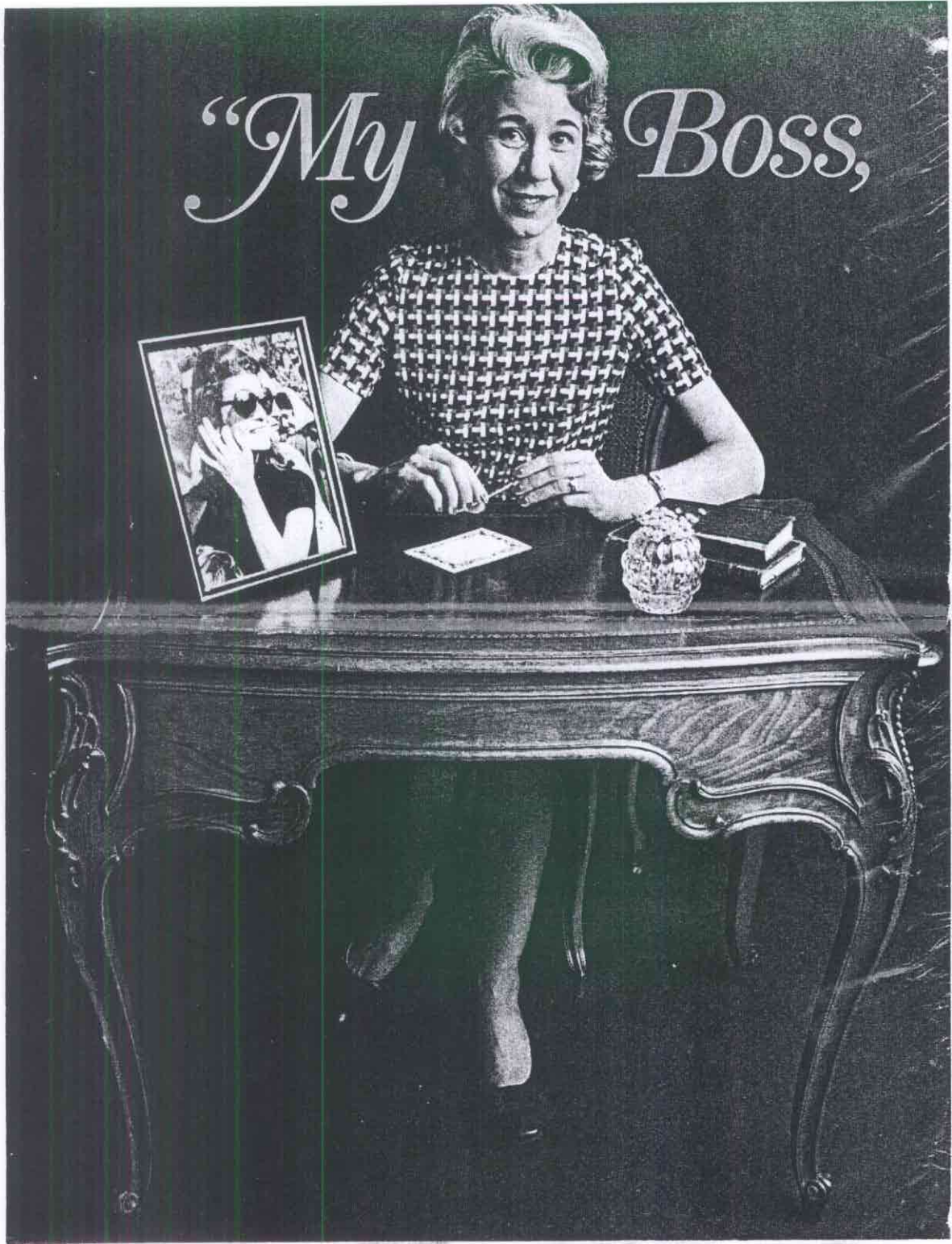


"My Boss,



Jackie Kennedy"

By Mary Barelli Gallagher

Edited by Frances Spatz Leighton

Jackie Kennedy. Only once in a generation does a woman possess such magnetism that the world is spellbound by her, seeing only what she wants it to see. And even when the spell is broken, people still wonder; they still ask what actually happened, what Jackie Kennedy is *really* like? What was real and what was the dream? I can tell you that not everything was as it seemed. I know, because for almost eight incredible years I lived in Jackie's world as her personal secretary—before, during and after John F. Kennedy entered the White House. I won't be surprised if you've never heard of me. Jackie wanted it that way. She did not wish it known that she had a personal secretary.

When William Manchester, doing research for his book, *Death of a President*, was introduced to me on April 2, 1964, by J.F.K.'s secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, Manchester shook my hand with disbelief. "You are the most well-kept secret of the Kennedy Administration," he said.

I first was caught up in the Kennedy world in 1952, when I was hired as a secretary by John F. Kennedy, who had just been elected U.S. Senator from Massachusetts. Before that I had been working for a Boston paper company. Because I could speak and write Italian, I was assigned to handle immigration matters involving Senator Kennedy's Italian-American constituents, which I did for 3½ years, working in the Senator's Washington office.

The first time I saw Jacqueline Bouvier, she came into our office, looking very young, with tousled, dark short hair. She appeared rather poised and walked past the girls with friendly greetings. The Senator, however, did not talk about his personal life, and everyone in the office was caught off-guard when we read the announcement in 1953 that he would marry Jackie. When the Senator returned from his honeymoon, one of the first things he did was to make his bride his insurance beneficiary. Evelyn Lincoln and I were the witnesses.

In December, 1954, I became engaged to insurance-man Ray Gallagher, and we were married in Boston in

April, 1955. Senator Kennedy and Jackie could not attend the wedding—J.F.K. was in Palm Beach, Fla., recuperating from his serious back operation—but they sent a lovely telegram that read:

DEAR RAY AND MARY—WE ARE TERRIBLY SORRY THAT WE COULD NOT BE WITH YOU TODAY, BUT WISH YOU BOTH ALL THE HAPPINESS IN THE WORLD. WITH BEST WISHES, JACK & JACKIE KENNEDY

As I approached my first wedding anniversary, I also approached the birth of my first child. One of the last things I did before going to the hospital was to send the Senator a letter from home telling him how much I had enjoyed working for him. Over the next several months I kept getting calls from his office asking if I couldn't return to work. My answer was always the same. With a new baby, I didn't feel I could handle a full-time job.

Late in the fall of 1956, I received a phone call from Senator Kennedy's mother-in-law, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss.

"Jack suggested I call you," Mrs. Auchincloss began. She explained that she needed a personal secretary who could work at Merrywood, her McLean, Va., home "about one day a week." With the cooperation of my mother-in-law, Ann Gallagher, who agreed to come and care for my son Christopher in my absence, I happily fitted this brief weekly interlude into my schedule. Mrs. Auchincloss' attitude toward me was so gentle and relaxed that I felt more like a daughter than a secretary.

Early in 1957, when I was pregnant with my second child, Jackie herself called me. "I understand you're going out to Mummy's one day a week," she said. "Do you suppose you might do the same thing for me?"

