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THE HARLOT

Member of the Cider Press

Published weekly throughout the university year by Papyrus Printers. Guaranteed 100% truth free and safe for children. One quick reading three times per day is all that is needed for regularity.

Editorials

WE SOLICIT YOUR ATTENTION

The Harlot is a tradition at this institution.

It is Registration, Frosh Week, exams, and the cafeteria all rolled into one mass of madness that incites the same wild fear as does Twirp Week.

It has the kindness of a bookstore price tag, the confidence of a freshman, and the good taste of a Rugby Team skit.

It is this last element — colour, one might say—which enlivens satire and brings sweet blushes to the cheeks of innocent co-eds who think dirty thoughts despite their innocence. But no, not "dirty!" Just . . . basic.

Some people believe that everyone is basically good; we believe that everyone is good and basic. To this end we present the news as we would like to see it — wildly irrelevant in fits of fancy; bitingly irreverent in bits of satire. Sometimes dirty. Er . . . basic.

In tribute to those amazing fellows who first conceived The Harlot . . . er, that is, those fellows who laid out the . . . er, who made . . . up the idea, we would like to reprint the editorial from the first Harlot to appear on our campus.

That is, the first known Harlot.

SAFE KEEPING

(from the first Harlot, March 28, 1962)

Recently read: 80% 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.

LETTERS TO THE IDIOT

All letters addressed to The Harlot must be sealed with the King's ring and checked for errors by our Patron Saint. Letters must be 50% free of obscenity.

AT LAST

Dear Sir:

I realize now how wrong I was.
DEFROSTED FRESHETTE.

MATURITY SPEAKS

Dear Sir:

I have attended this STINKING so-called University long enough to realize that there is something BLOODY wrong. It's becoming more and more like a DAMN high school every day. You'd think that supposedly mature people who are supposedly above average in intelligence could act in a more intelligent and mature way. It's a HELL of a BLOODY DAMN thing to see people all around you who are so DAMN immature.

Yours maturely,
QUINCY YOUNGMAN,
Arts I.

CAF FIEND

Dear Sir:

I must protest the threatened extinction of our beloved Caf. How can we destroy this beloved home of bridge players, girl watchers, coffee-drinkers and pseudo-intellectuals?

Think of its atmosphere; remember its history. Who will forget the day that the food inspector was paid his annual inspection? Who will forget the ham sandwich with

THE HARLOT

"Every Harlot was a virgin once."

—William Blake

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Patron Saint..... Hairy Gregson

the tattoo of Lilly St. Cyr on it? Who could ever forget the coffee?!

I beg of you, in the name of Charley Boas, to spare the Caf. Please. On bended knee (I have stomach cramps.)

TOM MAINE,
A-2.

HARLOT HORSE

Dear Sir:

Just who the hell is that new staff member, Mr. Ed?

GARY STEWING,
A-IV.

I'm a talking horse. My job is to answer asses.—Ed.

SCANTY SHOWING?

Dear Sir:

The noble work is nearly completed: soon 150 women will be in residence on this campus.

What better remedy for alleged apathy? At last true student independence will be shown! At last the individual can assert himself! At last . . .

By the way, I hope Council will organize these social events properly. It would be simply awful PR if a panty raid were to flop!

ERROL DAMASCUS,
E-1.

THE BURNING BUSH

Dear Sir:

I think I have a terrible skin disease on my chin. Can you help me?

BOB CHAMUT.

Yes, shave.—Ed.

Poetry

Are you a chicken?
No, I'm an egg.
Were you born?
No, I was laid.
Is everybody laid?
No, some are chicken.

Sports

The Fight of the Week

with DIZZY HARDRADA and PEEWEE CANUTE

Diz—Well, fans, here we is at Hastings Field in Sarthern England for what looks like a great battle between Bill Conqueror's Normans and King Harold's Saxons. And heah, to help call the action with me is mah podna Peewee Canute. C'mon in Peewee.

Peewee — Thanks, Diz. Yes, fans, this looks like a dandy. Bill Conqueror has a nice lookin' army this year with solid archers and some real fine cavalry but King Harold's Saxons look good too. King just took over the army recently and he's really making them click. He's getting real great service from his archers. They had a big win over the Danes during their northern tour last week so they're looking for their second straight victory. And now, in just a moment, we'll take you down to Diz and his interview with Bill Conqueror and King Harold. But first a word from our sponsor.

Sponsor—Are you getting a good shave with your current battle-axe these days? No? Well throw it away and reach for a bottle of Excilda, the two-way drink. Excilda is great to drink and it's the sort of booze that doesn't put hair on your chest — it takes it off your face. So throw away your old-fashioned battle-axe and the next time you're in your mead hall and need a shave, call: "Hey Brunhilda, Excilda!" And now back to Diz.

Diz—Well heah we is with the two managers, King Harold of the Saxons and Bill Conqueror of the Normans. You fellas has got a coupla great armies this year.

