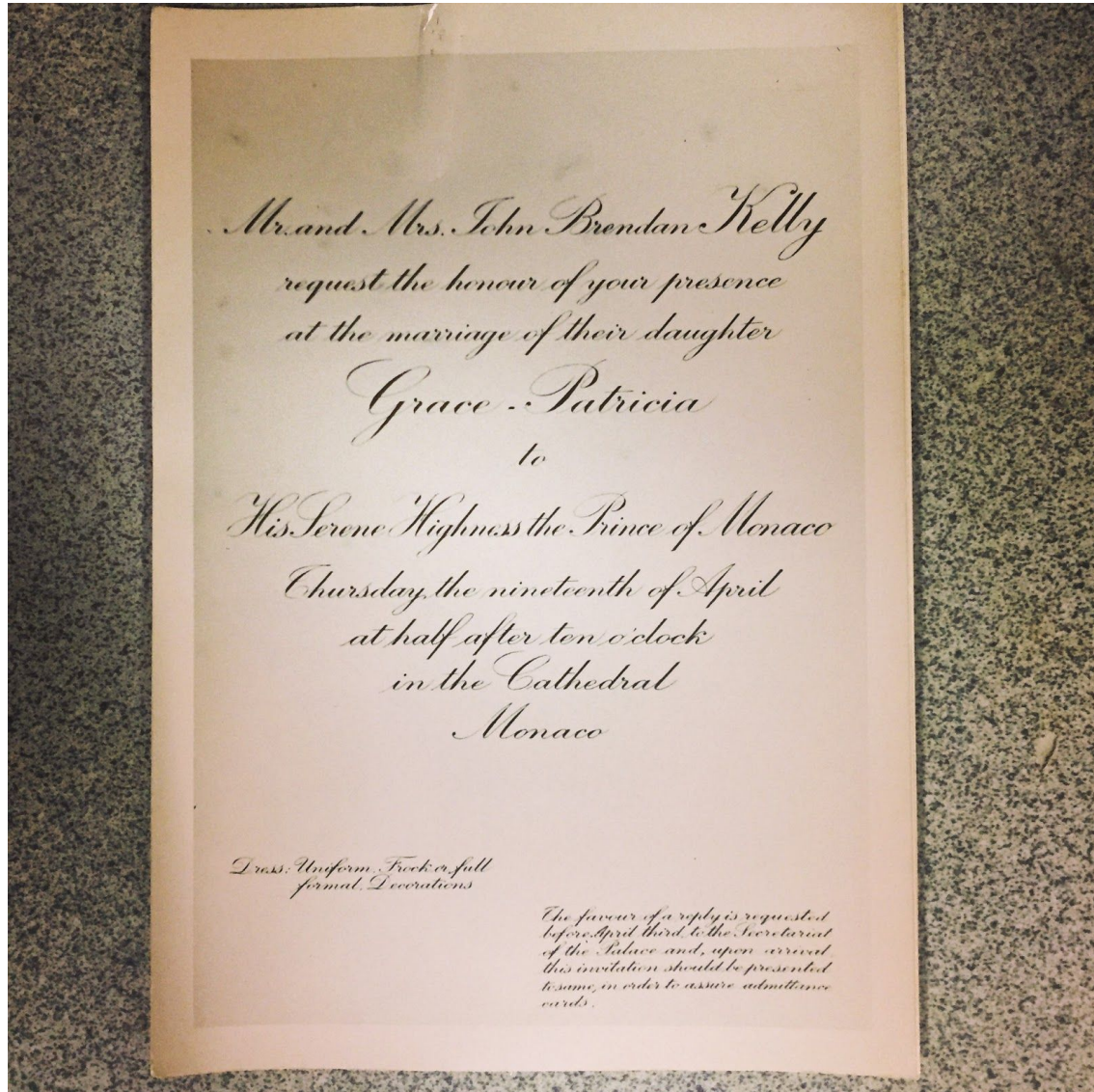


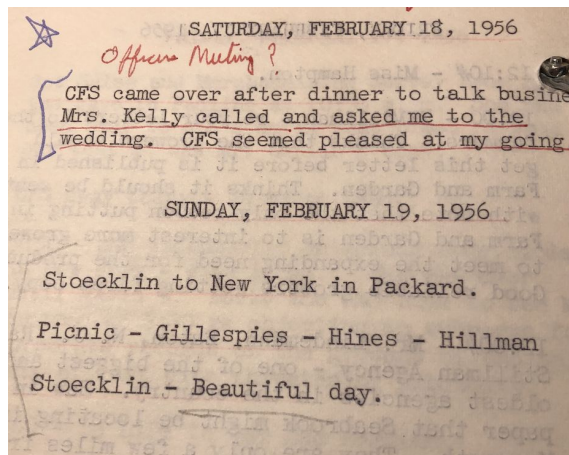
## The Prince and the Reporter

### How Mom Met Dad at the Marriage of the Century

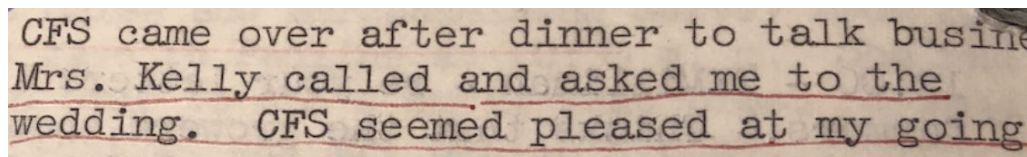
#### Part 1: The Prince



The invitation came on a Saturday night. It was recorded in a page from the office diary of John Martin Seabrook by his longtime secretary, Betty Gaunt, dated *Saturday, February 18, 1956*.



The entry reads: *CFS came over after dinner to talk business. Mrs Kelly called and asked me to the wedding. CFS seemed pleased at my going.*



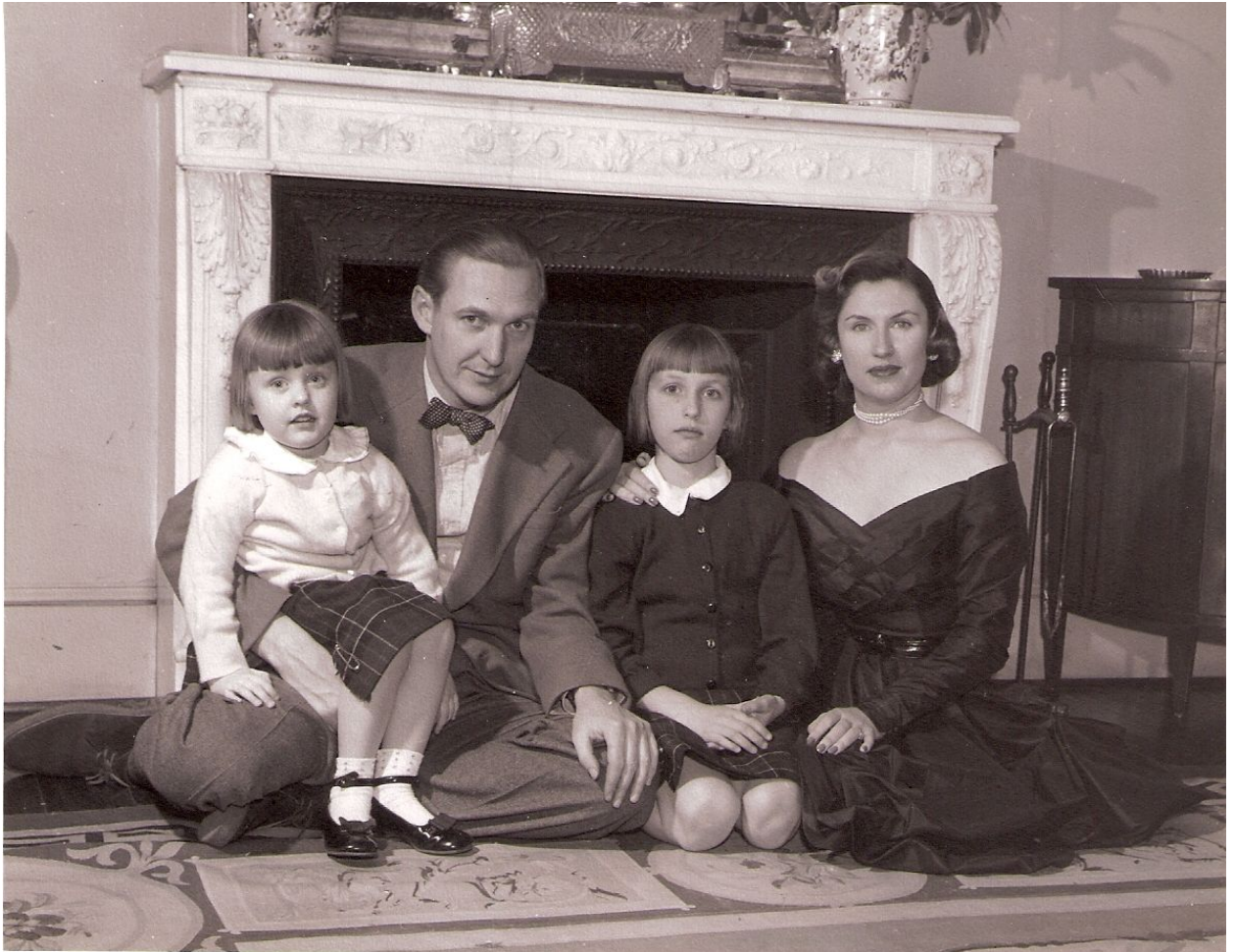
That is the only entry for this day, a slow time at Seabrook Farms, where JMS is the thirty-eight-year old President and CEO. Terse though they are, there is lots to unpack in these three sentences. Much will come from them, including, less than three years later, me.

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CFS is C.F. Seabrook, the chairman and majority owner of Seabrook Farms. He is the seventy-seven year old father to thirty-eight-year old JMS, but he is no longer his son's boss: JMS has been CEO for over a year now. Referring to family members by initials is common practice among the Seabrooks who are in business together, a way of reminding each other that while they are kin, they are also colleagues. To friends, JMS is called "Jack," but never "John," his given name. CFS is C.F. to most, and Charlie to none except for his wife, NDS -- Norma Dale Seabrook.



The house that CFS comes over to in the diary entry is on Seeley Road, and it belongs to the Old Man, like everything else around it; CF owned altogether almost thirteen thousand acres. In July, 1939, he had given the house, formerly the Ballinger estate, to his then twenty-two year old youngest son, and Jack's nineteen year old bride, Anne Schlodecker, who he had married in September of 1939, although they had been secretly married by a justice of the peace in Maryland the previous April.



That July, in an early morning talk on Independence Day -- the only time CF had in his busy schedule -- his father had not only given Jack the house, he had promised him the keys to the kingdom, telling his son that he could take over the company in ten years. But that promise, which JMS had described in a letter to his bride, had not been kept.

By 1956, Jack and Ann had been divorced and he was living in the Seeley Road house by himself, though he frequently had guests come down from New York on long weekends. The Jersey Turnpike opened in 1951, making the drive from the big city easier.

Jack's girlfriend from 1951 until 1953 was the movie star Eva Gabor, a frequent guest on the farm.



She occasionally brought her formidable mother, Jolie, who had a jewelry store on Madison Avenue for many years. CF greeted them warmly.





Jolie was a Hungarian-born countess whose children, in addition to Eva, the middle child, were Magda, the oldest, and Zsa Zsa, the baby. No one knew Jolie's age, but when she died, in 1997, it was said she was 109.

This is one of the few pictures of CF where he is without his spectacles. Maybe he wanted to look younger for the ladies.



As for Eva, the legend is that on her trips down to Upper Deerfield Township, she swam naked in CF's tiled swimming pool, wearing only a bathing cap to prevent her peroxide blonde hair from turning blue in the pool's chlorine. That memory, real or imagined, has become embedded in local history, and I don't wish to disturb it. If it is true, then it is one of the few scenes from his glamorous life that JMS didn't have photographed for posterity.



Jack entertained his city guests with horse drawn carriage rides featuring long cocktails hours while in transit through the countryside and cookouts in a clearing next to the woods he called "the picnic ground."





These outings, featuring Vermont-bred Morgan horses and a buckboard JMS had salvaged from an old barn, that he'd had restored by Amish cartwrights, were the origins of the far more elaborate and formal coach-and-four turnouts that would eventually lead to his membership in the British Coaching Club, the first American since Commodore Vanderbilt to be admitted.

P I C N I C   L I S T

Date. \_\_\_\_\_ Time. \_\_\_\_\_

Adults \_\_\_\_\_ Children \_\_\_\_\_ Total \_\_\_\_\_

Hamburgers \_\_\_\_\_ Hot Dogs \_\_\_\_\_ Steak \_\_\_\_\_ Chicken \_\_\_\_\_ Meat Pie \_\_\_\_\_

Soup (Hot \_\_\_\_\_ Cold \_\_\_\_\_) vs Juice \_\_\_\_\_ Rolls \_\_\_\_\_ Potato Salad \_\_\_\_\_ Green Salad \_\_\_\_\_

Macaroni \_\_\_\_\_ Beans \_\_\_\_\_ Pie \_\_\_\_\_ Cake \_\_\_\_\_ Fruit \_\_\_\_\_ Coffee \_\_\_\_\_

---

Salt \_\_\_\_\_ Pepper \_\_\_\_\_ Butter \_\_\_\_\_ Mustard \_\_\_\_\_ Sugar \_\_\_\_\_ Cream \_\_\_\_\_ Milk \_\_\_\_\_ Salad Dressing \_\_\_\_\_

Cheese \_\_\_\_\_ Onions \_\_\_\_\_ Relish \_\_\_\_\_ Pickles \_\_\_\_\_ Barbecue Sauce and brush \_\_\_\_\_

---

Knives \_\_\_\_\_ Forks \_\_\_\_\_ Spoons \_\_\_\_\_ Bottle Opener \_\_\_\_\_ Beer Can Opener \_\_\_\_\_ Cooking Fork \_\_\_\_\_

Spatula \_\_\_\_\_ Carving Knife \_\_\_\_\_ Large Spoon \_\_\_\_\_ Carving Board \_\_\_\_\_

Paper Plates \_\_\_\_\_ P. Cups \_\_\_\_\_ P. Napkins \_\_\_\_\_ Table Cloth \_\_\_\_\_ Blankets \_\_\_\_\_

---

Cook Pots \_\_\_\_\_ Extra Charcoal \_\_\_\_\_ Alcohol \_\_\_\_\_ Matches \_\_\_\_\_ Newspaper \_\_\_\_\_

---

Large Cooler \_\_\_\_\_ Small Cooler \_\_\_\_\_ Fill Coach Ice Chest \_\_\_\_\_

Glasses \_\_\_\_\_ Cans Beer \_\_\_\_\_ Large Soda \_\_\_\_\_ Tonic \_\_\_\_\_ Coca Cola \_\_\_\_\_ Ginger Ale \_\_\_\_\_ 7 Up \_\_\_\_\_

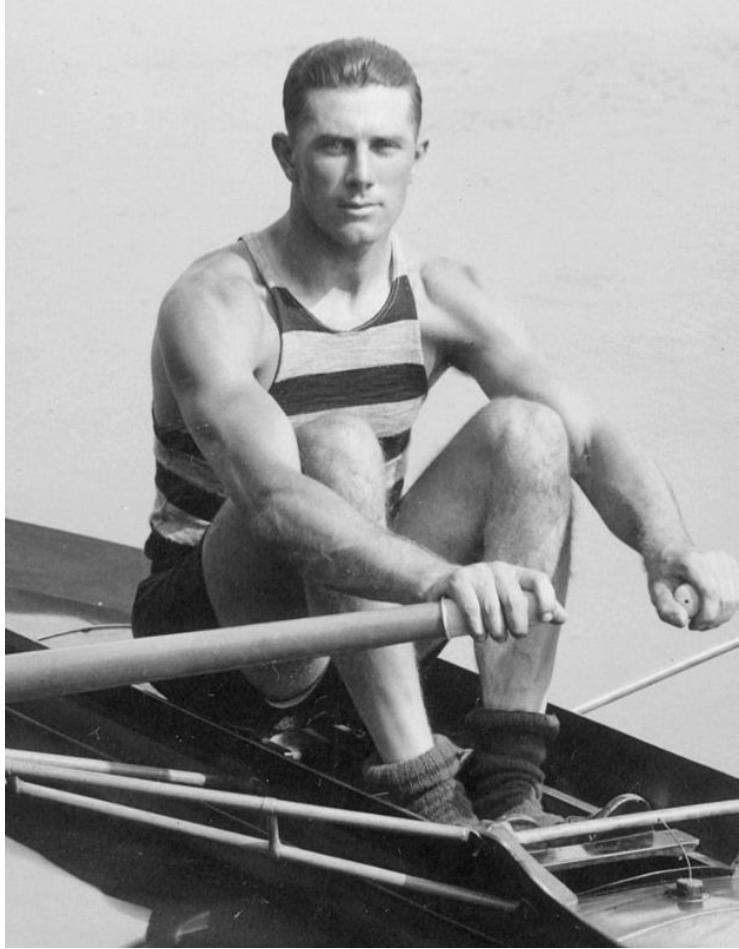
Scotch \_\_\_\_\_ Gin \_\_\_\_\_ Bourbon \_\_\_\_\_ VO \_\_\_\_\_ Punch \_\_\_\_\_ Wine \_\_\_\_\_ Dubonnet \_\_\_\_\_

But although these picnics were more for fun than for show, they too bore the mark of JMS, in the careful preparation that went into them, as shown here in his picnic checklist. Nothing is overlooked, except for the marshmallows, which some would say is the most important item at any picnic. Marshmallows weren't JMS's thing.