I was very happy when my doctor agreed that this would be all right for me, and gave me permission to work more days. I went to Merrywood about one day a week and, at the beginning, spent one or two days working for Jackie at the house she and Senator Kennedy had rented at 2808 P Street, N.W., in the Georgetown section of Washington. My office was located in a second-floor study.

In March, 1957, two months before my son Gregory was born, I suddenly found myself deeply involved in the Kennedys' family affairs.

On March 17, for example, a toothache kept J.F.K. from marching in the St. Patrick's Day parade. After I

had been working for several hours at my desk, he entered my office, barefooted and pajama-clad. Catching sight of the stack of envelopes that held many outgoing checks ready for Jackie's signature, J.F.K. immediately began asking questions, scattering the envelopes over the desk for more careful study. He seemed surprised and irked at Jackie's numerous expenditures. "From now on, Mary, please see to it that I get a complete list of all the checks written—and exactly what they're for," he said sternly.

At the time, I thought it was just a passing fancy, and that the Senator would soon tire of looking at the household and personal accounts. I was mistaken. Mrs. Auchincloss also confided in me. She once asked if I would approach Jackie about her manner of dress. That happened several days after she and Jackie had gone to an embassy tea. Mrs. Auchincloss was rather distressed over the short dress that her daughter had worn. She said that when Jackie bent over for something, you could see her garters at the top of her hose. "Could you just mention to her that you think she should start wearing her dresses a little longer?" Mrs. Auchincloss asked me.

Much as I would have loved to oblige Mrs. Auchincloss, I never could muster enough courage to tell Jackie. The Senator was so delighted when Jackie gave birth to their daughter Caroline on November 27, 1957, that he bought her a larger house in Georgetown, at 3307 N Street, N.W. It was a three-story house with a living room, library, dining room and kitchen on the first floor, guest room on the mezzanine and a master bedroom and study on the second floor. There were additional bedrooms (used by Caroline and her nannie, Maud Shaw) on the third floor.

The second-floor study, directly off the master bedroom, also served as the Senator's dressing room. It was here that my "office" was located. Usually, when I arrived at the house, Jackie was still in bed, eating breakfast from a tray and reading the newspapers. Senator Kennedy usually had breakfast in the downstairs library. When he was ready to leave, he would call up the stairs, "Bye, Jackie," and briskly head for his car in the alley behind the house. I sometimes thought it would be nice if Jackie would eat breakfast with the Senator—or at least come downstairs to see him off.

I always felt there were two things that John F. Kennedy wanted in his home: a comfortable, familiar, *unchanging* place to read in peace and quiet—and no money worries. Strangely enough, these two things remained elusive.

Jackie was never satisfied with the furnishings the way they were. I remember one day when she was changing things around in the house. Furiously, the Senator hunted for a comfortable nook. It wasn't to be found—and he finally said, "Jackie, why is it that the rooms in this house are never completely livable all at the same time?" In the study alone, the wallpaper was changed three times in just a matter of months—including an expensive water-color pattern imported from England.

The 1960 Presidential campaign changed my duties—and my whole life. I was now so busy with Jackie's mail and other problems four and five days a week that I no longer had time to work for Mrs. Auchincloss. She was most understanding. "Jackie comes first now," she said.

My responsibilities increased to the point where I became the mediator in handling servant problems—forever soothing hurt feelings. There was considerable friction among the help, which resulted not only in grumbling but also in a rapid turnover of cooks, in particular. I breathed a sigh of relief when we finally hit upon a cook who could please everyone—Pearl Nelson. Another maid, Consuelo Quiroz, arrived to give a helping hand to Providencia Paredes, the faithful "Provi," a native of Santo Domingo, whose time was now devoted to Jackie's personal needs, such as taking care of her clothes.

In line with Jackie's policy of handling things herself when observers were around, I stayed out of the way as much as possible during the 1960 campaign. I usually worked at my desk upstairs. However, at one tea, Jackie did ask that I "pour" for her. I did, until it was time for the photographs to be taken. Then Jackie took her place in the chair and started to pour.

Jackie was happiest when her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, was around, because Lee was one person with whom she could relax and pour out her feelings. Looking back over the days in Georgetown and right through the White House years, I cannot recall that Jackie ever had any close friends—with the exception of Lee. They were like schoolgirls together, sharing confidences and telling how some frustrating or dense person "drove me up the wall—screaming and knocking everything over." Or how someone had "a knack for being interested in and remembering the dullest details."

When she tended to her personal affairs, Jackie never seemed to lack the ambition, energy, strength and enthusiasm for endless details. One of the most time-consuming of these involved planning her wardrobe, ordering clothes, standing through fittings or dictating the endless letters that gave her "clothing scouts" enough to do for weeks at a time!

The scouts, whom she leaned on more and more at the White House, were, for the most part, friends who kept on the look-out for gowns or fabrics. Jackie herself also kept track of what the couturiers in Paris and London were featuring. Often Jackie would get in touch with her scouts to order items through them so that nobody would ever know they were for her.

Lee used some of the same overseas scouts, and once I was amused when Jackie warned one scout to give *her*, not Lee, the first news about fashion finds. Jackie wanted first pick.

One morning, in the fall of 1960, Jackie asked me, "Mary, what are your measurements?" I quoted the three basics and Jackie exclaimed, "Fantastic!" She asked if I would please go into the dressing room and try on some muslin samples she had just received from New York. I stood there as she and Provi applied a few pins around the arms and shoulders. With the fittings out of the way, Jackie proceeded to dictate her letter to the dressmaker, describing the alterations she wanted made.

If I had been taken by surprise by her opening question about my measurements, I was even more surprised when she wrote to

the dressmaker that the muslins had been fitted to her sister Lee.

Eventually, I would no longer be surprised when Jackie used other people's names in letters. Usually, it was to hide the fact that she was the one who wanted something. Frequently, she would say, "Jack wants . . ." or, "my sister advises against . . ." or, "so-and-so won't let me . . ."

During the campaign, Jackie's clothes drew the attention of busybodies who chose to be concerned with what she spent on her wardrobe. I remember when the story broke that Jackie was spending \$30,000 a year for her clothes, she retorted, "I would have to wear sable underwear to spend that much."

At that time, it was not my responsibility to keep strict accounts. However, at the end of 1961, her first year in the White House, I was amazed to see how close those estimates had been. Actually, Jackie's clothing expenditures for 1961 amounted to just over \$40,000.

It was during the campaign that the curtain of silence about my status was fully lowered. I arrived at the Georgetown house one morning to find several representatives from *Life* magazine waiting in the study.

Jackie called me into the bedroom and whispered that pictures would be taken, and would I cooperate by sitting at the desk. I drew the clear inference that the pictures would be of her alone, but I took my place at the desk as instructed. However, Jackie's mysterious, whispered conversation stayed with me; I didn't know why.

I found out when the October 10, 1960, issue of *Life* arrived.

The photos and story depicted the various roles of the wives of the Presidential candidates, Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Nixon. To the general public, I noticed, it was to appear that Jackie carried the major burden of coping with the voluminous mail she received. My picture did not appear—and my name had been eliminated as well. The caption said: "Reading the 225 daily letters, Jackie answers each with help of a part-time secretary. I could use one full time these days," she says."

I was then working for Jackie seven days a week—and taking work home at night.

