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HOW JACKIE WENT FROM...

MOURNER



TO



SWINGER

How Jackie Went From...

MOURNER to SWINGER

By DAVID McCRINDELL

Jacqueline Kennedy has gone through three periods since the tragic death of her husband in Dallas, on Nov. 22, 1963.

There were the weeks immediately after the assassination, bitter weeks, weeks full of memory and remorse; the memory of the beautiful days she had with her husband and the remorse she felt over the fact that she had left John Fitzgerald Kennedy on two occasions.



SAD-FACED: Jackie in a moment of thoughtful reflection near JFK's grave on Thanksgiving morning, 1963.

Then followed the period of readjustment. Jackie saw much of old friends and began to be a little restless for the old days when she could be herself.

But she was restrained and quiet, worked on the Kennedy Memorial, spent considerable time with her in-laws, the close-knit Kennedy clan, till the one year of formal mourning was over.

The third period began around Christmas of 1964, one year after her husband's death, has seen Jackie Kennedy become the gayer swinger in the international jet set which moves between Rome, New York and London. She is seen at all the best restaurants, wears the latest gowns, commutes from Buenos Aires to Madrid, from Gstaad to Rome, from Sun Valley to Honolulu. She still has lingering memories; she is still determined to preserve the image of her husband as people remembered him immediately after the Dallas assassination. But at the age of 37 the world is hers, and she makes the most of it.

The first period in Jackie Kennedy's life began one day after the assassination, when the Kennedy family gathered in the White House to discuss with his widow how they could preserve the name of John F. Kennedy and promote at least one brother to fill his shoes as President of the United States. It was a meeting that lasted until the late hours, and out of it came several events. The first was the plan to invite the statesmen of the world, the kings, the queens, the presidents and prime ministers to John F. Kennedy's funeral. Every detail of the funeral, even down to the seating of VIP guests in St. Matthew's Cathedral, Washington, D.C., was worked out by Jackie.

Out of the meeting also came the plan to rename Cape Canaveral, Fla., the launching site for American missiles and satellites, "Cape John F. Kennedy," and the plan to place a perpetual flame on the hillside of Virginia in the Arlington National Cemetery, over the late President's grave. It took 117 years to erect a memorial to Thomas Jefferson and 57 years to build one in memory of Abraham Lincoln. There is still no memorial for Franklin D. Roosevelt. But Jackie was determined a memorial to her husband should be built immediately; and it was. It was completed early this year.



SMILING BRAVELY: Jackie leads John-John after attending a circus performance at Washington, D.C., in February 1964.

Also out of that meeting came Jackie's determination to inscribe the name of her dead husband on the mantelpiece in the Lincoln bedroom in the White House. Many Presidents have used that room, including three who were assassinated, but the names of none have been engraved alongside that of Abraham Lincoln on this famous mantelpiece. Without consulting the National Fine Arts Commission, which is entrusted with these decisions, Jackie had John F. Kennedy's name engraved and an inscription.

On November 29, one week after the assassination, Mrs. Kennedy flew to the family home at Hyannis Port, Mass., for Thanksgiving with the Kennedy family: Caroline, John Jr., and her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, went with her in a Jetstar Air Force plane. They were met by brother Teddy Kennedy and his wife Joan; brother-in-law Sargent Shriver, who was then the head of the Peace Corps, with his wife Eunice and their children; brother-in-law Stephen Smith, his wife Jean Kennedy and the children.

Joseph P. Kennedy, the late President's father, was waiting in a wheelchair, looking drawn and sad, as if he had aged fifty



BIRTHDAY VIGIL: Jackie, Caroline and John-John visit the President's grave at Arlington, May 29, 1964 — on what would have been his 47th birthday.

Since President Kennedy's assassination, the private and public personality of Jacqueline Kennedy has undergone an amazing change, from grief-stricken widow to queen of the high-flying jet set. This exclusive ENQUIRER investigation traces, for the first time in print, the full story of Jackie's emergence from the dark days of Dallas to a place in the sun.



GRIEVING FAMILY: Her face veiled, Jackie watches the President's coffin being removed after the funeral in St. Matthew's Cathedral, Washington, D.C., on Nov. 25, 1963. Standing in front of Bobby Kennedy, John-John salutes like a little soldier as sister Caroline glances away. With them (from left) are Senator Edward Kennedy and Peter Lawford.

years in the last week. It was his great ambition that one of his sons should enter the White House. His eldest son, Joseph Jr., had been killed when his plane exploded over the English Channel during World War II. His second son had fulfilled the family ambition, but now had been killed by an assassin in Dallas, Tex.

