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I got pregnant when I was 17 in 1969. Foolish, naive, immature, in no position to have and raise a child. I was afraid to tell my parents, for how distressed and upset they would feel (Also foolish and immature.). So, I sought an abortion through an underground network active at my mid-western college. I was told to take \$500 in cash to a certain motel room in downtown Chicago on a certain date. I was told to wait alone for a knock on the door. Ultimately, I was given an abortion in that room. An assistant blindfolded me before the "doctor's" arrival, so that I wouldn't be able to identify him. I couldn't see anything, just felt the plastic sheet crinkling under my buttocks as I lay on the bed, heard the repeated flushing of the toilet. It was over in 30". I subsequently saw a gynecologist who told me that everything was alright and gave me a prescription for the Pill. I was lucky. This could have had a much worse ending. I went on to volunteer on the underground all-volunteer hotline that linked pregnant girls, and women with abortion providers who were willing to break the law to help these mostly young women. Roe v Wade was made law a year or two later, though not soon enough for me. If abortions are not available legally, countless desperate women will do what I did. Not all of them will fare as well as I did.