

WORST SEX CASE EVER: MONSTER GETS SIX YEARS

Nov 14, 1930

'Should Get Life!' Cadi Says of Filthy Sex Fiend

DECRIED by senior court officials as one of the crudest, filthiest sex crimes ever heard of in Ontario, the sordid Trinity Park outrages attributed to an oft-convicted, 55-year-old pervert drew full wrath from Mr. Justice J. Ambrose Shea and also invited the severest penalty permissible by law!

For his dirty, rotten sexual dealing with three innocent, juvenile girls, grisly Jonathan Arnold was ordered to serve six years penal detention. Under the existing Criminal Code, it would have jail sentence!

been impossible for an Assize Court Justice to mete out a heavier

Adopting a suggestion from Crown Counsel Henry Bull, Judge Shea threw a "no-hitter" at Arnold. The depraved sex monster, preying upon unsuspecting little children, received maximum penalties of two years on each of the three indecent assault counts. The sentences will run consecutively.

It was to this end that Crown Counsel Dave Humphries looked when the case first appeared in City "C" Court for a preliminary hearing. At that time Arnold pleaded guilty and wanted to be tried by the police court magistrate. However, had the trial been heard in police court, the maximum penalty the magistrate could have imposed would have been six months on each charge. For that reason, the youthful Mr. Humphries insisted that the case "go upstairs" to the higher court. It was a wise move.

Stating that he would "just as soon" send Arnold away for life, Judge Shea commented that the case was "the filthiest I have ever had the misfortune to preside over."

Severe Penalty

"The penalty shall be as severe as I am allowed to make it," he remarked, in passing sentence.

Mr. Bull revealed that the accused's criminal record dated back to 1915 when he was convicted of attempted rape and sentenced to three years. Ten sex offences have

stocky, deranged, sex-mad brute who speaks with a strange, halting, Scotch-Irish accent.

Apparently, and logically, well-versed in court procedure, the middle-aged Arnold conducted his own defense without benefit of counsel. He cross-examined witnesses with a fair amount of versatility but the underlying horrors of his primitive sex instincts were never completely covered.

The three little girls who took the stand to voice their tale of the afternoon of disgusting depravity in Trinity Park left an irrevocable impression of horror on the few, scattered spectator-witnesses in the closed courtroom. Their sickening association with this corrupt excuse for a man was ubiquitous. It never escaped the minds of the listeners. It was inhuman! And that was what Arnold had to cope with. No matter how agile he might be from his cross examination stand he always had that master hand of sexual bru-

Coaxed Kids

Arnold, with the wonders of money leading the young girls on, coaxed the children to play his horrendous game. The kids had been playing in Trinity Park, behind the Kiwanis Boys' Club house when Arnold approached them. He offered them monetary reward if they would do as he asked.

And when you dangle a buck in front of a kid 11 or 12 years old they don't often take into consideration the seriousness of their commitment—if they are capable of analyzing moral seriousness at all.

Anyway, in short time, this evil-minded pervert had the children before him with their pants down.

He proceeded to satisfy his lust! The little girls complied, reluctantly—not being aware of the irregularity of this "new game" and seeing the splendor of a one dollar bill before their eyes, they were not capable of protesting.

However, a woman attendant at the Club happened to glance out of a window and saw just what was happening.

Disgusting Act

In court, she stated that Arnold was kneeling before one of the kids, who had removed her pants, and had his head against her private parts.

She called police. The girls said Arnold, after he had committed his nauseating act with all three, stood up and exposed himself to them. He also made obscene gestures with his hands and his private parts.

Police Officer Robert Foster arrested accused. He said the man told him the girls had instigated the entire affair. According to Arnold, the youngsters had coaxed him to a little alcove, at the side of the Kiwanis Club, and had asked him

The little girls gazed at him in wide-eyed wonder.

"What happens now?" one of them asked her mother.

"I was disgusted, and told them so, sir," Arnold said to the Justice. "I have never heard of such a sordid case," Mr. Bull concluded. "He is a menace to society and should get the maximum penalty."

Judge Shea agreed. "For the protection of the children you should get life," he told Arnold. "Apparently the terms you have served have had no effect upon improving your weakness."

Arnold trudged out of the courtroom, led by a burly attendant.

