

# The local Marilyn lived up to her famous namesake

Long retired from my judicial duties, I sometimes - in idle moments - reflect on the funny, sad, painful and even delightful memories of my days as the Deputy Sheriff for the Judicial District of Halton.

My authority, my badge, I.D., framed notice of Commissioner of Oaths signed by our esteemed Lt. Gov. Pauline McGibbon, became invalid the day I packed in and retired.

Maybe the tools of the trade were turned in, but I couldn't put a bag full of exciting memories on my superiors desk with instructions "to take them too."

No sir, I knew that sad day they would have to remain with me and under the oath of secrecy which I had given, my first day on the job, at no time would I ever be allowed to name names.

I've kept my promise. Perhaps I will be forgiven if I tell one little true story without revealing true identities.

The old proverb "Hell hath no fury like a womans wrath" might once again be proven true if she happens to read this piece - so I won't use her real name.

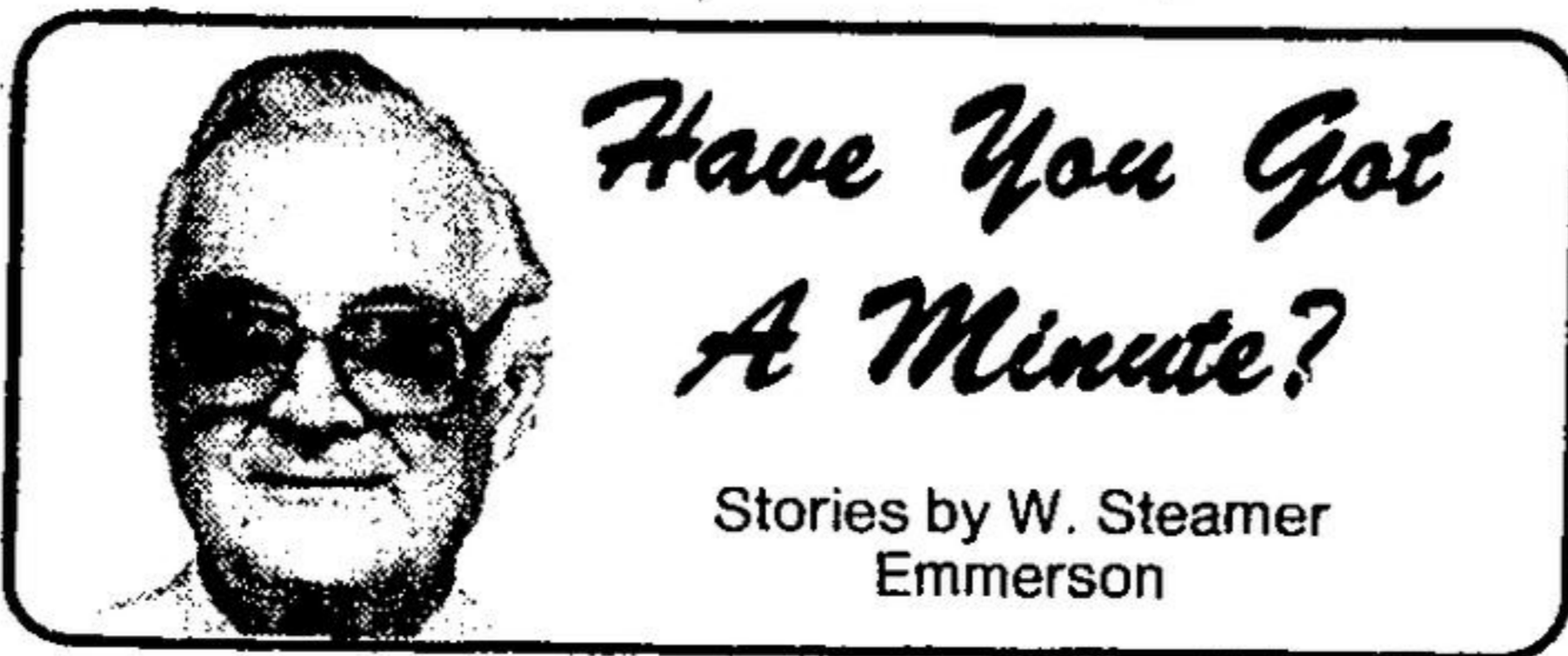
I am going to tell you her name was Marilyn. She looked and dressed like Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn and her husband Tom had piled up an alarming number of executions in the Sheriff's office. A record.

