

ANIMATED CLASSICS

Disney

One Hundred
and One
Dalmatians

GLUED DOWN



This book belongs to

Disney
One Hundred
and One
Dalmatians



Acknowledgments

Special thanks to the staff at the Walt Disney Animation Research Library for their invaluable assistance and for providing the artwork for this book.



First published in the UK in 2021 by Studio Press Books,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK,
The Plaza, 535 King's Road, London, SW10 0SZ
Owned by Bonnier Books,
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden

studiopressbooks.co.uk
bonnierbooks.co.uk

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Printed in Poland
2 4 6 8 1 0 9 7 5 3 1

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ISBN 978-1-78741-632-1

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I grew up on the outskirts of Trinidad, Colorado, which was filled with meadows to explore and hills to climb. Our nearest neighbour was nearly a mile away, and I was surrounded by animals: dogs, cats, chickens and even a horse.

One quiet winter evening during those early years, a dog – miles up the canyon – began barking, and then my own dogs joined in, which encouraged the dogs across the highway to participate, too. It was my own Twilight Bark. I imagined their conversation and even created my own storyline to accompany this imaginary dialogue. As I reflect on it now, I can see this was the first moment I realised I had a passion for storytelling and animation. Even then, I had already developed a love for art, and I had an ability to find wonder all around me. All my most prized drawings were kept in a special folder illustrated with characters from *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*.

One Hundred and One Dalmatians felt different to me from any other Disney production. I remember the bold red of the environment when Jasper and Horace set the old house on fire and the looseness with which Walt Peregoy and his team approached the background colour and line work, all of which had a powerful impact and created an emotional response. Complementing this were the cool tones of the cold winter nights and the warmth of Roger's apartment.

These images have stuck with me. They were – and continue to be – innovative and risky. *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* was the first animated feature where the Walt Disney Animation Studios used Xerox technology to create line work rather than inking it by hand. Much like the rag tag crew of characters that help save the Dalmatians in the film, I have my own diverse crew, made up of some of the best artists, animators and technologists in the world, and we continue this spirit of innovation and risk-taking in both technology and storytelling today.

I hope that the beautiful character designs, backgrounds and artwork in this book inspire you and instill in you a sense of imagination, just as they did for me as a young boy. I encourage you and your own rag tag group of friends to always create and innovate. Maybe you'll even experience your own Twilight Bark.

Jeff Gipson
Walt Disney Animation Studios



This story begins in London, not so very long ago.

At that time, Pongo the dog lived with his pet human, Roger, in a flat just off Regent's Park.

It was clear to Pongo that Roger needed someone. All Roger did, Pongo thought, was write songs. And those songs were about romance – something Roger knew absolutely nothing about it.

Pongo knew Roger was intelligent enough, in his human way, and rather handsome. He could see no reason why his pet human didn't deserve to find someone, and he was determined to do his best to help him. He had a rough idea of what to look for...

So, one beautiful spring day, Pongo gazed out of his sitting room window, surveying the passersby and watching for a match. No one seemed quite right for Roger – until, suddenly, Pongo spied a beautiful Dalmatian and her human.



Pongo knew he'd never find another pair like the Dalmatian and her pet, not even if he looked for a hundred years.

They're heading for the park, he realised. A perfect meeting place, if I could only arrange it.

But Roger never stopped work 'till after five o'clock, and by then, it would be too late...

In a flash, Pongo padded over to the clock, nosed around the minute hand until it pointed to after five, picked up his lead and pawed at the door, barking loudly.

"After five already," said Roger, glancing up from his piano. "Fancy that."

He looked over at his dog. "All right, Pongo," said Roger, standing up. "All right, boy."

Roger put on Pongo's lead and Pongo shot down the stairs, across the street and into the park, towing Roger behind him.





“Pongo, boy, take it easy,” said Roger as Pongo pulled him down the path. “What’s all the hurry?”

Pongo raced over a little bridge between the trees. Then, suddenly, he spotted the Dalmatian and her person on a bench overlooking the pond.

Pongo knew it was all up to him now. To attract attention, he grabbed hold of Roger’s hat and placed it on the bench, right next to the lady.

Pongo thought things were going great. Roger and the lady seemed to have noticed one another. But then, for some strange reason, the lady and the pretty Dalmatian left!

“Come on, you old renegade,” said Roger. “We’re going home.”

But Pongo refused to give up.

He shot after the lady and wound his lead around her and Roger’s legs.

“I beg your pardon,” Roger said to the lady. “I’m so sorry.”

“Oh, really. Good heavens,” the lady replied. “Of all the—”

And then they both tipped over... into the pond.





“Oh, my new spring suit and my new hat,” said the lady, drenched.

“I’m terribly sorry,” said Roger. “Please, let me help you.”

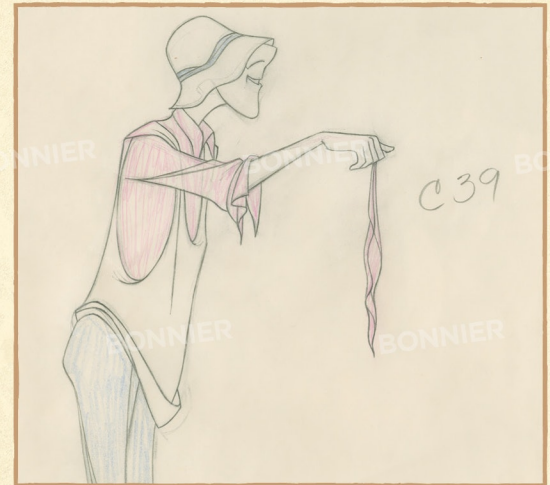
“Please, just go away,” the lady replied. “You’ve done enough.”

She reached into her handbag for her handkerchief, only to find it was sodden.

“Oh! I say, here, take mine,” said Roger, reaching into his pocket, only to find his handkerchief was equally sopping.

And then they both started to laugh. Pongo looked on delightedly.

