

Vortex of War

Jerusalem Still Gleams As a Jewel

By Maurice F. X. Donohue

Inquirer Foreign Correspondent

JERUSALEM, July 20. SIR RONALD STORES saved this Holy City 30 years ago when, as the first British Military Governor, he ordered all buildings be constructed from a "Jerusalem stone," the regional rock extending from every hillside which reflects the dawning sunlight with such an eye-compelling tawny glow.

The Jews, who read political implications into every decision by anyone anywhere, say Sir Ronald issued his edict because the Arabs had a monopoly of the stone-cutting craft, and that the decision to ban concrete, wood, brick, etc., increased construction costs to a very high level.

Whatever his reasons—and he said he acted to preserve the sparkling beauty of this most revered spot—the military fact is that stone has stood up to mortar and light artillery bombardment, while concrete disintegrated under the crashing impact of bursting shells.

The golden walls of the buildings are disfigured by the pom-poms of bomb-hits throughout the New City controlled by the Jews. But it is still a novelty to see an occasional cleanly penetrated wall. By contrast, one of the saddest sights is the occasional red-tiled roof with two or three clean holes—deadly hits, which the usual flat-roofed construction did not suffer.

THE cornerstone of a hotel—400 yards from the old David's tower—almost disintegrated under the impact of an armor-piercing six-pounder shell. The important word is "almost." Fragments of rock survived, and I found the shell 30 yards away, intact save for the spiral marks of shrapnel.

New Jerusalem actually has suffered very little damage from 30 days of incessant bombing, when compared with either European air-bombarded towns or the exploits of terrorists. To see the remnants of four great buildings on Ben Yehuda st. wrecked by "anti-aircraft," where 61 died last year, is to realize what devastation actually is.

There has been so much trouble for many years that all shops have roll-down steel shutters. These did an extraordinary job of protecting windows from blast.

PERHAPS one other thing should share importance in discussing the incredible survival of this island of Jewry in a hostile country. It is best stated by a pretty "blue-eyed" Jewish little girl I met in a central restaurant. I asked her why the Jews never consider arbitration of any kind.

"But she," she said, "we never had an alternative. Always in any other war there is the possibility of surrendering to someone. To whom could we surrender? To King Abdullah's forces?"

This is slightly inaccurate, since the Arab Legion of Lt. Col. Abdullah of Tel is trusted by the Jews, although all other Arabs are believed to engage in ancient practices of desert war very much like the American Indian treatment of captives, which means exterminating the enemy.

At Malibu, for example, a nice young noncombatant Jew refused to leave when Irgun was forced out of the village by a counter-attack. He was a medical orderly and had four wounded men to look after. When Irgun routed the village they found not only him but all four of the wounded carefully carried up into tiny bits (Irgun says) and identification was impossible.

BY CONTRAST everyone is impressed with the breadth of culture of Colonel Tel and especially by the behavior of his men when the Jews negotiated the surrender of the diminutive "Jewish Quarter" of the Old City six weeks ago.

The Arab Legionnaires are under good discipline. The Jews learned this by their own cost when they believed any combatant in the Legion into fleeing from the Old City in last-minute attacks Saturday morning just before the ceasefire.

In Jerusalem, the Arab Legionnaires helped old women walk across the streets, behaved very well indeed—and now treat their Jewish prisoners well.

CERTAINLY Jerusalem is shabby and down-at-the-heel. Rubbish and the debris of constant shelling litter the streets. Despite this Jerusalem is a town of spell-binding beauty, set like a jewel in a nest of rugged Judean hills, which are themselves sculptured by man in 3000-year-old terraces.

I defy Norman Bel Geddes, or any other futuristic dreamer, to figure out a better setting, better drama, a better thrill, than Jerusalem as it is today—despite all the troubles.

Throughout the siege no one was on the streets normally except reporters, and they were few (three American citizens only). The real heroes were the men and women who supplied this town with food and water. Women had to go to the nearest store to get food, but water was distributed from great trucks four times weekly, two gallons per person each time, and people simply had to queue for water, shells or no shells.

