The strange case of Sylvanus Jefferson brings a few important facts to

It shows that there are some people in the Mental Health Centre at Penetanguishene

Jefferson spent 19 of his 38 years in the MHC after being found not guilty by reason of insanity on a charge of wounding in 1957.

The man who admitted he hasn't been "home" since he was nine years old and has totally severed relations with his family said he was "on his own"

Being on his own his case and any possible chance for release from the hospital was left to the mechanics of the review board hearings and recommendations of hospital

The actions of the ombudsman's office are

to push for his release.

were accomplished without fanfare or publicity-seeking.

The same cannot be said for the Church of Scientology's Citizens Commission on

Jefferson perhaps best summed up the press. If they really wanted to help they wouldn't keep going to the papers and on television.'

The scientologists have done much damage with their MHC witch hunt.

Bob Dobson-Smith, chairman of the group, arrives in town almost weekly with lengthy press releases flailing the Mental Health

Centre on a variety of fronts. It is intersting to note that Dobson-Smith often hands out press releases about a meeting with patients or staff at the hospital and the releases describe what happened at the meeting.

Unfortunately Dobson-Smith feels he need not attend the meeting at all in order to "know" what was said.

In many cases the press releases are prepared in Toronto the day before the meeting even took place.

Such irresponsible actions must not and will not be tolerated.

This is not to say that there is nothing wrong with some of the activities or cases at the MHC but far better that the investigating of such wrongs be done by responsible people such as those in the ombudsman's office. As one hospital staff member said

recently, "We (the MHC) need a watchdog but not Dobson-Smith.' Let us only hope that the investigation conducted by the ombudsman's office will show both MHC staff members and patients that there is an interested body which is

responsible and can conduct business outside

the colums of a newspaper. There will no doubt be many more patients who will, as Jefferson said, avoid the scientologists like the plague.

Sugar and Spice

Well, what is your opinion of capital punishment and gun control, Uncle Elmer". Yes or no? Thank you. I thought so.

has lumped the two into a new piece of of spring, from the Song of Solomon, legislation on which those famous fencesitters, our Members of Parliament, are presently and uncomfortably astride.

It is perfectly obvious, even to an M.P. what the public wants, in both cases. A large majority would like to keep the capital punishment issue on the books, and apply it

An equally large majority would like to see a much more effective form of gun control. for the simple and sensible purpose of cutting down on violent crime.

But, and here's the political catch, in each case the minority speaks with a stentorian voice, and politicians, like St. Joan, pay a lot of attention, perhaps too much, to voices. stentorian or otherwise.

Strange bedfellows. On the one hand, the humanitarians who believe that the taking of life, even officially, and even for murder, is wrong. And in the same sack, those violently opposed to gun control as some sort of interference in the sacred rights of the in-

dividual to pack a fire-iron if he so chooses. The Bible tells us that on a certain occasion: "The voice of the turtle was heard in In its ineffable wisdom, our government the land." This was a reference to the return

> Transfer this to Canada, spring 1976, and it might be paraphrased: "And the voice of the

turkey was heard in the land." I would never, of course, suggest that everyone who favours capital punishment or is against gun control is a turkey. That would eliminate most of my friends. But the gabble and gobble is unmistakeable.

I have my own clear-cut opinions on each issue, and I herewith offer them for the guidance of puzzled politicians and the few hundred Canadians who are indecisive on these matters.

Let us take a case in point. This is a true story. Just over a decade ago, a 14-year-old boy shot and killed his mother. I don't blame him. I'd have done the same.

He was a good boy, in every sense, and a good student. But his mother wanted him to he a great boy and a superb student. She nagged him ruthlessly to do better, though the kid was doing his best.

One day, for some reason that is not im-

portant here, he failed a test at school. The harpy was waiting for him, and when he confessed, she lit into him like the Witch of Endor

Voice of the turkey

He went and got his father's gun and shot her dead. Now, according to most of my friends, and 95 per cent of my students, he should have been hanged. Their favourite argument, in our materialistic society: "It'd cost us a hundred thousand dollars to keep him in jail for life."

And all those who favour rigid gun control will say: "It never woulda happened if his father haddena hadda gun."

And those very vocal citizens who oppose very tight restrictions on guns will say: "It woodena happened if the gun was registered and his dad belonged to a hand-gun club and it was under lockankee, like we want."

