



*My Days with*  
**PRINCESS  
GRACE** of Monaco

Includes  
**THE TRUE  
STORY OF  
THE CRISIS**

**OUR 25-YEAR FRIENDSHIP, BEYOND GRACE KELLY**

**Joan Dale** 35 PAGES OF PERSONAL PHOTOGRAPHS

**Free Sample Excerpt**

(followed Supportive Documentation)

*Thank you for your interest in knowing the truth about Princess Grace of Monaco...*

The following is an excerpt from the book, "My Days with Princess Grace of Monaco," a personal memoir of a 25-year friendship with Grace Kelly, from the year after she became Princess Grace to the last family vacation just one month before her tragic death.

This is a sample of the chapter, "Days of Crisis", a detailed eyewitness account of what really happened during the 1962 crisis between Monaco and France, when Grace Kelly was to return to Hollywood at a time when Prince Rainier almost lost his crown and country. Joan Dale was Princess Grace's closest friend in Monaco, and Martin Dale (a former U.S. Diplomat) was Prince Rainier's closest advisor at that time – many of the incidents involved in the crisis revolved around them.

Joan and Martin attended countless formal events, luncheons and parties at the Palace of Monaco. The Dales were frequent guests at the Prince's mountain hideaway of Rocagel, and Joan's eldest sons, Charles and Greg, were the first playmates of young Prince Albert and Princess Caroline. Princess Grace later became godmother to Joan's only daughter.

Joan and Princess Grace were two young American women in Europe who bonded like sisters. In fact, Joan was often mistaken for one of Grace's siblings, and even for Grace herself. Out of loyalty to Princess Grace and her family, this relationship has always been kept very private, but now, out of that same loyalty to Grace, it seems that it is time to set the record straight.

In the years since her untimely death, many untruths have been written about Princess Grace by people who never really knew her, repeating each other's "research" until it is accepted as biographical fact. Through letters, diaries and over 70 personal photographs, Joan Dale's book offers insights that only the closest of friends can share. It contains many stories that no one has ever heard before, so you can get to know the true essence and beauty of the *real* Princess Grace of Monaco, including what her life, family and marriage were really like, and the truth of what happened during the 1962 crisis...

**Hardcover of "My Days with Princess Grace of Monaco" available October 2014  
Order at local bookstores (INGRAM Worldwide distribution: ISBN 9781895885088)**

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*My Days with  
Princess Grace of Monaco*

Our 25-Year Friendship,  
Beyond Grace Kelly



JOAN DALE

with GRACE DALE

## PART TWO:

### Chapter 2

#### *DAYS OF CRISIS*

In January 1962, Grace and Rainier, Martin and I were all gathered together in their private apartment at the Palace, when Grace thought it would be fun to read everyone's horoscope aloud. Grace was very interested in people's birth signs, and she was almost an amateur astrologer. If she liked someone, she would subtly find a way of asking what that person's birth sign was. She was most interested in people's tendencies, and the various qualities that are characteristic of each sign of the zodiac. There are certain traits that people born under the same sign have in common, although some people remain skeptical of this.

Grace had just gotten a new book of horoscopes for the year 1962 and was eager see what was in store for us all. She read her own horoscope that said: "You are inclined to like lampshades with plastic covers on them," to which she laughed and said, "How did they know?" This was one trait that Grace had that one would not suspect of her, that of being very practical, almost to the point of being frugal. Of course, they did not have plastic covers in the Palace, but she was the kind of person who would preserve everything. When she looked up Rainier's birth sign of Gemini, she read, "You will soon be changing jobs"! We all laughed, but little did we know at that moment how this prediction was almost about to come true!

The year started off innocently enough, with Grace and Rainier coming to our apartment for Chinese dinner to celebrate Martin's birthday on January 3. We had fun playing gin rummy after dinner, and they stayed until 2:30 a.m. For the next two weeks, we were with Grace and Rainier almost every day, going to dinners, movies and galas. We went to Rocagel for Sunday brunch, where

Charles got to ride their new Irish pony "Babbling Brook," while Grace and I walked around the property and talked. On January 5, we went to the *Hôtel de Paris* for dinner, after which Grace and I walked home at midnight – it was a beautiful night, and we enjoyed walking, talking and laughing together. Grace loved to walk, and it was helpful after our copious dinner.

