

OPINION

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PATRICIA PAPPAS, PUBLISHER
JO ANN STEVENSON, Editor-in-chief
PAULA CROWELL, Editor
ANDREW MAIR, Editor
DEBRA WELLES, Director of Advertising
BARRY GOODYEAR, Director of Distribution
VIVIAN O'NEIL, Business Manager
PAMELA NICHOLS, Operations Manager

Markham 294-2200 (sales 798-7624, classified 294-4331), Stouffville 640-2100, Uxbridge 852-9741
 294-8244 distribution and administration
 9 Heritage Rd. Markham L3P 1M2
 FAX: Markham 294-1538, Stouffville 640-5477, Uxbridge 852-4355

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Stop telephone invasion even without C-62

"Hello. How would you like to get rich and stay home?" Sound like the one-sided conversation you had with a robot last night on the phone?

Telephone solicitation is annoying, even when speaking with an actual live person, but when the solicitor is a taped message the nuisance factor escalates - when the calls are repeated after you've hung up, it's intolerable.

Recent technology such as automatic dialing and announcing devices (ADAS) have created havoc with our home and office environments.

The public is being abused by commercial solicitation and the telephone companies



Viewpoint

Jo Ann Stevenson

say they are at a loss to stop these unwanted unwelcome invasions.

The Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) says its clout would be strengthened by Bill C-62 which it hopes will pass soon. The federal bill would give telephone companies permission to cut off service to customers who break the rules.

But existing rules aren't

giving us any relief. Restrictions of ADAS already exist.

Telephones and faxes must not be used for sequential or random dialing, they must be disconnected within ten seconds after the party hangs up, and they can operate only within specific time periods - weekdays till 8 p.m. Saturday till 5 p.m. and Sundays noon to 5 p.m.

Telephone companies have been directed to discontinue service to contravening individuals or companies - so why are we who complain about the frequent and blatant disrespect for these rules being told by Bell Canada to call CRTC and told by CRTC to complain to our MP?

How are we to believe that

Bill C-62 is going to end this nightmare when telephone companies are not making use of the clout they already have?

Whether individual or corporate customers, we deserve to have our wishes respected in the use of our telephones and faxes. Abuse is a direct invasion of our privacy.

To complain, call Bell Canada's business office and CRTC which takes collect calls at (819) 997-0272.

Radar program needed but costly

Dear Editor,

Andrew Mair's article in the May 22nd issue of the Weekender (Big Brother radar system is badly flawed) is completely indicative of how journalists in Canada, for the most part, have become conditioned to pounce on every government policy or proposal in sight without giving due consideration or analysis.

Mr. Mair asserts that a photographic radar system being discussed to catch speeding drivers is going to inevitably lead to increased costs for car rentals, company bankruptcies, and even an array of lay-offs.

This is of course going to occur because the companies will no doubt have to absorb any tickets that may be issued as a result of the radar system to drivers renting the cars from car rentals. Or so Mr. Mair thinks.

What is forgotten in this journalist's analysis is that in order to rent a car anywhere in this province the renter is obliged to give his/her credit card number. If we believe that for one moment the car rental companies are going to refrain from sending those tickets right back to the customers who are responsible for them, then we have stopped thinking all together.

Speeding drivers are a problem and they pose a danger to all of us. The real dilemma, however, is not the issue of lay-offs or bankruptcies.

