

Gary Cooper's Second Honeymoon



Here's Gary with his wife, the former Sandra Shaw. Privacy's the thing they love—and Gary doesn't often talk about his marriage! Read this scoop story!

DING-A-LING. Ding-aling-ling! Gary Cooper, standing on the doorstep of his new Brentwood Heights home, grunted. Sandra, his lovely brunette wife, sighed. Topper, their prize Sealyham, barked his dismay.

What right, the trio were asking each other wordlessly, had the telephone to ring just after they had locked the front door and were actually on their way for a six-weeks holiday in Bermuda?

No right whatsoever, they evidently decided — also without words — for they shrugged their shoulders, turned on their heels, and ran, not walked, toward the waiting car.

But the telephone rang again—this time more insistently. "Come back! Come back! You'd better come back!" it seemed to jangle.

"Aw, shucks!" Gary grumbled. "I guess I'll have to answer it. But if—" and he loped toward the nearest entrance.

Sandra, waiting in the car, held her breath. She knew what that "if" meant. If it was the studio calling! If there were additional scenes to be made on Gary's latest picture! If his next assignment was to be ready sooner than they expected! If . . . if . . . if!

Gary answered the telephone. The studio was calling. And one of the executives at that. But no, he wasn't a messenger of sad tidings. He just wanted to wish the Coopers a grand holiday.

Gary's heart settled back in its customary niche as he thanked the caller and shoved the telephone back into place. The wide grin on his long and lean face revealed that "God was in his heaven and all was right with the world!"

● **WELL, THEY WERE** on their way at last. Of course, there were still possibilities. A messenger might be waiting at the airport. They might receive a long-distance telephone call during their week of seeing the shows in New York. A steward might hand them a cablegram aboard the boat bound for Bermuda.

Once in Bermuda, however, the odds would be on their side. Studio executives don't take Bermuda as casually as they do Honolulu or New York. The Hawaiian Islands, to Hollywood, are just around the corner. Just a cluster of dots on the Pacific Ocean an inch or two away from the mainland. And New York is just an overnight air jaunt away. No distance at all when a new picture is waiting. But Bermuda, all the way across the continent and then off in the Atlantic—no, they'd think twice before ordering Gary to rush back to Hollywood.

The distance was one of the reasons why Gary decided upon Bermuda. We thought there might be others so, just as Gary finished his last scene in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, the new Frank Capra production for Columbia, we accosted him to find out what they were.

"Why Bermuda?" we wanted to know. "Did something special happen while you were there the last time? Is that why you're going back?"

Gary looked down at us from his six-foot-three-ness. Close up, he looked tired and harassed. But he rubbed his lean cheek with those long, artistic fingers of his and grinned that crooked smile.

"No-o-o-o," he drawled. "Nothing at all special happened. That's why I'm going back!"

That brief speech is typical of Gary Cooper who, both in private and public life, is very like the character he portrays in *Mr. Deeds*, a simple, straightforward, sincere young man who dislikes fuss and fanfare.

● **GETTING-AWAY-FROM-IT-ALL** is a universal urge in Hollywood as it is in Hoboken. A vacation is just as welcome to a screen star who earns thousands of dollars a picture as it is to a fifteen-dollar-a-week shipping clerk. But the screen star usually encounters more difficulties in getting away. Gary has succeeded only twice during the past six

years—once for that adventurous expedition into the jungles of Nairobi, in darkest Africa, and once for a scant two-week Bermuda holiday with Sandra.

On at least eighteen other occasions he was all set to go hunting for mountain lions in the interior of Mexico—only to have added scenes or a new picture ruin his carefully-laid plans. Now do you understand why he was so reluctant about answering that telephone?

The Bermuda vacation a year ago served as a brief and belated honeymoon, for the Coopers, married in New York City on December 15, 1933, were deprived—thanks to another picture!—of the holiday which is as traditional to American newlyweds as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. With them, it's been a two-year pursuit of a honeymoon!

