

# Go Suck A Lemon Quebec

This issue, rather than write an editorial, we've borrowed someone else's. Because it was a little tough to swallow, we've added notes in *italics*.

By Catherine Ford  
Daily Times Women's Editor

Hey, Quebec!  
Go suck a lemon!  
Better still, give me a divorce. A no-fault, no-contest, you keep your property and I'll keep mine, split.  
*Right. And what do we do with Eastern Ontario, the Eastern Townships, North Eastern New Brunswick, all with mixed populations?*  
I don't wanna be married any more.  
*"Wanna"? What language is that?*  
Can we stay friends, cause I'd like to visit now and then, but baby, the marriage isn't working.  
Please take your Olympic deficit, Jean Drapeau, tainted meat, past corruptions and future graft, the sewage-polluted St. Lawrence, Mirabel airport, your air traffic controllers, the James Bay project, and your language, and move out of the house.  
*And we'd get to keep Bud Drury, Clarence Campbell, CEMA, The Mafia, the sewage-polluted Great Lakes, Toronto Airport (ever used it?), the posties, the Athabasca project AND one language. Sounds like a deal!*

This reconciliation, which the federal government is calling bilingualism and biculturalism, just isn't working, no matter how many marriage counsellors are on the civil service staff.  
**WOULDN'T IT BE LOVELY AND PEACEFUL?** No more fighting and arguments and bad feelings and temper, just a pleasant next-door relationship. We could visit back and forth. I'd bring you a Saskatoon berry pie with the roast beef, and you could give me quiche Lorraine and French onion soup.  
*Oh, just ducky — we could have the world's second longest undefended border, a foreign country for holidays, more ambassadors, customs officers, excise taxes . . .*

Why, we'd be the best of neighbours.  
*Right, after the Americans, who else would we have?*  
We could learn from each other, and share our experiences over a cup of coffee. I'd help you with my language and customs, and you could help me with yours.  
But it isn't going to work any other way.  
I won't let you dominate the house. Share, yes. But Control? Forget it.  
There are nine other members of the family, and you just don't have the right to rule us all. We've thrown away the Dr. Spock book and replaced it with a switch. No more bad boy tactics to rule the roost, holding your breath and turning blue isn't going to help, even if you are one of the parents.  
*Did you follow that? It seems Daddy's really Frere Jacques, the rascal. Does Mummy know?*

If lower Canada is the father, then Upper Canada is the mother, and this mother has discovered women's lib. Equality, and all that stuff. Share and share alike. You can't have the biggest piece of the pie just because you've asked for it.  
*Heavens, no! In fact, Trudeau has recommended a dietary substitute. "Mangez le .....!"*  
I admit that in the past we've given in to all your demands.  
You've been pampered and petted, because the rest of us thought you got a bad deal in the marriage agreement. We didn't want you to feel bad about being trounced on the Plains of Abraham, and we wanted you to share equally in the marriage.  
*The Plains of Abraham — that's the Israeli Air Force, isn't it? Seriously, Catherine, you need a good history lesson. There were two battles, the first won by an English army, the second by a French army. The Canadians, it appears, were busy fighting mosquitoes, government corruption and the weather. I wasn't there anyway, were you?*  
But you didn't have to take advantage of the dowry.  
Let's face it, there are really just the two of us in this marriage, but don't let the rest of them find out.  
*I guess we send all the Ukrainians to the Children's Aid after the divorce?*

*Quebec, Catherine, is one of SEVEN provinces receiving equalization payments. Maybe we could get the Maritimes to separate, too. Just think of all the money we'd save!*  
When it comes right down to the nitty-gritty, most of the advantages you've been getting from Ottawa might as well have been taken directly from the pocket of Ontario taxpayers. I do, you know, pay most of the shot. (I can hear Alberta screaming in the background, but we'll ignore her for the moment).  
*I'm sure you will. You manage to ignore quite a bit.*  
Let's have a heart-to-heart talk.  
I would love to speak French. But I will not — repeat not have it shoved down my throat. I resent having to pay double for every label and package and sign because we have to share them. But that isn't what really gripes me. That I can live with, in fact, that's kinda unique. Sort of makes the marriage look good to outsiders.  
*You don't really believe DOUBLE? You think the new speed signs (Maximum 45) are twice as expensive as "Maximum Speed 45 M.P.H." The real danger, baby, is that New French Plot, the Metric System. Watch it, the Commies use it!*  
**YOU'VE MADE A MOCKERY** OUT of the Olympics with graft, corruption and overspending, and the rest of us know perfectly well you'll be around in the fall poor mouthing us to help with the bills. (Personally, I'd like to send back all your credit cards).  
You've made a global jaxass out of the rest of us (thanks to your friends in Ottawa) with the airport language issue. (Look, everybody else speaks English - why can't you?)  
*Also known as the Great White Hunter Rule: "Shout English loud*

