

# Jackie Onassis dies

*Shy glamour  
characterized  
ex-first lady*

By Robert D. McFadden  
*The New York Times*

NEW YORK — Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, the widow of President John F. Kennedy and of the Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis, died of a form of cancer of the lymphatic system Thursday at her apartment. She was 64 years old.

Onassis, who had enjoyed robust good health nearly all her life, began being treated for non-Hodgkin's lymphoma in early January and had been undergoing chemotherapy and other treatments in recent months while continuing her work as a book editor and her social, family and other personal routines.

But the disease, which attacks lymph nodes in the neck, armpits and groin, which are a major component of the body's immune system, grew progressively worse. Onassis entered the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center for the last time on Monday, but returned to her Fifth Avenue apartment on Wednesday after her doctors said there was no more they could do.

In recent years Onassis had lived quietly but not in seclusion, working at Doubleday; joining efforts to preserve historic New York buildings; spending time with her son, daughter and grandchildren; jogging in Central Park; getting away to her estates in New Jersey, at Hyannis, Mass., and on Martha's Vineyard, and going about town with Maurice Tempelsman, a financier who had become her closest companion.

Surviving her are her daughter, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg; a son, John F. Kennedy Jr.; her sister, Lee Ross, and three grandchildren, Rose, Tatiana and Jack Schlossberg.

She almost never granted inter-

# Daily News

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1994



### **A life in the public eye**

The first lady arrives in Dallas with President Kennedy on Nov. 22, 1963. Kennedy was

assassinated later that day, ending an era that was likened by his widow to Camelot.



Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis died Thursday of non-Hodgkin's lymphoma at 64.



Onassis joins her son and President Clinton at the Kennedy Library.

Associated Press

views on her past — the last was nearly 30 years ago — and for decades she had not spoken publicly about Kennedy, his presidency or their marriage.

Although she was one of the world's most famous women — an object of fascination to generations of Americans and the subject of countless articles and books that re-explored the myths and realities of the Kennedy years, the terrible images of the president's 1963 assassination in Dallas, and her made-for-tabloids marriage to the wealthy Onassis — she was a quintessentially private person, poised and glamorous, but shy and aloof.

They were qualities that spoke of her upbringing in the wealthy and fiercely independent Bouvier and Auchincloss families, of mansion life in East Hampton and commodious apartments in New York and Paris, of Miss Porter's finishing school and Vassar College and circles that valued a woman's skill with a verse-pen or a watercolor brush, at the reins of a chestnut mare or the center of a whirling charity cotillion.

She was only 23, working as an inquiring photographer for a Washington newspaper and taking in the capital night life of restaurants and parties, when she met John F. Kennedy, the young bachelor congressman from Massachusetts, at a dinner party in 1952. She thought him quixotic after he told her he intended to become president.

But a year later, after Kennedy had won a seat in the U.S. Senate and was already being discussed as a presidential possibility, they were married at Newport, R.I., in the social event of 1953, a union of powerful and wealthy Roman Catholic families whose scions were handsome, charming, trendy and smart. It was a whiff of American royalty.

And after Kennedy won the presidency in 1960, there were 1,000 days that seemed to raise up a nation mired in the Cold War. There were babies in the White House for the first time in this century, and Jackie Kennedy, the vivacious young mother who was disinterested in the nuances of politics, busily transformed her new home into a place of elegance and lofty culture.

She set up a White House fine arts commission, hired a White House curator and redecorated the mansion with early 19th century furnishings, museum-quality paintings and objets d'art, creating a

sumptuous celebration of Americana that 56 million television viewers saw in 1961 as the first lady, inviting America in, gave a guided tour for the CBS and NBC television networks.

"She really was the one who made over the White House into a living stage — not a museum — but a stage where American history and art were displayed," said Hugh Sidey, who was a White House correspondent for Time magazine at the time. He said she told him: "I want to restore the White House to its original glory."

There was more. She brought in a French chef and threw elegant and memorable parties. The guest lists went beyond prime ministers and potentates to Nobel laureates and distinguished artists, musicians and intellectuals. Operatic and popular voices, the cello of Pablo Casals, string trios and quartets and whole orchestras filled the rooms with glorious sound.

