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Where There's Life There's

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BOB HOPE



BY LEO GUILD



The hilarious life story of America's favorite funny man



BOB HOPE

Author Leo Guild has captured the essence of comedy in this witty analysis of Bob Hope's unique brand of humor. Here are comparisons between Hope's comedy style and the other great comedians in America today. Here is a collection of many of his great monologues of radio and TV. Here is Hope's life story told in terms of a great career which has spanned many mediums: the stage, radio, movies and television. This is a fast paced, funny book about a fast paced funnyman.





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Where There's "Hope"

On or off the stage, Hope is the center of jokes and buffoonery. Jerry Colonna at left, at Camp Roberts.





The gang lines up before Texas tour in a big transport plane. Bob, Marilyn Maxwell and Jerry Colonna.

Beaton Osgood, a psychiatrist of some note, in examining human behavior, has stated that what a man laughs at is related to what a man is. Developing this theory it is also contended that what a man says and does to make his fellow man laugh, is a further indication of what a man is. For example, a simple child to elicit laughs from his elders purposely falls with resultant grimaces (and if he is successful in gaining laughter he will repeat his antics until he fails to cause them any longer). On the other hand a scholar, world-wise and sophisticated, may just turn a word in a philosophical sentence to gain his response.

Somewhere in this range of comedy is everybody else in the world which automatically includes Bob Hope. Almost from the day Bob was born in Eltham, England, in 1903 and named Leslie Townes Hope, he has been trying, and in most cases succeeding, in his efforts to make people laugh. In this book you will find out how Bob gets laughs, why he does, and, more important by analyzing this, discover what kind of a man Bob is.

Not long ago I visited a Bob Hope TV rehearsal in NBC's Burbank Studios. On the show were Betty Grable, Harry James, Eddie Fisher and Rowan and Martin, a pair of comics. One of the comic bits required Bob to lead a huge dog onto a set. The dog wouldn't follow orders. The dog insisted upon going everywhere but in the right direction. "Alright, where are we going?" gave in Bob resignedly. He let the dog lead him, which the dog did to a truck in which was a similar looking dog. With both the dogs in reign, the dogs behaved and followed directions. The two giant dogs made the bit funnier because Bob was playing a typical garish movie actor phony. This is called "letting a gag grow by itself." Many a germ of comedy develops into a belly laugh when nurtured by a wise and patient comic like Bob.

On the same show the script required that Bob take a cigarette and instead of smoking it, chew the cigarette and swallow it. "Why don't I add the line?" he asked, "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should." The line was a big laugh getter. The point we make is that Bob's writers first fashion humor to suit him and then, he in many cases, remodels even further to make it a perfect fit. So what is finally offered to the public is a 100 percent brand of Bob Hope humor. As done or spoken by Jack Benny or Red Skelton, it probably wouldn't get a smile. Yet give Hope a Benny gag and who knows what would happen—probably nothing good. Before we proceed to the meat of this book and so that you will start out convinced of Bob's greatness, if you aren't already convinced of it, here are a few lines in a book by Steve Allen called "The Funny Men."

"As far as television is concerned, it is Bob Hope's great misfortune to have been a radio and motion-picture success for twenty years. He has been at the top for such a very long time that the TV public, ever eager for novelty, never long content with mere excellence, seems to find no particular excitement in the fact that Hope is available on its screens.

"There is no doubt in my mind that if he had been discovered last year Bob would now be known as Comedian of the Year, Mr. Television, Mr. Thursday Night, or what have you in the way of press-agent-inspired titles.

"If there is one word of praise that his work most readily calls forth it is *class*. Watching him function in front of a camera, one never feels the mixture of sympathy and concern that often wells up in one's heart at the spectacle of other and newer TV comics plying their wares. Even when he has a bad show Hope is still in command. You're never really worried for him. He's still moving at high speed, tossing off his lines with a fa-

cility and delicacy of timing never equaled by any other comedian of our time.

"The ability to stand up close against the footlights and face an audience is a specialty of Hope's, and no one can touch him at it. This seemingly run-of-the-mill assignment, incidentally, is one of the most difficult for the average comic. Jackie Gleason is never truly at ease till he has stepped back into the protective arms of some scenery and has gone into a sketch. Sid Caesar is simply unable to address an audience and amuse them in his capacity as himself. Milton Berle is the only other big-time comedian who is a close match for Hope when it comes to firing jokes at point-blank range, but Milton at such times will often battle with an audience for laughs. He gets them, but not with quite the ease that Hope does.

"One reason for Bob's success at handling audiences is explained by his great personal confidence. Many comedians are either shy when off stage or else their "I'm a big man" blustering is a psychological cover-up for feelings of inferiority. Hope seems honestly to be aware of his ability. He is superior and he knows it. As any salesman can tell you, that's half the battle."

So much for Steve Allen. Hope is a very funny guy—any idiot knows that. But Hope has many sides. For example: not content with pictures, radio, TV and personal's, Hope has written four books: "They've Got Me Covered," "I Never Left

Home," "So This Is Peace" and "Have Tux, Will Travel," the latter an autobiography.

Hope also owns a piece of the Cleveland Indians baseball team, is president of Hope Metal Products, Inc., of Cleveland, owns a large dairy farm outside of Columbus, Ohio, has a profit-sharing arrangement with Paramount and is financially interested in several other outside business ventures. He has so many irons in the fire that he has been forced to incorporate himself as Hope Enterprises, Inc.

Bob's top motion pictures include "The Big Broadcast of 1938," "Thanks for the Memory," "The Cat and the Canary," "Ghost Breakers," "My Favorite Blonde," "Caught in the Draft," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "My Favorite Brunette," "The Paleface," "Sorrowful Jones," "Fancy Pants," "Son of Paleface," "Seven Little Foy's," "That Certain Feeling," "The Iron Petticoat," "Beau James," and the unforgettable "Road" pictures with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour.

It is likely that Bob has received more awards for his activities than any other performer. Year after year he has had a top spot in newspaper and magazine polls. He prizes a citation from the U.S. Treasury Department for his bond selling results. In spite of all this Bob still maintains he *does* spend some time at his home in the Toluca Lake section of the San Fernando Valley, California, and his home in Palm Springs. His four children are Linda, 17; Tony, 16; Nora and Kelly, both 10.

Here is a typical week for Bob:

- 3/12/56 Home . . . Appointment with Bob Thomas, Associated Press reporter, at Lakeside at noon . . . Appeared briefly and presented awards to Danny Thomas and Governor Joe Foss at Crippled Children's dinner at Ambassador. TV rehearsals.
- 3/13/56 Home . . . TV conferences and rehearsals in afternoon at Burbank.
- 3/14/56 Luncheon at home with Jack Hellman, Variety Columnist; TV rehearsal in afternoon. Sneak preview of THAT CERTAIN FEELING at Academy in Pasadena.
- 3/15/56 Luncheon at home with Emily Belser, International News. TV rehearsal.
- 3/16/56 Luncheon at home with Greer Garson. TV rehearsal.
- 3/17/56 Filmed TV show at Burbank at 8 p.m. Filmed plug for it for COMO SHOW. Made tape (at home) . . . tribute to Fred Allen who had died of heart attack.
- 3/18/56 Played golf at Lakeside in afternoon for Toluca Lake Rotary Club. Appeared briefly at the dinner that night. Filmed plugs for TV show. Did TV Eulogy to Fred Allen.
- 3/19/56 Appeared on various TV shows, plugging own TV show this evening. THAT CERTAIN FEELING previewed this evening in Westwood.

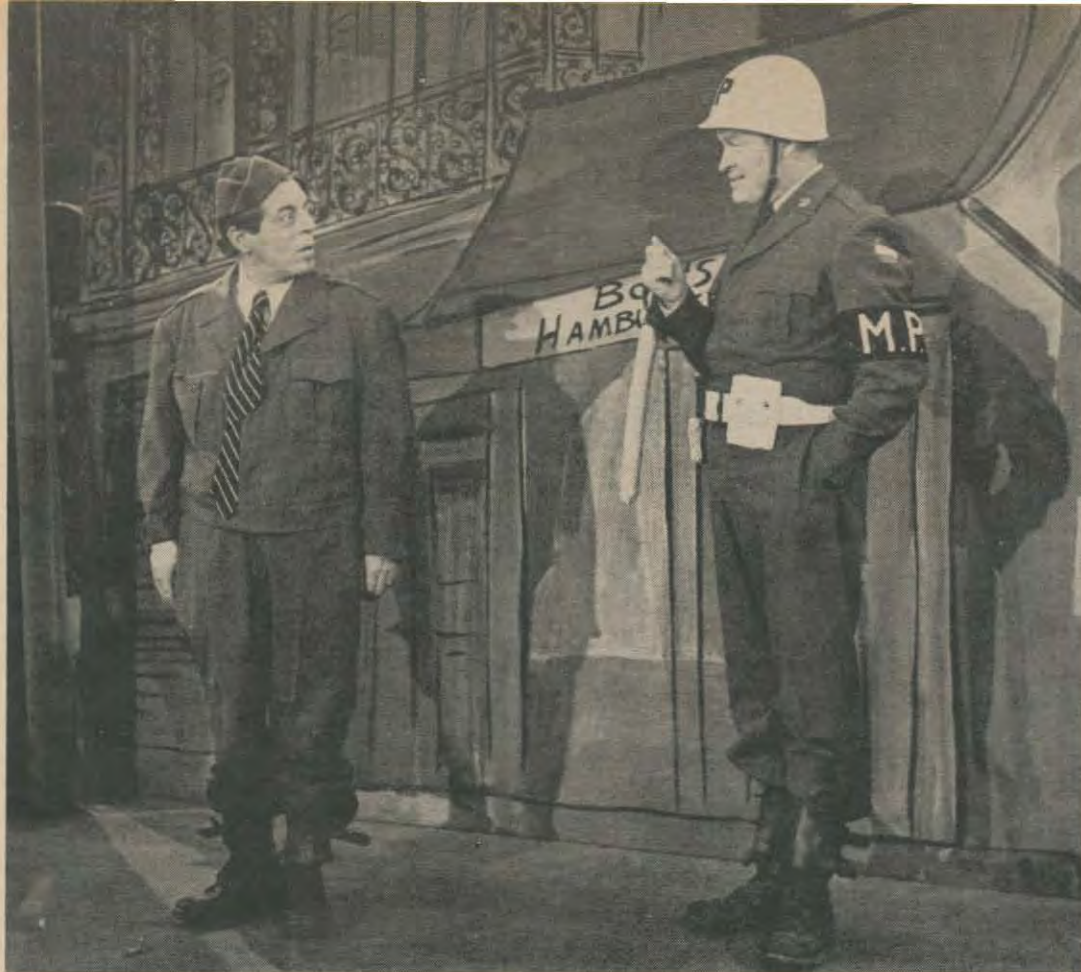
Here is a typical month of patriotic benefit appearances made during World War II:

- April, 1942 Participation in United China Relief Benefit.
- April, 1942 Special message broadcast to the B.B.C. African Service, directed to the British and American forces stationed in the Middle East.
- April, 1942 Special visit, arranged through the Gray Ladies, to the U.S. Marine Hospital, New Orleans, La.
- April, 1942 Appearance at Soldier Field in Chicago to celebrate MacArthur Day.
- April, 1942 Appearance in newsreel story, showing the importance of building guns, tanks, airplane motors, shells, etc., sponsored by General Motors.
- April, 1942 Benefit golf match for the American Red Cross in Visalia, California.
- April, 1942 Visit to bombing base and Visalia Dinuba aero.

Let's talk a little about Bob's connection with the military. This past winter in Alaska, Bob started his 16th year of entertaining members of the armed forces and was well into the

Bob Hope, Frances Langford, one plane and two parachutes spell Bob's first visit to an army camp way back when! Dresses were shorter then.





Hope and Charles Cooley play soldiers. The M P stands for "most private."

third 10 million G.I.'s to whom he has brought laughs for years.

It was on May 6, 1941, that the NBC star did his first camp show at March Field, Calif., and the 16 years since have taken him more than 2,500,000 miles to every continent and every theater of war, hot or cold—but preferably hot.

Fresh from triumphal appearances for charity in London, Hope said, "Home again!" when he saw the crowd of G.I.'s waiting to greet him as he stepped on to the stage in Berlin.

"These have been the greatest 16 years of my life," he said afterwards. "A lot of these kids come up and thank me for putting on a show for them. Isn't that ridiculous? I'm the one that's grateful to them for everything they've done, and I just hope they've had as much fun watching me as I've had entertaining them."

It is impossible to estimate how many camp and hospital shows Hope has done during the past 16 years, but records indicate that the number is well over 2000.

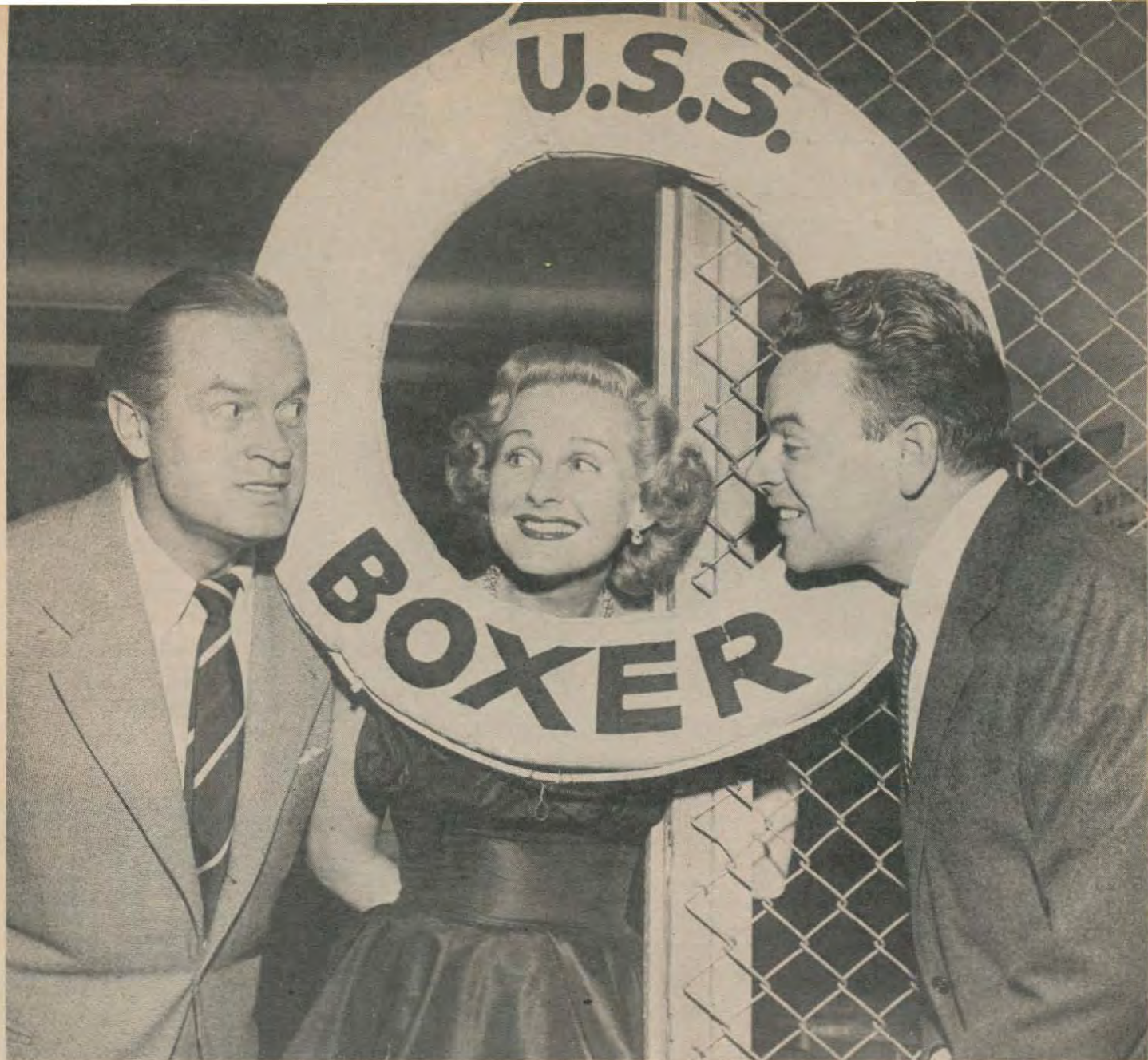
The records are inadequate because they give only basic information as to date and place—the name of a town in Africa, a hospital in Italy, a camp in Alaska or an island in the Pacific. Hope usually puts on anywhere from two to a dozen separate performances in any one place, so that everyone can see the show.

The record for July 23, 1945, for instance, reads only, "Marseille, shows for 30,000 G.I.'s," and, for his first trip from the continental United States in 1942, the sketchy entry reads only, "Alaska tour." In England during the summer of 1943, he traveled 1300 miles in 11 days to appear in 33 different places.

The Hope saga began with that Alaskan trip in 1942. Then, after long transcontinental swings which took him to many camps in the United States, he left for England in the summer of 1943. He spent part of June and all of July there and then flew to North Africa, Sicily and Italy for the month of August, a time when both the weather and the war were at their hottest.



Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope and staff prepare to fly north with fun and frolic for the army camps.



Bob Hope, Constance Moore and bandleader Les Brown are shown on hangar deck of U.S.S. Boxer.

Hope and his troupe of entertainers experienced their first bombing raids at Bizerte and Palermo.

Early in 1944, he toured bases in the Caribbean. His first trip to the Pacific fighting area, in the summer of 1944, included Guadalcanal, Bougainville and many another historic battlefield, as well as Australia and New Guinea. In 1945 he was in Europe once more, this time in France and Germany as the victorious Allied forces swept forward.

After the post war demobilization, he concentrated upon appearing for many worthy causes. But he went into Berlin via the airlift for Christmas of 1948, and, with Mrs. Hope and two of their children, he spent Christmas of 1949 in Alaska and the Aleutians, entertaining the men of what had become an almost forgotten outpost.

The outbreak of war in Korea found Hope ready once more. With Les Brown's orchestra and a troupe of entertainers, he set out early in the fall of 1950 for a month of shows in Hawaii, Japan and Korea itself, with a stopover on the way back to the United States in Alaska and the Aleutians. Since the beginning of the Korean war, he has resumed his World War II policy of originating his NBC programs for service personnel.

Hope has received more than 250 awards and citations for his work, including the Medal for Merit, presented on behalf of the United States Government by Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. *Variety*, the show business magazine, dubbed him "America's No. 1 Soldier in Greasepaint." He has received the George Foster Peabody Award, radio's equivalent to the movies' "Oscar"; a special award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; Philadelphia's Poor Richard Award; numerous plaques and citations from the United States Treasury Department for his work in selling War Bonds; the Military Order of the Purple Heart Award; and many more.

In the preface to Bob's book "I Never Left Home" written in 1944 (all royalties to the National War Fund) he wrote from his heart:

I saw your sons and your husbands, your brothers and your sweethearts. I saw how they worked, played, fought, and lived. I saw some of them die. I saw more courage, more good humor in the face of discomfort, more love in an era of hate, and more devotion to duty than could exist under tyranny.

I saw American minds, American skill, and American

strength breaking the backbone of evil.

And then I came home to find people still living and thinking the way I lived and thought before I was given a look at sacrifice.

On the Continent of Europe, in the air above that Continent, and over Africa, India, Asia, and the islands of the Pacific, American blood is buying our future security, a lifetime option on the freedom we were all born to.

And I came back to find people exulting over the thousand-plane raids over Germany . . . and saying how wonderful they are! Those people never watched the face of a pilot as he read a bulletin board and saw his buddy marked up missing. Those thousand-plane raids are wonderful only because of the courage and spirit of the men who make them possible.

Until a lot more of us realize what our men have gone through in planes and tanks, in landing barges and on foot in the jungle, desert, and on the beaches, it's going to be tough to talk to the men coming back. And in the case of those who aren't doing all they should, it's going to be tougher to look them in the eye.

I didn't see very much. And God knows I didn't do any fighting. But I had a worm's eye view of what war is.

Dying is sometimes easier than living through it.

But dying is always harder than what we at home are asked to do. We can't give until it hurts, because it doesn't hurt to give money. It doesn't make us bleed a bit to buy bonds.

Yet those men I saw in England and Africa and Sicily, those men who have flown the flak-filled skies over Germany and given their blood and their sight and their limbs—those men who really give till it hurts—they also buy bonds.

We at home would understand all this better if every one of us could go through a few hospital wards, stop at a few emergency dressing stations, pray for our own courage in operating rooms as we watched twelve and eighteen teams of steel-fingered surgeons perform miracles of science on men who had performed miracles of courage.

These men in hospitals couldn't be subjected to the indignity of organized tours through the wards. They've



Hope really roughs it when he is on tour . . . this is no Hollywood set! He loves it.

given enough. But if there were some way for more people to see the outer fringes of war as I did, we would need less urging, less exhorting, and less driving to buy bonds. Less? We wouldn't need any.

But this is not a book about the serious side of the war. That isn't my field. All I want you to know is that I did see your sons and your daughters in the uniforms of the United States of America . . . fighting for the United States of America.

I could ask for no more.

When Bob addressed the Boy Scouts at the Waldorf Astoria he said, "To me you're the United Nations in short pants."

Bob has done his army shows under the most amazing of conditions. After entertaining 10,000 soldiers in Bizerte during the war—that's near Sicily across the water—the enemy started dropping bombs on the town and incidentally very close to Hope. He ducked into a sewer (oh, those North African smells) just ahead of tracer bullets from a diving plane. When the raid was over, Bob returned to a well shot-up hotel and remained to be patsy for a mosquito raid. In Bizerte, they're almost as big as bombs.

As Bob travelled 2000 miles by auto around Europe in 1939 playing American camps, he found the show didn't have to be good. The men were so glad to see somebody from home that they yelled and whistled and screamed at everything. In England, Bob did a 10 minute show for each ward of one hospital. His opening line to many of the badly injured was: "Did you see our show or were you sick before?" In one ward he fell during a difficult routine and sprained a wrist and ankle. What appeared to be a joke resulted in much pain, but Bob hid it well enough for the injured to beg for an encore (which he couldn't do).

In one Fighter Command unit Bob and his troupe (Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford and Jack Pepper) did a show in a huge hangar. The light was bad and the bunch had lost their commanding officers that day in an air raid. Still the troupe fought the obstacles and did the best they could.

At one of the bomber bases they played, Major Clark Gable was one of the officers. But he wouldn't see the show. He said he was completely in the army now and was divorced from show biz. Bob used Gable as a focal point of his humor with gags like: "I hear they won't let Gable fly in a B-17—his ears destroy the streamlining." But the boys loved it indeed. The troupe even



Army chow line usually swells Hope's waistline.



Martha Stewart and Bob on the lookout for a laugh.

played for a cavalry outfit—there were more horses than men watching the show and it was done in the rain!

While touring Bob met Captain Eddie Rickenbacker at one camp. "Listen," warned Eddie, "try not to make the boys listen to the same jokes they heard while they were fighting. It'll make them wonder if they really won."

Bob relates that they did one show at a hospital around Exeter where they took care of the advanced cases of war fatigue. Those boys were in pretty bad shape. There were about five hundred at the show, and the doctors wanted Bob to do a performance for them, mostly to try to shake them out of their moodiness by bringing them together, creating a sort of mob psychology. Bob didn't quite get it. And those guys didn't quite get him. He got very few laughs. And those he did get were in funny places and scattered. There were absolutely no spots where the whole audience roared out together the way you hear an audience do in a theater or at a broadcast. The laughs would come from individuals to whom a phrase or line or word that wasn't really a joke at all would, for some private reason, seem funny. Frances Langford went over very big. In her they recognized familiar, friendly things. But as for Bob, it was one of the hardest jobs he'd ever done in his life to stay on that stage.

At one camp the P.A. system went out and Bob couldn't be heard. He did his act by moving from group to group. And at a submarine base Bob did a show for a crowd that was so grateful they wouldn't let him stop eating scads of delicacies they had accumulated.

Last show in England was at a camp where about a thousand new men had just arrived from America. Naturally, being an old hand at British ways and customs, Bob based the whole show on telling these men about England.

He told them that everyone rides a bicycle and how an American pilot who had been on thirty-one missions over Germany fell off a bike and was given the Purple Heart. He told them that English girls didn't mind going cycling, but that sometimes riding on the handle bars made them sore.

Probably the most important thing he was able to explain to

the men were the insignia of the British junior officers. They're little round disks, sort of like beehives, and the English call them pips. One pip's a subaltern, two's a lieutenant, and three's a captain.

The girls in the WAAF wear the same insignia. Bob happened to know because he was out with a gal who told him she was a Lieutenant, and she had two pips.

In Tunis where a mike gave out, the troupe and Tony Romano did it all in pantomime.

At Ferryville in North Africa, Bob did a show for about 7500 guys and gals. It was the most mixed audience they played to, except in a theater. All kinds of uniforms were there—soldiers, sailors, WACS—about the only fighting uniform not represented was the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Just as Bob stepped up to the microphone to start the show, a light tank came shoving through the crowd. People gave way in all directions. A tank commands plenty of respect. Bob thought it was out of control. It looked as if the thing was going to mow them right down, and Bob was getting ready to jump off the platform when suddenly, right in front of him, it stopped.

The top flew open and a guy crawled out wearing a tanker's crash helmet and enough grease on his face to sing "Mammy." He was dragging a folding chair which he set up on top of the tank. He sat down, crossed his legs, smiled, waved to Bob, and said, "Start the show."

So the show began. About halfway through Bob's opening routine the guy on the tank hollered, "Hey, Bob! Why is a Jap like your girdle?"

Bob stopped what he was doing and said, "I don't know, Mac, why is a Jap like my girdle?"

The kid hollered back, "Because it creeps up on you and it takes a Yank to bring it down." He got a nice laugh. It was a good joke, and Bob never heard it before.

Later someone told him Eddie Cantor had done it on the air. At Palermo the Hope troupe played the ball park for 16,000



Bob Hope, Doris Day ready for trip to Europe.



Jerry Colonna, Margaret Whiting, Bob, and Mr. & Mrs. Bill Holden, enroute to the top of the world.

troops. According to Bob, when Frances Langford came in (the boys hadn't seen a girl in months) the noise sounded like an air raid. General Patton was so happy with the show he gave the troupe a dinner which started with cream of tomato soup, a delicacy for the hungry performers.

Bob did one show in Sicily from a Fascist Youth Movement Hostel (captured). It gave him a kick to do his gags from an ex-Fascist stronghold. He also did a show in a bomb shelter.

Says Bob: "At Bone we made an appearance at a race track. I was lucky that day—nobody claimed me. And we did a show for a mixed audience of American and British forces. Naturally, I had a translator. There were not only soldiers and sailors, there were plenty of WACS and WRENS and Red Cross personnel of all kinds, as well as both English and American nurses. It was one of the most cosmopolitan groups we played for the whole time we were gone, and it was in front of this bunch that some guy way in the back hollered at me: "Draft dodger! Why aren't you in uniform?"

I just hollered back, "Don't you know there's a war going on? A guy could get hurt!"

The fact that he hollered at me shows you how far back he was sitting. He must have been halfway to Sicily. Anyone closer could have seen that General Hershey was going out of his way to snub me. Of course that's how I looked then. Now that I'm back, I look even worse.

People who are in a position to see a lot of confidential stuff tell me that next to my name on the draft list is a little note saying, "Complete surrender is preferable to this man's induction."

In Alaska the troupe did its shows mostly in Quonset huts and it isn't easy to make freezing cold men laugh.

Yes, Bob Hope has been a giant in helping with morale. He has given up vacation time, comfort and time with loved ones to do what he feels is a duty (yet, fun) though others feel is a performance far beyond duty. Bob has experienced grave danger in war time yet has gone back into other danger zones to thwart danger again. If he were to have been paid for the many camp tours he has made, at usual fee, cost would have come into the millions.

If you are a fan of the Hope TV shows, you know that he has called on the wealth of material of army experience for many of his scenes. Not long ago when he signed Mickey Mantle for his show, he had his writers do an army skit. Then Hope took his group to Alaska and televised the show there. You'll notice as you read this skit just as it was telecast, that Bob was playing to his soldier audience.

MUSIC: MILITARY

(FADE IN: ON POSTER FEATURING MEN OF VARIOUS BRANCHES OF THE SERVICE)
NARRATOR (V.O.)

The armed forces, our first line of defense in war and peace. These are the men who guard our shores, our seas and the skies overhead. Yes, this is the muscle and the sinew in Uncle Sam's fighting arm . . . And here is the backbone . . .

(CUT TO: SHOT OF HOPE'S BACK)
(HE IS LOOKING THROUGH PAPERS ON CLIP-BOARD)



Thousands of servicemen jam Lowry Air Force Base hangar, Denver for another "Standing Room Only" Bob Hope Show.

(HE TURNS AND SCOWLS OVER HIS SHOULDER)

. . . This is Master Sergeant Backbone T. Hope . . .
(HOPE SNARLS AT CAMERA)

. . . Look at those service stripes . . . One stripe for every year of service . . .

(CAMERA PANS UP ONE ARM, AND DOWN THE OTHER)

. . . And that's not all—he has another arm in his footlocker . . .

(CUT TO: CLOSEUP OF HOPE SNEERING)

. . . This man lives by the book. He's GI through and through. Dedicated to duty, a slave to discipline, he rules his men with an iron head . . .

(HOPE REACTS)

. . . In short, there is but one word to describe this man . . .

SOUND: CHICKEN CACKLE

(HOPE REACTS)

. . . Let's watch him as he gets his men ready for an inspection.

(CUT TO: SHOT OF INT. OF BARRACKS)

(SEVERAL SOLDIERS ARE SITTING AROUND A FOOTLOCKER PLAYING CARDS)

(HOPE ENTERS)

HOPE

"Tenshun!

(THE SOLDIERS SNAP TO ATTENTION)

I said—Attention!

(A ROW OF MOPS LEANING AGAINST WALL FLIP UP AND STAND AT ATTENTION)

(HELMETS ON WALL ABOVE MOPS ADD TO "SOLDIERS-AT-ATTENTION" EFFECT)

(HOPE POINTS TO ONE MOP WHICH HAS NOT RESPONDED)

HOPE (TO MOP)

You—I'm gonna break you and make you a broom!

(HE PACES BEFORE THE MEN GLARING INTO EACH MAN'S FACE)

All right, at ease—breathe if you like. Now listen—we're gonna have an inspection in five minutes and everything better go right. If I find one—

(BREAKS OFF AND POINTS TO ASHTRAY)

Who left a cigarette butt in that ashtray? I told you guys when you get through smokin' 'em—eat 'em! It won't kill ya—Winstons taste good like a cigarette should. And didn't I tell you guys I wanted this floor so clean you could eat off it?

(POINTS TO SPOT ON FLOOR)

Now, who's the slob who didn't finish his oatmeal?

(CORPORAL ENTERS)

CORPORAL

"Tenshun!

(THEY ALL SNAP TO ATTENTION AS COLONEL ENTERS)

COLONEL

At ease . . . Sergeant, dismiss the men, I want to talk to you.

HOPE

All right, men—you've got a ten minute break. Fall out, on the double, police the area, pick up the butts, polish the rocks, cut the grass and let's get some clean dirt on that lawn . . .

(MEN EXIT)

. . . What did you wanna see me about, Colonel?

COLONEL

That's what I want to see you about . . . Sergeant, you're riding the men too hard—you're not treating them like human beings.

HOPE

But they're *soldiers!* I only go accordin' to the book.

COLONEL

The book's been changed. Your technique was all right in the old army . . . But Washington has in-

stituted a whole new policy. Gentleness, kindness, understanding, love . . . that's what makes soldiers . . .

HOPE

Well, if you're talking about WACS, yeah!

COLONEL

I've got a new replacement outside—and if I get one complaint from this youngster about your treatment—I'll have your stripes.

HOPE

But Colonel, I can't coddle the men in my platoon.

COLONEL

Don't think of it as a platoon, think of it as a brood . . . And you're the mother hen!

(COLONEL EXITS . . . GESTURES TO MICKEY

MANTLE WHO STEPS IN)

(APPLAUSE)

HOPE

Welcome to the nest!

(HOPE WALKS AROUND HIM, EXAMINING HIM WITH DISTASTE)

(HE READS FROM LARGE TAG TIED TO MICKEY'S SHIRT POCKET BUTTON)

. . . "Michael Mantle. If lost return to J. D. Mantle, General Delivery, Commerce, Oklahoma. Return postage guaranteed." (TO CORPORAL) HE wasn't inducted—he was *mailed* into the army! . . . Michael Mantle.

MANTLE

Yes, sir . . . Are you the Headmaster?

HOPE

No, I'm the Housemother! (TURNS TO CORPORAL) Fix him up a tent on the target range.

CORPORAL

Sarge—remember your stripes . . . Friendly . . .

friendly,

HOPE

Yeah . . . (TURNS TO MANTLE) Welcome to Blackhole . . .

MANTLE

That's mighty friendly of you . . . (BITES OFF CHAW, HANDS IT TO HOPE) Have a chew.

CORPORAL (PLEASED)

Well, at least he chews tobacco.

HOPE

(LOOKING AT IT) Tobacco? This is a tootsie roll!

(PUTS IT IN MANTLE'S POCKET) Where's your papers?

MANTLE

Right here, Mr. Sergeant.

(HANDS THEM TO HOPE)

(HOPE LOOKS AT THEM . . . HOLDS UP SHEET)

HOPE

What's this?

MANTLE

A note from my mother.

HOPE

(READING) "This is to introduce my son Michael. He is still a growing boy and needs his rest so do not wake him up too early in the morning. When you squeeze his orange juice make sure you strain the pits and the pulp. If he gets tired of his cod-liver oil sneak it into a malted milk."

(HOPE GLARES AT MANTLE)

MANTLE

You can forget about the cod-liver oil—I won't tell her.

HOPE

(PINCHES CHEEK, SLAPS HIM FONDLY)

Bob wow's them at Hollywood Canteen during World War Two.



Good boy! (READS AGAIN) "He is inclined to be forgetful so be sure he has a clean handkerchief when you take him out for a walk." What've I got here—a soldier or a cocker spaniel? (READS AGAIN) "When he is getting dressed in the morning don't help him tie his shoelaces as he has been doing it by himself for almost a year now."

(HOPE SMILES FONDLY, BLINKS HIS EYES, PINCHES MANTLE'S CHEEK)

Good boy! (READS) "Let me know if he is not behaving himself and I will come and take him right home."

(HOPE TAKES .45 FROM HOLSTER ON END OF BED, AND COCKS IT)

CORPORAL

Sarge—what are you doin'?

HOPE

I'm gonna kill it before it spreads!

CORPORAL

(TAKES GUN AWAY) Sarge—you can't—thirty years you worked for them stripes—you're not gonna throw all that away . . .

HOPE

You're right . . . (TO MANTLE) Okay—come on.

MANTLE

Oh . . . you gonna show me to my room?

HOPE

(STOPS IN HIS TRACKS) It isn't ready yet . . . We're having it redecorated . . . Conrad Hilton checked out this morning and left a terrible mess. Temporarily you'll have to share this suite with us.

MANTLE

Oh . . . May I have the key?

HOPE

The Key?!!

MANTLE

In case I stay out late I wouldn't want you to have to get up and open the door for me.

(HOPE TURNS HELPLESSLY TO THE CORPORAL)

(THE CORPORAL HANDS HIM THE GUN)

HOPE

(PUSHING IT AWAY) No, that's the easy way.

(TO MANTLE) There's your bed, unpack your gear. Breakfast is at 0700.

MANTLE

Yes, sir—what street?

HOPE

(PINCHES CHEEK, SLAPS HIM FONDLY) Now I know what Stengel goes through. Unpack!

MANTLE

Yes, sir.

(MANTLE OPENS BARRACKS BAG, TAKES OUT TOILET ARTICLE KIT, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, PUTS THEM ON FOOTLOCKER)

(NEXT HE TAKES OUT ROLLED UP RUG, UNROLLS IT AND PLACES IT ON FLOOR BESIDE BED)

(TAKES BOUDOIR LAMP OUT OF BAG, PUTS LAMP SHADE ON, PLACES IT NEXT TO BED, PLUGS IT IN)

(TAKES OUT BUNNY SLIPPERS, SETS THEM ON RUG)

(TAKES OUT SET OF PRETTY LACE CURTAINS ON STRINGS, FASTENS THEM ON WINDOW)

(STEPS BACK TO ADMIRE HIS HANDIWORK)

HOPE

Who drafted you—Good Housekeeping? (POINTS TO CURTAINS) Get that garbage out of here. You can't hang curtains in my barracks.

MANTLE

Why not?

HOPE

It clashes with the wallpaper in the washroom!

MANTLE

(STARTS TO GO) Maybe I better get the Colonel's permission.

(HOPE GRABS HIM, HIS ATTITUDE CHANGES COMPLETELY)



Four Davis-Monthan Air Force Base M.P.'s give Hope a make believe bum's rush during one of his camp tours.



A Bob Hope troupe fills a plane ready for takeoff to a lonely island during the war to entertain the army.

HOPE

Wait a minute—it does lend a certain air of enchantment.

MANTLE

Then you *do* like it?

HOPE

It's rather chic in a nauseating sort of way.
(MANTLE PINCHES HOPE'S CHEEK, SLAPS IT PLAYFULLY)

MANTLE

You old Grizzly Bear, you. Your bark is worse than

your bite.

(HE TURNS AWAY)

(THE CORPORAL RESTRAINS HOPE)

CORPORAL

Sarge—what are you gonna do?

HOPE

I'm gonna bite him and show him how wrong he is!
(MANTLE YAWNS AND STRETCHES AND TURNS TO HOPE)

MANTLE

I had a tough day—I think I'll turn in.

HOPE

Fine. Why don't you do that? Get undressed.

MANTLE

In front of everybody?

(STARTS OUT)

HOPE

Where are you going?

MANTLE

I'm gonna see the Colonel about a dressing room.

HOPE

You don't need the Colonel . . . Corporal—his dressing room.

(CORPORAL TAKES BLANKET OFF END OF BED, HANDS ONE END TO HOPE, THEY HOLD IT IN FRONT OF MANTLE)

(MANTLE IS UNDRRESSING BEHIND BLANKET . . . HOPE AND CORPORAL HAVE FACES DELICATELY AVERTED)

CORPORAL

(BLEAKLY) What are we gonna do when we're out on maneuvers?

