The original documents are located in Box 39, folder "House Beautiful Article "Dinner at the White House"" of the Betty Ford White House Papers, 1973-1977 at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

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TITLE

The most coveted of invitations is the one that bids you to 'DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE'

MRS. FORD'S Q OTES FOR SPREADS 1 THROUGH 6

Spread 1 "We want our guests to feel at home."

Spread 2 "At home we always served our guests informally, buffet style."

Spread 3 "President Scheel was dazaled by the centerpieces."

Spread 4 "At times it's good to put aside your cares and dance."

Spread 5 "Mine's a roast beef plain on whole Wheat."

Spread 6 "I imagine, I was afraid this job wouldn't be any fun."

WHITE HOUSE COPY (interview only, additional text to come)

Spread 1 (dinner)

Over 150 guests are coming for dinner this evening. A dinner in the honor of Walter Scheel, President of the Federal Republic of Germany, and Mrs. Scheel. Only the hosts, President and Mrs. Gerald R. Ford, could anticipate the evening with such sang-froid. But wait, sang-froid is hardly the word to describe a First Lady who says, "People think that you have to go to Europe for something good. I want to show what can be done with the beautiful things we have to offer in America." Knowing all is in readiness in the State Dining Room as well as in the Blue Room (here and opposite, lower left), Betty Ford has an hour for relaxing with her husband, secure in the privacy of their home upstairs. The evening is hers, not from this moment alone, but from the earliest planning with the President and her own staff. The decorations, the menu, the entertainment--all have been arranged with the guests of honor in mind. Precisely at the hour of eight, the Resident and his Lady (Cont'd)



Louse Beaulifi

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Spread 1 (cont'd)

begin to descend the great stairway as the Marine Band strikes up Hail to the Chief . The Ford's pleasure in hosting permeates the atmosphere. So much so that even in the midst of White House precedent and protocol, they are relaxed as ever. Betty Ford means it when she says, "We want our guests to feel at home."

Spread 2

Betty Ford forthrightly admits it. "I'm no good with table decorations myself, but I love them and think I recognize what is truly beautiful and innovative." To illustrate, she cites Rotert Miglio's decorations created for the dinner for President Scheel: Americana bottles sprouting nearly-wild flowers. Asparagus spearwrapped vases of tall azure delphiniums. Baskets filled with fresh fruit and vegetables. "President Scheel was dazzled. At times he seemed totally, happily distracted by the natural beauty all around." This observation is from, she notes, "a gardener at heart. Well, really a peasant." And with that remark, we have to summon up our, uh, sang-froid not to fall instantly in love with Betty Ford. All the world loves a gardener who confesses, "In the garden I always pull off my gloves and dig right into the earth. I get a true sense of relaxation from this, really therapeutic." So it comes as no surprise that this woman drapes the dinner tables with trellispatterned cloths, centered by home garden beauty and set here with flower-circled china. It is the First Lady who is surprised-and elated -- to hear us say that where we had expected pomp, we had encountered instead the charm of a truly gracious private home. "You don't know how pleased that makes me feel. That is what I am trying to accomplish with our official White House entertaining."

Spread 3

Having good ideas for party table decorations has always been a Betty Ford habit. "Now each time we entertain, I go through my files and search for what I feel is appropriate to the occasion and for the person being honored." Mrs. Ford is obviously stimulated by her present opportunity to make such ideas come to life. Then the First Lady, herself a bed of flowers, a very slim one, dressed as she is in a flowered robe for our visit, confides, "I really prefer to see roses and othersbeautiful flowers remain in the garden for as long as possible. At home I cut only one or two flowers at a time and used them in my bud vases." Most assuredly, Betty Ford's White House will be filled with growing things. ."In fact," she adds, "one of these days I'm going to go and help the gardeners."



Spread 4

Night music by the Marine Dance Combo signals the beginning of the dancing in the Grand Feyer. President Ford smiles a "May I have this dance, honey?" and the First Lady joins him. The after-dinner party is on. "We both love to dance. It's relaxing and stimulating at the same time." The secret of the Fords' success at these affairs is that they do stay and participate. "If we left after one dance, everyone would feel that they were expected to call it a night." So the band plays on. Guests who happen also to be performers are invited to sing or play impromptu. Depending on the country and the head of state, "We determine the guest list and the evening's entertainment. If someone preferred chamber music, we would be glad to provide it." Hours later, having bid farewells to all, the President and his Lady retreat upstairs, arm in arm, to "collapse and share' anecdotes the way we always have."