JUNE 11/18

Charge Roomer, 58, In Assault on Tot

Charged with attempted rape and indecent assault of a 4-year-old girl on June 3, James Wilfred Galvin, 58, no fixed address, was arrested by PC's Robert Foster and James Mudge, Saturday.

Police said the man was a roomer in the Dundas St. rooming house where the child and her mother lived. A doctor examined the child several days after the alleged attack and a charge was laid.

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HELD AS PROWLER MAN, 26, NABBED ON SECOND COUNT

John Joseph Trainor, 26, of Bedford Rd., a prowler suspect arrested Monday after two shots were fired, was today charged with attempted criminal assault of a young woman, his next-door neighbor.

Police questioned Trainor after Det. Jack Foster went to his home to notify Trainor's wife he had been arrested and jailed. While at the home he remembered that he had investigated an attempted assault in the home next door, three months ago.

Trainor was brought from Don jail on a magistrate's order and questioned about the attack by Det. Foster and Det. John Bassett.

He was arrested at midnight Monday after being twice chased as a suspected window peeper at the rear of houses on Yorkville Ave. and Hazleton Ave.

The 27-year-old woman told police she was awakened at 5.45 a.m. by a partly-clothed man who said, "Don't scream or I'll kill you."

The woman yelled for help and the man escaped down a fire escape.

Police said Trainor was twice arrested in the last three weeks as a prowler. On the first occasion he was charged with being drunk when he was found behind an apartment.

Forrest was arrested by P.C.'s John Foster and Nicholas Hatten on November 2nd. At a previous hearing they had told of seeing part of the nude body of the accused at the open window. The blind was partly drawn but when the police entered the room they found accused in the nude. It was claimed that Forrest had coughed to attract the attention of a woman neighbor. The officers said they had been watching the young man's window for some days as they had complaints about him posing in the window without his clothes on.

"Officers just don't happen to be in the vicinity observing a window," was the comment of the Bench, adding, "Men charged with this sort of offence do not view the offence from the same angle, and while it might not be their intention to offend, still their act does offend and therefore I must find that the accused intended to offend and there will be a conviction".

Earlier Mr. Brown had elicited a remark from Forrest that he had not intended to "insult or offend" anybody, as outlined in the section of the Criminal Code on which the charge was laid.

Magistrate Gullen then imposed a fine of \$40 and costs, the latter totalling \$8, or one month in jail. The fine was paid.

Claim Barkeep Gave Liquor Attacked Girls

John Picher, 31-year-old hotel bartender, was arrested yesterday afternoon by detectives investigating complaints that juvenile girls were being enticed into a Queen st. w. apartment, given liquor and beer, and indecently assaulted.

Picher was arrested by Detectives Kenneth Schultz, Robert Foster and Roy McInnis, who had watched the apartments for more than an hour and questioned two girls, aged 13 and 14 years, leaving the premises.

Picher is charged with indecent assault, with supplying liquor to minors, selling liquor and having liquor illegally.

Detectives said there was an elaborate bar in the apartment, stocked with 144 pints of beer and 22 varieties of liquor.

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SEE SMALL CLIPPING ON LEFT
CHARGE ROOMER 58 IN ASSAULT ON TOT

June 10th. 1949 my plainclothes partner, Jim Mudge and I were called to investigate an Indecent Assault on a 4 yr. old little girl. The alleged assault took place the week prior and was confirmed upon examination by the family doctor who confirmed tearing to her vaginal area, requiring stitches. The suspect was a 58 yr. male roomer.

We questioned the suspect at some length before he admitted the offence. It was apparent that the man needed some psychiatric help.

The following morning we attended court and the defence lawyer had the audacity to request that his client be released from custody so he could attend an out-patient clinic for assessment. We implored the Crown Attorney to insist that the accused be held in custody for examination and evaluation. The defence, the prosecutor and the judge came to logger-heads and finally the judge remanded the case to the next day for further argument.

I approached the lawyer in the hallway and asked him if he had any children and he replied in the affirmative. Then I queried " how can you in all conscience, argue for this perverts release knowing that he would be free to attack some other child" He replied with the old cliché " he's innocent until proven guilty" to which I retorted, " if you manage to get him out and he attacks another child, I will call your house every night to remind you that you are morally responsible" With that he became quite incensed and said he would call the Chief of Police and complain about me. I called his bluff and handed him the telephone which he declined.