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🐾 Disney *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* 🐾

Not long after, Roger and the lady (whose name was Anita) were married, watched over by Pongo and Anita's dog, Perdita.

They moved to a small house near the park. It was a modest little place, but just right for two couples who were just starting out. They had Nanny, a wonderful cook and housekeeper, and best of all... Pongo and Perdita were going to have puppies.

Pongo gazed out the window, a very happy and satisfied dog. All was quiet and peaceful, until a horn blared down the street.

"Oh, Pongo," gasped Perdita, "it's her. It's that devil woman."

Moments later, a motorcar screeched around the corner and drew up outside the house.

Roger looked out the window, too. "Oh," he said to Anita, "must be Cruella, your dearly devoted old schoolmate."

"That's it!" he said suddenly, and he began to sing all about Cruella De Vil and how terrifying she was, making up the lyrics as he went along.

“Oh, Roger,” said Anita, peeking out through the curtains.

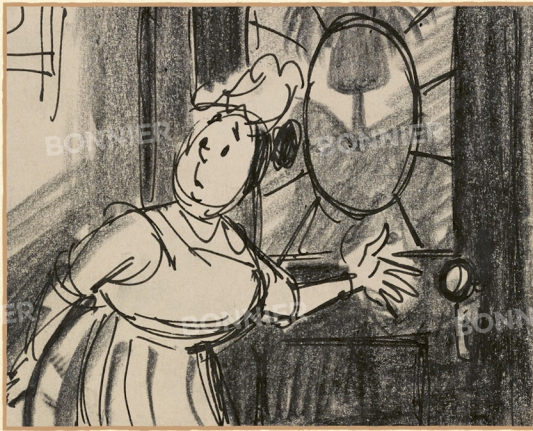
Roger made his hands into the shape of wicked claws and kept singing his new song, all the way up the stairs.

“Roger, she’ll hear you!” said Anita.

But by now, Roger was in his music room, playing the piano.

“Let her in, Nanny,” said Anita.

No sooner had Nanny turned the handle than Cruella flung open the door, almost squashing her against the wall.



“Anita, darling!” Cruella declared, her long fur cloak swirling around her. “Where are they? Where are they?”

She stalked around the house. “For heaven’s sakes, where are they?”

“Who, Cruella?” asked Anita.

“The puppies! The puppies,” insisted Cruella.

“No time for games. Where are the little brutes?”

“Oh!” said Anita.

“It’ll be at least three weeks.”

Cruella turned to Pongo. “Here, dog, here,” she said, beckoning to him with a long, gloved finger.

Pongo growled.

“Cruella,” said Anita, to distract her, “isn’t that a new fur coat?”





“My only true love, darling,
I live for furs,” gloated Cruella.

“I worship furs! After all,
is there a woman in all this
wretched world who doesn’t?”

“Won’t you have some tea?”
asked Anita, offering her
a cup.

“I’ve got to run, darling,” said
Cruella, sauntering out the
door. “Now let me know
when the puppies arrive.”

As the door slammed
behind her, Anita
sank onto the sofa.

Pongo found Perdita
hiding under the stove in
the kitchen.

“Perdy?” he said.

“That witch. That devil woman,” said
Perdita. “She wants our puppies. That’s
all she’s after.”

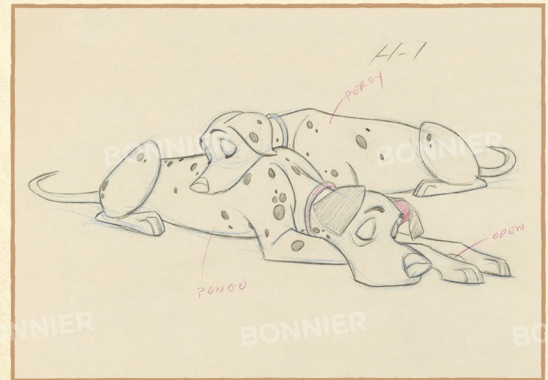
“Don’t worry, Perdy,” said Pongo. “They’re onto her. Nothing’s
going to happen to our puppies.”

“But what does she want with them?” wondered Perdita. “She can’t
possibly love them.”

She started to cry while Pongo did his best to comfort her.

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Three weeks later, on a wild and stormy night, Pongo and Roger sat
anxiously in the kitchen. After what seemed like forever to Pongo,
Nanny burst in...

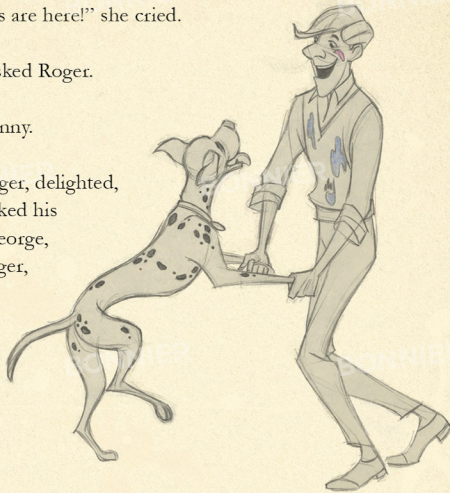


“Oh, the puppies are here!” she cried.

“How many?” asked Roger.

“Eight,” said Nanny.

“Eight!” said Roger, delighted, while Pongo barked his approval. “By George, Pongo!” said Roger, taking Pongo’s front paws and dancing around the room with him. “Eight puppies.”



“Ten,” said Nanny, opening the kitchen door again.

“Eleven,” Anita called from the other room.

“Eleven? Eleven puppies, Pongo, boy,” said Roger, shaking Pongo’s paw.

“Wait a minute now, wait a minute,” said Nanny. “Thirteen! No, no, no. Fourteen.”

By now Pongo’s head was spinning.

“Oh, fifteen!” said Nanny. “And the mother’s doing fine, love...”

“Why, Pongo, boy, that’s marvellous,” said Roger.