HOPE

One thing at a time . . . We'll think of something—we'll build him a portable foxhole.

CORPORAL

Who's gonna break it to him that there are thirty-two other guys sharing this boudoir?

HOPE

Oh, they'll have to go . . . Listen, I've had enough of this—

(HE DROPS THE BLANKET)

(MANTLE IS REVEALED WEARING "DR. DENTON'S SLEEPERS. ON THE FRONT IS A MONOGRAM "MM" INTERTWINED. ON THE BACK IS HIS BATTING AVERAGE: .351)

CORPORAL

Sarge, look—Monogrammed Dr. Denton's!

(MANTLE TURNS REVEALING BATTING AVERAGE)

HOPE

(POINTING TO IT) Up here, that's your salary for the year!

(NURSE ENTERS . . . SHE'S TALKING AS SHE ENTERS)

NURSE

You got a new recruit in here?

(MANTLE REACTS STARTLED, COVERS UP SHYLY)

HOPE

(INDICATING MANTLE) That's him—"September Morn."

(NURSE GLANCES AT HIM)

NURSE

At ease . . . (TO HOPE) He's gotta get his shots.

MANTLE

I'll see you later. I've gotta talk to the colonel.

HOPE

(GRABS HIM) What do you need the Colonel for?

MANTLE

Well . . . I'm afraid of shots . . . At home when I'm scared to take medicine Mom takes a spoonful first just to show me it don't hurt.

(THERE IS COMPLETE SILENCE AS ALL THE HEADS TURN TO HOPE)

(HOPE ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVE AND WE SEE THAT HE HAS SERVICE STRIPES ALL THE WAY UP HIS BARE ARM)

(THE NURSE STARES AT THE STRIPES ON HIS ARM, THEN LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY INTO HOPE'S FACE)

HOPE

We need discipline in the showers, too!

NURSE

I'll leave the matter in your hands, Sergeant.

(SHE PLACES HYPO ON END OF BED AND GOES)

HOPE

(TO MANTLE) Come here, you.

(HE SITS MANTLE ON FOOTLOCKER AND PROCEEDS TO ROLL UP HIS SLEEVE)

You're gonna get your shot if it's the last thing I do.

(TO CORPORAL) Now give me the shot.

(HE SITS ON HYPO)

Never mind, I got it!

Curvesome Gloria Pall helps Bob during one of his recruiting drives while Navy Nurse holds poster.



(HE GETS UP)

Oh, What's the use . . . Go on, Soldier—hit the sack.
(HE STARTS TO LEAVE)

MANTLE

(HURT) Sarge—you mean you're not gonna tuck me in.

(HOPE STOPS IN HIS TRACKS . . . CROSSES BACK TO HIM . . . PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HIM AND NODS TO CORPORAL)

(CORPORAL TAKES OUT HARMONICA AND PLAYS "MY BUDDY" SOFTLY UNDER FOLLOWING)

(THE COLONEL ENTERS DURING THIS BIT AND UNSEEN BY THE MEN STANDS VISIBLY TOUCHED BY THIS SCENE)

HOPE

(OVER MUSIC) Look, kid, I'm your pal . . . I've been in the army a long time . . . I know what it's like for a kid like you away from home the first time . . . The loneliness, the need for friendship . . . I wouldn't steer you wrong . . . I'm gonna give you some good advice. . .

(MUSIC: OUT)

HOPE

Why don't you desert???

(CUT TO: COLONEL REACTING)

HOPE

Go over the hill—I'll never tell anybody . . .

MANTLE

What about the colonel?

HOPE

Old Yellowstain?? He hasn't been out of the sack in two years!

COLONEL

'Tenshun!

(HOPE REACTS AS HE SEES COLONEL)

HOPE

Anyone for the firing squad???

MANTLE

I don't feel so good. I think I'll lie down.

(MANTLE GETS IN BED)

COLONEL

(TO HOPE) I warned you that the new soldiers are to be treated with kindness and understanding—didn't I—*Private Hope?*

HOPE

A private? After thirty years, sir—you're taking away my rank?

COLONEL

That's right! You'll get no different treatment than any other new recruit.

HOPE

Well, I'm glad to hear that.

(CLIMBS INTO BED BESIDE MANTLE)

COLONEL

What do you think you're doing?

HOPE

(HANDING HIM A COMIC BOOK)

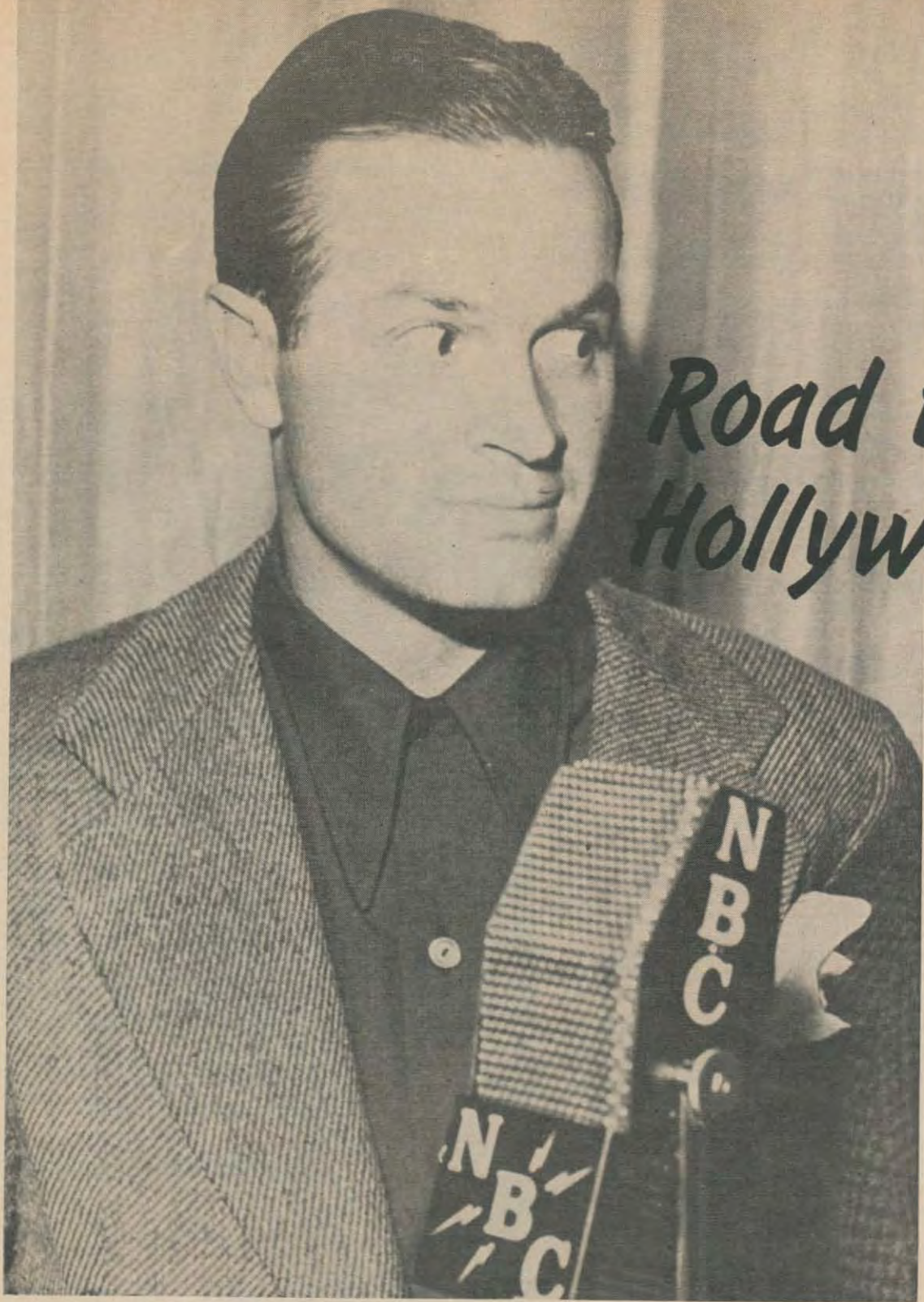
Read us to sleep, Mother!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)



Marilyn Maxwell laughs as Hope sheds shoes to show respect for Army's red carpet treatment on tour.



Road to Hollywood

A very young looking Bob Hope breaks in as a radio star on N.B.C. at the ripe age of 25!

I thought it might be interesting to relate how I came to write a book about Bob Hope and what some of the experiences were in gathering the material necessary to make a book. The publishers originally intended that I do a book about Walter Winchell with the promise that he cooperate and put his blessings on the biography. I went to the Mocambo in Hollywood where the columnist was being given a party and presented the possibility of a book to him. Winchell was skeptical. Simon and Schuster had assigned a writer to him some months before and he was afraid my book would be competition for his. He thought two books about him published at the same time was one too many. I reported this fact to the publishers. "Then," they said, "keep your eyes open for some person of note in the entertainment world whom you think would make a good subject."

I read the daily columns, talked to many entertainers and searched for a fit subject who would be both interesting, cooperative and who would be important enough to warrant a book about him. I came up with the name of Bob Hope. Before presenting the name of Bob, I talked to one of Bob's publicists, Mack Millar (he's been with Bob 17 years).

Mack thought Bob might be interested and talked to him. Bob said "yes" on condition the interviews, etc. didn't take too much of his time (of which he doesn't have much). Then I talked to Bob and assured him all the time I'd need with him would be one full day of questions and access to his files. We shook hands on it. (Though we shook hands on the book, decisions with big-name personalities aren't that simple. Bob's attorney, Martin Gang, drew up a paper in which I was given the promise of cooperation in doing the book but was to forfeit any rights to Bob's life story if done in pictures, radio or TV. I was agreeable. It was also understood that I was to keep all royalties. That met with my approval.)

Then came a meeting in the publisher's office with the editor of the book. We discussed contents. The editor thought 50,000 words and 150 pictures would be about right divided into approximately 10 chapters. I ventured the opinion that the book should be heavy on comedy and should only loosely be biographical. Reason for that is humor has always been a saleable commodity and Bob already had two biographies done on him. As for release date, it was decided that if Paramount would cooperate, the book should be released simultaneously with the movie "Beau James." After a meeting with Andy Hervey, Paramount Publicity director, and Tony MacLean we set the book release with the movie.

Now I was off, signed a contract with the publishers and first started the search for Bob Hope pictures. I spent a morning at NBC going through the picture files which went back through Bob's days of radio. After looking at more than 3000 pictures I selected 100. At Paramount, I did the same. In both places releases had to be arranged so that the pictures could be published. Then I went through Bob's personal files, went through Goldwyn's files, looked at pictures owned by Frank



Bob breaks in his first act back in the old days. The hat was considered a tip-top topper in those days.



Here is the big man in first vaudeville job in Philadelphia way back when.

Lieberman, another Hope publicist, and through Mack Millar's files. I also contacted the New York offices of the network and the movie studios. One more inspiration led me to several second-hand book stores where I found some hitherto unseen Hope stills at five cents each. I now had about 400 pictures that I liked.

Now back to the editor who carefully examined each picture, choosing 150. Now each picture to be used had to be backed—a description of each picture typed on the back so the publisher could print captions. The only missing picture now was the cover picture which had to be in color. I found four color negatives in various files and they were delivered to the publisher so that he could choose one big color print for the cover. It was decided to make up a cover with color print and a string of black and white pictures to lend distinction to the cover.

Now to the writing. First I met with Jack Hope, Bob's brother and right-hand man. Jack is a solid, dependable man who stays close to all Hope enterprises. Jack introduced me to Marjorie Hughes, Bob's personal secretary for many years. We went to Bob's offices which are on the grounds of his home but separate from it. It is an entire building filled with files, trophies, a conference room and three girls who handle Bob's vast correspondence. The files which particularly interested me date back to the day Bob started as a paid entertainer and are neatly classified according to year containing a copy of just about every word the comic has uttered. I spent a week with the files making notes (with the help of my right hand girl, Shirley Cooper) and the combined efforts of Bob's staff. From the mountain of material, I was able after a while to decipher what made Bob tick in front of cameras and alongside mike. His trophies (most for service but some for golf) cover an entire wall and are each labeled behind a huge glass cabinet. I made notes on many.

Temporarily finished with his files, I went through NBC, Paramount, and his publicists' files too. Then I spent several afternoons in NBC's Burbank studios watching a Bob Hope rehearsal meanwhile getting a few snatches of conversation with Bob between takes and talking to people on his show about the great man. We talked to Lana Turner, Rosemary Clooney, Betty Grable, Wally Cox, Don Larsen, cameramen, grips and especially many of the glamorous girls who are always present on a Hope big one.

Next, I went to the library and back-issue magazine shops reading all the material ever printed on Bob. Look, Coronet, Ladies Home Journal, McCall, American and Colliers all had pieces on Bob but as in the case of material on all personalities there was much repetition.

Now a visit to Paramount to talk to his current producers, Jack Rose and Mel Shavelson. After that to NBC to talk to Milt Josefsberg, currently connected with the TV show in an advisory capacity. Then a long session with Bob in which he answered a list of questions I had prepared for him. (All the while I was working on the book, Bob was flying all over the world and I had to catch him between trips.) After that, talks with neighbors of Bob's (he lives in a typical family section of the San Fernando Valley among simple, middle-class people) and with writers who had worked with the comic through the years. Next, talks with some of his golf partners. (Golf is the love of Bob's life.)

To round out matters, talks with Dr. Frederick Hacker, a prominent psychiatrist, to find out why comics are comics. At this point there were almost 1000 pages of notes. The pages that are printed are those I thought most appropriate to present the spirit of the modern Bob Hope.

Dr. Frederick Hacker, a Beverly Hills psychiatrist, somewhat reluctantly agreed to take up my questions about comedians in general, trying to avoid the more obvious triviality of the old Pagliacci theme and elaborations on such phrases as "Comics are just like other people, only more so"—because who of us has not fantasied himself in the position of being the center of attention, the funny man who always cracks the best jokes and

can keep the crowd laughing; for just as universal as the fear to be laughed at, is the desire to make people laugh. Still, the many heartwarming expressions of humor—ranging from burlesque antics to urbane word-play—often conceal a great deal of inner tension, caused by the many small and large human problems that we all have and very much aggravated by the special position of the professional comic.

The "funny man" has given his public an implicit promise never to let them down, to always leave them laughing. He is under constant harassment. There are, after all, only so many jokes or comedy situations in the world; and to stay abreast with the game, he has to come up with new and better gags for every performance. Nothing wears off quite so quickly as a joke, which, by its nature, does not bear constant repetition; and dangerously thin is the line that divides the fun-spreading entertainer from the repetitious bore.

This situation has become particularly acute right now, when our mass-communication media use and practically devour the material at a pace unimaginable only a few years ago. Not so long ago, the comic, by extensive travel, could change his public and thereby get by with the same material; but today the comic must appeal to essentially the same audience, which possesses the greatest of all "killjoys"—memory. He has to be funny to everybody at once and funnier every time; and while he must come up with ever-changing and new material, he still has to preserve his own special style, which retains certain easily recognizable and identifiable features of content and delivery.

There is still an additional factor that makes the comic's lot a particularly arduous one. While every other actor implicitly admits that he is speaking lines written for him, the comic—by virtue of the specific comic effect—has to maintain the fiction that his jokes are the inspiration of the moment, "unprepared and unrehearsed." This demands unique skill and increases the inner tension immeasurably.

With jokes, everything depends on timing; and the ability to time correctly depends in turn on a subtle knowledge of audiences. Each audience, though, is going to be different—ever so slightly perhaps—so that today's audience may respond coldly to a technique that went over big with yesterday's audience. Hence, the comedian has to watch for innumerable small clues and to modify his delivery accordingly, so that in this sense every performance is truly a new act of creation. And this need to pay almost exclusive attention to the moods and expectations of others, and little attention to one's own feelings, can become a habit; what started out as a compelling necessity of a most difficult job becomes a life adjustment—of gearing every action to the effect it may have on others, of depending completely on the approval of audiences, of losing one's power to trust or even question himself.

The challenge of having to win over the audience, to seduce and captivate them, can at times become an obsession, victimizing the comedian who can't stop being funny because all of his sources of reassurance come from the laughter of his public. But he knows deep down how much of a strain this is; and despite all the tremendous rewards in money and recognition, it is easy to conjecture how he will resent the public's expectations, which do not permit him to rest and keep him constantly running—seeking every moment for the reassurance he needs. He can relax with and trust only his family and his few intimate friends, the "old-timers," the only ones whom he does not need to look at as an audience. On these, he will shower his largesse and generosity, his loyalty and devotion.

But often, and sometimes quite strikingly, he will forget them completely, whenever the insatiable many-headed hydra, the public, demands its due—and this due is *all of him, all of the time*.

Clearer than in most other professions is the analogy between the comic and the gambler. In both instances, it all starts out in fun and is supposed to bring pleasure—the pleasure of an almost ecstatic gratification of winning in a risky business. But what began as harmless fun can become an uncontrollable addic-



Fanny Brice and Bob Hope brought down the house in the early days at famous Palace Theater. Bob's coat was typical garb.

tion. For the comic, each show is a new "gamble," having no relation to what has happened before. All the success of the past does not matter a bit; it is only the present moment that counts. Finally, even the goal of these efforts—material gain, security, personal happiness—may become unimportant; and the "game" is played for its own sake.

Obviously this type of addiction is not confined to the comic; but the fact that he is involved in a repetitive performance that must never become obviously repetitious, makes him peculiarly susceptible. His need for reassurance becomes insatiable, and he cannot stop. Family, doctors, and friends may advise him to take it easy, but how can he even slacken his pace? After having tasted of the seductively sweet drug of public approval, he can't let go.

Of course, only a study of every individual case could reveal the specific causes, the values, and the desirability of such an adjustment. But surely it can be stated in general that a look behind the comedian's mask would reveal a picture far removed from the pleasant image he shows the public. It might reveal a driven, struggling, suffering human being.

In 1927 Bob Hope was in the cast of a musical show "The Sidewalks of New York." One review said: "Bob Hope has something but you won't notice it if you sit back more than five rows." At that time Bob was doing more singing and dancing than laugh-getting. George Byrne was his partner and the two had a lot of fun but seemingly were headed for Nowhere-

ville. They were just not catching on . . . that is until the two were booked into B. S. Moss Franklin theater in New York. After going on once the manager told them that not only was their act no good and their clothes wrong but their make-up was spread on cockeyed. Bob, furious, called the William Morris Agency and laid it on the line. "We're great. Too good for these crummy hick towns like New York. Come down and see our act and then you can book us." The William Morris Agency was not overwhelmed with Hope's generous offer. They told him they had heard about the act. The Agency's advice was: "Put a new act together, add laughs and then take it West where you can start all over again."

Bob and George took the advice and got a booking in New Castle, Pa. Fifty dollars a week was the stipend. The act was so-so until the manager of the theater asked them to introduce the next act, after they finished. Bob did by saying at the end of their act, "Ladies and gentlemen, next week Marshall Walker will be here with his 'Big Time Revue.' Marshall is a Scotchman. I know him. He got married in the backyard so the chickens could get the rice."

The audience laughed, and the next show they added another Scotch joke. That got a laugh too. Next show they added two more. The manager came back and said, "Hey, that's good. Keep them in." The second night they told so many Scotch jokes to announce Marshall Walker's arrival that Bob found he was doing four or five minutes. One of the fellows in the



Cameraman catches Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope between scenes of Paramount's "Cat and The Canary," in 1939.

orchestra took him aside and said, "You two guys are doing the wrong kind of thing. Your double act with that dancing and those corny jokes, that's nothing. You ought to be a master of ceremonies."

Bob thought it over, then called George in. "I know what you're thinking," George said. "You're going to try a single. I don't blame you. I'll go back to Columbus and take it easy. I might even start a dancing school." "I think I'll try it alone for a couple of weeks," Bob told him. "If it works, we'll break up the trunk."

This started one of the greatest comedy careers in show business. To this day Bob has personally earned about \$20,000,000. A man close to Bob (on the business side) has this full report to make on Bob today: "Bob Hope is a casual, free-booting funnyman entirely surrounded by financial wizards, business managers and walking delegates. But he does his own banking. Just wants to know how the account stands, a matter never quite settled in his mind, 'especially,' he observes, 'when you've got a dozen business agents trying to explain it to you'."

At the Hollywood branch bank where he tries to show up once a week, the manager is continually being badgered by freelance business agents. "Look," they say, "why don't you set me in right with this clown so that I can handle his affairs?" To this approach the manager has one stock answer. "Bob Hope," he remarks, "should be handling your affairs."

The Hope home near Toluca Lake, an English-type farm-

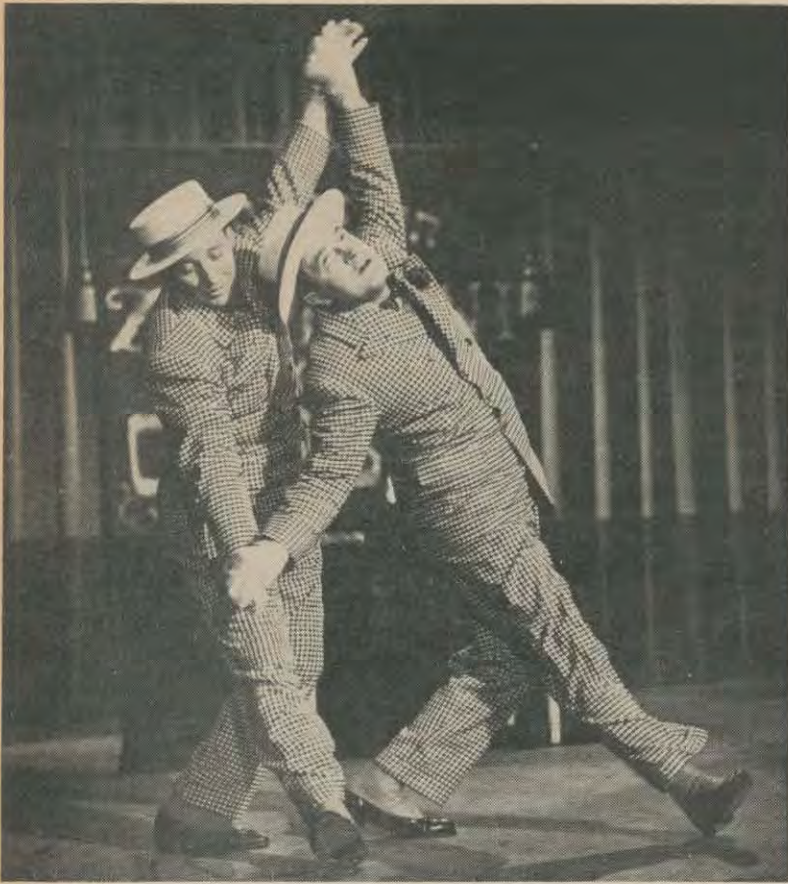
house, is literally built around a pool table. As a pool "hustler" in Cleveland, Hope yearned for the day when he would own his own table. It was the first thing he bought from his Hollywood earnings.

Addicted as he is to charity performances, Hope has earned the sobriquet of "the Benefit King." During the past ten years he has played a thousand-odd benefits and had to turn down 200 more due to lack of time. Between Thanksgiving and New Year's, he frequently plays as many as three a day. "As long as there are sick and injured people and kids who need help, I'll play benefits," he says, and that's his credo.

On his personal payroll he has more than a score of ex-vaudeville pals and people he knew during his Cleveland schooldays.

He prefers telephones with extra long cords because he likes to tap dance during a protracted telephone conversation. He has to be active most of the time. He chews gum incessantly, doesn't park it during movie scenes but tucks it against the roof of his mouth.

He has less than an average sense of sartorial ensemble. A shirt and a tie are necessary, he figures, but there's not much point in being choosy about the colors. He has been known to report at the studio in gray pants, yellow socks, blue shirt, red tie and coatless or in a checkered sports jacket, a decor which even in flamboyant Hollywood makes him resemble a sunset in the tropics by an American artist. This combination has brought more than one snide remark from a fellow named Bing Crosby,



Bing Crosby and Bob Hope ham it up in "The Road To Utopia" and were one of the world's highest paid dance teams.

whom Hope describes as a tumbleweed with pieces of old fly-paper sticking out all over it.

To some people, Hope's most annoying trait is his preoccupation plus an ingrained habit of answering a question ten minutes late, because he was thinking of something else at the time and only just got around to it.

Seven is his lucky number. He still occupies his original dressing room at Paramount, about the size of a large broom closet, because its number is 106, which adds up to seven. The studio has given up trying to make him move into a bigger and better one. Finally they knocked out a wall into the adjoining room to give him more space—him and his financial wizards.

His original name was Leslie Townes Hope, but at school roll-call, the teacher always called his surname first. Thus he was addressed day after day as Hope, Leslie, and the kids gave him the nickname of Hopeless. This precipitated so many fights that he eventually entered the prize ring under the *nom de guerre* of Packy East. He won the first bout; the second was a Mexican standoff; in the third he was knocked flat for a long count. So he quit and became a hoofer and changed his name to Lester Hope. When he broke into vaudeville as a blackface comedian he became Bob Hope.

Quicker on the comeback than any other Hollywood comedian, he was completely stumped once by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Hope was emceeding a political rally in Madison Square Garden and adroitly building up to a tag-line for a gag when Roosevelt, then campaigning for Governor, walked in. The applause drowned out Hope's joke. He couldn't think of a topper, so wisely sat down.

Since automobile traffic is viewed with scorn, if not alarm, on the narrow studio streets at Paramount, Hope pumps a

bicycle between his dressing room and the sets. Dangling from the bike's frame is a neat, hand-painted legend which says, "Bob Hope—Available for Parties, Clubs, Weddings.

He is about the only celebrity in Hollywood who is not trying to buy up his original screen test, which was no good. When he asked for the results they told him he wasn't photogenic and didn't come up to the standards of a screen comedian.

Hope is the father of four adopted children, Linda, Tony, Nora, and Kelly. All came from The Cradle, a foundling home near Chicago. Now that all of the youngsters are able to swim well, Hope finally is putting a swimming pool on his six-acre estate in North Hollywood. He refused to succumb to this Hollywood temptation until all the children were able to swim well enough to stay out of danger in the pool.

Between films, radio, television and benefits, he averages twelve hours' work per day and then sleeps much of the rest of the time. He is able to sleep any place and at any time, and frequently steals five-minute naps on the sound stage between scenes. Before turning in for the night, he takes a hot bath and then sprawls on an oversize double bed scooping up a quart of vanilla ice cream. Cold milk is another of his favorites. He seldom drinks anything stronger unless he's extremely tired, and almost never smokes.

Bones Hamilton, an ex-football star, owns the house in back of Bob's. Whenever Bones' two year old child cried, Bones would silence the tot by saying, "Be quiet, Bob Hope is asleep." When the child grew up a little and saw Bob for the first time on a TV screen, the child said, "Oh, that's Bob Hope, don't wake him up."

He is involved in so many extra-curricular business enterprises that it takes a platoon of business managers to keep him apprised of their individual status. Apart from his contractual obligations to the studio and the radio, he now owns a share in each of his films. He also shares with NBC the income from his radio and television performances. A subsidiary of his Hope Enterprises is the television distributing agency which supplies sets to retailers throughout the Pacific Coast States. Besides his stock in the Cleveland Indian baseball team he has some in the Los Angeles Rams football team. He is part owner with one brother in a meat packing house in Cleveland and with another brother in a summer resort in Columbus, Ohio. Then too, there is his daily syndicated column for King Features Syndicate.

His hobby is 16mm color photography. Several years ago, at Pasadena Tournament of Roses, he followed a woman down Colorado Street, because she was wearing a trick hat and he wanted to photograph it. He finally had to quit when she threatened to slap his face.

Apart from his wife's picture, the only autographed photograph in his dressing room is Madeleine Carroll. Their association started when he began describing her over the air as his dream girl. Then she volunteered to appear on one of his broadcasts. After which they both went to studio executives and suggested that they be co-starred in a picture.

During the run of "Roberta" on Broadway, a friend took him to a night club where Dolores Reade was singing. Hope invited her to see his show. She thought he was a chorus boy, was amazed to find he was the male lead. When she left for an engagement in Florida he kept in touch with her by phone until she agreed to marry him. He declares he was only in love once, knew it the minute he saw her, so he married the girl.

He doesn't like working wives and believes a man should be the boss of his own home. "There's one thing wrong with that idea," he cracks, "I'm so seldom home."

He likes Bing Crosby, is glad he met Crosby and thinks Crosby makes a fine golf partner. Breakfast is his big meal of the day. He eats cereal, ham and eggs, toast, jam, fruit juice and milk. For lunch he has only a salad. He doesn't care where, when or what he eats for dinner. When he's rushing around to benefits and radio shows, dinner usually consists of a steak sandwich and ice cream.

Golf is a mania with him but he has never taken a lesson.

He started playing when a youngster and had to borrow clubs. He shoots consistently in the low eighties.

Hope's terrific nervous energy is the despair of his associates. During personal appearances several years ago, Jerry Colonna, Brenda and Cobina, the orchestra leader and Hope's straight man, all came down with the flu. Bob took over the entire act, remaining on the stage two hours at a stretch, five shows a day, then wanted to go out to night clubs "for laughs."

He thinks the funniest guy in the world is his colored butler-chauffeur. He used to be a broadcasting studio flunkey. He handed Hope so many laughs that the latter signed him up and taught him to buttle.

His favorite dish, apart from ice cream, is lemon pie. Any cook at the Hope home is hired on her ability to make this pie from a recipe of Bob's mother. If she can't do it, she doesn't get the job.

When he's not working and doesn't have golf dates, he can't stand the light of day in his bedroom before noon. The windows are covered with extra-thick drapes. He sleeps on two pillows, and in the raw. He has a horror of falling beams, dating back to the days when his father and brothers were contractors.

Though he is Hollywood's most celebrated master of ceremonies, troupers know him also as a marvelous audience. He loves to watch others perform, roars at their jokes. In preparing his own material, he'll accept suggestions from anybody, but he makes the final decision as to whether it's "my style."

He likes to kid about his own lack of glamour and signs himself "Ski Nose" on notes to Crosby. But you can't print how he addresses Crosby.

Yes, Bob with good friends, money, a fine family and a life philosophy has come a long way since that first corny joke in New Castle, Pa. His TV show today costs \$130,000 to put together and humor has become an expensive business. This is what a weak Scotch joke in 1927 has grown into—a TV show starring Eddie Fisher, Harry James, Rowan and Martin, and Betty Grable and a skit with James, Grable and Bob like this one:

MUSIC: MOVIELAND THEME

(OPEN ON GRABLE IN LAVISH SETTING)
(CAMERA ZOOMS IN)

GRABLE

Oh hello, there!
(APPLAUSE)
My name is Marsha Mantrap—I'm a star. They call me "Marsh" cause I'm mysterious and misty!
(CUT TO HOPE'S ROOM)
(HE IS REACHING WITH A CANE TRYING TO SNAG A BOTTLE OF MILK ACROSS HALL)
(HE REACTS EMBARRASSED)

HOPE

Oops!—My name is Tab Hope—I'm a flop. They call me "Tab" cause I never pick up any!
(TAKES BOTTLE)
(CUT TO GRABLE)

GRABLE

I accept only the biggest most important roles. I was the Girl in "Girl from Laredo."
(CUT TO HOPE)

HOPE

I take any kind of bits. I was the burp in "Baby Doll!"
(CUT TO GRABLE)

GRABLE

I got an Oscar when I stole a scene from Anna Magnani.
(CUT TO: HOPE)

HOPE

I got arrested when I stole some gravel from Rock Hudson!
(CUT TO: GRABLE)

GRABLE

This is my home . . . Twenty-two rooms, five baths, and the grounds are out of this world.



When Hope starts getting awards for a picture, the news comes in on two phones and gives the comic a chance to clown.

(CUT TO: HOPE)

HOPE

This is my home . . . No grounds, one room, and the bathroom is out of this building. I just took a shower at the service station. Ooh those five minute car washes! Well another day. If I don't get a job in pictures pretty soon, I'll starve to death. Yesterday they baked me a cake at the Unemployment Bureau.
(X'S TO ICEBOX TAKES OUT SHOE)

No—I better save this for when things get tough!
(PUTS FRYING PAN ON STOVE)
(X'S TO BIRDCAGE, WITH ALLEY CAT)

Sneak—you ate my breakfast. How long can this go on . . . For ten years I've scrimped and saved, begged and stolen and still I haven't gotten a break. What do I have to do to become a success . . . I'd sell my soul to be a star.

MUSIC: "ATTENTION FANFARE" on TRUMPET (OS)

(PUFF OF SMOKE)
(HARRY JAMES ENTERS)

JAMES

You called??
(APPLAUSE)

HOPE

How'd you get in here? Are you an agent?
JAMES

I handle people.
HOPE

Maybe you'll handle me—I'm hot.
JAMES

Most of my clients are!

HOPE
What's with the trumpet? Who are you, anyway?

JAMES
You've heard of Gabriel? I'm sort of a relative—
downstairs branch! My card.

HOPE
"Satan Finnegan?? Dealer in Lost Souls . . . Also hot
pitchforks made to take out" . . . Say, what is this you
don't expect me to believe you're— . . . just checking!

JAMES
TOO obvious. I'm using a different type horn! You
wish to be a star?

HOPE
I'd sell my soul to be a star.

JAMES
The price is right. (CONTRACT OUT) . . . sign
here! . . .

HOPE
That Morris office has got agents everywhere! Now
if I only had some clothes.

JAMES
Your wish is my command.

MUSIC: ATTENTION FANFARE
(A RACK OF CLOTHES COMES INTO CLOSET)
(HOPE X'S TAKES OUT A DAZZLING SEQUINED
TUXEDO.)

HOPE
Are you the Devil or Liberace's tailor??

MUSIC: BRIDGE
(DISSOLVE TO: LAVISH LIVING ROOM)
(MARSHA AND VITTORIO BRAZZIO EMBRACE)

GRABLE
Vittorio, you simply must have your eyelashes trimmed
—they keep batting my earrings!

VITTORIO
Si, Grazia.

GRABLE
It's wonderful having you here for the weekend. I
can hardly wait for our wedding . . . and darling,
I want it to be a simple secret ceremony . . . Just the
four of us—you, me, the newsreels and television.

VITTORIO
Si, Grazia.
(AGENT ENTERS)

AGENT
Marsha, have you seen this great publicity?

GRABLE
"Marsha Mantrap Engaged to Tab Hope???" . . .
(STANDS)
Who is Tab Hope?

AGENT
Only the hottest thing in Hollywood. Look at this.

GRABLE
"How I Discovered The Real Me," by Tab Hope!
(CUT TO: INSERT OF COVER PIC OF HOPE KISS-
ING OWN HAND)

AGENT
And this . . .
(HANDS HER ANOTHER MAG)

GRABLE
(READS) Tab Hope's modest confession, entitled
"Beauty and Brains are Not Enough, Luckily I Had
Talent, Too!" . . .
(CUT TO: INSERT OF COVER PIC OF HOPE
LOOKING ADORINGLY AT PICTURE OF HIM-
SELF)
(OVER INSERT) It would be criminal for me to
marry him and break up that beautiful love affair!
(CUT TO: GRABLE)

AGENT
I tell you he's the biggest star we've ever had—and

he hasn't even made a picture yet.

GRABLE
That's the way to do it! . . . What kind of agent are
you, anyway? You know very well I'm engaged to
Vittorio Brazzi.

VITTORIO
Si, Grazia.

AGENT
Honey—Baby—it's only publicity.

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS
That might be him . . . now listen . . . all you have to
do is be seen with him until your picture is released
—then you drop the ham.

GRABLE
Oh, the things I do for my bank account! Very well—
I'll play along with this schnook just as long as he
remembers who the star is!
(BUTLER OPENS DOOR)
(HOPE ENTERS WITH DOG ON LEASH)

HOPE
(TO BUTLER)
Take this out and have it stuffed! . . . And by the
way he hasn't had his lunch yet. Take him over to
Romanoff's.

BUTLER
What does he eat, sir?

HOPE
Anybody!
(BUTLER EXITS S. L.)
(HOPE TO AGENT) You busy?

AGENT
No.

HOPE
Write me a fan letter?
(AGENT EXITS S. L.)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS
(INTO PHONE) No calls, please—I'm in confer-
ence!
(HANGS UP)
(SLINKY WALK)
Now then—Which one of you is Marsha Mantrap???

GRABLE
If there's anything I hate it's an old Elvis Presley.

HOPE
Oh, you little dear—did anyone ever tell you that
I'm beautiful??
(TURNS TO VITTORIO) How do you do—I'm
Tab Hope—it doesn't matter who you are!

GRABLE
I believe you know Vittorio Brazzi, the Italian movie
star.

HOPE
Hi—I didn't recognize you without your sub-titles!

VITTORIO
Si, Grazia.

HOPE
Wait in the pizza!
(JAMES ENTERS AT FIREPLACE)
(HOPE X'S TO HIM)
What are *you* doing here?
(JAMES WARMS HIS HANDS OVER FIRE)

JAMES
Nothing—just a little homesick.

HOPE
This is my manager—Hotbreath Harry.
(HE SITS ON SOFA, BETWEEN GRABLE AND VIT-
TORIO)
Mind if I cut in?

VITTORIO
Si, Grazia.
(HOPE PATS VITTORIO ON HEAD)

HOPE

You left out the vinegar!
(WIPE HIS HAND)

Ahh, so nice to be alone like this . . . You have fifteen minutes—*charm* me.

GRABLE

All right, hand me a flute and hop in your basket.

HOPE

Good reading, you may be another Toby Wing. I have a bit for you in my next picture—might help you with your comeback—I do hope you have talent. Let's drink to that.

(TURNS)

Why don't you run out in the back yard and stamp on some grapes???

(VITTORIO AND HOPE RISE)

GRABLE

Vittorio, darling—why don't you bathe and dress for dinner?

VITTORIO

Si, Grazia. . .

(TO HOPE)

And you I will see later.

HOPE

Don't see me, see Grazio!!

(VITTORIO EXITS TO BEDROOM)

(HOPE PACES)

Now about this wedding . . . I want it to be a simple affair—just my immediate fans. We'll have Dore Schary and Darryl Zanuck for flower girls—and don't wear any jewelry, it'll clash with my sequined tuxedo.

