

NOVEMBER 13, 1956

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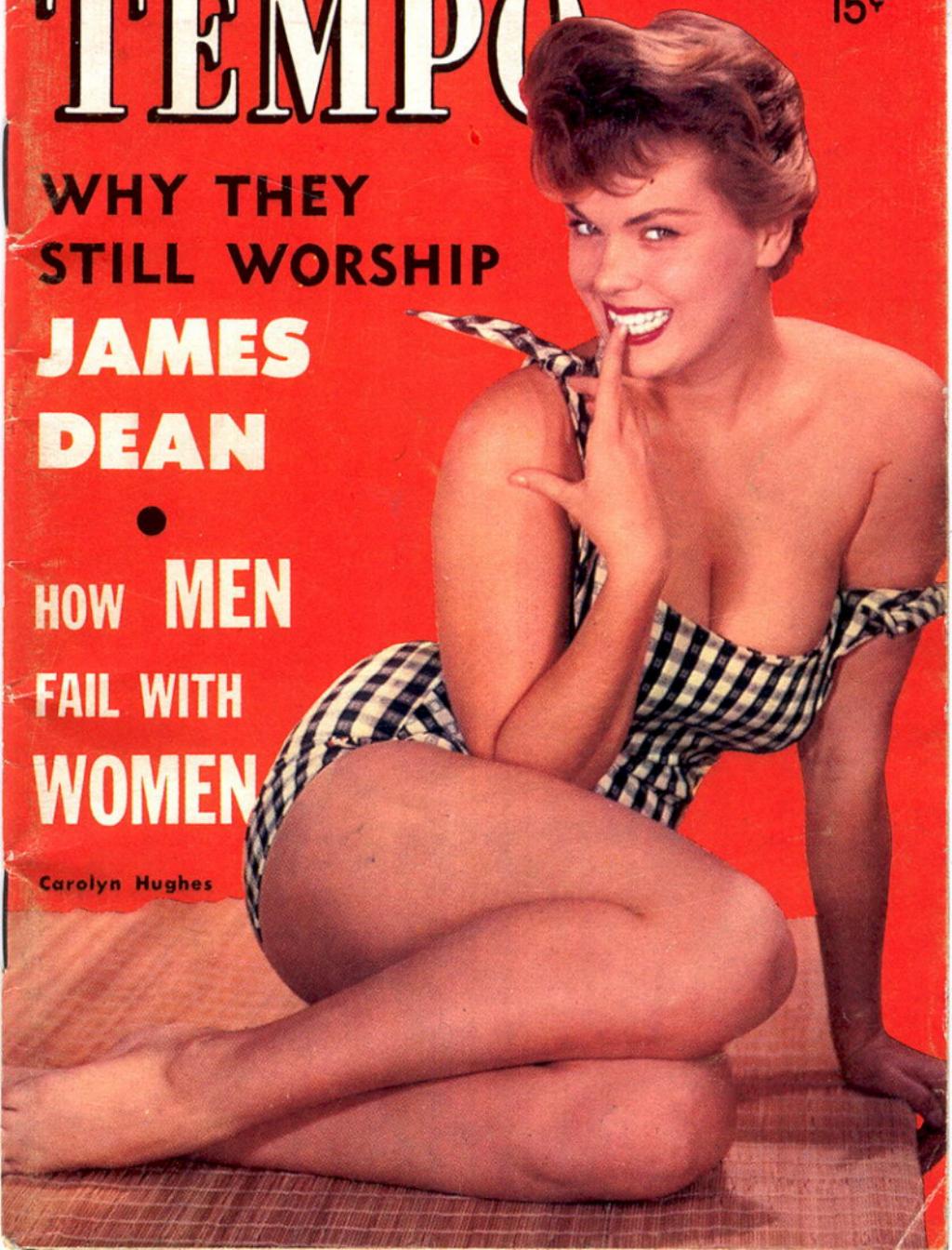
TEMPO

WHY THEY
STILL WORSHIP

JAMES
DEAN

•
HOW MEN
FAIL WITH
WOMEN

Carolyn Hughes



The opening of a hotel's shorty golf course (9 holes) in Las Vegas featured Stephanie Fifield in an appropriate outfit—a shorty Night-Tee-Night.



TEMPO

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why they still worship
JAMES

THE SLEEK PORSCHE SPYDER ROARED down California's route 41 toward Salinas. Its driver, a tense, be-goggled youth of 24, sat hunched over the wheel as if trying to urge more speed from the powerful engine. Suddenly, as a car started into the intersection ahead, he muttered, "That guy up there has gotta stop." But the car didn't. There was a horrible shrieking of brakes, a shuddering impact—and sudden death for James Dean. The fateful date was September 30, 1955.

The young cinematic wonder, whose first two films, *Rebel Without A Cause* and *East of Eden* made him Hollywood's hottest attraction, ended his life as violently as he had lived it. Dean's genius as an actor was his ability to communicate this intensity. Proof that he succeeded lies in the mail room at Warner Brothers Studios, where 6,000 letters a month are still pouring in with their tributes to a personality who has been dead for 13 months. With his third film, *Giant*, opening nationally this month, the fantastic interest in Dean is growing into the nation's number one phenomenon.

The adulation has taken some weird forms. One girl who was saved from suicide admitted that she had wanted to join Jimmy in death. Others believe that he is still alive, a basket case in a private hospital. Similarly, a fan

DEAN



... JAMES
DEAN

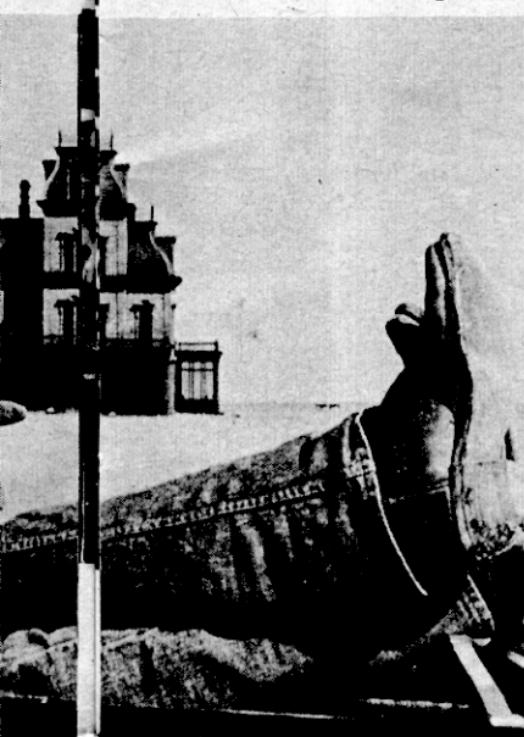
wrote begging him not to be ashamed of his scarred face and to return to Hollywood. Others accept the fact that he is dead, but want to communicate with "his spirit." Rumors have it that Jimmy made a strange pact for such a seance with Vampira, the Hollywood voodoo woman with whom he was closely associated for a time. Hardened observers of filmland history admit that even the furore over Valentino never approximated the fever about Dean. The avalanche of mail, the ever-growing fan clubs, the prolonged mourning, the biographies and the flood of recent record releases have combined to



make him Warner Brothers' biggest box-office attraction.

What was the rare magic that Dean possessed? Experts have theorized that the very fact of Jimmy's death has been a major factor in the adulation about him; because he was killed before the excitement could simmer down. In short, it is extremely difficult for fans to become disillusioned about someone who died at the height of his achievement. It is the same principle which made immortals out of Bix Beiderbecke and Bunny Berigan in jazz and Jean Harlow and Carol Lombard in movies. So *Giant* should boost Jimmy's star even higher.

Famed director George Stevens, who helped shape Dean's genius during the filming of *Giant*, tends to view his ability as something indefinable. "Jim's acting was a mixture of many things—technique, intelligence and hard work. He gave the impression of being completely natural and of improvising as he went along. But no



Dean starred with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson in *Giant*. As a ranch hand who becomes an oil tycoon, he did his best acting.



. . . JAMES DEAN

single detail was ever impromptu. He had everything figured out and could do a scene in exactly the same manner, time after time. An actor working on inspiration alone couldn't do this . . . Yet I never knew the real secret which set Jimmy apart from all other actors. He had his own approach to acting. It was something elusive that nobody else tried on the screen."

The emotional rawness of Dean's style brought inevitable comparisons to Brando—comparisons which neither found welcome. The careless, almost calculated sloppiness by which each ran his private life was regarded as a further parallel. Once, at a formal Hollywood party, Jimmy showed up in typically ragged attire, ignored everyone in the place, went into the library and played bongo drums for the rest of the night. Brando, when informed of the incident, humped, "Last year's publicity."

