

Every Dog
Must Have
His Day

The Harlot

And Every
Man
His Week

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Volume 2

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Number 3

The Bristle Twitches *Unprecedented Move*

In a mass press conference held last week in his cave, Special Events Chairman Lorne Bristley described future attractions at the college. Speaking in a voice just slightly above a whisper, he said that the students can look forward to the following:

• This weekend at the annual TWIRP dance, students will thrill to the sight of six Spanish galleons fighting to the death in the deep end of the Crystal pool, while at the shallow end "The Great Rartsiger" will rattle 44 alligators . . . and win.

• Feb. 26—The special guest, reading a collection of his most recent works, will be Mr. Percy Byshe Shelley. (Boy, has Bristley got contacts!).

• March 5—Today heralds the arrival of the Freedomites, who will sing hymns and burn down the Ewing building. (Students with spacious lawns are asked to billet our guests).

• March 19—The famous folk-song group "The Humble Three" will sing such old favourites as "Daddy's Done Shot Little Sue", "Away, Pickee Hay, La La Fooly Cobble Brighton" and other humble, earthy songs.

• April 12—Bristley promises something "really big," but refuses to divulge any information. "It's a great bit," he said, "and I think we may be able to get it for only 29 pieces of silver."

• For the last Tuesday of the college year, a real extravaganza is lined up. Presented at Gordon Head will be Rolf Harris and his wobble board, 500 Ed Sullivan impersonators, the stoning of the Students' Council, the completion of the Student Union building (maybe), and the beach charge of "El Cid" led by Liz Taylor clashing with a team of UBC engineers led by Sybl Burton.

Council To Have Parties!

Campaign Underway

In a surprise move yesterday, all campus political clubs announced that they would each nominate a full slate of candidates for forthcoming student council elections.

"To get anything done in council, there must be a united majority adhering to one policy," said John Baker of the Progressive Conservative Club.

He admitted, however, that at the present time his club had no definite policy. "After all, we can't be both progressive and conservative at the same time, can we?" he orated.

Baker feels that the main campaign issue will be whether or not to put sharp points on the picket fence around the Student Union building. The Administration, which will provide the points, recently criticized the fence policy of the P.C. club.

"My fellow collegians," said Baker, "I am deeply shocked by this unwarranted meddling in our internal matters. I don't see how the Administration can

criticize our fence policy . . . we don't have one."

LIBERALS TAKE BOTH SIDES

At a special fence sitting of the Liberal Club, president Mike Lester said that "We don't want points on the pickets, but we are committed to do so and we must honour our commitments. The fence is of no use without points. Besides, we can always take them off later."

NDP WANTS EDUCARE

Doug Tomless of the NDP Club declared that his party was opposed to points on the fence. "I think pickets should not be interfered with," he said.

He also proposed implementation of a new scheme of mark distribution, whereby all examination percentages would be pooled and then distributed equally among all students.

"I have examined all the engels," he said, "and this is the only way to distribute marx. From each according to his abilities; to each according to his needs."

ILLITERATE SEPARATISTS

Rolli Caouette, loudmouthed spokesman for the Social Credit Club, is counting on support from the illiterate rural separatists of Gordon Head.

"We have a different culture from yours," he told reporters, "not because we are incapable of learning, but because higher standards of educational facilities are denied us by those in control. We demand equal opportunities."

The Socreds are ignoring the fence issue, concentrating instead on their novel method of mark distribution.

"To each and every student we will give 100 marks towards the total of his final exams," roared Mr. Caouette. "This will allow more students to remain in college and more to win scholarships! It will increase the amount of students in the system and create a boom in the educational economy!"

"Vote us! You have nothing to lose!"

CAFFERS START RIOT

The Students' Council riot squad had to be called in last Friday to quell a violent disturbance in the west room of the caf. By the time order was restored, the floor was littered with pipe tobacco, spilled coffee, and glue-on beards.

The fracas apparently started among a group of students in one of the booths.