The family tried to make the most of their holiday, but it was

not a happy Thanksgiving Day. Jackie flew back to Washington two days later, and on December 6, two weeks after the assassination, she moved into the home of Averell Harriman, former Ambassador to London and Moscow and Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs in the Kennedy administration. Their home was one of the most beautiful residences in tree-lined

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Georgetown, a part of Washington named in honor of George I and built before the Capitol itself. Jackie's brother-in-law, Bobby, had asked Averell if he would mind moving out in deference to the widow, and the Harrimans immediately agreed.

They turned over the house, servants and all, to Jackie, and moved to the nearby Georgetown Inn, where Marie Harriman complained about the square Roman-type baths and longed for the day when she could move back into her own home. That day did not come until nearly four months later.



CATCHING HER BREATH, Jackie pauses on the slope of Buttermilk Mountain in Aspen, Colo., during her December 1964 visit to the ski resort. With her is Tim Carter, who was giving her ski lessons.



EXUBERANT Jackie shakes hands with an onlooker as cameramen photograph her during her 1964 vacation in Aspen, Colo.

Meanwhile Jackie did not remain too much in Washington or in the Harriman home, which she had borrowed. In mid-December she took the children down to Atoka, Va. Jackie had renamed the house Wexford following her husband's death, after the name of the county where his ancestral home was located in Ireland.

And just before Christmas, on December 18, she flew in an Air Force plane, accompanied by her husband's Air Force aide, Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh, to Palm Beach, Fla., where she stayed at the home of Col. C. Michael Paul, a retired Army officer who had married the tremendously wealthy Mrs. Charles Ulrich Bay. Jackie and the children enjoyed the 295 feet of ocean front. The Gulf Stream was warm, and they swam and tried to forget the tragedy of Dallas.

Meanwhile in Washington the Kennedy family had boycotted the last memorial service held for the late President on Dec. 22, 1963, at the Lincoln Memorial, at which President Johnson paid tribute to his memory. Not one member of the Kennedy family was present for this tribute which was planned by all the churches of the District of Columbia, not merely by the Kennedys' own church.

Jackie flew back to Washington after Christmas and generally remained out of the public eye. She flew to Boston on January 18 for a memorial mass for her husband and spent a weekend in Georgia on January 25, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, former Ambassador to London and then publisher of the New York Herald Tribune. Also present were Lord and Lady Harlech, the British Ambassador. Jackie went horseback riding over the beautiful Georgia plantation.

Back in Washington on January 27, she startled the town and raised a lot of eyebrows when she got bored one evening and went to the fashionable Jockey Club with Marlon Brando, the Hollywood actor, his producer George H. Englund, and her sister Lee Radziwill. Within minutes word spread that Jackie was dining at Washington's most fashionable night club with one of the most famous ladies' men in the movies. A photographer turned up but was barred from entering the club. After dinner Jackie and Lee Radziwill were escorted out the kitchen door past a collection of garbage cans to escape the photographer.

This was Jackie's first night out two months after the assassination. It made headlines everywhere.

After that she began to move about quietly with a few friends. When Lady Harlech invited her to dinner at the British Embassy, Jackie accepted, but there was need of an extra man. Lady Harlech tried to find Mike Forrestal, son of the late Secretary of Defense. She failed. Finally she enlisted the aid of the White House switchboard operator, who combed the town and finally located Forrestal. The President and Mrs. Johnson never knew that they were serving indirectly as a social secretary for Jacqueline Kennedy.

Jackie found Georgetown rather confining and a bit boring in those days. She took her children to the circus at the Washington Coliseum on March 1 and dined early in March with Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and Lord and Lady Harlech at the French restaurant Rive Gauche.

And in late March she flew up to Stowe, Vt., to ski with her two brothers-in-law, Robert and Teddy, and their wives, with Eunice Shriver, her sister-in-law and their children.

Immediately after she left for a one-week trip to Antigua in the British West Indies with Bobby Kennedy, Princess Lee Radziwill and her husband, where they soaked in the Caribbean sunshine at the estate of Paul Mellon, son of the former Secretary of the Treasury in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover Cabinets, Andrew W. Mellon.

