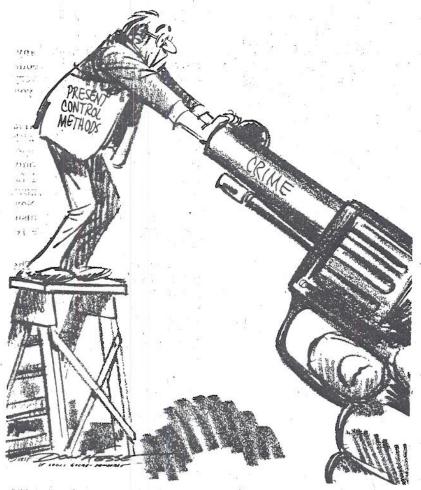
## OTHER VOICES / The Examiner's open forum for your views on all issues

## Buying a handgun—not a difficult thing to do



- Don Hesse, St. Louis Globe Democrat

"Maybe our timing was a bit off"

By Mark Harris

no:

IN THESE days, it appears, good is the reward for evil and evil is the reward for good!

Being irritated by the filth in San Francisco and the underworld flow of guns for the ones who control this filth, I decided to buy a-gun.

Sixth Street, to inquire about obtaining a gun.

and that would get the job done.

It turned out to be a .38 special.

Requirements:

no One must be 21 years old, have valid identification, have no felony convictions, and have no record of being in a mental institution.

The only thing standing in my

way was a possible felony; which I hoped had been reduced to a misdemeanor. As far as the mental institution, I lied.

I said I wanted the gun to bump off these rotten jerks. The dealer was accommodating and asked me to pay a \$5 registration fee and wait five days while they checked with the police department.

I was not informed that one must apply for a permit at the Hall of Justice to carry a con-

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cealed weapon. They couldn't have caught me until I had killed ten or 20, anyway.

I said I wanted to go by the Hall of Justice to check whether that felony had been reduced. At the Hall, I went to the section where one must pay a \$2 fee for his or her rap sheet (the paper that has one's record on it).

The girl at the window explained my rap sheet to me — no felony convictions; all misdemeanors. I told her this meant I could get a gun. She asked me why I wanted a gun.

where police leave off. I expounded vociferously upon my noble
intentions to bump off these sin
operators — those promoting
adultery, prostitution, bestiality,
sodomy, homosexuality, drug
abuse, bodily abuse with mankind, devil worship, murder, rape!

reassured them, saying I was going to be selective in my choice of victims.

Five days later I returned to the gun shop to learn permission had been granted me to obtain a gun.

IF I HAD HAD THE MONEY
I COULD HAVE GOTTEN THE

GUN AND GONE TO WORK IMMEDIATELY.

I had changed my mind. I didn't want to kill innocent people by mistake; and besides, I might get caught.

Maybe the police department sympathizes with my sentiments; realizing they're stymied by law and DO need my help.

There are those in authority who view all this as a way to make a buck. I suspect that it's complacency, indifference, greed and fear on the part of the police department, legislators, City Hall and the gun dealer that qualified me for a gun. They should be shot first!

There is another more philosophical way to view this. In denying freedom of expression you deny constitutional rights.

Being able to kill someone is an act of expression; being able to have a gun is man's cherished unalienable right; as is freedom to commit adultery, prostitution. etc. These are mere acts of expression. These acts are constitutional because they ARE acts of expression.

These acts and the places supporting them are as unconstitutional as the underworld gun flow supporting them.

The whole nation is hurt.

People are in need. They are hungry or they have no place to live. There's a \$70 billion national deficit. There's enough money, but it's flowing into wrong hands for wrong reasons.

People in need go without. Likewise, people needing guns to protect their businesses and having procured them accomplish little, since practically anyone can get one.

One, convicted of felony, upon getting his record expunged, may receive a gun. Even someone having been recently hospitalized in a mental institution may get one. All one must do is lie. Records aren't kept at the Hall of Justice.

Great cancers of society such as areas like the Tenderloin are allowed to exist and grow. And if you think gun control can be achieved while allowing underworld activity to continue and grow — you've got another thought coming!

There is one redeeming aspect of gun control. It is difficult to get a gun at a gun shop you're returning to in order to reapply for that gun you had earlier decided not to get; especially when everybody knows what you are going to do with that gun. If I wanted a gun bad enough, the Tenderloin is the place to look.

Returning to the pawn shop, I told them I had run into some trouble I wanted to take care of and wanted the gun after all. The dealer told me it was standard procedure in this case to inquire with the Pawn Shop Detail at the Hall of Justice.

So I went to the Pawn Shop Detail and told them I wanted my gun after all.

Two members of the San Francisco Police Department, Jack Ballentine and Raymond J. Hilvert, leaped at the opportunity to ask me some pertinent questions and to inform me I no longer qualified for the gun — the gun which Jesus Christ had kept me from buying the first time.