

SUMMER 1994 \$3.95

COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

People weekly Tribute

JACQUELINE
KENNEDY
ONASSIS
1929-1994



HER LIFE ♦ HER STYLE ♦ RARE INTIMATE PHOTOS

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Cover photograph by Jacques Lowe/Woodfin Camp

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▲ Gail Wescott's relationship with the senator's wife blossomed on campaign flights.

Gail Cameron Wescott first met Jacqueline Kennedy in 1960. Gail was a young New York City reporter with a knack for getting

people to open up; Jackie was a U.S. senator's wife not yet press-shy. Wescott, now a special correspondent for PEOPLE in Atlanta, shares her intimate moments with the former First Lady on page 90 of this commemorative issue.

Wescott's reminiscence is one way we have tried to bring you closer to the woman whose combination of high style and high character was her defining quality. Few of us had met Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis—she was certainly the most famous person I had never met—though all of us at PEOPLE felt her presence, both on the streets of the city we shared and in our pages, beginning in 1974 with the first of 12 covers on which she appeared.

Just hours after Jackie's death, executive editor Susan Toepfer assembled a team to plan this newsstand-only tribute. "Given the strong reaction to the Audrey Hepburn issue published by PEOPLE last year, we knew our readers would want a special on Jackie," says Toepfer. Deputy art director Hillie Pitzer worked through the weekend on designs, while photo editor

Sarah Rozen pored over some 2,000 photos.

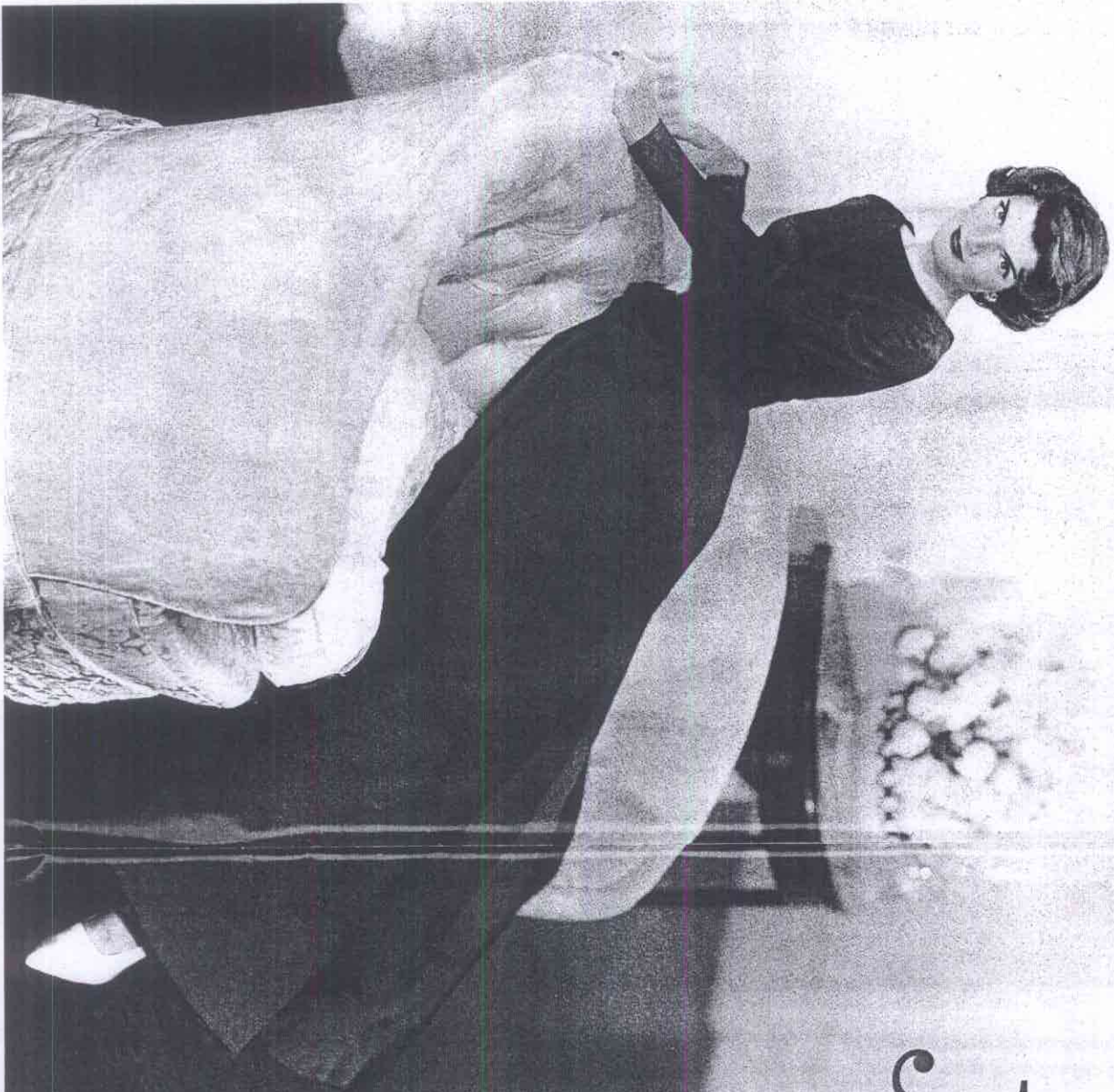
Meanwhile, 39 correspondents and reporters, directed by senior editor Elizabeth Sporkin, talked to friends of Jackie's who until now had guarded her privacy. Washington bureau chief Garry Clifford spoke to Joseph Heiberger, who taught her to use a camera as an inquiring photographer. New York City correspondent Maria Efthimiades learned details of her dealings with Michael Jackson on his book, *Moonwalk*.

This issue passed through many hands—fact checkers, copy editors, page coders, imaging specialists—and almost all felt a connection with the woman on the cover. We hope these pages express that bond—and the one felt by our readers—for the remarkable woman who was Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

(The family of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis requests that donations in her memory be sent to the New York Hospital Cancer Research Fund, 525 East 68th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.)

London Y. Jones

Managing Editor



JACKIE

In death, as in life, she was the portrait of a lady: beautiful until the end; so poised she was sending out thank-you notes from her deathbed; so thoughtful she planned a funeral that, once again, showed a nation how to mourn. And mourn we do, for when Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy Onassis died on May 19, 1994, at 64, of a cancer that moved too swiftly she may have been prepared. But we were not.

Certainly the image of a grieving Jackie standing with her children remains frozen in an awful moment that separates an American past that was too romanticized from a present that is too brutal. But three decades later, Jackie stood for so much more. We were not ready to give up our glimpses of her—elegant, impenetrable, but somehow more approachable as she aged—when she ventured out into the social whirl (or onto a merry-go-round with her grandchildren. We were not ready to have that already poignant threesome—the Kennedy tableau of Jacqueline, Caroline and John Jr.—reduced now to two survivors going arm-in-arm into the future. And above all, we were not ready to let her leave without having our questions answered. Quite simply, how did she do it? How did the most famous woman in the world so gracefully endure the fickle winds of American affection? And what, behind those dark glasses and that mysterious smile, was she really thinking? ■



On an Italian holiday in 1962, with brother-in-law Prince Paolo and a friend, Jackie found a quiet spot for sketching.

10

SINGULAR GRACE

In solitary moments, in the spotlight's glare, she

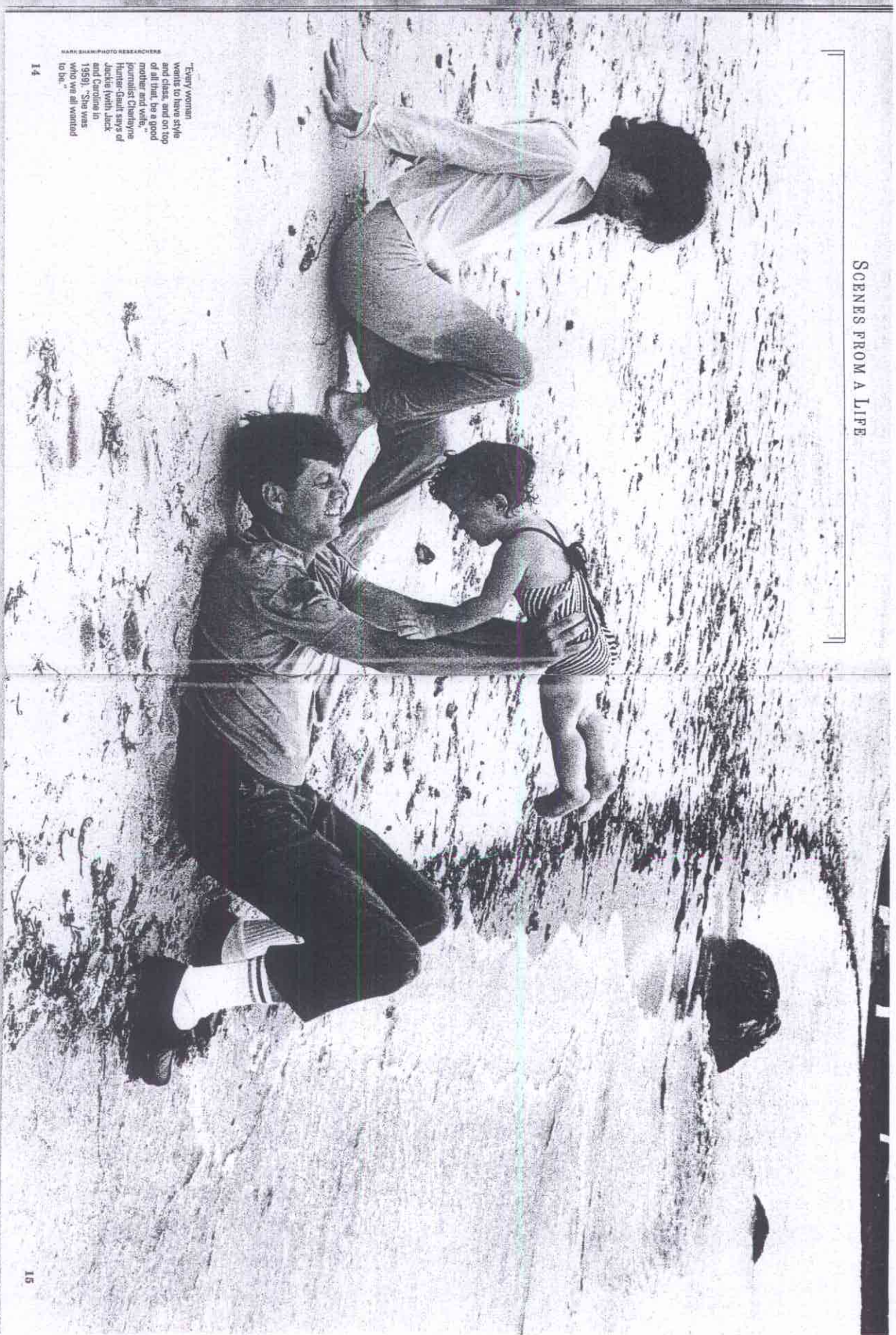
commanded our attention, our awe

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROCH

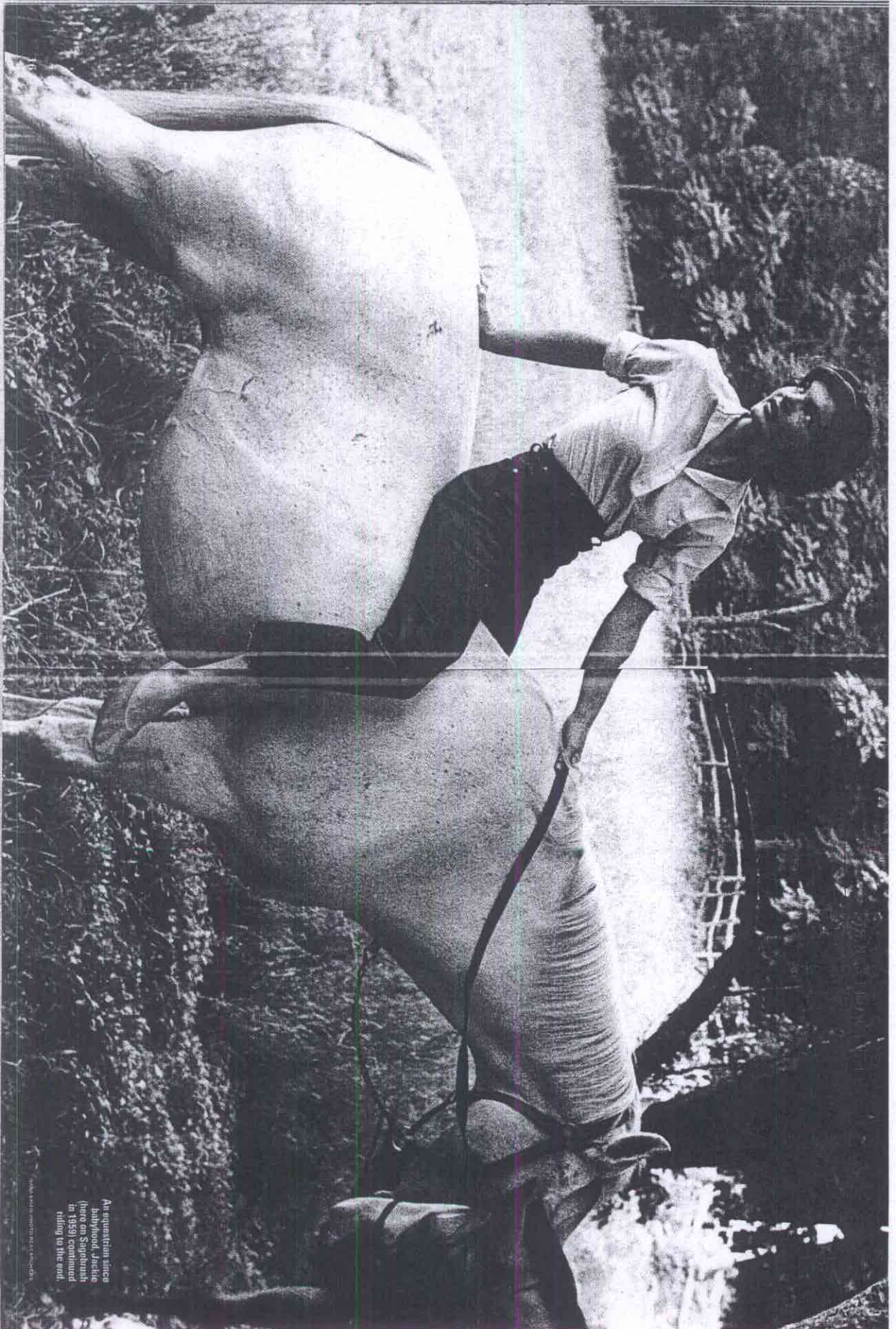


She once compared herself and Jack (camping with brother-in-law Stephen Smith in 1959) to "schbergs" whose real selves stayed hidden. This, she added, "was a bond between us."

SCENES FROM A LIFE



"Every woman wants to have style and class, and on top of all that, be a good mother and wife." —journalist Charlyne Hunter-Gault, says of Jackie (with Jack and Caroline in 1958). "She was who we all wanted to be."



