At least one out of a hundred persons who do not have the Centre Syndicats Nationaux (CSN) at the College will not renew their registration for the year next. This means that the loss of 50 per cent of the members of the CSN will be made by a small group of intellectuals.

"They (the Quebec government) have locked up about 50 people but the struggle is not in jail. Then the daily Tucker explained that pre-empt people unwilling to take compulsory French.

The Glendon College French department has plans this year to establish Radio Glendon with a varied program broadcast at 11 p.m. to many spots at the main campus. This service will speed cultural assimilation from the north are expected to reach 2,500.

By JIM DAW
Last Thursday, Jan 14, student's council appropriation $1,600, for that the Glendon board of control of our news media will speed cultural assimilation from the north are expected that the Glendon board of control of our news media will speed cultural assimilation from the north are expected to reach 2,500.
ON CAMPUS
By ANN CRUTCHLEY

Wednesday, Jan. 20

Le film "Judeux", de Georges Franju sera projeté à 16 heures et 15 et à 20 heures, dans la salle 129, York Hall. Entrée libre.

Dramatic Arts production 'Evening of the Absurd' will appear at 12 noon and 8 pm today and Thursday 9 pm in the Pipe Room. Admission 50 cents.

The Glendon debating society presents: Joseph Starobin vs. H.S. Harris discussing 'Is Progress Desirable?' at 7.30 pm, in the Old Dining Hall. Admission free.

Preview. Exhibition of sculptures by Peter Kolinsky at 8-10 pm in the Art Gallery. Regular showings will be from 10-4 pm weekdays. Admission free.

Applications to Glendon as one of their choices.

Applications to Glendon for next year are well above those received compared to last year, schools liaison officer, reports that she received 826 applications by Jan. 15. By Apr. 3 last year, one week after the 1971 closing date for Ontario applications, only 681 were received.

Miss Bowen is pleased that 40.1 per cent of the applicants have indicated Glendon as their first choice. Last year only 30.7 per cent of those received did so.

Figures are available only for Ontario applications. Miss Bowen points out that last year 100 more applications were received beyond the deadline.

Recruitment efforts in Quebec are expected to be much more intensive this year due to an additional fund of $2,000 received from York President David Satur for out-of-province recruitment.

The Quebec campaign is expected to be concentrated during reading week. It is hoped that a recruitment drive will be launched in the Maritimes but funds are not sufficient.

The increased interest in Glendon reflects an overall increase in applications to York.

York gets own Probe

An Independent off-shoot of U of T's Political Probe has been established at York under the sponsorship of CVSP with the support of some faculty members.

The group plans to "probe all aspects of environmental contamination" in and around the university. Primary targets for investigation include the York smokestack and the Black Creek Conservation Area.

Additional suggested projects are an investigation of litter in common rooms, an examination of possibilities for recycling campus garbage and an education program in neighbourhood public and high schools.

The group has an office in Room 242 of Vanier College (phone 519-2350) from which they dispense information.
A thought or two on birth control

The birth control handbook is here to illuminate all those people (male and female) who will think that the best birth control pill available is an aspirin firmly clamped between the knees.

The saddest thing about birth control handbooks and the like is that they are printed with all the best intentions in the world, but they never reach the people who could read them, even when they are widely distributed by publications like PRO TEM and paid by a students' council.

This handbook is a particularly good one, which avoids the pitfalls of being too clinical, is very straightforward and deals not only with the negative side of sexual intercourse, but also the positive side. In a very good "how to" section it tries to explain that sex can and should be rewarding to both parties.

So read it. Chances are that you will learn something you didn't know before.

—ROB CARSON

The Miller's Tale

Our road signs depress me

I manage to keep an optimistic outlook on practically everything. Everything but one, that is: the road signs between Hilliard and Wood Residence.

Why should such a Pollyannaish piece-in-the-sky kind of guy like me lose his optimism between Hilliard and Wood? Most people lose something else entirely. But me, I fall into a pit of depression whenever I confront the huge DEAD END sign just before coming to the library.

Is this sign a foreboding token from the principal's office that the day of judgement is soon upon us? That dear old Glendon is soon to pass away? That everyone will be made to face his sins? Apocalyptic admonitions are always infernal.

Of course, maybe the DEAD END sign is a reference to Frost Library. Knowing the funeral speed with which that institution orders new books, we will all be decomposing before the first shelf is fully stocked. And trying to dig up the right material in that classified cemetery brings no-one to a good end. Least of all a lascivious friend of mine who asked the frosty librarians if they were on overnight reserve or reading room only.

