



NO DOG'S LIFE for this canine smoocher who gets a lot of attention from lovely Ella Raines.

By Dee Lowrance

HOLLYWOOD

THE word "dynamic" has been thrown about too freely in Hollywood. It's been wasted so often that its true worth is almost lost. But once in a great while dynamic comes into its own. Apply it to Ella Raines and it regains value.

There's hardly another word to fit Ella Raines. "Beautiful" won't quite, because, by none of the accepted standards—either classic Venus, or cover-girl—could you call her beautiful. Yet she has beauty; the beauty of a fine-boned racehorse, of a high wind, the beauty of motion.

Perhaps "glamorous" might be tailored to fit. But glamorous has been so overworked in these parts that it's become wishy-washy. If you cut its meaning to the quick, weed out the shoddy, shopworn uses, retaining its original sense—that of an appeal to the imagination—then you'll have something to add to your description of Ella Raines.

"Arresting" is another word useful here. And "vital." Also "unusual" and "interesting."

And now you can take over this game that will soon be sweeping the country. Trying to find words to describe Ella Raines has already strained the nation's critics when they saw her in "Corvettes," "Cry Havoc," "Hall the Conquering Hero" and "Phantom Lady."

Audiences, too, sat up and took notice, then began playing this game. Out of the nowhere, it appeared, a new star had risen—in the space of a year. Twelve short months ago, Ella Raines was another nobody, a 22-year-old girl of Scotch-Irish descent, with her eye on acting as a career. Today she's a star.

Yes, dynamic is the word for Ella—definitely dynamic.

YOU get the full force of her dynamism on the screen. In person, it is even more compelling. Especially when she starts talking. Before that, she just seems to be an unusually attractive, slender young woman who wears her clothes well, carries herself beautifully, has a fine skin, a good head of medium brown hair and ice-blue eyes that change to green from time to time, most disconcertingly.

But when she starts to talk, the freshness of her outlook and the directness of her approach add up to a new note in the cacophony of Hollywood. An independent note, by the way, that may set off fireworks. Ella cares little for established godheads, and doesn't mind saying so in no uncertain terms.

The start of the interview might well have made the ears of a few of Hollywood's sacred cows burn. Then the dinner, in

a new restaurant in Beverly Hills, got underway in a more mellow manner.

Most actors and actresses glory in talking about themselves. Ella glories in talking about her husband. He is Maj. Kenneth Trout of the U. S. Army Air Force, and is now stationed in Florida. And she had just returned from visiting him there, called back to play the lead opposite John Wayne in "Tall in the Saddle."

"Just the role to make you purr with joy," said Ella. "The girl's an unregenerate witch from the start of the picture. Of course, love regenerates her before the end—but not too soon. Not before she has a fine, lusty time witching around!"

Purring with joy might have been her real feeling, but one got the impression she'd be quite capable of reaching out panther paws, should one try to take that part away from her.

"It's a wonderful role," she said. "Nothing namby-pamby or pretty-girl to that one. And I wouldn't have come back and left Ken for anything less than that role. We've been apart enough."

THE Trouts were married a year and a half ago. Then Ken, a pilot, was shipped to India and other war areas in that vicinity. He was gone a year.



