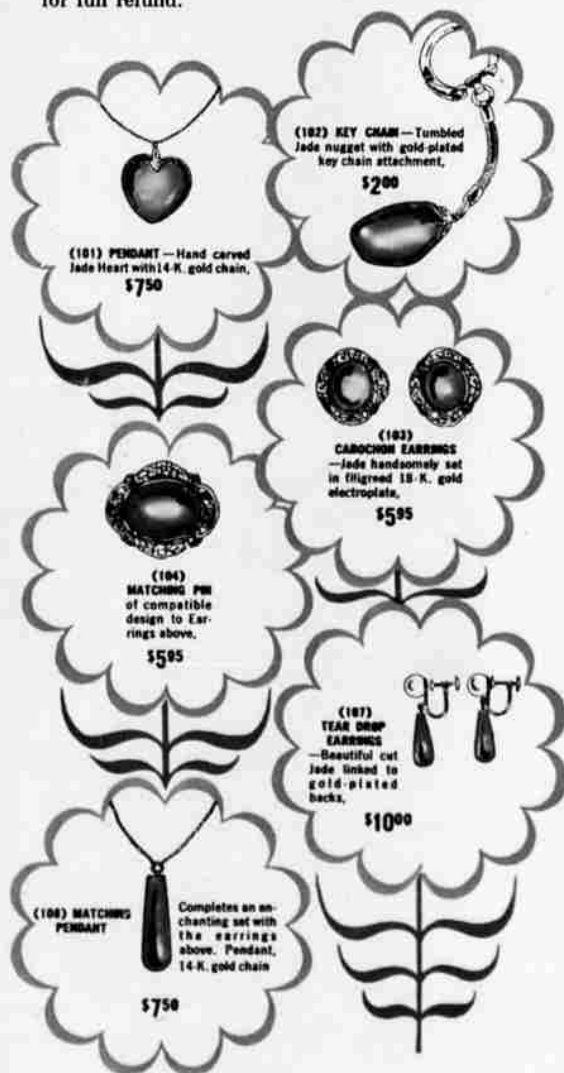


Give beautiful **JADE** for *Mother's Day*

Superbly polished and handsomely mounted **GENUINE JADE** jewelry... a gift Mother will greatly treasure and long enjoy. **GUARANTEED:** if Mother isn't delighted, return jewelry by May 31st for full refund.



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Enclosed find check or money order in the amount of \$____ payment in full of the Jade items checked below. You will ship my order postage prepaid.

QUANTITY	QUANTITY
(101) Pendant @ \$7.50	(104) Pin @ \$5.95
(102) Key Chain @ \$2.00	(107) Earrings @ \$10.00 pr.
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☐ Packed in gift box.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City & State _____

Please Print or Write Legibly

Bob Hope (Continued from page 7)

"But the workers love Khrushchev very much. He hasn't got an enemy in the entire country. Quite a few under it."

"Mikoyan is No. 2 man in Russia—that means if anything happens, he gets to sit with the driver when the bus leaves for Siberia."

"No wonder they invited Van Cliburn to Moscow. Khrushchev thought he had the secret plans to a hair mine."

"Following his doctor's orders, Nikita has cut his drinking in half. He's leaving out the water."

I still don't know who went through those jokes, and I guess I never will unless Molotov starts doing my act in Pinsk.

It gave me an eerie feeling knowing that my material might have been microfilmed and was now playing at my neighborhood MVD station. I didn't know whether to put the jokes back in my suitcase or run down the hall and plant them in somebody else's room.

Although we were booked through Intourist, we were officially a delegation and had to eat in the dining room so reserved. In this dining room there were many delegations from the various Soviet republics. Each delegation had its own table with a small flag representing its country.

Our table had no flag. And just to see what kind of a fuss we could stir up, we demanded an American flag on our table.

This was more difficult than it sounds because we had no means of verbal communication. We usually invited our inter-



Bob clowningly doffs his new fur topper.

preter to dine with us. I don't know whether it was government policy or my manners, but she always declined. We had to get our message across with grunts, wild motions, sign language, and a good deal of saluting.

But the next morning, our flag was on the table. I know it sounds silly, but we were all kind of proud of it. When the other delegates all nodded and smiled, we felt we had won a Cold War victory.



"Trivial jobs—that's all the Boss thinks I'm good for!"