Hi-Shear Wins Vendor-of-the-Year Honors

COUNT MARCO

Missiles From The Mail Sack

As I was sifting through my mail pouch the other day, I found one letter that began like this: "Reading your column is something like listening to love songs by Bing Crosby and Doris Day. Everything has been heard before so much that it's all old hat."

There is some truth to this, for the project I have heroically undertaken is the correction of the world-renowned faults of American women. Being American women, it would be difficult for most of you readers to comprehend what a monumental

But if my words of wisdom to you are old hat, that is because your faults are. It's a hat I must wear until you women remove it.

I feed you my medicine, spoonful by healing spoonful in my daily columns, but many of you don't swallow it. You cough or retch or just gargle. I know this because your garglings reach me in the letters you write me, and in them I find that my elixir has merely dribbled down your chin. Or chins. Letters such as these:

Dear Count Marco: You can talk until you're blue in the face about women looking bad in stretch pants, but I know better. I've got more boy friends all at one time than many women have in a lifetime, because I know kow to please them. One of the ways is to display my bottom to the best advantage. It's cutte, Marco old bean, and good tight pants show it off better than anything. I'll come over and show it to you if you want proof. — G.

My Dear G.: The line may form at the rear for the rest of your troops, but spare me, please.

Dear Count Marco: I am "Mrs. Average," living in Suburbia, USA, and I vehemetly object to everything you've ever said about women! It really makes me howl whenever I read your advice to a good woman whose husband cheats on her — especially when you tell her to reassess herself because it's her fault!

Men should wake up before it is too late and learn how lucky they are to be able to walk in a woman's shadow.

Do you want all women to lie down so a man can put his foot on her and walk all over her? — Queen Bee

My Dear Queen Bee: A man should never touch oman with his foot.

Dear Count Marco: I wish to protest the column in which you ridiculed women for lavishing love on parakeets and suggested they pour out their love

The cruelty and vituperation in that column were monstrous and uncalled for. But it seems to me that when a man is so far gone that he must ridicule women because they dare to love one of God's creatures rather than pine for a man, some-body should say something to you.

I would like to refer you sir to the National

I would like to refer you, sir. to the National Society for Animal Welfare from which you may obtain voluminous material indicating that saints and spiritually minded women love animals.—L.J.Z.

My Dear L.J.Z.: And I would like to refer you, madame, to any kind of social group where you might meet a man. You might learn that men are even better than parakects.

Dear Count Marco: You are a disgrace to journalism. I understand that every large metropolitan newspaper must have some bad apples in its barrel, but you and all you work with are vermin.

I write this in haste, but I want you to know I disagree with much that you say. — An Aroused