The following morning, it was evident we had gotten through to the lawyer because he withdrew his request and agreed to a mental assessment in custody. Subsequently the accused was committed. He had previous convictions for similar offences.

Policeman Shot While on Pre-Christmas Patrol Duty



PC Victor Hargan
Wounded



Rudolph Bobbie
Under arrest



PC Jack Foster rushed partner to hospital. Here illustrates how gunman fired on his buddy with Sunday morning.



Interior of prowl car showing shattered windows and ripped upholstery.



Witnesses to Spadina Ave. shooting. From left: Alf Birgie, Boyd Carlton, Leslie Sims, all of Camden St. They directed police after fleeing gunman.

CHRISTMAS
EVE. 1950

Rifle Maims Constable; Youth Held

Pictures on Page 3.

A lanky, slack-jawed youth of 17 early yesterday felled a police constable and riddled a police squad car with a fusillade of shots from a .303 Ross army rifle.

His elbow shattered by one of five shots fired, PC Victor Hargan, 31, of 98 O'Hara Ave., was taken to Western Hospital. It was feared that the constable may lose the use of his right arm.

Rudolph Bobbie, 17, of 488 Richmond St. W., was arrested in the yard of the Brant Street School. Bobbie levelled the rifle at the arresting officer, PC Milton Berger, but Berger was able to close with the youth and wrest the gun away from him.

In a statement to police, Bobbie was reported to have said he fired at the officers because he "feared the atom bomb." An investigating detective said the youth had admitted being on his way to rob an east end sporting goods store of two .38 revolvers. A search of his home turned up two well-kept hunting knives, two boxes of .22 ammunition, gun oil and a pull-through for cleaning a rifle.

PC Hargan and his partner, PC Jack Foster, were patrolling north on Spadina Ave. early Sunday morning when they spotted Bobbie walking south carrying a long, paper-wrapped parcel and a box. They turned their patrol car and caught up with the youth at the corner of Camden St. PC Hargan, riding on the right hand side of the car, asked Bobbie what he was carrying.

"Oh, do you want to see it?" Bobbie asked. He turned slightly sideways and fumbled at the paper wrapping around the breach of the rifle. Without warning he worked the bolt and fired three times from the hip at 12-foot range.

Two shots completely shattered the side window glass. Another burst through the car door, ranged upward and struck PC Hargan's elbow, glanced off and burned across his stomach.

"I'm hit," Hargan cried to his partner.

Foster got the car in gear and lurched away as Bobbie stepped into the street and fired two more shots. One pierced the body of the police car and drove through the upholstery of the rear seat. PC Foster put in a general alarm on his car radio and raced to the hospital with his partner.

Three bystanders saw the shooting. They were Alfred Burgie, 14 Camden St.; Leslie Sims and Boyd Carlton, both of 8 Camden. They said Bobbie stood for a moment after the police car pulled away, then raced west on Camden St. and finally disappeared up a lane. They managed to attract PC Berger and PC Harold Johnson, who pursued the youth into the Brant St. school-yard where he was captured.

PC Hargan, who has been on the police force about four years, was lauded by his superiors as an outstanding young officer.

"He has made an outstanding record for efficiency since assigned to plain-clothes work," Det.-Insp. John Nimmo said. "It is a shame that so fine a young constable faces the possible ruin of his career through such a tragic happening."

Police revealed last night that the rifle seized from Bobbie had been obtained from a second-hand store.

CASE OF:- RUDOLPH BOBBIE
CHARGE:- ATTEMPTED MURDER

PLAINCLOTHES PARTNER WOUNDED
IN ARM AND STOMACH IN FUSILLADE OF RIFLE SHOTS

This is one experience I will never forget as long as I live. The Lord was with us or neither my Plainclothes Partner Vic Hargan or I would be alive to recall this terrible experience.

