

MRS. FEENEY ON POPULATION CONTROL
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We thought we'd let you know that our old friend the much married Mrs. Jay Feeney is still alive and kicking. She is out in California keeping house for the foundation-supported Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. This is the same spot where Elizabeth Mann Borgese, the lady genius who taught her dog to use a typewriter, has spent many years. A while back, effusive Mrs. Feeney caught the eyes of some of the resident geniuses at the Center who applauded her work as pad mother to the maligned-but-now-departed Hippies of San Francisco's Haight-Asbury district. Because of her accomplishments, she was offered the job as housekeeper-in-chief in the Santa Barbara establishment. It wasn't long before her penetrating mind and latent brilliance came to the attention of Dr. Robert Hutchins, the former boy wonder of Chicago and now head Guru of the west coast Brain Barrel. He decided that talent was going to waste and gave her a part-time cell of her own where she could meditate during nonsleeping hours.

By long distance phone, Jay informed us that she is tidying up the final details of the Feeney Plan. She claims to have come up with an ingenious solution to the problem of the world's exploding population.

You may remember that Mrs. Feeney, a staunch friend of the medical profession for many years, has offered most of her vital organs in sacrifice on the altars of preventive surgery. She reports that the total colectomy four years ago was a Godsend, and that her ileostomy still works beautifully. In fact, she was so pleased that one year ago she finally took the plunge and had a bilateral nephrectomy. She says she is happy as a lark with her new home dialysis unit. The good medical news that she had for us is that she is already on the waiting list for a heart transplant. This organ, along with her fertile brain and lungs, are the only native ones of her own still in place. And actually, it was while contemplating heart surgery that she hit upon the idea that may well, revolutionize our concept of population control.

The basics of the Feeney Plan are simple. Mrs. F. advocates that everyone reaching Social Security age become automatically entitled to a cardiac transplant. The donors will be all high school and college dropouts and all draftees rejected for low I.Q.s. Her plan, she maintains, has much merit. It will afford longevity to all who have successfully survived the teens and vicissitudes of modern society and at the same time halve the young generation, which may one day reach Social Security, thus achieving a perfect balance in population. She points out that as additional benefits, the plan will eliminate the maladjusted, will drastically lower teenage marriages, and will cut down on the birth rate, reduce the number of pot smokers, and restore a measure of tranquility to college

campuses.

"Sugar, I'm in the Big Leagues now," screeched Mrs. Feeney over the long distance wires. "I'm in line for an honorary Ph.D. in Participatory Democracy at Berkeley next semester!"

"Are you enjoying life at the Center?" we asked.

"I'm in hog heaven here, son," she said. "There's four widowers here with investment plans and full insurance. If the next earthquake don't get us, my only problem is which one to marry first!!"

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