GRABLE

(CROSSES TO HOPE)

Why, you road company Menasha Skulnick! I'm only engaged to you for publicity reasons . . . I'm going to marry Vittorio.

VITTORIO (O.S.)

Si, Grazia!

HOPE

Don't you think I could fill his shoes?

GRABLE

Not only could you fill his shoes but your head would stick out!

HOPE

(X'S TO JAMES)

Don't just stand there—give me some toppers!

GRABLE

I'll have my agent call this whole deal off.

(X'S TO PHONE)

HOPE

(TO JAMES)

A fine Devil you are!

JAMES

What do you want me to do?

HOPE

You can go home, that's what you can do!

JAMES

I'm at your service.

HOPE

All right . . . Get rid of Si Grazia.

JAMES

Right now?

HOPE

I want him out that door this minute.

JAMES

Okay—you asked for it.

MUSIC: "ATTENTION FANFARE"

(BEDROOM DOOR OPENS)

(VITTORIO IN BATHTUB, CROSSES ROOM, EXITS OUT FRONT DOOR)



Crosby and Hope, in one of the early "Road" movies.



Good friends, Hope and Crosby, run through NBC repartee.



Hope practices his golf swing in front driveway of his home.

GRABLE

Was that Vittorio?

HOPE

He just packed his bath and went! . . . And now I'm all yours.

GRABLE

Why, you big-headed, impossible, insufferable, insulting egomaniac.

(HOPE CUES JAMES)

. . . I wouldn't marry you even if I could list you as a capital gain.

MUSIC: "FANFARE"

Kiss me, darling!

HOPE

How much do you want for that trumpet? I'd like to go into business for myself!

(HE KISSES GRABLE)

JAMES

I don't mind your going into business—but not with my stock . . . Let's go.

(AS THEY CROSS ROOM)

HOPE

Go? Go where?

JAMES

To the big Grauman's Chinese down yonder . . . They're waiting for your hoof-prints. I'll arrange everything for your reception.

(PICKS UP PHONE, DIALS)

Hello, Operator—get me Lonnngnnng Distance! . . . Hello? . . . I want HE 4000 No, not Hempstead!

GRABLE

Oh, darling, you can't leave me now . . . Wait a

minute—

(SHE GRABS TRUMPET)

Maybe this thing works for anybody.

MUSIC: "ATTENTION FANFARE"

(JAMES IS PULLED UP INTO FLIES)

HOPE

(YELLS UP TO JAMES)

Don't look now, but you went the wrong way! Nobody up there like you!

MUSIC: CHASER

In this same January show Bob proved he hasn't forgotten the good old days because right smack in the middle of a scene with comics Rowan and Martin, Bob re-introduced a skit he used on Orpheum time in the early thirties. Here's another skit from this January show and watch how Bob reminisces and brings back nostalgia:

HOPE

Like most people in show business, I get a tremendous kick out of discovering new talent. I'll never forget the night I discovered Judy Garland. I looked up on the stage of the Palace Theater . . . and there she was. Then there was the night I discovered Jackie Gleason. I looked up on the stage . . .

(INDICATES ENTIRE STAGE)

. . . and there he was.

Two weeks ago in Las Vegas, I had the pleasure of seeing what promises to be the new comedy team of the year, Dan Rowan and Dick Martin. Right after their show at the Sands, I went backstage to their dressing room to meet them.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(DISSOLVE TO:)

DRESSING ROOM—ROWAN AND MARTIN

(APPLAUSE)

(DICK MARTIN IS RUMMAGING AROUND)

DICK

Dan—have you seen my basketball? Somebody stole my basketball. I'd be lost without my basketball.

DAN

Calm . . . calm.

(DICK PANTOMIMES DRIBBLE)

DAN

Watch out for that double dribble . . . Don't shoot, wait until I tell you . . . Now shoot . . . Good for two points. Calm . . . that's better. Dick—you don't need the basketball . . . tonight you're going out with that little chorus girl.

DICK

Oh, *that* was it. I knew I had a date with *something* round.

DAN

What's the matter with you tonight?

DICK

The doctor just told me the news—I only have seventy years to live! I have to cram a whole lifetime into only seventy years! And there's so many wonderful things I'd hoped to do—Paris—Rome—London—get a haircut.

DAN

Don't worry—the one you've got may last you a lifetime. Dick—this may be a big night for us. A very important television personality is at ringside tonight watching us work.

DICK

Who?

DAN

I'll give you a hint. He walks like this.

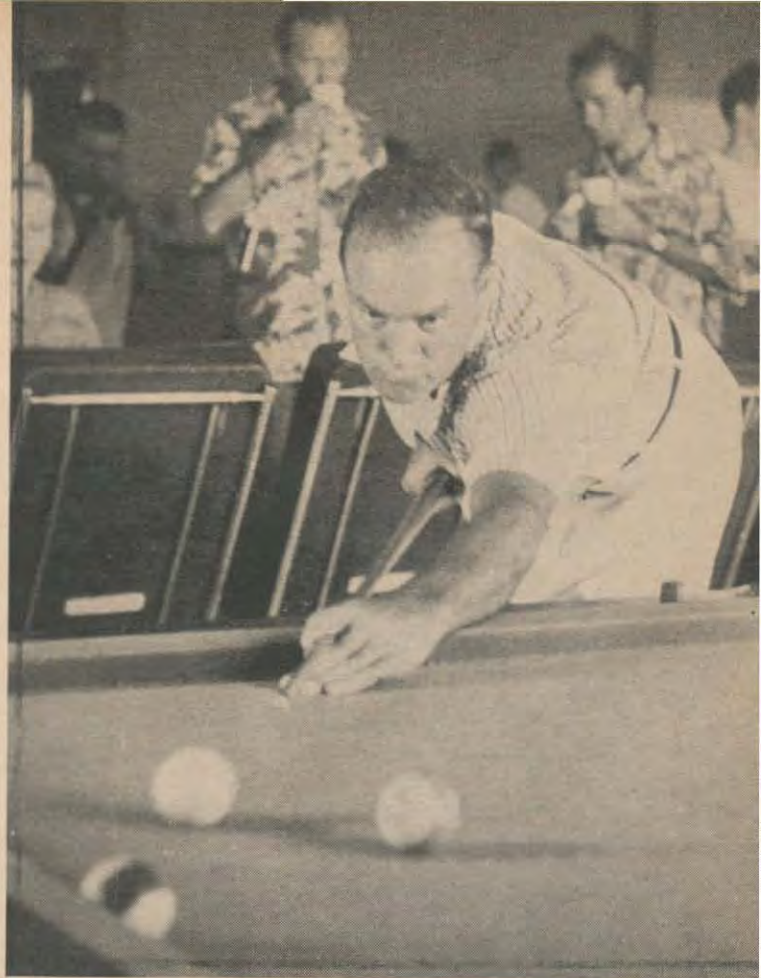
(IMITATES HOPE'S WALK)

(CROSSES BACK)

DICK

. . . Liberace.

DAN
No, no . . . this man doesn't play the piano.
DICK
That's what I said—Liberace.
DAN
No, he's an entertainer and his first name is Bob.
DICK
Bob Cummings?
DAN
No.
DICK
Bob Wagner.
DAN
No.
DICK
Bob-ra Stanwyck?
DAN
Barbara Stanwyck's a girl.
DICK
It's a good thing, or she'd be stuck with a closet full of nightgowns.
DAN
This man had made millions from such pictures as, "Road to Rio," "Seven Little Foys" and "That Certain Feeling."
DAN
This man is a thief.
DAN
He's not a thief.
DICK
He's a blackmailer.
DAN
This man's name is Bob Hope.
DICK
Bob Hope!
(MOUTH OPEN—AGHAST)
DAN
Dick, what are you doing?
DICK
Catching flies!
DAN
Catching flies?
DICK
Don't get sore, I'll go halvies.
DAN
Bob Hope's here to see us. And why do you suppose a busy man like Bob Hope spends his one night in Las Vegas watching us?
DICK
He's too cheap to gamble.
DAN
He's not cheap.
DICK
He can't find a girl.
DAN
He's not looking for girls.
DICK
Not looking for girls?
DAN
He is not looking for girls.
DICK
Have we established whether this man is living or dead?
DAN
Dick boy—what would you say if I told you he was coming here to sign us.
DICK
I'd say "Really Dan."
(STEPS FORWARD)
Now that might not get a laugh. But there is more to this business than laughs. There is also poverty.



Although Hope plays a pretty fair game of pool, golf is still his favorite sport. You'll notice he is not behind the "8-ball."

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR
DICK
Somebody's at the door.
DAN
Right away you knew it. You're a genius! See who it is.
(DICK GOES TO DOOR)
DICK
Who's there—boy or girl?
HOPE
Bob Hope.
DICK
Answer the question.
DAN
Cut it out. I told you this man is big—really big. You've got to treat him with respect.
DICK
Respect.
DAN
That's the word—respect.
DICK
Got it.
(DICK OPENS DOOR—REVEALING BOB)
HOPE
How do you do—I'm Bob Hope and I . . .
DICK
Beat it, kid—no autographs.
DAN
Now wait a minute—come right in, Mr. Hope. My name is Dan Rowan.
(BOB AND DAN SHAKE HANDS)
And this is my partner Dick Martin.
(DICK SHAKES HANDS WITH DAN)

DICK
How do you do, sir. It's a privilege to meet you. I've always admired your act.

DAN
Thank you. I'm immensely fond of your work.

DICK
You're brilliant.

DAN
You're keen.

DICK
TOP Drawer.

HOPE
If you girls will excuse me, I'll go out and put the coffee on.

DAN
Splendid!

DICK
Make mine a malted.

HOPE
With an egg?

DAN
Oh, I'm sorry, Bob—come on in.

HOPE
Well, I just have a minute but I wanted to stop by and tell you that I thought you were just great. Your performance was perfect—I like your timing—you move well on the stage—and you really had the audience. As a matter of fact, I think you could have taken one more bow.

DICK
Look Mac, if you just came here to knock the act—get out.

HOPE
What's with the Ivy League MauMau?

DAN
The damp weather—he has a hole in his shoe and his brain got wet. Bob, it was real nice of you to drop into the Sands tonight to see us.

HOPE
My pleasure. Besides, I love the Sands. What other hotel in Las Vegas has a courtesy gun for losers.

(LAUGHS)

DAN
(LAUGHS) (ASIDE) Laugh, Dick, laugh. We want to get on the show. Laugh.

DICK
Gotcha.

HOPE
You know, fellas, a funny thing happened to me in the casino. I walked up to a slot machine

DICK
(LAUGHS) I walked up to a slot machine.

(LAUGHS) That's a whizzer! (LAUGHS)

HOPE
Wait a minute, I didn't say it yet!

DICK
(LAUGHS) He didn't say it yet! (LAUGHS)

HOPE
Will you hold it.

DICK
(LAUGHS) Will you hold it! (POUNDING ON FLOOR) Man, you gas me.

HOPE
If you have a free evening, my oven is waiting. Say, Dan—why don't we go off by ourselves where we can t-a-l-k without the k-i-d?

DAN
Well, he's pretty hard to l-o-s-e, but we can t-r-y.

DICK
All right you guys—I know what that is . . .

DAN

Spelling.

HOPE
Look Dan—let's get to the point. I've got an opening on my show on January 25th and I'd like to have you and the worm.

DAN
I can't answer for both of us. We're a team and we share everything . . . billing, money and flies. Would you pardon me?

(HE CROSSES OVER TO TALK TO DICK)
He wants us on the show.

DICK
Wow!

DAN
Ssshhh—play it cool—act disinterested. That way we'll get more money.

DICK
Got it. Cool—disinterested.

(THEY CROSS TO BOB)
(THEY LIFT HIM UP AND PLACE HIM IN CHAIR)
(DAN TAKES SHOESHINE KIT. DICK TAKES MANICURE KIT)
Frankly Mr. Hope—we're not interested.

HOPE
Well—that's too bad. Because I had a bit that'd be just great for you two. Part of my first vaudeville act.

(DICK SITS IN HOPE'S LAP)
DICK
I think you've sold my partner, but you'll have to tell me more.

HOPE
Well—the way it works is I'm doing a corny bit on the stage and you're two hecklers sitting in the audience.

DAN
Who gets the laughs.

HOPE
You do.

DICK
Daddy—(HE KISSES BOB)

HOPE
Well, then it's all agreed. (HE STARTS OFF) I'll see you fellows at rehearsal!

(THEY PICK HIM UP AND HE'S WALKING ON AIR)

DAN AND DICK
What about the money?

HOPE
(HE FREEZES) Money? (THEY PUT HIM DOWN) Fellows—I'm a reasonable man. I know your needs are modest and you'll sacrifice to be on my show. I'm going to leave it to you. What's your price?

MUSIC: "ISOLATION BOOTH"
(CLOSE SHOT—DICK AND DAN. PANTOMIME DISCUSSION)
(CLOSE SHOT—BOB TAKES CIGARETTE OUT, LOOKS FOR MATCHES, STARTS TO BRING LIT MATCH TO CIGARETTE)

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE AND OUT

DAN'S VOICE
We have arrived at a price.

DICK'S VOICE
Ten thousand dollars!

(BOB EATS CIGARETTE)

DAN'S VOICE
Well—what do you think?

BOB
Winstons taste good like a cigarette should.

MUSIC: TAG
(APPLAUSE)
(FADE OUT)

MUSIC: VAUDEVILLE PLAYON

(FADE UP ON VAUDEVILLE CARD WHICH READS:

BOB HOPE
& COMPANY
KEEP SMILING)

(HOPE ENTERS CENTER STAGE)

HOPE

As part of my first vaudeville act, of which we're going to do a part tonight, I used to walk out in one, for about twelve minutes of jokes, and murdered 'em, then, for an after piece I would introduce my band. Here, ladies and gentlemen, one of the greatest musical aggregations of all time, featuring that well-known crooner, Bing Crosby's brother Double Crosby.

(GIVES DOWNBEAT)

MUSIC: BIG PARADE

(TRAVELERS PART, REVEALING SINGER WITH SAXAPHONE)

(HOPE WALKS TO SINGER, AND CONDUCTS HIM)

MUSIC: "MY TIME IS YOUR TIME"

8 BARS SAX SOLO

(SINGER PICKS UP MEGAPHONE)

SINGER

MY TIME IS YOUR TIME
YOUR TIME IS MY TIME
WE BOTH SEEM TO SYNCHRONIZE
AND SYMPATHIZE, WE'RE HARMONIZING,

SAM

Psst! Psst! Herman!

(HOPE LOOKS . . . SAM SITS DOWN)

SINGER

MY TIME IS YOUR TIME

YOUR TIME IS MY TIME

SAM

Psst! Herman!

HERMAN

What do ya want, Sam?

SAM

How do ya like it?

HERMAN

Sounds just as bad over here.

(HOPE CONTINUES TO LEAD)

(SINGER WALKS OFF)

HOPE

Come back here, you coward!

(SINGER RETURNS)

SINGER

Ahhh, I'm not gonna sing unless them guys quit buttin' in like that.

HERMAN

You better get home before those pants choke you to death.

HOPE

I won't let him insult you.

(TURNS TO HERMAN) This man is a great singer!

SAM

He's a louse.

HOPE

(TO SAM) Who called this singer a louse?

HERMAN

Who called that louse a singer?

HOPE

This man is a great artist.

SAM

He's a bum!

HOPE

This man's of the cinema.

HERMAN

Oh, a cinema bum!

HOPE

(TO HERMAN) Just a minute! What's the idea of smoking in here?

HERMAN

I always smoke during intermission.

HOPE

You can't insult me like that —I'm a big act. My name means boxoffice.

SAM

Ya! B. O.!

HOPE

Wait'll the Manager sees you!

HERMAN

Wait'll Ripley sees you!

HOPE

(TO SINGER) What do you think of that guy up there?

SINGER

I hate him! . . . I hate him! . . . What's the lowest thing in the world?

HOPE

Your salary.

SAM

Hey, Herman.

HERMAN

Yeah.

SAM

Do you know George Riley?

HERMAN

What's his name?

SAM

What's whose name?

HERMAN

George Riley.

SAM

Never heard of him.

HERMAN

Hey, Sam, give me a word that rhymes with cash.

SAM

Meat and potatoes.

HOPE

Meat and potatoes don't rhyme with cash.

HERMAN

It does if you make hash out of it. (GROWL)

HOPE

That's terrible. I can't be listening to stuff like that!

SAM

We've been listening to you.

HOPE

What are you, a smart guy?

HERMAN

If he was would he pay to see you?

HOPE

Pay? You look like the kind of guys who would come to a show on a pass and take your shoes off.

BOTH

Are you kidding?

(BOTH LIFT FEET UP AND SHOW BARE FEET)

HOPE

All right, that's enough! I don't have to stand for you! Ushers! Throw the bums out.

(FOUR USHERS ENTER FROM STAGE LEFT, TWO GRAB SINGER, TWO GRAB HOPE AND BEGIN TO PULL THEM OFF)

HOPE

No! Not me, you fools . . . Him! Not me! Him!
(AS THEY REMOVE HOPE AND SINGER)

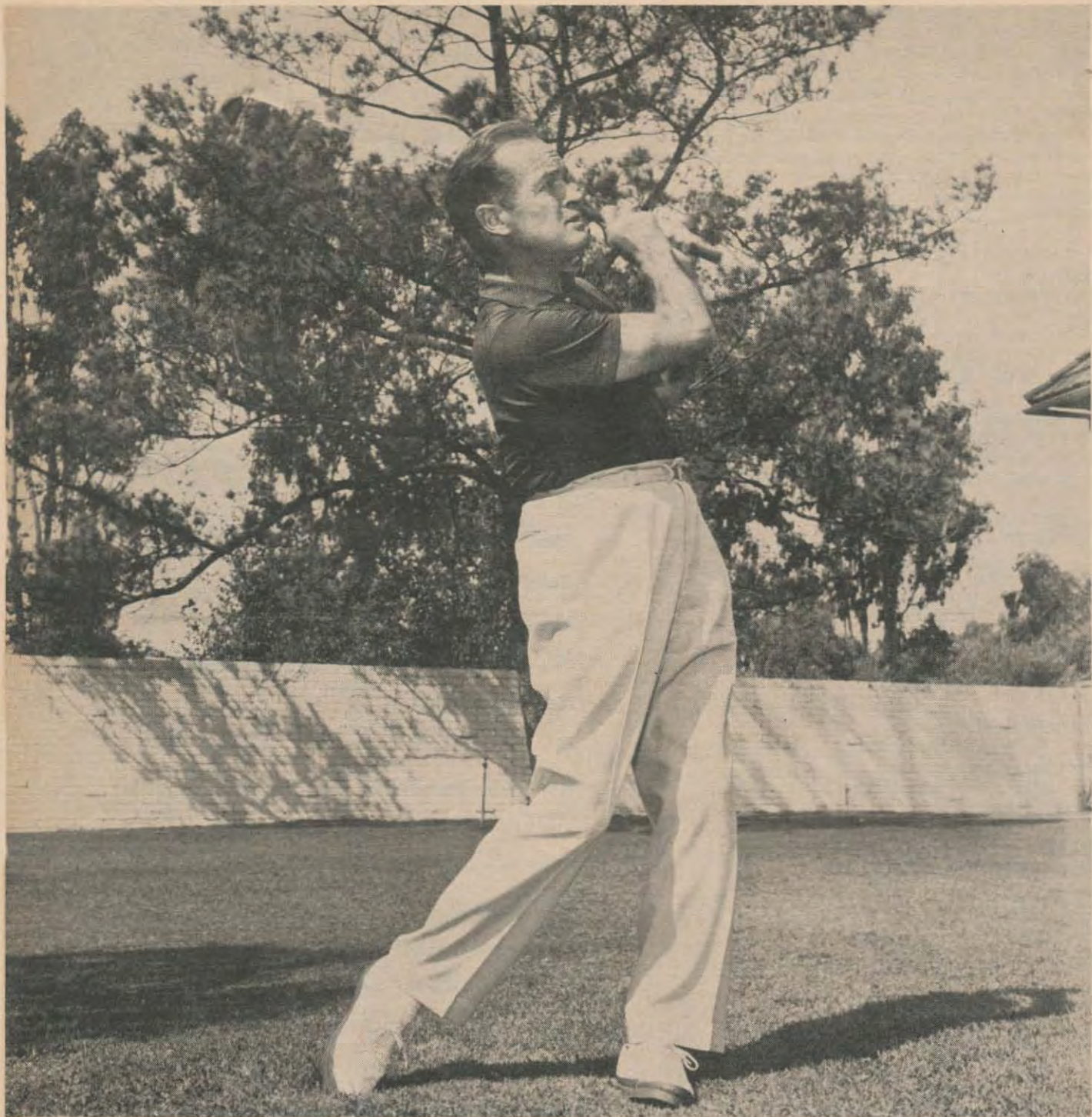
HERMAN & SAM

We got relatives everywhere.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(FADE TO BLACK)

(APPLAUSE)



An ardent golfer, some of Hope's best quips come off on the links.



Bob Hope, Skinny Ennis, Pat O'Brien and lovely Frances Langford (left to right) are shown relaxing during a radio show.



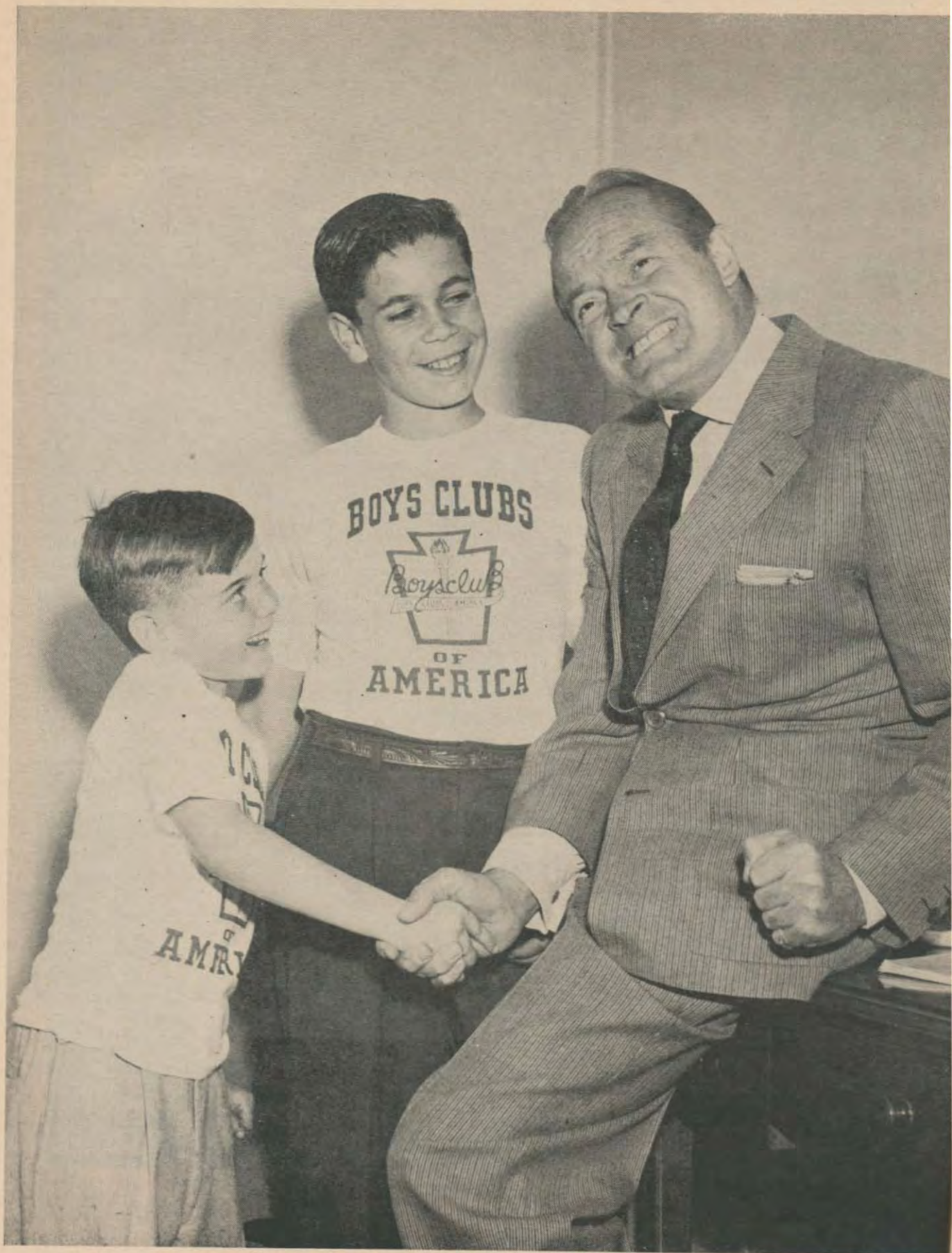
The world-famous team of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby is shown clowning around on a set at Paramount Studios.



Hope, this time teamed with Jimmy Cagney, tries his best to master tricky dance step.



Bob receives some well deserved praise from one of the Lakeside Golf Club caddies.



You can tell an honest man by the firmness of his handshake.



BOB HOPE

Paramount Pictures star, Hope, is shown here in one of the few serious, formal poses of his career. Quite a character study.

Bob Hope—the Man





Kelly and Nora and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope chat with baseball contest winner in the Hope manse.

TO UNDERSTAND a man, one must know his means and what he has undertaken to satisfy them. Then we must examine the gratification he has experienced from the challenge and further how successful he has been in achieving these goals. Bob Hope needs adulation. He preens to the approval of the crowd. He needs the symbols of success—popularity and money. He needs to be loved and withers under criticism. He needs constant change and variety yet the stability of home, wife and children. He needs constant refilling of the vessel of accomplishment. Any kind of victory is exceedingly temporary and quickly forgotten. He must strive on to greater victories and the pace must accelerate. His emotional response is trigger sharp . . . he blossoms with warmth, is made desolate by momentary failure. So much for the very elementary and superficial examination of the needs of Bob Hope.

Has the challenge brought the happiness commensurate with the demands on Bob's time and emotional structure and has it fulfilled the needs. The answer has to be "yes." Bob, if one were to compare his degree of happiness with entertainers of like stature, is a successful person. We are not referring so much to the end result nor to bank account but to fulfillment. He wanted and needed adulation, success, approval, warmth and a substantial home life, and that he has.

He ends up with just one problem. He is a runner who has passed the finish line first, has tasted the grand victory, and now does not know how to stop. He runs on, victorious, but to some unknown destination. The crowd continues to cheer, but much of the noise is for Bob Hope, the victor, not Bob Hope the runner. He has not solved this stickler but Bob Hope is an extraordinary man. He might yet come up with an answer.

Hope has a style all his own. If you were a student of entertainment, you could study scripts belonging to different comics and tell which belonged to whom. Hope's style is timely, and clipped, while for instance Jack Benny's humor is slow and sly. Let's take a simple gag like this one and see how some of the top comics would handle it. Joke:

Nurse, "You wish to see the young man injured in the auto accident? Are you the young lady he was with?"

Girl, "Yes, I thought it would be only fair to give him the kiss he was trying for."

Bob Hope would deliver it: I understand there were 1700 auto accidents in the nation last month. And you know a lot of them came from carelessness. Over at Cedars of Lebanon they found a girl kissing a young fellow who had been brought in after being hurt in an accident. She looked up and said, "I thought it would be only fair to give him the kiss he was trying for when we hit that truck."

Jack Benny would give it to you archly like this: I don't know what we're going to do with the younger generation. I really don't. Rochester came home and told me about this auto accident. No one was hurt very much but they took the boy who was driving to a hospital for a check-up. When the doctor came in, there was a cute girl who was out driving with the boy, kissing him on the cheek. She winked at the doctor and said, "I think it's only fair I give him the kiss he was trying for when he smashed into the tree."

Eddie Cantor tells stories on personal levels with a warmth like this: You know a father worries about his children especially when they're daughters . . . and you know I have daughters. And those girls are always getting into trouble.



Bob loves his little Linda and Tony.

Now take Marilyn—yeah go on take her. No, I'm kidding. Well, Marilyn has quite an attraction for the boys. Sometimes too much. Now take one evening last week. Marilyn came in looking chipper but the boy looked all banged up. "What in the world happened, boy," I said. He didn't answer but Marilyn gave him a big smack right on the lips. "Honey," she said, "that's what you were trying for when we hit that truck."

Milton Berle is glib and even sarcastic. His wit is sharp and brittle. He'd probably handle it this way: There's more necking being done on the highway than in the giraffe pen at the zoo. The other night I was speeding along the highway and I saw this wreck by the side of the road. On the grass, this poor fellow was laying on the grass and a cute doll was bending over him giving him a big kiss while he moaned. "What are you doing, honey?" I asked. "Listen, fella," she said with her hands on her hips, "Don't you think he's entitled to what he was trying for when he hit that tree?"

Sam Levinson, purveyor of a rich vein of humor which weaves family life into his stories would probably say it like this: These days when you go out for a little ride on a Sunday you've gotta be careful. Now momma and me we went out for a ride last week and I decided we'd go up to Lookout Mountain where I first made love to Mama—and that was many years ago. First thing you know, we made one of those turns quick-like and we hit a tree. Mama gave me a big kiss. 'Sam,' she said, 'I'm giving you the kiss you were trying for in the first place.' It's a wonder she didn't slap my face."

Red Skelton's humor, gay, wild and with strange endings, would handle it so: "These days you've got to be so careful on dates. Girls are so hard to handle, ask me I know. I saw this sailor with a black eye and asked him how he got it. He didn't answer—but his girl bussed him and shrieked, 'He was in an auto accident and I'm giving him what he was trying for.' You see that's what caused the accident he wasn't behaving behind that wheel."

In his 25 years in show business, making millions of people all over the world laugh, Hope says he never enjoyed himself

more than when he did his stuff before three presidents—Dwight D. Eisenhower, Harry S. Truman and the late Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Hope gags it up before presidents with as much easy non-chalance as he has over the years for vaudeville audiences in tank towns, for GI's overseas, and for royalty. Twice he has appeared before Queen Elizabeth and once before King George VI.

Audiences everywhere are pretty much alike, according to the famous comedian.

The first affair he M.C.'d for President Eisenhower was a correspondents' dinner in Washington, D.C. The day before the event Hope played golf with the president.

"Ike used a short Democrat for a tee," Hope quipped to the dinner guests.

That wowed 'em. When the applause died down, Hope added:

"He was hitting the ball much further than I. He had Senator McCarthy's picture painted on the ball."

Hope said he and Ike were partners and before the match he asked the president how much they were playing for. He quoted Ike as saying: "I just loaned a billion dollars to Bolivia. But I only play one dollar Nassau."

"We lost four bucks," Hope added.

Warming up after the laughs, Hope tossed off this gag: "You know, fellows, I knew the president during the war in Algiers. They sent him over to replace Charles Boyer. That was when Eisenhower was a general and had some power."

The irrepressible comic said Mr. Truman loves a joke as well as Ike or FDR. Hope entertained a radio broadcasters' dinner in Washington during the Truman Administration. Truman's close friend, Harry Vaughan, was in the news at the time. Truman had just promoted Vaughan from Brigadier General to Major General. Hope told the audience: "I went up in the elevator with Major Vaughan (he omitted the word General). He went up one floor too many and had to walk down. He overshot his rank."

President Roosevelt was wonderful to perform before, too. Hope said the first show he did for FDR was a correspondents' dinner in Washington.

In those days Roosevelt and the late Colonel Robert R. (Bertie) McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, weren't getting along too well. FDR's dog was in the news at the time. This was Hope's cue, for he is fond of the topical gag. "Fala has one distinction," Hope quipped. "He's the only dog housebroken on the Chicago Tribune." That one almost broke up the dinner.

"The last time I heard of President Roosevelt he was out on the ocean with Winston Churchill. They were planning war strategy—meaning when and where will we attack the enemy and how to keep Eleanor out of the crossfire." Mr. Roosevelt waved his cigarette holder and roared with laughter.

Hope was just as relaxed when he appeared before King George VI in 1947 and before Queen Elizabeth in 1953 and again in 1955.

"I gave them topical jokes and they liked it," said Hope. "I never have a set act. My stuff is off the cuff."

Hope, at the peak of his fame, says in looking back on his career that he's had "action." He jokingly remarked that one day one of his writers, Larry Klein, looked at him and said: "If you had your life to live all over again you wouldn't have time to do it." Bob retorted: "It might not have been so much fun."

Few performers have traveled as much as Hope, or played before such a wide variety of audiences. "I've flown so much in the last fifteen years that my wife thought I was pilot for American Air Lines," Hope cracked.

A gag to Bob Hope is like a good story to a newspaper reporter. Hope is today America's king of ad libbers. He can toss off gags in the twinkle of an eye. He makes it look easy. He jokes all the time—even when he's being interviewed.

He was asked how much longer he thought he could stay at the top in show business. "Until about five o'clock," he retorted.

Hope is now an old hand at handling a good gag. He learned the technique in vaudeville in the carefree days when he was a hooper on the same bills with jugglers, flame swallowers, knife throwers, female impersonators, xylophonists, hypnotists, bag punchers, trained seals, yodelers, soft-shoe dancers and harmonica players.

Bob recalled that years ago in Chicago he had a partner, Louise Troxell, whom he developed into a foil for his comedy stuff. She'd come on the stage holding a bag in her hand. Hope would say, "What have you got in your little bag?" She'd reply, "Mustard." And he'd say, "What's the idea?" She'd say, "You can never tell when you're going to meet a ham."

"Ad libbing," Hope says, is a combination of things. It's the gift of timing, experience, having a mind geared to gags, and the ability to click mentally—on time. But adroit ad libbing is often a matter of luck. You've got to be intuitive and able to sense an audience. You have to edit yourself. You have your whole machine going when you're out there on the stage."

Sometimes Hope works fast, sometimes slow, sometimes with subtlety. He knows how to be funny just standing there—mugging.

Arthur Godfrey's technique intrigues Hope. He said, "Why, Godfrey spends five minutes saying 'Good morning.' He's got that easy relaxed style. In saying 'good morning,' he'll grunt, pick up papers, mug a bit and even yawn. Such restraint and poise is marvelous."

Restraint was one of the things Hope learned years ago when he was playing the Stratford Theater in Chicago in the days when he needed a job.

He recalls that he'd lead off with a subtle joke. Many of the patrons wouldn't get it. Nonchalantly, Hope would say to the audience, "Go ahead; figure it out," then he'd wait until they got it.

The famous comedian points out that now nearly everybody in the country has "a motion picture in his home"—meaning a TV set. "Won't it be wonderful for international understanding," he declared, "when we have a TV world network!" That day is coming, he believes—if a monkey wrench isn't thrown into the machinery of peace.

He admitted he likes to get back to making an occasional vaudeville appearance at a top theater just to retain the "feel" of how to handle an audience.

Having played with the best in show business—performers like Bing Crosby, the late Fred Allen, the late Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Danny Kaye, Ethel Merman and others Bob answers the question, "Which ones were tops?"

"Crosby, Jolson and Benny were about the best three male performers I jostled with. All three were resourceful," he declared. He added that Danny Kaye is "a great entertainer."

Ethel Merman and Dorothy Lamour, he regards as two of the best feminine performers with whom he has worked throughout the years.

In spite of all the gags he has pulled over the years, Bob has never been sued over one although once he came close. That was the time, in quipping about a hotel room, he remarked that, "a maid came in and changed the rat."

Hope said he "will never retire" from what he regards as an exciting and colorful career. His present plans are to concentrate on movies and TV. He wisecracks, "I'll go as long as I can. Why, I've got a few jokes for the box. If they raise the lid I'll say a few words on the way to the last hole."

Bob Hope cashes in on the headlines. People in the news make radio shows, TV shows and even movies for Bob. When Don Larsen of the Yankees was pitching his no-hit perfect ball game last year, Bob was holding onto the phone with his old friend Del Webb waiting for the last pitch. When the game was over and it was established that Don was a hero, Bob had him first for his TV show. Over and over, Bob has been on his toes and snagged guests who made the headlines. When Bob hasn't been able to get the guest on the front pages, he has fashioned jokes and shows around these people. However, fol-



His wife Dolores reminds Bob to wear his long handle undies in the London fog where Bob will be doing T.V. program.

lowing, to give you an example, is just a short exchange between English movie star, Diana Dors, immediately after she made headlines by falling into a pool at a party:

HOPE

(IN ONE)

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, we welcome to our stage a young lady who recently made a very big splash in Hollywood. This attractive young actress started at the bottom and swam her way to the top. Here she is . . . England's answer to Esther Williams Miss Diana Dors!

DIANA ENTERS

(APPLAUSE)

HOPE

Beautiful, isn't she? No wonder everyone had to jump in the pool. Good evening, Diana.

DIANA

Good evening, Sir Robert.

HOPE

Please not here. It's not necessary.

DIANA

But in England you told me you were America's Olivier.

HOPE

Well, it's not official yet. Ike hasn't knighted me with his putter. Diana, I'm glad you finally made it to our shores.

DIANA

Thanks to you, Bob. After all, you're the one who discovered me in England.

HOPE

Well, I can't take too much credit for finding you. It's not exactly like looking for a needle in a haystack. I



Bob tries on a Texas hat to match his Texas appetite, and the hotel boys enjoy it.

expected a little more gratitude from you, but the first thing you do when you arrive is run off and make a picture with a total stranger.

DIANA

Oh, you mean my new picture with George Gobel. Isn't he adorable, Bob?

HOPE

Personally, I find him quite vulgar.

DIANA

George? Vulgar?

HOPE

Exceedingly. Do you know that he goes around in public saying funny things?

DIANA

I found George to be a perfect gentleman. Not once in all the time we were together did he try to kiss me.

HOPE

You just weren't around when there was a step ladder handy.

DIANA

Bob, you know I'd adore making a picture with you.

HOPE

Really.

DIANA

Why, it would be the biggest thrill of my life to make a 'Road' picture with you and that other fellow . . . What's his name?

HOPE

I had it on the tip of my tongue, but I spit it out.

DIANA

Well, he's nice, Bob . . . but after all, you're the one that's the big attraction.

HOPE

Me? Where'd you get that idea?

DIANA

It says so right on that card.

HOPE

Please . . . don't destroy the illusion. Di, I know this is your first visit here . . . how do the colonies strike you?

