

OPINION and REVIEW

The Abortion Issue: Addressed and Challenged

The Abuse of Abortion

By Caroline Kalafut

In all the rhetoric about abortion, one fact has been ignored. The wrong women are having abortions. Every day, women in excellent physical and mental condition are aborting healthy fetuses, while crack addicted, AIDS infected, and mentally ill women are giving birth to very sick babies. The cost to the country is staggering.

I am not advocating more abortions to solve this problem. The answer is education, education, and more education. Society has failed its children by not fully explaining the pitfalls of early sexual experimentation. Young people must be taught that conception is the natural consequence of careless sexual activity.

Abortion is a treatment (and a poor one at that) for a condition that could easily be cured by preventative medicine: birth control.

As Andy Sees It

Relieving Stress Creatively

By Andy McIntyre

Stress is something which affects each and everyone of us throughout our daily grind, and like any other health related problem stress can be harmful if it exceeds a normal level.

I don't mean to sound like the Surgeon General, but in today's society human beings must find proper ways of dealing with stress.

As with anything else, people are all different, and so, we all have different ways of dealing with certain episodes in our lives. Some of us play sports, others tend to write, and some just have lots of sex. (Incidentally sex can be considered a health problem too, but then again who can really get enough?)

Anyway, I returned home from yet another extremely arduous and stressful day at school to find my mother standing in the doorway holding the phone bill in her hand. Turns out my phone calls to a certain female friend in Kutztown cost a little more than I thought they would.

So before I got a word in edgewise my mother was already screaming and waving the bill in my somewhat startled face. Funny, I didn't really think she wanted to hear my theory on stress.

So I ignored her, as I often tend to do when she is being obviously unreasonable. I mean, you know how it is. I had to call my friend in Kutztown because she's important. Who cares if the phone bill is high? The way I see it, I'm just helping the economy.

So I decided to leave my mother behind and escape into my much appreciated third floor apartment. Once I had locked the door (preventing my mom from

entering), I sat down in front of my much used drug— television.

Now, although I truly believe that television is one of our country's biggest problems, I use it frequently. You see, I'm addicted. But I'm trying to become relaxed in order to ease my stress, so the television in this situation was being thoughtfully used. "Hey," I thought, maybe I'd watch PBS.

There was supposed to be a show on about global warming. There's nothing more stress free than watching a show on the destruction of the earth.

Well, I ended up watching Nickelodeon, and *The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show* came on, followed by *Underdog*. Gosh, I hadn't seen those shows since I was a wee lad. So I ended up over-indulging in television for a few hours instead of falling into the pit of stress.

Yet, wasn't that the whole point? As I said before, humans are all extremely stressed out, so we need to find ways of handling our stress. So much to my surprise, I found that the television can actually have a purpose.

Sure, it may be considered a form of mind control. But hey, what's more important: relieving stress or simply letting something control your mind?

So after a couple hours of stress-free enjoyment my mother calmed down, dinner was ready, and the television was off.

Finally, I was ready to go downstairs and eat when I heard my mother's echoing voice "Andy, telephone." Well, I figured I'd go eat after I talked to whoever that was, and secretly I hoped it was my friend in Kutztown, 'cause I really wanted to learn how to relieve stress with her.