But the Dean pattern of eccentricity had a very serious side, too. His mind was an active, ever-seeking one. Composer Leonard Rosenman, who taught Jimmy piano during the winter of 1953, recalls, "Jimmy had what I call a chapter heading of knowledge. He knew a little bit about most everything, but he was always trying to fill in the gaps. Actually, he knew very little about music, but by testing my knowledge and asking me questions and talking about music by the hour with me, he was able to build up a good musical background."

Rosenman saw this pattern, clearly, in its larger meanings. "Jimmy was a real chameleon. His own personality

The high-strung actor released tension through a strong interest in music. He liked jazz, Bartok, often played the bass recorder. →



Coupled with Sal Mineo (l.) in *Rebel Without A Cause*, Jimmy's portrayal of a misunderstood teenager won wide critical acclaim.



Brando and Dean, shown here on set of *East of Eden*, were unhappy about the frequent attempts to compare their acting styles.





Julie Harris and Jimmy were warm evocative lovers in *East of Eden*. Both started on B'way used technique called "The Method."

Blum Award for "the most promising new-comer of the year." Elia Kazan heard about him and signed him to play the part of Cal Trask in *East of Eden*.

"I chose Jimmy," Kazan reveals, "because he was Cal Trask. There was no point in attempting to cast it better or nicer. Jimmy was it. He had a grudge against all fathers. He was vengeful; he had a sense of aloneness and of being persecuted. And he was suspicious. In addition, he was tremendously talented."

Finally came recognition of his greatness, the tributes to the moody, naked emotionalism of his art. His portrayals of the adolescent with a grudge, of a youth in torment, of a man in aloneness, remain without parallel in the annals of dramatic interpretation.

... JAMES DEAN

was so obscured that to everyone he was something different. I think his goal was to know everything everyone else knew—and then some."

It was this solid background of knowledge and experience that contributed so much to Dean's early successes in New York. A role in an ill-fated Broadway play, *See the Jaguar*, brought critical raves and led to a better spot in Billy Rose's stage version of *The Immoralist*. The impression he made was so strong that he won the David

THIS YEN PAYS OFF

The Japanese girl with the pretty pictures on her back (r.) is one of three who have worked out an interesting deal with Tokyo University. For the next three years, the girls will continue to have designs and pictures tattooed on their bodies, at which time they will be all



Tattooist and client (below) select designs. He has dragons on arms, Samurai on his chest.



Girls bathe beneath waterfall (r.). Ice-cold water helps bring out vivid tattoo colors.



... YEN PAYS OFF

but completely covered. Upon their deaths—whenever that might be—the University will claim their skins and pay one million yen, about \$2,500, as a settlement to each of their families.

The principal reason the work will take three years to complete is that it is painful and the girls can stand just so much at each sitting. To make it more bearable, they place a herb called moxa on the spine near the nape of the neck and set it aflame. The moxa smoulders

Tattooist (r.) punches in the needle and dye. Burn mark at girl's neck comes from moxa.

While waiting for tattooist, one of the girls (below) relaxed by decorating a geisha doll.



and burns them, but it also produces a temporary paralytic effect on the skin. Even with the help of this crude anaesthetic, however, the girls can endure only a little tattooing each month. To avoid having to have any of the work re-done, they frequently bathe in the ice cold waters of a waterfall near Tokyo, a procedure which helps fix the colors and design.

Although some skeptics doubt it, the girls quite definitely are undergoing their ordeal for no other reason than to provide money for their families. As to what Tokyo U has in mind, we'd just as soon not guess.



What's
In
A
Face?

DESPITE ALL THE TALK about the willingness of Hollywood moguls to support new and challenging enterprises, the tendency toward conformity is still filmland's most noted characteristic.

This factor has accounted for a sameness in appearance that has contributed heavily toward a loss in individuality. Another strong indication of this trend is the practice of using similar names. The theory seems to be that the popularity of one star will carry over to a newcomer identified with the same monicker.

The result is a raft of faces who possess only slightly different names. We have Jane Powell, Jane Greer, Jayne Mansfield, Jayne Meadows, Janet Leigh, Janis Paige and

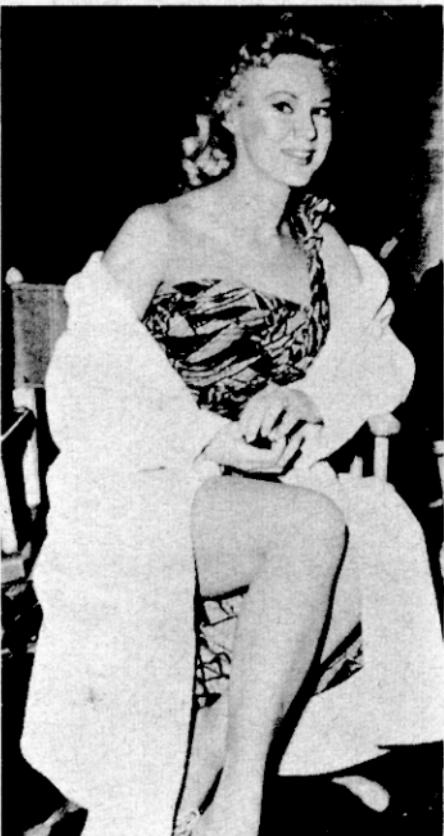
Prominent among the "look-alikes" on the current entertainment scene are Zahra Norbo (*l.*), who came close to winning the "Miss Universe" title as Sweden's entry, and Hollywood television actress, Gloria Grey (*below*), a promising filmland personality.



... A Face?

Janice Rule. Then there are Virginia Mayo, Virginia Grey, Virginia Field and Virginia Leith. The name Kim is the common property of the Misses Novak, Hunter and Stanley; Peggy (or Peggie, as the case may be) belongs to three girls surnamed Castle, Dow and Knudsen.

The variations while slight are persistent. But the overall effect visually has its happier aspects. One Will Shakespeare summed it up neatly: "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."



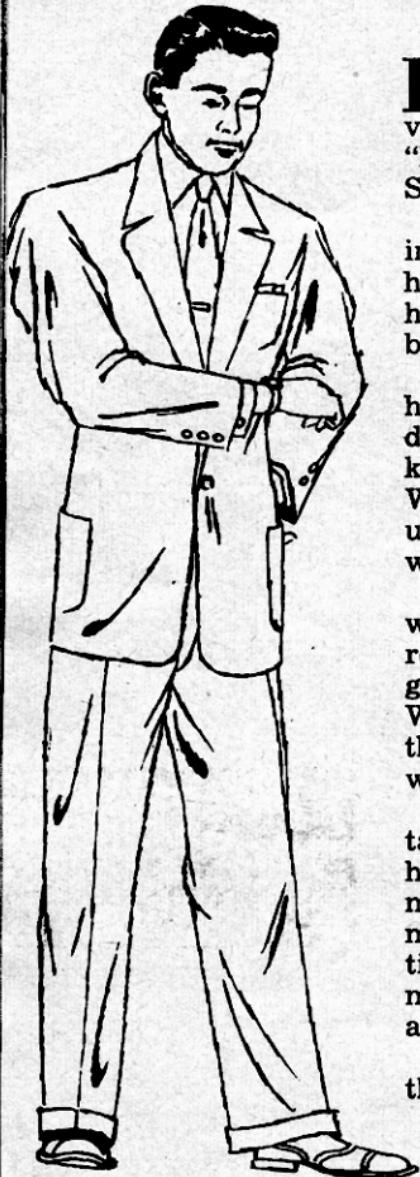


Sultry beauty of Allison Hayes (l.) onetime "Miss Washington" who is now a most promising starlet, is reflected in features of Valerie French (below) who played quite a sexy role in picture *Jubal*.



◀ Linda Christian (far l.) pirouettes on the terrace of her home in Bel Air while prepping for new play. Note her close facial resemblance to another better-known blonde star, lovely Virginia Mayo.

HOW MEN FAIL



IT WAS THE THIRD TIME he'd called her since their first date. Her voice was cool, almost indifferent. "No, I'm sorry, but I'm busy on Saturday night."

He felt a tight knot of frustration in his throat as he asked, "Well, how about Sunday, then?" Again, her voice was distant. "Sorry, that's busy, too," she replied.

"Sounds like the old brusheroo," he thought, grimly. "I suppose Monday's out, too," he said, trying to keep the anger out of his voice. When she admitted it was, he hung up bitterly. He didn't understand what had happened.

"Why is it always like this?" he wondered. He took girls out to fine restaurants, tried to get tickets to good shows, always did his best. What was wrong? What could be the cause of his consistent failure with so many women?

If our protagonist could have taken a calm and objective view of himself, he might have found some major clues toward unravelling the mystery. For the key to the situation was in his approach, or to be more accurate about it, in his basic attitude toward women.

Like many other men, he made the mistake of seeing each new

WITH WOMEN

woman as an object of gratification, as a device to be used for ego expression. He was a product of the "conquest complex" which sends men off on an impossible search—and dooms them to unending frustration in each affair.