DIANA

Oh, they're cute.



On the serious side, Hope visits many hospitals every year. Here he is in a Veteran's center.

HOPE

Well, good night everybody in Texas. You flew over the country, didn't you?

DIANA

Uh, huh.

HOPE

Well, this may come as a surprise to you, but as the plane gets closer to the ground, the states get bigger.

DIANA

Bob, you don't have to explain things like that to me. I'm not exactly . . . what would you Americans say a square?

HOPE

No . . . we'd never say that. Incidentally, Diana, how are you doing with the language barrier?

DIANA

Oh, I love the way you Yanks talk, it's so colorful.

HOPE

Like what? What's your favorite expression?

DIANA

"Alimony." It has such an intriguing sound. What does it mean?

HOPE

They don't have that in England?

DIANA

I've never heard it.

HOPE

Last one to the boat is a schnook. Well, do you understand the political speeches that Ike and Adlai are making?

DIANA

Well, no, but it's all very exciting. Which man do you think will make the best King?

HOPE

Either one . . . they both have shiny crowns. Diana, it's not King . . . it's President.

DIANA

I like our system better. A king reigns for his entire life . . . except of course for the one who abdicated.

HOPE

I remember him. He's the one who ran and married the "jacks" player. Diana, I get the feeling that you prefer England to America.



Hope mugs with a Britisher who may win a prize in England in a "Look Like Bob Hope" contest.

DIANA

England's wonderful . . . but for a woman America is the greatest place in the world. I love the way the American men treat their wives.

HOPE

Don't be ridiculous. Men are men . . . and women are women all over the world. At the last meeting of the UN even Russia voted for that.

DIANA

Bob, you don't understand. In Europe a woman is trained to worship her-man. The wife is a slave . . . the husband is King.

HOPE

Last one to the boat is a schnook.

(FADE TO: BLACK)

Straight Talk from a Comic



Bob with Columnist Hedda Hopper

Bob Hope writes once in a while, but he finds the ideas do not always flow so freely as he'd wish.

I captured Bob for a couple of hours of talk while he was nursing a cold. Of course, the fact that Bob is ill does not afford him the luxury of peace and quiet. While we talked phone calls came in from all over the world and writers, choreographers, producers and artists interrupted frequently. However, we were able to ask him the following special questions and get some fairly serious answers.

Q. WHAT DO YOU WANT YOUR CHILDREN TO BE?

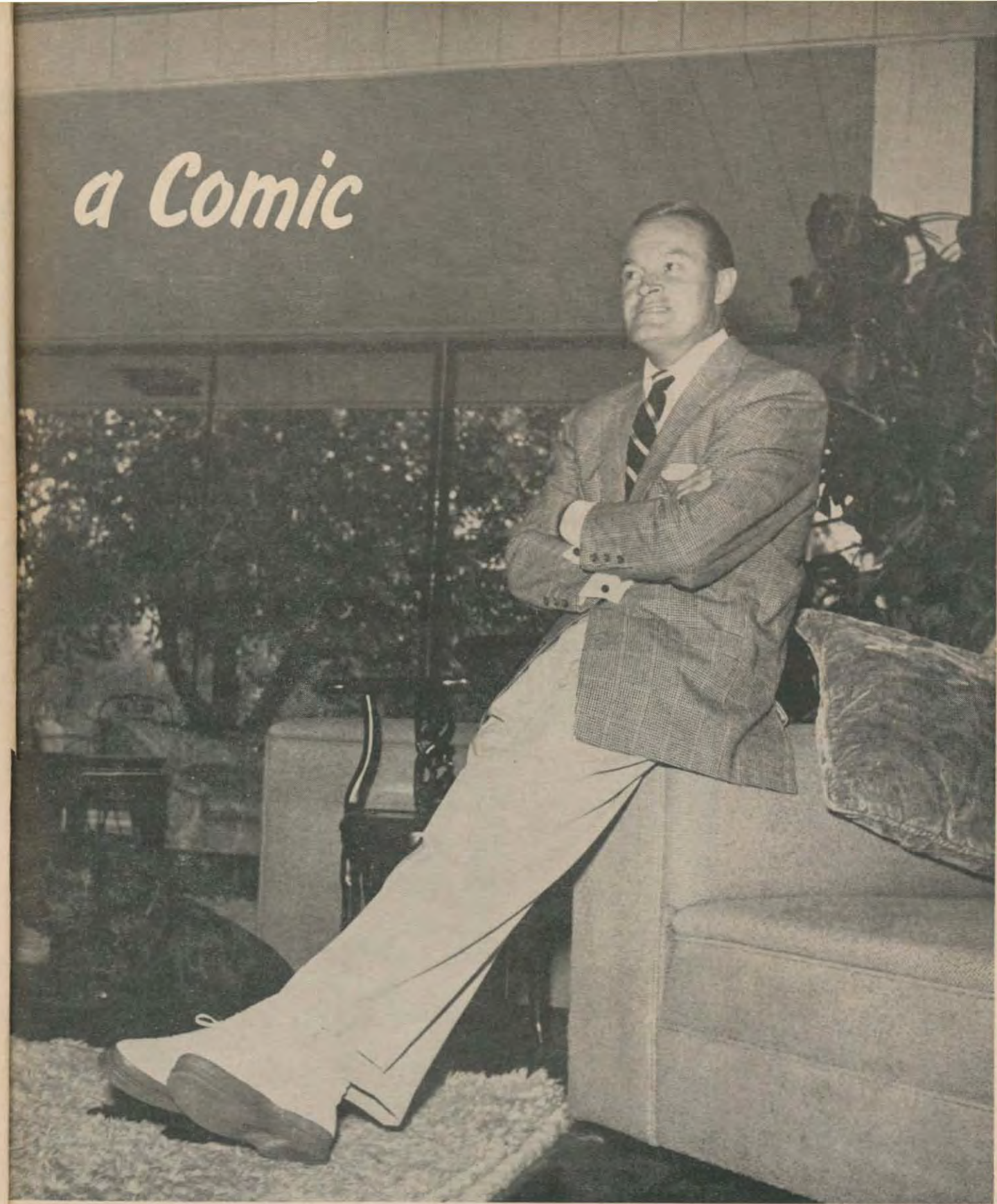
A. I haven't encouraged them to go into the entertainment profession if that's what you mean. You can't force kids into anything. Both Linda and Nora have a little of the ham in them and they may very well grow up to be actresses.

Q. WHAT SUBJECT MAKES PEOPLE LAUGH THE MOST?

A. Serious things in the news inspire comedy. Brooklyn has always been a laugh springboard. Today the magic word is Elvis Presley. You don't even have to have a joke attached to the name. Audiences just laugh when you say it.

Q. WOULD YOU DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN IF YOU HAD THE CHANCE?

A. Yes, I would. I've enjoyed every minute of it. Frankly, I'd make some different kinds of money deals, but it's all been a joy.



Q. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS YOUR BEST JOKE?

A. The joke I like best and which I've used many times since it happened, occurred during my so-called serious period, during the war.

I was walking through a hospital ward and saw a GI with

both legs in traction. I stopped by his bed and said to the lieutenant who was accompanying me, "What's wrong with this youngster?" The Lieutenant said, "This is Joe. He's the bad boy of the company. Never does anything right, always getting into trouble. Even goes AWOL." The boy looked at

me and I said, semi-sternly, "What's with you Joe?" Joe looked at me intently and said, "Did you ever give blood to the Red Cross, Mr. Hope?" I told him I had. "Then," said the youngster, "I must have gotten your blood."

Q. HOW SHOULD A YOUNG COMIC DEVELOP? DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE?

A. A comic, in order to get anywhere, must have an original approach. He should try to get on anywhere in front of an audience. If he's lucky, he'll find a writer who fits him. By trial and error and constant change he'll make it if he can take the hard knocks.

Q. DO STRANGERS SEND YOU FUNNY STORIES?

A. They send me many stories but the percentage of good ones is very low. One time at the Wintergarden Theater, when I was playing in the Ziegfeld Follies, I did an act with Eve Arden where I was "panting with passion" over her shoulder. The doorman suggested Eve turn around and say, "Have you been running?" It got a big laugh. That is one of the few times an outsider contributed.

Q. WHAT IS THE FUNNIEST MOVIE SITUATION YOU EVER DID?

A. I think it was in "Road to Utopia" with Bing. I was supposed to be very tough and I walked up to the bartender and said, "Give me a large Sarsaparilla." When the boys

looked askance at me, I added, "Give it to me in a dirty glass."

Q. WHAT KIND OF EVENINGS DO YOU ENJOY?

A. Well, I like to play gin rummy once in awhile but most of the time I'm looking at movies or working. I like the game of bridge and I intended to take it up seriously but I never got around to it.

Q. HOW MUCH DOES IT COST YOU TO DELIVER EACH JOKE ON TV?

A. I guess considering preparations with secretaries, writers, etc., when you add and subtract it costs me about \$300 a joke.

Q. YOU'VE PERFORMED IN ENGLAND. TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT THE ENGLISH SENSE OF HUMOR.

A. In the old days, I was guilty of kidding the English but they have a better sense of humor than we do. They're used to comics who mug and at first just didn't like my machine gun style of delivery but now we are old friends. To give you an idea; I rode with an Englishman from Manchester to London on the train. Midway, he started laughing hysterically, "Did you just get the joke I told you when we left?" I asked. "No," he laughed, "I just remembered, you left your bags on the platform."

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT NEWS PEG GOT YOU THE MOST LAUGHS?

Bob and Bing Crosby rehearse to do a show for Veterans Admissions Hospital in Long Beach, California. They were a hit, naturally.





Jerry Colonna and Bob Strauss work with Hope during rehearsal time for an NBC show.

A. Strangely, I think glamour gals have been the best springboard for my comedy. Practically all of them have been in my movies or on my TV shows and it's been fun.

Q. WHY DO YOU TRAVEL SO MUCH?

A. I don't travel just to travel for enjoyment. I travel to get somewhere. It's good business to move around and I enjoy meeting civilians and soldiers all over the world. Frankly, I'm no kid anymore and I can't take any grueling travel schedule. I like to get around in comfort.

Q. WHAT SUBJECTS CAN'T BE JOKED ABOUT?

A. I'm more careful now about censorship than I've been. I'll even put things in a script that I think will get by and when I go to tell the kids about it at home, I realize I'm leaving things out. Then I know the joke or the story has to be deleted.

Q. WHAT ADVICE HAVE YOU FOR THE NON-PROFESSIONAL JOKE TELLER?

A. None at all. Every personality telling a joke has to mold it to fit himself. I don't remember ever hearing a good amateur joke-teller.

Q. DO YOU READ MUCH AND WHAT?

A. I seldom get to read a book anymore. I look through most of the magazines and I read all the sports pages. Also I keep an eye on current events so that I can sign the right guests for my shows.

Q. WHAT ARE YOUR INTERESTS IN MUSIC?

A. I like music, but I have no great interest in it.

Q. WHY AREN'T THERE ANY JOKE-TELLING WOMAN COMICS?

A. There aren't many men either who are stand-up comics. I suppose it is impossible to get the material.

Q. H. ALLEN SMITH SAID THAT BELLY-BUTTON IS THE ONLY FUNNY WORD. WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

A. Yes, belly-button is a tender word but there are others, though they escape me at the moment.

Q. WHAT DID YOU WANT TO BE AS A YOUNGSTER?

A. I guess I always wanted to be a dancer but as I knocked around theaters, I saw a comic named Jim McWilliams. He got \$1500 a week. He'd come in, didn't even put make-up on, deliver his gags then head for the saloon across the street. It looked like the perfect life to me. That's when I wanted to be a comic.

Q. HAVE THERE BEEN JOKES YOU LIKE THAT DIDN'T GO OVER? EXAMPLE?

A. Many, many. Just the other day I liked a gag that no one else did but I insisted it stay in the script. It was, "These days a stunt man in Hollywood is any producer who makes a profit." It didn't get a laugh so I ad-libbed, "I died with the joke." That got the laugh.

Q. HOW ABOUT THE NEW MOVIE YOU JUST MADE IN PARIS?

A. It's pretty much my own original story. It's about my trying to buy a story from Sascha Guitry. Yet this story would

ruin a big cartel if it got out. There are many original and funny sequences in it. Anita Ekberg and Martha Hyer are the glamour girls.

Q. CAN YOU TELL WHETHER YOUR OWN SHOW WILL BE A GOOD ONE BEFORE IT IS PLAYED?

A. Yes, I can. It takes years of experience but you can tell.

Q. DO YOU WATCH COMEDY SHOWS AND WHICH ONES?

A. I don't have much time to watch but the comic I most enjoy is Sid Caesar. He's a genius.

Q. WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL SCHEDULE?

A. Well, I'm boss of my schedule. I work hard but I fit in plenty of golf. Actually I do what I want to do.

Q. WHO DO YOU TRY YOUR JOKES ON: WIFE, FRIENDS, KIDS?

A. I often read my scripts to Dolores and the kids and can tell pretty much by their reactions what's right and wrong.

Q. HOW HAS YOUR HUMOR CHANGED OVER THE YEARS?

A. I think I've grown up. My humor has become more subtle and more sophisticated.

Q. HAVE YOU EVER STUDIED ACTING? HOW DID YOU MAKE THE TRANSITION FROM BEING COMEDIAN TO ACTOR AND HANDLING SUCH PARTS AS JIMMY WALKER?

A. Actually, I learned to act as a young boy. When I went into "Roberta" I knew how to act. I knew how to walk and stand. In fact, the producers were amazed it came so easy. I've never had any acting trouble since.

Q. IS YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH CROSBY REAL OR PUBLICITY?

A. It's very real.

Q. WHO ARE YOUR CLOSE FRIENDS?

A. I have thousands of friends. They're very important to me. Among my close ones are: Fred MacMurray, Del Webb, J. Hugh Davis and Drs. Tom Hearn and Charlie Pincus.

Q. COULD YOU EXPLAIN REASONS FOR THE LOYALTY YOU GIVE?

A. It's very simple. I've never wanted to interfere with success. I hold on to what's good and that's why I've always been with the same movie company, network, publicists, agents, most writers and I guess most everybody else that has been with me. Of course, many people have to be inspired once in awhile.

Q. HOW DO YOU SELECT YOUR WRITERS?

A. I know of their reputations. Then they submit scripts and I judge them by their writing.

Q. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT MOTHERS-IN-LAW?

A. Bob says about his mother-in-law Theresa: "About Theresa's campaigns: they are of absorbing interest to the entire Hope household, and they are organized for just one purpose—to get something out of me. She's been studying me all these years, and is she smart! She knows exactly when to approach me for things. The stage is set, I'm always in the right mood—and later on, when the smoke of battle has cleared away I'm lost in admiration for this great sensitive feel she has for the touch. (Although it galls me to admit it publicly, I also find these campaigns fun. Furthermore, they've fused the family together—everyone else on one side, me on the other!) It is because of these campaigns that I have to put up such a struggle to hold the limelight around here and, thanks to them, Theresa has become the heroine not only of our house but our neighborhood.

Now, before describing the first of these maneuvers, let me say in my own defense that I look on myself as a kind

*"Nose" Hope and "Legs" Dietrich
do some apple polishing before TV show.*

of all-season Santa Claus. If I don't shower gifts on people every minute, it's only because the idea doesn't occur to me. How would I have guessed that Theresa might like a car? In the first place, I knew she didn't drive. In the second place, we have a large garage full of cars—although I will admit that most of them are in use all of the time. It never dawned on me that Theresa was yearning for a car of her very own until she told me. Then I wanted to think about it.

She had been saving her money for a year when she suddenly got the idea that there was a far easier way to acquire one. She felt the secret of success lay in my wallet. Thus was launched her first campaign. From her original sledgehammer hint about it—"Without a car of my own, how am I supposed to get around these vast California spaces?"—I was alerted to danger. 'There are buses,' I snapped. We circled each other for days, both using exactly the same dialogue ('How can I get around without a car?'. . . 'There are buses'), until she cleverly changed her tack. Now her dialogue of kindly remarks like, 'If I had my own car, I could run errands for the whole family—I could pick up new cans of make-up for Bob and things like that.'

To this attack I maintained a dignified silence. Then she outmaneuvered me: she lined up the four children on her side. No man has a chance when he is that outnumbered. But I noticed that the whole family was enjoying the skirmish, and I decided to play my part. Besides I was enjoying it too. I held out doggedly for some time.

Her first brilliant tactical move was to use my oldest daughter, Linda, as her advance scout. I am very fond of Linda, who is tall, blonde and lovely. (If Linda failed, my mother-in-law would throw my daughter Nora at me—a little more youth there.) Now, I hate to tell you that Linda double-crossed her loving dad, but the fact remains that she did. Behind my back she suggested to Theresa that driving lessons might help the campaign. From then on every dinner-table conversation concerned the progress of 'Mom's' driving lessons—while Dolores and I, for different reasons, futilely tried to change the subject.

'Please, everyone!' Dolores would say. 'Let's talk about something else. After all, your father comes home to have dinner with us even when he has to go right back to work. Let's make it pleasant for him!'



'Yes, let's make it pleasant for me,' I'd say quickly.

As if nobody had interrupted the assembly-line discussion of cars, Linda would then give me the direct needle: 'Daddy, don't you think it looks funny for Bob Hope's mother-in-law to be stepping on and off a bus?'

The other three traitorous offspring would then chorus, 'Yeah, it looks funny!'

Playing for time, I would pretend to be deaf. I was busy clutching at a straw: she'd never get her license. I happened to know that during her first driving lesson she knocked down a stop sign at Cahuenga Boulevard. However, she got the license—which doesn't speak well for California's driving laws. Then came the dinner hour when she brought it to the table and flaunted it in my face. I still fought an incisive evasive action, refusing to look at it while shouting hoarsely, 'You're too ancient to get a license—it's a fake!'

But finally I gave up. I told her she could pick out a car, while my family cheered in mutinous triumph. The next morning she helped open up the local automobile agency, and that afternoon she drove home a blue roadster. To pay her due respect, I must report that since then she has had only a couple of wrecks, both minor. I won't go into the number I've had."

Bob Hope gets thousands of fan letters every week and has a secretary opening and answering them and showing him the more important mail. We glanced through some of this mail and found a few letters that we thought were funny and belonged here to give the full, round look to the Hope empire. Here it is:

Dear Ski-Nose:

I want to be a comedian too. Can you help me? What a racket it is. All you do is tell jokes. I drew a book from a library called, "Best Jokes and Toasts." All I do is read from this book and I keel the folks. Boy they eat it up. So this is what I thought. You get me bookings. I'll read jokes and we'll split. I'll even pay the agent. Well? Are we on?

Yours with a laugh,

Dear Bob:

You're verry funny and I laugh whenever I see you. Send



Producer Jack Hope and brother Bob.

me a picture. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Dear Bob:

Last year toward the end of the TV season you used a joke about crocodiles and I reached for a beer and missed the ending. Could you send me the punchline? I've asked around and no one knows the ending.

Dear Mr. Hope:

Are you married to Dorothy Lamour? Is Bing Crosby related to her?

Dear Sir:

I resent the fact that they call you Ski-nose. With little expense, you could have your nose remodeled at my hospital in Elgin, Illinois. If you'd like further details on nose-reforming, write me.

Dear Bob:

Are you really 53 years old? That's pretty old. I don't see that there's much to laugh at when you're that old.

Dear Bob:

How do you keep from laughing when you are telling jokes? That's my problem. When I tell jokes I laugh so hard I can't finish the story. Well?

Dear Bob:

I never wrote a fan letter in my life and this isn't one either. You aren't funny. Period.

Dear Mr. Hope:

They call me "Frozen Face." No one can ever make me laugh. I offered \$10 to anyone who could crack my face. Would you like to bet me ten dollars that you could make me laugh? We could do this in the Port Theater in New Orleans.

Dear Bob:

I think I met you during the war in England. I want to know one thing . . . how can I get into a racket like yours? All those actresses . . . money . . . etc. You're a very lucky guy.

Dear Bob:

I hear that you hire men to laugh in your audience. I can laugh loud and when I see you I laugh naturally all the time. What do you say? My charge is \$100 a day (or less if you think so).

Dear Bob:

Here's my problem: I don't know whether to be a comedian or a gym instructor. How can you tell if you're a comic? I want to see if I'm one. I know I'm a gym instructor because I can do 100 push-ups but how do you tell if you're a comic?

Dear Bob:

Did you say Jack Benny had an accident . . . his string broke on the dime he used for a phone call? Is that true?

Dear Bob:

I'm speaking at a benefit for garage mechanics next Saturday. Could you send me a Hope routine? How about sending us Jerry Colonna to read the routine?

Dear Mr. Hope:

You slay me. You're the funniest man alive. God, you are funny. Hear about the fan dancer whose name was Gaza Strip? Wouldn't that kill you!

Dear Bob:

I hear you're a good golfer. I hear you are a good comic too. You hear anything these days. No kidding, I do think you're a good golfer though.

Dear Bob:

I have an idea . . . I'm the girl (Lucy, 16 years old from Madison H.S.) who writes you all the time. If you'll stop and see me next time you pass through Brooklyn at my school, then on your next TV show just keep scratching your nose, that will be the signal to me.

Dear Ski-nose:

I heard you sing last night and so I thought I'd write and tell you I'm a voice teacher and could even give you lessons by mail and inexpensively too.

Dear Bob:

You know it's healthy to laugh. You make me laugh pretty often. Enclosed find \$3 I would have paid my doctor last year. (Bob sent the money to charity.)

Dear Bob:

I was thinking last night about a gag that you should use but it's slipped my mind. When I think of it again, I'll send you a letter. ■

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz get ready to perform on Bob Hope's television show for N.B.C.





Candid camera snaps Bob Hope in conversation during filming of Paramount's "Beau James," colorful biofilm in which Hope portrays the title role of dapper and witty Jimmy Walker of New York City.

Bob in the Movies

In records when a voice isn't the very best, the producer of the record makes the music loud so that the listener isn't prone to concentrate on the voice. We might liken the format of Bob Hope's early pictures to this ruse in records. His early movies ("Big Broadcast of 1938," "Road to Singapore") were lavish and Bob's parts were incidental to the productions. Then came Crosby and Lamour to help shoulder the burdens. Today all that has changed. Bob made "The Seven Little Foys" and saw it become a smash hit and financial success.

The picture marked the first time Bob Hope attempted a characterization of an actual well-known figure.

The comedian worked harder to prepare for this film than any other in his career and a month before the picture went into production he was at the studio rehearsing his dances with Nick Castle.

By the time it went before the cameras, Hope had lost two inches off his waistline and dropped 10 pounds.

Thirty-six pictures and twenty years ago, Bob Hope made his cinematic debut in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast of 1938." That was on September 7, 1937, and much has happened since then.

Now he has made "Beau James," written, produced and directed by Mel Shavelson and Jack Rose, and it offers Hope another off-beat assignment and another important acting challenge. Again the emphasis is on story with the humor springing from the character of Mayor Walker and the many plot situations.

Hope's feminine co-star this time is Vera Miles, a talented young beauty who has come a long way since co-starring with John Wayne in "The Searchers." Since then she has enjoyed co-star status with Joan Crawford in "Autumn Leaves," Van Johnson in "23 Paces to Baker Street," and Henry Fonda in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Wrong Man."

Paul Douglas, Alexis Smith and Darren McGavin also are co-starred in "Beau James." ("Guest" appearances include George Jessel, Jack Benny and the renowned song writer Sammy Cahn, who play themselves. Cahn makes his movie debut in the picture.)

"Beau James," is a candidly stated biography of Jimmy Walker, New York's popular and brilliant but often controversial mayor during the alternately hey-nony-nony and depression years from 1925 to 1932.

Both Shavelson and Rose broke into Hollywood as screen writers, and they still share the writing assignment on all their pictures. But the duties of direction and production are divided. Shavelson directs and Rose produces.

In July 1954 they formed their own company, Scribe Productions, and entered into a three-way partnership with Paramount and Hope Enterprises on "Seven Little Foys," an arrangement that carried on through the filming of "Beau James."



Bob Hope and Vera Miles say a tearful goodbye in film "Beau James" released by Paramount Pictures Corp.

"Beau James," based on Gene Fowler's affectionate biography, becomes in the hands of Shavelson and Rose an uncompromising account of the life and times of Jimmy Walker, mayor of New York from 1925 to 1932, when he resigned dramatically in order to get his political friends off the hook during the Seabury Investigation. The tempestuous political and domestic life of the dapper Walker represents a radical departure for Bob Hope, in the title role, in that he becomes involved for the first time in his screen career with two women—his wife and an actress. He marries the latter in exile before being cleared of all charges of political misconduct.

The producers committed themselves to the prodigious task of attempting Walker's colorful life as mayor during which he



Bob Hope as the late Jimmy Walker, one-time New York Mayor, chats with costar Alexis Smith on "Beau James" set.

became an international figure but a provocative one. While scripting their piece, Shavelson and Rose discovered that "there are six million experts on Jimmy Walker and they all live in Hollywood."

They abandoned the hope of satisfying everybody. Too many individuals had formed their own viewpoints of this many-sided man who presented different facets of character from one day to another. However, they set out to win the approval of the majority among Walker's countless friends and admirers. On this point, Shavelson and Rose wish to make it clear that no attempt was made to minimize Walker's faults or to overdraw his virtues.

He was involved, as is well known, with two women; his recalcitrance and statesmanship played such hob with New York and international politics that Franklin D. Roosevelt might have lost the presidential election in 1932 if Walker had not resigned and fled to London, where he declared himself a pauper in Debtors' Court and then married his inamorata, Betty Comp-ton.

Walker's life, Shavelson and Rose say, was so replete with political and romantic escapades that they had enough valid material to film a dozen movies about this dapper and brilliant

man. Their main problem was to mine the mass of data and make only one movie.

With Hope in the title role, the scenarists distilled Walker's many faceted talents as administrator, bon vivant, politician, raconteur and the complexities of his nature as a man—sentimentalist, acid wit, volatile emotionalist and practical thinker—within the span of his supercharged career as mayor.

All of Hope's movies have showed a profit—all the "Road" movies were goldmines. In the early days Hope got a medium salary and thought himself lucky at that. Today he is "Hope Enterprises" and the involved setup assures him (and the government) a handsome fee per picture.

Bob takes picture-making seriously but he does some clowning on the set. He follows orders like a private, makes few changes in script and seldom demurs over a directorial order. Most of Bob's pictures have been light comedies. One of my favorites was "My Favorite Spy" with Hedy Lamarr. This is the studio synopsis of the movie:

Eric Augustine (Bob Hope), impeccably dressed European, is about to board a plane at La Guardia Field for Tangier. An immigration official makes a routine inspection of his passport, starts to give it back, stops. He examines it carefully, holds a page up to the light, asks Augustine to step out of line.

Augustine makes a break for it, darts between a gas truck and a catering truck. A man, identifying himself as a government security agent, seizes the passport, tells the startled immigration official he knew it was forged, says the government wanted Augustine to board the plane. He runs to a telephone booth, calls Donald Bailey (Stephan Chase), chief of security agency, notifies him that Augustine has escaped. Bailey immediately orders a police net thrown around the airport, warns his men that he wants Augustine alive.

Peanuts White (Bob Hope), a burlesque comic who looks exactly like Augustine, is walking down a New York side street when he is stopped by two radio Patrolmen. Despite his protests, he is handcuffed, taken to Bailey's office. The government men are convinced he is Augustine, claim Peanuts White is just another alias. Bailey shows Peanuts a photo of Augustine. He stares at it, speechless.

Suddenly, the 'phone rings, Bailey answers it. One of his men reports they have cornered Augustine in one of the bangars at the field. Confused, Bailey looks at Peanuts, asks the man if he is sure. The agent tells him he is positive, Augustine has just killed one of the airport guards. Releasing Peanuts, the agents rush out, head for the field.

At the airport, Augustine kills another guard, is wounded in return. Back in Bailey's office, the government men inspect Augustine's baggage, discover a million dollars in a money belt. It is revealed that Augustine is a foreign spy and was on his way to Tangier to purchase a big piece of microfilm containing the plans for a pilotless plane that can circle the globe from a German scientist named Hoening. The men do not know what Hoening looks like and had been trailing Augustine in the hope he would lead them to him.

Suddenly, Bailey gets an inspiration. Peanuts White, the man who looks exactly like Augustine, is their only hope. They send for Peanuts, unfold their plan. He is to go to Tangier as Augustine, contact Hoening and buy the film for a million dollars. He doesn't like the idea, finally agrees to do it after he receives a personal call from the White House.

That same afternoon, experts begin the job of transforming the burlesque comic into the suave, polished, cultured, romantic Augustine. They show him secret film.

taken of Augustine and Lily Dalbray, beautiful and dangerous spy who has worked with Augustine in the past. Peanuts is warned that Augustine has double-crossed all of his partners, including Lily, and that several of them would like to see him dead.

A few days later, Peanuts, dressed exactly like Augustine, boards a plane for Tangier. After the plane leaves, Bailey calls the hospital to check on Augustine's condition, learns the spy has slugged the guard and has escaped.

Peanuts arrives in Tangier, is met at the airport by Lily Dalbray (Hedy Lamarr), who drives him to her hotel. Lily is taken in by the masquerade, believes that Peanuts is Augustine. Later, the door of Peanuts' suite opens and Tasso (Arnold Moss), a solidly-built Algerian, enters. He reveals he is a government security agent, has been assigned to the case, will pose as Peanuts' valet.

That evening, Peanuts dines at the cafe in the hotel, becomes the center of attraction. He meets Karl Brubaker (Francis L. Sullivan), head of an international spy ring and Lily's boss, and is greeted warmly by several women, friends of Augustine. A gypsy sits down at his table, pretends to tell his fortune and slips him a card containing Hoenig's address.

Peanuts notifies Tasso, who, spotting several of Brubaker's men at the entrances, pulls the master light switch, plunging the cafe into darkness. In the confusion, they escape, make their way to Hoenig's hiding place, a gambling casino. Peanuts enters alone, Tasso remaining behind. Harry Crock (Tonio Selwart), one of Brubaker's henchmen, sneaks up behind Tasso, knocks him out.

Peanuts meets Hoenig (Luis Van Rooten), gives him the money, receives the film. He hides it in the turban he is wearing, evades Crock, returns to the hotel. While tele-

phoning the airport to make a reservation for New York, he unscrews the top of the cylinder to check the film. The reel falls out, rolls under a couch. Hearing a knock on the door, he quickly stuffs the cylinder in his pocket. Lily enters, steals the cylinder while pretending to make love to him. He asks her to marry him, says he will make two reservations on the plane. Lily agrees, goes back to her room to pack.

Deciding that Augustine has changed, Lily starts packing, plans to leave with him on the plane. She stares at the cylinder, glances through a photo album of herself and Augustine. She is reminded of all the doublecrosses the spy has pulled in the past, finally reaches a decision, picks up the phone to call Brubaker.

Suddenly, the door opens and the real Augustine enters. He twists her wrist, takes the cylinder and knocks her out. Meanwhile, Peanuts finishes packing, heads for Lily's room. He sees her on the floor, tries to revive her. Before she is fully awake, he takes the film and hides it in her compact, underneath the cake of powder, slips it into her purse.

When she regains consciousness, Lily accuses him of doublecrossing her again, hurls a lamp and vase at his head, pursues him into his room. She draws a gun from her purse, threatens to kill him, suddenly sees the real Augustine propped against the wall. He has been shot and garroted by Brubaker's men. Horrified, she listens to Peanuts' explanation. Confused, she still believes he is Augustine, but agrees to help him.

Brubaker spots them, immediately assumes his men have lied to him, looks into the cylinder and discovers it is empty. Peanuts and Lily are captured and taken to Brubaker's villa on the outskirts of the city. Brubaker sends for a doctor who gives Peanuts an injection of sodium



Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in picture "The Cat and the Canary," released by Paramount back in 1939.



Roy Rogers and Bob "Trigger" Hope wait for the real Trigger to rescue them in a movie which lampooned western bad men.



"Hey, what's going on behind my back?" says Bob to Jane Russell on the set of "Son of Paleface," a 1951 picture.

pentirium, the truth serum.

The drug works, but not in the manner Brubaker had anticipated. Instead of revealing the whereabouts of the film, Peanuts begins recalling his past, babbles about a career in burlesque. Brubaker and his men are startled as Peanuts delivers a hammy one-man version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," acts out scenes from Shakespeare, operas and burlesque bits. While everyone's attention is on Peanuts, Lily, who realizes for the first time that he was telling the truth, sets fire to the house. She grabs Peanuts and they escape in Brubaker's car.

Later, they accidentally enter the fire department just as the alarm goes off. In the confusion that follows, they wind up back at Brubaker's house on a hook and ladder. They steal a fire engine, stage a wild and bilarious chase through the city, are eventually cornered by the spies and forced to hide in a large barrel.

Tasso and several Tangerian policemen arrive as Brubaker and his men start to close in, arrest them for the murder of Augustine. Standing, Peanuts tosses the film to Tasso, asks him to take charge of it. The mission completed, Tasso congratulates Peanuts on the great service he has rendered his nation. Looking down into the barrel, Peanuts smiles, reveals he and Lily will open a haberdashery in Hackensack, N.J., with the ten thousand dollars he will receive when he returns to America.

"Our son may become president some day," he sighs.

Up to "Beau James," Bob always had his TV writers help "point up" his movie scripts with jokes, but for "Beau James"

Bob decided to go along with the script writers. This is probably an indication that for pictures Bob would prefer playing down the gags and getting into more meaty productions. In "Seven Little Foy's" Bob's four kids had minor roles. But that is no indication the youngsters are headed for picture careers. Actually, it's too early to say what they'll do.

Nearly \$50,000 was spent for "Beau James" for prying open just one closet door—the story of the late New York Mayor, Jimmy Walker, his wife, his sweetheart, big-city politics and a career threatened by social and professional scandal.

The truth hurts—especially on celluloid.

Studio check writers are busy too, paying out thousands of dollars for a new Hollywood commodity—truth instead of fiction.

Hollywood recently started shelling out, in a wholesale way, for films like "The Seven Little Foy's," "The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing," "I'll Cry Tomorrow," "Love Me Or Leave Me," and the about-to-be-released "Beau James," the story of Walker.

But the zippiest, real-life events, harboring the most sensitive memories, are in "Beau James."

Consent of the persons involved to tell the truth about Walker and to be portrayed in their association with him cost nearly \$50,000. It took three sets of attorneys, chasing all over the country for six months, to give Producer Jack Rose and Director Mel Shavelson the green light.

Money is the soothing syrup.

Mrs. Janet Allen Walker, first wife of Beau James, insisted the tenderness of her relationship with him should be preserved—even though she lost him to another woman. She was



Bob "Casanova" Hope plays it cool as a hot lover with Joan Fontaine in 1953 Paramount film, "Casanova's Big Night."



Famous movie team, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour have teamed often. Here they're hitting the "Road" again.

reached, shortly before her death, in Florida where she debunked the legend she was "brittle."

"I was always a softie," she said.

"Please," she said, "tone down the drinking. He never really could take the stuff." Warm memories were more important to her than money.

But Shavelson and Rose left her a thank-you note with \$7000 attached.

The "other woman"—the late Stage Star Betty Compton—was cleared through her mother, as executrix of the estate. Approval was given for a small consideration, but with the stipulation that the real name be used and the part played by someone who physically resembled her.

The largest sum, \$15,000 went to Walker's sister and two adopted children. The widow of Walker's right-hand man received \$1000. Other sums went to politicians, onetime colleagues and lesser lights involved in his colorful life.

Film studio attorneys might as well add a few words to their shingles—"Have pen, money and will travel."

Bob Hope is the most loyal man in the entertainment industry. He has always had the same wife. He has always been with the same network—NBC. He has always been with the same movie studio—Paramount. He has had the same publicists for many years. He has had three of the same writers for almost twenty years. Two of them are Mel Shavelson and Jack Rose who have been writer-director-producer on both "Seven Little Foys" and "Beau James." Mel and Jack were press agents who joined Hope in 1940. Asked to join the six other writers on the radio show, they asked for \$100 a week and were sur-

prised when they got it because Bob said that amount of money was too rich for his blood (nevertheless Hope had the highest writing budget of all comedians.)

When Panama and Frank, two well-known producers of today, asked Hope for a \$25 dollar a week raise they were fired. They were hired back some years later at several times the amount of money they wanted then. In those days, Hope was just starting to rise to the top. He suffered the insecurities of that middle island between failure and success. He would send out for fifteen cents worth of ice cream at writers conferences to keep a dozen people happy.

A ceremony surrounded pay day. Bob would stand on a chair, make airplanes out of the pay checks and float them down to his writing slaves. It was a gesture of careless abandon he did not feel. Life then was a day-to-day affair that required faith and perseverance. His writers then had no clear picture of whom they were writing for. What they evolved was a fast talking fellow who liked the pretty girls and knew the value of a nickel. This characterization has lasted through the years. Bob started then, and still continues, to call writers together at any time of the day or night. He pays well but demands excellent service.

In those days, too, as he does today, he hires many writers each of whom writes a complete script, and he picks the best jokes from each. It has always been so that Bob has been nervous about how a joke will play. In these first days of radio he would argue over the merits of one joke for hours, then not satisfied would bet the writers that it wouldn't play. He then would do anything to ruin the joke even muttering so the punchline couldn't be heard. If he were on the side of the joke he'd do all but



Bob Hope as Eddie Foy in the picture "Seven Little Foys" which turned out to be one of the comedian's 25 hit pictures.



Although known best for his sharp wit and ready comedy, Bob Hope has shown fine dramatic ability many times. Here he plays Eddie Foy in the picture "Seven Little Foys."

lose his pants to get a laugh. Then, too, he would put on an hour and a half show for the studio audience before he went on the air.

He'd cross out jokes meticulously if the audience didn't laugh and he didn't use these "clinkers" on the air. Bob only found out years later that the same jokes that tickled a studio audience wouldn't "play" on the air. Hope himself is a terrific audience. He's very generous with a laugh and howls at stories told him often when their laugh-worth isn't high. Only Jack Benny equals Hope in this respect. Hope also has a great memory and when an old joke is thrown into a script, he'll laugh but end the laugh with "old-out."

His writers have a great respect for the comic. They say he can do more with a good story than any man alive. His timing, a look, an accent or a syllable, all add to the humor. Hope, they also say, was first to introduce sophisticated humor to radio and then to television.

