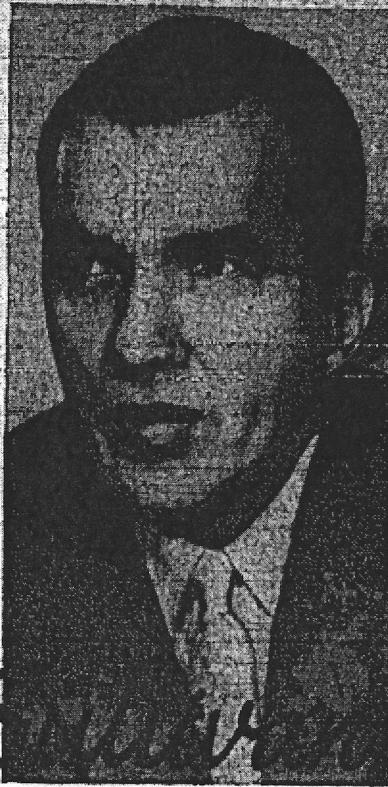


JIM BISHOP TELLS:

The Inside Story of Ed Sullivan



He began, not too promisingly, nine years ago. TV critics didn't like him. Television viewers, who are critics, too, called him all kinds of names. Yet today 40,000,000 regularly watch him every week and he is undoubtedly No. 1 among TV's emcees.

What is the real Ed Sullivan like? What is the mysterious X-quantity of his success?

The famous author, Jim Bishop, shadowed Sullivan for two intensive weeks. Here is the first article in a series on the complete Sullivan, from bottom to top, from nowhere to dyspepsia.

By JIM BISHOP

Noted Author of Best-Seller Books

THE room was dark. Far below, Park avenue was in slatted sunshine, the golden beams coming through the venetian blinds of the cross streets.

In the room, a skinny man threaded film. Another sat on a couch looking at the blank screen. At a mahogany desk, Ed Sullivan, a man with a face that has been slept in, sat waiting.

"It's a great idea," the agent said from the deep couch.

"We'll see," Sullivan said. He chewed on a lozenge. The screen came to life. A blurry picture of a man in a grey hat showed. It cleared up. The sound wasn't in right.

"He gives three comics a minute to

make a contestant laugh," the agent said.

"We'll see," Mr. Sullivan said.

From the screen, an ageing face masked a swift mind and tongue. The features of Walter Winchell smiled at Ed Sullivan. The man in the dark room did not smile back. His big Lincolnian lips twisted around the mint.

Winchell—on a kinescope from his television show—said that he selected a contestant from his audience and he would give three top comedians, Henny Youngman, Dave Barry and Jerry Lester, a minute each to make the contestant laugh. As long as the contestant did not laugh, he would be paid at the rate of a dollar per second.

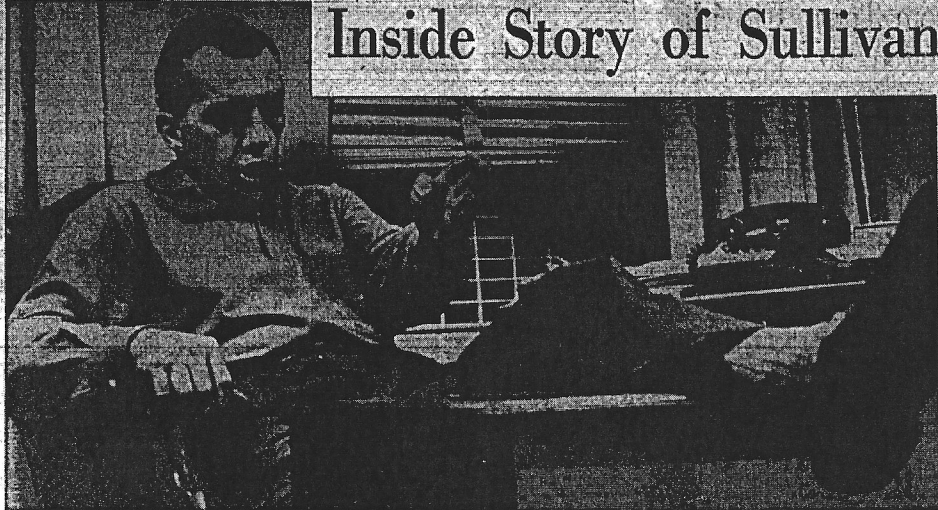
THE COMEDIANS HAD to work fast, leaning into the face of the contestant, rattling jokes, witticisms and one-liners off his ears. At the 115th second, the contestant threw his head up and roared. Dave Barry walked off the screen, palms up in triumph.

The man in the dark room watched two more contestants. One was a man-and-woman team. The woman tried hard, but she broke up and went limp laughing. The film ended. Lights went on in the room. Sullivan shook his head in sorrow.

"No," he said slowly. "It goes against everything I have learned about show business. You pay comics to make people laugh and then you want to pay people

Turn to SULLIVAN, Page 24

Inside Story of Sullivan



KING OF TELEVISION . . . Ed Sullivan cannot act, cannot sing, cannot dance and cannot tell a joke. But in his office he's a dynamic worker who is getting together the attractions that have kept his show among the top five of television longer than any other. This is his ninth year in the medium.

Criticism Failed To Dim Career

By JIM BISHOP

Continued from First Page

not to laugh at the comics. That isn't for my show."

