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and
the
Devoted
Friend
by
Oscar
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Read
by
Claire
Luce*

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THE HAPPY PRINCE and THE DEVOTED FRIEND

by Oscar Wilde

read by Claire Luce

The Happy Prince

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the happy Prince! He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold. For eyes, he had two bright sapphires -- and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt. He was very much admired indeed!

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy, who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is someone in the world who is quite happy", muttered a disappointed man, as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel", said the charity children as they came out of the Cathedral, in their bright scarlet cloaks and clean white pinafores. "How do you know?" asked the Mathematical Teacher. "You have never seen one!" "O but we have, in our dreams" answered the children - and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night, there flew over the city, a little swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt 6 weeks before, but he had stayed behind, because he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring, as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist, that he had stopped to talk to her. "Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once. And the reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings - making silver ripples, and his courtship lasted all thru the summer. "It's a ridiculous attachment", twittered the other swallows. "She has no money - and far too many relations. "And indeed the river was quite full of reeds. Then, when the autumn came, they all flew away - and after they had gone, he felt lonely and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation", he said - "And I'm afraid she is a coquette -- for she is always flirting with the wind. And certainly whenever the wind blew, the reed made the most graceful curtseys. "Besides, I love traveling - and consequently my wife should love traveling too. Will you come away with me?" He finally said to her. But the reed shook her head, "No", for she was attached to her river home. "You have been trifling with me, he cried. I'm off to the Pyramids! Good-bye! And he flew away and all day long he flew - and at night time he arrived at a huge city. "Now,

where shall I put up?" he said. "I hope the town has accommodations!" Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "Ah! this is a fine location," he cried - "with plenty of fresh air". So he alighted, just between the feet of the Prince. "I have a golden bed-room" he said softly to himself, as he looked round. Then he prepared to go to sleep, and just as he was pushing his head under his wing, a large drop of water fell on him. "How curious!" he cried. "There's not a single cloud in the sky. The stars are clear and bright! and yet it is raining!" Then another drop fell. "O, what is the use of a statue if it cannot keep off the rain?" I must look for a good chimney-top!" and he prepared to fly away-but just before he had time to open his wings, another drop fell - and he looked up and saw -- Oh! What did he see? ... The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears - and tears were running down his golden cheeks! And his face was so sad and so beautiful in the moonlight, that the little swallow was filled with pity! "Why are you weeping? he asked. You've quite drenched me! Who are you?"

"I am called the Happy Prince" the statue replied. "When I was alive, and had a human heart, I did not know what tears were - for I lived in the palace of 'Sans Souci where sorrow is never allowed to enter and round the garden ran a very lofty wall but I never asked what lay beyond it - everything around me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me "The Happy Prince" - and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived - and so I died... but now that I am dead, and they have set me up here so high, where I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city - and tho my heart is made of lead - yet I cannot choose but weep." "What - is he not solid gold?" said the swallow to himself but he was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud! "Far away" continued the statue in a low musical voice - "far away, there is, in a little street - a poor, poor house. One of the windows is open and thru it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn - and she has coarse red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the Queen's Maid-of-honor to wear at the next court Ball. In a bed, in the corner of the room, a little boy is lying very ill. He has a fever, and he is asking for oranges - but his mother has nothing to give him but river-water - and he is crying". Swallow, swallow, little swallow - will you not take her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal, and I cannot move! "But I am waited for in Egypt", said the swallow. My friends are now flying up and down the Nile - and soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great

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King! The King himself is there - in his painted coffin-wrapped in yellow linen-and embalmed with spices - and round his neck is a chain of pale green jade and . . .

"Swallow - swallow - little swallow -- will you not stay with me for one night and be my messenger? .. the boy is so thirsty - and his mother so sad. . ."

"I don't think I like little boys" answered the swallow. "Last summer when I was staying on the river, two rude boys, the millers sons, were always throwing stones at me! They never hit me of course, but still, it was a mark of disrespect!" But The Happy Prince looked so sad - that the little swallow was sorry for him. "It is very cold here", he said "but I will stay with you for one night and be your messenger!" "Thank you little swallow!" said the Prince. So the swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword - and flew away with it in his beak. He flew over the roofs of the town and as he passed by the palace, he heard the sound of dancing and a beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are" he said to her. "And how wonderful is the power of love"! . . . "I hope my dress will be ready in time for the ball", she answered. I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it - but the seamstresses are so lazy. . . then he passed over the river and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships - and he passed over the ghetto -- and at last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently around the bed - fanning the boy's hot face with his wings. "How cool it is now", said the boy - and he sank into a healthy sleep. Then the swallow flew back to the Happy Prince and told him what he had done. "How curious!", the swallow remarked - "but I feel quite warm now - although it is so cold!" "That is because you have done a good deed", said the Prince. And the little swallow began to think - and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy and when day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon!", said the professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!", and he wrote a long article about it for the local newspaper. "Tonight I fly to Egypt!" sang the swallow. "He was in such high spirits at the prospect when the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince to say goodbye. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?", he cried. "I'm just starting off!"

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow -- will you not stay with me just one night longer?" "But I am waited for in Egypt!" answered the swallow. "Tomorrow my friends fly up to the second cataract! And at noon, the yellow lions come down to the waters edge to drink (with eyes like green beryls) - and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract!"

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow", said the Prince. Far away across the city, I see a young man in a

garret - he is leaning over a desk covered with papers. In a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. He is too cold to write any more. There is no fire left in the grate - and hunger has made him faint." So the swallow who really had a good heart answered, "very well Prince, I will wait with you one night longer. Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas, I have no other ruby!", said the Prince. "My eyes are all that I have left now. They are made of rare sapphires brought out of India, a thousand years ago. Pluck one of them out and take it to him!"

"Dear Prince", said the swallow - I cannot do that!" And he began to weep.

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow -- do as I command you!" So the swallow plucked out the Prince's eye - and flew away with it, to the garret! It was easy enough to get it, as there was a hole in the roof. The young man had his head buried in his hands. He did not hear the flutter of the little birds wings - but when he looked up, he saw the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets!" "Ah! now I can finish my writing", he cried happily.

So, early the next day, the swallow flew down to the harbour, and sat on the mast of a large vessel. "Tonight I am flying to Egypt", he sang, and when the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince to bid him goodbye.

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow -- will you not stay with me just one night longer?" "But it is winter!", answered the swallow. "The chill snow is coming! and in Egypt the sun shines warm, on the green palm-trees! and my companions are building a nest in the temple - and the pink and white doves are watching them and cooing to each other. Dear Prince - I must leave you! But I will never forget you -- and next spring, I will bring you back a red rose - redder than the great ruby you have given away. . ."

"Just there in the square below", said the Prince - "stands a little girl crying." "She has let her matches fall into the gutter and they are all spoiled, and her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money. Pluck out my other eye and give it to her!"

"Oh, I will gladly stay with you one night longer - but I cannot pluck out your other eye."

"Swallow, swallow, little swallow - do as I command you!"

So, he plucked out the Prince's other eye and darted down with it - and slipped the jewel into the palm of the little girl's hand. "Oh, what a lovely bit of glass", cried the little girl and ran home, laughing merrily.

Then the swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now", he said, and I will stay with you always."

"No little swallow", said the Prince. "You must go away into the sun!"

"I will stay with you always", said the swallow - and he slept at the Prince's feet and all next day he sat on the Prince's shoulders and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands!.. of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself; of the King of the mountains of the moon, who is as black as ebony and worships a large clear crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree; of the pygmies, who sail over a big lake, on large flat leaves and are always at war with the butterflies...

"Dear little swallow", said the Prince. "You tell me of most marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything, is the suffering of men - and of women!" "There is no mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little swallow! and tell me what you see there!"

So the little swallow flew over the great city and he saw the rich making merry in their beautiful homes - while the beggars were sitting at their gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of hungry children, looking listlessly out at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two children were trying to keep warm - and the watchman was driving them out into the cold... and he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen! "Oh, I am covered with fine gold leaves", said the Prince. "You must take the gold, leaf by leaf, and give it to the poor". So leaf after leaf, of the fine gold, the swallow picked off - till the Prince looked dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of fine gold he took to the poor, and watched the children's faces grow rosier - and saw them laugh and play games as they cried happily. "We have bread!", "We have bread..." Then the snow came, and after the snow, came the frost and the streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening. Long icicles like crystal fingers hung down from the leaves of the houses. Everybody went about in furs - and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice. The poor little swallow grew colder and colder. But he could not leave the Prince. He picked up crumbs outside the bakers door, and tried to keep warm by flapping his little wings - but at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just enough strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Goodbye... dear Prince!" he murmured.

"Oh, I am glad you are going now to Egypt at last," said the Prince. "You have stayed too long here." "It is not to Egypt - but to the house of death that I am going -- and death is the brother of sleep..." and he fell down, as if asleep at the feet of the Prince. And at that moment, a curious crack sounded inside the statue. The leaden heart had snapped right in two! It was certainly a dreadfully hard frost...

Early the next morning, the Mayor was walking in the square. As he glanced up at the statue, he said, "Dear me! How shabby the Happy Prince look! The ruby has fallen out of his sword - his eyes are gone - and he is no longer golden. And

here is actually a dead bird at his feet! We must issue a proclamation that birds are not allowed to die here!" "Oh -- as the statue is no longer beautiful we shall have to remove him!"

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. Then they melted it in a furnace. "What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken - lead heart will not melt in the furnace! We must throw it away!" So they threw it out on a dust-heap -- where the little dead swallow was also lying.

And it was then that God said to one of his angels, "Bring me the two most precious things in this city!" And the angel brought Him the leaden heart and the little dead bird.

"You have chosen well!" said God. "The little bird shall sing forever more in my city of gold -- for the shining Happy Prince!"

The Devoted Friend

One morning, the old water-rat put his head out of his hole. He had bright beady eyes, and stiff grey whiskers - and his tail was like a long bit of black india-rubber. The little ducks were swimming about in the pond and their mother was trying to teach them to stand on their heads in the water. "You will never be in the best society, unless you can stand on your heads!" she kept saying to them. But the little ducks paid no attention to her! They were too young to know the advantages of being in Society.

"What disobedient children!" cried the old water-rat. "They deserve to be drowned!"

"Oh," said the mother duck, "Everyone must make a beginning - and parents must be patient."

"Well, I know nothing about the feelings of parents!" said the water-rat. "I'm not a family man myself. I've never been married and I don't intend to be!" "Love is all very well in its way - but friendship is much higher!" "I know of nothing in the world that is rarer or nobler, than a devoted friendship!"

"And what pray, is your idea of the duties of a devoted friend?" asked the little green Linnet, who was sitting on a willow-tree, and had overheard the conversation.

"What a silly question!" answered the water-rat. "I should expect my devoted friend to be devoted to me of course!"

"And what could you do in return?" said the little bird.

"I don't understand you", answered the water-rat.

"Well, let me tell you a story" said the Linnet, and he flew down and alighting upon the bank, he told the story of The Devoted Friend.

"Once there was an honest little fellow named Hans", said the Linnet. "With a kind heart - and a funny, round, good-humored face - and he lived in a tiny cottage all by himself - and every day he worked in his garden!" "In all the country-side, there was no garden so lovely as his! Sweet-williams grew there - and Shepherds Purses - and there were demask roses and lilac crocuses - and gold-purple violets - and white - and marjoram - and the flower-de-luce-and daffodils - they blossomed in their order as the months went by - so that there were always beautiful things to look at - and pleasant odors to smell. Little Hans had many friends - but the most devoted friend of all was big Hugh, the Miller." "Indeed, so devoted was the rich miller to little Hans, that he would never go by his garden without leaning over the wall and plucking a large nosegay - or a handful of sweet-herbs." "Real friends should have everything in common", the miller used to say - and little Hans nodded and smiled for he was very proud of having a friend with such noble ideas. Sometimes, the neighbors thought it strange that the rich miller never gave little Hans anything in return - tho he had a hundred sacks of flour stored away in his mill - and six cows and a large flock of wooly sheep. But Hans never troubled his head about these things - and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to listen to all the wonderful things the miller used to say about the unselfishness of true friendship." "So little Hans worked away in his garden. During the spring, the summer and the autumn he was very happy. But, when the winter came, and he had no flowers to take to market - he suffered a good deal from cold and hunger - and often had to go to bed without any supper. In the winter, also, he was extremely lonely, as the miller never came to see him then.