Hope raised the standard of humor. When at first an audience didn't comprehend a joke, he'd wait for them to get it. When a writer would say, "this joke probably be over their heads" it would only incite Bob to use it. His weakness in the beginning was to lean to weird and cruel humor. Advisors couldn't worry him away from this dangerous direction. For awhile, Bob "slayed" the radio audience with bloodthirsty gags full of decapitated bodies and gangland slayings. That is, until the day Bob killed off Santa Claus (played by Jerry Colonna). Then there was such an uproar from listeners and such an avalanche of protests to the network and sponsor the show was almost cancelled. That calmed Bob down quite a bit and dissuaded him from pursuing this foolhardy course for mass consumption.

There are many stories told about Bob and his early days with the writers. First time he went out on a vaudeville tour he got a piece of the box office take at each theater. Business was good until he got to a house in Joliet, Illinois. There Bob seeing the huge crowd surrounding the theater, asked the theater to pull a reel from a long complicated murder mystery they were showing with his appearance. This guaranteed a faster

turnover and therefore more profits. Bob tried to get the theater manager to pull the whole picture. Being a tireless performer, Bob could perform constantly for twelve hours just by getting a half hour rest in the dressing room once in a great while.

One time when the money started pouring in. Bob burst into a writers conference one day screaming, meanwhile holding a bankbook aloft. "Look," he hollered, "I found \$25,000 in a bank I didn't know I had."

When Mel Shavelson said he was going to get married and asked for time to take a honeymoon, Bob agreed, "Alright, take tomorrow afternoon off."

One day in the early 40's Bob tried to get into a golf driving range but it was crowded. He called his attorney and bought the range (across the street from Warner Bros. in Burbank) for \$40,000. Today you couldn't buy the property for \$500,000. There are those who say Hope has never been bested in a business deal.

In making a movie where every minute could mean thousands of dollars, Bob is inclined to go along with majority opinion where a joke or piece of business is concerned. When he is stubborn, the boys usually shoot both their way and Bob's. However, he forgets and they seldom show him his footage.

Bob has, really has, that heart of gold many are supposed to have. He is like a good general in battle—he'd die for his men and they for him. When his friend and right hand man Barney Dean was dying of cancer, Bob spent many hours in the hospital with him. One day when Bob was leaving he asked Barney if he wanted anything. "Yeah," said Barney, "but I'll have Jolson do it for me." (Jolson had died shortly before.)

Milt Josefsberg another writer started for Bob Hope in 1935 when he wrote a monologue for Bob that was supposed to go out as a publicity column for Bob but the comic instead signed Milt for \$100 a week. Today he is a supervisor for NBC of the Hope show. It is another case of Bob's loyalty to his people. Milt has this to say about Bob: "Bob has never bawled out a writer. When a show turns out bad, others blame the writers, but Bob blames the audience. He'll say they were too hep or too

low brow or even too sparse. He'll even blame the weather's influence on the audience but never in any way hint that it could be anyone's fault connected with the show."

Those connected with the show say Bob is tireless. He has been known to do 12 hours of show rehearsals including dance steps, then make the rounds of the New York clubs.

Bob loves to reminisce. It's one of his few pleasures outside of working. Members of his audience which include his family and staff say he rarely repeats a story. Bob is also a chuckler, but it is admitted that he chuckles just as much at stories told by others.

Bob is a wonderful business man and has many holdings. He often has to call associates to find out the details. Recently, he went to look at a piece of land he had bought in Burbank and found a synagogue on it. The Jewish members of his staff when told about it said, "There goes our last place to hide."

Though Bob has writers and many of them, he too comes up with many a joke for a show. In his early days in radio he scored a big laugh by having Judy Garland then 15, meet Madelaine Carroll look at her hair, and say, "Hmmm—peroxide." In those days this got a big laugh.

The question of whether Bob Hope is penurious has been argued back and forth in the public print and on Vine Street for many years. Some years ago Time Magazine did a profile on Bob and intimated Bob was cheap. One of Bob's best friends, Bing Crosby, sent a letter to Time to refute this, and it read something like, "My friend Bob Hope is anything but cheap. He does an average of two benefits a week. His price for a personal appearance would be about \$10,000 so he gives away \$20,000 every week of his life. Is that cheap?" Time's answer to this was, "Time magazine agrees with Bing; however, Bob from time to time has been known to put undue pressure on a nickel."

Actually, Bob is both very generous and at times, miserly. He is eccentric with money. When Bob was a struggling vaudevillian, his friend Ritchie Craig, died. There was an auction held for his widow. Bob bid \$700 for a pencilled caricature of Ritchie. Yet Bob has been known at his home to say to a couple of his writers, "We're going to eat now. Why don't you run down to the drive-in and then come back."

It is said constantly that Bob is the most loyal entertainer in Hollywood. For instance, he never fails to give guest appearances to his old friends, Jerry Colonna and Frances Langford, whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Bob's favorite lunch place is the Lakeside Golf Club. He plays golf as often as possible. Bob at 53 is in perfect physical condition. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. He eats everything, though ice cream is his favorite food. He used to say he was pulling for a 40 hour day but first his sidekick Barney Dean died suddenly and then Charlie Yates, his agent suffered a heart attack. After that Bob had a physical and, even though pronounced perfect, has cut down a little on his strenuous routine.

Bob flies a lot and always sits in the first seat of all planes. He likes to watch the engines, his secretary says, in case anything goes wrong he can crack jokes to pass over minor emergencies.

The comics memory is perfect. He can be doing a picture,

benefit and TV show at the same time and not confuse the three.

Hope brings back presents for all the office staff no matter where he goes. Bob's crew is forever trying to think up ways to show their appreciation for his many kindnesses. At the end of the season two years ago, Eleanor Sider remembers a combination season's end-birthday gift they presented Bob—a large ceramic plate with his caricature, a TV camera and signed by all. She says it is difficult to find anything for Bob because he has everything. The night before the regular show (called the preview) in the spot to be taken up by guest, Jack Benny, Eleanor presented the plate. Bob was both surprised and pleased with the gift. "I don't deserve it," he said, "you people make the show."

This humble attitude is also part of the invisible Hope personality—he blames his success on his writers. His writers say he makes it easy for them to work by creating an informal, easy-going atmosphere. Hope never criticizes, he doesn't find fault. "His enthusiasm," says Eleanor Sider, "is contagious. His ad-libs are funnier than the show. We all want to be like him—ten minutes after he's on stage I find myself madly chewing gum.

"He's informal, easy-going, and we work in a regular democracy. On my first show I couldn't bring myself to address him as 'Mr. Hope.' He's not that way. It was so frustrating until I realized that everybody was using the familiar, 'Hey, Bob . . .'"

People have always been on a first name basis with Hope. When they come up for autographs it's always, "Sign mine, Bob." Hope likes familiarity, feels it is good.

Bob says, "I call President Eisenhower, 'Ike,' and he calls me . . . Oh, you know how excited you get when you miss a putt."

Though Bob's weekly writers conference has been refined since the early days of radio, Bob talks fondly of those good old days. This is the way it worked: Six writers each with a complete script for that week, would each in turn read his script to his competitors and Bob. Every script would be concerned with the same subject. For instance "foreign cars." Then Bob would keep track of the jokes that got the biggest laughs and those jokes would be put together into the script Bob would use . . . except for one thing. It would be written over-long so that it could be cut down depending on the results of its reception by a preview audience. For example, a writer might start to read a projected Hope monologue:

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio today, I was hit by one of those little foreign cars . . . tickled so I almost died laughing.

That would be joke number one of the monologue. Suppose two other writers laughed at it. Two checks would go next to it on Bob's sheet. When the writer was through reading the whole monologue if this joke fared better than others, it would go into the main script.

Bob on the set is an atomic battery run amuck. He is a moving target pursued by writers, producers, make-up men, wardrobe women, directors all who "only need one minute" with him. He is a quick study but has to relearn lines constantly because he changes them. There is no such thing as a finished script on a Hope show. A Hope show has been known

to go on where writers were still changing the ending while Hope was getting the laughs with the beginning. All who have worked with Bob know his typical pose during rehearsal; under the mike where he talks into it and to his brother Jack in the control room. "It won't play," he might say. "The cameras have to come in faster and we'll strike the last line. We don't need it." Then he'll cock his head waiting for the okay or the argument from the control room. Bob is a great respecter of words (he pays thousands of dollars for them) but he believes he has the instinct after all these years to know the right words for him. Likewise, he pays top money for big name guest stars, assigns his best writers to them but figures they didn't achieve fame without some feeling about what's right for them. Therefore, their every suggestion is weighed carefully.

Bob is a worrier on the set and the smallest doubts are explored in detail. Yet Bob can be involved in all kinds of controversy over a vital segment of the show, break for lunch and turn off the worry (or so it appears to the observer). That does not mean, however, that the comic can switch the conversation to cooking or baseball. On show or rehearsal day, he lives the program 24 hours a day. But he can forget the trouble spots (or so it appears) in a moment and concentrate on the smooth parts of the show.

Bob is not a temperamental star. He does not complain about hot or cold stages, drafts or dressing rooms. He is extremely kind to bit players and extras. He never raises his voice or shows temper. To the press he is not condescending nor the other extreme—too nice. Bob's word is good and if he promises anything on the show it will come off. Where he has promised a part on his show to an actor and circumstances beyond his control prevented the actor from appearing, Bob has put him on a subsequent show at more money. Bob likes to work, yet he likes to golf, too. However, he can't resist doing a show and feels the obligation to his public no matter how small the segment. And the chance in turning down a day of golf isn't easy for Bob. He loves to get out on the course. Talking of audiences, Bob is one of the few performers who doesn't mind a crowd watching his rehearsals (and there always is a crowd at a Hope rehearsal). Yet Bob carries on during rehearsals with the utmost concentration and seemingly unaware that anyone is watching.

Bob wears sports clothes at rehearsals and wants everyone to be casual. He gets along on little sleep so he cares little about when rehearsals start or when they end. He does, however, ask other actors to work the same grueling schedule he does (and pays them well for their pains).

When Bob guests on other shows, he goes along pretty much with what the show name suggests for him. Actually, Bob does his best as a guest because the responsibility falls on the other entertainer's shoulders. (A Bob Hope ad lib from a Jack Benny show: "I play to the ushers because I'm so used to performing for men in uniform.") Fact of the matter is, the one thing you can say about Hope at all times, rehearsal or show, is that he gives it 100 percent Hope at all times.

The only good comedian is a miserable comedian.

The only happy comedian is a dead comedian.

Since the advent of TV, these two interlocking Broadway proverbs have come more and more frequently to the lips of show business reporters. The New York Herald Tribune's syndicated columnist, Marie Torre, reported:

Steve Allen: "An extreme introvert. . . . He arrives at NBC each day in one of three distinct moods. . . . Either he is completely depressed, or he hates everybody, or he feels that everybody hates him."



In the picture "Beau James," Bob had to sing the Italian translation of the song "Will You Love Me in December?" Joseph Lilley is at the piano while Dean Martin assists him.

Martha Raye: "She's all mixed up . . . consumes buckets of sleeping pills . . . has married five times and flirted with suicide."

Jackie Gleason: "Gleason lives big, works big, loves big. He drinks, eats, and talks big. His loneliness and frustrations are equally towering. . . . He has an abnormal fear of death."

Sid Caesar: "Six years of psychiatric treatment (and lots more to come) has brought Caesar around to the idea that his emotionally muscle-bound existence took root during his childhood . . . a childhood that abounded in loneliness, despair, and a general feeling of being unwanted."

Imogene Coca: "Even in the confines of her own Manhattan apartment, the wistful one sits alone, says little. . . . She can't make decisions for herself."

Danny Kaye: "He has spells of moodiness which prompt him to shut himself off from everybody . . . as if wondering whether people were laughing at him or with him. . . . He's terribly self-conscious."

Milton Berle: "Lack of applause propels him into a state of gloom so wretched he can be soothed neither by the realization of his fat financial status, nor blandishments from a wife he adores. Now he's afraid he'll be forgotten."

Wally Cox: "A glaring misfit in a frenetic profession. Wally would be much happier on a farm. He loves the outdoors and a dozen other things and show business isn't among them. He was in analysis seven years."

Red Buttons: "For two dismal years, a sullen-faced Buttons has been futilely seeking re-entry into a profession which filled him with dark forebodings, presented him with a nervous stomach, put him on a psychiatrist's couch, and gave him an enormous appetite for sedatives. He has a Napoleonic complex."

Bob Hope: "Happiest when he's working. Miserable when he's alone. Needs stimulation of people constantly. ■"



Marilyn Maxwell and Bob Hope wait for the cameraman to line up next shot on the set of "The Lemon Drop Kid."



Although this looks incriminating, Bob maintains he's never had a vacation in his life. Actually, above was a location shot.

Anecdotes about Bob

BOB TOOK a troop to Greenland one time and in the troop was Anita Ekberg. She poured the coffee for the boys. Bob asked one lieutenant if the coffee was good. "Are you mad, man," exclaimed the lieutenant. "I'm not drinking coffee poured by Ekberg. I'm freezing it and saving it."

On his way down the elevator to a performance in the Chicago Stadium, Bob was approached by a solemn-looking fellow who begged Bob to stop off in the hotel banquet room to give his convention five minutes. Seems they had no program to entertain the convention. Bob did the convention, then rushed to the Stadium and made the benefit.

One of Bob's proudest moments happened on board the USS Missouri during the war. "I strolled down the deck with the admiral but it was the boys who were my buddies screaming things like, 'Hi! Ski Nose, and Hi ya, Bob!'"

After watching a football game on TV, Hope got up to turn off the game. "Wait," said one of the boys, "let's hear what

the scoring totals were." Said Hope, "And get caught in the crowd?"

During his first few months in Hollywood, Bob's new bosses wanted him to have plastic surgery on his nose. He was convinced several times but Dolores wouldn't permit it. He's very glad today he didn't have it done.

Daughter Linda plays the harp and everyone is happy about it except that Bob thinks the harp in the living room is putting on airs so the instrument gets constant movement.

As an amateur fighter Bob won two fights, was plenty messed up in the third so switched from gymnasium to dancing school and pointed towards the stage instead of ring.

When Bob was broke in Chicago in the early days and not eating regularly, a booker met him and said, "I have a job for you on Decoration Day. I'll pay you . . ." Bob shouted quickly, "I'll take it!"

Bob had one unhappy experience when he first came to Hollywood. A big hit in New York, he was almost an unknown here but under contract to Paramount. He was introduced at the Biltmore Bowl on the night of his arrival as "Bob Holt."

There's just one incident Bob's trying hard to live down in the family circle. His brother, Ivor, in 1940, asked him to entertain the men of his metal factory. Bob couldn't get a laugh. Later he found out the acoustics were so bad no one heard anything. But Ivor won't accept the alibi.

As an example of the deep feeling Bob's circle of friends has for him, at a TV hearing in Washington, Jimmy Saphier, Bob's TV agent for 15 years, was asked his relationship with Bob. He started to describe their relationship and his feeling for Bob and he broke down and cried.

Bob and his cohorts were dining late at night in a Broadway restaurant when the headwaiter refused to seat a Negro couple. Bob walked out of the restaurant.

One TV show, five girls were practicing screams for an Elvis Presley reaction. Bob listened for a moment and said, "Sounds like a freeway accident."

In 1945 Bob Hope wrote this preface to a book I had published called "What Are Your Odds":



Bob prefers his turkeys to be in a box, not in a can of film.

"Up to the first time I met Leo Guild I thought that figures went into sweaters and not books. I know differently now. For instance, why is it that no one ever wins when he bets on Crosby's horses? Tests made at Cornell University prove that cows are twice as smart as horses. Now how can a horse win a race when he doesn't even know he's supposed to win?"

"I learned that a psychologist recently polled a class of high-school pupils and found that the chances are almost 3 to 1 that two combined heads are better than one at working out a problem. What I need around my movie sets are a couple of two-headed men.

"I also found that it isn't enough not to kiss your girl when she has a cold; you must be careful even if she is in New York and you are in Hollywood. According to the Air Hygiene Foundation, cold germs propelled by a sneeze often travel hundreds of miles. At the first sign of a sneeze move to Rio de Janeiro, that's my motto.

"That about winds up the foreword for I've had a very busy day. Today my heart beat 103,389 times, my blood traveled 168 million miles, I breathed 23,040 times, I inhaled 438 cubic feet of air, I ate three and a quarter pounds of food, drank 2.9



Some lose their shirts playing golf, but Hope is different.

pounds of liquid, I perspired 1.43 pints, I gave off 85.6 degrees of heat and I generated 450 tons of energy. I spoke 4800 words, moved 750 major muscles, my nails grew .000046 inches, my hair grew .01714 inches and I exercised 7 million brain cells. I'm tired . . ."

* * *

From a review by London critic, Peter Foster—

"A brilliant Palladium bill is headed by Bob Hope, surely the most endearing of the American comedians. His very entrance is a joy as he ambles on, jaw jutting, eyes roving, abounding in that odd, indefinable, heart-warming quality of your true star comedian. Mr. Hope is funny to look at, funny to hear, funny without effort and without flagging. What matter how many joke writers assist? Today's comic with radio, film, and TV markets, must use material in a month that would have lasted an old timer a decade. Nobody could provide Mr. Hope's impeccable sense of timing or the charm that robs personal comment of any offense.

(The above was found in Bing Crosby's scrap book.)

Recently when Bob and Bing were in a golf match, Bing had a photographer print tiny photos of Bob and pasted them to his clubs—He was hitting the ball with Bob's head.

* * *

Bob's close friend is Bing Crosby and here are some of the reminiscences by Bing on Bob:



Robert Hope entertains the famous Maurice Chevalier.



"Robert Hope, of the non-classic profile and the unlistless midsection, is sometimes goaded by a knowledge of his own lack of physical charms into referring to me as skin head. I don't have to specify what he means. It's generally known that for screen purposes I wear a device the trade calls a scalp doily, a mucket or a divot. The technical name for it is a hair piece."

In days of radio: "The tape idea has been a boon to Bob Hope, too. He bounces around the world more than anyone I know; any week he might be in Alaska, in South America, in China or in Europe, and he'd have an awful time doing his shows live. He uses tape almost exclusively. So does Jack Benny. Almost everybody on the air is taping now.

"I'm always fortunate in being associated with a Bill Fields, a Fred Astaire, a Bob Hope, a Barry Fitzgerald, or some other talent-loaded individual; it's like hitting a triple parlay at the races. Which brings me to the day in 1939 when Hope came along. I'd worked with him in 1932 at the Capitol Theater in New York, but not since. He'd come to Paramount originally to make B pictures, but for some inexplicable reason he'd caught on fast and become a favorite. Then one day someone decided to team us in a picture called 'The Road To Singapore.' It was a lucky hunch for everybody involved. The widely publicized Hope-Crosby feud was not a planned vendetta. It was a thing we fell into. It grew out of the fact that when we appeared on

Bob gags it up with Comedienne Joan Davis.



Movie making isn't all work, as Hope proves here on the "Beau James" set, Lovely Sarita Montiel chats with him.

each other's radio programs and in the 'Road' pictures, it seemed easier for our writers to write abusive dialogue than any other kind.

"When our Hatfield-McCoy routine became a byword with the public, we did nothing to derail it. We developed and expanded it and pitched in merrily to think of insults to hurl at each other. When we're doing a radio show, Hope shows up at the studio with libelous comments about me penciled on his script. He writes more during rehearsal. I do the same. We may even think up a few verbal barbs after the show goes on the air.

"Hope's very nimble at this sort of thing and I can only remember sticking him once, but I'm proud of that once, for I had him really blubbing. He had made some disparaging remark about my figure and I said, 'I just got a load of your rear when you walked away from the microphone, and you looked like a sack of cats going to the river.' He went dead for almost a minute. He thought up a rebuttal later, but in our league, if you don't come up with a reply right away, it's three strikes and sit down.

"Our first 'Road' picture baffled its director, Victor Schertzinger. Victor was a nice fellow and he'd directed some fine pictures, but he'd had little experience with low comedy. He was an experienced musician and, although he knew nothing about

hokum, Paramount signed him to direct the first 'Road' picture because of his musical background. He was a quiet fellow, used to directing his pictures in a leisurely fashion. His awakening was rude. For a couple of days when Hope and I tore free-wheeling into a scene, ad-libbing and violating all of the accepted rules of movie-making, Schertzinger stole bewildered looks at his script, then leafed rapidly through it, searching for the lines we were saying.

"When he couldn't find them he'd be ready to flag us down and say reprovingly, 'Perhaps we'd better do it the way it's written, gentlemen,' but then he'd notice that the crew was laughing at our antics. He was smart enough to see that if we evoked that kind of merriment from a hard-boiled gang who'd seen so many pictures they were blasé about them, it might be good to let us do it our way.

"So we had more trouble with our writers than with our director. Don Hartman, now production head at Paramount, was one of the writers. The other was Frank Butler, who still writes 'Road' pictures and who collaborated on our most recent tour, 'The Road To Bali.' Hartman and Butler didn't like the way we kicked their prose around, and it didn't help that when they visited our set we ad-libbed in spades. When Hope called out to Hartman, 'If you recognize anything of yours yell



The famous four-leaf clover is lucky for Hope too, he's signed Irish beauty Maureen O'Hara for TV show.

Bingo!' Don left the set in a huff to register a beef with the production department.

"We were curious as to what the front office thought of our antics, so when the eleven-o'clock rushes were run off, Hope and I sneaked up to the projection room. All the studio executives were in there; the door was ajar, and we could hear those inside guffawing. They even roared when Hope stopped the action and talked directly to the audience, a most unorthodox procedure. So we knew we were in.

"The basic ingredient of any 'Road' picture is a Rover Boys-type plot, plus music. The plot takes two fellows, throws them into a jam or as many jams as possible, then lets them clown their way out. The jams are plotted in the script, and although they're bogus situations and on the incredible side, they're important because they hold the story together and provide a

framework for our monkeyshines. Gags can't be played against gags; they have to be played against something serious, even though the serious stuff is melodramatic. Hope and I invent many of these gag escapes from predicaments as we go along, and to prevent our imagination from flagging, we prevailed upon Paramount to employ a pixie in human form, Barney Dean. Barney looks as if he'd posed for one of the seven dwarfs in Disney's *Snow White*—not Grumpy, but one of the merry ones—and he's just about their size. He showed up on our set one day peddling Christmas cards.

"Hope and I remembered him from our vaudeville days. Barney had done a dance act with a party named Tarradasch. Barney's real name was Fradkin, so the team bore the improbable title of Fradkin and Tarradasch. I don't know how Fradkin and Tarradasch ever got bookings. Tarradasch could tap a little, but

Fradkin just shuffled. If Tarradasch grew tired or wasn't feeling too well, the audience heard no taps at all. When the booking shortage grew so acute that no food was coming in, Barney gave up dancing and formed another act with another pal, Jim McDonnell. In this new act he played a pesky little stooge, and McDonnell was a big, tall, suave straight man. Every time Barney pulled an inane line on McDonnell, McDonnell hit him and Barney crashed to the floor. They broke their act in at a theater in Chicago, a house where knockabout, baggy-pants, putty-nose comedy went over big because the audiences liked their fun gamey and unrefined.

"When the Paramount-Publix circuit talent scouts caught the Dean-McDonnell act, the audience was unusually riotous, so they booked them. Unfortunately for Dean and McDonnell, they opened their new booking in Montreal in a neighborhood house before a sedate family audience. When Barney told his first joke and McDonnell and Barney hit the stage floor, the audience made a noise not unlike "tsk-tsk." When Dean and McDonnell kept right on knocking themselves—and each other—enthusiastically out, the tsk-tsking turned into an ominous booing.

"That was the last of them as a team. Barney returned to New York, then came to Hollywood as a stand-in for Sid Silvers, who was making a picture at Metro. As it happens, Silvers was at war with the director, the production staff, and the writers on the picture, and Barney was constantly trying to pacify him. He

was afraid that Silvers would talk himself out of a job, and if that happened, Barney would be out of a job, too. 'Take it easy, Sid,' he begged. 'You're flirting with my job.'

"When, despite Barney's frantic flapping of olive branches, the job finally flickered out, Barney took to selling Christmas cards. He'd dropped in to see us, hoping to sell us some. Hope and I were reminiscing with him when he pulled out one of those bits of pasteboard with your fortune printed on it that you get from a penny weighing machine. Barney read: 'You are gifted with great business acumen. You are very well fixed financially. There's nothing in your future to indicate that you'll lose your great fortune. If I go back to my hotel and find they've locked me out of my room,' he told us, 'I'm going to sue the weighing machine people.'"

"'Why don't we have Barney sit around the set and if he thinks of anything amusing, suggest it?' Hope said. 'Even if we don't use it, it may serve as a springboard for another gag.' Which was why we used our influence with the brass to have him put on the payroll as a writer. He was given an office with a secretary, but he'd never seen a secretary except on the street, and he was afraid of his. Day after day, his secretary sat alone in his office, until we told him, 'You can't let that poor girl stay there all alone. Why not at least write a letter to your mother?'"

"For a moment Barney looked somewhat frightened. Then he



Hope's reaction to the lovely lady on his right was typical. Miss Ekberg jumped when Bob said "Grrr."

said triumphantly, 'But I haven't got a mother!'

"When we finished shooting that first 'Road' picture, he stayed with us, and if Hope didn't make a picture, Barney worked on one with me.

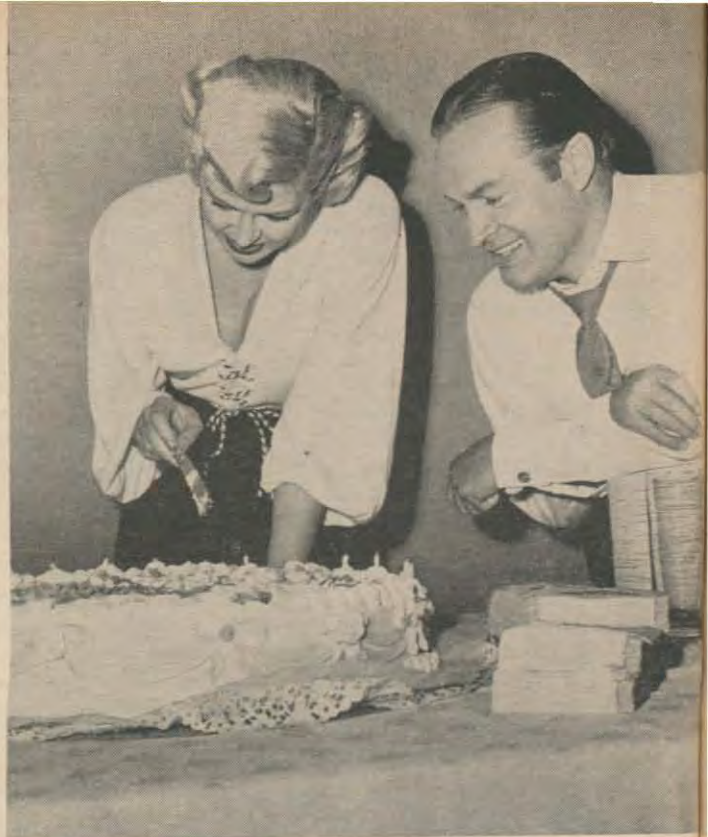
"Barney had quite a time in 1947 when we were on location for 'The Emperor's Waltz,' a non-Hope picture—at Canada's Jasper National Park. Jasper Park is like Yellowstone. A lot of animals, including black bears, wander around loose. These bears are fairly tame and tourists feed them sugar, but they can be mean if the sugar is taken away from them too fast or if there's a cub about. I don't think that Barney had ever been off the pavement before and certainly the only wild animals he'd ever seen were all caged. We arrived there after dark, and were walking from our bungalow to the main dining room when a big hulk came lumbering along in the dark, followed by a couple of cubs.

"Barney, who still showed traces of the fatherland's accent when he got excited, asked "My Gott, vat's that?"

"Those are bears," I told him.

"Who needs them?" he asked querulously.

"He was very good at thinking up visual gags, but he did more than that. He kept us from using things which might be considered in bad taste. Influenced, no doubt, by his Montreal fiasco, he was instinctively sensitive to such material. Sometimes, when Hope and I get going in a scene, we are carried away and, before we know it, we say things we wouldn't say

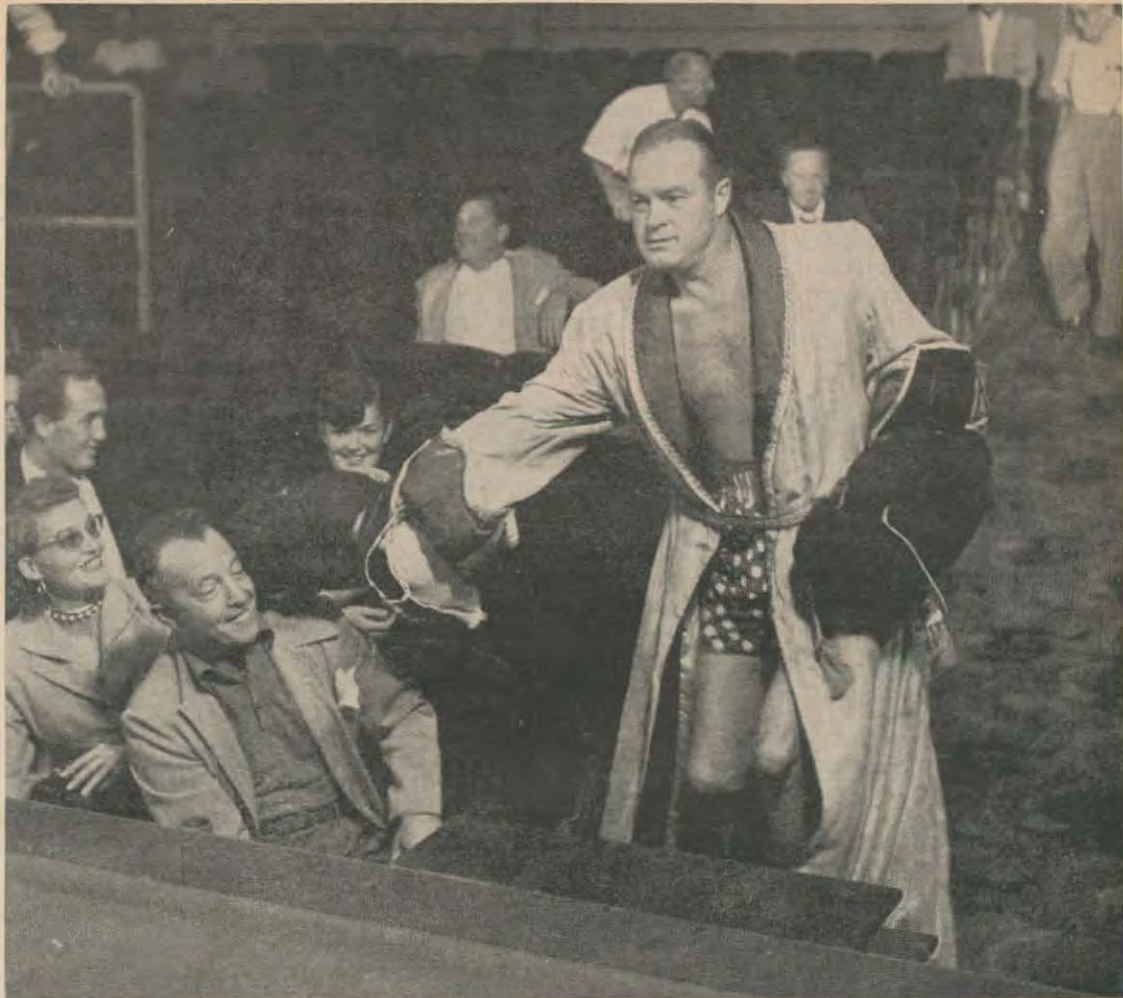


Marilyn Maxwell cuts a big piece of her birthday cake for hungry Hope.



Who said that George Raft is always the tough guy? Hope looks mean enough to scare anyone—almost!

Hope jumps into ring at the El Capitan Theater in Hollywood, jumped out soon.



Joke champ, meets ex-ring champ, Dempsey.

if we had time to think about them calmly. That's when Barney spoke up. He had quite a battle with Hope once over a line in which a booby trap in the way of a possible double-entendre was concealed. Hope thought it was harmless, but Barney said he couldn't use it.

"Finally Hope gave up and said to me with awe in his voice, 'Just think. We raised this little Frankenstein ourselves.'

"In New Orleans, when Bob and I were staging a bond auction sale at the conclusion of a match, the winning bid always seemed to be offered by a Miss Gustafson. When our things were auctioned off, a Miss Pearl Gustafson bought something. Then a Miss Ginny Gustafson came up with the high dollar. Miss Angie Gustafson topped the rest, and so on. When the sixth Miss Gustafson came forward, Hope asked if all the Gustafson girls were sisters. She said 'yes.'

"'Good grief!' Hope asked. 'Didn't your father ever hear about Ovaltine?'

"Now that Hope and I have got our honorable discharges from bond drives and Red Cross fund-raising, our golf still seems an easy way to earn money for worthy causes. Our game is just good enough not to make real golfers retch, and our miscues and flubs are funny enough to give non-golfers a laugh. In September of 1952 we played a match against two English opponents, Donald Peers and Ted Ray, at the Temple Golf Club in Maidenhead, England. The contest raised seven thousand and six hundred pounds for the English Playing Fields Fund.

"After three or four holes the match turned into quite a block party. Maybe Hope reminded them of the loins of pork or the roasts of beef they don't see so much of these days, for when ten thousand or twelve thousand spectators planted themselves in front of us and we asked them, 'How about giving us

a little elbow-room; we'd like to shoot down your way,' they yelled, 'We don't want you to shoot! We want to look at you!'

"As we ducked under and around the crush, and when we could get our breath and some attention, Hope and I essayed an occasional jocosity, but the most amusing remark of the day was made by one of our opponents, Ted Ray. Ray is an English comedian with a ready wit. At the sixth hole the gallery left us an alley only fifteen feet wide down which to drive. None of us were very expert and that sea of faces leaning over the ropes, peering down at the tee and watching us didn't make us feel more accurate.

"Ray addressed his ball, waggled his club a few times and looked down the narrow lane of bodies. 'Either stand back a

little,' he hollered, 'or shut your mouths! I've had four balls swallowed today.'"

* * *

Here are some remarks Hope made during a golf match with Crosby:

"How's Sinatra?" cried a girl leaning over the balcony, aiming her question at Crosby.

"Never mind Sinatra," Hope replied. "What's the matter with Crosby here? He's Sinatra's father in age. You know, the mothers of girls who squeal for Sinatra squeal for Crosby." Then he referred to Crosby as "Sinatra with hips."

Hope told the scorekeeper, "Please overcome that bad habit of marking my sixes upside down."



Bob looks a little dismayed at coming in third in "Beautiful Legs" contest between June Christy and Jane Wyman.

Hope made elaborate preparations, dusting the tee, removing a matchstick, warning folks back. Then he settled down seriously to make his shot. He hit the ball a terrific wallop and it exploded. Someone had slipped him a trick ball. Who knows? The switch might have been made by Hope himself.

"Hey, Bob!" yelled a fan, as Hope addressed his ball on the second tee. "Turn around!" The galleryite held a camera poised.

"I'll be around with my backswing," Hope said.

On the third, a 410-yard, par-four hole, Hope drove straight, and made his second shot with a number-four wood. The ball zoomed into the crowd waiting at the edge of the green.

"I'll have to play that out of somebody's pocket," Bob predicted.

A dog ran out about twenty yards in front of the seventh tee and stood there.

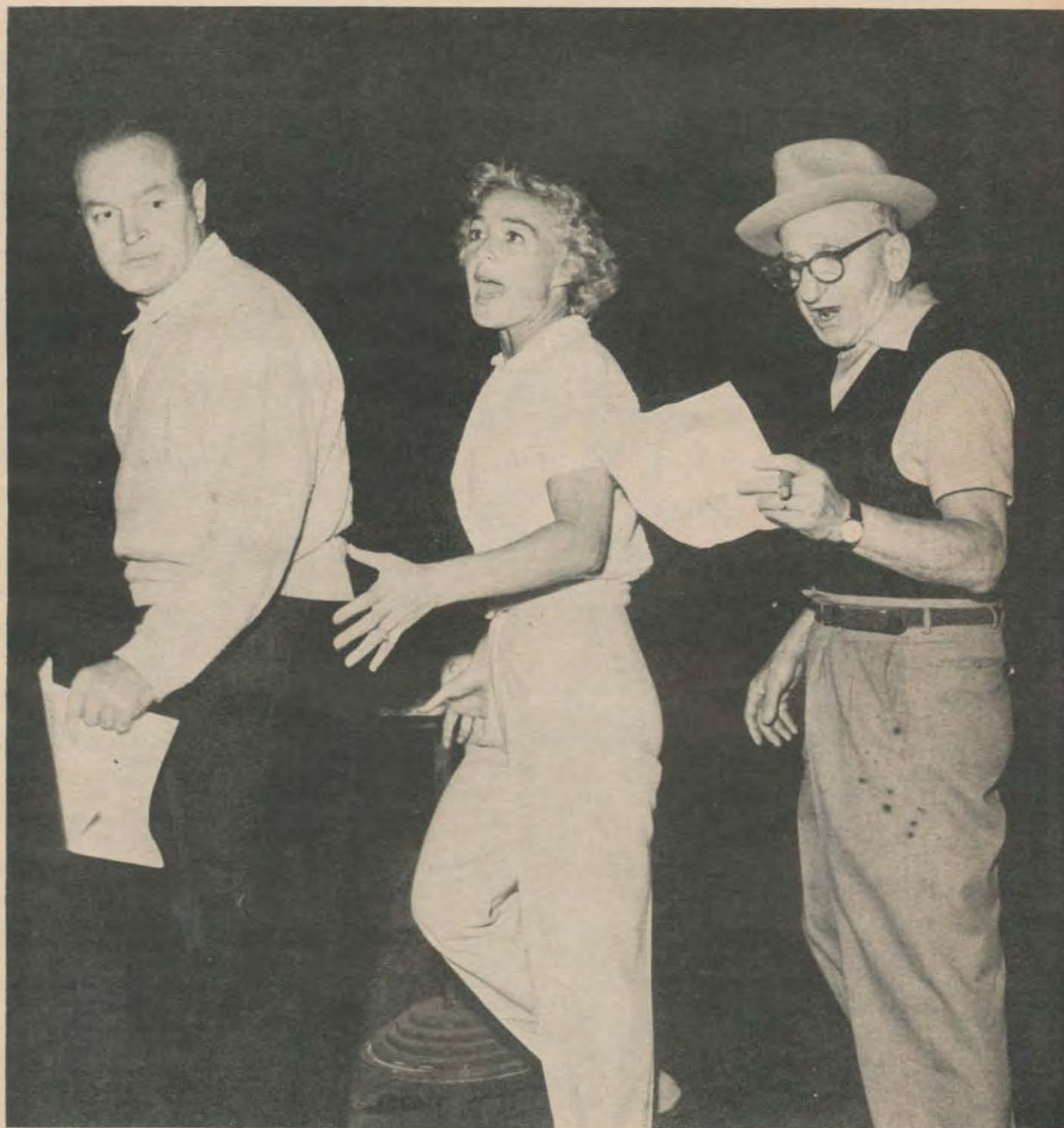
"Hey!" yelled Hope. "Someone get that dog out of there before Crosby puts a saddle on him!"