*enough and those damned savages can bloody well understand it" or "Damn it, sir, but those natives can speak white if you show them money." Jolly clever, really.*  
Forgiving the black sheep of the family isn't easy when there's so much to forgive. I find it had to overlook the FLQ, the War Measures Act, Montreal mailboxes, organized crime, and that unique of all criminals - the Montreal bank robber. Sure, you've got a lot of Gallic charm but that isn't cutting much ice around here and more.  
*Just in passing, did you know Edmonton has a higher per capita crime rate than Montreal? But you know those cowboys.*  
You're the embodiment of everything I hate about minority groups - the whining, the yelling, the screeching about your rights, with little concern for the rights of others. And when you spit in my face, expect a reaction, cause baby, that's what you're getting.  
*I know what you mean. This country is just getting out of hand with these lesser races! They say you can't trust them and most of them smell, too.*  
Backlash? You ain't seen nuthin' yet.  
*"Ain't seen nuthin'?" These darn French are ruining the beauty, richness and variety of your language.*  
**I QUITE SIMPLY DON'T WANT YOU ANY MORE.** I don't want your language, your customs, your problems and your whining voice grating in my ears.  
*Yeah! And down with the Jews, too!*  
Start building a fence, please, because you would make a great next-door neighbor, but you're a washout as a marriage partner.  
I've got a lot of self-esteem to build back up, and I'd like to start respecting myself again.  
*I love and respect my country as it is - I wish you could, too.*  
I want to enjoy my own language, its beauty and richness and variety. I intend enjoying my own customs and heritage.  
*Go ahead. My country's customs and heritage include toleration, accommodation and understanding.*  
I want to sit down to a dinner of roast beef and mashed potatoes, peas and carrots, Yorkshire pudding and apple pie and ice cream, without being thought stodgy and unimaginative.  
*You might not be stodgy, but is a steady diet of all that stuff good for you?*  
I want to speak with my friends in my own way and be proud of it. I want to sing God Save the Queen and O Canada, not whisper any longer.  
*God Save the Queen? Victoria? Other than Charles Lynch and John Diefenbaker, who pushes that stuff anyway? Talk to the under-thirty crowd about royalty.*  
*Unfortunately, O Canada was first written in French and first played at Quebec City, June 24, 1880 (St. Jean Baptiste Day.) Kind of spoils it, doesn't it.*  
Bonjour, mon ami.  
Find yourself a lawyer. You've got a fight on your hands.  
*You surely have! Try to break up my Canada, baby, and insult my fellow countrymen, and you have got a fight!*

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

**Letter To The Editor**

Mixed Party  
in honour of

**Connie Eadie  
and  
John Gould**

**FRI., SEPT. 10**

in Russell  
Community Centre at 8:30 p.m.  
Tickets: \$1.50

To the Editor:  
I am writing to you with regard to an article in the July 22nd edition of the Russell Review. On the front page of this issue, was stated the following phrase: "Tuesday, June 29, 1976 saw the last graduation at N.D.D.H.S. at which Russell will be represented". This statement, however is incorrect, and I would just wish to rectify this misunderstanding. I have had quite a few people ask me why my class would not be returning to North Dundas to

complete our education, after we had been told we could.  
I am one Russellite out of about ten who will be attending N.D.D.H.S. in 1976-77 to hopefully obtain my Secondary School Honour Graduation Diploma, my Grade 13 education.  
I realize we were transferred to Osgoode Township High School in quite a rush, but let us not leave N.D.D.H.S. before we have to.  
Proud to be a N. D. Student,  
Nancy Carscadden

Editor's response:  
Gulp! O.K. — You're right, Nancy, and according to my wife, an N.D.D.H.S. graduate, its a good thing you are. Thanks for the tip.

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