By the time she returned, it was spring in Washington, with the maple trees bursting with their first lacy foliage in front of her home. But



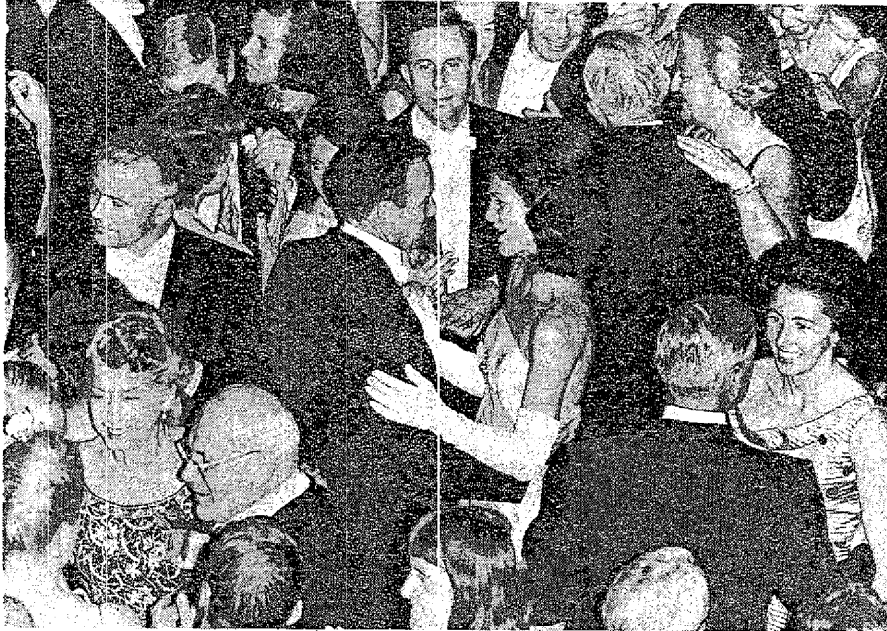
ART OF SMILING: Jackie and friend, John K. Galbraith, former U.S. Ambassador to India, chuckle as they attend an exhibition of Indian painting in New York in September 1965.



MINI-SKIRTED DRESS was worn by Jackie when she met Averell Harriman at a ceremony at Harvard University in October 1966.

Jackie was restless. She spent a week in New York, flew back to Washington to take the children to Wexford in Virginia; then back to New York during the Easter vacation to take them to the World's Fair.

The spring passed all too quickly. Jackie was beginning to forget about Dallas. She still felt



DANCING SOCIALITE: Jackie dances at a benefit ball for the Boston Symphony Orchestra in September 1965.

bitter toward the Johnsons, not because she directly blamed them for the assassination but because they were connected with Texas. Anything or anyone pertaining to Texas she hated.

And in February 1964, while she was in this bitter mood, she gave her taped interview to William Manchester, who had been selected by the Kennedy family to write a book about the assassination. Jackie poured out her heart to Manchester.

At no time during the spring in Washington did Jackie go near the White House. She was invited, but she ignored the Johnsons completely. Before leaving Washington, Jackie, dressed in black (photo left on page 1), attended a memorial mass for JFK.

Jackie flew to Hyannis Port on the weekend of May 28-June 2 with Bobby Kennedy to appear on a Telstar television program for the Kennedy Memorial Library. It was a tribute to JFK on his 47th birthday, and they spoke from the living room of the seaside summer home of Jack's father. Ted Kennedy was televised from Dublin, along with the Irish Prime Minister Sean Lemass, and hooks were made with Willy Brandt in West Berlin and Harold MacMillan in London.

There followed other trips to New York, Philadelphia and New England to discuss the Kennedy Library with architects and fund raisers, and finally on June 19 Jackie picked up her two children to go to their summer home in Hyannis Port to spend the summer there.

June and July were delightful. Jackie had always enjoyed water skiing off Cape Cod, and in the past had turned up in slacks at the Provincetown summer theater. She kept away from the theater this time, but she did swim and ski. And she took time out for various trips to Chicago and New York and Newport, Rhode Island, to confer with architects.

Then, on August 5 she flew to London, where she picked up Lord and Lady Harlech and Mr. and Mrs. James Rorimer of the Metropolitan Museum and went on to the Mediterranean for a cruise on the Charles Wrightsmans' yacht. Wrightsmans is president of Standard Oil Co. of Kansas, and when Jackie was in the White House, he contributed a huge rug to furnish one of her prize rooms. Every summer the Wrightsmans take a Mediterranean cruise on their 680-ton yacht, the Radiant II, and Jackie joined them. The cruise began at Venice, and as the ship slipped down the Yugoslav coast, Jackie water-skied almost every day in the blue Adriatic, visited some of the ancient ruins of Yugoslavia and completely forgot about the past.

After a week she left the yacht to visit her sister's villa at Porto Ercole on the Italian coast, which Lee had rented from Prince Alessandro Borghese. There she spent another week taking auto trips around the countryside, sailing with Queen Juliana of Holland and entertaining her daughters, Princess Beatrix and

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HIGH NOTE: Jackie strolls around New York's Metropolitan Opera House with general manager Rudolf Bing on March 19, 1965, during the intermission of the opera "Tosca."

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and Margriet, Jackie had a wonderful time and returned from Europe suntanned and happy (photo right on page 1).