Many men never take into consideration a very simple fact: that women are highly complex creatures, capable of a wide range of emotional and personal reactions. They cannot be viewed through the small end of the telescope, for the inescapable fact is that they are always individuals. This is a shocker to the male who makes a habit of tossing women into easily recognizable character types and then operating accordingly.

A man must accept the idea that the fundamental consideration is his emotional and mental maturity. He cannot bring a pattern of neurotic needs and desires to every woman and expect satisfaction. The reason is that there is too much selfishness implicit in this approach. The outlook is not an outlook at all, it is a long, loving look inwards. It summons a woman's attention away from herself and directs it exclusively to a person who may not be worthy of such adulation. Small





... WOMEN

wonder, then, that our hero keeps on getting the brusheroo as frequently as he does!

One young lady put it this way: "The man I respect is the one who has a genuine interest in me *as a person*. And he shows it by small attentions, not by a clever line." She had struck on a central point. For there is no deceiving a woman about the nature of a man's attitude. It marks him as clearly as his taste in clothes and his personality quirks. A narrow, selfish and demanding approach cannot be concealed from a woman for long.

Another feminine observer of the male scene commented briefly about a man with a reputation for success with women: "He makes a girl feel like a woman, and he makes every woman feel that she has become the object of his undying love."

The secret is that this man allows a female to be more fully what she is—a woman. He does not put her in a situation where she feels she is a "target for tonight." In essence, he makes her feel secure by a series of small but loving attentions which come naturally to him because he has a sincere emotion about her. The result is twofold, for the sense of being secure is transmitted to the man, and the relationship benefits both.

There is another way in which men fail to measure up to their responsibilities in a man-woman relationship—and, as a result, often turn a promising situation into a personal disaster. A man must know the subtleties of assuming the role of protector which will establish an atmosphere that allows him his true position as regards women. Author Philip Wylie accurately stated the case of the smothered male in his attack on "momism," and indicated an important truth for American men: Too many males have abdicated the part that is traditionally and naturally theirs. The tendency of the maladjusted to look on woman as the dominant or directing figure

is the persistent corrosive of our time. For just as surely as the domineering and exploiting male fails women, so too does the submissive man.

The twentieth-century trend toward independence for women was not an unmitigated blessing, for it brought a far-ranging change in age-old sexual attitudes. This occurred, of course, not only in the moral sphere but also in the incredibly complex arena of personal relationships. Where once a woman was shielded from the blunt realities of the world by the protecting arm of a man, now she is out on her own, learning, creating, doing—and, often, earning more than the man at the next desk. The effect has been profoundly unsettling.

And women are the first to admit it. For many would prefer to keep the old status quo, as inadequate as it may have been for some individuals. The studies of prominent scholars of sex mores such as Saperstein and Kinsey have shown that certain women have decried the disappearance of the masterful and thoroughly masculine male. While such a type of personality would not be the only requirement for a successful man-woman relationship, it would, perhaps, offer a more sound basis for expression of the natural self. For the modern world exists in a time which requires an "agonizing reappraisal" of the fundamental positions of man and woman in contemporary society. In such a period of readjustment to changing values, men are constantly up against the problem of women who do not quite understand what their roles are, in the world we live in.

It is true now, more than ever before, that men must be prepared to meet this challenge. For only when a man makes an honest attempt to evaluate and adapt his behavior patterns to the needs of modern-day women, will he begin to comprehend that success with women is a product of understanding and love.



SPOTLIGHT ON



Fitting a candle-topped hat to her head is Claudine Dupuis, French standout in *La Mome Pigalle*, who appeared at big party for film's producer.

Flitting through the air with the greatest of harmony are German dancers Hannes Weich (l.) and Liane Muller, stars of *Mignon* at Munich Opera House.



PEOPLE

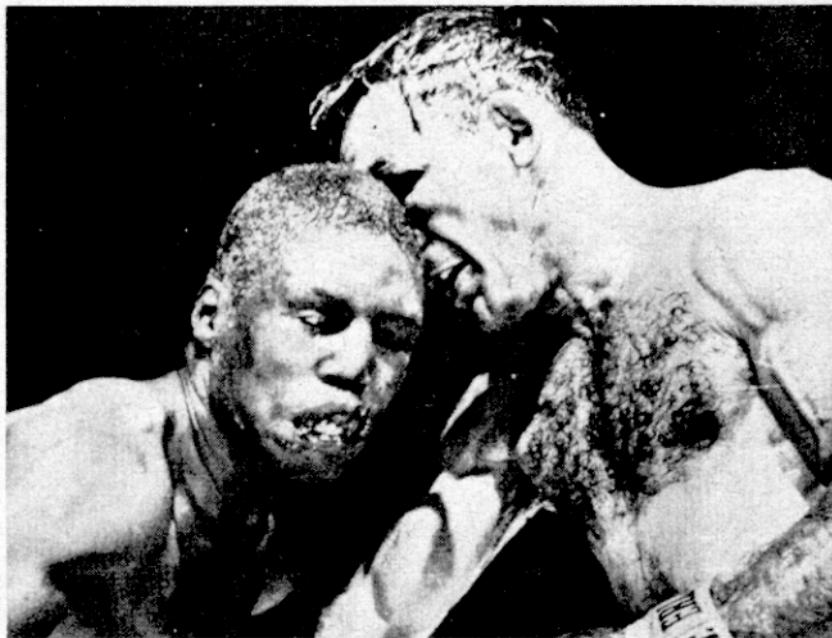
Feigning an interest in outside culinary art is movie starlet Kathy Marlowe who won a bet by frying an egg during a so-called heat wave in Hollywood.

Feinting toward apprehensive singer Lilo is French boxing champion Charles Humez while Maurice Chevalier assumes the defensive at Lilo's right.





THROWBACK



LOVE OF BATTLE," the old timer sighed. "That's what you don't see anymore. Now, they fight for money and to look nice on television. Where are the Grebs, the Langfords, the Nelsons, the Walkers? You know, after Greb and Mickey Walker had it out in the old Garden, they ran into each other in a bar later that night and went right at it again. See what I mean? Love of battle. None of the new ones have it."

"None of them?" you asked him slyly. "Not even one?"

"Well, there's that onion farmer from Syracuse," he admitted, reluctantly. "He seems to like a fight."

That "onion farmer" was Carmen Basilio who had just reversed a most unpopular decision to Johnny Saxton by knocking out the Brooklyn fighter and regaining his

TO THE IRON MEN

welterweight championship. A gentle, pleasant-mannered man with the gloves off, Basilio is transformed into a battler of almost frightening dedication once they're on. His battered, lumpy face tightens into a slit-eyed mask; he moves forward, circling left, his hands pawing, feinting, reaching. Then, suddenly, he charges, smashing both hands to the other's body, working to bring down his foe's defense so that he can shoot a left hook up to the head. It was this Basilio hook that floored and almost beat Kid Gavilan, and later won the welterweight crown, first from Tony DeMarco and, again, from Johnny Saxton.

On the basis of skill alone, Basilio must rank as something less than a ring great. Even in his own division Saxton and Vince Martinez are better boxers, while

Basilio was sure he had been robbed after dropping a decision to Johnny Saxton (top l.). In their return match, he won decisively (l.), splitting Saxton's lip and scoring a TKO in nine rounds.

THROWBACK...

Tony DeMarco is considered a harder hitter. Yet, Basilio is clearly able to handle any of them, as well as most of those in the division above him. How come? Maybe the old timer's expression "love of battle" explains it. Basilio fights as though taking a step backward is shameful. He will gladly take two punches to land one. It is this genuine relish for fighting, plus the conviction that he can bowl over anyone who stands in front of him, that has carried him to the top.

The Gavilan fight first put him on the map. When he floored the clever "Keed" and barely lost a split decision, Basilio became a marked man, a man to be avoided by anyone with designs on the championship. Gavilan said no to a return match and fought Saxton instead, losing



His battered face attests to the frequency with which Basilio has been slammed. Here, he trades hard punches (below) with Kid Gavilan and (l.) catches a Chuck Davey fist on the side of the jaw.

