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the

lantern



VOLUME XVII

NOVEMBER 6, 1970

NUMBER 2

Abortion, Who's Right

By Jeryl V. Proce

On Monday, October 26, 1970 at 12:30 A.M. a group of men and women gathered at the Government Center in Boston to protest the Massachusetts Anti-Abortion Laws. Among these people were doctors, lawyers, representatives from M.O.R.A.L. (Mass. Organization to Repeal Abortion Laws), women's lib, Gay Front, and concerned individuals not affiliated with any group. They were all brought together under one premise, that is to repeal all abortion laws. The Mass. law concerning Therapeutic abortion now prevalent is:

"Termination of pregnancy" by medical abortion is apparently legal in Massachusetts under certain circumstances. Questions are often raised on this point by physicians as well as members of the lay public. This statement is designed to help clarify this situation. Sections 19 and 21 of Chapter 272 of the General Laws impose a criminal penalty upon anyone who **"unlawfully"** uses instruments, etc. with intention to produce an abortion or who "sells, lends, gives away, etc . . . any instrument or other article, etc . . . for the prevention of conception or for causing **unlawful** abortion or advertises, etc.

The use of the words "unlawfully and unlawful" as applied to abortions in the above statutes implies that there is such a thing as "lawful" abortion, and physicians have long considered therapeutic abortion lawful under certain circum-

(Continued on Page 3)

Results of Student Gov't Meeting

By Janet Formicola

Various topics of interest were discussed at last night's student government meeting, Jeryl Proce, editor-in-chief of the Lantern introduced herself and her staff to the government representatives. She revealed that the paper is in need of funds in order to carry out the desire of the staff to publish one newspaper a week. Various representatives suggested that the paper be published bi-monthly, however, the staff feels this would defeat the idea of a newspaper—to reveal current news which is of interest to the Lesley community. Suggestion as to how the paper can raise money will be greatly appreciated.

The next item on the agenda was a discussion of the Camera Club. They share a common problem with the newspaper, lack of funds. It was emphasized that unless the club receives sufficient funds it might be necessary to charge each member a slight fee. The officers hesitate to do this since they would like the darkroom and other facilities to remain open to all students of Lesley college, rather than only those who had paid a fee.

The dean of general education, Dr. Van Egmond, has expressed the desire to obtain guest speakers for the students' enjoyment and further enrichment. **HOWEVER, HE NEEDS SUGGESTIONS DESPERATELY!!** Who are you interested in? What topics would you like to hear discussed? This facil-

(Continued on Page 4)

Notices on Notices

By Toni Brodax

It was announced on Thursday, that there would be nominations for freshman elections. The actual voting would take place on Tuesday, Nov. 27 after the the speeches on Monday night. There was an estimate of twenty people running for offices. These included President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Publicity chairman, and a representative for the Judicial Board.

There were a few campaign gimmicks used during this election. Some of those running for office refused the urge to study, and instead, went on a handshake campaign. Another novelty used was making posters on the back of the placemats in the cafeteria.

Not many of the nominees knew what the position they were running for meant. This was clarified before anyone gave their speech. It is still not clear in our minds, though, who is running the elections. The supporting evidence for this is the fact that many names were mis-spelled on the ballots and that all the candidates were not listed.

The attendance at the speeches was less than one fourth of the entire freshman class. Many conclusions can be drawn from this. Either many freshman were studying, or some might've been on dates, some might've been staying at their boyfriends' overnight or there's just a slight possibility that they just didn't care.

It seems as though all the different classes in the school complain

(Continued on Page 4)

Editorial

By Jeryl V. Proce

When I consider the issues and policies now prevalent in the United States, I find it hard to comprehend the non-involvement at Lesley College during this past election week. Here we are, learning to teach the future minds of our country, learning to teach better so that their society will be better. Why teach if situations will still exist like this. Why bother improving one aspect of methods, reading, writing and arithmetic when the children we teach will still be confronted with "now" existing problems. Improving techniques will not necessarily be that useful to the solution of problems.

