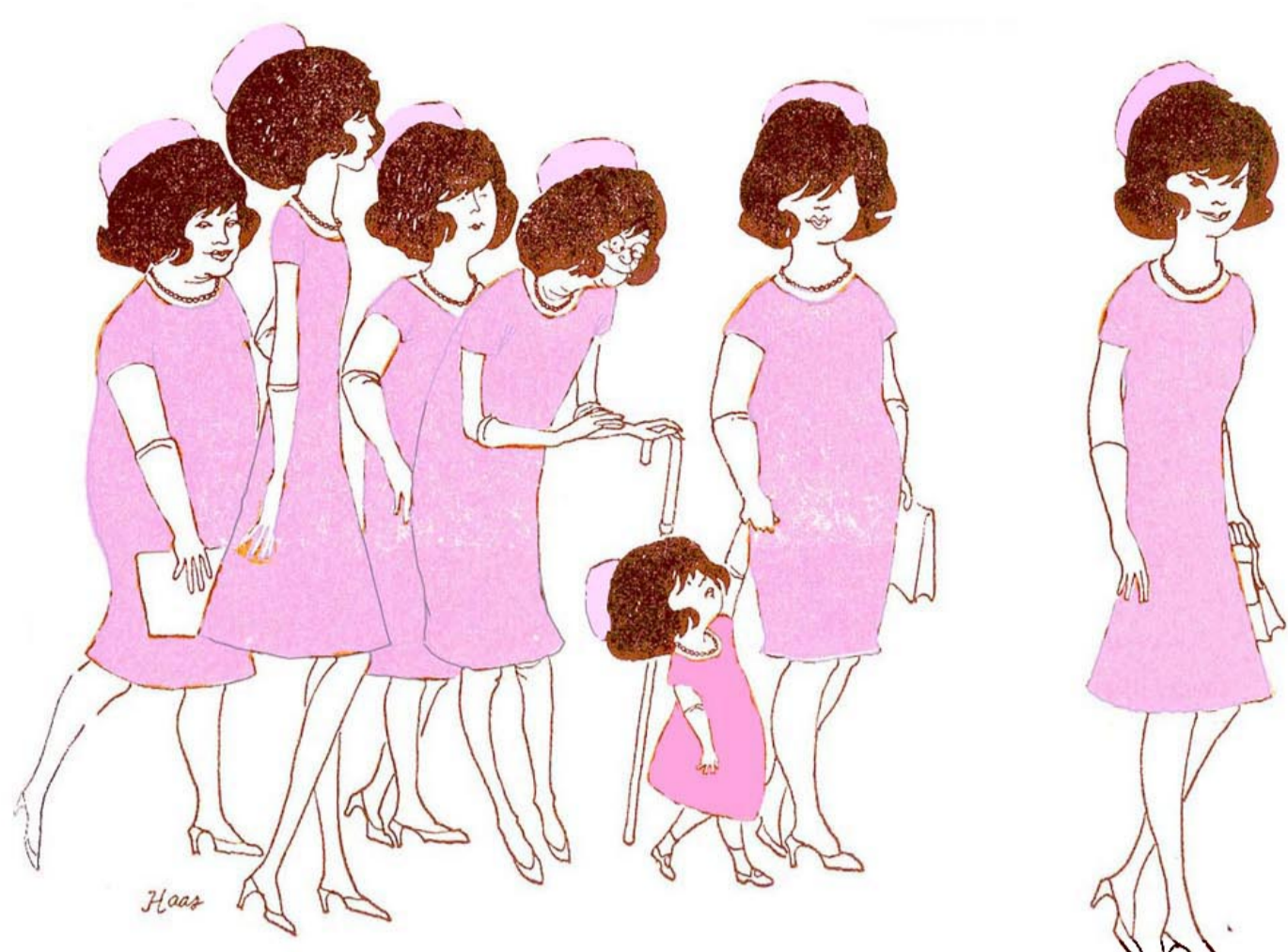


"I don't want to look like Jackie!"



BY ADELINE DALEY

I AM ACCEPTING ALL OFFERS—including Confederate money—for my Jackie Kennedy wardrobe of sleeveless "avant-garde" dresses and pill-box hats. I'll even throw in a necklace or three of pearls. If you insist, and I hope you do, I'll also add my French cookbook and my water-color paint set.

