

THAT NASTY MAN

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

WHO SAID CRIME DOESN'T PAY? WHEN STUDIOS ORDER UP "ONE RATHBONE" FOR VILLAINY THEY NET GOOD DIVIDENDS FOR THEMSELVES AND THE SCREEN'S CONSUMMATE MENACE

HERE is a theory among Hollywood movie moguls that if they can cast Basil Rathbone in their costume films, success will automatically follow. Sort of a "rag, a Rathbone and a hank of hair" formula for bolstering show business' greatest risk, the making of an historical film.

To date, the money returns on films from *David Copperfield* (Mr. Rathbone played the dastardly *Murdstone*) to *Romeo and Juliet* (he did *Tybalt*) have proved the effect our hero and their villain, Phillip St. John Basil Rathbone, has on the box-office temperature. Maybe it's because he's so consummately, so artistically nasty.

"I didn't like *Mr. Murdstone*. A little too heavy, really," said Rathbone, divesting himself of a huge pigeon-blood ruby ring (solid glass), mounted in pure movie gold (brass). It was part of the richly green and gold costume which clothed him for the role (also dastardly) of *Sir Guy of Gisbourne* in the Brothers Warner Technicolor version of *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

In his childhood, in Sussex woodlands, young Rathbone often re-enacted the famous brigand legends of his heroic fellow-countryman. Now he's getting paid—nicely—for doing the same thing: This should prove something. It does. It proves that crime, admirably enacted on screen or stage, pays comfortable dividends. It has brought Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, prestige, property, pleasure, and many more returns than if he had stayed in "cotton and shipping" at Liverpool like the males of his family before him.

"If you have read Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* you have a clear picture of the family," continues Rathbone over scrambled eggs and bacon, tomato juice and milk. The French fried potatoes he carefully conveyed to the bread and butter plate. "I don't mean the Rathbones are actually mentioned, but the description fits them perfectly. The family has lived in Liverpool for generations."

But the movie producers are not thinking of English authors when they order up "one Rathbone" for villainy. Their manicured index fingers are tracing the box office returns of *Anna Karenina*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Garden of Allah*—all films in which Rathbone has appeared. As *Count Anteonio* in the latter film he was given fairly decent impulses. It didn't hurt his following. Neither did Rathbone's appearances in modern attire in

[Continued on page 55]



The box-office temperature always rises when Basil Rathbone's villainy graces a film. His next is *Adventures of Robin Hood*

That Nasty Man

[Continued from page 33]

Love From a Stranger, Kind Lady, Tovarich, et cetera. It proved to producers that he "had something." He has. An arresting personality anywhere you put him—stage, screen, drawing-room.

TO PUT the entire credit for the success of the many highly profitable films that he has been in on his shoulders is ridiculous. Rathbone is the first to admit it. There was a Garbo to help *Karenina* along. Rathbone played her husband in the Dostievsky story. This Russian and his writings have had an influence on the English actor's life. His only son is named after Dostievsky's hero of *Crime and Punishment* . . . Rodion. "I learned afterward that in Russian Rodion means 'first-born,'" explains Rathbone. "In Armenian it means 'light.'" Scraps of information like this are important to Rathbone's mental happiness. He likes piecing them together. As a whole they embroider his thinking and contribute vastly to his enjoyment of life. And he loves to live. Conversely, he also likes to sleep. So does his fellow artist, Gary Cooper. *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, therefore, was a pleasant engagement for Rathbone and Cooper. They spent off-stage moments dozing comfortably in their set chairs.

But to return to Rathbone's career—Ronald Colman, of course, gave luster to the star part of *Sidney Carton in A Tale of Two Cities*. *The Marquis St. Evremonde*, however, was Rathbone, and brilliantly contrived. There were Dietrich and Boyer in *Garden of Allah*. And so forth. But always there is Rathbone with his arrow-straight figure, big aristocratic nose, exquisite diction, and his instinctive feeling for the dramatic.