One could always gauge the shelling situation by counting the people on the streets. I never saw a crowd under the truce. This had tragic consequences, for the Arab mortar after the third truce killed more people than the total shelling during the previous 10 days of declared war.

Whatever happens to the truce, Jerusalem, shrine of the world, beloved by Christian, Moslem and Jew, will have more shelling, more killing, more exposure. This still holds the best of anyone who has ever seen this gorgeous place.

Capital Capers

Ubiquitous Allen Bows To Maverick Scotty

By Elise Morrow

WASHINGTON, July 20. IT WAS enough to give an old Leatherneck sergeant the willies. No less than 26 generals of the United States Marine Corps assembled this evening at the home of Maj. Gen. Clifford B. Cates, commandant of the Marine Corps, and Mrs. Cates, for cocktails and a buffet supper.

The Marine brass is in town for a three-day conference on the problems of the Marine Corps, having assembled from all parts of the world. The party was strictly informal, and so are the other similar gatherings planned for the conference period.

In the meantime, Presidential confidant George E. Allen, has gone back to worrying about his dog, the amiable and ubiquitous Mississippiian who vibrated between the White House and Morningside Heights during the phony war of nerves over whether Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower would accept a Presidential nomination, and if so, by which party, is the master of a three-month-old Scotty named Joseph Telek. And at this point the word "master" should have been in quotes.

Allen, as a friend of both President Truman and General Eisenhower, acted as a go-between in the fantastic political chit-chat over the general and he emerged, amazingly, as a friend of both, as well as the possessor of Joseph Telek. Joseph is a grandson of the original Telek, who as Eisenhower's pet during the second World War was a familiar figure at SHAEP as Fala used to be at the White House.

With such spectacular ancestry, you'd think Joseph would have good manners, but he doesn't. To put it bluntly, he is aggressively un-housebroken—and the Allens live in a fancy apartment at the Wardman Park.

"My wife," Allen sighs, "said she was going to have Ruth Draper in to redecorate our apartment but she has abandoned the idea because Joseph has already taken care of that."

And while Washington braces itself for the return of the angry Congressmen, the insulated diplomatic set goes merrily along with its partying, apparently oblivious to heat, whether natural or political. The Filipinos threw a party tonight, and so did the Guatemalans, while Danish Ambassador Henrik de Kauffmann—not as conditioned to tropical Washington as the Latinos—was expected to arrive today in comparatively cool Denmark for a six-week stay.

The Guatemalan Ambassador and Senora de Gonzalez-Arevalo and their children had established themselves at Rehoboth Beach, Del., for the summer, but came back to Washington for the party, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newbegin, who leave for South America soon. Mr. Newbegin has been named the new counselor of the United States Embassy at Bogota, Colombia.

Posey Department: Just to get away from the diplomats for a moment, we'd like to quote an invitation which a couple of Washington suburbanites sent their friends the other day:

If you like crabs and beer
At this time of the year
Come with appetite keen,
On July seventeen
To Lillian and Bill's
Home in Pleasant Hills.
No kidding, and 150 guests showed up.

Nice Work If You Can Get It Department: Mrs. Loy Henderson, wife of the U. S. Ambassador to India, is eagerly awaiting their arrival in New Delhi in September. It seems that a former summer residence of a maharajah is now being converted into the United States Embassy, and Mrs. Henderson will supervise the palace household with about 30 servants at her beck and call, including three cooks. The palace is about eight miles outside New Delhi.

What's more, the wife of the former U. S. Ambassador took care of all the decorating—and this, says Mrs. Henderson, will be the first time she has taken up a foreign post with her husband in which she didn't have to start from scratch to make the place livable. There are new brocade slip covers on the furniture, new china and glassware in the cupboards, and even new flowers in the gardens.

The Ambassador, at the moment, is getting himself checked over at a local hospital, and the Hendersons plan to sail late in August after a short vacation in Connecticut.

Sylvia Porter

Full Employment Forecasts Spurt in Spiral of Inflation

THERE was a time—and it wasn't so long ago—when the forecast of 63,000,000 jobs in our time would have sent a thrill of achievement and glorious wonder through our land. But not today, not in this era of inflation.

