

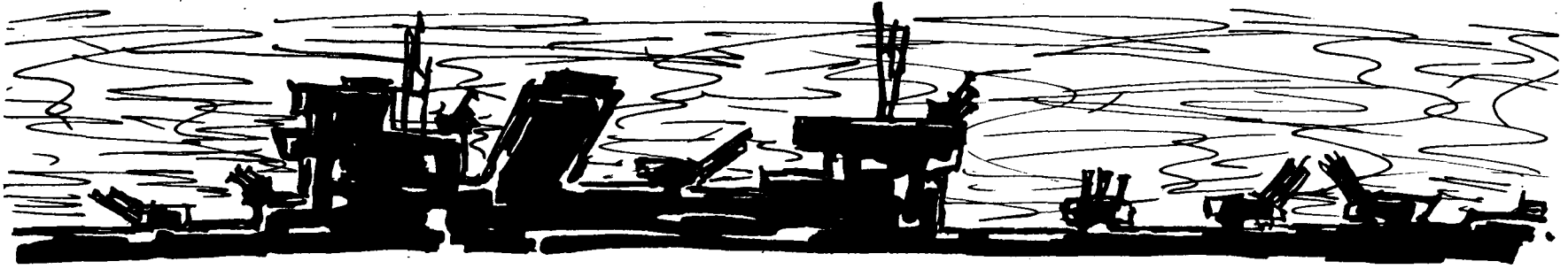
Magazine

MARTLET MAGAZINE

Vol. 2

OCTOBER 20, 1966

No. 5



Integration Out Of Step But Marching On

By HAROLD BAGG

It has been four years now since Mr. Paul Hellyer first declared that "what this country needs most is a good, cheap, and unified armed force," and the armed forces are in worse condition than they have been in since the beginning of the Second World War.

Indeed the chips are beginning to fall against Mr. Hellyer and the pattern is a messy and dangerous one. Mr. Hellyer may well fear for his political life in the event of fire from the press, the general public and the professional military, as well as from the official government opposition. His portfolio is as likely to lead to a Lieutenant-Governorship as it is to a prime-ministership, a possibility which Mr. Hellyer has no doubt accorded some serious consideration. His public career is virtually hinged on the success or failure of his ambitious plans for the "integration" and eventual "unification" of the armed forces. He cannot afford to fail.

NO BLUEPRINT

In order to support his programme for service "unification," Mr. Hellyer has employed an impressive variety of political tactics. He has caused a vast number of purple-worded press releases to be cranked out by his department lauding the progress and the aims of "integration" and "unification."

"It would not do to have senior military personnel criticizing a program while the house is in session."

He has however, avoided offering any concrete definitions of the terms "integration" and "unification" which might be dealt with in the press. He has hinted at reactionism and misdirected loyalties among his opponents — particularly those in the military professions; has timed the steps of implementation of his plans to hinder and confuse the opposition; has refused to offer any

firm 'blueprint' of his plans for the department and with considerable arrogance, has dismissed valid professional criticism by professionally dedicated men as (what he terms) just another instance of the military in (allegedly) political affairs. This latter device is little more than a shoddy attempt to villainize qualified and legitimate critics of this programme.

Admiral Landymore's famous criticism was made public by him only after Mr. Hellyer had repeatedly ignored the advice of some of Canada's best military talent in his rush to push through with integration. Even as he was being fired, Admiral Landymore's toss of criticism was exceedingly restrained. His complaint concerned primarily the rate and the manner of implementation of integration, not "integration" in itself. It would appear that Mr. Hellyer was anxious to push "integration" at a fast enough pace to be able to present parliament with a "fait accompli" during this present session. It would not do to have senior military personnel criticizing a program while the house is in session.

