

ANIMATED CLASSICS

Disney

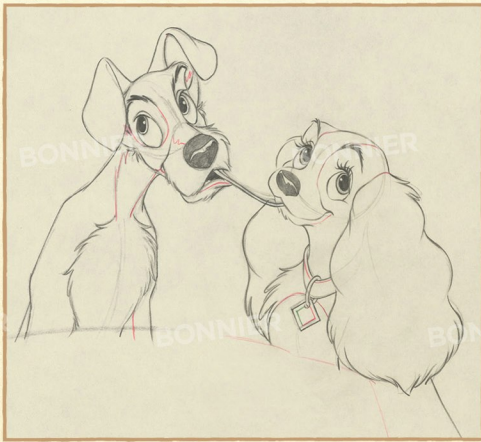
Lady and the Tramp



This book belongs to

.....

Disney
Lady
and
the
Tramp



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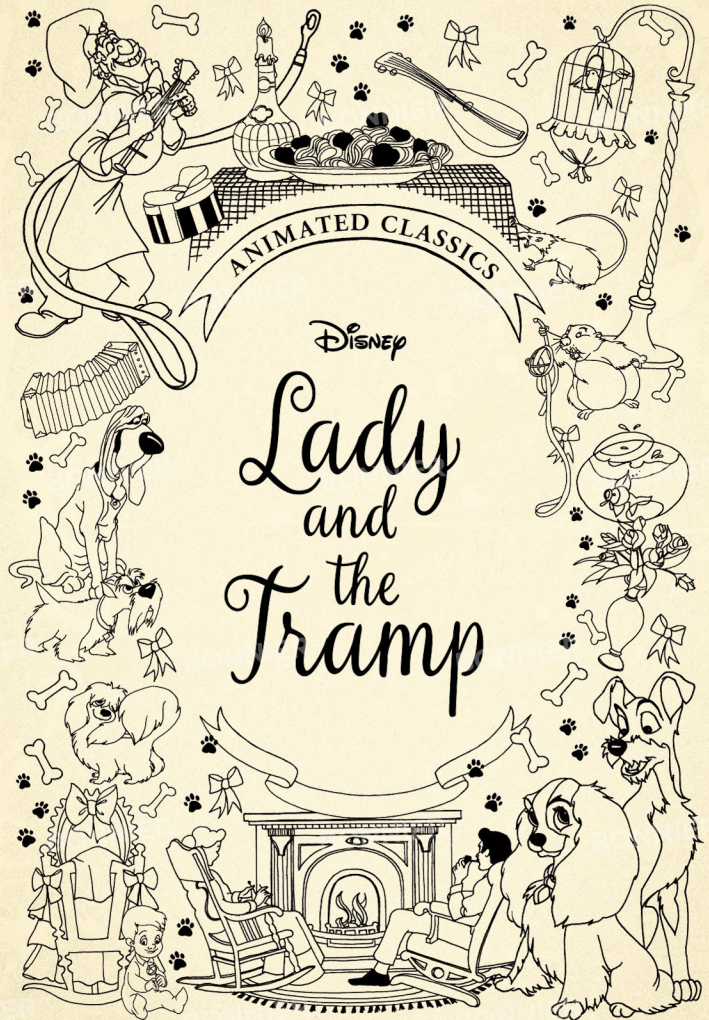
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It was Christmas time. Snow fell in gentle flurries, covering the lamplit streets.

Inside one particular house, beside a tree shining with decorations, a husband passed his wife a beautifully wrapped box.

“It’s for you, Darling,” he said. “Merry Christmas.”

“Oh, Jim, dear,” said his wife, beginning to unwrap the box. “It’s the one I was admiring, isn’t it? Trimmed with ribbons?”

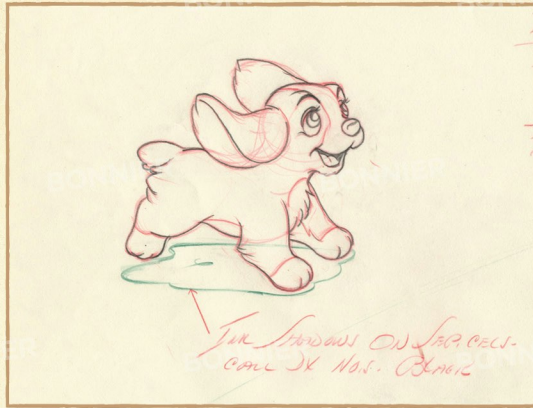
“Well, it has a ribbon,” laughed Jim.

From inside the box came little squeaking noises. The lid moved, and there, beneath it, was a little puppy, wearing a red bow.

“You like her, Darling?” asked Jim.

“Oh, I love her,” Darling replied, lifting up the puppy and hugging her. “What a perfectly beautiful little lady.”

And ‘Lady’ became her name.



That night, Jim fetched a basket and Lady came scampering after.

“Come on, Lady. Over here,” said Jim, coaxing her towards the basket.

“But Jim, dear,” said his wife, “are you sure she’ll be warm enough?”

