



# ANNE THE ANGEL BY KYLE CRICHTON

WALL YERLEE

**Anne Shirley is a Hollywood phenomenon. She likes all her movie parts and never gets sore at anyone**

THE shooting schedule of an RKO unit is going to be disarranged one afternoon by the appearance of a mysterious cloud that will appear over the studio shortly before quitting time and bear Miss Anne Shirley aloft.

Miss Shirley is surely the only person alive who thinks that Hollywood is perfect; Miss Shirley is possibly the only person who ever existed that possessed that strange belief. This is all the more extraordinary because Miss Shirley happens to be a veteran of the films, an old-stager who came in with the wagon-train pioneers from Manhattan and got booted fore and aft for many a long year before reaching her present position.

Cynics who try to needle the girl about her beliefs come up against the following conversation:

"Isn't there somebody you hate out here?"

"I can't think of anybody."

"Didn't you feel a little silly in that picture called West Point Widow?"

"I have no kick coming."

"Do you like *all* your parts?"

"Yes."

"Don't you ever get sore at anybody?"

"No."

"Satisfied with your contract?"

"Sure I am satisfied with my contract. I think it is just fine."

"Doesn't anything ever get your goat?"

"I don't let it. I'm happy. I have everything I want. Everybody treats me swell."

At this point the cynic becomes faint and makes one final effort:

"Well, doesn't the state of the world get you down? War and famine and all that?"

"I don't think about it," says Anne. "What could I do about it even if I wanted to?"

This is something of a phenomenon, this Shirley person. If you suggest that she is something of a Pollyanna, she will be hurt, but she doesn't change in her views of Hollywood. She is married to John Payne; they have a two-year-old baby; both have good contracts and are on top of the world; they are happy, they are unworried. It's like a fable.

The Shirley career follows the pattern of many film successes: the family was broken up by divorce, the mother took Anne (then known as Dawn O'Day) and started her on a public career. At the age of fourteen months she was sitting for advertising photographs; when she was three she was in her first movie, a venture directed by the late John Francis Dillon. In the same year Herbert Brenon used her in *The Miracle Child*, a William Farnum feature. These were in New York, where she was being passed back and forth between Fox and Paramount. It was then that Alan Dwan advised them to make the long trek West.

"Make no mistake, my dear lady,"

said Dwan to Anne's mother. "Our future is calling us. We must set our faces to the setting sun and grab some of that easy dough."

They had no sooner hit town than they ran into Herbert Brenon and were immediately put to work.

Hollywood in those days was a soft touch all around. It was before the days of kid stars and she had all the work in the place. Brenon had her in four pictures and eventually she played the role of the childish counterpart of every actress in the business. She was the younger self of Janet Gaynor in *Four Devils*, and of Madge Bellamy, Myrna Loy, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay Wray and Ann Dvorak.

## A Slight Cut in Salary

That was in the silent days of 1923 and she was getting \$175 a week almost before she could talk. But it meant that she missed her childhood completely. What schooling she had was acquired on the set from tutors. When the money flowed in Mamma bought a house in Laurel Canyon, a mile uphill from the only bus route. It was also prior to Central Casting and it meant that every day they slid down the hill and made the round of the studios; every night they trudged back up again.

"Literally thousands of times we made that walk," says Anne.

But by the time she was ten, conditions changed and, from getting \$175 a week, she was down to extra work at \$3.50 a day—if she could get it. They lost the house, they lived in a furnished room, Mamma took a job as an elevator op-

erator. To make the most of her opportunities, Anne was listed at half a dozen studios under different names; she didn't want them to get sick of her. She had a one-day job at RKO as an extra in a football picture, dressed up like Susie Prep, sitting in the cheering section.

"You know those cheering sections on the West Coast where they spell out things on cards between halves?" says Miss Shirley. "Well, I was there as Lindley Dawn and I got word that M-G-M had a bit part for me for one day at twenty-five bucks. I didn't know what to do. If I left a hole in that cheering section, RKO would never hire me again; if I didn't show up at M-G-M, they'd be off me. I figured it out by economics; I took the twenty-five bucks."

But her mother was a good seamstress and kept Miss Dawn O'Day looking well, and, being talented, she was always able to get a scholarship in a dancing school. She went to Lawler's Dancing School for years and that helped some because it gave her a chance to sneak into musicals and ballroom scenes, but the going was tough.

