

## HALLOWEEN 1976

Only 23 days on the job and this challenge to meet .  
Prior to Halloween night, I had several of the young set approach me and ask what I was going to do about their usual activities, and when I queried them they told me they traditionally brought bushels of EGGS in from the country and threw them around. I cautioned them that I would not tolerate tossing EGGS at unsuspecting victims, especially drivers of passing autos which could cause serious accidents etc. I suggested that if they wanted a consenting EGG battle I would arrange for them to use the baseball diamond. When asked what I would do if I caught them throwing those readily- available EGGS at unsuspecting people, I replied " Instead of wasting the EGGS, we should eat them " Well, you have likely played the old party game where people line up and the first person is given a statement or subject which they pass down the lineup and when it gets to the end, the original is almost undistinguishable. Well, apparently that is what took place around the local schools as well as in Belleville. The rumour spread that if Foster caught you throwing EGGS in Stirling, HE WOULD MAKE YOU EAT THEM.

Halloween night arrived and at that time I was on my own. Kids and teens arrived from all over and the main intersection by Beckers store,

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looked like the midway at the C.N.E. I could see the obvious bulges in the pockets and jackets and sure enough, one clown an 18 yr. old Chris threw an egg at an elderly couple walking by the bank and the old man came his way shaking his cane at the kid. Chris went for a second egg but I grabbed his arm and relieved him of the egg. The crowd closed in in wild expectation of SHOW & TELL time. I asked the boy if he had heard the rumour and if so what did he hear. He replied " you said you would make us eat the eggs if we got caught" but you can't do that. He admitted he purposely caused the confrontation, knowing what I supposedly said, so I handed him the egg I had taken from his hand; and told him " START EATING" Initially, he refused so I promised to cram it down his throat if he didn't. He obviously knew I was serious so he bit into the egg, breaking the shell and allowing the contents to run down the front of his face and onto his jacket. His older brother arrived on the scene and took charge of him.

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**HALLOWEEN 1976 (continued)**

I realize that having read this story, you have likely categorized the author as a Uniformed Bully or even worse. Of course, I overstepped my authority but I was in a Catch 22 position. Fortunately, I took the initiative to call the parents before this kid got home with a twisted account of what took place and why.

I got the mother on the telephone and told her the full circumstances and enunciating the fact that her son wilfully initiated the confrontation to test what he perceived I had said. She agreed that if I had not followed through, as perceived, my word would not be worth a plug nickel in the future. She added that her son had been giving them trouble at home and will have to deal with his father when he arrives. Obviously, I breathed a sigh of relief that she understood my position.

We were new in the community but already had established ourselves with our singing ministry, when just a few weeks later Ruthie and I sang at a little United Church on the Campbellford Rd. and lo and behold, who was sitting in the audience but this same boy, and his mother sang in the choir. After the service the mother approached us, thanking us for the music and inviting us back to their home for lunch. The boy agreed and suggested " Yeah give them scrambled eggs for lunch" From that point on there was no animosity on either side as we had a good visit.

**TRANSITION FROM A LARGE METRO FORCE  
TO A ONE-MAN OPERATION**

I could, if pressed, write a pretty thick book on this subject. For the first 4 years, I handled it all by myself and in retrospect, wonder how I did it.

15 miles north of the Belleville O.P.P. and about the same from the Madoc O.P.P. or Campbellford Detachment and too often when I needed assistance, they were busy and unable to attend, or a long time arriving and the trouble-makers knew this.

This was a real challenge. I had to use all of my experience, street savvy and all the psychological methods I could conjur up to stay on top of things. Case in point:

There was a young 22yr-old in town who had a perpensity to drink and then get into his car and drive. I had arrested him before and here he comes again, all over the roadway. Fortunately there was little traffic in the early A.M. He pulled in behind the Bank and I pulled in to block his escape. It was apparent that he had been drinking too much and I seized his arm as I advised he was going down to the O.P.P. for a breath test to which he replied " No ..... way you old man" and with that he pulled loose and ran across the street toward a brick wall. So I assisted him in colliding with wall. I got him in an arm-lock and placed him in the back seat of my cruiser behind the screen. I then advised him that he made two big mistakes that night. 1st. calling me an old-man, and 2nd. Drinking and driving. I think he was impressed.