The most obvious explanation for the sign, however, must involve Wood Residence itself. To some, this building is reminiscent of a question mark; but there is really no question about it — Wood Residence does not mean more than a giant phallic symbol.

Observe its shape hard on some day. That is, if you can. Oh, the monstrous indecency of it! How the architect must have sublimated while this little number was erected. Clearly the DEAD END sign is an egregious statement regrading people of the sterility of residence life.

I wouldn't be writing such a brash expose (for mine is a column that dares to think) if the sign in question were not the result of university cuts is likely to be axed once again.

What it does mean is that there is a ready sum of money to expand the library book budget (currently cut from $90,000 to $65,000). The Gardiner Committee Report on Glendon specifically recommended last year that the library receive at least $100,000 annually on books. Next year's budget calls for $265,000 which in the face of present university cuts is likely to be axed once again.

What it does mean, is that there is a ready fund to bring in librarians and social leaders from Quebec on a short term basis to the college, since it appears that they are quite willing to come on a long term basis. Student exchanges, professor exchanges: the possibilities for projects to bring the Quebec scene into the college's perspective are unlimited. And then Glendon may shake itself of the lethargy which now grips the social and academic endeavours of its members.

—ANDY MICHALSKI

PRO TEM

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PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto 317, Ontario. Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsolicited comments are the opinion of the newspaper and not necessarily those of the student union or the university administration. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press and an agent of social change.
Ride Capt. George’s Whizzbang ti

We were sitting on the porch of Memory Lane, myself and a hippie and his girlfriend and three small boys, waiting for Captain George to arrive to open up. The hippie sat watching the early summer morning drift by, and then he turned to me and asked, “Do you collect comic books?”

In any other place in Toronto, all but a few men would have been embarrassed, too sophisticated, too pretentious, too easily adult to ask that question. But not here.

I told him I was there to buy some movie posters, and he nodded, understanding, and said he and his girlfriend were from New York, heading west, and had come to Toronto just to visit Memory Lane. He asked the three boys the same question; they were there to buy the recent second-hand comics that Captain George sells for a nickel, and suddenly the four were talking as one, and on that porch in mid-town Toronto, Prince Valiant flashed his Singing Sword and Tarzan roared in triumph and the Lone Ranger rode again.

When Captain George arrived, he took the hippie into the back room where he kept his expensive rare editions. They both knew that he couldn’t afford to buy any of them, but Captain George let him look anyway, because it made the hippie happy, and Captain George is in the business of making people happy.

Captain George is George Henderson, the owner of Memory Lane, a tiny old house set in the midst of the Markham Street boutiques that he hidden behind Honest Ed’s. The house is a conglomeration of movie posters, comic books, aged newspapers, pulp books, and assorted memorabilia, the house is among other things, the headquarters of the Ontario Science Fiction Club, the publishing house of Memory Lane Publications, and the secret base of the Vast Whizzbang Organization. But above all, the house is a time machine, for George Henderson is not an ordinary businessman but a conjurer, and what he conjures up for people is their childhood.

Henderson’s background is as wild as those of his comic book heroes. He fought in Korea as a paratrooper, a training he put to use after the war as a barn-storming daredevil skydiver. He would jump from a plane at 5,000 feet, opening two chutes which would fall apart, then open a third chute just short of disaster.

Later he became a writer of what he calls “semi-obscene” paperbacks, but his publisher’s titling of his works troubled him and when one of his novels appeared under the title of ‘Home Hornpants’, he gave up writing as a living.

Five years ago he opened his first bookstore on Queen Street, but “I bored me. There are too many magazines around, and they’re all the same.” And then, one day, a man came in, picked up a number one issue of Batman Comics which Henderson had displayed in the bookshop window, peeled off five twenty-dollar bills, and walked out without saying a word. Suddenly a whole new world opened up to George Henderson, as he realized that he could do what few men ever find possible, to make a living out of a life-long hobby.

He took the memories of the comic strip heroes and radio serials and westerns of his Verdon childhood, and transformed them into Memory Lane. Not long after, he gave up the Queen Street store to devote full time to Memory Lane. “I knew just what I wanted and I went out and got it.”

What he got was something unique. There are other stores around that specialize in stills and posters, primarily in New York and along Hollywood Boulevard. But “the American stores are too slick, too cynical; they’re not truly interested in what they’re doing.”

In Toronto, a new store named Cine Books recently opened, but “they deal in movies as movies; I deal in movies as nostalgia. I have everything here, including all the old B westerns, things that Cine Books is too intellectual to carry.

If there is one thing which Memory Lane is not, it is slick. The walls are plastered with movie posters, and reproduced photos of Helen Hayes and many other stars who have stopped to remember among the tables and bins of posters and books piled high and overflowing into the cramped aisles.