TITLE SPREAD 5 (PICNIC)

Betty Ford entertains Congressional wives on the White House lawn

'BRING YOUR "BROWN BAG" LUNCH'

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TEXT SPREAD 5 & 6 (additional text to come)

Spread 5

At the January meeting of the Republican Congressional Wives Club, Betty Ford invited members to a summer picnic at the White House. "I might have to ask you to 'brown bag' it," she told them. "With all this inflation my busband is after me to cut down." When it came time to send out the invitations, "brown-bagging" seemed sensible regardless of the economy. "What else could anyone want for a summer picnic than their own favorite fare?" On picnic day, the hostess didn't want her guests to be peanut-butter thirsty or sunburned or to have to worry about any grass stains made by sitting on the Oval Drive's lawn.

Happily, the day was sunny, even hot. But there was a nice cooling breeze beneath the parasol of an old linden tree, and enough tables and benches for 110 brown-baggers to rough it in comfort, with perfectly steeped Southern iced tea--"minted but not julepped" for ref eshment. And just to make things perfect, there is the First Lady. As she appears on the talcony, then starts down the stairs, Mrs. Ford is hidden by photographers until she finally breaks free on to the sunlit lawn. For an instant the slender figure appears surprisingly vulnerable. Then she spots an old friend. They greet, embrace and Betty Ford is all smiles. It is clearly a happy occasion. Joking, she says, "At least yo got what you wanted since you had to bring your own."

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Spread 5 (cont'd)

plain on whole wheat."