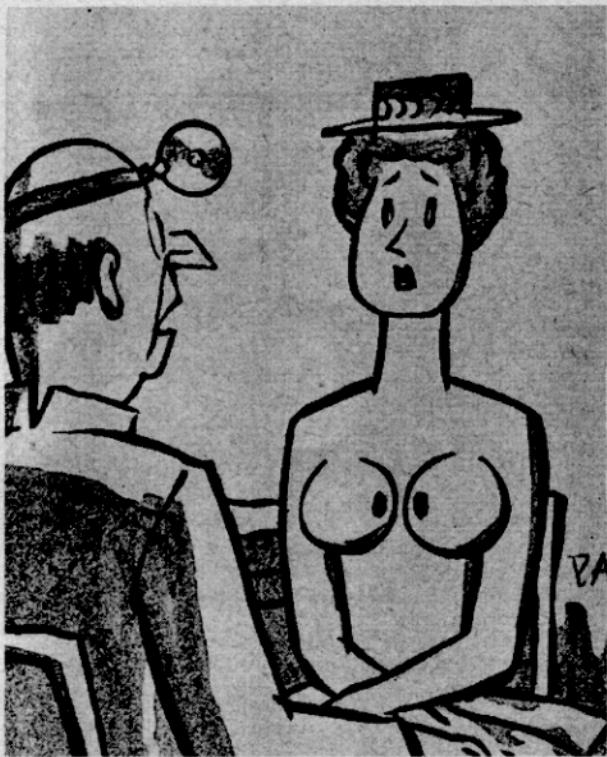


after an incredibly dull fifteen rounds. Saxton promptly signed for a DeMarco bout, although Basilio was the logical challenger. DeMarco won, and with the lure of a huge gate in Syracuse, agreed to fight Basilio.

In one of the classic "pier 6" brawls of modern fighting, Basilio won by a knockout in the twelfth. Three months later, in a fight even more savage than the first, he scored over DeMarco again with another 12-round knockout. In both bouts, he had to come storming back from apparent defeat, after having received a frightful pounding from the heaviest hitter in the division.

With Saxton's challenge met and turned back, Basilio now looks ahead to the middleweight division. The publicity drums beat softly but they are beginning to be heard. Basilio and Ray Robinson! It's the most exciting fight on the horizon and the battle-scarred onion farmer looks forward to it with pleasure. After all, what's more fun than a nice little scrap?

←
Basilio took Tony DeMarco's best shots, then came back to knock him out. Pictures are from their second fight, held in Boston.



"Have you tried an oculist?"

IT HAS BEEN OBSERVED that Cole Porter and John O'Hara share a unique distinction: each is virtually unequalled in his field as an acid commentator on American amatory foibles and associated phenomena. In cartooning, the name of Peter Arno enjoys a similar prestige, proof of which is presented in *The New Peter Arno Pocket Book* (Pocket Books, 25¢). It contains more than 100 samples of Arno's whimsy, gathered from his *Man in the Shower* (1944) and *Sizzling Platter* (1949). Like fine

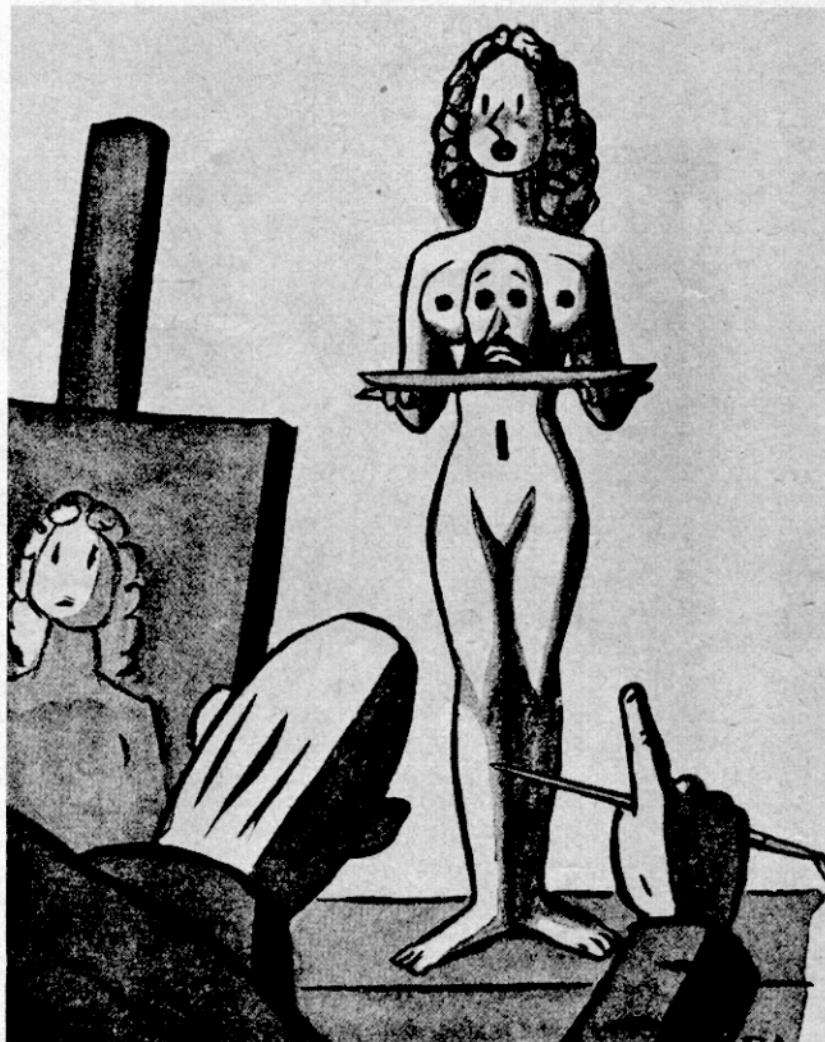
**PETER
AND**



"Visiting hours are over, Mr. Kugelman."

THE WOLVES

PETER
AND
THE
WOLVES



"Just a weeeeny bit lower, Miss Snodgrass."



"They're amazing!"

wine, the cartoons have improved under the onslaught of time, the humor in them seemingly dateless.

Peter's puckish view of humanity has a certain unmistakable tang about it. For there is, generally, the suggestion that he has set up his drawing board next to some of the more lurid keyholes. Yet his touch is always delicate, deft and debonair. His subjects, whether portly Casanovas, befuddled chorines or aggressive matrons, act in a manner which is ridiculous yet somehow expressive of mankind's collective foolishness.



she keeps her BEAUTY DRY

CAROLYN HUGHES had received a lot of advice when she first started modeling. Some friends said, "You've got to have a gimmick to make the big time. You know, like dyeing your hair green, or breaking a shoulder strap at a world premiere." One observer had a better idea. "Why





... DRY BEAUTY

not push a famous photographer into a swimming pool?"

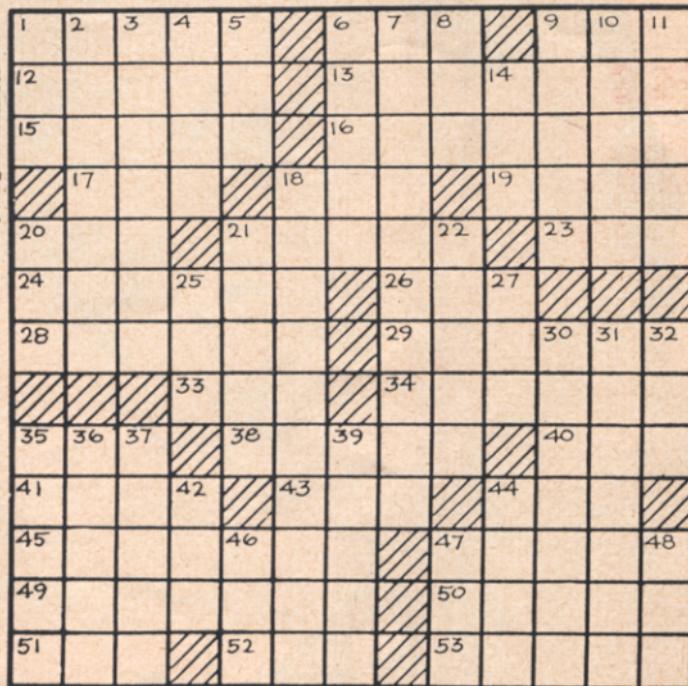
Another friend chimed in, "Or shoot a magazine publisher?" But Carolyn smiled quietly at all this and said nothing. For she knew that a girl could draw a bead on stardom better with natural beauty than with a hunting rifle. So, she told her own photographer, "Just show me as I am." He was so relieved that he wasn't going to be tossed into the nearest swimming pool that he turned out some of his happiest pictorial work.



CROSSWORD

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 47

By Eugene Sheffer



HORIZONTAL

- heathen
- Wharton's "— of Innocence"
- prepare skins
- unaccompanied
- "Tales of a — Inn"
- French painter
- brother of Electra
- hawk cage
- firmament
- article (Fr.)
- through
- part
- auditory organ
- headed a newspaper

- Aged
- royal residence
- Cromwell
- seize
- Arthur Wing —
- founded by John L. Lewis
- observes
- negative vote
- ardent affection
- Swiss river
- thing (law)
- object of a monogamist's affections
- liturgical headdress

- assembly 1791 (Fr.)
- in flames
- posed
- Balaam's transportation
- "Beauty and the —"
- heeded the alarm
- "High Noon" star
- tooth
- girl's name
- name
- river (Ger.)

