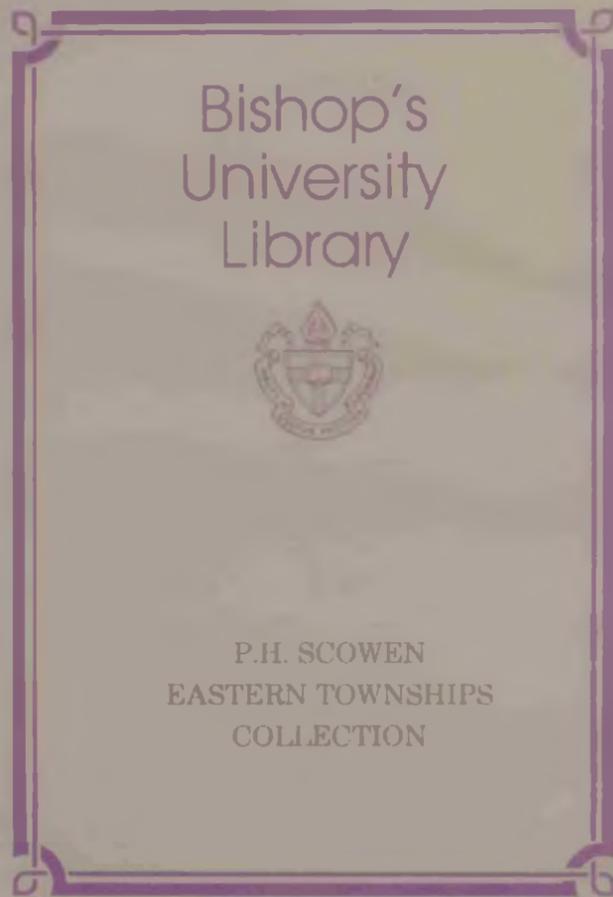


Townships
PS
8001
.M57
c.2

T H E M I T R E
1 9 8 8



M i t r e

e

h

T

s i n c e

1 8 9 3

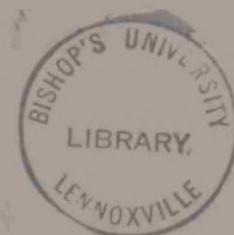
S T A F F

Editor: Eric Tardif
Assistant Editors: Leslie Killaly
Christine Hopps
Advertising Manager: Suzanne Quinn
Cover Design: Sandra Miller

The Mitre has been a part of Bishop's life since 1893. Though it has seen many changes, it remains dedicated to the literary and creative efforts of the students. We, this year's staff, are proud of this tradition and happy to have had the opportunity to participate in it. The staff would like to thank Sandra Miller and Jody Edwards for their help and support.
-The Editor

C o n t e n t s

Photo : Mark Seifred.....	pg.4
My Glorious Life.....	pg.5
Photo : Penny Nutbrown.....	pg.7
Photo : Mark Seifred.....	pg.8
The Man In The Photo.....	pg.9
Photo : Mark Seifred.....	pg.10
In The First Steps Of A Runner's Day.....	pg.11
Photo : Ian McCutcheon.....	pg.12
Poetry : Kerry Leroux.....	pg.13
Photo : Mark Seifred.....	pg.14
Sunday Morning.....	pg.15
Photo : Caitlin Hume.....	pg.16
Photo : Caitlin Hume.....	pg.17
The Duchess.....	pg.18
Photo : Liz Rumball.....	pg.22
Struggle.....	pg.23
Photo : Liz Rumball.....	pg.24
Red Sky At Dawn.....	pg.25
Photo : Eric Tardif.....	pg.27
Poetry : Sheryl Ross.....	pg.28
Art : Alfred Nutakor.....	pg.29



My Glorious Life



My glorious life began in a small town of seventy-three-and-a-quarter people. I was the second of three-and-a-quarter daughters and the fourth of eight-and-a-quarter children.

My father was a very successful worm exporter. So successful that he had made quite a name for himself and our family was the richest in our town, second only to the oil baron and his family.

Anyways, my father and mother and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts (the oil baron and his fat wife) went out together one night, which was very odd because my mother had had an affair with Mr. Roberts a year earlier. When my father had found out, he had told Mr. Roberts that if he ever came near my mother again, my father would teach Mr. Roberts "a new way of walking."

When my mother came home by herself that evening, we expected her to turn the house upside down looking for bail money; but she did not. Instead, she told us that Dad was out with Mr. Roberts and that they were toasting "old memories and new prospects." She and Mrs. Roberts had taken cabs home (we deduced that Mother had taken one cab home and that Mrs. Roberts must have taken six). We could not figure out the situation, we were confused. But the state of confusion turned into a state of utter disillusionment when my father came home. We heard him praise Mr. Roberts and his family up and down like a roller coaster. He especially praised Mr. Roberts's son Chris like he was a god. From that moment on, we put out of our minds everything that happened that evening and chalked it up to our parents being totally off their nut.

In fact, things like that had happened before. My parents had totally lost all sense of self-awareness. Would you believe that my mother had to take my brother Josh to his "father and son" banquet because my father had taken my sister to her "mother and daughter" guide meeting? We began to wonder who was wearing the pants in our home.

Back to my glorious life: a week after my parents went out to dinner with the Roberts, I received a phone call from their son, Chris Roberts. And even though he did not say it, I knew he had called to ask me for a date. The pressure was too much for me. I suddenly had sweaty palms; shortness of breath; weak knees; pale complexion. I fainted. As I fainted, I dropped the phone, fell down the stairs, and banged my head on my homework -- rendering me unconscious.

When I came to, there was Chris watching over me like a little Florence Nightingale who had had a sex change. It was so romantic. My ploy had worked. For as soon as he heard me tumble down the stairs, he rushed right over to see if I was alright. And just by the way he was watching me, sprawled

out on the floor at the bottom of the stairs (he had a bad back, or else he would have carried me up the three flights of stairs to my room so that I could have recuperated in the comfort of my own bed), I could tell he wanted to be able to kiss me passionately. I almost turned into a mound of instant mashed potatoes, for there I was looking into the big beautiful brown eyes of Chris Roberts -- the guy that every girl at school was in love with. We knew everything about him -- except his undershirt size. And since in our town, undershirt sizes were usually public knowledge (like phone numbers), that made him even more gorgeous.