Another young man and I met early one morning on the Main St. and the town was still and sleeping. He had the nerve to challenge me stating " There is no one around to help you Foster, I can take you easy" I replied well maybe you can or maybe you can't so just in case I better make arrangements for you. And with that I picked up my walkie-talkie radio and pretended that I was calling for an AMBULANCE to the corner of Front & Henry St. He looked at me quiskely and said " What did you do that for?" To which I replied, standing nose to nose " Cause when I get through with you, you are going to need an Ambulance" This really shock him and

he abandoned the subject, inquiring how our local Hockey Team made out that night. I might add, he was a husky young lad who worked at construction. Having joined the Police Dept. at 16 yrs. of age, I didn't get a lot of extended education but I ask you intellectuals "Is this what you call a Psychological application or what?"

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### WAS I MADE WELCOMED IN TOWN????

To the majority of the app. 2,000 inhabitants , Yes. But to a minority group of trouble-makers, definitely No.

The latter resented someone coming from the Big City and telling them what they could do and not do. They had had their way for sometime when all they had to do is watch for the black and white O.P.P. cruisers coming up the Oak Lake Hills and play it cool until they left then anything went. Reports that bails of hay were set fire at the main intersection, the main drag used for a racing strip etc. was the reason they wanted their own Police Dept.

I believe Divine intervention was apparant when I later learned that this minority group had a big party prior to my arrival and they drew straws for the one who would way-lay me up some laneway as a message to pack it in and get out of town. Fortunately the following took place before this was acted upon.

Only a few nights on the job, I received a radio call to attend a Domestic problem in a home of North St. Upon arrival I saw a house in shambles and a very distraught wife, along with an arrogant, half-drunk husband named "Ron" I separated the two, one to my left and one to my right as I wrote down the particulars in my Memo Book. At one point I saw in a flash, Ron's closed fist attempting to punch his wife in the face but I managed to grab his arm in time, tucking it under my arm in a restraining hold (known as a come-a-long) bending his wrist causing him to stand up on his toes to relieve the pressure. Now I had him off balance and looking down at the far end of the room, saw a comfy chester-field, shoved the accused in that direction. He sprawled and rolled into it and crying " you've broken by..... arm" I waited and assisted the wife in leaving the house and spending the night with friends.

The following night I was sitting in my cruiser when I was approached by 15-20 older of Ron's drinking buddies. I got out of the cruiser and took a position with my back against the wall of the Dairy in anticipation of trouble, when the spokesman for the group said " Hey Foster what's this that Ron's saying about you" I queried, " what did he say ?" and the spokesman replied " He said not to mess around with you, that you have more moves that Whipper Watson (at that the Wrestling Champ) My own reply was " well, he should know" and left it open. If they wanted to believe that then it was to my future benefit. The clincher was when "Ron" later confided in me that he was

the one who drew the short-staw and was to clobber me up some laneway. Good thing I got to him first.

STAPLES

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## **BAD LEGISLATION - MAXIMUM FOR MURDER- ONLY 3 YEARS**

Laws are made or manipulated by irresponsible lawmakers who are lawyers firstly. Thus they are slanted to the benefit of the offender, with little or no regard for the victim or their families. Imagine having a teen-age son gunned down by another non-remorseful teen only to see his killer walking free in society just 3 years later. Think about it. (See clipping below)

### **Teen murderer delusional, lacks remorse: psychologist**

COBOURG - The youth who admitted he fatally shot high school student Jason Lang, 17, in Taber, Alta., in 1999, remains disturbed and delusional with no genuine remorse for his crime and poses a high risk of reoffending, psychologist Dr. John Satterberg said. The youth, 14 when he killed, is now 18 and due to be released in November. NATIONAL POST  
OCT 10/2007

**Case in point: When the Young Offenders Act. was passed in the 80's, the maximum sentence for Murder was only 3 years.**

One early A.M. days after the Act was passed, I was on duty in the Village of Stirling when a stolen car sped through town occupied by two youths. I took up the chase, east on Mill St. out of town to Hwy 62. I called for assistance but none was available nearby. The driver attempted to force my cruiser into the ditch on several occasions when we turned north on Highway 62. I finally cut them off and got the suspect vehicle stopped and somehow managed to apprehend both driver and passenger. I was particularly angry at the driver for putting my life in danger and told him so. Do you know what his reply was "big deal, even if I killed you, they can only send me away for 3 years max" Both got probation as usual.

