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Bishop's University

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The only College in Canada following the Oxford and Cambridge plan of three long academic years for the B.A. degree

Residential College for Men
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Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts, and Divinity
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Four railway lines converge in Lennoxville

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THE BURSAR
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

1936
Life here at Bishop's is unique. We are exposed to both current lifestyles and yet the past history of Bishop's plays an important role in shaping what this University actually is. We are surrounded by reminders that we are not the first to "live it up" at Bishop's, nor will we be the last. Throughout this book there are pictures of our previous classmates which, I hope, will show that Bishop's is a tradition which will continue on for many years to come.

I would like to thank everyone who helped out in the making of this yearbook and I would like to wish everyone good luck in all of their future endeavours. We only go around once in this life - live it to the fullest!

Liz Callahan
1982 Quad Editor
FACULTY 1981-1982

EMERITUS PROFESSORS

Jefferis, Dr. J.D.
Langford, Dr. A.N.
McCubbin, Dr. J.W.
Preston, Prof. A.W.
Yarril, Dr. E.H.

Principal
Nicholl, Dr. C.I.H.

Dean
Kuepper, Dr. K.J.

DIVISION OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Abravanel, Dr. H.
Castle, Prof.
Drolet, Prof. K.L.
Duval, Prof. R.E.G.
Jain, Dr. R.S.
Kaltenbach, Dr. M.
MacGregor, Prof. R.M.
Munty, Prof. S.A.
Schenk, Prof. R.B.
Taylor, Prof. W.D.
Tomaski, Prof. J.A.

DIVISION OF HUMANITIES

Abrahams, Dr. C.A.
Boutin, Prof. B.
Brown, Prof. H.F.
Burns, Dr. R.B.
Chatham, Prof. D.
Coyne, Prof. P.
Craig, Dr. J.
Dansereau, Prof. P.
Englebreiten, Dr. G.F.
Fisher, Prof. H.J.
Forrest, Dr. R.W.E.
Green, Dr. L.
Green, Dr. R.F.
Holcomb, Dr. A.M.
Jenkins, Dr. B.A.
Keller, Prof. L.W.
Kuepper, Dr. K.J.
Lefort, Dr. A.F.
McLean, Prof. K.H.
Murray, Dr. S.M.
Parmentier, Dr. M.A.
Phillips, Prof. J.F.
Pille, Prof. J.F.
Polvin, Prof. D.
Reitzle, Dr. G.W.
Reeve, Rev. Dr. R.E.
Reigel, Prof. D.K.H.
Rittenhouse, Prof. D.
Roberts, Prof. J.
Schweizer, Dr. K.W.
Scale, Dr. D.
Shearson, Dr. W.A.
Tisdale, Prof. C.
Tundo, Prof. G.
Villa, Prof. N.
White, Dr. H.W.
Wenigcek, Dr. C.

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Brown, Dr. D.F.
Carman, Prof. C.R.
Dutton, Prof. H.M.
Hickie, Prof. G.H.
Hilton, Dr. D.E.J.
Mooney, Prof. C.
Moore, Dr. K.
Nagpal, Dr. T.S.
Reading, Dr. J.L.
Rhodes, Prof. M.
Roy, Prof. A.R.M.
Tsal, Prof. C.
Van Horn, Prof. W.E.
Van Huls, Dr. R.K.J.
Wilson, Prof. P.E.
Yeats, Dr. R.B.

DIVISION OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

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Beattie, Prof. J.R.
Booth, Dr. J.D.
Black, Dr. S.L.
Clark, Dr. M.H.
De Man, Dr. A.F.
Glashan, Prof. A.A.
Groves, Prof. G.S.
Haver, Dr. C.B.
Jones, Prof. A.W.
Judson, Dr. T.A.
Kristen, Dr. C.
Logan, Prof. M.C.
Loney, Prof. Z.H.S.
Lusignan, Dr. M.M.
Mckelvie, Dr. S.I.
Myhul, Dr. J.M.
Nose, Dr. C.G.
Ross, Dr. W.G.
Siddiqui, Prof. F.A.
Smith, Dr. D.D.
Standing, Dr. J.L.
Tucker, Dr. G.E.
As newly-minted alumni and alumnae, you will soon be invited to act as sources of information for students who may be thinking of coming to Bishop's. This is the most important service you can perform for the University ... financial crises come and go, but the need for good undergraduates is always with us. By "good" students I mean those who can be expected to participate fully in the life of the University ... intellectual, physical and social ... and therefore to benefit from the education which Bishop's has to offer.

As a record of extracurricular life on campus, this book will be especially valuable to those of you who HAVE participated; and on your behalf I thank the staff of QUAD for compiling it. Good luck to each one of you and may you never be satisfied with a spectator's rôle in life.
And so we began the year. Moving in, meeting friends and generally getting into the swing of Bish life. Those easy days, you know - before the work piles up - can just be crazy. I mean, Mom never told me University was going to be like this!

FROM ABOVE, Clockwise: John Bell; Carol Boire; Tim Ballentine and Eli Lee, Frenchie, Liz, Bernie Tetrault, Deb Moore and Mike Sweeney; the Pollack girls dress for a big night!

OPPOSITE PAGE, Clockwise: Bruce McRea shows the easy way to travel the halls; Kevin Nealis and Tammy Stocks take a usual Sunday drive; Kent Henderson catches up on some news.
Who said it was going to be fun? It sure looked like that when the Frosh of 1980 ran around saying 'Vanda, we love you'. So in the hopes of obtaining widespread public affection, I ventured to organize a chaotic week of events. But the Frosh of 1981 were of a different breed, and all I got was 'F--- you Fadden'.

Welcome booths greeted the Frosh with Dr. Nicholl greeting the welcome booths. Campus tours were given along with a wine and cheese party in the Union. That night we had a huge bonfire behind Munster and danced in the streets.

Day 2 in captivity for the Frosh saw an Academic Bazaar. Field Day in the afternoon went super - even though we did not have a stopwatch. Finally a Zoo Party in Dewhurst proved that some of the Frosh were truly animals.

Registration and a rainy day filled the third day. A.D.R. parties in the evening saved the day.

It was only at initiation that I fully realized the depth of the Frosh's gratitude. Although freezing and covered with a horrible mixture of egg and oatmeal, etc. they continually told me just how much 'fun' they were having!

First day of classes, an indoor B.B.Q., and club day comprised day 4 along with a scavenger hunt in the rain. The weather wasn't cooperative but the people were.

Talent Night in Dewhurst brought out the actor in everyone with M.C.s Alex Patterson and Ken Irving (remember Talent Night Ken?)

With another rainy day on Saturday for our car wash, Frosh spirit was running higher than ever. They even began stopping cars in the street to ask for donations to the Terry Fox Fund. They didn't wash many cars but they did manage to raise over $500. The Olympiad sent gaiter groups from one end of campus to the other, quacking like ducks, waltzing, singing, etc. The A.D.R.s did a wonderful job at Kangaroo Court with their human stew, although Andy Mullins did make a complete fool of himself. The Orientation Banquet named Frosh and Froshette, best group leaders, and the winning group.

It was a great week of meeting people and making friends. Thanks to all those who helped out and to the Frosh of 1981 for participating. You've left me with many memories but hopefully, with time, I'll be able to forget. On behalf of the Orientation Committee '81 F--- you Frosh!'
Halloween — the night Bish. people really go all out for. Creativity is the word for the night.

OPPOSITE PAGE, Clockwise from Top: Tony Perez, Carol Boire and Scott Gonzalez; The “Halloween Chicks”; Kelly Tomenson; Mario Gosselin; and Liz Lees and Sandy Wilson.

THIS PAGE, Counterclockwise from Top: Adrienne Chinn and Liz Craig; Don Thompson; Tammy Freeman and Keith Taylor.
STANDING: Dave Turner, Coach; Anthony Brown, Don Thompson, Captain; Anthony Crowe, John Lewis, Bob Palmer, Paul Milton, Frank Vodopivec, Andrew Lamont.
KNEELING: Patrice Beaudin, Tom Broad, Bob Chandik, Mike Skena, Eli Lee, Dave Whittaker, Ian Holden, Ian Spice.
ABSENT: Alex Pringsheim, John Hussey, John Iconomou.

B.U. SOCCER STANDINGS

B.U. Vs McGill (0-3)
   "   " Laval (1-2)
   "   " Concordia (0-2)
   "   " Lyndonville (1-0)
   "   " Laval (0-3)
   "   " Trois Rivieres (0-1)
   "   " Concordia (1-3)

B.U. Vs Sherbrooke
   "   " Trois Rivieres (1-0)
   "   " Univ. of Montreal (3-0)
   "   " McGill (0-5)
   "   " Univ. of Montreal (2-1)
   "   " Sherbrooke (1-3)

TOURNAMENTS

B.U. Vs Nathaniel Hawthorne U. S. A. (4-3)
   "   " Lyndonville (0-2) Tournament Final

B.U. Vs Trent University (2-1)
   "   " Carleton University (1-2) Tournament Final

This was a rebuilding year for the men's soccer team. The final standings left them in fifth place out of seven in the Coupe du Quebec. They were also the runners up in two tournaments.
WOMEN'S FIELD HOCKEY

KNEELING: Libby Herron, Karen Rutherford, Rhoda Pearson, Una-Jane Tallentire.
ABSENT: Laurie Schoolcraft, Kelly Holmes, Janice Smith, Kathy Reese.

The women's field hockey team had a successful season, coming first in league play, with one tie against Queen's, and three wins against Vanier, John Abbott and Concordia. Unfortunately, we lost against John Abbott (1-0) in the semi-finals of the playoffs.

We also participated in two tournaments at St. Helen's Island in which we did well. In the Duffle Coat Tournament we tied for first place in our division and lost in the semi-finals to the Dynamos, who won the tournament. In exhibition games we defeated Lyndon College (2-1) and BCS (5-0).

Top scorers for the team were veteran, Laurie Schoolcraft, and rookie, Rhoda Pearson. The girls played well as a team, aided by the strong performances of goalie, Janice Smith, and halfback, Lisa Driver.
The "Kittens" showed a complete turn about from the 1980 season due to a strong returning core of high spirited players, a bevy of recruits, primarily from Alexander Galt, and long and hard practice sessions.

The 7-3 record against opponents from Concordia (4-0, 2-0), Lyndon State College, Castleton State College (4-1, 2-4), Alexander Galt and the University of Vermont (0-2, 1-2), indicated that this young team is a force to be reckoned with in the future.

The best soccer was played in our two losses to the University of Vermont J-V's, one of the top teams in the eastern United States.

