"College days will ever linger in our hearts..."

Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Quebec
A Dedication to the Memory of Dr. E.A. Prince

Dr. Ewart A. Prince, B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. died on Sunday, February 8, 1981. When Dr. Prince was instated as Professor and Department Head, at Bishop's, it was considered a great honour to receive such constitutional knowledge and experience. In the years since, his students have found this to be very true, as his resourceful help in the areas of Canadian governmental structure, civil liberties, and international relations has been both precise and accurate. This has been invaluable to the political science undergraduate.

Dr. Prince was much more than just a good political scientist, he was also a true and concerned friend to all his students, willing to do whatever he could for them at any time. He contributed a great deal to this school, serving as the first Chairman of Social Sciences, sitting on the Senate virtually every year as well as on numerous planning, selection, and faculty committees. He was thought of by his colleagues, as a most humane, civilized, and very Canadian person; a friend to the first degree. The anecdotal style of personal experience by which he taught, enriched many an occasion socially as well.

It is sad that one can never tell a professor how much one really appreciates him until it is too late.

Ewart Prince was a fine human being. He will be sorely missed by this university.

"No man is an Island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent a part of the main ... Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."

Meditation XVII - John Donne
What can be said of a week that demanded the collective energy of sixty-two persons to welcome the first year students. Orientation is an atmosphere, a state of mind. People not the worrying, planning and organizing make it work.

Welcome booths greeted the frosh with, enthusiastic directions followed by Tours, wine and cheese parties, and speeches. An outdoor party became an indoor party although some persisted dancing in the rain. And they survived the first day...

The second day featured an academic bazaar of teachers and courses. The first important decision came with the clothes line race - How far to strip in order to win. We then progressed to Dewie's Beach after dark.

The third day presented the headache of registration, a barbeque, a volleyball tournament, and an appropriate screening of Animal House in the theatre.

Day Four - The first day of classes. The Orientation Committee fearful that the frosh would miss their first classes, tactfully woke them at 5:30 a.m. To clear our head, calisthenics, breakfast and morning makeup was ordered. We woke the principal and dazzled all with a fashion show at Dewie. And they survived initiation...

Having been well prepared mentally and physically for classes they excelled in the evening scavenger hunt, bringing back sundries like a Lessard Cruiser. Cancer Drive Pub night followed on the fifth day with skits and a musical number.

Proceeds from the sixth day car wash went to the Canadian Cancer Society in aid of Terry Fox. An Olympiad quickly followed with jello and bananas. All were found guilty at the Kangaroo Court.

The frosh of the week Norma-Jean Bridgeo and Alex Patterson, and the winning group of the week was the Quaffers. The banquet went very well. I even gave a speech that made some sense. The closing dance featured J.W. Fish and we all found that the week had gone by extremely fast, but all good things must come to an end.

I would like to thank everyone who helped me out, the event heads, the group leaders, the gophers, and the A.D.R.S. I am not a sentimentalist but I must say that I will never forget the good times and the friends that I met during Orientation week 1980. Thank you Frosh of 1980 for giving me the memory of my life.

Your very truly,
Vanda Vicars
It all started with the Don's making fools of themselves ...

Getting Acquainted ...
"Social"ly
and
Academically
If I could save time in a bottle ...
Before ...

during ...

after!
Mike Rice ...

King of the road!
1980 Orientation Committee

Group Leaders

Event Heads

The Winners!
Emeritus Professors

Preston, Prof. A.W.
Langford, Dr. A.N.
McCubbin, Dr. J.W.
Jeffers, Dr. J.D.
Yarni, Dr. E.H.

Principal

Chu, Prof. C.I.H.

Dean

Kuepper, Dr. K.J.

Division of Business Administration

Abravanel, Dr. H.
Calder, Prof.
Drolet, Prof. R.L.
Jain, Dr. R.S.
Kagan, Prof. M.
MacGregor, Prof. R.M.
Monty, Prof. S.A.
Schenk, Prof. O.B.
Taylor, Prof. W.D.
Tomasi, Prof. J.A.

Division of Humanities

Abrahams, Dr. C.A.
Brown, Prof. H.F.
Burns, Dr. R.B.
Craig, Dr. J.
Englebretsen, Dr. G.F.
Fisher, Prof. H.J.
Forrest, Dr. R.W.E.
Green, Dr. L.
Green, Dr. R.F.
Jenkins, Dr. B.A.
Keller, Prof. L.W.
Kuepper, Dr. K.J.
Lefort, Dr. C.
McLean, Prof. K.H.
Murray, Dr. S.M.
Parmentier, Dr. M.A.
Phillips, Prof. J.F.

Pille, Prof. J.M.
Reetz, Dr. G.W.
Reeve, Rev. Dr. R.E.
Reigel, Prof. D.K.H.
Rittenhouse, Prof. D.
Schweizer, Dr. K.W.
Seale, Dr. D.
Shearan, Dr. W.A.
Trel, Dr. C.
Tondino, Prof. G.
Villa, Prof. N.
White, Dr. H.W.
Wojtas, Dr. C.

Division of Natural Science and Mathematics

Arnott, Dr. C.L.
Brown, Dr. D.F.
Carman, Prof. C.R.
Dutton, Prof. H.M.
Hickie, Prof. G.H.
Hilton, Dr. D.F.
Moore, Dr. J.
Nagar, Dr. S.S.
Redding, Dr. J.L.
Rhodes, Prof. M.
Saan, Prof. G.
Van Horn, Prof. W.
Van Hulst, Dr. R.E.
Wilson, Prof. P.E.
Yeats, Dr. R.B.

Division of Social Science

Barnett, Prof. R.E.
Beattie, Prof. J.R.
Beckin, Dr. J.D.
Beck, Dr. S.L.
Glasow, Prof. A.A.
Groves, Prof. G.S.
Haver, Dr. C.B.
Jones, Prof. A.W.
Judson, Dr. T.A.
Logan, Prof. M.C.
Loney, Prof. Z.H.$
Lustigman, Dr. M.M.
McKelvie, Dr. S.J.
Myhul, Dr. I.M.
Prince, Dr. E.A.
Rose, Dr. C.G.
Ross, Dr. W.G.
Siddiqui, Prof. P.A.
Smith, Dr. D.D.
Standing, Dr. L.D.
Tuck, Dr. G.F.
Undergraduates at the University of Cambridge have been required for centuries to demonstrate that they have lived "within a radius of one mile from the tower of St. Mary's Church" for the requisite number of days per term before they may proceed to a degree. The experience of living on a university community has been regarded as an essential part of the university education.

This is also the Bishop's tradition. I hope that you have learned as much from your friends as you have from your professors and your reading during your years with us. If you have, then the staff of QUAD, in compiling for you a book of faces, has provided you with a means of recalling many of the most important things you have learned at Bishop's. I thank them on your behalf, and wish you all good luck and challenging careers.

J. J. A. Nicholl
Get your All Beef Gator ...
Only $2.25!

Kangaroo Court

Queen's
Editor's Message

University years can be the best years of our lives. The opportunities available at Bishop's make our university unique. In preparing this book we tried to cover life at Bishop's as we saw it, flowing through all the seasons. There is a place here for everyone. The task now remains for you to find your niche and to make the most of it.

"Then catch the moments as they fly and use them as they ought."

R. Burns

REMEMBER: We are here for a good time not a long time.

In conclusion, we wish to thank all those who made this year's Quad possible. And to all the Grads ...

Best of luck in the future!

Nancy Jasperson
Sylvie Gagnon
Co-Editors Quad.
For that close up smile.

Academic affair anyone?

Boxer Shorts Party.
Now ...
Through rain, hail, sleet or snow, we come to watch our Gaiters go.
Gaitors
Action ...

Isn't it over yet?

a one man show??

The sky's the limit ...
Bishop's Men's Football

SITTING, Left to Right: Claude Belleau, Mario Belanger, Andy Gates, Tom Bray, Jim Irwin, Peter Knee, Ray Heffernan, Gord Dowbiggin, Francois Payer, Robbie Leyden. SECOND ROW: Karel Nenec, Viktor Trence, Dale Butterwick, Athletic Therapist; Dave Behm, Marty Edwards, Bruce Coulter, Wayne Hussey, Tom Allen, Mike Lewis, Manager; Kim McKellar, Larry Ring, Bill Rowe. THIRD ROW: Andy King, Doug McNevean, Al Chastanet, Steve Karpentko, George Roy, Tim Saunders, Mark Fabri, Gil Broome, Bob MacLeod, Cam Edgar. FOURTH ROW: Jamie Chouinard, Marcel Lebrun, John Gutelius, Paul Dupuis, Phil Charron, Dave Thornhill, Brian Rahill, Craig Harris, Doug Bayley, Mark James, Marc Moreau.

The 1980 Season

The 1980 edition of the Bishop's Gaiters football team opened the season in impressive fashion with victory against Carleton (14-4), and McGill (16-6). With a 2-0 record and a share of a first place the season looked promising. A 24-7 loss to Ottawa U., and a last minute 15-14 defeat at the hands of Concordia brought the young team's hopes back to reality. The Gaiters avenged their heartbreaking loss to Concordia by defeating them 30-20 the following week. The remaining two games of the season were ones the team would like to forget. They were easily defeated by Queen's and McGill and finished the season in fourth place.

The 1980 team had its share of outstanding performers. Offensively Tom Bray, Ray Heffernan and Tim Saunders did a good job anchoring the line. Doug McNevan had a great year at full back; Jamie Chouinard had an excellent rookie season at slot back; and Dave Thornhill was the most exciting and dangerous kick returner in the league. Defensively players such as Mark Fabri, Andy King, and Larry Ring combined to intercept 13 passes between them. George Roy had a strong year in the middle and rookie Francois Payer, Mark James, and Doug Bayley had encouraging performances.