"There's no good in my going to see little Hans as long as the snow lasts", the miller used to say to his wife. "When people are in trouble, they should be left alone - and not be bothered by visitors. So I shall wait til the spring comes - then he will be able to give me a large basket of primroses - and that will make him so happy!"

"You are certainly very thoughtful about others", answered the miller's wife as she sat in her comfortable armchair by the big fire. It is quite a treat to hear you talk about friendship."

"Why if little Hans came up here", said the miller, 'and saw this warm fire and our good supper, he might get envious - and envy is a most terrible thing! No I certainly will not allow Hans nature to be spoiled. I am his best friend!"

"Is that the end of the story?" asked the water-rat.

"Oh no", answered the Linnet.

"Well, every good story-teller today starts with the end - then goes on to the beginning -- that is the new method", said the water-rat. "I heard all about it the other day from a critic who was walking around the pond with a young man. He must have been right-for whenever the young man made any remark, he always answered - POOH!" "But pray go on with your story--I like the miller immensely!"

"Well, said the Linnet - hopping now on one leg, and then on the other - as soon as the winter was over and the prim-roses began to open their pale yellow stars, the miller told his wife that he would now go down and see little Hans.

"Mind you, take the big basket with you", she said. So the miller went down the hill, with his basket on his arm. "Good morning - little Hans!" he said. "Good morning", said Hans, leaning on his spade and grinning from ear to ear.

"And how have you been all the winter?" asked the miller.

"It is very good of you to ask -- very good indeed!" cried Hans. "I'm afraid I had rather a hard time of it -- but now the spring has come - and all my flowers are doing well..."

"We talked of you - and wondered how you were getting on", said the miller.

"Oh, that was kind of you," said Hans. "I was half afraid you had forgotten me!"

"I'm surprised at you Hans", said the miller. "Friendship never forgets. How lovely your primroses are looking, by the bye..."

"Yes, they are lovely", said Hans - "and it is most lucky for me that I have so many, for I am going to take them to the market and sell them - and buy back my wheelbarrow with the money!"

"Buy back your wheelbarrow? You don't mean to say you have sold it? What a very stupid thing to do!"

"Well the fact is" - said Hans - "that I was obliged to! You see the winter was a very bad time for me - and I really had no money at all to buy bread with - so I first sold the silver buttons off my Sunday coat - and then I sold my bag pipe - and at last I sold my wheel-barrow. But I am going to buy them all back again now!"

"Hans", said the Miller. "I will give you my wheelbarrow. It is not in very good repair...indeed one side is gone - and there is something wrong with the wheels, but, in spite of that I will give it to you. I know it is very generous of me - and a great many people would think me extremely foolish for parting with it - but I am not like the rest of the world. I think that generosity is the essence of friendship! Besides, I've got a new wheel-barrow for myself.

"Oh that is generous of you," said little Hans. And his funny round face glowed all over with pleasure. "I can easily put it in repair, as I have a plank of wood in the house."

"A plank of wood?" said the miller. "Why, that is just what I want for the roof of my barn! There's a very large hole in it, and the corn will get damp if I don't stop it up. How lucky you mentioned it! It's quite remarkable how one good action always breeds another! I have given you my wheel-barrow --and now you are going to give me your plank! Of

course, the wheel-barrow is worth far more than the plank - but true friendship never notices things like that! Pray get it at once, and I will set to work at my barn this very day."

"Certainly", cried little Hans and he ran into the shed and dragged the plank out.

"It is not a very big plank", said the miller. "I'm afraid after I've mended my barn-roof, there won't be anything left for you to mend the wheel-barrow with! But of course, that is not my fault. And now, as I have given you my wheel-barrow - I'm sure you would like to give me some flowers in return. Here is the basket... and mind you fill it quite full"...

"Quite full?" said little Hans, rather sorrowfully - for it was really a very big basket - and he knew that if he filled it he would have no flowers left for the market.

"Well really," said the miller... "as I've given you my wheel-barrow, I don't think it's much to ask you for a few flowers! I should have thought that true friendship - was quite free from selfishness of any kind!"

"Oh, my dear friend -- my best friend", cried little Hans. "You are welcomed to all the flowers in my garden!", and he ran and plucked all his pretty primroses and filled the miller's basket.

"Goodbye, little Hans", said the miller. And he went up the hill with the plank on one shoulder and the big basket in his hand.

"Goodbye! said little Hans", and he began to dig away quite merrily -- he was so pleased about the wheel-barrow. The next day he was nailing up some honey-suckle against the porch when he heard the miller's voice calling to him from the road. So he jumped off the ladder and ran down the garden and looked over the wall. There was the miller with a large sack of flour on his back.

"Dear little Hans", said the Miller. "Would you mind carrying this sack of flour for me to market?"

"Well--I am very busy today...I've got all my creepers to nail up -- and all my flowers to water--and all my grass to roll..."

"Well really - said the miller. I think, that considering that I'm going to give you my wheel-barrow - it is rather unfriendly of you to refuse."

"Oh don't say that!" cried little Hans. "I wouldn't be unfriendly for the whole world!", and he ran for his cap and trudged off with the big sack over his shoulders." It was a very hot day and the road was terribly dusty - and before Hans had reached the 4th milestone, he had to sit down and rest. However, at last he reached the market - and sold the flour for a very good price and returned home very tired. "It has certainly been a hard day", he said to himself, as he was going to bed. "But I am glad I did not refuse my very best friend, who is going to give me his wheel-barrow." Early next morning the miller came down to get the money for his sack of flour - but little Hans was so tired, he was still in bed.

"Upon my word!" said the miller. You are very lazy! Considering that I'm going to give you my wheel-barrow, I think you might work harder. Idleness is a great sin - I don't recall any of my

friends to be idle or sluggish... You must not mind my speaking quite plainly to you. Of course I should not dream of doing so, if I were not your friend. But what is the good of friendship, if one cannot say exactly what one means!

"I'm very sorry", said little Hans. "But I thought I would lie in bed just for a little and listen to the birds singing... I always work harder after hearing the birds sing..."

"Ah, I'm glad of that", said the miller, 'slapping little Hans on the back.' "For I want you to come up to the mill as soon as you're dressed - and mend my barn roof for me!"

Poor little Hans had not watered his flowers for 2 days. "Would you think it unfriendly of me, if I said I was busy?" he inquired in a shy, timid voice.

"Well really," answered the miller. "It's not much to ask, considering that I am giving you my wheel-barrow --of course, if you refuse - I'll go and do it myself!" "Oh, no!" cried little Hans and he jumped out of bed and dressed himself and went up to the barn. He worked there all day long, till sunset. And at sunset the miller came to see how he was getting on. "Ah," said the miller. "No work is so delightful as the work one does for others!" "At present you have only the practice of friendship -- one day you will have the theory also!"

"Oh, do you really think I shall?" asked little Hans.

"I have no doubt of it! But now that you've mended the roof, you'd better get some rest! For I want you to drive my sheep to the mountains tomorrow."

Early the next morning the miller brought his sheep round to the cottage - and Hans went off with them to the mountain. It took him the whole day to get there and back - and when he returned he was so tired, he fell asleep in his chair -- and somehow, he was never able to look after his flowers, for his friend the miller was always coming round - sending him off on errands or getting him to help at the mill. Hans was very afraid his flowers would think he had forgotten them - but he could not refuse his best friend! "Besides", he said, "he's going to give me his wheel-barrow -- and that is pure generosity!" So little Hans worked away for the miller - and the miller said all kinds of beautiful things about friendship -- and it happened that one evening little Hans was sitting by his fireside, when a loud rap came at the door. It was a very wild night and the wind was blowing and roaring around the house... and there stood the miller with a lantern. "Dear little Hans, I'm in great trouble. My little boy has fallen off a ladder and hurt himself -- and the doctor lives so far away and it's such a bad night - and it occurred to me, that as I'm going to give you my wheel-barrow -- that it is only fair that you do something for me in return..."