Soccer is a team effort and as such there are no stars, only leaders. On this team, at one time or another, all were leaders.
BACK ROW: Cam Edgar, Steve Lalone, Doug McNevan, Paul Dupuis, Tim Saunders, Dave Dart, Tony Amorosa, Paul Provencher, Mark James, François Payer, Steve Karpenko, Marcel Lebrun, Bob MacLeod.
THIRD ROW: Rudy Bakker, Mark Sullivan, Larry Ring, Mario Gosselin, Richard Hobbs, Peter Horge, Phil Charron, Mike Plant, Mike Mathias, Tom Schreider, Dave Lynch.
SECOND ROW: Gord Dowbiggin, Bruce Cruickshank, Steve Mongrain, Ray Heffernan, Tom Bray, Peter Knee.
COACHING STAFF: Tom Allen, Bruce Coulter, Wayne Hussey, Dale Butterwick, Athletic Therapist; Dave Behm, Al Ansell, Dave Livis, Manager; Mark Fabri, George Roy.
FRONT ROW: Bruce Hanough, Mario Belanger, Drew Lyon, Jamie Chouinard, Gil Broome, Doug Bayley, John Gutelius, Craig Harris, Cliff Bacon, Karel Nemec, Marc Guitard, Robbie Leyden.
GAITERS

1981
Nothing but optimism filled the hot August nights for 1981 as it looked to be a banner year for Gaiters Football. However, dreams of a championship were dashed by a string of injuries to key personnel, forcing the team to scramble for a playoff spot. Highlights of the season included subduing the nationally ranked Concordia Stingers in back to back weekends, proving our mettle to the fans. A last minute loss in the final game of the year to fourth ranked McGill (21-14), coupled with Ottawa’s win over Queen’s, denied Bishop’s of a playoff spot.

The 1981 Gaiters featured many of the leagues “blue-chip” players. The O-line did an outstanding job protecting the quarterbacks Peter Knee, Karel Nemec, and Tony Amorosa. Notable performances were turned out by Steve Lalonde, Mark Fabri, Ray Heffernan, François Payer, John Gutelius, George Roy, Doug Bayley, and the inimitable “Pocket”. Thanks must go to Bruce Coulter and his coaching staff, as well as to Dale Butterwick and his therapy staff for a job well done.

Looking to next year, the returning players are counting on recruitment to give the Gaiters the necessary depth for a championship team. Dedication, the expectation to win, and the love of the game hope to bring the Gaiters to Toronto in November 1982.

HEAD COACH
Bruce Coulter

CONFERENCE ALL STARS

MARK FABRI
Defensive Half Back
Most Valuable Player

STEVE LALONDE
Wide Receiver
Rookie of the Year
OQIFC FOOTBALL STATISTICS

FINAL STANDINGS

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PUNTING

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SPECIAL MENTION

CONFERENCE ALL STARS
MARK FABRI - DEFENSIVE HALFBACK
STEVE LALONDE - WIDE RECEIVER

CANADIAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE DRAFTED
PHIL CHARRON - CALGARY STAMPEDERS
TOM BRAY - TORONTO ARGONAUTS

TEAM AWARDS

MVP: MARK FABRI
ROOKIE OF THE YEAR: STEVE LALONDE
BEST LINEMEN: RAY HEFFERNAN
FRANÇOIS PAYER

BEST DEFENSIVE PLAYERS:
DOUG BAYLEY
GEORGE ROY

MOST INTERCEPTIONS: Bruce Cruickshank - Sept. 26 (2)
Most Yards Punt Return: Mark Fabri - Oct. 17 (119)
Carnival Committee in Coonskin Capers. FRONT (left to right): J. Pratt, H. MacDonald (Chairman), S. Griffin, P. Scowen, R. Bower. BACK: A. Davis, S. Wilger, G. Emerson, A. Matte, T. Pryce, D. B. Campbell.
ACTIVITIES

Page 27, TOP TO BOTTOM: Kelly Mackenzie, David Hilliker.
BISHOP'S U. IS AN ACTIVE
Bishop's University

An active contributor?

By Bob Palmer, Campus Staff

"Be It Resolved That "Bishop's University is an active contributor to the life of the Eastern Townships community." Arguing in favour of the resolution was Dr. C.I.H. Nicholl, Principal of Bishop's University, while Charles Bury, Editor of the Record took the opposing position, in a debate held Wednesday, February 17 as part of the "Bishop's in the Eighties" series.

Nicholl's arguments were based upon several contributions he felt the university had made, including the role of the university as an educator, and the resources it possesses as an institution. Nicholl stated that Bishop's provided a necessary medium through which anglophone and francophone contact and interaction could take place. He cited the university's cultural series as a large contribution made by Bishop's to the community.

"The university provides a cultural reinforcement," said Nicholl. "To a community so sparsely sown."

In accordance with the "American Court" format of the debate, as explained by Speaker Bill French, the opposition was given the opportunity to cross-examine. Bury noted the fact that the university did not have a community relations officer or committee to aid in university-community relations.

Speaking against the resolution, Bury doubted whether the university encouraged the community to actively participate in Bishop's activities. He disputed the activity of faculty members in the community, asking how many professors and students were involved in local groups in the area. Bury stated that 40 per cent of the area's economy was dependent on agriculture, and wondered why no courses were offered at Bishop's in this area.

During the time provided for rebuttals, Bury suggested that concerning the development of university-community interaction, the University of Sherbrooke has been more successful than Bishop's. He pointed out that there was no faculty involvement in the Association of English Speaking Townshippers, and that he saw no "alarm bells" going off at Bishop's to help English speaking Quebecers.

"The university must make a firmer commitment to community work," said Bury.

Nicholl, in his rebuttal, argued that Bishop's was a small institution with limited resources. However, studies had been made in the community by the Geography department. He cited the symposium being held March 17 as part of "Canada in The Forties", conducted by the Humanities department.

Responding to Bury's remarks concerning the plight of English Quebecers, Nicholl said "it is not Bishop's University's responsibility to hold the hands of any groups, or to animate any groups simply because they have a common interest."

The debate concluded soon afterwards, declared a draw simply because it was not intended to be a win-loss situation.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DIRECTOR: MIKE REBBIE 
PRODUCTION: ROBERTS 
DESIGN: DECOR

BISHOPS UNIVERSITY DRAMA
Shakespeare in the Deep South? Why not? Jake Roberts and Guido Tondino were inspired to move Thesues' Athens to Athens, Georgia in the time of the American Civil War. The result was a spectacular extravaganza with Southern belles in hoop skirts, Confederate soldiers and fairies in colorful Mardi Gras costume fitting around a beautiful set of Spanish moss, a tree and dream-like lighting. The well-known story unfolded smoothly to delighted audiences at six performances, making the weeks of pricked fingers, bruised thumbs and other signs of stress and hard work all worthwhile. It WAS worth staying here for Reading Week, wasn't it, Dramies?!
KARATE CLUB

FIRST ROW: Patrick Vaughan, Chris Enright, Instructor; Pierre Blier, 3rd dan Technical Director; Ronnie Lloyd, Vivien Grenier, Secretary, Treasurer.
STANDING: Ross Depner, Lucille Stuart.
MISSING: Carol Fadden, Ikuo Murata, Catherine Clute, Paule Marchand, John Leclair, Charles Momak.

The dojo Kune Bishop’s University Karate Club of 1981-82 had a very active year. Starting out the year, we had a successful opening week of practices with about fifty members joining the club. In November, a 3 man team (Chris Enright, Roland Gallibois, and Patrick Vaughan) competed in a competition at Carlton University (the North Eastern University Shotokan Karate Conference) and placed second after seven hours of work. Later in the semester, each member of the club displayed his/her skills in the semesterly exams. Everyone passed on to the higher kyu. In the beginning of the winter semester, the club convinced a 3rd dan black belt to act as a technical director for the club and also to be a part time instructor. Because of the new instructor and the expertise of the old, we expect to have our second exam on the 15th of April be as successful as the last semesters’ was. Later in March, there will also be a Provincial tournament and we expect to have a strong showing here as well.

In closing I would like to say that even though we had some trying times, together we have solved them and without the dojo kune and its members, my years at Bishop’s would never have been as full and as rich as they were. From the bottom of my heart, thank you dojo kune: may you live long and prosper.

Chris Enright
FRONT ROW: Paula Keays, Lori Legault, Kris Trotter.

Unfortunately, the BUFS picture had to be taken on one of the rainiest, slushiest nights in February - probably a good reason why half of the members didn't make it to the picture. Kris, Kelly and I caused a fender-bender just minutes before when we tried to hitchhike in order to get to the campus on time for the picture (we were late anyway). But despite that night's inclement weather, I have to admit that this past 1981-1982 BUFS season has been most enjoyable to run and the members most enthusiastic about working the box office and ticket-taking at movies. I have been pleased to be able to bring to Bishop's some popular recent releases such as "Private Benjamin", "Excalibur", "Heavy Metal", "Tess", and "Ordinary People". The most popular movie of the year proved to be "The Elephant Man". Being president, I took the opportunity to slip in a few of my favorite movies, i.e. Bogie's "To Have and Have Not" and the wonderful Australian flic "Breaker Morant". Many thanks to John Codere and Irenée Roy, our projectionists, for putting up with this inexperienced greenhorn, and for teaching me a bit about the movies. Thanks also to Tim Ballantyne for helping me find the speaker the many times it got misplaced in the bowels of the theatre.

Best of luck to my successor (and predecessor), Kris Trotter.

Adrienne Chinn
BUFS President 1981-82
BOXER SHORT PARTY
BEA GOODE

TO THE CLASS OF '82,
THIS ONE’S FOR YOU.

I'd say we started things off right this year with Orientation and off is the correct word because the entire year was "off-the-wall", in the best way. Carol's orientation had us all inebriated for at least three days and the real Fadden emerged at the Zoo party. "Let's get animal". Let's go the Lion ... G ... Chez Bob's and let's pass out in our clothes. Speaking of pass-out, Homecoming was the next best scenario, a real all-out blast, right guys? You haven't seen anything yet, wait 'til the class of '82 returns! Moving along ... McCoy's SOHO party was the first of many all girl outings. Wish I could tell you more about it but no one remembers either. Unfortunately, no repeat of Dorval occurred, but we'll have made history at the Golf Course by the time this yearbook is out. Another all girls party, the annual Boxer Short, was the greatest possible success. A combination stag for Bailes and drunk for everyone else, saw a grand finale in the Pub where everyone passed out by one o'clock on tables, in chairs, in the can. We're all still figuring out who was there by the pictures taken. In between all this, of course, was the Pub, scene of regular Friday and Saturday night fraternizations. The couple of the year, Pimstank and Jughead, never broke up either. Then came finals and a sad goodbye to those who were Grads by Christmas. But, we bounced back after New Year's for an action packed second semester, our last. We went a little nuts. The Pub, usually a social bore by second semester, became the place to meet. With special events such as Island Night (where your Quad editor danced on tables all night) and Carnival, where everyone outdid themselves one last time, no one could complain of inactivity - stomach pains, yes, inactivity, no way.

Not forgetting the dances of course, Christmas Dance, where everyone was more lit than the tree; Carni Ball, exactly that; The Grad, the event of the year; and the ultimate Woman's Dance to top off the social calendar. The best road trip ever to Newport resulted in damages galore. Don't forget to say 'hi' to the nice Customs people next time you pass through. Forget it if your name is Fluhman, however. Then there were the party Dons, Mark and Ulla, mucho thanks. Div. is still the place to live ... scene of Winter Homecoming caps bash and Boomer's many fine returns to show us how to party. BBA enterprises never failed us either, long may it thrive.

The O.B. on Thursday nights, Di's room on Fridays and Saturdays, Abbott warm-ups, every birthday party, every hang-over, every Pub night, long will we try to piece together exactly what the hell we did. We studied too, can't forget that or we'll be the class of '83.

It looks like we're going to be replaced too, by the sisters of solidarity, little pisstanks that they are. Can't be fully replaced though, too much class to take over, too much know how and too much spirit - and that is collectively!