I lay there hoping that he would take pity on me and tell me his undershirt size to cheer me up. He did not. He only asked if I was alright. I shook my head 'yes', and in recognition of my feeble attempt at communication, he gave me a little kiss on the forehead. I fainted.

The day that he asked me to go on a double date with him (he would have taken me out alone, but he had to babysit his older brother and his date; but I believe he just couldn't trust himself with me alone) was the most glorious day of my entire glorious life. It was while I was combing my hair that he told me, very nonchalantly, his undershirt size. I was so surprised that I almost stopped combing my hair. In fact, I almost fainted (and fainting for me is unusual). From then on, I knew it was true love all the way.

After that day, when he told me his undershirt size, we dated until we were married, ten years later (we lived in sin for two years, and then I became pregnant; so we had to get married; but after we were married, we decided children were too expensive, so I had an abortion; or at least that's what the medical records say). Our honeymoon was in the Worm Capital of the world. It was so romantic that I did not want to leave. After father died, Chris took over the family worm business; and I, being so talented, became an actress like I had always wanted to do. I, of course, had leading men falling in love with me all of the time. I, of course, had affairs with them. But Chris always stayed faithful -- at least that is what the private detectives told me.

Our married life was simply glorious, until a dreadful woman came into our lives. She claimed that Chris was the father of her child. I, of course, did not believe it. And Chris, of course, denied ever seeing the woman before. The woman threatened to sue us in court if Chris did not divorce me and then marry her. I could not have cared less about the court battle, but Chris said that he would marry her to avoid a scandal and to avoid dragging the name of our worm business through the mud. What a man! Willing to sacrifice his own happiness to save my family name, our worm business, and my reputation in the acting world.

We are now divorced and Chris is married to that

dreadful woman. I can tell he is unhappy because, whenever I see him with his six children, he looks happy; and that, everyone knows, is only a front for unhappiness. I, on the other hand, have learned to cope with my feelings. And even though I have heard that true love only comes once, in my case it has come twice.

Hank, the leading man in my next film, called to see if we could arrange a time to rehearse some scenes together. And even though he did not say it, I knew he had called to ask me to go to the Academy Awards with him. I fainted. As I fainted, I dropped the phone, fell down the stairs, and banged my head on my new script, rendering me unconscious....

-Lynn Benson





The Man in the Photo

The man in the photo by Cartier-Bresson
Is only a silhouette,
A flat, man-shaped blackness
Suspended against the uncompromising line
Of the railway station wall
In a rhythm of repeating form,
Caught between the twin amorphous grays
Of puddle and sky.
The inevitability of the splash
Rings in his ears.

-Anonymous

In the First Steps of a Runner's Day



In the first days of a new year pressed against one's age appears the decided tilt that the imagination takes towards the unpromised dreams of last year's bed. And as briefly as it can be put: old acquaintance is condensed -- the acquaintance of an old age passing slowly but surely into an historical pigeon-hole. Against this new-fallen backdrop a simple bridge from the reader to the experience is realized. The bridge is called The Runner, and he is possessed of all the golden apples and runs only for the feel of the wind. From day to day the hours become minutes and the run soon becomes the experience. Creating his own time frame, he references the past by the objects that pass him by. He runs from the experience to the reader's pleasure, having become the experience in the running. So in the first days of a new year, the runner has become the run, the author the runner, while the reader bridges all in his force-fed imagination.

The concentration on Bart's face bent his wild eyes to 45 degree angles. His voice was unnaturally careful and measured as he repeated the message to the grocer. "I want all your tens and twenties and a plastic bag for the duck." There below the pointing muzzle of a police .38 sat an eight pound duckling, two avocados, a tomato, a head of iceberg lettuce, a box of mushrooms, a box of wild rice, a package of spinach, a carton of lemon sorbet, two packs of Camels, a bottle of red wine, and a pound cake. The grocer's eyes did not pause in their incredulous sweep of the gentleman before them until they had settled on the plastic bags. Bart took the bag from the limp hand, emptied the cash register into his pockets, and headed back to his apartment.

You see, it had been a long week of bleak suns. Compounded by the idiocy of the useless profligates with whom he worked, the tired schedule that took up his days, the aimless lifestyle, and the arid women who glanced but never stared, the bleak suns poured their pallid rays into his empty eyes until his will had been burned to a crisp. And tonight, upon the setting of the last in a long line of suns, he would cook the finest meal he had known. All by himself in his comfortable apartment, surrounded by his things, at his own table in his best clothes he would sit and eat his supper. Afterwards he would sit in his armchair with a bottle of De La Grange Cognac and his two packs of Camels and read, smoke, and drink.

When they found him the detective said, "He must have laced the cognac."

These had been the first days of a new year; but the time frame is not always governed by calendars. Here, the runner sets the pace and the quiet of a mid afternoon nap becomes his finish-line. The dream of a generation flashes on a screen where it is sold to the first five callers at a toll-free number. Neither the caller nor the operator hears the grind of a million sets of teeth in the dark night that precedes just another day.

-Steve Harris



Untitled

Just one kiss
Alcoholic and slow -
My body already wet
With the next crush of thunder
Still feeling your touch
I shudder from deep within
And awaken from a sweet dream.