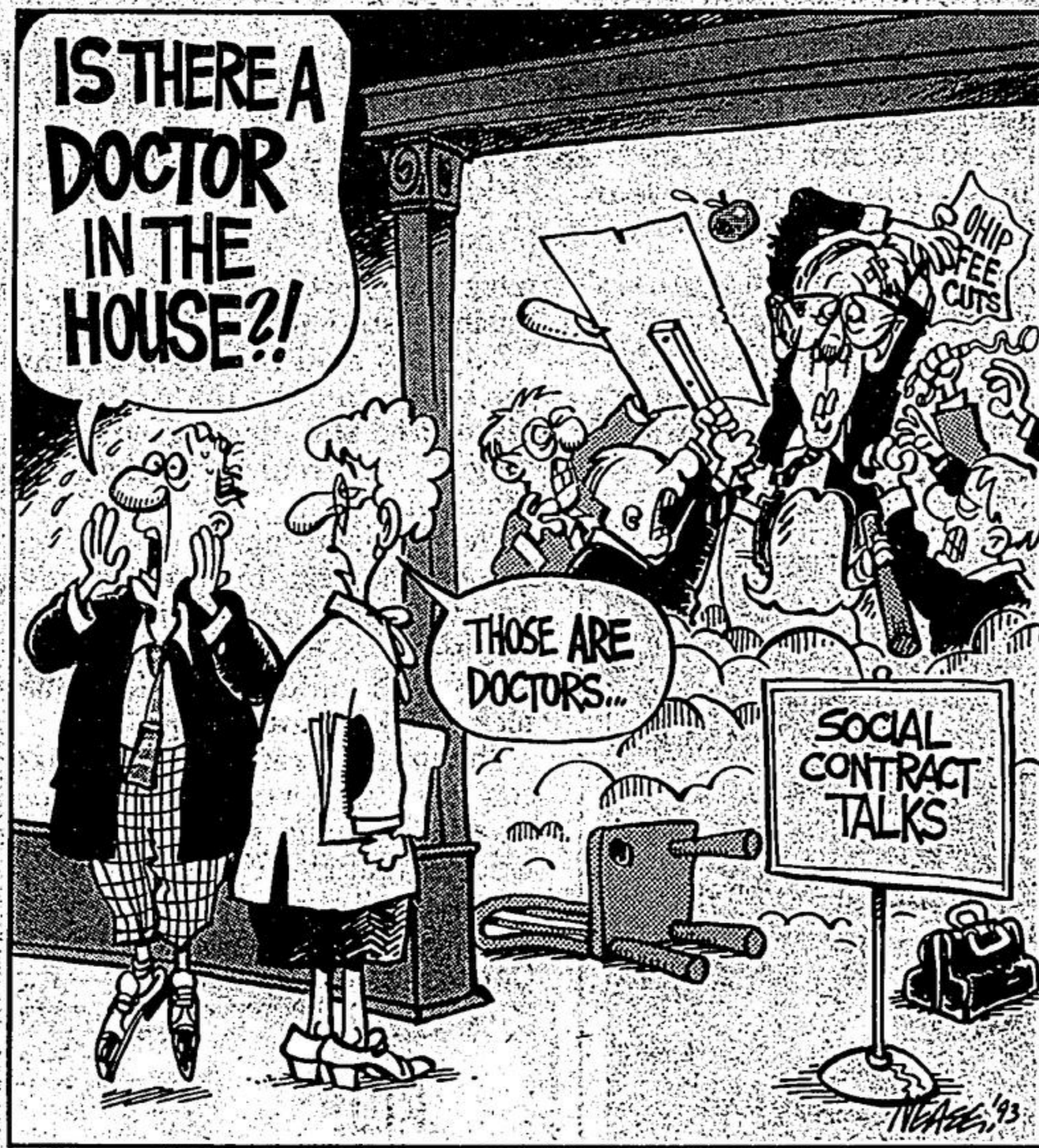
Instead, it is whether the

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NDP government can, given the financial constraints of the time, afford to establish such a program.

Mr. Mair would be advised to get the issues right and give us some compelling commentary.

Shinan Govani
Milliken Mills



Dirty Harry tactics deal twist of justice

I hear rumors that Clint Eastwood plans to do another Dirty Harry movie.

I can't pretend that I'm surprised. It must be easy work. When he portrays that ne'er-do-well, rogue San Francisco detective Harry Callaghan all Clint has to do is squint a lot, adjust his sunglasses from time to time and blow away bad guys with his .44 Magnum.

I can't say that I'm surprised either that Dirty Harry movies continue to be box office dynamite. They flog the same commodity offered by the Death Wish movies Charles Bronson sleepwalks through every couple of years - simple, Old Testament solutions to modern problems.

In the world of Death Wish and Dirty Harry the lesson is always cut and dried and the bad guys are always badder than bad. They're scum, ergo: gun them down.

Would that real life were so simple. Would that modern justice were even in the ball park.

The other day on my TV Oprah was interviewing a prison inmate who had just been sentenced for dealing heroin.

"What did the judge give you?" asked Oprah.

"Eighteen years" said the prisoner.

"And when do you get out?" pursued Oprah.

"I'm eligible for parole next summer" said the prisoner.

And the TV audience laughed! That's how cynical we've become about the courts and justice.

That's why a little cheer leaps unbidden to the back of our throat when we see Dirty Harry short circuit a legal system that's constipated to the point of immobility. Hooray - here comes simple, monosyllabic Harry dispensing instant "justice" in lethal lead capsules. It's stupid. It's fantasy. But it works.

And the news we get from the courts doesn't seem calculated to make Six Gun Justice any less attractive. Some time ago I wrote about the despondent New Yorker who tried to kill himself by jumping in front of a subway train. He lived - albeit as a quadrapalegic. When he recovered sufficiently, the would-be suicide sued the New York Transit Authority for a million dol-



Basic Black

Arthur Black

lars, claiming the Authority had failed to protect him.

He won, too.

Last month a woman sued the Chicago rapid transit system over the death of her husband. And how had he died, exactly? Well, while waiting for his train he urinated over the tracks.

Right on the electrified rail. The wife sued for neglect, claiming \$1.5 million would go a long way towards allaying her grief.

She won, too.

Ah, but every so often the universe unfolds the way it ought to. I give you the tale of Dwight Coverson, would-be Mississippi rapist. One night Dwight broke into a house in Jackson and found himself in the bedroom of a 50 year old unprotected woman.

Perfect!

Dwight jumped on the woman, slapped around, cursed her, and when he had her thoroughly frightened, took off his clothes. Which is when the woman grabbed him in what would have been an intimate embrace if it hadn't been quite so... energetic.

There are no names in jiu-jitsu for the hold the woman put on the man. You won't see it employed by members of the World Wrestling Federation. Suffice it to say it's two-handed, vice-like and extremely painful.

"Please, please," whimpered Dwight, "you're killing me!"

"Die then" said the woman. "Woman, you got me suffering" moaned Dwight.

"Have you thought about how you were going to leave me suffering?" she replied. With a twist.

Dwight Coverson eventually managed to break free and get away, but he wasn't hard to find. Police just followed the crawl marks in the dirt. They led right to Coverson's house. Police found him in bed, in great pain.

I don't know how Dirty Harry would feel about it, but a story like that sure makes my day.

ADAM

by Brian Bassel