The agent smiled courageously. "Winchell did very well with it," he said. "The people laughed," he said timidly, "because the contestant was trying so hard not to laugh."

Sullivan sucked on the lounge and shook his head. He nodded to his secretary to fold the screen. The agent swapped pleasantries. He left on a cordial note.

ANOTHER CAME IN. This one had a trained dog and horse act he wanted to sell to the Ed Sullivan show.

Mr. Sullivan said no. He said that he once had Frankie Laine on his Sunday night television show with a horse in an old corral. The singer had sung five bars of "I Believe" when the stead forgot his manners. The curtains closed abruptly and Mr. Laine began to die in a pitiful whimper. Sullivan waved the singer down to the footlights, had the curtains closed behind him. The audience gave Laine an ovation.

No horses. The Sullivan watched a kinscope of a young man doing a juggling act on the Dorsey Show, and that closed the daily search for new acts for that day.

Sullivan made a phone call to his co-producer, Mario Lewis, a bright and handsome man who is also an executive producer of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. They talked about the role of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who will appear in the show tonight.

HE HUNG UP. Carla climbed laboriously onto his lap. She tried to tell Ed Sullivan that her brother Bobby had drawn a ball point pen across her forehead and down her nose, but the words wouldn't come. All she could remember, at 18 months, was "Goopea"—grandpa.

Mr. Sullivan called Bobby to him. Age 55 counseled age 3, that mannerly men do not draw pictures on their baby sisters' faces—with ball point pens.

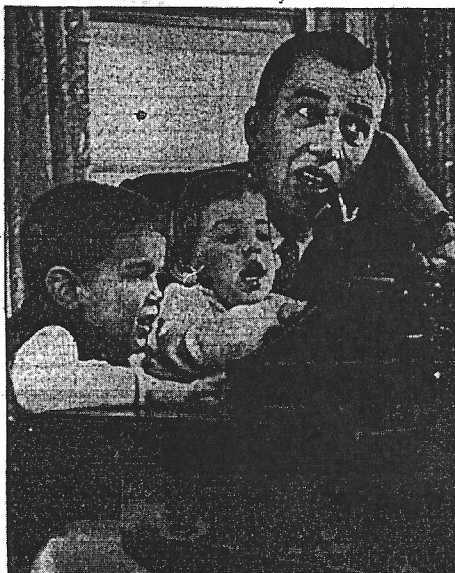
Age 3 did not have sufficient command of words to explain to age 55 that mannerly men sometimes become nauseated at all the attention paid to baby sisters just because they have angelic faces and eyes like dark dinner plates. A little war paint might improve a face like that, is what Bobby never got to say.

Ed Sullivan stood. He wore tan wing tip shoes, brown slacks, a two-button worsted shirt. His body is thin and small and hunched. The head is huge and hanging, and the eyes look up hurt, like those of a penitential spaniel.

At heart he is a perpetual Port Chester High School sophomore, playing the game of life hard and clean, playing to win, but ready to shake the hand of the winner if the winner has not violated the Frank Merriwell code.

BY ALL THE RULES of the theater, this man is a cipher. He cannot act. He cannot sing. He cannot dance. He cannot tell a joke. Sometimes he utters a sentence as though it was for life.

The late Fred Allen said that Ed Sullivan was a pointer. "You can teach a



DOUBLE ROLE . . . To millions of TV viewers, Ed Sullivan is a star. But to his grandchildren, Bobby and Carla Precht, he is their favorite

dog to point," he snapped, "by rubbing meat on the target." The New York Journal-American columnist, Jack O'Brian, referred to Ed Sullivan as the "Toast of the Town." Milton Berle, musing on Sullivan, said sadly: "They're trying to figure just what he is."

What he is is a producer, like Florenz Ziegfeld. Like Sam Goldwyn. By any standard, a good one.

Once he introduced a soprano with the words "It is my pleasure to prevent the next singer . . ."

When Michigan State won the Big Ten Championship, Mr. Sullivan had them on his stage and kept referring to the team as the boys from the "Universities of Michigan." They did not complain. The football players went home and sent Sullivan a huge birthday cake—and on it his name was misspelled.

HE IS DISMISSED as The Great Stone Face the Cardiff Giant, the Sleepwalker, the Mutton, Maestro, Smiley, and they say that when he tries to smile, he looks like someone trying to swallow a quince whole.

This dyspeptic little man earns \$8,150 a week. On January 13, the American Research Bureau estimated that 68,216,000 persons watched him rock on his heels and play with the knob in his tie—more people than have ever watched a regularly scheduled show in Chicago.

In Chicago the jaded gents of the press voted Sullivan the Man of the Year.

He has outlasted all of his talented detractors. They are gone. He is here—and on the top. In his ninth year he can point to the fact that his show has been in the top five of television longer than any other. By some extra turn of the

wheel, Ed Sullivan, once a sports writer, is now the King of Television.

The show format is not original. Most neighborhood theaters used it in the 1920's. A man comes out of the wings, introduces an act and says: "Now let's hear it for good old Lem Foogle of Wet Moccasin—" and disappears.

At the end of the act, he appears in time to lead the applause and shake hands with the performer. The only difference between the local master of ceremonies and Ed Sullivan is that Sullivan lacks polish.

HE RECITES the formula in 17 words: "Open big, have a good comedy act, put in something for the children, keep the show clean."