Involvement takes time, energy, and most of all, the independence of removing your body out of the classroom, whether teaching or learning to teach. We are faced either with improving a tomorrow for children or subsisting in today. The problem arose. The decision was made by each and every one of you. It seemed that Lesley College, as an institution of higher learning, knew little or absolutely nothing at all of what was so relevant and important to all of us. It was completely obvious to what affected our women outside of our institution. No attempt, at most levels, was made to show any interest in the elections. The decision to keep school open was appropriate, because the administration was able to perceive student apathy long before November 3, 1970. The elections, which should have stimulated an important involvement of extracurricular activities, received as much attention as facing a dinner in Whitehall.

At the administrative point of view, a loss of two weeks or one quarter of student teaching time for seniors would have been in itself another obstacle. Another aspect, is our involvement politically. Since we do receive state funds, it was suggested that Lesley not get involved politically. Though it is quite accepted socially, religiously and perhaps even sexually.

Where do we draw the line? Where do we say, "Change is needed now." If we could have worked and would have wanted to work within society, election day results, for most of you would be representative of your ideas, whether those ideas lean towards liberalism, conservatism, Democracy or Republicanism. You, as an individual, could have helped it. Your complaining later of unfair representation in regard to policies, issues or politicians will not aid in bringing our country together. It is a sad injustice that we were not at liberty these past two weeks, to ACTIVELY participate in campaigning and working for candidates of our choice, without the fear of having lost time from classes, teaching or losing state aid. But, the decision was yours to make, I do wonder how many of you even thought about it.

THE LANTERN

Official newspaper of Lesley College, 29 Everett St. Cambridge, Mass., every week during the college year, exclusive of vacations and examination period. Printed by The Antioch Publishing Company. Subscription rate by mail: \$5.00 a year. Advertising by request.

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Joe

By Mimi Packman

I love Joe, Joe Gordon, the New York folk singer, performed an impromptu concert for a small group of Lesley girls on Thursday, October 22, 1970. He had come back from Europe with nothing more than a Spanish guitar to make his already unique style and sound, a little finer. I have the privilege to be close friends with Joe, and it was no small claim to fame, that he had come to see me that night. The newspaper staff who were the few to see him, were so impressed by his performance, that they decided to devote an entire article to him.

He has played professionally at various concerts sponsored by the New York Peace Movement, the Village Gate, in Greenwich Village, and The Bitter End, also in the Village. During his trip to Europe this summer, he played at a number of places on tour through France, Spain, and Switzerland. In Switzerland he played at the well-known Atlantis which is the Fillmore's equivalent. He is now preparing himself for a number of upcoming concerts in New York.

Not only does Joe sing well-known blues and rock, but much of what he plays is original. His own emotions and depth are displayed more in his own music, rather than the unoriginal pieces. It's very hard to put into words the feelings I have for Joe, but if you ever hear the name Joe Gordon again, look into it, there's a lot there.

The Impressionable Day

"Excuse me, do you know where Everett Street is?"

"No, I'm new around here."

"Excuse me, do you know where Everett Street is, Lesley College."

"Never heard of it."

(Continued on Page 3)

Impressionable Day

(Continued from Page 2)

Fifteen minutes passed, I was convinced that either every one in Cambridge was a freshman or else, Lesley College was simply nonexistent. Finally after asking the girl at Bences', I was told it was right down the street. Well, that was convenient enough.

Rushing up and down steps for a half hour I was in my room, but alas, no room-mate. She had definitely left her mark though, which was cool, a rug that said LOVE, a half of a closet filled with clothes, a typewriter neatly placed on her desk, and various sundry articles ascattered about the room. Panicking slightly, I went down to get the key.

"Can I please have my key, room 32."

"Room 32! Hi, I'm your room-mate."

A wave of relief swept over me. Upstairs was complete chaos.

