

Staff Editorial

Keep or kill?

Almost every third baby conceived in America is killed by abortion, according to AbortionFacts.com.

That means that 1.8 million mothers murder their own children every year just in the United States.

All women have their excuses for doing it:

They're too young.

They have to finish school.

They're unmarried.

Whatever happened to adoption?

The abortion of an unborn baby is just plain selfish.

Forty-five percent of all abortions in the U.S. are actually repeats, according to the Center for Disease Control. Unfortunately women use abortions as a method of birth control instead of using condoms.

Most women do not find out they are pregnant until they are a month along. In the first month after conception, the baby's heart begins to beat and foundations of the brain, spinal cord and nervous system are made.

Most women undergo an abortion after the first month of gestation. Almost every time an abortion is performed, a heart stops beating.

If a woman is in her first trimester, the doctor cuts the placenta and baby into pieces and scrape them out into a basin.

During the second trimester, the cervix is stretched open and a long plier-like instrument is inserted into the uterus. The baby is too large to fit through the cervix so the doctor grabs hold of the baby's leg or arm and twists until it is torn from the body. This is repeated limb by limb until the baby is ripped apart. The spine also must be snapped and the skull crushed.

In the third trimester when the baby can live outside the womb, a partial birth abortion is performed. The doctor inserts forceps into the cervix and turns the baby into breech position. Except for the head, which remains in the birth canal, the doctor pulls the baby out.

The baby is alive and moving.

The doctor inserts scissors into the base of the skull. A tube is inserted into the wound and the brain is sucked out. The dead infant is then pulled out.

The gruesome details of abortions are just one part of the pain abortions cause.

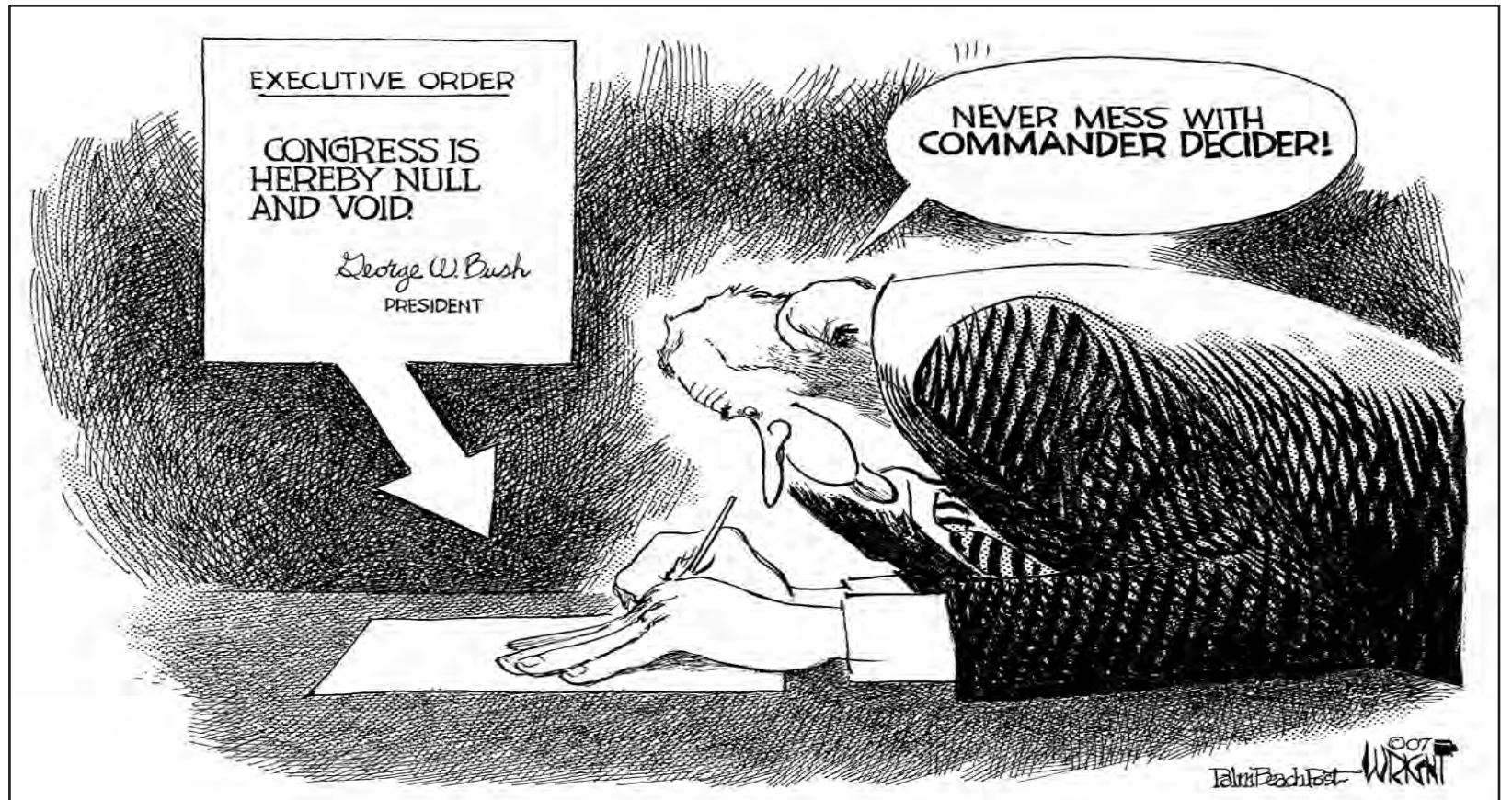
The mothers of the murdered, unborn children can suffer from severe emotional distress from killing their babies. When a woman takes her child's life, her scars never heal.