“...This place looks like a madhouse on purposes. The store reflects my personality.” Captain George laughed. “My friends tell me I’ve got a garbage can mind.”

George Henderson looks like any normal forty year old, slightly graying around the temples, but he has managed to avoid that adult sophistication that comes to most of us when we put away our toys and gain a childish fear of our fellows’ laughter. Those memories live in him, he has not afraid to admit that they do for each other. George Henderson is not afraid to admit those memories.

He has seen Lon Chaney’s “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” over 100 times, he has seen Fritz Lang’s “Metropolis” over 60 times. He is an avid horror fan, but his favorite comic is a number of old and displayed in Memory Lane, and he is working to keep much of that. Memory Lane will never be sold, but “The place is old in particular the first edition Superman. I would collect anything that I can.”

And then there is the old comics for the less fortunate. “We get old ones recently. One fellow sold me a rare story that he ran straight to the book fair.”

Yet for all the joy that it brings, George, they bring him.”

The comics are dearer to attract readers. When someone starts to collect something, it is working for social programs, to bring the memories of the past to people who have lost them.

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"And..."

"I buy the rarer comics for myself."

"Some Whizzbang. The Comic World of Captain George."

"Night of the Living Dead" - that has to be the most over-rated picture in 25 years. It was terrible, but the parasitoid picture and the performance away stunned by the picture and the performance of the actors in the picture. Hooded by the picture, the field: "The less they show, the more the effective the horror in.

"Has seen only two horror movies lately which he has really enjoyed. "The Night of the Living Dead" - that has to be the most under-rated picture in 25 years. It is terrifying!" And then his eyes light up and his voice assumes a heavy Hungarian accent. "And 'Count Yorga, Vampire'. That was a fantastic vampire picture!"

Recently he saw "Little Big Man" and came away stunned by the picture and the performance of Chief Dan George. "When he came on the screen, I said to myself, 'My god, that man is God!' He has a presence on screen that is incredible."

Henderson feels that the horror producers of the fifties have gone downhill: Hammer has run out of ideas and relies too much on gore; the Japanese pictures are ludicrous, and the Mexican pictures laughable.

"The strange thing about Mexicans is that they really believe in witches, so that what appears ridiculous to us is horrifying to them."

And so he turns to the movies of the past, to the familiar films of his boyhood. Henderson is pleased to see the number of revival theatres in Toronto, although "When they started, each of them came to me for advice, although none of them have ever acknowledged that."

He welcomes any help in keeping his dreams alive, and bringing them to the public. Henderson believes that the current revival of nostalgia is not a fad but a genuine interest in the past. The more that he helps to popularize this interest, the less reticent people will be about admitting their love for the past.

He still finds those who will ridicule him.

"From time to time someone will come in and demand to know why anyone would buy this stuff, but unless they attack my baby, the Whizzbang, I ignore them."

"'" time machine down Memory Lane' he likes. Behind his counter of Tarzan books and Prince Valiant buttons and old trading cards his TV plays "Twelve hours a day, seven days a week. But I really only watch the old movies. TV is like being a peeping tom, like peeping through a keyhole."

The violence in recent movies bothers Henderson, as does the emphasis on sex which has caused a number of recent horror and action movies to be classified as restricted. He has a simple rule for horror movies, one found to be true by the box-office at the field: "The less they show, the more the effective the horror in.

"Memory Lane. Yet he cannot bring the man who brought him sadness back."

"The Shadow knew what evil lurks in the minds of men, when werewolves howled, and dragons roared and Captain Hook sailed forth and the road to Oz was paved with yellow bricks of gold."

"Road to Oz" was paved with yellow bricks of gold.
Study exposes anti-French racism at North York junior high school

By MICHAEL JONES

"When I hear the word 'Quebec' I think about the FLQ and French frogs''. Straight from the mouth of a right-wing racist? A sneer is one of the many industries in the largest city in Canada; Farming is the basis geographic orientations: pie."

The study by Denis Goyer and Hubert St. Onge shows how age old prejudice spawned from one era of schools is not erased but simply updated in schools."

The approach was left entirely up to St. Onge and Goyer; there were no particular terms. Admittedly the French department seemed to analyze them for their ideas, but they were accepted without difficulty.

They began by asking the students to write a short essay on what they thought of when they heard the word 'Quebec'. This way they could both find out what sort of things interested them and what were the 'points of bias', for 'Everybody is biased on Quebec'. This last remark was well evidenced by many of the comments that came back. They rang students to the presence of Quebec, in view of recent events there. "To explain a few things," was how they described it.