However, she wanted to get back to the United States in time for the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City on August 27. Jackie knew of course that Lyndon Johnson would be renominated, and she did not intend to get mixed up in politics even if she could prevent the nomination. However, her old friend Averell Harriman, whose house by this time she had relinquished, wanted to give a reception for her at the Hotel Deauville. Furthermore, she and her brothers-in-law had been conferring as to what reminders the convention should be given of Jack. Bobby and Teddy wanted a motion picture film to be shown the assembled Democrats, featuring only the lighter, gayer moments of the late President. Jackie disagreed. She felt that some of the funeral scenes, some of the last tragic moments of JFK should be included. She was overruled.

By the time the summer was over, Jackie had decided to give up her home in Georgetown. She had moved across the street from the Harrimans to a home once occupied by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, a member of the Wilson Cabinet. She had lived in Georgetown for many years, first when her husband was a Senator. Her mother had moved from Virginia back to Georgetown, and some of her best friends were only a few blocks away in Georgetown.

However, the tourists became so curious about Jackie that the traffic was clogged on N Street in front of her home, and she could not move about on the streets without a Secret Service man at her heels. Furthermore, Jackie was beginning to look forward to the day when she could be completely on her own. The one year of official mourning would be over shortly.

So, on September 16 Jackie moved to New York and gave up Washington forever. She has not returned. Even the invitation of President and Mrs. Johnson to attend the ceremony dedicating a beautiful garden, "The Jacqueline B. Kennedy Rose Garden," could not entice her back to the city where she had spent her youth, most of her married life, and three exciting years in the White House.

Jackie moved into the Carlyle Hotel in New York with her children, the hotel which her husband used to stay at when he visited New York. She went house hunting, and finally on October 18 moved into an apartment.

This has been her base ever since. From this base, however, Jackie has strayed all over the world. Never has a young lady been to so many places. frequented so many night clubs, attended so many first night openings, danced so late in the evenings or enjoyed life so thoroughly as Jacqueline B. Kennedy.

This phase began on December 26, when Jackie flew to Aspen, Colo., to ski with her brother-in-law Bobby and five of his children, her children, Pat Lawford, the Kennedy sister who was at that time married to actor Peter Lawford; Jean Kennedy Smith and her husband Steve, Associate Supreme Court Justice Byron White and his wife,



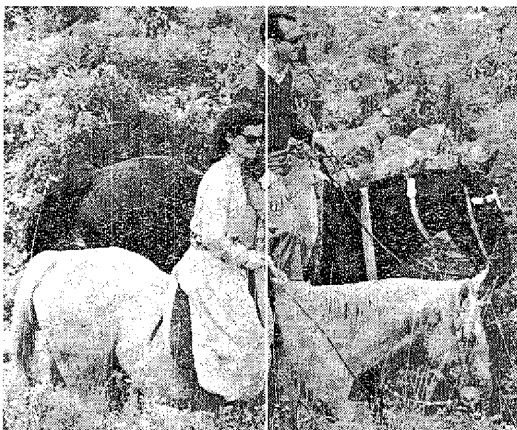
SPORTS-LOVING Jackie laughs delightedly as she frolics with Caroline and John-John on the snow covered slopes of Gstaad, Switzerland, in January 1966.



JACKIE ARRIVES by helicopter in Gstaad, Switzerland, with John-John and Caroline (hidden behind her), in early 1966 for a few weeks of winter sports.

who used to live in Denver, Colo., joined them. They stayed at the Aspen Meadows Lodge, from which Jackie took ski lessons on the 7,900 foot Buttermilk Mountain. This was only her second try at skiing, and thanks in part to her athletic youth and her instructor Tim Carter, she won a pin as the most improved skier. Bobby Kennedy's wife Ethel was not present. She was at home, expecting her ninth child.

Jackie flew back to New York on Jan. 3, 1966, and a month later, on February 5, flew to Acapulco, Mexico with Princess Lee Radziwill and her husband. They were guests of Fernando Parra Hernandez, the Mexican architect. They went deep-sea fishing and enjoyed swimming beneath the hot cliffs of the Pacific Coast of Mexico.



HORSEBACK OLE! Wearing the traditional pants of the gaucho (cowboy), Jackie rides in Cordoba, Argentina, with Dr. Jose A. Martinez de Hoz during an Easter visit in 1966.



THEATER-LOVER: Jackie leaves a Broadway theater with her escort, actor-director Mike Nichols, in March 1966.

On February 19 Jackie flew to Lake Placid, N.Y., with Bobby Kennedy and the children. She'd got the hang of skiing, and she enjoyed two days of it at Whiteface Mountain. She went skiing again on April 20 at the Stratton, Vt., Mountain Ski Resort with Bobby Kennedy and the children, but in between she had flown down to Jupiter Island, Fla., the very exclusive island set aside as a winter playground for the great and the wealthy.