Both—We like to think so Diz.

Diz—King, what da ya extrIBUTE yoah great archers to? You've only just taken over the army but them archers is really workin' for ya.

King—Well, Diz, it's our new archery coach Rob Hood. He's done a lotta work with the boys and they're comin' a long just fine.

Diz—And Bill yoah cavalry's doing great this season.

Bill—Yeh, Diz. We weren't too pleased with the cavalry last season so we brought the boys out early for spring trainin'. And it's really paid off.

Diz—It sure has Bill. And now ah knows you boys is dyin' ta git this battle going', so back to the booth and Peewee Canute.

Bill and King—Nice seein' ya again Diz.

Peewee—Thanks Diz. And in just a minute the battle of the week between the Saxons and the Normans. But first a word from our sponsor.

Sponsor—Don't forget folks: for that quick refreshing lift you crave . . . try an Excilda shaveless shave. "Hey Brunhilda, Excilda!"

Diz — Coupla' great boys them two managers, Peewee.

Peewee—Yeh, Diz.

Diz—Hastings Field shoah looks great tудay, don't it podna?

Peewee—Yeh, Diz.

Diz — Ah remembers when ah used ta battle heah Peewee. It was right heah that ah beat the Picts in 823.

Peewee—You were a great man with a sling Diz.

Diz—Yoe was pretty good yer-self podna.

Peewee — But you were great Diz.

Diz—Yoe was pretty good tho' Diz.

Peewee—Ah! Diz!

Diz—Well the armies is takin' the field and we're ready to go. And comin' in ta call the action is mah podna Peewee Canute.

Peewee—Thanks Diz. Yes, fans, it's sunny and mild here at Hastings field. The grass is green and there's plenty of good cover. It's a great day for a battle. And now the armies are comin' out. And Bill Conqueror sends in his cavalry. Yes, it's his cavalry making a charge. Bill isn't wastin' any time is he Diz?

Diz—He sure ain't Peewee.

Peewee—Yeh, Bill's cavalry is coming across the valley. It's coming up the hill. King doesn't seem to be doing anything. But wait! Wait! There's a volley! Yes it's King's archers. Boy, Diz look at that cavalry crumple!

Diz — Yeh, fans. That's what we was tellin' ya before the battle. These Saxons has got great archers and yoe seen it right there. They let the cavalry come and then got 'em right in their jenkins. That's great fightin' Peewee.

Peewee—Sure is Diz. And now the Normans are back reforming. That was great thinking by those Saxons. You've done that yourself, hey Diz?

Diz—Yeh, Peewee. Ah remembers back in 819 when ah was with the Vikings ah got Beowulf on a play just like that.

Peewee—You were great Diz.

Diz—Yoe was pretty good yourself Peewee.

Peewee — But you were great Diz.

Diz—Ah! Peewee!

Peewee — Now here come the Normans again. C'mon in and call the action Diz.

Diz—Thanks Peewee. Yes them Normans is comin' up the valley now. One of them just slud back but they're comin' strong, And now the armies is locked together. Boy, ain't this great action Peewee?

Peewee—Sure is Diz.

Diz—The suspension's really buildin' here folks! It's a great battle! It's too bad, Peewee, but somebody's got ta lose and somebody's got ta win.

Peewee—That's right Diz.

Diz—And now the armies is comin' out . . . and . . . it's the Normans! Yeh the Normans! They've got the Saxons on the run!

Peewee—Yessir Diz.

Diz—And that's the battle folks. A big win for Bill Conqueror's Normans. Peewee'll be right back with the totals.

Sponsor — Don't forget folks, call: "Brunhilda, Excilda!" Also good for constipation.

Peewee — Here are the final totals folks. For the Saxons it was 3,432 kilt and 5,281 wounded for total casualties of 8,614 — you sure that's right Diz?

Diz—Checked 'em maself Peewee.

Peewee—And for the Normans it was 2,112 kilt, 3,233 wounded and total of 5,345. A big victory for Bill's Normans.

Diz—There's a rumour, podna, that King's gonna get the axe after this one.

Peewee — That right Diz? Next week folks we'll be at Bosworth Field for a battle between the Yorks of Dick Crookback and the Lincs of Hank Seven. So long Diz, you were great.

Diz—Yoe was pretty good too, podna.

Peewee—Ah! Diz!



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We mean Hollandia Pipe Tobacco, of course. Its pleasing aroma makes you welcome anywhere and you will enjoy its unique and friendly flavour. Doubly-satisfying Hollandia is not just another Dutch pipe tobacco—it's a truly noble Cavendish, pride

of Holland's master blenders. Cool as a sea breeze, mild as Maytime, rewarding as a lifelong friendship. Perfect if you're taking up a pipe or seek a refreshing change. Happy smoking begins with Hollandia—a real Dutch treat.



Smoke Hollandia
and really enjoy
your pipe!