VERTICAL

- Pamela to her friends
- Cal. city
- daughter of Lear
- again
- trap
- needled the alarm
- "High Noon" star
- tooth
- name
- name
- compass pt.
- Furniture
- vivacity
- nut
- Havelock —
- convert into leather
- noise
- between Po and Alps
- schoolroom equipment
- Rogers
- clumsy shoes
- district of Asia Minor
- manifest
- stories
- self
- abounding
- girl's name
- fairy queen
- immerse

THE NEW JAZZ



PAUL DESMOND AND DAVE BRUBECK

The most appealing feature of modern jazz is its apparent lack of rules. Where the Dixieland boys accept the confinements of regular rhythms, familiar chords and standard instrumentation, the modernists have come out from under those restrictions. This has permitted them to express themselves more freely than can be

... JAZZ

done in the older forms. The result has been a stimulating variety of playing styles, some so personalized as to be completely unlike any other. What jazz fan could confuse Dave Brubeck with another pianist, for instance? Or Miles Davis with another trumpet player? Or Sarah Vaughan with another singer?

The first departure from the traditional ways of playing jazz occurred in the early forties with the exuberant experiments that culminated in bebop. Today, barely fifteen years later, those bop experimentalists—Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, etc.—are sometimes referred to as early moderns, so varied have been the paths taken by those who followed.

On the West Coast, the stress has been on harmonic improvisation with trumpeter Shorty Rogers and saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre, in particular, doing impressive things while working often in many keys (polytonality) and, sometimes, none at all (atonality). Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker continue to be major influences, as is pianist Dave Brubeck, all three of whom experimented with new harmonic concepts.

In the East, the direct followers of the bebop pioneers are more in evidence with Dizzy himself still playing one of the most exciting trumpets currently to be heard. However, it is the cooler, more restrained tones of Miles Davis (himself a follower of Gillespie and Charlie Parker) and the intricate melody lines of Clifford Brown that seem to be setting the pattern for the newer jazz men. Brown, who was killed in an automobile accident this past summer, teamed up with drummer Max Roach and other top jazzmen to record some of the best sides made in recent years.





MILES DAVIS



JIMMY GIUFFRE



JUNE CHRISTY



BOB COOPER AND STAN KENTON



CLIFFORD BROWN



MAX ROACH



BUCK CLAYTON

Among The Best Of Current Jazz Albums Are . . .

Brown and Roach at Basin Street	Mercury
The Swinging Mr. Rogers	Atlantic
The Modern Art of Jazz by Mat Mathews	Dawn
Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter	Verve
Jo Jones Special (featuring Count Basie)	Vanguard
Blues And Other Shades of Green	ABC-Paramount
A Buck Clayton Jam Session	Columbia
Road Band, The Woody Herman Herd	Capitol
Zoot Sims/ Bob Brookmeyer	Storyville
The Bud Shank Quartet	Pacific
Miles Davis	Blue Note
The Return Of Howard McGhee	Bethlehem
Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh	Atlantic
Sarah Vaughan in Hi-Fi	Mercury
Brubeck Plays Brubeck	Columbia



JAY AND KAI

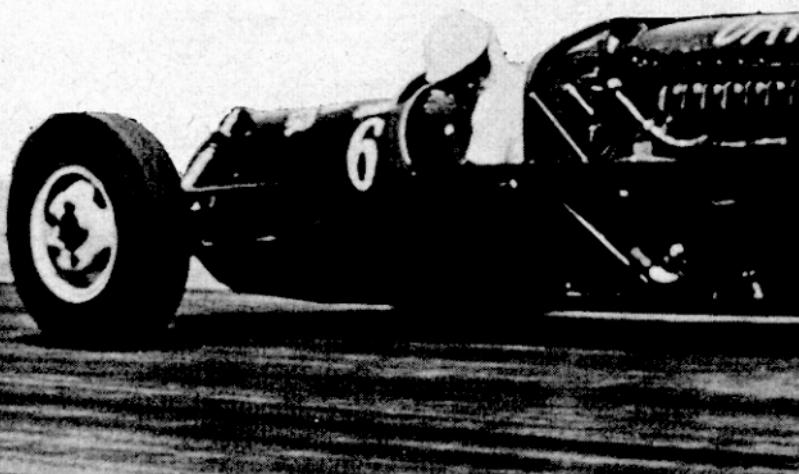
... JAZZ

The greater freedom enjoyed by musicians playing in the newer forms has extended even to their choice of instrument. Mat Mathews plays the accordion, Jimmy Smith the organ, Frank Wess, Buddy Collette and Herbie Mann flutes, John Graas, French horn, while Bob Cooper has used three different instruments in a single album. The Gerry Mulligan small groups function without a piano, Jay Jay Johnson and Kai Winding play trombone duets, and the remarkable Modern Jazz Quartet employs the unlikely combination of piano (John Lewis) and vibes (Milt Jackson) to produce some of the most exciting music heard since Louis Armstrong came out of New Orleans thirty-five years ago.

The above is not meant to suggest, however, that the older musicians are no longer producing much of value. The youngsters still listen to and learn from such veterans as Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Woody Herman and Roy Eldridge, and where is the young singer who doesn't owe something to Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, June Christy or Anita O'Day?

It is this combination then of wild-eyed experimenters and inspired practitioners that keeps jazz lusty and vital, an art form still in the process of being developed with remarkable innovations always just ahead.

HE DRIVES A GREEN



ONE OF THE NATION'S NEWEST and fastest growing sports is "drag racing." Fans flock by the thousands to watch the races between cars that seem to defy almost every known law of construction—yet attain speeds well over 100 miles an hour.

Just what is a drag race? It is a timed quarter-mile race from a stationary start between two cars over a straight and paved strip of road. Actually, the course may consist of anything from an abandoned airfield runway to a strip constructed specially for racing automobiles.

The drivers and builders are members of a new sporting fraternity which has absolutely no use for the "chicken players" or the devil-may-care kids who drive crazily down a busy highway—"just for

MONSTER



kicks." The true hot-rodder refers to such types as "squirrels" and feels that they are the ones who give the sport a bad name. A few weeks ago, the International Association of Chiefs of Police met in Chicago and advocated the outlawing of drag racing. Hot-rodgers have received police support in the past though, and they intend to keep trying for the respectability that will land them in the sports pages and not in the night courts.

The man who can lay claim to being the number one hot-rodder in the country, at the moment, is Art Arfons, a 30-year-old Akron, Ohio, hardware and grain dealer. A few weeks back, Arfons piloted his weird looking machine to the Automobile Timing Association of America's World Series of Drag



Art Arfons, champion drag racer, poses proudly with his favorite possession, "Green Monster, No. 6," the car he built and drove to win the crown. He collected a trophy and a \$1000 scholarship.

... . **GREEN MONSTER**

Racing. The event was held before an enthralled crowd of 14,000 aficionados at Lawrenceville, Illinois. Akron Art whipped over 300 competitors and, in addition, set a speed record of 152.45 miles an hour. And he did it all in a homemade car called The Green Monster.

The "Monster" is certainly one of the strangest contraptions in automotive history. It's a 3,500 pound, six-wheeled job powered by a twelve-cylinder Allison airplane engine! The power plant, the same kind used in the famous P-51 Mustang fighter plane of World War Two, turned up 1450 horsepower to bring Art home in front. It cost him some \$500 dollars and countless hours of tinkering and sweating in his garage to build his big No. 6, alias the "beast."

For Arfons, at least, the greatest rewards of the sport are in building one's own car. "Then you can just sit back and listen to it purr-r-r-r. It's beautiful, just like a symphony to me," says Art with a grin.