Hellyer's rearrangement of the upper administrative levels of the defense structure have produced a MacNamarian arrangement in which the voices of the Admirals, Generals and Air Marshals are minimized in a Defense Council and a Defense Advisory Council watered down with civil servants. The situation is aptly summed up in a jingle produced by a disgruntled American General after McNamara's rearrangement of the American defense structure:

**"I am not allowed to run the train;
The whistle I can't blow.
I am not allowed to say how fast
The railroad trains can go.
I am not allowed to shoot off steam
Nor even clang the bell.
But let it jump the goddam tracks
And see who catches hell!"**

Our own nation has gone to considerable expense to develop a highly professional and dedicated officer corps who have been given university training to ensure that they will think for themselves. It must now be extremely discouraging to young officers to see the professional opinions of their respected superiors being dismissed as so much misinformed and misdirected enthusiasm.

The effects of their discontent with the defense minister's behavior can be seen in the steadily decreasing rates of enlistment and re-enlistment, particularly in the navy. Naval personnel quotas have long since dropped below the critical point. A large portion of the fleet is already shorebound for lack of sufficient personnel to put to sea and it is highly unlikely that even the aircraft carrier Bonaventure will be operational again after her six million dollar refit because of the lack of available personnel. Yet our commitments to NATO and the UN remain the same.

"... it is highly unlikely that even the aircraft carrier Bonaventure will be operational again after her six million dollar refit because of the lack of available personnel."

Service personnel cannot be expected to remain grossly underpaid and be deprived of the relatively cheap attractions of traditional uniforms and separate service identities, both of which Mr. Hellyer intends essentially to abolish if this parliament will allow his proposed amendments to the Defense Act. Nor can this month's service pay raises be expected to satisfy the men in the ranks. It is not likely that the men who are unhappy with a cupful of peanuts will be grateful for a bucketful.

NEW UNIFORM

The loss of traditional uniforms and rank structures are probably the two most unpleasant aspects of Mr. Hellyer's programme for the nation's military men. The new uniform is rumoured to be, as one sergeant major described it, "a Robin Hood green." Mr. Hellyer may well get his new uniform in the coming session, but the men who have to wear them will not be merry. Pride in tradition may not appear to be of very great importance as seen from the giddy heights of Parliament Hill, but the roots of tradition are deeper than Mr. Hellyer realizes and, without their support, his new defense structure could well topple of its own weight.



Harold Bagg is a pseudonym, funny enough.

... and will the real defender of Canada please stand up.

The House With No Clocks

By JIM HOFFMAN

The house is tall, green and unkempt. Scraps of lumber and pieces of junk litter the muddy driveway and boxes of used dusty books clutter the long, enclosed front porch. The front door, with its aged, crumbling paint — on which the esoteric message, "Peter is gone," is scribbled in wild slashes of color, opens easily, brightening a short, dark hallway surrounded with bits of worn furniture and a galaxy of signs that cry "End the War in Viet Nam," and "What Did You Do Today for Peace?"

Inside, in an old living room smelling of smoke and dust, a brick fireplace smoulders, shuffling heat among a small crowd of people who hunch pensively on wooden chairs, listening to the voice of the speaker.

"What I'm trying to say is that in some places, such as at Berkeley, there have been sufficient reasons for protest, justifying, for example, the Free Speech Movement, but, in Victoria, there may be significantly less cause. In fact, some of us may be activists just because everyone else is doing it, and thus we feel a strong, undefined urge inside driving us on to the point where we may invent a cause . . . you know what I mean?"



Curtis

The speaker, an invited guest, is a professor from the University of Victoria. He sits slumped in a ragged armchair, the centre of attention for his hosts: a youthful, serious-minded group, many with full beards and pipes, they move along with the clip of the words following the speaker's train of thought.

LATEST PROJECT

This talk winds up a day in which many guests took the floor and many voices were heard. Since morning, with the cool Autumn sun shining outside, persons who stayed all day listened to debates about the meaning of university, arguments about the role of education, and probing questions about student action. Formally called a symposium, the event marked one of the major efforts thus far at one of Victoria's latest, and probably most experi-

Mr. Hoffman, a second-year arts student at University of Victoria, is editor of the Martlet Magazine.

mental projects: the Social Education Centre.

