

He was a very experienced traveller and always insisted on driving his own team in the winter. I was on several trips with him, including one to Herschel Island when we were the first to meet the reindeer herd being driven from Alaska. I was in charge of the police boat *Herschel* during the summers and often had him as a passenger.

I have very happy memories of Inspector and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac at Aklavik, and their daughter Beverly Ann who was born there. Their house was always open to members of Aklavik Detachment.

Yours truly,
Derek Parkes

Dear Mr. Parkes:

You are quite correct. Our records show that Insp. Rivett-Carnac took command of the Western Arctic Sub-Division on July 6, 1933, replacing Insp. Eames. Sorry. Ed.

A FRIEND WRITES

Dear Editor:

I have enjoyed reading *the Quarterly* for a number of years and have always passed it on to my friends.

In 1906 at Lawson, Saskatchewan, I was a small boy of nine plowing with four oxen, when over the prairie came a rider with blue uniform and yellow stripes on his breeches. He was a RNWMP constable doing his annual patrol. He got out his note book, took my older brother's name and home-stead address, asked a number of questions, got my brother to sign his notes and rode on. I think his name was Taylor.

He had a fine horse and was completely equipped to camp out when he had to. I have admired the Force ever since and have been closely associated

with many members in more recent years.

Yours truly,
Leigh F. Stevenson
(Air Vice Marshal)
(RCAF Retired)

GOOD OLD DAYS

Dear Editor,

As a retired member of the Force I visited "N" Division in 1975. I failed to recognize the old place. Gone were the barracks and old buildings. My thoughts went back to the Saturday morning parades in 1925 when we were visited regularly by the Commissioner, Cortlandt Starnes, or A/Commr. George Worsley. The latter would say in a highpitched voice, "What's this man's name?" The O.C. was Insp. Trundle, whose horse "Polly" was cared for by Cst. Charlie Fairman, a real cockney. R. S. M. Cooper and Cpl. Jakeman took us for police duties and Sgts. Goames and Stoot were our riding instructors. Cst. Ralph Clewley, just out of the North from Arctic duties would swing his dumbbells and clubs around in keep-fit sessions. Csts. Penlington (10099) and Freddy Ashe were my confreres, and the trumpeter was Barry McKay.

In those days (1925-26) we used to walk from the barracks, over a trestle bridge, to a place called Buena Vista and catch the four-wheeled trolley into Ottawa. They were good days.

I was transferred to Toronto under Supt. H. M. Newson and R. S. M. Darling. There I met Csts. A. M. (Max) Veitch, Mathewson, and Ron Trolove (9359). The latter had just come from Moose Factory, James Bay (now dis-banded).

After a brief spell in Toronto I was transferred to Windsor Detachment. There were three men stationed there: Cpl. Ray Nelson (8492), Cst. H. V.