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I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE

BY

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A *Post* editor asks the former Grace Kelly some intimate questions about her life since she forsook Hollywood and became mistress of Monaco's royal household.

PART ONE

My first talk with Princess Grace of Monaco was taking place in one of the formal reception rooms in the palace, not in her private apartment. The room in which we were sitting was officially designated Salon No. 1. Its décor was delicate, very feminine. The predominant color of the brocade covering its walls was beige. Small red flowers with green leaves were embroidered on it. The woodwork was Versailles gray, edged with gold. On a small writing desk were photographs of her husband, Prince Rainier III, and of her children, Prince Albert and Princess Caroline. There were two coffee tables done in red lacquer. The walls were hung with paintings of her husband's ancestors.

A number of people had suggested questions to me which they were interested in having the

"I do miss acting in a way," says Princess Grace, "but it is no real loss, because being married and having children are far more important to me." Here she is with Princess Caroline, aged three, and Prince Albert, twenty-two months.

princess answer. I'd brought them to Monaco with me on scraps of paper. I said to her, "Ordinarily when I call on a person I don't fire questions from a list. But to save your time and mine, I've jotted a few down. If you don't mind, I'll read them to you."

"Fire away," she said. "I'm not worried about what you'll ask me."

Five years before, when I'd interviewed her in California, she had been completely poised, in control of herself and of our interview. She had worn graciousness and charm like a gown she had put on and forgotten about. Nevertheless a certain inner reserve showed in her eyes when I asked her questions she thought too personal.

To be truthful about it, I'm not adept at asking some kinds of questions—such as, "What do you do about your love life?" Notwithstanding in my earlier interview I had braced myself to ask her a few like that. When I did, her reaction was like nothing I had ever experienced before. She looked at me, smiled and said absolutely nothing. I wouldn't have been startled if she'd changed the subject or had said, "I'd rather not answer that," or, "I am sorry, I'm afraid that's my own affair." But she had done none of those things. She had just given me that long, level look and that silent smile. I felt boorish and crude and I had hurried to erase that silent smile from her face and to find a subject about which she would talk.

Now that I was sitting with her in her burnt-sienna-and-cream-colored palace in Monaco—the palace is definitely not pink, although some reporters, bemused by the alliteration of the words "pink" and "palace," have described it that way—and talking to her once more, I decided that she had changed not an iota since I had talked to her last, in 1954. I had thought then that her bearing was regal, her manner that of a princess. Her poise and the fact that she was unmistakably and unshakably a lady had caused one Hollywood reporter to label her "the girl with the chilled-steel insides." I hadn't found her that way. To me she had been simply a remarkably beautiful young woman who happened to be dedicated to the job of acting.

I found that her manner and her bearing were still poised. She was still gracious. She still wore her charm like a silken gown. But on second thought I decided that perhaps there was an iota of difference. She seemed less tired, less strained than she had been in 1954, when she was about to set out for the Riviera to make *To Catch a Thief* with Cary Grant. Perhaps there was another difference too—if anything, she was even more beautiful than she was in her Hollywood days.

"What about the crowds of admirers when you and your husband travel?" I asked Princess Grace. "Don't they get a little burdensome? Do they push and shove?"

"Often," she said. "But it's not as bad now as it was during the first year or two after our marriage, although even then the people were very kind to us—at least they threw kisses instead of tomatoes. However, there was one terrible time in the rain in Genoa when the pressure of the crowd was so great the side of our car was pushed in. It was frightening."

"You mean you could actually see it being pushed out of shape?" I asked her.

"There was a crushing sound," she said. "I could hear it. But the most frightening thing about it was that when a car is pushed in upon itself in that way, the people pinned against it are helpless. They can be squashed too."

"I was in a crowd like that once with Victor Mature, in a Detroit department store," I said. "The crowd was mostly women. They pushed so hard we were lifted off our feet. It scared me."

"I'm glad I wasn't there," she told me. "I am subject to attacks of claustrophobia and at times I get a little panicky in crowds."

I asked, "Has anyone ever tried to pull a button from your clothing or make away with one of your gloves as a souvenir?"