The house, a twelve room mansion, is located on the corner of Oak Bay and McGregor Avenues. Although privately owned, it is rented by a group led by Lynn Curtis, who is one of the company of Young Canadians, Canada's answer to the American Peace Corps.

The founding idea of the Young Canadians, which was begun as a federally sponsored project one and a half years ago, was, like the Peace Corps, to allow young people to channel their energies into profitable social action. Once a trainee com-

"Probably the best known is the Free University of New York where debarred professors and thinkers find refuge and an audience."

pletes the five-week program, he usually chooses from a prepared list a "Project Area," which is some place in Canada designated as needing social work. Then, under the sponsorship of a "resource person," who may be a responsible figure in the community such as the chief of police, he begins his work with living expenses paid by the federal government plus spending money totalling \$35 a month.

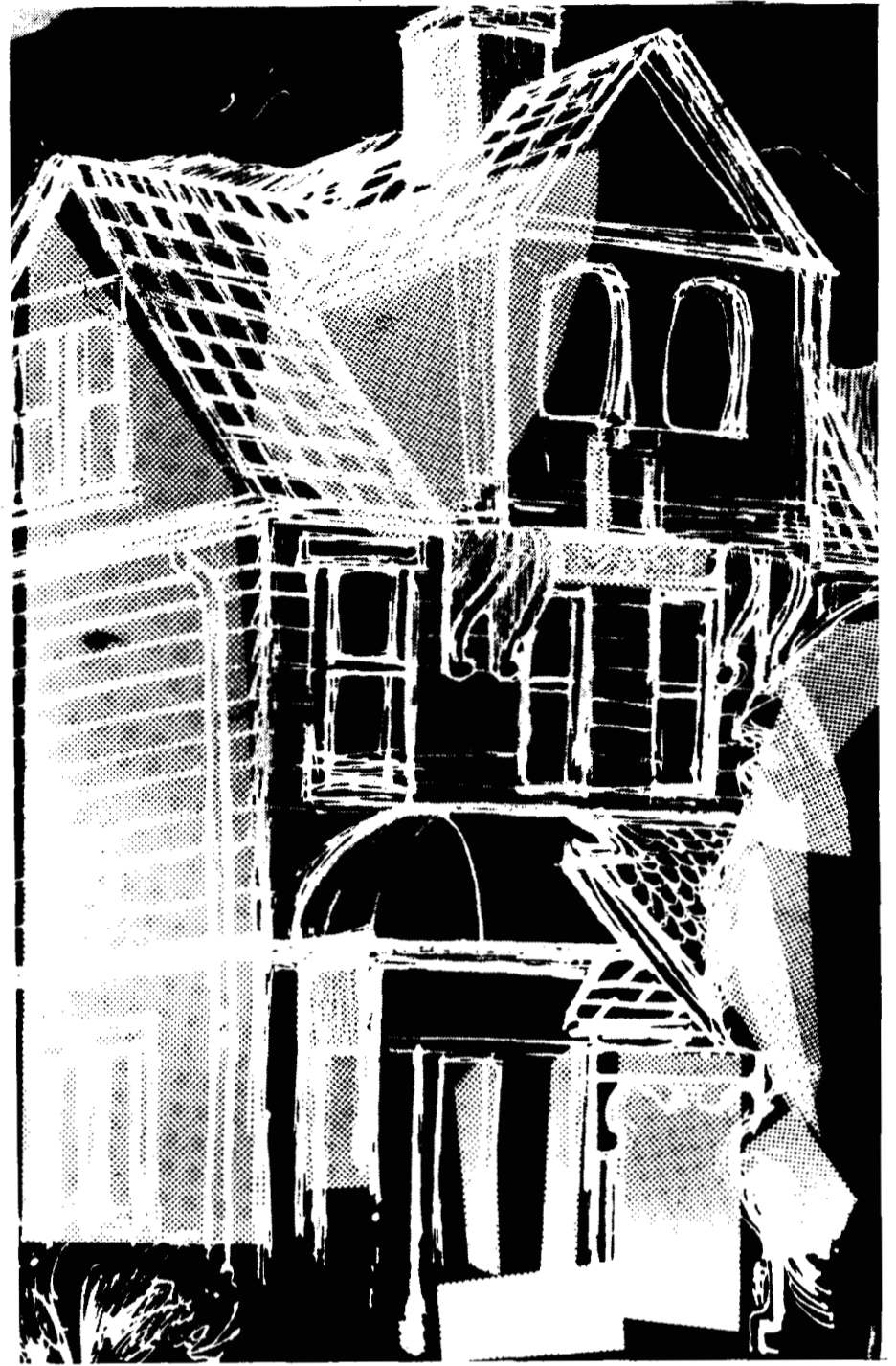
MAIN CONCERN

One of several in Canada, the centre takes its general form from the "free universities" which are springing up at larger cities in the United States and Canada. The usual scheme of these places is to provide an educational forum which anyone can attend without worry of official requirements, timetables, qualifications, and the like. An air of informality and a yen for the way out are principal characteristics. Probably the best known is the Free University of New York where debarred professors and thinkers find refuge and an audience.

For Victoria's Centre, simply getting organized to function effectively has been the main concern. Up to now, the directors have publicized the project mainly to university students and professors. Casual get-togethers and discussions about almost anything have been the main activities. The group was active recently when they picketed the Archbishop of Canterbury for his alleged support of the Viet Nam war. With a minimum of organization, important figures, such as the African labour leaders who were in Victoria recently, are asked to drop in at a convenient hour and exchange views with whoever is interested.

Although reluctant to admit future plans because of many uncertainties, Lynn will only say that, generally, they hope "to generate social action." This could mean for example, that persons discussing the school system might possibly be angered enough to do something about it such as petitioning the school board, or perhaps even starting a radically different type of kindergarten. There is also a possibility of youth work activities.

Although aware of its reason for existing in a very general way, the



Project home