"What is this?" Hope called. "The Burma Road?" Then he waved to the crowd blocking his path. "Let me look at the green, dear people."

The crowd laughed and fell back. Hope hit a long wood, which zinged over the green and into the crowd beyond.

"How bad can you need money?" Crosby asked.

"I just want a pile something like yours," Hope said carelessly. To the crowd he added, "You know, last year, Bing fell off his wallet and broke his leg."



Bob thought Betty Hutton had hit a low note, until he noticed Jimmy Durante had joined the chorus line too.

"Aren't you ashamed to take a handicap from an old man like me?" Bing asked plaintively. Crosby drove out of bounds.

"Retake!" Hope yelled to the crowd, waving them back so Crosby could shoot again.

Crosby's drive shot straight into a big, spreading eucalyptus.

"Hey!" cried Hope in alarm. "Careful! You'll knock Johnny Weissmuller out of that tree!"

* * *

From Bob's radio show: on cooking: "Hot Dogs Sinatra—all skin and no meat." Or health: "My aunt came to California for her asthma. She had it in two days." Or sex: "If there's one thing I can tell right away it's a girl. They're the ones who dance backwards."

Anne Baxter slyly suggested a recipe using the sponsor's product: "Take large, black, brandied Bing cherries, mold them

in cherry Jell-O and top with whipped cream." Hope's reply to this unexpected news was, "Bing . . . cherries, eh? That Crosby! He's even cornered the fruit market."

Bob calls debutantes "barebacks with greenbacks," and sailors "wolves in ship's clothing." He defines a lorgnette as "a sneer on a stick." He describes the Irish Sweepstakes as "the only way Americans can get their money out of England." He says, "When Republicans play Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey, they use ice picks."

Bob gives his monologues at breakneck speed. He throws out wisecracks like a machine and steps on the heels of a gag with a topper. Scholarly research reveals that Hope gets off seven jokes a minute. The seven-minute monologue he uses to open a radio or television show contains 18 to 22 separate gags. He pulls no less than 115 nifties on a half-hour program.

Gag was Fred Allen would have long arm of the law after Bob. Joke got big laugh as did all of Allen's.





Pitcher for Cleveland is Hollywood star, Lucille Ball. Complicated, but still quite logical.



Bob Hope hits low note as perky Kathryn Grayson hits a high one. She guested on NBC radio.

Hope said, "I'm not playing golf with Crosby anymore. Would you play with a guy who cheats? A guy who picks up the ball when nobody's looking and throws it toward the hole? Of course you wouldn't. And neither will Crosby?"

In London, Bob said, "The blackout in Edinburgh is wonderful. You should see the Scotchmen running around developing film."

During a desert sandstorm in Algiers, he remarked, "The field is gaining altitude faster than the pilot." In a mess hall in Italy, he cracked, "This place is so crowded you put your food in your mouth and go outside and chew it . . ." In Guadalcanal, he boasted, "Boy, were the soldiers at the last camp glad to see me! They actually got down on their knees. What a tribute! What a spectacle! What a crap game!"

Hope said, at a camp during the war: "Men, the folks back home are having a terrible time with eggs. They just can't get powdered eggs. They have to use the old-fashioned kind you break open."

Bob wrote a book about his travels called "I Never Left Home," and John Mason Brown, a critic who has not always admired Hope's style, said: "It is more than a funny book. It is a gallant one." At the end of the war, the War Department gave Hope the Medal of Merit. He deserved it. John Steinbeck wrote, "There is a man. There is really a man."

Hope calls Crosby "the sports shirt that walks like a man . . . the large, economy-size Sinatra . . . so lucky he won't even stoop for a clover with less than eight leaves . . . the only pot that ever got the rainbow."

Crosby, in turn, rains all sorts of persiflage on "the man with the nose like a bicycle seat."



Bob and the Family

*Bob's son,
Tony, also
has talent.*

Jack Hope has this to say about Bob: "There were seven boys in the Hope family, Ivor, Jim, Fred, me, Bob, Sid and George. We were such a rowdy bunch of brats that some of our Cleveland, Ohio, neighbors said our future looked hopeless. But our mother, the greatest woman who lived, didn't agree. She believed in us and thought our futures looked hopeful.

"One of our fondest memories is our mother's faith in us. She raised seven good boys in a gentle way. She did it with a gentle hand, a gentle tongue and in a gentle manner.

"It wasn't an easy job. I was taken with running away from home and my younger brother Bob had taken to hanging out at the local pool hall. He was a great billiard player at twelve. He could have been a champion. But then Bob could have been a champion at anything.

"Because Bob hung out in front of that pool hall, my Aunt Louise was afraid he would turn out to be a champion loafer. My mother had great faith in the goodness of her sons. 'Don't worry about my boys, Louise,' she said. 'I have good boys. The poolroom is just part of growing up. Don't worry about Bob, it's his time for finding himself. He'll turn out fine.'

"Mother knew when she said Bob was finding himself, he was getting his first exposure to show business. There was a quartette of boys who sang outside of the pool palace. Bob spent more time learning four-part harmony than shooting three cushion billiards.

"Music was an important part of our homelife. We spent rainy evenings in the parlor around the piano with mom at the keyboard. Up until the time our oldest brother Ivor was thirteen

and his voice changed, the effect was more or less unusual; mother's soprano, father's bass, and we seven hit-or-miss tenors.

"Mother was wise to encourage our individual abilities. All of us were different. Sid was a clever mechanic; Fred was a good salesman; I wrote songs; and even as a child, Bob was a great comedian.

"Mother used to keep the family together by taking us to picnics in the park. People nearby laughed at the seven boys around the blanket stuffing their faces. 'No sisters?' they'd ask. Bob, pickle in one hand, hot dog in another, had a stock comment. 'We had a sister,' he said, 'but she didn't have a chance. She starved to death on the last picnic.'

"The local meat cutter introduced all of us to business life. We were delivery boys and meat cutters before we branched off into other professions.

"Bob entered show business. By 1934, he was appearing in the Broadway musical, 'Roberta.' I made my living in the meat business and wrote songs on the side.

"Mother encouraged me. 'That's a good one,' she'd exclaim over my latest try. 'Be sure and send it to Bob right away.'

"Bob always wrote back, 'Terrific tune, Jack, but I can't use it right now.' Mom continued to urge me until her untimely death by cancer in 1934. Just before her death we had one big laugh together when Bob, after receiving my latest tune, wired, 'Send no more songs. Trunks full.'

"Later that year when I was supervising two meat markets in Akron, Ohio, and Bob was just getting started in radio, he made one of his first radio appearances doing a four-minute monologue on Rudy Vallee's program.

"I conceived an idea to publicize the country's newest and funniest comedian, Bob Hope. At nine p.m. on Saturday, the meat market's busiest hour, Bob came on the air. I forced 60 hungry customers to listen to him while I called a halt to the meat dispensing and turned the radio on full blast. Even though it was one of Bob's first radio shows, I was telling everybody he was the greatest comedian in the country. Even so, customers beyond the sound of my voice still came up and asked, 'Who's Bob Hope?'

"It wasn't long after that before everyone in the country did know Bob Hope. He went into motion pictures after radio. 'The Big Broadcast of 1938' was his first at Paramount Studios and it was a great success. His option was picked up as a result of this picture and on the strength of the song, 'Thanks For The Memory.' Bob is sentimentally attached to this song and uses it as his theme.

"Excited about his option being picked up, he called me in Akron. 'I need someone to take care of my business affairs,' he said. 'Will you come out and help me?'

"'Of course I will,' I shouted into the telephone. 'I'll leave right away.' Then I hung up.

"I stood mentally packing the suitcases I'd take and thinking how exciting it would be to go to Hollywood and see Bob again when I suddenly realized I didn't know my destination. Bob hadn't told me and I'd forgotten to ask him. I did know it was somewhere in Hollywood.

"Once I'd arrived in California it seemed most sensible to go directly to the studio. Driving up to the gate early one morning I said to the gateman, 'I'd like to see Bob Hope.'

"The man looked at my mud-splattered 1937 Pontiac and was on guard. 'Who shall I tell him is calling?' he asked as he reached for the phone.

"'Tell him it's his brother Jack,' I said.

"I noticed the gateman comparing my blond hair and blue eyes with his image of Bob with his brown hair and brown eyes. 'So you're his brother?' he said. 'Same mother and father?'

"Bob and I finally did get together later that day and we've been together ever since. It's not easy to describe all of my duties with Bob's organization. Some people call me a liaison man; I still write songs; like the lyrics to Bob's parody on 'Thanks For The Memory'; and I attempt to coordinate all of his activities.

"This is not easy. We keep his schedule straight for radio,

motion pictures and television performances and we try to work in as many benefits as possible.

"It wouldn't be hard to keep track of Bob if it weren't for the benefits. He's good-hearted and can't say 'No.' Someone will phone him and say, 'There's a new hospital——.' Before you know it, Bob is on the plane for New York or Michigan. The only way that I can keep track of him is from the 'Thank you' letters that arrive.

"Bob tries to keep his schedule free for family gatherings like Thanksgiving. Jim, our oldest brother and Bob and I are the only members of our family who live on the West Coast. Turkey-time is a great excuse for us to meet.

"Though we seldom get together at one time, we brothers do meet individually on many occasions. Mother was right. I believe we turned out to be good boys. Ivor is president of Hope Metal Products in Cleveland, and Jim represents those finger painting toys, traveling to department stores throughout the country, but he lives in Hollywood near Bob and me. Our seventh brother, Sid, has since passed away.

"The boys are good family men and Bob is also a champion in this category. He spends all of the free time, when he isn't on the road, with his family. He has even taken his children with him on some of his tours. Tony went to Korea with him in 1950 and Linda went to Alaska in 1951.

"The children are wise to the ways of show business from being around Bob. One time Bob was doing a show for the Navy in San Diego. I was waiting for him to back the car out of the garage when six year old Linda leaned out of the window to ask, 'Uncle Jack, where are you going?' I explained we were going to San Diego to do a show and added, 'If you're a very good little girl, Linda, maybe your Daddy will say goodnight to you on the radio.'

"'Well, then,' she giggled, 'put it in the script.'

"Bob's sense of humor isn't confined to the microphone or camera. I'm sorry I didn't hire a man to follow him with a pencil and pad just to write down his ad-libs. Because of this easygoing relationship the gang on both radio and TV love to work with him. He's a constant fountain of jokes; they know something's going to happen.

"Bob can take a joke and is never too busy to play one. In 1950, though, when I was advance man for his trip to Korea, the joke was on me. I stopped in each port to do a little fishing, as I island-hopped across the Pacific, setting up the shows. I caught a 20 pound tuna at one island after roasting in the boat under the hot South Pacific sun all day long. When I returned to shore I handed the fish to the Admiral and asked him to put it in the deep freeze to show to Bob when he came through. Since Bob always accused me of exaggerating about my catch; I wanted to make sure he saw this 20 pounder. He's the golfer, I wanted to prove I was the fisherman.

"When Bob caught up with me in Japan, he said immediately, 'Boy, you should see the fish I caught. It was a 34 pound tuna! Believe it or not, I got it after only twenty minutes in the boat.'

"'You're kidding,' I said, thinking of my 20 pound tuna and of the whole day I'd spent in the burning sun catching it.

"'That's right. Isn't that right, Tony?' he said turning to his son.

"'Right,' nodded Tony. The entire band agreed.

"I was deflated when I heard this chorus. His 34 pounder made my 20 pounder look small. He hadn't even mentioned seeing my catch so I decided I wouldn't even bother telling him about it.

"When we were home again several weeks later, Bob, the band and I were going through the pictures taken on the tour. I sensed a feeling of breathholding as we turned up each picture but didn't know what to expect until I came to the one with Bob holding his 34 pound tuna. There was a snapshot of Bob standing on the beach holding a little tiny fish. 'Thirty-four pounds!' I said. 'It couldn't be thirty-four ounces!'

"'You know how we fisherman exaggerate!' Bob said. By this time the band was falling out of their chairs with laughter. I sure bit on that one.



Not every performer can show the disrespect for his producer that Bob does. Here he is with brother Jack.

"As full of humor as Bob is, he's very serious about his family feelings. As children our father taught us to respect our mother. We never said anything in the house that would embarrass her in any way.

"Bob runs his show on the basis of this. He wouldn't do anything that would disparage this memory nor would he use material which would be offensive to his own children.

"When we see ourselves in our own children we often think of those early days when we were young and we were all together. We think of all the rainy nights with mother at the piano and the sunny summer days we picnicked in the park. We're a very sentimental family and those are fond memories that are still alive and colorful to us. They give us the feeling that our mother is still with us.

"It is this feeling that gives meaning to the song that Bob ends his show with. The song should really be named, 'Thanks, Mother, Thanks for the Memories.'"

Bob says about the family: "By the time I was 7 or 8 I had developed a fairly good voice—halfway between high tenor and soprano—and it soon became a valuable source of family income. It just seemed natural that I should sing, so, when Sunday rolled around and we were broke, a bunch of us would board a streetcar for Luna Park, the local amusement park, and begin singing popular songs. I'd sing a solo, then we'd give with a quartet, and just before getting to Luna, we'd pass the hat and split the proceeds. Part of that money we would put aside, but we generally had enough for some of the rides and booths at the park. If we were short, we generally could pick up several dollars more singing on street corners before returning home. The net always went into Ma'am's family treasury.

"Although all of the boys often deprived themselves of some little luxuries to help with the family budget, we were always repaid for our sacrifices. After I started in show business—first in a song-and-dance act with George Byrne—Mother used to

appear, without telling me, at one of the local neighborhood theaters where we were playing and set herself up as a one-woman clique, determined that her son would not go unappreciated. (Believe me, there were a lot of times when her efforts were more than welcome.)

"One day, too, I remember, we went together to see the great Frank Fay, then a monologist. All during the performance she kept criticizing Frank's performance and comparing it with mine. 'Why, Leslie,' she said, 'you're better than he is, and, besides you can sing and dance, too.' Mother was only partly right.

Why is Bob so loyal to Charlie Cooley? He says: "I was walking in front of the old Woods Building when I bumped into Charlie Cooley, Charlie, whom I had known since I was a kid, the same Charlie with whom I had gone to dancing school, Charlie, who was several notches above me in vaudeville.

"What're ya doing, Bob?" he asked.

"I explained briefly and bitterly.

"Come on," was Charlie's only comment. We walked into the building and up to Charlie Hogan's office, the office of one of the Midwest's top booking agents. Cooley took Hogan aside, explained the circumstances, and apparently extolled my virtues. That night I went on as master of ceremonies in a relatively small neighborhood theater. Before the show was over, the manager took me aside and told me that I was booked for the following Monday at the Stratford, then one of Chicago's biggest neighborhood theaters, for a week. I stayed 22 weeks, left for a while, and came back, to play 18 weeks more."

THE KIDS

Not many people see Bob Hope playing the role of a devoted father. When you hear the name "Bob Hope" you think of jokes and laughter but not of strength, kindness or parental love.

What makes a good father? Isn't it strength so that a child feels safe and secure. Isn't it a gentleness, an understanding; even a willingness to be a child yourself again!

If you ask anyone who knows Bob well, they'll tell you that Bob has the strength, security and feeling. He doesn't play the devoted father, he works at it.

Of course, it isn't work to Bob, it's an important part of his life. The time and effort he devotes to the needs of his four children is very precious to him and no amount of fame or fortune would make him sacrifice that part of his life.

Seventeen year old Linda and 16 year old Tony take very little time. However, little 10 year old Kelly can come up with a hundred different ways of getting into mischief. Bob is sure he will grow up to be the next comedian of the family. Nora, Kelly's 10 year old sister bears up rather well from the activity displayed by her brother and Bob thinks there is a chance she may be a comedienne.

Bob often picks up a script and reads to the children when his creativeness gives out. He did that last week when only he and Nora were home. The children love to monopolize him and Nora was ecstatic when Bob devoted the entire afternoon to her. Later, when the family was all seated at dinner, Nora whispered to Bob, "Daddy, why don't you tell Mommy and the others the jokes you told me this afternoon!"

Bob tries to give them all personal attention. He feels the older children need it because at 16 and 17 they're going through the sensitive years and each new day brings new personal experiences.

Bob calls them "growing" experiences and encourages the children by helping them with guidance or explanations whenever it is needed. He sets a special time aside to see that this is

done right. He believes that children need a father's help as well as a mother's.

Bob splits up his time in an impartial manner. He has no favorites. With Bob, he loves each child as well as he loves them all together.

The incident of Tony's "shrunken stomach" will illustrate the children's love for Bob and devotion to the family. Tony has a tremendous appetite, as most growing boys do. When the Hopes remodeled and redecored their home they sent young Tony to a nearby boarding school.

This occurred during the time the Hope's home was undergoing growing pains of its own. "Even though we only added a new bedroom," said Mrs. Hope, "you wouldn't have recognized the house when it was completed.

The family was forced to move into the small guest house, the remodeling job was so complete. Bob and Dolores decided to send Tony to boarding school where he would have better study facilities. When work on the house was completed, the Hope's had a family conference and decided the change had been good for Tony as he had profited many ways from the experience. Bob suggested to him that he complete the semester at boarding school before returning home.

It was agreed that Tony would stay at school but come home on the weekends. The first weekend after the decision, Bob noticed that Tony was hardly touching his dinner. This was rare indeed, as he was a young boy who really loved his food.

Bob watched him but didn't say anything until he saw that Tony was only toying with his favorite dessert when it was served. He figured something drastic was the matter and asked, "What's the matter, son?"

"Nothing much, dad," he said. "I guess my stomach's shrunk. I just can't eat anymore."

"Your stomach's shrunk!" exclaimed Bob. "But why?"

"Well, dad, it's 'cause the food is so awful at school. I don't eat much, and my stomach's shrunk. Maybe I'd better come home again."

Bob was tipped off when Tony mentioned coming home again. He told his son, "Tell you what we'll do. Your mother and I will go back to school with you tomorrow and . . . stay for lunch."

Tony gulped, "Well, all right."

Next day the Hopes returned to school with Tony and after a very good lunch had a long talk with the school official. Tony wasn't too happy at this talk. He feared his "shrunken stomach" would be shown up for the ruse it was.

It seemed that Tony was torn between his devotion and sense of belonging to the family and a desire to keep the friends he had made at school. He wanted to stay at the school as he really liked it, but he figured it would seem disloyal to his family. He wasn't certain that they would understand his wanting to be away, even if it was only until the end of the semester.

He wanted to show them that he wanted to be back with them, hence the idea of the "shrunken stomach." This was some devotion to inspire such subtle subterfuge.

"Naturally, we understood," said Bob. "Everything was straightened out pretty fast and Tony stayed; a happier boy." "Oh, yes!" he added. "As for the 'shrunken stomach,' I ate lunch at the school and had two helpings of everything, having a growing boy appetite, myself, and Tony ate with his usual healthy appetite."

"I can imagine what a sacrifice it was for him to pass up that dinner at home and with his favorite dessert, too."

Yes, Bob Hope is a gentle, understanding man. He's a good father too. You can ask anyone who knows him, but don't ask

Bob, because he will never tell you. He's not that kind of guy.

DOLORES

The clock progressed to 1933 and Bob was single and glad of it. He was out every night with a different beauty and, as a successful comic, could take his pick of the joy bait. On Broadway, wedding bells were as far from his ears as London's Big Ben. It was while he was co-starring in "Roberta" that he drove his low-slung Pierce Arrow down to 57th Street and the Vogue Club to hear a girl named Dolores Reade. It was pal George Murphy who sensed something in the young singer that he thought would appeal to Bob. Dolores had a low, husky voice and sang popular ballads with a deep feeling for the lyrics. Bob was attracted to her right away and especially when she sang, "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking." His first words after meeting her were, "Can I see you home?" Dolores had no objections, even believed she knew Bob and asked if he weren't in "Roberta." He was delighted and it gave him an opening to invite her to a matinee. Dolores was delighted. All the way home Bob raved to friends about Dolores' beauty. They knew he was hooked.

Next day Bob waited for her to come backstage after the matinee but she didn't show. Bob went back to the Vogue Club to find out why his charm had failed to register on the singer. But after an explanation they became closer friends than ever. "I saw the matinee but didn't come backstage to say hello because I didn't know you had such a big part in the show. I thought you were in the chorus and was amazed at my stupidity."

From then on he was at the Vogue every night, waiting to take Dolores home. He must have given the doorman at her apartment hundreds of dollars in tips to let him park in front and sit there with her. He dismissed the chauffeur and they talked. It was their inspiration point, Flirtation Walk and moonlit canoe trip all rolled into one . . . there in front of the Delmonico on Ninth Avenue. It wasn't long before Dolores' mother took her to Florida to play a nightclub date in Miami. While she was gone, he lived on long distance from morning to night. He was in love. Dolores said she was too.

She must have meant it because she broke her Florida contract and came back to New York. About that time Bob went back to Cleveland to see his mother, who was desperately ill. While he was gone Dolores saw a statement in a gossip column which said: "A certain chorus girl says she's going to marry Bob Hope." He hadn't seen that particular girl for six months, but it almost broke up their romance. It would have been finished if he hadn't convinced Dolores that the whole thing was a columnist's blooper.

After that they went back to sitting in front of the Delmonico and making plans to get married. Bob picked Erie, Pennsylvania, for their wedding. Even today he can't remember why. He was in a thick, pink fog.

Once they were married, he put Dolores into his vaudeville act. "Roberta" had closed so they went around the big-time circuits together. Their act went like this: Bob did his regular act then introduced her. She came out dressed in a lovely gown, looking very beautiful, and sang a song. After her first song Bob came back out and when she started her second number, he didn't leave the stage. He just stayed there, stood close to her and looked at her. Then he looked at the audience, his expression asking, "Ain't she beautiful? Ain't she something? How about it. Just how about it!"

He stroked her arm and pretended it looked good enough to eat, which wasn't hard to do. Then he nibbled it gently. This brought a roar from the audience. Then he hugged her; she

broke up and stopped singing and he said, "Don't let me bother you. Just keep right on."

She did another half chorus and he lay down before the footlights, rolled over on his back and looked at her adoringly. If she hadn't been so beautiful and if it hadn't been so obvious to the onlookers that they were really in love, the act would have fallen on its face. As it was, it played very well indeed.

Through the years, Dolores has been a bulwark to Bob. They have had an amazingly satisfying life considering that Bob's responsibilities to his job are overwhelming. As for the kids, when Bob found out Dolores couldn't have children he did something about it and yielded to her desire to adopt kids.

They were getting along fine and Bob wasn't too anxious about the idea. He was content with a wife and show business and golf, but after five years of being nudged by Dolores, he was talked into visiting The Cradle in Evanston, Illinois, and meeting Mrs. Florence Walrath, who was then its managing director.

When they arrived, they had a long talk with Mrs. Walrath. Then, and only then, were they told they had a baby girl about eight weeks old they might suit. They brought her into the showing room. Dolores could hardly tear herself away, but they finally made their way down to Mrs. Walrath's office.

"How do you like her?" she asked Dolores.

"She's beautiful," Dolores said.

Then Mrs. Walrath asked Bob, "What do you think?"

"Oh, she's all right," he said.

Mrs. Walrath took Dolores aside and said, "I don't think that Mr. Hope is serious about wanting a child."

"Don't mind him," Dolores said. "He's just trying to appear disinterested. He's afraid he'll seem soft."

Fortunately for him, Mrs. Walrath was able to see through him the way Dolores sees through him, and they got the news that the little girl was to be theirs. That's how they got Linda. Once they took her home, Bob was enthusiastic about the whole business. Everything began to revolve around her, and she wound herself around him like a small boa constrictor. So they wired Mrs. Walrath to watch out for a baby brother for Linda. A year later she called up to tell them, "I think we have the boy for your family." Bob happened to be going to New York so he said, "I'll stop off at Chicago and take a gander."

When he got there, Mrs. Walrath took him to see the baby. He was held up to the plate-glass window in the nursery. Someone said, "He looks just like you."

Bob looked at his face. His nose was a little ski snoot just like Bob's, so he said, "That's for me." And that's their Tony.

Dolores and Bob often talked of adopting several children, but the war stepped in and stymied that, as it did so many other things, for Bob was never home long enough to fill out and sign the other applications which were needed. But in 1946 they stopped off at Chicago and lunched with Mrs. Walrath. Bob could see that look in Dolores' eyes again, and she begged Mrs. Walrath, "Please find us another baby." So before long they went back to The Cradle once more, this time to be looked over by a two-month-old girl doll.

"I have a surprise for you," Mrs. Walrath said. "There's a baby boy too."

When they saw him, Dolores wasn't sure, and Bob left her there, wondering what to do, and went down to Mrs. Walrath's office to talk over the legal details with the lawyer. But when Dolores came in later, still puzzled about what decision to make, he'd already signed for both babies. That's how they got Nora and Kelly.

They named their youngest girl Nora Avis for Dolores'

grandmother and Bob's mother. Kelly is William Kelly Francis for Bob's father and Uncle Frank Hope. Dolores selected Anthony for their oldest son, and they call him Tony for short. Linda Roberta was Bob's own special choice for their oldest daughter.

Being their kids, Linda, Tony, Kelly and Nora are naturally closer to show business than most children. They discourage them from getting any closer. But the truth is, Nora's a natural-born ham. She doesn't care whether she has an audience or not. She just goes and hopes that an audience will show up.

If Bob is going to do a song with a girl on a TV show, he is likely to start rehearsing the song at the family table. He'll sing it to Nora, using her as a foil. She plays up and, much to the amusement of everybody, gives Bob the full treatment, with the right set of facial expressions. She's only 10, but she reacts the way an ingenue reacts when she's listening to a juvenile pushing lyrics at her. He's sure she's waiting for him to come home and tell her there's a spot for her in one of his pictures.

Linda is 17 now and has been taking harp lessons for a few years. Bob didn't know she was doing well with the instrument until his 50th birthday party on May 29, 1953. Then she walked into the living room and played "Thanks for the Memory." It was the best present he had. Her fingering was a little slow, but she hit all the strings vibrating in her daddy's heart.

Tony's a natural clown, but, as yet, they don't know what Kelly's going to turn into, though he's coming along fine. During the first couple of years, they thought he might fly away like Peter Pan. Kelly is crazy about Space Patrol and Buck Rogers, and all those other TV characters. In fact, he's ashamed of Bob because he's never been to the moon.

During the summer, Dolores likes to have their children's day planned to include some work along with their swimming and playing. So Tony gets out and works with the gardener. This means he has to get up very early, and by the time Bob gets up he's already exhausted. Dolores also thinks up chores for the others too. Linda is the best table setter and unsetter in our part of the San Fernando.

Linda is a nice girl. She's appealingly innocent. Not dumb, but innocent, which is a winning trait.

In addition to the other members of the family, the Hopes also have a Scotty dog. Her name is Princess. The fact that Princess is still with them is a victory for the infiltration tactics used by Linda. Bob banished Princess after her first month with them. After watching this pooch undo most of the work done for them by an interior decorator they'd hired, Bob told Linda, "You'll have to get rid of this menace. She's ruining our carpets and chewing the furniture. She thinks she's a flop-eared, sabre-toothed termite."

But he was bucking something stronger than he knew. At such times, a little girl can be as tough as concrete. Linda hid Princess in a secret place for awhile, then sent her over to hole up with her Aunt Mildred until the heat was off. Little by little, she began to bring Princess back for week ends.

Bob would ask, "What's she doing back here?"

Linda would say, "She's homesick, Daddy."

Finally he gave up. They have Princess with them now permanently.

Bob has a couple of dogs himself. The first one was a Great Dane named Red Sun. Bob saw him at the San Diego Dog Show in 1941 and he admired him so much that a friend, Ernie Ferguson, gave him to Bob. But the first Red Sun died of heart failure and Dolores bought him another Dane that he called Red Sun too. In 1944, when he was playing the Los Alamitos Naval Air Station, they served a dinner featuring

beef. It was during the wartime meat shortage and the service bases were the only ones eating steer with any regularity. Butchers were weighing it out for civilians on jewelers' scales at so much a carat. Bob couldn't demolish all of the meat on his bone. There were quite a few carats left. So he said to Commander Scribner, who was in charge of the station, "I wonder if I could take this bone home-er-for my dog?"

"I'll have it put in your car," he said.

When he got home that night he said to Red Sun, "Wait until you see what you got for me."

He opened the rear of the car, took the bone out of its box and held it up to gloat over it. Before Bob could stop him, Red Sun opened his big trap, snatched it and was loping around the yard. Bob grabbed a flashlight and chased him, cornered him and split it with him. It seemed the best way out.

Like any father, Bob has moments when he wonders whether he belongs to his children or they belong to him. There's a little thing which happens every morning when he goes to work. As he steps out of the door they say to him, "Do your funny dance, Daddy." So Bob has to do a routine which consists of a couple of shuffle steps. Halfway to the garage he has to stop and do it again. This gets him to the escape hatch.

He also has a pair of imaginary characters they pressure him into playing for them, and he kills them with this one. One of these imaginary characters is Scandinavian. The other is semi-Mortimer Snerd.

He also used to do a little girl for them too. He'd rap under the table, and an invisible little girl would say to them, "Go to the window." They'd rush to the window and another invisible little girl outside the window talked to them. Bob did both voices. It was nothing to make Edgar Bergen lose sleep, but it was good enough for his prejudiced audience, until they got wise and yawned when he did it.

In 1944, just before he went to the South Pacific to do a series of USO shows, he took his family up to Pebble Beach for a week while he played golf and had a little rest at the Del Monte Lodge. Linda and Tony were six and five, respectively. Bob was breakfasting with three buddies, Dave Butler, Vic Hunter, and Dick Snideman, when his kids came in with their nurse and sat at another table.

Bob said, "Good morning, children," and Tony said, "Good morning, Bob Hope."

This was supposed to indicate to anyone listening that Bob was a stranger to him. It was true, for in those days, what with flying all over to entertain troops, he wasn't home long enough to get to know him. Still, he thought it was a fresh performance for a five-year-old.

Bob got up, walked over to him and said, "That kind of stuff is O.K. when we're alone, but if you don't mind, just say, 'Good morning, Daddy' when we're in public."

Linda looked at Bob and said confidentially, "We know, Daddy. We're supposed to let you get the laughs."

He'd never been topped that thoroughly before or since. He was frayed. He hardly knew how to get back to his table.

At breakfast at their house, Nora sits on his left at a large, ranch-type table in the breakfast room. They take most of their meals there unless they're having company. The day after Nora goes to see one of Bob's movies or watches him on television, he's a celebrity to her. She eats her meals looking at him with her eyes big and full of admiration.

She smiles at him and asks, "Was that a real monkey you worked with last night, Daddy?" or "How did you get out of that shipwreck, Daddy?" Whatever's happened, she brings up some gag in the show and asks about it.



Linda (Bob's daughter), a contest winner, Bob, and his lovely wife Dolores are pictured toasting the lucky winner.



Bob proudly shows off two more of his four children. Left to right are Kelly, the contest winner, Bob and little Nora.

This chatter is her way of letting him know that she saw him and that she thinks he was great. The next day she's forgotten the whole thing and he's back to just being that man who sits on her right. But for 24 hours he's been king.

Sometimes his kids are brought to watch him make a picture at Paramount. When they were very young, he didn't allow them on the set unless he was doing something he thought they would enjoy. If he's doing something off-beat or if he is dressed in a peculiar costume, it frightened them. Once he was dressed as an old lady, and they cried and took on something terrible until he removed his wig. It scared them, because, although they recognized his features, they knew something was wrong with the trimmings he was wearing around those features. One day when Nora dropped in to see him work at Paramount, Claire, the script girl, said, "So you're Nora!"

Nora gave her full history in one fast line. She said, "Yes, I'm Nora, I'm seven years old, I'm in the second grade and I don't get many A's."

Kelly has given them lots of worries. During his first year in school he was a pixie character—real unpredictable. When he felt like it he got up and walked around the room. If he wanted to go on tour, he just left his desk and walked. When he got home after work Bob would ask him, "How many times did you walk away from your desk today?" and he'd say, "Only three or four times today, Daddy."

"You'd better cut down on it, old boy," Bob would say, "because someday when you get up and walk around, you're going to run into me standing there, and I'm going to spank you all the way back to your desk."

The sisters of St. Charles Grade School, where Kelly goes, have been very understanding and tolerant about his ambulatory weakness. Bob sent a note to one of them. In it he said, "Be tough with this little boy, because we want him to get straightened out. If you have to, lick him or smack him. In fact, every time you do, I'll give you twenty dollars."

The sisters sent a little note back to him, "I don't think that will be necessary," it said. "Kelly is improving. Besides," she'd added, "you couldn't afford it."

When their kids began to grow up, they fixed up a play room for them and gave them rooms of their own. While they were at it, Dolores and Bob decided to redo the whole house. They tore out one entire downstairs wall and put in glass, so no matter where they are, they can look out at the garden and enjoy the California sun . . . if it shows up. This remodeling set them back 10 times the original cost of the house, and with the tax situation the way it is, he had to go into hock to do it.

One of Bob's heads kept asking him, "Do you know what you're doing?" His other head would ad lib back, "You only live once and you have maybe 25 years to enjoy yourself, so why not live it up until the sheriff comes and wheels the whole thing off to be sold?"

So that's what they're doing—living it up. And it's a joy and a pleasure. When you work long enough and hard enough, you have the right to baby yourself a little. Not that the Hope place is any palatial mansion. People still drive by, look at it and ask, "Is that all Hope has to live in?"

His office adjoins the house. It's a different project, separate and distinct from the house. In fact, it's on different property. It was put up (and is owned) by Hope Enterprises. But it's handy. The people he wants to see on business can walk in and out without disturbing anybody. Otherwise, he'd have to go into town and fight the traffic. And he can have his writers out there for story conferences. It's a nice set-up.

One of his friends, a fellow who did the B pictures at Paramount in Bob's early days there, used to tell him, "No matter what you do, don't buy a big house. Keep within your budget. The danger out here is in living beyond your income. Then, if your private gold mine caves in, it's not only brutal, it's tragic." When this fellow lost his job at Paramount, he'd expanded his scale of living to such an extent that he couldn't retrench, so he committed suicide. Bob has often wondered if, when he gave him that wise counsel, he was trying to advise himself or Bob.

Anyhow, he knows that if your overhead's too big and you quit pictures or something happens to your contract, you're just standing around asking the people on the Greyhound buses if they'd like to bid on your home as they whiz by. During his first two or three years in California, he played it cagey. He wanted to make sure he had a house that wasn't too big to hook onto the Super Chief if he needed to move it East.

Their first house on Camden Drive they rented from Rea Gable, Clark Gable's second wife. It was a nice little house and they enjoyed it. Then they rented a house in Beverly Glen. It was still on the modest side. Their next house was on Navajo. None of them was large. The original cost of the house they're living in now was thirty thousand dollars.

The Hopes fling one big party every year. Last year they invited 250 friends. It begins New Year's morning. They serve brunch. After that they take everybody who wants to go, to the Rose Bowl Game in chartered buses. At least, they take all those who're still able to go, because usually they arrive feeling the effects of New Year's Eve and, what with the Tom and Jerries on the buffet, some of them like it at the Hope house and just want to lie down.

Their party begins at eleven o'clock. They leave for the game around one-thirty. The buses are supplied with any kind of refreshment anyone can want. You'd think such a bus ride would be a great spot for a comedian like Bob, for after all, a busload of people is a captive audience. But the two men who really take over are Jack Clark, a song plugger, and Shot-Gun Britton, a makeup man. Shot-Gun is Jane Russell's makeup man. He's from Hardin-Simmons University in Texas and is really funny. He's got a Texas twang and he and Jack Clark whip it back and forth like a couple of Groucho Marxes.

Their material is real insane. When everyone comes back to the house, jollity and jests continue.

One year when the party was in full blast, one of Bob's writers, Wilkie Mahoney, looked the house over. He hadn't seen it since they had remodeled it. He took in the swimming pool and Bob's one-hole golf course, and he said, "Just think, this whole thing was built on 'Who was that lady I seen you with last night?'"

Dolores has a wise and loving touch with their children. Bob is lost in admiration of the job she has done with them, and with the job she's done keeping him in line. A lot of children whose fathers are in show business grow up too precocious, too wise, too fresh, too unfunny. That's not true with their four. Dolores sees to that. She also sees that they're having a devout rearing. Among their neighbors is a family named Dailey. One day Mrs. Dailey overheard their littlest one, Kelly, ask their next youngest, Nora, "Is everybody in the world Catholic?"

"Yes," Nora said, "everybody but Daddy. He's a comedian."

Bob was pleased and surprised when he heard that. He has no trouble convincing them that he's their daddy, but sometimes he has trouble convincing them that he's a comedian. Them, too, he means. ■



The famous team of Crosby and Hope looks as though it might continue down through the second generation. Here Bob is pictured with the lovely and talented Kathy Crosby. The entire Crosby family seems blessed with unusual theatrical ability.