-Kerry Leroux

Untitled

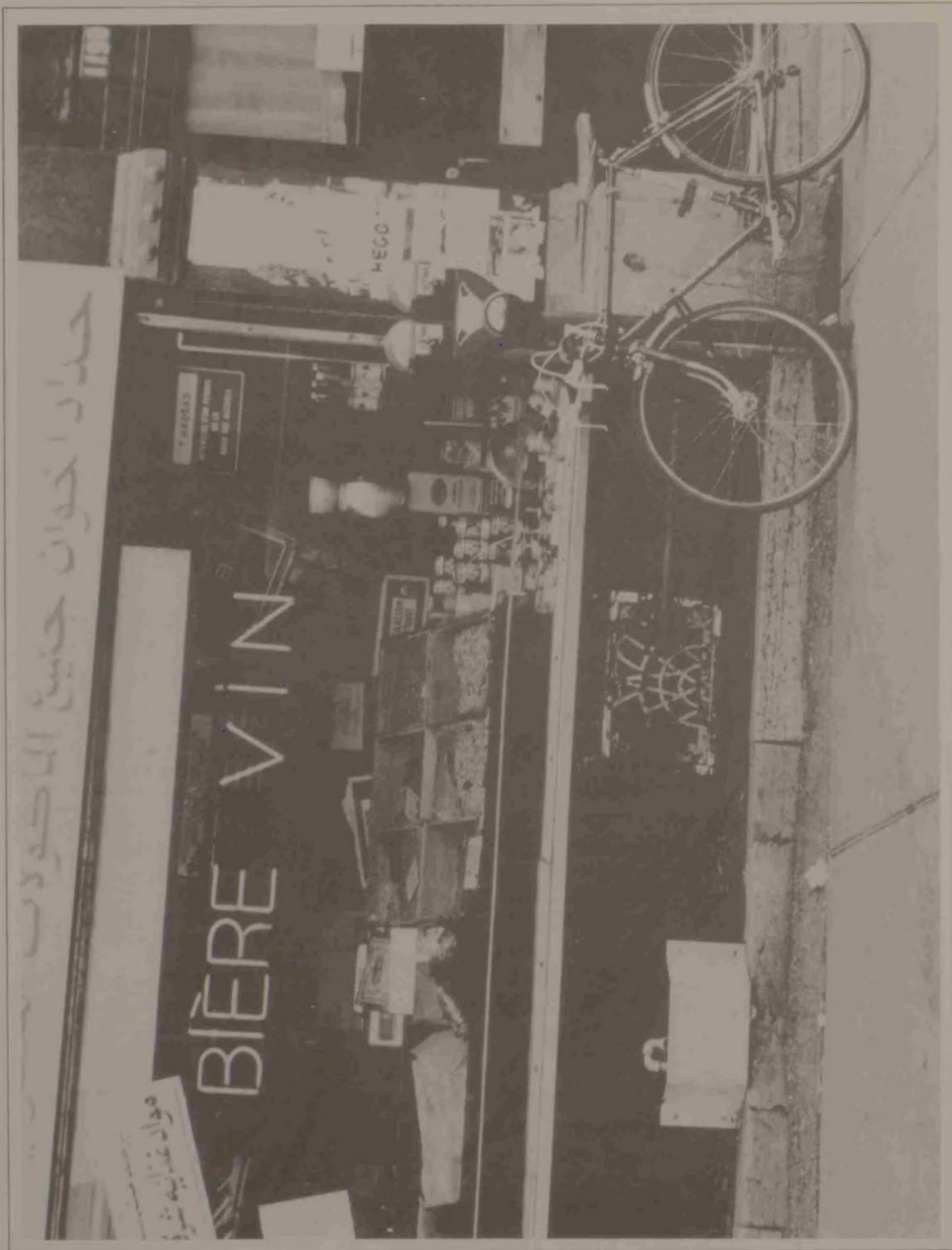
The days drag slowly forward
Sanity balancing precariously
On the stress that is the sinew
Holding my world together.

My mind races faster than my body
My nerves are taught and
My eyes mirror the cold harshness
That is my reality.

Your smile is my oasis
It pierces my wall and makes me forget.
It cools the fire in my brain but
Starts another in my heart.

For just a few minutes
You are all that matters
Then you are gone again
Until tomorrow when once again
You will save me from myself.