"Yes, indeed," she said. Then she added, "One of the funniest things that happened to me—only perhaps I'd better not call it funny; it may not seem that to anyone else—occurred right here in Monte Carlo. I was coming out of a shop on a religious holiday, and many of Monaco's Italian citizens were wandering about. I was quite pregnant; I was expecting Caroline. There were so many people clustered in front of this shop that it was hard for me to reach my car. I was getting through the crowd as best I could when an Italian woman rubbed *CONTINUED ON PAGE 40*

Prince Rainier's coat of arms commemorates the exploit of François Grimaldi, who in 1297 ousted a rival family from Monaco's citadel by disguising himself and a few soldiers as monks.

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

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my tummy and wished me good luck. I felt like a lady Buddha. But the crowd smiled and laughed, and I smiled and laughed with them, because I knew it was meant in a kindly way."

"Is that an Italian custom? Rubbing the stomachs of pregnant women?"

"I don't know," she told me. "All I know is she patted my tummy, wished me luck and said some sweet things to me. I felt a bit stunned for a moment, but 'stunned' is too mild a word to describe the condition of my chauffeur and my lady in waiting, Mrs. Tivey. I thought they would have strokes."

I asked Princess Grace, "Has your previous training as an actress helped you be a better princess? After all, there's a certain amount of discipline connected with both."

"That's true," she said.

I tried again. "In addition to the ladies in waiting and the people in the government with whom the prince works, you and the prince must have some close friends. Are you on dropping-in terms with many people over here?"

"Most of our younger friends live in Paris," she told me. "They visit us in summer and occasionally at other times of the year. We also have some good friends in London who come to the Côte d'Azur; and, of course, we have several good friends here in Monaco and in Nice and Cannes, although I can't use the word 'many' to describe them. There are not too many of them."

I thought of one description of Monte Carlo I had heard. I'd got it from a young American who was visiting relatives there. "It is a place where grandchildren go to tell their grandparents good-by."

"I have noticed that elderly people are in the overwhelming majority both among the transients and the others who settle down here," I told her. "I suppose you have to be an elder citizen before you accumulate enough money to come to Monaco."

"That is true not only of Monaco," she told me; "it's true of almost any community so beautiful it attracts retired people. Unfortunately such places aren't run primarily for the young, who are just beginning to achieve their success. Nevertheless, younger people do come here in summer. If you were here after the middle of July, you'd see them."

She thought for a moment; then, going back to an earlier question of mine, she said, "I don't know what you mean by 'drop in.'"

I said, "I meant friends who feel they know you well enough to come to your front door and ask, 'Is anybody home?'" But thinking of the *carabinièri* guarding the palace gate and the security screen thrown up to protect those who live in that big building, I added, "But I guess it just doesn't work out that way, does it?"

"It really doesn't," she said. "But that casual, informal 'just dropping in' never worked very well in California either. Don't you make dates with your friends in Philadelphia before you visit them? You must at least call them on the phone."

She had me there. So I asked, "Is there any way in which you can sum up your official duties? How about naming three or four of them?"

"Most of my official duties have to do with the dinners, receptions, galas and religious commemorations in the autumn and winter," she said. "In the summer we close the palace as a residence and move to our country home, Roc Agel, on the mountain back of Monte Carlo. Although we open the state apartments in the palace then for visitors, the various members of the palace staff take turns going on vacation. There are always a few people on hand to keep things running, but officially the palace is closed until the first of November. As you probably know, almost everybody in France takes a month's holiday in August."

"I didn't know," I said.

"Everyone from a queen to a cook," she went on. "In Paris the shopkeepers pull down their metal shutters and take off, and all the factories close in August. You'd think the whole city of Paris was hiding from the problem of living, and I suppose that is one way of putting it."

"Do you take a vacation too?" I asked. "I suppose going to Roc Agel is one."

"I try to keep it that," she said. "It's not easy. Then, in September—even before the palace is opened for the winter—there are usually several official affairs."

"Such as?" I asked.

She told me, "We inaugurated a new wing of the Monégasque hospital in September of 1958. I was proud and most touched that the hospital was named for me. Another September event, this past year, was the meeting of the World Health Organization. It met here in Monaco, and we had various receptions at the palace for its members because my husband is interested in its work.

"But our official life at the palace really starts in November, when our household is all together again after their vacations. We preside over so many different things that I can hardly sort them out in my

mind. For instance, my husband is president of an organization for the scientific exploration of the Mediterranean. We often have meetings here for that. And there are various official luncheons. In short, we entertain a lot and receive many visitors."