\*\*\*

CFS came over after dinner to talk business. Mrs. Kelly called and asked me to the wedding. CFS seemed pleased at my going.

To return to the diary entry: "Mrs. Kelly" is Mrs. John B. Kelly, formerly Margaret Major, the formidable German-born wife of the famous Philadelphia sportsman and builder, John Brendon Kelly, Sr, who the world knows as Jack Kelly. A master builder and master self promoter, who had narrowly missed being elected mayor of Philadelphia in 1935, as a young man Kelly was a superb all around athlete, but he made his fame as a single sculler, which he learned to do on the Schuylkill River, out of the Vesper boathouse.



In July, 1920, the Stewards of the Henley Royal Regatta, in Great Britain, refused to permit Kelly to compete in the Diamond Sculls race, the premier event in the sport, because he had worked as a bricklayer. Tradesmen were not allowed to race against the college boys from the universities; that wouldn't have been fair to the amateur ideal, or so went the rule. Of course, the amateurs were from the upper class, otherwise, they couldn't afford to be amateurs. The bricklayers and such were not.

Kelly got revenge at the Olympics in Antwerp later that summer, when he and the Henley champion, Britain's Jack Beresford, fought a classic duel over the 2000 meter course, with Kelly winning the race by three feet. He rested for half an hour, then jumped into a boat with his cousin, Paul Costello, and won another gold medal in the double sculls, a remarkable feat that no one has duplicated to this day. Kelly returned home a national hero, which was very good for the Kelly bricklaying business. He mailed his racing cap to King George V, with the note "Greetings from a bricklayer."

Jack Kelly was eight years younger than CF. They had known each other since the nineteen-twenties, when C.F. had made his own, failed bid to become a Philadelphia contractor boss himself. (For more on this chapter in the life of Charles Franklin Seabrook, see the video on the SECC website, "The Road to Moscow," which is based on a talk I gave in March.)





The two men had much in common. Both had immigrant grandfathers whose trades the third generation had industrialized -- in Kelly's case, brick laying; in Seabrook's, truck farming. Both men were builders, and in fact they had collaborated on the greatest of all Seabrook Farms structures: the brick smokestack that towered over the plant, erected by Kelly Brickworks for Seabrook Farms in the nineteen-thirties, and standing in part as a symbol of the potency of its builders.

Both men were self-promoters who mixed business and politics, although Kelly was a Democrat and Seabrook a Republican. Like C.F., Kelly had four children, three daughters and one son; CF had three sons and a daughter. The name of Kelly's youngest daughter, Lizanne, was the name JMS had given to his daughter, Lizanne, born in 1947.

\*\*\*

The wedding, of course, is THE wedding, the one the whole world has been talking about since just after Christmas, 1955, when the engagement of his Serene Highness Prince Rainier of Monaco and Grace Kelly was formally announced by Grace's parents, at the Kelly-built mansion in Philadelphia, which is now a museum.



Grace Kelly's wedding was an early occurrence of the kind of modern media spectacle to which the whole world pays attention, one of those events people mark their own lives by. The effect was magnified greatly by TV, still a new medium just coming into its own in 1956. The marriage literally combined royalty and modern celebrity, making it a milestone in the larger societal shift away from the old world of royalty and aristocracy and toward the new world of celebrity we are neck deep in today.

Grace Kelly, then twenty-six, was at the height of her career, having won the Oscar for *The Country Girl* in 1955. *To Catch a Thief*, the Hitchcock picture she made with Cary Grant, was still out in theaters, and set in Monte Carlo, no less, a film to be ranked with the other great film she made for Hitchcock, *Rear Window*; there was also *Dial M for Murder*, a somewhat lesser work.



But the news out of the Palace was Kelly's career was over. Hitchcock was devastated; her marriage cost him perhaps his greatest heroine. In 1966, Hitchcock tried to coax Kelly out of retirement by offering her the lead in *Marnie*, but the Prince wouldn't allow it; Tippi Hedron played the role instead.

\*\*\*

Almost all of the seventy non-family guests invited to cross on the SS Constitution with the Kelly family were friends of Grace's parents. They were twenty to thirty years older than JMS. The only guests Grace's age, apart from her sisters and brother, Kell, were her bridesmaids, and most of them arrived in Monte Carlo for the wedding by other means.





JMS was twelve years older than Grace. He never dated her, but he did invite her and her older sister Peggy on a picnic in 1954. From the way Grace is clutching her hands together, it was a cold day.



Peggy, on the left, was Grace's older sister, and the one with the real talent, their father was always saying. Young Jim Seabrook is next to Peggy at the picnic table, and Elizabeth Stetson is next to the gorgeous Grace, who looks like a picnicking angel. On the table are items detailed on JMS's Picnic Checklist.

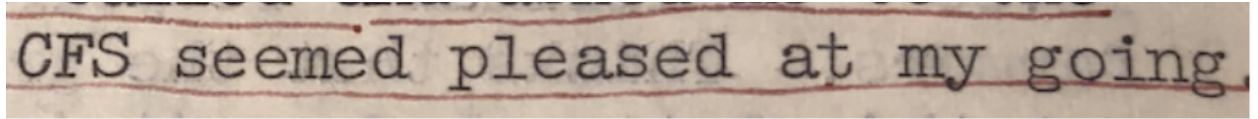
As for JMS, find a man who looks at you the way he looked at a camera.



If Instagram had been around back then, JMS would have been some influencer.

But that Saturday night, the call came not from Grace but from Grace's mother. The invitation wasn't for CFS, who was closer in age to the Kellys' other friends than his son was. CFS wasn't invited. Was that going to cause a problem?

If it bothered the old man, he apparently didn't show it. The entry closes with this crucial, though somewhat ambiguous sentence:



CFS seemed pleased at my going.

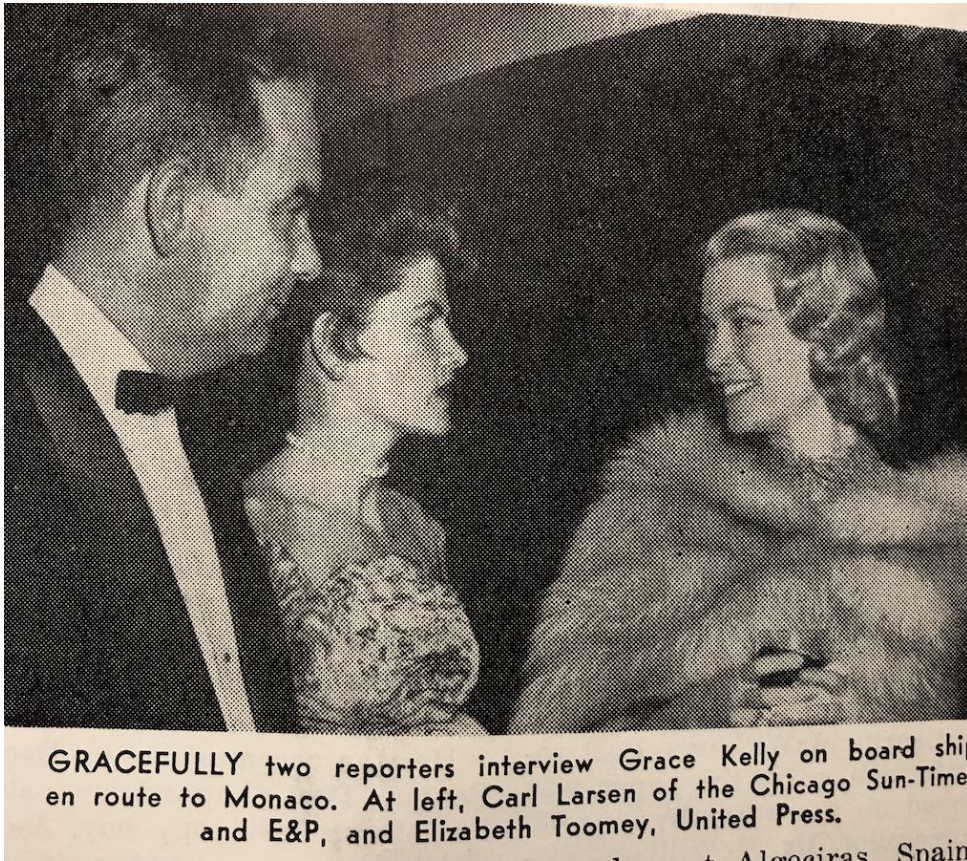
He "seemed" pleased. That was about as much as JMS could hope for from his father, who, since anointing his son as the chosen one, had spent years trying to undermine his attempts to run the company.

Did JMS somehow arrange for this call to come when his father was visiting, in order to impress him? Such scheming would not be beyond the man who in later life was called the Silver Fox.

In any case, CFS seemed pleased. And that was good, because the company was going to have to pay for JMS's trip.



## Part 2: The Reporter



Here is an extract from a December, 1955 letter, addressed to “Dearest Family” and written by Elizabeth Toomey, United Press staff reporter and columnist, to her mother, Janet, back home in Columbia, Missouri, and her older sister Isabel, in New Orleans. Midway through the page, the letter says:

Monday night

Dearest Family,

I just finished the last of my Christmas thank-you letters. This sounds as if I had done something very large, but it really was only three. However, I wrote long letters to Aunt Ella, Aunt Elizabeth and Nona...which is quite an accomplishment for me.

Mother, I know you think I'll never send your navy wool dress. I got it out to send and decided I'd send it to the cleaners, as I was sending some stuff of mine. It will be back any day and I'll mail it promptly.

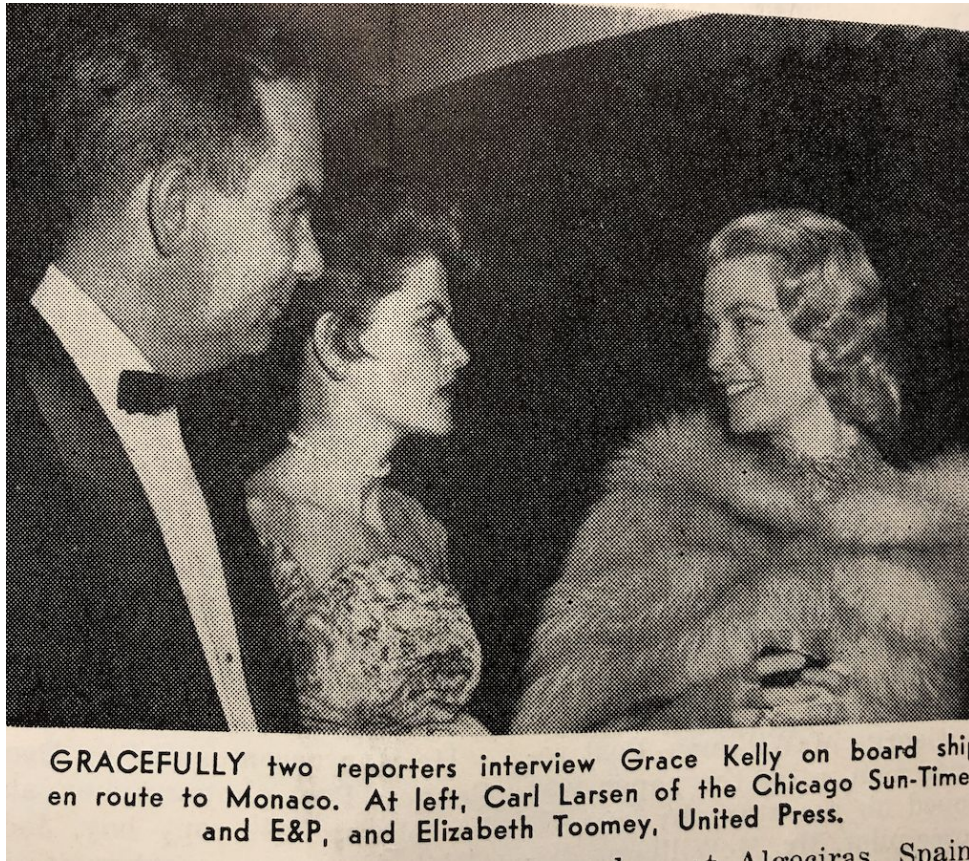
I really was busy last week. On Wednesday afternoon I was working on a story about the 10 best-dressed women and trying to get a quote from Grace Kelly, who tied for first place. I finally got permission to call her, relayed to me from the MGM publicity man along with her phone number, which has always been impossible to get. By the time I telephoned her I had heard the rumor that she might marry the Prince of Monaco...I figured it was a ridiculous rumor, but thought I'd just check it with her while I had her on the phone. To my amazement she didn't deny it, but said, "I can't say anything about that at this time." I couldn't believe she meant that, so I explained that that sounded as if it could be true and I didn't want to misquote her, so wouldn't she like to deny it. She repeated her statement...and I realized there might be something to it after all. So we wrote a brief story in time for Wednesday afternoon papers...and I stayed late and wrote a longer story to move early the next morning for afternoon papers. The next morning the bulletin came from Monte Carlo about 10:30, and I moved over to the day desk and took over the writing job. I wrote the story all that day, and consequently had my byline both on the day and nightside stories for two days. Friday night I covered the Monte Carlo ball.

