

Mounted Police history and he knew the facts concerning it. Experience was his teacher and Bagley, though far from being a crank on the subject, resented those who in writing about the Force's early activities deliberately distorted the facts merely in an attempt to achieve a measure of drama or for their own convenience. A kind courtly gentleman who moved with the times, he possessed a wonderful knowledge of things past and present and invariably was willing to share the wisdom of his many years with us. It was a wisdom on which we could depend for time had left his memory unimpaired and seemingly had sharpened his senses and made him more alert.

His letters to us were shot through with flashes of philosophic humour. In a typical one, written not so many weeks

ago, he expressed a thought to the editorial committee which provides, better than anything we say could, a key to his character:

"We old 'originals' are prone sometimes to believe that we are neglected or ignored by a generation that 'knew not Joseph' and his works... I am now in my 87th year and my interest and pride in the splendid fellows who are today carrying on, and even sometimes excelling the great traditions of the old Force, never slackens.

"I always get a great thrill whenever I see them on parade or swaggering down the street."

Major Bagley's life was rich in service, generosity and tolerance.

Not His Day

by P. C. K. CHRISTOPHERSON, O.P.P.

A routine patrol to Kingston Penitentiary to return a prisoner turned into a case of "Johnny on the Spot" for two members of Mississauga Detachment on a sunny June morning.

Cst. Bob Sherren, RCMP, and Cst. Ken Christopherson, O.P.P. Special Services Branch, were travelling East on Hwy. 401 in an unmarked police car. Near Napanee, a glance in the rear view mirror caught a glimpse of a black Cadillac approaching and passing at a very high speed. A short distance ahead the Cadillac went out of control, removed seventy-five feet of guard rail and came to rest facing the police car.

Fearing deaths or injuries to the occupants, the policemen approached the

car to be greeted by one of the occupants shouting, "He's got a knife. He's trying to rob me." These utterances by the driver brought the immediate arrest of the passenger and the seizure of a substantial hunting knife. Neither the driver nor the passenger was injured.

The robber, after gaining some composure, explained it took him twenty miles after he had been picked up hitchhiking to summon courage to pull the knife and try to rob the good samaritan, only to have the car immediately tear into a guard rail. While the dust was settling and he was trying to decide if he had been severely injured, or hurt at all, he found himself arrested. The real irony of the whole situation: he was arrested at the exit ramp to Millhaven Penitentiary.