It was just after midnight and the dawning of another Christmas Day, 1950. We were patrolling Spadina Ave. in the scout car when we observed a lanky youth carrying a long parcel and walking south on Spadina near Camden Ave. We decided to make a routine check and pulled the car up along side of him. I was driving and Vic was acting as escort. Vic rolled down the car window on his side and asked the youth what he was carrying and identified us as police officers. The only words the youth said were "dox you want to see it" It looked as though he was going to be very co-operative and we were not alarmed until he suddenly tore some of the wrappings off around the breach and trigger of a 303 rifle and without warning turned on his heel aimed it directly at us and fired. He was only about 12 feet away from Vic's side of the scout car and all I recall is seeing a flash of fire and the car window shattering into a thousand pieces. I reached for my service revolver to return fire but realized after looking through the shattered window again that he had the rifle up to his shoulder and aimed straight at us again. The natural thing to do was to duck and in doing so for some unknown reason, I reached for the gear shift, pulled it down and the scout car jolted ahead out of his line of fire. Although he had already fired three consecutive shots into the scout car from the hip I didn't realize until this time that Vic had been wounded. I stopped the scout car down the street a short ways and heard another shot whistle by and a fifth shot that ripped through the right rear fender, through the body and the back seat apparently glancing off the springs and breaking into numerous small particles the lead imbedded itself in the back of our seat and in the windshield. The gunman then lowered his rifle and I was about to get out of the car when Vic yelled "I'm hit in the arm and I think I've got one in the stomach" My first concern was my partner's life so I grabbed the mike and put over an Emergency Call to the dispatcher giving a brief desc. of the gunman and direction going when last seen. While putting the message over several police cars who must of heard the shots arrived at the scene and the search was underway. At neck-breaking speeds

SHOOTING (CONTINUED)

General Hospital, passing on wrong side of street cars, through Red Lights etc. and had Vic rushed into the Emergency. After a while he was rushed to Toronto General Hospital for immediate surgery. Investigation showed that one of the slugs had ripped through metal door of the scout car, creased Vics stomach and come to a stop when it tore into his thick Official Memmo Book. A second slug smashed into his right elbow presumably when Vic put up his arm to protect his face. His elbow was a mess. I was standing behind the four Police Doctors when they were viewing the X-Ray on the screen. Three of them were for Amputation but the fourth, a man whom I admire greatly as a Doctor and as a gentleman refused to have anything to do with it, that was Dr. Tovie. His theory was, "we can always take it off but we cant put it back on again" Dr. Tovie was given the okay to go ahead and try and after some 4 hours of surgery things looked brighter. He had to literally search for the pieces and put them back together with wire, tie the nerves and blood vessels and as a result, nothing short of a miracle, before too long Vic could move his fingers and eventually regained 80% use of his injured arm.

After examining the scout car it was evident that it was nothing short of a miracle that we were'nt both killed. I felt badly that I could'nt see the thing through and capture the gunman myself. Some of the men wondered why Vic and I did'nt return our fire but Vic would tell you himself that we did'nt have a chance, he had the drop on us. I felt better when the Deputy Chief Constable & the Chief Inspector assured me that I done the only thing possible in putting the cruiser in gear an act that probably saved both our lives. Otherwise we were sitting ducks for the crazed gunman who had 164 rounds of 303 ammunition on him. Thanks to the alert and quick action of 3 citizens and the courage of P.C. Berger the crazed gunman was arrested in a school yard a block away from the scene of the shooting, only after he had threatened to shoot the officer also.

A SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE STORY

About 3 years later, one rainy evening, I was on cruiser patrol in Plainclothes Detective Duty in Company with A Det. Roy Soplest on Farnham Ave. when I observed a tall slender youth walking west on the north side of Farnham Ave. in the rain and he appeared to be carrying a rifle at his side with the butt protruding from under his right arm at the back and the barrell protruding at the front pointing toward the ground. I mentioned it to my partner and he agreed that it was a rifle alright so we decided to investigate. My experience of Christmas 1950 came to mind and I told Roy to be on his toes and needless to say I had all intention to do so myself. As we pulled up beside the youth Roy asked him what he was carrying and identified us as Police Officer and as if I was living the past all over again, the youth turned on his heels and pointed it at us in the darkness stating "do you want to see it" (exact words) We had every reason to believe it was a rifle in the manner he pointed it at us and Roy quick as a Cobra, lashed out with his fist landing a dandy on the guys chin sprawling him out on the sidewalk. It's a good thing he laid him out because I waisted no time this time in getting out of the car with my service revolver in hand and ready for use. You can imagine the look on our faces when I grabbed for what we thought was a rifle and picked up an old fashioned Black

SHOOTING SEQUEL (CONT)

olting situation. When our victim came to, we obtained his name and address from him and then decided that our best move would be to take him to his home and explain in detail what had taken place to his parents thereby preventing any kick back that may develop. When the full story came to light his mother thanked us stating that he was just acting smart and had no fault to find with us, apparently she had demanded that he carry the umbrella when he went out that night but he was too cocky to put it up even in the rain. Before leaving I believe we impressed on the 19 year old youth the seriousness in that if my partner had'nt slugged him, I may have shot him under the circumstances when he had, what we had every reason to believe was a rifle pointed at my partner.