Overall it was a successful rebuilding job by Bruce Coulter and his staff. Congratulations are extended to Bruce, Tom Allen, and rookie coaches Dave Behm and Wayne Hussey for their fine work.

With an incredible nucleus of talent returning next year, the Gaiters could have a very strong team and be a leading candidate for first place in the QUAA.
OQIFC stats. Final Standings

<table>
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<th>GP</th>
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<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>133</td>
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</table>

Playoffs

Saturday, Nov. 1

Bishop’s 10 Ottawa 22
Queen’s 23 McGill 21

Ottawa wins OQIFC
Ottawa wins Atlantic Bowl

Scoring

Player/Team

Player/Team

TD FG C S TP

Doug Bayley - Bishop’s 0 5 7 3 25

Rushing

CARR YDS AVG TD F

Peter Knee-Bish

7.7 2 3

Passing

ATT COMP YDS PCT TD

Peter Knee-Bish

127 59 649 44.3 1

Single Game Hi-Lites

MOST FIELD GOALS: Doug Bayley - Oct. 11 (2)
LONGEST RUN: Doug McNevan - Oct. 18 (66)
LONGEST PUNT RETURN: Dave Thornhill - Oct. 11 (99)
LONGEST KICK OFF: Doug Bayley - Sept. 20 (85)

O.Q.I.F.C All-Stars:
Canadian Football League:
(Drafted)

Larry Ring - Defensive Halfback
Tom Bray - Toronto Argonauts
Larry Ring - Ottawa Roughriders
Dave Thornhill - B.C. Lions
Bishop's
Homecoming 1980
Bishop's University Marching Song

"Drink a Toast to Bishop University On the Mighty Massawippi Shore. We're conditioned to our fate, We'll Never Graduate. We'll Stay Here Forever More.

College Days Will Linger Ev'er In Our Hearts Wearing Gowns, Raising Hell and Guzzling Ale. And We'll Show "Esprit de Corps" As We Watch the Garden ROAR On to Victory. So Raise Your Beer Mugs And Your Little Brown Jugs To Bishop's University."
HOMECOMING 1980

'This is the start of something completely different.' The events of Homecoming are usually very spontaneous. The alumni return to watch 'the Gaitors roar' and to see old friends. This year, however, P.R. Officer Tim Belford decided to put a little attention and planning into the weekend.

As Homecoming chairperson I had the pleasure of working with Tim in planning these events. Along with a group of dedicated workers we set out to make Homecoming '80 something special. Although the weather was less than cooperative (not to mention the Concordia Stingers), turn out for the events and game was exceptional. This year Bishop's very own Gaitor mascot came to life at the Homecoming game.

Thanks to all those who sat and painted banners in the basement of Div, and to those nimble fingers which helped sew a 'Gaitor' in less than a week.

Special thanks to Bruce Coulter and Tim Belford for their much appreciated financial assistance.

Colette Roy
Homecoming Chairperson
This year witnessed a revamped varsity soccer team. The talent was basically the same as previous years but, thanks to new coaching and a better team spirit, the team tallied the best record in the history of soccer at Bishop's. Under the guidance of coach Dave Turner and assistant coach Gary Harvey, the team finished third in the league with a final record of 8-6-1 (including the exhibition game). On the field, the team was led by captain Brent Loubert and assistant captain Don Thompson as well as by veterans Peter Arndt, Chris Brown and Paul O’Gallagher not forgetting rookie Michael Gobell. Excellent goal tending was provided by Bob Palmer and Anthony Crow. Although not mentioned, all other players were instrumental in a successful and enjoyable season; thanks goes to them. Also appreciated was the increased fan support (notably S.L. and K.T.)

Many veterans will be leaving next year, so it is up to the returning players to continue the spirit and success. Best wishes goes to them.
FIELD HOCKEY

Starring...
BISHOP's and CHAMPLAINS...
GAITORETTES AND COUGARETTES
WOMEN’S FIELD HOCKEY

This year the Bishop's Champlain Field Hockey team underwent a number of changes, involving a new coach, as well as seven new team players out of twelve. Unfortunately, last minute cancellations caused our league to jump from six teams down to four teams down. Nevertheless, competition in the league was stiff; we started out well at the John Abbott Invitational, and from there went to many league and exhibition games.

Finals were played on an extremely cold and windy day at St. Helene's Island, where Concordia won over John Abbott for first place and Bishop's-Champlain defeated Vanier for third place. The B.U. C.R.C. team worked very hard this season and, we were rewarded by having a great time together. We are looking forward to next season, particularly since Queen's University and St. Lambert will be adding teams to our league.

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Kelly Holmes, Lisa Driver, Lucie Legault, Marlene Harvey, Kathy Reese. TOP ROW: Laurie Schoolcraft, Cathy Goodsell, Barb Harrison, Sue Ingutia, Janice Smith, Angie Losito, Karen Lesperance.
Intramurals ...

Go for it ...
Give it all you got ...
Summarizing First Semester’s Intramural Sports...

Intramural Summary

The touch football fielded 12 teams this season. This was a record turnout of players for touch football. The final game saw the Black Hand Clan edge out the Solid States in a hard fought 14 to 6 win. Co-ed Softball went with a league format rather than tournament. There were 6 teams in the league. Munster Brewers led the league with a 4 and 1 record followed by the Black Hand Clan with a 3 and 2 record.

The 5 mile relay was won by the men’s hockey team with a time of 23:29. Tennis hit all time highs this year as it was the biggest intramural turnout.

Co-ed Volleyball continued to have a large turnout with 14 teams. The Blue Bombers won the Left Hand League winning 96 percent of their games. The Right Hand League was won by the Knights with a 77 winning percentage. The big upset saw the Knights defeat the Blue Bombers dominance on volleyball as they were league champions for the past 3 years.

The Lucy League started its second season with only 3 women’s basketball teams. The All Nites won the league quite easily. Marg McCullough was the leading scorer with 61 points.

Smile Boys You’re on Camera
Drama at Bish...

THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX: Casting: Chris McCarge, Alex Paterson.

VERONICA'S ROOM: Casting: Mark Royer, Libby Lemon, Meta Badger, Bruce Shepley.

Hallowe’en at Bishop’s 1980
Training camp for the 1980-81 hockey Gaitors began on the first week of September. Turnout was excellent and the workouts were intense. Everyone was confident last season’s record of twelve wins, eleven losses and one tie would be improved.

Unfortunately, however, the expected “banner year” never materialized. Veteran standouts Mario Claude, Paul Bedard, and Mike Sweeney sat out the majority of the season because of numerous injuries. Lacking in depth, the team never regained its original strength and was unable to fulfill its capabilities.

Nevertheless, an unexpected number of players benefited from the exposure to Inter-University athletic competition. Similarly, the team was subjected to three coaching styles. Andre Boisvert began the year however, he soon graduated to the Quebec Major Junior “A” ranks, as the helmsman of the Sherbrooke Beavers. He was then replaced by, Dave Behm and Jimmy Moore, who guided the squad with their knowledge and experience for the remainder of the year.

Hockey players at Bishop’s are extremely fortunate in having the facilities and provisions which enable them to continue their playing career. Two players, notably captain Mark Asleton and Bob Vigliotti, have been given invitations to prove their ability at professional training camps next fall.

On behalf of everyone involved, best wishes and good luck to them, the graduating veterans and future hockey teams with their players. To quote Marcus Aurelius, “every man is worth just as much as the things he busies himself with”. For the sake of mankind at Bishop’s University, long live the hockey program.

Ian George Pearson.
This year’s women’s hockey team, the Polar Bears, had one of their best records to date, including a victory over long time rival John Abbott in the playoffs.

More than half of the team this year were rookies which looks promising for the years to come. Eight of the seventeen girls were Bishop’s students and nine were from Champlain. It was a good year for the team, not just point wise but for the team as a whole. Being so far away from the others in the league means a lot of travelling but this year it brought the team closer together.

Aside from league and exhibition games, the team was involved in two tournaments; one at the University of Sherbrooke, and one in Huntingdon, both of which were quite an experience. The overall record was 7 wins and 17 losses with the goalie Janice Smith having a 4.08 average. Leading scorers were Laurie Schoolcraft and Suzanne Dumesnil-Bowker and the leading penalty holder was Holly St. Onge. Two girls will be leaving, but with a young squad we hope that the girls will continue to improve as the team holds a lot of potential. Our thanks go to coach Al Ansel and all of his helpers.

Best of luck to everyone, and thanks for a great year!

Lisa Welden
Polar Bears in Action ...
Residence Life at Bish...
Pollack Hall


The Norton Chiefs

Abbott Hall


BOTTOM ROW: Brent Loubert, Bob Lane, Tim Ballantyne, Bruce Baldwin. SECOND ROW: Brian Fredette, Vivian Simounet, Judy Ross, Jennifer Laurie, Debbie Moore, Johanne Caron, Mylène Lacroix, Debbie Steel, John Pearson. TOP ROW: Tom Coates, Lorne Roseborough, Brian Migneault, Mitch Gibbons, Michel Charron, Steve McConnery, Tom Broad, Herbert Armour, Steve Goodwin, David Sanschagrin, Chris Bayley, Michael Pyne.

BOTTOM ROW: John Gutelius, Eli Lee, Ron Zehnal, Pierre Boutin, Sylvie Gagnon, Annette Arseneault, Danielle Guitard, Neville Reynolds. SECOND ROW: Jeff Kinnear, Yves-André Ferland, Jamie Gordon, Roger Gervais, Diana Mulholland, Vick Trence, Lynda Knight, Bill French, Liz Callahan, Donovan McKenzie, Marko Thom, Anne Channell, Mike Kudlak.
Munster Hall


Divinity

Faces and Moments
You’ll Always
Want to Remember

Sorry Cindy! But how could I resist?

So, who were you expecting?
Are you serious?

Cheers!!

One bottle of beer, 2 bottles of beer, 3 bottles of beer, 4 ...

