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FACT SHEET
Mrs. Ford's Office

Event DINNER

Group In Honor of Governors and Their Spouses

DATE/TIME February 23, 1976 3:00 p.m.

Contact Pat Howard Phone 2927

Number of guests: Total 100 - Dinner Women x Men x Children _____

Place State Floor

Principals involved President and Mrs. Ford

Participation by Principal yes (Receiving line) yes

Remarks required yes

Background The President and Mrs. Ford wish to give a dinner honoring the Governors and their spouses while they are in Wash., D. C. for the Governors Conf.

REQUIREMENTS

Social: Guest list (Social Entertainments Office will distribute)

Invitations yes Programs yes Menus yes

Refreshments Dinner Format

Entertainment yes

Decorations/flowers yes

Music yes

Social Aides yes

Dress Black Tie Coat check yes

Other --

Press: Reporters yes

Photographers yes

TV Crews yes

White House Photographers yes Color yes Mono. _____

Other --

Technical Support: Microphones yes PA Other Rooms yes ?

Recording yes

Lights yes

Transportation cars (enter thru SW Gate)

Parking South Grounds

Housing --

Other -- (Risers, stage, platforms) yes

Project Co-ordinator Pat Howard Phone 2927

Site diagrams should be attached if technical support is heavy.

FACT SHEET
Mrs. Ford's Office

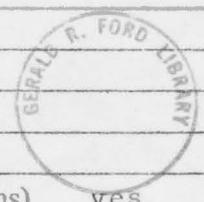
Event DINNER
Group In Honor of Governors and Their Spouses
DATE/TIME February 23, 1976 8:00 p.m.
Contact Pat Howard Phone 2927
Number of guests: Total 120 - Dinner Women x Men x Children _____
Place State Floor
Principals involved President and Mrs. Ford
Participation by Principal yes (Receiving line) yes
Remarks required yes
Background The President and Mrs. Ford wish to give a dinner honoring the Governors and their spouses while they are in Wash., D. C. for the Governors Conf.

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TV Crews yes
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Recording yes
Lights yes
Transportation cars (enter thru SW Gate)
Parking South Grounds
Housing --
Other -- (Riscers, stage, platforms) yes



Project Co-ordinator Pat Howard Phone 2927

Site diagrams should be attached if technical support is heavy.

For immediate release
Friday, February 20, 1976

THE WHITE HOUSE
Office of the Press Secretary to Mrs. Ford

The President and Mrs. Ford will host a black tie dinner honoring governors of the 50 states, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, and the three United States territories (Guam, the American Samoa and the Virgin Islands) at 8:00 P.M. on Monday, February 23, 1976.

Dinner will be followed by toasts by the President and Governor Robert D. Ray of Iowa, Chairman of the National Governor's Conference. After dinner, guests will be entertained by popular singer Tony Bennett, followed by dancing in the Grand Hall to the music of the Marine Dance Band.

Mrs. Ford has chosen a classical folk art theme, "The Peaceable Kingdom" for the decor of the State Floor. Much of the inspiration for the decorations comes from the paintings of Pennsylvania artist Edward Hicks (1780-1849), which depict the Biblical concept of unity -- wild and domestic animals living together in tranquility. In his paintings he often integrated the idea of the peaceful coexistence of Western civilized man with native American Indians.

Hand-crafted animals and birds will be used as centerpieces. Each an American antique, the carvings are made of wood, stone, metal and fabric, and will be placed in a natural setting of multi-colored spring flowers. Candleholders are fashioned of antique wooden spools used in the mills of New England from the turn of the century through 1945. The wood has a shine created from the lanolin of the yarn which was deposited on the wood. Some of the candleholders are trimmed in brass and others in pewter.

The round tables will be draped with taffeta and antique satin tableclothes in shades of bright pinks. Tables will be set with the Johnson China, vermeil flatwear, and the Morgantown crystal.

The decorations are being coordinated by Jack Bangs, chief designer for the Gazebo of New York, who is donating his services. The Museum of American Folk Art is supplying the centerpieces, most of which are from private collections.

The menu: Filet of Mountain Trout Meuniere, Fleurons, Roast Sirloin of Beef, Eggplant Fermiere, Cauliflower with Parsley, Watercress and Mushroom Salad, Trappist Cheese, Grand Marnier Souffle with Sauce Sabayon, Demitasse.

Wines: Gold Seal Pinot Chardonnay; Beringer Cabernet Sauvignon; The Thompson Pere Marquette.

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For Immediate Release
Friday, February 20, 1976

THE WHITE HOUSE
OFFICE OF THE PRESS SECRETARY TO MRS. FORD

The President and Mrs. Ford have asked singer Tony Bennett to entertain at the black-tie dinner honoring the Governors of the States and Territories and their wives, February 23 at 8:00 PM.

Mr. Bennett previously performed at the White House during the Johnson Administration at a State dinner honoring the Prime Minister of Japan. He also has had two command performances before the Queen of England.

Tony Bennett has been a popular singing star for more than two decades. After singing with various military bands during World War II, he got his first big professional break when he won a spot on the Arthur Godfrey television show. That performance led to a tour with Bob Hope, who gave Bennett his stage name, and to his first recording contract. A series of hits in the 1950s placed him among the front ranks of American male vocalists.

His recording of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" in 1962 has become an American classic, and he has been active on the concert tour. Today he performs about 45 weeks of the year.

He was born Anthony Dominick Benedetto in Long Island City, New York in 1926. His father died when Tony was eight, and for the next 17 years his mother worked as a seamstress in the garment industry. He began his career as a teen-ager as a singing waiter. Before the war, he enrolled at the Manhattan's School of Industrial Art and planned a career as a commercial artist. When his plans were interrupted by three years service in the United States Army, he changed his interest to music.

He and his wife Sandi have three children, two sons and a daughter. They live in Englewood, New Jersey, where Bennett continues his interest in art by painting oils and watercolors.

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For immediate release
February 23, 1976

NOTICE TO THE PRESS

COVERAGE OF THE GOVERNORS' DINNER - MON., FEB. 23

Note: Photographers will need a ladder to cover. Black tie for writers, but not necessary for photographers.

- 7:00 p.m. Pick up in press lobby for those wishing to view the table decor in the State Dining Room.
- 7:30 p.m. Pickup in press lobby for writers and photographers who wish to cover arrival of guests. Coverage will be inside, on the ground floor at the Diplomatic Reception Room.
- 8:00 p.m. Press moves from Diplomatic Reception Room to Grand Foyer to cover photo of the President and Mrs. Ford at Grand Staircase.
- 9:15 p.m. Pool coverage of toast; writers will be in the White House Theatre.
- 10:00 p.m. Pickup for coverage of Entertainment in East Room.

END OF PHOTO COVERAGE
Writers and reporters may mingle.

Photos
CBS MiniCam
? Time @ JAC - Pool
@ in → (G. R. N.)
? Newsweek
✓ Post
✓ STAR



WITHDRAWAL SHEET (PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARIES)

FORM OF DOCUMENT	CORRESPONDENTS OR TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
List	To be Cleared for Governor's Dinner, February 23, 1976 <i>1 page</i>	N.D.	C

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- (B) Closed by statute or by the agency which originated the document.
- (C) Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in the donor's deed of gift.