I asked, "In addition to anniversaries and birthdays, does your husband, like many American husbands, occasionally give you a present for no reason at all, just because he's in the mood?"

"He does," she told me. "I'm very lucky in having a very generous husband who continually spoils me. It's a fault to which I have no objection."

"I've dug into some of the things you do," I told her, "and I've discovered a tendency on the part of your husband that I find appealing. Two or three times—for example, at the ground breaking of the new railroad being built under the principality and at the opening of the local radio station and on the occasion of the annual burning of the symbolic boat as part of the ceremonies honoring Monaco's patron saint, St. Devota—your husband asked you to burn the torch or push the button or whatever, although ordinarily it would have been his part in the affair. As nearly as I can figure it, it was his way of honoring you, of making a gallant gesture to you as his wife."

"He has done that many times," she said, "and it is very sweet of him. One occasion you haven't mentioned happened when we visited West Point. That was a thrill for me because, as an American, I am proud of both West Point and Annapolis. It is exciting to show them to people from other countries, and those who see them are terribly impressed. So I was eager for my husband to see one of our academies. He didn't fail me. He, too, was impressed with West Point. You may not know it," she went on, "but it is the custom, when a foreign sovereign visits the Point, to give him the privilege of granting amnesty to the boys who are undergoing punishment. The prince waived his right to do that in my favor, and I got a great thrill out of pardoning a number of wayward cadets. He is always thoughtful and considerate of me, but that time meant the most to me."

I told her, "I've heard in Monaco that you thought it would be a good idea to close the gambling casino here on Good Friday afternoon."

"They did close it on Good Friday year before last," she told me.

"I'm glad to hear it," I said. To me it was a gesture on the side of the angels. "Did you have anything to do with its closing?"

This time she didn't give me a smile followed by silence. She said quite simply, "I'd rather not say."

Mentally I shuffled the questions I hadn't asked her and picked out another one. "Now that the movies are out of your life," I asked, "are your memories of them one hundred per cent pleasant, or were there some things you'd have done differently if you had to do them over again?"

"There are always many things anyone would like to do differently if given the chance," she said. "I am no exception."

"When I saw you last, in 1954," I told her, "you had recently appeared in Metro's *Green Fire*, which you weren't happy about—and I didn't blame you—and you were just about to leave for the Riviera to appear in *To Catch a Thief*. You were looking forward to that. Then I saw you in *The Swan*, with Alec Guinness. You looked so thin it frightened me. Were you really that thin, or did the costumes make you look that way?"

"I was that thin," she said, "for by that time I had quite a number of things on my mind in addition to motion pictures. One of them was getting married. If you think I was thin in *The Swan*, I'm glad you didn't see any films of my wedding. I lost ten more pounds before the ceremony."

"Why?" I asked. "Was it the emotional strain?"

"That and the fact that I had worked very hard without a letup almost up until the time of the wedding," she told me. "Not only was there pressure before the wedding but the tension during the ceremonies was quite unbelievable."

I said, "They tell me that more than seventeen hundred press people and photographers were assigned to cover your wedding. There were so many of them that they were actually interviewing one another here in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris. I'm not trying to make up a funny anecdote. I've been assured they did just that."

"The atmosphere reached such a pitch of frenzy," she said, "that people were dropping like flies under the emotional

strain. It was just too much. At one point the palace chamberlain passed out in the courtyard from nerves, strain and pressure. Nor was it just the wedding itself. I'm also talking about the weeks leading up to it. At times it seemed that every manufacturer was planning to bring out something named after me or Monaco or the prince. It got so bad that my father, back home, had to make an announcement in the trade publication, *Women's Wear Daily*, threatening to take legal action against anyone who tried to exploit my name. I can't possibly give you an idea of the number of things I was asked to lend my name to."

"I know," I said, changing the subject, "that you occasionally write to Edith Head, Paramount's Academy Award-winning costume designer who created most of the clothing you wore before the movie cameras. Edith has told me so. Are there any other people connected with motion pictures with whom you still correspond?"

"Many," she said. "Just today I received a letter from my stand-in, telling me that she had just become a grandmother."

"How about Wally Westmore," I asked, "who's head of the make-up department at Paramount? I know that Wally is sincerely fond of you."

"I hear from Wally and his wife, too," she said. "Also, my make-up man from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was here not long ago with his family, and they came to call. Frank Sinatra stopped by for one of Monte Carlo's gala evenings about a year ago. And Rita Gam was here just recently. She was making a film in Cannes, and we saw her."

