

Earl Wilson

Princess Grace No Big Snob

(Columnist Earl Wilson has finished a 23-day tour of Russia and huddled back to the glamour Beat. Finding many of the sex bombs currently in Europe, he has plumped into a series of five columns about them, of which this is the first.)

PARIS—Her Serene Highness Grace Kelly wrote me a note here putting the blast on French newspapermen.

One Parisian columnist had just charged that the Monacans think she is a snob and that she's off to a stumbling start as a princess.

Her note to me didn't specifically refer to that article. It was signed "Grace de Monaco" and bore her crest, two G's facing each other, standing for "Grace Grimaldi."

And the smart grey, white-bordered stationery had the stamp of Black, Starr & Gorman, Fifth Av., New York.

"Since we arrived in Paris," the Princess wrote from her pied-a-terre at 9 Boulevard de Marchal Marmontour off Av. Victor Hugo, "the press haven't given us much peace.

"We have come to really appreciate the fairness of the American newspapermen—these boys will never give you a break—no matter how nice you try to be."

And Her Serene Highness was justified in my opinion because the Paris Press columnist Jean-Francois De Vay had just published a sarcastic piece "Grace Kelly and the Whispers in Monaco on the Trade of Being a Queen" which was unfair, illegal, hypocritical and anti-American.

Saying that Paris was "hated" and "honored" by Grace and Prince Rainier there. De Vay inquired whether Monacans would resent it because "Her Highness Grace hasn't made too good a start... the Monacans think she is a snob."

He complained that Grace's delay until July 4 to appear officially before her subjects—when she visited a hospital—caused some Monacans to mutter.

"Has Grace become a Monegasque or have we become subjects of the U.S.A.?" Admitting she'd charmed the Monacans with her smiles, Rainier had even made a point to move along faster—the columnist heckled her for not issuing an official communique about the "approaching happy event."

After one recent session with reporters, Grace was quoted in the French papers as saying, in answer to the pregnancy question, "Peut-etre... Perhaps." Didn't she know pregnancy wasn't strictly a royal affair when Monaco's taxes were at stake?

"And if her Highness has an intention to visit the great dress-makers of Paris, let us forward a suggestion for a royal robe, dresses and small hats," he said. (She'd worn a large white hat and dark dress to the hospital.)

"The silent code of court elegance says a queen must never wear a black dress, neither too large a hat." Oh, well, she said with a shrug of his typewriter. "It takes centuries for her to be a sovereign but Rainier should be crowned," he warned his wife. Rainier himself has lifted with Pierre Bohme, husband of Olivia de Havilland, and is generally credited with introducing Grace and the Prince. The Prince thought some of the coverage was too favorable and not blaming Galante personality.

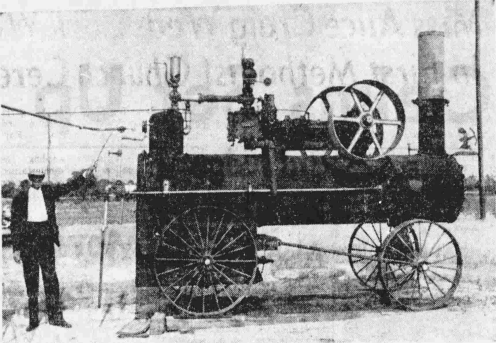
The Prince and Princess take a yacht cruise to Corsica, accompanied by Mrs. David Niven of Hollywood. They've seemed very happy here during at Maxim's or just strolling or visiting friends. Her Grace's note to me was a reply to one I'd dispatched to her expressing the hope I might see her.

"Am very disappointed that the Prince and I will not be able to see you before you leave Paris as we have already made plans for the weekend," she wrote.

I checked with some of my own acquaintances in Monaco and found the "snob" charge unfair. Snob? Why, she's had some friends in to see the projection room her Philadelphiens and guests and RCA set up for her. She's shown them some new films and also some photographs she took of the Prince with her own little camera on the honeymoon.

"Grace is a good photographer," I was told. "Good enough that magazines are trying to buy her photos." (Rainier took some of her, too.) Can you picture the credit line "Photo by Grace de Monaco"?

Monacans aren't disappointed in Grace, but they are disappointed in business. It's not even slow. The anticipated tourist flush never began. Tourists found out Grace wasn't going to be in the casino gambling every night.



Gay Pulls On The Whistle Cord Of His Backyard Locomotive.

Wanted To Hear Lonesome Wail, So He Built Whistle

By ROBERT RAYMOND CADDEN, S. C.—Few who remember the lonesome wail of the steam locomotive on the midnight freight as it approached a crossing can recall it without nostalgia. J. Tom Gay, 32-year-old retired railroad engineer of near Westville, missed the tuneful call of the shifting steamer so much that he decided to do something about it.

Mr. Gay equipped a portable steam engine the type often used to run sawmills with a locomotive whistle. Now when he gets that lonesome feeling all he has to do is get a good load of steam in the boiler and play with that whistle cord to his heart's content. And this former Southern Railway engineer really knows how to do things with a train whistle.