In the final weeks of the '60 campaign, the pressure of work kept me too busy to shop for a winter coat, which I needed desperately. I remembered that Jackie had a blue, double-breasted mohair coat that she no longer wanted. In fact, I had already sent it out to Encore, a New York clothing resale house, where, in accordance with Jackie's instructions, I usually shipped her clothing—to be resold under my name and home address. As the various items were sold, Encore's check would come to me, and I would deposit it in my personal bank account. At the same time, I would write out a check for the same amount to be deposited in Jackie's account.

The blue coat was perfect for me, and since we wore the same size and were the same height, I asked Jackie if she would mind if I asked Encore to return that particular garment—listed at \$65. I said I'd be happy to pay her for it. Jackie agreed, and when the coat was returned, I handed her the check. She told me to deposit it in her bank account.

On Tuesday, November 8, 1960, John F. Kennedy was elected President.

After the election, the first big change for Jackie was the arrival of the Secret Service agents at the Georgetown house. At first she regarded them as a nuisance and another intrusion on her privacy. But when they, along with local police, were able to quiet the noisy crowds that appeared outside the house at all hours of the day and night, she suddenly changed her attitude.

One of my most constant, most cheerful visitors during those hectic early days before we moved into the White House was little Caroline Kennedy, then almost three.

Maud Shaw, the nurse who'd been with Caroline since she was 11 days old, was well aware of the demands on our time. After a certain length of time, she'd call Caroline away or would come to fetch her.

There was only one person whose every handclap and call caused Caroline to bound forth in the most excited, exhilarated way—her daddy. "Buttons? Where's Buttons?" J.F.K. would call.

With her mother, Caroline was more subdued. But then, I seldom saw her around her mother when Jackie was working. Caroline would be off with Miss Shaw or playing upstairs in her bedroom. When Jackie was having breakfast, Miss Shaw would usually bring Caroline in for a little visit with "Mommy." Then Jackie would ask, "Where are you going today with Miss Shaw?"

Those were happy days. The President-elect was forever popping in to tell Jackie, who was pregnant again, that he would like her to see this group or that, or asking her to go downstairs with him to meet some visitor. Jackie never hurried her preparations, whether it was for a simple greeting downstairs or an evening out. She often kept J.F.K. waiting for her. As he paced impatiently, she would simply continue with her last-minute touch-ups. No matter how impatient J.F.K. became, the strongest thing he would say was, "For God's sake, Jackie!"

Gifts from the public were pouring in for the expected baby. The packages would arrive at the Georgetown house and were heaped, unopened, on the couch beside my desk. This bothered Jackie. So after I had removed the gift cards and addresses for thank-you notes, Jackie would order me to clear them out. "Put them in the car when you go home; just get rid of them," she would say to me.

I took them home, and Ray helped me sort them. As the flow of gifts continued, Jackie suggested that I take them home in their boxes, open and sort them there, and then bring the cards and addresses back to the office for acknowledgment. Since these were gifts that I knew would be appreciated by charitable organizations, I made various anonymous donations, which I realized would be the way Jackie would want it handled.

I frantically knitted something that would be ready for her baby when Jackie came home from the hospital. But so sure was I that it would be a girl that I made my little creation in pink—a little cardigan sweater with two rabbits on a see-saw across the front. Needless to say, when Jackie gave birth to a boy, John Jr., I decided not to disturb the sea of blue with my pink present.

On the morning of Friday, December 9, Jackie returned home with her new son. I stood at the top of the long stairway as they entered the front door and, for a terrible

moment, I wondered how Jackie would manage the climb.

The thought no sooner flashed through my mind, however, than the two Secret Service agents quickly formed a "chair" for Jackie, firmly grasping each other's hands in a cross-locked position, just as we used to do in grade school. With amazing ease, they carried her right to the top of the stairs.

With the New Year, 1961, came a summons from Jackie. Would I please make arrangements to join her in Palm Beach?

On the plane, I thought of how nice it would be to get some sun on the Florida beach while helping Jackie get ready for the Inauguration. Then I would go back to part-time work somewhere—maybe with her mother, Mrs. Auchincloss. Or with Jackie's stepfather, Hugh Auchincloss, who had asked me to work for him.

I wasn't worried. I felt I'd had a wonderful experience working for the Kennedys. Jackie had been good to me. She had sent lovely Christmas gifts—a beautiful pin and a beautiful poinsettia. A few weeks earlier, I had received another gift that had made me proudest of all. It was an autographed photo of Jackie, the President-elect and Caroline bearing the message: "For Mary—what would we ever do without you!—Jackie."

The Kennedys' home in Palm Beach was absolutely lovely. My desk was set up just a few steps from Jackie's bedroom. During my stay I was especially fascinated by Rose Kennedy, J.F.K.'s mother. She was so different from Jackie, who spent much of her time closeted in her bedroom, even having her meals served there. I sensed that this seemed rather strange to the senior Mrs. Kennedy—that her daughter-in-law should stay secluded and not participate more—and I suspected that the two women did not understand each other too well.

The climax came one morning when Mrs. Rose Kennedy stopped by my desk. "Do you know if Jackie is getting out of bed today?" she asked.

When I responded that I couldn't be sure, she added, "Well, you might remind her that we're having some important guests for lunch. It would be nice if she would join us."

I immediately went in to relay the message to Jackie, but she took it gaily. She imitated her mother-in-law's voice and manner of speech, and singsonged, "You might remind her we're having important guests for lunch . . ." The luncheon guests arrived and departed without any sight of Jackie.

In my own opinion, things were never the same between Jackie and her mother-in-law after that. Though the Kennedys never aired their family linen in public and kept things normal and polite on the surface, I felt that the relationship was strained from then on. But, to her credit, Mrs. Rose Kennedy always included Jackie in the family notes and reminders of religious days and anniversaries that she would mail to each Kennedy wife. She even sent reminders to Jackie concerning memorial Masses for Jackie's own father.

While she was in Palm Beach, Jackie left her bedroom only for specific appointments that involved her alone. Once she was inter-

viewed for *Time* magazine. Another time, the fitters arrived from New York with her Inaugural gown, and again Jackie came out of seclusion.

Only later did I learn that this gown was not Jackie's favorite, even though she had designed it herself. She much preferred the gown made by Oleg Cassini that she wore to the Inaugural Gala. Jackie wanted to have the Smithsonian Institution display her Gala gown instead of the Inaugural dress, and I was still fighting that battle a long time after the Kennedys had moved into the White House. The Smithsonian preferred sticking with tradition, however, so Jackie gave up and the Inaugural gown went on display.

The pre-Inauguration project that amazed me most was Jackie's negotiations through her social secretary, Tish Baldrige, to borrow from Tiffany, the famous New York jewelry store, the diamond pin and pendant diamond earrings that she wore at the Inaugural Ball. (Tish had worked at Tiffany before becoming Jackie's social secretary.)

"Tell Tish," Jackie ordered, "that if it gets in the newspapers, I won't do any more business with Tiffany. If it doesn't, we'll buy all State presents there."

The amusing thing is that J.F.K. found out about Jackie's plan to borrow jewelry from Tiffany and had forbidden her to do so. But Jackie got around it.