“Now, now, don’t worry, Darling,” said Jim. “She’ll go right to sleep.”

Then they shut the door and went upstairs to bed.

But Lady was lonely. She howled. She pawed at the door. And when at last she managed to push it open, she climbed the steep stairs, slipping and sliding as she went. Then she sat beside her owners’ bed, and howled some more.

Jim covered his ears with a pillow.

Lady howled louder.

“Oh all right,” said Jim, placing Lady at the end of the bed. “But remember, just for tonight.”





A few months later, and Lady still slept in the exact same spot every night. In the morning, she sprang off the bed, then started waking Jim. She licked his hand, pulled his leg from the bed, and nudged his slippers towards his feet...

“All right, Lady,” Jim yawned. “All right. I’m up. I’m up, Lady. I...”

Then he sank back into the bed. “Oh no!”

“What’s wrong, Jim? What is it?” asked Darling.

“Can’t you explain to Lady about Sundays?” he asked.

Lady, however, was already racing down the stairs. She fetched the paper, shredding the front page as she pulled it in through the dog door.

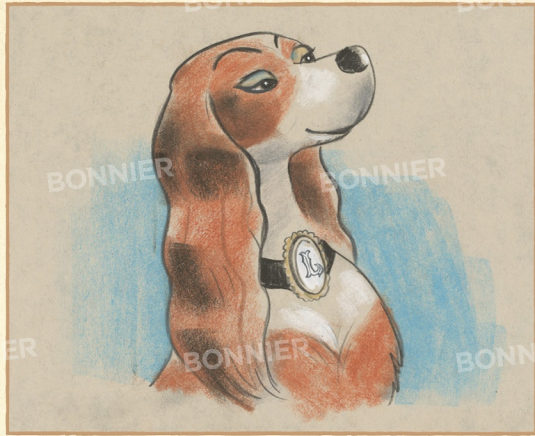
But in her owners’ eyes, Lady could do no wrong.

“Have you noticed, Darling,” said Jim over breakfast, “since we’ve had Lady, we see less and less of those disturbing headlines?”

“Yes, I just don’t know how we ever got along without her,” Darling replied, giving Lady a biscuit.

Lady’s life was very good.





A few days later, Darling placed a beautiful blue collar with a shiny gold license around Lady's neck. Lady proudly showed it off to her friend, Jock, the terrier from next door.

"Notice anything different?" Lady asked.

"You've had a bath?" asked Jock.

"No, not that," said Lady.

"You've had your nails clipped?" asked Jock.

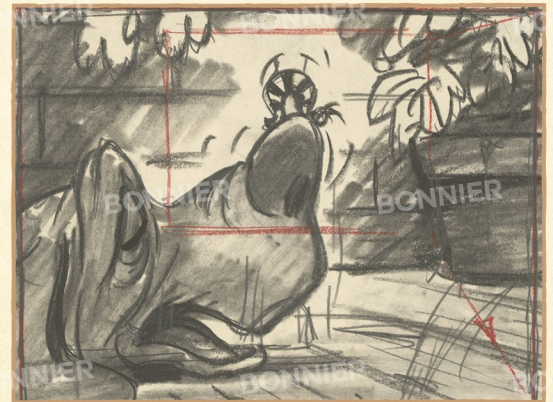
"Guess again," said Lady, shimmying her collar.

"Why, lassie. A bonnie new collar. Have you shown it to Trusty yet?"

"No," replied Lady.

"We'd best go at once," said Jock. "You know how sensitive he is about these things."

They walked down the street to Trusty's house. There lay the old bloodhound, fast asleep on the porch.



When Trusty awoke, he was happy to see his friends.
“Why, Miss Lady,” he said.
“You have a collar.”

Lady nodded proudly. “And a license.”

“Wearing the greatest honour man can bestow,” said Trusty, showing off his own license. “That’s right, Miss Lady,” Trusty went on, “as my grandpappy, Old Reliable, used to say... Don’t recollect if I’ve ever mentioned Old Reliable before...?”

“Aye, you have, laddie,” said Jock.

“Oh, yeah,” sighed Trusty.

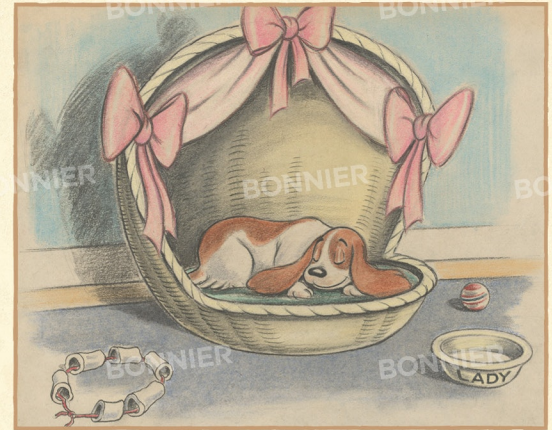
“Oh, it’s Jim Dear,” said Lady, hearing him coming down the street.
“Please excuse me.”

And she hurried off to greet him.