He can give that "whip-poor-will" in a manner to delight even Casey Jones' ghost and when he gives out with that "high-ball" roll every former railroader in a several mile radius pricks up his ears, and hears again in his imagination the drivers beating out the rhythm to the clicking of the rail joints as the old "coal hulk" rattle up the miles.

NOT THAT Mr. Gay has any animosity to the Diesel engine. On the contrary he has equipped his cotton gin with Diesel power and proudly shows visitors the shiny new 136 HP Buda engine. In fact everything about Mr. Gay's cotton gin is shining. One might think that he was the retired skipper of a battleship instead of a steam locomotive. A Navy officer of the old school could give almost any part of his ginning machinery or gin house the white glove treatment and come up with hardly a speck of dust or grease.

A machinist at heart, Mr. Gay delights in explaining the operation of his cotton gin to visitors. The visitor becomes aware that the former engineer is also an inventor and has adapted many original ideas to the smooth operation of his gin.

Mr. Gay worked at the gin as a youngster for his father before he left home to become a railroader. He inherited the cotton gin, near the family home at Westville, when his father died. After his retirement from the railroad Mr. Gay became a ginner.

watch the machinery in operation. Mr. Gay missed most of all the whistle on his old locomotive. When the Southern began to discard its steam locomotives the former engineer obtained a whistle from one of the retired engines.

When he rigged up the whistle on the boiler in his yard he also equipped the engine with a taller stack and an Indian emblem on the front where the headlight might have been to make it more realistic.

In fact it might require a little stretching of the imagination to make this sawmill engine look like a steam locomotive, but when the visitor in Mr. Gay's neighborhood hears that tuneful wail he will be convinced that a train is approaching or that he is hearing the ghost of the "Old red."

THE WORRY CLINIC: 5 Of 9 Are Adopted

By Dr. George W. Crane

Fred offers a worthy challenge to all of you millions of readers of this column. Can you surpass his record of 5 adoptions? Scragbook this column or mail it to people who have children and wish to know how to inform them properly of this wonderful fact.

CASE S-325: Fred P. Biederwolf, of Monticello, Indiana, offers a challenge which few, if any, Americans can surpass.

"Dr. Crane, you recently wrote about adopting children," he began, "and told us how to inform a foster child that she was adopted."

"Well, I'd like to tell you about myself and my two married sisters. In our three families there are a total of 9 children, of whom 5 have been adopted.

Repeatedly I have warned you that Cain and Abel, though blood brothers, feuded so violently that Cain killed Abel.

So there is no magic in being of blood kinship. The old saying that "Blood is thicker than water," doesn't ring true, in the psychological sense.

Furthermore, we are all blood kin under the skin, regardless of the color of our epidermis. The physician can't tell from the blood offered for transfusions, whether it was drawn from a vein in the arm of a Chinese, a Negro, an Indian or Caucasian.

We are all God's children. God Almighty also started the germinal cells which are passed along like a relay runner's baton, without our altering those chromosomes.

But Dr. Crane, how can I inform my foster child that she will train it, for devotion is NOT a gift in physical inheritance, but upon child training.

Developed is to remind her that you "adopted" her mother when you married her.

For husband and wife usually are not of any close blood kinship. It is a spiritual bond that unites their hearts.

Thereafter, they feel closer to each other than they do to their blood brothers and sisters with whom they grew up as a youngster.

By the same token, you can adopt a son or daughter because of love and voluntary affection, which are the strongest bonds in human life.

Thereafter, if you teach that child to love and respect you and to subscribe to ethical ideals and be a desirable citizen, you will have a wonderful son or daughter all your life.

PEOPLE: Three Years Of Hard Work Will Disappear In Sky (He Hopes)

There is drama in the story of Jimmy Blackmon and his six-foot rocket. There is high adventure. There is the lure of the skies.

"There is," Jimmy adds, "a pretty good chance that the thing will just blow up."

If it does, it won't be because of any lack of figuring, measuring, joining, shaping, hammering and welding on Jimmy's part.

For three years, off and on, he has worked on the rocket. He has brought all his 17-year-old ingenuity to its construction. He has read everything he could get his hands on, he has had the professional advice and assistance of Dr. Herbert Hechenbleikner, director of science teaching in city schools, and of the Aluminum Company of America. He has toiled and sweated over drawing boards and construction charts.

IN A COUPLE of weeks, he's going to lug his rocket out into the country, fill it with pressurized gasoline and liquid oxygen, and press the button. "I don't know what'll happen then," he says, "if you figure it out mathematically, it'll go maybe a mile high."

Just in case mathematics fails him, he's going to launch the monster from a deep hole and from as great a distance as possible.

It isn't that Jimmy (the son of Mr. and Mrs. Burt Blackmon, 1815 Club Rd.) isn't confident. He's just scientifically judicious.