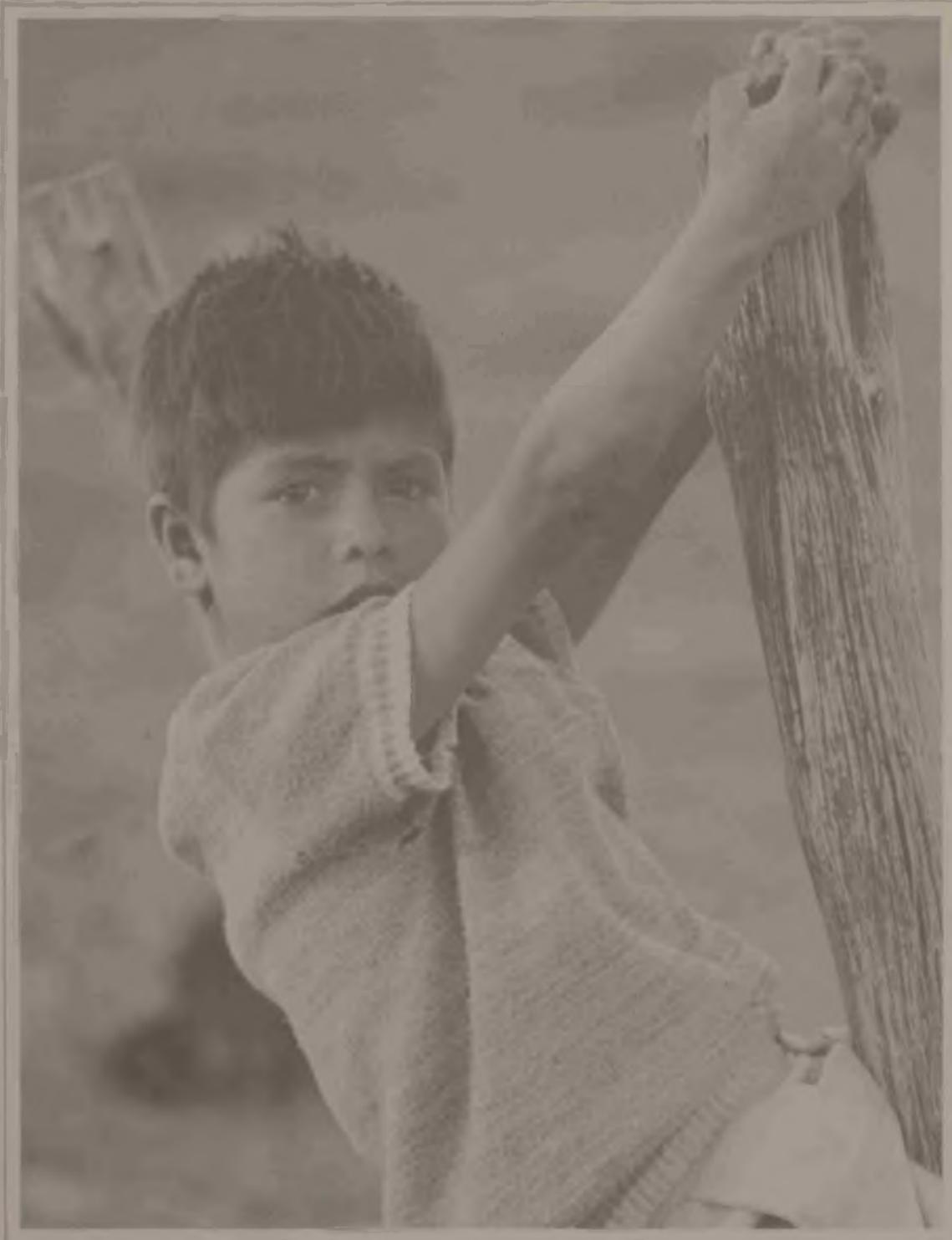
-Kerry Leroux



Sunday Morning

Cold coffee;
The blinds half-drawn.
A stray sunbeam transfixes your cheekbone.
The cat jumps down from the fridge,
Knocking over an empty beer bottle,
And goes to nibble on your dying geranium.
Daylight has stripped away
The varnish of dailiness,
Leaving only your face, stark
Against the rough blue of the sofa.
I am listening to the counterpoint
Of church bells and car horns
And waiting for you to wake up.

-Anonymous



The Duchess

Even on a sunny day the street looked sombre and grey. Depressed. Unless you looked closely, the only way to tell the row houses apart was from the iron numbers over the narrow doors. But if you did look closely, you would have seen that number eight had yellow curtains and a geranium in the window. This was the only relief from the oppressive, murky greys and browns on the street. This street had no name, but there was a sign to indicate it was a dead end. Inside number eight, Moira Armstrong once could be found busily attending to her ritual of morning chores. Every day she would determinedly polish, sweep and tidy up in the hope that her efforts would be rewarded. At noon she would pause for lunch, usually one -- no, two -- chocolate puddings and a cup of sweet black coffee. Then she would sink into her faded floral sofa. Contentedly she would rub her feet together as she watched a good hour of soap operas. She liked to watch several episodes, and on days when she was feeling particularly ambitious, she would watch the news too.

In the afternoon she would always attend to herself. Her hair would be set into tight, cruel rollers, her clothes mended, and she would carefully paint each toenail a rosy red. Moira had wonderfully expressive feet. When she was attracted to a man, her face and body gave no hint but her feet would take on light and flirtatious movements. Like a dancer she pointed and posed, but only from the feet down; and as every dancer dances in costume, so did Moira's feet. She owned exactly fifty pairs of shoes. Each pair was brilliant, high-heeled, pointy-toed, and wildly sexy. The sizes ranged from seven to nine-and-a-half and, needless to say, not a single pair was comfortable or practical.

Her life to this point had been quite easy. She had eagerly married Ted, her schooldays' sweetheart. They had fallen into a quite separate but mutually satisfying life. He worked at the local factory six days a week. Moira had always described Ted as a quiet man. He had hoped for children; when none came he became even more quiet. He had a light appetite and rarely drank or smoked. His few free hours were spent walking, usually alone, through the city. After nineteen years of married life, he went for a walk one evening and never returned. He had not run off or anything like that; the poor man was hit by a bread lorry of the corner of Queen Anne and High Street. They say he felt no pain.

Moira grieved. He had not offered her much more than security and hope. Money had always come in on a regular basis, and there had been a little extra to play bingo and the pools. If she had ever needed someone he had always been there, but Moira had rarely needed anyone. She was kept quite busy maintaining herself and their home. She would do

a bit of cleaning, sewing up curtains -- things like that. In the little neighborhood she felt well respected. Ted had never insisted she work; in fact he had never even mentioned it. She fancied he enjoyed having his wife as a lady of leisure. It gave him status.

So her days as the Duchess of Dead End Street ended. Begrudgingly she found work in a local cafeteria and she discovered how difficult it was to be all things -- worker, home-keeper, thrifty shopper, smart dresser and generally worldly person. Moira began the struggle against the descent into real poverty. Being poor now meant not only that she had less money to spend, but also less time to keep up pretenses.

She stood, one heavy hand placed on her heavy hip, the other holding the fridge door. A cool mist escaped and dropped to the floor around her feet, where it seemed to settle uneasily. Her feet were surprisingly small, or perhaps they just looked small as they were crammed into tight red and black patent-leather shoes. The six-inch heel arched the top of her foot and slung her weight slightly forward. At present her feet alternated tapping and twisting, as if looking for somewhere to go. She grabbed some processed cheese slices and a jar of dill pickles, and, with a well placed bump, closed the door. The kitchen was dimly lit. On the window-sill the geranium's head had fallen forward, its petals dry and cracked. The curtains were stained with greasy steam from numerous lunches and dinners. A dish caked with old pudding was elbowed aside as she placed the cheese and pickles on the counter. With a pickle in her mouth she squirmed out of her jacket, pulled off her shoes and placed them on the counter. Her feet ached, and there was the start of a blister on her heel.

Work had been rough again today. Moira looked around and saw the state the house was in. She had been avoiding it for weeks now. To escape for a moment she found refuge in her old sofa, and hunted for the article in the daily newspaper which discussed what was happening in the soaps. She munched the pickles and cheese as she read.

"Katrina is going to marry Duke, regardless of what her family says. Duke finally gives into his passion and kisses Sorel. She insists that she was in Sommerset when her stepmother, Victoria, was killed. Bruce has suspicions that his sister, Sorel, is lying. The doctors' report discloses that Katrina will never be able to have children."