## HALLOWEEN 1977

HERE WE GO AGAIN. A year has past and I have survived thus far. Last year some coward, knowing I was busy in town, snuck up and sprayed our truck camper parked down by the gate, with yellow paint similar to paint used for centre-lines on the highways. I believe I tracked the source of the spray paint to a certain local youth I had previous trouble with but was unable to connect him to the paint. In any event, I was able to remove it without any damage.

In light of the above and also my concern of leaving my dear wife unprotected back home, I devised a plan.

I set up our sound system in the breezeway and made a recording in a harsh voice " Alright we see you down there, get out of there or you will be sorry - you are trespasssing" I instructed my wife to simply push the play button should anyone, other than the kids looking for a shell-out, take advantage of my absence. I also gave Ruthie a 38 calibre revolver loaded with BLANK shells and instructed her to fire the blanks out the sliding front door to discourage them should they ignore the voice message. Likely targets would be the two portable toilets we had used for a special Halloween night we put on for our friends at Hastings Park Bible Church in Belleville. We had quite a night with a spooky trail through the bush, costume contests, music and lots of food. A good time was had by all and to this day, people recall the great time they had.

Now, getting back to Halloween night. I of course was busy in town assisted by volunteers from the Fire Dept. mobile with C.B. radios. All went well in town but Ruthie back at home was in for a frightening experience. We lived back off a hilly concession road and she saw the lights of a car approached from the east, drive slowly past our front gate and stop opposite the gate we used for access to the bush area. They turned out the lights and two dark figures climbed the fence, pushing one of the portable toilets into the front pond, and then started on the 2nd. unit. At this point she turned the loud speaker on with the gruff pre-recorded warning. They ignored the message and at this point, as instructed, Ruthie opened the sliding front door and fired three shots in the air from

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the blank-loaded revolver. This did it, the two scrambled back over the fence in a panic, got into the car and sped away, east, fish-tailing on the gravel road. Then Ruthie called the O.P.P. to have me call home, and in retrospect I wish she had called when they started messing around. In any event they got away. I examined the tire tracks down by the 2nd. gate and found they had created deep grooves in the gravel in their hurry to leave the scene.

Here comes the good part. The following evening I was on duty at the four corners when I saw a large group of the locals approaching. Not knowing what to expect, I got out of the cruiser and got my back toward the wall of the Dairy in anticipation. One of the crowd of about 18 who usually acted as a spokesman, asked " what happened up at your place last night Jack ?" I played it coy and replied " what are you talking about" to which he added " we heard that some of the guys were messing around your place when someone fired shots at them" Rather than go into detail, I took advantage of the accusation and told them " well I'll tell you something for sure, I wont hire that guy next year, he is a lousy shot." You should have seen the look on their faces as they walked away mumbling to each other. I believe to this day that they were convinced I had a hired-gunman protecting my house and my wife so I left it at that. After that, we never had any trouble back at the house, especially Halloween. We did have the odd telephone threat which comes with the job.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF O.P.P. OFFICER

Feb. 22, 1978, late afternoon I was returning from T.O. in my pickup truck along with my wife, my niece Joanne and our dog Robbie. Ironically, my niece made the remark " am't you bored Uncle Jack, working in a small quiet town after working downtown Toronto? " I hardly had time to reply when a local kid ran up to the side of our truck, yelling something about the wanted car back in town. The story unfolded as I communicated via police radio with the O.P.P. Apparently the suspect vehicle pulled in for gas at Warren Motors on Front St. at Frankford Rd. and as the serviceman Roger Lake had almost completed the fill-up, the car sped south without paying. At that time he gave the O.P.P. a call with a detailed description of the car, thought at that time to be occupied by the driver only.

Const. Tim Nichols, of the Brighton O.P.P. spotted the car west-bound on 401 and pulled it over for investigation. When he stepped from the cruiser, the driver of the car leaned out the window and fired two shots at him which thank God, narrowly missed the officer. He ran back to the cruiser and a pursuit ensued. Unfortunately, he lost the car when it exited at Hwy. 30. Ironically the driver did not know the area, cruised around the back roads and believe it or not, ended back in Stirling. Roger Lake again contacted the O.P.P. then followed the suspect vehicle in his Water-Tank Truck. Const. Haggerty of Madoc O.P.P. spotted the wanted vehicle west-bound on the Campbellford Rd. just north of town and radioed in. Knowing the area well, I drove our truck North to the intersection by the old Schoolhouse just in time to see the suspect vehicle westbound, followed by an unmarked O.P.P. cruiser manned by Const. Haggerty. I made contact with Haggerty on my portable Police radio and his reply was "Thank God, I didn't know who was behind me. I thought it may be accomplices and they had me boxed in" Obviously, the suspect driver was not aware he was being followed until he made a wrong turn up the McMillan farm driveway where we blocked his exit when he tried to exit. By this time Cpl. McEray, O.P.P. and two other officers arrived. The Cpl. with shotgun to his shoulder, demanded the driver to get out with his hands up but he would not obey. After he refused the 2nd. and 3rd. time I was afraid there going to be a shoot-out so I crept up to the passengers door, gun in hand and pulled the door open only to find that there was a passenger in the car as well. The windows were frosted with the cold. I dragged the passenger out at gunpoint and turned him over to the O.P.P. and then dragged the driver out the passenger side at gunpoint and handed him over to the O.P.P. custody as well. Imagine my relief when I retrieved a fully-loaded shotgun and a fully-loaded 38 cal. automatic on the front seat, ready for

( C O N T )

# Local Police Capture Two Suspects

## Lake's Tip Results In Arrests

(Thom Reynolds)

Stirling - Quick action by an employee of a Village garage station aided police last Tuesday in the arrest of two Kemplyville youths after they had stolen gas from the garage and later shot at a Brighton OPP officer on Highway 401.

The three-hour long chain of events started when the two youths failed to pay for gas at Warren Motors and sped off on Highway 33 toward Frankford.

Roger Lake, an employee at the garage, notified the Belleville detachment of the OPP, who were taking calls for Village Police Constable Jack Foster, of the incident and gave a description of the car and youths.

Police reported Constable Tim Nicholls of the Brighton detachment, was on patrol on Highway 401 near Brighton, at 6:15 p.m., when he observed the suspect vehicle. He pulled the car over just east of Brighton. Police reported the driver of the stopped car leaned out of the window and fired at Constable Nicholls with a handgun. The officer took cover behind the cruiser and another shot was fired.

The suspect car sped off up Highway 30 North and Nicholls returned to his cruiser to give chase, but lost sight of the car.

Back in Stirling, Roger Lake had made an appointment to meet OPP officers at the garage later that night, to fill out reports. As Mr. Lake was waiting in his truck at the corner of Front Street West and Frankford Road at 8:30 p.m., the suspect car pulled back into the Village from Frankford. Mr. Lake followed the car for a short time, and then phoned police to notify them of the reappearance of the car.

Constable Haggerty, of the Madoc detachment of the OPP, spotted the suspect car on Highway 14 North, at Hoard's Station

Road.

At the same time, Constable Foster, Stirling Village Police, had been alerted and was heading up the Campbellford Road his pickup truck to the old Allan's Corn Schoolhouse. At the schoolhouse, suspect car headed south on Campbellford Road, with the Madoc OPP cruiser in pursuit, followed by Const Foster.

As the suspect car reached the Village limits, it veered off onto the Old Marm Road and turned in at Malcolm McMullen farm. The Madoc OPP cruiser moved in a cornered the car in the barnyard with Constable Foster positioned his truck at the entrance of the laneway and then headed to the barn on foot.

At the same time, Corporal McEIL and Constables Reaker and Doucette, of the Belleville OPP, arrived. Corporal McEIL jumped out of his cruiser with a shotgun and pointed it at the driver's side of the suspect car. Constable Foster, at the same time, to the passenger's door, with his revolver drawn, and opened the door, pointing his gun at the youths. They removed the suspects from the car.