I have had it. I just don't *want* to look like Jackie Kennedy. The competition is becoming far too keen. In fact it's even become a nightmare. The other night, for instance, I dreamed I was wandering through a museum and saw a painting of the "Mona Lisa." *But* she was wearing her hair bouffant with a fetching lock draped over her forehead and she was smiling broadly. She looked just like Jackie Kennedy.

Then I passed "Whistler's Mother." She was seated in her rocking-chair all right. *But* her knees were showing! She looked just like Jackie Kennedy.

And that famous Grant Wood painting of the "American Gothic" couple? The farm-wife was wearing an Oleg Cassini calico apron and, of course, she looked just like Jackie Kennedy.

Next morning when I went shopping, the girl at the bakery who asked if I wanted the cracked-wheat bread sliced also looked just like Jackie Kennedy. I'm not sure, but I thought I heard her say, "très chic," when I answered that I *did* want the cracked-wheat bread sliced.

Jackie



Running into "Jackie Kennedy" everywhere I went that day—the bank, supermarket, drugstore, cleaners—made me feel I was going around in circles. The right circles, you might say, but *I* wanted *out*.

When a friend of mine phoned to say she had named the new family pet, "Mr. Kitten," (young Caroline Kennedy called her last year's cat Tom Kitten) it was the last straw. After all, my friend's pet is a parakeet.

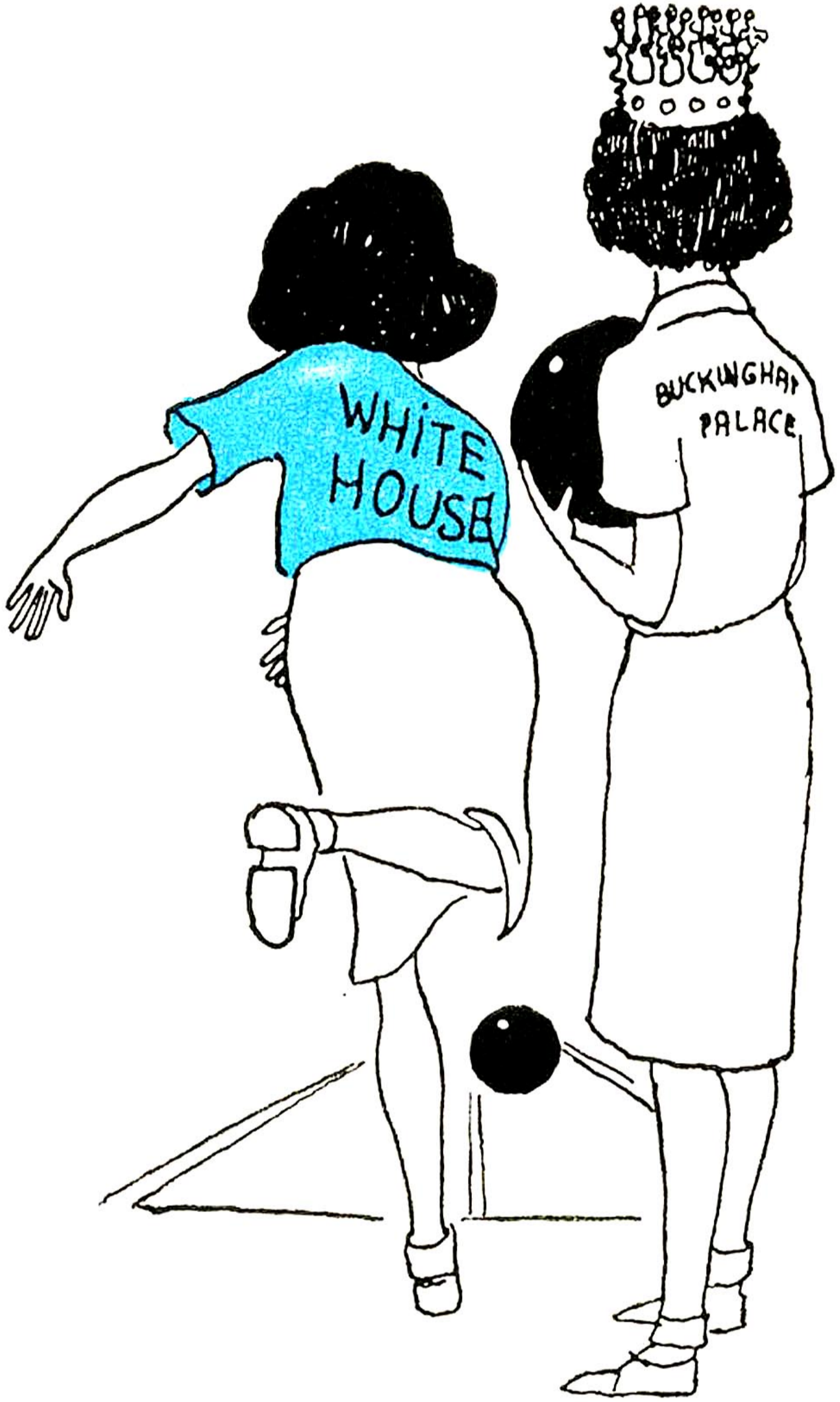
At this point I started to yearn for the comfort and ease we enjoyed in the era of the "Bess Truman look." I suddenly realized what President Kennedy meant when he said "life in the Sixties is going to be a struggle." He probably had in mind the 387 rollers I've had to use every night putting up my hair to achieve the "Jackie hairdo." I never did quite master the bouffant-look the First Lady wears so well. Mine was "bouffant," all right, but so is a hay stack.

Flipping through magazine advertisements, I marveled at how busy "Jackie Kennedy" is. "She" is a super-saleswoman, whether selling accident insurance as she lies prone on a highway, painting the living

Jackie

room with fast-drying latex, flying the polar route to Europe, opening refrigerators or pushing a power lawn mower. No wonder she also is pictured taking a headache tablet at the end of the day.

They say that half the students



The horsy set would race to go bowling if Jackie and Liz got the ball rolling.

attending college look just like the former Jacqueline Bouvier. The other half are men.

I don't think we've even reached the peak of the Jackie Kennedy trend. It's probably only a rumor but I hear that Bud Collyer, master of ceremonies on *To Tell the Truth*, is planning a spectacular in which the TV screen will be filled with 3,000 "Jackie Kennedys." The climax of the show will be when he shouts, "Will the REAL Jackie Kennedy please stand up!"

I won't go so far as to predict that fox-hunting will replace baseball as the "national pastime," but it *has* been suggested that "Little League Fox-Hunting" be used to combat juvenile delinquency. Go-

Jackie

phers and jack rabbits could replace foxes in hunts held in underprivileged sections of the country. Incidentally, included in the wardrobe I am unloading is my fox-hunting outfit.

But don't think for one moment that I resent Jackie's fox-hunting. There are those, I know, who think she should take up the more democratic sport of bowling.

If she belonged to a league, they maintain, she could preserve the dignity of her station by wearing a plain bowling shirt lettered simply, "The White House." I can't see it, any more than I can imagine Queen Elizabeth with a bowling shirt, lettered, "Buckingham Palace," or Princess Grace Kelly with "Monaco" on her back.

Following the Jackie image to the letter is too dangerous for me. I tried serving her favorite dish, "oeufs en gelée" (eggs in jellied consommé) instead of pot roast one night. My husband put it away. But then he asked "What's for dinner?" The next few minutes weren't the happiest of our marriage. Nor do I dare try dragging him to art galleries or foreign movies, when I'm not attending fashion shows. That's another reason I no longer want to look like Jackie Kennedy. I can't afford it. When I look at all those gorgeous dresses and suits I feel like the little Match Girl, out in the snow on Christmas Eve.

This compulsion to look, act and dress like Jackie Kennedy is, of course, a great tribute to our beautiful and intelligent First Lady. But isn't it making things a bit tough on the President? Will John F. Kennedy go down in history as Jackie Kennedy's husband? Did Millard Fillmore have to see hundreds of Mrs. Millard Fillmores everywhere he turned? Did Rutherford B. Hayes see his wife's hair braid copied by all the women of the 1870s?

Jackie

Without being involved in partisan politics, it is true that Mamie Eisenhower's bangs never did catch on. And as relaxing as the "Bess Truman look" was, it never made much headway. In all fairness, however, it must be noted that most American women already *had* the "Bess Truman look."



It isn't going to be easy to stop trying to look like Jackie. If I tell the clerk at the hat counter I'm not interested in a pill-box hat, she will probably treat me with contempt. I'll have to avoid Woolworth's for a few months, for I never can resist buying those strands of pearls that are another Jackie trademark. I'll face my stiffest battle in the beauty salon, I know, when I try to insist on my pre-election permanent.

I can see myself, still blowing the forelock out of my eye, protesting, "BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE JACKIE KENNEDY!"

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