TABLE 1

Mr. McConahey
Mrs. Godwin
Gov. Kneip
Mrs. Callaway
Gov. Salmon
Mrs. O'Donnell
Gov. Anderson
Mrs. Link
Mr. Bangs
Mrs. King

TABLE 2

Mr. Lynn
Mrs. Longley
Gov. Lucey
Mrs. Doug Bennett
Mr. Farber
Mr. Gorog
Mrs. Cavanaugh
Gov. Moore
Mrs. Ruth

TABLE 3

Mr. Zarb
Mrs. Judge
Gov. Blanton
Mrs. Marsh
Gov. Carey
Mr. Delaney
Mrs. Gergen
Gov. Thomson
Mrs. Milliken

TABLE 4

Mr. Carlson
Mrs. Anderson
Gov. Byrne
Mrs. McConahey
Mr. Johnson
Mrs. Briscoe
Mr. Doug Bennett
Mrs. Gorog
Gov. Edwards
Mrs. Thomson

TABLE 5

Mr. O'Neill
Mrs. Askew
Gov. Mandel
Mr. Shafer
Mrs. Rampton
Gov. Carroll
Mrs. Johnson
Gov. Dukakis
Mrs. Farber

TABLE 6

Mr. Cannon
Mrs. Noel
Gov. King
Mrs. Morton
Gov. Andrus
Mrs. O'Neill
Mr. Callaway
Mrs. Pillion
Gov. Exon
Mrs. Finch

TABLE 7

MISS SUSAN FORD

Mr. Meem
Mrs. Bond
Gov. Lamm
Mrs. Ariyoshi
Dr. Cavanaugh
Mrs. Exon
Gov. Finch
Mrs. Lynn
Mr. Dukakis

TABLE 8

Secy. of HUD
Gov. Bond
Mrs. Herschler
Gov. Godwin
Mrs. Zarb
Gov. Link
Mrs. Delaney
Gov. Ariyoshi
Mrs. Byrne
Gov. Straub

TABLE 9

Mr. Morton
Mrs. Moore
Gov. Hammond
Mrs. Straub
Mr. O'Donnell
Mrs. Evans
Gov. Noel
Mrs. Cannon
Gov. Castro
Mrs. Tribbitt

TABLE 10

Mr. Hartmann
Mrs. Edwards
Gov. Herschler
Mrs. Mandel
Mr. Cavaney
Mrs. Shafer
Gov. Busbee
Mrs. Carlson
Mr. Hills
Mrs. Castro

TABLE 11

THE PRESIDENT

Mrs. Ray
Gov. Askew
Mrs. Lamm
Gov. Rampton
Mrs. Blanton
Gov. Milliken
Mrs. Lucey
Gov. Holshouser
Mrs. Tony Bennett

TABLE 12

MRS. FORD

Gov. Ray
Mrs. Andrus
Gov. Briscoe
Mrs. Robt. Bennett
Gov. Longley
Mrs. Busbee
Gov. Evans
Mrs. Carroll
Mr. Tony Bennett

TABLE 14

Mr. Marsh
Mrs. Holshouser
Gov. Tribbitt
Gov. Ruth
Mrs. Cavaney
Gov. Bennett
Mrs. Kneip
Mr. Gergen
Gov. Judge
Mrs. Salmon



THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

DINNER IN HONOR OF
THE GOVERNORS AND THEIR SPOUSES

February 23, 1976

8:00 p. m.

Dress: Black tie ... long dresses for the ladies

Yellow Oval Room:

- 8:09 p. m. ... you and Mrs. Ford will be escorted to the outside entrance of the Yellow Oval Room.
- Color Guard will request permission to remove Colors at approximately 8:10 p. m.

Grand Entrance:

- Approximately 8:12 p. m. ... descend Grand Staircase preceded by Color Guard.
- Pause at foot of staircase for official photograph.
- Color Guard reforms and procession moves to red carpet facing East Room ... pause for Ruffles and Flourishes and announcement ... take receiving line position.
- Follow Color Guard into East Room when "Hail to the Chief" is played.

Receiving Line:

- Take position just inside door of East Room ... Military Social Aide will present your guests.
- After receiving line, follow guests into the State Dining Room.



Dinner:

- Round tables
- Army Strolling Strings will play during dessert.
- After dessert, you will rise and propose a toast ... Governor Ray of Iowa, Chairman of the National Governors Conference will respond to your toast.
- No press coverage of dinner; toasts will be piped to the press ... transcripts will be released to the press ... there will be mini-camera coverage of the toasts with a small photo pool.

After-Dinner:

- 10:00 p. m. ... guests proceed to parlors for demitasse, liqueurs, and cigars. You and Mrs. Ford will mingle informally with your guests.
- 10:05 p. m. ... after-dinner guests will be escorted to the State Floor. You and Mrs. Ford will receive the after-dinner guests from a position in the Grand Hall between the Blue Room and Green Room doors -- a Military Social Aide will present your guests -- guests will proceed to the East Room and take their seats.

Entertainment:

- After the guests are seated, you will enter the East Room through the center door and seat Mrs. Ford.
- You proceed to the stage which will be located at the North End of the East Room and introduce Tony Bennett.

NOTE: Suggested remarks (Tab A).

- At the conclusion of the performance, you and Mrs. Ford will go to the stage to thank Tony Bennett.



NOTE: There will be press coverage of the entertainment. Photo and mini-camera coverage will be of the first and last parts of the program and of your thanking Tony Bennett.

- After you have thanked Tony Bennett, you will escort Mrs. Ford to the Grand Foyer for dancing.

Departure:

- You and Mrs. Ford will bid farewell to your guests and return to the Family Quarters.
- There will be champagne and mixed drinks for the guests who remain.

NOTES:

- A suggested toast is attached (Tab B).
- The dinner and after-dinner guest lists are attached (Tab C).
- Military Social Aides will be present.
- A Marine Harpist will be playing in the Diplomatic Reception Room as your dinner and after-dinner guests arrive.
- White House photographer will be present.
- Briefing paper is attached (Tab D).

Maria Downs



DINNER

1974

Gold Seal
Pinot Chardonnay

*NY State
wine*

1970

Beringer
~~Saint Michelle~~
Cabernet Sauvignon

Calif Red

Filet of Mountain Trout Meunière
Fleurons

Roast Sirloin of Beef
Eggplant Fermière
Cauliflower with Parsley

*Illinois
Champagne*

The Thompson
Pere Marquette

Watercress and Mushroom Salad
Trappist Cheese

Grand Marnier Soufflé
Sauce Sabayon

Demitasse

The White House
Monday, February 23, 1976



GUEST LIST FOR THE DINNER TO BE GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. FORD IN HONOR OF THE GOVERNORS AND THEIR SPOUSES ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1976, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, THE WHITE HOUSE:

The Governor of Delaware and Mrs. Tribbitt
The Governor of New Jersey and Mrs. Byrne
The Governor of Georgia and Mrs. Busbee
The Honorable Michael S. Dukakis, Governor of Massachusetts
The Governor of Maryland and Mrs. Mandel
The Governor of South Carolina and Mrs. Edwards
The Governor of New Hampshire and Mrs. Thomson
The Governor of Virginia and Mrs. Godwin
The Honorable Hugh L. Carey, Governor of New York
The Governor of North Carolina and Mrs. Holshouser
The Governor of Rhode Island and Mrs. Noel
The Governor of Vermont and Mrs. Salmon
The Governor of Kentucky and Mrs. Carroll
The Governor of Tennessee and Mrs. Blanton
The Governor of Mississippi and Mrs. Finch
The Governor of Maine and Mrs. Longley
The Governor of Missouri and Mrs. Bond
The Honorable David H. Pryor, Governor of Arkansas
The Governor of Michigan and Mrs. Milliken
The Governor of Florida and Mrs. Askew
The Governor of Texas and Mrs. Briscoe
The Governor of Iowa and Mrs. Ray
The Governor of Wisconsin and Mrs. Lucey
The Governor of Minnesota and Mrs. Anderson
The Governor of Oregon and Mrs. Straub
The Governor of Kansas and Mrs. Bennett
The Governor of West Virginia and Mrs. Moore
The Governor of Nebraska and Mrs. Exon
The Governor of Colorado and Mrs. Lamm
The Governor of North Dakota and Mrs. Link
The Governor of South Dakota and Mrs. Kneip
The Governor of Montana and Mrs. Judge
The Governor of Washington and Mrs. Evans
The Governor of Idaho and Mrs. Andrus
The Governor of Wyoming and Mrs. Herschler
The Governor of Utah and Mrs. Rampton
The Governor of New Mexico and Mrs. Apodaca
The Governor of Arizona and Mrs. Castro
The Honorable J. S. Hammond, Governor of Alaska
The Governor of Hawaii and Mrs. Ariyoshi
? *The Governor of Guam and Mrs. Bordallo
The Governor of the Virgin Islands and Mrs. King
The Governor of American Samoa and Mrs. Ruth

The Honorable Carla A. Hills, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, and The Honorable Roderick M. Hills
The Honorable Robert T. Hartmann and Mrs. Hartmann
Counsellor to the President

The Honorable John O. Marsh, Jr. and Mrs. Marsh
Counsellor to the President

The Honorable Rogers C. B. Morton and Mrs. Morton
Counsellor to the President

The Honorable James T. Lynn and Mrs. Lynn
Director, Office of Management and Budget

The Honorable James M. Cannon and Mrs. Cannon
Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs

The Honorable Frank G. Zarb and Mrs. Zarb
Administrator, Federal Energy Administration

The Honorable James H. Cavanaugh and Mrs. Cavanaugh
Deputy Director, Domestic Council

The Honorable John G. Carlson and Mrs. Carlson
Deputy Press Secretary to the President

The Honorable David Gergen and Mrs. Gergen
Special Assistant to the President

The Honorable Paul H. O'Neill and Mrs. O'Neill
Deputy Director, Office of Management and Budget

The Honorable Douglas P. Bennett and Mrs. Bennett
Director, Presidential Personnel Offices

The Honorable Stephen G. McConahey and Mrs. McConahey
Special Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs

Mr. and Mrs. Terrence O'Donnell
Aide to the President

Mr. and Mrs. William Gorog
Deputy Director, Economic Policy Board

Mr. and Mrs. Byron M. Cavaney, Jr.
Director of the Advance Office

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Delaney
Associate Director, Domestic Council

The Honorable Raymond P. Shafer and Mrs. Shafer
Vice President's Office

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bennett
Entertainer

Mr. John Dukakis
Guest of Governor Michael S. Dukakis of Massachusetts

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Farber
Director, National Governors' Conference

Miss Susan Ford

Mr. Stewart Spencer
Deputy Chairman, President Ford Committee



*A quality
that lets you in*

... WHITNEY BALLIETT



As a child of radio and the Victrola, of the microphone and the recording, I have been listening most of my life to American popular singers, and their number and variety are astonishing and almost endless. Their names, which form an American mythology, come easily to mind: Russ Columbo, Whispering Jack Smith, Gene Austin, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Sophie Tucker, Arthur Tracy, Al Jolson, Kate Smith, Rudy Vallée, Bessie Smith, Fred Astaire, Louis Armstrong, Mildred Bailey, Red McKenzie, Ivie Anderson, Ethel Waters, Bing Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Tony Martin, Ethel Merman, Johnny Mercer, Jack Teagarden, Dick Haymes, Josh White, Joe Turner, Jimmy Rushing, Mabel Mercer, the Boswell Sisters, the Andrews Sisters, the Mills Brothers, the Ink Spots, the Golden Gate Quartette, Helen Humes, Mary Martin, Ray Nance, Paul Robeson, Maxine Sullivan, Lee Wiley, Bob Eberly, Ray Eberle, Helen O'Connell, Woody Guthrie, Gene Autry, Pete Seeger, Johnny Cash, Eddy Arnold, Noble Sissle, Richard Dyer-Bennet, Helen Ward, Morton Downey, Martha Tilton, Helen Forrest, Frank Sinatra, Georgia Gibbs, Nat King Cole,

Hoagy Carmichael, Anita O'Day, Kenny Baker, June Christy, Eddie Fisher, Frankie Laine, Vaughn Monroe, Frances Langford, Sylvia Syms, Johnny Mathis, Rosemary Clooney, Leadbelly, Judy Garland, Dinah Shore, Billy Eckstine, Eartha Kitt, Buddy Greco, Peggy Lee, Harry Belafonte, Anita Ellis, Bo Diddley, Elvis Presley, Lena Horne, Doris Day, Pearl Bailey, Perry Como, Margaret Whiting, Mel Tormé, Jo Stafford, Tony Bennett, Blossom Dearie, Teddi King, Kay Starr, Patti Page, Carmen McRae, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, Teresa Brewer, Dean Martin, Sarah Vaughan, Ray Charles, Mahalia Jackson, Bobby Short, Helen Merrill, Stella Brooks, Dinah Washington, Chris Connor, Andy Williams, Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gormé, Dionne Warwick, James Brown, B. B. King, Aretha Franklin, Joan Baez, Barbra Streisand, Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, Nina Simone, Glen Campbell, and Roberta Flack. They have, in the past forty years, become ubiquitous — on the radio, on records, on jukeboxes, in the movies, on the stage, in nightclubs, on television, and in concert halls. Indeed, they have created, as a huge, ceaselessly moving and changing body of troubadours, the most pervasive and familiar sounds in American life. Many are famous, and some are among the most famous people of this century. Few adults in the western world are unaware of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra and Judy Garland and Nat King Cole and Tony Bennett and of the anthem status they have, respectively, given such songs as "White Christmas," "I'll Never Smile Again," "Over the Rainbow," "Nature Boy," and "I Left My Heart in San Francisco." One of the reasons for this unique, engulfing outpouring of song was the invention of the microphone, which, together with its

handmaidens, radio and the recording, made two things possible: omnipresent singing, and a successful singing career without a voice. (Since then, a couple of generations of "microphone" singers have come along. Take away their mikes, and by and large their voices vanish. Some notable examples: Blossom Dearie, Mel Tormé, Mildred Bailey, and Chris Connor.) Another was the appearance in the tens and twenties and thirties of the first great American songwriters, such as Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and George Gershwin; the lives of their countless marvelous songs were wholly dependent on being performed, and so a new and insatiable demand for more and better singers arose. Still another reason was our old habit of letting off excess emotional and romantic steam through singing. (Never has there been more singing in this country than during the Depression and the Second World War.) Consider the minstrel singers, the cowboys, the slaves who first sang blues and spirituals, the young women who got off the latest Stephen Foster in the parlor of an evening, the hillbilly singers, the Irish and Neapolitan tenors, and the light classical singers such as John McCormack and Lawrence Tibbett. The first microphone singers were the crooners, who, with their patent-leather baritone and oily vibratos, evolved from the basically European singing of the McCormacks and Tibbetts in the twenties. And out of the crooners came Bing Crosby, who, cutting the silver cord to Europe, almost by himself invented American popular singing.

American popular singers range from the consummate to the regrettable. Ella Fitzgerald can do anything with her voice,

while Vaughn Monroe was bathetic. Most of them, though, share certain characteristics. Their voices tend to be home-made and friendly – the kind you feel like squeezing or shaking hands with. Their intonation is often weak and their breathing uncertain. Their phrases sometimes dangle. Their voices, which rarely have much coloration, are a complex mixture of cheerful intent, emotion, electronics, and bravado. But the popular singer's lack of technical aplomb is his great virtue, for it allows him to sing Kern and Porter and Gershwin as no highly trained singer can. Ezio Pinza oversang Richard Rodgers, while Tony Bennett undersings him in such a way that Rodgers' superb melodies seem to come to life on their own. Pinza inflated Rodgers' songs, but Bennett illuminates and aerates them. Bing Crosby was the first popular singer to learn this trick, and he did it in large part by listening to jazz musicians. He listened to Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington (he recorded "St. Louis Blues" with Ellington in 1932), and he was tutored by Mildred Bailey when he was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. He hung out in Chicago with Bix Beiderbecke and Jimmy McPartland. He learned to sing legato, to phrase in a "lazy" fashion. He learned rubato and the ornamental, open-glottal notes – the "aaums" and "oowoos" – that made every phrase he sang sound as if it started with a vowel. The great instrumentalists like Beiderbecke "sing" on their horns, and through them he was taught to flow melodically. He learned to make his comfortable, front-porch baritone appear capacious and important. In turn, he taught a generation of popular singers. The best of them was Frank Sinatra. Sinatra had also listened to Armstrong and Mildred Bailey, but he had, as well, grown up on Billie Holiday and Mabel Mercer. (Popu-

