



Turn Your Back-- And the Mail Piles Up

WHILE doing missionary work in the Southwest—where, goodness knows, the women need it—the mail piled up on my desk. Let's read some of it together.

"Dear Count Marco: As to divorce, be sure you know what you are speaking about. Is being choked by your spouse supposed to be amusing? Not to me. My housekeeper pulled him away. She is an Amazon of a female, big enough to do so."

"How far should something like this be carried? Well, I got a \$15 check from him to start the divorce, but as usual the check bounced so I swiped his golf clubs and sold them for \$15 and started it.

"When the first decree was given I gave him back his gun for enough to pay the lawyer. He went around the room shooting, using all the bullets but one.

"Should I have gotten a divorce? You're darn sure I should. I was not and am not a

*by Count
Marco*

psychiatrist, although at one time I hoped to become one.

—Upset."

I don't know, Madam Upset, but from my safe spot way up here it looks as if someone in your family should be seeing psychiatrists, not being one.

"Dear Count Marco: I don't agree with you that disciplining the brats is solely the MOTHER'S job. What is a FATHER, a tin god or something to be revered, something to be sheltered from all the storms and strife of life?

"Men don't give a hoot in hell about anything but their own selfish desires. As long as they have a roof over their heads

and three square meals a day, that is all that matters.

—Mrs. E. M. J."

True. And if you don't give it to them, one of those other desperate women without a tin god to call their own will.

You might as well face up to it: Without him around your house to nag, your life will be even more hell. Wait and see. Judging from your letter you obviously won't have long to wait.

"Dear Count Marco: Instead of sneaking up on women like a red phantom with black paint, you should work openly and usefully to help this free and generous country which feeds your nasty face.

—Chicago."

Red Phantom?! I'll have you know I wear gold Chinese silk or gold Italian raw silk evening jackets, and I don't sneak. I go about town in them openly so you will be sure to see me. In fact, I'll be in Chicago on December 5 to give you a personal look at me, so be prepared.