Found in the car was a loaded 12 gauge shotgun and a loaded automatic pistol, both positioned in the front seat. Also, an amount of spare ammunition was found.

Charged with attempted murder and possibly other pending charges are Da Andrew Chopowick, 16 years old, R.R. 4, Kemplyville, and Edward Steven Allen, years, R.R. 4, Kemplyville.

Constable Foster, of the Village Police highly commended Roger Lake for his quick and precise action in reporting the incident with accuracy.

In fact Mr. Lake has received a citation

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action.

All during this time, my wife and niece were lying low in our pickup as instructed and saw the action. Our dog thought they were playing and licked them in the face playfully.

The sick part of this case was the ultimate hearing in High Court before a Judge in Cobourg some months later. Because of their age, the passenger got probation and the driver-shooter got only 6 months minus time served for Attempted Murder of a Police Officer. In sheer frustration, Const. Tim Nichols quit the O.P.P. feeling his life, at least to the court, was of little concern or value. Too bad, I understand he was a good Cop.

My niece had her question answered and in retrospect, I realized before I left Stirling some years later that my life was seriously endangered more frequently in the town of Stirling than it was in all my years in Toronto, by virtue of the fact that I worked alone most of the time and assistance was a fair distance away. I realized it and I'm sure the enemy calculated it was well.

**POTENTIAL DANGER - DOMESTIC DISTURBANCES.**

**Fact-** More policemen are killed or maimed in response to Domestic calls than any other situation. Case in point:

When I started to police the Village of Stirling, it was'nt long until I met Roy....., an alcoholic who went on a binge almost every week-end, terrifying his little wife and two children. Roy would often slash his own wrists in an apparent attempt for attention. In fact it was so common-place that when I took him to the Belleville General Hosp. for stitches and treatment, the staff immediately recognized Roy and ushered him in without even stopping to register.

One early a.m. I received a telephone call at home from Roy's wife, she obviously in great distress when she warned me "Roy is on the tear again but be careful he has a gun and is gunning for you"

I contacted the O.P.P. for assistance and had one of their uniform officers meet me a short distance from the suspect's home. Instead of parking and heading up the driveway as usual, we approached the house from the rear, climbing over several neighbours fences. Upon arrival I took up a position by the rear kitchen window and using the platform built for clothesline convenience, peered in the kitchen window to find the suspect with a sawed-off shotgun aimed between his wife's eyes and hollering " get on the phone again and tell that .....Foster to get down here. The O.P.P. officer also climbed up and saw the same thing. He was a younger officer with less experience and he wanted to break the glass with the but of his gun and shoot the husband down. I told him "No Way! you may drop him alright but in the process he would likely pull the trigger and his wife would be shot as well.

We waited until at one point, the husband pushed his wife toward the telephone in a rage but left a little distance between them. We barged through the door and I managed take the husband down and retrieve the gun while the O.P.P. officer ushered the wife into the next room out of range. Fortunately our plan worked well.

Investigations revealed that Roy had chased his wife into the livingroom with the gun and as she took cover behind a chesterfield, he fired a shot which penetrated the wall

very close to her. The wife told us that her husband was going to gun me down when I arrived. He was handcuffed, placed under arrest and removed from the premises, charged with dangerous use of a firearm etc.

As the story unfolded, Roy had been seriously injured when pinned to the loading platform where he worked, by a truck and had undergone several operations. In fact his back was so scarred it looked like a road map. During his recovery, he unfortunately turned to booze and his life took a downward spiral.

Several times in the past when I took Roy down to the hospital I tried to talk to him and encourage him to go to A.A.A. and seek God's help but he wanted no part of it.

After this incident he was in custody and had no access to booze and during our trip together from the Napanee Detection Centre to Court I again implored him to seek God's Help. This time, he realized he was in deep trouble and was more receptive.

We had a bail hearing and much to my surprize and dismay, the wife pleaded with the Judge to allow Roy to go home while waiting trial. I was very anxious however the Judge complied on conditions that Roy refrain from alcohol and attend Alcoholic Anonymous meetings in Marmora.