Well, it wasn't, and he didn't, and it did. All of which, of course, is beside the point, as most of these arguments are. The kid would have killed the old lady with a knife, or a hammer, or her steam iron, or the nearest thing handy, if there'd been no gun.

Well, what did happen? The boy was tried, found guilty of homicide while of unsound mind, and incarcerated in a mental institution, possibly for life. Fair enough?

While there, he showed all the symptoms of normalcy, whatever they are. He wasn't crazy, or even mentally disturbed, if you prefer euphemisms. He knew what he'd

by Bill Smiley

done. He was sorry. During the next several years, he was tutored by a wise and compassionate teacher (not me, Doc). He completed his high school courses, on his own. He was eventually released, wento to university, graduated with honors, and is now a better-than-average member of society.

Perhaps he should have been hange hat would certainly have taught him a la Perhaps we should go back to the lash, and branding a capital "W" on the foreheads of prostitutes, and cutting off the hands of shoplifters. I dunno. These measures didn't put an

end to crime in the middle ages. Perhaps we should be able to go into a drugstore and buy a gun. It's almost that easy in the States. I dunno.

But I do know that capital punishment will never stop murder.

And I do know there are an awful lot of nuts, not quite certifiable, running around the country with perfectly legal guns.

Take it from there, Warren Almand, you plucky little Solicitor-General, or Super-Lawyer, if you don't prefer euphemisms.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE

The Queen's okay but her sister's a bit giddy



by Shirley Whittington

Not long ago, a youngster asked me if

people ever told me they didn't like the things

Indeed yes, and none so forcefully as an

indignant reader who recently wrote (not to

me, but to my editor) insisting that I be fired

forthwith, as penance for an "insulting

That shook me out of my jolly, devil-may-

care attitude toward life, I can tell you. With

trembling hands, I leafed through the files to

I found it, in cold, recriminating print,

reference to Her Majesty The Queen."

I wrote in the weekly press.

find that "insulting reference"

Investment Corporations. Generally a VIC would constitute an investment incentive using a tax deferral approach to get those funds into small businesses. Until now I have concentrated my remarks

One of the basic ways of going about that

job is in the establishment of Venture

on the need and means of getting more people working. You may well ask: why are you not discussing the impact of this budget on the individual citizen?

Suffice it to say that the increase in OHIP premiums, the 5 cent increase on cigarettes per package and the increase on alcohol must be seen in the total light of your Government's expenditure control program. All these additional revenues will be used to reduce the total provincial deficit.

As well, the total number of public servants will be reduced by 1000 positions. Since we started this program over a year ago, a total of 3,241 positions were reduced through attrition and resignations. Such reductions compare most favourably with the federal government's increase of 1.8 per cent to hit 328,193 positions. Ontario has gone in the opposite direction-from about 70,000 to

66,531 positions by the end of the fiscal 76-77. In order to realize the effects of the restraint program, a new system of internal controls will be put into operation. Ministries must keep tightly to within budgeted levels. For example, Management Board will not approve any monies for roads until the Transportation and Communications Ministry can clearly state when construction contracts will be signed, the amount of construction costs this year and in future years. The same standard applies to operating costs.

What is most important about the 1976 budget is that it marks a watershed year in terms of reversing ever increasing government expenditures, without dramatically altering the level of public services.

In upcoming reports, I will detail the need to increase OHIP premiums and charges for semi-private and private hospital care, the specifics of the spending restraint and greaterstudy of the property tax system. This budget builds a firm foundation on which a strong economic recovery can be sustained.

thus: "The Queen could come to our international music festival and sing...dressed in fisherman's foul weather gear."

had undermined my weekly pay cheque, and maybe the British Empire. Is it only coincidence that Singapore, that last bastion of Empire, was recently abandoned?

Gadzooks. That silly slip of the typewriter

Now, in a spirit of hasty and nervous retraction, let me say that I think the Queen is an okay lady, (although her sister seems a bit giddy at times).

Respect for British Royalty was instilled in me from birth. Like all young Canadians of my generation, I was taught that anything made in Britain was better, stronger, more dependable and closer to God. And that included the Royal Family.