Hope, the Funnyman



OCTOBER, 1938

BOB HOPE has many times been labeled as one of the funniest ten men in the world. He considers the funniest part of all his work his stand-up comedy. Namely, he feels his monologues which lead-off every one of his TV and radio shows are the cream fun portion of his programs. We have examined every monologue Bob has ever done (there are hundreds) and selected at least one from each year of his TV and radio shows. Read them and laugh but notice how this great comic has become even sharper through the years. His comedy has grown with the times yet he still uses the news headlines as the peg for his humor. And remember this while you laugh, these monologues did not just spring from the air. Many high-priced writers with Bob at the helm organized this material through much thinking and polishing to the high-shine it now has. Also notice how well written humor fifteen years ago is still funny. This is the proof of good material:

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. This is Bob Hope . . . Well, here I am back again with my thirty jokes every Tuesday. Congratulations are in order tonight . . . there's a little addition at the Hope house. Of course it's been expected for quite a while. Say, aren't they cute at first? My wife was away when it came Gee, will she be surprised. Wait till she sees my new car! It's one of those long snaky affairs sort of a boa constrictor on wheels. You know out here in Hollywood a movie star's importance is judged by the length of his car. One fellow over at Paramount tried to get them to put a windshield wiper on the Santa Fe Chief . . . but they turned me down But I'm happy with my new car. They think of everything these days. They delivered it this morning and it already had three pedestrians on the bumper! The new cars have bumpers made out of rubber. It's really great. After you hit a guy it erases your license number off the back of his pants. Everything is made out of rubber It has a hard rubber steering wheel soft rubber cushions and a rubber floor mat Just to be in keeping I paid for it by check Everytime I drive past the bank, the car bounces it's the new stream lined type. It's so futuristic that this morning Skinnay Ennis looked through the car for twenty minutes trying to find Buck Rogers. It has a private phone to the chauffeur, a private phone to the footman and a private phone

to the mechanic still working on the motor I told them I wanted a super charger—so they threw in a waiter from the Trocadero. It's so long and close to the ground that when it passes a dachshund it wags its rear bumper. This car is so swanky this morning I held out my hand to turn a corner and a traffic cop kissed it. And what a smooth motor! You should hear it purr! It purrs so smoothly!—Yesterday two dogs tried to chase it up a tree in fact, it purrs so smoothly, I don't know whether to put in gasoline or milk Maybe you like it better that way and everything in the new car is run by buttons! You push one button and an ash-tray comes out. You push another button and the cigarette lighter comes out. I pushed the third button and what do you think came out?—the man from the finance company!—I pushed the fourth button and opened a WPA bridge in Salt Lake City But, honestly, it's the most beautiful thing on wheels—except perhaps Hedy Lamarr on roller skates Ah, but why bring my personal life into this?

JANUARY, 1939

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen This is Gypsy Rose Hope still strip teething for Pepsodent! I feel very smart tonight I went to the opera here in Los Angeles this week You know what an opera is an Italian hit parade without commercials I saw the opera "Carmen" that's Ferdinand the bull in person. I had a box and I did all right I sold all my apples before the show started and you should see the prices at the opera Washington doesn't have to worry anymore. I bought four tickets and balanced the budget! I put my high silk hat on the seat next to me and a guy sat down on it. I said: Wait a minute that hat doesn't fold! He said: It does now! All the society women had lorgnettes lorgnettes that's French for a dirty look that you can hold in your hand

The whole cast was there. They're music lovers from way back way back in the gallery Goodwin was all dressed up top hat, white tie, tails and a dinner pail Colonna wore an ermine moustache Skinny wore an opera cape it wasn't exactly a cape it was a sleeveless bathrobe Then Skinny's band came in all dressed up they all had tails on I'm talking about their clothes, madam! We all sat together. Goodwin sat on my right hand Colonna sat on my left hand everything was all right until my nose started to itch but I enjoyed the opera anyway I'm a good listener I listen like a Republican in Congress

Thank you, Charlie Butterworth I get a kick out of working with Charlie You know, we used to be in a show together It was called, Uncle Tom's Cabin Goes to Town. It was fast show I used to duck into the theatre duck onto the stage sing a song then just duck Charlie was terrific he did a little boy part wore short pants sort of a little Lord Fauntleroy looked kinda funny though walking around with a scotch and soda in his hand The show wasn't very good In fact, I was paying the spotlight man five bucks to keep me out of it. After each joke, the house was so still you could hear Joe Miller revolving in his grave while the show was on, an usher ran up and down the aisle yelling get your program get your program you don't know who to blame without a program Charlie had a small part in the second act where he ate a meal in a restaurant scene the second week of the show all the principals sat down and ate with him. The third week the principals ate the understudies! Charlie had an accident during the third week. He burned himself on the frying pan in his dressing room. We couldn't get the frying pan into my dressing room, it wasn't big enough. In fact, my dressing room was so small people kept dropping nickels in it and tickling me for chewing gum. I wouldn't say that the show did good the first night nobody came but the

Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Bob Hope and Peter Duncan, producer of "In Town Tonight," one of the most popular B.B.C. radio programs in England.



second night . . . it fell off a little . . . the manager was walking around on the edge of his spats. They finally closed to recast the audience. And it closed very suddenly—one matinee I was reading my lines in the second act, and I looked around and the scenery was gone! But you know on the stage, the audience could hiss and you couldn't do anything about it—but now that I'm in pictures . . . it's different . . . the audience can hiss and I can hiss with them.

JANUARY, 1940

How do you do ladies and gentlemen . . . this is Bob Leap Year Hope . . . telling you eligible girls that if you use Pepsodent's on your toothies . . . you won't have to propose to the goofies . . . what a season this is out here in California . . . New Year's Day they have a big Rose Day parade in Pasadena . . . New Year's Eve they have the parade of Four Roses here in Hollywood . . . you should have seen the corner of Hollywood and Vine on New Year's Eve . . . you should have seen it . . . it's not there now. We really celebrated though . . . everyone went over to Skinnay Ennis' . . . he had a nice quiet little party . . . doctor says the X-ray pictures don't show a thing. We had to keep rescuing Skinnay all evening . . . He brought a new girl and she inhales when she kisses. But seriously they were the most select people . . . next day their relatives came over to select them. When the party first started we had a lot of fun playing "What's My Name" . . . by dawn we weren't kidding. I poured the drinks for the orchestra . . . and I told the musicians to say "when" . . . That was two nights ago . . . and nobody's answered yet . . . Skinnay mixed me a nice cocktail . . . very nice . . . It was sort of a depth bomb with ice. That cocktail was so strong . . . the olive stuck out its pimento at me . . . later on we made the rounds of the night clubs . . . then we waited for them to come by again . . . at midnight we sang Old Lang Syne . . . that's Scotch for "Will I Feel Bad Tomorrow." . . . Oh, and New Year's Day . . . I went to the Rose Bowl . . . I didn't intend to . . . I just drove out of my driveway and I was on my way. I was too smart to go on the main highway . . . so I sneaked along the back streets with fifteen thousand other cars. I've been to so many Rose Bowl games that this year I got my own car back. I have one of those new cars . . . the headlights are in the fenders . . . now. I've never seen so many cars . . . there were so many cars on the road . . . one Good Humor man went crazy smiling. I ran out of gas and didn't know it for ten miles . . . the cars were so close together I saw a stranger in the back seat of my car . . . I said: going to the game . . . and he said: no . . . just crossing the street . . . you know there's an easy way of getting to the Rose Bowl . . . but I'm always afraid the parachute won't open. I had a great seat at the Rose Bowl game . . . there was only one guy in the stadium further away than I was . . . he was singing . . . South of the Border . . . Down Mexico Way . . . and he wasn't kidding . . .

FEBRUARY, 1941

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen . . . this is Bob (Walt Disney's Fantasia) Hope telling every pretty girl to use Pepsodent so when you listen to Beethoven and Tchaikovsky you can use your teeth for a nut cracker . . . suite . . . or . . . this is Bob (Walt Disney's Fantasia) Hope who says if you plasia little Pepsodent inside your fasia . . . the results will amasia . . . (it ain't funny . . . but it pays ya) . . . everybody's talking about Walt Disney's new picture Fantasia . . . It had a premiere here last week and set a record for Hollywood . . . They had fifty six giant searchlights . . . that beats Joe's meat market by three candle power . . . But Hollywood certainly goes in for those big openings with all the lights and everything . . . and it has its effect on the people out here, too . . . it's getting so my aunt won't open a can of beans unless my uncle walks up and down in front of her with two flashlights . . . I went to the premiere of Fantasia . . . I've gone to so many openings . . .



Bob Hope, Betty Grable and James Mason do a time step for an upcoming television show. Bob can get fun from his feet.

I've got Carthay Circles under my eyes . . . and you should have seen the crowd . . . everybody was dressed formal . . . one movie star was so bundled up in furs she had to breathe thru a periscope . . . I was dressed formal in my new tight fitting pants . . . It's called the Alcatraz model . . . every time I go up for a stretch . . . the rest of me tries to break out . . . Skinnay Ennis went formal too . . . he didn't exactly wear tails . . . the back of his sweatshirt sagged in two places . . . I didn't want anybody to recognize me . . . so I wore dark glasses . . . with neon rims . . . you should have seen the limousines draw up in front of the theatre . . . were they long . . . one car was so long . . . when it pulled up in front of the theatre . . . the rear end was still in the factory being turned into an airplane . . . Robert Taylor arrived and a howl went up . . . Clark Gable arrived and a cheer went up . . . then I got there . . . and a rope went up . . . I never saw so many autograph hounds in my life . . . and I'd like to say right now to my fans . . . I wish you wouldn't pester me so much . . . you'll get your money . . . They've got a beautiful lobby at the Carthay Circle . . . I went down to my seat and there was a guy sitting in it . . . I said: "Pardon me, buddy . . . that's my seat". . . he said: "oh yeh". . . I said: "yeah". . . he said: "yeah" . . . They've got a beautiful lobby . . . I had the seat next to Hedy Lamarr for awhile then they threw me out . . . cause there was no smoking allowed . . . I was sitting in the orchestra and Bill Goodwin was sitting in the balcony . . . and we were both sitting next to Gary Cooper . . . but what a fantasy the picture is . . . in one part of Fantasia they have Pegasus the Flying Horse . . . Crosby got up and yelled: "fake" . . . my uncle is a republican . . . he wouldn't go see the picture . . . he thought "Fantasia" had something to do with the new deal . . . I was watching the dancing hippos, the prancing fauns and the waltzing elephants . . . When the man next to me said: "say . . . do you see what I see". . . I said: "why yes . . ." . . . he said: glad to meet you brother . . . I'm drunk too" . . .

MAY, 1942

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, this is Bob "Ole Man River" Hope, telling you to always use Pepsodent, and when you're eating soup your teeth will never miss a sip! . . . Well, here I am in New Orleans. What a welcome! . . . Mayor Maestri was at the station with the key to the city . . . But I got in before he could lock it! . . . I've seen some very beautiful sights here in New Orleans . . . but if you're not wearing a uniform, it's just no use! . . . and Louisiana is really the land of sugar cane. As soon as I got here, I reached for some sugar, and her husband hit me with a cane! . . . but right now in New Orleans they're pretty worried about the football season that's coming . . . They're wondering if they can get special permission to fill up the Sugar Bowl . . . what a town this is! They say that New Orleans is the most hospitable city in the United States . . . the night clubs stay open all night here . . . in fact, it's like a perpetual Mardi Gras . . . Mardi Gras . . . that's French for "gimme a bromo, bud . . . where *was* I last night?" . . . but they really are polite here in the south. I've never seen such politeness . . . This is the only place in the United States where the draft boards say "please"! . . . one thing I learned is that the southerners here really love the northerners. I walked over to one southerner and proudly boasted that I was a yankee . . . he just smiled at me and said, "pleased to meet you-all" as he-all bashed in my all-skull! . . . one thing in favor of New Orleans is their auto drivers . . . back home in Hollywood, the motorists drive as though they own the streets . . . but here in New Orleans . . . they drive as though they own the sidewalks, too! . . . I'm stopping at a nice hotel here . . . The Roosevelt . . . it hasn't exactly got a cooling system . . . they just put a girl in the lobby and the sailors coming in through the revolving door keep the place air conditioned! . . . I went to a dance last night with a New Orleans girl, and the fruit growers association rushed a photographer right over. I said, "what's the idea" . . . they said, "what a picture, Hope . . . A Louisiana peach out with a California lemon!" and you know New Orleans is famous for its restaurants, they cook all the meats in wine . . . they even cook their chickens in wine sauce. I was served one chicken that was cooked in so much wine sauce that when they brought it to my table, it looked me square in the eye and said, "now let's settle one thing, big boy . . . who's gonna eat who?" . . . and there are so many places to go around here . . . I went for a long hike Saturday and I saw a sailor sitting with his girl on a bench and I wanted directions, so I said, "Baton Rouge?" . . . he said, "I sure am . . . wanna see my handkerchief?" . . . and Sunday we all went swimming down at Pontchartrain Beach . . . and gee, those lifeguards sure are efficient . . . four times they rescued Skinny Ennis and gave him artificial respiration . . . and he never even went in the water once! . . . and they have such original ideas down here . . . the other day they held a beauty contest for men to pick out somebody to be Mister New Orleans . . . I just won a bathing contest in Hollywood . . . I was voted Mister Varicose Vein of 1942! Men entered the contest from all over the country. The judge pointed to one fellow and said, "this is for Atlanta, Georgia" . . . then he pointed to another guy and said, "this is for Houston, Texas" . . . then he pointed to me and said, "this is for men only" . . . Skinny Ennis entered the male bathing beauty contest too . . . one of the judges took a long look at Ennis, then he yelled to the crowd, "will the fisherman who caught this, please throw it back?" . . .

MARCH, 1943

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, this is Bob "Broadcasting from the Naval Air Station at Los Alamitos" Hope, telling you naval aviators that whether you're just an ordinary student or at the head of your class . . . be sure to use Pepsodent and your

teeth will never be washed out in a glass . . . Well, here I am at Los Alamitos, a nice quiet little town . . . I wouldn't say Los Alamitos is small . . . but it looks like something Henry J. Kaiser built during his lunch hour . . . Los Alamitos is so small it's the only place in America where the draft board had to draft the draft board . . . I got a wonderful reception when I arrived here. Every naval flier in the place made a rush for me as I walked in . . . wearing a heavy veil and a low-cut evening gown . . . the naval cadets seldom see girls here . . . in fact, this is one of the few places where your copy of Esquire comes with an interpreter . . . but I'm happy to be among you men of the Navy. You know, my family goes back to John Paul Jones . . . in fact, they went back to John Paul Jones so often the bottle was empty before I got there . . . but you all know Thursday's April Fool's Day and the youngsters are beginning to play pranks already . . . I reached down for a wallet in the middle of the street in Los Alamitos and some kid with a string pulled it away . . . he didn't fool me long though . . . and it was only a short bus trip back from San Diego . . . just to see if the government's got a sense of humor, my brother sent back his income tax return signed April fool . . . they've got a sense of humor . . . my brother is now at Leavenworth till next April, the fool . . . this year in Hollywood, I saw a crowd of civilians going crazy . . . they were gathered outside of the post office and the President of the ration board was leaning out of the window with a T-bone steak on a yo-yo . . . and you know how the kids in the neighborhood always put a brick under an old derby so when you kick it you'll break your toes? . . . I'm too smart to be fooled by that old derby gag, so when I stepped outside my house yesterday and saw one I just heaved a rock at it . . . as soon as I get my house built again I'm gonna find out where those kids got that land mine . . . but isn't this a beautiful auditorium? We're thrilled to be the first show to come out of this recreation hall which was just built . . . well, it wasn't exactly built . . . they just turned on the garden hose and waited for a sandstorm . . . in fact, the building is so new, the paint still smells . . . they say "no" but I still insist it's the paint . . . but everything is clean and fresh . . . I've been giving my house a little spring cleaning this week . . . I wanted to clean out my Frigidaire, but my relatives beat me to it . . . what a cleaning job I did . . . my doorbell rang and I answered it in my apron and old dust cap . . . some woman looked me over and shoved a paper in my hand. I thought she wanted my autograph, so I signed it . . . (pause) . . . how do you resign from the Waacs???



Frank Sinatra wants to find out how strong Bob's show is!



Bob upset Greer Garson just so he could squeeze Vivian Blaine; a moment later he was hugging Greer and Vivian was looking on in this television skit.

OCTOBER, 1944

This is Bob "back in California and broadcasting from the Navy Sound School at Point Loma" Hope, telling you to use Pepsodent and even if you're just a boot, you won't have to worry about brass when you wanna open your snoot . . . Well, it's really a pleasure to be back in California . . . California . . . that's an abbreviation meaning, "sunshine, orange juice, Hedy Lamarr, and run for high ground every February" . . . everybody was glad to see me when I got back to California. In fact, a delegation of orange growers turned out and gave me a twenty-squirt salute . . . there was a lot of screaming and hollering when I got off the train . . . so I went back and tipped the porter . . . but I was so happy to be back I bent over and kissed the ground . . . a gopher stuck his head out and said, "listen, bud, quit hornin' in on my dates!" . . . and you should have seen the stars waiting for me at the station . . . W.C. Fields was down . . . so I picked him up . . . and you've all heard of W.C. Fields new theme song, "swig-

gin' on a Jar" . . . I spent a few days in Hollywood . . . and how that town has changed in the past few weeks . . . It's really pitiful to see the civilians following the servicemen down Vine Street hollering, "come on, drop it, you've smoked it enough" . . . The cigarette shortage is so bad . . . you can go to a night club and actually see the floor show . . . Well, here we are at Point Loma. This base is a school for the Navy's signal corps. Isn't that silly? Imagine teaching a sailor how to signal . . . and I found out why they call it Point Loma . . . I went into the barracks this morning and a sailor asked me, "I just missed my Point . . . will you Loma me ten bucks?" . . . On the way down I saw a workman at the training station hanging new doors on the barracks . . . He said, "I put new doors on this place every six weeks . . . It's boot camp, and when the boys graduate, they don't wait to turn the knobs . . . this base is near Crosby's racetrack . . . of course, it's closed now I don't know what Crosby is doing with his horses, but on a quiet day you can hear the pots bubbling.

OCTOBER, 1945

This is Bob "broadcasting for the thirteenth and twentieth Armored Divisions at Camp Cooke, California" Hope, telling all you guys who just got back from the ETO to use Pepsodent and whenever you go out on a toot with a beaut . . . She won't look under your snoot and say kapoot" . . . "kapoot" . . . that's an ETO expression meaning "he only has sixty nine points." . . . Well, here I am at Camp Cooke . . . Camp Cooke . . . this is where they bring guys and let 'em stew for a while before they tell 'em what's on the menu . . . I flew up here in a Piper Cub . . . Piper Cub . . . you know what that is, folks . . . aviation's Sinatra . . . was that plane small. I opened the cockpit and a sparrow flying overhead dropped in two worms . . . it took us a while to make the trip but it wasn't the fault of the plane. All the way up we were battling a bumble bee's backwash . . . but it was a lovely trip up. I said to the pilot "don't you think we should gain more altitude?" he said, "what for. It's cooler here under the trees!" . . . It was so crowded in the plane, Frances had to sit on the pilot's lap. I don't know if he enjoyed it . . . but it's the first time I ever flew from Los Angeles to Lompoc by way of Seattle . . .

station, he'd met her parents, bought a ring, had a chaplain marry 'em, and was standing on the observation platform waving good-bye to his son.

SEPTEMBER, 1946

This is Bob "New Season" Hope, telling you that while Pepsodent may not make you live until you're ninety-three . . . it will always keep you in there "chewin' what comes naturally!" . . . Yessir, here we are starting our ninth term for Pepsodent . . . ninth term . . . I use that expression to tease the Republicans . . . and it's wonderful to be up here in front of a live audience . . . and I hope you prove me right . . . Yessir, I keep coming back every year . . . In fact, the only thing that comes back more than me is the meat shortage . . . I won't say there's a meat shortage, but I saw a crowd in one market today and the butcher was singing, "To Each His Bone." . . . Yessir, just think . . . nine years with the same sponsor . . . two more years and I'll have enough tubes to finish my driveway . . . instead of hair on my chest, I've got fifty tufts . . . I don't want to brag, but after nine years, our show has become a national institution. In fact, they've just made a picture about it called, "The Big Sleep." . . . The



"See," says Bob to Alan Reed and Bill Goodwin. "here's where they're supposed to laugh."

We hit an air pocket and my feet went through the bottom of the plane. That wasn't so bad . . . it gave us more room in the plane . . . but boy, did I have to run fast when we landed . . . They have a lot of sandstorms up here . . . I don't know how thick they are . . . but when I walked into camp a gopher said "Hey, buddy, help me outta this tree" . . . and it gets very foggy here . . . the fog is so low I just saw a private going over to the PX and he was being led by a seeing-eye snake . . . these guys landed in New York and came out here by troop train . . . Troop train . . . that's a crap game with a caboose . . . I won't say the train was old . . . but between Chicago and Kansas City, Jesse James held it up three times . . . these tankmen were very disgusted with the engineer . . . every time they went over a deep canyon they'd say "he must be getting soft . . . he's using the bridge" . . . and I won't say the train traveled slow but as they were coming into town, a soldier leaned out of the window to whistle at a girl and by the time the train pulled out of the

sponsor is very subtle, though . . . he doesn't say I lay eggs on the radio . . . he just refers to the program as "Operation Shad Roe." . . . A sponsor . . . that's a mother-in-law with options . . . and a lot of things happened during the Summer. All the movie people are buying interests in the ball clubs . . . I've got a sixth in Cleveland . . . Crosby's got a fourth in Pittsburgh . . . and W.C. Fields has a fifth in Hollywood . . . and W.C. Fields tried to get the Detroit team. He thought it would be a change to see tigers in the daytime . . . and Frank Sinatra is thinking of buying a big strong baseball team . . . there's a difference, though. Bing and I are out for fun. Frankie is serious . . . He's out for blood . . . Crosby bought the Pittsburgh Pirates. The things that guy won't do to get in free . . . and you know how they got Crosby to buy the Pittsburgh pirates. They told him they had buried treasure just back of second base . . . I don't know whether Crosby is furnishing the horsehide for the balls or not, but it's the first time I ever saw baseballs with tails on them.

This is Bob "First Commercial Television Broadcast" Hope, telling you gals who have tuned me in . . . and I wanna make this emphatic . . . If my face isn't handsome and debonair . . . It ain't me . . . It's the static . . . Well, here I am on the air for Lincoln automobiles . . . but I find television's a little different than radio . . . When I went on the air for Elgin, they gave me a watch . . . When I went on the air for Silver Theatre, they gave me a set of silver . . . tonight I'm on for Lincoln . . . and they gave me this . . . (he holds up a Lincoln penny) . . . If you don't get it, don't knock it . . . this is an experimental program! . . . (points to the car) . . . You know, I can remember when they used to drive those things . . . my mother used to hold me up to the window to watch 'em go by . . . 1911 . . . I'm sure of the date because that was the first year that Crosby sang "White Christmas" . . . I remember there was one kid in town who used to go down to the junkpile . . . get a washboiler, a few wheels, light a smudge fire inside it . . . and then try to sell it as a genuine Stanley Steamer . . . I wonder what ever became of little Madman Muntz? . . . I remember when I got my first car . . . I parked so much, I had mohair spread . . . what a car . . . It could stop on a dime . . . it had to . . . it couldn't get over it . . . It had six cylinders . . . two worked . . . two didn't . . .

and the other two just stood around and watched . . . That certainly was a long time ago. It seems only yesterday that people were standing around saying Bob Hope was a no good bum who'd never amount to anything in this world . . . in fact, it was yesterday, in Henry Ginsberg's office . . . but just think . . . Here it is 1947 . . . and we're holding the first commercial television broadcast in the West . . . Commercial . . . what a lovely word! . . . up 'til tonight, I looked on television as something I might dabble in for a night or so . . . A week . . . maybe a month . . . but now that it's gone commercial . . . meet "the yearling!" . . . everybody wants me to go into television . . . I know they do . . . any time I hear somebody discuss my radio program, they always say, "I never could see that guy." . . . we're using scripts tonight, but I understand in the future, all the material will have to be learned by heart . . . can you imagine? Comedians memorizing their own material? . . . incidentally, I'm not allowed to mention my own product tonight . . . I had to promise I wouldn't even whisper it . . . but I just happen to have with me (he takes a huge carton out from under his coat with "Pepsodent" written on it in block letters; he holds it up in front of camera . . . then, to cameraman) . . . bring that thing in a little closer . . . some of my listeners may be near-sighted . . . (as the cameraman obliges to cameraman) . . . what do you see inside that thing? "Ladies' night in a turkish bath?" . . . (to audience) . . . I know he can't

When David Niven and Bob get together, there's as much laughter before a television show as during.



be looking at me . . . but, seriously, one thing I love about television is that everyone says it's going to bring back the type of entertainment we used to call "vaudeville" . . . and this way, it's much safer! . . . Ah, vaudeville . . . what memories . . . gee, the first time I ever appeared on the vaudeville stage, I had a lump in my throat . . . A tomato got stuck . . . by the time I finished the second show I was paying the spotlight man five bucks to keep me out of it . . . Yessir, things weren't always easy . . . I used to be a starving actor . . . then one day I got a break . . . My landlady started putting real cheese in the traps . . . I never could afford a press agent . . . I had to get all my free advertising by myself . . . In fact, I was the Kilroy of my generation . . . but I really love the stage . . . why, if I had to work for nothing, I'd quit tomorrow . . . and so, tonight I think it's appropriate that we run this clambake like the old days of the Orpheum Circuit . . . A real vaudeville show . . . in the hope that television will be as fine a training ground for new talent as the five-a-day was for all of us . . . so, on with the show! Hit, professor! . . . (pause) . . . where's the orchestra? . . . (he looks around . . . Barney Dean runs on stage, carrying a small portable phonograph, which he hands to Hope, then exits) . . . Thank you, Mr. Petrillo! . . . (He starts the phonograph playing . . . as the music starts, camera picks up vaudeville placard reading, "The Rhythymairs") . . . heading the bill tonight . . . the Rhythymairs! . . .

June Christy and Bob Hope entertained the soldiers at March Airforce Base with success.



SEPTEMBER, 1947

This is Bob "Hour-Glass Figure" Hope, telling all you gals if you want to lose weight and look dandy, use Pepsodent instead of candy, your teeth will be trimmer, your waist will be slimmer and you'll have a shape like Mahatma Ghandi . . . well, here I am back on the air for my second week . . . there will now be a short pause while you pay your bets . . . the critics were very nice about our first show . . . let me read what one critic said, "Bob Hope returned to the air last night . . . If that doesn't bring down the price of eggs . . . nothing will!" . . . Next week we'll be on an hour later . . . and it'll be better that way . . . I won't have to go home in the daylight. And it's really good to be working and getting that cabbage again . . . I really need that cabbage . . . the way prices are, it's all I can afford to eat . . . There's a sort of an inflation going on around here. Yesterday I saw a girl's bathing suit in a store window for \$35.00 . . . and it was made out of two one-dollar bills . . . the price increase has all the politicians confused . . . it's too small yet to blame on the Republicans and too big to blame on Elliot Roosevelt . . . and those new high prices are driving the poor housewives mad . . . the other day a woman drove past her grocer, waved hello, and he sent her a bill for fourteen dollars . . . You get so little for a dollar it's simply awful . . . This morning I walked into a grocery, laid a dollar bill on the table, looked the other way, and Washington stole two fig Newtons . . . I went into my butcher's and said, "I want thirty cents' worth of meat!" He shook my hand and said, "anything else?" . . . Boy, are eggs precious! I bought an egg the other day and when I cracked it open, it didn't have a yolk . . . Just the white and a receipt from the Bank of America . . . eggs are so high, a Bon Ami chicken looked over the prices the other day and said, "and I had to go and open my big shell!" . . . Luckily, everybody in Hollywood is on a diet. Even Sinatra took two ounces of fluff out of his shoulder pads . . . one newspaper out here started to publish a nine-day diet but they had to stop . . . at the end of the seventh day, the readers were eating the newsboys . . . Betty Grable is watching her figure . . . that makes two of us . . . I know one actor who went on the MGM diet because he thought it would make him look like Clark Gable. He ate a hundred and thirty-four pounds of raw steak and grew part of a tail before he remembered that Leo works there, too . . .

APRIL, 1948

This is Bob "broadcasting from Phoenix, Arizona, where on a clear day you can see the prices at the Biltmore Hotel!" Hope . . . saying keep brushing, you Pepsodent users of the West . . . and when you meet the gal you love best . . . you won't have to take your smile out of your vest . . . Well, here I am in Phoenix . . . we flew over the Grand Canyon on the way in. Now I know where they're hiding all the new cars . . . and I found out how the Grand Canyon got there . . . Superman was coming in for a landing and he overshot Texas . . . Phoenix is a very swanky vacation resort area . . . people with money come here to rest for a few days . . . and then leave to get more money. But I want to tell you it's really ritzy out here in Phoenix . . . it's the first time I've ever seen cattle branded "his" and "hers" . . . and they got me nice accomodations here . . . you know, I don't mind sleeping with an Indian, but when he starts sending up smoke signals with the blanket, that's too much . . . Well, the Major League Baseball season just opened . . . baseball . . . that's an old American expression meaning, "Hey, Mabel . . . pass the mustard . . . I want to see how the umpire looks in yellow" . . . and they don't have big league baseball in Hollywood and I'll tell you why . . . it's tough sliding into second base with a bare midriff . . . President Truman threw out the first ball at the opening game in Washington . . . that's the first time this year he got anything past the Senators . . . but it was really exciting. In the first inning the umpire called a strike, and John L. Lewis ran out and wired Congress, "What about *him*?" . . . of course he had to send the wire collect . . . Henry Wallace was there but he didn't see much of the game . . . He kept standing up and yelling to the grandstands, "Why are there just *two* teams? . . . Molotov was at the game but he didn't quite understand the proceedings. In the second inning he ran out and took second base for Russia . . . in the 4th inning the crowd yelled, "Kill the Umpire . . . Kill the Umpire" . . . and Molotov cabled back to Stalin, "At last, comes the revolution" . . .



Phil Harris and Bob discuss a script, argue over laugh lines.

OCTOBER, 1949

This is Bob "Sudsy" Hope, telling all you fellows to use Swan . . . It'll always do you a good turn . . . and when you're out on the back porch with your girl and start to yearn . . . she won't act like Congress and say "let's adjourn" . . . Congress adjourned just as all the Generals were testifying . . . General . . . that's a guy who thinks an Admiral is a television set . . . that's not a joke . . . that's just a booby trap for Milton Berle . . . Well, if the audience is cold tonight, I can blame it on the California climate. Yessir, the weather out here just turned violently normal . . . last week it was cold . . . this week it's warm I don't know which writer to lay off . . . it was really cold here . . . in one night club a girl was doing the dance of the seven blankets . . . Boy, was it cold! . . . someone gave me a hotfoot, and they had to tell me about it . . . it's hard to tell how cold it is on a California thermometer. They read . . . 32 degrees . . . 31 degrees . . . 30 degrees . . . and "if you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?????" . . . it was really cold. I passed one theatre and Pinky had turned purple. When I arrived at Paramount one morning I said to the gateman, "I see the frost is on the pumpkin." Crosby looked up and said, "That's my head and get your hands off." . . . And last night in Pomona it was so freezing when the farmer got ready to milk his cow, she turned around and said, "Are you gonna warm it up tonight, or are we gonna play icicle darts again?" . . . What a week this has been! The other night I went to see the premiere of Al Jolson's new picture called "Jolson Sings Again" . . . All the Hollywood stars were at the premiere . . . even Lassie came with some friends. They all wore black tie and tails . . . everyone dressed for the premiere . . . I wore my cardigan made out of unborn calf . . . every time Jolson would sing "Mammy" the calf joined in . . . the doorman at the preview didn't know who I was so I said, "I just made a picture called 'The Great Lover' and they said I'm the new Glenn Ford" . . . he said, "From the

side you look like an old Hupmobile" . . . what vitality he has! When Jolson walks into a drugstore . . . the bottles of Serutan start drinking each other . . . Jolson made so much money on "The Jolson Story" and "Jolson Sings Again" that he bought himself a Hudson money belt . . . It's so big you have to step down into it . . . Jolson's made a lot of money, but he knows he can't take it with him . . . so he's not going . . . He's sending Larry Parks . . . I asked my producer at Paramount to do my life story. I said, "I worked myself up" . . . he said, "Up? It's too unbelievable, Hope . . . where could you possibly have been?"

MAY, 1950

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen . . . I'm very happy to be here once again on television. This is my second show for the Frigidaire people. I'm surprised, too . . . the Frigidaire people want me on all their TV shows . . . they say there's something about me that sells iceboxes . . . but I want to thank the Frigidaire Company for the nice check they gave me and I want to thank Secretary Snyder for cashing it . . . I saw the kinescope of my last show on the coast. It's convenient . . . I can lay 'em here and hatch 'em a week later . . . I want to thank the thousands of people who wrote letters about the first show . . . Also the three who mailed them . . . No, I did get about five thousand letters . . . The FBI's going over them now . . . It's amazing how many people see you on TV. I did my first television show a month ago and the next day five million television sets were sold. The people who couldn't sell theirs threw them away . . . Television has brought a lot of new things into the home . . . sporting events . . . operas . . . plays . . . movies . . . repairmen . . . One nice thing about television, it's bringing back vaudeville to kill it at a more convenient time . . . Jack Benny is going into TV. He's spending the summer painting scenery . . . Al Jolson is undecided. He doesn't know whether to go with ABC or D.W. . . . Radio was a wonderful medium for a while but now Arthur Godfrey makes everybody else sound like a spot announcement . . . Arthur Godfrey . . . that's CBS spelled backwards . . . He gets five thousand fan letters a week . . . one from each sponsor . . . He's on eighteen hours a day and now they've got a new program from midnight to six a.m. . . . Arthur Godfrey snores . . . But I'm happy to be back in New York. I love New York . . . it gets under your skin . . . I'm stopping at the Waldorf Astoria . . . that's a well-known wedding present on Park Avenue . . . That Waldorf is really swanky . . . I saw a Cadillac pull up and a Rolls Royce got out . . . I have a room there so high up that if you're late in paying your bill they don't send you a letter . . . they just cut off your supply of oxygen . . . I had a lot of difficulty getting my reservation at the Waldorf. It isn't that they don't trust people . . . it's just that they don't want anyone on the sidewalk to get hit by a falling trunk . . . Central Park hasn't changed. It's so romantic . . . Last year it was full of sailors and their girls . . . This year it's full of sailors and their families . . . I have a little nephew going to school here in New York to learn the three R's . . . readin' writin' and rainmaking . . . That's so silly to a Californian . . . rainmaking . . . I've been in New York a week . . . you need a sunmaker . . . This rainmaking has really started something . . . Yesterday they found a guy on a roof in the Bronx hitting two pink clouds together . . . he was trying to make it rain borscht . . . ha ha . . . first time I ever laid a boiled potato . . .

NOVEMBER, 1950

Thank you . . . thank you very much . . . Well, it surely is nice to be back here in this wonderful city of . . . of . . . you know something? . . . I don't know where I am . . . I had a wonderful trip and I thought I'd impress my wife with some of the stuff I brought back so I walked up to the door wearing a kimona and waving an oriental fan. My wife wasn't home but

I'm now engaged to our Japanese gardener . . . But I guess I've been away too long. This morning one of the kids yelled "Hey, Mom . . . there's a strange man in the bathroom spraying himself with your Tabu" . . . and my sponsors were so glad to see me they even changed their advertising. You know that Chesterfield billboard? Well, for the next two weeks I sit in Arthur Godfrey's lap with Crosby for a pillow . . . They were so glad to see me at Paramount they moved me to a new dressing room where the walls don't sweat. I insisted on the move. In the old dressing room the Count of Monte Cristo kept me awake with all the digging . . . and all the countries gave me a gift. The Japanese gave me a kimono, the Hawaiians gave me a ukelele and the Eskimos gave me a harpoon . . . when I wasn't looking . . . Well, I had a wonderful welcome at the airport. There was quite a crowd of friends and relatives at the airport. My friends shook my hand and my relatives shook my wallet . . . Bing was supposed to come out to the airport to greet me but he couldn't make it. Gary wouldn't let him use the car . . . he was using it to haul some money to the bank . . . And when I got off the plane I saw a big sign which said, "Welcome back. You've been gone for eighteen years." I said, "That's nice . . . but I haven't been away that long." He said, "Who cares about you? I meant the Republicans" . . . I had a little trouble with the customs here . . . The string broke on a string of pearls and I swallowed most of them. It's the first time I've paid duty on a burp. I'm glad to be back but I guess my face looks different . . . This morning a bobby soxer came up to me and said, "Gee, what a thrill to meet you in person, Miss Swanson" . . . And what a sight Hollywood Boulevard is. The Christmas trees, tinsel and the lights twinkling in the windows of the loan companies . . . And Santa Claus Lane is open out here. Santa Claus Lane . . . that's where they put three hundred trees on each side of the boulevard and by Christmas time they're decorated with pedestrians . . .

NOVEMBER, 1951

Thank you . . . thank you . . . ladies and gentlemen . . . Well, here I am back in Hollywood for Chesterfields . . . I hate to leave Hollywood . . . so many things happen while I'm gone . . . Can you imagine . . . I turn my back and Ava Gardner marries Sinatra . . . A very few people know this, but the wedding was held up an hour . . . It was very embarrassing . . . they couldn't get the ring off Frankie's wrist . . . And I understand there was quite an accident after the ceremony . . . Ava almost dropped Frankie carrying him across the threshold . . . Artie Shaw sent Frankie a one-word telegram . . . It just said, "Amateur!" . . . After the wedding they flew to Florida . . . they hadn't planned on going there . . . Frank opened a bottle of champagne and the cork got away from him . . . You can tell how anemic Frank is . . . he marries Ava Gardner and then has to go to Florida to keep warm . . . When they get back to Hollywood MGM is going to star them in a picture together. They're calling it "Mrs. Miniver gets a splinter" . . . And I'm really sorry I missed Princess Elizabeth's visit . . . It was a little confusing for her in Washington. When they sang, "Long Live the King" she couldn't understand why Petrillo kept taking bows . . . And the princess had to knock five times before President Truman would open the door to the White House . . . he was afraid it was Taft . . . Margaret and Elizabeth had a lot to talk about. Margaret asked Elizabeth how she met Philip and how long a lady-in-waiting has to wait . . . Then Elizabeth asked Margaret what a Republican was . . . and Margaret said, "I don't know . . . everytime the subject comes up, they make me leave the room" . . . But they had a nice visit and when the princess left the White House she said, "I hope to be back next year, Mr. President" . . . and President Truman said, "Me, too!" I went to the USC-Stanford game Saturday here and what thrills . . . I'll never forget the last minute of the game . . . What a pass! . . . What a stiff arm! How'd I know it was her boy friend sitting next to her! . . . One of the most exciting

parts of the game was when the USC quarterback was trapped on his own twenty . . . he started to run, then stopped . . . ran backwards, then stopped . . . He just couldn't make up his mind . . . He looked like Eisenhower with shoulderpads . . . That Stanford team is really tricky. I don't mind them calling themselves Indians . . . but when they send in a Pontiac to play fullback, that's too much . . . I got thirsty during the game so a college kid next to me gave me some malted milk from his flask . . . The malted was fine but I didn't like the olives . . . Bing was there and made quite a scene . . . Just as the quarterback started yelling, "one, two, sic, ten, four, eight, hike" . . . Crosby broke out into the field and messed up the play . . . He claimed they stole the combination to his safe . . .

