

# Senior Week - It's Your Last Chance At UPEI



Plans are gradually being finalized for this year's Senior Week activities. Along with the traditional functions some new ideas have been added. For instance on Saturday night (the eve of graduation) a graduate-parent mixer has been planned. This is an informal mixer for graduates and their parents and it should provide a good opportunity for graduates to meet their friends' parents, in most cases, probably

for the first time meeting them. Also, this year the Seniors are going to create a class logo something that will be significant and characteristic of the Class of 75. Traditionally speaking there will be the usual pubs, banquets and receptions for the graduates. Next to convocation, the Senior Class Banquet is one of the most important events. At the banquet, the class spirit awards the Senior Class special awards and

the life executives are announced. It is also at the banquet that the valedictory address is delivered to the class.

Of course, the grande finale is convocation itself. It is undoubtedly the climax of everything; undergraduate learning, senior week, and it also is the point after which you can put initials behind your surname instead of before it!

Senior Week should be a good time. Members of the S.W. committee have been working hard making arrangements and finalizing plans for the week. It should be quite a time and I hope all seniors will come out and participate. After all, it could be a long time before we get together again. Rumor Has It the "Noon-time Poker Players" will raise their stakes from 5¢ to 10¢ starting this

week. Inflation strikes everywhere these days.

P.S. Since this is the last issue of the Cadre, I guess good-byes and Auld Lang Syne are in order.

All I would like to say is that it's been fun, frustrating and interesting. Whoever takes over Kampus Koncern next year I wish them luck and hope they won't give up being concerned. Its hard though, some weeks you may not be concerned. Some weeks the paper isn't big enough to relate your concern. Everybody loves to bitch but I found out - there's always something good in everything. It may be hard to find, but it's there.

Thanks to all of those who supported my column and thanks to those who pointed out things when I was wrong. Love one another. Jo.

## Why Not Indeed! A Dream About Marc Lalonde

EDMONTON

C.U.P.

I dreamed of Marc Lalonde last night.

"Aha", you think, "that lascivious wench is entertaining questionable thoughts about our trim and fit minister of health and social welfare."

I plead innocent. I did not dream of the Honorable Marc clad only in a strategically placed scarlet 'Why Not!' button. My nocturnal visions of Mr. Lalonde were thoroughly respectable.

Alas, my inner mind's dream centre wears long flannette nighties and is disgustingly pristine.

It was probably sparked by the continued furor over International Women's Year and Mr. Lalonde's stirring address to the Southern Alberta Council on Public Affairs meeting this week wherein he urged re-distribution of the nation's wealth to give social justice for all.

To my surprise, my dream revealed the real story behind Mr. Lalonde's acquisition of responsibility for the status of women. Mr. Lalonde, despite being every inch a sharp, smooth politician, strikes audiences as a personable, capable and sincere man. People often end up liking him, whether they like it or not, and chauvinists are forever asking him, "What's a nice guy like you doing mixed up in a portfolio like women's status?"

Such thoughts must have contributed to my dream,

which was set in an oak-panelled, sound-proof room on Parliament Hill. Assembled were the prime minister, John Turner, Eugene Whelan, Marc Lalonde, Donald Macdonald and Otto Lang just a bunch of the boys. Events went as follows:

P.M. Well fellas, you may be wondering why I called this meeting...

E.W. I tell you boss, if it's something about those eggs again, I'll crack up. I've been scrambling around trying to clear things up.

P.M. Relax Gene. We realize the whole situation is a yoke (polite guffaws around the table) but I called you here on a matter even more trivial.

Murmurs and mutters of speculation around the table.

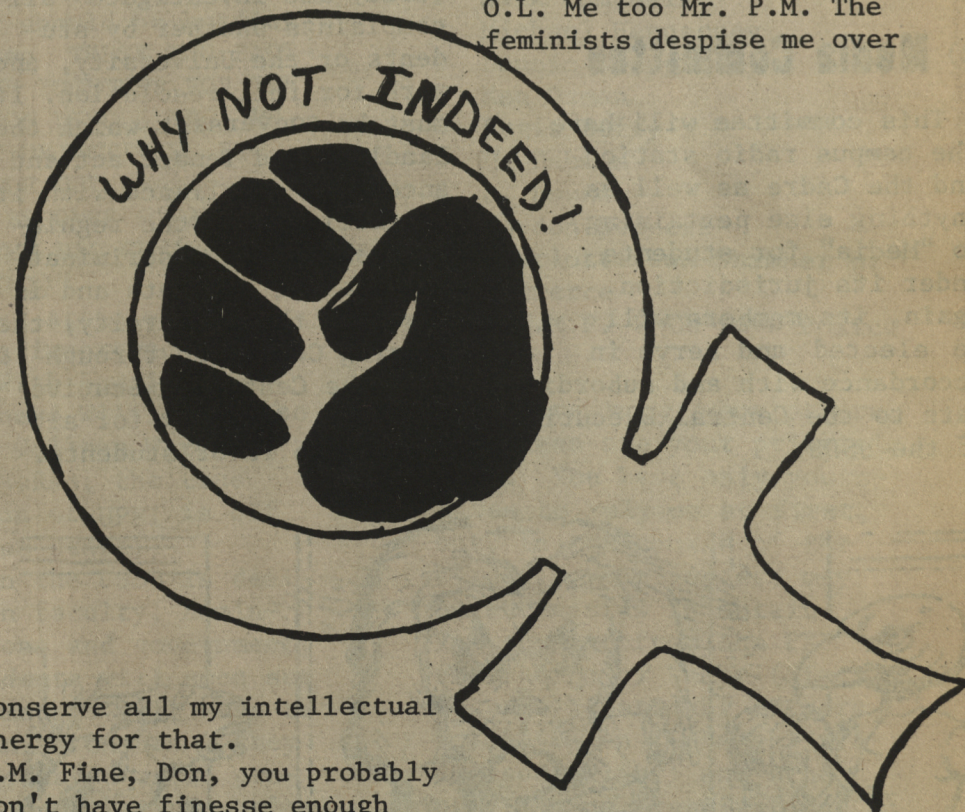
P.M. The problem is, International Women's Year is looming on the horizon and we've got to fake all the women out. We've got to look busy giving somebody glib the status of women portfolio... Sit down John! Where do you think you're going?

J.T. Er, ah, just remembered I left my make-up mirror plugged in at my office I'd better rush right back in case the light bulbs overheat...

P.M. Sit down and relax Johnsie. You're not being considered for the job you're just another pretty face to those women. They'd either look on you with contempt or be consumed by jealousy over your good

looks.

D.MacD. (ever an opportunist) Well, Pete, I'd love to take the job, just love to. But ya gotta admit its darned unrelated to my portfolio and I need to



conserve all my intellectual energy for that.

P.M. Fine, Don, you probably don't have finesse enough to handle thousands of women anyhow. And Don the name's Pierre Mr. T. to you.

Lang and Whelan leap to their feet, sputtering about democratic processes.

P.M. Fermez les bouches. Shut up.

E.W. (with a wiley gleam in his slit-like orbs): Well, Mr. Prime Minister, I can say with utmost sincerity and utter conviction that I am definitely not the man for the job. All the housewives hate me because of that

silly little matter. You

eggs. They'd never sit still for me on the status of women briefcase.... P.M. Portfolio Eugene, portfolio. Hmmm, I do believe you're right though, for once. O.L. Me too Mr. P.M. The feminists despise me over

now - the egg thing. They'd blow their bonnets if you put me on status of women even though the proposed omnibus bill I mean bill falls into my domain, it just wouldn't be wise and furthermore...

P.M. All right, all right, Well (looking thoughtfully around the table) let's see who's left... Marc? M.L. (lifting his hands raising his eyebrow and shoulders in a characteristic Gallic shrug) Why not?

LYNNE VAN LUVEN