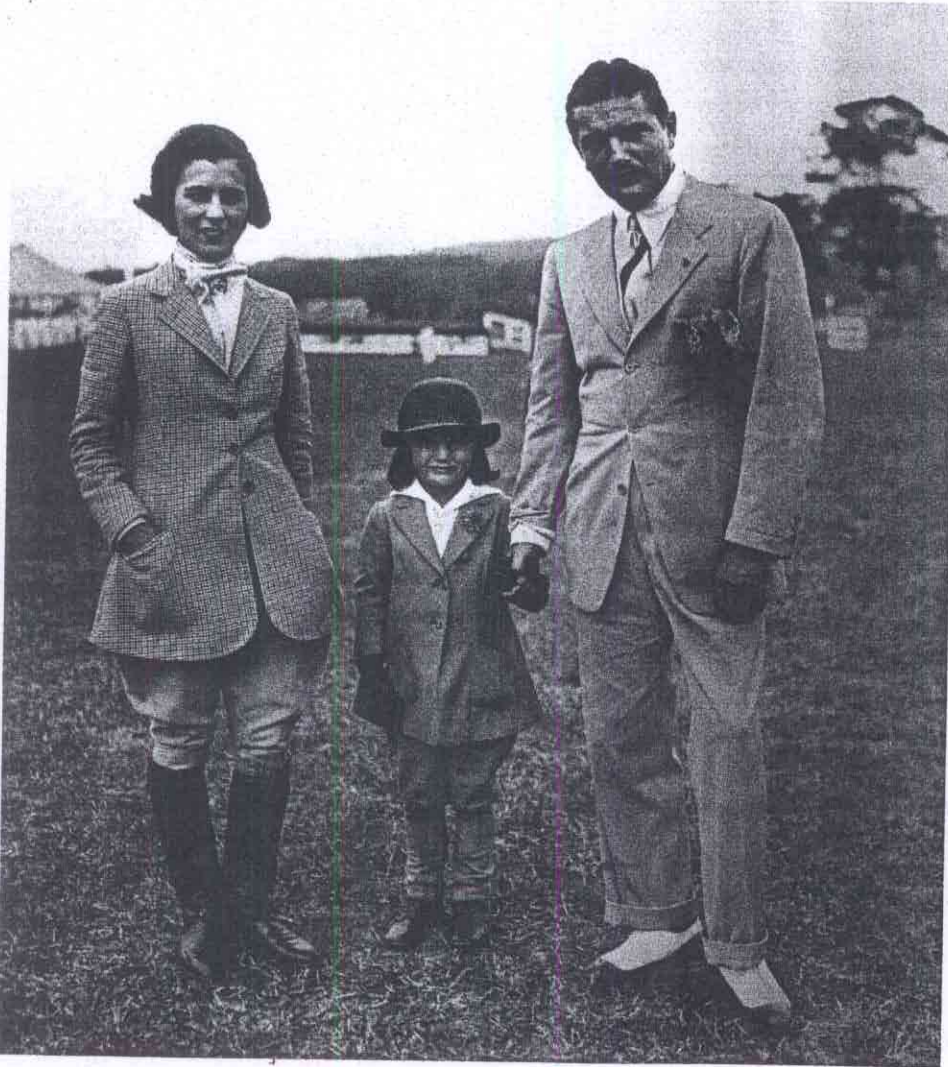
An equestrian since
childhood, Jenkie
here on Singapore
in 1959 (continued
riding to the end).

Photo: [unreadable]

YOUNG JACKIE

DADDY'S GIRL

A defining childhood of gentility—and doubt



UPI/BETTMANN

She was not so much raised as groomed. Her mother, of common Irish immigrant stock, placed a premium on appearances, calling her family the Maryland Lees; her paternal grandfather trumped up his lineage, transforming his French forebears from shopkeepers into noblemen. When a Bouvier orator spoke at the dedication of the George Washington Bridge, the family forever after referred to it as “*our* bridge.”

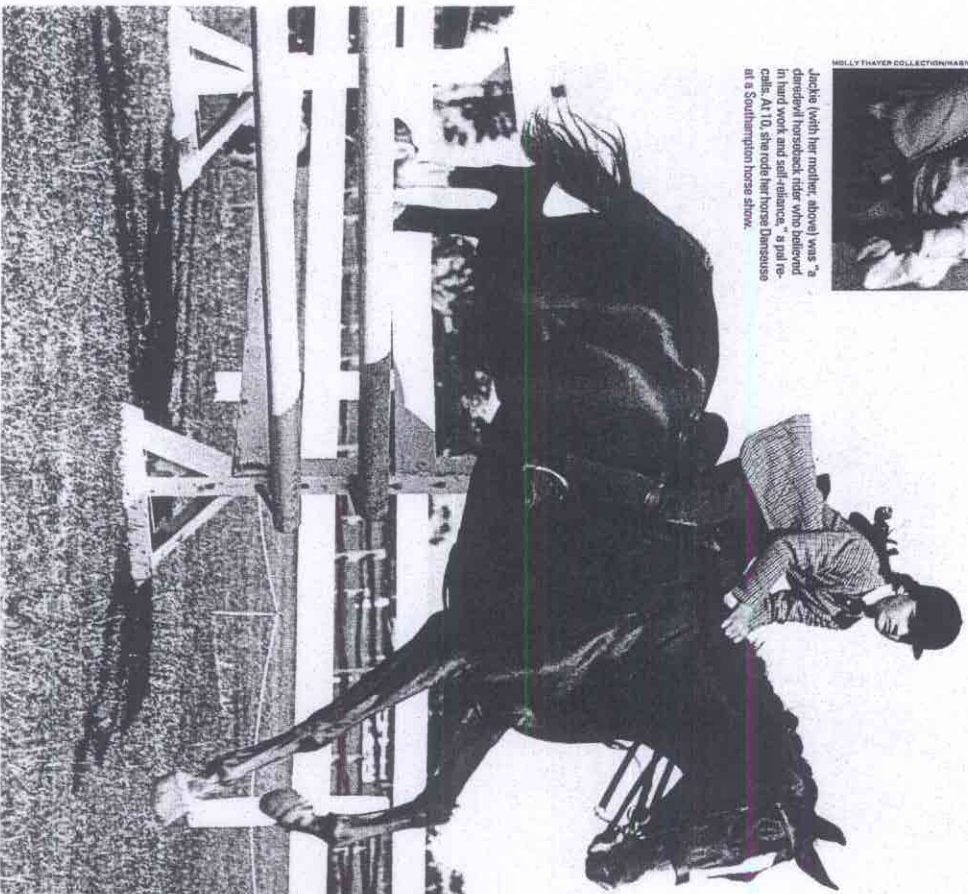
As she was growing up in New York City society, her world revolved around her father, John “Black Jack” Bouvier, a hard-drink-

▲ “Black Jack” Bouvier (with his wife and daughter at a Southampton horse show) was “absolutely lethal,” said a friend who remembered his convertible “disappearing in a haze of champagne and dust.”

YOUNG JACKIE



BILLY THAYER COLLECTION/INARBURE
Jackie (with her mother, above) was "a drowsy-eyed horseback rider who believed in hard work and self-reliance," a pal recalls. At 10, she rode her horse Danessee at a Southampton horse show.

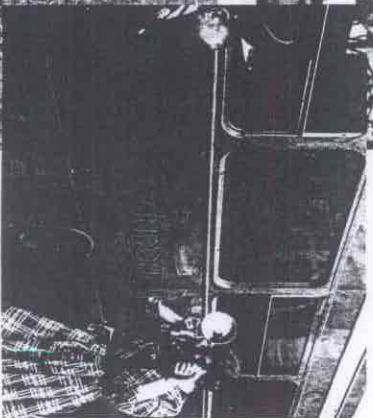


ing charmer who taught his two daughters to dress well and to create for themselves an aura of mystery. Born on July 28, 1929, and raised in New York, Jacqueline (she pronounced it the French way, *Zhock-LEEN*) became a class helion at all the right schools: Miss Chapin's, Holton-Arms and, at 16, Miss Porter's, where, she once said, "all my friends adored [my father] and used to line up to be taken out to dinner when he came to see me." Four years earlier she had been devastated when his indiscretions led her mother to divorce him and marry (for security, if not love—another lesson to learn) the wealthy investment banker Hugh Auchincloss.

At 14, in a poem, Jackie showed at least a glimmer of wanderlust: "I love the feeling down inside me/ That says to run away/ To come and be a gypsy/ And laugh the gypsy way."

Yet a prescribed adolescence was spent fox-trotting through subscription dances at the Plaza, where her sister Lee was considered the pretty one and Jackie the brain. "She was so much smarter than most of the people around her that she substituted it," recalled an escort.

"When I'd take her to the Yale Bowl, she'd say to me, 'Oh, why are they kicking the ball?' I'd say, 'Come on, Jackie, none of that.'"



▲ She was always set apart, distinctive, "eccentric," recalls a Vassar classmate. In 1947 columnist Igor Cassin (brother of designer Dior) named her *Chic of the Year*.

◀ An inquiring photographer in 1952, she sometimes used her column as an attention-getting fiction device. Sample provocative question: "What's your idea of the perfect mate?"

Two years at Vassar were followed by a junior year in Paris at the Sorbonne, where "I have to write Mummy a ream each week," she told her stepbrother Hugh, "or she gets hysterical and thinks I'm dead or married to an Italian." On her return to the States, said a male friend, "she was no longer the round little girl who lived next door." She transferred to George Washington University in Washington and, after graduating, took a \$42,500-a-week job at the Washington *Times-Herald* as an inquiring photographer. "We used to tease her," recalls retired photographer Joe Heibeger, who taught her how to use a Speed Graphic camera. "We'd say, 'Jackie, find yourself a rich one while you're out there.' She would just smile." ■

SISTERS

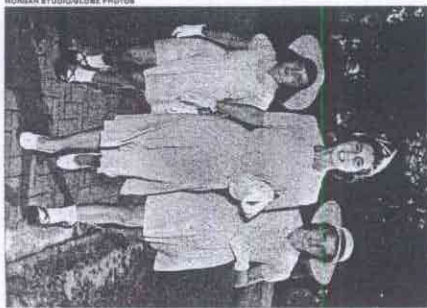
THE BEST OF FRIENDS

They grew up in a world where there were no uncertainties: Bound by tradition and defined by social ritual, it was the same New York that Edith Wharton had known...

Jacqueline and Caroline Lee Bouvier spent winters on Park Avenue and summers in East Hampton; as teens they walked through cottillions and dreamed of Europe. In the beginning, Jackie played the role of Bossy big sister to the dainty Lee, who was 3 1/2 years her junior. After their parents divorced in 1940, however, they became affectionate allies. True, a hint of rivalry lingered—the First Lady was ruffled when designers declared in 1962 that Lee was better dressed—but as adults they shared both triumph and tragedy. An unofficial lady-in-waiting, Lee accompanied Jackie on her 1962 tour of India and Pakistan; clad in sheathis and high heels, the two rode a canal in Karachi. Thrice wed herself (to publishing heir Michael Canfield, to Prince Stanislas Brantzov, father of Anthony, 34, and Anna, 35) and, since 1988, to director Herb Ross). Lee comforted Jackie during rocky spots in her marriage to JFK. In 1963, she joined the First Lady (who had just lost son Patrick) on an Aegean cruise on Aristide Onassis's yacht. She slept with her in the Kennedy's White House bedroom after Jackie was shot and later encouraged Jackie to buy an apartment near hers on Fifth Avenue. "Nothing could ever come between us," Jackie once said of Lee. And, until May 19, 1994, nothing did. ■ >



MELLY THAYER COLLECTION/NABUCCO



MORGAN STUDIO/OLDFEE PHOTOS

Jackie and little sister Lee (top, in 1931) shared an English nanny and a nursery overflowing with handmade toys and plush animals from F.A. O. Schwarz. With mother Janet, a nuptial Lee and catch-phrase "stepped out in East Hampton in 1937."

Chic and cultivated, the well-bred Bouvier sisters became close confidantes; until the end, they stood together through joy and sorrow

> On the best-dressed list many times, both Bouvier sisters (in 1949) were *Mademoiselle* chic. They shared a fondness for European designers, and it was widespread that Lee (who was the same dress size) sat in it (describing fittings for the First Lady, who quickly commissioned clothes from the Paris designer).



PREVAILANCE JOURNAL

SISTERS



ARCHIVE PHOTOS

▲ Passionate about the arts, Jackie and Lee befriended performers including Rudolf Nureyev, who joined them for a stroll in England in November 1968. When Lee threw a party for her widowed sister in Manhattan in 1965, the guest list included Leonard Bernstein, Leopold Stokowski, Maurice Chevalier and Sammy Davis Jr.



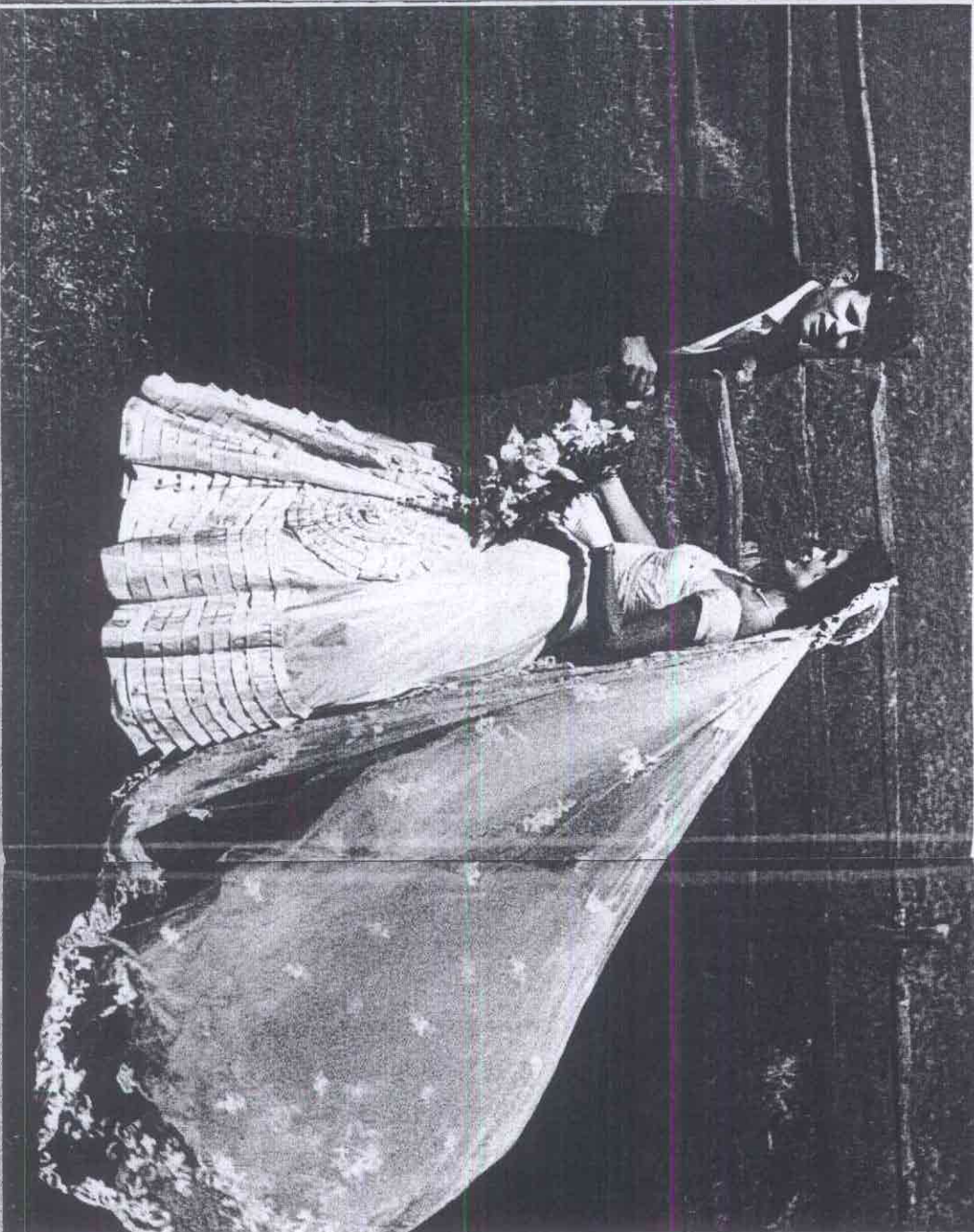
JACQUEE LOWENGOFFIN CAMP

► Lee (with son Anthony, Jackie and Caroline at Hyannis Port in 1961) shared her sister's grief when newborn son Patrick died in August 1963; while Jackie recuperated at the hospital at Otis Air Force Base in Massachusetts, Lee slept in an adjoining room.

SENATOR'S WIFE

MARRYING JACK

As bride of the most ambitious Kennedy, Jackie embarked on the often lonely life of a political helpmate



It was more than just meeting someone," she later said of her Washington dinner-party introduction in 1961 to the dazzling congressman from Massachusetts. "It started the wheels turning." Both sets of wheels, apparently. "I made all his dates with all his girlfriends," recalls Jack Kennedy's longtime personal secretary, Evelyn Lincoln. "And when Jackie came along, he didn't ask me to make the dates. I knew that it was serious."

They were in different countries when she received his proposal, but the announcement of their engagement had to be delayed until after publication of a *Saturday Evening Post* article on "The Senate's Gay Young Bachelor." And when the much-ballyhooed society wedding of the season did take place, on Sept. 12, 1953, it was with a poignant piece of artifice: Her stepfather was the one who walked her down the aisle while her adored—and increasingly alcoholic—father, John "Black Jack" Bouvier III, lay passed out in his nearby hotel room. Jackie had wanted a simple, elegant wedding gown. It was her fiancé who pushed her into a confection that one critic defined as "an atrocious mass of tulle, silk taffeta, with excessive ornamentation of ruffles, tucks, stitchings and flowers."