That evening, as Jim and his wife sat by the fire, Jim said, “You know, Darling, with Lady here, I’d say life is quite complete.”

“Yes dear,” she replied. “I don’t imagine anything could ever take her place in our hearts.”





On the other side of town, down by a dusty rail track, lay a very different world. A stray dog, named Tramp, had spent the night sleeping in a barrel. He yawned and stretched, then lapped water from a puddle.

“What a day!” he announced. “Well, now to dig up some breakfast.”

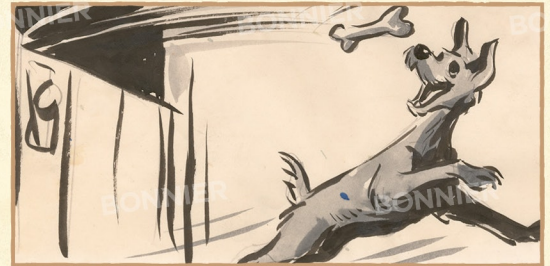
He set off into town, scratching at the flaky green door of Tony’s Restaurant.

The chef, Joe, looked out with a smile.

“Well, buon giorno, Butch,” Joe exclaimed. “You want your breakfast? OK. The boss, he’s saving some nice bones for you.” Joe disappeared for a moment, then called out, “Breakfast comin’ up from left field.”

A bone came whizzing through the air and Tramp ran to catch it.

Then, wagging his tail, Tramp trotted off to find a quiet spot to savour his breakfast.





As Tramp gnawed his bone beside a fence, he heard the sound of clapping hooves.

Peering through a gap in the slats, he spied a green wagon, marked 'DOG POUND'. The driver stepped out and began hammering a sign to the fence.

"WARNING!" said the sign. "NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ANY UNLICENSED DOG WILL BE IMMEDIATELY IMPOUNDED."

As soon as the man had left, Tramp hurried over to the wagon. Inside sat a bulldog and a spaniel.

"Hey," whispered Tramp.

"Blimey," laughed the bulldog. "Look, Peg," he said to the spaniel, "it's the Tramp."

"Hiya, handsome," said Peg. "Come to join the party?"

"All right, all right," whispered Tramp. "No time for wisecracks. I've got to get you out."

Tramp quickly removed the pin from the lock. "I'm telling you," he told them, "the pressure's really on. Signs all over town."





“Gee, thanks,” said Peg, as the door swung open.

“You’re a bit of all right, chum,” huffed the bulldog.

They ran down the steps of the wagon, just as the dogcatcher returned.

“Hey! What’s going on over there?” he called.

“Scram!” said Tramp. And before the dogcatcher could give chase, he leapt out from under the wagon and grabbed hold of his trouser leg.

“Hey!” yelled the man. “Let go. Let go of me.”

Tramp ran this time, all the way into the smart part of town.

“Well,” he said to himself, taking in his surroundings. “Snob Hill!”

He looked down the wide, tree-lined street and chuckled to himself.

“I wonder what the leash and collar set does for excitement.”



Meanwhile, Trusty and Jock were looking for Lady. They found her, sitting forlornly in the back garden.

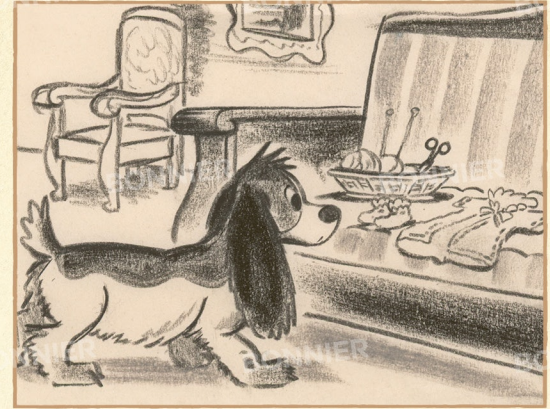
“Why, Miss Lady,” said Trusty. “Is something wrong?”

“It’s something I’ve done, I guess,” she said, in a small, flat voice.

“You?” said Trusty.

“Well, I first noticed it the other day when Jim Dear came home.”

And she told them how Jim Dear was ignoring her, and how Darling no longer wanted to go for their afternoon walk. Things felt different.



“Now, lassie, do not take it too seriously. After all at a time like this...” said Jock.

“Why yes, you see Miss Lady there comes a time in the life of all humans where uh...”

“What he’s trying to say, lassie,” Jock went on, “is Darling is expecting a wee bairn.”

“He means a baby, Miss Lady,” explained Trusty.

“Oh, what’s a baby?” asked Lady.

At that moment, Tramp happened to be strolling past. With a smile, he decided to join their conversation.

“Homewreckers, that’s what they are,” he said.

“Look here, laddie,” said Jock. “Who are you to barge in?”



“The voice of experience, buster,” retorted Tramp. “Just wait till junior gets here,” he went on, looking at Lady. And he told her all of the awful things that were going to happen when the baby arrived, from being fed leftover baby food to being put in a leaky doghouse.

“Do not listen, lassie,” insisted Jock.

“Why,” said Trusty, “everybody knows a dog’s best friend is his human.”

