



■ The Basil Rathbones celebrate his successful radio series, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, heard Monday nights over NBC-blue.

MARRIAGE

BROUGHT HIM EVERYTHING

By KIRTLLEY BASKETTE

■ Poise, fame, happiness—all these came to Basil Rathbone because, though he was afraid of life, he met and married a very wise woman

THE highest adventure in Basil Rathbone's life—and he'll tell you this himself—befell him one afternoon back in 1921. He never knew anything about it until two years later. But he's still living it today.

That was the afternoon he walked out on the stage of a Broadway theater and in the audience a woman saw him for the first time. She turned to her companion at

once and said, "There is the man I would like to marry." Two years later, at a Manhattan party, Basil and that woman met. Before the party was over they were in love. A few weeks later they were married. Thus began the most romantic adventure of the man who plays Sherlock Holmes every Monday night on NBC—the adventure he still shares with the lady of his heart, Mrs. Basil Rathbone.

High in the wooded hills of Bel-Air, Hollywood's exclusive residential park, stands today a monument to that romantic adventure—the perfect marriage of Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere. It is a massive French château type house with big rooms, full of comfortable chairs, books, old prints, volumes of symphony recordings and comfortable things.

Outdoors in the big yard, five dogs bark, two cats purr, canaries sing and one tortoise does whatever a tortoise does in the way

of saying all's right with the world

Inside and upstairs a rosy-cheeked baby girl occasionally protests the limitations of infant life with a ladylike gurgle. She is their newly adopted daughter, Barbara Cynthia, six months old, the current apple of both Ouida and Basil Rathbone's eyes. Until war called a few months ago, the laughter of a blissful young married couple, Basil's son, Rodion, and his wife, rang through the house.

This is home to Sherlock Holmes, a home boy, if there ever was one. It is a home that clearly announces the happy fulfillment of an unusual and perfect love story—with success, health, wealth and lasting happiness.

That the Rathbones have all of these things is beyond dispute. No actor on the screen matches Basil's record of flawless performances. None in Hollywood is busier, more sought after, more respected. No freelance (Continued on page 89)

Marriage Brought Him Everything

(Continued from page 16)

star commands a higher salary on the screen. In radio, too, Basil is one of the few dramatic actors who can make his own terms. Last year Kellogg's struggling *The Circle*, rich with the biggest names in filmdom, had to call on him to save it. He has been highlighting guest star spots on big Hollywood shows since radio came to town.

Socially, too, the Rathbones are probably more firmly and favorably established than any couple in Hollywood. In it the Rathbones are acknowledged leaders. As hosts, they are a Hollywood legend. No event since, has matched the brilliance of their famous "Bride and Groom" costume ball celebrating their eleventh wedding anniversary. Nor has any Hollywood wedding reception been staged with more finesse and charm than that of Basil's son, Rodion, and his bride, last year.

And all of this—the good things of the private life of Sherlock Holmes—are the fruits of Basil Rathbone's romantic adventure with his wife, Ouida.

I suppose there is no actor in Hollywood who epitomizes poise, self-confidence, even conceit and arrogance more than Basil Rathbone does to one who sees him on the screen or hears him over the air. His speech is clipped and precise, his bearing straight and proud, his mind and wit sharp and compelling. He seems a man to master any situation in life with ease.

Yet when Basil first met Ouida Bergere he was, by his own confession, a man with an inferiority complex, a man shy to the point of awkward confusion, a social flop! Worse still, he was dazed into a state of aimless drifting, rudderless, without a grip on the realities of steering a successful career.

Basil lived through two years of front line fighting and crawling, as he puts it, "on my stomach over every inch of mud in *No Man's Land*" without any injuries, except a few light wounds and barbed wire slashes, which scar his legs to this day. But, like many another soldier, the long days and nights when death was just beyond the tick of his wristwatch,

robbed him of any concern about the future or any power to plan it.

So with peace, Basil came back to the stage, aimless, ambitionless, living from day to day. Neither money nor fame meant anything to him. He shrank from decisions, he took what he was offered. He avoided parties and people. His aggressiveness and his hope for the future had vanished while time stood still in the war. All he wanted was to be left alone.