There are those, too numerous to mention, but we know who they are and that they embodied the true meaning of Bishop's students and kept us rolling all year. This year, it is agreed, was one of the best years in many ways. I guess we were all over it, and now we're all out of it and it's sad.

To those of you still at B.U., keep it the place it's meant to be. Don't ever change what was and always it will be a pleasant and often recalled memory.

On behalf of the Class of '82, I bid you adieu. Like Gen. D. MacArthur, we shall return!
BUSINESS CLUB

President's Message:

The business club was active in many ways in the past year. Outside of the club wine and cheese and other social events, effective representation was established on Business Division Faculty Meetings. With a club that is as large as this one, the opportunity exists for the future club executive and members to build an effective Association, one of representation and one of social involvement. Special thanks to J.L. and others who took an interest in related club matters. Good Luck!

Peter Nobes.

LEFT TO RIGHT:
Vice-President - Mike Daemen
President - Peter Nobes
Secretary - Dave Hilliker
STANDING: Mario (Elvis) Gosselin, Liz Lees, Bob Stensen, Lauren Roseborough, Scott MacLean.
SEATED, Left to Right: Jeff DeLallo, Diane Machou, John Decarie, Roger Gervaise, Nicole Renaudo, Jenny Bringham, Jean Yves Houle.
FACES AND
The Saga of the Beer Hunters

By LEO GERVAS
and KRIS NORHT

The Beer Hunter occurred on Saturday, January 23. For those of you who do not know what a Beer Hunter is, well... First of all, you just about thirty people with a quota of twelve beers or cans of coffee. Everyone dresses up in crazy-looking uniforms like red long johns with brown caps and Martin heels.

Then you drink, drink, drink, pour beer all over the place and go insane.

If you're really dedicated, you can go as a construction worker, wearing a construction hat, and have people bounce beer cans off your head.

You then proceed to form teams with about five people on each team. You assign an official beer hunter marshall (the marshall is the one wearing a red uniform) to hand out beers and make official drinking votes in cases of 12.

The object of the game is to have one of the shaken beers blow your head off (yes, really). The more times you blow your head off, the more you win and drink.

The game is over when everyone is sonumb that they can't move or there is no more beer or the place is torn apart.

The Kuchner Beer Hunter started at 9:00 o'clock. It ended tragically at 10:30 due to complete insanity and total destruction.

The game started extremely quietly (exaggerated exaggeration of excitement) with a complete photo finish sponsored by the Beer Hunter fund. The music was loud and clear and the standing was even louder and clearer. It was said that the acme electrical intensity of the party shook the very foundation of the bell tower well-guarded by mercenaries, warrens of patrol tanks, mines, barns, and sewers.

The beer hunters for the night were Roaring Rock, Chief Beer Hunter, and Frank the Tank. They made sure you blew that beer directly into your head for maximum effect.

Hard Hai Thong was the star of the evening, as he used his hard hat to smash in the feet of people who were sitting in the corner. Don't worry folks, he didn't have any ill effects from these spectacular moves and only thing tricks, he just fit right into the normal ambience (drunkenness) of the night.

Crazy Pierre, Yeddy, Crawford, Lee Alchekoff and Mad Mitch No. 1, Kisch Alchekoff and Mad Mitch No. 2, Brewsky, Happy Joe, MASH Loser in Time, Lili Winter Catoe, Dave the Wave and Hard Hai Thong were all nominated through complicated computerized calculations of currently concussed head hunters to be used for first place. Those people not mentioned above should contact the Beer Hunter headquarters located in the Northern Canadian Hemisphere.

At one point in the game, after a few rounds of head blowing, the head hunters had a pow-wow in another room to decide who should make it to the finals. No less did they know that when they left the place became a rip-roaring hell hole. No one escaped without being completely sated with beer.

For those of you who missed the festivities, buy your Bud and start practicing for next time.

TAKE OFF, EH?
The Approach to Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec

RD Wilson
CHRISTMAS DANCE
We have made it through the semester and the Xmas Dance is the celebration that we are half way done.

OPPOSITE PAGE, Counterclockwise: Vic and Laurie show us how to do the Holiday jiggle; Steve Miglia and Wendy Morton; Deb Britton and Frenchie really live it up (you know that it was only 9:00 p.m. when this was taken?!); what Xmas would be complete without a decorated tree, eh, D.G. and A.C.? Tim Ballantyne, John Bell, Eli Lee and Lorne Roseborough show the fashions of the evening.

ON THIS PAGE, Clockwise: Marc Guitard and Sue Macaulay; Peter Graburn and Linda Knight, Lisa Welden and Kent Henderson are model Bishop's students at a formal dance; Steve McCauley and date Sharon Tolan really enjoy the night.
The Reggie sounds of ‘Mastermind’ set the pace for Island Night. Rum and Pina Coladas got everyone in the mood for limbo dancing (table dancing was also in vogue for the night). The costumes were terrific and showed that even in the cold January nights of Quebec, Bish. people are thinking about hot, summer nights! What a way to start off the second semester, eh?
Carni - that wild week which a lot of people have a hard time remembering. Casino nite, Cabaret Nite, the sleigh ride, Anything goes and of course the world famous powder puff and toilet bowl games are all annual events in our Carnival. The traditional Carni Ball marks the end of another phase of the Bish. year.
CARNIVAL
THE PARTY
CONTINUES!
A classical Greek Tragedy at ole B.U.? Not only that, but the Drama department’s production of Trojan Woman was a resounding success. Although Euripides wrote the play 5000 years ago, the saga of the gony of the ravaged women in the ruined city of Troy is as real and moving today as it was then. The play was presented as in a Greek amphitheatre with a backdrop representing Troy’s ruins and the actors portrayed 90 minutes of concentrated suffering and drama under the able direction of Jon Rittenhouse and Katherine Stewart. The authentic costumes designed by Bernard Champoux added to the impact of the production as did the real mud which was smeared over the actors, much to their disgust. Ah, well, such is the sacrifice of life in the theatre...
THE TROJAN WOMEN
PICNIC ON THE
PICNIC ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Picnic on the Battlefield was staged as a Lunch Time Theatre, an affair in which members of the audience picked up lunch bags at the door and munched as they watched. The audience sat onstage in a semi-circle around the acting area. The set was a lovely piece of work by Dan Chatham - truck loads of sand were brought in and literally dumped on the stage for it! The play itself was delightful absurdist humour and great fun to watch (except, perhaps, for the few unfortunate who were sprayed with wine!) Thanks to the cast and crew members and Guido Tondino who directed!
CREEPS

1981 was the International Year of the Handicapped, and, not entirely coincidentally, the major drama production of the fall semester was David Freeman’s CREEPS, a thought-provoking play about paraplegics who try to function normally in a society that insists on treating them as unusual specimens instead of human beings. Jack Roberts directed the eight member cast in a performance that was both impressive and moving ... we are proud to have actors like these at Bishop’s.
1981-82 S.R.C.

BACK ROW, Left to Right: Danielle Guitard, Director-of-Finance; Lisa Welden, Vice-President of Media; Lauren Burgess (Vice-President of Internal Affairs).
FRONT ROW: Kent Henderson, Vice-President of Academic Affairs; and John Hussey, President.
MISSING: Jennifer Laurie, Vice-President of External Affairs.
When people went to bed on April 17, little did they know they would arise the next morning to discover the St. Francis River had inundated our campus, turning it into an island.

Thousands of dollars of damage were incurred by water that cascaded into the Centennial Theatre, Johnson, Nicolls, Norton, Pollack, Abbott, the Sports Complex, and Dewhurst. The Snack Bar suffered damage due to electricity failure and remained closed for the week following the flood. (The Champlain Review, April 30, 1982)
OF 1982

Students become flood victims
1982 marked Radio Bishop’s fortieth year of existence, making it the oldest student run station in Canada. From a small club with only a few dollars of assets and a handful of members, it has grown to over 50 members and in excess of $430,000 worth of equipment. The past three years have been quite vigorous, with most of the technical expansion occurring then. Radio Bish. was lucky enough to obtain much broadcast equipment through generous donations from the CBC and CJFM. A new studio complex is being constructed out of the old station and adjacent rooms. The station now only lacks a transmitter to go on the air, a goal which has been pursued for many years and will hopefully be realized in the near future.

All in all, the station has continued to expand its activities and provide new and different public services to offer the community at large. This past year has been one of progress and renovation down at the station, with membership and keeness growing, Radio Bishop’s is now a well organized, well run radio station working continually to improve ourselves in every possible way.

Station Manager: Russell Peacock
Program Director: Fred Victor

Business Manager: Dixon Kenner
Technical Director: Dave Jefferson

RADIO BISHOP’S
CLOCKWISE: Kris Trotter; Mike Sweeney; Dixon Kenner; Rick Tachuk and Di Mulholland; Carol Boire and Tony Perez and Art Starkovitch and Scott Gonzales; Carolyn Sharpe and Dave Sim and Maureen Aboud and Craig Harris and Ginette Benoit.
WINTER

[Image of a basketball game]
LADY GAITERS

LEFT TO RIGHT: Theresa Grant, Lynn Polson, Denise Dignard, Maria Bobyn, Bonnie McNaughton, Andrea Blackwell, Wendy Verrechia, Karen McComber, Connie Classen, Sharon Tolan, Wendy Waters.
1981-1982 SEASON

WINNERS OF THE TORONTO AND WINNIPEG TOURNAMENTS
UNDEFEATED IN ASUQ LEAGUE GAMES
PLACE 2ND IN THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS:

ANDREA BLACKWELL:  Quebec All-Star Team
1st Team Canadian All-Star
MVP Winnipeg Tournament
All Star at the Brandon Tournament
MVP of the Lady Gaiters

LYNN POLSON:  Quebec All Star Team
2nd Team Canadian All-Star
Most Improved Player for Lady Gaiters
Bishop's Female Athlete of the Year

DENISE DIGNARD:  All-Star at the Brandon Tournament
All-Star at the National Tournament

TERESA GRANT:  Team Award for the Lady Gaiters

MARIA BOBYN:  Most Improved Player for Lady Gaiters
MEN'S BASKETBALL

BACK ROW: Garth Smith, Danny Young, Andy Mullins, Mike Drew, Nick Van Herk, Kevin Nealis, Tim Dooley, Al Chastanet, Wayne Hussey.
FRONT ROW: Trevor Bennett, Charles Henegan, Hayton Morrison, Simeon Mars, Harley Lawrence.
1981-1982 SEASON

The 1981-82 season was fairly successful (19-11) for the Men’s Basketball Team. They attained the best over-all record in Quebec for their season.

Our hopes were high at the beginning of the season, but were shattered by the knee problems to two starters Andy Mullins and Kevin Nealis - an operation to Andy and eventually a brace for Kevin - however, these two never responded the way we wished and left the team with a depth problem.

Graduating players will be missed, Trevor Bennett (who practically rewrote the record books while at B.U.), Mike Drew (probably the hardest worker we have ever had and an excellent team man) and Andy Mullins (who never had the final year he should of had if he had been healthy).

Prospects for next season are fair, from all reports the league will be very strong. MVP Simeon Mars will be back and we will be counting heavily on Rookie of the Year 6'9" Nick Van Herk. The rest of the men could have an outstanding season as well. Rookies Rick Bourgos from Vanier and Stuart Greenwood from Vancouver will be a good addition for next year’s team.