As I explained to Tish, at Jackie's request, if Tiffany would back up Jackie's story that she had borrowed the pin from her mother-in-law, she still would wear it and the earrings. But I was to caution Tish to be very tactful.

Nearing the end of our Palm Beach stay, Pierre Salinger, J.F.K.'s press secretary, asked Jackie point-blank: "Will you be keeping Mary Gallagher?" At the time, Pierre was making a list of official appointments to the White House staff for the President and Mrs. Kennedy.

His question caught me off-guard! When Jackie asked me directly if I would stay, there was only one answer I could give. I thanked her for her consideration, but pointed out that my husband and sons had to come first, and, obviously, working at the White House would keep me from my family a good deal of the time.

"I'm sure you'll need a full-time secretary once you're in the White House," I said. "I would be willing to just bow out gracefully at this time."

But Jackie wouldn't hear of it. She said she readily understood my wanting to spend time with my family. But still, she said, she couldn't do without me. She suggested that perhaps we could work out something on a "part-time basis," adding, "You just make your own schedule."

This seemed a bit more acceptable, and I agreed to three days a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays. Suddenly I had a White House office—the Monroe Room just a few steps across the hall from the Queen's Room, the bedroom Jackie used for the first three months. (The President used the Lincoln Room.)

From the moment Jacqueline Kennedy became First Lady, she began changing the interior of the White House—a project that was never completely finished from the day we entered until the day we left. If the President was looking for a familiar spot that would not change, he had again come to the wrong place.

J.F.K. did not raise a fuss until late in 1963. Jackie had about run out of things to redec-

orate, and finally thought of the President's elevator. She had it made elegant and very ornate, very unlike an elevator—she even had it wallpapered. The President put his foot down. He didn't like the wallpaper. He didn't like the green carpeting, and he said the whole effect was too bright.

Soon Jackie asked that the painters go back to work on the elevator—this time to change it to the same soft, muted white as the State Dining Room.

And there was the matter of the cattle that Vice President Johnson had given the Kennedys. The Vice President was keeping the cows until J.F.K. and Jackie were settled at Glen Ora, the estate they had rented in Middleburg, Va. But soon the cows would be delivered, and Jackie was giving instructions on what field they should be turned out in and checking what to feed them.

Finally, there was "T.K."—Tom Kitten, Caroline's cat. She missed him very much when Jackie decreed that he had to go—and my home was the logical pet haven. Somehow the press got the news, and soon a headline said, "White House OK for a President, But Not for a Dog or Cat." The story said that Tom Kitten was banished because he had begun meowing too loudly. The dog in the headline was Caroline's Welsh terrier, Charlie. He had been shipped out to Glen Ora.

But the story did not reveal that President Kennedy was allergic to dog and cat fur and that his fatherly indulgence had been put to the test by his daughter's pets.

Tom Kitten was Caroline's very first favorite. She had had him since she was three, and it hurt her to give him up, even though she knew my sons, Chris and Greg, who were close to her own age, were taking good care of him and loved him, too. So she visited my house to see her cat.

Caroline first came on Saturday, March 4, 1961. She arrived at 4:15 P.M. and left at 7:30 P.M. She was very happy to see her cat again. She threw her arms around him and gave him a great big kiss.

By spring, the renovation of the White House family quarters on the second floor, though not entirely complete, had reached the point where the Kennedys could begin to use them.

Caroline's room was furnished in pink and white, with a white, four-poster, canopied bed, dressed in the same rosebud chintz material as the drapes and couch. At one end of the room was the huge dollhouse given to her by French President Charles de Gaulle. Displayed throughout the rest of the room were many stuffed dolls, animals, and other toys. John Jr.'s room, opposite Caroline's, was decorated in blue and white.

President Kennedy's bedroom was handsomely furnished with a large mahogany four-poster bed and matching pieces against off-white walls. The windows and accessories to the bed were finished in a masculine, deep-blue-and-white design.

Mrs. Kennedy's bedroom, dressing room and bath were separated from the President's bedroom by a deep closet, fully equipped with a stereo system. Jackie's bedroom, decorated in shades of pale green and blue, contained most of her own furniture that she had used in Georgetown. At the foot of her bed was an upholstered bench that held current issues of magazines—both American and foreign.

Jackie had rather particular tastes when it came to decorating, and I remember there was much grumbling by some of the craftsmen.

When Mrs. Kennedy asked about having her bedroom painted, her choice of colors had been pale-green walls, with the door and window moldings painted white. The job was to be done while she was away from the White House over a weekend. The painters worked feverishly. By the time Mrs. Kennedy returned, the room was ready.

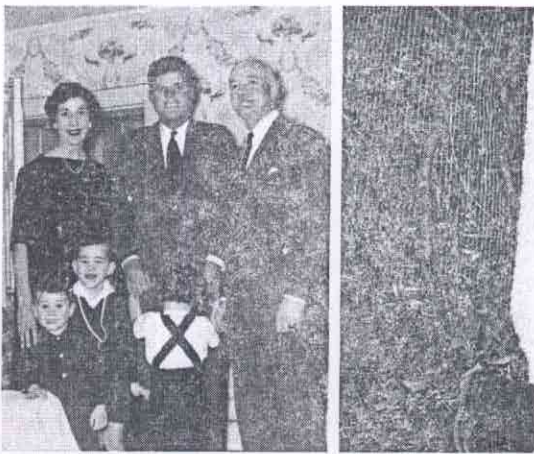
Jackie's first glance at the room was followed by these most unexpected, dismaying words: "Oh, gosh! I'm not so sure I like the room this way. Mary, do you suppose I could

more shelves holding Jackie's assortment of handbags. And more shoes were lined up on the floor.

Each day Jackie breakfasted from a bed-tray while looking over the morning papers, and I could usually expect Provi's call around 9:30 or 10 to let me know that "The Lady" would soon be finished and ready for me.

As I sat in the tufted chair by her bed, I'd invariably marvel at how wonderful Jackie looked—so fresh and young. She needed no makeup and no curlers. Her hair, already

One of Mary's prized souvenirs of her Kennedy years is this picture of all the Gallaghers (husband Ray, sons Christopher and Gregory) with J.F.K. and Caroline—who suddenly became camera-shy.



An alert newsman took this photo of Mary and Caroline on the White House balcony during a 1961 reception for astronaut Alan Shepard. It was one of the few times Mary was photographed.



ask to have it all done over in off-white?" Her wish was granted.

Any woman would have enjoyed the chance to step into Jackie's dressing room and glance at the colorful array of clothes that hung in the closets.

Provi, Jackie's maid, neatly arranged the garments in their various categories—suits, blouses, slacks, dresses, evening gowns—with matching shoes carefully lined on the floor beneath the racks. One could simply spot the shoes that went with each particular outfit.

In another closet, a walk-in, pretty hats sat on the shelves on their head forms, with even

brushed, would be falling loosely around her face, accentuating her youthful, carefree appearance.

Propped up against the pillows, she would reach methodically into the straw basket of mail that I'd carried in, and tackle one folder at a time. Her dictation was sure, fluent and covered a vast variety of subjects—centering mainly on the ordering of her clothes, cosmetics, jewelry and household items; the details of running and/or decorating the White House and Glen Ora; the acceptance or polite rejection of gifts; and negotiations with the various art galleries who were looking for

things for her personal collection as well as for the White House.

Some of the things Jackie mailed from the White House created unexpected problems: for example, small checks dispatched to pay bills. Many of the people who received Jackie's checks did not cash them. They preferred to hold them as souvenirs! The result was bookkeeping chaos.

But the Kennedys quickly solved this problem. In the future, *my* signature would appear on all checks sent out for Jackie—with a

to receive her personal attention was marked "Mary B. Gallagher-Special."

Jackie instructed those who would be writing to her on a personal basis to put this notation at the bottom, left-hand corner of envelopes addressed to her. When ordering items of a personal nature for Jackie, I usually did so in my name. I would also automatically instruct the sender to include this special "code" notation on their outside mailing wrapper.

Jackie was not in the habit of lolling on the

time for me to get the message. But if the caller showed signs of continuing on longer than Jackie liked, she would signal to me and whisper, "Make it fast."

Ordinarily, our morning work sessions would last until lunchtime. Once in a while, we would both have a bite while we worked, but usually I would go to the White House Staff Mess, while Jackie would join her children for lunch.

After lunch, she would take a nap, putting on a nightgown. Provi would even change the sheets because, as she put it, "Mees Kennedee like nice, fresh sheets."

After her nap, Jackie would put on slacks and a loose-fitting blouse or pullover for our afternoon work sessions. She particularly liked turtleneck pullovers with long sleeves made of lightweight jersey that she bought in great quantity from Jax in New York.

Our afternoon sessions would normally run for an hour or so, more when necessary. As a rule, I'd be sufficiently caught up with the whole day's affairs by 4 P.M., and head for home in time to prepare dinner.

In my briefcase I'd carry home Jackie's bookkeeping accounts and, after dinner, immediately settle down to the "homework" it entailed. The "black book," as we referred to it, never left me. When the Kennedys needed a figure or information about a bill, they would call me at home, and I'd have the answer without delay. So it was imperative that I have the "black book" available.

I had always wanted Jackie to visit my home across the Potomac River in Alexandria, Va.

Jackie and I had quietly planned for her first visit to my house on Friday afternoon, April 14, 1961. She wanted to come with her children to see Tom Kitten. But at the last minute Jackie was advised of some social commitment and had to cancel her visit. Apologetically, she said giving up her personal life to do something official was one of the things that irked her about the White House. So Caroline came without her mother.

Jackie was totally unpredictable. Sometimes she did the opposite of what her husband wanted—and sometimes she tried to please him in the minutest detail.

The lunch hour was one of the few times that the President could have a little privacy with Jackie. After his swim, he would go to his quarters for lunch and she would join him for a little while before his nap. Once Jackie was so absorbed in her dictation that she forgot the President was waiting for her. Finally, George Thomas, J.F.K.'s valet, came to the doorway and announced, "Miz Kennedy, the President says if you don't hurry, he'll fall asleep." She hurried off.

Jackie loved to come up with surprises for her husband—little gifts that would amaze him. And she loved intrigue and outwitting the press or anyone she considered nosy—including the general public. Sometimes she would be like Secret Agent 007, such as the time she wanted a cable sent to a friend traveling through Switzerland, asking him to bring home 10 monogrammed shirts for his friend JULIUS FISCHER KOVAK (J.F.K.).

Jackie was annoyed once that a particular girl claimed to be a relative. She told someone to get the girl out of her hair, saying that she was some dreary girl who kept claiming she was a cousin. Jackie gave instructions to send her a nice letter—"PBO." The initials stood for "Polite Brush-Off."

When Jackie's mother phoned, she could



Mary's son Gregory kneels beside headstone of Tom Kitten Kennedy. The cat, buried in their backyard, was given to the Gallaghers because J.F.K. was allergic to animal fur. Caroline often visited her pet until it died.



Jackie was reluctant to admit she had a full-time personal secretary. When a magazine did a picture story about her, Jackie told the writers she had only part-time help.

brand-new bank account, established in the name of "Mary B. Gallagher-Special," at the Riggs National Bank in Washington. An initial deposit was made in the amount of \$10,000, and monthly deposits from New York kept it at this level. I would write and sign the checks and keep a strict account of them all.

I was also signing Jackie's outgoing mail. At her direction, I had trained myself to copy her signature, so that she would be relieved of signing all but the most personal mail.

Finally, there was the "code" used on Mrs. Kennedy's personal mail. Anything that was

phone. She did not have long, drawn-out conversations. If something specific was on her mind, she would pick up the phone herself and ask the White House operator to get her party on the line.

On incoming calls, the operators were well aware of the relatives and the few people whom Jackie wanted put through directly. The rest of the calls were routed through the Social Office or through me.

As for interoffice calls, Jackie even liked these to be brief and to the point. If she were dictating and the phone rang, she would allow what she considered an adequate length of

seldom reach Jackie, and often would have to give me the message. Sometimes Jackie seemed to avoid her mother; other times she sought her out. Sometimes I would relay Jackie's message to her mother as Jackie herself sat in the same room. Mrs. Auchincloss always tried to help Jackie in any way possible and was very loyal to her. At times I would find myself wishing that Jackie could be a bit more considerate of her mother.

The relationship was quite different between Jackie and her father-in-law, Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy. Perhaps the one thing I remember best when I think of Ambassador Kennedy is the great fondness Jackie held for him. They could sit and happily scheme together, as playful as two little children.

After Christmas, 1960, Jackie jokingly told her sister-in-law Ethel Kennedy: "Now we all have a new game which Grandpa enjoys most of all. We take aim with our lamb chops and see who can first hit Evelyn before she gets to the pantry door." She was referring to Evelyn Jones, the head housekeeper at the Ambassador's residence in Palm Beach.

Because J.F.K. and his brother Robert were so close, Jackie saw his wife Ethel more than her other in-laws. With Ethel, Jackie was especially uninhibited. When Ethel gave her a robe, Jackie thanked her profusely, vowing that since she had received it she had worn it constantly, like *Come Back Little Sheba*—referring to the play in which the slovenly heroine never gets out of her wrapper.

But, as with her own sister Lee, a little competitiveness occasionally crept into Jackie's relationship with Ethel. I remember once, when Ethel's outfit had been a great hit at a Senate luncheon, Jackie made a point of asking me to call Ethel's secretary and ask her where Ethel had gotten the pink suit she had worn to the affair.

Within her own family and wherever she went, Jackie had an electrifying effect on men. Her breathless, little-girl quality, combined with her witty sophistication, made for an undeniable charm. Men hovered around her and listened to her husky, sensuous voice. They wanted to amuse her and to hold her attention. I think Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges explained it best: "She looks right at you while you're talking and makes you feel as if you are the most important person she ever met."

What most people didn't know, however, was that behind that pretty face was a steel-trap mind. Jackie was an inveterate reader, but it worried her that she read so slowly. She once said, "Knowing Jack devours 1,200 words a minute throws me into a state of depression. When we leave here, he will know everything, and I will be illiterate."

On March 6, 1962, Jackie and Caroline appeared by my desk, hand in hand.