That's it. Nothing more. It could be the format of the Perry Como Show. Or the Steve Allen Show. Or Ernie Kovacs. A poor man's Omnibus; a rich man's Talent Scouts. Vaudeville on an ulcer diet.

Still, there are those 68,216,000 people, and those are sensible citizens. On an average Sunday, about 40,000,000 Americans will devote an hour to Ed Sullivan, about half the number who devote equal time on the same day to God.

Therefore, one is led inexorably to the conclusion that this man is too easily dismished: the big cipher must have an X in front of it, an X which denotes the unknown side of Ed Sullivan, the side which millions of people feel by instinct.

Sullivan came back into his office. He had swallowed the lounge. At his desk, he toyed lightly with the keys of a gold-plated typewriter given to him by Jewish War Veterans. He wasn't typing. The man was thinking.

OUTSIDE STOOD Mr. Rudolph Bing, waiting to see him. Mr. Bing is the man-

ED SULLIVAN'S FEUDS

Like many other TV stars, Ed Sullivan has a driving ambition and is hyper-sensitive to criticism. This has caused him to feud with many personalities. Rivaling the Hatfield-McCoy feud, the Winchell-Sullivan feud dates back to 1928. In tomorrow's article, author Jim Bishop relates how the feud originated and tells of other persons who have disenchanted Sullivan from time to time.

aging director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He is a gentleman, an intellectual.

Ed Sullivan stopped thinking. "Send Mr. Bing in," he said.

Both knew that this would be a painful interview. Early in the season, Sullivan had tried opera on his show and had agreed to stage it three more times. Maria Callas had been his first guest, and the Trendex ratings proved that Sullivan—culture and all—had dropped 14 points. The people did not care for opera.

Now he would like to forget his commitments to the Metropolitan Opera Co. Or, at least, change the appearances from straight opera to concert appearances.

Mr. Bing wanted Sullivan to honor the commitments. He was nervous. He eased the final two inches of his torso onto the outer two inches of the couch. He smiled bravely and his words had the slight and sweet sound of a Bavarian mountaineer who has mastered English while working as an usher at the Paramount.

SULLIVAN TOLD BING to stop worrying. The matter could be worked out. Instead of three more operatic appearances, he would use two. Could they try concert work? Please, Mr. Bing said. No. Please give opera a chance.

"I have seen two or three bad shows of yours," he said without guile. "But this is none of my damned business. You control the show and it is always in the top two or three."

He tried to recoup with a gale.

"The only thing I criticize is your ventriloquist. I laugh two times. Three times. But when I see them seven times, that is too much."

"Use two, Ed. Cancel the last one. Then we are out of it."

Mr. Sullivan offered a cigarette. Mr. Bing did not want it. A moment later, he was smoking. It's a neurotic business.

MR. BING LEFT. A woman came in. She had a trim figure and lines of gentility and compassion on her face. In one hand was a small shot of milk. In the other was an orange pill. This was Sylvia Weinstein Sullivan, the heart, and quite possibly the soul of the household.

"I took my pill," Mr. Sullivan said belligerently. "An hour ago."

"I know," Mrs. Sullivan said softly. "This is another one."

"Every hour," the husband said. "No ulcer is that bad."

"What did the doctor say?"

Ed Sullivan took the pill and popped it into his mouth. He swallowed the thick milk like a man who is squashing a mouth rime between his teeth.

"Pictures," he said. "He took pictures. Barium test and pictures. After all, Sylvia, this isn't new. I've had this abdominal since I was a kid. Maybe before."

She nodded.

When the milk was down, Robbie came in. He pointed to Bojangles, the French poodle. Robbie tried to explain that Bojangles growled at him, but he couldn't think of the word growled. Carla came in running and half falling. She fell on "Boaj" and he didn't even growl. He kissed her.

Tomorrow: The life of a man with an ulcer.

Ambition-Driven Sullivan Live

Emcee Can't Let Off Steam
When the Going Gets Rough

By JIM BISHOP

Continued from First Page

by a Cadillac. Nothing doing. Right. No, I'm not worried about that. They'll introduce themselves and I'll make little notes . . . Sure thing."

He hangs up. Mrs. Sullivan stands in the doorway. She looks dejected.

"Can't you eat without the telephone?"

"I'm irritating my doctor."

"Oh stop."

"No. He calls and talks into a telephone and examines patients at the same time. He hasn't got an ulcer."

He Was Afraid Of the Knife

The ulcer, like an old volcano, is active at the moment. It is situated in the duodenum and, when it erupts, it locks the stomach exit in a closed position. When this happens, Ed Sullivan sticks two tubes through his nostrils and down into his esophagus. Then he pumps out his stomach.

Surgery might have given Sullivan a reaction job years ago. But he was afraid of the knife, and still is, although he professes to believe that this is not so.

"If worse comes to worse," he argues, "we can always resort to the knife. But if we don't have to—why do it?"

The chronic ulcer patient is often sensitive to emotional stress. Sullivan is the epitome of the ulcer-man. He has a driving ambition to be famous and appreciated; he is hyper-sensitive to criticism; he feels, subconsciously, that it is not manly to show emotion—tears, laughter, anger—so he represses these. He wants to be in control of himself at all times.

He has an inordinate admiration for champions—whether they are fighters or golfers or writers or actors, tennis, pilots, singers, jugglers, tycoons, admirals or pool sharks—and he wants to be one.

