5, was not found out until an hour later. Just as well, too. The drive through Tawanui and back down the Catlins Valley will be remembered for a long time by the Dunedin men. They

are very unanimous in their opinion that the whole trip was absolutely the finest and best undertaken by Squadron members, and have vowed to make it an annual affair.

The prospects for the new troop are very bright. It numbers at present about ten or eleven members, but more applicants are in the offing. The members are real Frontiersmen and are starting out on right lines. They believe in the maxim "Festina Lente." Being situated some 72 miles from Squadron H.Q., they have of necessity to act mostly on their own, and I prophesy that if they continue on as at present they will mould into a model troop of the Legion. Already some six of them have got their uniforms. Good luck to them!

SOME SIDELIGHTS ON THE TRIP.

It is now suggested that the Dunedin members of "R" be divided into two troops. One is to include the 4-egg-and-over men (calling themselves "he-men") and the other to include the weaklings.

The O.C. must have thought he was back in hospital when he was awakened before 6 a.m. by the words, "Sit up and take this." "This," by the way, was a glass of milk and—well, what goes best with milk at that hour.

It is officially stated that it is NOT true that certain members had to change their, er, clothes, after the fearsome drive down the Tawanui Saddle.

F'man. Jack Adamson had the pleasure for once of sitting back and seeing others do the work. Still, he looked as if keen to get into a cook's apron.

"N" (MANAWATU) SQUADRON.

The Squadron is well established in our new Club Room and as we have had a number of pictures, photographs and souvenirs donated, it is beginning to look like home. Having been fortunate enough to get settled in in time for Captain Pocock to declare the room open for us, we intend to make it fulfil all he wished on that occasion.

In addition to our fortnightly meetings, we held a Progressive 500 Tournament on the 6th, the winners being Mrs. Parker and Fm. Clevely.

A car load from the Squadron journeyed to Waverley on the occasion of Captain Pocock's visit to "S" Squadron, and at our last meeting we received a somewhat disconnected report from which we gathered that the trip had been well worth while.

We had an enjoyable little dance in the Cosmopolitan Hall on 11th. September and immediately decided to repeat the performance on 9th. October. The Squadron's grateful thanks must be accorded to the ladies who took charge of the supper arrangements.

HOW I BECAME A SOLDIER
(CONCLUDED).

SPASM III: FED, CLOTHED AND SMACKED.

WELL, next day we goes on to Trentham. It was raining. "That's right," sez Bill, "come down, Taranaki!" sez he, lookin' up at the sky. He always was such a skiter, was Bill. They marches us up to the camp, with the blinkin' band turned out, they had.

"Must be the most important draft they 'ave had yet," sez Bill, and a bloke with a black moustache on a horse leads the way. All the blokes in camp rolls out and cheers and yells, "Are you downhearted?"

We sez, "No!"
"Well, you gory soon will be," sez they, thinkin' it was smart. Nobody knows wot happened after that. We were pulled round from place to place, pannikins, knives, tea, papers, denims.

"Are you married or single?" "Ow many kids 'ave ye?" Well, we gets to bed.

Next mornin' sez I to Bill, "This 'ere camp seems good to me."

"Your're right," sez Bill.

I had hardly spoke when a sargent comes down yellin' "'Urry up, and get your breakfasts; you are to get your final issue this mornin'." We didn't know what that wos, but it sounded like our last chance. "And," sez he, "we go to Terryrikow to-day." I forget wot Bill sed. Anyhow we got all Bill Massey would let us have; got shot into the train, and got to Featherston. Told me I was B Company, then we 'umped our blueys for about three miles through mud to Terryrikow. Bill and I didn't mind, but these poor Townies, oh, 'ell! Well, of all the undiluted cows of places, that there Terryrikow took the take. We was there five weeks, and done about four days' drill.

Then we gets put back to Trentham and gets into the 29ths. instead of the 30ths, and gets our final leave. I beats it for Taranaki and Alice. Bill, would you believe it? Bill goes to Whanga. 'Im what used to say if ever he got out he would frizzle in 'ell before he cum back. Well, I kisses Alice, and I suppose Bill kissed Mother Rafferty; anyhow, we meets on the main train and goes back to Trentham.

Well, we drills and shoots and does musketry, they call it. That isn't what Bill and me calls it. Fancy keepin' your elbow up in the bush when an old boar was comin' at yer. Bayonet-fightin', route-marchin', and then we clears out of Trentham, and we are told that we sails next day for England on the "Hoojakapivi."

