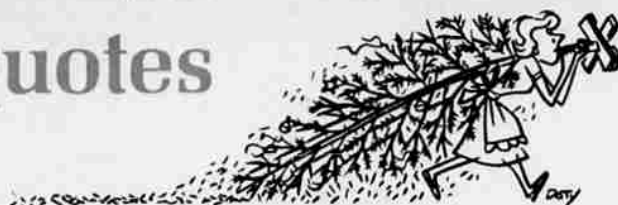


Quips and Quotes



The Tree Trimmers

Who'll decorate the Christmas tree
With gayly colored spheres?
..... Everybody!

Who'll drape the ropes of silver beads
Round and round in tiers?
..... Everybody!

Who'll put the twinkling star on top
And spray the limbs with snow?
..... Everybody!

Who'll string the lights from branch to branch
To set the tree aglow?
..... Everybody!

Who'll hang the shimmering tinsel
On its boughs from base to crown?
..... Everybody!

And on the second of January,
Who'll help Mother take it down?
..... Nobody!

—Susanne Douglas

Snowbound

Although the streets and walks are clear
And passable, my little dear
Plows bravely home from school through all
The drifts and piles of last week's fall;
And barring thaw or freakish parch,
He'll keep on doing it through March!

—Betty Isler



"Good heavens! Throw me your wallet!"

A wife had been busily reading the Sunday newspaper when she suddenly looked up. "This is very interesting," she said to her husband. "This article says scientists predict that in 10 years people will wear clothes which can be discarded after being worn only once."

"That guy is way off schedule," the husband replied sourly. "Why, you've got a closetful of that kind right now!" —Jim Henry

You're an old-timer if you can remember when, around this time of year, you counted your blessings instead of your calories. —Anna Herbert

An elderly matron purchased a used car to do her shopping in and stopped by to have her friend's husband look it over.

The man inspected it with some doubt and finally asked: "Well, it may be all right. What's the most you ever got out of it?"

The woman thought a moment and replied: "Six times in one mile." —Wilfred Beaver

BOB HOPE

(Continued from page 5)

box stuffed with goodies. A sign on it read: "Merry Christmas, Bob."

Everywhere, the fellows have treated the girls in our troupe with tremendous respect—and that is rare for guys who have not seen a woman in months! I'll never forget Jayne Mansfield's arrival at Wake Island when 2,000 voices sang out with joy as she bounced off the plane. Three minutes later the airfield was deserted. Everyone had followed Jayne to the beach to watch her take a dip in her ermine bikini.

There have been a few close calls on our Christmas trips. I suppose the worst was over Anchorage, Alaska, when our plane was caught in a sleet storm at 13,000 feet. Our radios went dead and all contact with the field was lost. As we circled around, hoping for a break in the weather, the pilot told us to put on our parachutes and Mae West jackets.

Down below, General Bruckner, commander of the base, was getting pretty nervous, too. He knew we didn't have enough fuel to make another airstrip, so he ordered every anti-aircraft searchlight on the base turned on. The beam of just one light penetrated the heavy cover, but it made it possible for our pilot to drop down quickly through the clouds for a landing.

I'm sure that if it hadn't been for that split-second glimmer of light, I would not have been around to win \$15 putting against Arnold Palmer a few weeks ago in our golf sequence for the film, "Call Me Bwana."

There was another flying incident I'd just as soon forget. We'd been performing at the Bayonet Bowl in Korea, and I hated to leave those marvelous guys who kept pleading for us to go on. I must have been on the 15th chorus of "Buttons and Bows," singing to guitar accompaniment while the rest of the band members were packing their instruments into the big helicopter parked a couple of hundred feet behind the stage.

OFF STAGE, I could see the pilot was beginning to worry because the weather was closing in. Finally, he held up a crude sign telling me to get into the copter—fast. When I did, the rotor blades wouldn't move until someone kicked the shaft a couple of times. When we finally did take off, the visibility was practically zero. "I just hope you can still find your way back," I apologized to the pilot.

"Don't worry, Bob," he smiled. "We'll fly in this direction, and if we hear shots we'll know it's the wrong way."

We got through all right. But the very next day, we lost a copter to enemy ground fire in the same area.

The only real embarrassment I've ever had was purely a technical problem. One Christmas in Hollandia, New Guinea, we were out in front of 2,000 men when the mikes went dead. Everyone in the audience started yelling, and I felt terrible; who can be funny when nobody is able to hear you? Since then, I have always insisted that our engineers check the equipment ahead of time. If they find a bug, they can fix it before it's too late. Sometimes, that in itself has been pretty funny.

During the Christmas of 1960, we were with the garrison at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba (see photo on page 5). On Christmas Eve I attended midnight Mass and watched with surprise as the priest came down the aisle giving short sermons at each individual row of worshippers.

I turned to Jack Shea, our director, and whispered: "Look at that. He's working like Billy Graham—I've never seen a priest do that before."

"He has no choice," Jack whispered back. "We swiped his P.A. system for the show."

But because it was Christmas, I knew that he wouldn't mind.