Previous Puzzle



- 43 Paid notice in a newspaper
- 44 Clamp
- 45 Accomplishes
- 46 Above
- 47 Rowing
- 48 Implements
- 49 Steamer (ab.)
- 51 Greek letter
- 53 Eye (Scot.)
- 55 Thus



PC Milton Berger braved death, advancing on youth as he was reloading the rifle.



PC Harold Johnson, with PC Berger, cornered youth in Brant st. schoolyard.



PC Victor Hargan was struck in elbow and stomach by two of five shots.

2 P.C.s Praise Hospital



PC Bob Rice carries his bride of a week over the threshold to show what a good job the Toronto General Hospital did in putting him back in shape from the "barely breathing and pulseless" state he was in when hit by a truck while on motorcycle duty. At right, PC Victor Hargan, whose bullet-shattered arm was saved by TGH doctors, points to hole in coat (which he still wears) he was wearing a year ago Christmas Eve when a youth pulled a .303 rifle from a suspicious package and fired point blank at him. Bullet hit notebook and Christmas cigar in this pocket after passing through his elbow.

By **RON KENYON**
Telegram Staff Reporter

Swathed in an invisibly mended topcoat (the bullet holes don't show much now), Victor Hargan, Toronto policeman who is also—so to speak—"invisibly mended," lent a burly shoulder to the Toronto General Hospital campaign for \$14,000,000 needed for new buildings.

Fifteen minutes after Christmas Eve, 1950, Constable Hargan and a buddy, Constable Foster of No. 3 Station, were wheeling along Spadina ave. in a cruiser, thinking of nothing much but turkey and Christmas Day, when they saw a man carrying a huge parcel and stopped

a .303 rifle from his parcel and fired wildly, shattering Constable Hargan's elbow and lower arm and bouncing a bullet off a thick memo book over his head.

At the General Hospital where the constable arrived in his blood-spattered cruiser the Christmas decorations were up—streamers, wreaths and trees.

But it was not a gay moment for Constable Hargan who would almost certainly lose his right arm. They gave him four pints of blood; shot morphia into him and X-rayed the arm. The elbow was shattered, spattered with lead, there was a hole in his forearm and two of the three main nerves of the arm had

But almost miraculously, Constable Hargan did not lose his arm. Doctors removed lead, put bits of bone together jig-saw fashion, working as a team for weeks and months.

Yesterday, Constable Hargan went back on plainclothes duty for No. 3 station, wearing the same coat (which had been new when he was shot) and the same arm, neither of them visibly much the worse for wear. In point of fact the arm is not quite perfect—it has about 85 per cent. bending power, enough for practical purposes.

Another policeman who had a mortgage on a coffin spoke up for the General Hospital, too. He was Bob Rice, of the traffic division

his spare time.

Constable Rice was riding a motorcycle when a truck turned in front of him. The result: a fractured skull, fractured thigh, several broken ribs in the lower leg, abrasions, cuts and a general sense of depression.

When Constable Rice arrived at the General he was "barely breathing and pulseless," said doctors. They gradually put him back together, wired various parts of his anatomy where it didn't seem likely to stay in one piece. Yesterday he ran up and down a flight of stairs without any sign of difficulty. He admitted his legs hurt during a change in weather, but he's still working at the traffic division.

"Loved His Guns More Than Me"

MOTHER COULD NOT CHANGE RUDOLPH — BOY "NEVER RIGHT"

By MRS. LEONA BOBBIE
As Told to Dorothy Howarth

I have been at the police station until six o'clock this morning telling them why my son shoots someone.

If you live by a bullet—you die by a bullet. It is God's law!

Rudy loved guns more than he loved me. The boy is not right. You can tell that in his face.

For hours he would play with his gun. Take it apart, scrape it, clean it, put it together again. Until I would cry and say, "Rudy, take it away. If you love me, throw it away. I hate guns." And he would take it away, but he would be very angry. He is not right in the head.

