

## Going... Going,,, Gone

It was 10:00 o'clock at night and I still hadn't found the car. I had looked everywhere that I could think of but with no luck. I was tired, irritable and just wanted to go home to bed. Just one more cruise around this area. Then I spotted it. The car was parked behind a bar just off the main street. It was the right make and model and the licence plate was the one I was looking for. Just to be positive I checked the serial number through the windshield. It was the one. I phoned my buddy at the towing company and told him to get over as fast as he could. He was there in 5 minutes. The car was hooked to the tow truck and was on the way in less than 10. Another successful repossession by the Repo Man.

When I came home from a 3 year world tour it was time to find a job of some kind. I was hired by a finance company as a collection agent and my main function was repossessing cars. Talk about a year of excitement.

I remember Mr. Harris. My manager had been trying to get in touch with Mr. Harris for a long time as his car payments were 3 months overdue. He could never get in touch with him so he sent me out to his house to settle the account. I knocked on the door and a lady answered and I told her I wanted to speak to Mr. Harris. When she found out I was from the finance company she started to close the door in my face. In a moment of stupidity I put my foot on the door and pushed it back open. Mrs. Harris stumbled backwards and that's when I saw Mr. Harris sitting at the kitchen table. He looked big. When he saw what had happened he got up from the table and came towards me. He looked even bigger now so I turned and ran. He ran after me. I jumped into my car and took off. He jumped into his car and took off after me. I headed straight back to my office with Mr. Harris right on my tail.

I parked outside the finance company office and ran inside with Mr. Harris close behind. I ran in and said to the Manager, "You wanted to talk to Mr. Harris?" He said, "Yes, of course." I said, "Well, here he is." Right on cue Mr. Harris came running through the door with murder in his eyes. There was no doubt that I was the intended victim. Before he could grab me by the throat and start the death process my manager interceded. Now my manager was a big guy, even bigger than Mr. Harris. As well as being the manager of a finance company he was also the local bailiff. He persuaded Mr. Harris to talk things over by grabbing him by the front of his shirt and pushing him into a chair. When they had finished their chat the manager handed me the keys to Mr. Harris' car and told me to put it in the storage yard. I was beginning to think that this is not the line of work that I should pursue. All of a sudden a job in accounting seemed to be a more practical choice.

Some times I would go out to collect overdue car payments and the payments would come in unusual ways. One customer owed 2 months payments on his car but had no money. However, his German Shepherd had just had puppies. Instead of a cash payment I came home that night with 2 German Shepherd puppies and gave one to my friend Terry.

Another time I called on a farmer to collect overdue payments on his tractor. He had no money. I told him, "No dough, then I have to tow". He needed the tractor and the only way he could raise the money was to sell a calf. That was fine with me so we loaded a calf in the back of my car and headed in to town to sell it. He was able to keep his tractor.

I had to go out one time and collect payments or repossess a television set. When I rang the doorbell a young girl answered and said that the owners were not at home. She was the babysitter. I told her that was alright I was just here to pick up the TV. She was surprised because she told me the TV seemed to be working fine. I assured her that there was a problem with it and had to take it. I went in to the family room and the TV was blaring cartoons with 2 young children watching. I told them that I had to take the TV but hopefully their parents will have it back real soon. Off I went with a TV in the back of my car. Another successful repossession by the Repo Man.



**Brad McInnes**  
**YMASC President 1970 - 1971**