Although their names were familiar to both the police department and our office, I had never met her face to face.

That was about to change quicker than I imagined.

Some of our officers had met her and her husband while serving them writs of summons, now known as writs of summons and seizure.



Our officers' reports and affidavits often referred to them as evasive, will of the wisp, uncooperative.

At my meeting with her face to face I found her the exact opposite.

Marilyn and her husband had a history of accomplished con artists. They lived the life of exquisite hotels, fine cars, the best cuisine, and surrounded themselves with fine furniture in their home.

Sheriff Sproule, my boss and I had on many occasions listened to a litany of familiar stories from lawyers who had successfully sued and filed executions but could find no assets for us to seize.

I don't know what's done today to examine judgement debtors but in my time a lawyer, on behalf of a creditor who had been ripped off by people like Marilyn and Tom, could make an appointment with the county court clerk to bring the debtors in to be examined under oath.

The country court clerk's staff would set aside a day and hear the judgement. Debtors were to appear at the court house to undergo examination by the lawyer acting on behalf of the creditor.

The debtor would be sworn by the clerk and under oath all was to be told about the indebtedness and what assets could be seized to raise money. It was really the best and quickest way out of a quagmire of debt. Few debtors took that route. Especially Marilyn and Tom.

In order to get the deadbeat, the chronic poor payers, the con artists to keep this appointment, they would be served with an official legal appointment document

usually with a small sum of travel money attached to guarantee the attendance by bus, rail, car, taxi, etc.

Most of the ones I ever served, I figured, used money for cab fare to the closest beer store.

I think conduct money is no longer served with the appointment.

If the debtor failed to keep the appointment at the allotted time, a certificate of non-attendance could be issued after half an hour had elapsed, by the clerk of the court.

Marilyn and husband Tom topped the list of non-attenders. They were bordering on contempt of court.

Sometimes the lawyer, who had waited patiently and found Marilyn and Tom no-shows at the allotted time, would appear in motions court asking for an order that the debtor appear, only this time at their own expense.

This usually produced the same results as the first appointment.

If the only difference being the debtors felt aggrieved because it meant no conduct money the second time.

Finally the lawyer asking for the creditor could attend motions court asking for an order that Marilyn and Tom be thrown in the slammer by the sheriff for a few

days for their contempt.

Well, sure enough, that's what happened and when we received the orders to carry out the arrest, Sheriff Sproule decided he would take Tom and I was to capture Marilyn.

We were duty bound to successfully capture and arrest both of them and take them to the common jail for a period of five days.

The strong arm of the law was about to give Marilyn a hug.

Goodness was I surprised to learn at that very moment Marilyn was actually in the courthouse building and headed for the cafeteria.

Good grief, to arrest her in the cafeteria in front of the luncheon crowd of courtroom officials, garbed lawyers, secretaries, the odd judge, oh what to do!

I was temporarily seized with a moment of hesitation and indecision but I clearly saw my duty and I intended to carry it out.

Her chance of escaping that emporium of tuna, egg salad and plain cheese sandwiches was slim.

Quickly I moved in for the arrest.

There was little doubt when I hit that cafeteria who Marilyn was. She was a picture of beauty.

Over her beautiful blond hair she wore a dark blue wide brimmed picture hat.

The dress that covered her lithe and supple body was light blue. Her shoes were white high heels.

Nothing she wore was out of the catalogue.

It was one of those dresses that started later and finished early, if you know what I mean. I liked it.

Luck was with me as she had chosen a small table for two along the cream-painted cement block wall.

With a quick cursory look around the room I decided not to squeeze in with those I knew and worked with, but to boldly ask if I might join her for lunch.

If she refused I was going to arrest her right then and there, but to my surprise when I asked permission to join her she cheerfully agreed.