"Do you know Alan Levy, George Schwartz, Tony Peroni?"

And they all did. Here I was at camp. But, I had already had twelve years of it. Dinner was strange that night, because I knew that I would probably never see any of the girls in dresses until about four years later at graduation.

The first dorm meeting was a scene. The lectures warned us about the Harvard perverts, the Cambridge perverts, the practices of putting down your shades at 6 p.m., and keeping your doors locked at all times. What was this place? I was ready to split that night. Curfew and parietals were another down, here I was at camp that didn't even allow raids.

Lesley does have its positive aspects though, the people I became friends with, act as though we have been friends for years, and most of the others always have a warm smile, and a friendly hello.

I didn't go to any mixers or frat parties so I can't comment on those

Charles, We Love

You All

By Beverly Hinkley

You have an extra Sunday afternoon! What do you do! Chances are you'll join the other outdoorsy Bostonians on the banks of the dirty water of the Charles River.

The Charles is one of Boston's been songs composed about it and poems written by it's litter strewn banks. But what is the mystery surrounding this dirty water! The Charles is one of the most polluted rivers on the east coast, yet every spring the yacht club is out in full force. It is an inspiring sight to see the small boats tacking across the river on a warm, sunny day. The Harvard rowing team uses this river, too. (But the also have shots at the beginning of the season to guard them against the pollution.)

Love is common on the banks of the Charles. It may be two young lovers holding hands or two young lovers indulging in their sexual passions to the amusement of the old men on the benches.

The Charles is Boston's hangout, high up, and let down. If you don't look at the dirt, it's a lovely break in the buildings and the smog. Boston wouldn't be Boston without our dirty water. The Charles is Boston. Despite the faults of our river it is one thing that all Bostonians have to share.

even though they are an intergral part of Lesley life.

I guess I had a preconceived idea of what classes would be like, but I was totally wrong. They weren't as difficult or as impersonal as I had thought. To sum it all up, my first impressions were pretty accurate when compared to what I feel now. If you are a warm, friendly person who likes to be an individual and not a number, Lesley is the place to be.

Safari Dinner

All the preparation was amazing. They began after lunch, and The dining room was off limits, and people were wondering what exactly was going on back there. The one's that took a look, saw a table laden down with fruit, and decorations representing a jungle. As a matter of fact, the dining room just didn't look like the one we all know and love.

Then, at 5:00 pm. on Tuesday, October 27, 1970, the Lesley college dining room opened up its doors and had a safari dinner, waiting for her students. As the band played on. Lesley students poured into the dining room. The lines were backed up all the way past the salad table. But, not only were there Lesley students, but male students from all over the Boston area to take part in the gala occasion. And the band played on.

When they finally got up to the head of the line, the students saw a variety of foods including: Boonties (the vegetables), Safari Kebabs (shishkebabs), Congolese Baked Chicken, Langooste Cape-town (seafood newburg), Rice Pilaf, and Lions cake (cheesecake) for dessert. Finally, after getting your food and sitting down, the tasting began. The result was that the food was really good! And the band played on.

All we can say is that the kitchen, headed by Altan Zdanwich did a fine job on the Safari dinner, which was a definite success. On behalf of the student body, we would like to thank all the people in the kitchen for their hard work which was put into this meal. We also hope that this type of dinner will be seen again at Lesley. And the band played on.

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Abortion, Who's Right

(Continued from Page 1)

stances.

This interpretation of the law has been approved by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court in the 1961 case of *Commonwealth vs. Brunelle*, 1961 A.S. 113, in which the court said "We have held that a physician is justified in effecting an abortion where he has exercised skill and judgment in the honest belief that his acts were necessary to save the woman from great peril to her life or health (*Commonwealth vs. Brown*, 121 Mass. 69, 76-77) provided that his judgment corresponds with "the average judgment of the doctors in the community in which he practices." *Commonwealth vs. Nason*, 252 Mass. 545, 551. See *Commonwealth vs. Corbett* 307 Mass. 7, 11-12. It was said in *Commonwealth vs. Wheeler*, 315 Mass. 394, 395: "For the purpose of this case at least, we assume that, in general, a physician may lawfully procure the abortion of a patient if in good faith he believes it to be necessary to save her life or to prevent serious impairment of her health, mental or physical, and if his judgment corresponds with the general opinion of competent practitioners in the community in which he practices."