TOOK BACK TWO GUNS

Once I broke up a gun and burned it in a furnace. Then I took two back to the store and they gave me \$40. Whenever I found one I would take it from him. I would phone the store and say, "Don't sell that boy a gun! He is not right. You can tell by his face! Look at him!"

But they would sell him one—anyone. One was the most honest. It came a time when they would not sell him anything.

He cannot read or write, but he can find his way around on the streetcar, and he can find the gun stores.

The doctor told me when he was born, the pupils of his eyes always so big, he would never be right. I sent him to St. Mary's until he was 13, but he did not learn anything. I went to the Mental Hygiene Clinic on College street and asked them how to look after Rudy. I think maybe through my great love, because I am his mother, I can help. I say to them, teach me how to care for my boy.

Nobody can do anything with him but me. No, no. He has no friends. He is always alone. He does not like people. He would not eat in my restaurant with other people. Always he wants to be alone. He cannot get along with my brother, or my daughter.

There is her wedding picture on the wall. She made a good marriage, has two children. They are very happy. Because I bring up my girl so well, do such a good job on her I cannot understand why I cannot do the same for Rudy. But maybe it is



Rudolph Bobbie, 19, is held on charge of attempted murder in shooting of officer.

God's will. Maybe it is God's will that this happened — because they would not listen to me when I ask them to take Rudy, when I began to be afraid for him, afraid that he would hurt someone.

LIKED THE NOISE

It started long ago. First he had a water pistol, then he wanted a cap gun, for his birthday. He was six years old — he liked the noise. I would not get it. He was sick for a week. Crying. Feverish. Then I got it, and he got up and ran outside. Then it was corks, then a dart gun, and at 16 a .22, the only thing he could have in the city.

But when I saw how he loved that .22 I became afraid. My son-in-law said he wanted to borrow it to go hunting, so Rudy let him have it. Then my son-in-law would not give it back. We did not want Rudy to have it. But Rudy got a job setting pins in a bowling alley and he made a little money.

I made him put it in the bank. He has \$100 in the bank now. I can show you his book. But he saved a

little back—and he bought another gun. He would play with it, clean it, love it. He loved it more than I did me. My daughter was afraid. She said, mother, you must not have Rudy there with you with that gun. But I was not afraid, because I was the only one that could do anything with him. Then I began to take them away. But he always got another, bigger, with longer bullets every time. I am a strong woman. I came from Poland. I was 13 and I worked and kept my mother and raised two sisters. I married but my husband was no good. When Rudy was 3 I left my husband. The boy has never known a father.

"WE CANNOT TAKE HIM"

When Rudy still got guns I went to the police and said, take this boy, he will hurt someone. But they said, he is not a bad boy. We cannot take him. I wanted them to put him in Orillia, but they said no, we cannot take him. He is all right at home. I went to several places. You can call these people if you like. They know me. But they would not listen. They tell me to keep Rudy, to take care of him here. He has done no wrong, he is a good boy, they say. He is all right with you.

"Now it has come. What I was afraid of. What I told them would happen all along. If you live by a bullet, if you love it so much—that is the way you die.

Rudy will be 19 in April—a man. But he is not a man. He is a sick boy. He cannot learn anything. His hands are so slow. It takes him half an hour to drink a cup of tea. It takes me hours to teach him how

to tie his shoes. I put his hands in the right way, show him, until he learns.

KNOWS ONLY GUNS

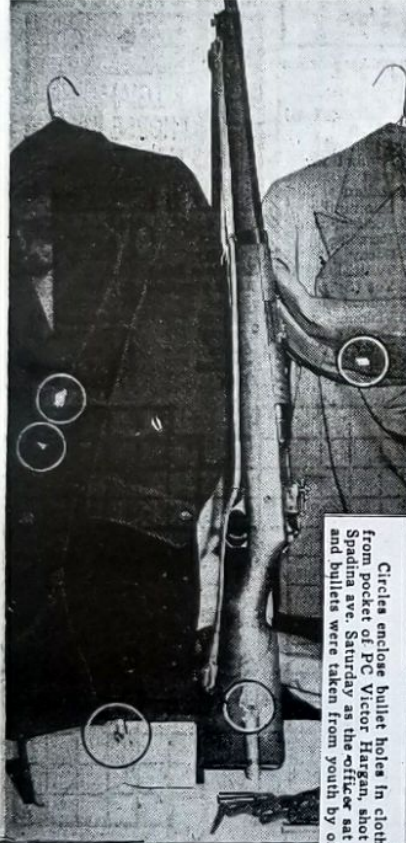
For hours I try to explain to him what day of the week it is, what date, what hour, how to tell the time. The next day it is all gone. He does not know today from yesterday, what time it is, when he has done this thing. He knows only guns.