It would not be the last time she suffered to accommodate him. "We never had a home for five years," she recalled of his burgeoning career. "Politics was sort of my enemy as far as seeing Jack was concerned." By their third anniversary, the rift was pronounced. "I was alone almost every weekend while Jack traveled the country making speeches," she said, calling their marriage "all wrong."

There was also the matter of his infidelity, which became a quietly accepted fact of their lives. "I don't think there are any men who are faithful to their wives," she once said. "Men are such a combination of good and evil." Still, there was no truth to the story that old Joe Kennedy offered her \$1 million to stay in the marriage. "Why not \$10 million?" she later snapped about the rumors.

It would be their children who would cement the marriage, but first Jackie suffered a miscarriage, then a stillbirth, when she could no longer face the decorated, sunlit nursery in their Virginia home at Hickory Hill. Jack sold the house to his brother Bobby and wife Ethel. Finally, Caroline was born in 1957, and John-John followed in 1960.

By the time of her first official press conference, Jackie's priorities were obvious. "I have no desire to influence fashions. That is at the bottom of my list," she told reporters. And what, they asked, was at the top? "Jack." ■

◀ Most important to Jackie (with Jack at their 1953 Newport wedding) was that he be "at the center of events and that he acquit himself well and give her a decent role in the drama," said a friend. "It's fair to say they both lived up to those ends of the bargain."

MARRYING JACK



KARSH/WOODFIN CAMP

◀ "There was always a great allure, a mystery, even to Jackie," says 82 Kermit by Robert Kennedy covered his mouth and she asked questions. At times she would walk by in a tuxedo.

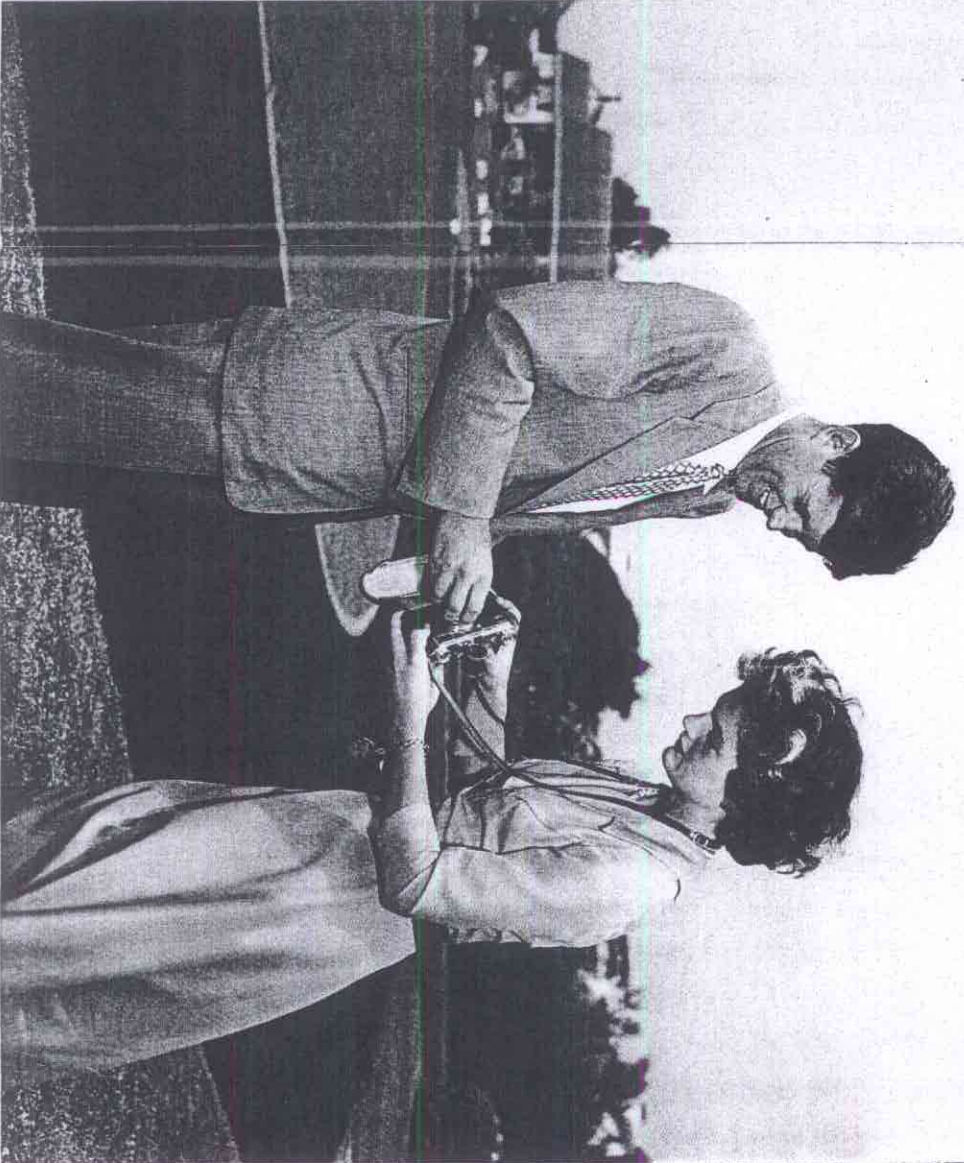
ARCHIVE PHOTOS

▶ Jackie (with JFK at their Hyannis Port home the year of their marriage) was once asked by reporters if she was content. "A wife is happy," she replied. "If her husband is happy."

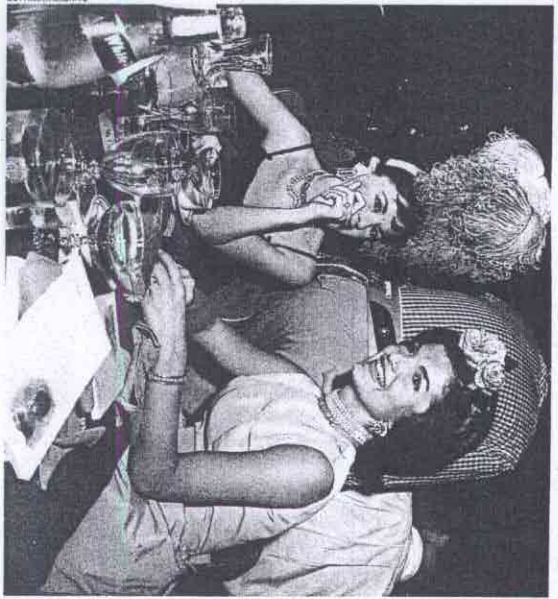
▶ The birth of Campine in their Georgetown home in 1960 brought the couple closer. Later, just before John-John's birth, reporters asked if she'd like more children. "I'd be delighted," she replied. "I hope that I have many more."



EVERETT COLLECTION



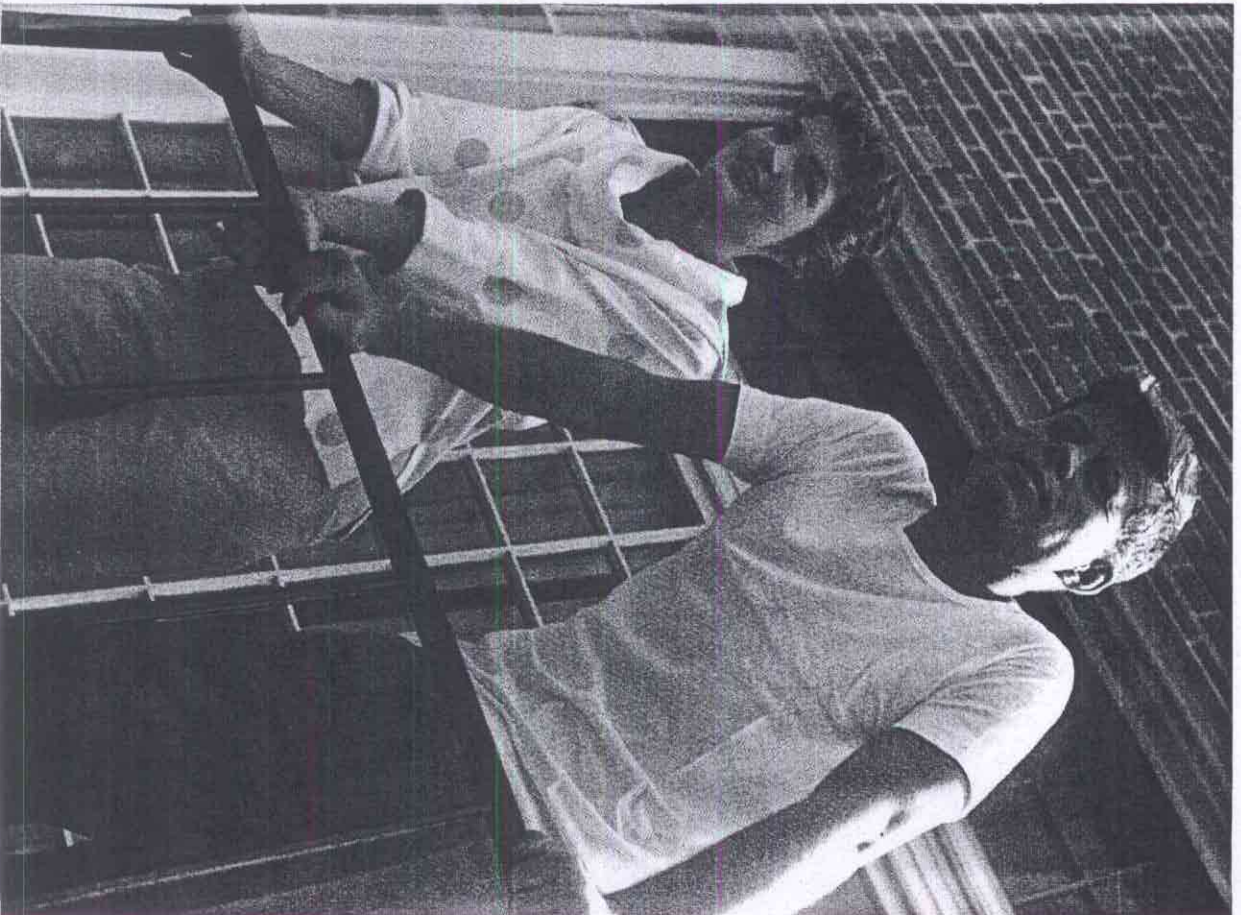
MARRYING JACK



◀ She was a mercurial beauty, loved exchanging quips and barbs, said a journalist of Jackie with a fellow guest at the Wild West Ball at New York City's Plaza Hotel in 1939.

▶ "The handsome couple seemed the embodiment of youth," wrote Arthur Schlesinger Jr. of JFK and Jackie (at temporary quarters in Georgetown the year after their marriage), "and rather dashing in a nation ruled by old men."

▼ Only reluctantly did Jackie go on the hustings, as when she talked with a supporter at the legislator's union hall in Coos Bay, Ore., in 1955. "Among the press, she wouldn't come and chat at great length," says a reporter. "I always thought she was afraid of it."



FORMIDABLE KENNEDYS

INTO THE CLAN

Marrying a Kennedy was one thing. Acceptance was another

The Kennedys are the most welcoming family," she said gushingly in 1953, not long after her betrothal. "The day you become engaged to one of them is the day they start saying how 'fantastic' you are." The honeymoon didn't last long. By the time Ted landed on her during one of the family's interminable games of touch football, breaking her ankle, Jackie had decided that she had had enough. Of togetherness with the clan, she stated, "Once a week is great. Not every night."

Her bouts with the sharp-elbowed Ethel were renowned. Once, in an unguarded moment, Jackie confided that she had wanted to study ballet. Eyeing Jackie's

large feet, Ethel guffawed: "What? With those clodhoppers?" And yet, after Bobby's death, according to author Jerry Oppenheimer, it was Jackie who paid to replace Ethel's leaking Hickory Hill roof.

Outnumbered and outflanked, Jackie ultimately held her own. Once she was 15 minutes late to lunch, a fatal faux pas when Joe was "in one of his Emperor Augustus moods," recalled a friend. "He started to give her the needle, but she gave it right back." Mindful of his penchant for old-fashioned slang, Jackie said, "You ought to write a series of grandfather stories for children, like 'The Duck with Moxie' and 'The Donkey Who Couldn't Fight His Way out of a Telephone Booth.'" At first there was deadly silence. "Then old Joe broke into a roar of laughter." ■ ➤



▲ The refined Jackie (with Joan, Jean, Eunice and Ethel at Hyannis Port in 1960) "stuck out like a sore thumb," says one biographer.

FORMIDABLE KENNEDYS



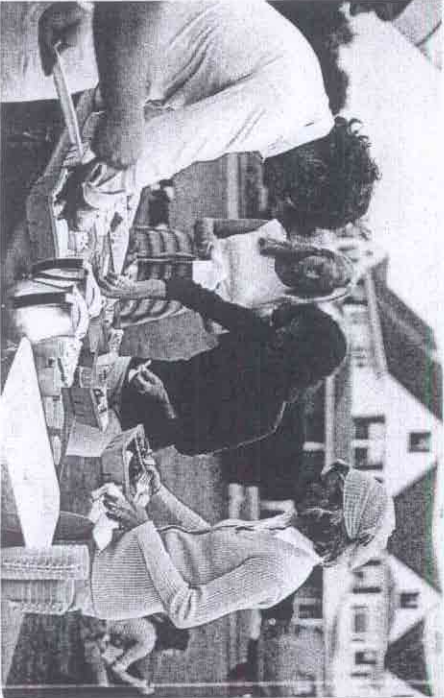
STANLEY TRICK



A "The rough-and-jumble kind of life like Kennedy lived was not for her," says a friend of Jackie's here with Ted Sorensen, John Jr. and Bobby in 1964. "She was really happy only with the kids."

Y Jackie (with Caroline, Rose, Teddy and John, Jr. in 1977) appeared at the Boston ground-breaking for the JFK Library, which she called "the most fitting memorial."

Jackie (above, at the Kennedy mansion's 50th birthday in Hyannis Port) wanted to please Rose, says Rose's former secretary Barbara Gibson. Once we found some antique glass in Rose's attic, Rose wanted to get rid of it, but wouldn't give it to charity because she wouldn't make any money, Jackie said she'd like to buy it for her own home. At right, Jackie attended the annual Kennedy luncheon in 1975 with her unidentified family member and, in a headscarf, Jean Kennedy Smith.



FORMIDABLE KENNEDYS



STEVE LISBERMAN/LIAISON

▲ At Caroline's wedding in 1986, Ted toasted Jackie as "that extraordinary, gallant woman, Jack's only love."

THE WHITE HOUSE YEARS

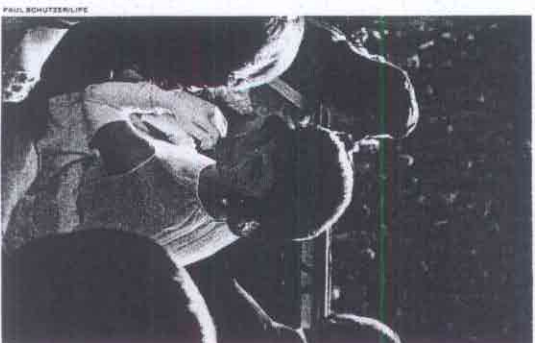
FIRST LADY

Jackie brought aristocratic taste—and an infectious sense of history—to the executive mansion



She never liked the title First Lady. "It always reminded me of a saddle horse," Jackie once said. But after she arrived in the White House in January 1961, the energetic equestrian took the name over the highest jumps, and we all went along for the ride.

