



## Dawn

*There is a slight chill in the air as the sun starts to climb its way over the edge of the horizon, far out to sea.*

The water goes from pale gray, a mirror of the sky, to a stunning bluish green as the morning steadily sneaks into the corners of the port and lights up a building there that is strawberry pink.

It lights *Le Roche*, the rock overlooking the harbor the juts into the sea where the Prince's Palace sits guarded by its ancient ramparts. It lights the high-rise apartment houses that line the Avenue Princess Grace, along the fabulously expensive stretch of seafront called Monte Carlo Beach. It lights the old villas, piled almost one on top of the other, along the face of the hill the stares down at the casino and the Hotel de Paris and the Café de Paris and the Mediterranean behind them.

At first everything seems flat.

All the colors seem washed out.

But the early morning sun casts a special light that you only see in the south of France, especially after the nighttime Mistral has swept away the clouds. It's intense, dustless, crystal-clear light

which brings colors alive in such a way that you think to yourself—nowhere else on the earth does it color everything quite like this.

The sun catches the buildings almost unawares. For a second it turns them all a pale pinkish orange. But almost before you notice it, that's gone. Now you see red and yellow and some of the buildings are a soft, rich Assam tea golden shade—gold in this case being an appropriate color considering the price of real estate here.

Now you also see awnings opening across thousands of balconies—blue awnings and pink awnings, and faded red awnings that have lived through too many summers, and bright yellow awnings that have just been bought.

The night train from Barcelona pulls into the station on its way to the Italian border town of Ventimiglia. A voice with a marked accent announces over the loud speaker, "Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo ... deux minutes d'arret ... Monte Carlo."

On the other side of the tracks, the morning train from Ventimiglia pulls into the station on its way to Nice and Antibes and Cannes, and the man with the marked accent makes the same announcement. "Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo ... deux minutes d'arret ... Monte Carlo."

The first room-service shift has already begun at the Hermitage and the Hotel de Paris where the smallest croissants on earth arrive promptly, in a basket with coffee and orange juice, at a cost of \$40.

A lone helicopter flies the length of the beach.

At La Vigie restaurant on the cliff behind the pink stucco 1930s style Old Beach Hotel, they're already setting up the buffet lunch tables. While an old man in a boat with an outboard engine sails by. And two women take an early morning swim together, dog-paddling and talking all the way out to the far buoy.

Gardeners are trimming rose bushes on the road up to *Le Rocher*.

A very large yacht leaves the port, ever so slowly.

A police officer in his well-starched red and white uniform directs traffic at the *Place d'Armes*.

A sometimes-famous tennis player poses next to a swimming pool for a spread before going up to the Tennis Club to spend the next three hours working on his once devastating backhand.

Two rather pretty German girls walk back to their tiny studio apartment after a night at Jimmyz.

A teenaged Italian boy stands behind the service bar at the Moana, washing glasses and listening to music on a portable radio while a teenaged French boy piles chairs on top of tables so that the dance floor can be buffed.

A middle-aged man in a blue work smock runs a vacuum cleaner over the carpets in the casino.

An old woman dressed in black makes her way through the narrow streets of *Le Rocher* towards the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, which the locals call, St. Nicholas.

The *quartier* is empty, except for a single policeman walking slowly past the Oceanographic Museum, and a black-robed priest taking some fresh air on the steps of the church before the morning mass.

The old woman dressed in black gives the priest a simple nod and moves into the darkened church, crossing herself and mumbling under her breath, hurrying past the altar to a pair of marble slabs.

One says, RAINIERIVS III.

The other says GRATIA PATRICIA.

She crosses herself, pauses for only a second, then leaves the church and hurries towards the large open place in front of the Palace.

Two *Carabinieri* are guarding the entrance, another is standing near the smaller side door and a fourth is walking casually through the street where a thick black chain prevents cars from parking just there.

The old woman dressed in black stops at the end of the street and looks at the Palace, to see the Prince's ensign flying there, then nods and crosses herself again.



From where Grace sat at her desk in her fair-sized office on the top floor of the Palace tower, she had a view from two windows looking at the yacht laden harbor below, and the tiny hill behind it that is Monte Carlo.

She'd decorated the room in pale greens and pale yellows, and placed a big couch in the middle of it—she'd brought that couch with her from Philadelphia—and on either side of it were tables covered in magazines.

There were silver-framed photographs of her family scattered around, on her desk, on tables and on shelves, and on the walls she'd hung paintings and drawings, her favorite being a large oil of New York City.