centre is without a distinct, guiding philosophy. It may never have one. With such a vast scope—members are quite willing to engage in almost any dialogue: representatives from the political Left may have their day one week, while those from the Right will probably appear the next; and an atheist will quite conceivably follow a minister. The centre is quite sure of one thing: that they have no strict political or religious affiliation. Thus like their counterparts in Canada and the U.S. they may just remain a kind of open forum, an unrestricted arena where ideas may be pitted against each other and various worthwhile human causes may be supported.

UNCONSIDERED

There have, however, been some guidelines set. Members feel that one important job the Centre can do is to fill the gap between public, academic education and the "realities" of social, cultural living. There is a reaction to the "artificial . . . school system . . . which gives, ultimately, instruction rather than knowledge, training rather than education, and, at best, condescending tolerance rather than understanding in a creatively social way." In other words, they feel that the "real issues" of the day, many of them social, such as religion, communism, drugs, politics, drugs, etc., are left unconsidered in the public education system — including universities, and therefore the products of the systems, the young adults of the next generation, are left ignorant and unexposed to the vital problems of today's world.

The centre now has over 150 members, fifty of which are counted as active. There are three directors, including Lynn Curtis, a finance committee of two, three secretaries and a publications committee of four.

A mailing list has been made and one calendar sent out, offering three "courses:" Minority Religion, Studies on the Left, and The School System. There are plans to offer such subjects as Pacifism — a Study from Inside," The Hallucinogenic Drugs, Film Criticism, The North American Indian, Child Psychology, Revolution and the North Ward School, and Life and Death—a Study in Contrasts."

Thus many things are promised and much could happen. The whole project, conceivably, could fail. Lack of support or funds, inadequate residence (if someone buys the property they get shooed out), even too experimental an attitude leading to Dr. Leary-like problems and scandal could deal a subtle death blow to the young project.

" . . . they feel that the 'real issues' . . . are left unconsidered . . . and therefore the products of the system, the young adults of the next generation, are left ignorant and unexposed to the vital problems of today's world."

Whatever the case, the project is functioning today and people are talking about it. There is little doubt that it is the headquarters for student activism in the city. Anyone is welcome. The door, mentioned earlier, is never locked. There are no rigid schedules, complicated registration or seeming organization. People can drop in and enjoy, as one member calls it, "social recreation."

