

TRIALS and TRIBULATIONS of being a FAMOUS MODEL

FOR a very pretty girl, with a Missouri accent that she came by honestly, big-time modeling in the city has its rewards—and its tribulations.

It's something to see your photograph in the best magazines, receive fan mail, be pleasantly shocked on the street by admirers who recognize you from your pictures—and be potently paid for it all.

But it's something else to stay in nights, be careful what you eat and drink, and keep your mind on your work hour after hour as the klieg lights take broadside punches at vitality and complexion.

Get that straight from Betty Wyman, a svelte blond who came east to achieve a reputed \$10,000-a-year income for displaying her face and figure as New York's leading fashion model.

And another thing, says Betty: "In the middle of the summer, when the sun is broiling Broadway and most persons are working up their sun-tans, I'm usually in for a long stretch of modeling furs and other winter clothing.

"Then when January rolls around, I am still before the cameras, but wearing only those sheer summer things be-

Then come long hours under glaring lights as the cameras catch those very particular effects required when a famous model is posing in the best accepted plumage for a concern which is paying a lot of money for the job.

There is a brief respite for lunch, then posing is resumed, and may continue until as late as midnight.

Just what is a new fashion to a model?

Something that comes usually in size 14, direct from Paris or the product of a New York shop, with frills on it that are doomed to be discarded as the American woman begins to make it popular.

Perhaps fellow-Missourians can best sympathize with Betty Wyman for one of her greatest unrequited yens—a good lunch and plenty of time for it. In the five years after she deserted Kansas City for fame as a model, she has tried vainly to find time for more than a salad at noon.

Her recent departure for Hollywood to take a principal role in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938," a full-length color fashion feature with a plot, inspired in her the hope that there breakfast would be followed, at a regular interval, by a good, healthy lunch.

THERE'S one thing she doesn't have in common with many models and actresses, and that's the fear of avoirdupois. She can eat, drink and be merry, and not rue it later when she has to



Saturday night is her only night out. Then she can explore the Broadway night club front.

ing hatched for a season six months away."

Thus does a famous model martyr herself for fashion, at a very fancy figure per sitting.

But, she'll tell you, when you take one of those "sittings" apart it becomes a "standing" order for a lot of concentrated work.

The first thing to make sure of, says Betty, is that you get home early the night before. Leave a call for 7 a. m., and don't oversleep. Work begins at the studio at 9 with an extensive siege of makeup and dressing that makes the average woman's time budget for the boudoir seem very insignificant.

THE clothes a model wears must be not only exactly right to begin with, but she must get them on exactly right. And, as every husband has been told, that just simply takes time.

squeeze into a fragile 14 frock for a special posing. She can, that is, when they give her time.

Since, as a visitor to New York in 1932, she was called in by friends to pose when the regular model failed to appear, Betty has remained the paragon of slimmness and proportion that other models aspire to.

Combined with her five feet eight inches and 115 pounds of exemplary femininity, are a pair of friendly hazel eyes and mouse-colored hair. She has a laugh and a personality distinctly flavored with the freshness of the mid-west.

One thing that the hustle of changing costumes and "making up" has taught Betty that will be envied by every woman is the ability to apply perfect lines of lipstick—without a mirror!

How she does it, she herself won't venture to explain.



Betty Wyman, the Missouri girl who made herself New York's leading fashion model—at \$10,000 a year.

"It seems to be just one of those things a person learns to do by practice, I suppose. We have to learn to do everything simply, and that just fits in," she says.

"If a lot of girls who want to be models would take a simpler path to their goal, there would be fewer heart-breaks.

"Wear clothes without affectation. That's something every model has to do. They can't afford to be spectacular because that isn't the way women make themselves noticed any more. The prime rule of a successful model, of course, is to retain her shape and her freshness, but she must also know how to dress for effect without overdoing it."

She is almost a "first lady" in her own right, but she discredits the value of some of her "firsts" in modeling. For instance, she was a pioneer in posing for color photographs, and she rates that more of a pain than a paean, in her accomplishments.

The reason: It adds several hours to her average work day. Before someone's genius found a way to reproduce the colored flowers on a girl's dress, as well as the bloom on her cheeks, modeling was considerably less fatiguing and much more pleasant.

BUT now . . . You can draw your own deductions as to blond Miss Wyman's reaction toward color. But if, in fact, you pinned her to an opinion, she probably would admit it was just another step forward in the art, and

perhaps another little thing that all well-disciplined models must take with their pay checks.

A large proportion of New York's best models are not from New York. But there doesn't seem to be any particular basis for the cliché that corn-fed gals provide the cities with their startling beauties. Outdoor sports aren't part of the model's repertoire.

But doesn't a New York fashion model have any time for personal recreation?

Yes—on Saturday night, even as the girl on the switchboard, only in a more glorified way. With the week's work over, a model may reconnoiter the Broadway night club front as she pleases. And usually she takes advantage of her "night out."

Right now, Betty is too much absorbed in her combined movie-model career to admit a definite romantic interest. She resisted Hollywood until she felt that she really wanted to try it.

So, as for men—well, she would rather, for a while at least, put up with the trials and troubles that she is heir to as a public figure.

It means no vacations, little chance to visit one's family, irregular hours which lengthen out into days on end before a breathing spell comes.

But it's the career that counts, says Betty, and she stubbornly declares she likes it in spite of its shortcomings. After all, she is reputed the world's most photographed model, and the job does fairly well by her exchequer.