My earliest memory is of cutting out pictures of King George and Queen Elizabeth - he crisply naval, she in filmy powder blue. At their knees stood the two curly-headed princesses, in frilly white with wide blue sashes. ("Cut them carefully," said my mother, "and we'll make a lovely Royal

scrapbook.") Winter photographs of the little princesses showed them wearing double breasted overcoats with velvet collars, and hats that looked like upturned basins, with brims. I had such a hat, with an elastic under the chin.

"Don't chew that elastic," said my mother." "I'm sure Princess Elizabeth doesn't chew hers.")

Learning about the Royal Family was serious business. In our Tory Toronto classroom, we sat under a photo of their Majesties, and memorized geneology, corgis and castles. In art class, we crayoned the crosses of Saints George, Andrew and Patrick. Properly folded, the three units became Our Flag, the Union Jack. ("I made one of those myself, when I was a girl," said my mother.)

In music period, my colonial heart beat beneath a Pure Wool British Knit undershirt, as I quavered through "There'll Always Be an England."

On Sundays, our minister prayed sonorously for the health and continued wisdom of Our Sovreign. Every Christmas, I was shushed into silence as the family gathered around the radio to listen to the annual message from Buckingham Palace. ("He used to stammer. Isn't it wonderful how he's overcome it?" marvelled my mother.)

Buttressed by my parents, I stood on Queen's Park Crescent and solemnly waved my paper Union Jack as the King and Queen drove by in an open car. ("What a lovely hat" sighed my mother.)

Years later, I bundled my two toddlers to the ears, and dragged them umpteen miles

into town so they could catch a fleeting glance of Queen Elizabeth as she sped by in a closed limousine.

It was during that visit - in the late fifties. I

think - that I experienced my most fundamental contact with Royalty. Elizabeth and Philip spent the night at the local CPR hotel and the very night after their

visit, I attended a meeting which was held in the Royal Suite. I was almost overcome. I laid my coat

respectfully on the bed upon which the Royal Personage had slumbered. I sat -lightly, mind you - in the chair which

had lately cradled the seat of British I stepped into the bathroom and gazed

thoughtfully into the sink into which the Royal teeth had been cleaned. And then, I lowered myself reverently upon

the throne which only the day before had supported Royalty, and I thought respectful, but unusual thoughts, about HRH.

Later, I told my mother about this incredibly moving experience. "Sometimes,"

she said, "I think you're downright silly." Yeah. That's probably why I allowed myself to speculate in print on the image of the Queen raising her well-bred treble voice

in "Nearer my cod to thee". I guess I just did it for the halibut.

Pages torn from the editor's notebook



by Kevin Scanlon

I had but one word in my vocabulary last

The boring cue card I read all day said simply, "Uuunnnnhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... (Editor's note: That is Kraving's interpretation of an extended moaning sound in

case you hadn't guessed.) Never in my life has the dastardly flu bug hit with such a vengeance.

And, as a result of my illness, I have completely had it with Shirley Whippingpole, the so-called humorist who writes in the space above mine on this page. My reasons for never wanting to read her

column are simple and quite valid, at least to First there was that column she wrote about house plants. Like the rest of her many avid readers I chuckled and laughed my way through the column and thought that was the end of it.

Two days later the only plant in the desert wasteland which disguises itself as my apartment turned yellow, then brown, then

There was absolutely nothing which could be done to reverse the fatal plunge. I sat and talked to it a length one night telling the poor fellow everything was going to be alright. But as I looked at its limp brownish leaves

sprawled across the top of the flowerpot I realized I was being like a freshman dentist telling a nervous patient, "It won't hurt a

I just couldn't put my heart into it. The idea that the column could have had anything to do with it never crossed my

Last week Whippingpole wrote a witty piece about the Swine Flu (also known as the Pig Pox, the Pork Plague, the Sow Sickness. the Boar Ring, Hog's Hollow, Francis Bacon's Sty, and the Swift's Premium

Droop) and, like a fool, I read it. Thursday morning I woke up to find myself shivering, shaking and feverish on my death

Usually I am one of those fortunate people who never gets sick. The last time I had had the flu was three years ago and that hadn't been serious enough to stop me from going

When I was finally able to get out of bed on Friday there was absolutely no doubt in my mind as to who was responsible for this mindcrippling body-wracking bout with the piggly-wiggly heebie-jeebies. Whippingpole did it!

