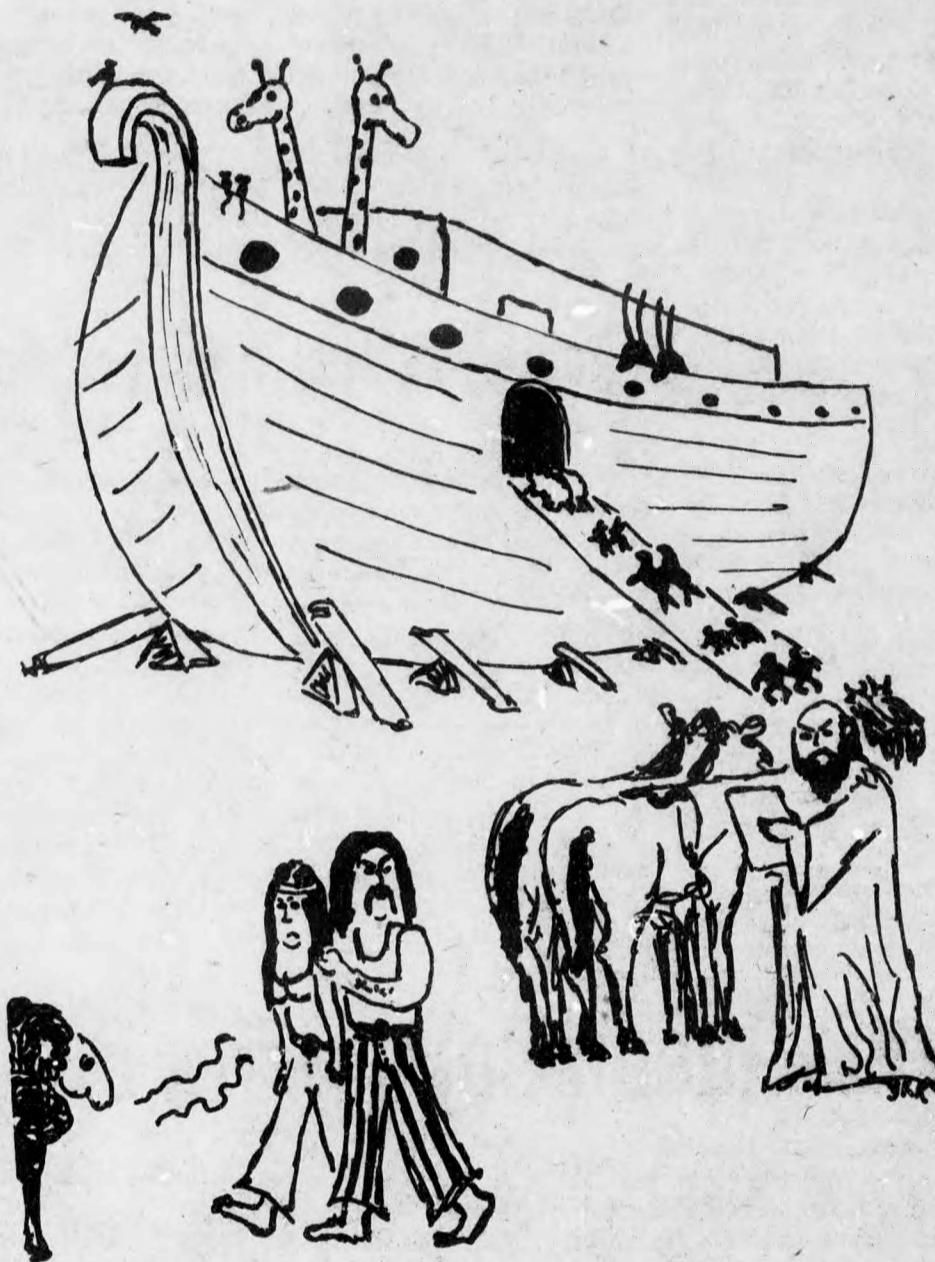


Editorial

I made my way to the university this morning, little guessing that my life would be in jeopardy upon entering the campus. No, it was not from bandits, wild beasts, or the like that I feared for my life. It was rather the prospect of drowning that confronted me and thus caused me some apprehension. Failing to have a rubber dingy or a pair of water-wings at hand, I was forced to endeavour the traversing of the flooded and ice-bound walkways and paths of the campus to reach my office. Several times I was forced to retrace my steps and seek an alternate route, having come upon a pool of water and slush which can only be described as a small sea. Numerous such excursions and frequent falls finally brought me to the safety of my citadel in the SUB. I immediately set about ordering my staff to collect emergency rations and to commence construction of a large ark, expecting, at any moment, the security of our abode to be attempted by the rising level of water without. While construction on the ark progressed, we received numerous calls from frantic parents and distressed students claiming the disappearance of their children and their friends. One call informed us of the plight of one poor student stranded on a pile of snow with the water rising about him. A row boat was immediately dispatched to his rescue. Another was a pitiful plea from a distressed young lady, asking us to commence dragging operations



"and Noah collected the beasts of the fields, in pairs ..."

for her boy-firend. It seems that she and her beau had been walking along the pathway at the side of the SUB when, upon encountering a rather large pool of water which obstructed their way, the young gentleman had attempted to lay her coat (he being unfortunately without one at the time) across the water that his lady could thus pass. Upon stepping into the water to lay her coat, the young gallant immediately disappeared beneath its surface, much to the discomfort of his young companion (being as we have heard, more from the misfortune of having lost her coat than of her lover). We were, to tell a sad tale, unable to recover either her coat or her lover.

We have, just at this moment completed the construction of our means of escape from the impending floods, and will in a short while embark. We regret the necessity of having kept the construction of the ark a secret from the rest of the campus, but it would have been impossible to accomodate more than a handful of students, having, by precedent, to give over the greater part of our ship to coupled beasts, though there was, I must admit, some doubt concerning several rather strange long-haired creatures. This letter becomes in effect, the last will and testimony of the Brunswickan staff to the world. Our final words to our fellow human being are:
Can you swim?

feedback feedback feedback feedback feedback

Dear Sir:

RE: Abortion: An In-Depth interview (January 29, 1971).

Having read this article through a number of times, I am left with a feeling of extreme discontent with myself. Obviously, it is the author's intention that readers

should finish the story in a flood of sympathetic tears and then rush off to Confessional to beg forgiveness for the abortion they either had last month or browbeat their girlfriends into having. To my utter embarrassment, I am doing neither.

In the first place, I have a severe aversion to "cry babies" like good ol' Doris who sleep around ("... three or four times)... I don't know for sure" -- obviously these 3 or 4 guys, whoever they were, didn't make much of an impression!) and then are flabber-

gasted to find themselves pregnant. Funny thing about that! Then to add insult to injury, they can't shut up about it and have to run around the rest of their lives making miserable for themselves and growing monstrous guilt complexes. In my opinion, this is evidence of a personality flaw right there. Then we are given this garbage to the effect that having an abortion and putting a child up for adoption are merely two sides of a real bummer. Now, *come on!* This is one time I honestly regret having majored in History because I'd be willing to bet the psychologists have a term for this category of female -- probably along the lines of "mother-compulsive." Her pet theory seems to be as long as the baby is alive and with its rightful mother (whether Mommy is married or not), things will be rosy. This kid is definitely a die-hard optimist -- no matter how much contemporary society is changing its likes and dislikes, a single girl with a child is going to find it just a little more than difficult (in Fredericton, you might just as well forget the whole thing) and

from what I can gather from Doris' emotional status, she's the type who would probably end up resenting the child for the way it was slowing her down. Now I ask you, what's so bad about adoption (that is, if you're going to see the nine-month routine through anyway)?

An important omission also seems to be the exact date when this horrendous experience is supposed to have taken place. It must have been over three years ago or else Doris isn't talking to the right people (not all Montreal abortionists are butchers as I imagine a lot of UNB girls can tell you). And it seems to me highly improbable that she couldn't have found a reliable solution a lot closer than Puerto Rico (Sweden is probably just as close) and for a hell of a lot less than \$1500.

Now don't get me wrong. I can appreciate Doris' "plight" and I fully agree with her that an abortion is a decision every girl has to make on her own. But I do think Doris has a lot of re-thinking to do -- like deciding to give up reading

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BRUNSWICKAN

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