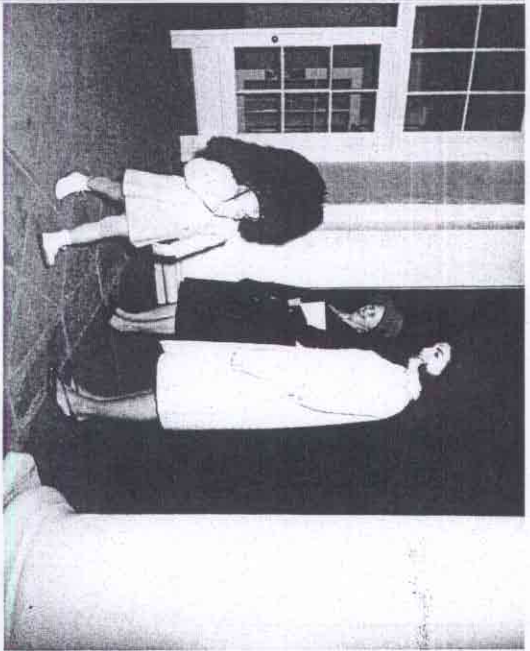
Not since 21-year-old Frances Polson Cleveland had the country been blessed with such a *young* First Lady. Only 31, Jackie had an élan beyond her years and the grit to use it. Cousture became her signature. The Jackie look was a global aspiration, reignited on each of her six trips abroad. She promoted the arts and mixed guests like composer Igor Stravinsky or poet Carl Sandburg with the Camelot regulars at White House evenings. But her crowning achievement was restoring the mansion and preserving its history. "Jackie loved being First Lady. She was thrilled by it," says her former chief of staff, Leditia Baldrige. "You'd have to be nuts not to be thrilled by making history and not just to be witnessing it." ▶



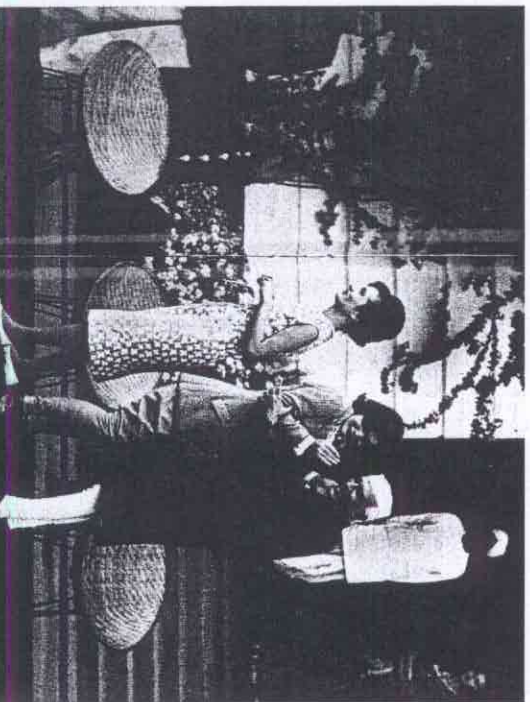
▲ Jackie attended five inaugural balls—but was unwilling to stray a micron from the hat she had to.

As the wife of the country's 35th President, Jackie soon became the best-known woman in the world.

THE WHITE HOUSE YEARS



▲ Ten days before the assassination, Jackie watched John Jr. parade through the White House in an honor guard's hoodlum.



▶ Prime Minister Nehru comforted a squeamish Jackie (with sister Lee during their 1962 India trip) as a cobra attacked a mongoose.



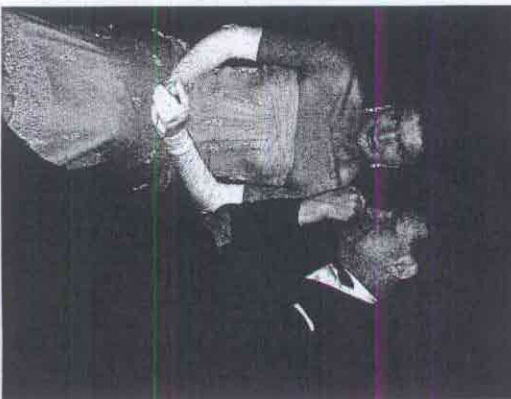
▶ Jackie, a Roman Catholic, was the first sitting First Lady to have an audience with the Pope. She met John XXIII in Rome in 1962.



▲ Whether in Washington or (as here) in Hyannis Port, Jackie shunned the shulterbugs, but JFK loved to mix—with "Garters" and John-John, if possible.



▲ Jackie (with Australian ambassador Sir Howard Beale in Newport, R.I., in 1962) "didn't have the artificiality of people in that certain world," says fashion editor Grace Mirabella.



▲ French culture minister André Malraux so inspired Jackie that she hoped to create a government agency for culture in the U.S.



▶ Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev, claimed by Jackie, told photographers in Vienna he'd rather pose with her than with her husband.

THE WHITE HOUSE YEARS



JACQUEE LOWE/MODERN CAMP

▲ During Jackie's triumphant 1961 visit to Paris, crowds lined the streets, shouting, "*Vive Jacqui! Vive Jacqui!*"

PROFILE IN COURAGE

HOPE DIES

After JFK was murdered at her side, she calmly put together a funeral that kept the nation together. She was only 34

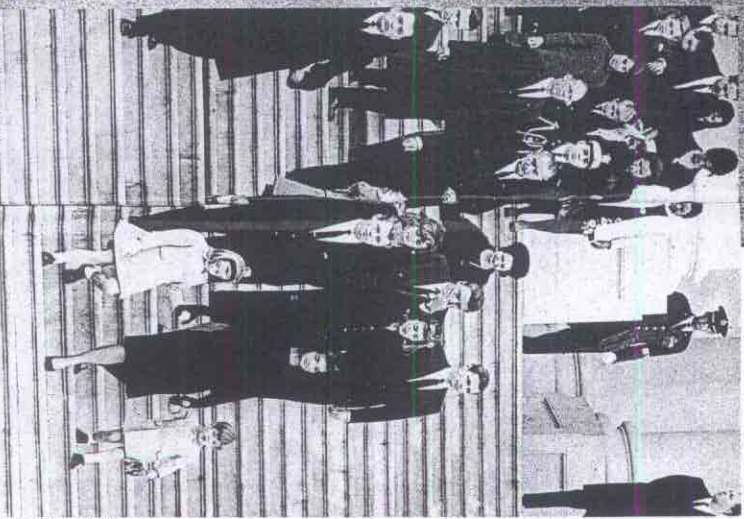


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HAMILTON

The morning of Nov. 22, 1963, started out with laughter. When a crowd outside the Kennedys' Fort Worth hotel asked where Jackie was, the President quipped: "Mrs. Kennedy is organizing herself. It takes her a little longer. But, of course, she looks better than we do when she does it." She was, in fact, getting dressed, putting on a pink Chanel suit and matching hat that the President had picked out for her to wear.

After a political breakfast, the couple flew to Dallas for a motorcade through the hot, sunbaked city. As they came through Dealey Plaza at 12:30 p.m., Jackie heard what she thought at first was a motorcycle backfiring. Three shots hit her husband. "My God! What are they doing?" she shouted. "My God! They've killed Jack! They've killed my husband! Jack! Jack!" The limo rushed to Parkland Memorial Hospital—but it was too late. Before the doctors covered the slain President with a white sheet, Jackie kissed his feet, his lips and his open eyes and placed her wedding ring on his finger. (It was returned to her that night.)

She rode with JFK's casket in a rear compartment of Air Force One back to Washington, refusing to change out of her suit and stockings, which were splattered with his blood. "I want them to see what they have done to Jack," she said. Once she returned, she began to work through the night, orchestrating every aspect of her husband's funeral. It was to be like Abraham Lincoln's, she decided, down to the muffled drums and the riderless horse. Her husband would be buried in Arlington National Cemetery—across the Potomac from the Lincoln Memorial—not in Boston, as the Kennedy family had hoped.

No detail was too small for her attention: the positioning of the casket in the Basil Room, the hanging of mourning drapes, the placement of a military honor guard. She went through her husband's effects and found a memento to give to each of his friends, along with a personal note; press secretary Pierre Salinger, for example, received an engraved cigar holder. She wrote out instructions on how memorial programs would be held on seats in St. Michael's Cathedral. And outside the church, when they played "Hail to the Chief," she cited 35-year-old John Jr. to salute his father's casket—perhaps the most famous farewell gesture in American history.

Two weeks later she gave a rare interview to correct an important omission; she had found a name for the Kennedy years. She told writer Theodore White that JFK had played a recording of the musical *Camelot* nearly every night. "The lines he listened for, she said, were: "Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment, that was known as Camelot." And she added, "It will never be that way again."

"I should have known that it was asking too much to dream that I might have grown old with him and seen our children grow up together," Jackie wrote in a brief memoir a year after she—and the nation—had buried her slain husband. "So now he is a legend when he would have preferred to be a man."

PRIVATE MOMENTS

A SEPARATE WORLD

**Off duty and on her own,
Jackie revealed a delicious**

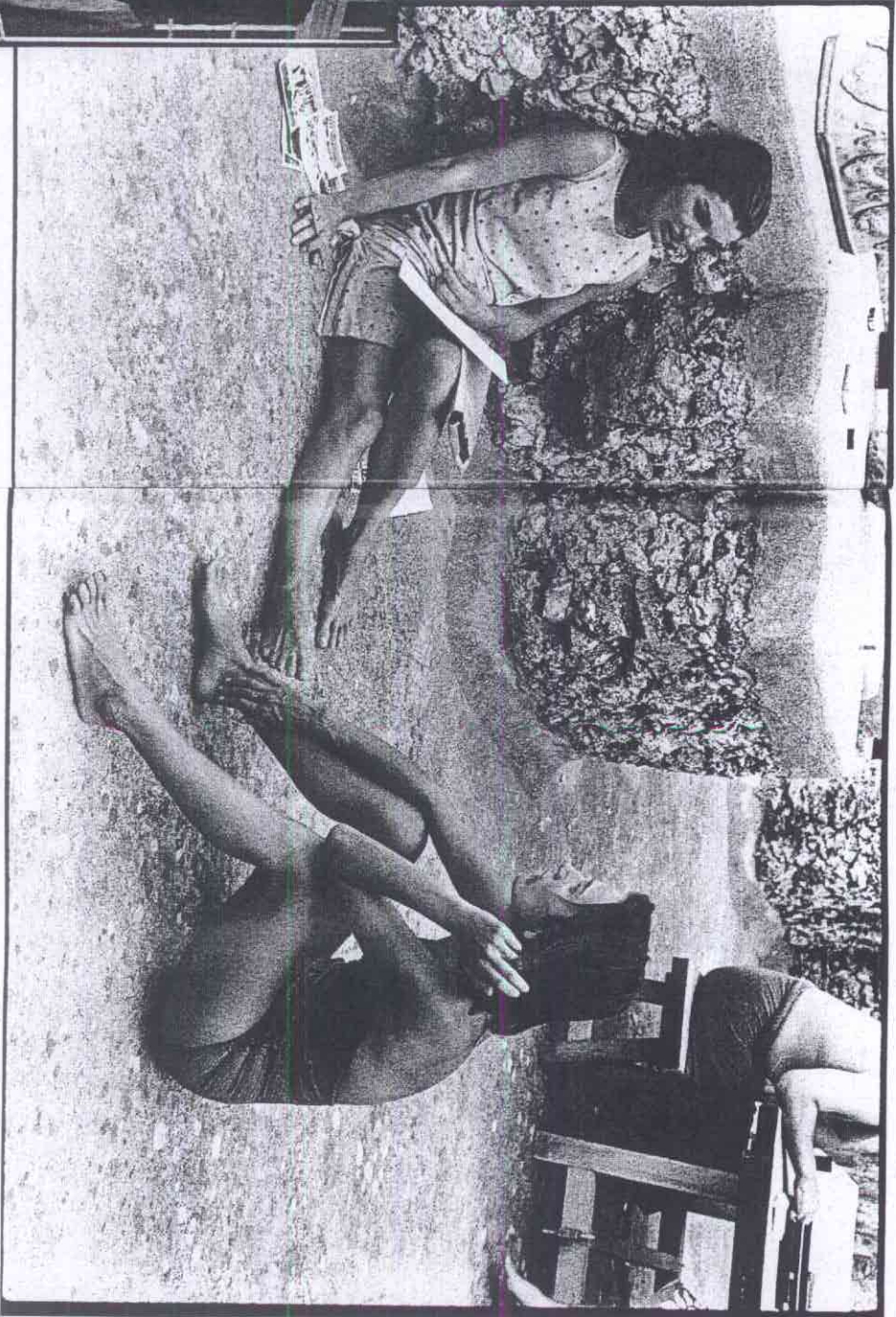


PARIS MATCH

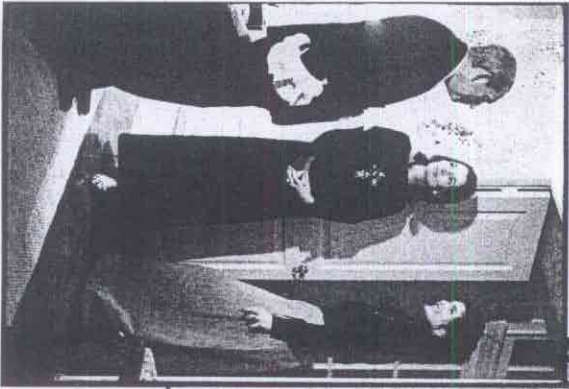
**wit and a caring
warmth, evoked
in these exclusive
photographs by
Benno Graziani**

◀ "She had a wonderful, very soft way of looking at the world and a sense of the 'mom talk,'" says summertime pal Barbara Lauer, Asst. of Jackie (on a 1962 holiday in Beaulieu, Italy). "She had a true warmth in her eye. It was one of her great gifts."

PRIVATE MOMENTS

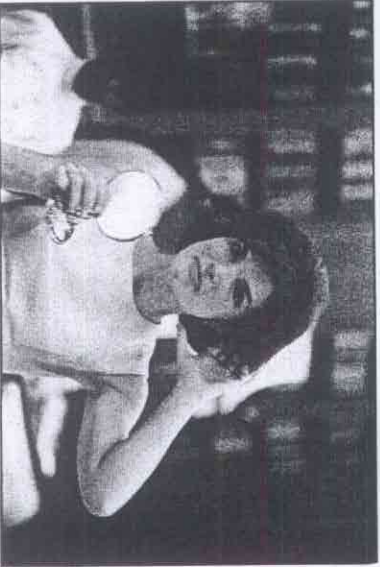


"Jackie was more private, more secret; Lee is more lively," says a longtime friend of the sisters (below, with Lee's husband, Prince Stanislas Radzwill, at Christmas dinner at the Radzwill's London home in 1969). "There was always a rivalry between them, but they called each other every few weeks." At right, the sisters relax in Ravello.

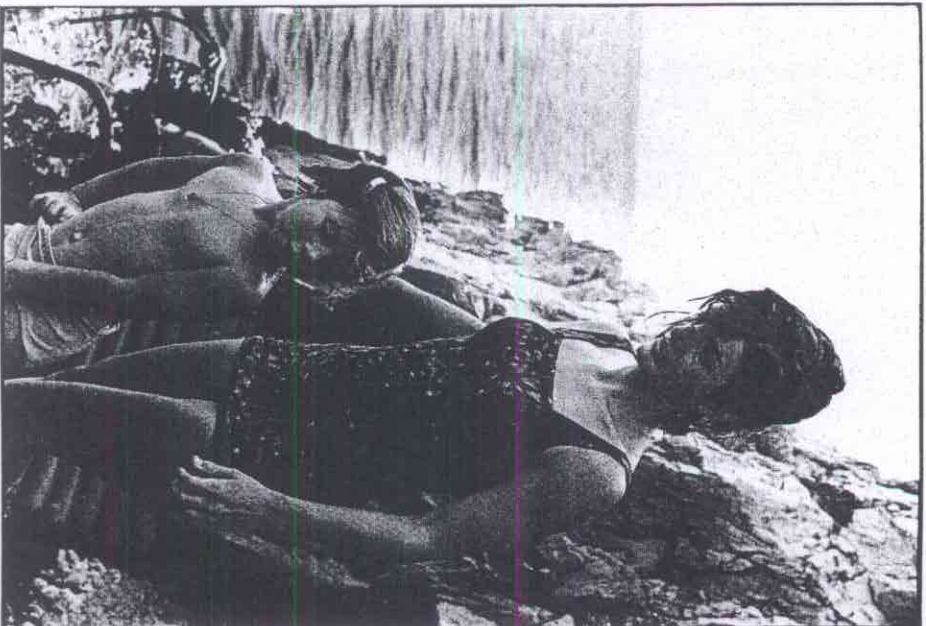




► "She was always sun-tanning, and she had more men per square inch than any woman I've ever known," says Jackie's former aide Leticia Baldrige of the First Lady during a voyage to Jaipur, India, in 1962.