One for the money, two for the show ...
GOing somewhere? ...
Here comes the sun, da da da!

Who said school was all fun and no work?
What a Place

Bishop's
What a Life ...
Christmas Dance...
Women's Basketball
Apparently this picture will bring back some good memories related to your trip to California. I'm sure many people would like to know about it... ???????????????
The Executive Committee
Student Representative Council of Bishop’s University

Cathy McRae V.P. ACADEMIC AFFAIRS
Jennifer Laurie V.P. INTERNAL AFFAIRS, Johanne Caron V.P. MEDIA, Christianne Miller DIRECTOR OF FINANCE, Colette Biron V.P. EXTERNAL AFFAIRS.
Ian Pennell S.R.C. PRESIDENT.

MIKE ROY
PUB MANAGER

PAIGE ALLISON
PUB ACCOUNTANT

JAMIE GORDON
ASSISTANT PUB MANAGER
... THE 'Q.B.' QUIET BAR ...

TOP ROW, Left to Right: Paige Allison, Maryanne McDougald, Lauren Burgess, Adrienne Chin. NEXT ROW: Mike Roy, Debbie Britton, Jamie Gordon.
And now for that everyday, everywhere protection...

THE MARSHALLS...

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: John Chippindale, Bryan McLean, Star HEAD MARSHALL; Mike Walton. SECOND ROW: Maria Bobyn, Sue Hyland, Vanda Vicars, Marc Guitard, Tim Saunders, Sue Drury, Larry Moffatt, Marty Patterson, Tim Dooley, Frank Hovey, Lisa Welden, Steve Rogerson, Paul More. THIRD ROW: Jamie Chouinard, Morgan Thompson, Larry Ring, Doug McNevan, Doug Bayley, Rudi Bakker, Andy Mullins, Peter Knee, Cam Edgar.
'THE CAMPUS'

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Bob Palmer, Editor in Chief; Stephanie Lindeburg, Lisa Welden, Cam Edgar, Shaun Lynch, Liz Carlton, Claire Deslisle, Deirdre Donathon. BACK ROW: Kren Cluasen, Vanda Vicars, Chris Emard, Kris Trotter, Craig Harris, Bob Lane, Dale Glowinski.
KARATE
THE BISHOP'S CHAMPLAIN KARATE CLUB

R.C.B.U.
RADIO BISH!!

Bowling Anyone?

Yes Bishop's even has it's very own .. BOWLING CLUB starring...

TOP ROW, Left to Right: Rod Young, Andy Mullins, Rudi Bakker, Marc Guitard. NEXT ROW: Mark Fabri, Tim King and ... Last but not least, ABSENT: Andy Gates.

THE GEOGRAPHY CLUB EXPLORING MOUNT WASHINGTON.
THE P.S.A. ASKS ...

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Maurice Ginguay, Claude Gallipeau, Fransisco Couto, Chris Lawrence, Blair Ross. NEXT ROW: Bill French, Debbie Britton, Kent Henderson, Catherine McRae.

THE GERMAN CLUB

A happy crowd: The members of the Business Club present at the second annual wine and cheese party. What a party it was...

PRESIDENT: Lorraine Dumas
VICE-PRESIDENT: Mark Schweitzer
'Carni 81'

Presenting ...

CABARET NIGHT, ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW NIGHT, POWDER PUFF AND THE TOILET BOWL, SKI DAY AT ORFORD ..., ALMOST ANYTHING GOES, DISCO ROULE, CASINO NIGHT, CARNI BALL, AND ..., GREASER NIGHT!

Carni 81 was run on a self supporting basis this year. This encouraged greater student participation in key events such as Cabaret and the Rocky Horror Picture Show Night.

There was a new twist added to the Powder Puff this year, points for ejection by the girls, and as usual, the Bish tankers trounced to victory over C.R.C.

Other events included Ski Day at Orford, Disco Roule, Almost Anything Goes, and of course the finale, the Carni Ball.

Maryanne McDougald, Chairperson, gave the Carni new direction at Casino Night with some interesting new prizes to give away and was as well, very adept at handling the organization involved overall.

Many thanks to those who participated and helped organize Carni Events. It was greatly appreciated.

Debbie Britton
Assistant
Chairperson
And then there was...

The Powder Puff and The Toilet Bowl

We're conditioned to our fate. We will never graduate. We will stay here for ever more.
Show Go ... Cabaret!
In Men's Basketball a total of 10 teams participated. In the Championship game, the Tigercats were on top, upsetting Purple Haze by a score of 39-35.

This year, Co-Ed Broomball had the highest participation of any Intramural sport ever, with 21 teams, and some 260 odd people. After some exciting semi-final action, the Championship game saw the best of the (2) divisions clash. The Coasters fought it out with the Education Gang, with the Coasters coming out on top in a 5-4 decision in an Overtime period.

Ball Hockey consisted of 10 teams, and was organized as a tournament spread over a three day period. In an exciting final, the Bearded Clans defeated Pockets Rockets by a 3-2 margin.

Men's soccer results went as expected. With 8 teams participating, the first place league finishers, Manfred Mann's Earthband, took the final game by a 4-2 score over the Rubber Policemen.

The Badminton tournaments saw Mike Shetler take the Men's singles and then paired up with Yves Ferland to take also, the Men's Doubles. In Women's doubles Ulla Mamers and Lynn Harding beat out Vanda Vicars and Lisa Welden, while in the Women's singles Andrea Blackwell defeated Maria Bobyn.

In the Squash tournament Rat Fitzgerald defeated Mike Shetler by a 3-2 margin in games. In the Women's department Sue Mitchell defeated Theresa Grant, also 3-2 in games.

The Women's Indoor soccer league, in the Intramural program for the first time, featured six teams. After some exciting and very close semi-final action, the final matched the Basketballs against the Coasters, first and second in the league respectively.
THE COASTERS
1981's Winning Broomball Team...

Photos by: Bruce McRae.
Intramural Summary
for 1980-81 ...

The intramural program of 1980-81 was a huge success. This year for, the first time the Bishop’s Champlain Intramural program was basically run by students. Intramural director Wayne Hussey, with the aid of (2) student animators, Ross Hunt and Sue Hylland, worked together in organizing the various tournaments and leagues.

The program as a whole ran very smoothly all year. New Sports were tried and were received with great enthusiasm and success. Record participation was evident in almost all sports.

Thanks must be extended to all the convenors and referees for their help in the program as well as to all those who participated in making it a success. Let’s hope that the 1981-82 Intramural program will continue this upswing!!

Special mention must be made to the Intramural Athletes for the year. For the first year ever the Female Intramural Award was shared by two individuals, Vanda Vicars and Cathy Fluhmann. Both girls were members of the infamous Happy Hoopers team. Vanda, a third year student was involved in as many as six sports this year, including Badminton, Basketball, Broomball, Soccer, Softball and Volleyball. She was among the top three scorers in Basketball, and captain for the “Hoopers” Basketball and Soccer teams.

Cathy, a second year student participated in seven intramural sports, the maximum amount of sports possible for a girl to take part in. She was involved in Basketball, Broomball, Soccer, Volleyball, Tennis, Squash and Softball. As well as making it to the semi-finals in both Volleyball and Tennis, she was a member of the Co-Ed Softball Championship team.

Congratulations must be extended to Vanda and Cathy.

The Male Intramural Athlete belonged to Bernie Tetrault, a third year student. Bernie is well deserved of this award. This year Bernie participated in such sports as Volleyball, Ball Hockey, Softball, League winning Black Hand Clan Hockey team as well as the winning Black Hand Clan team in Touch Football. Bernie was also involved as a Convenor in the Intramural program, as well as helping to referee such sports as Football, Hockey and Softball. Congratulations Bernie!
WEARING GOWNS, RAISING HELL, AND QUAFFING ALE. AND WE'LL SHOW ESPIRIT DE CORPS.
Awards Night

Athlete of the Year (M): Trevor Bennett, and Mark Asleson (W): Sue Hylland
Ladies' Basketball: M.V.P. Sue Hylland, M.I.P. Andrea Blackwell, Team Award Denise Dignard
Men's Basketball: M.V.P. Mike Mullins, M.I.P. Mike Draw
Men's Hockey: M.V.P. Mark Asleson, M.I.P. Frank Vodapivee, Chuck Chapman, Team Award Mark Asleson
Men's Football: M.V.P. Doug McNevan, Best Rookie Jamie Chouinard
Men's Soccer: M.V.P. Brent Loubert
Ladies' Hockey: M.V.P. Laurie Schoolcraft, Best Rookie Janice Smith, and Holly St. Onge
Skiing: M.V.P. Dave Raymond
Intramural Sports: M.V.P. (M) Bernie Tetrault, M.V.P. (W) Vanda Vicars and Cathy Fluhman

S.R.C. AWARDS

Merit Award: Debbie Britton
Presidential Awards: Cathy McRae, Johanne Caron, Connie Brion, Jennifer Laurie
Academic Affairs: Libby Gunn, Paul Hunt, Bryan McLean, and Bob Lane
External Affairs: Marc Robitaille
Internal Affairs: Kimberly Paige Allison, Vanda Vicars, and Lesley Roche
Media Awards: Shaun Lynch, Bob Palmer, Kris Trotter, Nancy Jasperson, and Sylvie Gagnon
Ray Almond Award: Bruce Coulter

OTHER ATHLETIC AWARDS

Badminton: (M) Andy Gates, (W) Andrea Blackwell
Golf: (M) Mark Jordan
Tennis: (M) F. Lacroix (Singles), (W) Lynn Polson
Squash: (W) Sue Mitchell, (M) Pat Fitzgerald

INTRAMURAL TEAM AWARDS

Flag Football: Black Hand Clan
Co-ed Volleyball: The Knights
Women's Basketball: All Nighters
Women's Soccer: Basketballers
Co-ed Softball: Munster Brewers
Men's Hockey: Rolling Rocks
Men's Basketball: Tiger Cats
Men's Soccer: Manfred Mann's Earthband
Co-ed Broomball: Coasters
Men's Ball Hockey: Bearded Clans
THE BROTHERHOOD ...
NEAR THE CAMPUS THE PEACEFUL CAMPUS THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT!!!!