Jackie visited with the Averell Harrimans and the Douglas Dillons.

By this time Jackie had entered well into her third period after the assassination, and she was really living, in fact, swinging. No longer did she have to hide her emotions, her fancies, her likes and dislikes. The long year of official mourning was well over. She could live her own life and let public opinion be damned.

This was why she appeared on Park Avenue in the briefest of mini-skirts — three inches above the knee. This was why, when she went swimming in Argentina, she changed in the bushes, and although she didn't know it, Argentine photographers got a clear shot of her pretty rear. It was published throughout Latin America, but not in the United States.

This was also why she has been seen so frequently with actor-director Mike Nichols; why she flits from Sardi's Restaurant to the El Morocco nightclub to the Colony Club; drops in at La Caravelle, Le Mistral, La Grenouille, dances at Arthur's discotheque until a very late hour and escapes her fans by ducking out with the Secret Service men in a blue Hertz rented car, rather than the conventional limousine which the crowds expect her to use.

Jackie really began to enjoy life during the winter of 1965, two years and two months after the tragedy in Dallas. After relaxing at Jupiter Island, Fla., in late March of that year, she flew on April 20 to Stratton, Vt., for some late spring skiing with her brother-in-law Bobby and

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the children. Then, in May she flew to London for two weeks, first to dedicate the JFK memorial at Runnymede, then to enjoy London. She shopped with her sister Princess Radziwill, dined in Soho, went to the theater, and visited Queen Elizabeth.

She flew back to New York, then in early July of 1965 left for Hyannis Port and Cape Cod to spend a month with her children, commuting occasionally to the home of her mother in fashionable Newport, R.I.

The highlight of Jackie's life that fall was a discotheque party she gave on September 23 in New York for Professor John Galbraith of Harvard. Galbraith was the wartime expert who had directed the bombing of German airplane factories, became one of John F. Kennedy's early boosters, and as a reward, was appointed by Kennedy as Ambassador to India. There he invited Mrs. Kennedy to make a state visit when Jackie was First Lady. It was the sensation of middle Asia.

Partly in gratitude for Galbraith's hospitality in India, partly because Jackie loved parties, she entertained him at a discotheque party at the "Sign of the Dove" restaurant. It was an all-out affair — one hundred guests from New York, Newport and Washington, including not only old friends such as the Averell Harrimans and the Robert McNamaras and the French Ambassador Herve Alphand with his wife Nicole, who had been quite close to Jackie's husband when he was alive; but also Killer Joe Piro, leader of rock 'n' roll, who was there to teach the frug to anyone who hadn't progressed beyond the waltz stage. Mixed with these members of the Cabinet were Andy Warhol, the maestro of pop art and underground movies, and Edie Sedgwick, his constant companion who plays the lead roles in these slow-moving films.

Jackie got criticized for this one. In the first place it lasted so late in the morning that neighbors complained of the noise. Second, many thought that it was a little too early after the assassination in Dallas for Jackie to throw such a raucous wingding.

The next day, however, Jackie was up bright and early to fly to Boston to attend the 85th annual ball for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Her mother-in-law, Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, was there, together



ROMANCE? Jackie in Seville, Spain, with Antonio Garriguez in April 1966. There were persistent rumors 'they would marry.

with her brother-in-law, Sen. Edward Kennedy, of Massachusetts.

In October 1965 Jackie rented a 10-acre country place near Bernardsville, N.J., where she could take the children on weekends to hunt. But the chief riding club barred Jackie from hunting on Saturday, the first rebuff given to the former First Lady since the death of her husband. The excuse was that Mrs. Kennedy and her children attracted too many photographers, who turned the Saturday hunts into publicity shows.

Jackie was furious. But she knew how to retaliate. She phoned her old friend Douglas Dillon, who was Secretary of the Treasury in her husband's Cabinet, and who owns choice riding land in New Jersey. Dillon in turn phoned Mrs. Gii Slater, one of the socialites who ruled the riding club. Bluntly he informed her that if they barred Mrs. Kennedy from riding, the club could not hunt over the Dillon land. That ended that. Jackie was permitted to ride to the hounds on Saturdays.

Jackie spent the fall in New York enjoying old friends and making some new ones. She palled around chiefly with Broadway actor-director Mike Nichols; Bunny and Paul Mellon, the aluminum king; Leonard Bernstein, the symphony conductor; Truman Capote, author of the best seller "In Cold Blood"; the Jack Heinzes of "57 varieties" pickie fame; a novelist, Irwin Shaw; songwriter Stephen Sondheim; with occasionally old friends from her husband's entourage, such as Kenneth O'Donnell, Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatrick and Arthur Schlesinger.