Congress should outlaw abortion.

No good has come out of killing unborn children.

With abortion readily available, less people choose to give up their children for adoption.

But if the horrendous, murdering act becomes illegal, every innocent human soul has a better chance for surviving.



Academy needs reviewer with good taste



JASON KIMBRO
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

out and millions of Americans will be bored senseless through what is likely to be another overly-long awards ceremony.

I used to dream of the days that I would become a famous actor/screenwriter/director/producer/editor/grip/gaffer/craft service provider and bring home one of those coveted trophies.

Of course, back then I thought they were filled with chocolate, but as I have recently noticed in the past 10 years they are actually filled with crap.

There have been a truckload of films that have constantly been overlooked by the academy and some actors get nods for the wrong films (i.e., Leonardo DiCaprio being nominated for "Blood Diamond" instead of "The Departed").

I am using my voice in this highly circulated piece of foldable media

to express my interest in becoming a member of the Academy. I know the big-wigs in Hollywood and elsewhere are enjoying their lentils with rye crackers at their cherry wood desks, reading our fine paper while trying to figure out who to invite next year, mistakenly passing over my fine film critiques.

Let me take a moment to try and convince you all why I should be a voting member, thus with high hopes and of course very high standards obtain the ability to campaign for the little films that many of us never get the opportunity to see.

First, I have been writing my fine film reviews for well over a dozen years. They have only been published in this paper since 2003 (minus my one year hiatus but we won't be discussing that) but that's only because I didn't have my foot in the door.

My film reviews have always been of the highest caliber and quality, ranging from provocative and evocative ideals about what the films should be to graceful and witty dialogue such as using the term "baboon-butt drivell" to describe the film "Radio" starring Cuba Gooding, Jr.

Or the politically correct expression "deaf Sioux dude" in explaining the tragedy at Wounded Knee portrayed in the beginning of the

film "Hidalgo."

My track record remains untarnished when it comes to my dead-on critiques and my ingeniously devised scoring system made up of the four grading criteria and a GPA. I mean, isn't that just TOO cute?

Getting back to my track record, giving great reviews to films such as "Team America: World Police" and "Broken Lizard's Club Dread" really show the depth of my gratitude for the art of filmmaking.