BERNACLES
MEMORIES

MEMORIES can be so beautiful, they help you get through the present and give us courage to fight the future but they are also dead dreams, already lived desires.

If one relies too much on memories they become too worn and faded - like an old photograph, Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could stop time and stay the same? But it is not until the experience is over that we really understand it's worth.

It seems, today anyway, that the only way to win is to remember the future.

Liz Callahan
Grads ’81
ANNETTE M. ARSENAULT
41 Ayer Lane, Harwich
Port, Mass.
B.A. English Minors; Bus. Adm.,
Drama
"With them the seed of Wisdom
did I sow, ... I came like Water,
and like Wind I go.

COLETTE BIRON
97 Court, Coaticook, Que.
B.A. Psychology Honours
"Life is survival" Volleyball, V.P.
External Affairs, Club Liaison

ARLEN BONNAR
266 Abbott, Magog, Que.
B.A.

RONALD E. BROOKS
"As I conclude my stay at
Bishop's I have learned one thing
well, from knowledge comes
understanding, understanding gives
us peace of mind, for what could
be more comforting than
dismissing the fear of the
unknown". '80 Grad Dance.

ELIZABETH CALLAHAN
Lowell, Mass.
B.A. Psychology
"Dare to take a chance on life,
laugh with it and love it"

SEAN K. CALLAHAN
Sylvan Circle
Lynnfield, Mass.
B.A. History.
SUSAN E.N. CAMERON
Montreal, Quebec
B.A. Drama Honours
"This above all: To Thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day: Thou canst not then be false to any man."
Shakespeare

JOHANNE E. CARON
Campbellton, N.B.
B.A. Soc-PoliSci
"And I said to myself, self ..."
V.P. Media 80-81; Food Committee Chairperson 80-81; Yearbook Editor 79-80; and various other Committees.

SANDRA A. CASSIDY
Sandy
600 Casgrain Avenue
St. Lambert, Quebec
B.A. Maj. Fine Arts
79-80 Curator of Bishop's-Champlain Art Gallery; 80-81 Art Gallery Committee Member.

BOB CHANDIK
Pointe-aux-Trembles, Quebec.
B.A. Social Science
Varsity Hockey 77 to 81; Hostage 81; Casino night 81; Memory: Europe Summer 79, Party on Haskal Hill 81. Quote: "You're never too old to be young."

EUGENIA DAWSON
Jean, Jeannie
RR1. Island Brook, Cookshire, Quebec.
B.A. Humanities Divisional Major
That's life! Music, Languages and Fishing.

CLAIRE E. DELISLE
R.R. 2 Waterville, Que.
B.A.
SYLVIE DELISLE
Quebec, Quebec
B.A.

CARL DOBBIN
Newf Blanche-Sablon Duplessis County Que.
B.A. History Major
"If you cannot beat them join them. Hear about the Newfie who graduated from Bishop's and became Premier of NFLD.? Is it possible!"

NICOLE DUQUET
1690 Boutgogne
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.A. Major Business, Major Fine Arts

EVA FOURNIER (Ti-Ti)
No. 2 Fontenelle Gaspé, Quebec
B.A. Psychology Major
Memories: All-nighters Kuener block 4 79-80, "Coasters." "It is better to know things as they are, than to believe in things as they seem!"

BRIAN FREDETTE
1006 Catherine Crsc.
New Minas, Nova Scotia
B.A. Foreign Languages

SYLVIE GAGNE
1344 King St. West
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.A. Major in French, Minor in English
"The more the merrier." Cross Country Skiing, Racquetball, and Piano.
JAMES C. GORDON
N.D.G., Quebec
B.A. Major Business, Minor Political Science
Activities: Quiet Bar, Assistant Manager, Pub. Memory: D.M.

HELENE GOSSELIN
55 Carmichael No. 32
Beaupre, Quebec
B.A. Economics Honours, Skiing, Swimming

ANNA GRANT
200 Heneker St.
Sherbrooke, Quebec.
B.A. English Major, History Minor
"A dull rotation never at a stay yesterday's face twin image of today."

CRAIG M. HARRIS
Lakefield, Ontario.
B.A. English Honours
"You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough." Football, Sports Ed., Campus, Photo Ed. Quad, ADR Norton, SRC, BuFs VP., Pub-board, K.J.R.

LISA HENDRICKS
Headtricks.
N.Y.C. N.Y.
Humanities, Business
"Who me?" Memories: Buster, Loops, getting small, boxer shorts, R.O.T.F.W.'s B-Ball, Karate, Powder Puff, Orientation, BuFs, Quad Marshalling, Carni
DARLENE B. KEENAN
Montreal, Quebec.
B.A.

FRED A. KANE
Richmond, Quebec.
B.A.

TAN KONG KHEON
B.A.

GAIL KLINCK
Cowansville, Quebec.
B.A.

BARBARA L. KNOWLES
Maltby, Washington.
B.A.

ROBERT A. LANE
Don Mills, Ontario
B.A. Business
A.D.R., Debating S.R.C., Senate,
C.L.U., The Campus, Business
Club
BARBARA H. LANGENDORF
Dorval, Quebec
B.A.

CLAUDE LAURENCE
61 Cutting St.
Coaticook, Quebec
B.A. French Honours
Success is getting what you want,
Happiness is wanting what you

JOHNSTONE R. Jr.
Dover, Mass. U.S.A.
B.A.

SHAUN G. LYNCH
St. Bruno, Que.
B.A. Psychology Honours
S.R.C. Vice President of Media
79-80, Corporation 80-81, The
Campus, RCBU, The Quad, When
the going gets weird, the weird
turn pro. Hunter S. Thompson.

KATHLEEN E. MACKEY
RR. No. 112 Marbleton, Que.
B.A. Sociology Major, History
Minor
"Anything worth doing is worth
doing well". Reading, Gardening,
caring for animals and trying to
keep up with Bish current events.

INGRID A. MAMERS
77 Belvedere Lennox.
B.A. French Major
DANIELLE M. MASSON
1640 Lachance
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.A. Major Economics

LYNN D. MCCOY
B.A.
Sherbrooke, Quebec

MARYANNE K. MCDOUGAL
B.A. Humanities, Bus. Minor
A.D.R. selection comm., Carni Chairpers. 81, Pub Manager 79-80,
Pub Staff 78-79, Orientation 78
"No, I'm not on the 10 year plan!!" Later Gaiters, Deadbear.

BRYAN MCLEAN MAC
174 Viau Chateauguay, Que.
B.A. History Hon.
So I've been here six thats no face,
no-one told me I was in a race.
B.B.A. Brotherhood Head
Marshall, Varsity B. Ball, Arnolds
and Sen. Humanities

CATHY McRAE
20257 Lakeshore Rd.
Baie d'Urfé Que.
B.A. PolSci, V.P. Academic
Pub Staff, P.S.A. Orientation
Com., Ski Club, "BOG"...
Bernacles Hostage Taking! C.M.
NJ. H.K. L.W.

TERENCE McRAE
Chandler, Quebec
B.A.
SUSAN F. MILNER
RR. No.1 Lower 6-Mile Rd.
Nelson, B.C. VI L 5P4
B.A. Humanities Honours
"Contrariwise ..." Various Senate
Committees 77-81; Editor, The
Campus, 79-80; Co-Founder,
Aardvark Party, Spring 1980

CHANTAL Y. MORIN
Sherbrooke, P.Q.
B.A. French

LUKE B. PHANEUF
Duke
25 Greystone Rd.
Malden, MA. U.S.A.
B.A. Major Business, Major
Economics
A bit miffed, think I'll go play
golf. Little fun, Little feat.

BRIGIDE POULIN
1600 Laroque 1
Sherbrooke, Que. J1H 4S3
B.A.

LOUIS POULIN
2191 Lessard Ave.
Beauport, Que.
B.A. French Major, Italian Minor
... nothing that's forced can ever
be right, if it doesn't come
naturally, leave it ...
MICHAEL J. PYNE
Ace Freudian Shipper Statistician
Rock Island, Quebec
B.A. Psychology
There is nothing in or out of the world that is absolutely good except good will KANT.

KATHLEEN JUNE REESE
B.A. Social Science, Divisional Major
Clarenceville, Que.
Varsity Ice Hockey, Intramural Broomball (Champs 78-79), Volleyball SRC, Pubboard, BUFS CMH.

WAYNE M. RICE
Caughnawaga, Qué.
B.A.

MARC ROBITAILLE
Mount Royal, Quebec
B.A.

CHANTAL M.T. RONDEAU
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.A.

BLAIR W. ROSS
Lennoxville, Quebec
B.A.
COLETTE M. ROY
B.A. Hon. Sociology
Memories: Homecoming '80, riding, a crazy roommate, skating at 7:00. Quote: Human Potential stops at a point somewhere beyond infinity.

LINDA SARRASIN
Lennoxville, Que.
B.A. French-English Majors

DONALD A. SEXTON
La Tuque, Quebec
B.A. Psychology Major, Business Minor

ROBERT E. SHAUGHNESSY
Sawyerville, Que.
God grant me the serenity to accept the things that can't be changed, the courage to change the things that can be changed, and the wisdom to know the difference.

SERGE J. TANQUAY
1990 Varrennes
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.A. Political Science Honours, Minor Economics
Pourquoi prendre la vie au sérieux ... personne en est jamais sorti vivant!
SUSAN ANNE TAYLOR

Phil.
Lennoxville, Quebec
B.A. Biology Business Minor
My years at Bish have been an experience that I will never forget.
Gracious a B.U. Polar Bears, Field Hockey, Pub Staff.