"Anyone else, like Alfred Hitchcock or David Niven?" I asked.

"The Nivens were here," she told me. "They came for a weekend."

Among my own friends who had stopped off in Monte Carlo was Bob Hope. I had asked him if he'd seen the prince and princess. "They asked me over to the palace at seven o'clock," he'd said. "They came down from their place in the country to be there. You know, this guy has a great sense of humor. I was impressed with the prince. He's a regular, down-to-earth sort. One thing that tickled me was all those little cards he had placed over the bar in the palace. One of them said, DON'T PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW. We just sat around and told jokes and helped the princess make the drinks. I said to her, 'Everybody wanted to know what I was going to call you, and I told them I was going to call you "our Grace."'

"There were no flunkies at our elbows," Hope went on. "We went behind the bar and did it ourselves. I was really impressed when the princess said to me, 'You know who I was thinking about the other day? Barney Dean.' Barney was my friend and Bing's friend. He came on the *Road to Singapore* set one day selling Christmas cards, and Bing and I got him a job writing gags because he had such a wonderful sense of humor, and he was such a lovable little guy with a great personality. The fact that Grace remembered Barney knocked me out, because while he was a little fellow we all loved, I didn't think she'd give him a thought in her new life. But she hasn't changed. She's just as much fun as she used to be at Paramount and she is so thoughtful and considerate of the prince. She made sure he understood the background of everything we were talking about. If you ask me, those two have a very warm relationship."

"Has there been any pressure on you to come back to Hollywood?" I asked the princess now.

"There has been a little pressure," she admitted.

"I'm curious why anyone would expect you to drop all you have here, which is so lovely and so idyllic," I said, "and go back to the rigors of movie making. It must be wishful thinking."

She did it again. She looked at me, smiled sweetly and said nothing. I found myself hurrying along to my next question. "Have you ever given anyone in Hollywood any encouragement about coming back, if only for one picture?" I asked.

"I haven't so far," she said.

"When I saw you last," I told her, "you were enjoying your career as an actress; you were working hard at it and finding it stimulating." I looked at her inquiringly and said, "I think I'm right in saying that."

"You are," she told me, "definitely."

"Do you ever miss it, or do you find your life here in Monaco compensates for the things you left behind in California? Did you have to make an adjustment in your way of thinking and your attitude toward life when you came here?"

"You've asked me a lot of questions all at once," she said. "I'd been acting for quite a while and I loved it. My entire life was wrapped up in my work, and I didn't want anything else. But marriage taught me that I was wrong. Most women want to be married and have a family, and I found I was no different from other women. I do miss acting, in a way; but it is no real loss, because being married and having children is far more important to me."

"To get back to one part of the question I asked you," I said, "I can't help wondering if you had to make any adjustments?"

"Of course there were adjustments," she said. "There was taking up life in a foreign country. There was a new language to cope with. I had to learn different ways of doing things, different ways of thinking. Also, I had always lived in large cities."

My next question had nothing to do with personal adjustments, except in the case of her small daughter. "I suppose, like all other little girls in her position, Princess Caroline has been taught to curtsy," I said.

"I started teaching her that primarily so that she could bob a beautiful curtsy to Sir Winston Churchill when he came to Monte Carlo," Princess Grace told me, "and I must say she did a lovely one for him. But she is not consistent. When the former queen of Spain arrived, Caroline wouldn't curtsy."

She explained, "When we went to the station to meet the queen, Caroline was all dressed up. We had had a little bouquet made, and I had given her special instructions to give it to the queen with a lovely curtsy and a gracious 'how do you do?' While we were waiting to leave for the station she kept saying 'how do you do?' to everyone in sight and bobbing perfect curtsies to the members of our welcoming party. I had a terrible feeling that she was going to run out of curtsies, so I begged her, 'Please stop curtsying.' But she was in love with the idea and kept bobbing up and down like a mechanical doll. Then the queen arrived; we all greeted her, and I said to Caroline, 'Now!' 'No!' she said. I said, 'Give the bouquet to the queen, Caroline,' but she replied, 'Caroline no want to.' It wasn't until we got back home that she finally and reluctantly gave up that bouquet. Fortunately the queen thought the whole thing terribly funny."