Now, staring down at the blank piece of paper, thinking about this letter she never wanted to write, the woman who'd given up Hollywood fame as Grace Kelly to become Princess Grace of Monaco, took her fountain pen and in her very deliberate and very neat handwriting, put "**June 18th, 1962**" at the top.

It was a start.

Then she wrote, "**Dear Hitch—**"

Had it been 12 years already?

In 1950, as an aspiring actress living in New York, she was offered a black and white screen test by Twentieth Century Fox, for a role she didn't get.

But the director Fred Zinneman had seen that test and two years later cast her opposite Gary Cooper in *High Noon*.

It was her first major screen role.

And while the public found her beautiful, and Cooper won the Academy Award for best actor, Grace didn't even figure on the original poster. The *New York Times* review only gave her passing mention.

The director John Ford had seen that screen test, too. He decided she had, "breeding, quality and class," and convinced MGM to fly her out to Los Angeles to audition for *Mogambo*, a picture he was going to make in Africa with Clark Gable and Ava Gardner.

The part was hers if she wanted it, which she did, but MGM insisted that she sign a seven-year contract to get it. The studio was going to pay her \$850 a week, which might have seemed like a lot of money at the time to many people, but by Hollywood standards, was paltry.

Holding out as long as she could, she managed to get two important concessions from the studio. They wouldn't up the money, but they agreed she could have time off every two years to work in the theater, and that she wouldn't have to move to California, that she could stay in New York.

"The studios are tenacious," she had to admit, "when they want someone or something, they always get it"—signing her name with a borrowed pen, standing at the airport counter with the engines of the plane that would take her to Africa, already turning.

In the meantime, Alfred Hitchcock had also seen that 1950 screen test. He decided she was, "a snow-covered volcano."

She wrote, "**It was heartbreaking for me to have to leave the picture—**"

This was the first time she'd confessed that to anyone, besides her husband.

The British born Hitchcock had moved to Hollywood in 1939 and had just become a US citizen. In his mid-50s, he was bald, shaped like an egg, had a very distinctive voice, and was right at the top of the A-List of Hollywood directors, making films that are now considered classics: *Spellbound* with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck; John Steinbeck's *Lifeboat*; *Suspicion* with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and *Notorious*, again with Cary Grant but this time with Ingrid Bergman and Claude Rains.

When he cast Grace to play alongside Ray Milland in a thriller called *Dial M for Murder*, he did what no previous director had done—put her on a pedestal and turned her into a movie star.

Now she wrote, "**I was so excited about doing it and particularly about working with you again—**" using dashes instead of commas or periods, which she often did.

Throughout the filming of *Dial M*, he kept talking to her about his next picture, this one with Jimmy Stewart called *Rear Window*. He'd been so enthusiastic about it, that when the time came, she turned down the chance to work with Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront*—her replacement, Eva Marie Saint, won the Best Actress Oscar for that role—and opted for Hitch's new film.

She wrote, "**When we meet I would like to explain to you myself all of the reasons which is difficult to do by letter or through a third-party—**"

After that, she teamed up with Hitch again, for *To Catch a Thief*, working alongside Cary Grant, which they filmed on the French Riviera. It was on the success of that film that she returned to France the following year, to the Cannes Film Festival, which is when she met Prince Rainier.

That was 1955.

"When I married Prince Rainier," she told people at the time, "I married the man and not what he represented or what he was. I fell in love with him without giving a thought to anything else."

But that "anything else" was something very unique and seven years later, the fairy tale that had begun with that first meeting in Monaco, was alive and well.

She came to the office every day, but did not keep banker's hours. Sometimes she'd come in early, sometimes she'd come in late. She'd stay as long as she had to, depending on her appointment schedule. But even when she wasn't in the office, her days were busy because Rainier had given her a lot of responsibilities. She'd already redecorated the Palace, a huge task, airing the musty place out, repainting and redecorating, then dividing the children's room in two, putting a partition down the middle, so that each of them would have their own space. Long before that was finished, she'd become President of the Monegasque Red Cross, President of the local Garden Club and oversaw almost all of the official cultural activities in Monaco. She also had the household to run, which meant administering a sizeable staff and also supervising the marketing. She personally planned every menu for the family, paying special attention to Rainier's weight, and her own, and making sure that her children ate well-balanced meals.

"You know what my husband calls me?" she would confide to friends. "He says I'm his Domestic Affairs Coordinator. Makes me sound like a member of the cabinet."