"Oh, Mary," Jackie asked me with a smile, "do you suppose I could take you up on your invitation and come out to your house tomorrow with the children? Caroline wants to see Tom Kitten, and I'd like so much to just spend a nice quiet day with the children."

I looked up from my typewriter. I couldn't believe my ears. Though I was both happy and proud that she was even considering the visit, I was dumbfounded at the timing; Jackie was leaving for India in two days.

"Would you allow me the day off tomorrow, Jackie?" I asked. "I'll need a little time for preparations, you know." Jackie agreed.

It was to be a casual affair, of course, so I suggested to Jackie that she come in slacks. And she told me "not to fuss... we can have hamburgers for dinner."

D

espite Jackie's suggestion that I not "fuss," even the windows got washed. And, despite her suggestion that I just serve "hamburgers," the meal I had planned was to suit my Italian taste: Rigatoni macaroni and meatballs, Southern fried chicken, salad platter, stuffed celery, relishes, Italian bread and butter, Chianti wine, milk for the children, dessert and coffee.

Chris and Greg eagerly awaited the arrival of their little friends, although I warned them not to mention Mrs. Kennedy's visit to anyone. The success of the visit, I realized, depended on protecting Jackie's privacy, and my boys gave their solemn promise.

Just as I finished putting on my magenta wool slacks with matching top, Jackie's station wagon pulled up in front of the house—at precisely 3:30.

Wearing slacks, with John-John in her arms and Caroline following behind, Jackie made her way up the 20 steps to our front door. Behind her came two Secret Service agents. They lugged John-John's pram up onto the front porch, then returned to the sidewalk to keep watch outdoors.

Entering our living room, Jackie immediately glanced around. "Oh, Mary, how pretty!" she said. Then, before taking off her coat, she added casually, "Mary, it's such a nice day, do you suppose we could go for a little walk before we get our boots off?"

Now the pram, which had just been hauled up to the porch by the two Secret Service agents, would have to go back down to the sidewalk again. Only this time my husband did the honors—single-handed.

Jackie placed John-John in the pram, covered him snugly, then pushed him along as I walked beside her. What a picture we made! Caroline, Chris and Greg trotted merrily ahead, while the two Secret Service agents followed a discreet distance behind.

The walk was brisk and invigorating. Pushing the pram required extra effort on Jackie's part since snow kept clogging its wheels. I offered to help her, but Jackie said, "Oh, no thanks, Mary, I think I can manage just fine!" She seemed to relish the privilege of work, and I was impressed.

Thanks to the boys' well-kept promises, Jackie and her children walked without the usual crowds, clicking cameras, etc.

After our stroll, I gave Jackie a quick tour of the house, then we joined the children in the playroom upstairs. Jackie sat on the floor, stroking Tom Kitten while watching the children play with Tinker Toys.

It was time to think about getting dinner on the table. As I headed for the kitchen, I suggested to Jackie that she make herself comfortable in the living room with a magazine.

Instead, she followed me into the kitchen and sat down at the table. As I heated up the food, John-John came crawling in. Remembering an old Italian custom, I reached for the bread drawer, ripped off the "heel" from the loaf of Italian bread, placed it in his hands, then propped him

up on the floor beside his mother's chair.

"Mmm-mmm, that looks good, Mary," Jackie said. "Could I have some, too?"

"Why, sure," I answered, and handed her a chunk to munch on. "Would you like a glass of Chianti to go with it?"

"No, thanks, but if you have some milk to spare, I'll take a glass."

There was plenty of milk and, after placing a tumblerful before her, I couldn't help but feel that Jackie was thoroughly enjoying this rare chance to be sitting at an ordinary kitchen table.

Toward the end of the meal, Tom Kitten was allowed to join Caroline at the table. Sitting on the chair beside her, he nibbled at the bits of chicken she handed him, and she laughed each time he licked her fingers.

At 5:30 or so, after an unforgettable visit, Jackie and her children thanked us "for such a good time," then slipped away as quietly and as unnoticed as when they had arrived.

In that spring of 1962 jewelry seemed especially important to Jackie. While visiting London, she had fallen in love with an 18th-century sunburst pin that she later priced at \$6,160. Jackie wanted to trade a few pieces of her jewelry and make up the difference in cash. Before she did anything, however, she wanted her jewelry appraised. My office looked like a jewelry store the day the jeweler came to appraise Jackie's gems.

There was a big aquamarine given her by the Brazilian Government; a diamond clip (a wedding present from her father-in-law); a sapphire and diamond bracelet; a gold and emerald pin given her during her visit to Greece in 1961; a ruby and diamond pin the President had bought her for Christmas in 1960; and, finally, what Jackie called "bits and pieces of gold jewelry."

After much discussion and negotiating, Jackie got about \$4,400 in cash for the aquamarine, the diamond wedding clip and the gold jewelry. She paid the difference herself and got her 18th-century sunburst clip.

I didn't fully realize how much precious gems meant to her until she showed me a diamond-encrusted sword that had been given to J.F.K. by King Saud of Saudi Arabia.

One day Jackie asked me to have Tom Walsh, who worked for the Kennedy family's New York office, come to the White House in strictest confidence. He was to find out if the diamonds could be taken out and glass "gems" substituted in their place. The original stones were then to be given to Jackie. I showed Tom the sword, and sighed with relief when he reported it would not be worthwhile to take out the gems.

In July, 1961, I had been obliged to report to the President that Jackie's personal expenses for the second quarter of the year had totaled \$34,887.25. Almost half went for clothes.

On March 21, 1961, Tom Walsh had set up a new bookkeeping system for me to follow, and Jackie had followed through with a few economy measures. Every member of the household, including the kitchen help, was ordered to cut down in every possible way. After July, Jackie wanted itemized accounts of food and liquor, with the names of the stores where these items had been bought. And more and more bills would be sent over to J.F.K.'s secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, to go into the President's expenses, so they would not show up in Jackie's.

Often, when Jackie would go over the books, she would say to me, "Mary, where do

you think my heaviest expenses lie?" Invariably, I would answer, "Clothing." She would seem not to hear me, and went on thinking how she could economize, picking such other areas as Food and Liquor and usually ending up with the little items in Miscellaneous.

Clothing was her blind spot. So were paintings and house furnishings, especially antiques. If Jackie liked something, she ordered it and copied with the bills later. Then, when she saw the totals, she'd get economy-minded again.

It came as no surprise, then, when Evelyn Lincoln called me with a message from the President soon after I had sent him the most recent statement of Jackie's expenses. He was questioning one \$1,000 item in particular. I checked. It was for a clock with a horse design that Jackie had ordered from France.

After that, for a while, Jackie seemed to become unduly meticulous. I soon found myself itemizing even such items as powder puffs.

But even with the President's watchful eye upon her, Jackie couldn't be completely constricted. In October of 1961 she told me to ask Ted Kahn, of Ben Kahn Furs in New York, to come to the White House with a selection of fur coats. Jackie planned to trade in one of her old mink coats, and Kahn, a former Harvard classmate of the President's, was going to allow her a good price for it. He arrived, heavily laden, on December 5.

Then came the big decision. Mink or leopard? Jackie couldn't make up her mind. She called the President over from his office to help her decide. She liked the rare Somali leopard. The President chose the mink. But Jackie ended up with the Somali leopard.

