

By
FAITH SERVICE

THE MAN WHO WON'T BE TYPED

"LOVE life, I would like to live another hundred years. I want to go on—"

Rathbone speaking. Rathbone pacing the floor, never quiet, his words rushing out in praise of life. He is exciting because he finds Life exciting . . . "there is a splendor about Life," he says and so he, himself, is invested with some of the splendor he adores. His consumption of life is as savage, as avid as that of old Man Adam's first day. . . .
"My wife is a great person," he was saying, "I love my home, the home she is making for us here. We have been in this house just three days but I feel we've been here forever. I think (as I have thought before, about other houses), we shall never leave this house . . . we always do go away, of course, but not this time"—he laughed, at himself—"not this time. Our home looks like a home, again thanks to Ouida, not a curiosity shop. It has the 'feel' of home immediately we are in it. "I love quiet evenings, Ouida and I alone here . . . we are solicitous of one another's privacy . . . sometimes we spend whole evenings at home alone, she in her room reading, writing [Continued on page 63]

WITH 25 YEARS OF ACTING BEHIND HIM RATHBONE ADMITS KNOWING HIS JOB. HE TALKS LIKE HE NEVER TALKED BEFORE

Hollywood has typed Basil Rathbone as a heavy for nearly 11 years. But he can play any role. His next is Sherlock Holmes in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*



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letters, I in my room, reading, listening to my recorded music . . . but we know that we are together, though we may not speak . . . together, at home . . . that is the best Life has to offer.

"If I popped off tomorrow I don't think that Life would owe me anything. I've had my disappointments. I've had my desires, too. I love to travel. I love tennis, golf, swimming. I love all outdoors. I love music, love to listen to the New York Philharmonics, love my records. I love my six dogs. We love to have small, intimate gatherings here at home . . . we talk interminably . . . no subject is taboo in this house . . . the Charles Boyers come often . . . Boyer is one of the most entertaining conversationalists I know . . . Hugh Walpole comes to us when he is here . . . George Cukor often drops in . . . the Louis Leightons . . . we find Errol Flynn to be a most charming person . . . he is graciousness itself and he has a mind, a liberal, ranging mind. . . . Do you know who is a fine conversationalist? Marlene. Marlene Dietrich . . . whether she is asked to meet a poet or a politician, jitterbugs or the Duke and Duchess of Kent, she is at home, she is informed and informal, she is delightful.

"I love our big parties, too . . . Ouida's big parties they are, really . . . for the best fun I have is when we are giving one of our semi-annual big parties and I Come To My Own Party . . . I never even see the dining-room . . . I don't know what the decorations

are to be or what the refreshments until I arrive. . . .

"I like people, but I hate crowds. I am afraid of crowds. But to be afraid is to be excited, too. For fear is one of the exquisite emotions. I am afraid of mobs, yes. But if I am standing on a curb watching the King's Coronation or something like that, and the people seem terrifying, I turn and face a little, old woman, perhaps. I start to talk to her. At once my fear of the mob is dispelled. The mob breaks up into little, folksy faces. I have found a friend and, given time, I would find many friends."

TO MAKE ourselves receptive, Mr. Rathbone believes, is the great thing—to be receiving sets with all of our antennae delicately alert and aware . . . and to make ourselves receptive we must be tolerant to everybody's ideas. . . .

"We have some very odd people in this world today," he says, his thin, articulate mouth curving slightly, "and some of the ideas they represent seem to us extravagantly wrong . . . but to be receptive, as the radio is receptive, let us say, we must hear these ideas, we must never throw out, in toto, the ideas of anybody . . . to be so sensitized. Rathbone's sensitivity is, I dare say, the channel through which his special gift was given to him and which he, in turn, gives back to us. . . . In the first place, he knew what he wanted. He always knew what he

wanted. He always knew that he wanted to have something to do with the theatre. At the age of eight or nine, he wrote his first play . . . in the drawers of his desk at school were crammed the plays he wrote and continued to write, painstakingly, on foolscap . . . when, later, he worked for an insurance company in London, (to please his father) there was an empty room at the top of the building.

At noons he would go into that empty room and there recite aloud to himself . . . the poems of Browning and Shelley and Keats . . . he was all the characters of Shakespeare, all of them, never one. It is intolerable to Basil Rathbone to be confined in the strait-jacket of any one personality, any one type . . . even while he is talking to you, his face changes. It is childishly eager one instant, wise and sophisticated the next instant, sullen and angry, philosophical and very kind, never tired, never bored, always intensely alive.

In each age, there are a few people who know absolutely what they want to do. They are the darlings of whatever gods there be. Perhaps they have lived other lives and, in this life, find their way at last . . . "no matter what it is," Mr. Rathbone said, when I suggested to him that he is one of these Fortunes, and he agreed with me, "no matter why it is, I do say, daily, 'thank you, God, for letting me know what I wanted to do.'"