lar singers such as Billie Holiday are in effect jazz singers, and are more like instrumentalists than vocalists. They use their materials not as harmonic and melodic maps but as departure points for elaborate, hornlike improvisations.) Sinatra was a more serious singer than Crosby, whose offhandedness sometimes gave him an absentminded quality. At the outset of his career, Sinatra sang with Tommy Dorsey's band, and Dorsey, a lyrical player of the first order, taught him – in Dorsey's words – how to "drive a ballad." Sinatra's ballads, freed of Crosby's ornamentation and reverberative effects, took on an almost hymnlike dimension. He *believed* the lyrics he sang, and he delivered them with an intense, clean articulation. His voice was smaller and lighter than Crosby's, but his phrasing and immaculate sense of timing gave it a poise and stature Crosby's lacked. Sinatra, in his turn, brought along another generation of popular singers, and the best of them is Tony Bennett. Indeed, Bennett has become the most widely admired American popular singer. Alec Wilder, who has known Bennett for twenty-five years, recently wrote, "The list of 'believers' isn't very long. But those who are on it are very special people. Among them, certainly, is Tony Bennett. But first I should say what I mean by a believer. He is one whose sights stay high, who makes as few concessions as he can, whose ideals will not permit him to follow false trails or fashions for notoriety's or security's sake, who takes chances, who seeks to convey, by whatever means, his affections and convictions, and who has faith in the power of beauty to survive, no matter how much squalor and ugliness seek to suppress it. I am close enough to him to know that his insistence on maintaining his musical convictions has been far from easy. His effervescent delight in

bringing to his audiences the best songs, the best musicians, the best of his singing and showmanship is apparent to anyone who has the good sense to listen to him in person or on records." Wilder went on to ponder Bennett's singing: "There is a quality about it that lets you in. Frank Sinatra's singing mesmerizes you. In fact, it gets so symbolic sometimes that you can't make the relationship with him as a man, even though you may know him. Bennett's professionalism doesn't block you off. It even suggests that maybe you'll see him later at the beer parlor." For all that, Bennett, a ceaseless experimenter, is an elusive singer. He can be a belter who reaches rocking fortissimos. He drives a ballad as intensely and intimately as Sinatra. He can be a lilting, glancing jazz singer. He can be a low-key, searching supper-club performer. (He has gone through visual changes as well. He for a while affected a short haircut and was wont to come onstage with his shirt collar open and his jacket slung carefully over one shoulder. Now, with the disappearance of most of his hair — an occupational hazard that has likewise afflicted Crosby and Sinatra — he wears a variety of stunningly accomplished transformations. He also keeps his jacket on, and is often seen onstage in a necktie.) But Bennett's voice binds all his vocal selves together. It is pitched slightly higher than Sinatra's (it was once a tenor, but it has deepened over the years), and it has a rich, expanding quality that is immediately identifiable. It has a joyous, jubilant quality, a pleased, shouting-within quality. It has, in a modest way, something of the hallelujah strain of Mahalia Jackson.

Bennett lives in controlled splendor in a high, spacious apart-

ment on the upper East Side. At home and on the road, he divides his time between his singing, which is his meat and marrow; tennis, which he took up not long ago and which he believes is essential to his singing well; drawing and painting, which he has practiced, and commendably, off and on since he was in school; and his family, which includes Danny, who is nineteen, and Daegal, who is a year younger (they are, respectively, the guitarist-singer-leader of and the drummer in a rock-blues-country-jazz group); his new wife, Sandy, a cool, pearl blond, pearl skinned beauty from Leesville, Louisiana; and their four-year-old daughter, a jumping bean named Joanna.

Bennett lived some recent days in New York this way:

MORNING

It is a little after nine, and Bennett, dressed in a silk robe, a yellow shirt, and modish tan pants, walks through his living room and into his studio-dining room. The living room, a careful orchestration of sharp whites, oyster whites, and pale grays, contains a sofa, overstuffed chairs, heavy glass-topped tables, a wall-to-wall shag rug, and a grand piano. A bookcase beside the window holds Blake, Picasso, Klimt, Miró, Eisenstaedt, Rodin, Norman Rockwell, Klee, and songbooks by Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin. The studio-dining room is clubbier. Canvases, their faces turned in, are stacked against one wall, and above them, on a cork wall-board, are pinned a map of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, a reproduction of a Bennett cityscape, and a lapel button reading "Quacky Duck" (the name of Danny and Daegal's group). A big, U-shaped cabinet, covered with paints and brushes, is

set against the window, and in front of it, on a slab of Lucite, are a stool and an easel. The longest wall in the room is taken up by a white desk and several shelves of stereo and recording equipment, tapes, albums, books, and framed photographs. A small dining-room table and two chairs are in a corner opposite the kitchen door. Both rooms face south, and their windows are enormous; standing in the doorway between the rooms, one can pan easily from the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge to the Jersey shore. The sunlight everywhere looks soft and expensive. Bennett turns on an all-music FM station, then sticks his head in the kitchen and asks his cook, Edith, for a mug of coffee. He takes a bowl of apples and pears from the coffee table in the living room and puts it on a corner of the dining table. A small, new canvas rests on the easel, and after he has squeezed some red, green, and yellow paint onto a palette he starts sketching in the outlines of the fruit. The Beatles' "Yesterday" comes on the radio, and he hums along with it. He works quickly and deftly with his brush, and in a minute or two the outlines of the fruit and bowl are on the canvas. Edith, a trim black woman in a white uniform, puts Bennett's coffee on the desk, and he thanks her. He sketches in a vase of long-stemmed red roses on the table just behind the fruit. "I wish I could stop right there," he says, "and just make it a sketch. I always go too far and clutter everything up. It's just recently that I've regimented myself to paint every day. Painting encloses me in a bubble of warmth. When I'm on the road, I take a sketchbook, and it's a relief, between cities, to sketch everything you see. Later, a lot of those sketches turn into paintings." He puts down his brush and ruffles through a sketch-

book lying on the desk. There are scenes of trees and houses in Hollywood, of Eddie Fisher's garden, of a rain-soaked park in Leeds, England, and of chimney pots in Glasgow. They are graphic and tight and detailed. "I don't understand why, but painting comes to me much easier in England. It's almost like I slip into a different style." He picks up his brush and points at the reproduction of the cityscape on the cork board. "I'm really pleased about that. It was done right out this window, and the original is in a celebrity art show in Lincoln Center. Red Skelton is in the show, and Kim Novak and Duke Ellington and Henry Fonda. Skelton's painting is of an Emmett Kelly-type clown, which is really a self-portrait. He sold a painting once to Maurice Chevalier, and Chevalier hung it in his house between a Picasso and a Cézanne. Ellington's painting in the show is of Billy Strayhorn, and it's full of flaming blues. It's as mysterious as his music. Henry Fonda's is in the Wyeth school. But I think maybe Kim Novak is the most talented of everybody. She has a beautiful control of paints and a lot of expression. I like Impressionism and the Old Masters — the way Rembrandt could turn out a drawing that was just as fully realized as any painting. I like doing what they did rather than reaching out for something new. I try and paint in their tradition."

Joanna appears in the living-room doorway. She is about two feet high and has long dark blond hair and huge eyes. She is in her underwear and holds a pacifier in one hand.

"Hey, Jo. How are you this morning, darlin'?" Bennett says.

"Fine. I lost my pink umbrella. It was hanging on my tricycle." Her voice is birdlike.

"Well, we'll look into that. Do you want to sit here on the stool and watch Daddy paint?" He hoists her onto the stool, and she looks as if she were sitting in a treetop. She drops her pacifier on the floor, and Bennett picks up an apple from the bowl and hands it to her. She holds it in both hands and takes a tiny bite. He laughs. "That won't make that much difference. I'll just paint it out." He blends the apple into the background and scrapes the results with a palette knife.

"There you are, Joanna," Sandy Bennett says. She is wearing a blue and white patterned dress and a blue blazer. Her hair hangs over one eye. "Come and get dressed. We have to go and get you some shoes, and then I have to get back here and interview some new nurses." She sighs and pouts. Joanna puts down the apple, which has four dime-size bites in it, and shinnies off the stool. "Then I'm going to call the French Lycée, Tony. It might be tough for her, but she can have a tutor, too. There are lycées in Los Angeles and London and Paris, so if we spend three months in any of those places, she'd have a school. I mean, that's what our life style is."

"Right, San," Bennett says, and puts the final strokes on his painting. Joanna runs out of the room and Bennett shouts after her, "Hey, Joanna, do you want to go buy a kite tomorrow morning and fly it in the Park?"

"Yes! Whoopee!" she shrieks, and vanishes around the corner.