GEOFF WILSON

Montréal, Quebec.
B.A.

DANNY THOMAS YOUNG

Stickman
39 Summer St.
Lennoxville, Quebec
B.A. Social Sciences
Say what. Swim Team, Dance Club, Karate Club, Basketball, Tennis, Golf, Intramurals, Waterpolo.
BUSINESS
PAIGE ALLISON
572 Bridge Street
Belleville, Ontario
B.B.A. Finance
Stagette - March 28, 1981

HERBERT J. ARMOUR
17 Jean Talon
Jonquière, Que.
B.B.A. Administrative Mgt.
Intramurals: Hockey, Basketball,
Football, etc.

PETER G. ARNDT
976 Péquot Ave.
Southport, Conn.
B.B.A. Finance

SUZANNE ASSÉLIN
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.

MARIE M. BECHAMP
Shawinigan, Que.
B.B.A.

LINE BEAUDOIN
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.
GAIL S. BINMORE

“Bins”
B.B.A. Marketing Major
“Keen on partying??”

ANDREW BOWKER

69 Belvedere St. No. 205
Lennoxville
Business Administration, Accounting
“Cool your jet!” Skiing, golf, baseball

CHARLES BRULOTTE

852 Ontario St.
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Finance
Photography, skiing, squash

IAN H. BRYSON

Brome, Que.
B.B.A.

STEVEN CAMPBELL

50 White Pine Dr.
Beaconsfield, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
“I’m not a problem drinker - it’s the thing I do the best.”

MARC CHARPENTIER

136 Maple Ave.
Berkeley Hghts, N.J.
B.B.A. Finance Major, Economics Minor
Intramurals, shinny, Business Club
MICHEL G.P. CHARRON
"FRENCHY"
Thurso, Quebec
B.B.A.

JOSEE COTE
Lennoxville, Quebec
B.B.A. Accounting

CHERYL L. CRUICKSHANK
T.M.R. Quebec
B.B.A. Marketing
Memory: When all is done and it is time to move on, my memories will leave me sitting among souvenirs, Thank you Bishop's!
A.D.R. MUNSTER HALL

STEVEN G. DAVIES
"Redlight"
R.R. 2 Ayer's Cliff, P.Q.
B.B.A. General
"Nothing easy is worthwhile nothing worthwhile is easy."
Intramurals, Varsity Hockey 78-79, Varsity Golf

RICHARD LOUIS DESJARDINS
29 Vanier Drive
Welland, Ont.
B.B.A.

ROBERT T. DINNING
73 Belvedere St. 305
Lennoxville, Que.
B.B.A. General
Photo Club, Campus, I.V.C.F.
ROBERT DION “BOB”
333 St. Edmond
Asbestos, Que. J1T 2A6
B.B.A. Accounting
Play golf, hockey and curling

DEIRDRE DONATHAN
"Dee"
Nassau, Bahamas
B.B.A. Accounting
All good things must come to an end ... Unfortunately! Orientation, Carnival, Admissions Com. Bus. and ISA Club. ½ bog!

STEVEN G. DONNAN
"Disco"
RR 2 Magog, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
“off”, “face”, “pos fever”
Intramurals, RCBU.

DANIEL DOREY
Danny
124 Wyatt,
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
Memories: Munster 214. Running, golf, skiing, first year business student representative.

MARIE-CLAUDE DUBUC
MC
2265 Kildare Rd.
Montreal, Quebec
B.B.A. Marketing
I may not always be right, but I’m absolutely never wrong!?! Varsity skiing, tour guide, recruiting, jogging.

LORAINE DUMAS
Drummondville, Que.
B.B.A. Honours
Expression: No way! Verse: People are to love, things are to use. Memory: Halloween Dance 1980.
Activities: Business Club Pres -81.
SUZANNE
DUMESNIL-BOWKER

69 Belvedere - 205
Lennoxville J1M 2E5
B.B.A. Major Accounting
Varsity Hockey (Polar Bears);
skiing

J. JAMES FERRIER

B.B.A.
Montreal, Que.
"Love your neighbour. You have no idea how much he needs it."

DONALD FITZGERALD

1270 D'Argenteuil
Ste. Foy, Quebec
B.B.A. Marketing

SYLVIE GAGNON

Charlesbourg, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting (French)

ANDREW GATES

Aylmer, Que.
B.B.A.

MICHAEL GIBSON

London, Ont.
B.B.A.
STANLEY J. GILL

909 Coulombe St.
Arvida, Que.
B.B.A. Finance
"Herbie did it". Hockey, squash, badminton, jogging, BOBulating

STEFVEN R. GOODWIN

"George"
316 Labrecque St.
Arvida, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
"I guess!". Black Hand Clan, Intramural Hockey, Basketball and all.

KATHLEEN GRENIER

Red Devil, Turkey
Ste. Foy, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
Meanwhile back at the ranch with the beauty and the beast ... I think so too! Bishop's Karate Team, Bishop's Tour Guide.

DAVID ANDREW HANNA

AceII
Grand Mere, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
Business Club 78-80, Intramural touch football, softball, broomball. Founder of the Bishop's Annual 'Sleeper Award' Contest.

GUY GRENIER

Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.

DANIEL GUERARD

St. Felix-Valoix, Quebec.
B.B.A.
FRANK W. HOVEY
73 Belvedere Apt. 103
Lennoxville, Que.
B.B.A.
Nothing printable. Skiing, jogging, skeet-shooting.

GARTH HUNT
843 Mirco St.
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting, Squash, skiing.

ROSS A. HUNT
Chapais, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
Come on you guys, we’re only going for one beer. Will be right back.
Intramural sports, Brotherhood, Jake Parties.

NANCY J. JASPERSON
Don Mills, Ont.
Look mom, I made it!
B.B.A. Accounting

PAUL KAESER
120 Metcalfe St.
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. General, Minor Computer Science
If a subject becomes obsolete, they make it a required course. Radio Bishop’s.

BRUCE E. JONES
Senneville, Que.
B.B.A.
JAMES P.H. KEMP
Toronto, Ontario
B.B.A.

BRIAN J. KERRIGAN
Rinkles
505 Lansdowne Ave.
Montreal, Que.
B.A. Major Business, Major Economics
Nice day hey! Varsity golf.

CHRISTOPHER KHOO
18 Road 21/8
Petaing Jaya,
Selangor, West Malaysia.
B.B.A. Minor Economics
Intramural, ISA, Business Club

AURELIO LAMENTA
St. Leonard, Que.
B.B.A.

DOMINIQUE RYAN LASALLE
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.

LIETTE LEDUC
Lily
2284 Des Cascades
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Management Science.
Make new friends but keep the old, those are silver, these are gold. Dance Club.
PHILIPPE C. LEMAIRE
65 Wood
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.B.A. Accounting
"Live and let die" Re-Campus
Editor's Library cellar dweller

ROBERT I. MARTEL
761 Galt Est Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.B.A. Marketing Major

CHRISTOPHER J. MATHER
Magog, Quebec
B.B.A.

STEPHEN C. MCCONNERY
Jake
79 Hotel de Ville
Maniwaki, Quebec
B.B.A. Accounting
Activities: Intramural, Hockey,
Softball, Volleyball, Football, Ball
Hockey, Basketball

MICHAEL D. MCAULIFFE
Cambridge, Ontario
B.B.A.

BLAIR R. MIDDLETON
Toronto, Ontario
B.B.A.
CHRISTIANNE MILLER
1655 Bellefleur
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.B.A. Honours
How wondrous to have acquired such wisdom. Business Club, ISA, S.R.C. Director of Finance 1980-81

MIKE J. MULLINS
Ottawa, Ontario
B.B.A.

ROBERT DOUGLAS PALMER
17 Depot St., Lennoxville, Quebec
B.B.A. Marketing
There's a whole lot of things that I've never done, but I've never had too much fun. C. Cody, Business Club, Intramural Sports.

IAN GEORGE PEARSON
Froggie
R.R. 3 Lakefield, Ont.
B.B.A. Marketing
"And be a simple kind of man; Be something you love and understand, Forget your lust for rich man's gold, All that you need is in your soul, And you can do this if you try."
R. Van Zant

IAN PENNELL
Flagus
677 Marie Anne
St. Hilaire, Quebec
B.B.A.
S.R.C. President, Marshal, Orientation Intramurals, Business Club, Loops/parties, Pajama party, and the beach party.

MICHEL R. PHILIPPE
Welland, Ontario
B.B.A.
CHARLES MICHAEL POTTER
Lennoxville, Quebec
B.B.A.

PAUL A. PORTER
Chilliwack, B.C.
B.B.A.

PETER J. PROVENCHER
North Hatley, Quebec
B.B.A.

PATRICK M. RIORDBAN
Beaconsfield, Quebec
B.B.A.

LARRY RING
B.B.A.
Ottawa, Ontario

NEIL H. ROBERTS
St. Paul’s River, Quebec
B.B.A.

STEVEN CLAIRE SMITH
Mississauga, Ontario
B.B.A.
MARK B. SCHWEITZER
207 Albert St., North
PLFD., N.J.
B.B.A. Honours
"May the happiest days of your past
be the saddest days of your future."
V.P. Business club, B.U. Pub D.J.,

CATHARINE A.M. SHEA
‘Kiki’
62 Racine, Kenogami
B.B.A. Minor French
Cross-country skiing, Business Club

ANN STEPHENSON
4997 Grosvenor Ave.
Montreal, Quebec
B.B.A. Accounting
Fav. Exp. Go for it! Orientation,
squash, intramurals, A.D.R.,
Thanks to all those who kept me
sane!

VANDA "V" VICARS
B.B.A. Mgt. Sc.
St. Bruno, Quebec
Three years have come and gone,
One sad fact, I must move on.
Dance, orientation, carnival,
Student Conduct Committee.