I realized that the former queen of Spain didn't visit Monaco every day and so I said, "It has been suggested to me that I ask you to give me an outline of a typical day of your life here in the palace. Could you give me a short run-through? For example, what time did you get up this morning?"

She smiled at me again, but this time she did reply. "The only thing typical about my day is the hour I rise," she said. "Otherwise, no two of my days are the same. I get up about eight-thirty, have breakfast and then I spend the morning going over my mail with my secretary."

"Take today, for example," I suggested.

"After looking at my mail, I had my children in to play with me," she said. "Usually they help me dress; by that I mean they help me select my clothes. We make a sort of game out of it. But this morning I had to dress quickly, so I couldn't let them do that. I went over part of my mail, then I came here to see you. After my visit with you, the prince and I are lunching with the prefect of Alpes Maritimes, his wife and some others; but before that I'll go and visit with my children while they're having their lunch."

"What time do they usually have theirs?" I asked.

"At noon," she said. "I try to be there for all of their luncheons. Our own luncheon will be finished by two-thirty or three. Then I have an appointment with my lady in waiting, Mrs. Tivey, to go over some things with her which require my attention. After that I'll go down to the Red Cross headquarters on the harbor's edge to give out diplomas to those who have completed their first-aid and home-nursing courses.

"At six o'clock I have an appointment with the president of the Monégasque Girl Guides. I'll come home to the palace about seven and try to see my babies once more before they go to bed. Then I'll change for dinner."

"What time do you and the prince usually dine?" I asked.

"At eight."

"What time do you usually get to bed?" I asked. "Do you habitually stay up late? I'm usually asleep by ten-thirty. My system is to read myself to sleep."

"I read a lot in bed too," she said. "In fact, I lie there reading until twelve-thirty or one o'clock."

"This is not on my list of questions," I told her, "but what do you read when you do go to bed?"

"I prefer historical books to anything else," she told me.

"And biography?" I asked. She nodded.

"I'm interested in what kind of person your husband is," I told her. "I'm sure there are millions of other people who are interested in the same thing. Anyone who has seen you in your films feels that he knows what kind of person you are, but to just as many people your husband is a remote, dark-eyed, dark-haired stranger in an unfamiliar uniform. He's more than that to me, because since I've been in Monaco I've been assured by people who have no axes to grind that he is witty and amusing and pleasant to be with. In fact, he's what we would call a 'good Joe.'"

"I hate the phrase 'good Joe,'" she told me. "I prefer to say that he's a very warm, sweet person."

"When you two are alone, does he lead the sort of life an American husband leads?" I asked her. "For example, does he barbecue steaks on an outdoor grill?"

"Since I've never had an American husband I can't make a comparison," she told me. "But when it comes to cooking steaks, I'm the one who does that. However, I know what you mean and I'll try to give you a more satisfactory answer. My husband knows, enjoys and accepts those things the average American man knows and enjoys and accepts. By that I mean he has a comfortable, simple, nice way of living. And being an American, naturally a comfortable, informal way of living is the way of life I like too. Informal living is a bit difficult to achieve in the palace, but in the summer, when we move our whole family up to our Roc Agel villa, we live very simply."

I asked, "Does your husband till the ground and plant things up at Roc Agel?"

"He has a tractor and he plows the soil," she told me, "although it's difficult up there because what little earth there is is very stony. But the prince knows far more about such things than I do. Having lived most of my life in large cities, I know very little about gardening and planting."

"I guess he puts on old clothes or work clothes," I said, "the way I do when I work around

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(*Continued from Page 42*) my place. Does your husband own a pair of blue jeans?"

"Yes, he does," she told me. "But that is not his inevitable gardening costume. He wears all sorts of comfortable clothes—whatever he feels like wearing."

"How many servants do you have in the palace?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly," she replied. "There are so many different categories. We have servants attached directly to our household, and there are other servants in the palace who take care of other people. But to answer your question, approximately two hundred fifty people work here in the palace. That includes carpenters, electricians and the like."

"Does that include the *carabinièri?*"

"I don't think so," she said. "There are sixty to sixty-five of them."

I said, "I'm curious about such homely things as who handles the palace logistics—the marketing, the laundry, the food buying."

She told me, "We have a *régisseur* who does that." She looked at me with a puzzled look on her face. "I'm not sure what the equivalent is in the United States. What I really have in mind is the job done by the manager of an American hotel. Ballet companies have a *régisseur;* so now that I think of it, I guess what the word really means is 'general manager.' As for paying the bills, the secretary to the prince and his cabinet handle budgetary matters."

"In other words," I said, "you don't have to chew the end of your pencil like an American wife whose husband gives her a certain sum to run the household."

"Not exactly," she told me, "but I do have to supervise such things; and if the bills are too high, I hear about it."

"I'm curious as to whether you plan to have a large family," I said.

"I'd like to have more babies," she said promptly.

I said, "That seems to be the point of view most young women have these days."

"Queen Victoria had nine children," she pointed out. Then she smiled. "I don't mean that I want nine children," she went on. "I was merely pointing out that a large family is not entirely a modern idea."

"That seems almost too many," I said. "But that's a man's point of view. A man has to pay their way through school and college. He has to pay the dentist and the pediatrician, and the final bite is put upon him with that big church wedding his wife feels his daughter has to have—with the marquee in the back yard and the caterers in and all."

It was obvious that the princess didn't hold with my selfish, overpractical point of view, for she said firmly, "It's wonderful for children to grow up in a big family."

I tried a new tack. "Are there parties here where you can circulate and chat and get to know the average Monégasques, or is it all pretty formal?"

"It depends," she told me. "I see and work with many Monégasques at the Red Cross, and there are many affairs at the palace to which crowds of Monégasques come."

"Are those palace affairs formal or informal?" I asked.

"They vary," she told me. "But most of the time I would say that they're on the formal side. If there are more than twenty people present, formality automatically seems to set in."

I said, "I understand that the citizens of Monaco have a privilege called the 'right of access.' That means if they have a problem which can't be solved in any other way, they can come to your husband and talk to him. Have the Monégasque women a right to come and talk to you about their problems too?"

"Many of them write to me, asking my help in one way or another."

"Do they ever come to see you personally about their problems?" I insisted.

"Occasionally," she said. "Then there are many I'm not able to see personally whom the people at the Red Cross see for me. If it's something special, I see them myself after one of my visits to the Red Cross headquarters. That is one of the nicest things about our Red Cross unit. Monaco is so small that we can deal with people here as individuals rather than as a group."

As she talked she moved her hands gracefully. "Is that beautiful jewel I see you touch occasionally your engagement ring?" I asked.

"It is," she said.

"Was it part of the Grimaldi family jewels?" I asked.

She shook her head. "How would you describe it?" I asked.

"It's an emerald-cut diamond."

"To me it seems enormous," I told her. She didn't agree or disagree. She merely flashed her enigmatic smile once more and said, "I'm very partial to it."

I told her, "I'm afraid my next question is going to sound either corny or offensive. It seems obvious to me that you and your husband are not only very much in love, you are good friends—although those two things do not always go together."

She widened her eyes in surprise. "Of course," she said.

I felt myself floundering. I had started something I didn't know how to finish, but I clung to my "love match" line. "Do you suppose that the prince came to Philadelphia to see you that first time hoping you'd be his princess?"

"You'll have to ask him," she said.

"Do you think that question is too personal?" I asked.

"A bit," she said.

"How much of the time during the day do you spend working with your staff?"

"They would take all day if I would let them hold me down that long," she said. "Somehow I always manage to escape."

"Do you mind," I said, "if I ask you what might seem a prying question? The responsibility resting upon you as a princess is one which ordinary women don't have to cope with. When you go to bed at night, do you ever heave a sigh of relief because it's been such a hard day and now it's over?"

"There are many things in my life now which I have to cope with and tend to that I didn't have to cope with or tend to before," she admitted. "That is only natural. One of my handicaps was that, having been trained as an actress, I learned to follow that one line, and my training had a tendency to give me a one-track mind. When I came here, it was difficult for me to spread my thoughts out to cover so many different things and cope with so many different problems."

Changing the subject again, I said, "I suppose your children get a lot of cards from youngsters all over the world on their birthdays."

"They do receive bags and bags of mail from children who were born on the same day. Not only that, but women of all ages send cards to Caroline. Their cards say, 'It's my birthday too. I'm eighty-seven today,' or, 'I'm fifty-nine.'"

"Is Caroline old enough to appreciate them?" I asked.

"She loves birthday cards," Princess Grace told me, "but I'm afraid Albert eats his."

Next week, in the second of his three articles, Mr. Martin discloses the story behind Prince Rainier's courtship. —THE EDITORS