AT THE AMALFI

It is late afternoon on the same day, and Bennett is at a back table on the ground floor of the Amalfi, on East Forty-eighth

Street. He has been eating at the Amalfi since the days, twenty and more years ago, when it was a one-room place on West Forty-seventh. Phil Rizzuto, the Yankee sportscaster and former Yankee shortstop, is a couple of tables away, and Bennett greets him and sends a drink to his table. Bennett is to sing a couple of songs at ten o'clock at a benefit, and he has ordered a light supper of macaroni shells stuffed with ricotta and a bottle of Chianti classico. Bennett has the sort of face that is easily sculptured by light. In broad daytime, he tends to look jagged and awkwardly composed: his generous Roman nose booms and his pale green eyes become slits. But the subdued lighting in the Amalfi makes him handsome and compact. His eyes become melancholy and shine darkly, the deep lines that run past his mouth are stoical, and his nose is regal. His voice, though, never changes. It is a singer's voice — soft, slightly hoarse, and always on the verge of sliding into melody. Rizzuto calls over and thanks Bennett for the drink, and Bennett nods and raises his wineglass in Rizzuto's direction. "I'm not that crazy about singing at big benefits," Bennett says, "but Ed Sullivan, who's running this one, has been good to me and I like him. I like concert halls, and what I do now is pick the best halls here and abroad, and give just one concert on Friday night and one on Saturday. I do that about thirty weekends a year. It's much nicer working concert halls than nightclubs. The audience holds on to every inch of intonation and inflection. But nightclubs teach performers like me. They teach you spontaneity. They teach you to keep your sense of humor. They teach you to keep your cool. All of which I needed not long ago when I gave a concert in Buffalo and decided to experiment by not

using a microphone. The hall isn't that big and they could hear me, but I guess without the microphone I just didn't sound like *me*. So people started shouting. But I remembered what Ben Webster — the great, late Ben Webster — once told me: 'If I had it to do all over again, I'd leave my anger offstage.' And I did. I went backstage and got a mike, and everything was all right. In addition to my concerts, I do television specials, like the one Lena Horne and I did — just the two of us, no one else — a while back. It got very nice notices, which proves you just don't need all those trappings. I also work in Vegas, and at Bill Harrah's places in Lake Tahoe and Reno, for six weeks a year. Vegas is great, with all the performers on one strip, like a kind of super-Fifty-second Street. They can afford anything, and they treat performers marvelously. But Bill Harrah is fabulous. I think he started out with bingo parlors in Reno thirty-five years ago, and now he owns these big places in Tahoe and Reno and has a huge collection of classic cars. He meets you at the airport with a Rolls-Royce and gives you the keys to the car and a beautiful home with a pool. At the end of the engagement, he throws a party for you in his own home. It's like some kind of fantastic vacation."

Bennett takes a forkful of shells and a sip of wine. "It's beautiful not to compromise in what you sing, and yet I've done business since I had my first record hit for Columbia, in nineteen fifty-one. I've always tried to do the cream of the popular repertoire and yet remain commercial. Hanging out with good songs is the secret. Songs like 'All the Things You Are' and 'East of the Sun' are just the opposite of singing down. And so are these lyrics, which Alec Wilder wrote and sent me a few days

ago. He said if I liked them he'd set them to music. I think they're beautiful." Bennett pulled a sheet of onionskin letter paper out of his pocket. The lyrics read:

GIVE ME THAT WARM FEELING

Give me that warm feeling
That makes me believe again,
Give me that soft answer,
The kind you gave me way back when.
Give me some true kindness
That brightens the sky again.
Give me the best that's in you
And encouragement now and then.
Dust off those long-lost manners!
Bury ambition and guile!
Unfurl those lovely banners
Of virtue and laughter and style!
Give me that warm feeling,
Take off that impersonal glove.
Remember, remember, we're dealing
With that fair and that rare thing called love!

"I love singing too much to cheat the public. And I can't ever lose that spirit by listening to the money boys, the Broadway wise guys who used to tell me, 'If you don't sing such-and-such, you'll end up with a classy reputation and no bread in the bank.' But if I lost that spirit, my feeling for music would run right out the window. It's this obsolescence thing in America, where cars are made to break down and songs written to last two weeks. But good songs last forever, and I've come to learn

that there's a whole group out there in the audience who's studying that with me. There's a greatness in an audience when it gets perfectly still. It becomes a beautiful tribal contact, a delicate, poetic thing. A great song does that. It also works two ways: the performer makes the song work, and the song inspires the performer.

"All kinds of things go through my head when I'm singing. I think of Joanna a lot. I think of things from my past; I even *see* them. If I'm working in a beautiful place like Festival Hall, in London, I think of the great lighting, the great clusters of light, and they inspire me. If a song is truly believable, it becomes a self-hypnosis thing. And when that happens I automatically start thinking a line ahead, like when I serve at tennis and am already thinking of the next shot. My concentration becomes heavy, so that if I forget the words I can do what Harold Arlen told me: 'Just make up new words in the right spirit and don't let anybody know, and you'll be all right.'

"I've always liked the Billie Holiday tradition of allowing the musicians you're working with to take charge and to solo, and my arrangements are always written that way. Jazz musicians create great warmth and feeling. When they play well, they make *you* sing, too. I've worked with Bobby Hackett and Woody Herman and Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton and Count Basie. And I've worked with Harry Edison and Jimmy Rowles and Tommy Flanagan and Zoot Sims and John Bunch and Billy Exiner. You can't beat the perfection of Basie. He even talks the way he plays: one or two words take care of conversation for the month. Like when he saw the distance he'd have to go to reach his piano on this tiny, miserable stage

we were working on somewhere out West. 'Man, that's a long walk,' he said."

Bennett laughs, and tells the waiter, a diminutive carry-over from the old Amalfi, that he doesn't have time for espresso but that he will see him soon. He waves to Rizzuto.

KITING IN THE PARK

It is ten-thirty the next morning, and one of those dancing blue New York days: the shadows have knife edges, and the sidewalks are full of diamonds. Bennett is standing with Joanna at the curb in front of his apartment house. She is holding on to his right index finger, and she barely tops his knees. They are headed for the East Meadow, in Central Park, where a sequence of a quasi-documentary about Bennett's New York life is to be filmed. One sequence has already been done in his apartment, and another will be filmed tomorrow night at a concert he is giving in Alice Tully Hall. Joanna is in a blue knitted jumper with a matching top, and Bennett has on a gleaming white safari suit and a dark olive shirt open at the neck.

"Daddy, let's go see if the flower we planted is still growing," Joanna pipes.

Bennett hunkers beside some shrubs next to the building's door and rubs the dirt with his hand. There is nothing there.

"Whynot? Whynot? Whynot?" Joanna chants.

Bennett looks sheepish. "I guess we forgot to water it, or something. But we'll try again."

A black limousine the length of the one Jelly Roll Morton said he had to take to Central Park to turn around pulls up at the curb, and Bennett and Joanna get in. Bennett rents the

car when he is in town. It has a red carpet, and the jump seats are separated by a cabinet containing a bar, a radio, and a tiny television set. Bennett tells his driver, a squat, cheerful man named Caesar, to stop at a shop specializing in kites, at Second Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street. Two cameramen and a grip follow the limousine in a cab. Joanna diddles with the television, switching from channel to channel, and Bennett tells her to slow down or she won't be able to see anything at all. She pays no attention. At the shop, Bennett and one of the cameramen choose a couple of big, semitransparent German kites that look like birds. Bennett is all thumbs, but he manages to get one of the kites assembled by the time the limousine pulls up at Fifth Avenue and Ninety-eight Street. The East Meadow stretches from Ninety-seventh to One-hundred-and-first Street and is vaguely bowl-shaped. Joanna sails in the south gate ahead of Bennett and, sensing the expanse in front of her, takes off up the Meadow, her legs going like a sandpiper's. Bennett, laughing and shouting, catches her at One-hundredth Street. The cameramen station themselves on a low rise on one side of the Meadow. A time follows that recalls the mad footage in *A Hard Day's Night* in which the Beatles race wildly and aimlessly back and forth across an immense field. There is almost no wind, but Bennett gets the kite twelve feet into the air, and he and Joanna run up the Meadow. The kite crashes. Joanna picks it up and runs south, Bennett galloping after her. They go up the Meadow, down the Meadow, across the Meadow. Joanna maintains her speed, but Bennett begins to puff. The cameramen declare that they have enough film, and Bennett laughs and wipes his brow. He picks up his jacket from

the grass and flings it and the kite across one shoulder. Joanna latches on to his index finger and tows him back to the car.

A LIGHT LUNCH

Before he showers and changes his clothes at the apartment, Bennett asks Edith to fix a light lunch. Joanna is fed in the kitchen and packed off for a nap. Bennett is due at three o'clock at a studio on Christopher Street, where he will rehearse with the Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet. The quartet is to accompany him at Alice Tully Hall. Edith sets the table in the studio and brings in a chicken salad and a large glass of boysenberry juice. "Man, tennis has nothing on that kiteflying," Bennett says. "But all that running around will make me sing better this afternoon. Maybe if I'd known about it a long time ago, it would have gotten my career going a lot faster. The way it was, I didn't become any sort of authoritative singer until I was twenty-seven. For seven years before that, I scuffled. After the war, I used the GI Bill to study at the American Theater Wing, where I worked on bel canto with Peter D'Andrea. And I studied voice with Miriam Speir. It was at her place I first met Alec Wilder. I never passed any auditions, and I worked as an elevator man at the Park Sheraton, in an uncle's grocery store, as a runner for the AP, and as a singing waiter out in Astoria, where I was born. I was born in August of nineteen twenty-six, as Anthony Dominick Benedetto. I'm using Benedetto again to sign my paintings. We lived in a little two-story house in Astoria which is still there. My father came over from Italy in nineteen twenty-two, but I don't know much about him, because he died when I was nine. He had a

grocery store on Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, where the CBS Building is now. I remember he was a beautiful man, who was much loved by his family and friends. He had an open, warm voice, full of love and melody, and he sang beautifully. He'd always get the family out on Sundays to sing and dance. My mother, whose maiden name was Surace, was born down on Mott and Hester Streets, and she lives out in River Edge, New Jersey. After my father died, she went to work in the garment district and put my brother and sister and me through school. She has spirit and that great gift of common sense. Judy Garland went crazy over her when she met her. I went to P.S. Seven and Junior High School One-forty-one, out in Astoria, and then I went to the High School of Industrial Arts, which used to be near the Waldorf-Astoria. It was way ahead of its time. I studied music and painting, and they'd work it so that you didn't have to be there every day, so long as you did your work. You could go over to the park and sketch trees. I had a music teacher named Sonberg, and he'd bring a Victrola into class and play Art Tatum records. Imagine that! It was around then I decided to be a singer. Of course, I'd been singing all my life and in the shadow of show business. I had an uncle in Astoria who was a hooper in vaudeville and worked for the Shuberts. He'd tell me about Harry Lauder and James Barton and how they were humble people who had their feet on the ground. He'd tell me about Bill Robinson and how he had to follow him once and it almost killed him. He'd tell me how the acts in those days honed their shows all the way across the country and back, so that when they finally got to the Palace in New York they were sharp and ready. I had my first

professional job when I was thirteen, at one of those Saturday-night get-togethers at a Democratic club in Astoria, and later I sang at little clubs by myself when they'd let me." (Harry Celentano, a bellman at the Algonquin, who went to school with Bennett, remembers those days: "He used to sing 'God Bless America' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in assemblies, and when he was a little older he'd go into places out there like the Horseshoe Bar and the Queen of Hearts – this quiet, shy little kid – and get up and sing all by himself. Some of us would go with him, and he'd stand there and sing 'Cottage for Sale' like a soft Billy Eckstine. We didn't take him seriously, and we'd shout and throw peanuts at him, but he never batted an eye. But he was also into art then. He would play hooky and draw these huge, beautiful murals right on the street, with chalk. Mothers and children would stop and watch, and they were amazed. Then we'd come along and play football over the mural, and that was that.")

Edith asks Bennett if he'd like more chicken salad, and he shakes his head. "My first scrape with any kind of professionalism came at the Shangri-La, in Astoria, where the trombonist Tyree Glenn had a group. He heard me singing along with the band and asked me to come up and do a song. I think it was Duke's 'Solitude.' I'll never forget that kindness. I went into the service late in the war and ended up in the infantry, doing mopping-up operations in France and Germany. My scuffling years began to end in nineteen forty-nine, when I auditioned for a revue Pearl Bailey was in at the old Greenwich Village Inn. It had people like Maurice Rocco, who used to play the piano standing up. I became a production singer in the show,

which meant I was a combination m.c. and singer. Pearl told me, 'It'll take you five years before you can handle yourself on a stage, but at least I can get you started.' Bob Hope heard me in the show and asked me to come up and sing at the Paramount Theater with him. It was his closing night, and before I went on he told me that my stage name, Joe Bari, wasn't any good, and he asked what my real name was. I told him, and he thought a moment and said, 'We'll call you Tony Bennett,' and went out on the stage and introduced me. Then he took me on a ten-day tour with him, and everybody — Les Brown and Marilyn Maxwell were in the troupe, too — showed me how to get on and off the stage without falling down, and things like that. Maybe a year later, Mitch Miller auditioned me at Columbia. I sang 'Boulevard of Broken Dreams,' and it became a semi-hit. This gave me the strength to go out on the road and work clubs in places like Philadelphia and Boston and Cleveland and Buffalo. So I'd started this crazy adventure that has lasted twenty years. Then I had hits like 'Because of You' and 'Just in Time,' and I became international in nineteen sixty-two, when I recorded 'I Left My Heart in San Francisco.'

Edith comes in from the kitchen and says, "The doorman called, Mr. Bennett. The car's downstairs."

THE CONCERT

The concert at Alice Tully the next evening is billed as "An Evening with Rodgers and Hart," and it is a smooth and engaging success. The hall is sold out, and the audience is hip. Bennett sings the verses of most of the songs, and by the time he gets a note or two into the chorus there is the applause of

recognition. He is in a dinner jacket, and his stage manner is startlingly old-fashioned: he uses a hand mike, and he whips the cord around as though it were a lariat; he half-dances, half-falls across the stage during rhythm numbers; he salutes the audience and points at it. He is clumsy and at the same time delightful. He sings twenty-one Rodgers and Hart tunes, and many are memorable. He sings a soft, husky "Blue Moon," and then comes a marvelous, muted Ruby Braff solo. "There's a Small Hotel" is even softer, and Braff and George Barnes react with pianissimo statements. The group, indeed, is impeccable. The solos are beautiful, and the dynamics all anticipate Bennett's. During Braff's solo in "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," Bennett sits on a stool to the musicians' right, and near the end of "I Wish I Were in Love Again" he forgets his lyrics and soars over the wreckage with some good mumbo-jumbo and a fine crescendo. "Lover" is ingenious. Bennett sings it softly, at a medium tempo (it is usually done at top speed), then briefly takes the tempo up, and goes out sotto voce. He does "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" as an encore. The ovation is long and standing.

After a small backstage party, Bennett gets into his limousine and is driven home. He settles deep into a corner of the car. "It's what I used to dream of — a concert in a big hall like Alice Tully. But it hasn't all been smoothness since I started doing business. When I had my first record hits, in the early fifties, I suddenly found myself with an entourage, most of them takers. And I didn't like it. Maurice Chevalier was doing a one-man show here around then, and all he had was a piano and a hat, and that made me realize I was off on the wrong

foot. Then I've been through a divorce and done a little time on the psychiatrist's couch. But I don't think I need that. Most of the people who go to psychiatrists, their hearts and minds have never caught on to any one desire. I never had that problem. But I had a different one when Frank Sinatra came out in *Life* and said I was the greatest singer around. Sophie Tucker once told me, 'Make sure that helium doesn't hit your brain,' but it did, and for several years, to match up to his praise, I overblew, I oversang. But I've found my groove now. I'm solidifying everything, and working toward my own company. You learn how to hang on to money after a while. I like to live well, but I'm not interested in yachts and fancy cars. There are things I'm searching for, but they won't take a day. I'd like to attain a good, keen intellect. Alec Wilder set one of William Blake's poems to music for me, and I was reading Blake last night. Imagine being that talented and feeling so much at the same time! I'd like to make more movies. I played a press agent in *The Oscar*, and I loved the whole make-believe about it. I'd like my own regular TV show, which would be devoted to good *music*. None of that stuff with the musicians off camera and the shots full of dancers. I like the funny things in this life that could only happen to me now. Once, when I was singing Kurt Weill's 'Lost in the Stars' in the Hollywood Bowl with Basie's band and Buddy Rich on drums, a shooting star went falling through the sky right over my head, and everyone was talking about it, and the next morning the phone rang and it was Ray Charles, who I'd never met, calling from New York. He said 'Hey, Tony, how'd you do that, man?' and hung up."