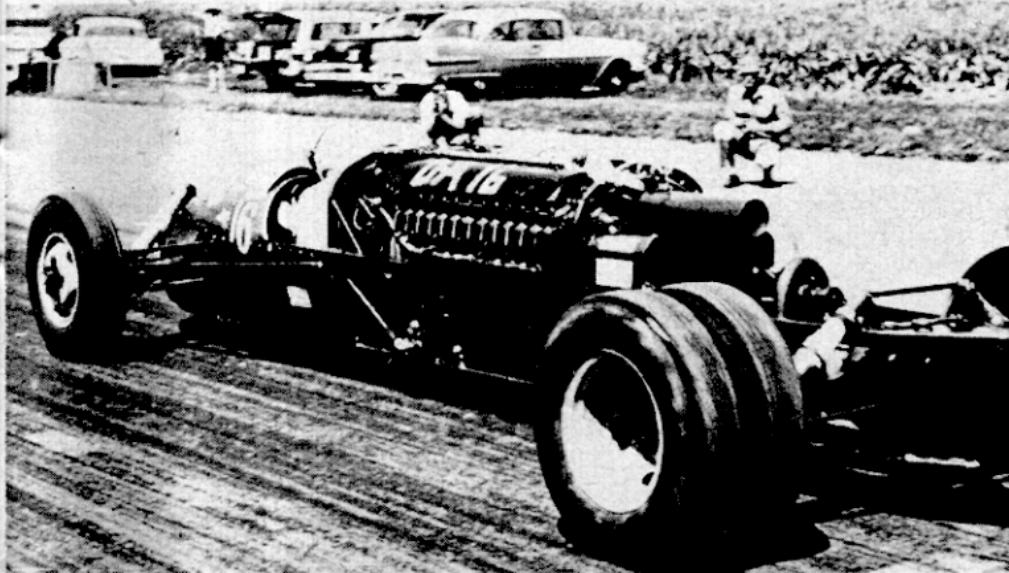
It was with his brother Walter's help that he built the job. The two got the frame and front end of an old Army truck. They placed the airplane engine on this. Then, after some scouting around, they took the clutch of an old tank, a Ford drive-shaft, some Cadillac master cylin-

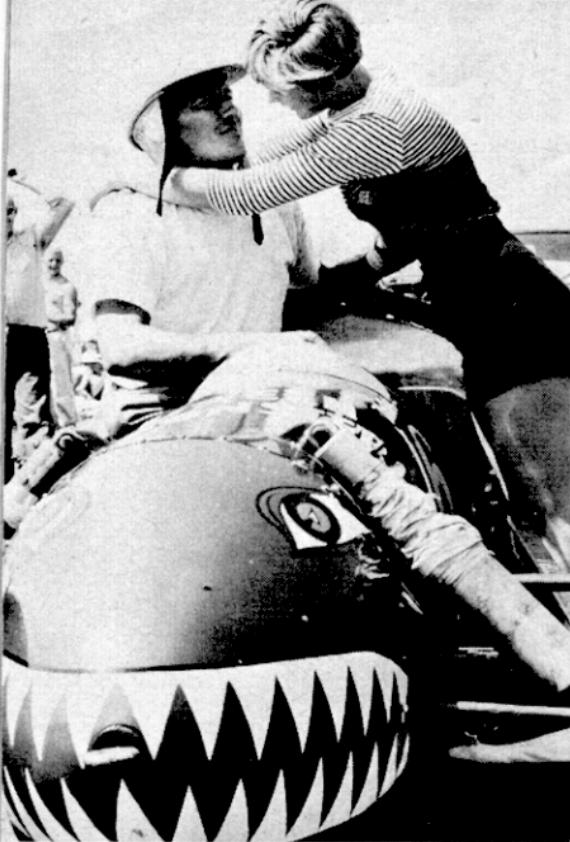
HOT-RODDER'S DICTIONARY

Just like bopsters, soda jerks and jet pilots, the hot-rodder has developed his own distinctive jargon and vocabulary to go with this fast-growing new sport. Here are a few of the basic terms and definitions:

JUG	The carburetor
BONE	A Model "A" Ford
POT OUT	An engine failure
GOAT	The other driver's car
PIG	A well-built car
TRICKY SLEEPER	A real fast car
SQUIRREL	A careless, delinquent driver
BEAST	A hot-rodder's own car

The strange-looking "Green Monster," with Arfons at the wheel, takes off from the starting line. The car's 12-cylinder aircraft engine pushed it to top speeds in the quarter-mile acceleration run.

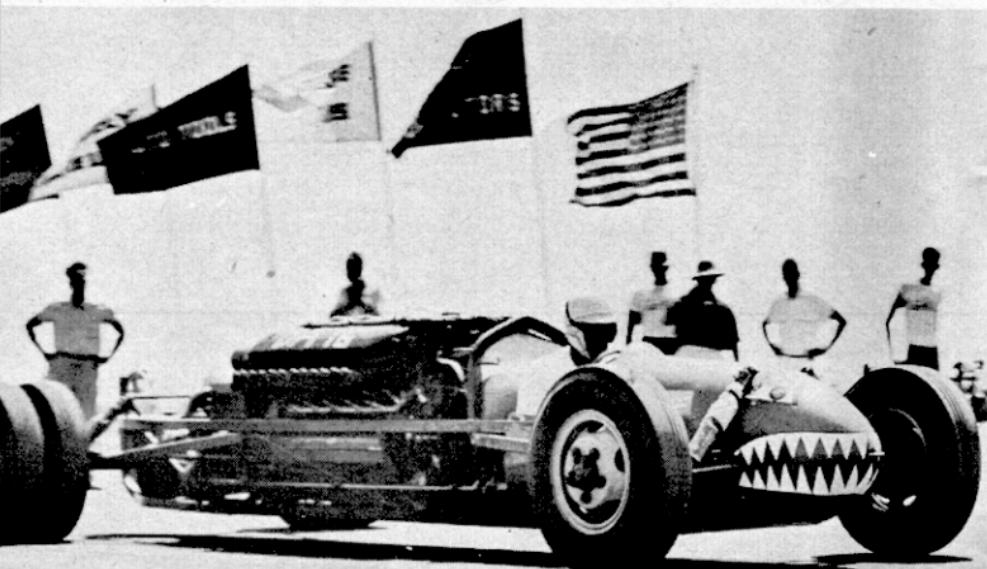




... MONSTER

Every auto race must have a queen to kiss the winner. Here, (l.) lovely Jeanette Brooks gets ready to bestow the usual honors on the 1956 drag racing champion, after record run.

The winning hot-rod weighed a solid 3500 pounds which helped it to fight stiff surface gusts on "take-offs." The "beast," (below) is one of the weirdest cars ever to be built.



ders, other assorted parts and went to work. Leaving his wife and two small sons to stare in wide eyed amazement at the scene in the garage, Art Arfons worked for months before he had a "beast" that he thought was ready for competition.

In 1954, the car sped to triumph in drag racing's very first Championship event. And in 1955, Art managed a second place. This year, with some six more editions of the Green Monster having been built, Art took top honors and brother Walt wasn't far behind in third place.

More than looking forward to the chance for another victory in next year's Drag Racing World Series, Art and his brother are trying to stabilize their infant sport by interesting others in building and competing within the rules of the A.T.A.A. They would like to see the public at large recognize the sport as a bona fide competition designed to test the ingenuity and skill of the participants. The claim is made that there are about 350,000 active hot-rodgers today, and some 2,000,000 followers of the sport from coast-to-coast. It's come a long way since the early Twenties when some eager mechanics and drivers at Glen Cove, New York fashioned and drove the first real hot-rod. But, with champion Art Arfons leading the way, it seems the men from Detroit have been taking a closer look. Perhaps this is a sign that hot-rodding has finally come of age.

Crossword Answer



Picture Credits—Warner Brothers: pp. 4-10. Keystone: pp. 11-13, 22. Earl Leaf (Kelpix): pp. 14, 15, 16. Wide World: pp. 22, 23, 49, 50. International News Photos: pp. 23, 24, 27, 57. Peter Basch: pp. 32-35. Bob Wiloughby: p. 37. Ted Castle: p. 40. Herman Leonard: p. 40. Don Huntstein: p. 41. Globe: p. 52. Jerger (Globe): pp. 53-56. Graphic House: pp. 58-63. Front Cover: Peter Basch. Back Cover: INP, Wide World. Inside Front Cover: INP. Inside Back Cover: Topix.

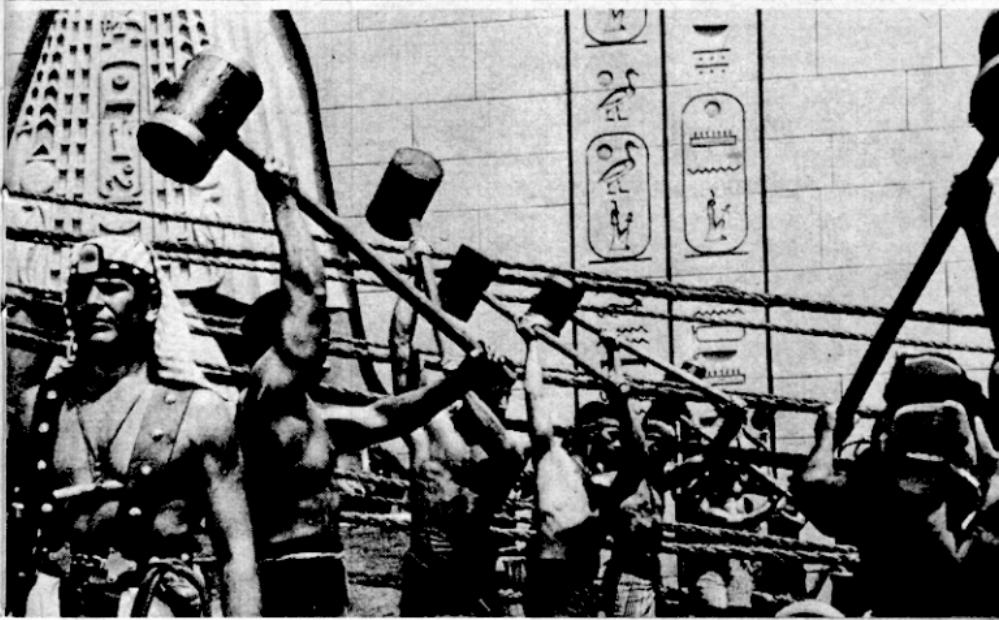
The Story Without End

AMONG THE STURDIER SOURCES of Hollywood motion pictures are the wry stories of Damon Runyon (*Little Miss Marker, A Slight Case Of Murder*) and the hard-bitten novels of W. R. Burnett (*Little Caesar, The Asphalt Jungle, High Sierra*). Of much greater durability than either, however, is the Bible, inspiration for several of the most successful pictures in Hollywood history.