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Her Mirror Can't Tell Her Why She's "Unlucky in Love"



SHE THINKS
FIRST BOB, THEN TOM, NOW PAUL!
I WONDER WHY I CAN'T HOLD ON
TO MY ADMIRERS. IS IT MY
APPEARANCE...MY
PERSONALITY?



BABS, IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG
WITH ME... OR AM I JUST
UNLUCKY IN LOVE?

WELL, SOME
PEOPLE MAKE
THEIR OWN
BAD LUCK,
YOU KNOW

ONE WEEK LATER



SHE THINKS
BABS ALWAYS WAS BRUTALLY FRANK. BUT BLESS
HER FOR WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O."! PAUL'S
ATTENTIVE AGAIN, NOW
THAT I KEEP DAINTY
WITH DAILY LIFEBUOY
BATHS!

Stay on the safe side with Lifebuoy

SO OFTEN the first one to be guilty of "B.O." is the last one to know. Without realizing it, anyone may offend . . . and lose out in romance or business. How foolish to offend when it's so easy to play safe.

Careful people refuse to take chances. That is why so many men and women depend on Lifebuoy to keep them fresh. Lifebuoy in the daily bath stops "B.O." It contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toiletsoap. Women say Lifebuoy's grand for the complexion, too.

Use Lifebuoy Daily—It stops "B.O."



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IT IS because of this sensitivity, then, that Basil Rathbone has had his peculiarly successful career. It gave him the understanding of what he wanted to do. Through the years, it has given him the power to choose. For his career has been, almost wholly, of his own making or choosing. He has always chosen his own parts. In the theatre, on the screen. He chose *The Swan*, *Anna Karenina*, *David Copperfield*, to pick a few titles at random. And he chose *Copperfield* for one reason. A characteristically shrewd reason: he knew that the release date of that picture would be in November of that year. And that, just around the corner from the theatre where *Copperfield* would open, just three blocks away, he would be playing *Romeo* to *Katharine Cornell's Juliet*. He knew, that even the least discerning would say, "Look at those extremes! The range the man has!" *They did.*

To get into Hollywood, Mr. Rathbone sensed, with that seemingly unerring Seventh Sense of his, an actor must, first, find a niche. The way to get in, he says, is to be typed, to become known for a special brand of entertainment, so that when such a part comes up, producers will press a button saying automatically, "that's Rathbone stuff," or "that's Boyer stuff" or whoever or whatever. . . .

Once the actor has established himself as a player of a certain type of character, however, what has he done? Says Mr. Rathbone,

"He has built a wall around himself." Then what must he do? Says Mr. Rathbone, "He must knock that wall over. He must get OUT."

SO, AT first, Mr. Rathbone was a Heavy. When he went into *Karenina*, his friends and advisers shook foreboding heads. They said: "you are going down into the heavies again . . . take care lest you go down for the last time" . . . Then he made a little picture with Bobby Breen. Where he played a sympathetic role. His fan mail doubled instantly, but *doubled*. Old Man Public was saying "we want change . . . you can smile . . . you can be kind" . . . Then came *Robin Hood*, *If I Were King*, *Dawn Patrol*, *The Son of Frankenstein* . . . "in which I am," smiled Basil, "what one might call a hero of Horror . . . now *Sherlock Holmes* in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and I am a hero of Melodrama . . . now the producers have let me out of the bag . . . now the wall has fallen down and I am out!

"I have had a fight. I am exhilarated by it. I know that I have definitely gained by fighting. I worry, yes, of course I worry. Or rather, I have suffered from strain, let me put it that way. Worry is about little things. Strain is about big things. A career is a big thing. And strain makes one more than ordinarily sensitive to danger, to all kinds of dangers. I have known, I think, whenever my career was in danger, whenever I was threatened and by what. . . .

"I think," said Mr. Rathbone, laughing again, sitting now on the edge of his chair—he always sits on the edge of any chair—that I am, perhaps, peculiarly sensitive to danger. Just the other evening I was taking three of our dogs for a walk. We walked across the hills, very lonely hills they are, too, hereabouts. As we were returning two men suddenly rose up before me out of the brush. One of them was carrying a gun. They passed me by without speaking. But I was afraid. I was plain *scairt*. Later, I learned that the police had been looking for two men . . . one of them, the officers told me, was reported to be *carrying a gun!*

"I've always had premonitions of disaster, great or small. . . . I can see myself as a very small boy, walking to school up Fitzjohn Road, saying to myself, 'something horrid is going to happen today, sure as eggs.' Something always did.

"Just the other afternoon, on the set of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, a wave of depression hit me. I came home to find Ouida feeling ill. When I was in the War I was in hospital with Trench fever . . . one day, it was June 4, 1918, at a quarter to one in the afternoon, I sat up in bed writing a letter to my brother John. As I wrote, I suddenly began to cry. . . . I knew that I should never see my brother again, that this was to be my last letter to him. I remember how the nurse came in and how I coughed

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Internationally FAMOUS ART MODEL

reveals radiant
beauty in her hair
this thrilling
new way!