In our league P.O. we defeated McGill in overtime and lost to Concordia in the finals for the right to go to the Nationals.

G. Smith
Bishop's hockey was a victim of the times in 1981-82. Canada experienced a period of recession, high interest rates and low returns. Bishop's felt that squeeze as well, and in response felt it necessary to cut the hockey program.

Ironically the final edition of the Gaiters was initially dubbed the, "Team of the Future." The dawning of 1981-82 looked bright. Twelve rookies injected a surge of new blood and enthusiasm into the program. These athletes came from near and far to help rebuild. The play of Dan Dixon, Chris Kealey and Brad Oliver highlighted the Ottawa corps. From Montreal Kevin McGovern, Jim Gauthier, Brian Bell, Mark Randle and Jamie Graham helped contribute to the new spirit. Ken Norris (Toronto), Peter Jones (Edmonton), Pierre Salois (Victoriaville), and Marc Boudreau (Sherbrooke) rounded out the rookie contingent.

Although low returns were the norm financially across the country, the Gaiters provided high returns on the ice. After a dismal season in 1980-81, Bishop's was beating, drawing and pushing every team to the limit. This was especially evident in the close games with Concordia (4-4, 1-0); the perennial powerhouse of the league. Final statistics showed 5 wins, 14 losses and 5 ties but they did not indicate that six of those losses were by one goal. Other highlights were contributed by Paul Beddard, Greg Thompson and Bob Vigliotti, the highest scoring line in the league with Paul and Greg ranking ninth and tenth in league scoring. Paul was also named to the Q.U.A.A. All-Star team. The squad as a whole nearly doubled their total team points over the previous year, improved the goals against from last to fourth, dropped in total penalty minutes from first to third and overall were totally entertaining.

Bishop's will suffer a little without a hockey team just as the players who depart will miss a little something without Bishop's. Good luck to all the Gaiters with their future endeavors.
POLAR BEARS

The Women's Hockey team under the direction of Al Ansell and his assistants Jeff Cathcart, Kevin Doferty and Peter Paige finished a somewhat distant third in the Quebec Women's Intercollegiate Hockey League behind Concordia University and John Abbott College and ahead of McGill University.

The Polar Bears saved their best hockey of the year for the play-offs, while they hung tough, they were eventually eliminated by John Abbott in the semi-finals.

Once again this year the team improved upon their record of the previous season, although they suffered the agony of defeat at the hands of the University of Ottawa in two exhibition contests.

Special mention must be made of the contributions of team captain and leading scorer Laurie Schoolcraft, Best Rookie Award winner Rose "Bud" Berard and Most Valuable Player, goalie Janice Smith. However, without the hard work of wingers Carol Benwell, Lucie Girard, Daryl Tremain, Edie Wescott, Diane Allard and Angela Franklin, the checking of Kim Bobbitt, Kathy Reese and Myriam Tremblay and the staunch defense of Dayna Sayers, Holly St. Onge and Kelly Holmes teamed with reserve goaltender Lorna Jones the results would not have been as fruitful.

The outlook for 1982-83 is also promising, with twelve of sixteen players returning the Bears are setting their goals for the top and they should find the going that much easier with the addition of what Coach Ansell calls "quality recruits" to fill the holes left by graduation.

BACK ROW: Dayna Sayers, Rose Berard, Carol Benwell, Laurie Schoolcraft, Kelly Holmes, Janice Smith, Edie Wescott.
ABSENT: Jane Planche, Renee Harden, Angela Franklin, Joan Ransom, Kathy Reese, Myriam Tremblay, Daryl Tremain, Jeff Cathcart, Kevin Doherty.
VARSITY AWARDS

GOLF: Gary Savoy

WOMEN'S B.BALL: MIP-Lynn Polson
Maria Bobyn
Team Award-Theresa Grant
MVP-Andrea Blackwell

MEN'S HOCKEY: MIP-Kevin McGovern
Rookie-Chris Kealey
Chuck Chapman Award-Dan Dixon
MVP-Paul Bedard

WOMEN'S HOCKEY: Rookie-Rose Berard
MVP-Janice Smith

MEN'S B.BALL: MIP-Nick Van Herk
MVP-Simeon Mars

RAY ALMOND AWARD: Howard Little John

FEMALE ATHLETE OF THE YEAR: Lynn Polson

MALE ATHLETE OF THE YEAR: Paul Bedard
BISHOP'S IN

ACTION!
1982

ARTS '30
ARTS
KENNY ALLAN
Leeds Village, Que.
B.A. History Major, Geography minor
Memory: Playing Intramurals and visiting the Lion

NANCY S. ALLARD
Thetford Mines, Que.
B.A. Sociology major, Economics minor.
Activities: C.R.T., Food Committee, Volleyball.
The Good of knowledge is that it creates further questioning, and doubt.

ROBERT BRUCE BALDWIN
Beaconsfield, Que.
B.A. Social Science major, Business minor
"Recti Cultus Pectora Roborant - Righteous Ways Make Strong the Heart"

GLADYS M. BATTEN
Montreal, Que.
B.A. Psychology, Applied Honours
"Praise the Lord, all you peoples, For great is his love toward us, and the faithfulness of the Lord endures forever."
Psalm 117

CYNTHIA D. BAYLEY
"Cindy" Bayles"
Lennoxville, Que.
B.A. English major, Soc. and Geog. minors
Memories: Pub nights, Powder Puffs, Kuehner Hall, Convocation '81, Stagette Nov. 20 .81
"Let's Party!"
RAUNA G. BESNER

Foster, Que.
B.A. Honours Philosophy
Cars, and giraffes and shunning
the world in a drunkish fashion.

JOSE BIRON

Sherbrooke, Que.
B.A. Honours Psychology
Student Rep. for Psych. Dep. '81-
'82, Research Assistant.
Favorite Expression: "Good
grief!"

JAMES BLEVINS

London, Ontario
B.A. English major, Philosophy
minor

JOCELYNE BINETTE

Arvida, Que.
B.A. Psychology major, sociology
minor
Marshal, Campus Guide, In-
tramurals.
"The greatest thing, is not so
much where we stand, as in what
direction we are moving"

MARIA BOBYN

Ottawa, Ontario
B.A. Psychology Honours
"Life is a tapestry of time un-
folding and each second is but one
stitch weaving history"
DEBBIE BRITTON
Montreal, Que.
B.A. Honours Political Science,
History minor
Memory: Kuehner 2nd and every
OTW night! Do you remember,
when we were young ... September
...
Good Luck Everybody.

PEGGY BROWN
Oshawa, Ontario
B.A. Psychology
Memory: Pollack, Coaster parties,
Pubbing, late nights and popcorn.
"Please don’t bother me. I have 20
min. to learn 5 chapters!"

ELIZABETH A. CALLAHAN
Lowell, Massachusetts
B.A. Honours Psychology
Memory: Lion, Champagne
brunches, Res ’78, partying in the
afternoons.
"I will always share wine, love and
laughter with my friends"

ADRIENNE CHINN
Senneville, Que.
B.A. Humanities
Cultural Series usher, Q.B. staff,
Pres. of B.U.F.S., Sam Pongo
plays, The ‘Campus’, History
Association

LAUREN HOPE BURGESS
Ottawa, Ontario
B.A. Music
Memory: Getting photographed on
a cow.
"If you want to be happy, Be."
MARY E. CHURCH

Ayer's Cliff, Que.
B.A. Drama major, English minor
“Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt”
Shakespeare

CLAIRE E. DELISLE

Waterville, P.Q.
B.A. Social Sciences
The Campus, SLC, Cultural Affairs Com. BUFS, Abusing Libbers Shit disturbing. A great education ... as for the rest of B.U.: Later, much.

ELIZABETH CRAIG

Beloeil, Quebec
B.A. Psychology

SYLVIE DESCHAMPS

Trois-Rivieres, Que.
B.A.

KEITH CRAWFORD

Cookshire, Que.
B.A.
MARGERY L. DEVLEN

Brookside, New Jersey
B.A. Fine Arts
Conclusion: Much learning doth make thee mad.
Acts xxv.24

IBRAHIMA DIABAGATE

Abidjan Ivory Coast
B.A. Economics
I love Bishop's so I walk around on weekends just to take advantage of the beautiful environment. Amateur soccer and tennis.

ANNE-MARIE DUPUY

Sherbrooke, Que.
B.A.

SUSAN EASTON

Lennoxville, Que.
B.A.

CAM EDGAR

London, Ontario
B.A. History/Business
Gaiter Football, SRC, Campus, Intramurals, Norton Helmet, 3rd floor $&@! Best time/worst hangover - Women's B-Ball Nats. Guelph '81 "Good Coverage"
CAROL FADDEN
Sutton, Vermont
B.A. French Honours

KEVIN FIGSBY
Montreal, Que.
B.A.

MICHAEL "JUGHEAD" FRASER
B.A. Geography
I finally know the meaning of excess, spontaneous, imaginative and being amused. My thanks to everyone who made this a great 3 years. A bit nutty, but great!

DEBBIE GOODFELLOW
LaTuque, Que.
B.A. Foreign Language major, Business minor
Expression: "Why Worry"
Memory: Going out on Tuesday nights.

GARY GOODHUE
Lennoxville, Que.
B.A.
CHRISTINA GOULET
Stanstead, Que.
B.A. German-French majors,
Italian minor

ANGIE HAUSER
Cowansville, Que.
B.A.

KENT G. HENDERSON
Sarnia, Ontario
B.A. Political Science major,
Business minor

PETER GRABURN
Willowdale, Ontario
B.A.

SYLVIA JAKUTAVICIUS
Valdor, Que.
B.A. Psychology major, Business minor
Favorite Expression: “Well, who gives a dip?”
DAVID ROWE JEFFERSON, JR.
Hampton Falls, N.H.
B.A. Geography
Best memories: Rock climbing, Mt. Washington, 4D club, SS club.

LINDA J. KNIGHT
Beaconsfield, Que.
B.A. Psychology Honors
Activities: Studying and dieting.
Ambition: To become more famous than Freud as a psychologist

MICHAEL KUDLAK
Vienna, Austria
B.A. History major, German minor
Memory: Afternoons at the Lion.
“I can resist everything except temptation.” Oscar Wilde

JENNIFER B. LAURIE
Sudbury, Ont.
B.A. Humanities/Bus.
Best memory: Mo, Soph, Lyn, Bob and Don “80-81” VP Internal 80-81 VP External/President 81-82
“The word which can never die on this earth: EGO”

SUSAN MARIE LÉGER “Q”
Cornwall, Ontario
B.A. Honours English
Memories: Munster Bag, Fadoon, ADR 81-82.
“Wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.”
RENÉE LOU LOVELL
Montreal, Que.
B.A.

HEATHER MACLEAN
Georgeville, Que.
B.A. Divisional major, Social Sciences
"I am not now that which I have been"
Byron

BARBARA T. MATTHEWS
North Hatley, Que.
B.A. English major

IOANNIS MAVREAS
Ville St. Laurent, Que.
B.A. Economics major, Business minor
Bishop’s although you took away the best 3 years of life I excuse you for the very last time. LONG LIVE LION!!

EDMONDO MARANDOLA
Montreal, Que.
B.A. Economics major, Business minor
Memory: Thank you Helmets!
Orientation group leader 80-81, Intramural team of the year ’81 ADR 81-82 “Be free!”
STEPHEN MIGLIA
Chateauguay, Que.
B.A.