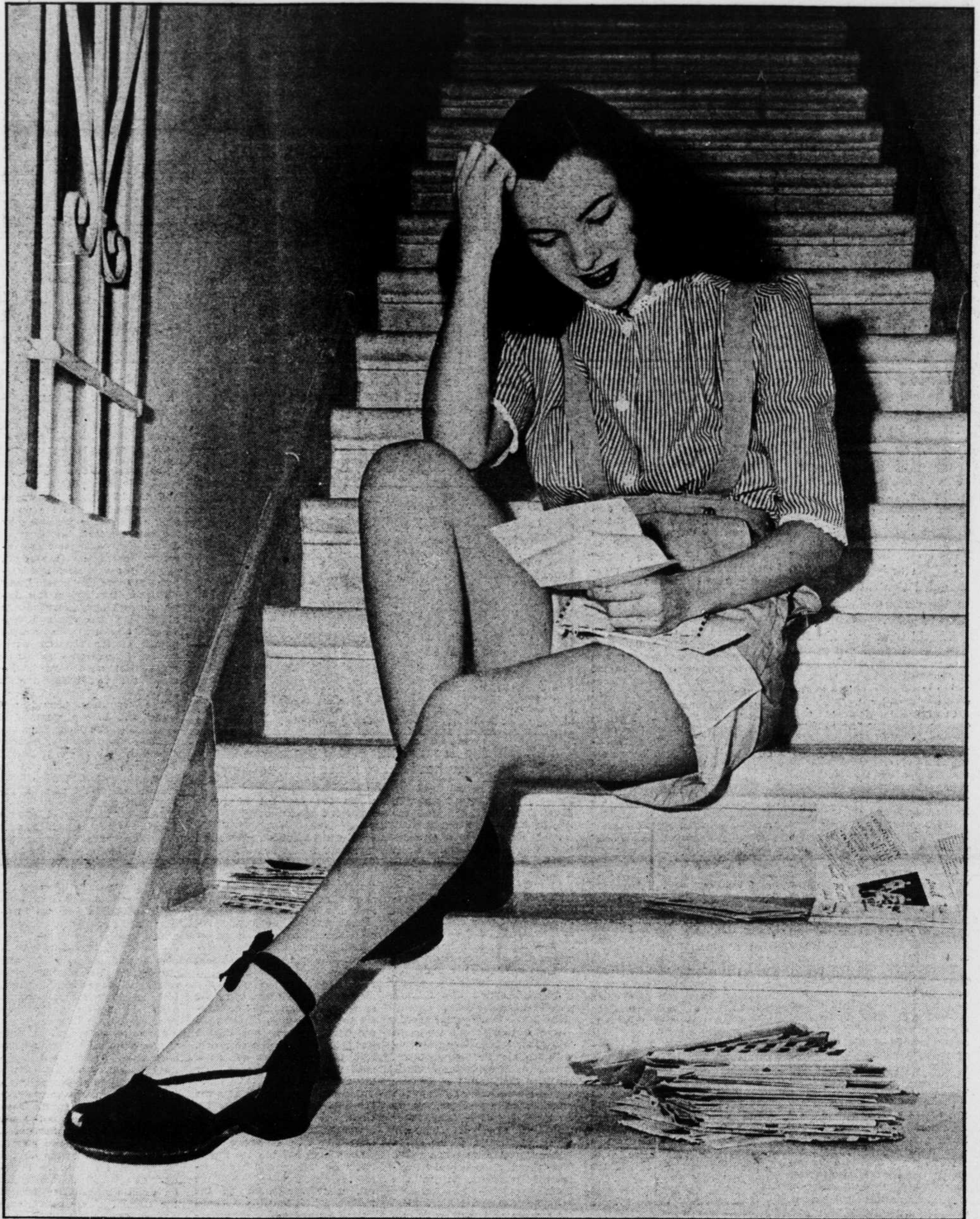
BIG MOMENT in the life of Ella Raines is her husband, Maj. Kenneth Trout, Army Air Forces.

Since then, Ella's work has interfered with their being together. She can, and does, count the weeks they have shared like a miser remembering stored gold.

"So few people know what it is to be in love," she said emphatically. "To be in love from a very early age to a very old age—that's what I want. And I

There's Only One Way to Describe This Green-Eyed Bundle of Screen Dynamite. She's Ella Raines. She's---

Definitely Dynamic



MAIL FROM THE MALES indicates that the stronger sex rates this Ella Raines girl high on its list of film favorites.

six months before he would talk to me.

"But all the time I knew he would soon, and that he would fall in love with me, too, and we'd get married."