I suggested to Roy " You have terrorized your little family and now you have a chance to prove you care by attending church with them the following Sunday. He said he would consider it. It just so happened ???, I saw him driving home from the A.A.A. the following Sat. nite with his wife, so I stopped him to see how he was making out and asked if he was going to follow my suggestion on Sun. morning and he looked at his wife, she nodded and he agreed. Sure enough there they were Sun. morning two rows back and unbeknown to the minister who spoke on the subject " How to start life anew" and upon the invitation Roy and his wife came forward for counselling. I truly believe this man had an encounter with Almighty God. He testified that he had had numerous sessions with court-appointed Psychiatrist to no avail but one encounter with God changed his whole life to the extent that he even lost the desire or taste for alcohol and had no trouble driving by the L.C.B.O.

### SET UP FOR A BEATING OR DEATH ????

During the latter part of 1982, a young man appeared on the scene, Robert Mills, 21 yrs from down East and took up residence with a young local girl in an apartment over a store on Front St. It was'nt long before it was quite evident that he was a trouble-maker and was involving some of the younger kids in town with drugs etc. He had a previous police record so before he got too far, I had a good talk with him and told him I would be keeping an eye on his activities. He was'nt very receptive and became very boisterous everytime we made contact. He did not work and did'nt seem interested in working. Also break-ins in the area increased.

One night I was on duty and parked on Mill St. when I saw this guy come down from his apt. and cross over to use the outdoor pay phone. When he passed me, he gave me the finger. Within a moment, I received a radio call to call home and in so doing, my wife Ruthie reported she just received a threatening phone call from a young man who said " Mrs. Foster, YOU ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD"

Later, about 2.00 a.m. He showed up on the North St. I confronted him about the threat. He did'nt deny it and only laughed. At that point, I stressed that I can handle anything he wanted to hand out but when it came to threatening my wife, he was going too far. He knew I was agitated so he slivered back home and stayed there. Fortunately we had a good dog at the house who was of a good nature except if anyone tried to mess with Ruthie, I'm sure he would have made hamburger out of them.

Finally, about 10.45 p.m. March 1<sup>st</sup>. 1983 I received a radio call to attend an alarm ringing at the Co-operative Feed plant on North St. This was a fair-sized building and often the alarm would be set off by rodents after the grain etc. and it became a routine matter of searching the building with the manager. On this occasion however it appeared to have been broken in. I called for back-up by unfortunately none was available at that time and then the manager showed up. He let us into the front customer section of the bldg. And he was about to go into the office near the front when I stopped him. The office was in darkness. I took a hickory pick-handle from the display and handed it to him, advising if anyone was in there and they got past me, to clobber them. I entered the office, in uniform at the time, switched on the flourescent light to reveal the form of a man crouched down by the far wall, hiding his face in his gloved hand. I told him to stand up with his hands in the air so I could see him and he refused to move. At this point, I fortunately shifted my weight to the left, intending to walk around the desk that separated me from the suspect when I was struck from behind by a second man weilding a tire iron. The blow, no doubt intended for my head, struck me on the right shoulder, knocking me to the floor, or at least down one knee. Fortunately I was able the scramble to my feet, turn around and faced my attacker in a survival attempt, just in time to recognize him as Robert Mills. He had the tire iron raised to strike again when I lashed out with the 5 cell flashlight, deflecting the blow and striking the suspect on the head. We both went down on the floor, wrestling for the tire-iron which

(Page 2) he refused to let go of. After several defensive blows with the flashlight, he finally gave up. Needless to say, the office was splattered with blood, fortunately HIS and not mine.

This all happened in seconds as reported by the manager who saw me struck from behind. He claims I literally bounced back to my feet and overpowered the attacker. He joked "Starsky & Hutch have nothing on you Jack" But in all seriousness, when you realize your very life is in danger or someone else's life is in danger, you respond instinctively or you've had it. Later in court, the Judge admonished the accused and publicly announced that if I had my revolver out at that time, I would have been justified in shooting him dead. In retrospect, I'm glad that never happened. Fortunately the 2<sup>nd</sup>. Suspect, Robert Edgar 19yrs. was so scared at what he saw, that he didn't move a muscle until I placed the handcuffs on him. My assailant was removed in an Ambulance to be hospitalized for several days with head wounds. An attempt had been made on the safe.