Tramp laughed.

“Off with you,” said Jock, hurrying Tramp on his way.

“But remember this, Pigeon. A human heart has only so much room for love and affection. When a baby moves in, a dog moves out,” Tramp said as he left.

Lady waited nervously as autumn turned to winter and then to spring.

Then one rainy night in April, the baby was born.

“Yes, Aunt Sarah, it’s a boy,” Jim announced into the telephone. “A boy!”

..



Lady felt as if her world had been turned upside down. The house was full of baby things, from bottles to bedding, and no one seemed to notice her.

She crept up the stairs, wanting to see the baby for herself.

There she found Darling, singing to the baby in her arms, before settling him down to sleep.

Jim gently lifted Lady up so she could see into the cot. Lady gazed at the adorable little baby. She wagged her tail, happy once more.

But a few weeks later, Lady came upstairs to find that Jim Dear and Darling were packing their things.

“Darling,” said Jim, as his wife stood over the cot. “We haven’t much time.”

“Jim, I just can’t leave him,” said Darling. “He’s still so small and helpless.”

“He’ll be alright,” said Jim. “Now come on. If he wakes up, we’ll never get away.”



“Jim, I feel so guilty deserting him like this,” said Darling, as she walked away.

Lady ran after them.

“Don’t worry old girl,” Jim said to Lady. “We’ll be back in a few days.”

Just then, the doorbell rang. “Coming, Aunt Sarah. Coming!” called out Jim.

Aunt Sarah bustled inside. “On your way now. Mustn’t miss your train,” she told them. “Have a good time and don’t worry about a thing. Goodbye, dears. Goodbye.”



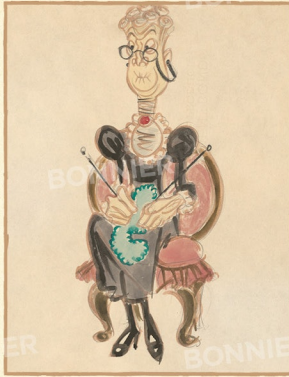
Aunt Sarah went straight upstairs to coo over the baby. But when Lady joined her, she let out a gasp.

“Good gracious! What are you doing here? Go on, now,” she said, wagging her finger at Lady. “Shoo, shoo. Scat. Get out of here.”

She slammed the door in Lady’s face. As the baby began to cry, Lady heard her say, “Aunt Sarah won’t let that dog frighten you anymore.”

Lady went sadly back down the stairs, past Aunt Sarah’s belongings in the hallway.

The lid of one of Aunt Sarah’s baskets opened and out peeked two pairs of eyes, followed by two black tails, twitching from side to side.



Before Lady’s astonished gaze, two cats emerged from the basket and began prowling around the house.

They tore the curtains. They tried to eat the goldfish. Then they made their way upstairs, hoping to steal the baby’s milk.

But Lady blocked the way.

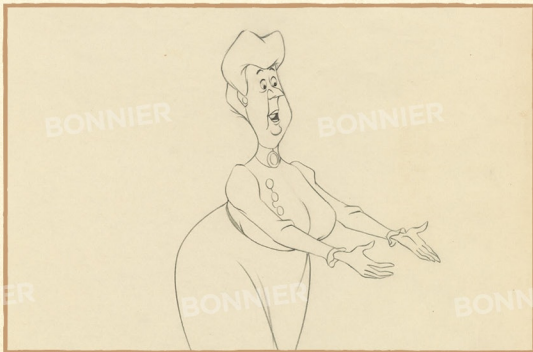


She chased the cats back down the stairs and around the sitting room. The crash and clatter brought Aunt Sarah hurrying into the room. As soon as she appeared, the cats lay on the floor, meowing as if they'd been hurt.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Aunt Sarah. "My darlings! My precious pets! Oh, that wicked animal. Attacking my poor, innocent little angels."

..

That very afternoon, Aunt Sarah strode into a pet store, dragging Lady with her. "I want a muzzle," she told the storekeeper. "A good, strong muzzle."



The storekeeper forced a muzzle, with a leash attached, over Lady's face. She backed away in fear and raced out of the pet shop.

"Come back!" called Aunt Sarah.



But Lady didn't stop. She ran down the street, across roads, darting between cars and bicycles. Several cans became entwined in her lead. Their clattering alerted a pack of menacing dogs who began to give chase.

Lady hurried across a rail-yard until she came to a dark alley blocked by a fence. She was trapped! She hid behind a barrel as the dogs came at her, growling and snarling.

As she cowered in fear, another dog leaped over the fence and stood between her and the pack of dogs, hackles raised, growling back at them.

It was Tramp.

He fought off the other dogs until they ran away, tails between their legs. Then he turned back to Lady, panting slightly. "Hey, Pidge," he said, "what are you doing on this side of the tracks? I thought you..."

Then he stopped as he took in her muzzle. "You poor kid. We've got to get this off. I think I know the very place. Come on," he said, picking up her lead.



Tramp took Lady to the zoo, sneaking in past the guard.

