

For a trip in to Boston and Canada, a travel agent arranged rail and air transportation. However, the \$20 cab fare in Canadian currency after I landed in Montreal was the biggest bargain. All the road signs in Quebec are in French. In high speed freeway traffic it's hard enough to keep the Fords and Volkswagens from putting you up on the side rails, without having to thumb through a dictionary to look up "right turn" in another language.

The whole providence is in an awful temper. Kids in schools are punished for speaking English; in the cities, the French-speaking folks won't speak English except to the tourists, and out in the country they actually don't know any other language.

Until I talked to a Greek fallow at a dinner party, I figured that I was the only person in town who was having a hard time communicating. But he said all the big fight they were having about changing the constitution to make Quebec a distinct society was really going to be serious when the hotheads on each side of the issue realized that in the French language "distinct" means separate and apart," and to one of those English chaps it may mean "dissimilar", or "not the same."

I told him that I had a fluctuating vocabulary in French that topped at 12 words. But from what I had gathered from my family's history, and from what I'd seen of the rusty cannons and old statues on courthouse squares commemorating what happened to us for forming a distinct society called the Confederate States of America, I'd strongly recommend that they stop the polemics and go to Northern Manitoba and see if the Indians up there would loan them peace pipes.

I didn't fully appreciate how desperate the situation was until I read in the newspaper that some of the citizens were so mad they were proposing joining the U.S. Could we ever use a bunch of mad Frenchmen to help pay for our savings and loan mess!