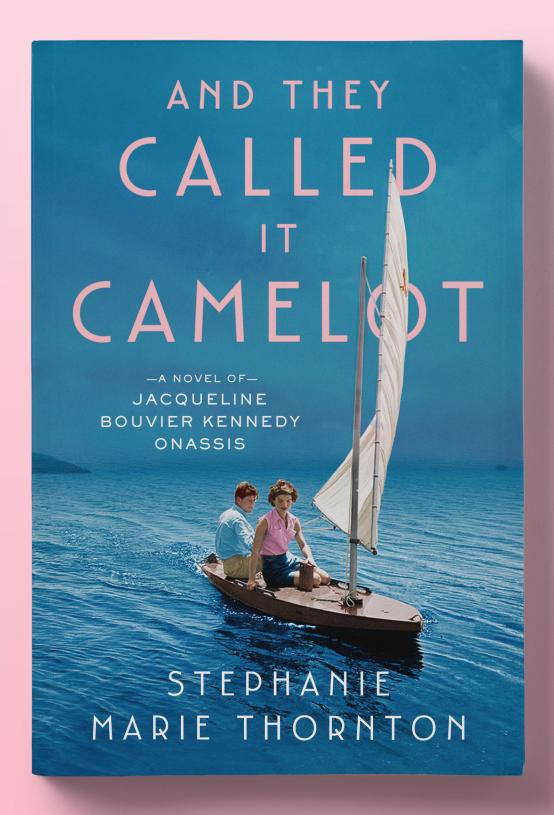
-Book Plub Kit.









DEAR BOOK CLUB READER,

When I first set out to write a novel about Jackie Kennedy, I began researching under the assumption that everyone knew the story of her life. After all, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis was America's most iconic First Lady and nearly every high school student sees photographs of her in that Chanel-inspired pink suit and pillbox hat from that terrible November afternoon in Dallas during their U.S. History classes. However, once I skimmed the surface, I realized that many of Jackie's achievements—renovating the White House, saving Lafayette Square and Grand Central Terminal, and becoming a successful book editor—along with her private travails and resiliency—enduring miscarriages and the death of a child, not to mention her husbands' rampant affairs—have been forgotten. Not only that, but I found myself wanting to explore Jackie's motivations: why did she stay with JFK when he was so obviously cheating on her, why did she choose to marry Aristotle Onassis?

I'm sometimes asked why I choose to write historical fiction instead of non-fiction and the answer is the same as to why I choose to teach high school history: my aim is to bring history to life, to hook people into learning about these people who lived in the past, who often weren't all that different from us. That is especially true here in this novelization of Jackie Kennedy's incredible life. Who wouldn't want to be part of Camelot at the White House, even for just one day? Not only that, but in this era when women are expected to juggle so many different roles, how did Jackie manage to maintain the image of being a perfect wife, mother, and First Lady? It's my goal that this story—one that is told through Jackie's eyes—is able to pull back the curtain and give readers a glimpse of what it was like to be the one and only Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis.

I truly hope that this book keeps you flipping pages long into the night and perhaps even teaches you something new about one of the most famous women in modern history. As an avid reader, I know that there's never enough time to read all the books we want, and I want to thank you for choosing *And They Called It Camelot* as your book club pick.

Happy reading!

STEPHANIE





DINE like a KENNEDY

JACKIE KENNEDY'S HOMEMADE WAFFLES

1/2 cup butter

1 tablespoon sugar

2 egg yolks

7/8 cup milk, or 1 cup buttermilk

1 cup and 1 tablespoon of sifted cake flour

1 pinch salt

2 stiff beaten egg whites

4 teaspoons baking powder

Cream butter and sugar, add egg yolks. Beat. Add flour and milk alternately. When ready to bake fold in egg whites, and add baking powder. Mixture should be thick and fluffy.

Pour into a prepared waffle maker and serve with hot maple syrup and melted butter. Enjoy!



JFK'S NEW FRONTIER DAQUIRIS

1 ounce light rum

1 ounce dark rum

1 ounce fresh lime juice

1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice

1/2 ounce simple syrup

In cocktail shaker filled with ice, combine rum, lime juice, and simple syrup. Shake vigorously, then strain into cocktail glass.