“There’s the answer to our problem,” said Tramp, when they reached the beaver enclosure. “Pardon me, friend,” he said to the beaver.

“Busy, sonny. Busy,” replied the beaver, barely looking up as he tried to push a log into the water.

Tramp thought fast. “What you need is a log puller,” he said. “And by lucky coincidence you see before you...” he gestured to Lady’s lead.



“You mind if I slip it on for size?” asked the beaver.

“Help yourself, friend,” said Tramp. “To remove it, simply place the strap between your teeth.”

“Like this?” asked the beaver.

“Correct friend,” said Tramp. “Now bite hard.”

The beaver bit down, and Lady was free.



As the light faded and evening drew in, Lady and Tramp left the zoo and walked the streets together. Lady told Tramp all that had happened to her.

“Well,” he said, “that’s what comes of tying yourself down to one family.”

“Haven’t you a family?” asked Lady.

“One for every day of the week,” Tramp replied. “The point is, none of them have me.”

Then he caught a scent on the air. “Hey... something tells me it’s suppertime!”

He took Lady to Tony’s Restaurant. “The very place for a very special occasion. This way Pidge. I have my own private entrance,” he explained, leading her around the back.

Tony was delighted to see him. He was even more delighted when Tramp introduced him to Lady.

Tony laid a table for them, complete with a candle and a menu.





“Now, tell me,” said Tony, “what’s your pleasure?”

Tramp looked at the menu and barked. Tony went into the kitchen.

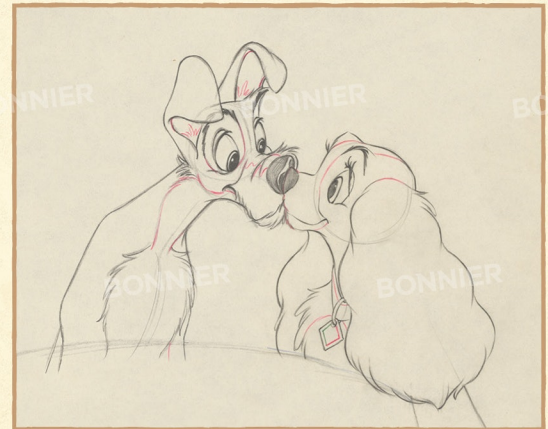
When he returned, he presented them with a plate piled high with spaghetti and meatballs. “Now here you are. The best spaghetti in town.”

With a smile, both dogs began to eat. Tony came out with his accordion, serenading them in his deep baritone voice, while Joe strummed on a mandolin.

Then, without realising, Lady and Tramp took either end of the same piece of spaghetti. They ate until their mouths met in a kiss.

Above them, the stars sparkled in the midnight blue sky.

Afterwards, they walked together through the moonlit town, down to the river, where swans glided over the water.





They spent the night side by side on a hilltop, high above the town.

Lady woke, just as dawn was breaking. “Oh. Oh dear,” she said.

“Is something wrong, Pidge?”

“I should have been home hours ago.”

“Why?” asked Tramp. “Come on, Pidge. Open up your eyes.”

“Open my eyes?”

“To what a dog’s life can really be,” he said as he gazed at the view beyond the town. “There’s a great big hunk of world down there with no fence around it. Where two dogs can find adventure and excitement. And beyond those distant hills, who knows what wonderful experiences? And it’s all ours for the taking, Pidge.”

Lady sighed. “It sounds wonderful.”

“But?” Tramp asked.

“But who’d watch over the baby?” said Lady.

Tramp shook his head, sadness in his eyes. “You win,” he said. “Come on, I’ll take you home.”





But as they made their way through town, with Tramp running just ahead, the dogcatcher stuck out a rope. He caught Lady around her neck, stopping her in her tracks.

Tramp ran on. By the time he realised Lady was missing, it was too late. She was already on her way to the dog pound.

There, she was taken to cage number four, the door clanging shut behind her.

“Well, looks yous guys,” said a scruffy mongrel, “Miss Park Avenue herself.”

“Hey, whatcha in for, sweetheart? Putting fleas on the butler?” asked a bulldog with a chuckle.

But as the dogs laughed, Peg came over. “All right, you guys. Lay off, will you... can't you see the poor kid's scared enough already?”

Then everyone fell silent as a worker led a dog down the dark corridor.





“Where is he taking him?” asked Lady.

“Through the one-way door, sister,” replied a pound dog.

“You... You mean he’s...” asked Lady, unable to go on.

The other dogs nodded.

“Oh well,” snorted the bulldog. “A short life and a merry one.”

“Yeah,” said the scruffy mongrel, “that’s what the Tramp always says.”

“The Tramp?” asked Lady.

“He’s given the slip to every dogcatcher in this burg,” said the mongrel.

“You won’t believe this dearie,” added Peg, “but no matter how tight a jam he’s in, that Tramp always finds some way out.”

“I can quite easily believe that,” said Lady, her nose in the air.