"Certainly", cried little Hans. "I take it as a great compliment, your coming to me!"

The night was so black that little Hans could hardly see - and the wind was so strong that he could hardly stand - and after he had been walking for about three hours, he arrived at the doctor's house and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" cried the doctor.

"Little Hans", he answered. The miller's son is hurt and the miller wishes you to come right away!"

"Very well," said the doctor - and he ordered his horse and rode off in the direction of the miller's house... with little Hans trudging behind.

But the storm grew worse and worse and the rain fell in torrents - and Hans could not see where he was going -- and he finally lost his way and wandered off on the moor - which was a very dangerous place - full of deep holes - and there poor little Hans was drowned. Everybody went to his funeral -- and the miller was the chief mourner. "I was his best friend", said the miller. "It is only fair that I should have the best place -- and he wiped his eyes with a very big pocket handkerchief. "A great loss... a great loss"... he murmured. "Why, I had as good as given him my wheel-barrow. And now I really don't know what to do with it! It is in such bad repair that I could not get anything for it if I sold it! I will certainly take care not to give anything away again! One certainly suffers for being generous!"

"Well?" said the water-rat -- after a long pause.

"Well, that is the end," said the Linnet.

But what became of the miller?" asked the water-rat. Oh I really don't know, replied the Linnet. "I'm afraid you don't quite see the moral of the story."

"The moral?" screamed the water-rat. "Well really - I think you should have told me that before you began! If you had done so, I certainly would have said POOH! However, I can say it now!" So he shouted out "POOH!" at the top of his voice -- gave a whisk of his tail -- and went back into his hole.

Miss Claire Luce started her career as a dancer and is now finishing an autobiographical story of that phase of her theatre life. She was a ballerina at the age of 13 and soon after was starring in many Broadway productions-among them the famed 'Ziegfeld Follies' and opposite Fred Astaire in 'The Gay Divorce' in both New York City and London. While she was still in her 'teens she replaced the great French revue star Mistinguett at the Casino de Paris, in Paris. Her last dancing production was the Charles B. Cochran revue 'Follow the Sun' in London in which she danced everything from ballet to tap-dancing...then began a serious acting career in 'Of Mice and Men' (author, Pulitzer prize-winner John Steinbeck) in New York and London. She then rose to important heights as a Shakespearean actress, the first American to play for an entire season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, England where her interpretations of Cleopatra (Antony and Cleopatra) Beatrice (Much Ado About Nothing) and Viola (Twelfth Night) were acclaimed by the London critics as "memorable performances". She will also be remembered for her Katherine, the Shrew in the New York City Center production of 'The Taming of the Shrew'. She has recently completed an extensive tour of the Universities in a one-woman show of the classics of more than a dozen of the great roles of the theatre, among them, Camille-Lady Macbeth-Salome-Maeterlinck's Mary Magdalene-Mary, Queen of Scots (Schiller) and Shaw's Saint Joan.

She has performed in scores of summer theatre productions such as Bell, Book and Candle-The Millionaire and Don Juan in Hell (G.B. Shaw) Anna Christie-The Doll's House-A Streetcar Named Desire-The Heiress-and others too numerous to mention. In fact, she was presented with a "Show Business" award as the actress

photo by G. Mailard Kesslere, B. P.



Claire Luce

playing the most diverse roles in the theatre. She is well-known too, to television audiences for her portrayals in 'The Queen Bee'-'Becky Sharp'-'Peer Gynt'-'Reflected Glory'-By Candlelight and numerous others. Her first Hollywood film was 'Up the River' in which she co-starred with Spencer Tracy and Humphrey Bogart-and has made several films in England. In the world of art she has been recognized too by the critics for her oil paintings of theatre and the ballet, having had three successful one-man shows at the Arthur Newton Gallery in 57th Street.

At the moment she is participating in a stage adaptation of Virginia Woolf's 'The Waves' and is preparing a television series culled from her "Diary of An Actress".