She was dedicated to what she was doing and wanted everything to be perfect because—as people had quickly discovered soon after she'd arrived—Grace was a perfectionist.

Arriving as she did in Monaco, knowing no one except Rainier, being that far away from home at a time when telephones didn't work so well, and not speaking the language, was difficult. But by now she'd grown comfortable in her role as Princess Grace.

And the year had begin so promisingly.

Her daughter Caroline was five and her son Albert—everyone in the family called him Albie—was four. Her husband, whom she called Ray, had just turned 39. They were a handsome, happy and healthy family. Rainier spoke French to the children and she spoke

English to them, so Caroline and Albie were growing up completely bilingual. And her own French had improved so much that she happily spoke the language in public, although she never lost her American accent.

But then she'd suffered a miscarriage.

And there would be a second one that year.

At the same time, France's President Charles de Gaulle was making threatening noises, again, about tax evaders in Monaco. He was threatening Rainier that he was going to clamp down.

De Gaulle and Rainier had been through this before. Rainier always maintained Monaco's sovereignty from France, which had been written into official treaties. But, this time, de Gaulle wasn't having it and, official treaty or no, he was determined to do something about it.

Grace could see, up close, the pressure her husband was under.

And now there was this with Hitchcock.

The two had stayed in touch ever since she'd left Hollywood. And she never hesitated to credit him with making her a star.

"Hitch taught me everything about the cinema," she would say. "It's thanks to him that I understood that murder scenes should be shot like love scenes and love scenes like murder scenes."

Towards the end of 1961, while working on a new picture called *Marnie*—which would star a handsome Scots actor named Sean Connery, who'd just broken all the box office records playing James Bond in *Dr. No*—Hitchcock decided Grace would be perfect for the title role.

He often cast actors he'd worked with in previous films. He'd hired Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart four times, and Ingrid Bergman three times. Now he wanted to hire Grace for the fourth time.

For her, it would mark a return to her film career and doing that with Alfred Hitchcock seemed to her, and to Rainier, as well, the best choice.

Except this time different. Hitch liked her for what he called her "sexual elegance," and wanted her to make a comeback as a sexually frustrated kleptomaniac who is raped by her controlling husband.

No one doubted that actress Grace Kelly could do that, but could Princess Grace?

She and Rainier had discussed it. He had some doubts and, frankly, so did she. But once she convinced herself it would be right, and once he agreed, she told Hitch yes.

So Hitch announced in March that Grace Kelly would be returning to acting, and that's when the furor began.

First, MGM said she couldn't, because she was still under contract to them.

The way they saw it, when she walked out on Hollywood to marry Rainier and live in Monaco, the studio had suspended her without pay. They were now claiming that the suspension extended the termination date of her contract and that, therefore, it was still in force. If she were going to make a movie, she'd either have to make it with MGM, or Hitchcock would have to buy her out of the contract.

That was only the beginning.

While her lawyers in the States and Hitchcock's lawyers, too, decided that MGM was blowing smoke—the studio responded that it was taking this seriously and "considering our position"—the people of Monaco had their own ideas.

The 26-year-old who had arrived in 1956 as movie star Grace Kelly, was now a 32-year-old mother of two and First Lady of the Principality.

Hollywood actresses made movies, Monaco's Princess did not.

She wrote, "***It is unfortunate that it had to happen this way and I am deeply sorry—***"

By the end of her Hollywood career, she didn't even try to hide her feelings that she was ready to leave.

"When I first came to Hollywood five years ago," she told a reporter during the filming of *High Society*, "my makeup call was at

eight in the morning. On this movie, it's been put back to seven thirty. Every day I see Joan Crawford, who's been in makeup since five, and Loretta Young, who's been there since four in the morning. I'll be God-damned if I'm going to stay in a business where I have to get up earlier and earlier and it takes longer and longer for me to get in front of a camera."

That wasn't her only problem with "Tinseltown."

At times she'd say she hated the place. "I have many acquaintances there, but few friends." Other times, she'd call it, "A town without pity. I know of no other place in the world where so many people suffer from nervous breakdowns, where there are so many alcoholics, neurotics, and so much unhappiness."

Then again, there were times when Hollywood amused her. "It's holier than thou for the public and unholier-than-the devil in reality."

No one who knew her doubted that somewhere, in the back of her mind, she'd always hoped, one day, she could return to acting.

But now that she had the chance . . .

