

MRS. FEENEY AND JOY TO THE WORLD

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With the Mods and the Hippies so much in the news, it didn't surprise us a bit when a letter came from our old friend, Mrs. Feeney. It bore a San Francisco postmark. We had a tough time deciphering her chicken scrawl writing on the soup-stained paper, but we are happy to report she is grappling with reality and on the job as a housemother at one of the Haight Street pads.

"Dear Doc," she wrote. "You surprised to hear from me out here in Lotus Land? I made the scene six months ago, and I mean it's meaningful. I mean like significant like it's got real meaning, Man!"

"You know, when I first read about all them poor souls slopping around out here without any proper care and guidance, I got all catalyzed up. The message got through to me like inside. I knew the time had come for old Jay to get totally involved. And you know it ain't hard for me to involve totally."

"I dug out my old Aimee Semple McPherson meeting dress, kicked the girdle, read up on my Theosophy and Incense Burning and caught the first jet stream to the Golden Gate. I even oiled up the tenor sax, rolled my stockings, and practiced up my Gilda Gray shimmy. Me and the new generation slobs established communication right off. I don't project nothing but empathy, Man. I been rejuvenated back to my flaming youth. I tell you, Sweetie, it's just like coming home again."

"Sugar, these kids are with it even if they ain't ever heard of old Judge Ben Lindsay and Companionate Marriage. And they took to old Jay like a junkie to snow. I got a good thing going now in the wholesale banana business, and I even been giving a few lessons on making bathtub gin. We got us a swinging group here, Baby. Commitment plus, every day. For two weeks running I been voted the most popular pad mother on Haight Street."

"I gave 'em a reading out of the Father Divine Gospel Book every morning, and every afternoon after the Scot Fitzgerald liturgy we have us a love in. Some of them contacts we establish have got to be real meaningful. At night I turn 'em on with a drop of LSD in the eggnog, and then it's free kite sailing 'til morning."

"Lay down your Sword and Shield, Brother, and join us out here by the River Side."

"Joy to the World!"

As Ever, Jay