DECEMBER, 1951

Thank you boys . . . Ladies and gentlemen of the television audience . . . tonight it's a privilege to broadcast from the flight deck of the aircraft carrier USS Boxer . . . Along with these men who've just returned from Korea we also have sailors on the carrier tonight who have returned on the ship USS Bon Ami Richard and the USS . . . This is a first in television and it wasn't easy getting the Navy's permission to do this show. For some reason they wanted me to do this show from the deck of a submarine . . . Isn't that silly? . . . Yes sir, here we are on the USS Boxer . . . So this is what they mean by a floating crap game . . . these boys really roll with the ship . . . I got into one of the cubicle contests today . . . I'm now known as the carrier pigeon . . . But they've been wonderful . . . When I arrived they gave me a traditional Navy welcome . . . they piped me over the side . . . But tell me . . . do they always use a lead pipe? . . . And all the sailors were drawn up in formation on the flight deck waiting for me . . . Only one thing spoiled my arrival . . . why didn't somebody tell me when the elevator goes down it leaves a big hole in the deck? . . . I started for Captain Sullivan and shook hands with a barracuda . . . The USS Boxer is one of the newer carriers . . . I don't know how long ago it was christened but every night sailors still sneak down and lick the prow . . . This ship is really big . . . I didn't realize how big it was until I saw "Queen Mary" on one of the lifeboats . . . I slept on the carrier with the sailors last night . . . What bunks . . . That's the government's way of making both ends meet . . . But I love the Navy life . . . My uncle was a Navy man . . . He went down with John Paul Jones . . . many times . . . and a few years ago I tried to enlist but one small thing kept me out . . . my chest . . . There was some discussion as to where I should do this show on this carrier. I wanted to do it on the stern but the captain insisted it would be better at the head . . . for you civilians who don't understand navy talk the head of a ship means the reading room . . . Oh, it doesn't? . . . Well, I better get my luggage out of there . . . But I'm glad you fellas are back and I hope you visit Hollywood now and see how beautiful Santa Claus Lane looks. The whole street is lit up . . . all the stores are lit up . . . all the Christmas decorations on the streets are lit up . . . everything is lit up . . . and Phil Harris is standing by in case of a power failure . . . Things haven't changed much since you've been away . . . The presidential elections have been shaping up . . . Harry's singing "Just One More Chance" . . . Taft is singing "I Get Ideas" . . . and Eisenhower is whistling in the "Cool, Cool of the Evening . . . Tell 'Em I'll Be There" . . . I want you to know that Bing was coming down here to do this show with us . . . but he had a nasty accident . . . he fell off his wallet . . . Dad is loaded, you know . . . The government offered to give him Fort Knox if he'd tell them where he's got it buried . . . But everybody's been so wonderful . . . helping us with this show . . . The sailors bent over backwards to be nice . . . What else could they do in those pants . . . And I had dinner at the captain's table tonight . . . and, boy, is he a stickler for tradition . . . No kidding . . . I accidentally spilled my soup on him and he went down with the table . . .

MARCH, 1952

Thank you . . . thank you, ladies and gentlemen . . . We're here at Camp Eliot on the shores of the Pacific to do a show for the gals in the service . . . Waves . . . girl Marines . . . and Nurses . . . all sitting down in front . . . about a thousand of them . . . and back there we have about two thousand Navy boots . . . they got in. The girls came in first and they followed, naturally . . . Yessir, what an audience . . . one thousand women and me . . . (sighs) . . . I think I'll send my wife a telegram saying, "I've been lost in action" . . . These gals come from every state in the union . . . there's a lot of northern girls here . . . there's a lot of Southern Comfort, too . . . But I knew playing an all-girl audience would be a success. Women have been laughing at me for years . . . (growl) . . . I've been at a lot of naval bases before but this is the first time I ever felt like whistling at an ensign . . . But these Waves are wonderful. I never thought I'd see the day when five hundred women would be happy about wearing the same hat . . . You all know what Waves are . . . those are sailors who go down to the sea in slips . . . And remember the Wave salute . . . (salute bit) . . . I know . . . I visited the Waves barracks today . . . it was wonderful . . . until my wig fell off . . . These Waves are so cute. I said to one of them, "And whose

There were plenty of laughs when Hope guested on Jack Benny T.V. show. Fun is always assured with the violin.



90 BOB HOPE

little girl might you be?" And she said, "An admiral's if I could do it over again" . . . But these girls are doing an important job. Just think . . . each girl here will replace a man so that he can go to sea and meet a girl who's replacing a man at some other port . . . And these girl Marines are really rugged. When I arrived here one of them hugged me real hard . . . that was three days ago and I'm still wearing her tattoo . . . My cousin Agnes is in the Marines. Man, the only green about her was her uniform . . . Woman Marine . . . that's a leatherneck with deer-skin all the way down . . . They told her travel broadens you . . . then gave her a pair of gym bloomers four sizes too big. Don't laugh . . . she's the only girl in the outfit who can jump from a plane without a parachute . . . And these girl Marines have a wonderful esprit de corps . . . that's their expression meaning, "See if he has a brother" . . . And you should see these beautiful Navy nurses here. You know what a Navy nurse is . . . that's a girl who holds a sailor's hand . . . strokes his forehead and expects his temperature to go down . . . I went out with a nurse once but never again . . . when I told her I was out of gas she hopped out of the car and gave the motor an alcohol rub . . . And I found out these nurses won't take anything unless they give you something in return. I gave one my autograph today and before I could pull my arm back she gave me a distemper shot . . . One of these nurses was missing yesterday and they couldn't figure out what had happened to her until they saw one of the patients chasing his duffle bag down the hall . . . But romance is a little tough in the service. I know a Wave lieutenant who married a Navy lieutenant two years ago and they still haven't kissed. They've been saluting each other all this time . . . But don't get the idea that I'm ridiculing any of these gals who are doing such an important job for their country. Because I think women in the service is a wonderful idea . . . it speeds up maneuvers . . . And women have always played a great part in American history. It was a woman who helped George Washington simonize the cannon balls at Valley Forge . . . Of course, I wasn't there at the time but I haven't any reason to doubt Crosby . . . How did Dad sneak in here . . . I ought to lay off him . . . he's having enough trouble with his income tax . . . what dough! He's the only guy in America who's income tax is the same as his social security number . . . but let's not get away from our main subject . . . Oh ho . . . a thousand women . . . looks like Errol Flynn's deepfreeze locker . . . And I do want you to enjoy the show . . . (Man walks in and hands Hope hand mike) . . . Thank you, admiral . . . I just want to tell you . . . (intro "Can't Get Started With You").

MAY, 1952

Well, here I am back in Hollywood for Chesterfields, broadcasting from NBC . . . that's quite a novelty for me . . . I had to come back to town . . . I'm doing another road picture with Dad for good old Paramount . . . I've been there fifteen years. They're going to sign the contract any day now . . . but they've been real nice about the whole mish-mosh . . . I can remember way back when my dressing room was nothing but a tent. I've come a long way since then . . . they've put a star on the flap . . . We had a sneak preview of "Son of Paleface" in Santa Monica the other day, and it was quite successful . . . after the picture my screaming fans pushed me down the aisle toward the stage. I wish they hadn't . . . I was in the balcony at the time . . . The man sitting in front of me at the preview kept turning around during the movie. Finally his wife said, "Honey, why don't you watch the sneak?" And he said, "I am . . . he's sitting right in back of us" . . . Roy Rogers and Trigger are in the picture, too, and that Trigger is really wonderful. He's friendly, kind, clever, considerate, and an all-round gentleman. I can say that because I really know that horse . . . and you never know a horse until you've shared a dressing room with him . . . I've been living on oats the past three weeks . . . When I entered the theatre with



Bob's hat is as big as his laughs at Air Base show in Texas.

Jane Russell, I got a big hand . . . it was her husband's . . . I didn't mind that, but he kicked me for the extra point . . . In the picture I played a Harvard man. A Harvard man . . . that's a fellow who writes home for money in Latin . . . Well, I go out West, naturally and meet Jane Russell. Some critics say I play the part of an idiot in the picture. Well, figure it out for yourself . . . I want to marry Jane Russell for her money . . . Of course, most of the westerns wind up on television. I saw one the other night that was so old the Indians were chasing the cowboys . . . I even saw an Italian cowboy picture. The hero was a guy named "Hopalong Guiseppe." He was very clever . . . he had a lasso made of spaghetti . . . he fired meatballs like crazy . . . oh, those crazy red meatballs . . . Even the French are making westerns . . . I saw a preview of one called "Rustlers on the Rue De La Paix" . . . It had one thrilling scene where the hero walks into the local saloon, bangs his fist on the bar and hollers, "Chanel number five for everybody" . . . But the new trend in movies lately is the science fiction pictures. I wandered onto the set of one of these men from Mars pictures and I really got a fright. I saw a guy with two heads, seven eyes, and green skin . . . and he was only the producer . . .

JANUARY, 1953

Thank you . . . Well, here we are at Fort Ord near Monterey, California for the boys of our armed forces . . . they've treated us beautifully up here. As a special honor, when we arrived, they had the airfield covered with hello . . . we made a perfect fruit salad landing . . . I'm also up here to play in the Bing Crosby Invitational Golf Tournament at Pebble Beach . . . It's a very exclusive affair . . . to get in, you have to have your own ball . . . Bing surveyed the whole nation, then he selected the Pebble Beach Golf Course at Cypress Point on the Pacific Ocean . . . he owns all three . . . Bing not only runs the tournament, he also plays in it . . . But there's no favoritism . . . the rest of us still have a chance to win second or third prize . . . Crosby out on the golf course is quite a sight . . . I don't know where he gets those clothes . . . I think he throws away the laundry and wears the bag . . . and with his figure . . . he's right . . . The other day Crosby put on a collar and a tie, but it was a mistake . . . an M.P. arrested him for being out of uniform. Lots of famous people have played in this tournament up here. Two years ago Phil Harris won it. He came out a fifth ahead of everybody else . . . Last year I would have won the tournament except for one stroke . . . they caught me erasing it . . . But it's wonderful to be up here at Fort Ord, that's what I say . . . and if you were wearing this type of suit, you could say it, too . . . But it's nice to be back at my old alma mater . . . I really have been here often . . . in fact, my name appears on the rolls of this camp . . . under "enemy infiltration" . . . They still can't decide which was here first, me or the fish canneries . . . When the canneries are operating the wind is real crazy up here. In fact, this is the only army camp in the country where you can get a purple heart for taking a deep breath! . . . I was up here ten years ago for a physical . . . but I was rejected . . . the doctors couldn't figure out why, when they tapped my left knee, my right leg flew up . . . I had my garters crossed . . . This place is really cool. I was in the barracks today and I saw a Marilyn Monroe calendar wearing a turtle neck sweater. One soldier has a dozen different photographs over his bunk, so I asked him how to get a date with a Salinas girl. He said, "Sorry, Truman told Stalin we made an H bomb, but he didn't give him the recipe" . . . I said, "I'm a visitor, you don't mind, do you?" He said, "Churchill visited Washington but he didn't take the White House back with him" . . . He may be right about that . . . you can always tell when Churchill is in America . . . Fort Knox begins to quiver . . . But we don't mind lending the money to England, and besides, it's for a worthy cause . . . two more payments and we own Ronald Colman outright.

JUNE, 1953

Thank you, Admiral, sir . . . yessir . . . never know when you'll be drafted . . . yessir . . . I'm an old brass polisher . . . with that uniform the admiral is really impressive. He has so much gold braid . . . he sent his sleeves to the coronation . . . You know what an admiral is . . . that's an old salt that worked his way into the heavy sugar . . . This ship is docked here at Terminal Island after their long tour at sea, this is where the ships come in to get tightened . . . and the sailors do the same . . . The USS Los Angeles is a beautiful ship. This is a cruiser. That's a battleship after taxes . . . It's easy to tell the difference between a cruiser and a battleship . . . a battleship has larger crap games . . . Yessir, there guys roll more than the ship . . . and some of these sailors are pretty lucky with dice. In fact, last month the Navy had to buy the ship back four times . . . The men on this ship have seen plenty of action. The South Pacific . . . Korea . . . and



Ralph Edwards never did Bob's life on "This Is Your Life," but Bob pumped Ralph on his television show.

Matty Kiny, a dancer, teaches Bob to dance. Hope was rehearsing for an army show.

last night the whole crew went to Tijuana without losing a man . . . Of course, there are many difficulties doing a television show from a ship. If you people hear a crackling noise on your receiver, don't be alarmed. It's merely a flounder chewing on the coaxial cable . . . But you have no idea how tough it was to get permission from the Navy to do our show in this cruiser. First we called the naval commander in Long Beach . . . he called the commander of the West Coast . . . he called the Pentagon . . . the Pentagon sent the script to Congress . . . and Congress cut it forty percent and sent it back . . . But we finally made it. We went right over the heads of Congress direct to Walter Winchell . . . I wanted to bring Marilyn Monroe out to see you but the big brass nixed the idea. They're afraid you fellows would get seasick watching her walk . . . My uncle's a sea-faring man, too . . . he sailed with John Paul Jones. In fact, on the second bottle he flies with it . . . A lot of things have happened since you guys were away. A jet plane broke the world's speed record. It went 26 miles an hour faster than a sailor in San Diego with a six-hour pass and a girl in Kansas City . . . While you were away Artie Shaw got married again . . . at least once . . . Artie's an old Navy man, you know. He had a special rating . . . everybody's mate, first class . . . And since you fellows have been gone so has Harry . . . The army got a lot of publicity while you fellows were gone . . . some ex-soldier went to Denmark and got himself a vaudeville act . . . There has been a big change in movies, too, since you fellows have been away . . . we have three dimension pictures now . . . boy, what fun it is watching a three-D picture and sharing your popcorn with the actors . . .

FEBRUARY, 1954

Well, here I am again for my sponsors, the American Dairy Association who bring you milk, butter, cheese, and me . . . the



quart, the pound, the wedge and the sack . . . This afternoon at rehearsal I showed the sponsor the new Saturday Evening Post and said, "Have you read my life story? It's called, 'This is On Me' . . . he said, 'Yes . . . but right now I wish you'd pay some attention to rehearsing, Hope . . . *This is on me!*' . . . But really, the editors of the Saturday Evening Post took a poll to see what people wanted to read most and it was a tie between my life story and the Roosevelt letters . . . I showed the lady across the street my picture in the Post. She said, "I know you're famous for something-or-other, Mr. Hope . . . tell me, is it you or Jimmy Durante on the front of the Pontiacs?" . . . It's a wonderful series but I'd like to correct a few discrepancies. For one thing I'm not as old as they say. Well, they don't say I'm old but they tell how when I started out in radio the only dragnet was Jessica . . . and the article says I never went to college. That isn't true. I did go but I quit. I decided I didn't want to be a barber . . . And they imply that I had run away from home. That's entirely wrong . . . I didn't have to . . . I had my choice . . . either I ran away or my folks did . . . But the article is pretty good where it tells about our family . . . George, Jim, Jack, me, Fred, Fido . . . Fred was our dog . . . There was a lot of love in our family. Take Dad . . . he was the kindest man I ever knew. How many other fathers would do what he did . . . When I was a baby I used to chew on my toes . . . so he painted them with A-1 sauce . . . Dad and I were real pals. He used to call me his little life-saver . . . Of course, I found out later that was because my head had a hole in the middle . . . And both Mom and Dad played games with me, except they always ended in a quarrel . . . Dad would say, "Come on, it's my turn . . . you've held his head under water for ten minutes . . . let me try now" . . . But the years went by and I got older . . . I had to . . . and when I left home Dad said, "Son . . . if you're ever successful be sure and keep your money in your shoes." I never forgot that and when I finally went back I was eleven foot-six . . . But Valentine's Day is a wonderful day. I got a big lacey valentine that said, "Roses are red . . . violets are blue . . . but bring something green . . . and we'll love you" . . . it was signed, "Santa Anita" . . . I got a valentine from Marilyn Monroe written in Japanese. My gardener translated it for five bucks and it read, "Love you madly, your honeybunch." The first time he translated it I only paid him fifty cents and all it said was, "Having fine time . . . Best regards" . . . I'll never forget my first romance. She was a cute little thing . . . nine years old and never been kissed. I was fourteen and had never had a haircut . . . nobody knew what I looked like . . . I was pretty shaggy. In fact, on Valentine's Day I sent her a package of peppermint lifesavers and she sent me a can of Ideal Dog Food . . . We lived in the tough section of town, full of big rough boys . . . and that's why she liked me . . . I went well with her yellow dress.

DECEMBER, 1954

Thank you, thank you very much. I can't tell you how happy I am to be doing this TV show here in good old jolly . . . it's a real thrill, I want to tell you that . . . Before I go any further I want to say right here that I was born in England. I say that in the hope that those of you who don't have a sense of humor will at least be patriotic . . . No . . . it's true . . . it's true . . . I was born here in England. Of course, I was marked for export, but I was born here . . . I first saw the light of day here in England. I think I was nine at the time . . . fog, you know. We don't have fog in Los Angeles, we have smog . . . that's fog with the vitamins removed . . . But this London fog can really be terrific. Last year I was here and a fellow pulled up alongside of me at the Savoy Hotel in his car and asked me for directions . . . I didn't mind that so much, but I was in the bath tub at the time . . . and on the 6th floor . . . But in spite of the fog I like it here and I know that I'm in England because this morning my stomach got up two hours before I did and had a cup of tea . . . I love the tea here. I have had so much tea over here I slosh when

I walk . . . I have to drink tea. I've tasted the coffee . . . No, they have coffee over here but they call it petrol . . . I've been here many times, but I wanna tell you it's always a thrill to be back in England. The crowds cheering me at the airport . . . people lining the sidewalks . . . and Bonnie Prince Charles in the palace window waving a little pennant that says 'Go home Yank' . . . you're in favor of that, huh? . . . No, but really, I was invited here to London to do the royal command performance with a lot of other stars and when I received that telegram I tell you I couldn't have been any happier unless Danny Kaye had been the telegraph boy . . . Yes, it was . . . it was a wonderful affair . . . people came from all over the empire . . . Laurence Olivier rolled up in his Cadillac . . . Lord Mountbatten rolled up in his Jaguar . . . the Agha Khan just rolled up . . . his sheet got tangled . . . but it was a dazzling affair and you should have seen Queen Elizabeth. Elizabeth wore an ermine robe covered with rubies and diamonds . . . must have cost a fortune. They are going to miss Canada . . . My family is connected with the British nobility . . . that is, in a way . . . My uncle blocks all the homeburgs for Anthony Eden . . . Our coat-of-arms is two sweat-bands on a field of steam . . . By the way, I have regards from some of the British stars in Hollywood . . . Ronald Colman, James Mason . . . of course, Mason is very British. He hasn't forgotten he's British . . . in fact, sometimes I think James Mason overdoes the British bit . . . When I go to his house I don't mind the doorbell playing "Pomp and Circumstance" but when the butler makes you face towards Buckingham Palace and bow three times . . . that's too much . . . Then, of course, Stewart Grainger is doing very well there, especially in costume pictures . . . what a swordsman! And you can tell he really loves his work . . . The other day on the set he ran ten men through . . . and five of them weren't even in the picture . . . he really went wild that day. In fact, the only way they could stop him was by threatening to send for Errol Flynn . . . who was busy saving India . . . But I do want to say we've made a lot of costume and historical pictures lately and some of our historical pictures are kinda hard for the British to take . . . In fact, it came as quite a shock to them when Lord Nelson had his ship shot out from under him by Tony Curtis . . . They didn't mind that so much, but when the Duke of Wellington never even got to Waterloo because he was helping Gene Tierney put on her eyelashes, that was too much . . . And they've made so many pictures lately where the actors wear armor . . . you know . . . and that's tough . . . I mean . . . I mean imagine wearing armor and making love to a beautiful girl like Elizabeth Taylor. If you start to drool you're liable to rust to death . . . It's a terrible thing and you know it must have been tough for those knights of old when they had to wear armor on a date with a girl . . . You couldn't even shake hands without waking her father up . . . it must have been pretty miserable . . . Anyway, I do hope you'll enjoy our show tonight. We have a large cast with a sort of international flavor . . . Maurice Chevalier is here with us . . . and who can ever forget him and his songs . . . Valentino, Louise, Mimi . . . he's the only singer who's made a career out of his address book . . . And there's one thing I must say about Maurice . . . his leading ladies had to take a lot of lip from him . . . And we have the darling of the Paris ballet . . . Liane Daye . . . the great Cologne choir of 182 voices, an organization that started there in 1842 and is sponsored by Chancellor Adenauer . . . And, of course, we have Miss Beatrice Lillie on the show tonight . . . and, of course, we in the colonies love Miss Lillie . . . I mean it . . . you know I don't know what the Boston tea party would have been like without her . . . Miss Beatrice Lillie has been doing a one-woman show all over the world . . . but for the life of me I can't remember who the woman was . . . but she's here now . . . And I want to say we have a new product on the show tonight . . .

JANUARY, 1955

Well, here I am again for the American Dairy Association,

who bring you the most wholesome milk, the richest butter, the finest cottage cheese, and me! . . . I like working for the American Dairy Association and their five million cows. I come under the same group insurance as the cows. It's a nice feeling to know that I'm insured against ingrown hooves, a moulting tail, or any splinters I might pick up while being led into the barn . . . and I don't have to go to their doctor. When I get sick I can call any veterinarian I want . . . This cold weather is creating problems in the dairy business. In Montana yesterday there was such a cold snap during milking time, one cow gave five quarts of milk and two dozen golf balls. It was even colder in North Dakota. Up there the cows gave milk sticks . . . it's been cold all over the country. It's so cold in Reno, yesterday two hundred couples looked at the thermometer and decided to stay married . . . I did a show for General Motors in New York. They said they'd give me a free automobile. And they did! But I wish I'd specified "assembled" . . . I'm the first guy who ever brought home a Pontiac in 17 suitcases and 3 bushel baskets . . . I've had it together three times and I still can't find where you put the Indian . . . but it was wonderful visiting New York again . . . It's so long since I'd been in Radio City when I tried to go in the studio the usher didn't recognize me. I said, "Look at my nose" . . . he said, "The medic show is across the hall" . . . I said, "But this is my regular nose." He said, "If you can't fight, why do you get into arguments?" . . . They've just finished repairs on the Paramount Theatre. Jackie Gleason appeared there a few weeks ago and the whole thing sank into the Times Square subway station . . . I don't know how much Gleason weighs, but he walked out on the stage and said, "Away we go!" . . . and it did . . . My first day there I visited the UN building. My brother has a job there. He's an interpreter in the washroom. He can say, "Rub . . . don't blot" in 65 languages . . . I stayed at

the Waldorf-Astoria . . . what a ritzy hotel! The carpet in the lobby is so deep, the bell boys don't page you, they look for you with a geiger counter . . . and General Motors held their auto show in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. The opening ceremony was very impressive. The band started playing and Arthur Murray came out doing the mambo with a pink Buick . . . and I want to say when General Motors say these new cars can do everything, they're not kidding. I saw two Chevys dancing together . . . The new cars have power steering, power seats, power brakes, everything's automatic. You have to be careful . . . one car salesman just leaned against a new Oldsmobile and the trunk lid snapped him to death . . . and remember when you got a new car you had to buy a hundred different extras? That's all been changed. This year when you buy a car the engine comes with it . . . it's true! . . . One guy didn't buy any accessories at all, and he's very pleased with his car except for one thing. When he goes more than two blocks, the drive shaft wears a hole through his shorts.

OCTOBER, 1955

How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the new Chevy show. I just wanna tell you I'm happy to be back and proud to welcome Chevrolet as my new sponsor. I've watched them grow through the years and I certainly admire what they have to offer . . . money . . . but this is quite a switch . . . having General Motors make payments to me. How about that, huh? . . . very few people can make that statement . . . Before I go any further, I have an announcement to make. If Juan Peron is in our audience, your girl friend is outside and she says to hurry . . . her scooter is double-parked . . . but there's been a lot of



Fred MacMurray and Gale Robbins mix it up a little just before appearance on TV.

exciting news these past couple of weeks. The stock market is holding its own . . . Archie Moore is holding his head . . . Peron is holding the bag . . . and Eddie and Debbie are holding each other for release at a more convenient time. We wish 'em a lot of luck . . . Eddie gave her a gorgeous ring . . . solid platinum set with 24 coke bottles . . . Eddie and Debbie interrupted their honeymoon to see the world series. Now are you convinced baseball is America's favorite sport? . . . I had a wonderful vacation in Europe this summer. We spent most of our time in France. We made one short trip to Switzerland . . . so the kids could buy some post cards, too . . . I met Rita Hayworth in Europe. She took Yasmin back to the factory for her million-dollar check up . . . but I'm happy to be back and I was glad to find the country was still here. I heard they gave it away on the 64 thousand dollar question . . . How do you like that 64 thousand dollar question? It started as a summer replacement and will wind up replacing Las Vegas . . . It's really unfair, 64 thousand dollars . . . do you realize that the average TV repair man has to work a whole day for that kind of money? . . . Did you see the Marciano-Moore fight? I saw it on theatre TV here at the Pantages. That theatre TV is wonderful. They try to make it as realistic as possible. All during the fight the ushers walked up and down the aisles sprinkling teeth on the audience . . . there was a couple necking sitting next to me in the balcony. In fact, they were necking when I came in. Finally I tapped the guy on the shoulder and said, "Hey, buddy, the fight's over." He said, "Who won? Louis or Schmeling?" . . . I wanna tell you I really enjoyed the fight. At Yankee stadium ringside seats were selling as high as eighty dollars. That's why Rocky had to end the fight in the ninth. The promoter sold his stool . . . of course, I could have knocked out Moore, too . . . Terry Moore, that is . . . We hope you like our show tonight. It's in old-fashioned black and white. We were going to do it in color but the spraygun broke down . . . I was thinking of going to some remote spot like Moscow to do our first show, but there's always the possibility of being held over so we thought we'd send Comrade Hilton . . . Conrad Hilton . . . that's Howard Hughes with house detectives . . . Did you see the Beverly Hilton hotel? Oh, it's pretty . . . sort of a mink YMCA . . . I went to the opening and what crowds! It was a novelty, being thrown into a hotel . . . all the celebrities were there. One photographer took a picture of Marilyn Monroe in a white satin gown and there was glass all over the floor. His flashbulbs worked all right, but his eyeballs exploded . . . and the Beverly Hilton is really ritzy. The carpet in the lobby is so thick, everyone looks like Mickey Rooney . . . The dining room's so expensive, they don't validate your parking ticket . . . they just take your car and call it square . . . The dining room is so classy, they won't serve you a naval orange unless it's wearing a cummerbund . . . and the Escoffier room costs you \$12.00 to burp . . . and it's so modern, instead of a house detective they use the television set in every room. Every hour, on the hour, a man comes on the screen and goes (rub fingers . . . shame on you style) . . . but we have some wonderful people . . . we have Jane Russell . . . she's sort of a spectacular with legs . . . and we have ten of the most beautiful young stars in Hollywood and I must tell you how I grabbed these kids for my show. Perc Westmore called up and said, "Bob, I'm down here at the studio rehearsing the ten most beautiful deb stars in Hollywood. I wonder if you" . . . and between "wonder" and "you" I got stopped for speeding on the freeway . . . you should have heard the bawling out the cop gave me. Believe me, the next time I cut in and out of traffic going seventy miles an hour I'm gonna have a car with me . . . And we have the very talented Wally Cox . . . you've seen Wally Cox . . . they use his picture every time they get low at the blood bank . . . Then, of course, we welcome back Miss Janis Paige. She's the gal who did such a magnificent job in the Broadway show, "Pajama Game" . . . and to give you an idea what a talent she is, she got the part without pulling any strings . . . and I think it's just wonderful (without pulling any strings) . . . one thing I like about Janis. She's a girl that . . . why go further, she's a girl . . . and, of course, Les

Brown and his Capitol Recording Orchestra . . . Les and the band just returned from a triumphant tour of the islands . . . McNeil, Alcatraz and Devil's . . . I hope you'll pay special attention to the arrangements this year. They're featuring an entirely new sound . . . music . . .

APRIL, 1956

Thank you . . . thank you . . . here I am again for the American Dairy Association and their five million cows. You know, really I consider myself the luckiest person in show business . . . who else has five million sponsors who are very happy and give milk, too . . . but I'm very happy to be doing this show. You know a lot of work goes into these shows . . . getting the guest stars, conferences with the writers . . . commercials, rehearsals, you've no idea how hard it is to do all that while you're sitting on a milking stool . . . actually, though, milking a cow isn't too complicated because you just have to remember a few points . . . and it's been wonderful . . . but it's been a wonderful season working with the American Dairy Association and their five million cows. They made me feel like one of the family . . . anyway, we're having real summer weather out here in Los Angeles. Summer weather . . . in L.A. that means the smog is growing warmer . . . smog is a haze that we have out here that makes everything look like early television. In fact, it's getting so bad now that they may film "Dragnet" somewhere else. Sergeant Friday has been searching for three days and he still hasn't found last week's script . . . I saw him sneaking down the street yesterday and the script was following him . . . The whole nation is on the highway for the weekend. I saw Esther Williams driving down Vine Street yesterday with her swimming pool strapped to the top of her car. And Jack Benny, too. He's going someplace. He was standing on Hollywood Boulevard this afternoon borrowing people's cigarette lighters for a minute . . . he leaves as soon as he gets a tank full . . . You know, California is a wonderful place to go anywhere on a weekend, with our great network of freeways. Boy, you can start out in the morning from any part of the state and inside of an hour, you're lost . . . you know, those new freeways are so wonderful. You just go straight ahead with no lights to stop. In fact, last week I started out for Beverly Hills and went all the way to San Diego. I had to . . . that was the first turnoff . . . The traffic on the freeway is still pretty slow. Yesterday I was driving and I saw a man walking so I offered him a ride but he said, "No . . . thanks, I've gotta get downtown, and I'm in a hurry" . . . I didn't mind that, til he passed me . . . but they're improving the freeways all the time. They've built one that's really modern. It just has one lane . . . just for accidents . . . I bought myself a new Cadillac and I insisted that everything on it be absolutely genuine. Now the neighbors are beginning to complain. I forgot about these fish-tail fenders . . . but I got one break . . . I didn't have to buy any curb feelers. Audrey Hepburn sends me all her old eyelashes . . . but you know, you really have to have a car in California. Out here anyone seen walking on the sidewalk is considered a sissy . . . but there are a few sensible drivers. One man came all the way from Kansas City in a new Cadillac without getting a scratch on it. He took one single precaution. His wife drove and he ran ahead waving a white flag . . . and the hunting season'll soon be here. In fact, it's already started in Washington . . . everyone who can get away . . . (Did you ever see an audience do a slow take?) . . . everyone who can get away will be going somewhere this week-end. I'm all set to take Dolores and the kids on a trip. I packed my pup tent and boots, gun, ammunition, pack, water, emergency rations, and tomorrow we all take shots. I say, what's the fun of going to Griffith Park if you don't prepare for it.

NOVEMBER, 1956

Thank you, thank you very much. Here I am in New York

for Chevrolet. I did my first show in Hollywood and now I'm doing my second show here three thousand miles away. I'm one comedian who's still running . . . but I love New York in the autumn when the leaves turn to brown and the ticket scalpers' hearts turn to stone . . . I've been very lucky . . . my first night in town, I got two tickets to "My Fair Lady" . . . third row center, and do they cost plenty! I didn't mind giving up my new Chevy . . . but I'm gonna miss my children . . . I want to tell you that . . . that show is real tough to get tickets for. One night it cost Rex Harrison twelve dollars just to get into his dressing room . . . I want to tell you one thing . . . it's wonderful to be a success in New York. I know I'm a success because I passed Lindy's window and they had my name spelled out in hot matzoh balls . . . it was sort of a heartburn spectacular . . . but I've been busy . . . last Saturday I did a guest appearance on the Perry Como show. The money wasn't too good, but Perry's a friend of mine . . . and besides, I needed the rest . . . it's a live show all except him . . . and I . . . you know, Perry . . . doesn't use a regular studio. He does the whole show from a Sealy mattress . . . He's wonderful . . . but I don't know why Perry gave up being a barber because he was doing so well at it . . . at his pace, by the time he finished shaving a guy, he needed a haircut . . . but I love this town. It's real exciting. And a lot of things are happening here in New York. The Ten Commandments opened here the other night and DeMille has really outdone himself in this spectacle . . . one scene is so big the entire studio ran out of relatives . . . but it's a wonderful picture and I recommend it very highly to anyone who has a free weekend . . . I think you'll enjoy it very much . . . The theatres here are playing "The Ten Commandments," "War and Peace," and "Giant," so you don't have to go to Florida to escape the cold weather. You just see a double feature and when you come out it's spring . . . Movies today mean wider screens, louder sound, longer pictures and bigger callouses . . . "The Ten Commandments" is really a long picture. By the time the audience gets out, they all look like Moses . . . it's a long picture. The lady next to me took off her shoes about halfway through the picture. I said, "resting your feet?" and she said, "No I outgrew them" . . . When I saw the picture they also showed a short subject with it, "Gone With the Wind." I want to tell you . . . but New York looks good and the country's getting back to normal now that Winchell won the election . . . everybody won something. The Republicans get the presidency . . . the Democrats won Congress . . . and the people got television back . . . I think it's just great . . . I thought Stevenson took the defeat so gracefully. They're thinking of making him coach at Notre Dame . . . How about those campaign speeches . . . Adlai made so many campaign promises, Ike voted for him . . . They're dropping food to Kefauver . . . He's still campaigning . . . Now that we have the President question all settled the next most important thing is will Elvis Presley be drafted??? . . . Elvis didn't get the regular greetings. His draft notice just said, "Go, Man, Go." . . . It looks like heartbreak hotel may soon be a pup tent . . . Elvis is asking for a deferment . . . on the grounds that it would create a hardship for Ed Sullivan . . . you know, they'll have to station him in the South. In the North, with those sideburns, he'd be shot as a Confederate spy . . . I'd like to be there when they try to give him his induction shots. I can just see Elvis standing there playing his guitar and taking evasive action . . . he's a Rock 'N Roll cat, isn't he? . . . I like that Rock 'N Roll. I went to Birdland last night and I was lucky to get my hips back . . . that "Hound Dog." Have you ever seen Elvis Presley do "Hound Dog"? He sounds as if it just bit him . . . I want to tell you one thing, ladies and gentlemen, Rock 'N Roll really presents a problem. How can we ever get those kids back into the poolrooms . . . there's no denying that Rock 'N Roll has a beat in it. But so has Lindy's Borscht and it's never caused a riot . . . I don't know what service he's going in, but the Air Force wanted to talk to Elvis about enlisting, but they couldn't get him to land . . . Do I sound jealous of Elvis? I am

. . . his teddy bear gets more fan mail than I do . . . but I just want to say we hope you like the show tonight. This is Joan Davis' first appearance on live television. We promised her it would be live . . . you'll all try and give that impression, won't you? . . . then we have Julie London. The girl with the slinky voice and the figure to match. She's got a new album out called "Calendar Girl" . . . a combination record album and Esquire calendar. You don't need a turntable to play it, you just look at the pictures and your eyeballs revolve . . . have you ever seen Julie London? If you have, I don't have to tell you about her. And if you haven't I'll wait while you get a note from your doctor . . . Julie has beautiful hair, sparkling eyes, luscious lips and I'd tell you more, only the guy with the cue cards is reading it himself . . . and, of course . . . it's all right, we've got a long show . . . And, of course, as I told you, we have the sleeping prince, Perry Como . . . and for an orchestra we have the California Grape Crushers . . . headed by the Bad Seed himself. You all know Les Brown . . . "Cat on a Hot Tin Sax" . . . and now a word from Chevrolet, ladies and gentlemen . . . the '57 model . . . you know the trend is to make the Chevies, the new Chevies warm and friendly. They've got one button now that you press and it presses back. Isn't that sweet? It doesn't do anything . . . it just makes you feel wanted . . .

THE LAST WORD

Bob Hope has not toiled in vain in the entertainment world. Along with money and success he has made many friends. Give a listen to what some of them say:

Jack Benny: "The greatest compliment I can pay Bob Hope comes from my wife. Mary says she'd rather see Bob in any kind of show—good, bad, or indifferent—than any other comedian in a great show . . . probably including me."

Red Skelton: "Pick out anything real nice that has been said about Bob in the book and quote me as having said it twice!"

Eve Arden: "Whenever I hear Jackie Gleason ask for "traveling music," I'm sure it's really Bob Hope who is making the trip."

Red Buttons: "I think Bob Hope is the American flag of the comedians . . . if you knock him you're a Communist."

Alan Young: "Bob Hope can get more chuckles with just facial expression, than most comedians can get from a laugh track. He's a master of the ad lib, and his off-the-cuff remarks have cost Bing Crosby thousands of strokes on the golf course during the past fifteen years. In fact, Hope's the only guy I know that can shoot a 95, and STILL make his caddy like it!"

Stan Freberg: "Audiences love Bob because he provides situations for him to laugh at himself. This is the basis, I think, of true American humor. He's got the energy of ten men, the talent of twenty, and the love of millions." ■



Bob Hope and troupe make merry at show in Army Camp.



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