My range in genre has really been that of the utmost peachy keenest as well. Almost as peachy keen as my extensive range in vocabulary discussed above and obviously seen within the words of this wondrous column. I am such a genius.

When it comes to genre variety, in the past 10 newspapers I must have done at least five horror films and five action films, give or take a few. I like to throw an attempt at sophomoric comedy in there now and again as well.

Yes, I truly am a master film connoisseur. Ebert and Roper should worship me. Siskel should rise from the grave just to kiss my white ass. Ann Coulter should just shut the hell up already and finally realize that she and Rita Cosby were meant for each other. And some columnists need to realize that randomness isn't always the best way to

go.

Those small-budget masterpieces that we only get to see on video for they would never be shown in the theaters here. They're just too commercial, not unlike our radio stations. But now I'm rambling.

In case I never do get to become a rallying member of the Academy for those tiny, beautiful, provocative films, I would like to now take this chance, in a not-so-nationally read newspaper, to give a shout out to them all.

To "Pirates in a Caribbean," your women had the best jubbies of them all.

To "Cum on Eileen," your soundtrack was awesome!

To "A F*!@! at the Museum," I don't know if those were supposed to be special effects or not, but all I can really say is, WHOA!

And finally to "Happy Teet," you really showed a sense of bravery with those damn penguins. Or were those really little people in tuxedos?

Anyway, I hope you take this column into consideration and find me worthy of your acceptance into the Academy.

I figure that if the new Academy sporting goods place opening up wouldn't hire me, then at least you guys should be able to find me a spot.

Lazy parents avoid mature responsibilities



KRYSTLE CAREY
MANAGING EDITOR

Whether it be rearranging their schedule to take their kid to soccer practice or taking a sick day off work because the little one has a fever.

Although this is what most responsible parents do, some parents are not so dependable. Instead of revolving their life around their child's needs, some like to toss them to the grandparents.

It seems that this is becoming a rising trend among young parents. Instead of taking responsibility for getting pregnant, they decide to hand their children over to the grandparents who they know will gladly take them.

Usually once parents have a child they begin to plan out all the things they will need to do to take care of them.

Is this really the case if a grandparent does not want to take care of their grandchild at that moment?

No. According to the 2000 Census from the U.S. Census Bureau, about 5.8 million grandparents were living with grandchildren. About 2.4 million were responsible for grandchildren.

Once parents have raised their children, I believe it should be their own "me" time. Parents spend at least 18 years, depending on how many children they have, brushing aside their needs to take care of their children. Once their children move out of the nest, I think they have paid their dues.

It is not fair for their children to slack off on their own responsibilities and push their children onto their parents. The grandparents already did this with their children; they should not have to do it for

someone else's.

Some may say the grandparents are partly to blame for this issue.

However, if a parent does not raise a child to take responsibility for themselves, it more than likely will become a problem for the rest of that child's life.

When a parent tells their child to clean their room and ends up just cleaning it themselves, that is not going to teach the children any responsibilities, just laziness.

Handing their children off to grandma and grandpa seems to be a bigger trend with parents that are still children themselves.

A teenage mother would be more inclined to leave their child with grandma to go to a party or hangout with friends.

If the teenager was willing to partake in the "fun part" of getting pregnant, then she is more than capable of stepping it up and taking responsibility for that child.

Now, not every teenage mother or parent is this irresponsible. I have come across plenty of them that will do whatever it takes to

make sure their child is given everything he or she needs and doing all this without the grandparent's help.

I have great respect for these individuals because they could just as easily toss them over to grandma and grandpa like all the other millions of irresponsible parents.

As I mentioned in my previous column, I do not make it a habit to judge other people. However, when the action of one person affects someone else, I tend to be irked a little.

Children are brought into the world as innocent beings that just need a home and the love of their parents. If they are being given to the grandparents every chance their parents get, it doesn't seem to give that child the sense of being loved.

So, for those young parents out there that think their lives are a bit more important than their precious child's, think about who brought that child into the world.

It definitely was not the grandparents who were rolling around in that bed.

THE WICHITAN

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