On the morning of January 6, Charles and Greg went to the Palace to play with Albie and Caroline. They brought their Sir Lancelot costumes, complete with plastic swords! They were not the only ones going to battle on that day. For some reason, during dinner at the *Gala des Colonies Étrangères*, Madame Tivey-Faucon got very upset. As Grace's Lady-in-Waiting, it was her duty to attend such functions in a way that served the Prince and Princess without drawing attention to herself. I never knew what happened, but the Prince got very annoyed. Her dismissal from their service followed very soon thereafter, and she later retaliated with what I believe to have been spite and betrayal.

A few days later, we attended the International Television Festival Gala, after which we were invited back to the Prince's private apartments for drinks and dancing. Prince Rainier did not like dancing in public with everyone watching him, but Grace loved to dance, so they often enjoyed listening to music and dancing together at home.

After formal dinners at the Palace, or when a gala event ended in the early morning hours, the Prince sometimes continued the evening's festivities by inviting Martin and me to their private apartments for a nightcap. On one such occasion a couple of weeks prior, we were joined by Margot Fonteyn, the world-famous English prima ballerina. She was a very outgoing and elegant lady with a sparkle in her eye. We were playing some records, and Margot tried to teach us all how to do "The Twist," which was a new dance craze at the time. None of us could quite get the hang of twisting our bodies correctly, because it was very different from any other dance step that we had ever learned. In her British accent, Margot said, "It's easy, just pretend that you're stomping out a cigarette with one foot, and drying your back with a towel at the same time. So you twist your foot and twist your body with the towel." We tried it and were amazed that it was so easy. The five of us all had a great time doing the Twist in Grace and Rainier's apartment. It seemed incredible that we would learn such a dance from one of the greatest classical ballet dancers of all time! From then on, we all enjoyed many late nights of dancing the Twist.

On January 23, we went to the Palace for Caroline's fifth birthday party. It was a wonderful masquerade party that took place in the formal apartments with marble floors, huge tables, giant chandeliers and footmen everywhere. Charles

went as an Indian chief, wearing the costume that Rainier and Grace had given him. Tea was served in the Napoleonic Room, with mothers watching from the sidelines. It was amazing to see the children playing party games in these massive formal State Rooms filled with priceless antiques, and in the stately white and gold *Salon des Glaces*.

I must say that I was always a little worried that the children might accidentally break something, and I watched over my boys like a hawk. I think most of the small children were a little intimidated because of the enormity and imposing quality of these rooms. At one point, little Gregory was sitting in his costume, crying, because being in such an immense place terrified him. Gradually, these formal parties were eliminated to make way for more intimate children's parties in their own private apartments.

We returned home exhausted and were just going to bed that night when the phone rang at 11:30 p.m. It was Prince Rainier, asking Martin to come to the Palace immediately. Martin was not told the reason, but when one is summoned by the Prince, no matter what the hour, one does not ask questions. Martin dressed quickly and rushed to the Palace, which was just moments away. When he arrived, Martin was told to wait for the Prince in the small antechamber. He was surprised to see the French Minister of State for Monaco, Émile Pelletier, who had obviously shaved in a terribly nervous hurry, as evidenced by all the bits of bloody toilet paper stuck to his face.

The two of them waited together in anxious silence while the Prince held an emergency meeting with his Cabinet. Apparently, Mr. Pelletier had not been summoned but had shown up at the Palace demanding an audience with Prince Rainier. Mr. Pelletier grew increasingly upset, particularly at having to wait in the same room as "the American." He was furious because it was now after midnight, and he had to go to a clinic for prostate surgery the following day. He was so affronted by the situation that his agitation kept growing by the minute. As soon as the Prince was ready to receive him, Mr. Pelletier entered the room and immediately began arguing with Prince Rainier and insulting him. A shouting match ensued the likes of which Martin had never witnessed before, particularly not with a sovereign prince! Some said it could be heard throughout the Palace!