There are no clocks on the walls.

Professor Nitpicker's Anti Anti-Calendar

By ROBIN JEFFREY

It is the third meeting of the editorial board of The Dunce, and the faculty has agreed on the broad general outlines and is busy working out the details.

"Now, gentlemen," says Professor Nitpicker, a tall, hand-rubbing man from the Department of Centrifugal Bumble Puppy, "I think we're all agreed that this is to be a humorous work. I mean—ha, ha—whats funnier than the average student? And after all, it's the average student we're concerned with. Isn't that so? We'll naturally praise the brilliant and crucify the hopeless, but it's the average, conscientious student we can really set out to—chuckle—improve."

"Er, excuse me, Professor Nitpicker, but just what is to be the purpose of our publication?" asks Threadbare, an instructor in the Department of Circumlocution.

"I thought we had explained all that, Threadbare," Nitpicker growls. "You junior instructors should spend more time at faculty meetings and less time teaching. The purpose of The Dunce is to appraise every student at this university. The Dunce will be delivered door-to-door throughout North America and translated into 23 languages for distribution in every library in the Free World. All without charge, of course. Thus, whenever an employer considers hiring a graduate of this university or a father considers allowing his daughter to go out with a graduate of this university, he will be able to consult The Dunce where he will find a truthful, objective opinion rendered by men with years of experience. Now, do you understand, Threadbare?"

"I think so, professor," Threadbare says.

"This report then is to include a summary of the student's personal life?" asks a scrawny bleach-blond maiden lady.

"Yes, Miss Hopeful, that is correct. Who knows better than a professor the intricacies of a student's sex life? As a girl crosses her legs, so she dots her p's and q's," Nitpicker philosophizes.

A large man smoking a cigar rises. It is Dr. Bumf of the Department of Tibetan Studies. "You intend, of course, Nitpicker, to include all the marginal notations made on student essays?"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear Bumf. Every professional remark about the student will be included. We intend to devote at least three pages of five-point type to each student. This will be a comprehensive work."

Mr. Jeffrey, a frequent contributor to the Martlet Magazine, is a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.

"Er, excuse me again, Professor Nitpicker." It is Threadbare.

"What is it, Threadbare?"

"Is this work designed to help the student, Professor Nitpicker?"

"Help the student! Help the student!" Nitpicker sneers. "The way you talk, Threadbare, anyone would think the purpose of a university was to help the student!"

"Just a moment, professor," says Miss Hopeful. She is Dean of Women and therefore quite fearless.

"I think Threadbare has a point," she says. "For public relation purposes we must think of our image."

"Well, perhaps you're right," Nitpicker concedes. "All right then, Threadbare, of course it helps the student. Naturally it does. It points out their — chortle — shortcomings and they can profit by it. 'Know thyself,' as Cicero said."

"Plato," corrects a voice from within a cloud of pipe smoke.

"Plato, then," Nitpicker continues. "Now, are there any further questions?"

"Just one, Professor Nitpicker." Again it is Threadbare.

"All right, Threadbare, what is it?"

Well, professor, is this publication really necessary? Couldn't the students be told of their weaknesses privately? Surely there are ways? And couldn't employers write to the university for a reference? And don't you think a student's reputation gets around fast enough? And don't you think perhaps a publication of this kind may embarrass and humiliate a decent student unnecessarily? And don't you think there's a danger from irresponsible comments? . . ."

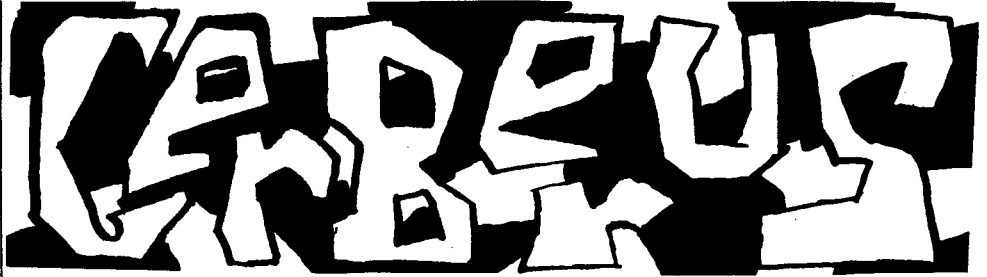
"Threadbare, are you questioning my sense of responsibility?" Nitpicker explodes. "I'll have you know I'm more responsible and mature than the rest of this whole faculty put together . . ."

