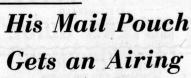
COUNT MARCO



To my right is a cold coconut shell filled with many things, largely rum. To my left is a tub of water to throw anything into that ticks or behaves suspiciously, and in my middle drawer are nerve pills in case the going really gets rough. Thus equipped, I turn to my Mail Pouch:

'Dear No-Account: Your column has a sameness to it that I find boring. If you're going to insult American women, please invent some new things to attack . . .

My dear reader, in spite of your perfumed staing acut reader, in spite of your perfumes sub-tionary (bordered with green ferns and canaries), there is a certain minimal truth to your note. There is a samences to my attack. That is, of course, because there is a dreary someness to your faults. In-ovent new faults (if this is possible) and I'll invent new attacks. Your letter continues:

"If I wrote a column criticizing men, I would at least be original . . . "

And you would not have a column for long. Men are borcd with females (or even anyone) who criticize them, and quite rightly take no interest. My columns succeed because they are master-fully written and because women are touchy about any criticism at all. And the more aware of its truth you are, the more angry you get. But, my reader, you conclude:

* * * "So say something new, and I'll forgive the fact that you're wrong."

Madame, I am never wrong. I am not always right, perhaps, but I am never wrong.

* * Dear Count Marco: I followed your advice about taking a bath with my husband, and now I'm preg---Mrs. D.B. nant.

My Dear D.B.: Voila!!! *

Dear Count Marco: I get a big laugh out of your little instructions to women on how to behave in the boudoir, because I can tell from reading between the lines that I've forgotten more about that kind of thing than you'll ever know. Your ignorance shows

Listen, if you really want to learn about your subject, I'll teach you so you'll know what you're talking about for your readers. I suggest you con-tact me and I'll give you a week's worth of free lessons — if you've got much stamina. I challenge you.

My Dear V.: I accept. At 10 paces.

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Dear Count Marco: I disagree with your opin-ion that all American women are slobs. There are those of us who are well-groomed, attractive and alert. I personally know several women that pass inspection on any surprise visit. —H.G.

My Dear H.G.: Many are inspected and few are chosen.

* * * Dear Count Marco: I was shocked to see in one of your columns a condemnation of unmarried moth-ers as "unconcerned little baby breeders." Intoler-ance such as this kind of intolerance is inexcusable.

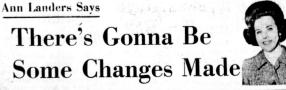
ance such as this kind of intolerance is inexcusable. I am not an unwed mother, but it's something that could happen to me (or any other girl with an enlightened attitude toward sex). In this day and age of sexual realization, there are bound to be frequent unwanted pregnancies. But the girl still has only two choices — to have the child or have an aboution.



RARE FIND.... A recently discovered photograph of the U. S. Coast Guard's Point Vicente Radio Station shows the station shortly after it was opened in mid-1934. The photograph is helieved to be the earliest taken of the facility. The station's original garage, shown at left, and operations building and lighthouse keeper's quarters are still in use. The field is the site of construction of a new operations center and barracks for the unit's 30 officers and men under a \$225,000 modernization program.

G-Month Writers To Judge Planned

APRIL 10, 1966



back. Right or wrong? — CARBON PAPER DOLLS. CARBON PAPER DOLLS. Dear Ann Landers: Our three-year-old daughter has no one to play with. We lived in an apartment building twhich houses mostly childless couples and retired people. Last month I enrolled An-nabelle in a nursery school three afternoons a week. My mother insist stat I've done a terrible thing. She said, 'In MY day mothers enjoyed

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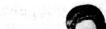
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