She swallowed the final neck of the garlicky pickle, and licked the salty tears that had appeared at the corners of her mouth. Openly she wept into the arm of the sofa. She was tired, and went to bed.

Another week of the same passed by. Then, it was her

first Saturday off since she'd begun working. A day spent in the city shops sounded wonderful, and for the occasion she wore her fifth-favorite pair. They were a brilliant canary yellow, with bold, bumble-bee-striped five-inch heels; and Moira gritted her teeth as they cut into the blister caused by her grim determination to continue wearing her shoes while she slopped spaghetti eight hours a day at the cafeteria. But nothing would keep her from her day in the city window-shopping. She boarded the Bus R2 City and wedged herself into a seat by the window. The rowhouses passed by until they were a single grey blur. Then slowly some colour crept into the picture, a sign of bright blues and reds, and the shop windows filled with the promise of spring. The bus stopped in the city centre and unloaded. Moira struggled to rush out with the crowd, but it was too thick; so she remained seated until they had all unloaded. On the busy street she heaved a good breath, and set off into the colours.

A block or two had run by when Moira rested her hand heavily on a shop window; with the other hand she adjusted her shoes in a futile attempt to ease the rub of her heel against her blister, for the shoes were a little too loose. As she straightened her skirt, she caught a glimpse of the fallen hem.

Before she had time to make a mental note of it, a head poked out of a doorway and around the corner. "Hello luv," said the head with pink painted lips. "Looks like you could do with a new pair, ay?" The head emerged from the doorway into a body in a tight floral dress. She burped hello and herded Moira into the shop. It was not the type of shoe shop that Moira would usually patronize. The sales-people were not soft-spoken; they sounded like the old crones where she worked. And the shoes were lined up in rows and rows, rather than a few pairs set into a display. The woman pressed Moira down into a worn plastic chair. She wondered. Perhaps she should stay and buy a sensible pair; perhaps it was time. Her heel throbbed.

She let the woman remove her shoes. "Oh, luv, what a blister you've got there -- no wonder, these shoes are a size too big -- did you borrow them from someone? -- you know, you really shouldn't ever borrow shoes..." Moira tried to cut in and protest, but she faltered... "Oh... mmm... they stretched out a bit." The woman clucked, and tossed the shoe into the empty chair beside her. "I've got just the thing -- do you prefer brown or blue?" Moira hated both. But the woman did not wait for a reply -- "Brown goes with more" -- and she hurried off.

Moira picked up the bright yellow pump and held it protectively. "If I had more practical shoes perhaps work wouldn't be so difficult. They might not be so bad." The

woman returned with two plain boxes. "I brought an eight and an eight-and-a-half, just in case -- these are a beautiful fit, made for the working woman -- like us." She pulled it from the box and held it up in one hand. "It's called the Aurora Princess, made of very durable imitation-leather, and comes with odor absorbent insoles. Give it a try-on." She thrust the shoe at her. Moira shrank back and clenched the armrest. They looked like the pair her mother had worn. They certainly were durable -- they had out-lived her mother.

"Have you got a pain, luv?" -- she leaned forward confidentially -- "...gas?" Moira shook her head, unable to speak, as her mind reeled at the thought: they will last forever! The woman had the nerve to press them on her feet. They were, surprisingly, a gentle fit. Moira released her grip, and began to breathe again. The woman nodded as if she had just told an unbelievable tale, and had to emphasize that it was indeed the truth.

Moira stood. Hesitantly she placed the yellow shoes on the chair. Her hand shook slightly. She walked gingerly, as if to test the water. They hugged her feet, made her feel content and frumpy, the way she felt when she lounged about the house in her night clothes. They inspired relaxation. "I suppose it's time," she thought. She took the brown shoes off her feet and walked barefoot towards the checkout counter, with a box of Aurora Princess size eights in her hands. "Yoo, hoo, luv; you've forgotten something!" -- the rude voice broke into her thoughts. She recalled the yellow bumble-bee shoes, one size too big, and all the effort, the hopes and dreams, and the suffering.

Moira turned and fairly ran back to the plastic chair. She pressed the shoe box back at the woman: "Here, take these away..."; she picked up her shoes and happily slipped her feet into them.

"...they don't suit me...."

