



COLDER—See Page A-2

# Journal and Courier

Lafayette-West Lafayette, Ind., Tuesday, February 20, 1973



Read the Happy Ads in Classified

\* Vol. 54—No. 44

## Nervous and Scared, Jenny Flies to N.Y.

Second of six stories

(Editor's Note: Having decided to get an abortion, Jenny, a Lafayette woman, travels to New York for the operation. Today: The psychological preparations.)

By JOHN NORBERG  
Staff Writer

Jenny had no doubts about what was happening inside her, and no questions about what she was doing.

"I can't kid myself," she said above the roar of the airplane engines en route to New York. "It's a baby. But it couldn't live by itself . . . and that's why I think I have the right not to let it live. If that little thing could come out and survive and grow . . . then I wouldn't have the right . . ."

Not all girls seeking abortion feel that way. Everyone has individual feelings about the onset of human life in the fetus.

Fifteen men and women belong to Midwest Alliance, the West Lafayette pregnancy counseling group that helped Jenny reach her decision, and they all have different opinions on the issue.

But they all agree if a woman wants an abortion and can't get one legally from a physician, she's going to look elsewhere — and that elsewhere might be a kitchen table.

"If there was no abortion," said Jenny, "I would have kept the child. But the thing of it is, I knew there was abor-

tion. I knew I could get it legally. I knew of people who had one . . ."

There will always be women looking for abortion, it's only a question of where they will find it.

In New York City maternal deaths declined 50 per cent after abortion was legalized in July 1970, and the amateurs were put out of business.

Of more than 2,000 women sent to New York by Midwest Alliance, there have been two known, minor complications—no deaths.

"I have no second thoughts about what I'm doing," Jenny said, "just about the experience that lies ahead of me. But I'm not going to say I'm not scared," she added, "because I'm damn scared . . ."

Jenny and her boyfriend, Mike, spent the night before at a friend's apartment in Indianapolis. They slept very little.

Early Tuesday morning Mike took Jenny to the airport, but he didn't go along—physically.

### Pregnant Women In Conflict

Jenny was traveling in well-known company. Seated in the coach section, right in front of her, was former Indiana Gov. Matthew Welsh with the Wall Street Journal. Riding first class was Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar.

Since it was Jenny's normal day off work, nobody knew she left Lafayette. She'd be back on the job the next day.

She told no one in her family where she was going. Her sister-in-law was pregnant, and she didn't want to detract from that.

"People think it's awful," Jenny said. "My mother would probably . . . I don't know what my mother would say. . . She would understand if I told her and explained . . . Maybe I will . . . eventually."

All the way to New York Jenny talked about going home. She wondered if she would.

"I don't ever want to forget this," she said. "I want to remember it, but I don't want it to become all I think about. I have to accept the responsibility for what I'm doing."

As the plane approached New York, Jenny looked out the window and said she hoped to see Manhattan. "I'm going to make the most of this," she said, "but it would have been nice to just go to work today." She looked at the cloud formations.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to go out and walk around in them?" she said. "I wonder if man was meant to see this . . .?"

The plane landed at LaGuardia Airport at 9:36 a.m. Welsh hustled out to go about his business. Lugar was met

by smiling sportscaster Chris Schenkel. And Jenny went to the telephone to call the Dade abortion clinic's car service.

She was sent to the TWA lounge to look for Evelyn in the blue smock.

Evelyn-in-the-blue-smock met 32 women at the airport that day—a few more than normal. She checked off each woman's name on her clipboard, but mostly chatted about where they were from.

In 15 minutes two brothers arrived in brown Ford LTD station wagons. The clinic was 20 miles north of the airport.

Hank, Jenny's driver, was a former electrical engineer in his 20s. There were eight people in his car—two women lounged in the back of the wagon.

"There's nothing to worry about," Hank said as he pulled away. "Believe me, I know . . . I've had the operation." Nobody laughed.

"I try to help out as much as possible," Hank said above an eight-track stereo playing an organ rendition of "The Impossible Dream," while the car passed Yankee Stadium. "Lots of them are really uptight," he said. "Going up the trip is really quiet. On the way back it's like a party . . . the complete pressure is off."

Later, going back to the airport, Hank's brother told the women he was on the pill. "At the end of each month the

See JENNY ARRIVES, Page A-5

# Jenny Arrives at the Clinic

Continued From Page A-1

hair on my chest falls out," he said. It brought the house down.

Everyone relaxed when Hank passed out Bazooka Bubble Gum.

"You know," he said, "I once saw Richard Nixon pass us in a limousine. He waved as he went by. If he'd only known where we were going . . ."

They were going to a clinic in a wealthy, predominately Irish-Catholic neighborhood, and more than one effort has been made to get it out.

The clinic is operated by four physicians, who also see other patients there. About 25 people work for the doctors, and all of them smile—all of the time.

It looks modern and medical and smells antiseptic.

Jenny was first given a blood test. When she came out of the lab she held a small piece of gauze to her forearm.

"You know," she said, "this will probably be the sorest place."

It was.

Then came a counseling session with Eileen. Two other women were there too — a giggly girl from Georgia who had never been north of Tennessee and wanted to go shopping in Manhattan, and a thirtyish woman from Missouri who had three children and two miscarriages, and didn't want either again.

Eileen sat behind a desk in a small room and explained every step of the procedure, using a plastic model of the female sex organs. Midwest Alliance had already explained everything to Jenny, but Eileen went through it again.

"Some women come in here with the weirdest ideas of what they have to go through," said Eileen. "They're terrified, and that's what we're here for—to relax them."

Eileen also prepared them for going home. "There will be no visible signs of the abortion," she said. Occasionally, not

even a physician can tell. "Carry on your normal activities," said Eileen, "but no vigorous exercise. Are any of you in a bowling league?"

She talked at length about every contraceptive known to man and known to woman and gave the reliability of each. "Talk it over further with your doctor," Eileen said.

Fifteen per cent of the clinic's customers are repeaters. "The most discomfort you will have," said Eileen, "is like your normal menstrual period."

But some women hearing an explanation of the operation change their mind and return home pregnant.

"I wish they'd hurry up," Jenny said while sitting in the waiting area after the counseling session.

"You know," she said, "I can never . . ."

A nurse called her name . . . Jenny left for the operating room. At 12:15 p. m., Jan. 17, Jenny's pregnancy would be terminated.

**NEXT: Jenny's abortion—60 seconds to freedom.**