There was a time—and it was only a short while ago—when "full employment" were just two words expressing a fantastic dream of the New Dealers. But not today, not in this era of economic doom.

Today, more than 61,000,000 workers are employed in America and we are climbing rapidly and steadily toward higher levels. Today, full employment is a reality in this country and it becomes even more real every week.

YET, economists look at these bulging job figures with fear, not joy. Government experts study the totals with apprehension, not pleasure. Instead of an accomplishment, full employment has become an inflation problem.

Nothing, I think, reveals more clearly the bitter irony of our post-war prosperity.

IN HIS keynote address last week, Senator Barkley, now the Democratic candidate for Vice President, declared that employment "bids fair to rise to more than 63,000,000 during the present year, compared to 15,000,000 unemployed 16 years ago." That prediction was buried in his vigorous speech and most listeners missed his startling significance.

But after he spoke, I interviewed a leading Pennsylvania manufacturer—a liberal businessman with an impressive record for accurate forecasting. He pointed upon that statement at once:

"WERE facing another labor shortage within a few months," he said. "As defense orders roll in and the rearmament program gets into operation, the shortage of skilled workers will become a major problem again, particularly in this area and on the Pacific Coast."

"In my company, we are making plans to rehire women who quit at the end of the war. We are lowering our rules on older workers. We are preparing to compete for the workers we need."

"What's wrong with that?" I asked. "You may not like it so much, but, from the worker's viewpoint, it sounds fine to me."

"At this stage of the game, there's plenty wrong," he replied. "A labor shortage now will be a final inflationary push."

"It will be an additional strain on our strained economy. We have to find a way to slide off this

Samuel Grafton

Political Splits In U.S. Reach Tangled Stage

Political splits in our country have now reached a stage so intricate that they require a

more than a simple analysis. We start with the big fact of the Wallace movement, which regards both major parties as reactionary beyond redemption, and intends to say so in convention toward the end of this week. But at the Southern "States' rights" convention just concluded in Birmingham it was firmly announced that both major parties are liberal beyond hope, at least on the question of civil liberties.

This takes us to the coming special session of Congress, at which Southerners will certainly filibuster against any mention of a civil liberties program. Here, for the first time in a long time, we may see the Republicans and the Northern Democrats working together. If they do so, the Democrats will be fighting their own party brothers, while the Republicans will be fighting their best friends, their partners in so many bipartisan votes against labor and against economic controls.

THE REPUBLICANS may, during the special session, yield to the temptation to carry on as if they can't beat the filibuster, heaving and groaning and uttering affects of grief. If they do, they lift it! Too heavy! If this happens, Truman may have to call them on it, using the argument he advanced in his acceptance speech in Philadelphia, in which he said that the Republicans could easily have ended the filibuster if they had wanted to, i. e., that they could easily have beaten his own party if they had put their backs into it.

As we further trace out the lines on this rare bit of cloisonne, we become aware that there is indeed something curious about the special session. For Truman's own party is against a number of legislative items on which Truman is challenging the Republicans to stand and deliver.

ACCORDING to a New Republic survey, eighty-eight Democratic Representatives, for example, voted with the right in favor of a meaningless no-housing bill which would do nothing. One hundred and one Democrats voted with the other side to take thousands of Americans off social security; only twenty-four were opposed. On these and other matters, Truman isn't challenging the Republicans to match his party's stance and record. He is challenging them to match his personal program, which he has been powerless to put over even within his own party, let alone in Congress.

But so intricate is the political muddle today, that the Republicans may have to go along with Truman at the special session, in order, naturally, to show that they deserve to beat him and replace him.

ONE simple key through the maze may be this: Both parties have been having a picnic for three years, pretending that the liberal phase in American life died with Roosevelt. Truman may enthusiastically in this error for a long time, during which he fired Roosevelt holdovers out of the Government and made a smile-face whenever anybody said Congress. With the approach of the special session, everybody has suddenly begun to wonder whether it is true that liberalism is dead. Mr. Truman has begun to wonder a little faster than some of his party teammates, that's all; but it is noticeable that apparently nobody intends to try to charm and fascinate the American voter at the coming session by offering, say, a tasty bit of anti-labor law.