In November, 1962, the Battle of the Budget reached its heights. One morning, as I waited for the elevator on the ground floor of the White House, three quick buzzes sounded, indicating that the President was on his way downstairs.

As the elevator doors slid open, however, I faced Jackie instead, with J.F.K. close behind; he looked as serious as I had ever seen him. Jackie practically leaped at me. "Oh, Mary, thank God you're here!" she said. "Jack's going to get Carmine Bellino after me."

Carmine Bellino was a long-time friend of the Kennedys; within the clan he was known as the "figure expert." Apparently he was being called in to handle Jackie's finances. I geared myself to what I was sure would be another economy move.

"Mary, where do you think we should begin?" Jackie asked. "Clothing," I tried again.

"Oh, yes, Mary," she readily agreed, "and from now on, if I ever order anything you think I really don't need, just slap my hand."

But before long she dropped any further consideration of clothing cutbacks.

November 28, 1962, was, as it turned out, a "day of days" with Jackie! I'll never forget those fast, colorfully worded, endless memos!

She informed Tish Baldrige that food and liquor had been flowing like it was the last days of the Roman Empire, and that the drinks were far too strong and served too frequently. No one, she felt, should have too much to drink at official functions; she found this appalling in the White House.

She went on to give Tish her new plan to

set a limit on the number of cocktails or drinks served to any guest: one—and two if they really insisted on it.

Also, Jackie felt that from then on only two wines should be served at official stag luncheons, so that men who had to work all afternoon wouldn't go back to their offices groggy from cocktails and three wines.

Among other things, she also directed the housekeeper, Anne Lincoln, to make a weekly check on the liquor cabinet.

But the suggestion that really staggered me—whether she meant it in dead earnest or tongue-in-cheek, I don't know—concerned her private parties or other occasions where guests might leave glasses, wander off, and order another drink. She instructed Anne to tell the butlers to refill those glasses that looked relatively unfinished and didn't have lipstick marks on the edge. Jackie said to pass them around again.

Jackie later decided to have Anne Lincoln not only check the liquor cabinet weekly but also keep the key.

Other things Jackie decided on:

She wanted presents coming in to be scanned to see if they could be used as Christmas gifts for her children and Lee Radziwill's, instructing Tish to send such items down to Florida where Jackie would look them over.

She wanted White House aide Kenny O'Donnell to be on his guard if anyone ever wanted to know what to give the President, to suggest that liquor was always welcome.

Provi, who often bought Jackie's cosmetics, was told to be frugal—and also to order something cheap for Jackie's bubble bath.

Evelyn Lincoln and Pierre Salinger were asked to help cut down on bills. Jackie asked that the kitchen use every bit of food sent as a gift to the White House. And she wanted the mail room not to automatically send food gifts to orphanages any longer. Instead, they were to be sent to Anne Lincoln. And if the White House received several turkeys, some of them should be put in the freezer.

I don't think I'll ever forget the day I walked into Jackie's bedroom and found her propped up in bed, looking at a picture catalog for trading stamps! She beamed when she saw me. "Oh, Mary, do you know what I've just learned from Anne Lincoln?" she exclaimed. "You know, all the food we buy here at the White House? Well, she told me that with the stamps the stores give us, we can trade them in for these marvelous gifts!"

For the first time I came to see Jackie as an "average American housewife"!

Alas, after I battled with the Annual Statement of Expenses for 1962, I was forced to report to the President that Jackie's spending had not improved over the previous year. Her total expenditures for 1962 came to \$121,461.61—against \$105,446.14 for her first year at the White House. It always amazed me that Jackie spent more in a year on family expenses than the President's salary of \$100,000!

When her parents were away, Caroline would sometimes be permitted to come to our house for the day. Often she'd bring a little friend. Once, when she was ready to leave, I helped the children wash their hands and faces in the upstairs bathroom. Caroline seemed rather perplexed.

"Is this the *only* bathroom you have upstairs?" she asked, while checking each of the three bedrooms to see if there might have been more that she'd possibly overlooked.

"Yes, Caroline," I answered, "this is the

only one up here. But," I added, in hopes of measuring up to her standards, "we do have another downstairs, too."

As he learned to toddle around, John-John emerged as an interesting personality, too—a mischievous little boy. One day, I came into the Sitting Room to find him sitting near his mother, happily breaking up a whole container of cigarettes, one by one, and dropping them on the floor. I never saw Jackie reprimand or spank the children. If they became noisy or irritated her, she would call, "Miss Shaw, please come in and take them away."

In August, 1962, Jackie and Caroline went to Rome, and Ray and I decided to take a nice, long vacation. We didn't succeed—because Tom Kitten died on August 16. I hated to spoil the good time Caroline and Jackie were having, but I felt that Jackie would want to know. So I wired her the news.

She replied, thanking me for wiring her and saying she was sorry about the kitten. From my window, today, I can look at Tom Kitten's little grave on a gentle rise in our backyard—alongside the grave of the golden retriever dog the Kennedys gave us.

Incidentally, how Jackie got the money for that Italian idyll is interesting. She had figured out that if a couple of her sisters-in-law paid rent on J.F.K.'s house in Hyannis Port, then she and Caroline would have the money for their round-trip tickets to Rome.

The deal went through somehow, with Eunice Shriver and Pat Lawford sharing the rental expense. Soon Jackie was issuing instructions on how to get the house ready for its summer tenants. Jackie wanted the newer cushions for the porch furniture stored in the basement and the older, white sailcloth set put on the chairs. She wanted the old green chintz slipcovers on the furniture. She also wanted all the glass and china ornaments stored, and only unbreakable ashtrays left out.

She wanted all the bed linens and towels packed and put away. She wanted the hooked rugs rolled up and stored in the basement or stored elsewhere. She even wanted her huge beach toys stored. But she was leaving the croquet set to her sisters-in-law.

Jackie gave the same meticulous attention to her personal grooming. I'll never forget the first time she wanted me to make an appointment for her with her New York hairdresser, Kenneth, for a hair straightening, shampoo and set. The "hair-straightening" part took me by surprise. Jackie, I had always thought, had a lovely natural line to her hair. Why would she want to have it straightened? Yet the receptionist at Kenneth's confirmed that Jackie was, indeed, going to have her hair *straightened!*

Beauty was important to Jackie. She had the little dark hairs on her arms bleached. She used Sardo bath oil and a medicinal-type liquid cleanser, Phiso-hex. Many of her cosmetics came from the Erno Laszlo Institute in New York, where I would order various kinds of creams, lotions and a delicate pink cream rouge. Actually, Jackie's complexion was flawless, but she enjoyed using these cosmetics. She also liked experimenting with little hairpieces, wigs and wiglets.

Dieting was very important to Jackie, and she exercised rigorous control over her appetite, eating the gourmet foods she loved only at night. Sometimes when we were at work and she wanted to keep dictating, she would ask if I would like to have lunch with her. Usually I declined, and had a heartier lunch a little later. She would continue dictating while she had a little broth and a light sandwich. Later she would have a glass of milk and, after her nap, a tiny snack of honey on English muffin, usually with hot tea.