He is a perfectionist and when everything goes wrong for him, as it often does, his voice moves up a solitary notch and comes through his nose in a whine. He makes no other concession to irritation.

If Only He Could Blow Off Steam

"Take Winchell," he says. "He'd have had an ulcer long ago, but he can let off steam. When he gets mad, he just talks and talks and talks and he never stops talking." Sullivan sips a little bicarbonate of soda in a glass. "Now, if I could only do that . . ."

Winchell is an old enemy. There are others who dis-

chant Ed Sullivan from time to time—Arthur Godfrey, Westbrook Pegler, Harriet Van Horne, Frank Sinatra, Jack O'Brien—but the Winchell animosity, like the ulcer, is so old that it is now almost honorable. Sullivan was ashamed, last Autumn, to be caught admiring the Winchell television show, but he liked it and it was against his code to lie about it.

"A heck of a show," he says, nodding gravely. "But the deck was stacked against him and they never gave him a fair chance."

The enmity dates back to 1928, when both worked on a dying tabloid. Winchell, as a gossip columnist, was the only attraction the paper had. Sullivan was sports editor.

The managing editor worked Winchell over like a sadistic child with a new puppy. Ed Sullivan appealed to a vice-president to order the editor to stop. The editor heard about it and almost took Sullivan apart. He said that he learned about Sullivan's intercession from Winchell. That did it.

Walter Winchell doesn't like Sullivan because, when Winchell left the tabloid, Sullivan was the second man to take Winchell's old column and use his three-dot system of retailing gossip. Louis Sobel was the first.

Anger Is No Way To Soothe Ulcer

On the rare occasions when Sullivan finds himself in the same restaurant with Winchell, he orders a table facing his old adversary and he sits and stares and stares and stares. Sooner or later, Winchell is called to take a long distance message and that closes the eye-fight.

None of this will soothe an ulcer.

Sullivan does not like Godfrey since the day that the Virginia millionaire took off in his private plane at Teterboro, N.J., made a wild left turn, and barely cleared the control tower as the men inside hit the deck. Ed Sullivan interviewed the men in the tower, and wrote a column about it, telling how many children they had, and indicting Arthur Godfrey for recklessness.

Since then, whenever Godfrey fires someone—Julius LaRosa, Martin Marlowe—Sullivan hires them at a heavy fee to appear on his show. In this, he claims to be objective. "If Godfrey is ever fired," he says, "I'll hire him, too."

At the moment, Sullivan and Sinatra are friends. A few years ago, when Sullivan paid Sam Goldwyn \$22,000 for some film in which Frankie appeared, the crooner demanded extra compensation from Ed Sullivan.

He was turned down, and he became so angry that he took big advertisements in trade papers saying: "To Ed Sullivan. You are sick. Ed. Sick, sick, sick."

The thing that stings Sullivan the deepest is criticism which he regards as "unfair." This embraces almost all criticism, of course. He can see justice in grabbing Godfrey's cast-offs and making bigger attractions of them, but he cannot see



HELPMATE . . . Sullivan is shown with his wife, Sylvia, in their suite at the Hotel Delmonico.

LIVING WITH A TEMPER

Ed and Sylvia Sullivan have had their share of fights in the almost 27 years they have been married. She loves him to the point of self-effacement, but is not deluded. What is it like to live and work with a human dynamo who has a hair-trigger temper? Read the third article in Jim Bishop's series in tomorrow's Journal-American.

justice in a television columnist referring to Sullivan as a no-talent, stage-struck columnist.

Writes Letters To His Critics

When he reads these criticisms, Sullivan sits in cramping pain. He turns to his typewriter and begins to peck a letter to the offending columnist. He often pecks until the late hours, chewing pills and working his jaws over his teeth. Then, in exhaustion, he goes into the front bedroom, undresses quietly, and slips into the big double Hollywood bed he shares with Sylvia, and tries to sleep.

In the morning, he gets up, reads the letter again, and sometimes works it into a ball and drops it in the wastebasket. Sometimes, he mails it.

What makes him maddened, in that externally serene manner of his, is when the columnist wonders out loud how a big television show can afford such an obviously lousy master of ceremonies.

Being a master of ceremonies, Sullivan insists, is the smallest part of his job. Few people seem to understand, he feels, that he is the owner of the Ed Sullivan Show. He is responsible for it from start to finish. He not only MC's it but he often

WOMEN: When emotional disturbance causes nervousness or depression, or when the system is out of balance, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will help you get back to normal. It is a powerful tonic and blood purifier. It is a sure remedy for all the ailments that result from a weak and unbalanced system. It is a sure remedy for all the ailments that result from a weak and unbalanced system.

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Amazing Creamy Pomade
Tones Down Gray Hair
as it Conditions, Grooms

s and Works With an Ulcer



RIGHT TO POINT . . . Ed Sullivan "takes" a right to the jaw from the then Heavyweight champion,

Rocky Marciano, on a TV show. Sullivan has an inordinate admiration for champions—of everything.

AP Photo

travels 175,000 miles per year scouting new talent for it. He is also the co-producer of the show.

In addition, he is responsible

for the \$50,000 that is paid out to talent and behind-the-scenes specialists each week. He even okays the acts, changes the jokes, sets the pace, routines

the show, and tells the ladies how much derelictage they will be permitted to wear.