When I found out I was to go to the ball as a guest, I was faced with two problems. A quick escort who had a tuxedo

*On Wednesday afternoon I was working on a story about the 10 best-dressed women and trying to get a quote from Grace Kelly, who tied for first place. I finally got permission to call her, relayed to me from the MGM publicity man along with her phone number which has always been impossible to get. By the time I telephoned her I had heard the rumor that she might marry the Prince of Monaco...I figured it was a ridiculous rumor, but thought I'd just check it with her while I had her on the phone. To my amazement she didn't deny it, but said, "I can't say anything about that at this time." I couldn't believe she meant that, so I explained that that sounded as if it could be true and I didn't want to misquote her, so wouldn't she like to deny it? She repeated her statement...and I realized there might be something to it after all. So we wrote a brief story in time for Wednesday afternoon papers...and I stayed late and wrote a longer story to move early the next morning for the afternoon paper. The next morning the bulletin came from Monte Carlo about 10:30, and I moved over to the day desk and took over the writing job. I wrote the story all that day, and consequently had my byline both on the day and the night side stories for two days.*

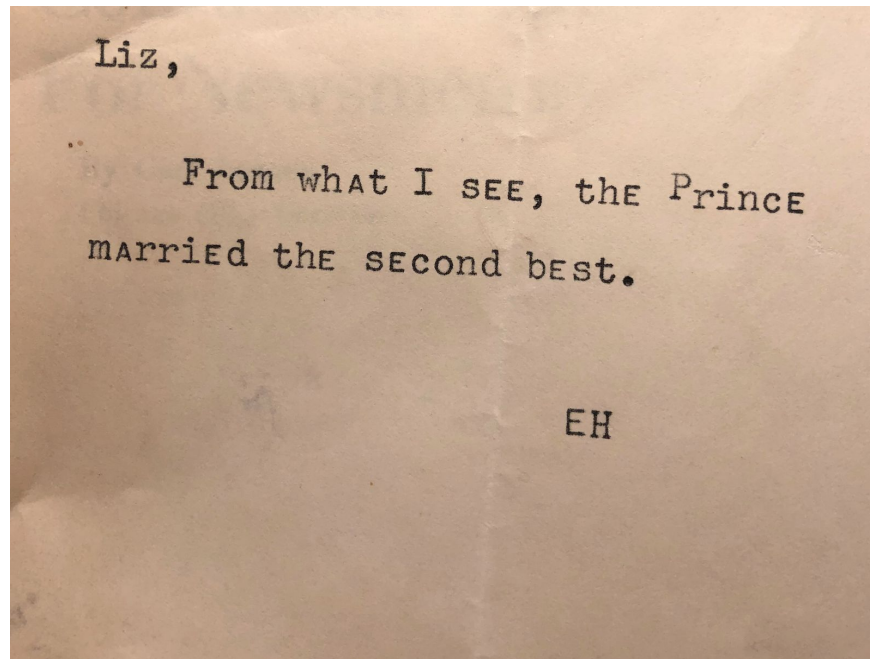


It was the kind of heads-up move that had made Elizabeth Toomey's byline one of the most recognizable around the staff of the United Press -- Unipressers, they called themselves. It was also characteristic of her that, having done nothing less than broken one of the biggest stories of the year, she didn't take credit for it.



Later on, when U.P. ran this picture of its ace reporter interviewing Grace, a colleague wrote her a note:





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Who is this Elizabeth Toomey? In fact, she has quite a bit in common with Grace Kelly, who was seven years younger, and that may have been why Grace favored her with the scoop. Both were from Irish Catholic backgrounds, although Grace had her mother's German steel in her too. Both were professional women who had come to New York to make it, and had made it. Both had lived in the Barbizon Hotel for Women on East 63rd, before finding apartments with roommates in the east Sixties. Both had parents who thought their older sibling was the talented one. The families also shared the curse of alcoholism, which will eventually claim both Kell and Peggy, Grace's siblings.

And both Liz Toomey and Grace Kelly knew how to operate around powerful men. Around the United Press office, located in the Daily News Building on 42nd Street between Lexington and Third Avenue, Toomey is the object of not a few of her fellow Unipressers' fantasies.

Here is a 1948 internal memo written by her boss, Bob Serling, heavy with sexual innuendo.

*All of us – especially feature writers – could learn a lot from watching Toomey at work. On features or after hours. Other writers would do well to follow her easy, informal style – “as friendly as a pat on the fanny” as one client, who knows her well, wrote in.*

*Liz herself (she's Liz to her friends, Elizabeth Ann to her mother, a long low whistle to strangers) gives no particular reasons for her comet-like success. She modestly ascribes her climb to intelligence, cleverness, originality, beauty, and a style that's the closest thing to Shakespeare since his mother died.*

*Here are a few comments on Liz from her colleagues:*

*WWS (night buro man): Ahhhhhh! If only I had my teeth!*

*RJS (radio buro man) She's always going into my drawers for something."*  
*Larry Smith: "She fills my seat in the morning. What a seat."*

Serling, who was the brother of Rod Serling, the creator and host of "The Twilight Zone," didn't do much to protect Toomey from slobbering sexism. He describes her in the memo as "a girl whose ability is exceeded only by her beauty and one of the best looking prospects who ever told me 'No.'"

Elizabeth Toomey, then twenty-six, was one of the new feature writers exclusive to the U.P., as the wire service tried to compete with the older and more established A.P. by running more feature and human interest stories, and more stories aimed at women. The memo gives us a sense of what it was like to be a woman in a man's world like journalism, in the late nineteen-forties. Had Elizabeth Toomey lived long enough to see the hashtag MeToo era, her response would have surely been, what's all the fuss about?

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Toomey was a Westerner, from a colorful clan of pioneers. Her grandfather was Daniel Joseph Toomey, an Irish immigrant's son from Brooklyn, whose parents had crossed in 1845 to escape the Irish Potato Famine. D.J. ran away from home as a teenager, supposedly to escape an abusive priest, and ended up homesteading a ranch in the Spearfish Valley, Dakota Territory, in 1877, at the very end of the western frontier. He married the only schoolteacher in the area, the Michigan-born Vesta Wales Noyes, and they had four sons and two daughters, all

spirited and sporty outdoor folk -- hunters, golfers, and early aviation enthusiasts -- one of



Spearfish, South Dakota's first families.



But beginning in 1911, a run of what Liz called "spectacular sadness" struck the Toomey clan. First, D.J.'s oldest son, Ed, shot himself at the top of the steps of the family flour mill and fell down the stairs dead at his father's feet. They had been quarreling about Ed's drinking, DJ said. In January 1918, D.J.'s daughter Maude went barnstorming with a visiting aviator in Casper, Wyoming, and was killed when the plane nose-dived into the ground; the pilot, a man named Cole, who sat in the back seat, survived. The newspaper account says, "One theory of the accident is that Miss Toomey, who wanted



Cole to loop the loop and do the tail spin, fainted when he was doing one of these stunts and fell against one of the control levers.”

Later that same year, another son, Uncle Ralph, who was Vesta’s favorite, was killed at the very end of World War I, on the day the Americans crossed the Hindenburg Line, while driving an ambulance. Only Aunt Ella and Uncle Howard, D.J.’s youngest son, outlived him and Vesta, and Howard succumbed to the family curse and drank himself to death.

Elizabeth Ann (E.A.” to her family), born in 1922, was the youngest of two. She strongly resembled her Aunt Maude, the tragic barnstormer. She described her childhood self as having a “naturally placid nature, good digestion, and sturdy physique.”



E.A.’s older sister Isabel was the talented one, as their mother Janet always said. She had a delicate, pre-Raphaelite beauty, and she shone at the piano.



But Isabel suffered from what the doctors called neurasthenia, and today would be called anxiety, which isn't surprising given the spectacular sadness she was born into.

E.A. later insisted that she *"didn't have to be outstanding as a child. My older sister was a genius. She also had naturally curly hair and perfect pitch. Nobody paid much attention to me, which suited me just fine."*

Maybe, if she was really honest, she'd admit it didn't suit her fine to be ignored. But good luck ever getting that out of her.

In 1932, her father Howard was diagnosed with brain cancer at the Mayo Clinic, but his wife kept the truth from him. She did, however, tell her young daughters. Later, Elizabeth would write,

*For some reason difficult to understand in later years the two young sisters were told about their father's condition when he returned from the Mayo clinic. But he was never told, and returned repeatedly to the Mayo Clinic in the next three years to shrink the tumor, which kept him alive at the cost of great suffering, loss of hair, blinding headaches and difficulty walking straight."*

In 1935, when she was thirteen, E.A. came down with rheumatic fever. She lay for months on her back staring at the pink wallpaper in her bedroom, close to death. A nurse named Mrs Twiford moved in and sat with her day and night, praying constantly. She eventually got better but was unable to play sports or even go dancing, and had to rest for an hour every afternoon, a rule strictly enforced to her mother even after Liz had started her journalism career.

She recovered in time to bury her father, Allen, who died in 1936, at the depth of the Great Depression. After his death, his widow Janet, just forty, clung to her daughters for support, especially E.A. She was the sturdy one, the cheerful one, the one who never had any problems. She would become the emotional and, eventually, the financial support for her mother, who seems to have fallen into a long lasting depression after Allen died, although E.A. calls her mother's issues "female troubles" in letters home.

In 1938, the family rented out the family home in Spearfish and moved to Columbia, Missouri, because Janet thought Isabel might like to go the University of Missouri School of Journalism. The three of them lived in a one-bedroom apartment with whatever they had packed into their Oldsmobile. They sold the house in Spearfish a few years later. Janet took a job as a live-in dorm chaperone at Columbia Christian College, which allowed E.A. to attend the two-year college for free. Isabel spent one year at journalism school, then dropped out and eloped with a man from New Orleans.

Liz wrote to her Spearfish sweetheart, a boy named Ralph Kammen who addressed her as "Glamour Girl" and who clearly wanted to marry her. She was always a faithful correspondent.

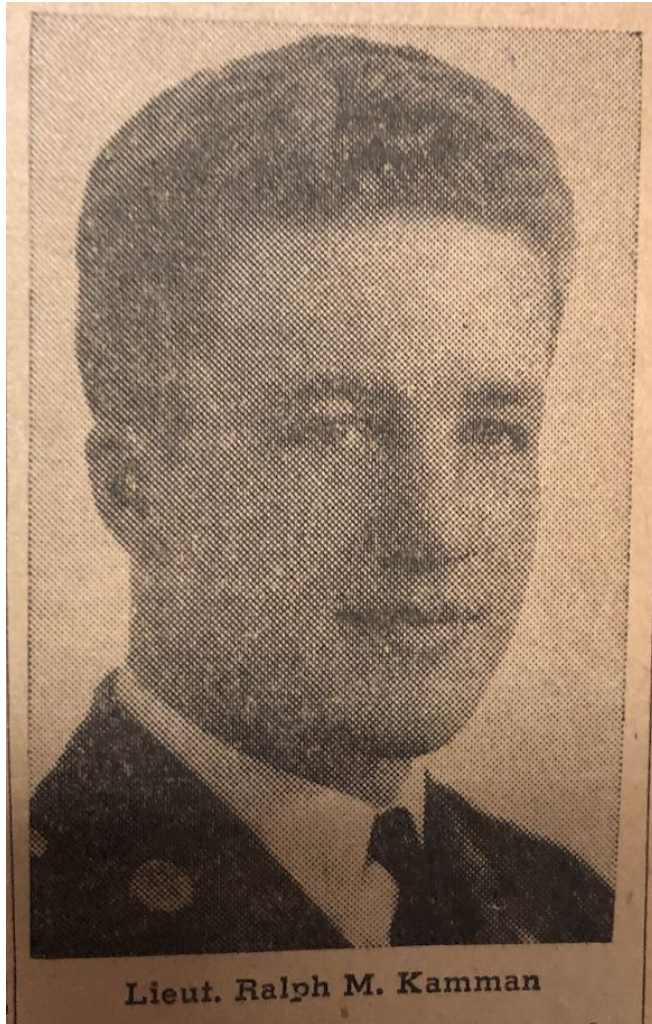
At Christian College, E.A. wrote a serial radio drama with a classmate about a family called the Coddingtons. Here they are recording.



They were on the air on December 7, 1941, when the announcement came that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. After pause the radio play resumed.

Soon she received word that Ralph Kammen, now Lieutenant Kammen, had enlisted.





Ralph was stationed in San Francisco for training, and then in October of 1942 he wrote that he was being shipped out to some place called Guadalcanal where the fighting was supposed to be pretty hot.



Guadalcanal  
October 24, 1942.  
Glamour Gal -  
you see by the heading  
I really jumped from the  
can into the fire and  
more it's the hottest  
I have ever been in in  
than

He arrived there in late October and wrote that he would be seeing some action soon.  
He signed off:

Be good and take care of  
yourself - beautiful.  
Always  
Tajah  
P.S. Write and say a  
few prayers for me.

asking Liz in a PS to say a few prayers for him.

The news of Lt. Kammen's death, two days later, arrived before his letter did.

# Lieut. Ralph Kamman Killed

Second Lieut. Ralph Murray Kamman, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Kamman, 1313 11th St., was killed in action somewhere in the "South Pacific" Oct. 26, his parents were notified by the war department Saturday morning.

No details were given, but a letter from the war department is following.

Lieut. Kamman, a native of Spearfish, left the United States with his infantry regiment sometime last March and had been heard from in letters postmarked New Caledonia, directly east of Australia, in the Coral sea.

Liz never had the chance to say those prayers.

\*\*\*\*



Upon graduating from Christian College, Elizabeth Toomey won first *and* second place in the literary competition, and was the class valedictorian, as well as the president of the choir. As was her way, she took no credit for these achievements. Isabel was and always would be the star, even as it became clear that E.A.'s older sister had inherited the family curse of alcoholism.

In 1944, E.A. graduated Missouri Journalism School with a major in radio journalism. Later that year, she got her first job, as a "wire editor" with AP in Kansas City, where she worked for three years. She learned to prove a baseball box score and to edit the livestock report. She was essentially a copy girl working in the din of the teletype machines on the 3rd floor of the Kansas City Star Building, downtown K.C.. "To speak to a fellow worker," she recalled, "you had to walk close and shout." They never would have hired a woman had the war not been on, and the older men weren't very friendly.

Her twice weekly letters kept her mother and sister Isabel up to date on her job. Because they were in different locations – her mother was in Columbia, Mo, and Isabel was in New Orleans – E.A.'s habit was to write the same letter to both, make a carbon copy for each, and keep the originals.

\*\*\*

In May 1947, eighty years after her grandfather had headed west, Elizabeth Toomey made the trip back East to look for work, staying in a hotel for single women in D.C.. She had a connection to a Missouri Congressman, who was the father of a Theta sorority sister, and she got a job writing speeches for him. After two months, she was hired by the United Press radio division.

"I knew I wanted to write features," she said, "but I had to get a foot in the door before my employer knew it."

E.A. immediately made a splash with a Sadie Hawkins Day story, which she described in a letter home.

*"So they shoved this trite leap year feature off on me. I was supposed to interview a few bachelor congressmen and write some sort of story about it. We had all this information in the office about where the leap year custom originated (year of 1238 in Scotland in case you don't know.)"*

On February 29, she went to Capitol Hill and asked any bachelor congressmen she could find if he would marry her. The first one she encountered was thirty-nine year old Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin. She says:

*"I didn't tell him I was from the press....just asked if I could talk to him for a few minutes. He very gallantly took me into his office, and when we were all settled I said,*

*"Senator McCarthy, will you marry me?"*

*He looked a little stunned, and took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. Then with a kind of sickly chuckle he rose to the occasion with,*

*"Well, that might not be such a bad idea." I asked him if he knew that he'd have been fined if he'd said no. He admitted that he didn't, and then again quite gallantly said,*

*"I kind of wish it was 1238."*

The second bachelor congressman man she bumped was quite a bit better looking. He was the thirty-year-old representative from Massachusetts, John F. Kennedy. As E.A. confides to the family,

*He's as cute as he can be, and it's a shame I couldn't see him more often. I didn't ask him to marry me...I figured being from Boston he'd probably call the police. Besides, I couldn't get up the nerve to do that twice in one day. Kennedy was not very eager to be quoted either. He*



*said he had enough trouble trying to make the people back in Boston think he was a dignified legislator without talking about girls. So I ended up talking to Senator Green from Rhode Island. He's an 80-year-old bachelor, and quite colorful. He loved to talk about girls....*

One can only imagine what the octogenarian senator had to say about girls.