Whe it off right off the bat. Soon our luncheon laughter was drawing sly glances from the others.

Oh Marilyn was pretty, outgoing, and nothing like the reports I had read on her. She was a fun luncheon guest and there was a couple of times when she gave me the impression she wouldn't oppose a little nose rub or a light brush on the lips with a kiss.

Damn that warrant in my pocket.

She tarried a moment or two after eating and then searched for her purse.

"Here is a number, call me. I'll be pleased to hear from you."

Oh God, how could I fulfill my duty and not shatter the makings of a beautiful friendship.

As we strolled towards the cafeteria exit she quietly whispered "by the way, you didn't tell me who you are."

My voice was shaking as I whispered back, "I'm Wheldon Emmerson, deputy sheriff, and you are under arrest."

This is just one of the memories in that bag that I refused to hand over the day I retired.

By the way Marilyn. If you read this, call me for lunch.

## Cancer group discussions

Groups discussions have been scheduled to provide emotional support and practical guidance to patients, families and friends who are living with cancer.

The discussion group, led by nurses, will be sponsored by the Canadian Cancer Society.

The next meeting of the Living With Cancer Group, held at the Canadian Cancer Society Milton Branch at 751 Main Street East, every second Thursday, will be on Aug. 9 from 7:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. For further information call the Cancer Society at 878-5228 or 878-1876.