Getting out in front of the cameras and introducing the

acts is the final filly, as far as he is concerned. That part is easy, and to prove it, he does it with no teleprompter.

He did it once too often when Gene Fullmer won the middleweight championship of the world and appeared on the Sullivan Show.

The fighter came onstage, and Sullivan's mind went blank. He went through the cerebral files from A to Z. Nothing. So he danced around the fighter, feinting and jabbing and throwing his arms around the champion's neck, and saying:

"Well, Gene . . . how's it feel, Eugene old kid? . . . Tough fight? . . . Let's hear it for good old Gene, ladies and gentlemen, the new middleweight champion of the world! . . . What a fight! . . . What a fighter!"

As bad as this is, Sullivan doesn't feel that it is as funny as the night Rosemary Clooney asked Laurits Melchior for his autograph and then, in awe of the opera star, said: "Thank you, Mr. Tibbitt."

(Tomorrow: The Sullivan family and a pair of secretaries.)

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Jim Bishop Tells Story of Ed Sullivan

Showman Shuns Broadway Glitter

The Sullivan, Ed and Sylvia, have been married 27 years, and have had their share of fights. Sylvia loves him, deeply, but is never deluded. In today's article, told in a series, Jim Bishop tells what it is to live and work with a trigger-tempered dynamo like Sullivan.

By JIM BISHOP
Noted Author of Best Sellers

The Sullivans are by choice, somewhat aloof and lonely. They are not seen at the glittering parties on Park and 5th aves. They do not attend the smart cocktail soirees. They skip many of the Broadway openings, although tickets lie on Ed Sullivan's desk.

A beautiful Lincoln is given to them each year, and they use it.

The Sullivans are by choice, they will not try to impress anyone. They use the services of a hotel maid, rather than lift one.

A man in Ed Sullivan's position can use 40 to 50 suits of clothes. He has 12. Two of them are new.

Sylvia Sullivan has a beautiful dark ranch mint coat. This, and a handful of smart gowns, are Mrs. Sullivan's only collection.

HATES PHONES

Ed has an obsession about "phones," and sulks in Irish distemper if it is asked to do something or say something which he does not regard as genuine.

Sylvia sits in her living room, developed hands buttoning on a knee, and her thick dark hair frames the mood on her face. She has been married to this man, whom millions admire, for most 27 years. She knows him as all women know their men.



FAMILY-OUTING . . . Ed Sullivan (left) and his wife, Sylvia (right), enjoying a night of

dining out with their daughter, Betty, and her husband, Robert Precht Jr.

She loves him to the point of self-effacement, but she is not deluded.

"Ed likes to do everything for himself. He doesn't want help. We don't socialize because we're not the dinner-party type. I think that if Ed wants to take a nap at 7 p.m. and eat at 10, he should be able to do it."

She smiles small, and shrugs. "Nothing infuriates him more than to HAVE to be at a certain place at a certain time. And it's poison for him to know he has to go to somebody's house for dinner."

FEW CLOSE FRIENDS

The few close friends remain constant. Joe Moore, Ben Sokolow, Walter and Rose Dunbar, of a real estate development called Sherry Aeres, Charlene and Dave Hart, of a children's toy company, Mildred Winston, an artist, Dorothy Shubara, interior decorator, Jerry and Ethel Brady, of the American Totalizer Co., Cherr and Gen. Ephraim Jaffe, Mervyn



'RIGHT ARM' . . . Carmine Santella, Ed Sullivan's secretary, has been with him 22 years.

Schenck, of M-G-M, and unimportant. Mrs. Dugan Barr.

The more you study the Sullivan, the more the word "average" comes to mind. Maybe it should read adamantine average because this couple is determined not to be lured into anything suggesting a push life.

The Sullivans' even argue like average couples. In 1933 and early 1934, they fought so much that they used to stagger between dinners to each other. The goodtimes, after a spat, were short and snoring.

The rearrangement always lasted about three weeks, at which time Ed would phone Sylvia and make up—but not to propose she move far away. They were married April 15, 1910, by a Roman Catholic priest, Sylvia, Jewish, agreed to bring up the children, if any, as Catholics.

Temper Flares Into Argument

The fights are more subdued now, because Ed, at 55, is an aging tiger.

But Sylvia, who dreads to rekindle the good old days, insists that "Ed has a terrific temper. He asks me to hand him his glasses—same old thing—and if I don't do it promptly he gets the glasses and one word leads to another."

The fight starts, he's very good at remembering all the little things I didn't do for him years ago."

The last scene in recent years occurred over a charity drive. Sylvia took a 450 chance on a car and a trip to Europe. The night before the drawing the dialogue went like this:

SYLVIA: I have a feeling I'm going to win.

ED: Win what?

SYLVIA: The car and the trip to Europe. It's tomorrow.

ED: You can't win.

SYLVIA: You're wrong. Why not?

ED: I elaborate. I elaborate. Because, darling, the committee asked you to pick the winning ticket.

SYLVIA: What has that got to do with it? I paid \$50 of my own money and bought my own ticket. If I win, I'm going.

ED: Popping pills between clenched teeth. This is also occurred to me. But my result is running this particular raffle?

The raffle is started by the Sullivans, a Sullivan picks the winning ticket and it turns out that a Sullivan wins the trip to Europe.

SYLVIA: Sorry at least. I wouldn't make a bit of difference to me who is running it or who is picking the winner. It's \$50 in this thing and I'm making that trip to Europe.