"We were discussing the teachings of that great Japanese philosopher, Sudo," explained one of the participants, "when suddenly some illiterate imbecile—he looked like a science type; you know, no atmosphere—interrupted us and said we didn't know what we were talking about."

"I don't see how he could possibly be an authority. He didn't look at all like an intellectual."

Riot squad chief, Lorne Bristley, had little to say on the matter. "They're all a bunch of . . . !" he exclaimed.



Pointing proudly to a shiny headlamp, Highways Minister Phil Gaglardi (right) extolls the virtue of his new car, a hand-crafted Gormless Nought-7. Rumours that Mr. Gaglardi's department was buying an over-powered super-deluxe limousine were quashed when it purchased the car from farmer Reuben Gormless (left). "I do not see how the RCMP can possibly charge me with violating any speed limits in this car!" chuckled Phil.

THE REDCOATS AREN'T COMING

There are no RCMP undercover agents at Victoria College, according to district commander Major Dudley Doright.

"Such agents are only necessary where communism is suspected," said Doright, "and let's face it—Victoria College is not exactly a hotbed of radical thinking."

Twirp Week

Some Valuable Hints

As a public service, the Harlot Publishers would like to offer this advice to all college males who have been importuned to attend the TWIRP dance.

• If the girl who has invited you brings out a bottle and starts pouring you one drink after another, BEWARE. We suggest a hasty trip to the Men's Powder Room (don't forget to drag along at least one other fellow).

Remember, these drinks are designed to relax her tension and your guard. Be sure you know how to drive her car.

• If your feet get tired, by all means don't suffer. Take off your shoes and lose them somewhere.

• If another girl asks you to dance, accept with grace. Use this as a chance to escape from your date for a while. Experts can disappear for an hour or more.

• If she takes you parking after the dance, only pure skill will save you. Try these tactics:

- Spill your wallet or drop a cuff link;
- Light up a cigarette, or better still, a cigar;
- Sit crammed against the door and keep up a steady flow of conversation. A talking female won't bite;
- Mention your father's puritan ideals and his skill with firearms;
- Remember that you have to help a church group early next morning.
- Barf, battle, or scream.

- Other suggestions to make the evening enjoyable:
 - Be at least half an hour late—tables are easy to come by;
 - Break your heel;
 - Flirt over her shoulder.

AND TO THE LADIES:

• Date a real doll and make all the other girls jealous. If he's a lot of fun afterwards, so much the better.

• There's no need to find out what colour tie he's wearing. A blue corsage goes admirably with deep orange. Better still, don't bother with a corsage.

• Don't open his car door. That stuff went out with the Round Table and is a sign of social ignorance.

• Dirty jokes are quite acceptable, for men aren't really as prude as they pretend. If he does become shocked, don't worry; it's just a sign of his emotional immaturity. The more he's exposed to worldly discussion the better will be the development of his "outlook".

• He'll undoubtedly be nervous, so make sure you have a 26'er of liquid nerve juice on hand. It will make for a merry evening.

If all these suggestions are carried out to the full, we're sure everyone will have a good, pure TWIRP week.

WORLD GOES TWIRP!

Men everywhere sat back and rested this week as women took over the world's affairs . . . and the results were startling.

French Premier Mme. de Gaulle and U.S. President Jackie Kennedy announced yesterday that their countries had signed a mutual declaration of goodwill . . . written in French.

"Eet was so easy," said Mme. de Gaulle, "wonce Charles kept the beeg nose out. Men, they are too proud, like little boys."

When questioned about the Common Market, she replied: "I am not sure. Dooz eet geeve the stamps green?"

She was asked if France feared competition from Britain: "Mais non! The women, they are so dowdy!"

MAGGIE SNAPS BACK

While a proud King Philip was posing for photographs by Princess Margaret, Palace officials announced that the royal yacht Britannia will undergo extensive bow repairs due to "a slight misfortune during docking."

The Queen was at the helm at the time. "I always have trouble parking," she said.

IS FIDEL FIDEL?

The Communist world also celebrated TWIRP week.

