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Bette Davis

(Continued from page 10)

dress and manner a decidedly actorish actor, with whom she had starred in "All About Eve." Those who know Gary understand how she could forget her resolves about not marrying an actor. He is a good actor, as he would have to be to attract her, and he is one of the subtly sardonic men women always find irresistible—but not necessarily compatible.

She is now divorced from Gary, but refuses to discuss him or their current difficulties about money and visiting privileges. "I will not have the children dragged through the newspapers again if I can help it," she says. "They've had enough."

Bette and I recently spent a few hours in her suite at the Royale Theater in New York where she was costarring in Tennessee Williams' "The Night of the Iguana." A few weeks later she exercised her option and withdrew from the cast. After six months in this play she felt she "had had it." She since has taken B. D., Margo, and Michael, 10, also adopted, with her to Hollywood, where she is to star in "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?"

But when I saw her, Bette was in costume for the play: blue jeans held up with rope, and partly unbuttoned shirt. Her suite of two rooms and bath, high over the stage, was carpeted wall to wall in a pink red. The curtains were white with garnet red roses as were slip covers on her daybed and chairs. No make-shift background for Bette!

Houses are extremely important to her, too.

"The children must have a home," she says. "So must I, which is why I rented a house in New York."

"It is like a quiet little island in the crowded and noisy city, an old-fashioned brownstone that has been painted white, and there's a lovely garden in back."

Last year, except for a twice-a-week cleaning woman, Bette ran the four-story house herself, even when the three children were home for Christmas, Easter, and summer vacations.

"I wasn't working, so I had a fine time being domestic," she says. "I'd rather cook than act any day. Cooking's the most fun in the world!"

The things for which Bette says she is the most grateful, in order of their happening, are the satisfaction of having reached her goal and her children.

"It's an enormous satisfaction to me," she says, "that I'm considered a good business investment. If you aren't this, you might as well shut your little make-up box and go home. You won't get any opportunity worth having."

"MY CHILDREN, in addition to all they mean in themselves, give me a fine incentive without which any work becomes real drudgery. I keep going so they may live well and be educated properly."

"I've tried to sidestep the resentment children can feel for mothers who work. The trick is to give children a sense of being loved and of being important—yet leave them

free. I'm certain B. D., Margo, and Michael know they're more important to me than anyone or anything."

The effort Bette recently made to give Michael a birthday party illustrates her determination never to permit her children to feel they are stranded on the periphery of her busy life.

FOLLOWING her Saturday-evening performance, she caught a 12:45 a.m. train for Boston, arriving at an outlying station at 6 Sunday morning. After about three hours' sleep, she went to pick up Michael so they would have a little time alone before his friends arrived for the party. And that night, after the boys had been returned to school, she caught a train for New York, reaching home at 5 o'clock Monday morning. That evening, of course, she was on stage as usual.

I tried to tell her how much I've always admired her cheerful devotion to her children, her pursuit of a positive viewpoint, her insistence that life should have charm. But I didn't get very far, New Englanders being the way they are.

She stood before me, small feet apart, hands on slim hips, and in inimitable Davis fashion blurted:

"It's so much easier, for heaven's sake, if you can just keep things pleasant!"

There, in a nutshell of 14 words, is Bette's philosophy, the reason why—whatever has beset her—I have never heard her pity herself and have never seen her cry.

Crying she reserves for the make-believe world.

Junior TREASURE Chest

Edited by MARJORIE BARROWS, Editor of The Children's Hour

Let's Draw a Macaw

By Ann Davidow



A carrot of a parrot
Is the carroty macaw



(Perhaps these words are hard to say,
But he is fun to draw!)



Riddle! Riddle!

1. What is it that everybody wants and yet wants to get rid of as soon as possible?
2. What's the difference between a book and a talkative bore?

Answers: 1. A bore. 2. A good appetite; 1. A good appetite; 2. You can shut up a book, but you can't shut up a bore.

Tongue Twister

I believe in rubber buggy bumpers.

Penny Toss!

By Ragna Eskil

Cut off the lid of an empty egg carton and have on hand 12 buttons or pennies. Let each player take turns trying to throw the pennies into each of the hollows. Older players should stand back farther than younger ones.

Word Square

By Florence S. Moore

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

1. Flakes of frozen water
2. Number
3. One time
4. Seven days

Answers: 1. Snow; 2. nine; 3. once; 4. week.