And so on far into the night. In a better case was a waste of a loved family fight because, the following day, someone else won.

The Sullivans have not child

Ed Sullivan (left) and his wife, Sylvia (right), enjoying a night of

dining out with their daughter, Betty, and her husband, Robert Precht Jr.

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2,876, 2,877, 2,878, 2,879, 2,880, 2,881, 2,882, 2,883, 2,884, 2,885, 2,886, 2,887, 2,888, 2,889, 2,890, 2,891, 2,892, 2,893, 2,894, 2,895, 2,896, 2,897, 2,898, 2,899, 2,900, 2,901, 2,902, 2,903, 2,904, 2,905, 2,906, 2,907, 2,908, 2,909, 2,910, 2,911, 2,912, 2,913, 2,914, 2,915, 2,916, 2,917, 2,918, 2,919, 2,920, 2,921, 2,922, 2,923, 2,924, 2,925, 2,926, 2,927, 2,928, 2,929, 2,930, 2,9*



'RIGHT ARM'
Carmino Santullo, Ed Sullivan's secretary, has been with him 22 years.

Schenck, of M-G-M, and until her death, Mrs. Ruth Barr.

The more you study the Sullivans, the more the word "average" comes to mind. Maybe it should read adamantly average, because this couple seems to be determined not to be lured into anything suggesting a post life.

The Sullivans' even argue like average couples. In 1929 and early 1930, they fought so much that they used to stage farewell dinners to each other. The goodbyes, after a spat, were sad and lingering.

The estrangement always lasted about three weeks, at which time Ed would phone Sylvia—not to make up—but to propose one more farewell dinner. They were married April 28, 1936, by a Roman Catholic priest. Sylvia, Jewish, agreed to bring up the children. If any, as Catholics.

Temper Flares Into Argument

The fights are more subdued now, because Ed, at 55, is an aging tiger.

But Sylvia, who dreads to relinquish the good old days, insists that "Ed has a terrific temper. He asks me to hand him his glasses—or some small thing—and if I don't do it promptly he gets the glasses and one word leads to another."

"Once the fight starts, he's very good at remembering all the little things I didn't do for him years ago."

The best spat in recent years occurred over a charity drive. Sylvia took a \$50 chance on a car and a trip to Europe. The night before the drawing the dialogue went like this:

SYLVIA: I have a feeling I'm going to win.

ED: Win what?

SYLVIA: The car and the trip to Europe. It's tomorrow.

ED: You can't win.

SYLVIA (voice rising): Why not?

ED: (elaborate ulcers smile) Because, darling, the committee asked you to pick the winning ticket.

SYLVIA: What has that got to do with it? I paid \$50 of my own money and bought my own ticket. If I win, I'm going.

ED: (popping pill between clenched teeth) Has it also occurred to you that my cousin is running this particular raffle? The raffle is staged by the Sullivans, a Sullivan picks the winning ticket, and it turns out that a Sullivan wins the trip to Europe.

SYLVIA: (angry at losing \$50) It wouldn't make a bit of difference to me who is running it or who is picking the winner. My \$50 is in this thing and I'm making that trip to Europe.

And so on far into the night in a sense it was a waste of a good family fight because, the following day, someone else won.

The Sullivans have one child

Betty. She is dark and bright and is Ed Sullivan's number one fan. And vice versa.

He is not demonstrative in his affection. A cheek-to-cheek kiss and a brief hug is overdoing it, as far as father is concerned.

It is a tribute to the Sullivan life-is-rough policy that Betty was raised unspoiled. It is also a tribute to Sylvia, who taught the child her catechism and sent her off to Mass and the sacraments, while at the same time trying to avoid being crushed between the father-daughter mutual admiration society.

Betty was sent to the University of California at Los Angeles. There, in the Class of '52, she met Robert Precht Jr. Today, they live in Scarsdale, N. Y. Precht is 26, blond, handsome and independent. He has a job as assistant to the producer of the Ed Sullivan Show.

Precht wants no favors from his father-in-law and, as nothing would please Sullivan more than "helping the kids," this adds to his tensions.

"I want to break away, professionally, from my father-in-law," says the young man.

He admires Sullivan, but he doesn't want to create a shadow in the rays of a star.

Precht, who entered international relations, served a hitch in the Navy, is the father of Bobby, 3, and Carla, 2. He and Betty expect another baby in about 10 weeks.

The future is important to the Prechts, and young Bob's goal is to be a television producer of a Public Affairs show. His smile uncovers big square teeth.

"Of course nobody will trust me with such a program now. Just give me a little time."

Twenty-two years ago, Ed Sullivan starred at Loew's State in New York in a review called Dawn Patrol. He introduced acts, tried hard to smile, and got offstage as quickly as possible.

In the dressing room, a boy walked. He was 15 and he looked like someone whom a good meal could cripple.

"I shine shoes and run errands," the boy said in a whispering voice.

Ex-Bootblack Boy Ed's Secretary

Sullivan asked him if he would wait for a newspaper column and deliver it to The News. The boy said sure. He has been doing it ever since.

His name is Carmino Charles Santullo. He is 37, and he is as

BLOODY



Ed & Betty Precht. Credit from page 10. Photo by Sam

This baby can f... at c...