GERALD R. FORD LIBRARY

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for The U.S. Governor's dinner on 1/23/76

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The President and Mrs. Ford have asked singer Tony Bennett to entertain at the black tie dinner honoring the Governors of the States and Territories and their wives, February 23~~rd~~.

* Mr. Bennett previously performed at the White House during the Johnson Administration at a State dinner honoring the Prime Minister of Japan. He also has had two command performances before the Queen of England.

Mr. Bennett has been a popular singing star for more than two decades. After singing with various military bands during World War II, he got his first big professional break when he won a spot on the Arthru Godfrey television show. That performance led to a tour with Bob Hope, who gave ~~Mr.~~ Bennett his stage name, and his first recording contract. A series of hits in the 1950s placed him among the front ranks of American male ~~xx xx~~ vocalists.

His recording of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" in 1962 has become an American classic, and he ~~xx~~ has been active on the concert tour. Today he performs about 45 weeks of the year.

He was born Anthony Dominick Benedetto in Long Island City, New York in 1926. His father died when Tony was eight, and for the next 17 years his mother worked as a ~~seamstress~~ seamstress in the garment industry. He began ~~his~~ his career as a ~~teen-ager~~ teen-ager as a singing waiter. Before the war, he enrolled ~~at~~ at the Manhattan's School of Industrial art and ~~planned~~ planned a career as a commercial artist. When his plans were interrupted by ~~W~~ three years service in the United S^Tates Army, he changed his interest to music.

* -> ~~He and his wife, Sandi, who will also attend the dinner, have~~ *He & his wife Sandi have* three children, two sons and a daughter. They live in Englewood, New Jersey, where Bennett ~~continues~~ continues his interest in art ~~xx~~ by painting oils and watercolors.



Contact:

Gino Emery

Toronto, Canada

416-364-1153



Bennett At W H.

① Johnson Admin
PM of Japan

guest during Ken. Admin



2500-1074 BENNETT

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Chem - of UW

→ W.H. before?

Gino Empry —

416-364-1153 (je)

366-2429 (km)

SANDI - wife

2) Antonio - 1 yr old

Joanna 6 " "

w/b





Gino Emery
Toronto

FROM THE DESK OF

416-364-1153
Sally Quenneville

flying
① Johnson Admin Tony
perf for the
P.M. of Japan ←
State Dinner

He w/ also
① guest of Kennedy's Admin
twice
(private
visit)

② Dinner -

Tony had
2 command perf for Queen
of England

wife and one yr. old daughter
(Antonia)
w/ be coming w/ him





5-530

FROM THE DESK OF

Sally Quenneville

MR. GINO EMPAY

PERSONAL ADMIN. ASST. to

TONY BENNETT (he w/be perf.)

here at Gov.'s Ball Feb. 23

IN D.C. FRI. JAN. 30 after
NOON

CAN be REACHED then AT

836-7100 (MR. PELIGRINI's ofc at
United WAY)

He w/bring bio MAT'L & w/be
available to talk tom.



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New Label, New Directions for Tony Bennett

By HOWARD NEWMAN

■ Tony Bennett is without doubt one of the most popular and respected vocalists of all time. His recording career spans more than



There's a good climate to the company. There's a very good group of people. I love the fact that after 25 years of knowing all the people I've met in the business, they've all responded to it and told me that I'm actually on the right track.

Elaine May and Mike Nichols; a very distinguished manager with very distinguished artists to his credit. And he's very intelligent, to the point of being brilliant.

Bennett: I doubt it. I kind of like the Norman Granz approach: just have an artist going in the studio and record. Once they like the artist, they don't tell him what to do, they just trust him.

NOW IN STOCK ON **IMPROV**

TONY BENNETT'S
"LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL"



SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1975

Bennett Finds Room for Improv

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The past year has been one of cataclysmic changes for Tony Bennett. On-stage and on TV, there were the unprecedented, unanimously acclaimed intermittent appearances in tandem with Lena Horne, most recently in Las Vegas. Privately, there was his family's move late last year from New York to a home in Beverly Hills. Most significant of all was the end of his tie with Columbia Records, an association that had lasted

Woven into his career has been a series of milestone jazz associations. "I'm just sorry that I never got to record with Duke Ellington, but we did go on the road together, doing concerts all over America. With Count Basie I've not only been in many, many concerts, but also on two albums.

"Recently I've been playing some dates with Woody Herman. What a great orchestra he has right now—seems like

"Ella, Sarah, Peggy. As for Lena, she is really the most disciplined singer I have ever heard, male or female. She sings perfectly in tune and with the most impeccable taste. We just finished working at the Sahara in Vegas, and like all our dates together, it was a joy."

Another joy is the opportunity to take advantage of California living. "Maybe I'll have a chance to travel less, get out the old oils and do some more painting. I

Tony Bennett Sings!

FRANK SINATRA: For my money, Tony Bennett is the best singer in the business, the best exponent of a song. He excites me when I watch him - he moves me. He's the singer who gets across what the composer has in mind, and probably a little more. There's a feeling in back of it.

FRED ASTAIRE: Tony Bennett is one of the greatest. He's in a class by himself.

JUDY GARLAND: Tony Bennett is the best male entertainer in the world today.

DUKE ELLINGTON: He's a big beautiful man. With all of his greatness, his hat-size never needed to be larger than his artistic stature. He's totally unselfish, in a way completely unique in the theatre. Two examples: When he bought bands to work with him and billed their names, Count Basie and Duke Ellington, over his own name. This is unheard of.

ED SULLIVAN: The number-one singer in the world.

DEAN MARTIN: Tony Bennett is the best around.

JACKIE GLEASON: There are only two words to describe one of the best singers in the world - Tony Bennett.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: If Tony Bennett, who swing-sings wonderfully, can't send you, there's a psychiatrist right up the street from you. DIG him.

BUDDY RICH: He's a Picasso, he's a Rembrandt, and he's pop art, all at the same time.



Tony Bennett Sings!

STRICTLY THE BEST MUSIC AROUND

TONY BENNETT has recorded 82 albums containing 700 songs. Every one of these albums has included many tunes that critics call "strictly the best music around!"

Even more astonishing is the number of tunes he has made famous and number of songs he has introduced which have become part of the International scene as perennially favorite standards. In fact, no one, outside of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, has been as responsible for so many hit songs.

A partial list follows:

A Time For Love	Just In Time
All That Love Went To Waste	Lost In The Stars
Because Of You	Once Upon A Summertime
Blue Velvet	Once Upon A Time
Boulevard Of Broken Dreams	Put On A Happy Face
Climb Ev'ry Mountain	Quiet Nights
Cold, Cold Heart	Rags To Riches
Country Girl	Sing You Sinners
Don't Wait Too Long	Smile
Firefly	Solitude
Fly Me To The Moon	Something
Follow Me	Stranger In Paradise
Girl Talk	This Is All I Ask
Have A Good Time	Till
If I Ruled The World	The Best Is Yet To Come
I Left My Heart In San Francisco	The Gentle Rain
I'll Only Miss Her When I Think Of Her	The Good Life
It Amazes Me	The Shadow Of Your Smile
I've Got Your Number	Watch What Happens
I Wanna Be Around	When Joanna Loved Me
I Won't Cry Anymore	Who Can I Turn To?

1-22-76



Bennett strings up a storm

CHICAGO TRIBUNE July 31, 1975

By Will Leonard

Nightclub critic

TONY BENNETT recently the guest of the

This is a new concept—a huge orchestra with innumerable instrumental voices, playing in low-key so the vocalist can hold center stage.