That night, Prince Rainier had received a very serious ultimatum from the French government that would eventually threaten him with being deposed, which made him absolutely outraged. Mr. Pelletier accused the Prince of being anti-French, to which Rainier angrily responded, "I went through Alsace as a junior officer, and now you dare to say that I am anti-French when you shit in

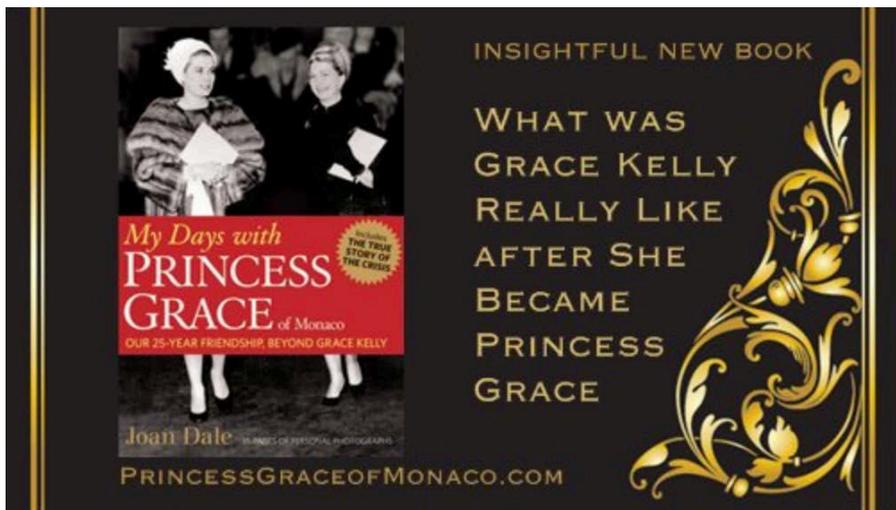
my boots!" Mr. Pelletier rose up and shouted, "You cannot speak with me that way. I was Minister of the Interior for General de Gaulle, and I am Minister of State for Monaco through French appointment and your agreement, and you cannot speak to me that way." The Prince retorted, "You are right. You're fired!" Mr. Pelletier turned and stormed out, with Prince Rainier yelling after him, "It is not you who are leaving, it's me that puts you at the door!"

And then came the deluge...

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## **SUPPORTIVE DOCUMENTATION: Excerpts from Articles mentioning Joan and Martin Dale**

### **NEW YORK TIMES: October 18, 1960**

*"RAINIER NAMES U.S. AIDE"*

*Dale, Ex-Vice-Consul in Nice, Chosen Adviser to Prince*

MONTE CARLO, Monaco, Oct. 17 (Reuters) – Martin A. Dale, 28-year-old former United States Vice-Consul in Nice and Monte Carlo, was appointed today private adviser to Prince Rainier III of Monaco.

Mr. Dale becomes the only American member of the Mediterranean principality's Administration, except for the Rev. Francis Tucker, the Prince's Roman Catholic chaplain...

### **NEW YORK TIMES: March 4, 1961**

*"RIVIERA BOASTS FACTORIES NOW, ALONG WITH BIKINIS AND ROULETTE"*

*French Playground Attracts Light Industries, Many With Ties in U.S.*

...The Riviera has more to offer American business than a balmy climate, agreeable living conditions and low wages. It has a convenient profit sanctuary – tax-free Monaco.

Aware of this attraction and anxious to make of Monaco something more than a seasonal tourist resort, Prince Rainier appointed a young, Princeton-educated Department of State consul, Martin Dale, of Jersey City, N.J., as his financial adviser.

His task is to persuade American companies to establish sales and management headquarters and small plants in Monaco.

"Between twenty and twenty-five major American companies will open offices and factories in the principality in the next three years," Mr. Dale predicts...

### **NEWSWEEK: April 3, 1961**

*page 66 BUSINESS AND FINANCE*

*"FOREIGN TRADE: MONACOMPANIES"*

.....Last September the Prince, who first showed a partiality for Americans by marrying Philadelphia's beautiful Grace Kelly, hired a Yankee to head up a diversification and development program. He's Martin A. Dale, a slim, 29-year-old Phi Beta Kappa from Princeton who was the youngest consul in the U.S. Foreign Service when he quit to accept Rainier's offer.