The real break was that she somehow missed the gangling stage which has ruined other child wonders. She kept hitching on to bit parts until a picture called *Finishing School* came along and rescued her. There was a screen cutter named George Nichols, Jr., (now deceased) who had been looking at her for years in various exhibits. When he finally wangled a director's job at RKO, he suggested that they get little

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It's an old Nazi trick: German agents—aided by unthinking dupes—de-  
vise and spread vicious rumors in a deliberate attack on American morale

## Don't Believe a Word of It!

By Henry F. Pringle

CARTOONS BY CARL ROSE

War always breeds rumor-mongers—and they're at it again, reporting fake flu epidemics in Army camps, false wholesale desertions, etc. The object is to destroy the morale of the Army and the faith of the public in it. Let's not be too gullible

ONE night late last fall—the nation was still at peace—the telephone rang in the broadcasting studio in a Southwestern city. A voice asked why the station's news summaries had suppressed accounts of a violent pneumonia epidemic in a near-by training camp.

"Hundreds of the boys are sick and there are already forty-two bodies in the morgue," the voice said.

Similar reports were received that night in the city room of the town's morning newspaper. The radio station and the newspaper sent investigators to the camp immediately. Not a case of pneumonia had developed and the camp "morgue," wholly devoid of bodies, was being used as a sewing room by some lady war workers.

This was duly published and broadcast, but the rumors continued for several days. In due course they were traced to statements overheard in busses and lunchrooms in the town, but nobody knew who had started them. It was not long, however, before the soldiers at the camp were receiving frantic telegrams, letters and telephone calls from their parents.

The employees of a munitions factory in New Jersey reported for work, as usual, on a morning last summer. The machinery hummed on vital defense orders, but soon a wild story was being passed from bench to bench and from one part of the plant to another. Florida had been bombed! A force of hostile aircraft had passed over the state during the night dropping tons of bombs and killing hundreds of men, women and children. Over what part of Florida? What cities had been destroyed? Nobody knew. Nobody knew where the mad story had come from, but work on defense orders in this New Jersey factory was violently disrupted for the day.

Be on guard against such rumors. There will be more of them now that the United States is in the war. Circulation of them has been going on for at least a year and they are part of Hitler's plan to soften and break down the democracies which he despises and pro-

poses to conquer. It is a barrage of half-truths and lies spread over the nation; its purpose is to undermine the morale of the civilian population and the armed forces. The rumors are initiated by radio from Berlin, Tokyo and Rome, by pro-Axis newspapers published in the United States, by pamphlets and by paid agents. They are spread by the agents, by members of the various Bunds and by the fractional minority of Americans who still believe in peace-at-any-price. They are sometimes spread by bitter-end haters of President Roosevelt. These people would recoil with horror at the idea of helping Hitler or Japan. They consider themselves wholly loyal. But some of them still can't imagine that a policy advocated by That Man in the White House has any merit.

### Playing It Adolf's Way

These dupes who play into the hands of Hitler were more active before we got into the war, but a few still talk and talk. Typical of them were two ladies on a streetcar in Washington, D.C. It was close to September 15th, when another income-tax payment would be due.

"I think I'll send my check direct to the British embassy," said one of the ladies. "All our money goes to England, anyway, under this Lend-Lease law. Why not mail it to the British ourselves?"

Her companion nodded in agreement. "They can use it to pay for their parties at the Carlton Hotel," she added bitterly. "Why, do you know, my dear, they throw champagne parties at all the big Washington hotels and every penny of the cost—every penny, my dear!—is charged to us! Why, I even heard that some of these visiting Englishmen entertain actresses and chorus girls and we pay for that, too!"

Uncle Sam is well aware of the activities of these traducers, but they aren't easy to catch. A newly created Special Defense Unit of the Department of Justice is keeping careful watch over pro-Axis publications. The Federal Com-

munications Commission has an even more gigantic task on its hands. Through four strategically located listening posts the FCC makes a complete record of every word broadcast by short wave from every foreign country—an appalling total of 600,000 to 900,000 words every twenty-four hours, seven days a week. This is translated and digested, and all relevant portions are rushed by teletype to the White House, the State Department, the Federal Bureau of Investigation (G-2) or other government agencies. A number of arrests have already been made by the F.B.I. Military Intelligence, and the Morale Division of the Army is seeking to run down the rumors which spread through the cantonments and among parents of the soldiers. The rumors continue, though. By their very nature they are hard to trace.

The system whereby Hitler and Goebbels seek to soften America—no one doubts that their activities continue even now—is well understood, on the other hand, and some of the details can now be told. If Americans don't realize what the Nazis are up to, it is their own fault. Extremely competent studies have been made and published. The Committee on National Morale, a voluntary organization with headquarters in New York, has issued a volume called German Psychological Warfare in which, among other Nazi leaders, Rudolph Hess is quoted. Hitler's one-time closest aide, now a prisoner in England, said four years ago that "in the past, people migrated from place to place; today ideas migrate from people to people. We are in the midst of an ideological upheaval of unprecedented magnitude."

The Committee on National Morale shows how the Nazis accelerate this migration of ideas—Nazi ideas—from one part of the United States to all parts. German fact-finding agencies locate what they call "Stoerungskerne," kernels of disturbance, in this country—minority political groups, frustrated and defeated politicians, aliens in economic

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