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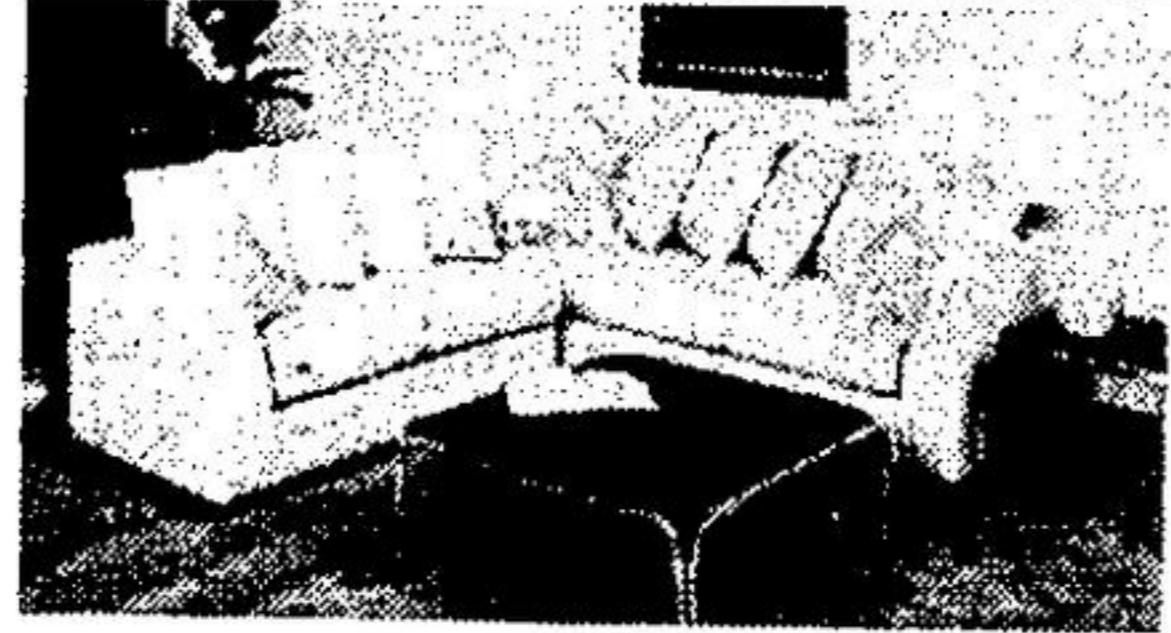
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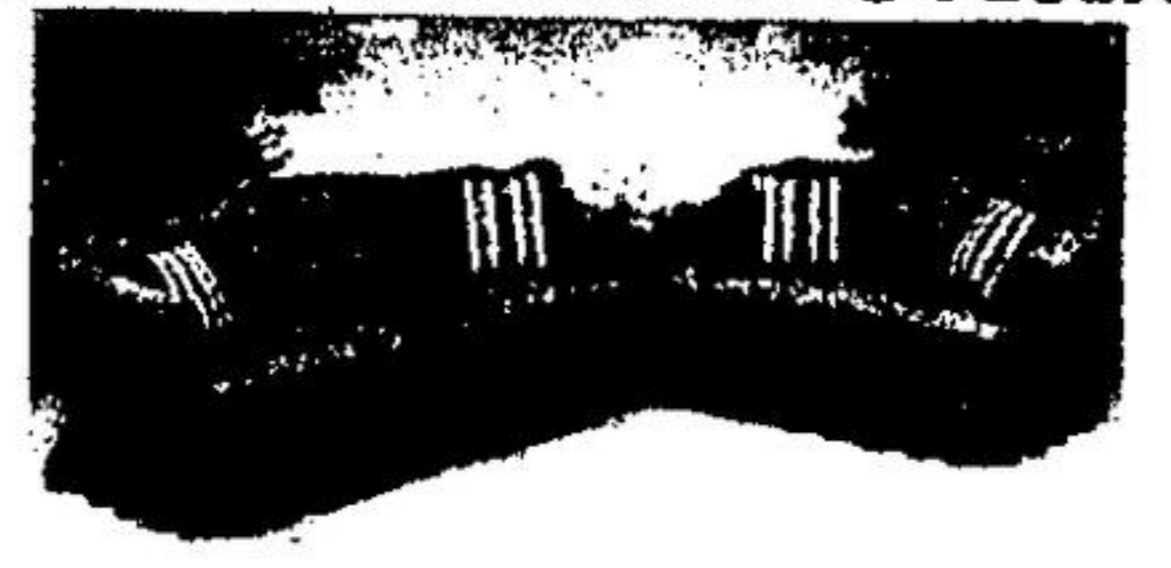
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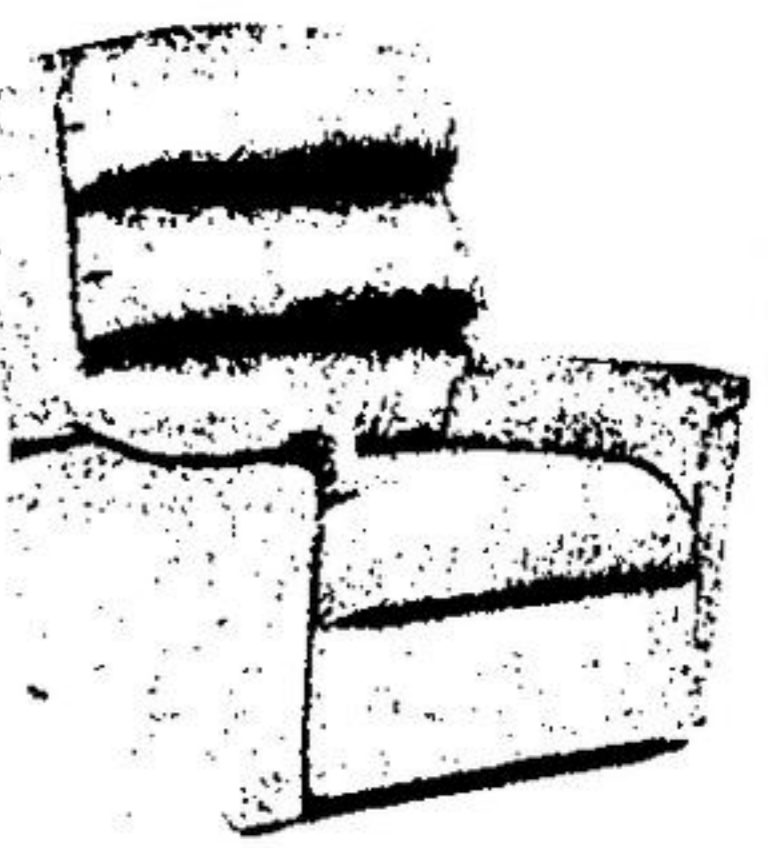
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