

We hardly knew her

The magical couple of Camelot will be reunited today on a hillside overlooking the home of their dreams 31 years ago.

No one envisioned such an ending to their fairy tale.

A day of death in Dallas rewrote this tale, setting the reunion of John F. Kennedy and his wife, Jacqueline, at a gravesite in Arlington National Cemetery.

Since her death last Thursday, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' evolution from horse-riding debutante to beloved first lady to heroic widow has been chronicled on every TV screen and front page.

More intriguing are the unknowns.

Milestones — births, deaths, graduations, marriages — provided snapshots of her life. But the former first lady accomplished what other famous people only dream of — she preserved her mystique.

Millions lusted for details of her rich-and-famous lifestyle. But she never gave interviews, never reminisced on TV talk shows, never wrote a kiss-and-tell book.

Even in death, she kept secrets, ordering her tapes on assassination details held 50 years after the last death of her children.

As a result, we never really knew Jackie — what she really thought about her husband's philandering or nurturing their children without him, why she married di-



AFF

vorced Greek billionaire Aristotle Onassis, whether that was innocence or cunning behind those unforgettable eyes.

Perhaps that's for the best. To borrow Jackie's favorite line: "Don't let it be forgot that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment, that was known as Camelot. It will never be that way again."