He can talk about his slender branchchild all day, in terms like these: "THE NOSE IS a \$5 lampshade. Each of the tanks has its own valves and gauges, of course. The combustion chamber is six inches long and two inches in diameter. Temperature inside it will reach about 3,000 degrees centigrade, so I had to install a dry ice cooling system to keep the aluminum from melting. The launching platform will have two guide rails pitched at a slight angle."

When the jute hits the chemicals, the fledgling V-12's career will be over, no matter whether it reaches Arcturus or merely covers an acre of Mecklenburg with little pieces of aluminum.

Jimmy Blackmon's three-year hopes will be riding on his lampshade nose.

And The Charlotte News will be there for the big boom. Jimmy has agreed to that. "Just bring your own brick wall," he said, "to get behind."



JIMMY BLACKMON: "It May Blow Up."

FEATURES

MONDAY, JULY 30, 1956

DENNIS THE MENACE



"We're goin' to the beach! Don't you remember?"

'Don't Drop Your Bible'

By DR. HERBERT SPAUGH

Here's a story which should be burned into the heart and mind of every Christian and every lover of that liberty which we enjoy in this God-blessed land. It was related to me by a fellow minister.

There was a young minister of outstanding preaching ability. He was of fine physique, powerfully built, an active participant in athletics. One evening he was playing in a basketball game. The ball was passed to him, and he commenced to dribble down toward the goal. An opposing player attempted to block him. He brushed him aside roughly, leaving him sprawled on the floor. One of the spectators cried out, "Preacher, you dropped your Bible back there!"

Do you catch the inference? He turned his back on the teachings in the Book which he preached.

How often do you drop your Bible? Some people drop it as they leave the church, apparently failing to understand that the teachings of the Bible are for everyday living between Sundays.

Some church boards drop their Bibles when they drive a sharp bargain in some church business transaction. When a poor sermon they preach by their actions to the one with whom they are conducting the church business.

Many of us drop the Bible when we get in our automobiles. For too many who are polite and considerate on foot, throw their manners utterly away when they get under the wheel of an automobile. One of the commandments says, "Thou shalt not kill." Yet how many careless automobile drivers have dropped their Bibles down the highway, and sometimes murder on the highways?

The Golden Rule is just as applicable under the steering wheel as it is on foot. That story makes a pretty strong impression on me. I don't think I'll ever forget it, and I hope you won't.

The Church, where the Bible is preached and taught, is more than a place for formal services. What we profess there on Sunday we are taught to practice between Sundays.

Man is a spiritual being. He needs daily spiritual food. One meal a week will not suffice for the spirit any more than it will for the body.

MARY HAWORTH—Should Her Parents Pay For Both?

Dear Mary Haworth: Our daughter, 20, a sophomore in college, is engaged to a boy, 22, a freshman medical student. They want to get married this summer; and they expect us parents to support them—with each of us paying for a contributing fifty-fifty to their living costs, tuition and miscellaneous expenses.

As parents of the girl, don't feel that a boy should ask or expect his bride's parents to contribute to her education, or much less pay her through two years of college as his wife.

Dear L.K.: First, let's be fair to the young man and his parents. I don't imagine they are eagerly pushing this subsidy proposition, that your daughter is trying to sell you—to make immediate marriage seem desirable, on terms that look good to her.

I surmise that Joan is probably the hopeful indirect instigator and persistent advocate of the plot to marry Ben this summer. And at this time she has powers of persuasion in winning him to her views, that parental wisdom can't counteract.

As for my opinion of the proposition, I think it marks both Ben and Joan as childish candidates for marriage, lacking in disciplined strength of character and responsible foresighted attitudes. But to deny them early marriage within the framework of parental help might be to invite worse hazards in their relationship—just because of the youngsters' love-child.

If both sets of parents are well-to-do and not opposed to some personal sacrifice, you should draw the line there. Let them cooperate, by denying themselves until they can take up the burden of their sup-

ANSWERING THE S.O.S.

The disastrous collision of the two liners last week was followed by the greatest sea rescue operation of all time. Every minute counted and every minute was accounted for. Same with our operation. The minute your doctor's prescription is placed in the hands of our competent pharmacists, there is but one objective: to prepare it correctly and get it to your home with dispatch.

WALKER'S DRUG STORE
SPEED SERVICE
TRVON at 7th St.
Ph. ED 3-1666

"Won't cost much to heat this house"...

"You See, We Always Put In Oil Heat, Mrs. Jones."

"I've lived in houses with all kinds of heat, and believe me, I know Oil Heat is cheaper. With oil our fuel bills are lower and we get even heat."

"My wife likes it better, too. She says it's cleaner and safer. I wouldn't buy a house that didn't have oil heat... We know from experience oil heat is safe, dependable and low in cost."

OIL HEAT INSTITUTE of Charlotte

DEAL WITH THE SEAL

Buy from the dealer who displays this seal of quality... He is an oil heat specialist

Copyright 1956, Mirror Enterprises Co., Los Angeles, Calif.