THAT creaking noise you hear is minds being changed under pressure. It is under this pressure that the Republican Party may find itself compelled to go to Washington and vote against everything it believes in order to show that it is worthy of office. And thus both the Wallace party and the Southern States'-rightsers may be correct in deciding that the two major parties are going right and also going left. For the two parties are, for the moment, moving objects, and astronomers have taught us that it is possible for such objects to be subject to several movements at the same time, including relatively slow, perhaps unimportant ones, within the major swings.

Anyway, it's a fine spectacle. If it makes you a little dizzy to watch, just think how it must feel to the main actors.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME



BUT JUST TRY TO GET THE JUNIOR MEMBERS OF THE AMATEUR PRODUCTION TO DITCH EVEN THE MINIMUM OF WOOD IN REHEARSALS FOR THE BIG LOVE SCENE

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO S. ERIC GUNDERSON, DIRECTOR, DELPHIAN CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Gossip of the Nation

Danton Walker

(WALTER WINCHELL ON VACATION: Walter Winchell is on an extended summer vacation which is hoping that he won't talk too much. His column will be resumed upon his return.)

NEW YORK, July 20. BROADWAY BEAT: The Associated Press is getting another highly important exclusive release from Premier Stalin, along the lines of Stalin's replies to a series of questions by AP correspondent Henry Cassidy nearly two years ago. . . . If you know the right people in England you can get more British pounds for U. S. dollars over there than you can anywhere else in the world. Certain agents are contacting American tourists with the "Joe Sent Me" code word before they depart, showing up at sailing time with a million-dollar jackpot is being considered by a big company for a 30-week radio contract, with a safe combination the jackpot question. . . . Jimmy Stewart turns sports commentator Friday, pinch-hitting for Bill Stern who is overseas at the moment. . . . London's biggest television hit is our own Merry Macs, known hitherto strictly as singers, who have added dances and comedy routines taught by Nick Castile.

JIMMY STEWART

NORMAN KERRY, former silent screen star, is en route to Paris with Edmund Goulding for a vacation prior to starting their next picture. Kerry is making a film comeback as Goulding's assistant. . . . Hollywood writers and directors are flocking to New York's film production center, finding the recruiting firms and war training shorts a godsend during the current slump. . . . The benefit baseball game at the Polo Grounds Thursday between the self-styled Flat Tires (leg amputees) and Broken Wings (arm amputees) will be televised by WFIX. The ball park tycoons may not care to admit it, but television has cut in on their attendance, particularly the night games. . . . The latest radio survey is a poll being taken of listeners at the beaches.

MARGARET O'BRIEN will back a theater in Hollywood to show films exclusively for mopees. . . . Dick Haymes talks of coming East to play the lead in the musical show written by his brother, Bob Stanton. . . . Rumba Maestro Del Campo is denying that he was introduced Gloria Cook to James Peleccchia, Jr., the embezzling ex-

Franchot Tone wanted for the next Joan Crawford flicker.

THE Durocher-Ott-Shotton deal proves anything can happen. . . . Les Kramer tells Mickey Albert at the Lamas. "I wouldn't be surprised to hear that Frank Fay has been elected Mayor of Tel-Aviv." The 33 Boston (she's Rita Sedran, daughter of basketball immortal Barney Sedran) named the boy Robert. . . . Maestro Freddie Rich and his fourth wife have secured the final papers. . . . Don Murphy carrying a torch for Mary MacArthur since she left to join Charlie MacArthur and Helen Hayes. . . . Copacabana eyeing Frances Keenan reading the Judy Holiday part for the "Born Yesterday" road company. . . . Miss Valdez and the missus named her Misses Caprice. . . . Sid Mercer's widow with daughter Frances, entering CBS telephons No. 44, with Frances' hubby, Bill Gillette, the director.

DEAR ED: Thanks for your nice thought, which I've just read out here in the Hollywood Citizen-News. I'm still bed-ridden and Aug. 27 will be three full years, thanks to two motheaten lungs. Even if I'm not back on Broadway, my dreams are. Sincerely, Elinor Troy.