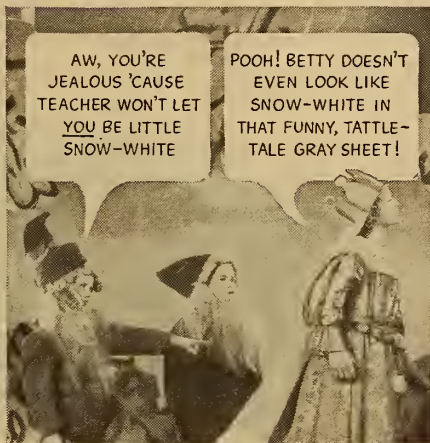
"I've been very lucky in getting good parts," he explains. But there's more to it than that. Like good whiskey it takes time for an actor to mature. Starting with the Bard's classics at twenty, Rathbone has had twenty-five years of theatrics. His first part was in *The Taming of the Shrew*. He stepped naturally into the role of the ravishing *Romeo*, and from there ran the gamut of Shakespeare's plays. He might still be playing them at Stratford-on-Avon if Constance Collier, then a reigning London favorite, had not glimpsed him from the stalls.

"There," she exclaimed, "is the man for *Peter Ibbetson*." So Rathbone went to London. It followed, of course, that after *Ibbetson* he joined Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Shaw's "dear Beatrice Stella") and then Impresario Gilbert Miller thought Rathbone would be excellent in the rebels' land, America. In 1922 Rathbone made his New York debut with Doris Keane in *The Czarina* . . . but much more happened between the time of his birth and 1922. There was a World War, and you know how Englishmen are about Empire and all, when the home soil is threatened. Basil was no exception.

IT MAY be that military training had something to do with the thing that draws all eyes to him today, that makes him dominate any group, theatrical or otherwise, that includes him . . . his excellent posture. He stands square-shouldered, without stooping, his head held high, like a soldier. He is six-foot-one-inch, and doesn't try to make himself any shorter. It may be that which sets

[Continued on page 57]

"I DON'T CARE HOW PRETTY SHE IS —SHE'LL SPOIL THE SHOW!"



AW, YOU'RE JEALOUS 'CAUSE TEACHER WON'T LET YOU BE LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

POOH! BETTY DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE SNOW-WHITE IN THAT FUNNY, TATTLE-TALE GRAY SHEET!

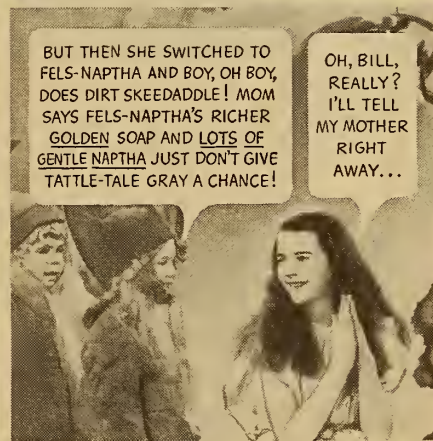


BOO-HOO-HOO! I'M GOING HOME —

FORGET IT, BETTY, DON'T YOU MIND WHAT SHE SAYS!



IT'S NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT ANYWAY. MY MOMMY'S CLOTHES USED TO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY SOMETHIN' AWFUL 'CAUSE HER SOAP WAS SO LAZY IT LEFT DIRT BEHIND



BUT THEN SHE SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPHTHA AND BOY, OH BOY, DOES DIRT SKEEDADDLE! MOM SAYS FELS-NAPHTHA'S RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPHTHA JUST DON'T GIVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY A CHANCE!

OH, BILL, REALLY? I'LL TELL MY MOTHER RIGHT AWAY...



LISTEN TO THE CLAPPING! YOU WERE SILLY TO FRET ABOUT BETTY'S COSTUME. THAT SHEET CERTAINLY DOES SHINE LIKE SNOW. SNOW-WHITE'S THE VERY NAME FOR IT!

IT IS NOW — THANKS TO THE LITTLE BLOND DWARF ON THE END — AND FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

TWO WEEKS LATER

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

Have you tried the marvelous new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips?