-Alison Roberts



Struggle

A

Match

Struck against

An abrasive surface

To generate the initial

Azure of light, and then

To be transformed into

A warm glow of colored

Spirit; striving to stay

Alive against the strengths

Of the whispering wind,

Being pushed down its

Shaft of life and

Still winning - only

To be stifled by

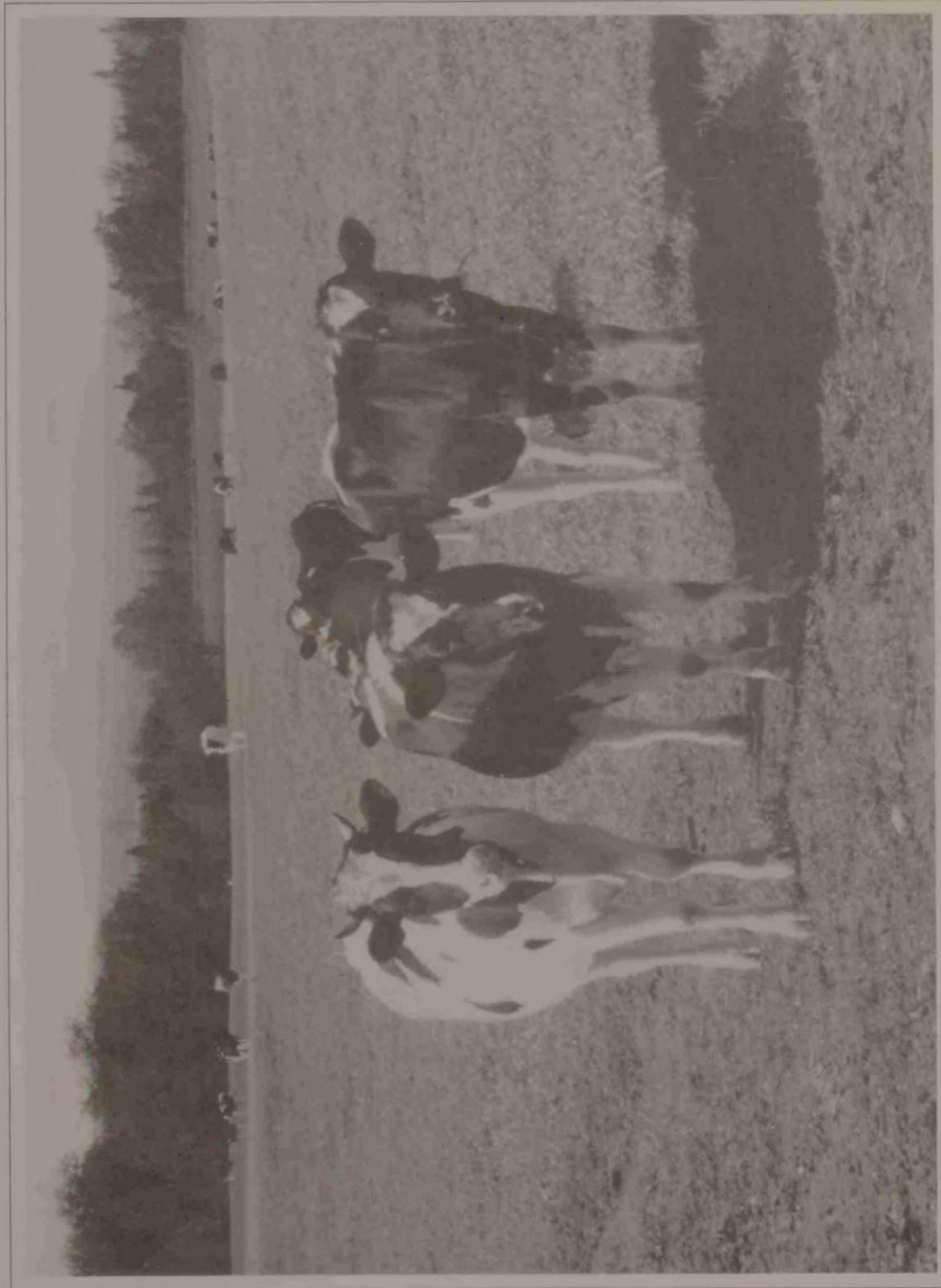
A single,

Yet final,

Poof.

-Betty Ann Bryanton

A Red Sky At Morning



In the Poet Bureau of the Soviet Union are those being eaten by America. Outside the concrete walls of the windowless building there's an endless forest where Ivan Taskina recites the names of the Vladivostock dead. It's easier to hear him at night:

"Serbe Perbenoff, baker, father of Gilmayel, Tasha, Rostoff. Husband of Sasha Menhellson, third daughter of Dimitri Menhellson, sister of..." and so on.

The jaws of the great free nation crush the bones of Serbe, the poets, and the cynical Nikkolai who sings, "The land of the free, the home of the braves." Laughs loud, beard shakes, hand on thin frame. Here on the shores of some officially unnamed river the Poet Bureau stands concrete white against the deciduous green of some forest. It's a modern building, out of place in these beautiful surroundings. Fourteen writers live here by government order and are assigned the task of creating a twentieth century Russian voice to sing the beauty of the system.

Nikkolai Vorbachev says, "It becomes exceedingly difficult to rationalize a system that dehumanizes the individual with a form that must, by definition, appeal to the individual." He is a thin man about 40 years old from Georgian SSR. His poetic "voice," and his contribution to the whole, resounds with the vastness of the Kiev wheat fields.

"The only way I can find to orient the chaos and hugeness of the plains is through the single farmer. Otherwise there is no touchstone in the overwhelming space." He smokes a carved wooden pipe carved by Ivan Perbenoff. Before Perbenoff went off his rocker, he used to carve "the most beautiful pipes. Faces and figures curling around the bowl."

Nikkolai says, "I've been here twelve years now. I've spent most of my time reading and rereading the old Russian authors. The problem with our assigned task is that it does not allow for expression inasmuch as it demands craft. We are like imitators here, learning the voices of history and becoming fluent in them; then we learn how to clear our language of their tones, as if a cancer, and we surgeons rerouting the bloodflow through the healthy tissue."

Tsen Prantao from Kamchatka comes into the room, pours himself a cup of coffee, and comes over to sit with us. "The voices of the past had a subtlety in their depreciation of the system. It was hidden in greater themes. For us, it seems, those greater themes were themselves a criticism of the system. Here we face the dichotomy of addressing the horrors of our country and singing its beauty. On top of which we are trying to, by government dictum, establish a new Russian identity through a studied opposition to America."

We are sitting in the outer room of the building. The door is open and Ivan's voice is barely audible but present. "Him? He won't be long for this place. The next time an inspector comes to this place or the next time we're to file,

he'll end up some place in the north, or else in Gorky.

"When he started here, not but five years ago, Ivan was studying the stories of Yuri Kazakov. His interest lay in establishing a rural symbolism capable of both elevating the position of the worker and condemning the system that chained him to his position. His first work was called A Scola, the only Latin word for toil, meaning 'unleisure'. It was a very good book but it offended the philosophy of the party. They felt we should be advocating a belief in total work, not work for leisure. His book never got past the edge of the forest. Everything was burned. From there he regressed. He stopped the subtle criticism and began writing radical tales of revolution and change.

"His realization, luckily his and not the inspectors, somehow short-circuited him. Now he's all day in the forest reciting the names of those people he knew in Vladivostock before the tanks. After a while you simply don't hear him any more, like the sounds of the birds."

From what is said, it seems that the poets believe there will be time to murder and create their own perception of the system. Nikkolai holds that the majority of people can only ignore so much of the anomalies to their subjective observations, their personally-constructed systems projected upon reality. "As if you have around peg that fits into a square hole. It fits, so it will do for the moment. But when the hole becomes so misshapen that it doesn't make any sense, and so the peg falls through, it's time to find or make another hole. A sorry simile, but it's spur of the moment; you see what I mean, don't you?"