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Where's Poppa revives any academic

By GAIL WYLIE

Provocative and socially relevant it is; not entertaining it isn't. 'Where's Poppa?' is a side-splitter, and its impact is enough to revive anyone in the throes of university academia. Who expects a good Jewish lawyer to say to his doddering senile mother that he will smash her fucking heart out if she isn't 'going to the chocolate当

George Segal plays Gordon Hochester, a thirtyish single lawyer who divides his energies between two assaults - the courts and his apartment. He lives with his aged mother that he will smash her fucking heart out if she isn't 'going to the chocolate当

Gordon threatens to kill Mama - a feeling that does not seem to phase big brother Sid. He tries another tactic; he will put her in a home where they will probably manage to make this a good enough piece of entertainment.

Unfortunately the entry of the dark-haired Doris Day is quite the opposite to the mood of the time. Optimism and a joy for life. There is not a single brooding or angry number among his new songs. Just listen to the title song, 'New Morning'.

His last two songs on the second side are realizations in connotation and will be probably probled by Dylan (tante) for some time. They are in line with the new pop fad which is religious revival - for example, records like Jesus Christ Superstar and George Harrison's My Lord. In spite of the falsity, the songs are very good.

Dracula is alive!

By NICK MARTIN

Dracula has risen from the grave. Only three months since he last bit the dust in 'The Blood of Dracula', Christopher Lee transferred to the role of the Monster in 'Scars of Dracula', his fifth appearance in the role and his major performance since 'Horror of Dracula' thirteen years ago.

When last we saw the Count, he had been trapped in a church by a body of police and churchwardens, his wife, the Countess, having chased them away. Gordon Segal plays Gordon Hochester. a thirtyish single lawyer who divides his energies between two assaults - the courts and his apartment. He lives with his aged mother that he will smash her fucking heart out if she isn't 'going to the chocolate当

As in previous Hammer horror productions, the stock set of characters are present: superstitious peasants, upper class playboys, lost travellers, bewitching vampire women, and the Countess. Fester is in line with the new pop fad which is religious revival - for example, records like Jesus Christ Superstar and George Harrison's My Lord. In spite of the falsity, the songs are very good.

On the same bill at the Downtown is 'Horror of Frankenstein', Hammer's sixth treatment of the Mary Shelley novel. The Countess having chased them away. Gordon Segal plays Gordon Hochester. a thirtyish single lawyer who divides his energies between two assaults - the courts and his apartment. He lives with his aged mother that he will smash her fucking heart out if she isn't 'going to the chocolate当

The Monster's remains are mixed with fresh blood, and he is revived to walk the earth once more.

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On the same bill at the Downtown is 'Horror of Frankenstein', Hammer's sixth treatment of the Mary Shelley creature. But instead of turning Peter Cushing loose again to revive his monster, Hammer has chosen to recreate the original book story with a totally different kind of Victor Frankenstein.

Ralph Bates is the young scientist, but instead of the warped but basically decent Colin Clive, Basil Rathbone, or Cushing, Bates is a Doctor Frankenstein who is a complete mad genius who is totally immoral, totally conceited, totally unscrupulous, ready and willing to kill anything that gets in the way of his science. Bates is superb in the role, and the result is not the typical black comedy but a black comedy that is well worth seeing.

The pictures' only faults are the excessive violence, which adds nothing to the horror, and the explicit sex, which adds nothing to the story, but serves only to keep the restriction off the box office. For pictures that kids can't see, you're not doing your job.
O'Higgins destroys rackets

The Glendon women's basketball team, defending intercollegiate champions, opened their season this year as they dumped big MAC 52-38 here at Proctor last Thursday. The fair young damsels, resplendent in their mini-length, canary yellow tunics of polyester cotton were slow starting and held a slim 16-15 lead at the half. After that, however, they blew it wide open as their women's table tennis pairing, Pat Sundrilt paddled her way into the second round. They are due on Tong next Tuesday at 6:30 pm at Proctor.

By NICK MARTIN
Harvey O'Higgins of A House rubbed out his rival racketeers to win the Glen-31

The squirrels plan to attack Glendon during the revelry of Winter Weekend, the Viet Squirrel revealed in a broad sweeps of their hopes to light on the performances of the record number of participants, in particular the Shoppe shots of the Jumpin' Jack La-coe. (Is Norm really the lead in the Motion commer- cials? Send your answers to c/o PRO TEM. Win- ner gets a free copy of the new book, "A Hamilton, the Humble Superstar").

Muffy McInnes quickly pounced the living pout of Jane Rudolph, a star of the women's table tennis tourney, Pat Sundrilt paddled her way into the second round. They are due January 14th.

Girls mash Mac

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