Copyright, Fels & Co., 1928

That Nasty Man

[Continued from page 55]

him apart, or it may be a triumph of personality, explained by his next statement: "I love to live," he says. "I'm not afraid to die, but I'd much rather live."

Theatrical as it sounds as he proclaims it over a forkful of scrambled eggs, he means it. He should be Latin, with his enthusiasms, his dark coloring. Instead, he is English, born in Johannesburg, South Africa, on June 13th. He has never bothered to take out naturalization papers for American citizenship, yet he calls Hollywood "home." He is intuitive, feeling things before they happen. He is all imagination . . . and all actor.

"My only brother and I joined the Army about the same time in 1916," Rathbone tells. "We were stationed thirty miles apart when I had a bout with trench fever and was sent up to the hospital for treatment. One morning I awakened feeling terribly depressed. It seemed as though a dark cloud had descended on me. 'Look here,' I told myself, 'a commissioned officer doesn't feel this way.' By that time I held a Lieutenantcy with the Liverpool Scottish, although I had joined up with the London Scottish. 'It must be the fever,' I said, but I couldn't shake off the mood. My nurse commented on it when she brought my lunch. I could not eat it. 'I'll write a letter to my brother,' I said restlessly, and took up pen and paper. At precisely the moment that I wrote his name in salutation he lost his life in a terrific attack up the line . . .

"I had the same feeling last year when my wife and I returned from England. For days I felt depressed, melancholy. 'You are in your "ivory tower" again, my dear,' my wife said to me. She says that whenever I am silent and not given to speech. It's a joke with us because according to translators the name Rathbone means 'ivory tower.'

"Soon after our return home I called some of the dogs, and my life-long friend and house-guest, John Miltern, joined me for a walk in the hills. Coming home it was dusk and the traffic on Los Feliz Boulevard was an endless stream. In handling the dogs John and I had to cross the boulevard separately. A speeding car hit him, and killed him instantly. The bleak mood of depression lifted immediately. I knew then what it was. It was a forewarning of disaster."

PSYCHIC as he is and keenly sensitive to the hidden currents beyond the reach of most men, Rathbone is pretty good company. He plays an excellent game of tennis. In England he played cricket. In America he played football. "Golf I play for pleasure, not business," he says; adding, "I belong to the Riviera Golf Club, but no others. I am in no sense a 'club man.'" Nevertheless, Who's Who in the Theatre lists him as a member of the Players' Club. But what eminent actor isn't a member? It also lists "driving" as one of his favorite pastimes. It was his love of motoring that brought him to the realization that California would henceforth be "home" to him.

"Mrs. Rathbone and I were driving one evening, high on one of the roads that goes toward the sea on the outskirts of Hollywood. We came to a tangle of trees and my wife said 'See, Basil, that wonderful acreage! I'd love to build a house on property just like it.' 'Why not on it?' I asked, and we scrambled out of the car, through bram-

[Continued on page 69]

THE NEW 1938 BEAUTY DISCOVERY

*A petal-like smoothness
from top to toe*

WOMEN SAY it's the *Number One* care the entire body needs—this combination of the Linit Magic Beauty Mask and the Linit Beauty Bath.

This beauty treatment costs almost nothing, yet it is a wonderfully effective way to refresh the whole body and at the same time stimulate and clarify the complexion.

First make the Linit Magic Beauty Mask: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is used for the bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the *cleansed* face and neck and then step into your tub into which a handful or so of Linit has been dissolved.

WHILE the velvety smoothness of the Linit Beauty Bath is caressing your body, the Linit Magic Beauty Mask is gently inducing facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter. Relax for twenty minutes, then step out and dry off. Rinse the mask from your face and neck with clear, tepid water and pat thoroughly dry.

How refreshed—how vibrant your whole body will feel! Hours of fatigue seem to vanish in a few minutes.