It should be observed that the court permitted evidence to be introduced in the *Wheeler* case that good medical practice requires that therapeutic abortions be in a hospital and not in an office, and only after previous professional consultation with another physician, although the court did not specifically say this practice be followed.

One fact is clear: therapeutic abortions are performed in hospitals of high standing throughout Massachusetts after medical consultation, thus demonstrating an established belief on the part of physicians that such operations are lawful, in view of the implications of the statutes and the avail-

Notices on Notices

(Continued from Page 1)

and bullshit, but that's all they do. There is a lot of talk, but no action. Proof of this is getting this week off for canvassing. If you have a problem, and want to take action, you take it to a committee, and in turn they take it to another committee.

No one was informed of the nominations. No one was informed about the contents of the speeches. No one knows when the winners will be announced. The availability of information is limited, especially to those requesting knowledge (or anything). Another example of this would be the first meeting of the safety wardens. Many times there has been a probing into the whereabouts of this meeting, but the only response has been, "NO information is available at this time."

able judicial interpretations.

What these groups are trying to achieve is, to repeal all abortion laws to seek the elimination of hospital committee procedures which deny a woman her right to decide to continue or interrupt her pregnancy, and to expect doctors to perform abortions in accordance with the judicial interpretations of the law. On this legislature matter. Lastly, legalized abortion is humane. To be born an unwanted child is a curse, for there are too many hazards that face every child, especially if it is in an unhappy environment with respect to its family.

In retrospect, it is evident that the decision to bear or not to bear a child should be a woman's unalienable right. This new struggle, will be ahead and we'll need all the power we can get. For information or help, you are urged to contact one of the following:

Boston, Clergy Consultation Service on Problem Pregnancies, Director: Rev. Clyde Dodder First Unitarian Society of Newton, Mass. (617) 527-7188

Results of Student

Gov't Meeting

(Continued from Page 1)

ity is for YOUR benefit, and we need suggestions. Drop them off to Dr. Van Egmond, Mr. Honick, the newspaper staff, or your government representative.

For the past few weeks a green and yellow box with the words "Suggestions for the Lantern" has been sitting in the entranceway of Whitehall. PLEASE MAKE USE OF IT! The Lantern staff would like each of you to get involved. Feel free to make any suggestions on how we can improve the paper, what you'd like to see in the paper, and how the Lantern can be more meaningful to all students here at Lesley. Also—YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS ARE DESIRED AND WELCOME. Poetry, original prose, letters to Floosie-Woosie, comments, letters to the editor, reviews of plays, books, musicals that you think others would enjoy — the staff welcomes these. We want YOU to be involved — inactivity breeds boredom; boredom breeds depression; depression breeds destructive discontent. Let the Lantern be the means by which you achieve great ends. Much is accomplished by the written word, and the improvement of all facets of Lesley College is a major concern of the Lantern staff.

The final item discussed at the government meeting concerned the meetings themselves. ALL STUDENTS ARE WELCOME AND URGED TO ATTEND THESE MEETINGS EACH TUESDAY NIGHT AT 7:00. The representatives are anxious that each student be informed about meetings, etc. that are held at the school. Please be an aware, constructive, active participant of Lesley College. YOUR improvement is the FIRST step towards the improvement of the rest of the college.