ANDREAS WIEDENFELD
RR 1, Waterloo, PQ
B.B.A. Finance
Ski club, BUFS, Business club

LAWRENCE D. WILLIAMSON
Lennoxville, Quebec
B.B.A.
$H_2O + CO_2 = $
ROBERTO S. CIFOLA
Berto
827 Des Cascades, VLT
BSc. Biology major
As time goes on, I realise what...
Macracanthorhynchus hrod{nac-
eus means to me.

DAVID J. HUDDLESON
1720 Seguin St.
St. Bruno, Quebec
BSc. Math, CSC Minor
"Eternity is in the heart. Infinity is
in the mind."
C.L. Henderson
RCBU executive, Broomball 79-81

SUSAN E. HYLLAND
Chateauguay, PQ.
BSc. Math, Chemistry Minor
Activities: Varsity Basketball,
Intramurals, Student Conduct,
Academic Appeals, Orientation.

TIM R. KING
Almonte, Ontario
‘Kinger’
BSc. Biology Hons.
Football, Saturday Bowling Club

ANDREW KIRKWOOD
‘Kirk’
535 Rockhill Cres.
Beaconsfield, Que.
There's no action. Swimming,
Lifeguard, Chem Club.

BRENT E. LOUBERT
‘Brentsky’
69 Fifth Ave., Apt. 1,
Pincourt, Que.
BSc. Biology Hons.
Varsity soccer, intramural soccer,
broomball, bio club
GARY A. SIMATOS
Dollard-des Ormeaux
BSc.

MICHAEL L. MALONEY
Toronto, Ontario.
BSc. Major: Math, Economics.
Activities: B.H.C. Hockey, Skiing.

DAVID R. SANSCAGRIN
Waterloo, Quebec.
BSc. Maj: Biology Hon.

DEBBIE NICOLL-GRiffith
Pointe Claire, Que.
BSc. Biochem. Hon.
Bio-Chem Clubs, Broomball,
Academic Appeals Renewal and
Tenure. "Do not try to do ex-
traordinary things, but ordinary
things intensely."
E. Carr.

KEVIN-MICHAEL SHEA
235 Rioux Sherbrooke, Que.
BSc. Maj. Biology, Min. Psy-
chology

SRI KSATy TJANDRA
Industri lx No. 40
Jakata Pusat, Indonesia
Eco.
"I enjoyed International Supper
'80."

ROBERT E. WATTS
St. Laurent, Que.
BSc. Biology Hon.
In Memoriam

Bernadette Beaudoin
They tell me the grad was a great success. Being the first casualty of the evening, I wouldn't know first hand. However, I was assured by everyone that it was an "off-the-wall" occasion (remember?).

The band "Chameleon" set the pace and Hotel Wellington was the place. There was partying and dancing galore and everyone wanted more.

So "Chameleon" came back for a third encore!
My thanks to everyone that helped throughout the year to make it such a memorable evening. I know I'll never forget it!

Gail Binmore
Grad Committee Chairperson
Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Que.

Spring Convocation
May 30th, 1981, 2:30 p.m.
John H. Price Sports
and Recreation Centre

Followed by a Garden Party

Admit One
The Mitre

since 1893
The Mitre
1981

A Bishop’s University creative arts magazine

This eighty-ninth edition is dedicated to
Dr. Garry Retzleff,
without whose persistence in the face of long odds
it would not exist.

Thanks are due Principal C.I.H. Nicholl for
his financial assistance, and the editors of
the QUAD, Sylvie Gagnon and Nancy Jasperson,
for their co-operation.

Many thanks to Sylvie Deschamps for her sympathetic
ear and help with production. Thanks also to Maria
Gould and everyone else who encouraged me.
I’d like to acknowledge the help of my cat Terence, who
disposed of two pencils and an eraser, and refrained from
mauling most of the layout sheets.

-Susan Milner, Editor.
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The drawings on the front and back covers are by Anna M. Grant.
YOU’LL HAVE TO PAY

You are here to learn, so you say
For this privilege you’ll have to pay

We will teach you to be:

a piece of society,
a piece of machinery,
a bureaucratic, instamatic,
incongruent, affluent,
highly organized, and totally efficient
graduate of our university.

What is that you ask?
Will we teach you to be:

an individual, non-residual,
compassionate, affectionate,
highly interested and totally rational
graduate of life?

You are here to learn, so you say
For this privilege you’ll have to pay
What is that you say?

Oh yes,

Good-day

- Dennis Atchison
EATING

They swallow.
Diminutive grey mouths chew
and swallow you in
neat spoonfuls.

She gives too much, too
often, to every-
one. Handing out comfort
like homemade bread;
giving whole chunks of love
away
like pieces of shivering liver
to be fried with onions
and bacon,
she surrounds you with
her solemn and sweet concern
and the calm consideration of
her hands - strong with kneading.
She says she asks for nothing in return but

you're not so sure
since that four o'clock sunrise when
you woke to find her watching you, unsmiling,
you have been afraid of her staring grey eyes.

- Carolyn Rowell
TWELFTH CENTURY MUSIC

Where the cathedral yard holds regals,
Tambourine shivers and shawms take cold.
The mason puts his tools away,
His truth-telling chisel and his gospel
Square; listens. The carpenter climbs
Down his ladder and the glazier from
His crosscut scaffold, his head shakes
At what the carver has done, the abbot
Crosseyed with his tongue raspberried
On a corbel. They hark to the rebec and the drum
Beating out the contageous measure.

O the great joy as the house
Of the Virgin is blessed built up!
The noise and O the nooks and niches
Of the saints standing near the elegies
Of glazed glass leaded in!
What praying and incompletion!

The far
Fields stretch away to the linns.

Around and around, girl and boy
Bow and dance to the nasaling music.
The prebendary looks on stingily.

What warmth to the soul! Clotilde is shy.
O the Round of the Incarnation!

- Ralph Gustafson
THE EXCLUDED

Uncertain in the night,
the melancholy guitar music
touching the empty sickness
in your breasts
like the sheets of your bed,
you listen to them -
singing songs, laughing,
obscenely free, and
naked in the pain of envy
you tighten fists in silent rage,
Madonna of a stillborn passion.

Brian Fredette
A Nonscene Sense

by Daron Westman

PROLOGUE

(Enter Noman dressed as a charwoman)

NOMAN: The universe is a thought in the mind of God, ... and God has just been cancelled.

PARODOS

(Enter Chorus chanting)

CHORUS: Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!
        Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!
        Lemon meringue and purple coasters,
        Elephant feet and baby Toasters!
        Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!
        Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!

SCENE I, ACT I

(Water-Beetle and Philosopher descend from above on a giant lily pad, which lands at centre-stage)

WATER-BEETLE: If God is Almighty,
      Can he turn himself into a true frog?

PHILOSOPHER: And the wise men said ...

STASIMON I

CHORUS: Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!
        Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!
        The lamb of God is a log,
        And God spelled backward is dog.
        Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!
        Brekekeke Ko-ax Ko-ax!
SCENE I, ACT II

WATER-BEETLE: If God is Almighty,
    Can he create an object so heavy
    That he cannot lift it?

PHILOSOPHER: And the wise men said ...

STASIMON I

CHORUS: Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
    Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
    Yellow violets and frozen shrimp!
    Animal crackers for a washed-up pimp!
    Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
    Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!

SCENE I, ACT III

WATER-BEETLE: If God is Almighty,
    Can he create a being
    More powerful than himself?

PHILOSOPHER: And the wise men said ... (Exeunt)

KOMMOS

CHORUS: Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
    Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
    Cephas and the rest can lead a wife;
    Can Almighty God take his own life?
    Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
    Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!

EPILOGUE

NOMAN: How many gods on the head of a pin?
    How many pins in the universe? (Exit)

EXODOS

CHORUS: Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax!
    Brekekekek Ko-ax Ko-ax! (Exeunt)
The sky overflowed with stars
Bright, warm, silent -
But there was no moon.

- Brenda Hornby
Know then
that in our mockery of love
last night
it was not I who held you
and you touched me but once --
only in passing

-Susan Milner
THE ENCOUNTER

In a glimpse of cool moonlight
I saw your half-shadowed face;
Reveal the hidden things,  
the scheming devices of your mind.

In a glimpse of the hot moonlight
I watch you arise,  
Take and spread the stars,  
Disguise and disorder them;  
Until they were no longer retrievable.  

- Brenda Hornby
Walking the Fields

by Carolyn Rowell

It's late fall. Already there has been a killing frost and the roadside grasses and weeds are brown and brittle. Everything is brown; the narrow road along which the farm truck bounces and sways, the close-cropped horse pasture, naked trees and rail fences. They pass a windmill. The day is breezy but the mill is not moving, the metal rusty. Pieces of angle-iron hang crookedly from the mechanisms.

The farmer and the woman turn into an even narrower track that cuts the big corn fields into two sections. The little dog is digging his nails into her legs, trying to get a better view. On either side of the truck long furrows of mocha slide in a broad sweep, on one side to the hill - to the fallow pasture on the other. Six fields to test. They stop at the farthest one.

When she jumps down from the cab she winces. The sun is harsh, unrelieved by greenery - a cold light. The dog jumps out behind her, wagging and sneezing, pleased to run in the fields. She walks around the truck to where he is waiting with the metal-collecting rod and a paper bag. The man carefully explains to her what he is going to do. Analyzing the soil. Capturing little bits of it and sending it away. In the labs they find out what sort of fertilizer he will use in the spring. The spring when she will be writing exams and defending a thesis. A spring after a winter of books. Should have brought a book.

She follows him as he begins the rounds of the fields. He walks easily while her shoes slip on the loose dirt. The dog runs ahead, ears up, leaping over furrows. As they walk she becomes warm, takes off her hat, wishing she had his funny billed one to keep the slanting sun out of her eyes. Wore too many clothes as usual. She tries to talk intelligently to him about deep harrowing and crop rotation but her breath is short and seems to escape from her in awkward gasps. By the time they reach the wood at the end of the field she is feeling annoyed at the earth shifting beneath her feet. The small open stand of maples has a foot of dead leaves on the floor. She follows rustling and kicking, and squirrels scamper.