Patricia Wheel, who succeeded Frances Reid as "Roxane" opposite Joe Ferrer in "Cyrano," writes from Europe that she saw the Czech version of "Finian's Rainbow" in Prague, in company with Jarmila Novotna and Johannes Stebbins. Stebbins is Jan Werich, last seen on Broadway in 1944, in "The Tempest." In the rewritten treatment, he plays a Czech vodnik, a water sprite instead of the leprechaun. . . . Miss Wheel, just signed for an Italian flicker, says Rome looks quite Broadwayish, with Orson Welles, John Swope and Dorothy McGuire and the John Gunthers. . . . In the same mail, Bob Goldstein reports from Rome: "In a clear day, you can see Orson Welles in a pink shirt."

DEAR ED: Thanks for your line about "The Crusaders" at the Rivoli. Here's an interesting thing that developed in our research: There were many Jews in the Islam Army of Saladin, and the "Fovin" behind Saladin's brilliant campaigns was the Jew, Maimonides. He was the philosopher Rabbi Ben Maimon, a great physician and philosopher as well as military tactician, who, driven from Spain by persecution, found refuge at Saladin's court. When Richard the Lion-Hearted fell ill because of eating too much pork in a hot land, Saladin sent Maimonides to him. The good doctor prescribed a healthy diet, whereupon Richard, leader of the Christians, recovered. Best—Monty Salmon.

FLIERS on the Berlin airlift call themselves "Clay's Pigeons." . . . Frances Faye, at Lido Beach Club, introducing fiance Tommy Cameron. . . . In response to the piece in the column about Toots Shor's search for a sketch or picture of the invention of basketball, at Springfield YMCA College, the vice president of the college, Francis C. Oakley, has offered Toots the facilities of the research department at the school, where Dr. James Naismith created the game. . . . The material will be turned over to the artists who are creating the murals. . . . C.C.N.Y.'s Alpha Phi Omega raised funds for the "Horrific thought." Suppose I am grounded at Elio, Egypt. Trying to do an epic poem would finish me, for sure.

I am working—a journalist never has a real vacation, you know; he must always lug that typewriter

around—I am working in a room that overlooks the River Shannon, and I am slowly going batty. Know why? I can't remember how that song "Where the River Shannon Flows" goes. Every time I try to sing it I wind up with either "Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?" or "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." I used to know it as a youngster, and I know that somewhere in its lyrics there is something about "where the three-leaf shamrock grows." But I can't put it together.

The Irish themselves have been no help. I have asked Foley and O'Connors and O'everthings else how the song went, but none had ever heard of it. They were familiar with "Nature Boy" and that Bongo-bongo-let-me-live-in-the-Congo thing, but the song about the flowing of the Shannon left them cold. They admitted to hav-

ing fished in it for salmon and trout, bathed in it, canoodled on top of it, but all denied ever having sung about it.

Trying to get my mind off the song, I went out and walked through the streets of Limerick. I thought that perhaps I was to find Pat and Mike jokes would clear my head and put me at rest. But again I was doomed to disappointment. They don't know Pat and Mike stories over here. The home of Pat and Mike jokes is America. I am not much of a story teller, but I did raise the old, old, oak-beamed orange juice stand I held an audience of Irishmen spellbound with yarns about those two undying fellows, Pat and Mike.

By the end of the evening I was a very popular fellow, indeed. The men of Limerick toasted me with double brandy. The Irish told me a life member of a football club, and one cheap went so far as to suggest that I be made a member of the Irish Olympic Team. I don't exactly remember what event I was to enter, so strong is the memory of the event. It was something to do with the 10-year dash.

Tomorrow I have to go back to Shannon Airport, 15 miles from here, and take off for London. It's a beautiful 15 miles, the road winding through little villages whose homes are thatched, whose pastureland is lush with a greenness that belongs to Ireland alone and abounds with fat cows, all of which mug with a charming brogue. This is the best of the best country, of nice and gentle folk.

Opinions

The signed columns of America's leading writers and commentators appearing on this and other pages of The Inquirer are presented so that our readers may have the benefit of a wide variety of viewpoints on important issues of the day.

These viewpoints often contradict one another. They have no connection with the editorial policy of this newspaper and represent exactly an opposite opinion. The opinions and views expressed belong solely to the writers.