The Raines and Trout parents, faced with such an indomitable attack of young love, behaved as many parents do, wanting to be sure for their children. They advocated a separation. So Kenneth, who loved planes, went to Southern California to college. Ella was sent to the University of Washington at Seattle.

"We both worked hard," she said. "I lit into dramatic work like a whirlwind. I always knew I wanted to be an actress, and they've got a wonderful drama department there, with two theaters right on the campus."

But work and distance made no change in the feeling that Ella and Ken had for each other. And so, when he was about to be sent overseas, having finished his training as a flying officer, he wired for her to join him in Florida, and they were married. That was in August, 1942.

"Then people accused me of having been secretly married!" she announced, with a vehemence all her own. "The story behind that is very simple. We were married in Florida any-thing-but secretly. We sent out 500 announcements. But that was before anyone knew me in Hollywood."

"Then, when I got here, I just didn't talk about my marriage. Everyone said, 'How unique to

keep a secret a year in Hollywood!' That was when Ken came back, six months ago. But it wasn't unique at all. I just couldn't bear to talk about him. I was too worried and heartsick. I couldn't bear to mention India or Burma or planes or anything. I couldn't have stood any questions about him—so I just skipped the subject."

"I think other war wives will know how I felt, even if some of the Hollywood types criticized me for not telling them I was married all that time."

ELLA stopped to center her attention on her salad a minute. "So I kept quiet and just worked," she added then.

"Just worked" with Ella means more than it does with many others. First it means that she left Florida when Ken moved overseas and made straight for New York, her aim being the stage.

History was made in New York, for it was there that she was discovered, brought out to Hollywood and, in no time flat, signed up by producer-actor Charles Boyer and producer Howard Hawks in a most amazing manner. For Boyer and Hawks made Ella their sole asset when they formed a new producing company, capitalized at a reported cool \$1,000,000.

Her first film was Hawks' "Corvettes." Then she was borrowed for "Cry Havoc." Right after that, before either of her first two pictures was re-

leased, she was borrowed by another studio for "Hall the Conquering Hero." Then she went back to her first studio, Universal, to make "Phantom Lady."

(Note: Ordinarily, only established stars, with names that mean money at the box office, are borrowed from studio to studio—a point to remember about the dynamic Miss Raines!)

But don't get the notion she's just one more Cinderella girl. And if you do get the notion, drop it before Ella finds out. Because she will have you know that she worked hard for five years before she came to Hollywood.

"It's no cinch to train yourself to be an actress," Ella announced. "You have to learn to walk and talk and understand roles. You have to read plays and understand what the author is getting at, and you have to learn to mold yourself to suit any sort of role that may come up."

"But I knew from the time I was a kid that acting was what I wanted to do more than anything else, so all the work at school and college and in little theaters was just my apprenticeship."

"Acting is my idea of service, especially today when I can, because I have found a spot in Hollywood, work in a medium which will bring forgetfulness and entertainment to other people. I like that thought—like it fine."

So she expects to go on working, even if it means at the same outrageous pace of four pictures a year, to hold the place she has already won in Hollywood. That is, unless her husband crooks his little finger and says: "Now, Ella, enough . . . retire and be just a wife."

If he should do that, the betting is loaded that Ella would obey, rush off and leave fame, fortune and Hollywood to take over the plain pleasures and duties of being Mrs. Kenneth Trout.

Confirming this impression of her feeling that her marriage means more than her career, she said: "You know, 10 days ago Ken was made a major . . ."

"And I had to celebrate all by myself," she bemoaned, shaking her long hair back off her shoulders. "All by myself I had to celebrate. And I've never yet been with him when he's been promoted!"

"But at least we knew it was coming," she went on. "When I was in Florida, we bought the oak leaves and hid them 'way back in a bureau drawer. And hoped it would happen before I had to come back here. But it didn't."

"We weren't together when he was made a captain, either," she said. "But we're hoping the war will end before he gets promoted again." She raised her coffee cup high. "A quick ending to the war . . . I'm sure, for us and all the . . ."