We gets to the ship. Alice and me brother Alf was there to say good-bye. We pulls off, and Bill calls me a silly something for howlin', and I hasn't the spirit to even clout him. Oh, war is 'ell, no error!"

SPASM IV:—LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

The old tub ambles along, and life on the ship is not so stinkin', at least I find it all right. Bill sez it is worse than Whanga; but that's all me eye.

We are a great lot, we are. We privates are a queer lot. Our sergeant sez we are as "rough as gutz," and he ought to know. The corporals are just the same as us, and feeds with us, too; but the sergeants do the peacock act too much for my liking—feeds by themselfs and sleeps in cabins. One of them is old Bill Allen's boy. Old Bill used to keep the store in Tatu, and the "givor" that kid puts on, you would think he was a captain at least.

Then our subs and Captain. The Captain, he's not so bad, but the sub is queer, stuck-up birds. Some of them's been there and going back for more. Wonce is enuf for Bill and me, my cath. My sub is a great bit of stuff. When we are standing in front of him, he looks us over just like Sid Pitt the dealer used to look over a pen of steers. He sez to me, he sez, "Look heah, Brown, I am keepin' my eye on you as a ship's guard, you know. You backbloeks chap's have such fine eyesight, don't cher know. You will be able to spot a submarine a mile before anyone else, don't cher know."

Well, that's how poor Bill and me are kept busy lookin' for gory submarines. Well, a week passes and nothin' doin'. One morning, just as Bill and me are putting on our lifebelts before goin' on guard, that little red-haired swipe McCafferey slides up to me and sez, "You want ter took out, 'Orace, we are in dangerous water now, and you'll be seein' subs soon."

Well, I tells Bill and he larfs like 'ell, and sez, "Rot, he's a mad little swipe that."

(CHRONS).

THE RISE AND FALL OF "F" SQUADRON, LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN, NORTHERN WAIROA.

One winter's night in 1912 Dick Long, Andy Knudson and the writer were sitting round the fire in the Central Hotel, Dargaville, when Colonel Allen Bell, a Boer War veteran, blew in on his way, riding from Kaitiaki to Auckland (151 miles, it was well called the roadless north in those days). In conversation Col. Bell, who, if I remember rightly, was Commandant or Commissioner of the Legion in New Zealand at that time, spoke of the Legion and thought that with the material in this district, consisting of mostly mushmen, musterers, stockmen, packers, etc., etc., that we should start a Troop.

We there and then formed ourselves into a committee and by the end of October had enrolled 29 members. From then on we started holding parades once a fortnight and very keen interest was taken in the movement, some of the men riding over forty miles.

In the beginning of 1913 we got into touch with Captain D'Esterre, who, with good advice, and several personal visits, soon had us in good working order.

We were also very lucky at this time to secure the services of an ex-Sergeant-Major of the 17th Lancers, V. Blane. At the end of 1913 the squadron strength was 69 and the following officers were elected, O.C. Jas. Hemphill, Lieutenants W. Grison and H. B. Williams, Sergeant-Major H. Coletts (a Queen's scarf man, Boer War) and Q.M.S., S. Rosser.

We also had attached a nursing division twelve strong under the command of Mrs. A. E. Harding, Miss Compton, of Napier, was a great help to us in forming this unit. In July 1914, we went into camp on the Dargaville race-course 108 strong, fully equipped with uniforms and rifles of a kind. The Defence Department had given us a lot of condemned artillery carbines (some of them would shoot all right) for drill purposes, and we were able to purchase a certain number of old .303. The horses at this camp would have been hard to beat anywhere in New Zealand. "F" Squadron was always mounted and drilled as M.R.'s.

There is no need here to enlarge on the efforts made by the Legion throughout New Zealand to get the Defence Department to accept us as a separate unit and some of our men held back for a bit in the hope that they would do so. However, we were not accepted, and by the end of May, 1915, every man eligible, 50 in number, belonging to "F" Squadron, had gone on active service.

In 1916, 35 of us all over age men, offered the Defence Department to go as a Pioneer Unit, fully equipped to handle timber from the stump to the required material, and we were mighty near being accepted, but age beat us again.

When the men began to drift back at the end of the war we tried to keep things going, but they were so fed up with anything military they they would not turn out or even attend meetings, so I just left things in abeyance for several years.

Since 1929 I have made several attempts with the help of Captain D'Esterre to get the squadron going again, but with no luck.

One of the principal reasons is that the car has taken the place of the horse. Also the slump has hit us all very hard in the north. This is such a scattered district that it costs quite a bit to come in for parades or to attend a camp, and a lot of the old hands simply cannot afford it. As an old hand I would strongly recommend all troops and squadrons to be very careful and admit only fully qualified men. We were particularly strict in this matter, and from first to last never had the slightest friction of any kind in the squadron, and I often look back with pleasure when I think of the many happy times at socials and camps with comrades who were truly Frontiersmen in every sense of the word.

ASPIRATIONS . .

There's many an old horse harnessed to a baker's cart who thinks he should have had his chance among the two-year-olds at Trentiam.

Many an elephant dragging round the domestic cages in a circus bitterly reconciles himself to the fact that he is not the greatest terror of the far jungle.

How many prisoners look through the grim bars and remember the last free day and see the next one!

How often does a dog drag at his chain when the household is away on a picnic!

How many men go confidently into the stock exchange!

Many a man can be seen on Sunday in his little two-by-nine garden training climbers up the fence of his new home, while his bride merrily carols as the dinner cooks. Does he care how the darn thing grows in ten years time?

Many a man sets out at twenty to have only one small whisky!

How many people take "fresh flounders caught to-day" home

Ever sat and watched a man put on his only clean dress tie?

How many folk go on a steamer and say they are good sailors!

Many an old coal-bunk screams smutty defiance as she watches a brand new ship called "Floating Palace," leave the docks.

How many boys start out in life meaning to go "From Log Cabin To White House"!

Many a Ford motor camouflages itself into believing itself a Rolls-Royce.

How many prize Persian cat owners succeed in producing only prize Persian Cats?

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THE PRINCE'S SOUP.

STORY OF A WAR-TIME MEAL.

Here is a story of the negro wartime cook who made the best soup the Prince of Wales ever tasted—or so says Colonel C. M. Ogilvie, who served with 18,000 Jamaican troops during the war.

Colonel Ogilvie's story, told at a party at Ontario, Canada, was as follows:—The Prince of

Wales was in Jamaica and was being shown round by Colonel Ogilvie, when suddenly the colonel noticed a large and cheerful negro in the distance.

"Do you remember Passchendaele?" asked the Colonel.

"I certainly do, and I remember the soup your cook served there. I never tasted anything better," replied the Prince.

The colonel pointed to the negro and remarked, "There is the man who made it."

"Just a moment," the Prince called to the negro, "I want to shake hands with you. You made the best soup I ever tasted."

After the Prince had gone added Colonel Ogilvie, the negro cook gazed after him admiringly and said: "Imagine me making such good soup that the Prince came all the way from England to shake my hands."

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OUR CAMEL CORPS COBBERS.

Look at 'em, Cheer at 'em!
Swinging along,
Devil-may-cares in a mob,
On ships of the desert all lanky and long,
But a dinkum old crew for the "Job."
The job that old Jacko 'as give 'em to do
From Suez to 'ell only knows,
Who chivvied and chased, sees the land of the Jew
Is slipping from under 'is toes.

Look at 'em! 'Ark at 'em!
Swing along,
Their "hooshers" a'skimming the sand.
As quick with a sug as they are with a song,
And to 'ell with ya colours and band.
Romani to Rafa, from Gaza to Ludd;
They've brought Jacko down with a cropper,
And linked up the leagues with Colonial blood,
From Jerusalem over to Joppa.

Look at 'em! Up at 'em!
Soaring along,
Their 'eads in the blue of the sky,
Dodging the aeroplanes humming along,
And the clouds when the wind blows 'em by.
Twenty-two, twenty-three 'ands for a mount,
"Hi mate! do they drag you up there with a rope?"
"No, dig a big 'ole for 'im, then scramble on,"
Yer 'oof-picking, 'orse-grooming dope.

Look at 'im! Drink to 'im!
Fill up 'is glass,
Pour it in, plenty and neat,
If cruising round Cairo yer meet 'im on pass,
Well, then yer varousal's complete.
Riding a "hooshter" or riding a horse,
We're one and the same in the line;
If the lead it's yer life box yer take the same course,
Where yer spurs never need any shine.
So 'ere's to yer, Cobber, for all that yer are,
For all what you've been, there's none better.
I drink to yer crowd, and our land of Afar.
Our 'land around Oednadatta.

(CHORUS).