Naturally, in the most competitive profession on earth, acting, that is anything but a formula for success. Despite Basil's talents, he began to lose this part and that, ones he had counted on. His career began slipping away and he was too negative to halt the slide. He was like this when he met and married Ouida Bergere.

The union with her positive personality has changed his whole life and his fortunes, Basil swears. To understand that, you must know something about the remarkable Mrs. Rathbone.

Ouida Bergere Rathbone is small and dainty but with the strong personality which often goes with red hair. Hers is flaming. She is colorful, sharp-witted, practical, educated, intelligent. She is bursting with energy and strength. When Basil first met her, Ouida was an extremely successful Hollywood screen writer—making a thousand dollars a week at Paramount studios. He was just another British actor. The day they were married she stopped writing—sacrificing her own career to her husband's, because, as Basil points out, "she was canny enough to realize that marriage seldom works with two pay checks in the family."

If you believe Basil, his wife alone has taught him to be important to himself, to have self-confidence and to push his fortunes. She alone has developed that "social side" in which he was so sadly lacking, banishing a smothering inferiority complex and turning his painful timidity into the sparkling charm which has made him a famous figure at Hollywood gatherings. And you can readily believe Basil when you know him and understand the type of man he is. In no other, perhaps, would such a complete



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CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

Prize Schedule

10 Prizes at \$1,000 each.....	\$10,000
30 Prizes of \$ 500 each.....	15,000
40 Prizes	Total \$25,000

Contest Rules—Continued

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Tuesday, April 30, 1940.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 40C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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transformation have been possible.

He is extremely sensitive, for one thing. The cats who prowl about his house today are there because Basil couldn't bear to see them drown. He rescued them from a watery grave. One of his dogs, Judy, wandered in, lost and hungry. She has never left. His police dog was a gift from their friends, the Jock Whiteys.

While the Rathbones possess the most enviable Hollywood reputation as hosts, they entertain very little. When they do, of course, it's an event. Easily three hundred evenings of the year they are home reading, or listening to Basil's vast library of records. Both, too, are avid camera fans, concentrating now, of course, on baby Barbara. Basil keeps physically fit with golf at the sporty Bel-Air course down the hill and fencing with Fred Cavens, Hollywood's foils expert, whom you've probably seen in action in "Captain Blood," "The Count of Monte Cristo," or "Romeo and Juliet."

ONE of the finest gifts his wife ever brought him, Basil believes, was the reunion with his son, Rodion. Rodion is the son of Basil's first wife, from whom he was separated in 1919. When Basil came to America, Rodion stayed with his mother in England, was raised there and educated as an engineer. The long years that separated them made him a stranger to Basil. Knowing that bringing them together again would mean much to her husband's happiness, Ouida, unknown to Basil, made friends with Marian, his former wife, wrote to Rodion in England and made friends with him, too.

It was entirely through her efforts that Basil and his son were brought together again in Hollywood.

When war broke, Rodion, like his father before him, knew his duty. He joined up with the Canadian engineers and was given his orders.

The night he was to leave Basil had dinner with his son. But Ouida, who had brought them together and made them mean so much to one another, was not at the farewell dinner table. This occasion, she concluded wisely, was for father and son.

They had dinner together, Basil and Rodion, at Chasen's in Beverly Hills. They talked lightly of gay, frivolous things. After the meal Rodion challenged Basil to a game of ping-pong—and beat him. The dinner broke up in laughter—no talk of war, no frowns.

Rodion took to his car then, with his young wife. It was the hour for leave taking. "You drive on," said Basil, "and I'll follow. Somewhere along the road, at a turn or something, I'll pull up and blow my horn—and you answer. That's goodbye—eh?"

"Right!" said Rodion.

So they drove—Rodion and his wife in the car ahead, Basil alone behind. They were miles out in the San Fernando Valley before Basil could find just the right fork in the road. But it must be sometime, so he pulled to the side and pressed his horn. The car ahead answered and its red tail-light grew dim—with the distance, or something.

Basil Rathbone sighed and turned his car around. Behind him his son roared off to his great adventure, war. Ahead, back home, was Basil's—the ever young adventure of his marriage, his home, and his love for Ouida. The adventure of peace.