TONY, OF COURSE, has the voice to make the

CHICAGO SUN TIMES - August 1, 1975 - by BUCK WALMSLEY

"...two new tunes in the show I caught and one of those is a complete winner: "Life Is Beautiful," written by Fred Astaire...The rest of the show was a knockout. "Just In Time," "Get Happy," "Something," "For Once In My Life" and, of course, "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" and "I Want To Be Around" all sounded so fresh, I was stunned. Tony must have sung each of these thousands of times, but they sound brand-new the way he does them...

...Bennett seems to believe in each lyric he sings. He seems to relate to the little stories in each song, and he makes an audience want to know how they all end. It's a trick only the very best singers seem to be able to pull off. Listening to him sing "Lost In The Stars," for example, was a truly moving experience. I've heard it sung many, many times, but never with such impact... part of the magic of any Bennett performance, of course, is in the marvelous arrangements and the high-calibre musicians who surround Tony."

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS - August 1, 1975 - by SAM LESNER

"...Bennett is singing with a gentleness of spirit and finesse that at last lets us see what his magnetic appeal is all about...he is well endowed with a kind of simple human warmth that becomes hypnotic as he sings...His audience sits in utter silence, punctuated only by bursts of applause between numbers... While other veteran superstars make a big thing out of including a medley of "oldies" for nostalgia's sake, Bennett goes into nostalgic tune after tune without setting up his audience. We hear "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Sophisticated Lady," "There'll Be A Change In The Weather," "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" and even "O Sole Mio" in Italian and with a beat...

Bennett has never lost his youthful enthusiasm for singing. He makes his own vocal rules and plays the game like a natural champion...Backing him is a 32-piece orchestra under Torrie Zito's direction. Zito's arrangements are uncommonly beautiful and their employment of strings, harp and woodwinds. Even the brass, when it's called for, has a sheen and sonority.

San Francisco Chronicle

★

Wed., Dec. 4, 1974

On the Town

Bennett's Heart Is in His Song

..... **John L. Wasserman**

IN CONTRAST TO the Stevie Wonder burlesque show on Friday night at the Cow Palace, Tony Bennett's show at the Fairmont, the same night, was a triumph of professionalism and satisfaction.

THE SHUBERT

Tony, Lena Perfectly in Tune

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Times Staff Writer

"Something in the way she moves . . ." These are the first words addressed by Tony Bennett to Lena

tion, "Stormy Weather" as an encore.

On a scale of 10, Lena rates 10 for vocal artistry, 10 for stage presence, at least 9½ for choice of material and, for sheer sensuality and stunning beauty, 11.

For the closing segment Lena rejoined him as they tossed back and forth some 20 excerpts from songs by

House Reviews

Minskoff, N. Y.

*Tony (Bennett) & Lena (Horne),
Torrie Zito and Robert Freedman
conductors; opened Oct. 30 at \$15
top.*

None of the bookers in the Loew's State era when six acts on a bill was normal would have believed that

Horne has a voice, face and body and uses all, to top advantage. She comes on with special material by

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Perceiving Poverty Amid the Plenty

Rarely have so many eaten and drunk so much so magnificently in pursuit of a solution to national economic hard times.

Governors, Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet officers, diplomats, economists and the President himself gurgled and burped their way through a singular week of debate that included invocations of the specter of poverty and hunger.

The velvety sheen of tailored tuxedos was seen in candle-lighted dining rooms from the embassies to the White House. The big black limousines, their engines lapping contentedly, jammed the circular drive on the south lawn of the White House and filled the streets in front of elegant residences as the powerful hurried here and there, the women splendidly gowned, the men with furrowed brows that showed their concern for the jobless millions beyond.

A select group of Senators ate their way through oxtail soup, roast capon

typical headline: CONGRESS, FORD HIT FOR LACK OF URGENCY.

With Meany so vigorously in command, labor experts say that he will not only stay in office for as long as he likes, but will probably be able to pick his successor when he does decide to go. Meany's most likely choice is Lane Kirkland, 52, now the AFL-CIO's secretary-treasurer. Although Kirkland is not "a man to set 'em on fire," in the words of one union official, he is respected as an able, knowledgeable and tough-minded leader. He is also something of a diplomat. Kirkland keeps telling people that he will probably be retiring from the AFL-CIO before George does.

The man who can brand Kissinger



President Will Remember The Day After This Party

By Boris Weintraub
Washington Star Staff Writer

Everybody knows you shouldn't give a party when you're going to have a rough day at the office the next day, so it was easy to sympathize with President Ford last night.

after the President and Mrs. Ford, missing the Marine Band's rendition of "Hail to the Chief."

Among those most willing to talk about New Hampshire was the state's very conservative governor, Meldrim Thomson. Thomson, an outspoken backer of

N063

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FORD-GOVERNORS

1 WASHINGTON (AP) -- PRESIDENT FORD WILL HOLD A WHITE HOUSE DINNER PARTY FOR THE NATION'S GOVERNORS ON FEB. 23, THE EVE OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRIMARY.

THE GOVERNORS WILL BE IN WASHINGTON FOR THE ANNUAL MID-WINTER NATIONAL GOVERNORS CONFERENCE. FORD INVITED THEM AND THEIR WIVES LAST YEAR.

02-11-76 12:22EST



133

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FORD-GOVERNORS DINNER

WASHINGTON (AP) -- SINGER TONY BENNETT WILL ENTERTAIN AT A BLACK-TIE WHITE HOUSE DINNER PRESIDENT AND MRS. FORD ARE GIVING MONDAY NIGHT FOR THE NATION'S GOVERNORS.

THE GOVERNORS WILL BE IN WASHINGTON FOR THEIR ANNUAL CONFERENCE. A WHITE HOUSE ANNOUNCEMENT SAID THAT FORD AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE, REPUBLICAN ROBERT D. RAY OF IOWA, WILL DELIVER TOASTS AT THE DINNER. IT WILL BE FOLLOWED BY A PROGRAM OF SINGING BY BENNETT AND DANCING IN THE GRAND HALL TO THE MUSIC OF THE MARINE DANCE BAND.

02-20-76 17:26EST

CRIME SWATCHER.

HARTFORD (UPD) -- THE NATION'S ONLY WOMAN GOVERNOR SAYS SHE DID NOT TRAVEL TO WASHINGTON THIS WEEK FOR THE NATIONAL GOVERNORS CONFERENCE BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T AFFORD THE TRIP.

GOV. ELLA GRASSO, THE HEAD OF A FINANCIALLY BELEAGUERED STATE, SAID YESTERDAY SHE ADOPTED A POLICY LAST YEAR OF PAYING HER OWN WAY ON TRIPS LIKE THAT EVEN WHEN SHE IS CONDUCTING OFFICIAL BUSINESS. SHE SAID SHE DID NOT ATTEND THE MID-WINTER GATHERING BECAUSE "I COULDN'T AFFORD IT."

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SUSAN

WASHINGTON (AP) -- SUSAN FORD INVITED A NEW DATE, 25-YEAR-OLD STOCKBROKER BERT MEEM FROM BLUEFIELD, W. VA., TO BE HER ESCORT AT A BLACK TIE DINNER FOR THE NATION'S GOVERNORS AT THE WHITE HOUSE TONIGHT.

PRESS SECRETARY SHEILA RABB WEIDENFELD SAID THAT 18-YEAR-OLD SUSAN WAS INTRODUCED TO MEEM BY A COLLEGE FRIEND RECENTLY AND THEY HAVE BEEN OUT TOGETHER SEVERAL TIMES SINCE.

MEEM IS A GRADUATE OF WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY AND OPERATES AS A STOCKBROKER IN AN ALEXANDRIA, VA., FIRM.

02-23-76 16:48EST



Past 2/24/76



The Primary Topic, Candidates' Concern

By William Gildea
and Donnie Radcliffe

On the eve of the New Hampshire primary and his first venture into national politics, President Ford cast himself as the hard-working chief executive with a clear understanding of

he'd stuck around long enough to hear the earliest possible returns. But he left the dinner shortly after midnight and went upstairs to the family's private quarters.

Twenty-six Democrats, 12 Republicans and two Independents, attending the two-day National Governors' Con-