You will find that the Linit Magic Beauty Mask leaves the face and neck with a petal-like smoothness, a velvety "film" that is an *excellent* powder base. This helps to *brighten* the allure of your make-up and keep it fresh-looking for hours longer.



*1st STEP
Mixing takes a
minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a
minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20
minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing off com-
pletely.



That Nasty Man

[Continued from page 57]

bles and brush to reach the tableland at the top. It had thirty or forty live oak trees on it.

"It took us weeks to learn whether or not it was for sale. Owners had to be seen. It was part of the Lankershim estate, and when I was able to buy four acres of it, I bought the plot on the opposite side of the road so that we would have an unrestricted view forever of Los Angeles and San Fernando Valley. We are going to call it, of course, The Oaks."

It sounds permanent and ancestral and thoroughly English. To their friends ("Real friendship is as rare as real love," Rathbone remarks) it sounds like more of the Rathbone parties, famous in the colony for their ingeniousness. On their eleventh wedding anniversary in April 1937, guests were invited to come as famous couples. Hollywood's imagination ran riot and the results were hilarious.

"But we don't give many parties," said Rathbone, rejecting the title of Champion Party-giver. "Three hundred nights of the three hundred and sixty-five we are alone. When we do give parties, they are large parties, and that must be where our reputation starts, although I will say that my wife gives a great deal of attention to plans, arrangements and entertainment, and all her efforts are met with success. I am sure that she could go on giving endless parties, successful parties, and I wouldn't even be missed, although I suppose a husband is rather necessary as a sort of—sort of backdrop, shall we say?"

"We seldom give dinner parties because it is so hard to find eight or ten people who have enough common interests to keep up a conversation. Usually one person dominates it and the party is ruined, whereas if you give a large party with dozens of people the chances of everyone having a fine time are very great. No one is ignored. No one slighted."

NOVICE party-givers may be glad for this expert opinion. Novices in the art of matrimony may be more grateful for what Mr. Rathbone has to say about success rules for this ancient and time-honored guild. From the husband's point of view a thoroughly domestic wife and a good home manager are the essential requirements. In his case the talented Ouida Bergere Rathbone sacrificed her own fine career as scenarist to manage his household.

"Affection is necessary, too," Rathbone said, "and respect for the other person's privacy. Many times I walk into my wife's sitting-room, see her busy at the desk with accounts or letters, greet her, apologize for the intrusion, and leave the room. She does the same for me. We know that when we have finished what we have at hand we can join each other."

Into this idyllic atmosphere has come young Rodion Rathbone to make his home. His mother is Ethel Marian Forman Rathbone whom his father married when he was a youth of twenty. This marriage was later dissolved. Rathbone *per se* relishes the thought of his son in the house, helping him establish himself in life, not as an actor but as a motion picture engineer. It rounds out and gives luster to a full life that was nevertheless not quite complete without parental overtones. It's going to be great stuff to have a son along when he tramps the dry hills.



Princess
Chic

LASTEX
FOUNDATIONS
styled by

HICKORY

styled in THREE lengths

You needn't look any further

COMFORT and YOUTH are YOURS!

Here's the final word in fashionable firm control . . . to hold your hipline, nip-in your waist, trim your tummy and flatter you subtly with "that artful uplift" . . . THREE LENGTHS FOR SHORT, AVERAGE AND TALL FIGURES . . . Exclusive, double-woven two-way stretch lastex for extra restraint between midriff and thighs; bra-top of lace and satin lastex to shape and elevate. Self-edged bottom for smoothness . . . Budget-priced models for daytime, gaytime and playtime activities: *Foundation*, \$3.50 . . . *Girdle*, \$2.00 . . . *Pantie*, \$2.00 . . . YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM . . . (If your favorite corsetiere cannot supply you, please write to Miss Ruth Stone, 1163 West Congress Street, Chicago) . . . A. STEIN & COMPANY, New York, Chicago, Toronto, Buenos Aires

BEAUTIFUL • YOUTHFUL • CONTOUR CONTROL

HICKORY—THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS