

# HOSPITAL *for* *Healthy* PEOPLE

By Raymond Varela

IF YOU happen to be so ill you can hardly hobble about the room, or if you are physically down to your last gasp, in fact if you are suffering from any of the nasty ailments that nature so freely bestows on mankind, there is one hospital that will cheerfully slam the door in your face! Not one of the many doctors on the staff will lift a finger to ease your pain, and not one of the attractive nurses will take pity on you in your plight.

I discovered this strange hospital last year while on a visit to Britain. During the course of this visit I had occasion to go to Liverpool. When my business had been concluded, I found myself with about five hours to spare before the next train pulled out from the Lime Street Station.

I wandered, rather aimlessly, to uptown Myrtle Street, a long, rather shabby thoroughfare, having a double set of snaking street car lines down its winding center. It is one of those streets that the Brit-

ish call "broken-down-has-beens."

There, half way along the street I came across the hospital, the Hospital of Preventive Medicine — in Liverpool known as the "35 Clinic."

To get into this hospital you have to fulfill two requirements: first, you have to be *healthy*; and second, you have to be thirty-five years of age.

The hospital was started by a group of doctors from the near-by Liverpool University Faculty of Medicine. Over a period of years the closely knit group of men and women formulated an interesting theory based on years of study of case histories. In simple terms this theory is that the "danger age" in men and women is thirty-five. It is at this age, the group maintains, that diseases and ailments commence their deadly work of undermining the human structure.

It was to test the validity of this theory effectively that the hospital was started some years ago. The hospital is run on a voluntary basis,

all the resident doctors and nurses giving their services free of charge.

As I mentioned earlier, if you are already sick or feeble of mind or infirm, they will not help you at all. The only people they are interested in are men and women of thirty-five who are apparently healthy. I say "apparently" because it is surprising, so the doctors say, how many such people are found to be in the first stages of some malignant disease. The fitter you look, the more anxious the doctors are to turn you inside out, as it were. They like nothing better than to meet the bronzed hulk of manhood who swaggers in with an air that screams "I dare you to find something wrong with me!" They frequently do, but that is another story.

AS THE only hospital of its kind in Britain it has a waiting list of people who wish to participate in the experiment.

Being myself a shade below the age limit, I had to be content just to peep inside the walls of the hospital. Each room is sub-divided into curtained cubicles marked *Heart, Lungs, Nose, Throat, Ear, Eye*, and so on.

The examination takes about four hours, I discovered. Each patient moves from one cubicle to another, carrying a detailed medical history sheet with him. Remarks and figures are marked in by each doctor after his examination.

The atmosphere is one of quiet enthusiasm, with doctors taking

care to emphasize the importance of the experiment to everyone who takes part. The record of each patient is carefully filed in the research department of the hospital and is available, with the consent of the person concerned, to the University Faculty of Medicine. This faculty is taking a considerable interest in the experiment as the data grows more extensive.

There is no compulsion either to take part in the experiment or to do anything about any disease that may be located. You are perfectly free — except in the case of Notifiable Diseases — to go on your way and let the ailment take care of you in its own deadly way. You are not obliged to take any advice given and, of course, the check-up is entirely free. If at any time you wish to give your own doctor the medical history sheet, you may do so providing you return it to the hospital for record purposes.

It may be some years before the data can be collated and then translated into a definite medical theory or conclusion. But already there are encouraging signs that the work being done there is eminently worthwhile. So far as is known, none of the patients known to be suffering from even a minor ailment has ignored it.

So if you are ever in Liverpool, England, and feeling right on top of the world, just drop in at the "35 Clinic" — they may have a surprise for you!

# DON'T CRY, JOE!

IS YOUR wife becoming an amazon? Are you a man with feminine characteristics? Don't scream "No" and try to hit me! It could be. As a matter of fact, chances are that *she* is and *you* are.

The biggest, most ironical paradox today is this: that with all our material comforts, our high standard of living, our prized independence and personal freedom of action for both sexes, we have never been so insecure individually and as a people in this big, rich, powerful, and bountifully-endowed United States.

How do I know? Easy. The all-important clue is in the success of the self-pitying pop songs; the deluge of weepy ballads; the hero worship of the male microphone moaners who beat their breasts, mew and yowl, as they cry, cry, cry; and the rage for disc jockeys who spin the weepers' records.

The men with the explanation of the paradox are the psychiatrists. They've been studying women's increasing defeminizing aggressiveness

and man's retreat from his normal male dominance for years, long before Johnny Ray began to cry his way into millions, and Eddie Fisher started walking behind a girl at her wedding — in song, of course.

The way to financial success these days in the song writing and record business is as plainly marked as the green line down the middle of New York's Fifth Avenue on St. Patrick's Day: you've got to be

— or write about — a guy who loses his best girl and sobs his heart out.

The most offensively self-pitying current pop tunes are such mawkish maunderings as: *I'm the King of Broken Hearts*; *My Heart Cries For You*; *There's No Tomorrow*; and the latest little horror, *Crying in the Chapel*. This is a hillbilly song, got out by a little firm in Tennessee, that became an overnight sensation because it's about a fellow who gets happy crying in a chapel. The British Broadcasting Corporation won't let it on their air waves. It's banned in Britain.

Before these we had: *Teardrops on*

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By Irene  
Corbally Kuhn

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