Toomey soon began writing newspaper features for Bob Serling at the Washington bureau. Her work caught the attention of the bosses in New York. Early in 1948, she was transferred to the U.P.'s main office, which was on the twelfth floor of the Daily New Building, on East 42<sup>nd</sup> Street. She lived in the Barbizon Hotel for Women until she and another Unipresser, Gay Pauley, found a place at 261 East 61<sup>st</sup> between Third and Second Avenues, near the Third Avenue elevated railroad, which she rode to work.

U.P. promoted its new female feature writer in print ads that showed Toomey standing outside the Daily New Building, with the platform of the Third Avenue El in the background. The copy describes her as a "journalistic Geiger counter" who "writes her stuff straight."

REPORTER FOR UNITED PRESS CLIENTS

ELIZABETH  
**Toomey**

One day U.P.'s Elizabeth Toomey will interview Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, the next cover a marriage brokers' convention, go on from there to doll-size girdles, a world youth assembly, rolling pins for ravioli, Korean refugee families, instalment-plan sculpture, poodle haircuts, Gold Star blood donors.


She's a journalistic Geiger counter at spotting features that ring the bell with women — news of women themselves, news of women's concerns, news as women see it. New York is her beat.

She writes her stuff straight. She can afford to. She is sure of her story to start with. She knows it can speak for itself. She lets it — aware that lively substance sets its own lively style.

Alert, versatile, discerning, she is for United Press clients everywhere an ace staff reporter of distaff news.

**United Press**  
THE WORLD'S BEST COVERAGE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NEWS

EDITOR & PUBLISHER for January 19, 1952



In early 1951, Walter Winchell wolf-whistled at the new girl in his column, drooling over

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**'PRETTIEST'**  
Presenting "doll-like" Elizabeth Toomey of United Press. . . .  
Walter Winchell's nomination for  
"prettiest newspaper reporter in town."

---

tered on early filing practices.

"doll-like" Liz Toomey, "the prettiest newspaper reporter in town." Winchell had ruled over the city's pre-war publicity culture, that culture was changing. TV had muscled in, and smart young women like Elizabeth Toomey had appeared on the scene, threatening Winchell's male supremacy; by 1951, when this item ran, his reign was nearly over. The film "Sweet Smell of Success," starring Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis, expertly captures this era.



The pioneer's granddaughter, her hair cut short, found herself on the frontier of modern celebrity culture, a new transactional culture of bold-faced names, celebrity gossip, and television. Her beat took her to places like the Stork Club

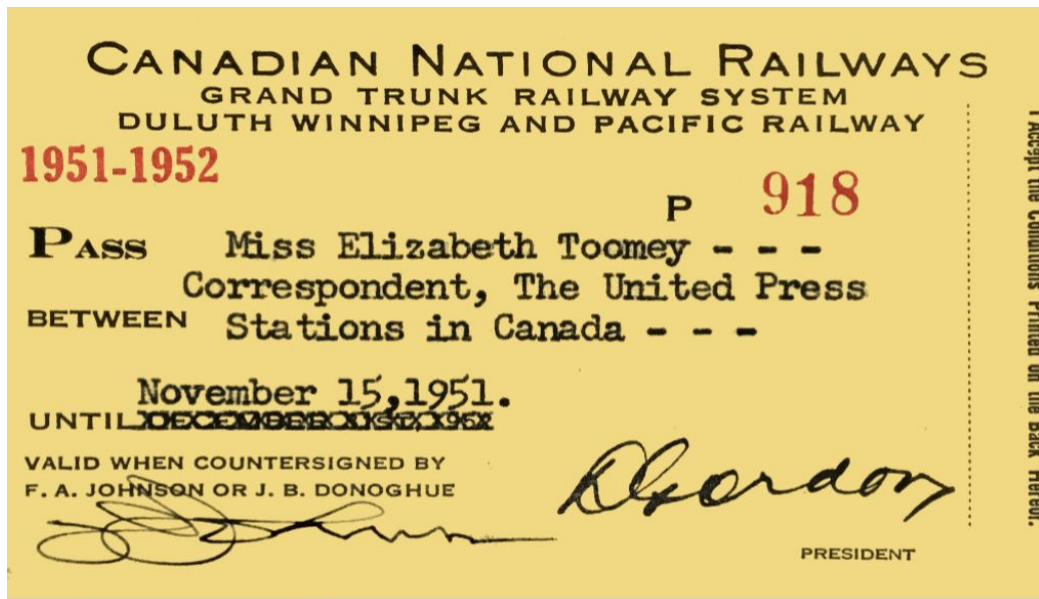




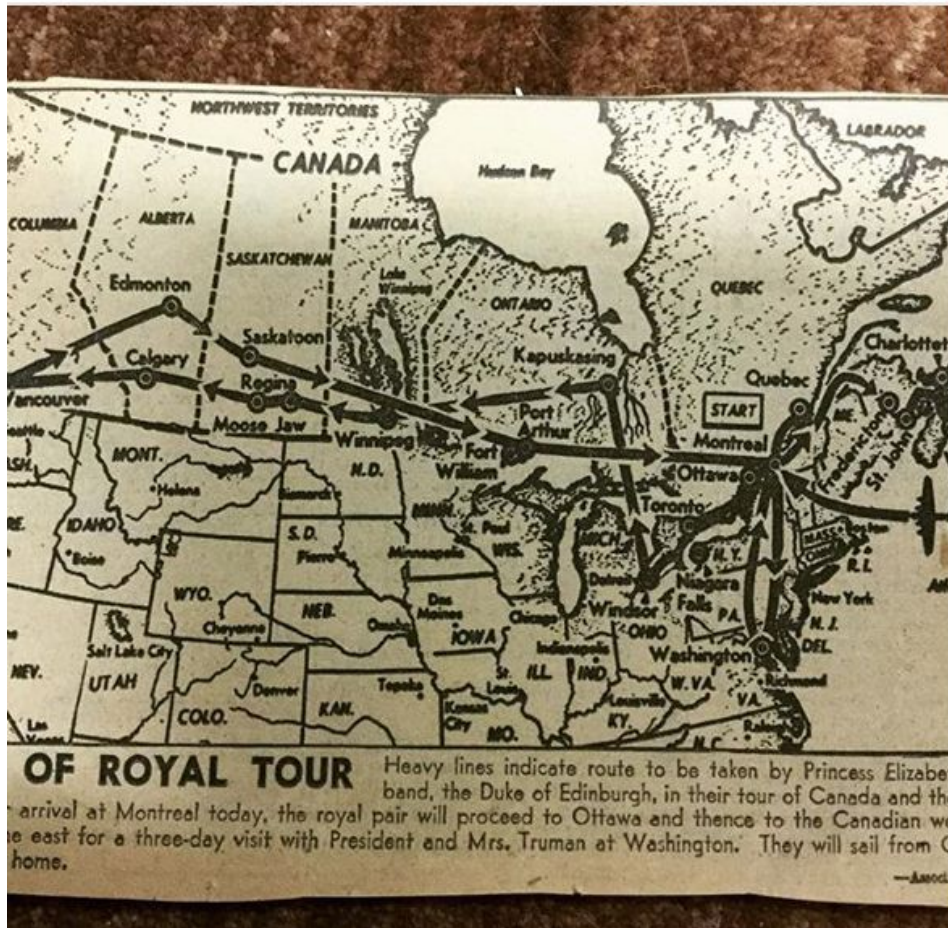
and put her right in the thick of it the new cafe society. She looks like she belongs there.



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In the fall of 1951 Elizabeth Toomey won the coveted assignment to cover the visit of Princess Elizabeth and her husband Prince Philip on their trip across Canada. She filed stories every day, sometimes twice a day, as the train made its way across Canada.



The press train was separate from the royal one, so there was little or no contact with the royals. Nonetheless Toomey found things to write about in her daily dispatches. Here is one:

Victoria, BC, Oct 22 (UP)

All you need to be a success at tagging along on a royal tour are strong arches, good digestion, and the name of a good psychiatrist.

The latter will help you get over that feeling of not being wanted.

The sturdy arches come in handy while you're standing in your assigned space waiting for royalty - Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, for instance - to appear. (I had to go early, doctor, or I couldn't get in. Those crowds who had been standing there for hours before were very unfriendly when I tried using my press pass to get right up front at the last minute.)

Riding in the royal procession, a privilege granted a dozen correspondents each time, relieves the strain on your arches,



but not your feelings. Six cars back from the princess, you ride along just as the cheers die down and the people start saying, "Who are those people...they don't look very important."

That was the Toomey voice: part Mark Twain, part Unsinkable Molly Brown. It's a voice with a lot of *Missour-a* in it – she always insisted on pronouncing the 'a' -- which also happened to be the home state of the man who then the President, Harry Truman.

But in spite of all her fancy city contacts and scoops, the Spearfish girl hadn't forgotten how to fish, as she showed at one stop on the Royal Tour. Her father Allen, who loved to fish,



would have been proud.

She saved the press passes from each leg of the journey.



The nearest she got to the soon-to-be queen was at the hotel in Ottawa. She wrote Mother and Isabel:

*Someone told me that there was a suite reserved on the fifth floor for [Elizabeth] to change, so I just got on the elevator to go up to five and see. I got off the elevator and asked a Mountie if it were true there was a room on the floor for the princess. He said "Yes, it's down that way." So I just started walking down the hall, thinking I'd check with a maid to see if any clothes had been brought for Elizabeth. As I rounded a curve in the hall I ran smack into Elizabeth and Philip. They had taken their wraps to the room and were on their way downstairs to dinner. They didn't say a word to me, just ignored me. I didn't actually bump into them....just came face to face and let out a surprised "oh."*

Five weeks later, at the end of the trip, there she is, standing behind the royal couple, when Truman welcomed them to Washington.



Seeing the glamour girl back there, standing in the rain, with no one to look after her, and her mother and sister depending on her more and more, one feels that in spite of her exciting job, her life wasn't perfect. Yes, she got to stand close to famous people like President Truman and Elizabeth, even if they never turned around to acknowledge her. But she might also have liked someone to look after her, and a family of her own, even though her mother has told her she should never have children - her heart wouldn't take it.

She has had some boyfriends, but no one really serious. There was the Colonel, who was an older man in Washington, and there was another fellow in Virginia, but she had gone to visit him in the country and found his friends snobbish. There was a literary type in PR who had a nervous breakdown. There was another guy who took her out in the Long Island Sound for a weekend cruise when a storm came up and sank the boat. Luckily another guest was a Yale oasman who kept the lifeboat pointed into the wind and rowed them to safety.

At any rate, as her career took off, the prospects of a husband and family dwindled. Yes, she met a lot of single men, but they were hardly what a nice girl from the high Dakota prairie and her mother would consider husband material. You didn't meet those men in the Stork Club.



### Part 3. Playboy

JMS had been living as a bachelor since 1951, when his wife Ann, who had never enjoyed the country, had moved out with their young daughters Carol, born in 1943, and Lizanne, born in 1947, taking them to an apartment on the Upper East Side of New York City, where they were raised.

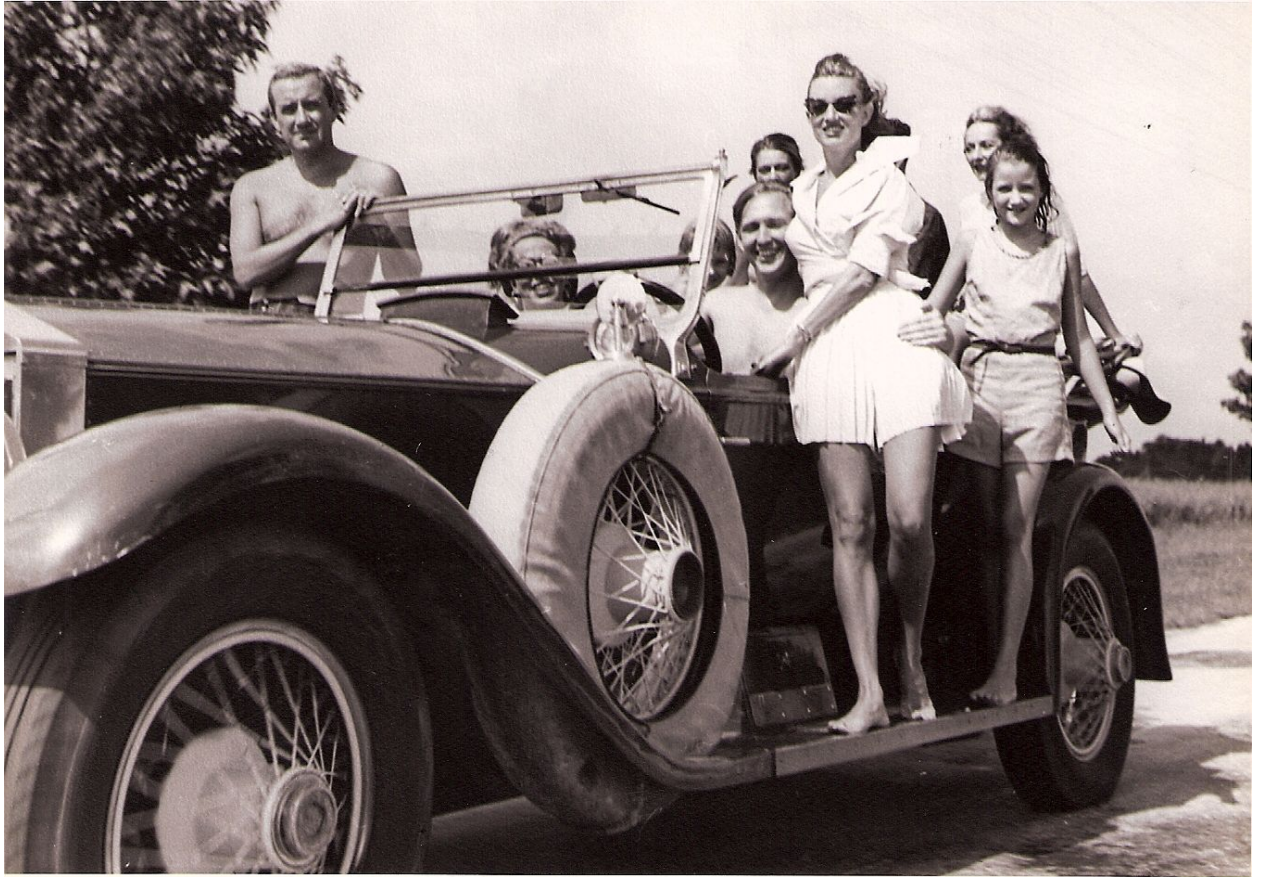




Their marriage had blown up in spectacular fashion in August, 1951, when JMS had returned from a trip abroad to find Ann had taken up with an Englishman they knew from Jamaica, where this picture was taken earlier that year. CFS had been outraged and insisted he divorce Ann, which he had. The girls were caught in the middle of it all.

Since then JMS had been living large.





If you could have Googled him, you would have found that during the work week JMS frequented New York spots like "21," El Morocco, and the Stork Club, as noted in the columns.



## Walter Winchell

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.

OWN — The Franchot Tone-war (she's the reporter) in the industry worried. Tone is Morabel wants a kayo . . . The bomb will go off in April . . .

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VIRGINIA DELUCE

rs. John Huston made the sailing with him . . . At night Pearl Bailey was unctuated-the song from which Eleanor (Mrs. Billy

Senator George (Geor-  
st big capital investiga-  
d, etc. Started with the  
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merly an officer with OSS . . . The deal was originated with the Hoffman Bank of Zurich, Switzerland, clients of the colonel, who will retain a 49 percent interest in the new company . . . For bringing McCarthy into the deal, Meyers will rate a substantial piece of the Texan's 51 percent . . . The whole thing, however, hangs on the outcome of the tense Anglo-Egyptian crisis and can be consummated only if peace prevails. Standard Oil is involved, too, because of their enormous drilling equipment there, a portable small-sized city.