"I'm looking for a few dead trees to cut for the fireplace," he says. "I could come back after it snows and get "some" with the snowmobile. These are maples. Good hard wood."

"This is really pretty," she replies absently.
“Remember the time last spring when you were visiting and I brought you some flowers? I was planting this field and I came into this woods to pick them.” She puts her arm around his waist, feeling his small muscular back through his shirt, and hugs him.

“OK, let’s go,” he says with an abrupt grin, slapping her behind.

She looks at him laughing. As he turns and walks out into the field again she watches his back. One night when she was prodding him with questions about himself and what he liked, looking for clues, hints, for something hidden that she herself would not give to anyone, she'd asked him if he ever masturbated. Yeh, sometimes, he had answered shyly. What do you think about while you do it? She prodded him in the ribs. Things. Unsure of himself he had breathed in sharply, hesitated a soft second and began speaking in a shallow voice. Sometimes when I’m ploughing or planting I get off my tractor and go into the woods. It’s nice to do it leaning against a tree. He had then hugged her in embarrassment, hiding her face in his neck.

Watching him walk back toward the truck ahead of her, she lets the thought of his confidences sink in her stomach. The red truck is far away, small. He is leaning down jabbing in the pole, pulling out soil, putting it in a bag. The furrows trip her up.

By the time she reaches the truck he has already sealed and labelled one bag and is ready to start a new section. She walks along the edges where the ground is level picking dried fox-tail, timothy, dried weeds. The man's dog pokes along beside her, occasionally throwing back his head to look at her. She tries to take interest in her bouquet but it takes too long to build. Shouldn't have come. Should have worked in the library this week-end. Is he thinking of anything as he gathers soil? She looks up and across the comfortable distance that grows between them.

His workboots ignore the stones and uneven ground. He doesn’t trip. He is graceful. On cement walks and the tile floors of shopping centers there is a clumsy spring in his walk as if to compensate for the uneven ground that is not there.

He is curtly built; his broad-cut jeans cover small round buttocks, his shirt tautly covers his back and arms. His sleeves are rolled down and his hands, no longer than hers, are as brown as the soil, as his hair and face. She watches his absorbed face, blank, bending, hardly pausing.
She meets him at the truck. "Pretty bouquet," he says. "I have two more sections to do. Do you want to come with me or not?" He looks at her from beneath his yellow brim. The eyes are greenbrown and clear - wide and set shallowly in his face. She wants to get away from him and the slow ritual, the pleasant chore.

"I think I'll walk down and see the horses on the next farm."

He only whistles at the dog to stay with him.

She walks along the road. Eyes watching for movement of birds or squirrels. The birds are gone. Wore the wrong things as usual. Had to borrow his shoes, his hat, his shirt, his jacket. No one wears a rummage-sale blazer around here. The sun makes her squint and a rising wind is making her cold. She walks down to the windmill. There she can see that the horses have gone to another part of the farm.

She stops by the small windmill. She looks up and smiles wryly. You look like I feel. She climbs on the fence that surrounds it. Shaking out her hair, lazily letting it fall in a determinedly casual way. Think Picturesque. Here you are sitting on a fence in the middle of a country road. Sun. Wind. Maybe you could look like a cover girl for "Mother Earth News". For some reason she feels like crying.

The little dog is darting here and there along the field in the distance. The man is walking quickly now, impatient to be done; to go home, to do evening chores, to visit the bull in the home pasture, to eat his rice and smoke a joint in front of the squat fireplace. She can see him running up his stairs to change his clothes; hear his bath running slowly, hear the fridge slam shut, and the cat cry. Each sound is familiar but distant, every time a visitor, trying not to become a part of it but being lulled into its comfortable chairs, warm bed, candles and quiet.

I even look like him. She looks down at her clothes. Then across the wide field to where he is a blue familiar spot in a sea of brown. "Against a tree." She begins to smile and then to laugh. Against a tree.

And suddenly it's a hot summer day on a Sunday walk. In a fierce sun on top of the haystack - she is sunbathing nude. Beads of sweat stand out all over her skin. On the hot high altar she gives herself up to the sun and his hands and the hay.
RANDOM

When the music becomes clear
on vodka and codeine
then you can forget your ugliness,
and watch the tall and lean women
cross their stockinged legs in boredom
in the smokey bars of your solitude;
and dream of a death-like beauty
that you will never possess.
So child, listen
and between the casual chords
of piano jazz, the rain falls
lonely wanderer on the cold pavement
of your tired mind,
random as a life
sprung from between the bloody legs
of a thrusting futility.

- Brian Fredette
RITE
White eyes. White
eyes with centers of
black, staring at the
back of the girl
in the thin dress.

She knows that he is there, that
his fur is blue and
his ears point. Cold
breath. Quiet haunches
behind her. Against
her stomach and thighs
her dress feels chill,
thin and
then
like breath she lifts her arms.
The dancer of a
thousand springs turns
softly
in her place to face
the autumn dog.

-Carolyn Rowell
RAMBLE, THIS TIME ON ITSELF

Not one but a ramble of flowers
Is necessary, a single bloom
Graces a shelf but when was Eden
not a garden and Adam digging?
The nerves want profusion, a license
Of you know what, of smell and blossom,
Worm and sunslap all over the place.
Not less than extravagance will do.
Perfection’s parsimonious, only
the generous flaw will do - to perfect
The poet in us. Jewels in the mud.
We want Nine Symphonies
And Haydn’s you don’t know which from which.
Moiseiwitsch set the texts in their place,
SPREZZATURA was what he was after,
TEMPO RUBATO, lost notes under
The piano, but what a recital, wot
A recital! Bach played morning,
Noon and night on his organ. God,
I suppose, is in the profusion business,
What with His push-ups and prohibitions.
Words, words, Joyce was after;
Three floorsful, Picasso
Painted his fraudulent facts. Book
After book of mine, the profusion not
Prolific, just abundant.

- Ralph Gustafson
HIDDEN GREYS

You tell me your favourite colour is grey,
A strange reply from you with the red cheeks,
and smiling eyes.
And it's confusing;
For is this grey not a mood,
A state of mind, the 'blahs'?
So today I will try to see through your eyes
this grey ...

We drove through grey streets once white,
Soon to illuminate in flashing red and yellows.
And this grey you speak of;
Is neither black nor white
Perhaps somewhere in between -
Yet not a mixture,
Distinct, indistinct.
Grey is the hidden, the better unseen.

There's a stray grey cat on my window ledge,
Her shining yellow eyes watching.
Grey is this alley-way of dust and filth,
Overflowing garbage cans;
The manmade grey tin world.
In front, the paint-chipped houses,
Here live the many old and young grey people,
Lost in cement grey skyscrapers and factories.

Grey is the unnoticed, the neglected, the overlooked.
Yet is is the very center
External and internal.
Our lives are neither black nor white -
We are the grey, we are the hidden people.
... You are very perceptive, my friend.

- Brenda Hornby
SOLILOQUY

seriously we take ourselves
indeed;
only let me laugh
sometimes,
borrow laughter from some future
for I know I shall then be amused
by what is now
yet today even in my knowing
I cannot steal more than an almost-empty
philosophically resigned
emasculated chuckle.
how seriously we
all
take ourselves.

and writing this
knowing perhaps only a shadow of it,
as so many have written
and perhaps known,
i still cry, ‘the potential’
and am sad.

- Susan Milner
MONTREAL NIGHT JAZZ

Tired of taking my pleasure
in the sad soft bodies
of Boulevard hookers,
seeking perfectly
for the quintessential metaphor
of loss
and pain of loneliness;
I trace the random jazz
of neon light
rain splashed streets,
back through unprofound realities
of red and green blur,
unoutlined form images,
back to mediocrity;
thinking of nothing
thinking of sleep

- Brian Fredette
The Play

by Shaun G. Lynch

(The play is set in the newspaper office of a small university. Many of the scenes in this play actually happened, though the names of the actors have been changed to protect the guilty.)