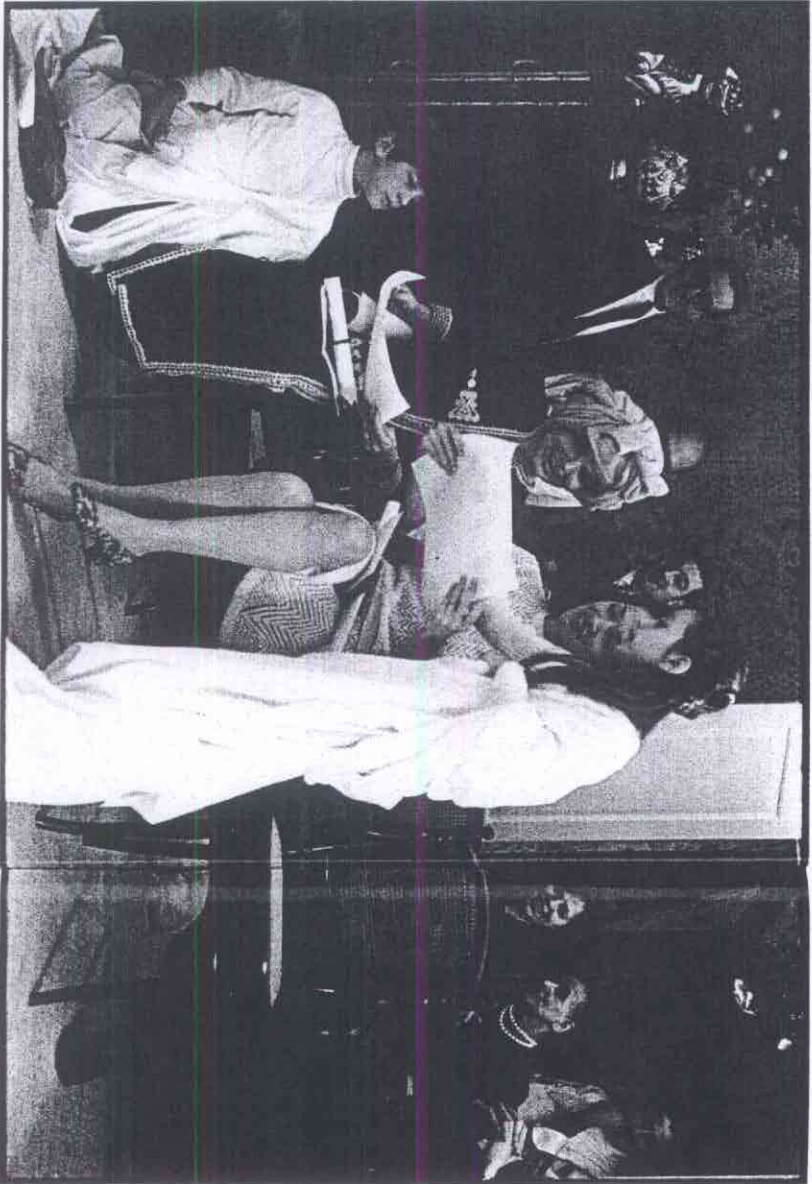


▲ "She is one of the few women I ever met who could be equally comfortable with Jimmy Breslin and André Malraux," said columnist Pete Hamill, a Jackie escort in the '70s. But she was most at ease with children, including Lee's son Anthony (with Jackie and Caroline) in Bavello in 1962.



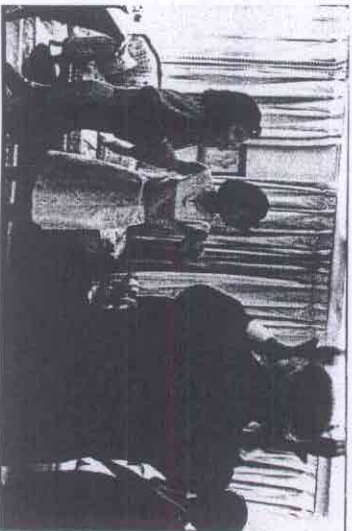
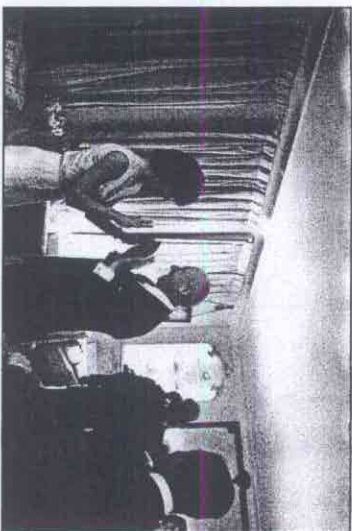
▲ In Bavello, Jackie swam with Caroline and taught her to water-ski. Later she would tell decorator Billy Davidson, whom she hired to fix up, "The world is pouring terrible adoration at the feet of my children. How can I bring them up normally?"

PRIVATE MOMENTS



A "She said that life is too precious," recalled Doubleday's deputy publisher Bill Barry, who asked Jackie to write her memoirs. "[She said], 'I want to sever it. I'd rather spend my time feeding a galloping horse or the mist of the ocean.'" Among the many moments she wouldn't miss was a poetry reading with Lee and Lee's kids, Christina and Anthony, in London on New Year's Eve, 1969. Not wanting to be seen with wet hair, Jackie wrapped her head (stilyhly) in a towel.

V Carol Beaton was one of the few who wasn't won over. "She is very much an over-life-size caricature of herself," noted the candidly photographer (with Jackie at a reception thrown by Lee in her London home in 1961). "Hope baseball player's shoulders and launch as, big boyish hands and feet."



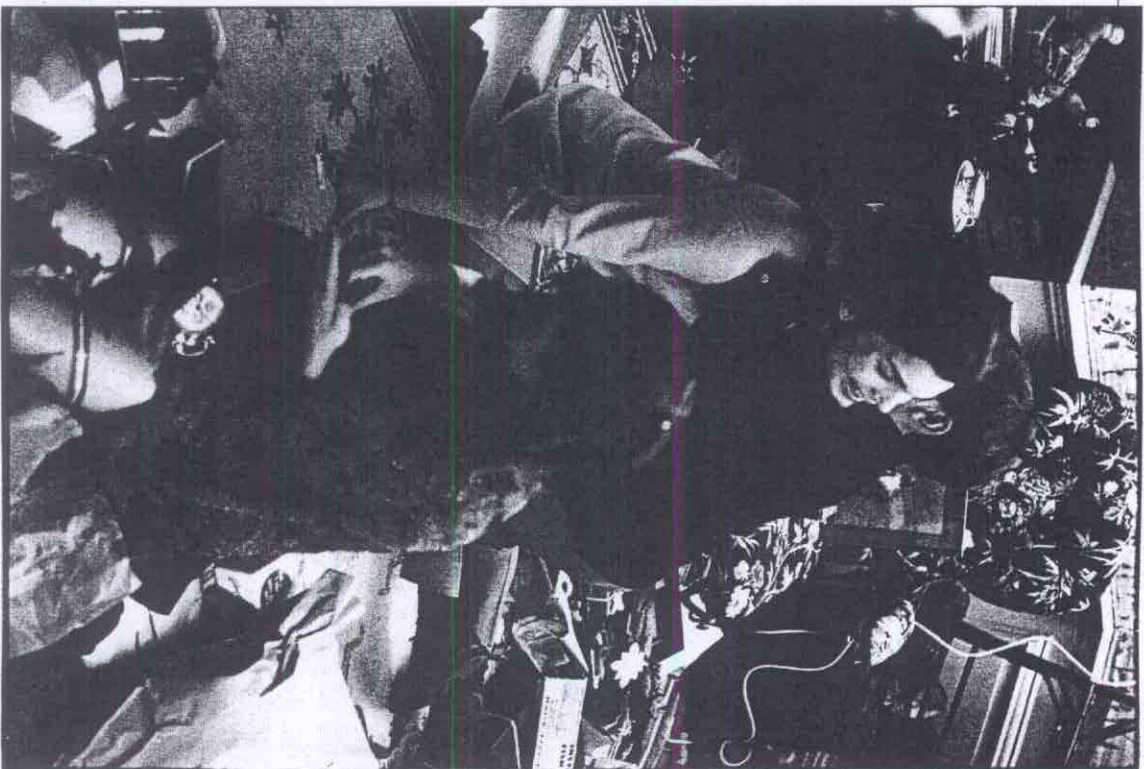
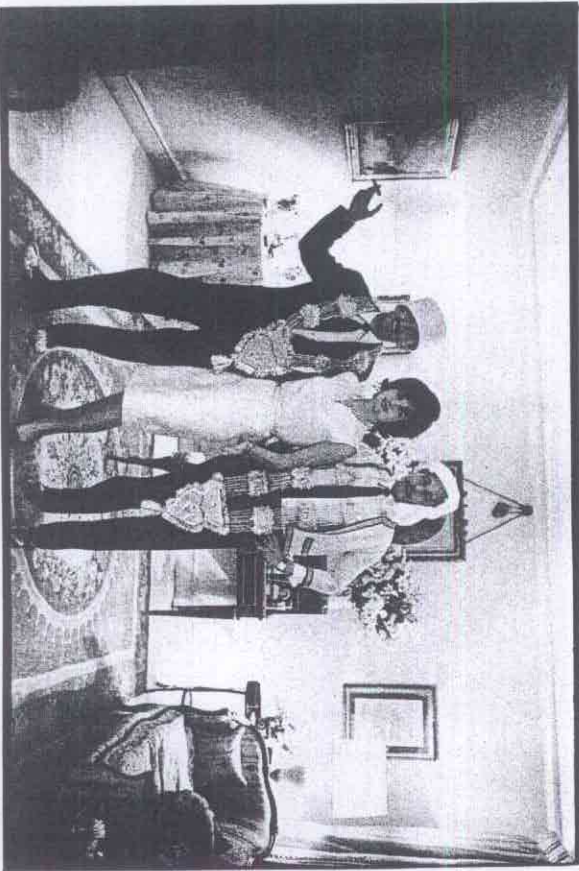
PRIVATE MOMENTS



▶ "The new rough and simple, but magnetic," said a friend of Annette Bening's here opening up with Jackie at lunch on Christmas Eve, 1989.

▶ "She was outdoing by jousting," said Douchery's Jill Barry of Jackie with top-of-the-art on Christmas morning, 1989.

▶ "Jackie had great charm and looked like no one else," says photographer General (left) dining with Jackie and Greg Ossahil.



THE ONASSIS YEARS

BARTERED BRIDE

Marrying Ari, she traded her pedestal for protection



"She saw in him a father figure," a friend says of Jackie (with Ari in 1971).

NON GALLEA LTD

THE ONASSIS YEARS

he was perhaps the first celebrity to utter her wedding vows beneath the chatter of helicopters overhead. But for the President's widow, then 39, the day may have been oddly comforting. The helicopters, and an army of 200 guards deployed around the tiny whitewashed chapel on the island of Skorpios, were arranged for by her 62-year-old groom, Greek shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis—the first of many gestures he would make to offer her the security she craved. Only four months earlier, Jackie's brother-in-law, Robert F. Kennedy Jr., had been assassinated. Noted Lee Rudzweil, after the Oct. 20, 1968, ceremony: "My sister needs a man like Onassis, who can protect her from the curiosity of the world."

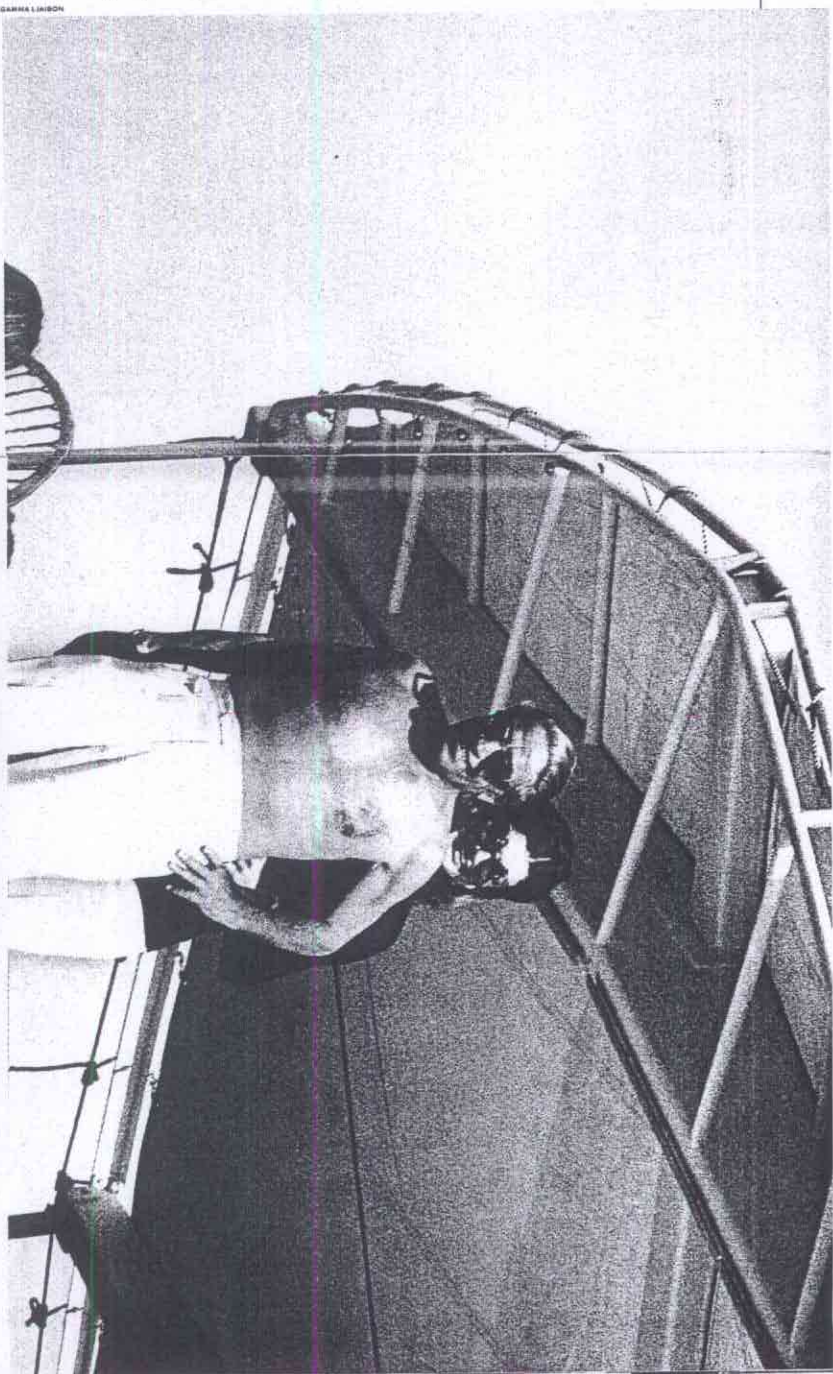
The world's curiosity did not cease. "The talk in Paris was that Jackie had married Art for his money; he'd married her for her prestige," recalls a Paris journalist. But her friend, Countess Isabelle d'Ornano, protests that it was an affair of the heart: "Onassis and Jackie were very different, but I felt she married him because she loved him."

Americans, however, were outraged by what they took to be the First Lady's recklessness. As newspapers reported on her hedonistic lifestyle, Jackie tumbled off the top of the Gallup Poll's list of most admired women. Free of the bonds of public life, she reveled in Onassis luxury, frantically spending her \$30,000 monthly allowance.

Unhappy with his wife's spendthrift ways, Onassis did not cut her much slack. When Jackie asked to plan the meals for one of their cruises, Art reportedly told an aide, "Why doesn't she just behave herself and do nothing?"

Soon it was a marriage in pocketbook only. Jackie spent more time in Manhattan; Art sought advice about divorce. In 1974, diagnosed with myosarcoma (a disease of muscle deterioration), he revised his will, excluding Jackie from any significant share in his estate. (His daughter, Christina, would later pay her a \$26 million settlement.) Whatever bitterness she felt, on his death in March 1976, Jackie remembered the best: "Aristotle Onassis rescued me at a moment when my life was engulfed with shadows," she said. "I will be eternally grateful." ■

BARBARA LINDBON



► "The mood was a little bit sad," recalls a guest who attended the wedding of the most controversial couple since Liz and Dick. A flight train bill as Art and Jackie, wearing a beige chiffon-and-silk halter-line, emerged from the Greek Orthodox ceremony at Skorpios' Chapel of Our Lady, John Jr. and Caroline (belated Jackie) attended.

FRANKLEAP



BREEN PHOTO ARCHIVE/RETNA

► "He wanted to go to a nightclub every night, she wanted to go home and read," says a friend about the couple, here honeymooning on his yacht, the \$3 million *Christina*.

► Foreshadowing the controversy over his estate, at Art's 1975 Skorpios funeral, Jackie (with John Jr., Caroline and Teddy) was snubbed and forced to walk behind the Onassis family.

INCOMPARABLE STYLE

THE WAY SHE LOOKED

Jackie set trends but never followed them, remaining for three decades a model of understated glamor

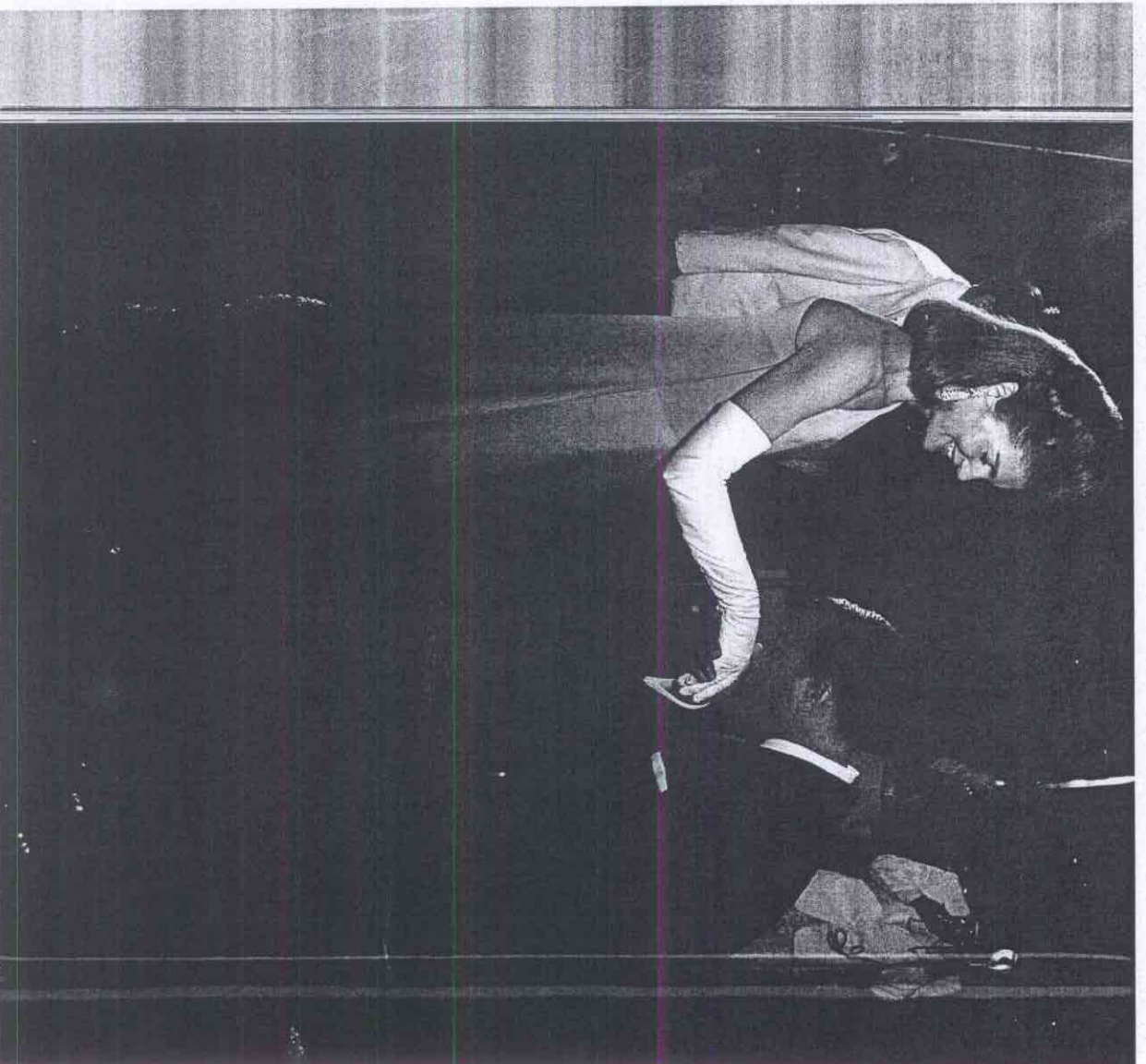
he made it look deceptively easy: The collarless sheath, the unadorned A-line dresses, a strand or two of pearls. Understated? Certainly. Imitable? Never. Jackie's style was the stunning sum of parts that in theory shouldn't have added up. She had a fine-boned delicacy, despite her size—10 feet, and a regal bearing, although her legs were so bowed she had earned the nickname *Bunjo Legs* in her 20s. "She was not a classic beauty," says Valentino, one of her favorite designers, "but she was extremely striking."

Her glamor was extolled even in her pre-White House days. "She has the look of a beautiful lion," wrote a columnist in July 1960. But it was her appearance at her husband's inauguration—outfitted in Oleg Cassini's subtle-trimmed beige wool coat and pillbox hat—that launched the Jackie look. The other women in attendance, recalls Cassini, "all had big fur coats and looked like bears roaming around. Jackie looked so neat and pretty and young. She became a bombshell right away."

So what if her style was expensive? According to Cassini, it was Joe Kennedy who footed the bills. Besides, says Ledita Baldrige, the former White House social secretary, "her public wanted her to dress well. If she had suddenly gone out and shopped at Sears, they would have hated it."

Over the years she would help set countless trends: one-shouldered gowns in the 60s, sart-style dresses in the 70s, classically tailored pantsuits in the 80s. But her own fashion sense was timeless. "Jackie's style stayed mostly the same," says designer Carolina Herrera, whose clothes Jackie often wore in recent years, "but she was always modern, so she looked as good in the '90s as she had in the '60s." Valentino says that meeting Jackie "was like touching the sky with your finger." Emulating her style, the rest of us might not have reached that high, but we were happier for the trying. ■ >

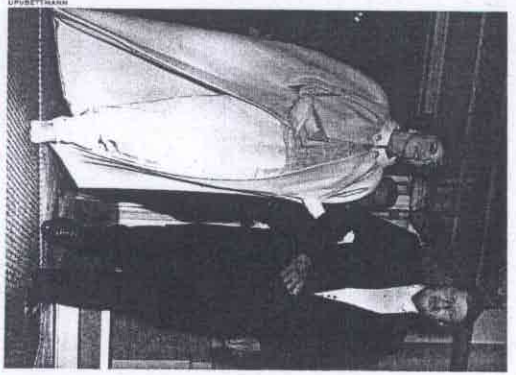
Whether formally dressed, as in 1967 when she met Prince Norodom Sihanouk in Palm-Beach, Cambodia, or right at home in equestrian garb on a 1962 trip to New Delhi, Jackie was, says designer Ghivency, "an ambassador of American charm and beauty."



BRUNO MAGLI/PAUL HATCH

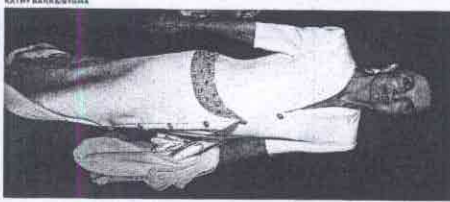
INCOMPARABLE STYLE

► Jackie, in a Valentino gown at a 1979 gala, wore minimal jewelry, even at night. If she chose dramatic earrings, she would typically forgo a necklace.

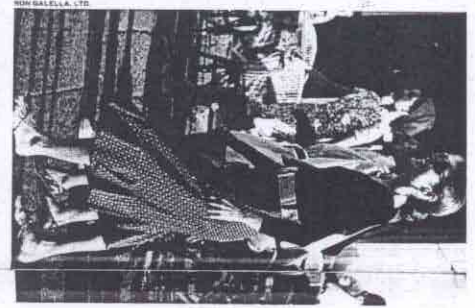


UPBRETTHANN
▼ Post-Washington, Jackie (in Manhattan in 1977) was often seen in casual clothes, favoring slim-fitting pants and sweaters.

▲ Jackie designed her own inaugural ball gown and cape. The gown, 7½ years after 1953, had both a chiffon bodice and an embroidered bodice.

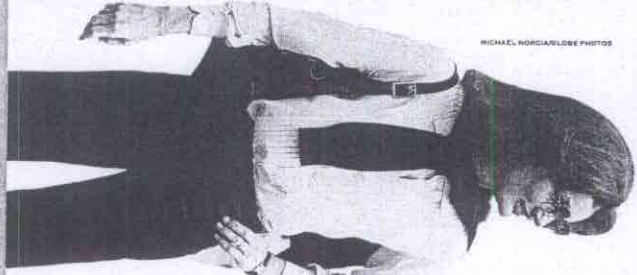


▼ A fashion writer noted that Jackie wore the Herrera dress longer than anyone, she loved the buttons and skirted the neckline.



NON GALELLA, LTD
▲ In her European phase, Jackie (in Capri in 1970) pulled back her hair and left her feet nearly bare.

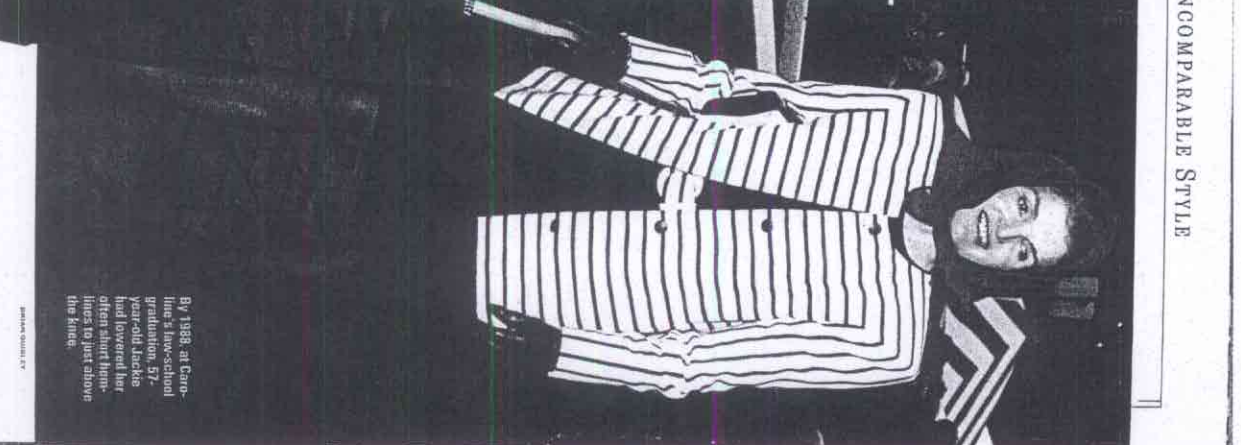
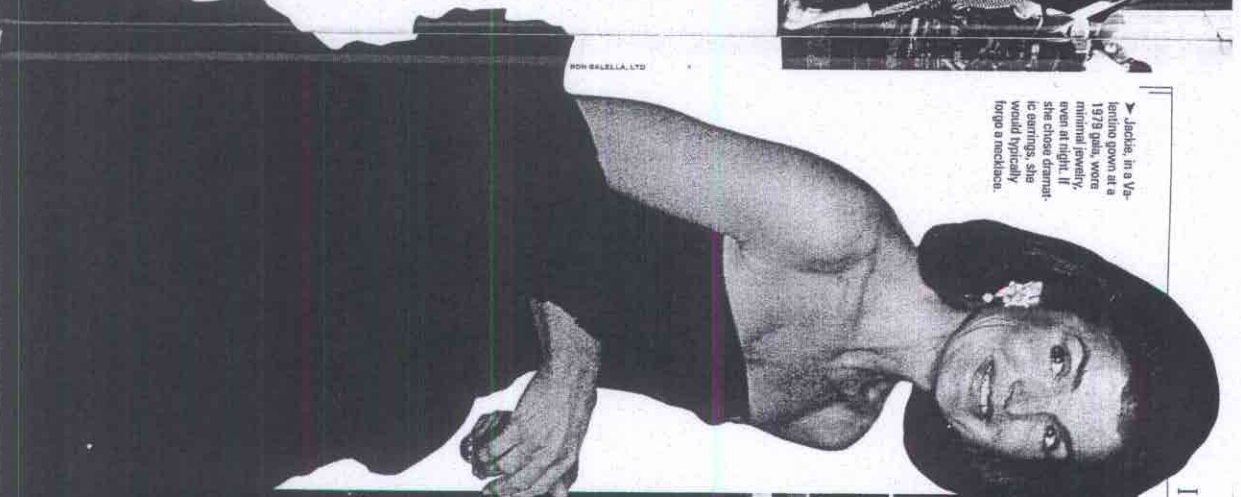
▼ Jackie (at a Red Cross benefit in 1982) almost always wore gloves in public, was to be hairlike than to conceal her thinning habit of hair-thinning.



MICHAEL WOODAN/LOBBE PHOTOS

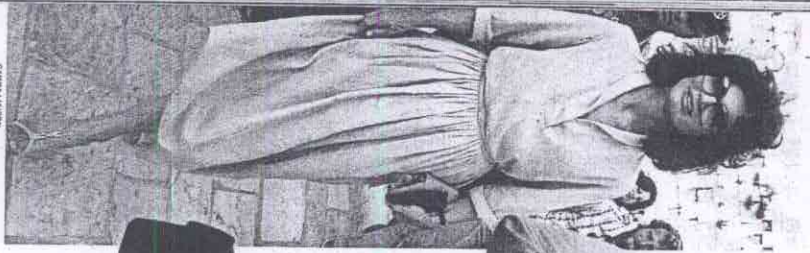


NON GALELLA, LTD



By 1988, at Caro-line's law-school graduation, 57-year-old Jackie had loosened her often short hem-lines to just above the knee.

INCOMPARABLE STYLE

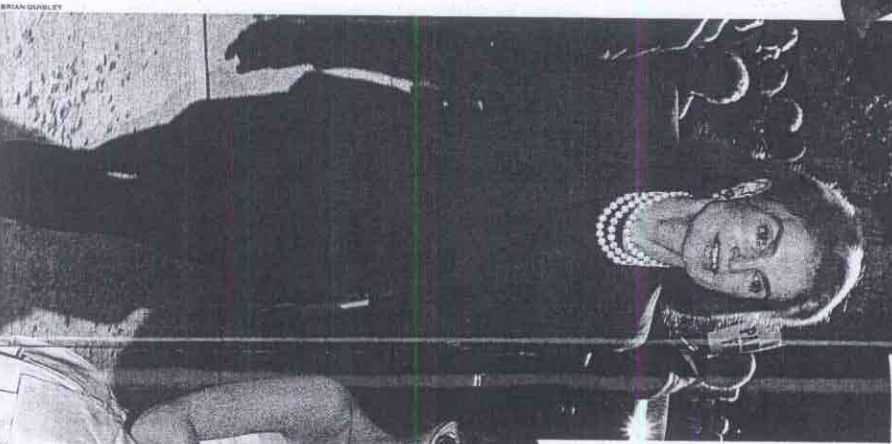
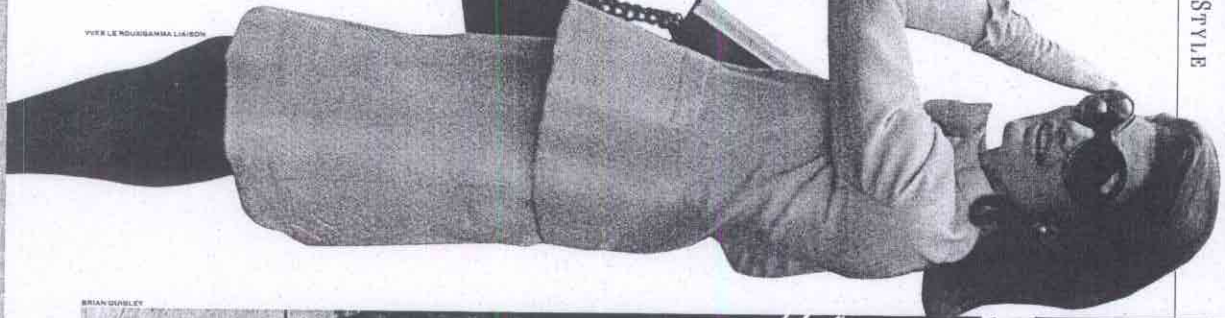


OSCAR DE LA RUA

▶ Though she favored tailored clothes, Jackie went soft in Israel in 1978. She also replaced her trademark, round black sunglasses with translucent shades.

▶ After her White House years, Jackie in Paris in the early '70s returned to the French designer she loved. "We would first send her a choice of sketches," recalls Guiveny, "then she would come to Paris for fittings."

VIVER LE NOUVEAUMANN LEROUX



▶ "She knew exactly what she needed and how to wear it," says Carolina Herrera of Jackie (in a Herrera in 1989). "For me she was a great inspiration."

▶ In December 1960, Jackie wrote her friend and White House designer Oleg Cassini (her partner at a 1954 dance). "Just make sure no one has exactly the same dress I do... I want all women hopping around in the same dress." She added, "Protect me—I still seem so markedly exposed and don't know how to cope with it."

▶ Even at 18, Jackie had a distinctive elegance. "She was very beautiful, and she didn't ever try to copy anybody else," noted her long-time friend Pamela Harriman.

