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Many of the letters I received

sisters.

last week I am saving for my next book. Some have been re-markably kind, some enthusiastic, some downright hysterical. You may have the pleasure of deciding the categories yourself.

"Count Marco: Since you wrote that column on poisons my husband hasn't come home to eat any more. Why don't you mind your own business for a -Disgusted" change?

It looks as if it was his mind that needed the changing, and perchance we're all glad he changed it.

"Dear Count: I'm a grandfather who has endured 55 years in this land of female delusion, sham and hypocrisy. It is indeed gratifying to observe your bright and shining mirror held up in plain sight for these deluded

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they really are. Good luck.

—A Suffering Son

of Female Freedom' You're very kind, but truly not all women in this country are objectionable. There are many fine ones around to act as beautiful

examples for their unfortunate

"Dear Count Marco: Read in you column your sarcastic answer to 'Married and Still Lonely.' Tired blood!! A good lover is better than any doctor. Trouble is, not many good lovers around. I know. My husband is tired. But not all men are. I know one who is not so tired. So there!-Another married and still lonely (my husband thinks)'

tired could be the same reason he's so tired. Might be getting his medicine from some other shelf. So there!

"Count Marco: I know a bunch of girl musicians that aren't one bit frustrated. You talk about faces. Did you ever see the face of a gal in a department store lifting a stack of heavy boxes, one who's on her feet all day long?

—I. V."

Yes I have, and they have tre same facial expressions as girl musicians.

This one went to my editor.

"Dear Sir: I am writing this letter in behalf of the women readers of your newspaper who want to send Count Marco on a slow boat to China. However, he did make a little more sense today than any he has made heretofore. My husband is more romantic and lovable now than he was seven years ago when we were married. —S. T."

Ah, so. To whom?

By Fred Harman





