MARK MORTON
Wherabouts, Unknown
B.A. Drama
"some of us remember What we're here for."

DIANA MULHOLLAND
Surrey, B.C.
B.A. Honours Psychology,
Business minor
Pub staff 80-82, Gong show 80,
Orientation, Dance, "Betty!",
J.G. "Count your age by friends,
not years. Count your life by
smiles, not tears."

ELAINE NADEAU
St. Paul's River, Que.
B.A. Psychology
Memory: Cramming the night
before exams
"You know what I mean!"

WENDY MORTON
Beaconsfield, Que.
B.A. English Honours
78-79 Campus staff, Orientation
group leader 81-82, English
Representative, Intramural
baseball and squash, Pub staff.
MEL NADEAU
St. Paul's River, Que.
B.A. Canadian Studies major,
Business minor
"I'll respect you in the morning"
Sports: Varsity soccer '80, '81.
Brotherhood

MICHAEL O'CONNOR
Lasalle, Que.
B.A. Political Science major,
History minor
Memories: Veal at Dewhurst,
Norton Hangovers.
Intramurals: soccer, softball and
volleyball

GREG PARSONS
La Tuque, Que.
B.A. Geography, History minor
Memory: Going to the Lion after
the library closes and playing
intramural sports

MARTY PATTERSON
Gaspé, Que.
B.A. Geography
Memory: Coaster parties,
broomball championship, Mt.
Washington Hikes; The Lion for a
cold one.

BARBARA PYE
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.A.
BRIAN RAHILL

Farnham, Que.
B.A. Psychology Honors
Why Psychology?
"Of all the wonders of the
Universe, the greatest is man"
Aristotle

CHANTAL RONDEAU

Sherbrooke, Que.
B.A.

BLAIR ROSS

Lennoxville, Que.
B.A. Political Economy major,
Business minor
P.S.A., VTR-cameraman for
varsity teams. Intramural football
and broomball.

HEATHER ROTHNEY

Kitimat, B.C.
B.A. History major, Religion
Minor
Favorite Expression: "You old
boot!"
Memory: Birthdays at the Lion.

ELIZABETH RZYZORA

Knowlton, Que.
B.A. Business
HEATHER SADLER

Peterborough, Ont.
B.A. Honors Geography
Bish. has been an opportunity to
pack more living, learning, ex-
periencing and excitement into 2
years than I ever thought possible:
An education!

ROBIN SASSER

Conway, South Carolina
B.A. Foreign Languages
Memory: Cross-country skiing on
the golf course at Bishop's and
looking through dictionaries.
"Wie gehst dir?"

CAROLYN MARY SHARPE

Montreal, Que.
B.A. Humanities major, Business
minor
Memory: Munster Bags, Sept.
Orientation, Intramurals.
"Take time to laugh, it is the
music of the soul"

ANDREW SAMS

Quebec, Que.
B.A. Humanities
Memory: "The Hostage"
"Wealth consists not in having great
possessions but in having few
wants"

Epicurus

KEVIN-MICHAEL SHEA

Sherbrooke, Que.
B.A. Psychology major
PATRICIA ANNE SNELL

Montreal, Que.
B.A. English major, French major
Pastimes: Shane and doing my part to save the whales.
Expression: There is no love ... without acts of love.

VIVIAN STANDAERT

Montreal, Que.
B.A. Psychology major, German minor
Pub and Q.B. 80-82; Orientation '80
Memory: 1st day, 1st year ... I can remember as if it was yesterday

KATHERINE STEWART

Westmount, Que.
B.A.

TAMMY STOCKS

Cowansville, Que.
B.A. Psychology
Group leader 80-81, Pub staff 80-81, ADR 81-82, Limbo dancing, frog collecting
"I can't believe you said that"
A. Mullins

RICHARD F. TRACY

Lennoxville, Que.
B.A. Business major, Psychology minor
Inter-varsity Christian Fellowship (Pres. 79-81), R.O.C.C.
KIRSTIN E.L. TROTTER

Dorva, Que.
B.A. Humanities
BUFS Prez, S.P.E.R.M., Speedbumps, Puck, ripped by a-- on the bridge (30 stitches). Other scars and lessons.
“Luck is preparation meeting opportunity”

ANDRÉE TURGEON

Lennoxville, Que.
B.A.

FRANCIS TWYMAN

Chandler, Que.
B.A. Business
Memory: Coaster parties, Lion, Res nights.
“The salvation of mankind lies in making everything the concern of all”
A. Solzhenitsyn

CHESTER TERRY WARNER

Lennoxville, Que.
B.A. History/Business
1980/81 exchange student to U of A
QUI BENE NON DIDICIT CARULLUS ESSE SOLET.
He who does not learn well will stay a blockhead.
c400 AD

LISA WELDEN

Mont Tremblant, Que.
B.A. French Major
V.P. Media, Ski Team, Marshal, Hoopers, Bernacles Hostage
“Save an alligator - eat a prep-pie!”
BOB WHITE
Willowdale, Ont.
B.A.

GEORGINA WIGLEY
Senneville, Que.
B.A. Geography
There's more to life than speeding it up.

Ghandi
BACHELOR OF
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
ALLAN ABDALLA
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting

MAUREEN ABOUD
Montreal, Quebec
B.B.A. MGT.

RASHID AIDUN
Tehran, Iran
B.B.A. major Finance, minor economics
President of International Students Association 1981-1982

CHARLES AUGER
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting

RUDY NICK BAKKER
Cornwall, Ontario
B.B.A.
MARIE-JOSÉ BEAUDIN
Montreal, Que.
B.B.A.
Black Hand Clan - orientation
ADR Se. Com. - ADR McKinnon
WW - Most of all my partner ...
Ian.
"Happiness is not a station you arrive at but a manner of travelling"
TY Bish!

LUCIE D. BÉCHAMP
Ottawa, Ontario
B.B.A. Accounting

MARIO BELANGER
Montreal, Que.
B.B.A.

GINETTE MARIE BENOIT
Saint Jean, Que.
B.B.A.
Intramurals, Clubs, Orientation,
Munster Bag, Woman’s Dance '81,
Pub.
"Life is a splash in a puddle; you go in with both feet and come out smiling."

DANIÉLE BINETTE
Montreal, Que.
B.B.A. Human Resource major,
Political Science minor.
STEVE BOUGIE

Pte. Claire, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
Memory: 2nd yr working 20 hrs/wk with 6 courses and bonus, 3rd yr the house with Vernon the Ghost and buddies and skiing. Me on the radio? Blow it off!!

GILL BROOME

Dorval, Que.
B.B.A.

MARTIN CARRIER

Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.

BRIAN CHILVERS

Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.

KWAN CHEE HENG

Singapore
B.B.A.
JOHN CHIPPINDALE
Toronto, Ont.
B.B.A.

JACQUES DAIGLE
Mt. St-Hilaire, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
No more "Rocketfuellers" for this kid!

MICHEL P. DALLAIRE
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting, Computer Science minor

ALLAIN DEPIERREFEU
North Hampton, N.H.
B.B.A.

GORD DOWBIGGIN
Burlington, Ont.
B.B.A. Marketing
3 years of: Living and Dying with the 'pos, Div, Out with the boys (sometimes), Morning Shifts and Cramming.
MIKE DREW
Compton, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting

SUSAN DRURY
Baie d’Urfé, Que.
B.B.A.

MARK FABRI
Ottawa, Ontario
B.B.A. General
Gaiter Football and 3rd floor Abbott.
“Look at the sunnyside of everything and make your optimism come true”

CATHY FLUHMANN
Hicktown, Ont.
B.B.A. Marketing
Happy Hoopers, Boxer Shorts, Grad, Xmas dance with Tim, Bartender, Late hours in the library.
“May the cosmic rays of Saturn align itself with the inner equilibrium of your soul.”

LOUIS-PAUL DUPUY
St-Lambert, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing and Accounting
LINDA GAGNON

Lennoxville, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting

BERNARD HAMEL

Orford, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
Memory: Receiving a scholarship for a great year in 1979-1980.

MITH GIBBONS

Ajax, Ontario
B.B.A. Finance

LYNN FRANCES HARDING

Farnham, Que.
B.B.A. Management
Froshette '79
"Wisdom is meaningless until your own experience has given it meaning ... and there is wisdom in the selection of wisdom."

DANIELLE GUITARD

Dalhousie, N.B.
B.B.A. Accounting and Management
SRC Director of Finance, RG, AC, PL, EC, CW, MH, MK
"I won't marry a man for his wealth, I'll hang around rich men until I fall in love with one!"
R. MARK HEROLD
Toronto, Ontario
B.B.A. Marketing

DALE JENNE
Lennoxville, Que.
B.B.A.
Memory: Saturday afternoon football games and quaffing ale.

THOMAS HEWITT
Lennoxville, Que.
B.B.A.

BRIAN HUNT
Cornwall, Ont.
B.B.A. Marketing
Memories: The people I’ve met. The good times all of us had. Norton Helmets, Intramurals, Pub, but above all, a nickname I’ll never live down.

JENNIFER J. JOHNSTON
Dunham, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
GLEN JOURNEAUX
Chandler, Que.
B.B.A.

DIXON KENNER
Westmount, Que.
B.B.A.
Radio Bish 78-81, Debating 78-81, S.R.C., C.L.U., B.U.F.S.
Memories: the SS, the Hovels, Orientation '79.
"Insanity is often the sign of an accurate mind overtaxed."

ERIC U. KIRSIUU
Toronto, Ontario
B.B.A.
Does Bishop's prepare us for the future?
We have: The Pub, Lion, Bobs, Newport, Tennis, Skiing, Golf; so let's get drunk and be somebody!
What else is there in life?

PAULA KEAYS
Chandler, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting

ELI Y. LEE
Montreal, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
Varsity soccer 3 yrs. (mid-fielder), Intramural soccer, Intramural hockey.
ALAIN LETOURNEAU
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting

IAN MACNAIR
Ottawa, Ontario
B.B.A. Accounting
Ski team, Pub staff, Business manager of Campus.

YVES MASSARIEL
Coaticook, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
"I think a successful student at Bishop’s is one that correctly divides his time between his studies and leisure."

DIANE MATHURIN
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A. Finance
STEVE MCCALEY
Lachine, Que.  
B.B.A. Finance/Economics  
Head Marshal, Intramurals.  
Memories: Carnies 80/81,  
Hockey/Football Finals,  
"Adiolf" 81, Helmet Parties.

SHIRLEY MORRISON
Sawyerville, Que.  
B.B.A. Computer Science minor  
"Tasks worth doing and friends worth having make life worth living"

DOUG MCNEVAN "NEVY"
Peterborough, Ontario  
B.B.A. Marketing  
Memory: "Rocketfueller" and trying to keep up to the heathen.  
"F---'in Rights"

DEBORAH MOORE
Maniwaki, Que.  
B.B.A. Marketing  
"I'll try anything once."

DEBORAH MUNRO
Baie d'Urfé, Que.  
B.B.A.
PETER ORMOND
Beaconsfield, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
B.U. Hockey, co-ed Broomball (Dead Bears), Helmets, Orientation 80/81, Norton and Third Floor $?&!
"Looks like I made it!"

