

incidents which you may have experienced during your service?

Commissioner Remember what I said a few moments ago about wanting to be a well-experienced Canadian and see as much of Canada as I could. My approach and that of my family to postings has always been: *While there may be places I'd rather go, let's take the transfer with a view that we will make the most of it. Obviously each community and each part of Canada has something unique to offer and we'll learn as much as we can.* We approached every move with that kind of a positive outlook, and I can assure you that each one of them has more than met our expectations. Each one has been interesting and a pleasure. My first posting out of training was to Stettler, Alberta, a town of about 3,000 people. We policed the town and also had a rural detachment. I stayed there for more than two years and found the people extraordinarily friendly. When I left, I felt like I was leaving home again, people were that kind to me. I was very active in the community, and members of the Force were an integral part of the community. For a starting point, I couldn't have been sent to a better spot. I worked for two fine senior NCOs, which is a crucial element in any young rookie getting off to a good start. Your first NCO is going to make the most important impressions upon you. The first was Sergeant Bob McWhirter and the second was Sergeant Tom Roach. I've often looked back upon their guidance to realize that it has been instrumental in developing how I did my work in the RCMP. I went from Stettler to Three Hills, a smaller community, where I was a one-man town detail. In Three Hills, I was confronted by the fine reputation of a fellow by the name of Bob Simmonds, who had been there 10 years earlier, and left his mark on the community. While in Three Hills, I boarded with a family by the name of Davidson, and we have kept in touch and remained friends ever since. Three Hills had and still has the Prairie

Bible Institute, so that the population of the town grew by about 5,000 every fall, as the students poured in. It made the kind of policing issues that one faced, a little more challenging. Living and working in Alberta was a great pleasure. From there, I came to Headquarters, Ottawa, and went into Staffing for a period of three years.

A few years ago, the Force would tell you that you were being transferred and away you went. Today, members are responsible for planning their own careers, and they can say yes or no to postings offered to them. I didn't have that kind of stress or pressure to face, and after the three years in Headquarters, it was off to New Brunswick as a staffing officer's assistant, and in the fall of 1965, I was promoted to corporal. When we came from Alberta to Ottawa, it was suggested to me that I would probably move back West after two or three years. Instead of moving west, we moved further east, and spent six years in New Brunswick. I admit that it, too, was just a delightful posting, because it gave us an opportunity to travel throughout all the Atlantic provinces. I was selected to attend the University of New Brunswick, which is something that I'll remember for the rest of my life. Also, our son was born there. So now there are a lot of roots in New Brunswick as well.

I returned to Headquarters in 1971, after graduation from university, and was promoted to sergeant. I was commissioned in 1973 and made the officer in charge, recruiting. This was followed by some work in Organization Planning, and then eight months of full-time language training. After language training, I was transferred to Montreal as a surplus officer, to polish my French and learn something about federal law enforcement. I was greatly assisted by people like Ray Duchesneau, Guy Marcoux, Phil Mantha, all of whom worked hard to make the experience a positive one for us. I think that while all the cities of