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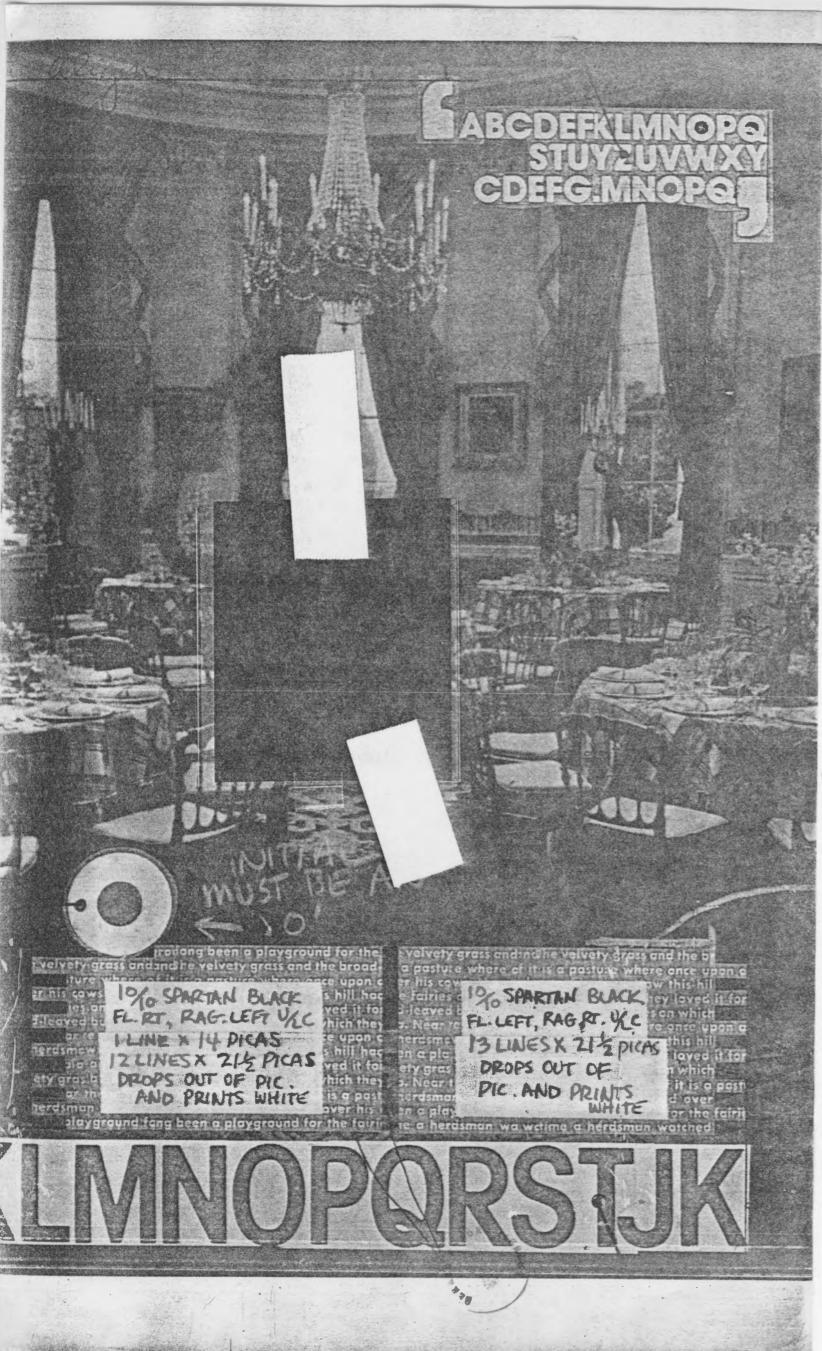
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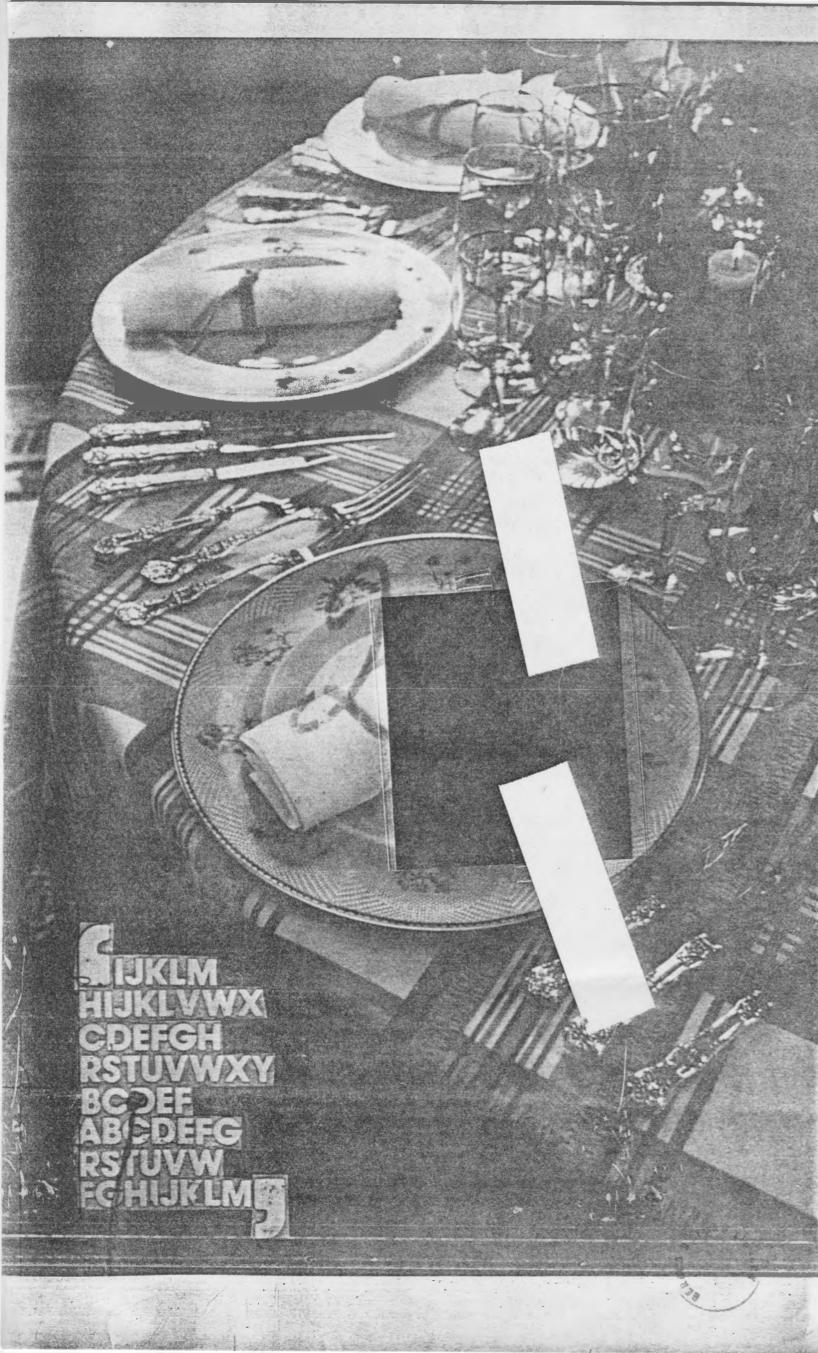
Exactly one hour later in the family sitting room in the White House, Mrs. Ford confesses, "I was afraid this job wouldn't be any fun, but I thoroughly enjoy it. For the time we are here, this will be the kind of home I bve always kept. We often have casual buffet with our old friends, and when the children are home, we dine with them." What about the children?" "Well, they weren't too thrilled at the thought of living here either, but they know it's the same as before. On a moments notice they can still bring home their friends for dinner. My role has changed from cooking more to that of checking with the kitchen. So far we always seem to have enough." An hour of talk passes and thoughts of overstay have begun to set in when a figure bounds across the other . end of the room, his jacket trailing and his tie loosened. The President waves a hello to all, smiles an. "I love you" to his wife and tells her, "I'm going to play tennis for an hour." As we leave, though, the First Lady is anticipating his immediate return. "My husband has no idea how hot it is."