The United Artists L. B. Mayer deal is retarded. Must be straightened out with the Dept. of Justice and Securities and Exchange Commission — over what stock Mayer still holds in M-G-M . . . Janet Sayre, the Sugar Hill dancer, will wear golden slippers. The gift of Joe Louis. Three pairs once owned by Japanese Princess Yoshida . . . Judith Coplon, freed in the Russian spy Gubitchev case, is studying for a law degree . . . The Charles Boyers are celebrating their 18th ann'y. A slap at cynics who think movie mergers are fragile . . . The D. Sewells (he's Tallulah's barrister) will be three shortly. Mrs. Sewell was Eugenia Rawls of the stage . . . Alison Prescott, the post deb look-alike of Elizabeth Taylor, weds wealthy Texan Craig Culinan on the 15th.

**W**ATERFRONT chief J. P. Ryan has a damaged eye. Insiders say it came from a strong-  
armer's slugging during the strike . . . Shelley Winters' studio execs suggested she drop her new Italian crush. His wife has no sensayuma . . . Ed Cunningham, once Yank's ace frontline correspondent, and Jo McLaughlin were united at St. Patrick's . . . Eva Gabor's current favorite is wealthy Jack Seabrook . . . Signe Hasso, the star of "Glad Tidings," and Wm. Langford are completely gone . . . Bob Christenberry, in a wedding with . . .

Charles Ventura:

"Frozen-food tycoon Jack Seabrook is planning an early merger with actress Eva Gabor."  
Winchell: "Eva Gabor's current favorite is wealthy Jack Seabrook."



Jack's relationship with Eva Gabor was more than a fling. It lasted for almost two years and Eva visited the farm many times and even took part in the Christmas pageant one year. Carol thought Eva was going to become her stepmother.



The gossip columnists couldn't get enough of Eva Gabor down on the farm.





Twelve years later, when *Green Acres* was on TV, Eva took on her most famous role -- Lisa Douglas, the wife of Oliver Wendell Douglas, played by Eddie Albert. Albert's character is a city lawyer with a yen for the country life who performs his chores in a three-piece suit.





JMS got there way ahead of him.



Seabrook Farms couldn't match the advertising budgets of their competitors General Food, so Jack and his older brother, Courtney, relied on free publicity as much as possible. The columns of Killgallen, Winchell, Earl Wilson, and others were good brand placement. The idea

was that women who read of the spinach prince's nighttime exploits would be more inclined to buy the family's frozen offerings than the products of its competitors, Birdseye and Green Giant. Frozen food was marketed as an aspirational product in those early days. It was cheap, but you still had to be able to afford the Frigidaire, with the built-in freezer, and the modern kitchen and fashionable clothes that went with it.



JMS's wingman on his nights out clubbing was his friend Louis Stoeklin, who represented Seagrams, the spirits brand, and whose job was to go out to fashionable spots around New York City and order drinks made with Seagrams products. Lou, seen here on one of El Morocco's famous zebra banquets, was a full-time professional playboy; JMS was an occasional companion on his nightly rounds.

JMS often stayed with Lou in New York, and Lou was down on the farm frequently, "drying out," on weekends, before returning to his nocturnal existence in the city. Below he dries out with a dry martini.





JMS would take his city friends on horse drawn picnics in the four seater buckboard. Other times it would just be Uncle Lou, his daughters, and their friends.





Up until May of 1953, JMS was the executive vice president of the company; CF was president and CEO. Although the youngest son, JMS was the clear successor to CF, the only one with the financial acumen unravel the company's finances after C.F. had been running the company as his personal fiefdom and piggy bank for twenty five years, CF had not made it official.

JMS was already in charge of both the plant and field operations; Courtney handled sales and marketing; Belford was head of engineering.



The boys had been running the business for years while CF recovered from a health event he suffered in 1941, which his sons said was a stroke, and CF said wasn't.



Jack was the golden boy from an early age, an enormously capable young man who should have been his father's greatest asset, but instead became, in his father's confused mind, his nemesis. He was born boardroom-ready. He was a trained chemist, and so he worked well with soil scientists and climatologists such as C.W. Thornthwaite, who opened his Laboratory of



Climatology at Seabrook Farms in 1946.



But perhaps JMS's greatest gift was as the public face of Seabrook Farms, the role he plays here in 1942, when the former Edward VIII, who had abdicated the throne to marry a divorced American, came to visit the farm. Edward was by then the Governor of Jamaica and a potential source of badly needed wartime imported labor for Seabrook Farms.

And yet the seventy-two year old CF had not officially made JMS the successor. Seabrook Farms' many creditors, in particular the consortium of banks that had millions in outstanding loans to Seabrook Farms, were pressing for the Old Man name JMS his successor, but CF had dithered and delayed.

In 1952, the banks declared a moratorium on all new building at Seabrook Farms. CF, in defiance of the banks, went on with construction anyway, and to make sure that the banks didn't hear about it, he suspended board meetings for seven months, so that the bank's representative on the board wouldn't see what was going on.

The banks heard about the construction anyway, and CF became convinced that it was because his son Jack who had told his friends the bankers. Jack was much chumier with the Philadelphia bankers than CF was, because the son belonged to their social class and could do the Ivy League old boy thing with them, which the father could not, having never even finished high school.

The strains in their business relationship were greatly aggravated by an event that occurred between father and son early in the spring of 1953. One night CFS had turned up at Eva Gabor's Manhattan apartment, unannounced, wanting to escort her out on the town. She had slammed the door in his face.



This Oedipal episode of the real "Green Acres" -- the reality show -- does not appear in JMS's desk diary. If he ever spoke of it, it was only to say, "You can't keep old bulls and young bulls in the same pasture," as though behaviour like his father's was only nature's way.

In mid-April, JMS was thrown from a horse and fractured a vertebrae in his back. The accident is the lead item in Dorothy Gillgallen's April 21, 1953 column.



BOSTON, MASS.  
AMERICAN  
Circ. D. 184,232

APR 21 1953

The Voice of Broadway

## Durante Now a Flying Enthusiast

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN

**N**EW YORK—Jack Seabrook, the wealthy young frozen food tycoon oft-linked with Eva Gabor, is in serious condition after being thrown from a horse on his New Jersey estate. Doctors are still examining him carefully to determine the full extent of his injuries... Miss America of 1952—Georgia peach Neva Jane Langley—is on the verge of a waltz down the aisle with Tom Naut of the Dave Garroway show.

THIS BULLETIN from Europe should create lively chatter around Shubert Alley: Ex-king Farouk wants to angel Truman Capote's next Broadway production... Bud (Abbott and Costello) Abbott dropped \$40,000 recently during one early a. m. session at the Las Vegas gaming tables.



Bud Abbott

Jimmy Durante is becoming a flying fan after all these years of avoiding aircraft. On an impulse, he hopped a bird from Chicago to New York for his Copa engagement (the second flight of his life) and now he's so enthusiastic he tells chums he'd "like to drive one-a dem flappers."

**BROADWAY GUESSING GAME:** A movie comedian's recent automobile crackup has his friends worried. They feel it's just the forerunner of an emotional crack-up that's been brewing for years... Three of the men most often mentioned in the Jelke case whispering were asked to leave Miami Beach's Roney Plaza Hotel. The management didn't like their parties—on their

dialogue.

... The true story behind the recent breakup of a short-lived show business marriage is even more sensational than the headlines indicated. It seems the bride had the same "problem" as the husband on whom the split was generally blamed.

**BROADWAY HEARS** that orchestra leader Pembroke Davenport, dismissed from "Can Can" by Feuer, may bring a lawsuit. The case is unique anyway; show folk discussing it the other night couldn't recall another case in which a musical comedy parted from its conductor during the out of town tryout.

French ballet stars Jean Babilée and Nathalie Phillipart are lullabying

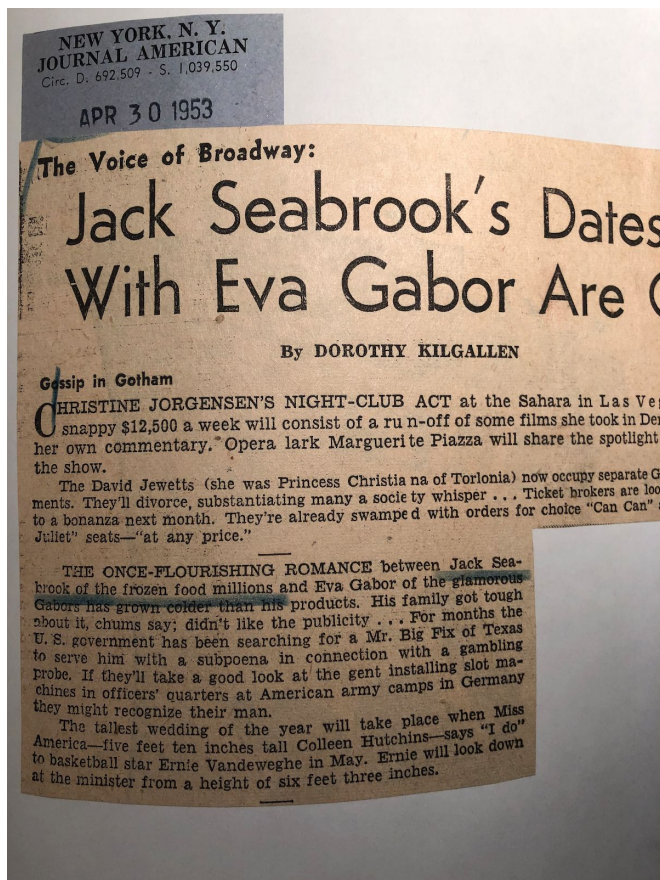
"Jack Seabrook, the wealthy young frozen food tycoon oft linked to Eva Gabor, is in serious condition after being thrown from a horse on his New Jersey estate. Doctors are still examining him carefully to determine the full extent of his injuries."

On Saturday, April 18, his father came to visit the Seeley Rod house, raging. JMS describes the encounter in an addendum to the diary.



During the 1952-53 period, he became obsessed with expanding the freezing plant in direct violation of his agreement with the lending banks. As he poured money into fixed assets, he became afraid that the banks would find out through me (they had insisted I be made executive vice president) that he was in violation and decided that his only protection against this was character assassination. He repeatedly told officers of the banks that I was not able to perform as executive vice president. He came to my home on Saturday afternoon, April 18, 1953, and Sunday noon, April 19, 1953. I was in bed for a few days having been injured in an accident with a horse. He was completely irrational, raving and ranting and flinging his arms about. Actually, I had a wire recording of this scene, but unfortunately it disappeared during the 1959 move from Seeley to Salem.

What was JMS planning to do with the recording of his father's tirade against his playboy ways? Where was the wire? What kind of family IS this?



In any case, JMS seems to have swiftly heeded his father's criticisms of his lifestyle. Less than two weeks later, Dorothy Kilgallen's column for April 30, 1953 is headlined, "Jack Seabrook's Dates with Eva Gabor are Over," and reports that, "The once-flourishing romance between Jack Seabrook . . . and Eva Gabor . . . has grown colder than his products." .... "chums say his family didn't like the publicity."

But breaking off his romance with Eva wasn't enough to appease his father, apparently. On May 18, 1953, when the board finally met again and the banker on the board confronted CF with the evidence of the new construction, the old man exploded. Turning on his son, CF said the bankers shouldn't trust him, because he was a snake, a playboy, and a liar. He went on at length about how damaging it was to the company's reputation that JMS continued to appear in society columns with starlets, humiliating JMS in front of the other board members, and demanding his son's resignation on the spot.

2374

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MONDAY, MAY 18, 1953 - 1

50\* - JMS and NPFrye to see FAR.

30\* - Jerry Delay going into town - back about noon - will call. Would like telephone for Donald Humphreys - 1806 Fourth St., Seabrook.

:45 - Directors' Meeting - JMS resignation accepted. *actually demanded by CFS*

Frye, BLS to JMS house for lunch after meeting. Snow to CFS house.

:10\* - Corporal Layman - wants to put up PAL banner tonite above door to Farms Conf. Rm. Just for tonite - said OK.

:35\* - JGF - Just sitting around waiting so thought he would go out to golf course.

JMS noted this meeting in the diary with a dry "JMS resignation accepted," although, on revisiting this entry many years later, when he was preparing his memoir of his father, he annotated it with "actually demanded by CFS."

By June, 1953, it was clear that CFS was undergoing some kind of psychotic episode. He was drinking heavily and swallowing phenobarbital pills "by the handful" according to several reports, including the later testimony of his wife, who described him as taking four or more pills at a time throughout the day.



In late June, CF consented to go to the Clifton Spring Sanatorium, in Clifton Springs, New York, between Syracuse and Rochester. The psychiatrist who examined him shortly after his arrival gives us a sense of the Old Man's unquiet mind.

The patient states that one of the reasons he has become increasingly nervous during the last few years is because of the fact that his son, who is Executive Vice-Pres. of Seabrook, was operated in 1950, apparently went abroad, and came back to find his wife had been going with somebody else, and he divorced her. Since that time the son has become a rather marked playboy, and finally the father was told by the bankers who had an interest in Seabrook that he would have to get rid of the son. This he did about a month ago, but it has bothered him a great deal. He states that he has had to shoulder most of the work of the organization for the last 3 yrs., and he has not had a vacation. During the last three months the patient has noticed increased fatigue, increasing blood pressure and nervousness. He comes here for examination and rest.

In reality, it was CF who the bankers wished to get rid of. And the only person concerned with JMS's playboy lifestyle seems to have CF himself, and that was because he wanted in on it. But Eva Gabor had slammed the door in his face.

During his month-long stay at the sanatorium, removed from drugs and alcohol, CF's delusions subsided, and he became calmer and more rational, suggesting that his mental issues were at least as much the result of substance abuse as old age and the onset of dementia.

Around July 10, JMS got word from Herman Muller, a longtime Seabrook Farms employee and CF loyalist, that the Old Man wanted to talk to him. The diary notes: "CF has written me a letter which I will receive Saturday saying he is sorry for all he has done and wants me back."



3084  
FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1953 - 3  
to handle case. CFS asked Muller not to admit to Hood that CCS got the cash but LPD who was informed told Hood all the details. Because of all this, Muller very worried about CCS being in control of Thelma's money.  
CFS has written me a letter which I will receive Saturday saying he is sorry for all he has done and wants me back, but he wanted Muller to come spend the whole day with me AND TELL me this in advance.

On July 12, JMS went up to Clifton Springs in the company airplane along with his mother, and they spent several days together. CF was lucid and contrite. They discussed the future of the company, and the old man agreed that Jack should return and become the CEO.

CF also tried to explain why he had demanded his son's resignation. He said that he felt deep remorse for the way he had tricked his own father, Arthur P. Seabrook, who got the family started in truck farming, into selling his land and business, in particular the innovative use of overhead irrigation, for far less than it was worth. He said he was frightened that his son was going to do something similar to him.

JMS described this conversation in a deposition thirteen years later, taken in connection with the family's fight over C.F.'s estate. Speaking about his father, he said,

A. Not immediately. This was the time that he told me how he had gotten the property from his father, and he had a fairly deep-seated guilt feeling that he had actually gotten the property away from his father under false pretenses. This property originally was

a partnership, originally was owned by A. P. Seabrook, his family. Then, they operated as Seabrook and Son, and he went rather deeply at this time into some of his motivations as to what had led him up to this May 18th event, and what kind of things he was frightened of, and so forth.