But then Nanny came in again, carrying something very small under a cloth, her head bowed. “Just fourteen,” she said. “We lost one. Oh, poor little thing”

Roger took the little puppy and he rubbed it and rubbed it, and then...





The puppy was revived, its tiny head sniffing its way out from under the cloth.

“Anita!” cried Roger. “Nanny! Fifteen!”

“Oh, Roger, he’s all right, thank heavens,” said Anita, hurrying in to see. “Can you imagine, Rog? Fifteen puppies!”

But on those words, there was a flash of lightning and a crack of thunder. And there, in the doorway, stood Cruella De Vil.

“Fifteen. Fifteen puppies!” she cried. “How marvellous!”

She bent down to take a closer look and shuddered. “Oh, the devil take it,” she snarled, “they’re mongrels, no spots. No spots at all. What a horrid little white rat.”

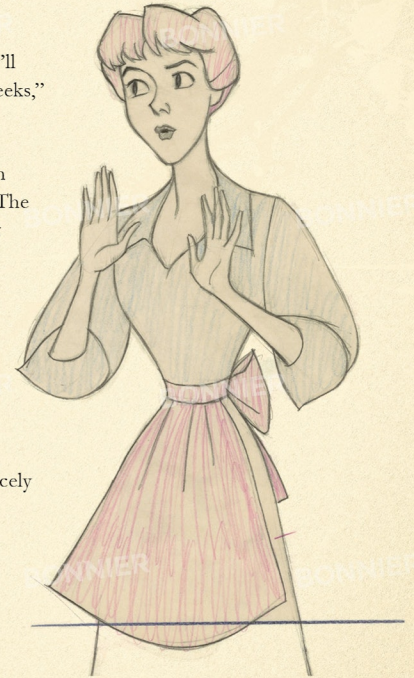
“They’ll get their spots,” said Nanny.
“Just wait and see.”

“That’s right, Cruella. They’ll have their spots in a few weeks,” said Anita.

“Oh, well,” said Cruella, “in that case I’ll take them all. The whole litter. Just name your price, dear.”

“I’m afraid we can’t give them up,” said Anita.

“Anita, don’t be ridiculous,” said Cruella.
“You can’t possibly afford to keep them. You can scarcely afford to feed yourselves.”



“Now, really, enough of this nonsense. I’ll pay you twice what they’re worth,” Cruella insisted as she started to write a cheque. “When can the puppies leave their mother?”

“Never. W-w-we’re not-not s-selling the puppies. Not a single one,” stammered Roger. “Not one. And that’s final.”

Pongo nodded his agreement.



“Why, you horrid man!” said Cruella, thrusting her face close to his. “All right, keep the little beasts for all I care. Do as you like with them. Drown them! But I warn you, Anita, we’re through. I’m through with all of you! I’ll get even. Just wait. You’ll be sorry, you fools! You... you idiots!” Then she stormed out, slamming the door.

“Oh, Roger!” cried Anita. “You were magnificent, darling.”

“He was a bloomin’ hero, ma’am!” added Nanny.

With that, Pongo hurried down the stairs. “Perdy darling,” he said. “We’re keeping the puppies, every single one of them.”



A few weeks later, Pongo, Perdita and their fifteen now-spotted puppies all sat together, watching the television.

“I’m hungry, Mother,” said one of the puppies. “I’m hungry.”

“Now, Rolly,” said Perdita, “you’ve just had your dinner.”

“I’m so hungry I could eat a whole elephant,” said Rolly.

“Shh!” said the other puppies.

“Perdy,” said Pongo, “we’d better get these little nippers off to bed if we’re going for a W-A-L-K.”

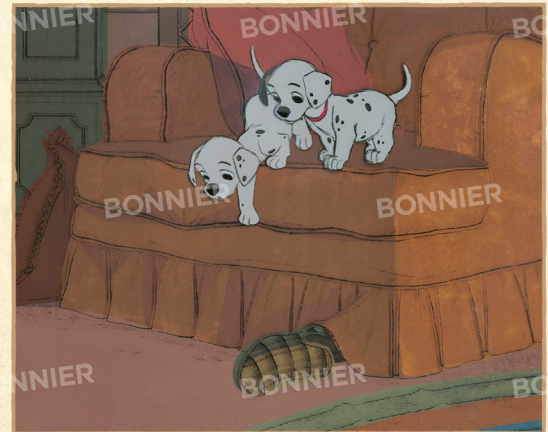
“We want to go, too, Mother,” said one of the puppies.

“Come along, children, bedtime,” said Perdita.

“But we’re not a bit sleepy,” said Patch, with a yawn.

Pongo counted them as they went to bed. He got to fourteen, then spotted Lucky, still glued to the screen.

“Lucky, you little rascal,” said Pongo, gently picking him up in his mouth, “let’s go.”



Once the puppies were in bed, Roger and Anita took Perdy and Pongo for an early evening walk.

As they passed a van, the two men inside it, Horace and Jasper, peered out from behind their newspapers.

“There they go, Horace me lad,” said Jasper. He started the van and slowly drove round to Roger and Anita’s front door. “Nobody home but the little ol’ cook,” said Jasper.

He rang the doorbell.

“Good evening, ma’am,” Jasper said to Nanny. “We’re here to inspect the, uh, wiring and the switches.”

“But we didn’t call for any inspection,” said Nanny.

She tried to close the door, but Jasper pushed his way inside.



Nanny chased after them, only for Jasper to trap her upstairs, while Horace headed into the kitchen...

Moments later, the men raced out the door.

“I’ll bet they made off with the good silver,” said Nanny, coming downstairs.

But to her horror, she found that they’d stolen the puppies.



The next day, it was all over the morning papers. Cruella read the news from the comfort of her bed.

“Dog-napping? Can you imagine such a thing?” she said. Then she sank back against her pillows, cackling in delight.

Moments later, her phone rang.

“Jasper, you idiot!” she shrieked into the receiver. “How dare you call here.”

“But we don’t want no more of this here. We want our boodle,” said Jasper.