Immediately after Christmas, Jackie flew to Sun Valley, Idaho, to ski with Bobby Kennedy. She returned to New York

on Jan. 5, 1966. Then in mid-January she flew to Gstaad, Switzerland with Professor Galbraith and family to ski in the Swiss Alps.

She stayed at the 10-room chalet of British businessman Charles K. Wilmers, between the chalets of Liz Taylor and Prince Rainier Jackie was so harassed by photographers that she begged them to give her some privacy and finally made a deal that after the first day they would not take pictures. At the end of her stay, on February 7, she donated \$1,500 to Swiss charities as a thank you to the press.

Although Jackie spent six hours a day working at her skiing, she took time out to lunch with Randolph Churchill, who flew in from a nearby skiing resort.

On January 28 she left the children in Switzerland and flew to Rome, where she was the guest of the tall and delightful former Spanish Ambassador in Washington, Antonio Garriguez y Diaz Canabate, who was stationed in Rome as Ambassador to the Vatican. Garriguez is 62 but looks 30, has nine children, is a widower, and when in Washington, it was constantly rumored that he was about to marry one of several attractive American women. Since Jackie's visit to him in Rome, it has been rumored that she might become the future Senora Garriguez.

In Rome she ordered an ankle-length black gown for an audience with Pope Paul. The seamstresses at Princess Irene Galitzine's worked all night to finish it. On January 31, the Pope gave Jackie medals for John and a rosary for Caroline.

But much of her day in Rome was given over to enjoying the jet set as only the Romans can enjoy it. Jackie rode to hounds with Dino Pecci-Blunt, dined with sculptor Pericle Fasini, had a reunion with her old yachting friend Giovanni Agnelli, president of Fiat, and generally had a wonderful time.

On February 1 she flew back to Gstaad to join the children and they embarked on Swissair for New York via Lisbon. The plane was only supposed to stop at Lisbon for 45 minutes for refueling, but Jackie and the Galbraiths decided to take a tour of the ancient city and didn't get back until 55 minutes after departure time. For anyone else Swissair would have left without its passengers. For Jackie it waited.

The winter of 1965-66 continued to be a swinging year; much of it spent in New York. But as the snow cleared away, she flew to Buenos Aires on April 5, visiting at the San Miguel Ranch of former Argentine Foreign Minister Dr. Miguel Angel Carcano. It was autumn in Argentina, a delightfully warm autumn, and Jacqueline wanted John F. Jr. and Caroline to see what a vast ranch stocked with white-faced cattle was like.

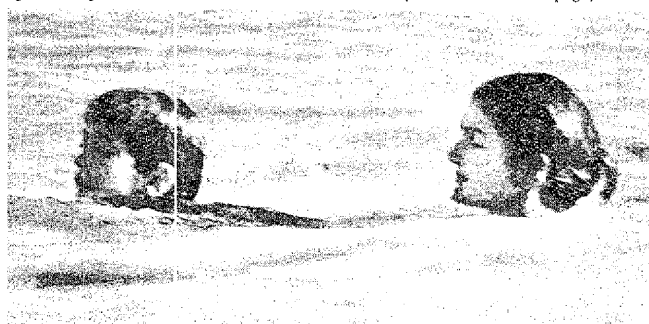
Highlight of the visit was the swimming party at which Argentine photographers got a rear view of Jackie in the bushes changing her swimming suit.

On April 15 Jackie flew to Spain, where she was the guest at the American Embassy of Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, who had been her husband's Chief of Protocol. Robin Duke is ranked close behind Jackie every year as one of America's best dressed women. They are good friends, and Jackie, when First Lady, danced at the Duke wedding. She revealed at that time a hint of the ruthless-

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ON PARADE: Enthusiastic horsewoman Jackie couldn't resist riding in a Spanish parade in Seville in April 1966.



IN THE SWIM: Jackie and John-John swim in the Atlantic Ocean 50 yards off shore in Antigua, British West Indies, during a December 1966 holiday.

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ness she was to show later during the controversy over the Manchester book. The original reception for the Dukes was to have been held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridder in Virginia. However, the Ridders had opposed the sale of Jackie's old home adjacent to them in Virginia, as an apartment house development. So Jackie said that she would not come to the wedding reception if it were held at the home of the Ridders. In deference to Jackie, the reception was moved across the Potomac to the home of Sen. and Mrs. Claiborne Pell. Appeared, Jackie attended.

After one night at the American Embassy in Madrid, Jackie and the Dukes went on to Seville as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Alba. There Jackie saw a bullfight, sipped sherry on muleback, had her picture taken wearing a very jaunty Andalusian hat, and got criticized for having her hairdresser, Luis, fly with her from Madrid to Seville.

