

THE REAL JACKIE KENNEDY-IV

Despite a Busy Social Schedule, Pressure Builds

By LIZ SMITH
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The Spanish visit in mid-April of last year was hardly the glittering success conveyed to the public despite those panoramic photos of Jacqueline Kennedy in the dashing Andalusian hat and tulle costume . . . sipping sherry on horseback at the Feria . . . wearing the lace mantilla to the bullfights.

For one reason, her hosts, the Duke and Duchess of Alba were a bit awe-struck by their famous guest. Also, there was not enough scintillating company around to amuse Jackie until close to the end of her stay.

Things Perked Up

Fortunately the lively Duke and Duchess of Quindlanilla came to Seville from Madrid and perked her up to American. Despite the almost superhuman efforts of Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke and his blonde wife, Robin, to prevent incidents, a number did mar the proceedings.

There was that melee of photographers who turned the clearly debonair haiti, hosted by the elegant Duke and Duchess of Medinaceli into a shambles and fostered the stories of coolness and rift between Mrs. Kennedy and Princess Grace of Monaco. (This occasioned unprecedented letters of denial from the Princess to United States publications.)

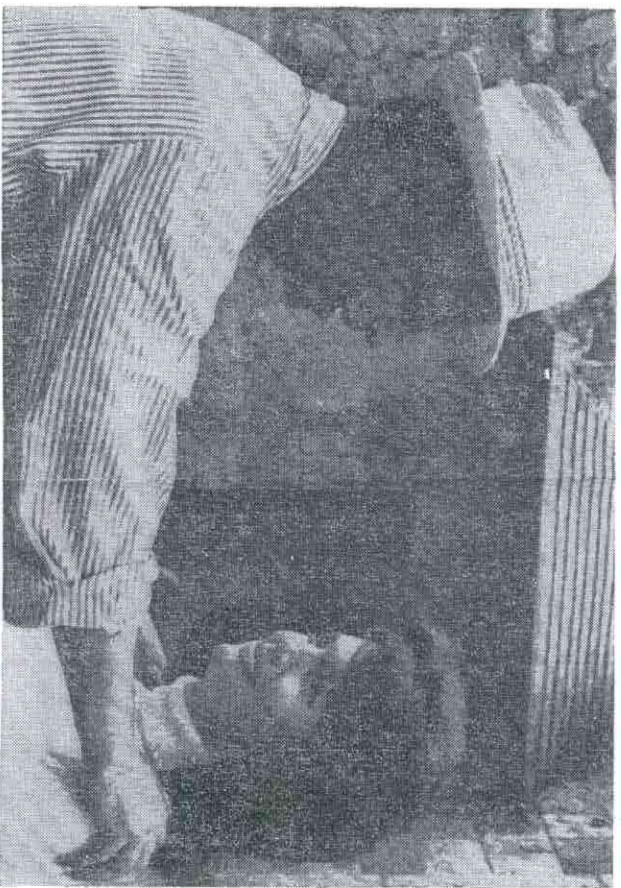
There was the ridiculous rumor of Jackie's romantic interest in Spanish ambassador to the Vatican, Antonio Garrigues, 62, a widower with eight children. (This occasioned denial not only by an anonymous Ambassador Duke who snorted, "Silly!" but also by Jackie's mother, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, who termed it all "tribulation.")

To top off the minor upsets some of the tradition-minded Spaniards criticized Jackie for what they carped were her "American" tastes and even her "American" hair. ("It was beautiful, m'kay, if it was one," said one of her American defenders.)

Jackie looked stunning during her visit to Spain, thanks partly to having one of those new "falls" of long hair, but she was also criticized for having a hand-dresser fly with her from Madrid to Seville.

Returning home, she found her description of the highlights as "exciting" and "beautiful" had touched off something resembling World War III.

Cleveland Amory, speaking for the Humane Society of the United States, said:



Another trip took Mrs. Kennedy to Argentina to visit Miguel Angel Carcano, a friend of her late husband.

"It is a sad and singularly ironic footnote to our modern age of violence that Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, of all people who has seen the barbarism of the present era at such tragic firsthand, should now see fit to condone and even compliment one of the last relics of the barbarism of the past era."

Jackie never bothered to reply to critics. She kept busy. She had been involved in the work of writer William Manchester for whom she had given more than 10 hours of tape-recorded reminiscences to be included in his book, "The Death of a President," an undertaking then authorized and approved by Jackie.

At the same time, she ignored the books and reports attacking the Warren Report and all efforts to re-open the inquiry into the assassination.

(Her close friends say neither Jackie nor any of the family will concern themselves with these matters. They feel the deaths of the President was all that intimately concerned them and how it was done, by whom, or what history's verdict may be, does not matter to them.)

In May, Jackie went to New Vernon, N.J., to match Caroline ride in a horse show and to ride with her—the team won second place in the family class.

Jackie also attended a gala showing of David Webb artifacts at French & Co., along with the Duchess of Windsor and 1,100 of the elite.

It was a benefit for the Hospital for Special Surgery (one of the glittering social events of the year).

Two days later, she turned up at Nighthawk's hot-dog stand in Coney Island with Mike Nichols, actor Alan Arkin and Mrs. Arkin. In a white dress with a pink scarf, Jackie ate frankfurters, fried clams and french fries until the crowd became too much and the 60th Precinct had to rescue her. It seemed a life of interesting contrasts.

But the pressures were building up again. Jackie's neighbors in Somerset Hills, N.J., complained that her presence attracted too many photographers and that locking gates to keep them out of Pleasant Valley also kept out the garbage truck. They didn't want Jackie to hunt there on Saturdays.

Kennedy into helping on a legislative level. By the time June started warming the New York streets, Jackie was understandably eager to get away to Hawaii on a vacation.

She first flew to San Francisco with Caroline and John and was joined there by her former brother-in-law, actor Peter Lawford, and his two children, Christopher, 11, and Sydney, 8.

With them went Lawford's long-time friend John Spangier, a handsome Honolulu bachelor and Hilton Hotel businessman.

Later it was said that only Spangier's and Lawford's cars had access to the rented three-bedroom Kahala beach house which Mrs. Kennedy had leased from Sen. Peter Dominick of Colorado.

However, she was also seen in the company of 42-year-old John Carl Warnecke, the architect for the Kennedy Library.

All went swimmingly well in Hawaii except for minor accidents to the children. (Caroline cut her foot on coral and John burned himself on a charcoal fire.)

Wore Orchid Leis

The family wore orchid leis around their necks and Jackie crossed casual in shirtings and Joe-Joeen dresses.

King Kamehameha Day was celebrated at a parade. A flying visit was paid to Lanai. Rockefeller's Mamua Kea Beach Hotel 150 miles from Honolulu.

Jackie, as usual, made fashion news: She bought several pattern sarong wrap-arounds and bluish shirts, switched from two-piece suits to blouses in hot two-color prints.

Later, she and the children moved to Henry Kaiser's estate at Pork Lock where they shopped, explored, strolled and soaked up Hawaiian history and legend.

The trip was such a success, for one reason or another (many, many people in New York were sure there was a romance involved) that Jackie ended up slaying seven full weeks.

When she left, she thanked the Honolulu papers for the "extraordinary gesture" of respecting her privacy.

"I had forgotten and my children have never known what it is like to discover a new place, unwatched and unnoticed."

She passed briefly in New York before motoring to Newport in July where the wedding of her half-sister, Janet Jennings Auchincloss, was completely mobbed by approximately 4,000 tourists a day, of course, to the presence of Jacqueline, John and Caroline.

TOMORROW — Second thoughts about the information Jackie gave for the Manchester book.