"No, no, please don't misunderstand, professor," says the terrified Threadbare as the rest of the faculty looks at him threateningly. "I just wanted to suggest that there was a danger and to say that I really can't see the value."

"Can't see the value!" Nitpicker thunders. "You can't see the value! We've got to warn the world! Don't you understand! We've got to tell everyone, everywhere, what's coming out of this university! They've got to get ready! Prepare! Don't you see!"

"Er, no, sir," trembles Threadbare. "Threadbare," Nitpicker says, getting a grip on himself, "you talk as if you were a \$12,000-a-year PhD instead of a—sneer—\$4,500-a-year MA."

Dr. Bumf rises ponderously. "If you will permit me, Nitpicker, perhaps I can explain to our young friend. You see, Threadbare, what Nitpicker says is quite true. As academics we have a duty to warn the world of what it must face. We would be derelict if we did otherwise. Heally, old man, can't you see? Why, academic freedom's at stake."



Till We Have Built Jerusalem

The mental strife of James Harold Wilson may seem far from what Blake had in mind as the road to Jerusalem. One does not doubt the strife: it's the progress and direction that's difficult to see. What is Wilson up to?

The task which faces him is larger than that assigned to any other Western Statesman, and his freedom of choice is more restricted than theirs. Any notion that Britain's problems stem from post-war incompetence are contemptibly superficial. Her problems are rooted in the very qualities which gave her power in the last century: an elaborate superstructure which guarantees the continuity of authority is one. No Labour government has yet succeeded in shaking the hold of the social and financial establishments, and the civil service, through long custom, is another perpetrator of reactionary policies. A progressive administration in Canada, when we get one, will find the same problem. Another root of present malaise is Britain's 19th century industrial pre-eminence. The legacy of that precocious development is industrial archaism: in plant standards, training schemes, unions, and especially in management. Despite technological initiative (nuclear power, the E-type and mini, hovercraft, and VC 10) industrial change is hindered by the deep suspicions bred in the long class struggle for the rights of the labour-

cuts across traditional allegiances. Paradoxically, the left's intellectual leader, R. H. S. Crossman, has produced a justification for this apparent onslaught on the unions. It may be, he says, a dash for freedom—a permanent move to take wages and prices out of the capitalist jungle into an era of rational planning. The very gravity of the economic situation has pushed the government into tough collectivist measures—and the cabinet is beginning to interpret the new measures as permanent feature in a new socialist economy. Other government devices, conceived in less critical moments, were designed as approaches to rationalisation. The selective Employment Tax, however crude, should encourage more efficient use of Labour. And in the spring this 'tax' will be used to give manufacturing industries a subsidy of \$400 millions. Incentives have been given for investment in plants. The Industrial Re-organization Commission will promote rationalisation. White papers on the aircraft industry and shipbuilding have suggested radical reforms. The nationalisation of steel will help to give major manufacturing industries a competitive edge, as well as ending the gross inefficiencies of the industry itself. Most important is the new self-awareness which years of crisis have fostered.

The situation, in any case is not as bad as a hostile foreign press pretends. Early short-term credits were



"... industrial archaism."

ing man. The mood of industrial relations was conceived in revolutionary conditions. It will take another revolution to dispel.

A third problem is the legacy of Empire: 'Imperial preference' tends to mean a perpetual imbalance of trade with ex-colonies; the countless islands of the Pacific and Atlantic which still come under British rule will always remain a direct drain on the U.K.; the 'East of Suez' military posture which has survived the dissolution of Empires costs the U.K. about \$960 millions a year. And the costs of Malaysia, where 50,000 British troops were engaged? And the sanctions against Smith? And the troops on the Rhine?