YOUR DE SOTO DEALER PRESENTS GORGUCHO MAN

SEE YOUR DES

Sullivan Spurred by Mem

Constant Striving for Fame Reflects Adoration of Parent

The strongest and most important influence on Ed Sullivan was his father. He never forgave history for not recognizing his parent's greatness, and has never given up trying to be as great a man as his father was to him. In today's article, the fourth of a series, Jim Bishop tells of Sullivan's early days at home and the launching of his career.

By JIM BISHOP

Noted Author of Best-Sellers

Sometimes a man is more clearly seen by looking at his father. You can look at Ed Sullivan all day and what you will see is a sad, serious fiftyish man sitting on the lid of his emotions.

But if you spend a moment or two studying Edward's hero—Peter Arthur Sullivan—the son begins to come alive with meaning and you understand that Peter is Ed's Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, George Washington and model.

Peter Sullivan, now long gone, came from Amsterdam, New York. He was a short, strong boy and he found it easy to get jobs. He married Elizabeth Smith and it was she who tempered the times of terrible wrath when they came.

Peter was loaded with principle and courage. Once, when the Sullivans were living in Port Chester, N. Y., a rooster was stolen from the backyard.

That night when Peter Sullivan heard about it, he merely stared at his growing sons in disbelief, and then stalked out, hopped a fence into the next yard, walked into a neighbor's kitchen, grabbed his rooster by both legs, glanced at the eating family, and growled:

"If any of you ever so much as lays a hand on anything of mine again, I'll break all of you in half."

He walked out.

Ed still aspires to have that kind of physical courage. He hasn't got it. He has moral courage, lots of it. No one can speak disparagingly of another race or another faith in Sullivan's presence.

No one can "shove" him. Sullivan is unafraid, even politically. He contributed to the campaign of Adlai Stevenson and made no secret of it.

Wants Recognition His Dad Missed

Peter raised a good-sized family on a small salary. He worked as a political appointee in the Customs Department. Ed has never forgiven history for not giving Peter recognition for being the great man he was.

Ed is certain that Danny is up there praying for him, watching over him.

Not long ago, Ed Sullivan wrote:

"My television show dropped into my lap by accident. It is my deepest belief that this resulted from prayer—not so much my own—but the prayers of priests and nuns I have known. And certainly the prayers and intercession of those close to me who have died."

In spite of his strong spiritual side, Ed Sullivan is not an outstanding Catholic layman. He is charitable—his favorites are the Marxist Sisters of Framingham Center, Mass.; the New York Catholic Charities; the Heart Fund, and Sister Kenny—but he does not wear his Catholicism as a chip on his shoulder. Often, when he is gray with pain, he will attend Mass because he thinks he should "set a good example."

Like most theatrical performers, he seldom gets to bed before 3 a.m. When he gets to Mass, it is almost always 10 a.m. at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Sylvia does about as well in her faith.

When the high Jewish holidays are impending, she visits her sister and attends temple services. Every night of the year, Sylvia stands at the bedroom window to pray.

The major influences on Ed Sullivan were: (1) Peter, (2) his mother and his church, (3) Sir Walter Scott, (4) high school sports, where the credo is "Play hard and play to win, but play clean."

In his sophomore year at Port Chester High, Ed Sullivan tried a part-time job as school correspondent for the Port Chester Item.

Within a few weeks, the boy found that he was "important." He was no longer just another halfback; he was read and quoted by students, by faculty, by parents, and he was praised, condemned, defiled and adored. Only the players heard the coach's words. When Ed spoke on a typewriter, he was read by thousands.

He Loved It Like Any Introvert-Ham

This is of small consequence to any except introvert-hams. These usually feel tremendous emotion, but are powerless to express it.

Young Ed was an introvert-ham. His greatest pleasure was in traveling to Bridgeport on Saturdays and watching the vaudeville acts; marveling at the people who had the nerve to stand in a little white spotlight and dance, or sing, or make jokes. All of them had the courage to risk mass displeasure. Ed loved the stage.

He quit high school, worked in factories, got a job as catcher of a semi-professional baseball team, returned to the Port Chester Item as sports editor. Salary: \$12. Later, Ed got an offer of a better job as sports writer on the Hartford Post and he was tendered a big farewell party before he left home.

In a week or two, he had lost the job and he thought about the triumphal farewell party and knew that, once again, he could not go back home. He sat in a rooming house in Hartford, wondering what to do next. Defeat and humiliation were for weaklings.

He was lucky. While brooding



HIS HERO . . .
The man who had the strongest and most important influence on Sullivan was his father, Peter Arthur Sullivan, shown here as a young man.

Ed got a letter from the sports editor of the New York Evening Mail, asking if he would like a job covering school sports in the big town. Would he?

Sullivan went to New York

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Wants Recognition His Dad Missed

Peter raised a good-sized family on a small salary. He worked as a political appointee in the Customs Department. Ed has never forgiven history for not giving Peter recognition for being the great man he was. So Ed has become the substitute for his father. He strives harder and ever harder to be a noted American, and he wants to be known as an honest and good man. Everything is carefully weighed in Peter's scales.

Once, at Quantico, Ed Sullivan was about to stage a show for the Marines. President Eisenhower was present. So was John Foster Dulles and Charles E. Wilson. Before the show, there was a cocktail party for the brass. An officer visited Sullivan and said he was ordered to tender an invitation to Ed to attend the party and meet the President.

Sullivan beamed. "The east too?" he said.

"I'm sorry, sir," the officer said. "Just you."

"Then go back," snapped Sullivan, "and tell them I decline with thanks."

Peter would have nodded approval of that line. He would not have clapped his son on the back, or applauded, because Peter knew that real men were iron, and emotional displays were a woman's business.

Once—just once—was Peter Sullivan seen weeping. That was in 1917, when Ed, 15 years of age, ran off to Chicago to enlist in the Marines. He could not produce a birth certificate and was turned down. There was nothing husky about him, but he got a job in the Illinois Central freight yards. He worked in the so-called "Green Room" on perishable foods.

Refused to Write Home for Help

He pushed handtrucks all night long and he slept in the YMCA by day for 25 cents. Later, Ed got a job in Thompson's cafeteria. If anyone asked if he was sure that he was strong enough for heavy labor, he told them he had won 11 major letters in sports at Port Chester High School and could hardly be called a weakling.

Ed did not write home, and begged no charity. He had to make his own way first. After he had established himself in Thompson's cafeteria and had saved a little money, Ed was prepared to go back.

He went home in style—in a Pullman. Peter watched him walk into the kitchen, and the father's hands hung at his side, closing and opening and closing and opening. Then the father burst into tears. The boy's facade did not crack.

There were seven children in the Sullivan family. Ed and a twin named Daniel were born on Sept. 28, 1901. Danny died before his first birthday. The dead twin left an everlasting mark on Ed's mind. At age 55,

NY Journal-American

March 17,
1957

3-Part Series



HIS HERO . . .
The man who had the strongest and most important influence on Sullivan was his father, Peter Arthur Sullivan, shown here as a young man.

Ed got a letter from the sports editor of the New York Evening Mail, asking if he would like a job covering school sports in the big town. Would he? Sullivan went to New York

The drive that took Ed Sullivan to where he is today and the headaches that reached a climax when he lost both sponsor and network for the Toast of the Town television show, are reported in tomorrow's article by Jim Bishop.

via Port Chester, just to pause long enough to pass the word that he had already made the big time; he was going to work on one of the big newspapers of the world.

He Met the Great Men of Broadway

After a couple of years on The Mail, where the Great Stone Face distinguished himself by referring to tennis star Helen Wills as "Little Miss Poker Face," he got a job as sports editor of the brassy new tabloid, The Evening Graphic. Here he met the punchinello of the press: Emile Gauvreau, managing editor; Walter Winchell, Broadway; Louis Sobol, entertainment; Lew Grogan, composographs; William Plummer, city editor.

In time, the public tired of boulevard raids and gang killings, and The Graphic, which antici-

pated every news event except its own demise, died. What talent there was on the paper fled to the comfort of better pay checks on other papers: Sobol to the Journal-American; Winchell to The Daily Mirror; Gauvreau to The Mirror; and Sullivan to The News.

Like Winchell, Sullivan peddled the gossip of Broadway and Hollywood, retailed impending births, marital mud, wrote by-lined editorials, coined words, pontificated, and endorsed his friends. For many years, he wrote the column in New York; for three he wrote it from Hollywood.

Many of the items Ed wrote would not have merited a nod of approval from Peter. He might have read them, and spat. But the son never gave up trying to be as great a man as his father.

(Tomorrow: Sullivan under a Harvest Moon.)

United Introd

SHOWMAN'S HERO

Ed Sullivan's all-time hero is his father. He has never given up trying to be as great as he thought he was. In tomorrow's Journal-American, famed author Jim Bishop reveals something of Sullivan's early life and the strong influence his father had on his career and philosophy.

devoted to Ed Sullivan as some are to a favorite saint. He is Sullivan's secretary, although he never studied stenography or typing.

He sits at a desk across the room from Ed, the face dark and solemn, the mind always trying to anticipate the wishes of another mind, the thin body wrapped in a plain V-neck sweater and a pair of slacks.

Santullo's father had a shoe repair shop on E. 128th St. He had five brothers and two sisters. The shop did not bring in enough money to furnish pasta for all, and Carmine was not too proud to go down to the theatre district to shine shoes.

Sullivan saw the intense, almost spiritual quality of the boy. The kid talked in soft bursts, "like a convict who doesn't want to be seen moving his lips."

He was hired at \$15 a week. Today he earns better than \$150 a week and he is still Sullivan's right arm.

Carmine has never called Sullivan anything but "Mr. Sullivan." Whether the boss is at home or making a public appearance, Santullo knows where he is every minute of every hour.

Example: "It's three-thirty here. That means it's two-thirty in Chicago. He left there at one forty-five their time so he must be about over Detroit now. Mrs. Sullivan is going to leave for Idlewild in 10 minutes."

Santullo, among many other duties, sends the rough draft of the two newspaper columns which Sullivan still writes each week, to the boss's desk. Ed looks over the items, pencils certain ones out of existence, and writes his column from the remainder.

For this, The News pays him

barely enough to cover Santullo's salary: \$150 a week.

The remaining person in the Sullivan office is a newcomer. Her name is Mrs. Jean Sweeney, and she has been there only six years. She is young and pretty and was introduced to Sullivan at a country club. After five minutes, he said to her:

"Would you like to be my assistant secretary?"

She thought he was a flirt. He wasn't.

It may come as news to a twice-a-week columnist, but Mrs. Sweeney is expecting her first youngster in September.

End newsbeat.

(Tomorrow: How Sullivan is "influenced.")

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