I Want to Go Home

By Patty Cole

I want to go home. I don't enjoy meeting "intellectual" men who don't have the brains or the manners not to presume too much. I'm tired of going to mixers and parties where they herd you into rooms and play quiz games with your past. I can't enjoy talking to a guy and have him throw a casual question in, about your morals and your sexual appetite. Everyone walks in and tries to appraise you with the "up and down" look, I'd only like to tell them that they're not passing my inspection, either. I'm sick of meeting men who assume you're a loose college coed and try to seduce you with discussions of their past experiences and then try a little physical stimulation to see if you're as frigid as you seem. They think they're so smooth, with their walks to the river and their lectures on new morality, the big bad world, and how beauty should be shared. I don't dig big bashes where they talk about horoscopes, zipcodes, and "Oh, Detroit. Isn't that where they make cars?" I'm fed up with men who think Lesley is Harvard's bedroom and that we should uphold that reputation.

I want to be home where I'm not afraid to say what I'm thinking, where when you swing your leg—no one thinks it's mental masturbation, and where I can hug a boy and not have to tell him, "no, I won't go to bed with you." Why can't people accept what they get or look at the person, not the body? Why do they talk of personality and "beauty being only skin deep", when they look at you, only to find a girl with bigger breasts, larger eyes, or a shorter nose? Hypocrisy is prevalent here and I hate it and resent it. Lesley is not a two year secretarial college, or a finishing school. It is a fine school where we learn not to warp the future. I am so sick

The Flick Scene

By Debbie deGraffenried

This article is for those of you who have not seen MASH. For those who have, well, you know it all. Elliot Gould and Donald Sutherland star in this flick as GI's in the war (what else). This dynamic duo pull off a real heavy satire on our involvement in Vietnam. If you haven't been introduced to the famous Hotlips than you're certainly missing something.

Gould and Sutherland play the surgeon scene and their episodes put them into some hilarious, romantic, embarrassing, exciting and intense situations. The feeling you come away with is that this team is finished with the establishments regimental approach to life and treat their own with a realistic one. Gould is Gould in this flick but unlike **GETTING STRAIGHT** where it was sort of a one man show he shares his fame with Donald Sutherland, an extremely impressive guy. You can tell they both, together make the show and the absence of either one would blow it. Seeing it one time put me at a loss, my date was laughing ten times harder than I was and this was his sixth time. You just wouldn't believe the things these guys pulled off. I feel sorry for Vietnam if that's what really goes on over there, but one never knows! If you're wondering what some of these antics are, well there's the time practically the whole group pulls the shower curtain up on Hotlips to see if she's really a natural blonde. If you look beyond the brief blood and skin scenes you find a thoroughly enjoyable flick you'll never forget, whether you see it once or twenty times. Who knows some of you might enjoy those scenes, they are part of life!

See it, it's one of those rare, happy films.

of the naivety of "those boys" who insist it's fine if you can get it. Just "Let it be."

Thumbs Up in Cambridge

By Toni Brodax

Many of the sights in Cambridge, or in Boston, can be seen clearly through the window of a volkswagon. This is the most common of all cars to pick up hitchhikers. The people that own volkswagons are either students, or people that live on a low budget. Both groups know how it feels to hitch.

It is interesting to note that more girl hitch-hikers get picked up than boys. The people that pick them up are almost always guys. Anyone that walks as they are trying to hitch shows ambition. They will get picked up long before those that are standing still. Usually, the best place to try and get a ride is along a well known avenue. Some examples of this can be seen by those riding past hitchhikers on Massachusetts Avenue, Commonwealth Avenue (home of many B.U. students) or on Beacon Street.

Many people choose to hitch for several reasons. One is a lack of transportation (bicycle or car). Another reason is the cost. The M.B.T.A. is a system that charges a quarter for the privilege of riding this subway that totally confuses anyone new to Boston. The best reason for hitching is that it usually gets you to the destination you want in the shortest time. (if the driver knows what he is doing).

The best time to hitch is during the day. Many students are going to and from classes. On Saturday, people go shopping and are willing to take on a person with good taste. Some people have nothing to do and just ride around looking to help a friendly stranger, in need of a ride.