ANDRÉ PARADIS
Montreal, Que.
B.B.A. General
Varsity Hockey '77, '79, '80.

NORMAND PARÉ
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.

RUSSELL PEACOCK
Mansville, Que.
B.B.A., B.A. Pervert
Corp., SRC, Campus, Radio Bishop's.
Memories: 17 yr. old girls, education on tenure plan.
Goals: Out-living everyone.
Hopes: Retire on Graduation

SHARON PRIEST
Mansonville, Que.
B.B.A.
LORNE D. ROSEBOROUGH
Victoria, B.C.
B.B.A. Accounting
"The bastard ..."

ALAIN ROY
Sherbrooke, Que.
B.B.A.

DENIS ROY
Fleurimont, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting

GEORGE ROY
Dorval, Que.
B.B.A.

MICHAEL P. ROY
Chateauguay, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
BERNIE TETREAULT
Mt. St. Gregoire, Que.
B.B.A. Accounting
Memory: Dewhurst,
"Let's go out, just for one drink"

CHERYL WALL
Chandler, Que.
B.B.A. Management major,
Psychology minor
Best times: Broomball with
Coasters.
"... though you think you're
leaving there too soon."
N. Young

ROBERT VIGLIOTTI
Massachusetts, U.S.A.
B.B.A.

MIKE WALTON
Dorval, Quebec
B.B.A.

PETER CHRISTOPHER VIRTUE
Madison, Connecticut
B.B.A. Marketing
"Who the cap fits - let them wear
it."
TIM SAUNDERS

Ottawa, Ontario
B.B.A. Accounting
Gaiter Football, ADR, Marshal, Helmets.
"The quality of any man's life has got to be a full measure of his commitment to excellence and to life."

V.L.

BOB STENASON

Beaconsfield, Que.
B.B.A. Finance
Memory: the pleasure of writing cost acct. exams.
Expression: "Oh, Oh Christ!"

BRUCE SHEPLEY

Lachine, Que.
B.B.A.

MARK STIFFEL

Granby, Que.
B.B.A. Marketing
"Life must go on"

MIKE SWEENEY

Massachusetts, U.S.A.
B.B.A.
ROD YOUNG
Banff, Alberta
B.B.A. Accounting; Personnel Management
Varsity Hockey 78-80; Marshal 79-80; Intramurals 78-82; Pub Accountant 81-82

RON ZEHNAL
T.M.R., Quebec
B.B.A.
BACHELOR
OF
SCIENCE
CHRISTOPHER BAYLY

Pte. Claire, Que
B.Sc. Honors Biochemistry

"Do what you want to do; go where you're going to. The world is manuscript paper for the symphony of our lives."

rachain

ANN CHANTAL GRAVESON

Sherbrooke, Qué
B.Sc., Hon. Biochem.

"There can be no happiness if the things we believe in are different from the things we do."

Favorite Excuse: "It's a full moon!"

RONNA BUTTON

Dalhousie, N.B.
B.Sc. Math major, Computer Science minor

Memory: The Sprague-Women's Stag, and Third Floor $&?!

"We Jane cools are scared to death of dudes."

DENISE DIGNARD

Port Cartier, Que
B.Sc.

MARC GUITARD

Dalhousie, N.B.
B.Sc., Mathematics major, Computer Science minor

ADR, Varsity Football 80-81, Rugby 77-78, Marshall, Brotherhood.
DANIEL L. MORRISON
Sherbrooke, Quebec
B.Sc. Math major, Comp. Sc. minor
"In life be: kind, honest, helpful, and hard-working ... all else in turn will evolve"

LAURA LEE SCOTT
Kahnawake, Quebec
B.Sc. Biology major, Psychology minor

STEVEN C. SMITH
Sherbrooke, Québec
B.Sc. Biology Hon., Chemistry minor
"Dare to try!"
"ça roule."
"Wanna buy a mudpuppy?"

DEBORAH STEEL
Pierrrefonds, Que
B.Sc. Honours Biology
President of Biology Club 80-81, Varsity Badminton Team, Intramural Broomball.

ANDREW MULLINS
Nepean, Ontario
B.Sc., Math major, Computer Science minor
Bowling Team Alternate, Basketball
Favorite Expression: How much does that cost? Oh well, never mind.
DON THOMPSON

Georgetown, Ontario
B.Sc.

FRANC VODOPIVEC

Val D'Or, Que
B.Sc. Mathematics
Memories: Band, G (darts), Guelph (pool)

JOHN PETER VERLINDEN

Ghent, Gelgium
B.Sc., Math major, Comp. Sc. minor
"si vis pacem para bellum!"
"oh! Boy! What did I do now?"
Bishop’s University
Lennoxville, Que.

Spring Convocation
May 29th, 1982, 2:30 p.m.
John H. Price Sports
and Recreation Centre

Followed by a Garden Party

Admit One
CONVOCATION
THE BISH.
LOOK ...
THE BISHOP'S

Pg. 122, CLOCKWISE: Mark Herold shows the class of '82's spirit; John Jessop: Dan Guitard and Cheryl Wall, was the floor too crowded?; Peter Virtue and Lisa Ann show off the new styles in formal wear.
GRAD.

"The Grad" - the night where all the grads really get it together (or lose it, as the case may be, right C.F., D.B., L.W., and S.D.?) This year the dance was held at the Le Baron, thanks to Grad Chairpersons Maria Bobyn and Lynn Harding. The night started early and just went on and on and on and ...

Pg. 123, COUNTERCLOCKWISE: Deb Britton gives a "social"; Andy Mullins and Theresa Grant; Pam Lee and Tim Saunders; Sue Drury; Liz Callahan; The Gran Chefs of Sue Léger's breakfast party.
Pg. 126, COUNTERCLOCKWISE: Izumi Yamamoto; Liz Callahan; Lauren Roseborough and Carol Boire and Scott Gonzales; Di Mulholland and Deb Britton and Joce Binette; Tony Power.

Pg. 127, CLOCKWISE: Liz Craig; “Team Batmobile”; Mike Kudlak; Chris Emard and Garry Savoy and Jim Gauthier and Tony Power; Anne Channell.
THE MITRE

SINCE 1893
A TRADITION NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

EDITOR:
Brenda Hornby

ASSISTANT EDITOR:
Steve Balkin

This nineteenth edition is dedicated to the professors of the English Department and my colleagues Liz, Susan and Wendy.

Special thanks extended to Principal Nicholl for his financial assistance and moral support.

Many thanks to Steve Balkin, whose enthusiasm and knowledge so often encouraged me to persevere.
To my patient and understanding roommate Penny and to all my friends,
who offered their concern and support,
thanks so much.

I remain,
sincerely yours,

Brenda Hornby
# CONTRIBUTORS

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BARBECUE

Uncle Jim
reclining, reclusive
in an old dump chair,
blobous nose red-streaked
and wrinkled,
sniffs the smoky air.

Gramma Davis
fluttering between
us and the house,
tight-mouthed, stacking
stools and packing platters
piled with salmon, steak and butter,
sweet rolls and salad, plunks them down
here and there.

Joanie swings high
in the sycamore, one arm waving,
mouth in an O. "A monkey?" Mother
asks.

Aunt Margaret
bounds around, clucking
"Come down, come down", breasts
near bursting
in her bright blue bikini. Uncle Bob
likes that, Aunt Ruthie
doesn't.

Reggie tears around, roping
the twins, and spins them
till they fall.

Grampa Johnson
hollers "Hey, someone
kill that kid." Nobody
does.

Lorraine
lounges, lapping up the sun,
jegs spread a little
on the thirsty yellow grass.
Aunt Ruthie
makes Uncle Bob take off
his aviator glasses.
"I want to see what you're looking at,"
she says.

Mr. Thompson
huge wobbly belly bobbing
goes to the veranda
for his violin.
Everybody claps
except Mrs. Thompson.
She yells something and covers
her ears
when the violin starts
to squeak and squelch and squeal.

Uncle Rick
opens brown bottles of beer
and everyone starts
drinking and dancing.

Tess's
orange tabby
in the midst of it all.

Aunt Margaret
falls down again, giggling
and jiggling like water balloons.
Reggie seems
to like it when she falls - Uncle Bob
too, but
he's squinting.
Maybe he can't
see without his glasses.

At dusk.
Father says "Come
here son." When I do, "Let's
ship away", he says, "just
us two. Go swimming," he says.
And we do.

-Katherine Williams
Free
(a
Lion
roams
his
King) dom

T
-ouch!

a
l(ong
walk
a
solitary
 tear)
one
-Kelly MacKenzie
BROWN EYES

If my eyes were brown
I'd walk dirt roads more often
I'd write with a black fountain pen
    and wear batik, marimekko and beads.
My shelves would be full of hardbound books
    and I'd often use green wax on my skis.
My cats would have normal names -
    for cats, that is - catapult or Hy-purr-belly
I'd prefer avocados
    and be more prone to split ends and frizzies.
But my eyes aren't brown
I like frost patterns on my window
I burn incense in the morning
    and rarely make my bed.
I've got flowers painted on my floor
    and tend to remember phone numbers.
I've collected lots of little boxes
    though I know not what to put inside.
I change my mind a lot
    and listen to snow,
Knowing that my eyes will never be brown.

- Daisy Fields
- Valerie-Anne Tannage

POWER

strength that dawns on anxiety;
a restlessness, writhing in the bands of the secure organ:

Man
But man
alone
can overpower
Nothing
but
his own will.
HANDS
Unfolding hungry millions empty needing more than a prayer.
- PLUME

La Joconde, 1981.

Elle a pris son amour,
Son bel amour, fort, tendre,
Glacé et brûlant
Secret et éclatant,
Eternel et fuyant,
Elle l’a mis dans une boîte,
Une petite boîte d’allumettes.
Elle a allumé le feu avec la boîte
Et, la nuit,
Elle regarde danser les flammes
Et les écoute chanter,
Avec son sourire intérieur,
Moqueur.

“Do not disturb”
The sign is on my door,
The sign is on my heart,
The sign is on my lips.
There is too much inside:
Do not try to reach for it.
The sign is on my mind,
And I must hang it over my eyes
Before it is too late.
The kiss of love
Is a kiss of death,
Since what is born will die.
The silence of oblivion is
In the battlefields of my life,
No trespassers, please,
Do not disturb.
God’s error, this light? It fills us
So rarely. We hardly see
It’s purity. We know much more
Of darkness. The stars, the icy moons
Mere footsteps in the night. Just so
We leave behind us marks that cast only bluest light.
In meditation once I saw my mind:
The space between the burning suns.
So much of darkness are we given
The universe … or you … who’d wish to share
This tiny glimpse of light
When all we know is this dark night?

SNAKES

You’ve always said that you hate snakes.
The flash of body, the flicker of tongue,
The quick snatch of serpent grace
Make your skin crawl - you said.
And yet today I find you keep them,
As tangled black and venomed ball
of vipers as any I have seen in
Sandy, snakey pits.

“Get rid of them,”’ I say. “Call an exterminator
Your house’ll never be your own
With vermin living in it.”
You only smile. Your green eyes slit
And glitter. You run your tongue along my lips
As if opening a letter.

- Jan Draper
-Elizabeth Bouchard

SCARS

Between you and me
There's a wound that's
depth and narrow
left by scalpel,
or maybe bayonet
And everytime
We try to touch
We strike the wound
Resonating pain makes us recoil
We seem to like
our small neat scar
We seem to fear
the blood that heals.