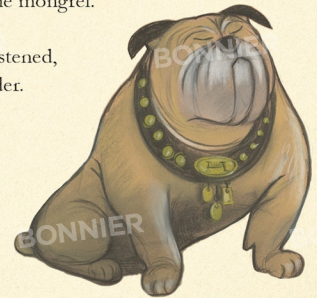
“Ah! But remember my friends even Tramp has his Achilles’ heel,” said a tall, thin dog named Boris.

“Oh, the dames,” said the mongrel.

“Let’s see,” chuckled the bulldog. “There’s been Lulu...”

“Yeah, and Trixie,” added the mongrel.

The list went on. As Lady listened, her eyes grew wider and wider.



“But someday,” said Boris, “he is meeting someone different. Some delicate, fragile creature who’s giving him a wish to shelter and protect.”

“Under the spell of true love...” said Peg.

“The poor chump grows careless...” the bulldog went on.

“And it’s curtains for the Tramp,” finished the mongrel.

Lady was shocked, but before she could say anything, the door to number four creaked open. “All right, baby,” said a man, picking her up. “They’ve come to take you home. You’re too nice a girl to be in this place.”

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Lady wasn’t taken back to her warm home, however. Instead, Aunt Sarah chained her up outside, with only a cold kennel to sleep in.

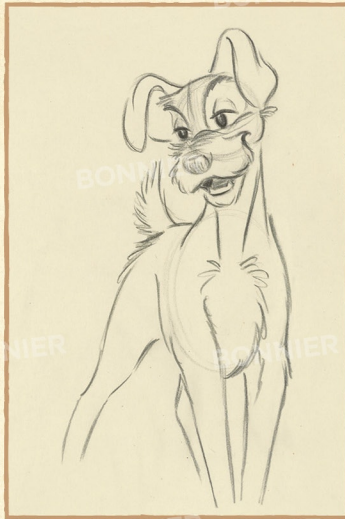


Jock and Trusty tried to cheer her up, but there was nothing they could do.

Then came a voice she recognised. “Oh, Pigeon...” called Tramp, putting his head through a gap in the fence.

All three dogs turned their backs on him.





“A little something I picked up for you, Pidge,” said Tramp, dropping a bone by her side.

Lady marched as far away from him as her chain would allow.

“Come on, Pidge,” said Tramp. “It wasn’t my fault. I thought you were right behind me, honest. When I heard they’d taken you to the pound...”

“Oh, don’t even mention that horrible place,” said Lady. “I was so

embarrassed and frightened.”

“Who could ever harm a cute little trick like you?” said Tramp.

“Trick? Trick?” demanded Lady. “That reminds me, who is Trixie?”

“Trixie?” gulped Tramp.

“And Lulu and Fifi...” said Lady, reeling off the names she’d heard in the pound. “As far as I’m concerned, you needn’t worry about your old heel. I don’t need you to shelter and protect me.”

“But...”

“Goodbye!” she said. “And take this with you!” she added, kicking the bone back at him.

Then she went into her kennel and cried.





But then, in the darkness, she saw the glowing eyes of a vicious rat. It scuttled past her, up the side of the house, and in through the baby's window. Lady barked as loudly as she could.

"What's wrong, Pidge?" asked Tramp, racing back to her side.

"A rat!"

"Where?"

"Upstairs!" said Lady. "In the baby's room."

"How do I get in?"

"The little door. On the porch."

Tramp ran inside, while Lady pulled at her chain until, at last, she broke free. She reached the baby's room just as Tramp knocked over the cot in his struggle to stop the rat from hurting the baby.

Aunt Sarah hurried into the room and scooped up the baby, while Tramp licked his wounds, the rat finally defeated.

"You vicious brutes," cried Aunt Sarah, jabbing Tramp with a broom. "Back! Get back!"

She trapped Tramp in a room, shut Lady in the cellar, and then telephoned the pound.



The dogcatcher arrived swiftly. He left with Tramp, dragging him out on a lead.

“If you want my advice,” said Aunt Sarah, standing in the doorway, “you’ll destroy that animal at once.”

“Don’t worry, ma’am,” the dogcatcher replied, loading Tramp into his horse-drawn wagon. “We’ve been after this one for months.”

Aunt Sarah went inside and closed the door, but at that moment, Jim and Darling arrived home.

“What’s going on here?” asked Jim.

“Just picking up a stray, mister,” replied the man. “Caught him attacking a baby.”



On those words, Jim and Darling rushed inside.

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In the shadows, Trusty and Jock watched Tramp being taken away.

“I was certain he was no good the moment I first laid eyes on him,” said Jock.

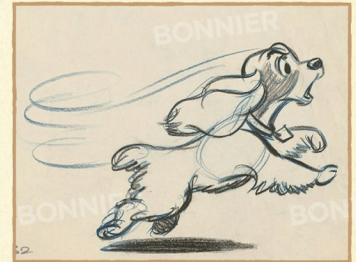
“Yeah... but I never thought he’d do a thing like that,” said Trusty.

..

As soon as Jim and Darling realised the baby was fine, Jim opened the cellar door. Lady rushed out, barking frantically.

“Watch out...” cried Aunt Sarah.

“Nonsense,” said Jim.
“She’s trying to tell us something.”