Fraulien Ulbright relocated the Berlin wall six times before satisfied, Mrs. Krushchev called the late Mrs. Stalin a "hussy" and a "gossip", and six beautiful girls arrived in Fidel Castro's office, each believing herself to have the right to be premier.



U.S. President Kennedy and her Attorney General arrive in Paris to discuss the world situation. "I'm extremely worried," confessed the president. "My hair is a mess!"

The Harlot

"A Neutral Newspaper:
We Hatq Everyone Equally"

Published when we think we can get away with it by the Harlot Publishers. Editorial opinions expressed are not necessarily those of Lord Beaverbrook.

Staff: JIM BIGSBY, MIKE McNEELY, DENNIS GORNALL.

Editorial

Chastity Defended

We note with horror that The Martlet recently reported a British psychologist as saying "teenagers are leading society toward a concept of sex as something to be enjoyed. Sexual experience—with precautions against conception—is becoming acceptable as a sensible preliminary to marriage."

What absolute trash! It is perfectly obvious that premarital sex is mere pleasure-seeking, since conception is certainly not the object. This is like an amateur craftsman whose object is the pleasure of the task and not the result. It is a sin.

After marriage, of course, contraception may be permitted. After all, married people are adults, and a young person should not expect to have all the rights of an adult so soon.

Then too, teenagers should save something new for their later days. The less a young couple know on their wedding night the better off they are.

And don't forget the wise old saying: "Anticipation is the best part." This is very true, so much so that I would advise everyone to forever anticipate and never participate. For certainly, if it is the best part, it should be that which deserves our entire devotion.

May we close with a warning: teenagers are physically ready for sex at least by 14, but should not partake in it until after they are 20. This is a test of will power, a test justified by all the above good reasons. The sex drive is there only for the purpose of being denied.

Bless you and be good.

STERN MORALIST.

Great Aches From Tiny Corns

By MIKE CORN

Not too long ago those popular quiz programs "The \$64,000 Question" and "Twenty-One" (no relation to the drinking age, Virginia) left the air in a wave of controversy. But before the last isolation booth had faded from view, a new quiz show hit the bloodshot eye of the ogling American. It embodied all the purity and innocence of uncorrupted wisdom and had the added advantage of offering pretty paltry prizes.

This show, The College Bowl, substitutes eager university students for the common, run-of-the-mill type of genius such as cabbies and telephone operators, thereby adding the respectability of ivy-covered halls and making the ultimate goal one of personal and institutional gratification rather than the eternal quest for the glorious greenback. Should this idea catch on, there is no telling what atrocities of the Yankee Squawk Box might be saved from extinction.

With a few changes, "The Untouchables" could suddenly become a series about odious men who encourage college students to drink. The avenger of justice and mouthpiece of purity could be played by Dick Batey, that blue-eyed advocate of our wonderful liquor laws.

As for the dying western, no longer would we see the stock scenes of flat wastelands and dusty streets bordered by old, clapboard buildings. Instead we would view a cool, grassy campus... like Gordon Head. And instead of the usual mundane plot showing some grizzle-bearded toughs repressing the upright citizens of the town, we might watch a college situation featuring the administration and the students.

Imagine the stirring lines thus made possible. "This campus ain't big enough for the two of us, Education."... "There'll be no lynch mob, d'ya hear me! Farquhar is my prisoner now!"... "No can waive fees, chief. Great White Feather no want outsiders to come on reservation."... "I like the way you handle that fire-cracker, stranger."... "I'll tell you why they're on the rampage, Donaldson—firewater, that's why."

Many of you have witnessed that nauseating spectacle concerning your hero and mine, Dr. Ben Casey. There is nothing more revolting than a hero who is cold and unfeeling, ready to show his supposed superiority to anyone (including his betters), conceited, arrogant, and entirely unreceptive to any new idea that he didn't think up. What is so awfully frightening is that he is responsible for the lives and futures of so many people. But never fear. Relief is in sight with a new relaxitive show entitled "The Registrar".