I have to say to him, Rudy, your shirt is dirty, change your shirt. I liked him in white ones, but now he wears them dark. Two years ago I sent him to my other house on Richmond street to live with my brother. I had to. I will not always be here to look after him. What if something should happen to me—who will look after Rudy? He had to learn to look after himself. But I go to the house almost every day. Still—I am not there at night.

I cannot watch all the time to see if he has guns. My brother was out last night. Maybe if he had been in this would not have happened. I don't know. But now they will listen to me when it is too late. Now they will put my Rudy away where he cannot hurt anyone any more. My love could not change him. It is God's will.



Parents Ri



Circles enclose bullet holes in clothing, notebook and a cigar from pocket of PC Victor Hargan, shot by a 19-year-old youth on Spadina ave. Saturday as the officer sat in a police cruiser. Rifle and bullets were taken from youth by officers who arrested him.

December 29, 1960.

Hello Vic:

I'm sorry I could'nt get up to see you yesterday, but I have been instructed that only your immediate family are to visit you until after your operation. But keep your chin up Pal, we are thinking of you and praying for you. I went back to work last night and worked with Bill Koopman for the night, but tonight, I will be prowling around by myself. Everybody I meet ask about you and want to drop in to see you. After your operation, I will drop in often myself.

Do you know Pal, the more I think of our experience, the more I realize that God was with us, it was nothing short of a miracle that we are both alive today. I believe that God spared us for a definite reason. Indeed He has done so much for us, although we have done so little for Him. This experience has brought me to realize my need for a closer walk with God whom I know as my Saviour. Although I have failed Him many times, He has never failed me. I did'nt intend to preach a sermon Vic, but it was something that was on my heart, and I felt that you would realize my sincerety.

I was just talking to your wife over the phone and I was glad to hear that you were up in the wheelchair yesterday and in to see Mac, also that you can move your fingers better. Keep it up Pal, you've got what it takes and I've got to hand it to you. I am enclosing a small edition of St. John's Gospel which are distributed by the Internation Christian Police Association. If you would read it in your spare time, I am sure you will find it quite helpful.

Well Vic, I guess I will close for now, so Keep Looking Up and if there is anything, I can do for you Pal, dont be afraid to speak up. I would be glad to do anything for the guy who stopped that bullet for me.

Remembering you in Prayer.

Your Partner.

P.S. I will be up to see you as soon as they permit me to.

Jack

VIC HANSEN
BRINA " SCARBOROUGH
PARKDALE 58 @YAHOO.COM

GLENN (TRACY) HUSKING

Robert Foster

From: "bryan hargan" <parkdale58@yahoo.com>
To: <jackruth-beau@sympatico.ca>
Sent: Tuesday, December 18, 2007 8:44 PM
Subject: Many thanks from Bryan Hargan

Hello Jack,

I can't say how delighted I am to hear from you. When Glen told me about yourself I was totally amazed at how small a world we live in. I have often glanced at my late fathers scrapbook-and read that letter which I treasure. Dad never spoke about the incident at all. Thanks so much for letting me look at your website-it was fascinating to read all what is in it. We share another common denominator also. I was shocked to know that you used to live on Flora Drive-and at 48! I moved into 40 Flora Drive in 1983-second one from the bend-left there in 1990-and now my son owns the house. My two "children" attended Winston Churchill CI also.

Mum is indeed still alive but has had a difficult year. She suffered a couple of serious strokes back in June and has been confined to the Riverdale-Bridgepoint Rehab hospital since then. She has lost the use of her right side and her speech is also affected. My sister and myself take her out for weekends to her old home on O'Hara which she enjoys but its a real chore for us. She is slated to be released next March-but to where we are still figuring that out.

I told mum about this whole story-she was also shocked-and very happy by it. She wanted me to convey her best wishes-and remembrances to you and the family.

Yes-miracles do happen and I think that its befitting that it should be at this time of year.

So Jack, may I take this opportunity to wish you and all your family a Blessed and Happy Christmas and New Year!

Best wishes,

Bryan Hargan