



Superstitions Guide Her

JUNE KNIGHT—June Ninth. Last summer, the Universal studio bulletin board thus poetically announced the triumphant home-coming of a blonde Hollywood dancing daughter. She had gone clear to New York and got herself discovered by the late Flo Ziegfeld, and that made her a personage at the studio, only a pebble-toss from her home.

June was born in Hollywood, literally raised in the shadows of studio walls, and was graduated from Hollywood High School.

When she was a small child she couldn't walk a step for three whole years, and doctors gave her up as a cripple for life. But eventually she recovered enough to study dancing, and dancing developed those nimble, shapely legs that pleased Broadway in "Hot-Cha" and "Take a Chance."

Today, she is five feet, five inches of lissom loveliness. Her blue, baby-wide eyes dart laughing over a wide, mischievous grin. Work is a lot of fun to her, and no one at Universal can remember her in a bad humor.

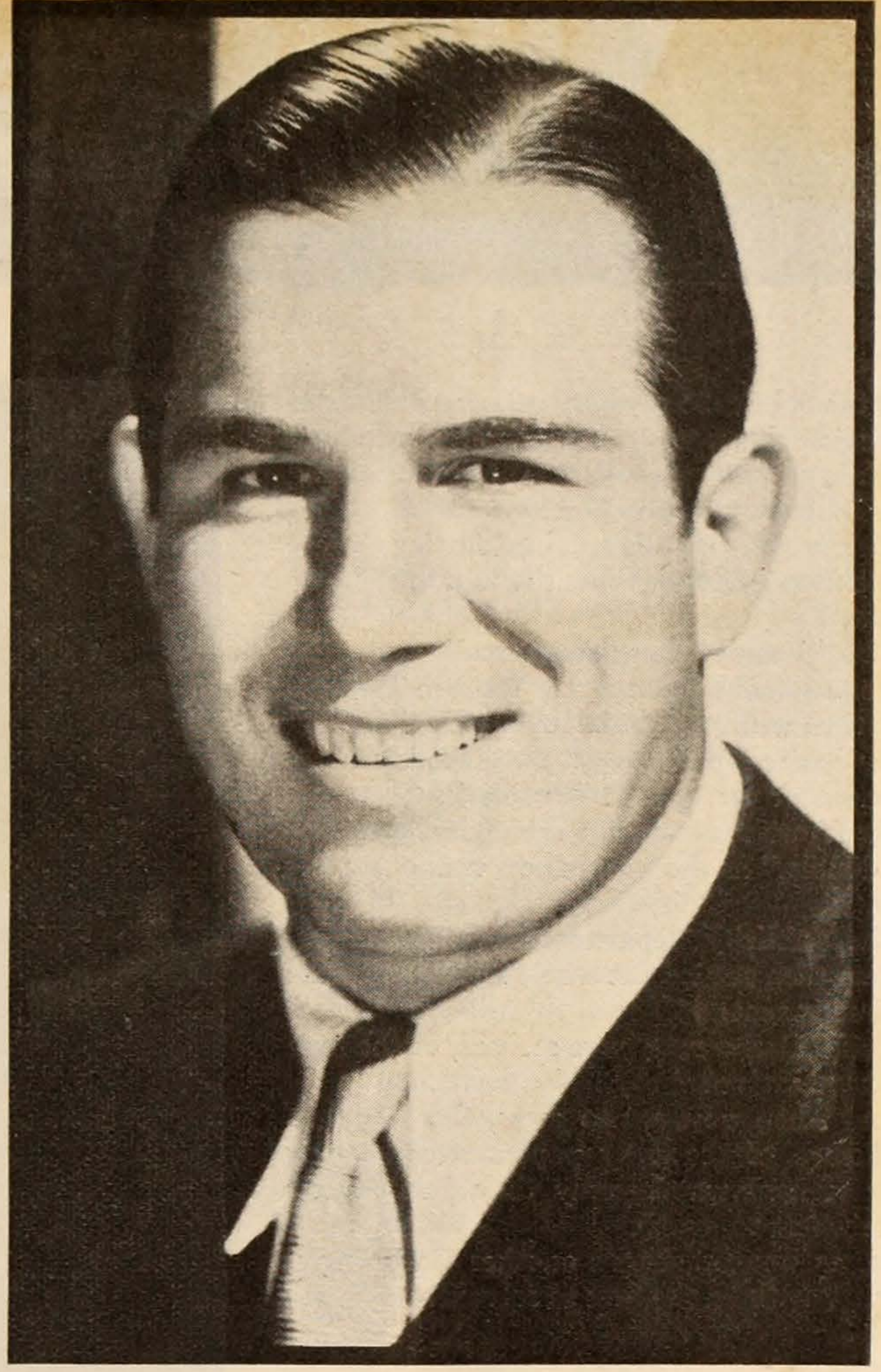
June sings, too—practices singing daily along with her dance exercises, which are something of a religion with her.

June's back and shoulder muscles would make a physical culturist rave with joy. She could almost hold her own with a prize-fighter. In fact, she more than held her own with that two-fisted lady killer, Max Baer. Their romance ended—and June has lived to tell the tale.

Her latest picture is "Cross Country Cruise."

She really doesn't practice what she preached on stage and screen in "Take a Chance." In fact, she lives in a maze of superstitions that control her every move.

If you visit June in her dressing-room and happen to whistle, you will find yourself hustled outside, where you will have to turn around three times—to break the jinx. Then you'll be eligible to stay as long as you like.



From Producer To Actor

NAT PENDLETON was a producer of motion pictures—for an independent company in New York—before he won any prominence as an actor. He got ahead as a screen player because he could look like a "lug" and handle "lug" rôles better than any ten *bona-fide* thugs. Yet Nat is a graduate of Columbia University, speaks four languages, and loves to play little "love ditties" on the banjo. He even sings them.

He was a professional wrestler, and previously, as an amateur he won an Olympic Games wrestling championship.

Stage experience in New York came next, with Nat racing over to Madison Square Garden between the first and third acts for a wrestling match. And then racing back to the third act with a black eye he certainly didn't have in the first act. No one could stop him. Nat *wanted* to wrestle.

His uncle, Arthur Johnson, was a movie star, and Nat played child bits in his uncle's pictures for the old Lubin Company in Philadelphia.

Nat came to Hollywood from the stage, playing bits here and there. He wrote a screen story about wrestling for Columbia Pictures, and played the lead himself. It was called "Deception."

Later, Nat went to M-G-M on a contract, and "Penthouse" put him right in the public's eye. His latest, "Sing and Like It," for RKO-Radio has revealed him as a versatile performer.

He missed the rôle of *Tarzan* by two notes. Weissmuller could yell two notes louder than Nat.

For four years Nat lived in Portugal. During summer vacations at Columbia University, he traveled in Mexico and ran down spies for the Mexican government. He wrote articles about it that were printed in a leading weekly magazine.

He lives alone in a high hillside home that's cluttered up with tennis balls, banjos and worth-while books.