



Know about the cave man who discovered women or how a picture of Tuesday Weld lured Columbus to America? Well, here's the low-down from a zany expert

## A MANGY LOVER'S

# HISTORY OF LOVE

By GROUCHO MARX



**M**ANY PEOPLE write about love without ever having come in contact with it. But until you have brushed a woman's cheek with your trembling lips and brushed your shoes with your wife's new guest towel, you know nothing about love—or your wife.

Love is not something you can learn from books, for love is an elusive sprite that leaps from nook to cranny and taps you with its magic wand, then flits away like the first hounds of spring. (It's not such a bad piece of writing, that last sentence. I've seen worse in books that sell for \$5. In fact, that's where I saw this.)

But getting back to love, I want to assure my readers that this history of love is the real McCoy—fearless, and no quarter asked or given. If anyone can prove that there is a single inaccuracy in one of these pages, I will gladly donate \$5,000 to the Mrs. Groucho Marx Foundation for the Care and Betterment of Mr. Groucho Marx and, as second prize, 50¢ to each of the kids.

Be sure to write legibly on only one side of the paper, even if it's only a post card saying it has been raining every day and that Aunt Molly has had another baby.

And now, to begin. Millions of years ago, love ran wild on this daffy globe of ours. Men were slimy creatures resembling a louse or the fellow your wife almost married. They were called amoebas—until they got money and changed their name to The First National Bank.

To be frank (and don't think I won't be), there was nothing lovable about

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