MISS HARRIET DE BUSMAN

famed in Europe and America for her
exotic beauty—says:

"I've really been thrilled at photographers' compliments on my hair since I started using Drene Shampoo! They tell me my hair is simply sparkling with natural highlights now—so it's easy to get the glamorous effect wanted. And Drene leaves my hair soft and manageable so it can be set in any style desired right after washing!"

NO MATTER how dingy, dull and dry-looking your hair may be—the thrilling experience of this famous art model may be yours! For dull-looking hair is most often

due to the greyish, sticky film (bathtub ring) all soap leaves on hair. But now, with this amazing new Drene Shampoo, see that ugly film swept away at a single washing! Your hair's true beauty, glamorous natural sparkle and brilliance revealed!

Drene works its beauty wonders because it contains an amazing, new, cleansing ingredient never before used in a shampoo! Not a soap—not an oil, Drene leaves no dulling film itself on hair. Nor greasy dust-catching film! Cleans away dirt, grease—even loose dandruff flakes! Leaves hair so sparkling clean, that lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses are unnecessary!

There are now 2 kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair (leaves even fine hair silken-soft and manageable for flattering new hair styles). Refuse substitutes! No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolu-

tionary results! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its safe, patented, cleansing ingredient. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at your favorite beauty shop—*insist* on Drene. Thrill to its glorifying results! See why it's America's largest selling shampoo today!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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and pretended to be looking out of the window ashamed to let her see me, a full-grown man, an officer in the British Army, crying . . . a few days later I had a letter from my sister: John had been killed in action, on June 4th at a quarter to one in the afternoon!"

Rathbone's lips were still smiling. His eyes were not. He lit another cigarette . . . he said: "I smoke too much. . . . I am an extremist, I am afraid, an extremist about everything. . . ."

SO THIS "peculiarly successful career" of Basil Rathbone has not been achieved by means of passive acceptance. For here is a man who has nothing for which he has not fought. No one has ever given him anything. Not so much as an heirloom, not so much as a piece of silver which once belonged to his mother, not even a heavy gold watch of which he can say, "this belonged to my father." No one ever put money into a play for him. No one ever wrote a play for him. No one ever handed him a map of his life, saying, "Here you are, old man, all you have to do is follow the red line and the Pot of Gold will pop up at you at the end."

When he first went into the theatre against his parents' wishes, he earned, those first few months, four dollars and eighty-five cents a week. One pound in his English money. And he lived on bread and milk and kippers . . . "kippers at tuppence the pair,"

he will tell you. "It is only when we are making a real effort, using ourselves to the limit," he says, "that we know we are alive . . . yes, I loved it and I love it, all of it, the fever and the fury, the strain as well as the success."

"And one other thing I know . . . we should be free with our praise . . . and so reticent with our criticism. This is my religion, if you like . . . for whatever success we attain, any of us, we attain it, you may be sure, with strain and struggle. In any case, we should, I believe give liberally of our praise and sparsely of our criticism. Whenever I hear anything fine on the air, read anything fine in a book, I write that person about it. I always write. Because I have got to have people tell me when I am good . . . but only when I am good. . . ."

"AS WHEN I played in *If I Were King* . . . and people came to me and said 'you were splendid' . . . I loved it. Nor did I deny it. I did not avert my face, mumbling with mock self-depreciation, 'Oh, no, not really. . . .' No, I said 'yes, it's the best thing I've done. It's as good as anyone could do it.' Why not? It's no thanks to me that I was born with a gift."

"I was born with a gift. It has taken me twenty-five years in the theatre to prove to myself that I can utilize that gift."

"Not long ago in New York, someone asked me, 'when did you first think that you knew anything about your job?'"

"I answered, 'When I played in *The Captive*, on Broadway in 1927—fourteen years after I went into the theatre' For then for the first time I felt, I've GOT IT! I felt, not that I was the Master of my job but that it was no longer the complete and unpredictable master of me. I did not feel certain of all things, I felt certain of certain things."

"Nothing that ever happened to me that was bad but what was my own fault. When the bad things happened to me, I'd made the wrong choice. Nearly always, when we make the wrong choice there is something material to be gained. Not that I despise money. Far from it. I like money. But it comes second, or third . . . the only things that can really hurt us are the things we ourselves do . . . the things which we must admit to in our dark, little selves, for which we alone are responsible . . . the things which other people do to us are, nearly always, little things. . . ."

"Yes, it's all terrific, Life . . . the things that are happening in the world today are terrific . . . the things that are happening in Europe . . . oppressions and persecutions, yes, even these . . . dictatorships, wars and rumors of wars . . . radio . . . pictures . . . electrical high-voltage of ideas . . . and everything is so close now, we're all so close . . . everything that happens, no matter what, no matter where, concerns you, concerns me, personally . . . people complain, 'there is no mystery left' . . . No Mystery! Bah!"

THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN —

*I'm not like the others
and neither are you!*

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best . . . each day!

So Kotex* offers All 3 types of sanitary napkins—

Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex*—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex*—in the brown box. No longer than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

You'll See — KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