ACT I

Roy: My uncle was a handsome chap with eczema. When he folded his arms, he looked like the pirate flag.
Jim: You can't argue with that.
Roy: No, he told me so himself.
(They continue to work at the layout table)
Jim: Yuri, are you still working?
Yuri: Yes, I just have to finish my introduction ... I cannot write this, the man is a fascist!
Jim: You must write it! It's your duty as a journalist ... And besides, it's one o'clock in the morning and I want to get the hell out of here ... Shaun, are you doing anything?
Shaun: (As he continues to type) I am typing a play about what is happening in this office at this very instant. You're all in it, and some day it will be made into a movie and I'll get an Academy Award for writing about you.
Jim: (To Roy, ignoring Shaun) ... There's no rhyme or reason to the way I do this. Use Sans BF ... 36 point ...
Roy: You could try Tempo ...
Jim: Italic or without?
Roy: How about Bolt Bold?
Jim: Oh Christ, don't use Bolt Bold!
Roy: Why not?
Jim: It's illegal ...
Roy: Illegal?
Jim: It's got to be the ugliest type in the book.
(The spirit of the Average Bishop's Student floats into the scene d.r., chugs a beer with one gulp, throws up all over a desk, and floats back out d.r.)
Yuri: What was that?
Ernest: Doesn't anyone study German things?
Yuri: Well, German people study German in Canada.
Ernest: But when you study German grammar and German food and German culture, and it's not until the last five minutes that you do anything about the relevance of German literature for Canada.
Yuri: Who cares?
Ernest: Technically, you're writing for Mr. and Mrs. Bishop's.
Yuri: But I'm sure nobody will read it anyway. They are all fascists so they do not understand.
(The spirit of Reality floats in from the ceiling, begins laughing uproariously, falls to the stage, and dies a painful death ... A stage hand walks on u.r. and drags the body of d.l.)
Donna: Yes, they are; they were killed in Act II when a typical layout session became a metaphor for the Viet Nam war.
Rick: But that doesn’t mean they’re dead. You just said yourself that it was only a metaphor ...
(Jim enters d.r.)
Jim: Hi guys! How’s it going?
Rick: You see, he’s not really dead.
Donna: He is so ... symbolically at least. Isn’t that right, Jim?
Jim: Unfortunate but true. I was killed by a tired playwright very late at night.
Rick: But you’re alive right now.
Jim: What’s that got to do with anything? Are you hung up on reality or something? If so, you might as well leave right now. The Spirit of Reality got killed in Act I, and we’re all fair game now.
Rick: That’s ridiculous. It doesn’t make any sense. Reality is reality. Don’t give me any of that philosophical bullshit. We’re all sitting in the newspaper office, just the three of us ...
Jim: ... and Lenin ...
Rick: ... Lenin?! How does he come into it? Jim, Lenin has been dead for years, and besides that he never even came to Canada, so he could not possibly ... (Lenin enters u.r., pulls out a pistol, and shoots Rick in the chest. Rick falls over, dead. A stage hand enters u.l. and drags the body off d.r.)
Lenin: I didn’t like the sound of him. He is clearly a representative of the fascist imperialist capitalist class who exploits the workers in order to line his own pockets with gold. They should all be shot ... Have you seen Yuri around anywhere?
Jim: Well, he was blown up in Act II, and I haven’t seen him since then.
Lenin: Oh well, it’s not all that important really. I just enjoy having challenging discussions with people who agree with my point of view ... Could you lend me some money?
Jim: Yeah, sure. How much do you want?
Lenin: How much have you got?
Jim: About ten dollars ...
Lenin: ... I’ll take it! ...
(Lenin grabs the money from Jim’s hand and rushes out d.l.)
Jim: He’s probably going to use it to save some poor proletarian in distress ...

(There ensues a long and messy political discussion. Any relevant topic will do)

Donna: Rene Levesque is confronting Canada ...
Shaun: Could you slow down? I’m having trouble following your arguments ...
Jim: You’re not going to get all this down ...
Shaun: I’m coming close ...
Donna: How can you make all these judgements about people?
Jim: Because I know people. I know how they’re going to react ...
Donna: No, you’re wrong ... You’re wrong ... You’re giving all these habitudes ... no, that’s not a word ... habits to people without really knowing them ...
Jim: But I do know them! I know all of them. I am a journalist. It’s my job to know all of them, every one of them ... I know how they’re going to vote, I know what they eat, what they feel, how they think ... It’s my job to tell them what to do ...
(Yuri enters d.r.)
Yuri: They are all fools, all of them. They should be shot ... bloody fascists ...
Shaun: This is going to be the most boring act.
Jim: Well, what do you expect with all this political discussion going on?
Shaun: It’s no good, we’ll all have to come back later ...
Yuri: They are fools ... they do not understand ...
Ernest: (Passing part of Shaun’s completed script to Yuri) Here, art in the making.
Yuri: (reads the passage and begins to laugh. He then rushes around to look over Shaun’s shoulder. They all stop working and look at Shaun. He stops typing.)

ACT II (A short time later)

Jim: Find something terribly dull.
Roy: Terribly dull?
Jim: Well, it’s all subliminal, you see. If you make it look big and interesting, everyone reads it. We don’t want anyone to read this.
Ernest: Don’t talk while Shaun’s typing. He’ll record everything you say.
Yuri: Why does he do that?
Ernest: He has a need to be creative ...
Jim: He’s a fucking idiot.
Ernest: You’re probably right.
Roy: I think he’s just looking for a socially acceptable way to avoid layout.
Jim: He’s useless at layout. Let him type ...
Yuri: I want to lay out another page ...
Jim: Are there any others?
Ernest: There’s the one Shaun was supposed to do.
Jim: That really makes me mad.
(From the room after a moment. The lights dim and jungle noises are heard, with the intermittent staccato of gun fire)
Jim: They’ve got us surrounded ...we’re going to have to fight our way out.
Roy: (crouching behind a table) I heard something from over there (pointing off r.)
Jim: They’re coming to get us! To think I wanted to do this all summer ...
Ernest: This is absurd. War must be opposed.
(He gets up to walk towards the exit u.l. Suddenly he is shot and falls over dead. Jim and Yuri dive behind the couch. Shaun continues to type, oblivious to the activity around him.)
Jim: I knew this would happen if I mellowed my approach. They’re out to get us ... They wanted Ernest, and they got him, but we’re going to be next, Yuri.
Yuri: The bloody fascists! They are all idiots ... they should be shot ...
Jim: Well, that’s what they’re trying to do to you, son ...
Roy: Perhaps we can still reason with m...
Jim: Perhaps YOU can. It’s too late for us now ... It could be a risk now that you’ve been seen with us, but if you want to chance it, you could go out to get us some help.
Roy: It’s okay, they may not have seen me ...
Jim: How’s the play coming, Shaun?
(A loud whistle is heard and a bomb explodes on stage. Jim and Yuri are both killed)
Roy: (to Shaun) Why did you do that?
Shaun: I was getting tired of them. Let’s go get something to eat ...
Roy: Good idea ... then we can finish cataloguing the records downstairs. They were starting to get on my nerves anyway ...
(Shaun gets up from the typewriter. Both he and Roy exit d.r.)

ACT III - the continuing saga

Donna: But who really killed Ernest, Jim, and Yuri?
Rick: What are you talking about? They’re not dead ...
(Roy enters d.r.)
Roy: I've had it with this play! It started out with a decent premise concerning layout night for the newspaper, but now you've totally destroyed its meaning...
Shaun: You can't stop it as long as I control the typewriter! As long as I'm typing, the play continues, and I just have to type in a bomb or a shooting or some other natural disaster and you're gone, and I no longer have to deal with you...
Roy: Move over...
Shaun: ... no way, I'm not letting you get near...
Roy: Move over...
Shaun: Only I know how this play should go on...
Roy: Move over, or I'll push you out of the way...
Shaun: If you do that, the play will end... You can't get rid of me and still survive!...
Roy: ... Can't I? ... Move over...
Shaun: ... no ... you'll never take over ... I won't let you! ... it's my play! Mine, I tell you! ... You can't muzzle genius ... (Roy grabs the typewriter from Shaun)

Curtain

ACT IV - a short time later

(Shaun enters d.r., and hurries to the typewriter, where he begins typing. After a few moments, he stops, looks around the room, and realizing that there is no one present, he pulls the page out of the typewriter and exits d.l.)

FINAL CURTAIN
Cruel
how
poets
capture
-Kelly Mackenzie
from KNIGHTMARE SEQUENCE FOR A MINOR

You are
nude before me
in the garden, and I
want so very much to say "I
love you."

Choosing
to love you could
never be easy; not
at the extravagant prices
you charge.

Come, let us pretend to
have a good time.
and feign love when
really all we want is a
little
easily-bought
second-hand sex.

Let us leaven
even our
very smiles, and
escape all the
questing hands
under evasive tables

Your arms
embrace me as
you tell me that your love
for me will never die, and I
am cold.

- Daron Westman
NEW TALES
Fairy tales of our childhood
Unfold adventure, love and destiny;
All and forever after.
Fly away - You anger me now.
Spare my children this fantasy land,
Tell a story of life,
Of love, yes for it is real;
But add the unsweetened version
of heartbreak and unhappy endings,
Of gilded castles destroyed
never to arise again.
Of dancing ladies in the sun
Who become dizzy and fall.
All travellers that fail to
reach their destined lands,
Yet have strength to continue.
Tell these to my children,
And wish them well.

- Brenda Hornby
Letters Mingle Souls

by Susan Milner

Today, a letter from Clayte. Sheila was sure of it, but she walked slowly, just in case the postman was late. Unreasonable, he's never quite this late. Still, he might have been bitten by a mastiff, or whatever it was postmen got bitten by. As she approached the gloomy house where she had a room, her step lightened. The postman had not been bitten; her letter was there, pushing up the lid of the mailbox.

Sheila knew Clayte lived somewhere in the territories north of the respectable provinces. Now she refused to look at the postmark on the envelope she carried. It might be legible, and then Clayte's exciting life would be pinned down beside a dreary name. No return address, of course. Funny how he wanted only to write letters, not receive them. How like a man, she thought fondly as she climbed the dark stairs, wants to talk and not listen. She turned the key in the lock. The landlady did not approve of that lock, but a single girl alone in a big city couldn't be too careful.

Clayte no doubt had stories of his son's exploits, terrors in the northern wild that his wife had overcome recently, bears, wildcats, goodness knows what. He could be relied upon to be interesting, unlike the landlady or the people at the office.

After she had read the letter through twice, Sheila carefully burned the envelope in the electric heater and filed the slightly grimy pages in the shoebox marked "Clayte". Tomorrow there would probably be a letter from Deborah, a swinging singles currently living in the eastern States. A racy letter, though not as heart-warming as Clayte's stories of his family. And the next day, perhaps a breathless note dashed off from somewhere in deepest Africa, from the wandering Nathan.
The regularity of her correspondence pleased Sheila. Granted, of course, that the post office did its job right, she should get a letter every day now for awhile.

Pulled back from her musing on the worlds of her letter-writers by the smell of burning macaroni and cheese, she hurried to her hotplate. After supper there wasn't much to do ... ah, as if remembering, she savoured the thought of what did come after supper tonight. She would sit down at the other side of the table with her letter paper and a green pen. Nathan liked green. Then she would write out her address on the front of an envelope, scrawled, because he was always in a rush. After a thoughtful pause, she would arrange the pad and begin.

"Dear Sheila, as usual am in a FRIGHTFUL scramble. Off to shoot wild boars at dusk. Yesterday I met such an old man, full of the most fascinating stories ..." Then she would lay down the pen and think awhile before continuing.
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