Americans gradually became familiar with the whispering, intimate quality of her voice, with the head scarf and dark glasses at the taffrail of the Honey Fitz on a summer evening on the Potomac, with the bouffant hair and formal smile for the Rose Garden and the barefoot romp with her children on a Cape Cod beach.

There was an avalanche of articles and television programs on her fashion choices, her hair styles, her tastes in art, music and literature, and on her travels with the president across the nation and to Europe. On a visit to New York, she spoke Spanish in East Harlem and French in a Haitian neighborhood.

Arriving in France, a stunning understated figure in her pillbox hat and wool coat as she rode with the president in an open car, she enthralled crowds that chanted "Vive Jacqui" on the road to Paris, and later, in an evening gown at a dinner at Versailles, she mesmerized the austere Charles De Gaulle.

When the state visit ended, a bemused President Kennedy said: "I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris — and I have enjoyed it."

But the images of her that burned

## TO OUR READERS

In order to provide complete coverage of the death of Jacqueline Onassis, *People* and *On This Day* have been moved to Page 18. They will return to the Back Page on Saturday.



Jacqueline Kennedy receives the flag that draped her husband's casket at Arlington National Cemetery.



Fiercely protective of her privacy, Onassis was dogged by paparazzi, including Ron Galella, who took this snap and thousands of others.

most deeply were those in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963: her lunge across the open limousine as the assassin's bullets hit, the Schiaparelli pink suit stained with her husband's blood, her gaunt stunned face in the blur of the speeding motorcade, and the anguish later at Parkland Memorial Hospital as the doctors gave way to the priest and a new era.

In the aftermath, some things were not so readily apparent: her refusal to change clothes on the flight back to Washington to let Americans see the blood; her refusal to take sleeping pills that might dull her capacity to arrange the funeral, whose planning she dominated. She stipulated the riderless horse in the procession and the eternal flame by the grave at Arlington.

And in public, what the world saw was a figure of admirable self-control, a black-veiled widow who walked beside the coffin to the tolling drums with her head up, who reminded 3-year-old John Jr. to salute at the funeral and who looked with solemn dignity upon the proceedings. She was 34 years old.

A week later, it was the first lady who bestowed the epitaph of Camelot upon a Kennedy presidency that, while deeply flawed in the minds of many political analysts and ordinary citizens, had for many Americans come to represent something magical and mythical.

It happened in an interview she herself requested with Theodore H. White, the reporter-author and Kennedy confidant who was then writing for *Life* magazine.

The conversation, he said in a 1978 book, "In Search of History," swung between history and her husband's death, and while none of JFK's political shortcomings were mentioned — stories about his liaisons with women were known only to insiders at the time — she seemed determined to "rescue Jack from all these 'bitter people' who were going to write about him in history."

She told him that the title song of the musical "Camelot" had become "an obsession with me" lately. She said that at night before bedtime, her husband had often played it, or asked her to play it, on an old Victrola in their bedroom. White quoted her as saying:

"And the song he loved most came at the very end of this record, the last side of Camelot, sad Camelot. . . . 'Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for

one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot.'

" . . . There'll never be another Camelot again."

White recalled: "So the epitaph on the Kennedy administration became Camelot — a magic moment in American history, when gallant men danced with beautiful women, when great deeds were done, when artists, writers and poets met at the White House and the barbarians beyond the walls were held back."

But White, an admirer of Kennedy, added that her characterization was a misreading of history and that the Kennedy Camelot never existed, though it was a time when reason was brought to bear on public issues and the Kennedy people were "more often right than

wrong and astonishingly incorruptible."

Five years later, with notions of her as the grieving widow faded but with Americans still curious about her life and conduct, the former first lady, who had moved to New York to be near family and friends and had gotten into legal disputes with photographers and writers portraying her activities, shattered her almost saintly public image by announcing plans to marry Aristotle Onassis.

It was a field day for the tabloids, a shock to members of her own family and a puzzlement to the general public, given the Camelot-Kennedy mystique.