Her 19th century greatness also exposed her to the major brunt of both world wars. How much did it cost to buy time for America to contemplate her naval on both occasions? And of course, victorious status denied her the fruits of significant post-war aid.

DEFENSIVE MEASURES

When Wilson came to power in the Fall of 1964 he inherited a major crisis. He has since been driven from one set of defensive measures to the next, with scarcely a trace of the kind of rational planning he promised in opposition. The Labour Party has just emerged from a party conference in apparent disarray. The government's onslaught on traditional methods of collective bargaining, in prices and incomes legislation, has become a subject for a new ideological debate which

repaid in 1965. Reserves are still adequate to survive any attack on sterling for many months. The balance of payments deficit can be reversed by a redirection of only 1% of the national product. And confidence in the government is still high, among the electorate which has seen progress on social security, education, housing, social justice, and among the merchant banker community, which has seen rising exports and muddled but real progress in economic planning. Wilson has a lead over the Conservatives of 6% in one national poll, and 13% in another.

But the left is not, and cannot, be satisfied by present measures. Wilson has introduced measures of planning, but in an unplanned way, and it is difficult to see a firm line of policy. Has he made the crucial decisions which will prevent future crises? Despite the pressures from the U.S. and foreign bankers Mr. Wilson must give evidence that he intends a drastic revision (which means cut) in defence expenditures, tough leadership on the issued of international currency reform, and a ruthless revamping, regardless of private interest, of the industries on which Britain's economic performance depends. All the other features of Labour's plan for the new Britain depend on this, as well as the restoration of an independent voice in foreign affairs. Blake's recipe for the new Jerusalem did not end with mental strife. He went on "nor shall my sword sleep in my hand"—as Wilson knows very well: every Labour Party conference opens with the singing of "Jerusalem".

A (Bitter) Taste Of Honey

By JIM ANDREWS

Last Friday Night Bastion Theatre opened Shelagh Delaney's "A Taste of Honey" misdirected by Patrick O'Neill. Rarely have I been more disappointed in a production. "A Taste of Honey" is a delicate play woven around the experiences of a timid and frightened young girl. It was obvious almost from the first minute of the production that here was a "bunch" of actors standing on stage doing nothing more than delivering lines. There was little depth to any of them. One had the feeling, however, that this lack of depth was not entirely their own fault.

.....
"... the audience saw only the actors and never the people they were trying to portray."

Gina Bigalow in the leading role of Jo seemed well suited to the part, but she obviously had failed to grasp the essentials of her character. This same failure applied to some extent to the entire cast. The worst offender was Jeff (Ed Simpson-Baikie) who moved across the stage like a mechanical toy. As the art student he jerked about, hammed it up, and generally destroyed the character of the sensitive, disturbed young homosexual. That these two actors did not fully understand their roles is for the most part their director's fault. If an actor has not been given the necessary materials to work with by his director, he does not have a chance to understand what he is.

THREE-RING CIRCUS

It was in the scenes with Jeff that that Mr. O'Neill showed his greatest ineptitude in handling this play. He had Jeff play these scenes as if they were a farce. He turned the conflict among Jo, Jeff and Helen into a three-ring circus to see who could get the biggest laugh. The audience almost woke up. There were none of the tensions or depth of feeling so necessary for these scenes. When Jeff is driven away by Helen, instead of crying for the loss of Jo's only friend, one is moved to applaud the exit of Mr. O'Neill's tin soldier, especially as it means that the end is only a few moments off.

The mother, Helen (Joan Fordham), her boyfriend, Peter (Louis Wayte), and Jo's negro lover, Jimmie (Richard Wood), were all equally uninspiring. Helen, however, did have the odd moment when her sense of time "clicked" and some life blew across the stage.

In all of these roles one was left with the impression that the actors felt uncomfortable with what they were doing. They seemed to lack all conviction or belief in themselves. As a result the audience saw only the actors and never the people they were trying to portray.

