

our age group to know what happened to that four-legged veteran, Nero. This applies especially to those who knew of his eccentricities.

I arrived at "N" Division in 1930 and took recruit training there. Nero was still on strength and, at that time, stood in the stall next to the water trough.

I think the horse was probably older than the age given in the article for he was very rarely used at that period.

Certainly, as Dave points out, he was a cantankerous old fellow but he could make many of us feel mighty proud to see him strutting in front of a parade with his medals pinned to his white brow band.

When I first arrived at "N" Division I was detailed to take mounted instruction on Mary but unfortunately Mary developed sore feet.

"Navicular Disease," pronounced Farrier Sergeant J. E. Margetts.

So Mary was placed off duty and I was instructed to saddle up Nero.

My squad was training on a corner of the Rockcliffe Airport under the watchful eye of Sergeant Instructor "Tod" Soames. We were doing circles on the left and right rein.

All of a sudden Nero tripped and the old horse somersaulted, pinning me underneath him. I was quite shaken up but fortunately no bones were broken.

I was ordered to stay dismounted and lead the old horse over to the stables.

It was flat ground and there seemed to be no reasonable excuse for the fall but upon examination by the Farrier Sergeant it was discovered that Nero was almost blind.

To the best of my knowledge he was never ridden again but was occasionally hitched to the old horse-drawn mowing machine. I enclose a picture of him

in this capacity, mowing the lawns in front of the barracks and being driven by Cst. "Taffy" Fraser who had just arrived back from Northern service. He had been stationed at the detachment at Bache Peninsula on Ellesmere Island.

Eventually instructions were received that Nero must be cast.

We dug a grave beside the Ottawa River below the old barracks and, on the fateful day, the old charger was led out for the last time.

The faithful veteran left for Paradise without a care in the world, happily munching on a mixture of fresh carrots and sugar lumps supplied by those assisting in kitchen duties.

There we must leave the old warrior sleeping the peace of the just into immortality.

Yours truly,
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DIVISIONAL DISPATCHES

Dear Editor,

In recent years the amount of material which is published from "E" Division in *the Quarterly* seems to have declined drastically. I feel this is somewhat unfair to the 4,000 plus members of this division, as well as the many members who have retired and are still residing in the division.

While I recognize that content may often be a matter of chance and suitability, and appreciate that personnel across the Force should be equally represented, I do feel that more "E" Division content would be appropriate.

Yours truly,
S/Sgt. S. C. Anderson