The prospective bridegroom was much shorter, and more than 28 years older, a canny businessman and not even American.

Moreover, her brother-in-law, Robert Kennedy, had been assassinated earlier in the year, and the prospective marriage even posed a problem for the Vatican, which hinted that she might become a public sinner.

There were additional unseemly details — a prenuptial agreement that covered money and property and children. But they were married in 1968, and for a time the world saw a new, more outgoing Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. But within a few years there were reported fights over money and other matters and accounts that each was being seen in the company of others.

While the couple was never divorced, the marriage was widely regarded as over long before Onassis died in 1975, leaving her a widow for the second time.

She took her first publishing job after his death, working for two

years with Viking before joining Doubleday's staff in 1978.

Jacqueline Bouvier was born on July 28, 1929, in East Hampton, N.Y., to John Vernou Bouvier III and Janet Lee Bouvier.

A sister, Caroline, known as Lee, was born four years later. From the beginning, the girls knew the trappings and appearances of considerable wealth. Their Long Island estate was called Lasata, an American Indian word meaning place of peace. There was also a commodious apartment on Park Avenue in Manhattan.

Although the family lived well during the Depression, Bouvier's fortunes in the stock market rose and fell after huge losses in the crash of 1929. The marriage also foundered. In 1936, Bouvier and his wife separated, and their divorce became final in 1940.

In June 1942, Janet Lee Bouvier married Hugh Auchincloss, who, like her first husband, was a stockbroker. Auchincloss had been substantially better able to weather the Great Depression; his mother and benefactor was the former Emma Brewster Jennings, daughter of Oliver Jennings, a founder of Standard Oil with John D. Rockefeller.

From her earliest days, Jacqueline Bouvier attracted attention, as much for her intelligence as for her beauty.

John H. Davis, a cousin who wrote "The Bouviers," a family history, in 1993, described her as a young woman who outwardly seemed to conform to social norms. But he wrote that she possessed a "fiercely independent inner life which she shared with few people and would one day be partly responsible for her enormous success."



Associated Press

The former first lady shattered her saintly image, puzzled the public and fed the tabloids by marrying millionaire Aristotle Onassis in 1968.

John Vernou Bouvier Jr., her grandfather, wrote a history of the Bouvier family called "Our Forebears." The history indicates that the Bouviers were descended from French nobility.

Stephen Birmingham, who wrote the biography "Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis" (Grosset & Dunlap), called the grandfather's book "a work of massive self-deception." Davis called it "a wishful history."

From the documentation at hand, the Bouviers, who originated in southern France, had apparently been drapers, tailors, glovers, farmers and even domestic servants. The very name Bouvier means cowherd.

The family's original immigrant, Michel Bouvier, left a troubled France in 1815 after serving in Napoleon's defeated army and settled in Philadelphia. A man of considerable industry, he started as a handyman and later became a furniture manufacturer and, finally, a land speculator.

After the divorce, Jacqueline remained in touch with her father, but she also spent a great deal of time with the Auchinclosses, who had a large estate in Virginia called Merrywood and another in Newport, R.I., called Hammersmith Farm.

When she was 15, Jacqueline picked Miss Porter's School in Far-

mington, Conn., an institution that in addition to its academic offerings emphasized good manners and the art of conversation. Its students simply called it Farmington.

Just as Jacqueline picked Miss Porter's, she also picked Vassar College, which she entered in 1947, not long after she was named "Debutante of the Year" by Igor Cassini, who wrote for the Hearst newspapers under the byline Cholly Knickerbocker. He described her as a "regal brunette who has classic features and the daintiness of Dresden porcelain."

He noted that the popular Bouvier had "poise, is soft-spoken and intelligent, everything the leading debutante should be."

She did well at Vassar, especially in courses on the history of religion and Shakespeare, and made the dean's list. The late Charlotte Curtis, who became society editor of The New York Times and who was a student at Vassar at the same time, once wrote that Bouvier was not particularly thrilled with being in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and referred to her college as "that damned Vassar," even though the invitations continued to flow in from young men at Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other leading universities.