Outstanding example of the successful biblical film is *The King of Kings*, a life story of Christ, made back in

Cecil B. DeMille (r.) made his first version of the *Ten Commandments* in 1923. His newer one (pictures, below) cost \$10,000,000 and was filmed in great part on the sites of its biblical events.





... WITHOUT END



Yul Brynner and Anne Baxter take direction from DeMille for scene in *The Ten Commandments*.

directed by Cecil B. DeMille at a cost of \$1,400,000—an incredible figure for that time. When the project was first proposed, Hollywood considered it a sure way to go broke. Not only was the cost staggering but religion was thought of as a most unlikely subject for a motion picture, particularly during that era of bathtub gin and dresses way up to here. Despite the dire predictions, however, the first of DeMille's biblical ventures (he made *The King of Kings*, too) set a number of box office records which still exist. It ran for two years in New York alone.

Emboldened by the fantastic success of DeMille's first two biblical films and greatly encouraged by the public's acceptance of their inspirational themes, Hollywood has turned to the Bible and religious history as a source of its pictures ever since. Among its most successful efforts have been *The Sign Of The Cross*, *The Robe*, *The Crusades*, *David and Bathsheba* and *Samson and Delilah*.

1927. The film was the first ever shown at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood and ran for eight months—a record for that theatre which has never been topped. Since its release, there has never been a day when *The King of Kings* has not appeared on a screen somewhere in the world. Exclusive of television audiences, it has been seen by more than 700 million people.

Preceding this by four years was *The Ten Commandments*, produced and

Each earned huge sums at the box office and helped further to erase the myth that the public would not pay to see the "message" or inspirational type of picture.

However, it has not been the practice of producers and directors to depend on the "message" alone to carry such films. They have made generous use of name players, lavish sets and authentic locales. *David and Bathsheba*, for instance, owed the greatest part of its high earnings to the presence, in the leading roles, of Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward.

This concentration on box-office values is readily apparent in DeMille's new version of *The Ten Commandments*. Filmed at a cost of \$10,000,000, it features an enormous cast and a passion for authenticity that included the shooting of key sequences on Mount Sinai. Despite, its cost, however, there is no fear that *The Ten Commandments* will put Paramount or DeMille in the red. In an industry known for its uncertainties, Hollywood's biblical spectacles are always money in the bank.

One of the biblical stories dramatized in *The Ten Commandments* shows Moses being hidden in the bullrushes to protect him from the Pharaoh's wrath, then found by the Pharaoh's daughter.



BROADWAY

TEMPO

With **Benny** and **Hope** going back into radio, look for a whole batch of other big names to follow. Could be that people are beginning to miss the old days of listening with their eyes closed . . . Surprise casting for *Bells Are Ringing* has **Sidney Chaplin** playing the lead opposite **Judy Holliday**. Sidney's only claim to fame used to be his relationship to *pere Charlie*, but from now on he'll be on his own . . . Funniest book we've read since *The Egg and I*, and sure to be a riot as a movie, is **Alex Austin's** *The Greatest Lover In The World*. It deals

with a nutty search to find the fellow who fits the title . . . Stop us if we're wrong, but hasn't the Broadway musicalization process gotten out of control? Now, it's *Of Human Bondage* and **O'Casey's** *Juno and the Paycock* that are scheduled for the treatment. How long before someone decides to write a score for the *Manhattan Telephone Book*? . . . Has interest in those fabulous Italian beauties started to decline? It's the Scandinavian girls who have been getting the big play lately, with model **Barbara Osterman** (l.), for one, busy as all get out . . . **Liberace** said it: "Because of **Elvis Presley's** influence, he could lead teen-agers away from delinquency—like a benign pied piper." What say, Elvis? Let's strike up a tune.



No Pedestal for Jenny



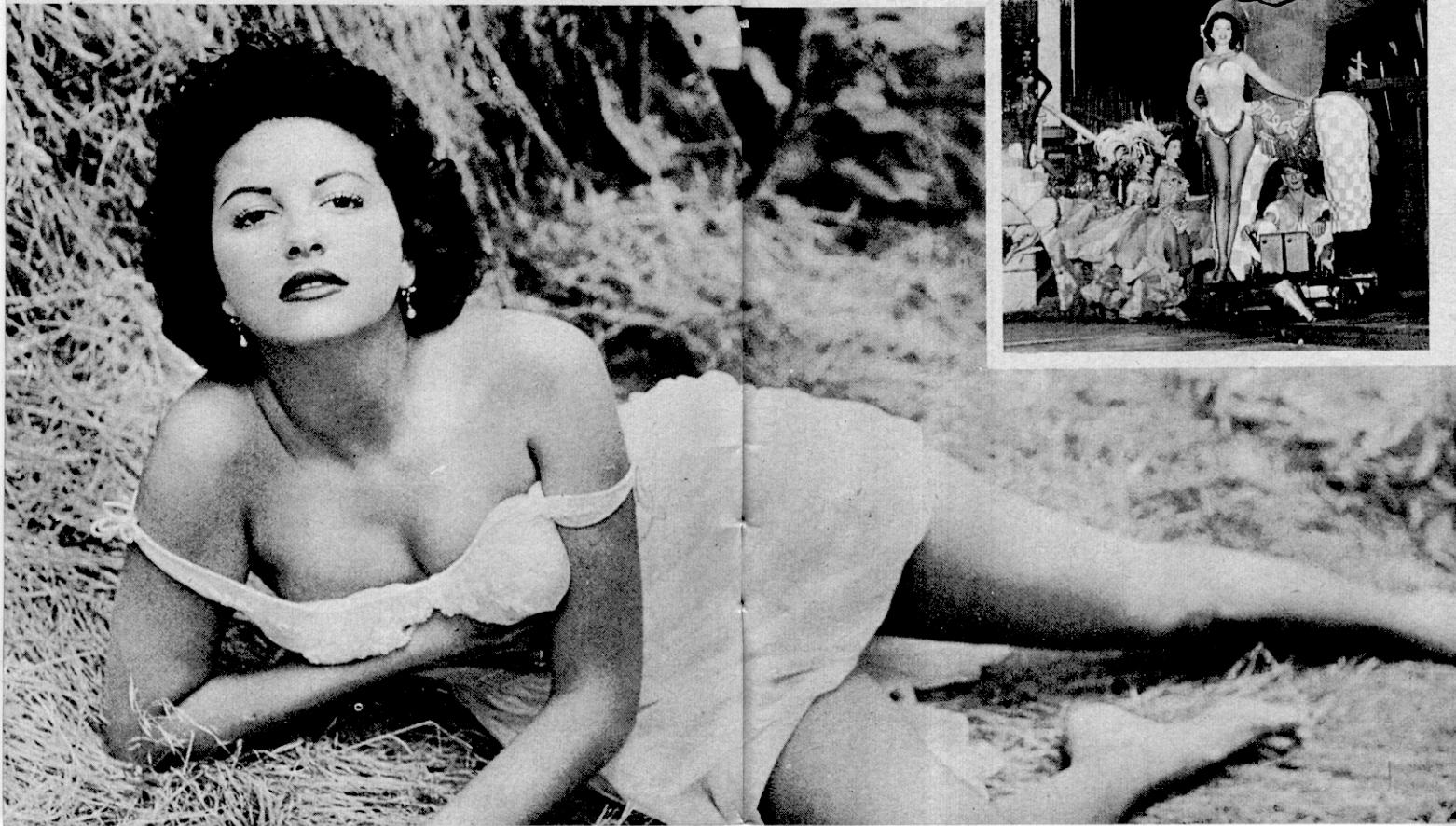
It is customary to shed sad tears over the plight of the tall girl. She is awkward, ill at ease and can't find a man to look up to.

Oh Yeah? Jennifer Lee is 6'4" in heels

No Pedestal . . .

and as smooth, sophisticated and sure of herself as a whole squad of petite little Gabors. A former Miss Texas, and that state's entry in the Miss Universe contest, Jennifer is amused by all this pity for tall girls.