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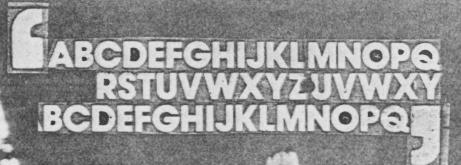
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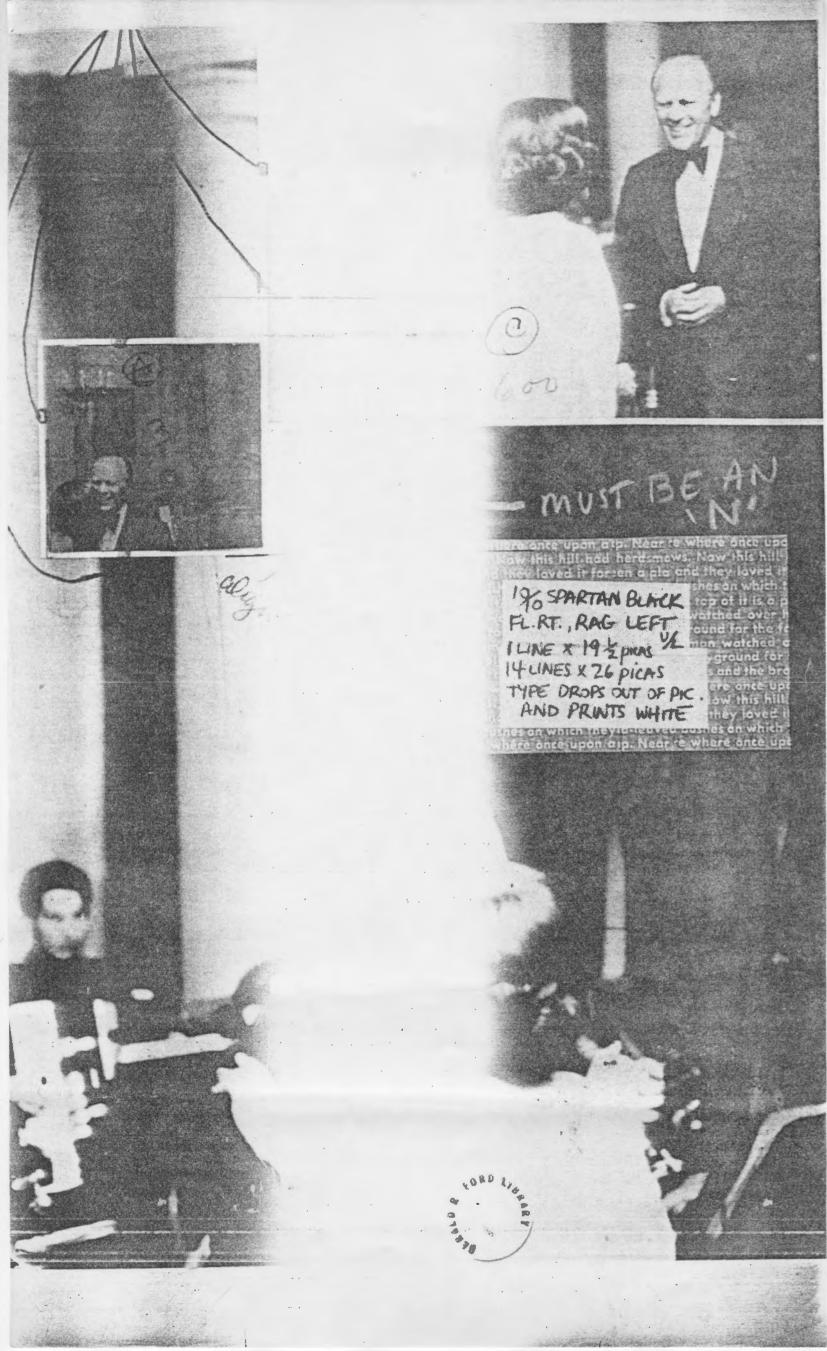
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