The Economics of Abortion

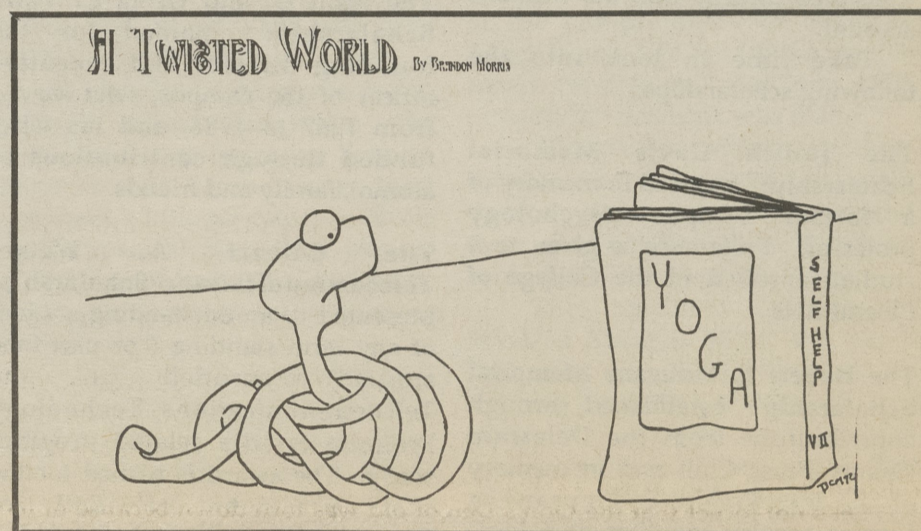
By Michelle Rinier and Tracy Zikowitz

We would like to respond to the unjustified blanket statements made in Ms. Kalafut's abortion editorial. Our primary complaint is her blatant abuse of loose statements when dealing with the sensitive issue of abortion.

Her opinion that "the wrong women are having abortions" is totally inane. *Why* any woman chooses to have an abortion is her own business and is not for anyone to judge whether it is right or wrong.

We do agree that education is the key to combat the heinous social problems of sexually transmitted diseases and unwanted pregnancies. If "the cost to the country is staggering" for the care of unwanted children, where will the money come from to prevent any more?

We were offended by her statements without any statistics to back up her cause. This subject is not so abstract that dollar figures and actual data need not be included. We can only hope that, in the future, the government will implement the social programs needed for the prevention of these issues.



The Freshman Zone

A Cutting Experience

By Mike Jamison

Remember those cold, drizzly high school days, when you awoke to total darkness and the sweet sound of plump rain falling on your bedroom awning. Remember how it felt to be snuggled in your warm blanket, lying in bed, letting the drizzle lull you back to sleep.

Then remember the sound of your alarm clock jolting you up from the covers, into your school clothes, and out into a miserable, rainy day.

Ah yes, dreadful memories indeed. But they are, in fact, just memories, and now we find ourselves college freshman, and we also find ourselves with the option and availability of CUTTING CLASS!!! Yes, here in the FRESHMAN ZONE all roads are taken, and the road of laziness is one of the main highways.

OK, I know that in previous installments of this column I told you how college is a great opportunity to learn and grow. But on that first cold, drizzly day of the school year, these words became whisps of a dream as I lay back down to sleep, rationalizing, "My teacher won't miss me in English. Besides, I never raise my hand anyway." This was my first "cutting class" experience, but it would not be my last.

Unfortunately, every day can't be rainy, so when I feel like skipping a class now and then I have no

rational basis except for one stark, sad fact: I'm lazy.

And, sad to say, the college system makes it easy for us slackers to slip past two hour algebra classes and go shopping for bell-bottoms instead.

Some genius of yesteryear built THE MALL next to this institute of learning, probably seeing the profit he would make from class cutting dunderheads like me, who would rather spend two hours in "Wicks and Sticks," picking out Christmas candles than wandering amongst fractions and theourums.

It makes you wonder how other class cutting slackers make it in universities where no entertainment is readily available. The thought sends a chill down my spine.

Well, here we go again, the end of the column, the space where I tell you what I learned and what you should say you learned. Well, I learned that cutting class isFUN AND EASY!!!!!!

Yes, sorry all you philosophical types, waiting for a deep interperatation of this article, I have to be truthful; cutting clases has become an accessible reality for new college freshman.

Instead of slinking around the cafeteria, keeping a constant lookout for the the vice principal, we can keep a lookout for the new winter fashions.

(Continued on Page 8)

Join the LION'S EYE Staff!

WE NEED

Writers ★ Photographers ★ Artists ★ Typists