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WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE

[LUC]

LUCE, Claire, actress; b. Syracuse, New York, U.S.A.; d. of Frederick Luce and his wife Maud (Hinds); s. Vermont and Rochester; m. Clifford Warren-Smith (dec.); studied dancing at the Denishawn School in New York, with Michel Fokine and Florence Colebrook Powers; made her first appearance in public in the ballet of a Russian opera, "Snow Maiden," managed by Sol Hurok; first appeared on the regular stage at the Longacre Theatre, 15 Aug., 1923, in "Little Jessie James"; appeared at the Times Square Theatre, New York, Sept., 1924, as Clair in "Dear Sir"; at the Music Box, Dec., 1924, appeared in "The Music Box Revue"; for a time a dancer with Texas Guinan's troupe; during 1925 appeared at the Casino de Paris, Paris, in *revue*; at Palm Beach, 1926, appeared in Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights"; at the Globe, New York, June, 1926, appeared in "No Foolin'" (Ziegfeld's *revue*); at the New Amsterdam, Aug., 1927, in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1927"; made her first appearance in London, at Golders Green, 28 Nov., 1928, as Bonny in "Burlisque," appearing in the same part at the Queen's, Dec., 1928; after her return to America, appeared at Atlantic City, Aug., 1929, as Nora Mason, in "Scarlet Pages," and appeared in the same part at the Morosco, New York, Sept., 1929; Booth, Dec., 1931, played Judy Gelett in "Society Girl"; Ethel Barrymore, Nov., 1932, Mimi in "Gay Divorce"; and played the same part at the Palace, London, Nov., 1933; at Daly's, May, 1934, played Nina Popinot in "Vintage Fines"; Mar., 1935, Susette in "Love and Let Love"; Gaiety, May, 1935, Haricousa in "Gay Deceivers"; Adelphi, Feb., 1936, appeared in "Follow the Sun"; Daly's, June, 1937, Nadja von Eckner in "No Sleep for the Wicked"; Music Box, New York, Nov., 1937, Curley's Wife in "Of Mice and Men," which she also played at the Gate, London, Apr., 1939, and subsequently at the Apollo, May, 1939; at the Open Air Theatre, Southwark Park, July, 1941, and at Regent's Park, Aug., 1941, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," and

subsequently Princess Katherine in "King Henry V"; she then toured for E.N.S.A., for eight months, playing Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," Anna Christie, Nora in "A Doll's House," and Sadie Thompson in "Rais"; subsequently toured as Evira in "Blithe Spirit," for the U.S.O.; at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, Apr.-Sept., 1945, appeared with great success as Viola in "Twelfth Night," Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," scoring a memorable success in the last-mentioned part; at the Westminster Theatre, Jan., 1946, played Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, in "Golden Eagle"; "Q," May, 1946, and subsequently on tour played Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair," and played this part at the Comedy, Oct., 1946; returned to America, and next appeared at the Booth, New York, as Tanis Talbot in "Portrait in Black"; Lyceum, Apr., 1950, Rose Raymond in "With a Silk Thread"; at Somerset, Mass., July, 1950, played Effie in "The Devil Also Dreams"; New York City Center, Apr., 1951, played Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"; Music Box, May, 1952, appeared as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"; toured from 1956-9 in a one-woman show called "Fashions in Love"; Theatre '58, Dallas, Jan., 1958, Lucy Greer in "And So, Farewell"; Maidman, New York, Apr., 1960, in a one-woman show called "These Are My Loves"; has made numerous summer stock appearances in "Boston '49," "An Evening of G. B. Shaw," Donna Ana in "Don Juan in Hell," Epifania in "The Millionaire," "Bell, Book and Candle," "Time of the Cuckoo," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "The Heiress," Mrs. Venable in "Suddenly, Last Summer," "Shanghai Gesture," "Tonight at 8.30," "The Fourposter," her own adaptation of "The Lady of the Camellias," Desdemona in "Othello," etc.; first appeared in films, 1930, in "Up the River," and has since appeared in several pictures; has also made numerous television appearances. *Recreation*: Painting (has had three one-woman exhibitions).