Jackie's Dinner Party BEEF BOURGUIGNON

Ingredients

- 1 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
- 6 ounces (170g) bacon, roughly chopped
- 3 pounds (1 ½ kg) beef brisket, trimmed of fat (chuck steak or stewing beef) cut into 2-inch chunks
- 1 large carrot sliced 1/2-inch thick
- 1 large white onion, diced
- 6 cloves garlic, minced (divided)
- 1 pinch sea salt and freshly ground pepper
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 12 small pearl onions (optional)
- 3 cups red Pinot Noir or Merlot-for a milder sauce, use only 2 cups of wine
- 2-3 cups beef stock (if using 2 cups of wine, use 3 cups beef stock)
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 1 beef bullion cube, crushed
- 1 teaspoon fresh thyme, finely chopped
- 2 tablespoons fresh parsley, finely chopped (divided)
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 pound fresh small white or brown mushrooms, quartered
- 2 tablespoons butter

Instructions: Traditional Oven Method

- I. Preheat oven to 350°F (175°C).
- Heat the oil in a large Dutch oven or heavy based pot. Sauté the bacon over medium heat for about 3 minutes, until crisp and browned. Transfer with a slotted spoon to a large dish and set aside.
- 3. Pat dry beef with paper towel; sear in batches in the hot oil/bacon fat until browned on all sides. Remove to the dish with the bacon.
- 4. In the remaining oil/bacon fat, sauté the carrots and diced onions until softened, (about 3 minutes), then add 4 cloves minced garlic and cook for 1 minute. Drain excess fat (leave about 1 tablespoon in the pan) and return the bacon and beef back into the pot; season with 1/2 teaspoon coarse salt and 1/4 teaspoon ground pepper. Sprinkle with flour, toss well and cook for 4-5 minutes to brown.
- 5. Add the pearl onions, wine and enough stock so that the meat is barely covered. Then add the tomato paste, bullion and herbs. Bring to a simmer on the stove.









- 6. Cover, transfer to lower part of the oven and simmer for 3 to 4 hours, or until the meat is fall apart tender (adjust the heat so that the liquid simmers very slowly).
- 7. In the last 5 minutes of cooking time, prepare your mushrooms: Heat the butter in a medium-sized skillet/pan over heat. When the foam subsides, add the remaining 2 cloves garlic and cook until fragrant (about 30 seconds), then add in the mushrooms. Cook for about 5 minutes, while shaking the pan occasionally to coat with the butter. Season with salt and pepper, if desired. Once they are browned, set aside.
- 8. Place a colander over a large pot. Remove the casserole from the oven and carefully empty its contents into the colander (you want to collect the sauce only). Discard the herbs.
- 9. Return the beef mixture back into the Dutch oven or pot. Add the mushrooms over the meat.
- 10. Remove any fat off the sauce (if any) and simmer for a minute or two, skimming off additional fat which rises to the surface.
- II. You should be left with about 2 1/2 cups of sauce thick enough to coat the back of a spoon. If the sauce is too thick, add a few tablespoons of stock. If the sauce is too thin, boil it over medium heat for about 10 minutes, or until reduced to the right consistency.
- 12. Taste for seasoning and adjust salt and pepper, if desired. Pour the sauce over the meat and vegetables.

If you are serving immediately, simmer the beef bourguignon for 2 to 3 minutes to heat through. Garnish with parsley and serve with mashed potatoes, rice, or noodles.

To serve the following day, allow the casserole to cool completely, cover and refrigerate.

The day of serving, remove from refrigerator for at least an hour before reheating. Place over medium-low heat and let simmer gently for about 10 minutes, basting the meat and vegetables with the sauce.





Enjoy a deleted scene from AND THEY CALLED IT CAMLEOT

You're the uncrowned queen of this family...

I finally felt as if I might be able to juggle the responsibilities of being that queen—or at least First Lady—as I surveyed the invitation for a dinner I was planning in honor of the president of Pakistan at Mount Vernon, George Washington's historic home. Down the hall of our private apartments in the White House, Caroline was happily singing her ABC's alongside her classmates in her new school room and Jack was napping following his ritual afternoon swim—sans trunks—in the White House's warm indoor pool that I'd had vividly painted with Nantucket boating scenes. He seemed calmer after our return from Europe, as if our work—my work—with Charles de Gaulle and Nikita Khrushchev had plugged the sieve of his anxiety, so even his back seemed to be better.

"You've done well, kiddo," Mr. Kennedy had said when I'd called him upon our return. "I couldn't have done better myself. In fact, I couldn't have wished for a better partner to my son."

I'd puffed up with pride at his compliment, for Mr. Kennedy's esteem was more important to me than my own mother's. And he was right—somehow, without either of us noticing, Jack and I had become a team.

Now, while Jack rested, I hoped to tie up a few loose ends before I retreated to Glen Ora for the weekend. Tish had been after me to accept all manner of events, appointments, and other trivial engagements, and I'd secretly enjoyed rejecting them all.

All save one.

Even queens have to have a little fun once in a while...

With a mischievous smile, I uncapped a fountain pen and amended the Mount Vernon sample invitation the White House calligraphers had painstakingly created for me. Next to the typed attire guidelines that suggested ladies wear a short evening dress, I gave a little chuckle and added two words with my usual looping script: With hoops. And after instructions that men should don a white dinner jacket, I scrawled and knee breeches.

I left the altered invitation on the new walnut end table where Jack could get a chuckle out of it when he woke up. As I spent less and less time at the White House, my moments alone with him were increasingly rare, making me wish I could transport us back to that moment at the fountain at Versailles. Instead, I was planning this imaginative al fresco dinner to honor Ayub Khan of Pakistan as a sort of gift to him.

My talent as First Lady lay in turning foreign heads of state into allies and showcasing Jack's





presidency as one of culture and class. This, my first major state dinner, had to be unique and newsworthy. Thus, I'd chosen the home of America's first president as the site, yet with Mount Vernon's historic and rudimentary kitchen and bathroom facilities, (not to mention the lack of electricity and refrigeration), everyone at the White House argued it couldn't be done.

To which I'd simply offered a serene Mona Lisa smile, even if I wasn't entirely convinced myself. Of course it can.

Since France, Jack had become my staunchest ally in this, and everything else. We'd returned home to rave reviews the American papers had picked up from Europe about the Jackie Look, so that my husband had crowed with pride to his father and Bobby. Even I could feel the balance of power in the Kennedy family edging in my favor when Rose grudgingly admitted that I'd been sublime. Now, when I wanted to accomplish the impossible with this dinner at Mount Vernon, I had the most powerful man in the country tilting at windmills with me.

When Tish had tried to persuade Jack that the dinner should here at the White House, like a thousand humdrum dinners before it, Jack had only winked at me, then said to my social secretary, "See that they have all the Lowestoft bowls in George Washington's house filled with flowers." I couldn't let Jack down, if only because I couldn't bear to face his disappointment if I did.

Energized by an ever-expanding to-do list, I spent the afternoon choosing silver cups in which to serve mint juleps (substituting fresh-squeezed Florida orange juice for the Muslims in the party), and sketching arrangements of lemon lilies and delphiniums for the centerpieces. "The food will have to be cooked at the White House and transported on Army trucks along the Memorial Parkway," I said to Tish, but she remained unconvinced.

"The food will be cold."

Do you want me to fail and come begging for you to save me, Tish? If so, I have an ice rink in hell for you.

I went back to sketching flower arrangements. "The avocado-crabmeat mimosas and Chasseur-hunter style chicken will improve on standing."

This dinner had to be flawless. And it was.

"You've done it again," Jack said as twilight fell the night of the dinner. Our guests had winged their way here on a fleet of four boats—including the presidential yacht—along the Potomac, and now they milled about after dinner like happy fireflies on a southern summer evening. "Do you want to know my favorite moment?"

"Don't tell me... All of it?"

He chuckled. "The part during the reenactment of a Revolutionary War drill where you had a barrage of blanks fired at the unsuspecting press corps."

I gave a devilish smile. "I couldn't resist. And the New York Times correspondent took it admirably well. It's a good thing he had a white handkerchief handy to wave."



"Indeed." He glanced around at the elegant circus-sized blue and yellow tent I'd had decorated by Tiffany's of New York, its beribboned garlands of fragrant smilax and carnations. In the distance, the final citronella candles flickered in the fading light to illuminate the remnants of the National Symphony Orchestra packing up their instruments, the occasional cello or bass string vibrating with the deep hum of an errant note. Jack's gaze finally came to rest on my sleeveless white organza evening gown with its chartreuse silk sash. On me.