Lady ran up to the baby's bedroom.

"What is it, old girl?" asked Jim.

Lady led him to the rat.

"A rat!" cried Aunt Sarah.

Outside, Jock and Trusty heard the commotion.

"I misjudged him," said Jock. "Badly."

"Come on," said Trusty. "We got to stop that wagon."



Trusty set off, nose to the ground. He picked up Tramp's scent and ran on, with Jock scampering after.

At last, they caught up with the dogcatcher. Both dogs barked at the horse until it reared up, overturning the wagon.

Behind them came Lady in a car. As it screeched to a halt, she leapt out.

"Hi Pidge," said Tramp, looking out from the bars of the wagon.

But then, to her horror, Lady saw Trusty, lying beneath the wheel of the wagon.

Beside him, Jock shed a tear, and howled.

..



That Christmas was very different from Lady's first. The house was a full one. There was Jim, Darling, and the baby...

That Christmas was very different from Lady's first. The house was a full one. There was Jim, Darling, and the baby...

... and Tramp, and four little puppies.

Jim proudly took a family photograph. Then out the window he saw Jock, trotting through the snow followed, slowly, by Trusty, his leg bound in plaster.

"All right, boy. We'll let them in," said Jim, as Tramp began to bark. "Well, Merry Christmas," he declared, opening the door.

In the parlour, Trusty was soon admiring the puppies. "No doubt about it," he said, "they've got their mother's eyes."

"Aye," laughed Jock, as a puppy tugged his jumper. "But there is a bit of their father in them too."

Tramp and Lady stood together, smiling.





“Well,” Jock said to Tramp, “and I see you finally acquired a collar.”

“Oh. Yes,” said Tramp, “complete with license.”

“Oh yes, a new collar,” said Trusty. Trusty looked down at the expectant puppies. “As my grandpappy, Old Reliable, used to say... I don’t recollect if I’ve ever mentioned Old Reliable before?”

“No, you haven’t, Uncle Trusty,” chorused the puppies.

“I haven’t?” said Trusty. “Well, uh, as Old Reliable used to say... He’d say, uh... He’d say, uh, uh...”

He stopped, bemused. “Dog gone,” he chuckled. “You know, I clean forgot what it was he used to say...”

And they all began to laugh. Beside them, the Christmas tree sparkled, while outside, the snow drifted down in gentle flurries, onto the lamplit streets.

And they all lived ...
happily ever after.



The End

The Art of Disney Lady and the Tramp

Released in 1955, *Lady and the Tramp* was Walt Disney Studios' fifteenth animated feature. Development of the film started in 1937 when Disney Legend Joe Grant showed Walt Disney some sketches of his own English springer spaniel named Lady. Grant developed some storyboards inspired by Lady's antics, but the concept was shelved as an animated feature until 1943, when Walt bought the rights to "Happy Dan the Whistling Dog," a short story by Ward Greene. Interestingly, Grant's original story of Lady (*without* the Tramp) was featured in a 1944 publication, *Walt Disney's Surprise Package*. By 1953, a full-length story featuring both title characters had begun taking shape based on the short story and Grant's original storyboards. *Lady and the Tramp* was the first Disney animation film to be completed in the CinemaScope wide-screen process. It is, to date, the widest film that the Walt Disney Studios has produced and released, presented in an aspect ratio of 2.55:1 in its original theatrical run. This posed a unique challenge to the animators, as the wider canvas space meant they had to reinvent their techniques: close-up shots were more difficult, groups had to be spread across the canvas to fill the scene, and it became possible for a character to move across a background, rather than the background moving behind them. Prior to release, Walt learned that not all theatres had the capability to show CinemaScope films, so the layout artists were gathered to restructure key scenes to be suitable for mainstream wide-screen. Throughout this book you can see concept art, story sketches, animation cels and more from the following Walt Disney Studio artists.

Frank Thomas

One of Disney's 'Nine Old Men', Frank Thomas joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1934 as employee number 224. Thomas's work as an animator on Disney's feature films includes an impressive number of iconic moments, such as Pinocchio at the marionette theatre, Lady and Tramp eating spaghetti, the three fairies in *Sleeping Beauty* and Merlin and Arthur as squirrels in *The Sword in the Stone*.
Animation drawing on pages 4 and 43.

Jerry Hathcock

Jerry Hathcock worked as an animator at the Walt Disney Studios for seventeen years, from the early 1940s to the late 1950s. While he mainly worked on feature-length films, including *Dumbo*, *Cinderella*, *Peter Pan* and *Lady and the Tramp*, he also contributed to many episodes of the Pluto and Donald Duck cartoons.
Animation drawing on page 10.

Ken O'Brien

Ken O'Brien started at the Walt Disney Studios in 1937, working as a character animator on a number of feature films including *Bambi*, *Fun and Fancy Free*, *Melody Time*, *Cinderella*, *Peter Pan*, *Lady and the Tramp* and *Sleeping Beauty*.
Animation drawing on page 30.