BRIAN DENBLEY

OSCAR DE LA RUA

UPRETTMANN

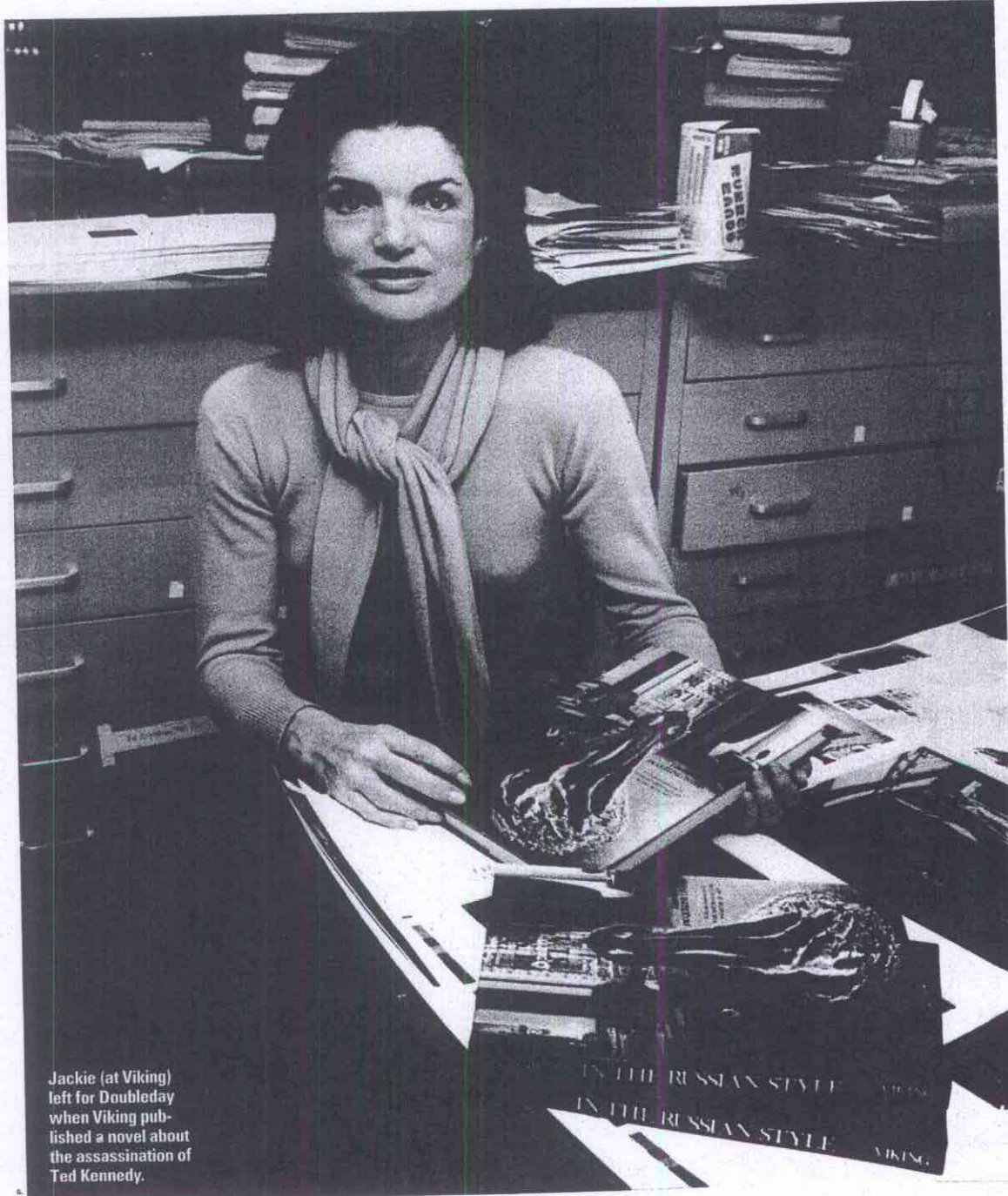
PHOTOGRAPH

OSCAR DE LA RUA

THE LATER YEARS

ON AN EVEN KEEL

An interesting job and a doting companion brought stability



Jackie (at Viking) left for Doubleday when Viking published a novel about the assassination of Ted Kennedy.

THE LATER YEARS

In the last chapter of her life, Jackie abandoned adventure and found stability, reveling in the mundane world of taxis and office buildings as much as in the privileged sphere of horse farms and her vacation compound on Martha's Vineyard. When she returned to New York City in 1975 from the indolence of Skorpios, she embraced the energy of Manhattan. With her primary job, the raising of her children, accomplished, Jackie went to work three days a week as an editor, first at Viking, then at Doubleday.

Often dressed in leggings, she sat in a modest, windowless office, shepherding writers through a dozen books a year. Those who were intimidated by her gently smiling presence in the corridors, the kitchen—even at the copy machine—were quickly calmed. “Jackie made it easy,” says Doubleday president Stephen Rubin. “She was tremendously warm and accessible.”

Her maternal nature was now applied to nurturing authors; but as an editor, she could be tough. After reading the first draft of Michael Jackson's 1988 autobiography, *Moonwalk*, she told the pop star, “Look, we can't go on with this puff,” remembers Doubleday designer J.C. Suarez. “She said, ‘We're going to have to fix this up or



MIKE HORN/ISTOCK



GLOBE PHOTOS

◀ “She made it a struggle involving people all over the country,” said Municipal Art Society head Kent Barwick of Jackie's high-visibility support at a 1978 rally to save Grand Central Terminal, that famous New York City landmark.

▲ “Maurice is a man of great charm, wit and savoir faire. He hardly takes second place to Jackie in terms of social graces,” noted a friend of diamond importer Tempelsman (with Jackie in 1986), her companion and protector for some 15 years.

THE LATER YEARS



◀ In the late '70s, before Maurice came on the scene, old friends like artist Bill Walton (accompanied by Eunice Kennedy Shriver and her husband, Sargent) squired Jackie to charity events.

▼ "They were very private," says socialite Susan Gutfreund of Jackie and Tempelman (on Madison Avenue last month). "That was part of their mystique."

ROBIN PLATZ/TWIN IMAGES



▲ The Clintons climbed aboard Tempelman's cabin cruiser on Martha's Vineyard last August to schmooze with Jackie, Caroline and Ed Schlossberg, and Ted and Vicki Kennedy.

we're all going to look like fools.' "

On the rare occasions that Jackie took up a cause, she attacked it as she did one of her books. In 1975, she joined a crusade to save Grand Central Terminal from a plan to erect a building that would obscure its facade. "By standing up and speaking out," said Municipal Art Society president Kent L. Barwick, "she made it a success."

It was in private, though, that she

found her greatest happiness—with Maurice Tempelman, a Belgian-born financier and diamond merchant who parlayed her holdings into an estimated \$200 million fortune. Married, though separated from his wife, Tempelman, 64, remained steadfastly by Jackie's side for well over a decade, longer than JFK or Onassis. Described by a friend as "very dignified and intellectual," Tempelman "made you



BILL DAVILA/RETNA, LTD.

feel like the most important person in the world."

To him, there was nobody more important than Jackie. "He respected her privacy and bandaged the wounds," says a friend. "With Maurice, she was at peace." ■

FIRST MOTHER

PRIDE AND JOY

Motherhood was the thing that most mattered to her, and John Jr. and Caroline—enlorged Ted Kennedy—

'are her two miracles'

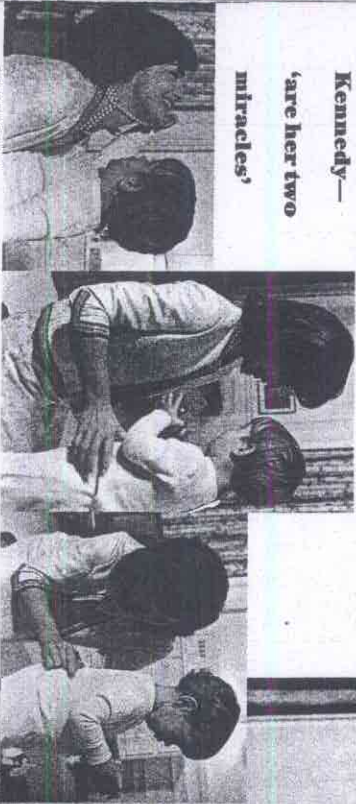


PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

On Easter Sundays, Jackie, Caroline and John—and, more recently, Caroline's children—were in the habit of visiting a friend's New Jersey farm for an egg hunt and then a parade in funny hats. Invariably, says a pal, Jackie's creations—a lamp shade tied to her head with a ribbon, for instance—were the wildest. She may have possessed the poise of a First Lady, but in the company of children, she was the soul of spontaneity. Despite the fame, the power, the wealth that surrounded them, and the tragedy that molded their lives, Jackie gave her children a sense of joy: She gathered their friends into the White House and later into the sanctuaries of her New York City apartments; she doted on their birthday parties—even John Jr.'s third, which she refused to cancel despite its falling on the day of JFK's funeral.

And against all odds, she maintained for them a climate of normalcy. As she once told Kennedy biographer Doris Kearns Goodwin, shepherding Caroline and John into a happy adulthood was "the best thing I have ever done." ▶

John Jr., 2, got a strange hold on his mother's attention as she reached him for his sister in the White House. One-year-old Caroline (right) was eager to get a move-on as Jackie put every hair in place at the family's presidential residence in Georgetown.

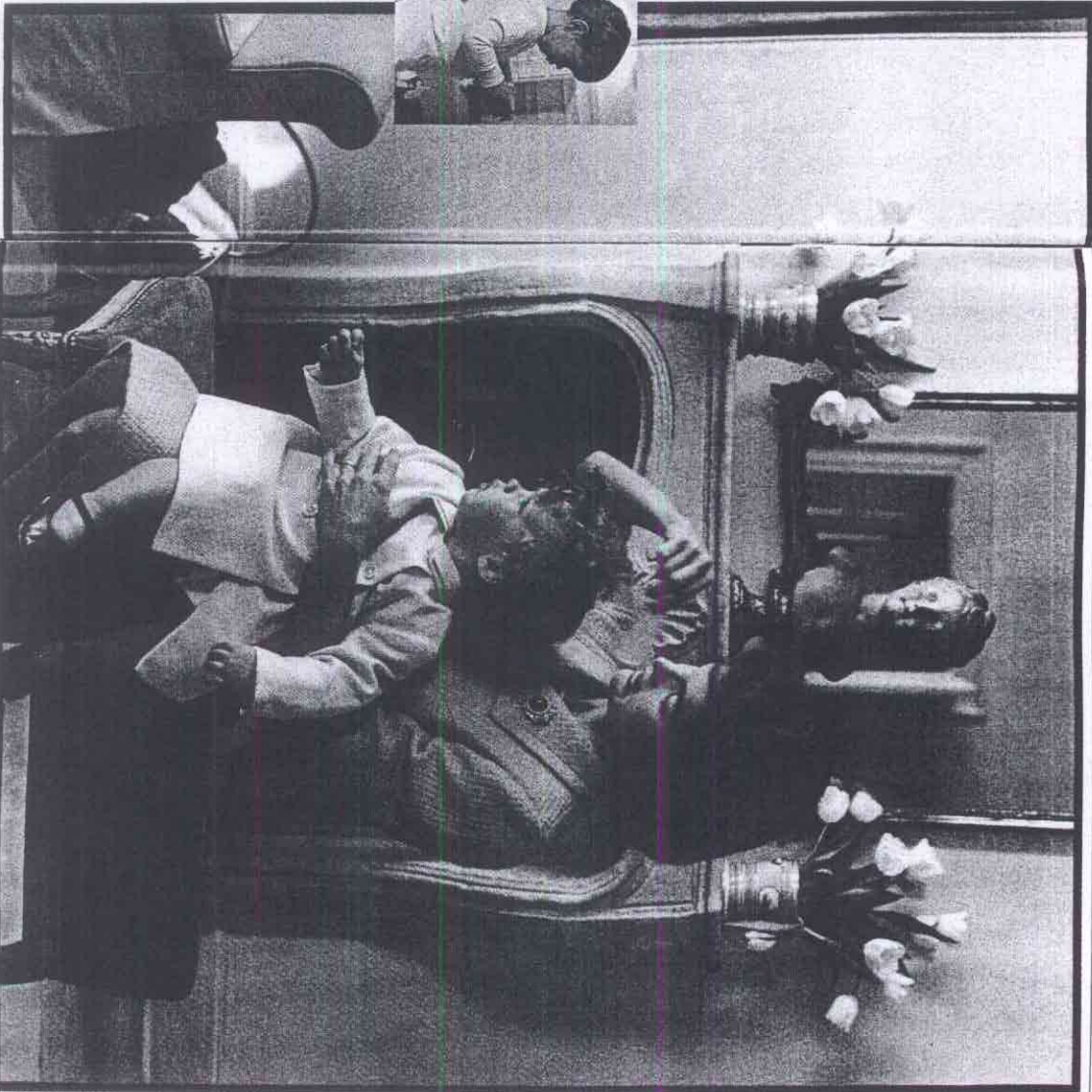


PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

FIRST MOTHER



JACQUES-LOUÏE WOODFIN CAMP

◀ Jackie, an amateur painter, encouraged a little dabbling in the arts by Caroline, going on 3, in her Hyannis Port bedroom. Later, she exposed her children to the masters, old and new, in regular visits to New York City museums.

► In the summer of '64, less than a year after the death of JFK, the family's Hyannis Port compound offered a season of abandon—except when it came to a 4-year-old's force-feeding technique. Jackie "controlled the children in a loving, not a dominating way," says Charles Eager, a retired state trooper who helped guard the estate.



STANLEY TRETIKOV/SYGMA

FIRST MOTHER



CECIL W. STOUGHTON



RON GALELLA, LTD.

◀ John Jr., 10, and Caroline, 13, strolled on Manhattan's West Side, enjoying one of Mom's favorite treats.

▲ Jackie (with a napping Caroline aboard the *Honey Fitz*) avoided stress during her 1963 pregnancy. Tragically, baby Patrick lived just 39 hours.

▼ In 1975, the dispersed family—Caroline starting Harvard, John Jr. at Andover—gathered for a Broadway opening.



ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES

FIRST MOTHER



DIRCK HALSTED/AGANNA LAMBON

▲ "Caroline [chatting with her mom last August] is one of the most terrific young women because Jackie inspired it and allowed it," says longtime friend Rose Styron, wife of author William.



BROOKS SHAFITZ/AMA

◀ The daughter, not the mother (with John Jr.), spoke at the dedication of the Kennedy Library Museum in Boston last October. "I remember watching Jackie's face," says Goodwin. "It was Caroline's moment, and you could see the pleasure she took in that. It was a sort of passing of the guard."

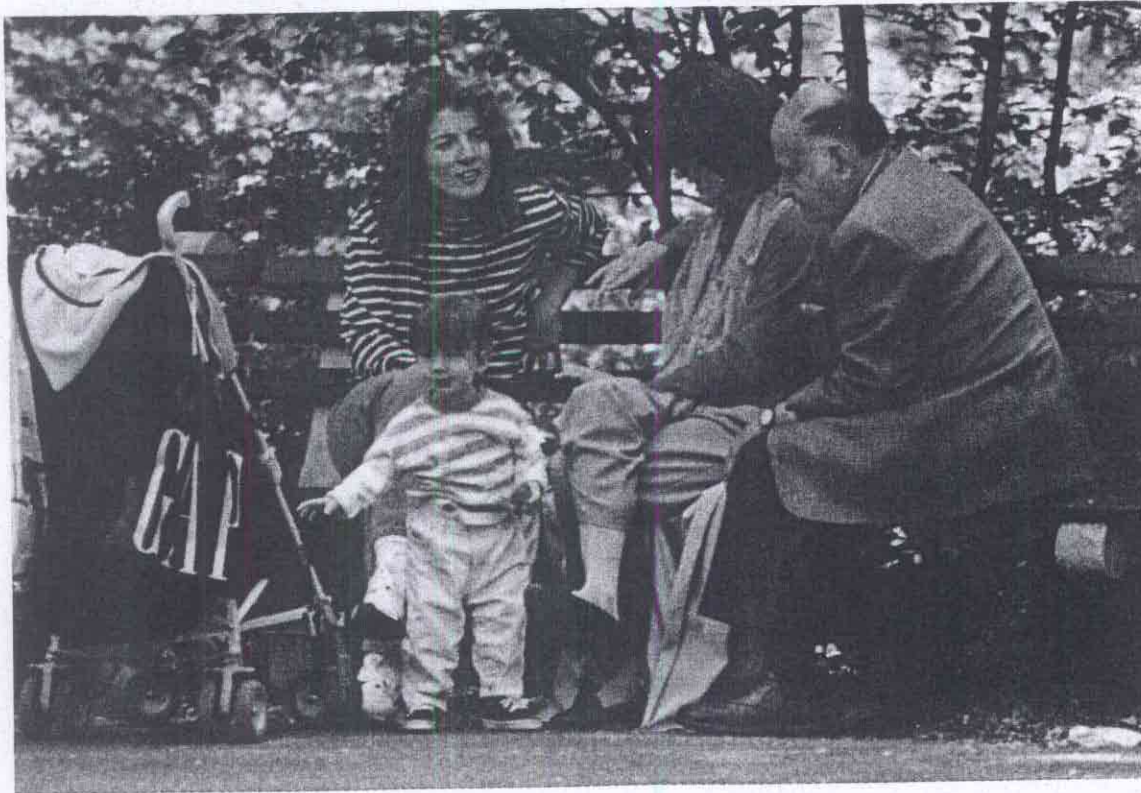
FIRST MOTHER

➤ Jackie, who took a day off every week to be a grandmother, looked after Caroline's daughters, Rose, 5, and Tatiana, 3, on Martha's Vineyard last summer.



