

Mr. Al Baggs

Suave, to say the least, is the charming figure so boldly portrayed on the cover of this issue of Green Capsule Comments.

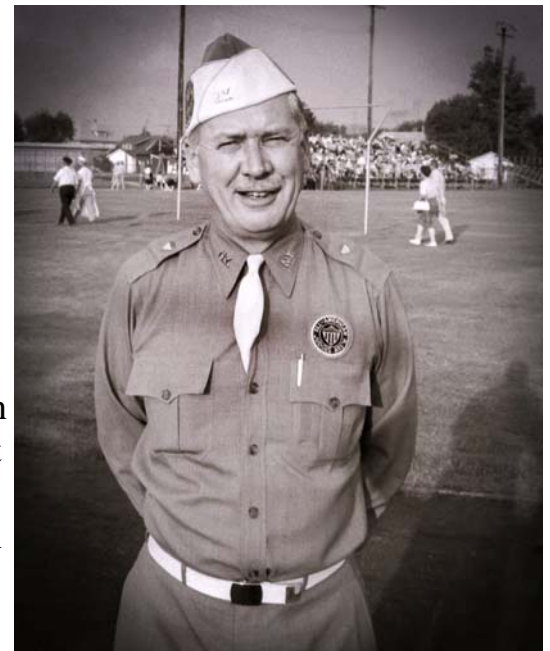
I remember quite vividly my first impression of Mr. Baggs some years ago. I thought to myself, "now there's a charming chap — flashing smile, twinkling eyes, not to mention the prematurely grey hair. Although, as I say, I have known Mr. Baggs for a little while, I must say that he is one of these people that you can never quite figure out. He very often growls and snarls quite ferociously, and often gives the impression that he means it, however, you suddenly become aware of that little moustache quivering at the corners, and you know darn well that his bark is much worse than his bite. Oh. he'll deny this to the very end, but I know Mr. Baggs, I know!!



Mr Baggs with the Opti-Corps (1957)

THE SCOUT DAYS: Naturally, Mr. Baggs was born in Toronto — where else? However, he was whisked away from our fair city at a very tender age by unthinking parents — whisked away westward to a place called Winnipeg. During his stay in Winnipeg, he went through the agonies of teething, learning to walk, etc. and at the mature age of 5 he once again returned to Toronto. However, either rents were extremely high in Toronto at that time, or very hard to pay, because then came a move to Detroit, and from there to Windsor. Of course, this moving took a little time but meanwhile he became the youngest warranted Scout Master in Canada. When he wasn't tying knots or rubbing sticks together, he drew a weekly pay cheque from The Dominion Bank. Lucky for us there came a move back to Toronto where Mr. Baggs decided to give the T. Eaton Company a helping hand, all the while continuing his activity with The Boy Scouts as District Badge Examiner.

OUTDOOR SPORTS: It seems that our Mr. Baggs has been a sports enthusiast from way back (not too far back, I might add). He had a great liking for archery. Skill must also be mentioned, for several Championships were bestowed upon Al. "Robin Hood" Baggs for his efforts. While winning archery Championships, he was also an ardent fisherman and also extremely interested in conservation.



Mr Baggs wearing his All-American Judges uniform (1962)

Of fishing, Mr. Baggs never tells of the ones that got away, for quite obviously, they didn't. It would seem that the hours in each day were not long enough for Mr. Baggs. How he crammed so much into one day, is beyond me, for on top of all this outdoor living, he had acquired quite a collection of guns and edged weapons. It must have been quite a collection because the more modern of the knives and guns of this collection were turned over to the government during the war, as part of a traveling exhibition.

Well, having beaten everybody in numerous sports and collections, Mr. Baggs once again returned to Scouting. Energy!!! — he must have had his share and several others too. During the year 1953, his interest came to rest on the Boy Scouts Bugle Band — the 18th Toronto Troop, to be exact. By 1955 many of the Queen Scouts in the unit were too old for the Troop, but wanted to keep the Corps intact. Mr. Baggs then used his charming ways and superior persuasive talents to swing the Optimist Club into sponsoring the Corps.

Well, from here on in, the story is much more yours than mine. You alone know far more of his work with the Corps than I do.

Well, if this little interview ever passes through the hands of Editor, Don Daber and into those of Mr. Baggs, before printing, I doubt very much that any of you will get to read it. Oh ...there will be growls and snarls from Mr. Baggs, but you don't fool me, Mr. Baggs — those growls and snarls are strictly superficial.

By Sadie Mau-Mau *(extracted from Green Capsule Comments, Volume 3, Number 2)*



Al and Gladys Baggs (Falconer, NY 1960)



Caricature of Mr. Baggs