Q. He was afraid of you taking over the business from him?

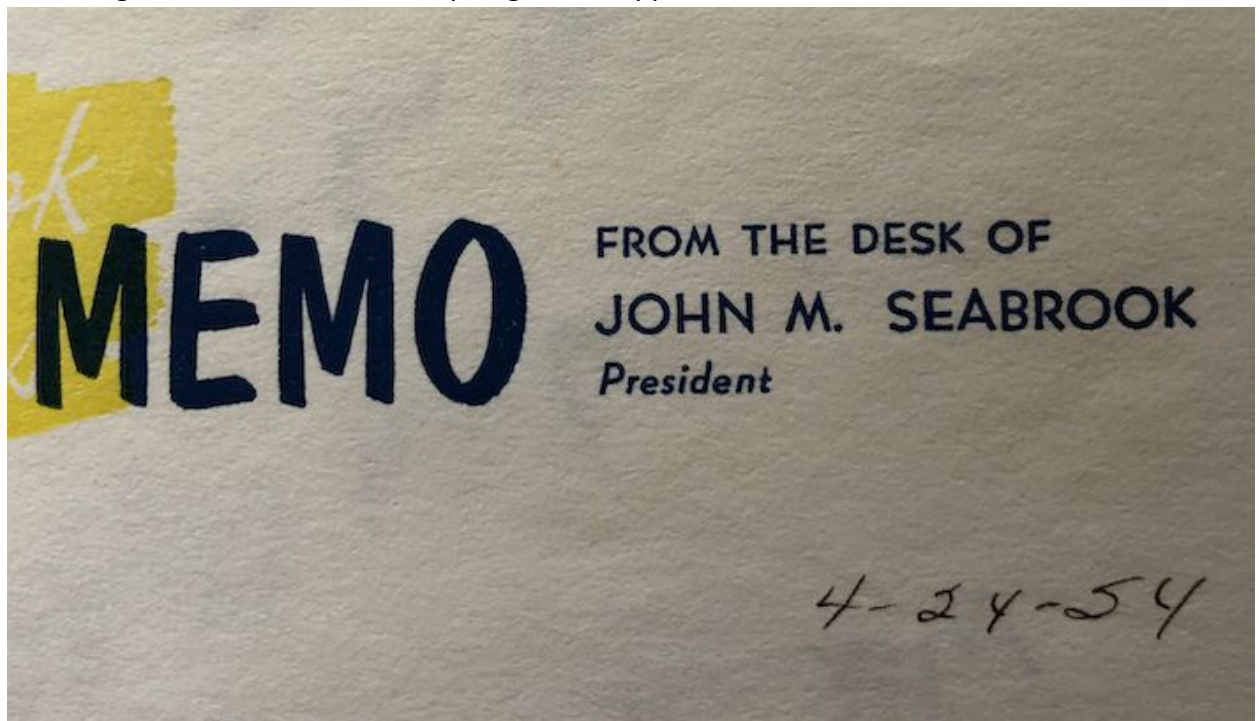
A. Well, he felt that his sons might do to him in his old age what he had done to his father, and so he was trying to explain to me, "That you have got to make some allowances. I am a little nervous about this."

Q. Any other specific examples while he was still in charge?

that there was a disagreement that

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CF returned from Clifton Springs at the end of July a changed man. He meekly assented to Jack becoming President and CEO, and pledged his support.



As for JMS, he no longer appeared among the bold-faced names in the gossip columns; if his alleged playboy ways hadn't changed, he was at least more discreet, although a brief fling with the actress Ann Miller in early 1954 was noted in the class notes section Princeton Alumni Weekly. The item says

Belles and bells have figured in two items in '39's recent public notice. The belle is dancer Ann Miller (see "Kiss Me Kate") whose name has lately been linked in columns with our main claim to fame in glamor circles, Jack Seabrook. And the bell

By 1955, JMS had disappeared from the columns entirely, unless it was for some event linked to the company. He didn't bring actresses down to the farm anymore. Ever the dutiful son, he wanted to find someone who his father would approve of, and also a bride who was as good looking, talented, worldly, and intelligent as he was, but one who would not object to living amidst the Seabrooks in Deep South Jersey, as his first wife had.

Where on earth would he find such a woman?



#### Part 4. Woman's View



In 1952, Elizabeth Toomey was given her own column, "Woman's View." It ran five times a week in the New York World-Telegram and Sun and in dozens of other papers around the country that paid for the U.P. wire service. She explained her beat on a trip back to Missouri School of Journalism, where, seven years out, she was now a distinguished alum and a role model to young women.

*"My particular assignment is to cover things from a woman's angle. It may be an interview with a psychiatrist on some family problem...or a series of stories on a lady detective in the narcotics division of the police department."*

Day to day, there were a lot of celebrity interviews. Karl Malden for example, then in 'On the Waterfront.'



And Ed Sullivan.



She also profiled Christian Dior, seen here using her legs to demonstrate where the hemline should fall in the New Look.





In Paris, where she interviewed Dior, an artist made a drawing of her.



In her frequent reporting trips to the Stork Club; perhaps she had already shared a banquet with JMS without knowing it. Here she is with the Hope Diamond.





The biggest star she interviewed was Marilyn Monroe, the subject of two Elizabeth Toomey columns, both based on interviews in New York, where the actress spent most of 1955. Marilyn took classes at the Actor's Studio, set up Marilyn Monroe Productions, broke up with



her husband, Joe DiMaggio, fell in love with playwright Arthur Miller, the author of *Death of a Salesman*, and made the film *7-Year Itch*.



Toomey first encountered the movie star at the press event announcing her production company, held at the home of Marilyn's partner in the venture, the photographer Milton Glaser.



Here we see the ultra fabulous movie star at her peak, the year of her famous scene from "Seven-Year-Itch." Next to her, trying to get the star through the press crush, is Milton Glaser, elegant in French cuffs, for whom Marilyn was model, muse, and, in spite of that ring on his finger, lover.

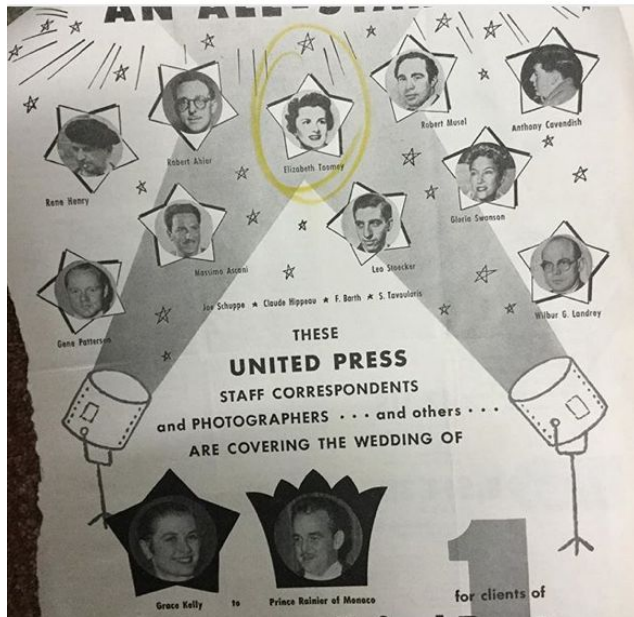
And in the back, who is that holding her notes for tomorrow's story, with her pen up so that she doesn't stick the tip into the starlet's ear if she gets pushed? Could it be the girl from Spearfish, South Dakota, photo-bombing Marilyn?

"It isn't all so glamorous as it looks from the outside," Toomey said in a 1955 speech at her alma mater. "But I have to admit that I wouldn't give up my job without a struggle."

Now thirty-three, the U.P.'s star writer closed out 1955 by being the first to report Grace Kelly's engagement. Not bad, Toomey.

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Having broken the story, there was no question that Toomey would be one of the reporters UP sent to the wedding. They sent nine altogether, with their star correspondent Elizabeth Toomey receiving top billing, the only UP reporter shipboard.



Unlike the Rainiers, the Kellys not only tolerated publicity, they courted it. The ship from New York carried seventy of Kelly friends and one hundred and twenty members of the press, a floating publicity circus with Jack Kelly in the role of ringmaster. For the woman's beat and society page reporters, who were used to having their work consigned to the second third of the newspaper, the Kelly-Rainier wedding was a dream assignment.





Finally came the crisp Wednesday morning, April 4, 1956 on Pier 84, on Manhattan's west side. At noon the SS Constitution would depart for Monaco carrying Grace Kelly and her family, along with the press. Liz described the scene in a letter from the ship, while waiting for a call from New York to dictate her story/

Thursday afternoon, 5 p.m.

Dearest Family,

I shall start this now while I am waiting for a telephone call from New York to give my afternoon story. I don't know whether I will have time to bring you up to date. I'll do it diary fashion:

— April 4, 9:30 a.m. -- I arrived at the pier in a taxi and for the first time got really excited about the trip. So many times I go to piers to board ships for press conferences, and as I walked toward the ship I couldn't believe I really was going to be a passenger. I had worked so hard and been so apprehensive about the trip that it also was a relief to actually be on my way. I managed to come with only my big suitcase, a zipper foldover thing to hold my evening dresses, my makeup case and my typewriter. Pretty good I thought.

When I got to my stateroom Cynthia Lowry already was aboard and she told



At the 10AM press conference, "Gracie," as her family called her, was wearing a beige tweed suit with white gloves and a small white hat, and was holding her French poodle, Oliver, in her arms. There were dozens of journalists and photographers, and a scuffle broke out. In the video Grace looks scared:



<https://www.gettyimages.fr/detail/vid%C3%A9o/press-opportunity-with-grace-kelly-on-board-the-ss-film-dactualit%C3%A9/498039822>

The ship sailed at noon. Toomey wrote: *We stood on the sun deck just a little ways down from the Kellys and threw paper streamers and waved. It was quite exciting, though the day was so foggy you couldn't see anything."*

Before the ship was more than fifty yards from the dock, New York had disappeared into the mist. Someone took a snapshot of her at the deck.





So now both our hero and heroine are on the ship, heading out into the Atlantic Oceans. On the Passenger List, their names are separated by a few inches only. Grace Kelly knows both of them, but they have not met each other yet. They are Leo and Kate on James Cameron's Titanic, except this ship isn't going down, yet.

*List of Passengers*

FIRST CLASS



S. S. CONSTITUTION



SAILING FROM NEW YORK

APRIL 4, 1956

to

ALGECIRAS, CANNES, MONACO, GENOA AND NAPLES

Mr. Emanuel Sacks  
Mrs. Martha Schmidhiesser  
Mrs. Harry Schoenhut  
Mr. Joseph Schuppe  
Mr. Leslie R. Schwartz  
Mrs. Schwartz  
Mr. John M. Seabrook  
Mr. Oscar Seager  
Mrs. Seager  
Miss Alicia Segon  
Miss Elsa Segon  
Mr. William Seiter  
Mrs. Seiter  
Mr. Ralph Sitley  
Mrs. Ralph Sitley  
Mr. Al Slatkus  
Mrs. Slatkus  
Mr. Howell Smith  
Mrs. Smith  
Dr. Roland Smith  
Mr. Ted Smulowitz  
Mrs. Smulowitz  
Mr. Phillip D. Spiro  
Mrs. Spiro  
Mr. Peter Stephaich  
Mr. Monroe Stern  
Mrs. Stern  
Mr. Abbot Stevens

Mr. Francis Taylor  
Mrs. Taylor  
Dr. William W. Teahan  
Mrs. Teahan  
Miss Elizabeth Toomey

Mr. William P. Vathis  
Mrs. Vathis

Miss Martha Weber  
Mr. Maurice A. Webster  
Mrs. Webster  
Mr. Isidor Weinstein  
Mrs. Weinstein  
Mr. J. R. Wilkinson  
Mrs. Wilkinson  
Mr. Roy F. Williams  
Mr. John K. Williamson  
Mrs. Williamson  
Miss Nadia Woods

Miss Amelia Yerkes  
Mr. Howard Young

Mr. Donald Zec

The press travelled first class, same as the guests. Toomey was sharing a stateroom with two other women. One was the AP correspondent, Cynthia Lowry. The older Cynthia was her main competitor, but they had agreed to share all the information that they gathered shipboard. Of course Liz gave Cynthia bottom bunk.



The other was Jinx Falkenburg, a former tennis champion and pin-up girl in the 1930's and 40's; she was the first "Miss Rheingold," in 1940.



She had married a publicist named Tex McCrary in 1945.





Together they had pioneered morning talk radio with their show "Hi, Jinx," that appeared in 1946, and they brought their act to TV in "Jinx and Tex at Home." McCrary was also instrumental in persuading Eisenhower to run for president in 1952, and it was his idea to build the "model American home" at the US Exhibition in Moscow in 1959, where Nixon and Krushchev held their famous Kitchen Debate.

The stateroom was full of flowers, shoes, bags, and belts, Jinx's mostly. Liz and Cynthia, arriving first, had decided to be firm and not allow Jinx, who they'd never met, any more closet space than they had. But when Jinx turned up, she was so charming that they let her use some of their space for her things.

She and Jinx also shared their interview with Grace, along with other reporters. Jinx doesn't look too happy about it in this photo.



Liz took snapshots of Grace on board.







Liz's duties were to call the office from the ship's telephone at 10 AM and 4.30 pm East Coast

time, every day, and to cable a story of 200 words each night. As the ship sailed east they gained an hour a day, so each day she had another hour on her deadline.



Here she is, with her pencil stuck in her mouth, trying to figure out how to work the Super 8 camera U.P. has issued her to take movies with. Cynthia of the AP is to Liz's left. Grace is with her sister Peggy.

After that, the press got a shot of Grace with her parents and some of the wedding guests.



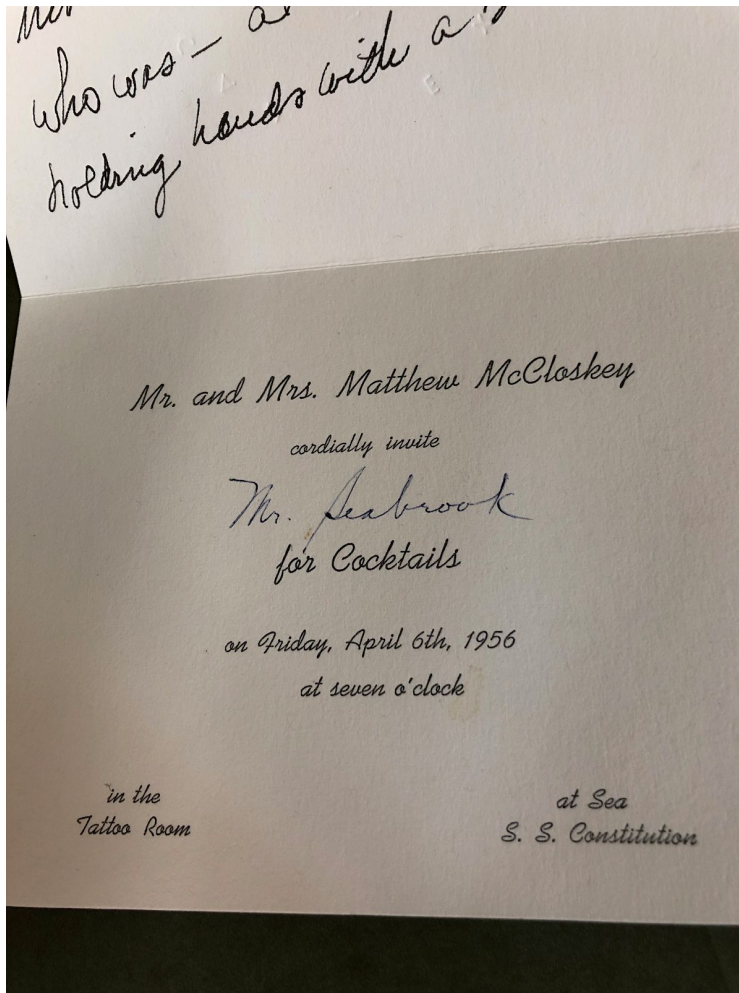


Who is that much younger man at the back? Of course she must have noticed him. After the actual movie star, they are two most attractive people on the ship.