Many times someone who is hitching is picked up by a person that appears to have something mentally wrong with him, commonly called a pervert. One example of this is a man who picked up

(Continued on Page 6)

Thumbs Up in Cambridge

(Continued from Page 5)

three girls hitching back from a Tufts mixer. He was not able to speak normally. After every statement he would say "right". This would happen whether the statement was senseable or senseless. At the end of this excursion (he drove 5 m.p.h.) he tried to attack one girl at the rear end of her suspension.

In another incident, two girls got picked up by a man that had been inebriated for five days. This man had done this once every eight months. Wherein the car the man had flung some french fries at the two girls, it was okay but the fries were greasy. Continuing on their tour, the girls encountered a difference of opinion about the expedition route. He proceeded on a route that did not follow signs originating from Boston to Cambridge. He admitted that he was not only a graduate of B.U. but of Wellesley. His speech and reckless driving would have reminded anyone of a Boston cab driver. The only concern of his was to continue on his binge for a few more days.

It would be desirable to have at least one companion while hitching. It is also advisable to hitch only in daylight hours, choosing people who drive Volkswagens. The safest means of travel is going by foot.

The MTA

By Marlene Sands and
Michele O'Leary

In the Boston-Cambridge area, one of the most popular forms of transportation is the MBTA, commonly known as the MTA. If you are unfamiliar with the underground system, it can be quite a trying experience.

Rushing madly past the hoards of people on the stairs, you realize that you have no change—only a one dollar bill. You approach the man in the box in order to obtain a dollar's worth of change.

"A dollar's worth of quarters please! !"

"That's what we usually give you honey—no need to get excited."

"Which train do I take to get to Park Street?!"

"There's only one train sweetheart, and it's sitting right in front of you."

You push and shove to get to the entrance gates. Your quarter refuses to go into the slot. The man in back of you is rolling down impatient. Sweat is rolling down your face. You realize that everybody is staring at you. RELIEF!! The quarter finally goes in, and just as you make it through the gate, the train has pulled away. As you stand on the platform, dumbfounded, you hear someone say that the next train will come in 5 minutes, 5 minutes has passed—10 minutes—20 minutes—it's not here yet!! Suddenly, you hear the screeching of the train coming around the bend—it has finally arrived.

As you move along with the crowd, all trying to enter one door at the same time, you feel as though you are amongst a herd of cattle at round-up time. When, at last, you are through the door, you find that there are no vacant seats. "Oh well, it's only four stops to Park Street," you say with a sigh.

The train speeds along on its

way, as you cling madly to the pole to keep from falling on top of the person next to you. Before you know it, the doors of the train open, and the conductor yells, "PARK STREET!!!" Again, you push and shove in order to get off the train, and then run like crazy up the stairs to try to catch a trolley. If you are lucky, it has just started to pull away. Run like mad and you may be able to make it.

"I have often wondered how sardines feel being packed so tightly together—now I know!" you think to yourself as the trolley speeds along at the relaxing pace of 80 miles per hour. And just as you are about to faint from the heat and lack of breath, you are happily informed that you have reached your destination—downtown Boston! Climbing the stairs leading to the street, you think to yourself, "Ah. . .! Free at last!" And then you wonder—"Do I have another quarter to get back home?" There's just no escape.

Someday

By Jeryl V. Proce

Far out along the dark horizon.
Beneath a darkened sky of gray,
There is a person with love.
Who is awaiting for the day.

Oh, won't you hurry, don't be late
For I call you at the gate,
When the morning fog is clearing.

A mother standing all alone.
Waiting for this child to come
home,
Mother dear, I am nearing.

How will you love and protect me?
When sky's of gray have faded
but still there.
With love and happiness here
It will be our's to share.

My love, I've searched so far,
I've come waiting for your beckoned call.
The nights I've spent, the times we
had in all.
My love, I am, forever, yours.

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