It could, of course, be just an amazing coincidence but I'm taking no chances. After all, she could well be planning lengthy dissertations on impotency, senility or mental illness for sometime in the future and my young person is just not ready for any of the dramatic changes one of those items

might have on me. I'm afraid to discuss it myself. It's been fun Shirley and I'm sorry but it's better this way.

A few notes of interest from the past week: The Globe and Mail on Friday contained a rather large ad for a prestige Toronto store.

Were they selling diamond-studded dog collars?

Crystal toilet bowls? Mink bedspreads?

Nope. They were selling The Snooper, a handy little gadget for your car which detects ("reliably") police radar traps.

The fascinating aspect of the ad was not the selling price (\$180 fully installed) but a massive pen drawing of a surly-looking policeman wearing sunglasses and the supposed reason for the customer's purchase of such an item - "to keep you on the right side of the law."

Who are they fooling? It would seem much easier and about \$180 cheaper to stay within the speed limits on Ontario's highways rather than clutter up a vehicle with such a radar-tracking device. There was a surprise this weekend during the American television coverage of the

Masters golf tourney from Augusta, Georgia About half of the commentators on the program had English accents. Eh, wot? No doubt some television stations had their switchboards light up like Times Square on

New Year's Eve because of the "foreigners" but I found their comments to be in understandable and precise English (a rarity in sports coverage over the airwaves) and interesting. That last fact certainly surprised this viewer because I don't normally watch golf on television.

Finally, there was an encouraging sign in the Canadian film industry this past week Canadian film-maker Don Shebib's film, Second Wind, has been plug relentlessly on radio and television and is receiving a substantial newspaper

promotional ad campaign. Considering his past films which received critical acclaim but no ad campaigns and barely broke even it is encouraging to see him finally get the help he needs to push his

work across to the public. It was too bad that Shebib was forced to go to Americans in both leading roles but that will help his distribution in the States.

At least a Canadian, Hagood Hardy, wrote the soundtrack and Canadian actors have

most of the supporting roles.

A success this time may well bring Shebib back to Canada again rather than going the way most talented Canadian artists go namely, south.

who do need outside help.

doctors and staff.

to be commended. Had no "outside" action been taken Jefferson might still be there today with no one

But the actions of the ombudsman's office

Human Rights. group when he said, "Everyone knows they use us (the patients) to get their names in the

Letters, comment, opinion

The Citizen is your local community newspaper and we strive to serve your needs and interests. We always welcome your views and contributions. If for good reason, you would prefer to have your name withheld we will do so, however all letters sent to the editor must include the writer's name, address, and telephone number so that we may verify the correspondence with you. We do of course reserve the right to edit for libel, good taste, grammer and excessive length. Please send letters to the Editor, The Penetanguishene Citizen, P.O. Box 429, Penetanguishene, Ontario.

Queen's Park report

by Arthur Evans. M.P. Simcoe Centre Last year the powerful incentives used by the Ontario Government in its 1975 budget to get the economy going and to get more people

back to work were classified as purely

political, that we were getting ready for an election. Such simplistic thinking has to be rejected in the light of the success of the tax cuts and other stimulants used to move Ontario's economy. The retail sales tax reduction increased retail trade by 17.8 per cent between July and December. In the 9 months of the First Time Home Buyers' Grant, 90,000 families bought their first home. Not such a bad record for what was then termed by the

previous Liberal Leader as "cynical politics' As I have said before, there must be an awful lot of cynics in Ontario. And 200,000 tax rebates were paid out on new car purchases. The economic momentum of the 1975 budget is carrying over extremely well into fascal 1976-77. Provincial Treasurer Darcy McKeough has stressed that this momentum will provide for continued expansion in 1976. To ensure this healthy economic activity, Ontario will help small businesses by changing the existing small business tax credit to a new preferential tax rate approach. Under the existing tax credit scheme only 20,000 companies really benefitted. Now, that \$30 million will be distributed to 50,000 companies. It is a strong incentive to job creation, because small business provides

about 45 per cent of the employment in In 1976 employment will increase by 116,000 new jobs. I think you can see from that

central role in providing new jobs. In the same vein, the tax level at which small businesses are required to pay by tax instalments is improved. Companies which pay the tax liability of \$300 or more annually

number that small businesses will play a

and must do so 6 times per year will now see this limit increased to \$2,000 per year. In the coming years Canada will require billions of dollars of capital to invest in both major and minor projects - everything from the Mackenzie oil pipelines to the development and expansion of small business.

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