Hollywood

Peg Cummins Dropped by 20th Century

By Dorothy Manners

HOLLYWOOD, July 20. PEGGY CUMMINS is out of 20th Century-Fox—a rather sad finale to the least long-term beating when she was brought to Hollywood from England for "Forever Amber." . . . Peggy did not appear in the released "Amber," as you know, the picture was remade with Linda Darnley. . . . After that a heartbreaker, a. k. a. Peggy's luck seemed to go sour. In spite of a really excellent performance in "Moss Rose," she never quite got going against a hot attraction.

FAR from being out of the cold, however, the little Cummins girl goes to England to make "The Coast of Lady Beekers" for Alexander Korda and Gregory Ratoff.

Myrtle Loy is the star, but Ratoff, who has always believed in Peggy, says her role is a top one.

Another contract expected to chill is Bette Davis' with Warner Brothers. This, it is said, will be by mutual consent—in fact, very mutual on both sides.

Bette wants to make no more than one production a year. . . . When Candy signed a long-term contract with Columbia they told her they did not like her name. After a meeting of the minds, it was decided that she should sign up as Susan Perry. So, if you hear of George Raft dating a gal by that name, it is just his old flame, Candy.

"Knock Any Door" is Bogart's first independent for Columbia so this picture kicks off with a clean slate for everybody.

Here comes another name change for a leading lady—yes, Candy Tuxton, court girl beauty, formerly with MGM, gets into the lead opposite Humphrey Bogart in "Knock Any Door" under the new name of Susan Perry.

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When Bud Abbott and Lou Costello make their first independent for William and Edward Nassour, they will be a brand new Bud and Lou.

When I asked, "How's your du du du?" the answer was, "none of the usual Abbott and Costello gag will be used." That I gotta see.

Anyway, the Messrs. Nassour tell me their production will be strictly a comedy thriller, with a "B" background. They are hoping to clear the title, "Don't Bring 'Em Back Alive," which may take a bit of doing because of Frank Buck's long association with "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

There is something maddening about the timing of the Academy Awards. Some years are so lean in outstanding performances it is hard to vote a "best."

But 1948 lines up as a heart-breaker. From the women alone—there are already so many brilliant performances about to break they might all be winners in an ordinary year.

There is Jane Wyman's poignant brilliant deaf-mute in "Johnny Belinda." There is Barbara Stanwyck's hair-raising performance of sheer terror in "Wrong Number." Olivia de Havilland in "The Snake Pit" is still another blue ribbon portrayal. So is Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Arc"—say those who have seen her. We also have Irene Dunn's beautiful, warily unfocused playing in "I Remember Mama."

It is all enough to drive a top star to acting serials on television.

Hollywood in Shorts: Carline Calway and John Broadfield leaping, and so on, at the Glad Valley Inn. He is the one who looks a little like Burt Lancaster.

Ayn Rand refusing to talk an advance movie sale about her new novel, "The Fountainhead" author says it is only half completed and she doesn't know which company can give the best production values—particularly in casting. It is a big industrial thriller with an inventor hero.

Frank Fay flew in and made a beeline for Charley Foy's. He remains in town—not at Fox, for seven weeks before "Harvey" opens in Boston in September.

Milton Berle and Rhonda Fleming a newcomers under the stars at the Hollywood Bowl.

Cecil de Mille bought himself a fine shot at "Silver Lining." Hold on, hold on, it's at Emerald Bay at Lake Tahoe. That eight-pound trout caught by his manager, Russell Treacy, might have had something to do with closing the deal in a hurry.

Joe Schenck leaves for Del Mar today to head the Hollywood excitement over the opening of his race track. The popular executive is still very much in the picture at 20th Century-Fox.

June Haver making the shortest, sweetest speech on record after the final shot on "Silver Lining." Holding Marilyn Miller's ballet slippers, given her by Marilyn's close friend, Mecca Graham, close to her heart, she said: "I hope Marilyn is happy." That picture was made with love and affection from everyone.

Dorothy Manners is substituting for Louella Parsons who is on vacation.

Ed Sullivan

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