They met the second night out, at a cocktail party thrown by Mr. and Mrs Matthew McCloskey. It was held in the ship's "Tattoo Room":





Matthew McCloskey was an Irish American who had used success in the construction business to go into Philadelphia politics. He also owned newspapers. He had taken a great liking to Elizabeth Toomey and stayed by her side for a good deal of the evening. At one point he brought her over to where Jack and introduced them.

Liz later recalled that as she was introducing herself to Jack, she noticed he was holding hands with one of the bridesmaids.

JMS had appointed himself unofficial sommelier to the wedding party. Cases of French wine and champagne were piled up inside and outside his stateroom. He knew all about the right wines and clothes and explained everything to the provincial Philadelphians. Liz immediately pegged him for a millionaire playboy who an eccentric interest in the strange thing with horses that he called "coaching."

\*\*\*\*

Jack Kelly, a famous philanderer, also paid plenty of attention to Liz during the crossing,



Among the press on the ship there was a lot of scuttlebutt about Grace and His Serene Highness and whether their engagement, after a yearlong courtship, was truly a love match -- that was the official narrative, and the press followed it in print -- or a more calculated arrangement. Cynics debated who was benefiting more from the union,, the Kellys or the Grimaldis, the surname of the Prince's father, a commoner who had married mother Princess Caroline, the Prince's mother.

Grace Kelly was already Hollywood royalty - adding "Princess" to her name was almost like a formality in 1956. And Monaco was hardly the United Kingdom: it was a rather rundown Principality with a complicated history that now subsisted mostly on gambling and, thanks to the Prince's efforts, as a haven for tax exiles who couldn't afford to live in their own countries. It was rumored that Aristotle Onassis, who had extensive real estate holdings in Monaco, was behind the union somehow, and that the Prince his puppet.

But why would Grace do it? She had everything going for her as a woman, all the power her way. Why would she give it up? Elizabeth Toomey understood why. Because she wanted to have a family.

Also, her father favored the match.

## Part 5. The Wedding



After nine days, on the morning of April 12, the Constitution appeared in the harbor at Monte Carlo, and the prince came out to fetch Grace on the royal yacht, Deo Juvante II, which he planned to give her as a wedding present. Grace, carrying Oliver, the poodle, wore an enormous white organdy hat and dark glasses, which the press hated because no one could see her face. As Toomey faithfully reported, the couple did not kiss. “Rainier strode out to the gangplank to help her aboard, and he reached out his arms as if to kiss her. But Oliver the poodle apparently came between them and the prince instead gave Grace something like an awkward handshake.”





*She wrote her family, "I watched the arrival and then caught a ride on the back of a passing motor scooter to the foot of the palace hill, where police stopped all traffic. Then I alternately walked and ran up the winding roadway to find the UP bureau, set up for the wedding coverage in a croupier's apartment overlooking the palace courtyard."*



*"Sit down and give us some color on the harbor scene," bureau chief Gene Patterson ordered as I staggered in the door, breathless and perspiring.*

Back in New York, they were sending "Now pls" message, which was Unipresser shorthand for "where's the story already?"

Having reluctantly agreed to let MGM film the wedding—that was the studio's condition for letting Grace out of her contract—Rainier and his family felt they had fulfilled their obligation to the public, and arranged virtually no events for the press. Elizabeth Toomey's string of dispatches abruptly dried up, as the press resorted to interviewing one another. She writes,

*"More than 1,000 reporters and photographers milled fruitlessly around press headquarters the first day, unable to get any information about Palace plans. The only news*

*seemed to come from hotel lobbies, restaurant and the gambling caison where members of the wedding party could be found. We deserted press headquarters.*

Jack didn't have much more news than Liz did, but he was happy to tell her whatever he knew. He also got her a better room, in the Hermitage Hotel, where he was staying.

Liz writes:

*By Saturday, two days after our arrival, we were desperate for news. The wedding was still five days off. The french telephone system in the normally quiet Riviera resort was all but immobilized.*

*With a definite twinge of guilt I left my post in the hotel lobby to have lunch with one of the wedding guests. [Jack Seabrook was anonymous tipster]. He hadn't been near the palace, so I couldn't honestly regard him as a news source. And as I sat sipping wine in the excellent French restaurant, I was uneasily aware that this was not the place to look for the latest developments. If I got "now pls?" message for getting beaten that day, I could never explain it.*

*We were still eating when Matthew H. McCloskey, a philadelphia contractor and treasure of the National Democratic Party, stopped at our table.*

*He leaned over and whispered, "My wife had her jewels stolen last night."*

*I laughed. The story of a Riviera jewel robbery on that dull new day was the answer to a reporter's prayer. It was too good to be true.*

*McCloskey insisted he was serious. "If you won't mention it to those other reporters," he said, "I'll take you over to my hotel room and you can see for yourself. My wife is there now describing the jewels to the police."*

*I gave my companion a stunned look, still doubting my apparent good luck, assured McCloskey with =straight face that I'd be the last one to mention it to another reporter, and walked with him to the Hotel de Paris.*

*In an old-fashioned, elegant hotel room with a high ceiling and a huge mahogany wardrobe, we joined Mrs. McCloskey as she calmly described the jewels in the missing \$50,000 collection. The nervous hotel manager translated her descriptions to the French-speaking policeman.*

*I slid quietly into a chair and began taking notes. The timing was perfect. It was close to 4pm in Monaco, six hours earlier in New York, which meant I could make all the Saturday afternoon editions.*

*For several minutes nobody paid any attention to me. Then the hotel manager paled and asked suddenly, "You're not a reporter are you? The prince has ordered no publicity on this. I'll lose my job and so will the policeman."*

*I hate to lie, even for an exclusive story, but McCloskey saved me the trouble. "She is my secretary," he said smoothly. Everybody relaxed.*

*My good luck held and the telephone in the hotel lobby worked. Less than an hour after McCloskey's whispered words in the restaurant the story was on its way to New York although I first had to convince my boss that the bulletin I dictated was serious.*

*"You're kidding!" he yelled, unable to believe our good luck just as I had been.*



*Within a couple of hours several hundred competitors were yelling their heads off too, but they were helpless. McCloskey kept answering "no comment" and the frightened police department denied everything.*

*All I had hoped for was an exclusive story of the Saturday afternoon papers. But my exclusive lasted into the next day, one of the most delightful 24 hour periods I ever spent.*

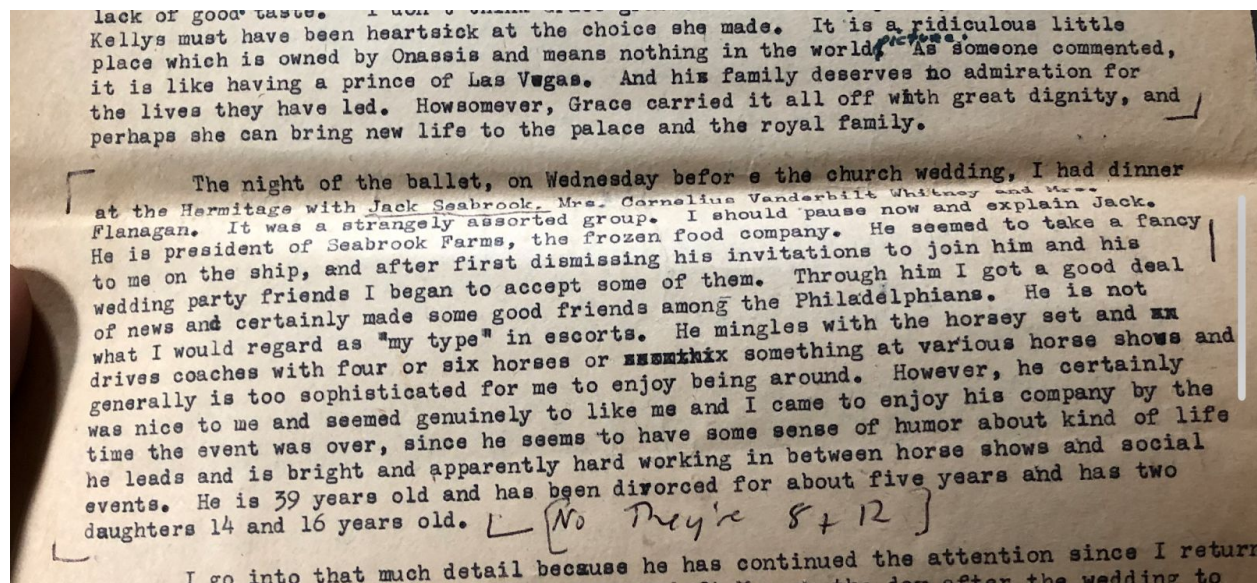
The UP reported:

"FORTUNE IN GEMS TAKEN IN MONACO. . . Thieves stole jewels worth \$50,000 here today from the hotel room of Matthew McCloskey . . . the jewels were in a red velvet jewel case inside a wardrobe of the hotel room . . ."

When the cat burglar struck again later that week, Liz scored her second big scoop. She reported, "the victim of the latest robbery was Mrs. Maree Pamp, Philadelphia, who reported all her jewels taken this afternoon from her room in the expensive Hôtel de Paris. . . Prince Rainier called in New York Detective Frank Cresci to help Monaco police halt the crooks who threaten to take away the guests' wealth from them even faster than the Monte Carlo gaming tables."

Grace and Rainier were furious. The word went out that there would be no more contact with the press until the wedding. But Toomey had done it again.

Though she kept Jack at a distance on the ship, she now started to say yes to his invitations to join the wedding party at various events. Here she mentions him to her family for the first time.



Still, she was too busy to see much of him.



It was a big break for us, and couldn't have come on a better day, since the story was sagging a little by that time. I really could scarcely believe my ears when he said there had been a jewel robbery. Because that was the only touch that was lacking in this unbelievable story. It was the perfect thing to happen, and it did.

The whole eight days there before and right after the wedding was an experience that still has something of a dream quality about it to me. Not that everything was fun and easy. The weather was terrible most of the time. I felt terribly frustrated just hanging around lobbies trying to get some news. I always felt I must be in the right place at the wrong time and I should try to go someplace else for news. But underlying it all was the feeling that you were part of a movie. All the characters were there. The rich Americans...the beautiful girl...the sinister characters like Onassis, ex-King Farouk, Rubirosa (he showed up at the Casino one night) and lesser known but quite colorful ones such as Onassis' lawyer and strange European ex-nobility like King Peter of Yugoslavia. I frequently saw the Aga Kahn in his wheel chair with the Begum standing by his side. And Randolph Churchill, who looks almost exactly like his father but is a loud-mouthed bore.

I saw a good deal of both Cynthia and Jinx while I was in Monaco. Cynthia is a really delightful person with one of the most down-to-earth senses of humor I have ever run across. Her comments about the people we saw kept us laughing the whole time.



There was a civil ceremony on the 18th, and a religious one of the 19th. JMS knew just what to wear.

Liz wrote,



said, "Oh, I'm through eating, you know." I saw Jack Seabrook carefully wrap two pieces of wedding cake in napkins, take off his top hat, put the cake in the hat and then put the hat back on his head. He said he wanted to send it to his daughters. The whole scene was so unreal that somehow the cake in the top hat fitted right in.

Maybe the cake is up there on his head as he escorts these two ladies.







After the wedding, the couple left on the yacht for a honeymoon, and Elizabeth Toomy went on a trip around France and Switzerland with her friend from the AP, Cynthia Lowry. Jack went to London and advanced his knowledge coaching.

When both were back at work again, in early May, Jack invited Liz and some pals for a coaching weekend in the country.

*Dear Mother*

*May 10, 1956*

*Remember when you told me the reason I was still single was that I expected some man to ride up on a white horse, and that never happened? Well, you won't believe it, but I have met a man who drives four white horses. He must be really strange, because nobody does that sort of thing these days. But he is sort of attractive so some friends and I are going to visit his farm and see for ourselves. More later. I've got to buy something to wear to a farm.*

*PS I forgot to tell you the weirdest part. He wears a tall grey top hat when he drives his horses. Don't worry about me, Mom. I'll be careful.*

Now Elizabeth Toomey appears in JMS's desk diary for the first time, on very social weekend.

182  
SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1956  
JMS in Princeton Advisory Council Meeting  
until 12:45.  
Picked up by IAStoecklin at 12:45 at Elm Club.  
To Garden State for the day. Luncheon, etc.  
Dinner at JMS house for 6 - WRF, Grace Coolidge,  
IAStoecklin, Constance Moeckler, Eliz. Toomey and  
JMS.  
To Gillespie Party at Country Club.  
SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1956  
To Hines with horses.  
Louis Stoecklin drove Packard back to NY  
Sunday night with Coolidge and Moeckler.

JMS was at his beloved Princeton that morning, where he met his best friend Lou Stoecklin at his Princeton club, which was Elm, and they went to the Garden State Racetrack for the afternoon. JMS had a deal with Eugene Mori, the owner of the track and a Director of Seabrook Farms, where he would drive a four-in-hand-team of Morgan horses around the track at certain points during the day of racing. Then it was back to Seeley to meet Liz Toomey and her friends, who he had sent a car to New York to fetch. They had dinner at his house, and then they went to the Gilliespie party at the Country Club.

Here is Liz aboard her first coach, May 12, 1956, with two girlfriends and a man who looks like Bill Scheffer. The ladies are hatless, in gross violation of the coaching bible, which says

women must always wear hats while coaching. JMS, who has on a top hat, looks somewhat



distressed.

In her letter about the weekend she wrote:

Dear Mother, May 18, 1956

*We lived through a ride on top of a black and red coach pulled by four white horses! Talk about once in a lifetime! [Try, the rest of your lifetime, Liz.] I never expect to do that again. [Ha Ha.] You look down on everybody when you're on top of a coach, which is sort of fun. The coach we were on was built in 1890. The man in Rochester, NY who found it in his barn sold it to Jack for \$1,000 and Jack had it repainted. What a dumb way to spend your money! Who could he ever sell it to if he got tired of it?*

*I got a raise last week, and I'm treating myself to a new hat. Jack says women always wear hats on a carriage.*

*Your loving (and still single) daughter,  
Elizabeth*





Over Memorial Day Weekend of 1956, Liz was back at Seeley House, and the two of them went for an evening picnic. JMS always kept a close eye on the lunar cycle so as to take advantage of full moons whenever possible, for picnics.

Dear Mother, June 1, 1956

*That moonlight carriage ride sounded romantic, but wait till you hear. We just started out with two horses and a small carriage I was wearing my new pale tan pongee shirt dress, Well, Jack had just poured us each a glass of champagne and started off down one of the pretty lanes through the vegetable fields and phhhhttt! The horse I was sitting right behind had apparently eaten too much grass and you-know-what sprayed right over me.*

Presumably her suitor was also spattered. But as Liz would learn from this explosive event, even if you spattered him with horse shit, Jack Seabrook still had style.



There was a riotous party atop the bandwagon on July 4th, and then the couple drove to Dorset Vermont, for the weekend.

During one of these visits, Liz had met C.F. and he had immediately liked her. Clearly, she wasn't one of Jack's party girls. As Liz later reported to her mother, *"Jack is so pleased that his father seems to like me and consequently is being much more cooperative with Jack in the business. So Jack says if I don't do anything else than keep his father happy I have made a great contribution to his life."*

The tone is joking, but she's not kidding.

\*\*\*

JMS's first marriage proposal, which occurred sometime in later July at dinner at "21", JMS's favorite New York restaurant, was not accepted, a fact not recorded in his office diary. In the first place, the romance was all very sudden. Even Grace and her Prince had courted for a year, and she had plenty of time to think it over. But JMS was in a great hurry to make Liz Toomey "ETS" forever after. Part of the urgency was JMS wanted children, and Liz would be thirty-four that June. There was no time to waste.

