

Letters cont from p. 5

ceptives in particular.)  
 One foolproof method of birth control, handed down a couple of generations by one very wise mid-wife, is buttermilk. Yes buttermilk, not to be used before and not to be used after but instead of!  
 A great deal of men and women have taken advantage of these birth control methods to satisfy their selfish needs. With no responsibility there is a tendency for moral values to get lost.

In this day and age, society looks upon the easily available birth control devices as a ticket to sex.

I think that any guy that convinces a girl (visa-versa) to go to bed on the assumption that she will not get pregnant because of the use of birth control, is a hideous, selfish animal that is not only taking advantage of the others body but mind also!

A factor that has a great deal of influence regarding this matter is the news media, with its stories and advertisements, which reflects the morals of society. Because the media is looked upon as a reliable source of whats happening, it has a responsibility to maintain some sort of moral standing for the community it reflects.

I feel that the media has let us, members of this particular community, down by

the printing of a full page advertisement (if you can call it that) that appeared in last weeks issue of the Sun. This ad concerns the products of Julius Schmid (prophylactics)  
 As far as the ad itself goes I think it is degrading and totally unnecessary. I would imagine that such a business would include instructions with the article bought. Right? Then why must they explain, in detail, the procedure for the use of a prophylactic? I don't think anyone is interested in reading about this procedure, only those with warped minds!

Granted, it is possible, that some persons may not be aware of this type of birth controls application, but they can find out from various pamphlets available at health centres or information provided with the purchase of such devices.

The main fault with these ads is that they might suggest that sex is alright. To young people, who have thought that sex is something special that two people do when in love (married) it might change their thinking that, because the ad is in the student newspaper, students must be using the product. If the product is being used then that means that sex is being used freely (without responsibility) And if everyone else is do-

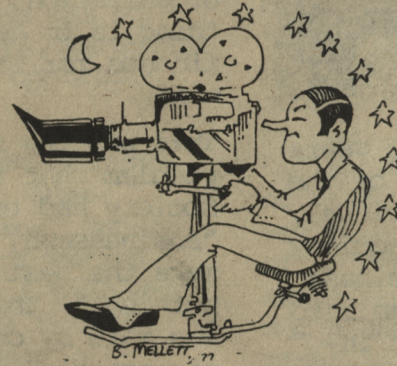
ing it then it must be alright!  
 I think it is the newspapers job to ward off any possibility of allowing even one person to be misguided this way.

Surely the Sun does not rely on Julius Schmid to support the paper, why not find some different ads to take its place. If you the Sun's editing staff or whoever is responsible for put-

ting ads in, say that you need the money of this particular sponsor then I would compare this paper to a pornographic magazine!!!

I make a plea to the editor, or whomever, to exclude the Julius Schmid ad or any others like it from further issues of the Sun, to achieve a high quality paper you've worked so hard towards. Thank you for your time.

A Concerned Reader



# Sunday Night Movie

## MARCH 19



**BLACK CHRISTMAS**  
 note;  
 two shows 7&9  
 canteen services  
 adm. \$ 2.00  
 in Duffy

Dear Editor:

I would like to congratulate Valerie Moore and Marsha Gaudet on the fine job they did in presenting the facts on abortion, in last week's paper. (Forget seals... save the babies, March 9)

I feel as strongly against abortion as they seem to, and was very

moved by the way in which the facts were presented. Too often people never stop to care or think about anyone than themselves. I would like to put my plug in on the abortion issue, by quoting a poem I've known, written by Fay Clayton, called the "Ballad of the Unborn".

My shining feet will never run on early morning lawn.  
 My feet were crushed before they had a chance to greet the dawn.  
 My fingers now will never stretch to touch the winning tape.  
 My race was done before I learned the smallest step to take.  
 My growing height will never be recorded on the wall.  
 My growth was stopped when I was still unseen and very small.  
 My eyes will never scan the sky for my high flying kite  
 For when still blind, destroyed were they, in the black womb of the night.  
 I'll never walk the shores of life or know the tides of time  
 For I was coming but unloved and that was my crime.  
 Nameless am I, a grain of sand one of the countless dead.  
 But that deed that made me ashen floats on seas of red.

Names, Alive and Loved.