We foresee other broadcasts: A kiddies' program about a delightful character named "Second Year Ed"; "Sing Along With Rolli" for those who like to relax by opening their mouths and making senseless noise; "The Defenders", a story of the students' council; "specials", such as the president's wife hosting a tour of the Student Union Building, etc.

But it wouldn't be long, unfortunately, before John Q. Public grew tired of all this inane intelligence and began to cry out for the good old corrupt TV of bygone days.



YOUNG MEN!!

Old established organization with rich history of glorious tradition has need of a college student for part-time work on campus. Earn while you learn.

Society Around This Place

Recently a fashion show was held. It was held for the men. It was held for the men of this college. Who would have ever thought the men of this college would want a fashion show?

Well, the men of this college didn't really want a fashion show. But they got one. Mainly because certain people know what is good for the men of this college.

The fashion show for the men of this college was held at the Club Tango. It was like a banquet at the Club Tango, which is rare because the Club Tango is for drinking not eating. Everyone knows that. Even the men of the college. So the men of this college drank more than they ate. And this was easy because somebody brought lots of Orange-up and Seven-Cola.

Then the fashions were presented. The fashions were presented by Fenwick Stultus. He was wearing the fashions. First he showed them the rain coat he was wearing.

He took it off to show them the olive drab, one-button reversible, no-watch-pocket, expensive suit. The men of the college cheered and yelled for more.

He took off the suitcoat to show them his new no-collar and no-back shirt. They cheered again.

Then he took off his shirt and suit pants to show them his bermudas with elastic pocket flaps and his tropical calypso,

no-sleeve shirt. Now the men cheered hysterically.

Next he took these off to show the men of this college his inverted-pleat, reverse-button swimming trunks.

Unfortunately nobody saw the rest of his presentation because it was announced that more Kick-up and Fanta-way had arrived. And if there's anything the men at this college like, it is more to drink.

All in all, the men at this college enjoyed the fashion show. One might even say they had a good time.

So did the women. How could they help but have a good time having got rid of the college men for the night?

VIKINGS CLOBBER ALL-STARS

Another Example of Well English
By HUMPHRY DAVIES

Vikings took a 6-0 decision from the league All-Stars last weekend in a fast-moving, hard-hitting game that saw some of the best play of the season.

Bruce McFarlane opened the scoring for the college as he took a pass from Chris Pollard and ran 90 yards for a try. Doug Bamborough followed up by slamming the puck past the All-Stars' goalie and the first period ended Vikings 2, All-Stars no score.

Then, early in the second quarter, Tom Moore pumped in the Vikings's third goal on a pass from halfback Fred Garner to make the score 3-0 until half-time.

Vikings couldn't get rolling in the second period as Moore picked up a two-minute penalty for low tackling. Ted Hurd guarded the hoop expertly, once making a fantastic save as the All-Star winger cut across the field behind the net and loosed a vicious jump kick.

In the fourth quarter Vikings sprang to the attack. Bruce Mitchell got the puck from the scrum and passed to Ross Grenier who drove towards the hoop and put the Vikings out front 5-0.

With only 30 seconds left, Ted Sarkission got the ball from a line-out and passed to Moore who stick-handled neatly down the centre of the court to score and finish the game 6-0 Vikings.

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A cordial invitation is extended to one and all to visit our new salon. Refreshments will be served.

Letters to the Editor

FLUSH BULBS?

Dear Sir:

The washroom article in The Martlet two weeks ago drew some criticism, but I am proud to say that it did bring about a change.

The cubicle walls used to be covered with bright little comments such as "Smile, You're on Candid Camera!" Thanks to us, this is no longer the case.

The walls are now covered with "Smile, there's a Martlet photographer above you!"

TONY ELSE.

DISGUSTED

Dear Sirs:

That last issue of The Harlot was absolutely filthy! It made decent people everywhere run into the streets tearing their hair and screaming.

We sincerely hope that you will heed this warning, and realize you are saying things that society does not approve of. Shame, shame, shame.

JIM BIGSBY.
ELLERY LITTLETON.
MIKE McNEELY.
DENNIS GORNALL.