She wrote, "**Thank you dear Hitch for being so understanding and helpful—I hate disappointing you—**"

It was well known around Hollywood that Hitch thought of actors as "cattle."

So now she added, "**I also hate the fact that there are probably many other "cattle" who could play the part equally as well—Despite that I hope to remain one of your "sacred cows—**"

She stopped there to re-read the letter.

Then she wrote, "**With deep affection—**" underlines the word "deep," and signs it, "**Grace.**"

And with that, her career as Grace Kelly was, undeniably, over.

## Chapter 1

# Becoming Grace

*There was never any mistaking them.*

Not those two.

No matter how hard they tried to remain anonymous, there was always someone who'd spot them, who'd know their names.

One night in London, after dining at a Japanese restaurant with friends, Grace asked the waiter to get a taxi. When it arrived, she and Rainier and another couple piled in. But as soon as they did, the driver started laughing. He chuckled all the way to Connaught Hotel where Grace and Rainier got out. And he kept on chuckling all the way to the other couple's flat in Chelsea.

Finally the other couple simply had to know, "What's so funny?"

"It was the little Japanese fellow who hailed me," the driver said. "I couldn't figure out what he wanted. I couldn't figure out what he was talking about because he kept saying over and over again, 'Glazed cherries, glazed cherries.' So who gets into my cab? Grace Kelly."

John Brendon Kelly, the ninth in a family of ten children, was a tough, two-fisted, hard-drinking man with an eye for the ladies who, like so many sons of immigrants to the United States, battled his way from poverty to riches to live the American dream.

His parents came from County Mayo, Ireland, to the New World with nothing more in their pockets than a thick brogue and a lot of hope. John B., who was usually referred to as Jack, was born in 1890 in East Falls, one of Philadelphia's Irish working-class neighborhoods. From the age of nine, to help support his family, he worked after school in the local carpet mills. He quit school three years later for full-time employment as a hod carrier and apprentice brick-layer with one of his older brothers who had, by then, started his own construction firm.

But Jack was destined for better things. He had the drive to succeed and somehow discovered he also had a talent for rowing. With his back and arms strengthened by construction work, he took to sculling on the nearby Schukill River and quickly developed into a champion oarsman.

Returning from the Army after World War I in 1918, he and his Vesper Boat Club teammates spent the next two years preparing to race, first at England's world-famous Henley Regatta, then at the Olympics in Antwerp. But two days before Kelly planned to leave Philadelphia for Europe, a telegram arrived from the Henley organizers saying, "Entry rejected."

The official explanation has always been that Kelly was banned because the Vesper Club had violated their "amateur" status in 1905 when they solicited donations to cover the costs of going to Henley. And the ban on Vesper was still in effect in 1920.

But Kelly saw it differently.

He took the ban personally, maintaining throughout his life that his entry was refused because he'd once been a common laborer and therefore not welcome to compete with "gentlemen" at class-conscious Henley.

The revenge he took on them has become the stuff of American sports mythology.

Not only did Jack go on to defeat the best of the British a couple of months later in the Olympics—he came home with two gold medals—he then spent several years training his son John Jr. who, in 1947 and again in 1949, reminded the British of the earlier insult and twice took Henley's first prize.

Once described by his chum Franklin Roosevelt as, "the handsomest man I've ever seen," Jack Kelly was heavy on charm and humor, graced till the day he died with an athletic physique, driven by a fearless enthusiasm to get what he wanted, predisposed to womanizing and consumed by a passion for politics.

In 1919 he borrowed \$2,500 from two of his brothers to start a company called Kelly For Brickwork, which, by 1935, had become so successful that he used it as a springboard to run for mayor. Although he was defeated and never put his name on another ballot, he flirted briefly with the idea of running for the US Senate in 1936, was head of the Philadelphia Democratic Committee until 1940 and remained, for the rest of his life, a dominant backroom force in Philadelphia politics.

Perhaps not surprisingly, as Kelly was so well connected in the City of Brotherly Love, not one single building was erected in Center City between the mid-1920s and the mid-1950s without Kelly For Brickwork getting the contract.

In 1924 Jack married Margaret Majer, a woman he'd known for nearly nine years. The daughter of German immigrants, she'd been raised a Lutheran in the Strawberry Mansion area of Philadelphia.

She grew up speaking German at home and stressed with her children the same strong sense of Prussian discipline that had been such an important part of her own youth. Everyone obeyed her. Not even Jack dared go up against her.

Although when she insisted her children learn to speak fluent German, they hid the grammar books because they hated the