He cocked his head to one side. "When did you become so beautiful?"

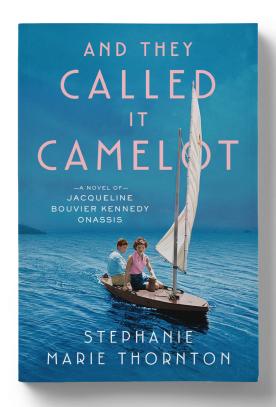
When you started looking at me like I was beautiful, Jack.

That might have been true, but I refused to fawn over my husband, not now that I'd learned the key to keeping his affection was to wear my most accomplished and self-assured mask. "Are you only just now noticing?" I asked. "Or is the evening's smashing success coloring your judgment?"

"I assure you, my judgment is sound." Jack laughed, then glanced around Mount Vernon, a touch of awe softening his handsome features. "You know, this is your gift from the gods, Jackie, to inspire beauty in everything you touch."

The press corps was already gone, so I dared stand on tiptoes to brush a rare kiss against his lips. "I'm just getting started."

Now all that remained to be seen was whether I could make even bigger dreams come true.







DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

- I. As a young woman, Jackie refuses to repeat the mistakes of her parents' marriage even though she realizes she must marry well in order to avoid living on her stepfather's charity. Just after meeting Jack, Jackie recognizes that he's cut from the same cloth as her philandering father, Black Jack Bouvier. What was Jackie's biggest motivator in choosing to marry Jack? Did she make the right choice?
- 2. Jackie and Lee start out as the Whispering Sisters, but then their relationship takes many twists and turns throughout the novel. What did the Bouvier sisters share, but what also set them against each other? What do you think it was like for Lee, unable to escape the shadow of being Jackie Kennedy's little sister?
- 3. Lee once remarks to Jackie, "Living in a fairy tale can be hell. Don't people know that?" Was this true for the Bouvier sisters? To what extent was Jackie's life a fairy tale and to what extent was it hell?
- 4. Jackie endures two miscarriages and Jack's cheating on two separate occasions before he runs for president. Given the attitudes toward divorce in the 1950s, do you think she made the right choice in staying with him?
- 5. Jackie was known as one of the most elegant women in the world at a time when beauty was often viewed as a woman's greatest accomplishment. What did you think of her comments regarding her strict beauty regimen—the "legion of horrors"—and also her attention to designer fashions?







- 6. Multiple celebrities and well-known politicians make cameos throughout the course of this story, including Winston Churchill, Frank Sinatra, Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon, and Lyndon Johnson. Was there anything that surprised you in reading about them?
- 7. Immediately following Jack's assassination, Jackie records her memories and is inspired by a line from the musical Camelot: "For one brief shining moment there was Camelot." Based on what you know of JFK's administration and perhaps later politics, was his presidency Camelot? Will there ever be another presidential administration that can compare to the glitz and glamour and hope of the Kennedys?
- 8. Jackie and Bobby became extremely close in the aftermath of JFK's assassination—some of their contemporaries and biographers believe they actually had an a air. Do you think they would have had such a close relationship had Jack survived? How does grief sometimes work to bring people together?

- 9. Jackie was reviled for her marriage to Aristotle Onassis, who had also had a long-lasting a air with her sister, Lee. What was your take on their tumultuous marriage? Do you think Jackie made the right decision in marrying Onassis?
- 10. As First Lady Jackie restored the White House and made it a tribute to American history. She also helped nurture foreign relations with her international goodwill trips and by facilitating cultural ex-changes. How do you think she is similar and different from other First Ladies? Has the role of First Lady evolved since the 1960s? Do you think it has changed as the role of women in society has changed?







Learn more about STEPHANIE MARIE THORNTON



STEPHANIE MARIE THORNTON is the USA Today bestselling author of American Princess and a high school history teacher. She lives in Alaska with her husband and daughter.

Stephanie-Thornton.com

StephanieThorntonoAuthor

StephMThornton



"As juicy and enlightening as a page in Meghan Markle's diary." — In Style

"Presidential darling, America's sweetheart, national rebel: Teddy Roosevelt's swashbuckling daughter Alice springs to life in this raucous anthem to a remarkable woman."

-Kate Quinn,

New York Times bestselling author of The Alice Network and The Huntress