In his office in the pink palace overlooking Monaco Harbor, the sandy-haired native of Newark, N.J., outlined his aims. "Our goal," said Dale, "is to attract the management and sales headquarters of 30 to 50 leading international corporations within the next three years."

.....Most important, says Dale, are jobs for bright, young Monegasques in the new international managerial class. And, he adds: "With periodic meetings of boards of directors, corporate executives would become sort of supplemental tourists, though some of them, of course, would be living here permanently."

How successful is the program?

In the last two weeks alone, Dale says, three American, one British, and one Swiss company have agreed to open offices in Monaco. Among them: Timex, subsidiary of U.S. Time. However, another 27 applicants were rejected "because they were family operations, which often are difficult to keep tabs on, or because they were not sufficiently reputable outfits."

"Monaco doesn't intend to set itself up as just another tax haven," says Dale. "We can, and will, control this program to a degree no other country has been willing to exert."

## **THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: July 14-July 21, 1962**

### *"TEMPEST IN A RIVIERA TEAPOT"*

*page 34....Program Lures U.S. Companies*

The program went into high gear in 1961 under the direction of a trim young American, Martin Dale, former U.S. vice consul in Nice. The prince named Dale as his private financial adviser with an office in the palace. Together Dale and Rainier organized the Monaco Economic Development Corporation, to bring new businesses with high standards into Monaco. In 1961 Dale approved forty-six firms which had been enticed by his brochure, *Monaco Can Help Your Company*.

From the U.S., for instance, came Rust Craft greeting cards, ALCO, which manufactures zippers, Allied Chemical, and Joy Manufacturing. On their way in when the crisis exploded were a New York bank and Chris-Craft boats.

....."We understand that the French are irritated over the success of MEDEC."

[Prince Rainier:] "Yes, that's why we ended it a month sooner than we had planned. Yet, strangely enough, when De Gaulle was here in 1960, he asked me about Martin Dale, and he complimented me on our technical advances."

"Then why has he reversed his field?"

"The French delegation told my delegation that we were extracting ourselves from French influence."

"And being influenced by Americans instead?"

Rainier agreed. "If Martin Dale had been a Frenchman, it would probably have been all right. The French say it's in violation of our treaty to hire an American in a government position. But the treaty covers civil servants, which Dale is not. He is a member of my household. If I want a doctor who is a Turk, or an economic adviser who is an Israeli, this is my personal home, and I have a right to decide for myself."

"When the crisis arose, Dale offered his resignation. I said, 'I won't accept it.' But I did suggest that he take his vacation then. 'Your physical absence,' I told him, 'would be a good thing.' ".....

## **FRANCE DIMANCHE - Samedi Soir (1962)**

### *"GRACE VOLE AU SECOURS DE SON MARI"*

"En nommant Mrs. Joan Dale sa dame d'honneur, Grace lance un veritable defi aux adversaires de son mari... Mme Dale est la femme du conseiller americain dont la France demande le depart rapide."

(In naming Mrs. Joan Dale her Lady-in-Waiting, Grace throws out a real challenge to the adversaries of her husband. Mrs. Dale is the wife of the American [Privy] Counselor for whom France is demanding a rapid departure.)

## **FRANCE DIMANCHE - Samedi Soir (March 1962)**

### *"LA RUSE DE LA PRINCESSE GRACE"*

".....A la place de Mme Tivey-Faucon, elle a nomme Mrs. Dale come dame d'honneur. Or Mrs. Joan Dale est la femme du conseiller prive americain du prince Rainier, son <eminence grise>, dit-on, et l'homme qui le pousserait a s'opposer aux decisions du gouvernement francais... Au cours de ses trois semaines de conge au chalet de Schonried, pres de Gstaad, Rainier a travaille jour et nuit pour preparer sa contre-offensive..."

(...In place of Madam Tivey-Faucon, she [Princess Grace] has named Mrs. Dale as Lady-in-Waiting. Mrs. Joan Dale is the wife of the American Privy Counselor of Prince Rainier, his 'grey cardinal', they say, and the man who will push him to oppose the decisions of the French government... During the course of his three-week vacation in a chalet at Schonried, near Gstaad, Rainier has worked day and night to prepare his counter-offensive...)