That's why they're in Bermuda now—getting another installment of their honeymoon. That's why they're not partaking of the social life of the island colony—they want to be alone together. That's why, when they embarked on that



Sketching a scene from his front door! Gary and Sandra posed this one in their home just before they left for Bermuda

Bermuda-bound steamer, they were as excited and thrilled as any young couple en route for Niagara Falls.

But, even at that, they didn't travel incognito. No posing as Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Peoria. Gary doesn't like that sort of thing.

"I'm no prince or king or exiled royalty," he explained one day. "My own name is still good enough on checks, so I guess it's all right on passenger lists. It people want to know who you are, they're going to find out anyway. As for a disguise—imagine what I'd look like with dark glasses and a fake mustache!"

"If people want my autograph, they're welcome to it. Will Rogers used to say the time to start worrying would be when they didn't want it. Anyway, I haven't gotten writers' cramp yet!"

● **AND SO, WHILE APRIL SHOWERS** and May flowers are bringing spring to the rest of the world, Gary Cooper is in Bermuda, lounging lazily on the beach, those long, muscular legs of his luxuriously buried in warm, sun-kissed sand. Perhaps that bronzed body is glistening with the salt of the sea as he rides the crest of a fun-loving breaker. Maybe he's running briskly up the beach. Or he and

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Sandra may be burying each other in sand mountains. Perhaps the two of them are bicycling up and down curved roads. For, in that pastoral isle in mid-Atlantic, when you want to go places, you do it afoot or on horseback or you rent bicycles. There are no private automobiles available. Imagine! No traffic jams, no service stations, no stop-and-go signals!

The Coopers are living in a secluded little cottage overlooking the sea, a cozy place they admired the year before. The "servant staff" consists of one houseboy. No secretaries. No maids. No butlers and no chauffeurs. No telephones, no newspapers and no callers—except the grocer and the butcher. No guests—except Topper, their Sealyham!

And when they feel in a mood for exertion, they play tennis or badminton. And when it rains—as it does even in Bermuda!—they may put on their oldest clothes (they took very little else!) and saunter through the drizzle. Or they'll build castles in the cheery fire on their own hearth.

● PERHAPS, OF A SATURDAY evening, as a special celebration, they'll dine at one of the hotels. They may dance once or twice, but the chances are they'll stroll down to the neighborhood theatre to see a picture they missed in Hollywood.

If they hold hands as they stroll through the star-splattered night, nobody will pay any attention to them. Just another couple, vibrant with youth, in love with life, delighted to be alone in a far-away corner of the world designed for contentment. Nobody will even know they exist—and they'll love it.

Bermuda is like that. Unlike Palm Springs, Miami, Biarritz or Honolulu, no one goes there to see or to be seen. It's a question of do-unto-others-as-you-would-they-would-do-unto-you, which means that vacationers—and honeymooners—are left to entertain themselves. Now do you know why Gary and Sandra couldn't wait to continue their honeymoon in Bermuda?

● WHEN YOU WENT OFF on your holiday last year, chances are you took along "Anthony Adverse." The Coopers didn't—this time. But Gary clutched a copy of the new Ernest Hemingway book, "Green Hills of Africa," personally inscribed to him by the author. He also took along anthologies of the West, travel tales and one or two brisk novels of cowboy life. He can't get enough of the outdoors, even though his new Brentwood Heights estate overlooks mountains, valleys, the Pacific Ocean—and even Catalina Island on a clear day!

"And I'm going to do some sketching," Gary said, when we asked him about his holiday. "I used to be an artist. At least I thought I was—until four newspaper editors threw me and my cartoons out of their offices!"

But, because he enjoys making pictures, Gary took along his painting and drawing outfits. He likes to make charcoal impressions of strangers, water-color landscapes, and water-color and crayon sketches of animal life. He'll bring back a sketchbook filled with such scenes—but not for publication.