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10 DOWNING STREET

From the Private Secretary

11 June, 1982

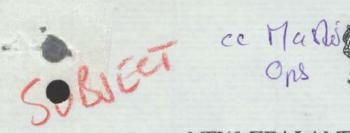
The Prime Minister has asked me to thank you for your letter of 9 June, and for passing on to her the message from your Prime Minister about Colonel Baker of the Legion of Frontiersmen of the Commonwealth. I enclose a letter that the Prime Minister has sent to Mr. Muldoon in reply and I should be grateful if you could ensure that it reaches your Prime Minister. Mrs. Thatcher has asked me to give you her best regards.

W. F. S. RICKETT

His Excellency The Honourable L. W. Gandar

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he his 10 DOWNING STREET 11 June 1982 THE PRIME MINISTER Your High Commissioner has passed on your letter about the message from Colonel Baker of the Legion of Frontiersmen of the Commonwealth. I hope you will be able to thank him for his very moving words, and to say that I am sure the dream of the Legion will come true. The response of the people of this country, and of the Commonwealth, especially in New Zealand, has convinced me that patriotism is a strong plant, not a weed, and that its flowers will indeed bloom even when peace is restored. The Right Honourable R.D. Muldoon, C.H., M.P.



NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSION

NEW ZEALAND HOUSE · HAYMARKET · LONDON SWIY 4TO Telephone: 01-930 8422 Telex: 24368

From the High Commissioner H.E. The Hon L.W. Gandar

9 June 1982

The Rt Hon Margaret Thatcher, Prime Minister. 10 Downing Street, LONDON S W 1.

Even Inuis Muis les.

I have today received the following message from my Prime Minister, the Rt Hon R D Muldoon, which he has asked me to pass on to you.

Dear Margaret,

A message has been forwarded to me by Colonel D J Baker, Commandant of the Legion of Frontiersmen of the Commonwealth (New Zealand Division), who wishes it to be passed on to you.

His Command admires your tenacious and sterling British attitude which echoes the many fine qualities of great women of the past who have faced a crisis and ultimately triumphed.

The message reads as follows:

The Spirit of the Legion

In the fair garden of our civilisation, where all the fruits of human endeavour ripen for the welfare of the people, there grows a little weed called patriotism - shadowed by the growth of hardier plants, even uprooted by the rake of statecraft, it is permitted to live in the borders, and in the guarding hedges, and beyond them.

The weed is sown in sorrow and rooted in disaster. It has its growth in peril and its maturity in war, when its red flowers light the gloom of battle. It is the dream of the Legion to make the red flowers bloom in the garden of the Empire even in time of

God guard thee both. Long live the Queen.

With best regards.

Sincerely,

R D Muldoon

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