Beautiful women frequently dislike each other, and it was all too clear at Seville that this was the case with Princess Grace of Monaco. But the gaunt and charming Ambassador Antonio Garriguez was present, which led to more rumors that at long last Jackie had found "the man." Jackie's mother called the rumor "rubbish." Nevertheless, it persisted.

Three matadors dedicated their first bulls to Jackie, which caused a barrage of criticism from animal protection societies in the United States. Unconcerned, Jackie attended the debutante ball in Seville, visited the Seville spring fair with her friend Ambassador Garriguez, later toured Madrid.

Jackie stopped off in London to visit her sister, Lee, en route home. She had been in Europe almost a month, and when she returned to the United States on April 28, she went directly to Cape Cod to see the children. They had returned from Argentina direct, when Jackie had gone on to Spain.

During all this time Jackie had not gone near Washington. She had politely refused all invitations to the White House; so that President and Mrs. Johnson, taking the hint, stopped inviting her.

On one occasion the Johnsons were highly embarrassed, however, when a letter to Mrs. Johnson from Jackie, inviting her to view a film of the Nixon-Kennedy debate during the Presidential election of 1960, was unveiled. When the letter turned up at a New York auction to be sold to the highest bidder, it gave the impression first of all that Mrs. Johnson had treated Jackie's invitation cavalierly; second, that she had permitted Jackie's letter to get into the hands of a professional collector, Charles Hamilton of New York.

What happened was that Lucianne Cummings, a White House staff worker, had brought Mrs. Johnson's sheaf of mail to the airport, including the invitation from Jackie to come to New York for a showing of the Nixon-Kennedy debate on film. Mrs. Johnson had instructed Miss Cummings to reply by phone that she would have to be in Baltimore that evening with President Johnson and therefore could not attend. Miss Cummings made the phone call but kept the letter and later sold it to the New York collector without permission. The incident added to the rift between the Kennedy and Johnson families.

The highlight of Jackie's delightful summer of 1966 was seven weeks in Hawaii. She had intended to stay one month and rented the home of Sen. Peter Dominick, of California, a Republican, at \$3,000 for one month only. She loved it so much and so did her children that Jackie stayed on, finally moving to the home of Henry J. Kaiser, the aluminum magnate, who at the age of 85 has dedicated himself to building hotels and promoting tourism in Hawaii. Kaiser didn't charge Jackie the \$3,000 a month rent which Sen. Dominick had charged her, when she moved into Kaiser's home in the shadow of Diamond Head.

Caroline and John had never had such delightful swimming as on that Kahala beach. And their mother enjoyed not only the swimming but the company of her brother-in-law Peter Lawford, his bachelor friend John Spierling, a Honolulu businessman representing the Hilton Hotel; and John Warnecke, a divorcee, and one of the architects of the Kennedy Library. Peter Lawford's former wife Pat, a sister of the late John F. Kennedy, did not go to Honolulu. The two were divorced on Feb. 1, 1966. But their two children, Christopher, 11, and Sydney, 9, did go.

Jackie flew from Honolulu back to Boston and Cape Cod on August 1 in time for the biggest birthday blowout she had ever enjoyed. It was her 37th which was on July 28 and was given her by the Paul Mellons. Almost everyone who had been close to Jackie during the assassination and the difficult days that followed, flew from all over the world to Cape Cod to help her celebrate her emancipation from sadness and her emergence definitely into a new life.

Ambassador David Bruce and his British wife flew from London. He was once married to Paul Mellon's sister, Ailsa, but the Mellon family maintained friendly relations just the same. The Averell Harrimans flew up from Washington. The John Hay Whiteheads — he preceded Bruce as Ambassador to London — sailed into Hyannis Port on their own yacht. Secretary of Defense McNamara, Leonard Bernstein, decorator Billy Baldwin, the Bill Paleys — he is



HAWAIIAN EYEFUL: The pretty flowers in Jackie's garland match her smile as she waves to the crowd during her visit to the Hawaiian Islands in the summer of 1966.

chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System — all flew up to Cape Cod to celebrate Jackie's birthday. It was the biggest and most elite birthday party that part of the world had ever seen.

Jackie spent the remainder of the summer in or around Cape Cod. She drove down to Newport, R.I., for the wedding of her half-sister Janet Auchincloss to Lewis Rutherford in the same church where she and JFK were married in 1953. It was only thirteen years ago, but it seemed like ages.

It seemed as if a half-century of joy and sorrow, excitement, entertainment and frustration had been packed into those years.

