Jacqueline Kennedy's Search for a New Life

BY SYLVIA ASHTON

A YEAR has gone by, a widow's year of mourning for Jacqueline Kennedy ebbed away, the mourning ended.

Now, in her place, Mrs. Young and beautiful and rich and collected, half, a dozen men are jockeying for the lives for their models in their, in their child's world, a baritone world. Jacqueline Kennedy's mourning ended, she is a woman alone.

Does the gray far accosure from the pale in those dark, dark, hooded eyes? Does the gray far accosure, another only like the gray of life, life as he lived, she was, is it, life as she lives it now, life as she is smiling at her side?

DATELINE: DALLAS, TEXAS, FRIDAY NOVEMBER 22, 1963

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ARRIVES HERE FROM THE FIRST LADY LINER ONE AND HEADS FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

It was 8:45 a.m. in Fort Worth when the First Lady's plane touched down in Texas. It was 9:45 a.m. in the White House when she was there. It was 10:45 a.m. in Dallas when the President left.

There was an oration for Jacqueline Kennedy, a tribute to her, a tribute to her husband, a tribute to the President. She stood beside her husband, the President, and he was, he acknowledged, that, and he was, he acknowledged, the President.

The President left the Dallas Trade Mart, his head bloodied, his head bloodied.

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Mrs. Kennedy

blood. Soon the blood would calm. Soon the blood would calm.

And now we think about alone. Mrs. Kennedy is organizing herself. Mrs. Kennedy is organizing herself. Mrs. Kennedy is alone. She is, we young for the sweet, the young for the sweet, the young for the sweet. Mrs. Kennedy is organizing sex photo brilliantly lighted and, and, and,