



Keep on Reading, Dear, And Improve Yourself

by Count Marco

I haven't passed on many of my letters for some time, so I'll let you in on the secrets here and now:

"Editors: Hats off to Count Marco for needing the lipstick brigade. They had it coming. The Good Book says, 'For man is not of the woman, but the woman is of the man. Neither was man created for the woman, but the woman for the man.'"

"Keep it up, Count. It makes good reading. The counterattack against those women columnists is long overdue.—A loyal male reader."

Yes, but men and women together were created to make things worthwhile. And though woman was created for man, it's up to her to lead him to believe it's the other way around and have him enjoying it.

"Dear Count: If you had only been around to write 30 years ago. No, I'm not one of those barstool divorcees. My man still loves me, but I know there were times! Women! We can be so stupid. So keep on dishing it out, you're terrific."

I'll keep dishing so long as you

keep lapping it up; but it takes three of us to make a good meal, with you cooking.

"Hey, Count: I read your column with amusement, knowing full well it is written with tongue in cheek. Tell me just one thing, because occasionally you do pretend to be serious. What is the reason that twice as many women divorce their husbands as the reverse?"

"It would seem to disprove your contention that woman must make herself a clothes-horse, specialist in exotic cooking and doormat to keep her husband. The facts just prove it isn't so. All right, Great Father of Wisdom, enlighten us poor females.—J. S. R."

My dear, you're poorer than you think if you haven't been able to figure this out without my help. Man is naturally more considerate and unfortunately more foolish.

It's about time American males

quit putting on the sad face. For some reason — probably misplaced chivalry—they take the blame, when, as I've told you women repeatedly, no divorce is ever the fault of the man but yours entirely.

So, if more men would stop being so foolish and institute divorce proceedings on their own, fewer of you would be so eager to displease them and work all the harder not to become unvital statistics.

"Dear Count Marco: Three cheers for a MAN! Your column on 'What you need is a bossy man! was so true and I don't care what any woman says. She likes to be bossed. If she doesn't she's missing out on an awful lot of fun."

"My husband bosses me, and I love it. I wouldn't trade my life for a crown of riches. I love it and secretly I love you. Women all over really love you but won't admit it."

"Please don't go back to Italy. We need you here. ALL of us. Keep up your terrific work.—Mrs. Really Am Happy."

"I knew all the time that most of you love me. All right, since you put it so nicely, I won't go back to Italy."

(Distributed by Chronicle Features.)

RED RYDER

By Fred Harman