Looking back, Jackie could remember crowds in Vienna cheering her when she appeared on the balcony with Nina Khrushchev. It was almost embarrassing that they cheered for her rather than the homely Nina.

She could remember the crowds in Paris who cheered her when she toured that city with her husband and President de Gaulle. "Yakee! Yakee!" they cried. She could remember the speeches she made in Spanish in Venezuela and in Colombia.

She could remember the dull state dinners she had to give in the White House and the swinging parties of her own in the White House, at which the most beautiful girls from New York came down to dance until 4 a.m. The White House had never seen such gaiety.

And she remembered the tiffs she had with her husband, and the occasions when he had left her and she had left him. Finally she remembered those awful, terrible hours at Dallas. She remembered more than she should.

By this time Jackie had become a fixture and a power in the upper brackets of New York society. She lent her name to an occasional charity, and when she did, its success was assured. One which did not succeed was when she lent her name to the group which tried to save the old Metropolitan Opera House from destruction. She was immediately criticized by opera manager Rudolf Bing who said that she had attended the Metropolitan "very rarely" and didn't know what she was talking about. The old Met has now been torn down.

In the fall of 1966 she came back to New York and toyed with the idea of attending the Truman Capote masked ball on November 28 at the Plaza in honor of Mrs. Katharine Graham, publisher of the Washington Post and of Newsweek. She even bought a mask for the occasion — some of her friends, incidentally, had paid as much as \$500 to have masks designed. But she didn't go. Brother-in-law Bobby said that the publicity would be detrimental.

At about this time, she was beginning to have the first problems with author William (Continued on next page)



SMILING SISTERS: Jackie and Princess Lee Radziwill are surrounded by their children (from left) Anthony Radziwill, John-John and Caroline, in Acapulco, Mexico, during this past Easter.

(Cont'd from preceding page)
Manchester and his book.

The public did not know it at first, but by the late summer she had requested Manchester and the publisher of Look Magazine, Mike Cowles, to fly up to Cape Cod, where she met them barefooted, and where she assumed at first the book would be canceled.

She requested it as a favor to her. When they refused, Jackie lapsed into the language she had learned as a photographer for the Washington Times-Herald. It was language one would never expect from a former First Lady.

Two years earlier, on Sept. 17, 1964, Jacqueline had written to Jim Bishop, author of "The Day Lincoln Was Shot," who had planned to write an account of the Kennedy assassination, that she had "hired" Manchester to write a book and would control what was published.

She begged Bishop "to please not go ahead with your intended book, 'The Day Kennedy Was Shot.' The idea of it is so distressing to me, I can't bear to think of seeing — or of seeing advertised — a book with that name and subject — or that my children might see it or someone might mention it to them.

"I hired William Manchester — to protect President Kennedy and the truth. He was to interrogate everyone who had any connection with those days — and if I decide the book should never be published — then Mr. Manchester will be reimbursed for his time. Or if I decide it should be known — I will decide when it should be published."

Mrs. Kennedy's letter was in



FAMILY GATHERING: Jackie holds John-John's hand as they get off the plane in Honolulu during the summer of 1966. Preceding them down the ramp are two of Peter Lawford's children, Sydney (left) and Christopher.

her own handwriting, and the tone was cordial, even if positive. When Bishop remonstrated in a letter to her that "to say that one man may write history, but another may not, amount to a personal copyright," back came a stern reply from Jackie, this time

it was typed not handwritten.

"I would like to reiterate that I meant exactly what I wrote you earlier," she said. "I will not discuss those events with anyone else — nor will I reopen the doors to other parts of the story."

Jackie had done her best to kill another book about her husband, this one written by his old friend and companion on the PT boat in the Pacific during World War II, Paul B. Fay Jr. It was a pleasant book "The Pleasure of His Company," dealing only with the lighter side of Fay's 21-year friendship with the late President, but Jackie demanded that the book be killed. Finally Fay cut 90,000 words out of the 190,000 word text. Even so Jackie was "not totally pleased" and refused to accept \$3,000 royalty from it as a gift for the Kennedy Library.

The problems of publishing all seemed to come to a head during the late summer and fall of 1966, the most glorious year of Jackie's life since the assassination. She was not able to "reimburse" Manchester for his time. She was not able to "decide when it (the book) should be published." She was not able to "decide if the book should never be published." And a storm of protest began to flare up from the American people that Jackie was censoring history.

Not even her brother-in-law Bobby expected Jackie to be so adamant in her attempt to censor the Manchester book. But on December 14, she brought suit against Look Magazine and Harper and Row, the book publishers, asking for an injunction to stop publication. And on December 26 she left for Antigua in the British West Indies with her children and spent two weeks with the Paul Mellons at the Mill Reef Club, swimming in Half Moon Bay. The rest is history.