.....
Mr. Andrews, a frequent reviewer for the Martlet Magazine is a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.



"Mere puppets shifting about the stage."

The set left much to be desired. From the "lovely" night-time-blue, day-time-yellow of the cyclorama to the three clearly marked areas (one to the left, one to the right and one in the middle) one felt that the set had been designed in order to have something under the actors when Mr. O'Neill said "sit". There was no focus, no clarification of mood or any sense of the dream-like quality of the play. Mr. O'Neill's blocking arose from the arrangement of the three groups of furniture and was equally uninspired. His actors moved, stood and sat without design or purpose.

COSTUMES

The costumes, on the other hand, were probably the best aspect of the production. They fitted both the style and mood of the play, besides the character and were not obtrusive. No one remarked on how pretty they were; they merely functioned within the context of the play.

About the non-use of the Darren St. Claire Jazz Quintet all that can be said is that Mr. O'Neill perhaps had the germ of an idea here but he quickly destroyed it by having them play only a few bars at a time. The choice of music was also out of keeping with the style of the play. "Down Town" and the "Peter Gunn Theme" do not fit well with the play "A Taste of Honey".

Mr. O'Neill seemed to have one idea which almost worked, that of using slide projections to tie together the action between the scenes. The first group showing Jo's romance with Jimmie admirably captured the mood of their affair. After this group of slides, however, the rest showed, once again, lack of imagination. They were a dull lot of pictures (far too many) which imparted no sense of mood and told the audience nothing.

JUST RECITING LINES

The production was in all ways an unqualified failure but I feel that in this case the largest part of the failure rests on the shoulders of the director who, in working with young actors failed to build into them the depth of feeling, emotion and experience necessary to make this production come to life. Inexperienced actors (and that is what Mr. O'Neill was working with in the case of Jo, Jeff and Jimmie) need to be trained and moulded to be able to portray roles as tremendously difficult as these. They must not be just moved about the stage and told to recite their lines.

.....
"... the director, in working with young actors failed to build in them the depth of feeling, emotion and experience necessary ..."

As a result of this lack of work by the director, the actors were unconvincing and unreal; just mere puppets shifting about the stage and not people moving and speaking because they were compelled by their own emotions to move and speak.

Letter

Sir:

On reading Mr. Andrew Isdell-Carpenter's poor versification of a travelogue "On Visiting", we marvel firstly that the Martlet Magazine would print such an abomination and secondly that the up and coming poet would allow it to be printed in its unpolished form. It is difficult to determine whether Mr. Carpenter is attempting to reach the sublime through the ridiculous or conversely the ridiculous through the sublime. Whichever the case, the poem falls somewhere in between.

We would like to suggest either that Mr. Carpenter publish the original travelogue as a less pretentious interpretation of his subject or that like:

"the infernal serpent" he
 Be cast out from the poetic
 Heaven making quite certain that
 the spot on which he falls
 is absolutely free of snakes,

If all else fails perhaps a poet could dash off the antidote?

Yours hopefully,
 Adam and Eve.

One of Them Days

It was one of them days
 When the sun was hot 'n' high
 'N' Gawd we felt dead of heat.
 The sky was heavy
 'N' muggy
 'N' it seemed like rain
 'N' thunder
 'N' lightning
 'N' more heat 'n' hot
 'N' when yas passed people
 On the street, melted tar,
 They'd say Gawd it's hot
 'N' fer once there was agreein' from all
 'N' ya turned 'roun'
 A corner 'n' more people
 Some were sweatin'



'N' wiping their brows
 'N' sittin' on the sidewalks
 Men 'n' women 'n' bratty kids
 Bawlin' with heat
 Snivlin'
 'N' the old men looked
 At the young girls
 With that look
 'N' these were all the
 People who
 Hadn't made it.

—L.E.H.

Martlet Magazine

Editor

Jim Hoffman

Associate Editors Guy Stanley
 and Martin Segger

Contributing John Hanley

Art Martin Springett

Make-up Kathy Tate

Secretary "Steph"