In 1949, for her junior year, she decided to apply to a program at Smith College for a year of study in France.

She loved Paris, and when the year was up she decided not to return to Vassar to finish her bachelor's degree but to go instead to George Washington University in Washington.

C. David Heymann, author of "A Woman Named Jackie" (Lyle Stuart, 1989), said Hugh Auchincloss had feared that if Jacqueline had returned to Paris and stayed there for any length of time, she might not have ever returned to the United States. Her mother came to agree with him.

They may have been right; she would later recall her stay in Paris as a young woman as "the high point in my life, my happiest and most carefree year."

In Washington, she met and was briefly engaged to John Husted, a stockbroker. Through her stepfather's contacts, she was able to get a job as a photographer at The Washington Times-Herald.

She continued her work for The Washington Times-Herald and she enjoyed Washington's restaurants and parties. It was at one such party, given in May 1952 by Charles Bartlett, Washington correspondent for The Chattanooga Times, that she met Kennedy, who would soon capture the Senate seat

held by Henry Cabot Lodge.

Some time afterward, they began seeing each other, and the courtship gathered momentum. In 1953, while she was in London on assignment, Kennedy called her and proposed.

Their engagement was not immediately made public by the Kennedy family because it might have headed off a flattering article due to appear in the Saturday Evening Post entitled, "Jack Kennedy — Senate's Gay Young Bachelor." The article appeared in the June 13 issue and the engagement was announced on June 25. They were married Sept. 12, 1953.

There were trials in her personal life. In 1955 she suffered a miscarriage, and in 1956 she had a still-born child by Caesarean section. Kennedy, who had only narrowly missed winning the Democratic vice presidential nomination in 1956, began to worry that they might not be able to have children. They moved into a rented Georgetown home after Kennedy sold his Virginia home to his brother, Robert.

But in 1957 Caroline Bouvier Kennedy was born. Three years later she gave birth to John F. Kennedy Jr. A third child, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, lived only 39 hours and died less than four months before President Kennedy's assassination in 1963.

After Kennedy was elected president in 1960, the mystique and aura around the first lady began to grow rapidly, especially after she and her husband made the state visit to France in 1961.

Her elegance and fluency in French captured their hearts, and at a glittering dinner at Versailles she seemed to quite mesmerize de Gaulle, a man not easy to mesmer-

ize, as well as several hundred exuberant French people named Bouvier, all of them apparently claiming some sort of cousinhood.

Theodore C. Sorensen wrote in "Kennedy" that de Gaulle had turned to Kennedy at a luncheon at the Elysee Palace and said, "Your wife knows more French history than any French woman."

The social skills she acquired at East Hampton and Farmington were much in evidence. Her parties were nothing short of spectacular. When the president of Pakistan visited Washington, he heard an orchestra, took a boat ride, and had poulet chasseur, accompanied by couronne de riz Clamart and, for dessert, some framboises a la creme Chantilly at a table graced by silverware, glassware and china from Tiffany and Bonwit Teller.

Before she left it, she placed a plaque in the Lincoln bedroom that said, "In this room lived John Fitzgerald Kennedy with his wife, Jacqueline, during the 2 years, 10 months and 2 days he was president of the United States — Jan. 10, 1961 - Nov. 22, 1963." Pat Nixon had the plaque removed after she and her husband moved in in 1969.

To some, Jacqueline Kennedy seemed to fall from grace as her year of mourning ended. She was photographed wearing a miniskirt; she was escorted to lunch and dinner and various social gatherings by prominent bachelors, including Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando and Mike Nichols; she toured the Seville Fair on horseback in 1966 and, in a crimson jacket and a rakish broad-brimmed black hat, tossed down a glass of sherry.

"I know," she said, "that to visit Sevilla and not ride horseback at the fair is equal to not coming at all."

To some Americans she was no longer just the grieving widow of their martyred president; she was young, attractive and she clearly wanted to live her life with a certain brio.

But she found she also needed more privacy. The more private she became the more curious the public seemed about her conduct. New Yorkers might be considered the most private of all Americans; urban apartment-dwelling grants anonymity to those who seek it.