George Nicholas

George Nicholas started his working life in construction during the Great Depression before becoming an inbetweenner, generating intermediate frames between two key images to give the appearance of the first image evolving smoothly into the second, at Walter Lantz Productions. In the early 1930s, Nicholas began working as an assistant at the Walt Disney Studios, first working on Pluto and Donald Duck cartoons and later on feature-length animated films such as *Cinderella*, *Lady and the Tramp* and *Sleeping Beauty*.
Animation drawing on page 32.

Harvey Toombs

Harvey Toombs worked as an animator at the Walt Disney Studios from the late 1930s through the 1960s. Toombs contributed to feature-length animated films including *Pinocchio*, *Fantasia*, *Dumbo*, *Bambi*, *Cinderella* and *Lady and the Tramp*.
Animation drawing on page 35.

Eyvind Earle

Eyvind Earle joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1951, working as an assistant background painter. Earle's first feature project was *Peter Pan* in 1953. He went on to create concept art for several films, including *Lady and the Tramp*. Working as the colour stylist for *Sleeping Beauty*, Earle's concept art inspired the ornate, elaborate and dreamlike look of the film. Earle's stylistic influence is still evident in newer Disney films today.
Concept art on page 36.

Don Lusk

Don Lusk joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1933 as an animator. During Lusk's twenty-seven years at Disney, he worked on feature films including *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *Pinocchio*, *Cinderella*, *Lady and the Tramp* and *Sleeping Beauty*. Lusk notably animated the alighting goldfish in *Fantasia* and helped animate the title character in *Alice in Wonderland*, as well as Wendy in *Peter Pan*.

Animation drawing on page 41.

Eric Larson

Joining the Walt Disney Studios in 1933 and retiring in 1986, Eric Larson firmly secured his position as one of Disney's 'Nine Old Men', working as an animator, supervising animator, directing animator and animation consultant on many of Disney's best-known films, including *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *Cinderella*, *Lady and the Tramp* and *The Jungle Book*. For *Lady and the Tramp*, Larson held the role of directing animator for Beaver and Peg. Larson's legacy also extends to the recruitment training program he established in 1973, responsible for instructing many of the most well-known figures of animation today, including Chris Buck, Tim Burton, Randy Cartwright and Henry Selick.

Rough animation drawing on pages 45 and 52.

Joe Grant

Honoured as a Disney Legend in 1992, Joe Grant was hired in 1933 and worked at the Walt Disney Studios as an artist, writer and driving force of the studio's Character Model Department. Grant was instrumental in the design of the Queen's disguise as a witch for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, led development on *Pinocchio* and *Fantasia*, and co-wrote *Dumbo*. Grant and his wife, Jenny, once owned a dog named Lady; it is said that this English springer spaniel inspired the title character of *Lady and the Tramp*. Grant left Disney in 1949 but returned decades later to work on *Beauty and the Beast*, *The Lion King* and *Mulan*, among many other unforgettable animated features.

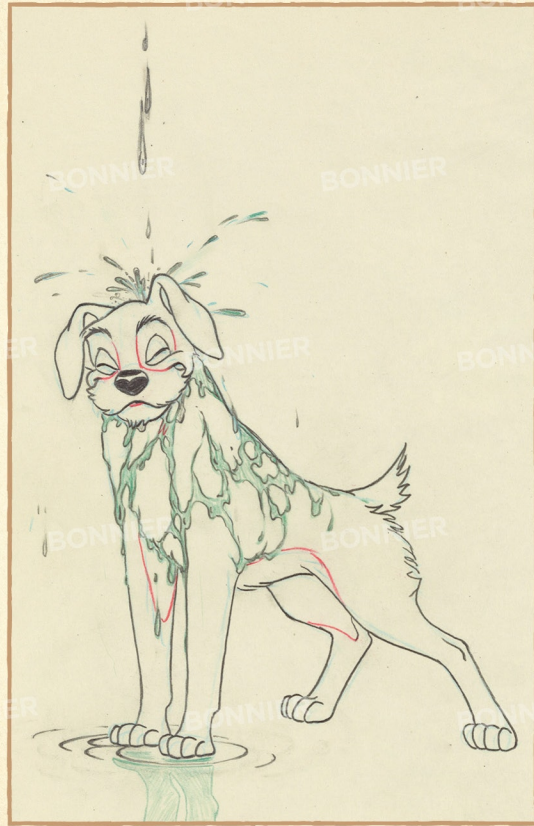
Concept art on page 69.

Milt Kahl

Often considered one of the finest draftsmen among the Disney animators, Milt Kahl is a lauded member of Disney's 'Nine Old Men'. With his unparalleled ability to infuse the characters he drew with both energy and charm, Kahl was responsible for the final look of Disney's animated characters in many films. Kahl is credited as directing animator for *Lady and the Tramp*.

Animation drawing on page 68.





Animation drawing: an illustration created for the final animation, ready to be traced on to a cel.

Concept art: drawings, paintings or sketches prepared in the early stages of a film's development. Concept art is often used to inspire the staging, mood, and atmosphere of scenes.

Rough animation drawing: a drawing created very early on in the animation process to test an animation.