PAUL ADAM

▼ On May 15, four days before her death, Jackie took the air in New York's Central Park with companion Maurice Tempelsman, Caroline and her newest grandchild, Jack, 16 months.



TELLERSON

BEFORE THE LEGEND

REMEMBERING JACKIE

In the early days of Camelot,

Gail Wescott had an intimate

glimpse of its queen

I first met Jacqueline Kennedy at her house in Hyannis Port the night her husband was being nominated for President at the 1960 Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, 3,000 miles away. Jackie, who had miscarried after the 1956 Convention, was now pregnant with John and determined to stay put to make sure nothing went wrong. She was wearing a sleeveless summer shift and sandals, and her skin actually seemed to glow. "Come in," she said softly. "Let me introduce

you to my family." With her were Janet and Hugh Auchincloss and her half siblings Jamie and Jane.

The house was in ordinary-people disarray. In the large living room filled with antiques and comfortable furniture with flowered slipcovers, Caroline's tiny wicker furniture were abandoned on the white rug. Jackie had set up an easel near the television. It showed his triumphant arrival at the dock and was cluttered with kids and dogs and a banner that read "Welcome Back, Mr. Jack." She had gotten to the beach area.

"There are too many Kennedys!" she said in mock exasperation. "How can I fit them all in?" She was drinking a glass of rose wine and smoking cigarettes, and

she requested not to be photographed doing either.

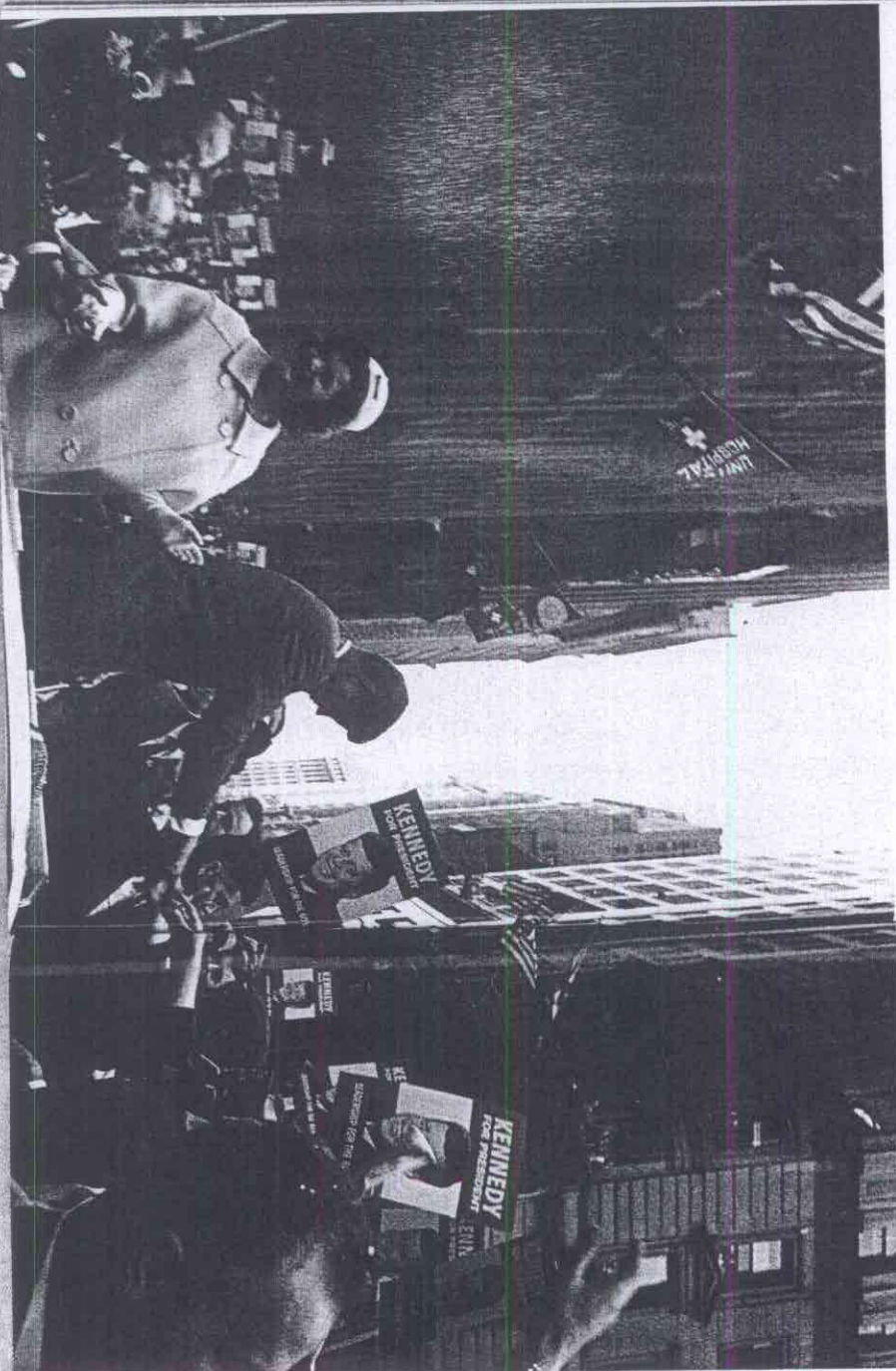
Everyone began shouting "Jackie!" when I looked as if Kennedy would make it on the first ballot. When Wyonna put him over the top, Jackie, ever the hostess, asked if everyone's glass was full. If anyone was hungry, she said, "I'm still only 30 years old, and I've just lost my anonymity for good. It's a little scary."

In September I returned with photographer Alfred Eisenstein. The air was gray and a storm was brewing that later would become a full-fledged hurricane. Lee Radziwill, who had given birth to a premature baby in late August, was at the house recuperating but stayed in her room. At lunch I sat down, and Caroline came at me shrieking. "No, no, no, that's Daddy's chair and he's going to get you with a big stick!"—a thought that sent her into a seizure of wild giggles. Jackie, however, was concerned. "I worry," she said. "All those books on child psychology—and I'm the type who reads all those books—talk about how things affect children Caroline's age. I get this terrible feeling that when we leave, she might think that it's because we don't want to be with her. After the Convention, Jack was here for three straight weeks, and Caroline got so used to having Daddy around the house."

By mid-afternoon, hurricane-force winds were blowing and the power abruptly failed. Jackie and I began to hop around the house lighting candles. By midnight, an atmosphere of private festivity had taken over. Jackie, whose voice in private lost much of its husked, little-girl quality, got out a scrapbook. "I've got to show you this picture," she said, pulling out a snapshot of an enormous female bear and bent over so the owner could peer through the Kennedy fence. "One of our neighbors look at it, and it's my favorite picture of the campaign so far." Late that evening, Senator Kennedy called. When she returned to the living room, she said, "Today's our wedding anniversary, and Jack never mentioned it." "Daddy, I responded, "Well, tomorrow's my birthday." It was so off-the-wall and off the subject that we started laughing and then sat there all afternoon talking and drinking wine by candlelight.

A few days after President Kennedy's body was flown back to Washington in November 1963, I asked Jackie's press secretary if I could have one of the prayer cards that Jackie had written out for publication; her secretary called back to say yes. I rushed to the East Wing of the White House, and suddenly there was Jackie, holding out the envelope. "Thank you," she said, "for thinking of this." I was stunned. Every reporter in the world would have given anything at that moment for a private exchange with Mrs. Kennedy. I, however, was speechless. I must have looked as stricken as I felt because Jackie smiled and said, consoling me in words that are etched forever in my head. "Oh, Gail—think back on the good times. Remember the hurricane?"

Somewhat, I managed to stumble out onto the street, where, for the first time during those momentous days, I started to cry. ■



◀ In the fall of 1960, a very pregnant Jackie made a rare campaign appearance in a New York City parade.

In a mooring bithaka, Minnie Templeman, Jackie's last love, read bithaka by modern Greek poet C. P. Cavafy at her funeral in New York City's St. Ignace Loyola church.

As you set out for bithaka

hope you've read is a long one,
full of excitement, full of the energy,
Lasting moments and Cliches,
empty bithakas—don't be afraid of
them.
you never find things like that on
you as long as you keep your thoughts
as long as a new excitement
isn't your spirit and your body,
Lasting moments and Cliches,
until bithakas—you won't encounter
unless you bring them along inside
your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in front
of you.

*Hope your road is a long one,
May there be many summers*

more things like
with what. For how you've seeing for
the first time.
may you stop at Phoenician, trading
situation things,
to hang, fine things,
make-up, sport and cool, amber
and ebony,
serenading perfume of sunny kind—
as many as you can find as you
can.
and may you visit many Egyptian
cities
to learn and go on learning from
them, bithakas.

*Keep bithaka always in your mind,
As writing there is what you've*

But don't, let the journey of all,
Believe it, it's time for bithakas,
so you're sold by the time you reach the
islands,
wedding with all you've gathered on the
road,
Keep, keep,
not respecting bithaka to make you
TCL.

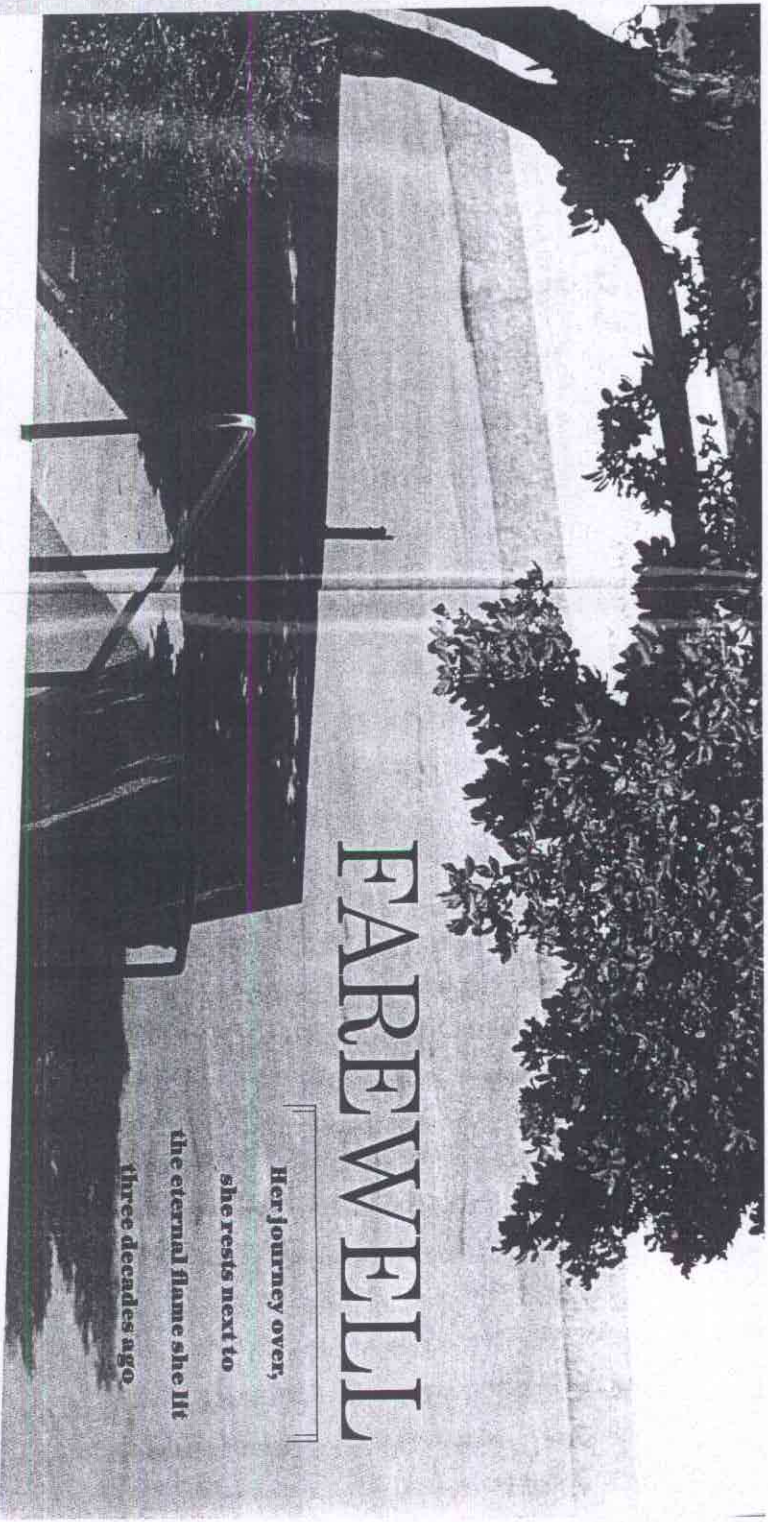
*Bithaka gave you the most delicious
journey,*

Without her, you wouldn't have set
out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, bithaka won't
have, found you.

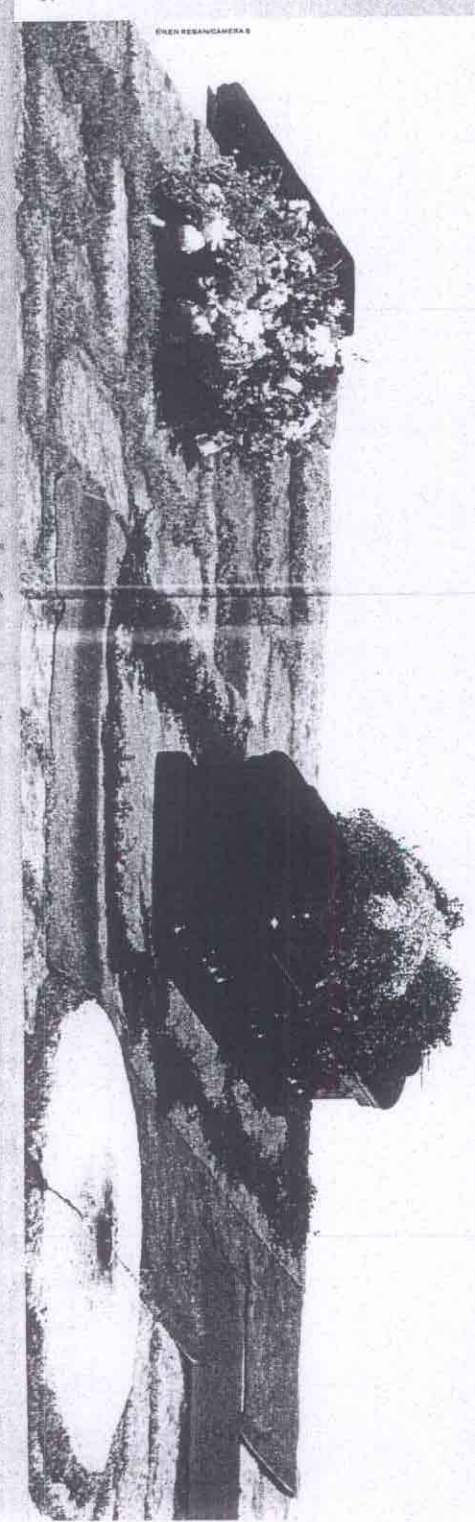
Yes, as you will have become, so full
of experience,
you'll have remembered by them what
these bithakas mean. ■

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LASTING MOMENTS AND CLICHES, BY C. P. CAVAFY. PHOTOGRAPHY BY TATE.



FAREWELL

Her journey over,
she rests next to
the eternal flame she lit
three decades ago.



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