GRAY ROOMS

Down by the railroad tracks
below the city's consciousness
empty rooms wait.

Ketchup and old cans
stain the papers
that dust the floor.
Headlines fade into history,
Bones of rats and birds
are scattered
with cockroach husks.
On the walls industrial women
spread their legs
to the camera's metal finger
and cover the cabbage roses
that linger on the dying walls.
IN MY TIME OF DYING

Open my casket
but don't look at me yet
Say your prayers of forgetfulness
and I will remember you too
Speak to me from all your nightmares
and I will answer you with my tears
Let the full moon rise without you
and pull the waters off the shore
But I will be back yet again
before my time of dying
And before your life is through with you.
Now I've spoken my word
and it's time for you to look
into the coffin.
Open the lid and it's empty
except for water;
dark and full of reflections
Of us.
Both of us.

- Jenny Brigham
DEATH
Death is a mangled cat
In the ditch at the side
Of a busy highway.

Death is an eyeless house
With a broken porch,
Dead vines on the door.

Death is a mink coat
At the circus
In the city.

Death is a shipwreck
On a reef off the coast
Of Sable Island.

Death is a body of a
Child in the arms of a
Woman who is crying.

Death is the carcass of
A fish on the sand
At the public beach.

Death is a knife in the
Back of a skeleton in the
Basement of my home.

-Charles Riordon
The bathwater was hot and silky. Judith had used one of her more exotic bath oils to counter the nerve jangling effect of the day. Greedily, she sank into the tub and propped her head against its edge. "Find a cork-screw," she thought; "make the sauce for the brussel sprouts and toss the salad." Like a good general, she reviewed her strategy to see if she had missed anything. But her eyes began to feel heavy, sultry, and she surrendered to the laziness of the hot water.

Reluctantly, she dragged herself from the bath to get ready for dinner. As she dried herself off briskly, with short rough movements, she caught sight of her body in the mirror and noticed again how small the breasts were and how boyish the hips. Pale shoulder-length hair falling from a clumsy bun, emphasized the harried, almost furtive movements of the eyes. This self in the mirror seemed far removed from the Judith who wrestled with fanciful clients and a mullish computer all day. What did Gregg, with his movie star's face and strong thighs see in her? "Don't be so hard on yourself," she thought; "he thinks you're witty and beautiful. You're graceful, and poised. God, I sound like a commentator at a Miss American Contest," she thought disgustedly.

She pawed through her closet looking for something to wear. Most of her clothes were too business-like for the disco. She finally decided on the clingy red halter that Gregg liked. In the bathroom she put on a glossy red lipstick. "Wouldn't want my face to fade into the background," she thought. She stepped back from the mirror to decide whether her upper lip was properly aligned with the lower one. It wasn't; so she tried again.

She'd never been skilled with makeup. In high school she had experimented with eye shadows she'd bought at Zellers, but the effect created was never that which she had intended. She could remember when her mother, preceded by her Chanel No. 5, her face expertly contoured and shaded, would come into her bedroom to say goodnight before going out on the town. But that was when she was very young, before her father had developed polio. He had been a handsome man, but his disease had made him bitter and resentful. Judith could remember him crashing around the house in a fit of anger, his powerful chest and arms propelling the crutches while his leg trailed behind. He looked, Judith thought, like a half-materialized genie—his lower body a smoky trail. He hardly ever left the house and her mother threw out all her lipsticks and mascaras; she didn't have time between her job and increasingly demanding husband. He seemed to resent his wife having a life in which he did not participate. When Judith became old enough to date he became very strict, forbidding her to go out with boys. At first she rebelled, but after awhile she began to feel that it was useless to fight over the few invitations she received. She stayed home instead and read a lot of romantic novels.

Judith stirred her cheese-sauce slowly, to get the lumps out. She wanted it to look as good as it tasted. She remembered the time Gregg had made dinner for her. The table had been beautiful and the food looked delicious, but unfortunately Gregg wasn't a great cook and the food was inedible.

The doorbell rang. Judith smoothed her hair in the hall mirror before opening the door. It was Gregg, looking handsome as usual.

"Hi!" she said. "Dinner will be ready in a few minutes. Like a glass of wine first?"

"Sure, I'd love one," he replied, settling down on the sofa. "I'm afraid we won't be able to stay out late tonight, I've got to catch a plane to New York at three."

"At three, isn't that rather late?" she asked.

"I know; it's coming in from France. It's only stopping at Mirabel for about twenty minutes. It's the only flight that gets to New York early enough, I have
to meet the Jenkins people at ten o'clock tomorrow.""

Gregg was in advertising.

After dinner they joined their friends at the disco. Actually, they were mostly Gregg’s friends. Judith felt rather ambivalent about them; at work with her friends, she made jokes about “adults who watch American Bandstand to learn the latest dances,” but here in the disco, she felt inadequate. The women were all willowy and exotic. They seemed totally at ease. They wore colourful leotards or dresses that emphasized rather than concealed. The men were less flamboyant. It was, after all, a straight bar. There was Lynne and Krys and Tish and Brad. She didn’t know their last names. She didn’t even know if they had last names.

The disco was oddly staged. The dance floor had three levels and tables floated in unexpected niches. Green and red lights alternated with a strobe’s cinematic effect. From her table, Judith watched the people on the dance floor. A woman with long, dark hair caught her attention; the woman moved fluidly and gracefully, expressing passion and sensuality with the twist of a wrist or a thigh. Judith watched entranced; for a moment she fantasized that it was her out there, dancing like that. She dismissed the idea as merely envious.

They left the disco early. Gregg wanted to rest before he caught his plane. He pushed his Porsche up to 120 mph. He reminded Judith of a cowboy actor who never learned to ride a horse, because in the snow or rain he drove like a little old lady.

Back at the apartment Gregg rolled a spliff. Lately they’d been having problems in bed. Gregg said that hash was a great turn on. He was right. He came twice as fast as he usually did. After, he set the alarm and rolled over and fell asleep. Judith lay on her back, watching the shifting patterns of light on her ceiling become the piercing lights of the disco. Nameless bodies swayed to the mechanical music. She saw Gregg smiling and dancing. As she came closer, he pulled something from his pocket; it was a mirror. He held it up and she saw herself. She was beautiful. Judith felt happy, but when she looked closer, she saw that the face in the mirror was smiling stiffly, like a cover girl. Judith felt herself tighten, and she awoke with a start. The dream had been oddly disquieting and now she was wide awake. She went out to the living room.

A little later, she heard the alarm ring in the bedroom and Gregg getting up. He noticed the tense expression on her face. "Is something the matter?" he asked. Judith spoke hesitantly, "I feel that something is wrong between us, but I don’t know what." Gregg was immediately sympathetic. "Poor Judith, I guess I’ve been neglecting you. Tell you what, next weekend we’ll go out to the cabin, just you and me." Judith started to say that she didn’t think that it would help, but Gregg was in a hurry. "Sorry honey, got to run. I’ll call you tomorrow." After he left she went back to bed.

The doorbell woke her in the morning. It was an overcast day. The apartment was quite dark. She threw on a housecoat and wondered who was at the door. It was a delivery boy bearing gifts from Gregg. Candy and flowers. Judith tipped the boy generously. She was delighted even though she never ate candy. "How sweet and romantic," she thought. "Just like a forties movie." She read the card on the long thin box. "Just to let you know how I care." Excitedly she opened it. She froze. Twelve white roses, prim as virgins, nestled inside the box. She placed the roses in a vase in the dark hall. They loomed like icebergs against the black sea. Judith shivered. She caught sight of herself in the hall mirror and went to smooth her hair, but then she decided that it was fine the way it was.

- Elizabeth Bouchard
- Cecil Abrahams

FOR MY SONS

I saw them come here with no words,
arms flailing air, past mother, thigh,
and blood. Here we begin again
We shall know each other
by the root of our appetite
or rhythm;
Their eyes direct as comment. As
roaches or rats. As heads cracked
open for fun or law and order
in this strange place
When I woke up one morning
I saw them coming in the stillness
of his day and want. My eye sprung out
to embrace a season of dreams.
But they asked: if mother or father
is more than parent, is this my land
or merely soil to cover my bones?
AFRAID

I
below the lake’s black exterior
weed-like in vile confusion they breed
Upward in grim profusion they stalk.
we skim the surface, unsuspecting.

II
dead-eyed pale dusty men
with swift thin knives
lie poised beneath my bed
in wait for slim white ankles.

III
he dines with mother every day
a model son to gray ladies in lace.
Night he writhes with vivid dreams
of woman’s screams and his mother’s face.
MURMURING SPELLS

She mopes around
a sagging old spell;
  hints
faint gestures of ambition,
then puffs off
into the kitchen
fringed now
in refrigerator light.

She ignores her charms
clustered in the closet
muttering secrets
and floats past
blue period sketches
hunched against the wall.

She tries to mend the silence
with a curse;
  conjures up
the comforting whisper
of a candle.

She can’t dispell her tears
the filmy shadows; flickering
rows of windows
murmuring voices
dripping light onto the street.

- Steve Balkou
A MAN SITTING

His eyes
hang uneven
like a fat workman's shirt
blue denim
fading interest
slouching
into patched shifts.

Chalk fingers
reach up
to mark a moment,
hesitate
hesitate
then fall
onto the table
and stitch themselves
to the beer.
IN THE LAST HOUR OF THE NIGHT

Nostrils wide, he tastes the night
discovers the insinuation
of cigarette smoke:
It's Joe, the Xerox man
The man from a thousand T.V.'s.
He's counting his pennies
flipping his nickels in the night
Bright fish slipping through moonlight

Moving on
     Through the streets
     of pregnant shadows.
The bloated wind smells of blood
A red dress flares in the darkness
     defining the woman inside
She lies on her back
     eyes wide
Mouth torn by a
Scream, miscarried
     sperm die on her bruised thighs.
A wind blown newspaper
Straddled her body
     for a few frantic
moments before moving on ...

A dog runs heavy
on sticky streets
A sour rotting
coates the air;
clear voice rise
in cries, and laughter
as ghetto children, aborted souls
play running games
with plagued-eyed rats.

Outside a yellow dog is crying
to his mate
barking the rising sun
in the last hour of the night.

- Elizabeth Bouchard
- Mike Pownall

Throbbing up, unzipped, playin' in and out
You justed at her. It was too easy.

Beating, thumping, pulsating
Heart will be betrayed.
Blinds, flappers, sunglasses
Shield what will come.
Clinical, analytical, optical
Mind will do it to you.

You will hold her close until the mind has pierced
Your skin, your chest, your heart.
Lay down and die and convince yourself that
She wasn't worth it.
My best friend finds you ugly
Blackbirds
I've no use for 'em
A robin a jay
a sparrow or quail
and I'd clobber
the cat in the hedge
before he could so much
as lift a claw
But blackbirds
when they hit your pea patch
like a swarm of locusts
packing and gorging and trilling
I wish I kept a pack of cats
halfstarved like hounds
in my basement
to loose upon the fiends
flying to the aid
of my poor bespattered
melancholy scarecrow

And I remember
Martha my best
or almost best
Poetry student
sniffing at Avison's
city pigeons
cavorting above
straggling trees and
kempt unlush grass
ballet grace unfolding with wings
and flarings of tails
between the mutter and the murmur

of their fellows feasting below
on scraps and seed from benches

All she could say was
they shit
And indeed birdstool
in one's hair
does not conduce
to love of pigeons

But when I looked up
and beheld you perched
on that long gray rail
flanked by decorous trees
solemn and solitary and
still
and a breeze came by
riffling your dark breast
shedding bluegreen
embers from your form
saw the fierce lonely pride
of those great blindseeming
eyes
a mute bard visitant
I wonder at Eric
as I had at Martha
and I pitied them
and I pitied the birds
they hated
and I loved
and I wondered wondered
I could love them both.

