



Hope's family—Tony (left), Kelly, wife Dolores, Nora, and Linda—are not a bit resentful of his junkets; they all celebrate Christmas on January 1.

in 1950 and not long before the Chinese Reds began to push across the Yalu River to drive us out again. It was 20 below zero, but when our teeth started chattering we had only to look at the GIs who had tramped through the snow for a month to reach that destination. And we were certainly better-dressed than they were.

As we were going aboard the plane for our return flight to Japan, a GI yelled: "What are you going to do with that parka, Bob?"

"We're supposed to turn them into the Quartermaster in Tokyo," I hollered back over the roar of the engines.

"I don't have one. How about leaving it here?"

So I shucked it off and threw it to him. And for the next few minutes, while the engines were warming up for our take-off, a dozen GIs came up to the cabin door and asked for our parkas. Everyone aboard threw his down to them, and I'm sure no clothing was ever more appreciated. And the Quartermaster wasn't too tough; not when we told him the whole story.

Precious Moments to Remember

My most wonderful memories of these trips are understandably the little moments of genuine feeling I've experienced with our plane crews and the men for whom we do our shows. Most of our soldiers are kids, still in the "hip" stage; they find it difficult to show emotion, no matter what they feel. I remember such a boy walking up to me one Dec. 25 and handing me a diamond ring.

"Thanks, son, but I can't take it," I told him.

"But you gave up your Christmas for us, and I want you to have it," he insisted as he faded back into the crowd. That was his personal way of saying: "We're grateful for the show."

Or take the winter of '58, when a fellow in uniform yelled: "Bob, my dad wants me to say hello to you."

"Who's your dad?" I asked.

"He wrote me that you played for his battalion in Germany 15 years ago."

Sure, I felt a little like Lili Marlene, but I felt pretty good, too.

There has been a lot of this sort of thing on our trips: shy boys who merely come up to shake hands; plane crews who set up tiny Christmas trees in the cabin and hand out presents as we're flying over some desolate wasteland. I especially remember the navigator who gave up his bunk so I could cat nap between stops. He needed his rest as much as I did, but he passed it off by saying he wanted me to be sharp when I got up to entertain the boys at each stop.

And there was the major in Greenland who turned over to me his comfortable quarters, complete with his shaving kit and an ice-

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This famous comedian's family never sees him on the holiday; he's always sharing it with his "second family"—lonely GIs overseas