Jackie's attention to detail reached its extreme when it came to the way her clothes were handled by Provi. I think one incident sums it up. I found Provi in Jackie's bedroom one afternoon, ironing Jackie's stockings with a lukewarm iron! "Provi, I don't believe it!" I said. "Oh, yes, Mees Gallaga," said Provi, as if ironing hosiery were the most natural thing in the world, "Mees Kennedee likes to find her stockings in nice, neat pile in her closet." With that, Provi carefully folded each pair of stockings and carried a neat stack of almost a dozen pairs to the closet.

Almost from the beginning, it became evident that my salary at the White House—\$4,830—was ridiculous. When it had been arrived at, it seemed logical enough, of course, because I was to work only three days a week. But now I was working full-time, whether at the office or at home.

I began checking into the possibility of a salary adjustment in August of 1961. I started by going through proper channels, explaining in a memo that my hours were longer than had been anticipated when I had gone back on the Government payroll. I honestly felt justified in requesting a salary of between \$8,000 and \$9,000 annually—commensurate with the accelerated working schedule and its overall responsibilities.

By the end of January, 1962, I heard nothing, so I mentioned the situation to Jackie. "Speak to Mrs. Lincoln about it," she said. Evelyn assured me of her willingness to see what could be done for me. Eventually she reported that it would be necessary for me to prepare a complete list of all the duties I performed for Jackie. I prepared the list.

Next came word that Jackie would have to submit something in writing. By then Jackie was vacationing in Palm Beach for the Easter holidays. Evelyn was kind enough to send her a note explaining the situation, and included a memo for Jackie to sign.

When she returned from Florida, one of Jackie's first questions was whether anything had been done about my salary. When I said no, she again suggested that I go back through channels and ask that the raise be made retroactive from the first of the year. I did. Again nothing happened.

April, May and most of June passed in the same unproductive way. On the morning of June 28, I reminded Jackie again that no definite action had been taken to upgrade my salary. This time she indicated that she would look into the matter personally.

In midafternoon, I received a visit from

Mr. West, the White House's Chief Usher. He politely informed me that Jackie was arranging for me to get a raise in salary from a Civil Service rating of GS-6 to GS-8. This meant a raise to \$6,090 a year. "Mr. West," I said, "I'm sorry, but I feel I'm entitled to a Grade 12, and I'll accept nothing less."

I didn't like the idea of using Mr. West as a liaison man between Jackie and me, but since she had sent him to me, I reacted accordingly. He left, agreeing to carry back my message.

No more than a minute passed when my phone rang. Jackie wanted to see me right away. She was alone in the Sitting Room, seated at her desk, smoking a cigarette.

She immediately began discussing my salary, trying to convince me that it wouldn't be possible for the White House to pay me anything higher than the GS-8 level.

It would be difficult to relate our conversation verbatim. However, during the next 20 minutes or so, I was to see Jackie Kennedy as I'd never seen her before. She worked herself into a frenzy over what my income should be. Her temper gradually flared, and she spoke loud, angry words while newly-lit cigarettes were stubbed out in the ashtray on her desk, one after the other. She actually stamped the floor with her foot, trying to convince me to accept the GS-8 offer.

I insisted that, between what I did for her at the office and at home evenings and weekends, the job certainly justified an annual income of more than what she wanted me to accept. I said, "I could go out anywhere right now and easily get a job that paid me three times as much."

Her quick retort to this was, "Well, Mary, if it's the money you want!"

"No, Jackie," I replied, "right now it really isn't the money alone. It's the principle of this whole thing."

Jackie leaped to her feet. Inasmuch as I'd handled her personal affairs, she pointed out, the Government couldn't be expected to pay me for that.

I simply said, "Well, Jackie, if that's the case, and if it'll make things any simpler, I'll agree to staying on the Government payroll now at GS-6, if you'll agree to pay me the difference between that and GS-12 by putting me on your New York office payroll."

"But then the money will be coming out of our pockets!" she replied.

It was time for her to leave for her tennis game. I arose from my chair to walk to the elevator with her. As I did, she put her arm around me and said just as softly and sweetly as she possibly could, "Oh, Mary, I know how hard you work for me. You're the only one who really knows how to take care of all my things, and I don't know what I'd do without you. But, please, just go to Mr. West and tell him you'll settle for a Grade 8."

After much pondering, I finally decided to place my case before J.F.K. himself.

The President was scheduled to leave on the morning of July 4 to spend the long holiday weekend at Cape Cod, so my appointment with him was arranged for July 3, at 3:45 P.M.

"Miz Gallagher," said his valet, "the President will see you in his bedroom!"

My knees quivered as I approached the door. Our conversation lasted no more than a few minutes. After apologizing for taking up his time with my personal problem, I quickly explained the salary situation. He assured me that he would definitely look into it.

This was, I knew, about as far as I could go. July, August and September passed.

Jackie was away. And while Jackie may have thought that the matter of my salary had been settled, it simply continued to fester.

When October came and nothing had changed, I sent one final memo to the President's aide, Kenny O'Donnell, who had first recommended me to Senator Kennedy back in 1952. Two weeks later a handwritten note arrived from his secretary. She suggested that I discuss the matter with Evelyn Lincoln!

The wheel had turned full circle! I immediately spoke to Mrs. Lincoln. "Evelyn," I said, "unless action is taken by the end of this year, I'll just leave it to you and Kenny to explain to Mrs. Kennedy why I am not here when she returns from Florida in January."

On October 19, I received word from the Payroll Office that "action is now being taken to adjust your salary."

On November 11, 1962, 15 months after my initial request for a raise, I received the official "Notification of Personnel Action," which clearly indicated the actual position I'd held with Mrs. Kennedy since first coming to the White House: My position: Secretary to the wife of the President. My salary: \$8,045. My grade: GS-11.

Then it was time for Jackie to leave once again for Palm Beach. There was sadness in her attitude as she prepared to leave on December 14.

I made a final check to see that Jackie's briefcase was all in order, then I went into the Dressing Room, where she was applying makeup. I asked if there was anything I could do.

"Oh, yes, Mary," she said. "Would you ask Miss Shaw if she and the children are ready?"

The children were ready. I left them to assure Jackie that there would be no delay. By now she was waiting in the Center Hall, just a few feet from the elevator.

Jackie embraced me gently. "Thanks so much, Mary," she said. "I hope you, Ray and the boys have a Merry Christmas."

And, though I hardly expected anything like this, she continued, with traces of tears in her eyes, "You know, you're my only friend in this impersonal White House. What would I ever do without you? Jack has Ted Reardon, Evelyn Lincoln and the others. But you work so hard upstairs in that office—always messy with my clothes. . . ."

Her emotion touched my heart. I was afraid if I'd let her say any more, I'd be in tears, too.

"Now, now," I broke in, pretending to be all business, "none of that. I do appreciate it, Jackie, and I hope you'll always feel this way. But the only time I ever want you to feel that you should say something to me is when I've stopped being useful to you. Because then I wouldn't want to be around. But as long as you do need me, I'll do anything for you." And I meant it!

(Next month, in the concluding installment of her memoirs, Mary Barelli Gallagher tells of tragedy in Dallas, her boss Jackie Kennedy's new budget problems, Onassis in the White House—and, finally, the startling phone call that chilled her warm relationship with Mrs. Kennedy.)