But did she want to be ETS, knowing what all that might entail? And was Jack the catch he seemed? He was divorced, and his ex-wife was suing him for child support, a bitter contest that the children were caught in the middle of. He was in a highly fraught business relationship with his father, and depending on it was the entire company and its thousands of employees. And she'd be moving to South Jersey and giving up her job. Ironically, by coming east to the big



city, the Spearfish girl would end up on a farm in an even more rural setting than the one the family had left behind in South Dakota.

Liz didn't have what Grace Kelly had in terms of money, but she had pretty much everything else going for her -- beauty, smarts, an interesting job that took her all over, frequently in the company of the rich and famous, and, such a rare thing for a woman in 1956, her independence. And hadn't Liz herself said, only the year before, "I wouldn't give up my job without a struggle"? Refusing one of America's most eligible bachelors was part of the struggle, presumably.

On the other hand, also like Grace, Liz had a demanding job that required her to get up early every day. In Liz's case, she had to file a column four or five times a week, which was a constant source of stress. Marrying would make her independent of all those workaday worries, even if it meant giving up the independence of her career.

In any case, the second time Jack asked her, in the powder blue Thunderbird convertible that the thirty-nine year old CEO had bought earlier that year, she accepted.

He was still celebrating, many years later.



Her mother's reaction, when her daughter told her of the engagement, was not, 'Hallelujah our money troubles are over!' Instead, her first question was, Why would he pick you? Why, when this man could have any woman in the world -- he was Eva's ex, for goodness sake -- would he choose the second best sister from Spearfish, South Dakota? Her mother's next thought, one



that she persisted in thinking, was that JMS did have women all over the world and that's what he was always travelling for.

In September, the United Press sent out the following item.

*"Elizabeth Toomey, who writes the daily column 'Woman's View' for the United Press, will be married in New York City next month. . . . Her recent assignments included covering the wedding of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier III, in Monaco, where she met the prospective bridegroom."*

*JMS noted it in his diary.*

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1956

5:00 - JMS and Elizabeth Toomey married  
in the Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church  
Dana Chapel - Rev. Victor Baer.

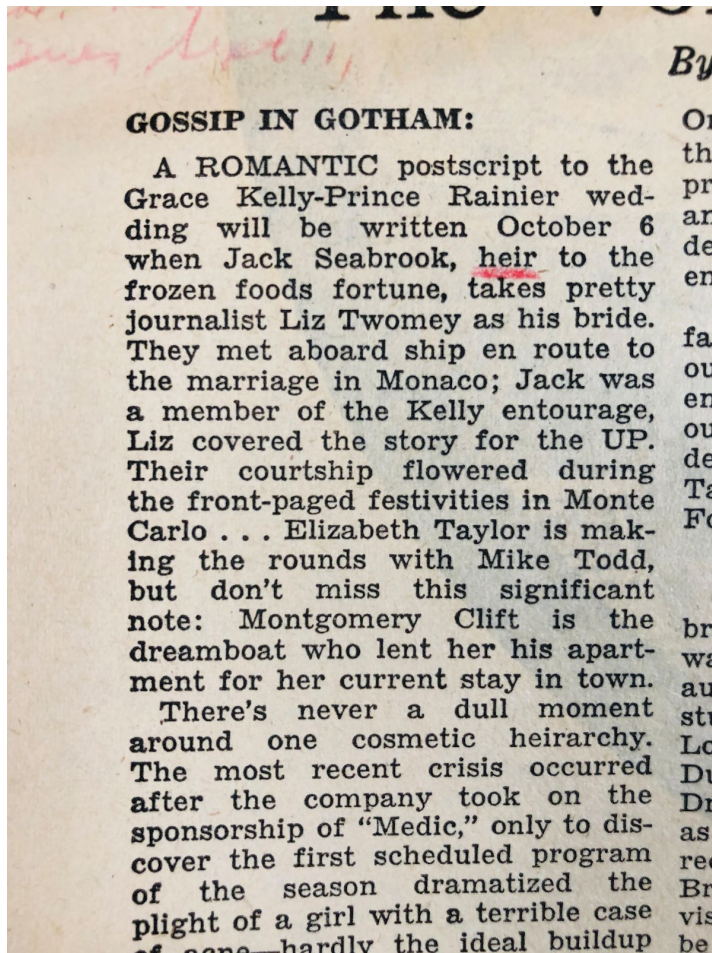
Reception at St. Regis.

To Burlington, Vt. Airport in 19 SF -  
pilots Delay and Rehr. Red Huster and  
wife met with Thunderbird at airport.

Monday, October 8, 1956

Mr. and Mrs. Seabrook at Smugglers' Lodge  
in Stowe, Vermont.

The press ate the story up. Dorothy Killgallen made it her lead item, above Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd's romance.



The wedding itself was small. The ceremony was in at St James on Madison Avenue, with a reception afterward at the Carlyle. CF and Norma Dale both came and CF was on good behaviour. Liz seemed to have that effect on him. Maybe the business would survive, after all.



In fact, CF was so taken with his new daughter-in-law that he announced that the annual New Year's party would be in the new couple's honor that year, on December 1. Liz reported to her mother and Isabel:

*"Mr. Seabrook seems to enjoy me and approve of me and is being so nice to me. Jack is delighted. They are giving a reception for us on Dec. 1. It is a 6:30 affair, buffet supper with dancing an orchestra and everything. It is to be formal. They have invited 250 people. Can you imagine having a house big enough to have a buffet supper and dance for 250? Mrs. Seabrook looks pretty appalled at the prospect too, but she never has anything to say about it. He just plans it without consulting her."*

ETS did have her struggles, becoming a hostess and running a house with servants. Shortly after moving into the Seeley house, she writes, *"I also must learn the trick of instructing other people exactly how to do things. I'd rather cook something or clean it myself then try and tell somebody*



*else how I want it done.” She adds, “I realize that in a life like this, where much of the everyday labor such as cooking and cleaning is taken care of by hired help, it is possible to be just as busy and in a way and get more frustrated because much more is expected of you.”*

But it didn’t take long for the Spearfish girl to pass as a member of the club, even though she had been living Back East for less than a decade. In the opening shot in a *Holiday Magazine* story on the Effete East, from the fall of 1958, she looks like an aristocrat. A reminder that in America, anything is possible.



Liz did kick up a fuss over certain things. For example, shortly after she moved into Jack’s house on Seeley Road, she discovered the picnic checklist, and was appalled. As she wrote to her mother, she had insisted that he get rid of it.

"You can't plan something like a picnic!" she wrote.

P I C N I C   L I S T

Date. \_\_\_\_\_ Time. \_\_\_\_\_

Adults \_\_\_\_\_ Children \_\_\_\_\_ Total \_\_\_\_\_

Hamburgers \_\_\_\_\_ Hot Dogs \_\_\_\_\_ Steak \_\_\_\_\_ Chicken \_\_\_\_\_ Meat Pie \_\_\_\_\_

Soup (Hot \_\_\_\_\_ Cold \_\_\_\_\_ V8 Juice \_\_\_\_\_ Rolls \_\_\_\_\_ Potato Salad \_\_\_\_\_ Green Salad \_\_\_\_\_

Macaroni \_\_\_\_\_ Beans \_\_\_\_\_ Pie \_\_\_\_\_ Cake \_\_\_\_\_ Fruit \_\_\_\_\_ Coffee \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Salt \_\_\_\_\_ Pepper \_\_\_\_\_ Butter \_\_\_\_\_ Mustard \_\_\_\_\_ Sugar \_\_\_\_\_ Cream \_\_\_\_\_ Milk \_\_\_\_\_ Salad Dressing \_\_\_\_\_

Cheese \_\_\_\_\_ Onions \_\_\_\_\_ Relish \_\_\_\_\_ Pickles \_\_\_\_\_ Barbecue Sauce and brush \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Knives \_\_\_\_\_ Forks \_\_\_\_\_ Spoons \_\_\_\_\_ Bottle Opener \_\_\_\_\_ Beer Can Opener \_\_\_\_\_ Cooking Fork \_\_\_\_\_

Spatula \_\_\_\_\_ Carving Knife \_\_\_\_\_ Large Spoon \_\_\_\_\_ Carving Board \_\_\_\_\_

Paper Plates \_\_\_\_\_ P. Cups \_\_\_\_\_ P. Napkins \_\_\_\_\_ Table Cloth \_\_\_\_\_ Blankets \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Cook Pots \_\_\_\_\_ Extra Charcoal \_\_\_\_\_ Alcohol \_\_\_\_\_ Matches \_\_\_\_\_ Newspaper \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Large Cooler \_\_\_\_\_ Small Cooler \_\_\_\_\_ Fill Coach Ice Chest \_\_\_\_\_

Glasses \_\_\_\_\_ Cans Beer \_\_\_\_\_ Large Soda \_\_\_\_\_ Tonic \_\_\_\_\_ Coca Cola \_\_\_\_\_ Ginger Ale \_\_\_\_\_ 7 Up \_\_\_\_\_

Scotch \_\_\_\_\_ Gin \_\_\_\_\_ Bourbon \_\_\_\_\_ VO \_\_\_\_\_ Punch \_\_\_\_\_ Wine \_\_\_\_\_ Dubonnet \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Oh, but you can. You will.

Ten years later they celebrated their wedding with a much bigger party in Salem. Guests entered through the barn.



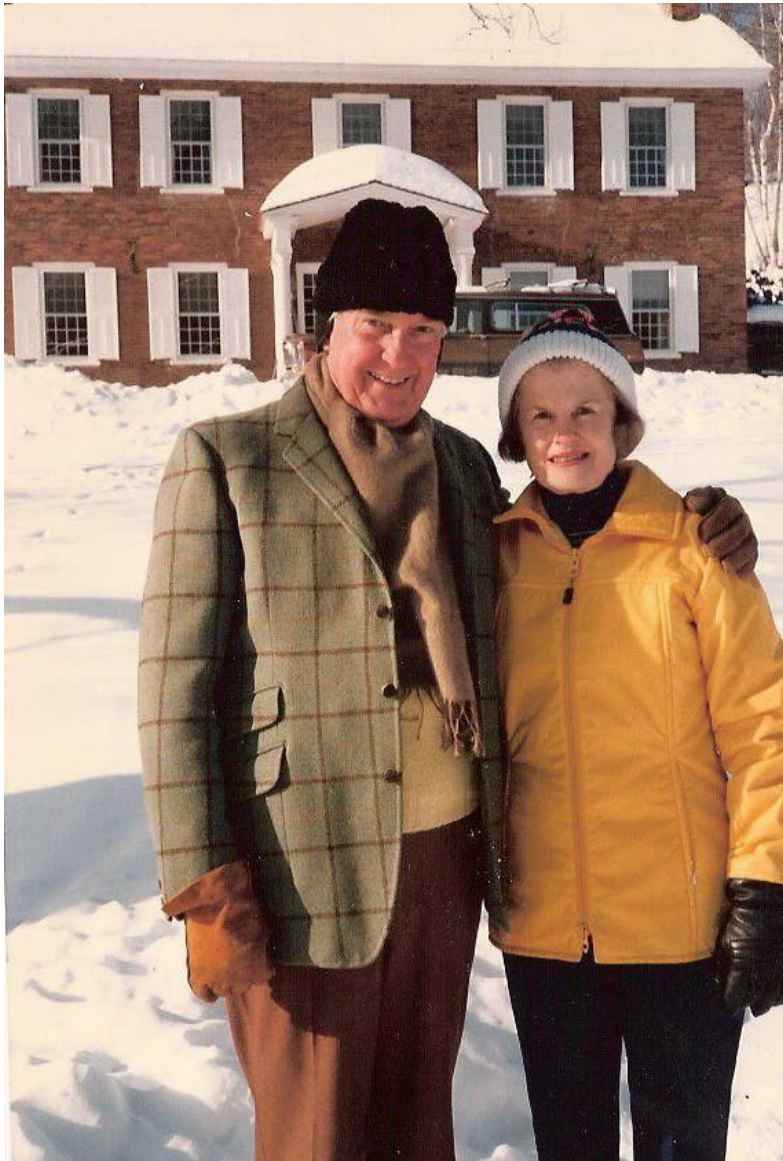


Some here today were there then..





The couple were married for 49 years, until ETS died in 2005; JMS passed away in 2009. October 6, 2019 -- today, as I write this -- would have been their 64th wedding anniversary.

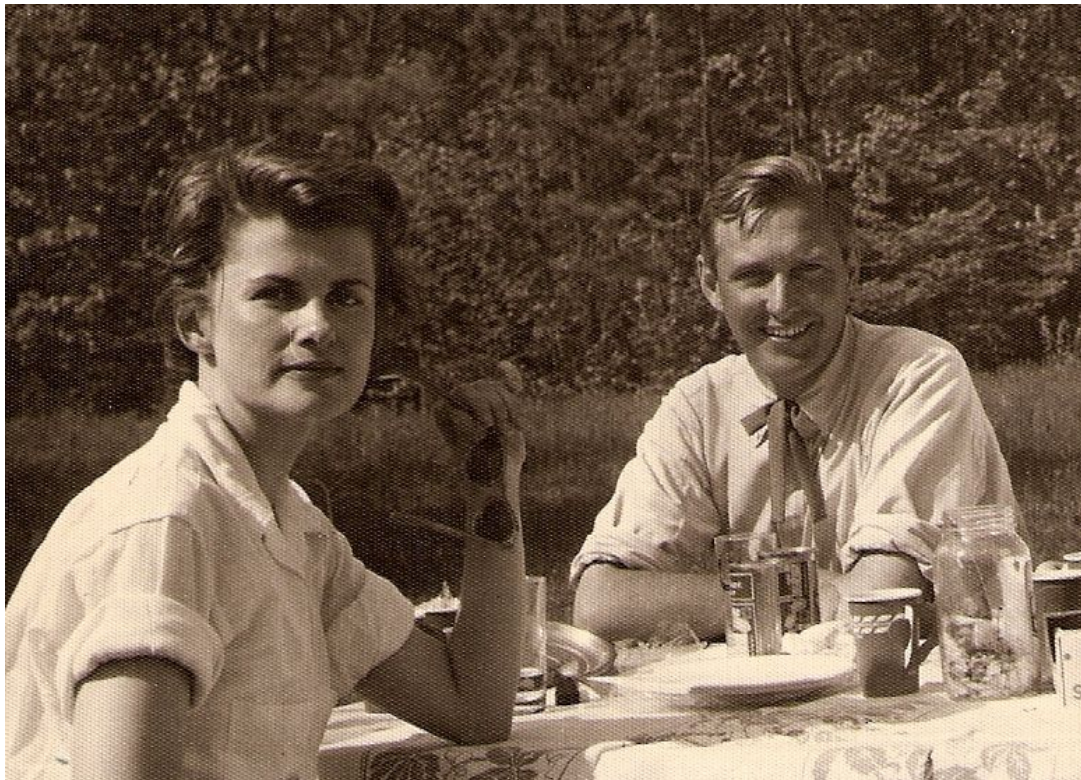


In the spring of 1982, I accompanied my parents to Hong Kong, where I met Grace Kelly and the Prince and we all had dinner together in their hotel. A wealthy Chinese shipping magnate had bought the SS Constitution and was rechristening it in a lavish ceremony. However, on the morning of the ceremony we got word that the shipping magnate had died unexpectedly in the middle of the night, and the festivities were called off.

Grace Kelly was killed that fall when the car she was in plunged off the cliffs in Monaco, not far from the spot where she was driving with Cary Grant in the movie.



The Constitution continued to make cruises around the Hawaiian Islands until it was decommissioned in the late 90's. It sank about 600 miles north Honolulu in 1998, while being towed to the Far East for scrap. So now, like Titanic, it too lies on the bottom of an ocean. But with images and stories we can raise it again, which is what I have tried to do here.



The End