Tsen says, "The Russian people will wait. They always have. They let the fools play at soldier and statesman. As long as they have family and food, they are content. Here it is not the individual, it is the family. Sacrifice for the family is expected. To contest the system and risk the family is foolhardy. Better die than hurt the family. But when they string wires around the country and create a million acre death camp, well...then we'll all stand out with Ivan. Singing birdsongs to the winds."

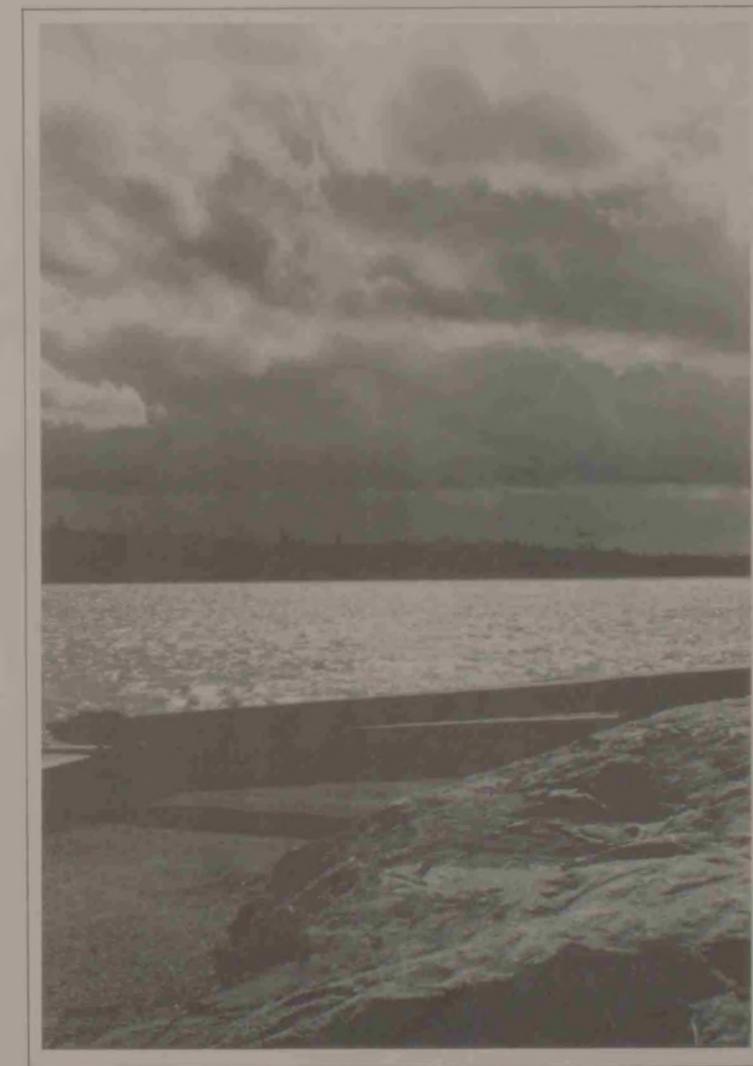
It was getting late and Franck, a poet from Leningrad, brought out a bottle of Wodka that his family had sent him earlier that month. As we got into drinking it, we began to speak of the condition of people in the gulags and cities. "Drink is killing our people. The death rate from alcoholism is repulsive. Nonetheless, it confirms Ivan's belief that leisure must be had; if not physically, then in the way we practice it most: in drunks. Escape the mindset so that in the morning you can stand erect and tall. There is no success, only survival. And it is not as easy as war. It is day to day. Sisyphus. We toil, then sleep, and the cycle is endless. Each family member thinking that martyrdom is saving the next family member. Quiet suffering," Franck finishes.

"The power of late has leaked to the people. The nomenklatura are being replaced by the new government. The

balance of power has been slightly upset. The Russian people are tasting democracy -- I don't like using that word because it implies also capitalism -- and the taste may linger too long in their mouths to the disdain of the government. Ivan may be made into a statue in Red Square, singing the songs of the regime's faults. All twenty million of them."

They waved as I drove away at dawn. They have cried all tears America can muster to the lowing of Robert Johnson's blue guitar. Pain in America is, I believe, become an immediate sensation. For the poets and their people, pain is long and slow, pleasure is an immediate sensation. all there really is by way of escape is numbness. Comfortably numb listening to the sound of Ivan in the subtle background to their greater themes. I drove away feeling damn glad to be perched happily on the eve of destruction.