This really took the starch out of Robert Mills, the once arrogant, boisterous young offender, when I was transporting him back to the Napanee Detention Centre after a appearance in court, he was very sullen and mumbled "I guess I'm in real trouble now Jack" With that, I felt led to pull the cruiser off onto shoulder of the 401 Highway, turning in my seat and facing Mills, eye to eye, I told him "you tried to kill me in that office you were a coward coming from behind like that but you thought I was on my own, other than the manager, but I wasn't alone, I'm never alone." He replied, "I think I know what you mean" I told him I had every reason to hate him for it but I couldn't because God says "Hate not your Enemies". With that he responded quickly "Do you mean to say that you can forgive me?" I replied in the affirmative and said that I was his age one time and but for the Grace of God, I could have followed the same route he did" He lit up like a candle and cried that he was sorry. We prayed together before turning him over to the guards at the Detention centre and I referred him to the Salvation Officer Padre who counselled him and introduced him to a Bible Study.

He later pleaded guilty to Break & Enter and using a Weapon while committing an offence of assault. He received 9 months in Jail. His partner Edgar also pleaded guilty and received 30 days plus probation for 2 yrs. Not having taken a physical part in the assault. After serving his sentence Mills went to live with a sister on the East Coast. Since my retirement, my wife and I were approached by the accused Robert Edgar in a shopping mall in Belleville at which time he was very cordial and introduced us to his wife and two kids.

Reader, don't take this as self-glorification. Honestly, I felt led by a caring God to forgive as I did. In my own strength, I know I would not have and could not have done so. Besides I am convinced the He delivered me from serious injury and possibly an early Death. There is something about the act of forgiveness

that releases volumes of inner good feelings and contentment in the heart and soul of the forgiver as well as the forgiven.

STIRLING NEWS ARGUS MAR. 9/83

## CO-OP break-in broken up

Police work has and downs anywhere, but the Stirling Police have seen both extremes lately.

On the rough side, one man is in hospital with head injuries and Police Chief Jack Foster was treated briefly for a bruised shoulder and hand, after a short but violent struggle as Chief Foster was investigating a break and enter in progress.

The attempted break and enter took place last Monday night at the United Co-operative store on North

Street. Police were tipped at 10:45 that the crime was in progress. Store Manager Bill Mallory arrived shortly after Chief Foster did, and Mr. Mallory unlocked the building. While Mr. Mallory was standing guard on the shop floor, Chief Foster

says he entered in inner office, where he saw a figure crouched under a desk. It turned out to be

bait; as Chief Foster entered the room, he says he was struck from behind with a tire iron. The blow was enough to fell Chief Foster, but he says he got back up fast enough to avoid being hit again, and subdued the second suspect after a brief struggle. "It all happened in seconds," he says.

Charged with break and enter are Robert Edgar, 19,

of Baker Street, Stirling, and Robert Mills, 21, of Front Street West, Stirling.

**LEAVE MY BOY ( 68YRS. OLD) ALONE WILL YA?**

**There was an alcoholic who lived on a farm just outside of town and every once in a while he would show up drunk and driving an old pickup truck and of course everytime I saw him doing so, I arrested him. About 5 times at least.**

**On one occasion he drove in and parked on Ridge Rd. in front of the restaurant and somehow went in for lunch. Upon leaving, I found him so drunk, he was cawling on all fours toward the truck. On another occasion about 3.00 a.m. In the morning he almost ran head-on into my cruiser.**

**Each time he appeared in court, it meant jail time by now and his dear mother would appear on his behalf, appealing to the Judge that she needed him on the farm to help bring in the crops or some other excuse and in most cases the Judge went soft on him. I later spoke to his brother who refuted his mother's claim by announcing that his older alcoholic brother was lazy and never did a stick of work around the farm. Dear mother often called me at the house and berated me for picking on her 68 yr.old BOY. Years later, after my retirement, I learned that the inevitable had happened, he finally killed someone while driving his pick-up Drunk. No doubt Mother dear spoke up for him at that trial as well. Mothers are like that arn't they?**