"The tall girl really has it so easy," she smiles in explanation. "After all, it's a known fact that the average



No Pedestal . . .

man loves to put a girl on a pedestal. Don't ask me why. It's supposed to have something to do with his Oedipus Complex, whatever that is. In any case, he doesn't have to go through all that trouble with me. I mean the average male is five foot eight or something like that and for him I'm on a pedestal already. See?"



HOLLYWOOD

TEMPO



Jane Russell, who recorded an album of spiritual songs, a year ago, may get another chance to warble, if Hollywood has its way. She's sought for a lead part in the biog of **The Andrews Sisters**. Other possible co-stars: **Eva Marie Saint** and **Lauren Bacall** . . . **Ruth Roman** (l.) takes it easy in the sun after completing her latest, *Rebel in Town*. . . . **Mamie Van Doren** is presently making a bid for the title of filmland's leading intellectual. She and husband **Ray Anthony** have started taking a memory course, "It's wonderful," she gurgles. "They teach you tricks that help you remember things. Now I

can tell you all the capitals of the United States." . . . **Richard Basehart**, who played Ishmael in *Moby Dick* and ended up sailing a coffin, will next be seen commanding a fleet in Warner Brothers' *John Paul Jones*. After watching his dramatic gusto and versatility as The Fool in *La Strada*, we think he deserves the coveted role as the "father of the American Navy." . . . **Terry Moore**, whose lack of bashfulness in displaying her charms once got her thrown out of Korea, is headline-hunting again. Her swimsuit in *Between Heaven and Hell* made the censor's okay by a hair's breadth.

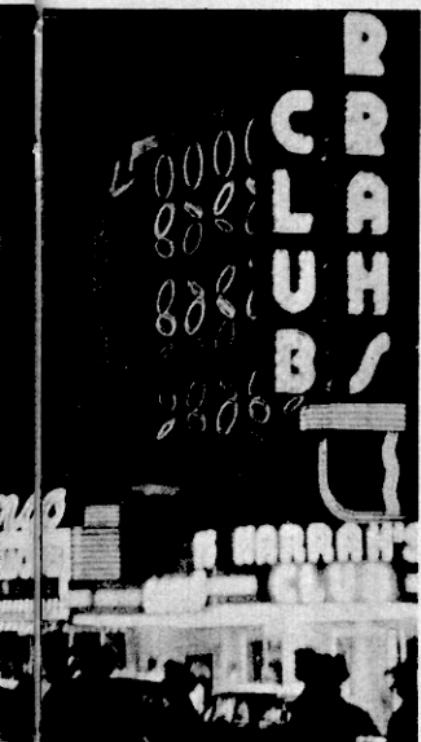
TOP MAN IN



THE STORY IS TOLD OF THE SAILOR in a small town who was losing his money in an all-night poker game. When some kind soul led him aside and disclosed that the game was crooked, the sailor looked at him sadly and said, "I know, but it's the only game in town."

Fortunately, anyone with a desire for what gamblers refer to as "some action" can easily get it at better odds than that. As a matter of fact, in any well run gambling house, he's got a reasonably good chance of emerging as a winner, the only odds against him being the time-honored edge the house has in its favor. His assurance of a

THE PIT



Biggest gambling clubs in Reno are those which face Virginia Street. Here, over \$500,000 a day crosses the tables.

Al Fontana (r.) is day pit boss at Harrah's Club. A former boxer, Al has the knack for spotting a phony.





Pit boss Al Fontana (above) checks slot machines after happy customer wins \$150. Another of Fontana's jobs has him changing the deck at the "21" tables (below) when he thinks it's too worn.





At the end of each shift, the pit boss checks the "bank." Here Fontana counts the silver and chips on this roulette wheel while the dealers watch. Harrah's total bank is never less than \$150,000.

... In The Pit

fair shake lies in the unique skills and rigid personality of that most unusual specialist, the pit boss.

The pit boss operates from within a hollow square formed by the gambling tables at a gambling club. "The less you bet, the more you lose when you win" sing out the dealers, but the pit boss takes part in no such dramatics. Instead he stands about quietly, unobtrusively, almost a part of the furnishings; yet, on his shoulders, more than any other, rests the responsibility for assuring the success of the game.

In general, the pit boss represents the house in all player-dealer transactions. He sees to it that none of the players has given himself an advantage not specified in the rules, such as having eased in his own deck of cards

... In The Pit

or a pair of irresponsible dice. At the same time, he must see to it that none of the dealers has his own private little racket going and—hardest to detect—that there is no collusion between dealers and players. When any such situation develops, the pit boss must move fast, yet with a minimum of fuss so as not to disturb the other players. This calls for tact, skill and, quite frequently, muscle. These are the primary requirements of a good pit boss, plus of course the integrity to refrain from taking advantage of his own all-powerful position.

Although the average pit boss is still a young man, he has put in many years learning his trade, usually as a dealer. He is in every respect a specialist; there being



Warren Dark (above), another of the Harrah's pit bosses, watches two tables of "21" players. Another function of the pit boss is to substitute for the lady dealers when the play gets too rough.

less than a thousand pit bosses in the whole country, their salaries ranging up to \$40 a day. For the more imaginative players, there is something just a little menacing about a pit boss. He moves so softly. His welcoming smile is so guarded. He is capable of such sudden violence when the situation requires it. Although actually running the club, he seems to be above its activities, somehow contemptuous of "systems" and of those people who insist on playing them.

Fortunately for the preservation of this myth, those who believe it have rarely seen a pit boss in his off-duty hours. You'd find him at some other gambling house, still as quiet and deadly as ever, but patiently playing his own "system" until that last dollar has left his pocket.



Pit boss examines pair of dice (r.) to see that they have not been loaded.



TEMPO looks

If you want to interview the Vice President, don't ever criticize him. Vice President Richard M. Nixon refused to be interviewed by CBS commentators Ed Murrow and Eric Sevareid in San Francisco because, he complained, they had criticized him in the past.

Kentucky's Governor A. B. "Happy" Chandler will make another bid for the Presidential nomination in 1960. He has told friends that he's not at all discouraged by his poor showing this year and is confident he'll win the Democratic spot next time.

Small business can expect a new bonus program. President Eisenhower will propose the plan very soon. Most attractive feature is a 10% tax refund on the first \$25,000 of company income.

Look for several big American newspapers to get around the State Department ban on American correspondents going to China. They will hire British newspapermen.

Russian diplomats in this country will no longer be allowed to drive around in capitalist automobiles. The Russian Embassy in Washington has ordered Soviet-built cars for all Russian diplomats in the U.S.

ahead . . .

International Cooperation Administration employees in Turkey and Afghanistan will soon have "foreign aid" in the form of fancy, American-made furniture. ICA claims this is cheaper than allowing employees to ship their own furniture at Government expense.

Juvenile delinquency may be a bigger problem in Russia than the H-bomb. American intelligence reports indicate that Kremlin Chief Nikita Khrushchev's teenage son is among the wildest of the delinquents.

Spain's dictator Franco is quietly trying to get Russian arms while still accepting military aid from this country. The Soviets have sent samples to Madrid for testing, and Spanish officers call the Red guns "superlative."

Look for the Cleveland Indians and the Chicago White Sox to pull off several big deals before next season rolls around. Declining attendance and front office discontent make drastic action necessary.

Watch for the trucking industry to go all out to elect a Democratic Congress, though most of the trucking moguls are Republican. Reason: the Dems favor the truckers.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK...

66 **Jack Benny**, before a recent violin concert: "I am not having my hands insured, but there is a remote possibility that I might have my face insured for anything that might possibly happen."

Maria Garoppo, TV contestant with 45-19-39 figure: "Can I help it if I'm not built like a telephone-pole?"

Comic Peter Donald: "If all the cars in the world were placed end-to-end, it would probably be any Sunday afternoon in the year."

Alfred Hitchcock: "I presume that my appeal to the bobby-soxers of all ages is due to their maternal instinct. I am round, chubby and indentable."

Humorist Helen Rowland: "Once sacrifices were made at the altar—a custom which is still continued."

Sir Thomas Beecham: "Audiences applaud everything and with equal indiscrimination."

Jackie Gleason: "I'm like the guy in Alaska. If he keeps moving, he's all right. But when he sits down, he's through."

Robert Frost, poet: "Time and tide wait for no man, but time always stands still for a woman of 30."

Sam Goldwyn: "Why should you pay to see a bad film when you can get bad television for nothing?"

Actress Marie Windsor: "I have a small rib cage but a broad back. That's what makes me look so big out front. Makes me feel terribly self-conscious."

Model Judy O'Day: "Oh, but you can tell a book by its cover. I never believed it when I started modeling, but you know how your thinking changes. What with all of these sexy pictures, I'm even starting to feel sexy." (Opp.)

99

**She doesn't believe that one
about a book and its cover.**



TEMPO

He's got Moses leading the Israelites across the wide, wide screen. See this issue.