-Steve Harris



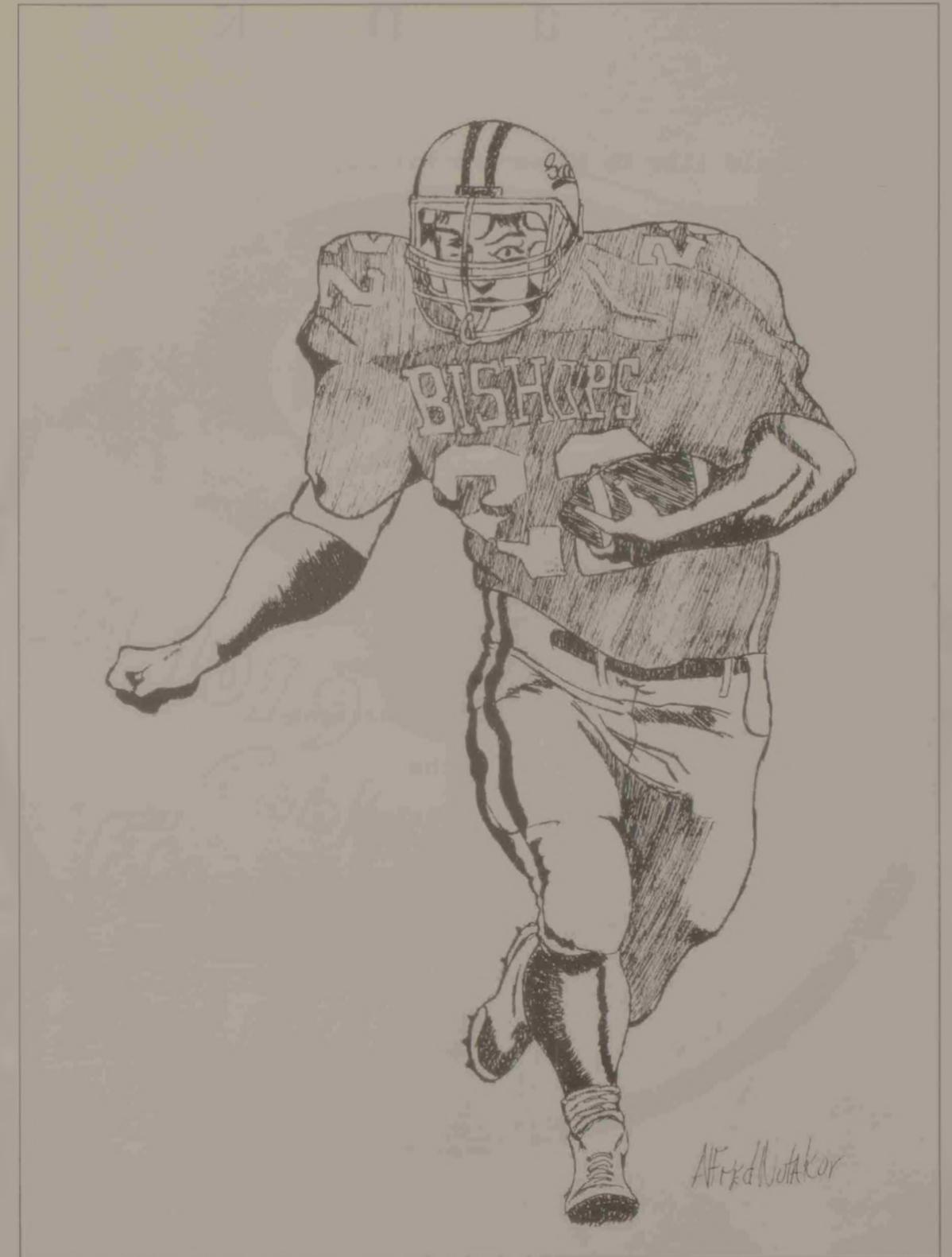
Untitled

On this clear sheet,
I'd like to begin
A quaint lil' tale
About a girl named Lynn.
She had many friends
Who called her Lynn-Binn.
She lived in Pollack
But much to our chagrin
We'd knock on her door,
And she'd never be in!

Then one fine day,
A man with a grin
Came along and proclaimed
"I've seen your friend, Lynn!"
We all cried "Oh really?"
My! Where has she 'bin?"
He said, "Well, when I saw her...
...She was really 'done in'!"
"What?" we all cried,
"Where's our Lynn 'bin?!!"

"It seems your good pal
Has been into the gin!"
"Oh no!" we protested,
"I'm sure you're mistaken...
For our special friend
Would never commit such a sin!"
So we sent him away
With a kick in the shin!
Then we Hmm-ed and Haa-ed....
Could our Lynn-Binn
-who's never in-
actually have drunk too much gin
(like the man with the grin)
and -to our chagrin-
committed a sin?

Naaaaah!...and just then
-from somewhere within-
We heard a distinct laugh...
Then the door opened
And who did appear
But a life-size Lynn!!
-Sheryl Ross



T h a n k s

The Mitre would like to thank the following for their
generous support:

Foundation of Bishop's University

The Students' Representative Council

Alumni and Development

Beta Theta Pi

Scott D. Guthrie

Omega Sigma Chi

The Bishop's University Library

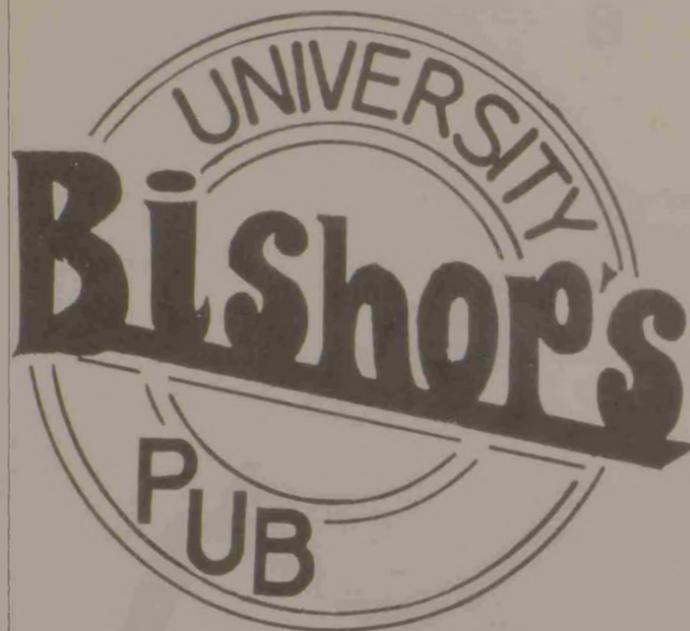
Midge and Terry Lane

Bishop's English Department

R. B. Burns

Dr. G. V. Retzleff





Win your grocery order each week.

1 draw each Saturday.

110 Queen St. N. Lennoxville, Que.

G.L. BEAULIEU INC.

97 Queen St.

INDEPENDENT LICENSED GROCER

7.00 a.m. to 11.00 p.m. - 7 days a week

Welcome Students

The Treasure Chest

Gift and paper goods shop

"Balloons and Helium"

154 Queen Street
Lennoxville, Quebec
J1M 1J9

(819) 821-2313

**DEWHURST
SNACK BAR**

For any information on any or all aspects of
the campus food service programme,
please feel free to contact us

569-4448 or 569-9551

Ext. 338 or 302

Marriott Limitee

**BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY
BOOK STORE**

Crested items - T-shirts golf shirts, etc.
Crested accessories - glassware & jewelery
New - BU crested playing cards
Prices & details on request

Lennoxville, Que.
566-4773 J1M 1Z7

Mon.-Fri.
9:30 - 4:00 p.m.

NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