- Tilak Banerjee
- Richard Green

Lines on the titles of colleagues' research papers

SONNET

"The regulation of water intake as a function of salt intake in the ‘recovered lateral’ rat"

A late recovered lateral rat
In lateral cage morosely sat,
Gnawing upon a lateral slat.
    He had no fear of lateral cat,
Or lateral swing of baseball bat,
Or poison in his lateral vat,
And yet his lateral life seemed flat.
    He yearned for mate and lateral brat,
For cheery lateral family chat,
For lateral cheese to make him fat,
And lateral drains down which to scat.
    No lateral end to wonder at:
His lateral heart went pit-a-pat
And stopped, and that was lateral that.

QUATRAIN

"Satiation effects with reversible figures"

If our figures were reversed, my love,
    Would we be satisfied?
I rather fear the worst, my love,
    But who knows till we've tried?

ACROSTIC

"Sex difference in memory for faces"

She’s a girl that I remember,
EXcept I can’t think when;
December, was it? Or November?
It was sometime around then,
Forget where it was I saw her,
Forget even her first name;
Eva, was it? Perhaps Nora?
Rita? They all sound the same.
Even feeling none-too-clever,
Now I really can be sure,
Chap she came with, that I’ve never
Ever seen HIS face before.
These unique and often highly imaginative interpretations of Canada’s past were taken from students’ examination papers between 1966 and 1978. The original contributions appear in quotation marks.

"In the North, where the beaver hung out," the French founded their Empire, New France depended on the Indians for supply of fur, but the French "introduced morality, alcohol and disease - all of which the Indians had never before encountered and which proved disastrous to the Indians survival." Jesuit missionaries tried to convert the Indians and they authored "a collection of different works and published them in a newspaper known as the Jesuit Relations."

The Church, Seigneurial System and Customs of Paris were powerful institutions which shaped French Canada. "The church after 1674, with Frontenac appointed as bishop ... was very powerful ... and the Protestants resented it. Money matters, political matters, all matters for that matter, lay in the hands and on the decision of the church."

The seigneurs and habitants "were a separate people not really liking each other, the upper class would be looking down on the lower class and the lower class would always be looking up at the upper class. There was ... conflict between landowners and serfs who worked for them ... The serfs started to complain that they were working too hard and getting too little in return. The seigneurs naturally did not want to give up what they were getting because they were all wealthy men. For a while the serfs were powerless to do anything for the power lies in the hands of those who have the money. Eventually though they did rebel and serfdom was abolished. The lack of freedom on the part of the habitant to more from seigneur to seigneur (led to) repeated family inter-marriage with one area may also have resulted in some weak-minded characters."

"Intertwined within the seigneurial system, were the customs of Paris; and these were particularly evident in the lifestyle of the upper class, who imitated the Parisians through their fashionable mode of dress (and) lavish forms of entertainment ..."

But all was not peace and concord. Indian wars were followed by wars with the English. "There was ... conflict about trade and industry. The fur trade was becoming very popular and flourishing steadily. Arguments arose as to who could hunt and shoot fur where and who could trade with what Indians - this problem was soon ironed out." The conquest. "Professor Nish agrees with the Conquest and was accused
of being a gentilhomme." A once proud Empire was reduced to two tiny islands, "St. Pierre and Michelin."

The Conquest inaugurated the problems of English French co-existence. Lord Durham "felt that if the two were joined the French would be eventually dissolved by the English majority." Matters became more complex "After 1815, (when) over 3 million Irish immigrants came and most ended up in New Brunswick timber camps." French Canadians survived, however, largely through the efforts of their political leaders. "One of the earliest 'bleus' was Lafontaine. He, together with Governor Sydenham formed a coalition and cooperated for their mutual benefit. Together they managed to repeal the Corn Laws, repeal the Timber Laws, and repeal the Navigation Laws."

This necessitated a whole new arrangement, especially "When the United States was in the midst of their civil war ... After much fighting and rebelling and killing and burning of buildings the leaders of all the provinces began to meet and confer with each other. It took a few years but finally on July 1, 1867 Confederation was formed ... - (the) unionization of the British North American colonies."

"Confederation was a great thing and we are lucky it happened or today we might be part of the United States. We owe a lot of thanks to men like MacDonald, Cartier and Brown who were responsible for Confederation. They united the country which made trade, defence and communications much better. I am not sure when but I am sure of one thing. In 1871 the Canadian Pacific Railway was built ... which really linked everyone together."

After some delay, the railway helped to open the west, and "In the prairies dairy and cattle farming, mining of ores, and Petroleum products produced a particular breed of people, sturdy and fun loving at harvest time." But Quebec influence declined, for there were only "800,000 Canadiens-Francais dans un bain d'anglophones de 30 millions."

And in the new industrial cities, "The hours of ... work were extremely long and not to mention arduous. There was also poor visibility to be in evidence, and this was to be directly related to the inferior quality of the lighting system. Due to the lengthy hours, people would become fatigued and eventually hypnotized, thus they would be prone to injury because of physical enervation. To coincide with the aforesaid, no means of safety regulations were employed to prevent serious and debilitating injuries. As a result workers might perchance be maimed accidentally by the primitive modes of machinery." These conditions led to confrontations like the Winnipeg General Strike and to repressive measures by Prime Minister "... Sir Author Meighen. Laurier was out of office because of his death in 1917."

"In the 1930's the economy of Canada was in poor state. There were bread lines across the whole country. Canada was going through a hard stage at this time. It was in the throws of a depression. The people didn't know what they wanted, so once again King won. However (his) policies were all used in a proper fashion. To the betterment of the people. Only Duplessis pursued a capitalistic policy to the detriment of his people and he won not a Liberal."

Despite its size, Canada has had a remarkable impact in international affairs. "Who were the ones who got gassed in W.W.I and won, though the others retreated? (But) our dependence with the states started growing before our liberation from Britain." Americans persuaded Canada to send troops to Korea. "North Korea had invaded South Korea with (the) Communist Party, and the United States was not pleased, so she injected troops within the country ..." All things considered, "I would much rather be dominated economically by Japan ..." "Thus a new party will have to be organized which will be preoccupied with the establishment of a better Canada and not the winning of votes."
JUNE 7/8, 1944

Oh, my father
imagine the tramping boots
of the retreating Hun,
minutes ahead.
Caught alone with Sid and Harry,
the three of you
(in your proud RAF uniforms),
young and excited
and frightened,
negotiating the tired roads
of France
on the night of June 7, 1944.

The night is deadly quiet;
birds are gone.
Not even a bark of a distant dog
can be heard.
Somewhere, somewhere,
somewhere ahead is
your squadron.
Somewhere between you and
the fleeing Hun
or so you hope.

But where are the road signs?
You are young (twenty-four);
so are Sid and Harry.
You a corporal, Sid a sergeant,
Harry a private,
Sent to find your squadron
on that night of
June 7, 1944.

The engine of your dusty jeep
chugs ominously in the
muggy death-like quiet.
Distant gunfire flares,
chilling your blood
but you stubbornly, blindly follow
the straight-arrow road
to ... what?

Darkness, darkness
Fifty shades of gray
surround you
on this improbable journey.
Your thoughts stray
to the fair Hélène
from Calais,
"Bien, you are young yet,
are you not Geoffrey?"

Dawn streaks muddy fingers
across the sky
and illuminates the inky outlines
of shell-struck farms
and bullet-ridden windows.
The buildings are becoming more numerous -
"God, where are we?"
you ask.

It must be five o'clock
when your jeep trundles under
the Arc de Triomphe.
You are on the Champs Elysée
entering one end of Paris
as the Germans leave the other;
Unknowning, unknown conquerors
of the sleeping city.

How did you get there?
Paris is still closed.
Snipers are hidden in
shadows still
and bullets ring past your ears,
one, two,
"As long as one hasn't got
my name on it, I'm okay,"
you say.
You've seen death come
quickly and too often
to other boys your age
who should be in university
and taking girls on dates
to movies in Canada.

But this is June 8, 1944
and you three RAF soldiers
are driving into Paris
not yet awakened
from the grasp of the Nazis.
No one even notices
your proud uniforms.

Accidentally you find
a deserted Nazi headquarters
in a hotel you and Sid and Harry
stop at for rest.
Hitler and swastikas everywhere
chill your blood.
Bullet-holes from the guns
of retreating German soldiers
riddle the once grand,
silk-papereed walls of the hotel.

It is June 8, 1944
and you realize that you are
living like a sleep-walker
in a dream,
through history.
Historians will call
June 6, 1944 D-Day,
and record the
liberation of Paris,
"The beginning of the end
of the war."

And years, many years later
I, your daughter, ask you
the trite, clichéd question,
"Where were you on D-Day Dad?"
and you tell me
simply, from the heart,
Of June 7 and 8, 1944.
And I feel special
because I know you have
never told anyone else.

- Adrienne Chinn
BILINGUALISM

On the train.

Forbidden we are now in English territory,
Je demande pour un café.
The waiter, amused, notices my English accent.
He answers, “cinquante” then “fifty”,
“merci - thank-you.”

I laugh.
A little boy’s voice shrieks from the snack bar,
“Hey, two cokes, two cokes!”

Last night a young Québécois laughed with two pretty girls.
Drinking beers to the steady sway of the rails
A guy got on in Ottawa, obviously English.

It didn’t take him long to demand silence;

Uptight and loose - westward bound
Laughing with the francophone,

Controlled with cross-armed silence like the anglo.

Joseph and Jacque,

Both on the train;

Two peoples, two langues, two Canadas ... 

And a big country in between.

Bilingualism, well and alive in Sudbury 11:35 pm.
FEBRUARY

Warm sun
on the winter-weary face
--Spirit lifter--

Tiny rivers
    snaking
down
slushy
streets
by-passing    pebble mountains
to flow
into
curb-corner seas

Dogs bark at fur-coated cats
chasing birds
    winging in from
the south.

Noise returns
chatter, laughter,
drip
    drip
    drip
of icicles clinging in vain
to weary eaves

The earth’s soul returns
after having vacationed away
the cold, quiet
months of winter
Testing our faith
Teasing our patience

Relenting in February
to assure us
that Spring
will come again
to release our
frozen souls
into the sun.

       Adrienne Chinn
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EYES ONLY ..."
GOOD TIME AND PEOPLE TO REMEMBER!
COUNTERCLOCKWISE: Danielle Guitard and Cheryl Wall; Maureen Aboud; Liz Callahan; Liz Craig and Linda Knight; Mike Kudlak.

I hope that this ‘Quad’ brings back a few laughs and good memories of the year 1981-1982 for everyone. Thanks to all who helped out and contributed to the book. Good luck and strive to be happy!

Liz Callahan
NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY