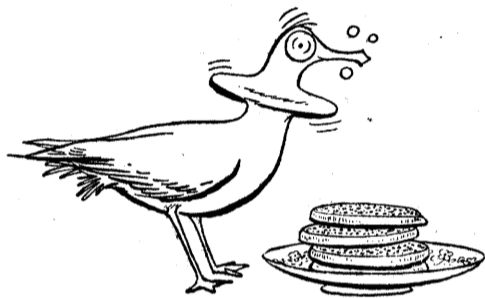


The



Harlot

Volume 1

VICTORIA COLLEGE, VICTORIA, B.C., MARCH 28, 1962

Number 1 (Last in a Series)

Exclusive Story

PREMIER PEDDLES HOME

V.C. Gets Douks

Special. . . Last night in the legislature Provincial Attorney-General Bommer announced to an electrified house that he had finally solved the Doukhobor problem. "We have decided," stated the minister, "to award scholarships to the Sons of Freedom to enable them to attend Victoria College."

The minister gave a number of reasons for the move, the main one being the fact that the Sons would fit in at Victoria College better than at Oakalla, and that with such a notable collection of odd-balls already in residence at the said institution, the Sons would probably go relatively unnoticed. At this point the Minister of Highways, Mr. Gladawrs, broke into a fit of giggles and the proceedings were held up for several minutes while the Minister of Health administered Eno Fruit Salt to his helpless colleague.

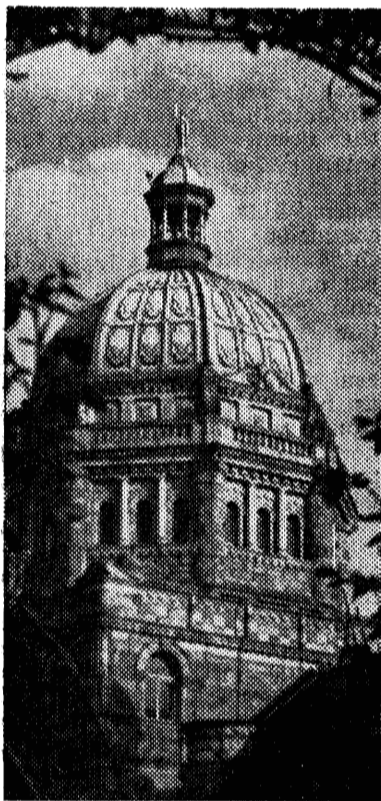
Liberal M.L.A. Nodrog Nosbig of Vancouver asked Premier Bendit if he were the instigator of the plan, to which the premier replied: "I feel that the Sons would be a great benefit for Victoria as a hole, and that their destructive tendencies could be channelled into useful purposes such as blitzing the City Hall or the Armouries, to say nothing of Dunlop House.

Also the students of the college would no doubt appreciate a yearly orgy-porgy in the nude around a pile of burning books." Once again the Minister of Highways was convulsed in a fit of laughter and asked to leave the room for a drink.

Mr. Bommer was asked why he decided to send the Sons to Victoria College in the first place, at which point the Minister of Highways was heard to mutter "No Douks, no dough," but he was quickly hushed by the Premier and a number of backbenchers of the Socially Incredible party. Said Mr. Bommer when the house had settled down: "I was first approached by Mr. Gillibilge of the Faculty of Education who complained of a difficulty in obtaining teachers for the Krestova-Grand Forks area because of the terrorist activities. He felt that the Sons could easily master the Elementary Program and that they would be invaluable as teachers in that area."

When the question came to a vote, all parties voted unanimously in favour of the motion except the Minister of Highways, who was engrossed in repairing a broken zipper.

Principal Dr. Heichmann had this to say: "Nerts!"



OURS NOW!

FUNDRIVE

By FARLEY FRIENDLY

How often have people tried to solve our problems? How often have the problems dissolved us? I asked my student assistant this, when paying her for dusting my desk. As student assistants go she's a veritable goddess, brews the finest wine this side of Trail.

May I take a moment to explain the position I hold on the non-directive therapeutic student council? I am responsible for the well-being of the student body. The official title is Director of Euphoric Relations. We love you all and endeavor to keep you happy! happy! happy! I have, with A.M.S. fees naturally, set up two sure-fire profit and fun-making schemes. The first is The Little Rocket Portable Still Co.—our motto, "Good brew is on the move". We were fortunate in procuring the franchise from the vast holdings of the R.C.M.P. The second venture that I, as a member of this forward-looking, highly-spirited clear-thinking, intelligent and modest council, have embarked upon is the setting up of a Rock and Roll record pressing company. This is the buy of a lifetime. Along with the assets such as buildings and commercially-zoned parkland, we have at great expense obtained clear options on Bill Haley, Rudy Vale and other comers of the Rock and Roll world.

We have been very fortunate in acquiring, for a modest sum, the services of the world renowned entrepreneur Gregory Castleton-Crankshaft, who's reputation in the business world is second only to the late Getter Wen, who did so much for our past euphoric experience in the

(Cont'd p. 2, col. 4)

Downwind Bennett-Fits

In an unprecedented show of co-operation and generosity, Premier W. A. C. Bennett last night handed the keys to the Provincial Legislative Buildings over to Brian Little, President of the Victoria College Alma Mater Society. In a speech stating the reason for the move the Premier said, "It occurred to me that the Buildings have been rather idle lately and I feel it is time they were given some use."

At a press conference after the meeting Mr. Bennett stated that this was only the first of a series of moves designed to deal with the unexpected expansion of Victoria College. "We are doing all we can, as usual, to help in this hour of need. Your pleas have not fallen on deaf ears," he said.

FUTURE PLANS

When asked what future fund raising plans held in store, the premier hinted that a bond burning ceremony would take place at the yacht pond early next month. Later plans include the auctioning of several of the province's older bridges, floating of a new issue of Forest Management Licences, and the sale of a number of B.C.E. buses to a local hot rod club.

The Premier further suggested that if returns from these did not prove sufficient, the government "presently debt free" was prepared to do a little borrowing in the name of the college.

The future of the Legislature is still unsure. However, Mr. Bennett has given some indication that they will meet in the old Plaza Theatre to "reduce costs" so that more money can be contributed to the college cause.

President Little thanked the Premier for his unerring generosity and promised that the college would use the newly acquired buildings to their greatest advantage. Little told Bennett that "Those who had questioned his integrity in the past would certainly acclaim his golden generosity in the future." The Premier, in reply, bashfully taking off his sunglasses and wiping them on his Bermuda shorts, said, "Thanks, Bri."

Late last night a meeting of the Students' Council was held to set plans for the use of the buildings. It was decided that the Council would make use of the Legislative Chambers and that the lower floor of the museum would go to the Jive Club. The top two floors, meanwhile, will be converted to a gymnasium for the basketball team. The library will take over the archives and the caf will be situated on the top floor of the west wing.

GOOD USE

At the meeting Craig Andrews, captain of the infamous Ruggah XV, petitioned for the use of the Buildings front steps. "It will be good for the chaps to get some uphill practice," he said, "and they will be at home there." It was further suggested that the fountain in front be used for water polo and the front

lawns be converted to a soccer field.

Vice-President Alf Pettersen, who was earlier placed in charge of obtaining furnishings and extras for the new site says he has received an offer from Royal Roads of two 800-pound cannons for the grounds. Several enthusiastic Roads cadets have further offered their services for any painting that needs to be done.

NO DECISION

Interviews with college faculty members indicated that no decision had been made as to what they will do with their share of the new site. Premier Bennett's office will, however, be used for a faculty cloak room.

Interviews with several ministers revealed mixed sentiments. Les Pearson, Minister of Education, expressed concern at the difficulty anticipated in transporting his coveted collection of Jolly Numbers books and Playboy Magazines. Mr. Peterson expressed the hope that he would find time to move his plasticine model collection to the new site himself. He soberly stated, "I made them all myself and it's taken me the last eight years to do it."

P.A. DELIGHTED

Minister of Highways, P. A. Gaglardi seemed quite delighted with the move as it affords him the opportunity to open his long planned driving school on Yates Street.

Leader of the Opposition, Robert Strachan, could find little fault with the move. He did, however, express open indignation at the prospect of "selling some of those nice B.C.E. buses down the river."

By press time college workmen preparing the building for early occupancy had encountered a number of technical difficulties. For example, many of the floors will have to be resurfaced to remove the roller skate marks, a larger lawn mower will be required to cut five inches off the depth of the carpet in Mr. Bennett's office. Also redecoration will be needed in Mr. Gaglardi's office as the walls are presently papered with traffic violations and autographed photos of famed racing drivers.

It is thought, however, that the Buildings, donated to us by our more than generous, far-sighted government, will be ready for our occupancy just in time for college opening next September.

THE HORSE'S ---

By BRYAN TREMENDOUS

Hi gang! Well, it's exam time again and I know how we all look forward to exams, don't we, eh? It's sure been an exciting year, and I'd just like to say thank you to mother for all her help and advice in these times of crisis. And I'd like to thank all the members of the council who worked so hard to see me done in (joke). Well, regarding exams, I think we'd all agree that Pound's great poem "Gunga Din" sums up the situation beautifully in its first line: "April is the cruellest month." I thought that that line summed it up beautifully and that I'd pass it on to you for your contemplation.

I'd just like to say that I think everyone in the college deserves a pat on the back for contributing to spirit, and I mean this from the bottom of my well-spring of love and fellowship. I mean, I love you all for being, well, for being so great about it all. I mean, hell, I didn't really care about the egg-throwing or the painting spree at Royal Roads, and I didn't mean those threats about forcible castration by the council; I've been through all that before — disciplining wrong-doers, that is.

I'm glad everyone who was at the banquet enjoyed it so much, but I'm sorry that everyone

didn't get an award. I didn't get a single one this year either, and it hurts me to think that we don't care about how much hard work we did for each other this year. I really mean this, I'm really sincere. I was so hurt I had to wring out my socks I cried so much, and then I lost one and had to dance with one sock, and was mother ever mad when I came home at midnight with only one sock! By the way, whoever has my sock, would they please return it to the council office—just throw it in the corner with all the unsold sweaters, scarves and underwear. And whoever left the underwear all over the office, please pick it up, because if you don't you will be barred from further college functions by the council, because none of us have the guts to pick it up and throw it away.

In conclusion, I'd just like to say I sincerely and genuinely mean it from the bottom of my heart that I genuinely am pleased and delighted by everything, even though things are a mess and mother hates me because I lost her hand-knitted diamond sock at that stinking banquet at which everybody didn't receive an award. Well, good luck in your exams everybody, and may the Registrar bless and keep you till the sun comes shinin' thru.

Editorials . . .

BUG-HER-U

In the past few weeks we have received a number of complaints regarding the style and tone of our articles. It seems there are many who regard The Martlet as being too restricted and narrow minded in its approach to news reporting. We have been accused of having no humour or variety within our pages. We would like to make it clear that The Martlet will remain in its news reporting capacity and will not deviate from this course in any way. We feel that the printing of subversive material in any way would be lowering ourselves to the level of a city newspaper. The wants of a few cannot stop The Martlet from becoming the corner stone for the college of the future. This centrepiece should be a good example of our reporting ability and we hope will quell any complaints in the future.

SAFE KEEPING

Recently read: Eighty per cent of the girls of a certain school in Oxford, England, were found to be in possession of contraceptives. The fit hit the shan.

One must say, damned smart lot! Anyone knows that recess comes around swiftly and the girls are apt to get hungry before lunch. So why shouldn't healthy young females be allowed to have a snack before lunch. We mean, if one can't have a little to eat when one wants to eat, why are contraceptives produced anyway? Surely everyone has munched on a chocolate-nut contraceptive between meals with no ill effects. They are sold on all candy counters in North America, so why the big fuss in England? One can understand why overnight people shouldn't eat many contraceptives, but unless teeth are rotten, why shouldn't one have the occasional crunchy?

Now, we could easily understand why the English officials would be upset if the girls were in possession of chocolate bars.

Pot-Pot

A happy program of familiar tune was presented by the well-known Social Debit Ensemble last Friday. The concert opened with the Ensemble's hearty theme song, "We Don't Give a Dam" in three part harmony.

The next composition entitled "Columbia's the Gem or the Potion?" was introduced by the handsome librarian Leslie Jorgensen. He announced that the group was playing this American composition as they had been unable to find a B.C. composition of sufficient quality.

The group's first fiddler, affectionately called Wingy Will by his colleagues, soared to new heights in rendering the familiar ballad "Miss Quote Was My Downfall But Miss Justice Did Me Fine".

Conductor M. A. D. Linnet was for the most part a happy choice as leader but one sometimes felt he was overpowering in his interpretation, particularly in the fifth number "By the Old 4.4 Mill Downstream".

The group came alive in the intricate fugue "You Tell Me Your Version and I'll Tell You Mine". It required a sensitive ear to catch all the contrapuntal weaving and one felt that the audience did not fully

appreciate the difficult composition.

The grand finale, "There Will Be Peace in the Valley for Me Some Day" was dedicated to a Kamloops lawyer present in the audience.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T CONCEIVE TRY, TRY AGAIN!"

—Beaton Putrid.

Letter to Editor

Now fellas:

Theirs bin a lot of criticism about the Faculty of Education this year and its hardly fair (fare?) nohow, I think. Like some body said (sead?) (sad?) that our standerds were a bit lower than the Faculty of Arts and Sience. Now I cum from the Upper Arrer Lakes (North Snake Pit—pop. 780 and two horses) and I can say from my experience that this is obviously ridiculous. We educashun fellas are as good as anybody. Anybody who says different is crasy.

In fact, I maintain our standerds are even hire than yours. Wut other coarse round here has a exam where you have to name the majur rivurs in Canada? Nobody can knock that Soshul Studys corse, man. And how about that Helth? No other corse up hear Ive scene requires students to lern furst ade. And that Sciense is reall tough to—where else do you have to resite the mane concepts of Grade IV Sciense—like "electrisity can be conducted by a wire." Youd think this would be to tuff to put on a college exam—but its not! They had that very question at Xmas. Wut other coarse can make this statement? Of course, it stumped quite a few of us, but the smart ones had no trouble with it. Now I ask you, how many of you would of had trouble with that question—a lot, I bet!

So lets not here any more criticism, especially senseless criticism, fellas. We educashun fellas have work to do!

And one more thing—like that other writer in this here colum said, you just wait till were teaching your kids. Then youll see wut sort of teachurs the colledge of educashun turns out, boy.

Sincearly,

I. R. BRAINBOUND.

P.S.—Why is English 200 so different frum all other courses?

FUNDRIVE . . .

(Cont'd from p. 1, col. 3)

economic infinity of life. (You guessed it. I'm an ed. student who took philosophy 30 at J. Crickets sure-pass institute of modern music.)

After much persuasion and bribery (you all know how money talks) Gregory Castleton-Crankshaft has come out of retirement, leaving the quiet transcendent splendour of his estate on the northeast coast of Jimmy Chicken Island. He has left his draughty castle to get back to the hot air of the fiercely competitive business world. He said, in an on-the-spot interview (we caught him in the tunnel with Jamey) that he will guarantee that this college (pardon me, university) will be a success, will market R. and R. records and Little Rocket Stills throughout the world.

Gregory Castleton-Crankshaft has clever and scientific ideas regarding product promotion. With every Mark II Little Rocket Still sold he plans to give away our latest release on the "Slack Jack" label ("phobic sounds of our times" series). This record, "Chunky Chess-Man Coducts the Minneapolis Strings Playing the Schist Twist" (you geography majors will remember this rock arrangement). It was written by that famous trio, Myas, Hurtz and Howe.

That's all from the desk of Euphoric Relations. Remember, the world has been ruined by people who make decisions—it is up to you to avoid making this same mistake.

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