

Community

A perfectly legal bank heist

Don't laugh. Would you believe me if I told you I was in on a bank heist. A real bank.

Threw the green machine into chaos for about an hour while my two Income Tax investigators, two plainclothes Mounties and I cleaned house.

This wasn't a burst in yelling, "stick em up" kind of robbery. Everything was perfectly legal.

This was the first time I ever got money from a bank so easily. Didn't even sign my name. No endorsers, nothing, and I walked out with a pocketful of loot.

For a few minutes I was Willy Sutton, the famous bank robber. No fuss, no masks, no shouting, no shooting, no sawed off shot gun, no force, just give me the money.

Just easy does it, smooth talk, a couple of red-coats in civies, two income tax investigators, little old me and an old red-sealed document called a warrant.

It had more bang than a "45" and not nearly as messy or noisy.

Let me include my team in this story. There were two investigative officers from the Dept. of National Revenue, two Mounties as I said and we were after big game.

They were kind of taken back when they arrived at our office and discovered I was to be their designated hitter. Right off the bat I could see they figured I was minor league.

The exercise was to enter a bank in Burlington drill the safety deposit box, seize the contents, then seize any cash in our suspected crime lords accounts.

Willy would have been proud of me in that bank. I never threatened, raised my voice, or even showed one drop of perspiration on my upper lip. Once the game action started I swung a mean bat.

The manager got a little excited when it hit home our prime target and his big account, maybe part of the mob. His heavy depositor might be less than thrilled with his kindly old manager if he just gave us the green light to steal, I mean seize.

Let's just say he didn't send out for coffee to soothe our determination for the loot we were expecting to find.

He stopped taking calls just in case his account phoned while we were on the premises.

What my new teammates hadn't told me: 1. Another team was going through this guy's law firm, simultaneously. 2. Another team was going through the parents house and 3. Another team was going through the girlfriend's condo.

Heavens to Betsy, I figured the whole musical ride was in on this show when it was all over and I finally met the others about their results. Interesting stuff.

Success-wise it rated about an eight out of ten.

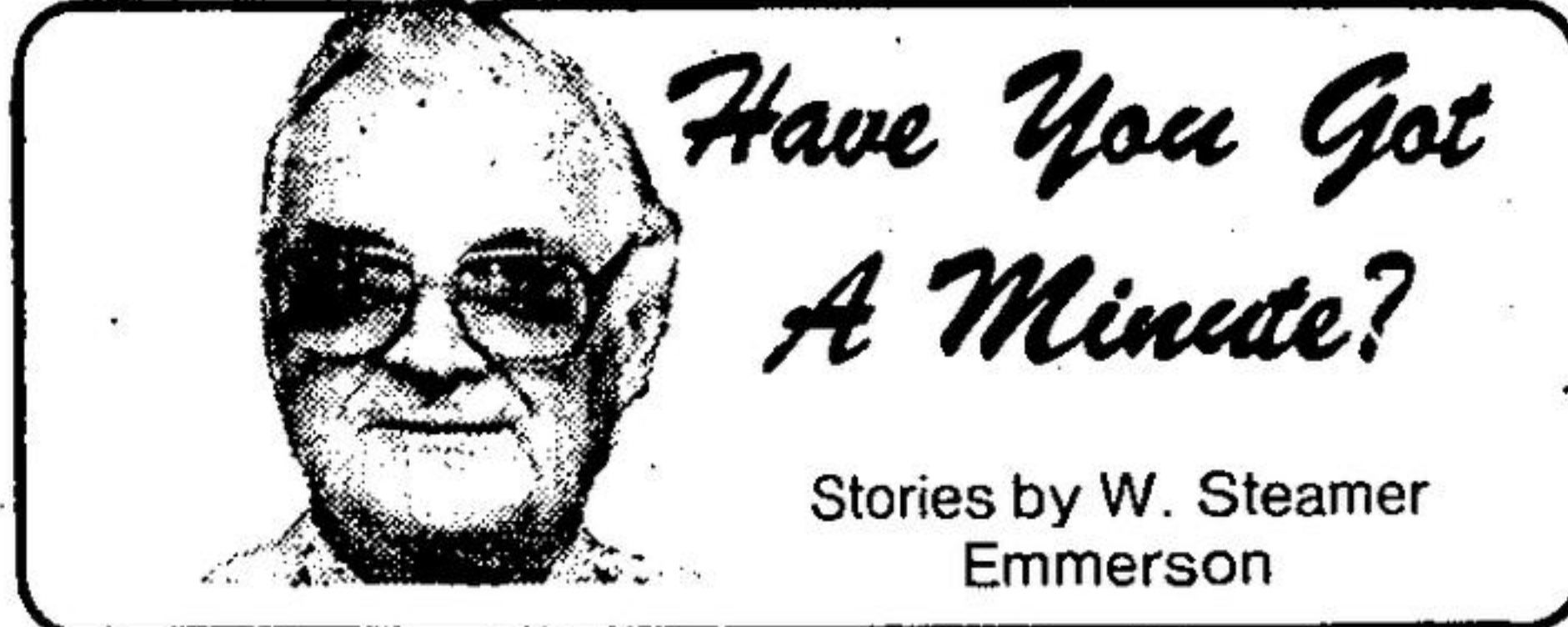
Still in my bank, the accountant came in and said to me and the manager "there's \$14,000 in the account." Before the manager could cross himself and pray for mercy I said "I'll take it and make the cheque payable to the Sheriff of the Judicial District of Halton."

"What if I won't give it to you" asked the trembling boss. His long slender fingers were shaking as I casually replied "I'll just put the warrant on the door and lock you up." "You couldn't lock up a bank, don't be ridiculous" he said.

Just as cool as Willy Sutton I said "What makes you think the bank is above the law. If I can close up that shoe store, the clothing store in the area then why can't I close up your bank."

The two mounties and the tax guys were really paying attention. This was like shoot-out time with Wyatt Earp at the old O.K. Corral in Dodge City.

The manager blinked first. "You're not getting a red coat till I phone head office" he said. "Go ahead they'll tell you to give me



Stories by W. Steamer Emerson

the money, they always do" I replied.

When he hung up he said "give the sheriff the money." Strike one!

He looked at me and said "I'm 30 years in the bank, I've never had a morning like this. Mounties, tax guys, a deputy sheriff, it's unbelievable. "I feel like I've been robbed!"

"Now isn't that a coincidence," I said "I've felt that way myself several times when I borrowed from a bank."

Finishing up at lunch, one mountie who was with me leaned

over and asked "Tell me, were you really going to close the door when he hesitated about coughing up the dough..."

"Not really," I replied. "You see I could always write the alleged crime leader and tell him how helpful and courteous the manager had been in helping me carry out my duties." Strike two!

The mountie laughed and responded "Walk lightly and carry a big stick, eh."

I said "make that a big bat." Strike three!

Say: "I saw it in The Herald"

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