“Not one shilling ‘til the job’s done,” snapped Cruella. And she promptly hung up again.

Then, with a smile, she called Anita.

“Anita, darling,” she crooned. “What a dreadful thing! I just saw the papers.”

“We’re doing everything possible,” said Anita.

“Have you called the police?” asked Cruella.

“Yes, we called Scotland Yard,” said Anita. “Yes, if there’s any news we’ll let you know.”

She put down the phone.

“Oh, Rog,” said Anita, turning to him. “What’ll we do?”

Pongo, hearing their despair, went to Perdita, who was lying by the empty puppy basket.



“Perdy, I’m afraid it’s all up to us.”

“Oh, Pongo. Isn’t there any hope?”

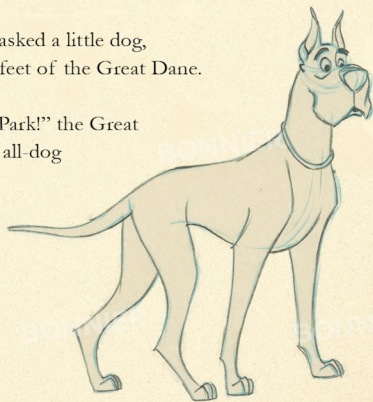
“Well, yes. There’s the Twilight Bark,” said Pongo. “Darling, it’s the very fastest way to send news. And if our puppies are anywhere in the city, the London dogs will know. Now we’ll send the word tonight when our pets take us for a walk in the park.”

That evening, Pongo tried to reach the Twilight Bark. He barked and barked until at last came a reply.

“Perdy! We’re in luck!” said Pongo. “It’s the Great Dane at Hampstead.”

“What is it, Danny?” asked a little dog, bouncing around the feet of the Great Dane.

“It’s Pongo, Regent’s Park!” the Great Dane replied. “It’s an all-dog alert.” He listened to the rest of Pongo’s message.

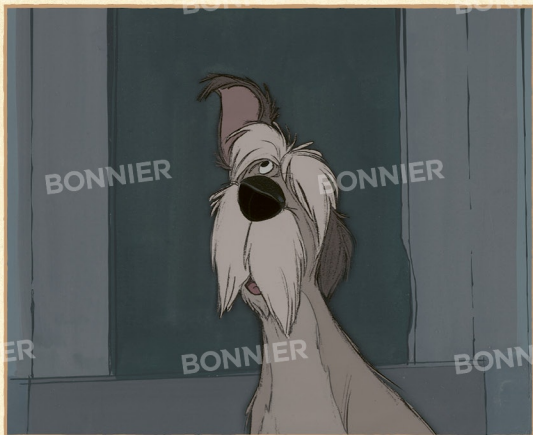


“Well now, that is something. Fifteen Dalmatian puppies, stolen!”

“Have they called the police?”

“The humans have tried everything. Now it’s up to us dogs and the Twilight Bark.”

Together they barked and howled. Soon the news spread far and wide across town, from dog to dog, from window to rooftop and away over the hills.



Finally, the news reached a dog called the Colonel, in a stable deep in the countryside.

“Fifteen spotted puddles stolen, oh botherdash,” he told Sergeant Tibs, the stable cat.

“It sounds like puppies, sir,” said Sergeant Tibs, listening to the returning bark. “Colonel, sir, I just remembered. Two nights past I heard puppy barking over at Hell Hall.”

“You mean the old De Vil place?” said the Colonel. “Nonsense, Tibs. No one’s lived there for years.”

“Hold on!” said the Captain, the cart horse. “There’s smoke coming from the chimney!”

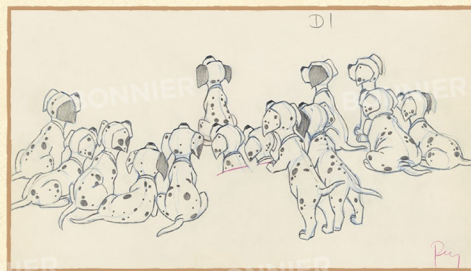
“Well, I suppose we’d better investigate,” said the Colonel.

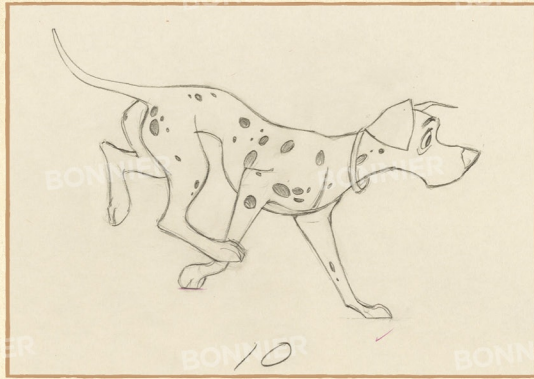
Together, Sergeant Tibs and the Colonel headed over to Hell Hall. Tibs crept in through a window. Inside were Horace, Jasper... and a lot of Dalmatian puppies.

Tibs counted ninety-nine in all, including fifteen little ones with names and collars.

“They’re the ones!” said Tibs.

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Before dawn broke, Pongo and Perdita had heard back from Danny the Great Dane. He had news of the puppies, and Pongo and Perdita were to meet him at Primrose Hill.

They left by the back bedroom window and raced across the park.

“Have they found our puppies?” asked Perdita, when they reached him.

“They’ve been located somewhere north of here, in Suffolk,” Danny replied.

“Oh, thank heaven,” said Perdita.

“Can you leave tonight?” asked the Great Dane.

“We can leave right away,” said Perdita.

The dogs set off, out of the park and down the street. “When you reach Withermarsh, contact old Towser,” said the Great Dane. “He’ll direct you to the Colonel, and the Colonel will take you to your puppies at the De Vil place.”

At “De Vil,” Perdita stopped in shock. “Oh, Pongo! It was her,” she said. “Oh, I hope we’re not too late.”





Perdita and Pongo ran through London and out over the hills, under fences and through icy waters, while all around them the snow fell in thick drifts.

Meanwhile, outside Hell Hall, the Colonel and Sergeant Tibs saw a car drive up and stop at the gate.

“Well, blast it all, Tibs! Better see what’s up. On the double, man!” said the Colonel.

.. . . .

Inside, Jasper and Horace sat glued to the television, while Cruella paced up and down behind them.

“I’ve got no time to argue,” she demanded. “I tell you it’s got to be done tonight.” She switched off the TV. “Do you understand? Tonight!”

“But they ain’t big enough,” said Horace.

“You couldn’t get half a dozen coats out of the whole caboodle,” added Jasper.

“Coats!” whispered Sergeant Tibs, listening through a hole in the wall. “Dog-skin coats?”

“Then we’ll settle for a half a dozen,” Cruella went on. “We can’t wait. The police are everywhere. I want the job done tonight!”





“How we gonna to do it?” asked Horace.

“Any way you like. Poison them, drown them. Bash them in the head,” said Cruella. “I don’t care how you kill the little beasts, but do it, and do it now!”

Ninety-nine little Dalmatian puppies listened in, their eyes wide with fear.

“Aw, please, miss,” said Jasper. “Now have pity, will ya? Can’t we see the rest of the show first?”

Cruella threw the drink the men had been sharing into the fire. “Now listen you idiots. I’ll be back first thing in the morning. And the job better be done, or I’ll call the police!”

Then she went out and slammed the door behind her.

“We’ll get on with it,” Jasper told Horace, “as soon as the show’s over.” And he switched the TV back on.





While Jasper and Horace gazed at the screen, Sergeant Tibs snuck among the puppies. “Hey, kids. You’d better get out of here if you want to save your skins,” he whispered.

“But how?” asked one of the puppies.

“There’s a hole in the wall,” said Sergeant Tibs, pointing. “There by the door.”

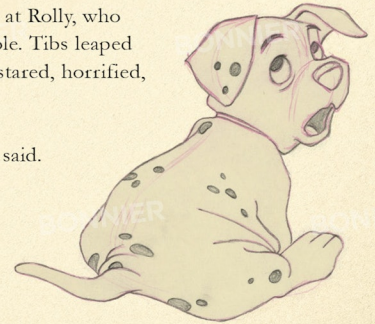
As quietly as they could, the puppies began to stream through the hole.

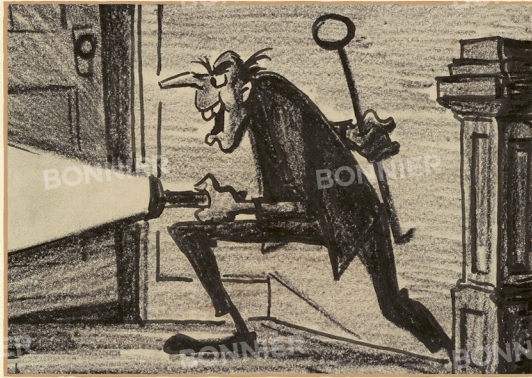
As the show ended, there was just one puppy left. It was Rolly, and he was too big to fit.

Sergeant Tibs pushed with all his might just as Jasper rose from the sofa. “Come on, Horace,” he said. “Let’s get on with it.”

Tibs made one last push at Rolly, who squeezed through the hole. Tibs leaped after him, just as Jasper stared, horrified, at the empty room.

“Hey, Horace, look!” he said. “They’re gone. They flew the coop, right out through this little hole.”





Horace and Jasper scanned the dark hallway with their torches while the puppies scampered as fast as they could up the stairs and under a huge four-poster bed, hiding behind the bedsheets that draped down to the floor.

“Here, puppies,” said Jasper, with a leering grin.

But when Jasper lifted the sheet, Sergeant Tibs leaped out at him. Jasper fell over in shock as the puppies streamed over him.

.. . . .

Meanwhile, Pongo and Perdita were still searching for Hell Hall.

“Oh, Pongo,” said Perdita, “I’m afraid we’re lost.”

“It can’t be far,” said Pongo, and he began to bark.

His call was answered by the Colonel, and they ran toward him.

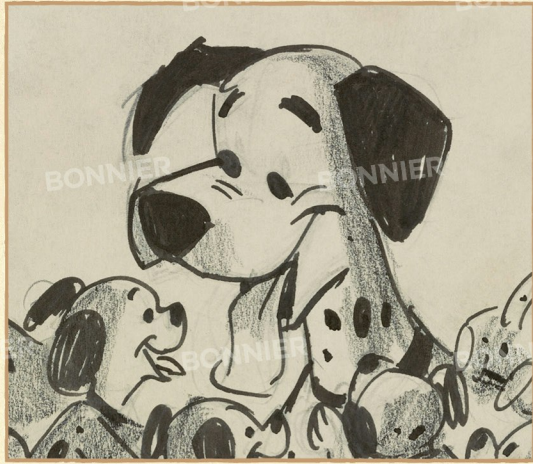
“Our puppies,” said Perdita. “Are they all right?”

“No time to explain,” answered the Colonel. “I’m afraid there’s trouble.”

Together, they raced to Hell Hall. But by now, Jasper and Horace had Sergeant Tibs and the puppies cornered.

“Now we’ve got ‘em, Horace,” laughed Jasper. “They’ve run out of room.”





As the men raised their clubs, Pongo and Perdita leaped through the window, teeth bared, growling and snarling.

While Pongo and Perdita kept Horace and Jasper busy, Sergeant Tibs led the puppies to the stables.

With the two men in a defeated heap, Perdita and Pongo raced after their puppies.

At last, they were reunited. “Oh, my darlings,” said Perdita, nuzzling them.

“Lucky, Patch, Pepper!” cried Pongo in delight. “Everybody here, all fifteen?”

“Twice that many, Dad,” said Patch. “Now there’s ninety-nine of us!”

“What on earth would she want with so many?” wondered Perdita.

“She’s gonna make coats out of us,” said one of the puppies.

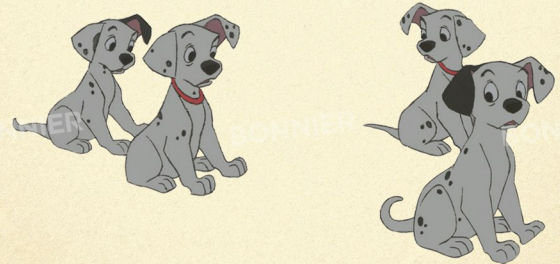
“That’s right,” said Sergeant Tibs. “Dog-skin coats.”

“Oh, what’ll we do?” said Perdita.

“We have to get back to London somehow,” replied Pongo.

“What about the others? What’ll they do?” asked Patch.

Pongo looked over at all the puppies. “Perdy,” he declared, “we’ll take them home with us, all of them. Our pets would never turn them out.”



But just then, the Captain spotted headlights on the road. It was Horace and Jasper's van, headed straight for the stables.

"We'd better run for it," said Pongo.

"Out the back way and across the pasture," said Tibs.

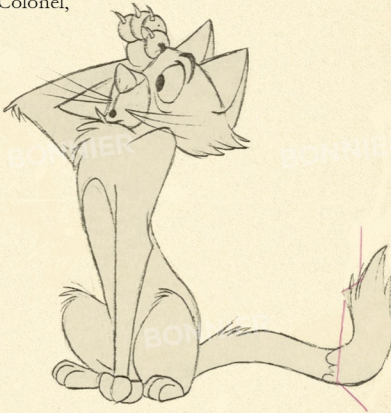
"Thank you, Sergeant, Colonel, Captain," said Pongo.

"Bless you all," added Perdita. Then she led the way away from the stables, with Pongo taking up the rear.

"Good luck, Pongo," Tibs called after them.

..

While Horace and Jasper searched the snowy lanes, Perdita and Pongo led the puppies to a frozen river.



"I wish we could walk on the snow," said one of the puppies, his paws slipping and sliding across the ice.

"No, Son," Pongo replied, gently picking him up, "we can't leave tracks."

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By then, Cruella had joined Horace and Jasper in their search.

"We'll find the little mongrels if it takes till next Christmas!" she shrieked.





The puppies' journey was long and hard. They left the frozen river and made their way across the fields, their little heads bowed against the swirling snow and freezing winds.

"Come on, Lucky, boy," said Pongo, seeing his son had stopped and was shivering in the snow. "We can't give up now."

"I'm tired and I'm hungry and my tail's froze, and my nose is froze, and my ears are froze, and my toes are froze," said Lucky.

Then there came a bark and a call of, "Pongo! Pongo!" A moment later, a Collie came bounding toward them.

"We'd just about lost hope," said the Collie. "We have shelter for you at the dairy barn across the road."

"Oh, thank goodness," said Pongo.

They followed the Collie to a warm barn.

"The famous Pongos," said one of the dairy cows. "We were so worried about you."

Another cow looked down at the shivering puppies. "Do they like warm milk? It's fresh."

While the puppies enjoyed the cows' milk, the Collie gave Pongo and Perdita some scraps he had saved for them, then all hundred and one Dalmatians fell fast asleep.



The next morning, the dogs once again began their long journey home.

At last they reached a village, where a Labrador was awaiting their arrival. "Pongo, I've got a ride home for you," he barked.

From a hideout in an empty building, he showed them a van parked down the street. The van was headed for London. But Cruella, Jasper and Horace had reached the village, too, and were circling the streets, searching for the puppies.



"Pongo," gasped Perdita. "How will we get to the van?"

"Mother, Dad..." came a small voice. They turned to see Lucky standing in a fireplace, half-covered in soot.

"Say, Perdy," said Pongo. "I've got an idea."

He rolled in the fireplace so that he, too, was covered in soot, his spots hidden. "Look, I'm a Labrador! We'll all roll in the soot. We'll all be Labradors."

When they were ready, the soot-covered puppies were taken to the van, a few at a time.



At last, Perdita and nearly all the puppies were in. The van had begun revving its engine and Pongo had no choice but to lead the last of puppies to the van, right before Cruella's eyes.

"She's watching us, Dad," said one of the puppies.

"Keep going, keep going," Pongo replied.

But the snow had begun to melt, dripping off the rooftops. It landed on Pongo and the puppies – washing away the soot!

"Jasper! Horace!" screeched Cruella. "After them! After them!"

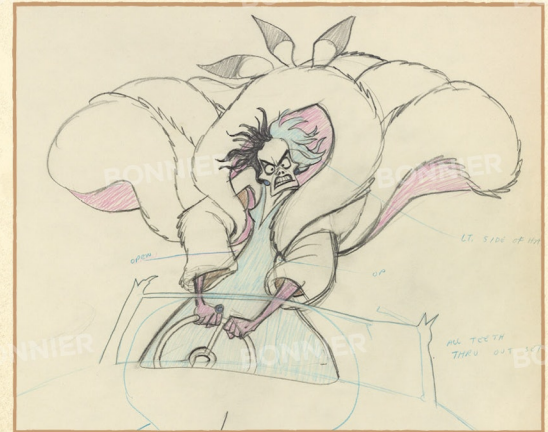
Pongo leaped into the van with the last of the puppies, but Cruella was right behind them, recklessly giving chase in her motorcar.

Jasper and Horace had taken a different route and were fast approaching the van, trying to cut it off from the side. But as their car flew down a snowy hill, they lost control. Before they could stop themselves, they crashed straight into Cruella's car.

They all tumbled down into a ditch. Their cars were smashed to smithereens, while Pongo, Perdita and the puppies rode on to London.

"You idiots!" shrieked Cruella. "You – you fools!"

..





Back in London, Roger, Anita and Nanny were still heartbroken over the stolen puppies.

Anita was decorating the Christmas tree, but she couldn't summon a smile, even as Roger's new song about Cruella played on the radio.

"Roger, after all, that's your first big hit," Anita said. "It's made more money than we ever dreamed of."

"Yes, I know," said Roger with a sigh. "But I still can't believe that Pongo and Perdy would run away," he added, gazing at a picture of them on the wall.

"Oh, the dear little things," said Nanny. "Sometimes at night I can hear them barking, but it always turns out I'm dreaming."

No sooner had she spoken, however, than the sound of barking rang down the street. She ran to open the front door, and in streamed puppy after puppy, their spots still hidden under all the soot.

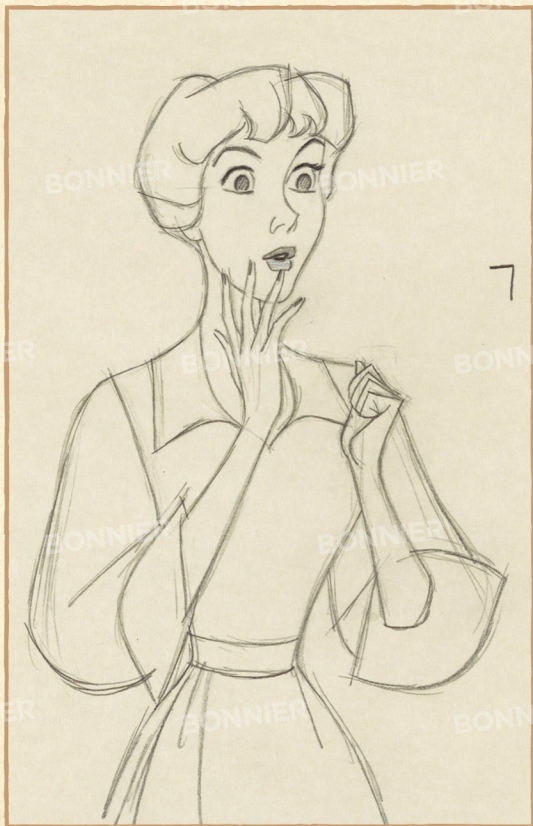
"Roger, what on earth..." began Anita.

"They're Labradors!" said Roger.

"No, no," laughed Nanny. "They're covered with soot. Look, here's Lucky," she said, lifting him up.

"Oh, Pongo, boy, is that you?" said Roger, wiping Pongo's face.





Roger took hold of Pongo's paws and began dancing around the room with him.

"And Perdy, oh, my darling," said Anita, hugging her.

"And Patch, and Rolly, and Penny, and Freckles," said Nanny, dusting off the puppies. "They're all here, the little dears."

"Roger, what a wonderful Christmas present," said Anita, hugging Roger.

"And look," said Nanny, "there's a whole lot more."

There were puppies everywhere.





They began to count. Altogether, including Perdita and Pongo, they counted... one hundred and one!

“A hundred and one!” said Anita, sinking onto the sofa. “What’ll we do with them?”

“We’ll keep them!” said Roger.

“In this little house?”

“We’ll buy a big place in the country,” said Roger.

Anita went over and hugged him. Pongo and Perdita barked in delight. Then Roger sat down at the piano and began to play. Anita sang while the dogs joined in barking, and the puppies yapped as Nanny danced around the room.

Pongo, Perdita and their family lived
happily ever after.



The End

The Art of Disney One Hundred and One Dalmatians

Based on the 1956 novel *The Hundred and One Dalmatians*, by Dodie Smith, Disney's 1961 release *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* was a box office success. In a bid to save the studio money, and the Animation Department from potential closure, a new inking technique using Xerox photography was used. Ub Iwerks modified a Xerox camera so animation drawings could be transferred directly to the animation cels, eliminating the costly and time-consuming inking process. However, the technique had its limitations and lacked the perceived quality and the colour options of a hand-inked cel. Ken Anderson, the art director and production designer on the film, was inspired by the stylised art of British cartoonist Ronald Searle and wanted to convey an authentic feeling of London and England. For his Cruella De Vil animation, Marc Davis was inspired by actresses Bette Davis, Rosalind Russell and Tallulah Bankhead, as well as Cruella's voice actress, Betty Lou Gerson. Throughout this book you can see concept art, story sketches, animation cels and more from the following Disney Studios artists.



Walt Peregoy

Walt Peregoy worked for a few months at the Walt Disney Studios at the age of 17, ferrying artwork and supplies between offices. Following this, Peregoy worked as a cowhand and then in the United States Coast Guard during World War II before moving to Mexico to study painting and sculpture. He returned to the Walt Disney Studios eight years later in 1951 as an inbetweener, gradually working his way up as an assistant animator and cleanup artist before being recruited as the first background painter on *Sleeping Beauty*. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Peregoy put his fine-art background to work as the colour stylist, collaborating with production designer Ken Anderson on the use of the Xerography process. Peregoy designed background paintings for the film as broad, flat areas of colour on which the Xerox blackline detail was placed as an overlaid cel. Peregoy also contributed to films such as *The Sword in the Stone*, *Mary Poppins* and *The Jungle Book*.

Concept art on pages 2-3, 28, 31, 47, 51, 52 and 70-71.

Eric Larson

Eric Larson, who joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1933, is one of Walt Disney's 'Nine Old Men'. Larson worked on many of the most iconic characters from Disney's Golden Age and beyond, including Figaro the cat in *Pinocchio*, Peg in *Lady and the Tramp*, the vultures in *The Jungle Book* and the titular character in *Cinderella*. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Larson was a directing animator, focusing on the puppies, and he was responsible for the sequence in which the dogs are watching TV. In 1973, Larson began a recruitment training program, bringing in a new generation of animators, including Brad Bird, Chris Buck, Andreas Deja, Tim Burton, Glen Keane and Henry Selick. Larson retired from the Walt Disney Studios in 1986, having consulted on *The Black Cauldron* and on *The Great Mouse Detective*.

Animation drawing on page 4.

Ken Anderson

Ken Anderson worked as an art director, screenwriter, architect, character designer and animator at the Walt Disney Studios for over forty years. Anderson joined the Studios in 1934, after earning a degree in architecture, and quickly proved himself a man of many trades, not only contributing to the animated features but also helping Walt Disney plan out Disneyland. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Anderson took on the roles of both art director and production designer. In 1991, Anderson was the winner of the Disney Legends Award for Animation and Imagineering.

Concept art on pages 10 and 11.

Bill Peet

One of the most legendary story sketch artists in the legacy of Disney animation, Peet joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1937, first as an inbetweener, providing the essential fill-in drawings that make characters such as Pinocchio appear to move. Peet quickly proved his skill and, transitioning to the story department, contributed to the Olympian fantasy segment in *Fantasia*, as well as producing character and story sketches of the baby elephant, Dumbo. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Peet is credited with writing the script, designing the characters and contributing significantly to the story boards. As a story man, Peet helped bring about many Disney classics, both as an artist and a writer, before leaving the company during the early development of *The Jungle Book*.

Animation drawings on pages 13, 14, 23, 24, 27, 32, 41, 43, 48, 53, 59, and 61 (likely).

Hal Ambro

Harold (Hal) Ambro started his career at the Charles Mintz studio in Hollywood. He was recruited to work at the Walt Disney Studios and joined as an animator in 1939, contributing to films such as *Cinderella*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Peter Pan*, *Lady and the Tramp*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, *The Sword in the Stone* and the animated sequences in *Mary Poppins*.

Animation drawing on page 15.

Marc Davis

One of Walt Disney's 'Nine Old Men', Marc Davis was honoured as a Disney Legend in 1989. Davis's speciality was character design, and throughout his career he designed and animated some of Disney's most beloved characters, such as Tinker Bell, and wickedest villains, such as Maleficent. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Davis assisted in animating Anita and, in a personal tour de force, animated Cruella De Vil.

Animation drawings on pages 19, 26 and 57; concept art on page 20.

Ollie Johnston

Along with best friend and fellow animator Frank Thomas, Ollie Johnston was one of Walt Disney's 'Nine Old Men'. Johnston worked as an animator at the Walt Disney Studios from 1935 to 1978, contributing to most of the Disney animated features produced during that time. Johnston served as a directing animator for most of the animated features from the 1930s to the 1970s. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Johnston was directing animator for Perdita.

Animation drawing on page 21.

Milt Kahl

Often considered the finest draftsman of the Disney animators, Milt Kahl is a member of Walt Disney's 'Nine Old Men'. For many films, Kahl was responsible for the final look of Disney's animated characters. Kahl's ability to infuse the characters he drew with both energy and charm was unparalleled. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Kahl animated Roger, Anita and Pongo.

Animation drawings on pages 22, 25 and 60.

John Lounsbery

One of Walt Disney's 'Nine Old Men', John Lounsbery joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1935 as an assistant animator on *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. As well as working on many shorts and features from the 1940s to the 1970s, Lounsbery contributed to the majority of Disney's most famous animated features, including *Dumbo*, *Peter Pan*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* and *Robin Hood*. In the 1970s, Lounsbery codirected *Winnie the Pooh and Tigger Too* and *The Rescuers*. He was named a Disney Legend in 1989.

Animation drawing on page 34.

Ted Berman

After joining the Walt Disney Studios in 1940, Ted Berman worked as a writer, director and animator there for forty-five years. As a character animator, Berman contributed to animated features such as *Bambi*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Fantasia*, *Peter Pan* and *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. Berman also contributed to Disney television, working on *The Wonderful World of Color* and *The Mickey Mouse Club*. Later in his career, Berman took on the roles of writer and director, working on screenplays for *The Rescuers*, *The Fox and the Hound* and *The Black Cauldron*.

Animation drawing on page 37.

Hal King

Starting out as an inbetweener on Disney shorts in the late 1930s, Hal King did his first feature animation work on *The Three Caballeros*. Following this, King worked on *Cinderella*, animating the mice and even contributing to the sequence in which Cinderella puts on the glass slipper. King took on the role of directing animator for *Lady and the Tramp* and is responsible for scenes such as Lady looking through the window and Lady alerting John Dear and Darling about the rat. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, King worked as a character animator, animating many scenes of the dogs.

Animation drawing on page 38.

Les Clark

The first of Walt Disney's 'Nine Old Men', Les Clark joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1927 and worked on the origins of Mickey Mouse with Ub Iwerks, the original animator of Mickey Mouse. Clark was hired by Disney straight out of high school and stayed with the company for almost half a century. Starting in entry-level positions, Clark operated the animation camera and created inbetween drawings for *Steamboat Willie* before his animation debut in 1929 in *The Skeleton Dance*, which was the first *Silly Symphony*. Throughout his career, Clark worked on many well-known animated films, including *Dumbo*, *Cinderella*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. After becoming a directing animator and art director, and subsequently directing numerous shorts and episodes of Disney television programs, Clark retired from the Studios in 1976.

Animation drawing on page 45.

Cliff Nordberg

Cliff Nordberg joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1938 as an inbetweener and was quickly taken under the wing of Wolfgang "Woolie" Reitherman. In the 1940s, Nordberg began working as an animator on Goofy shorts and contributed to the "All the Cats Join In" sequence of *Make Mine Music*. Nordberg is responsible for some of the most iconic animated sequences of the 1950s, '60s and '70s, including scenes between the Mad Hatter and the March Hare in *Alice in Wonderland* and the powerful scene where Nutsy takes the long walk in *Lady and the Tramp*. For *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, Nordberg animated Sergeant Tibs, Horace and Jasper. In 1978, Nordberg worked as directing animator on *The Small One*. He took on the same role for *The Fox and the Hound*, but he passed away while the film was still in production.

Animation drawing on page 50.



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

Background painting: establishes the colour, style and mood of a scene. They're combined with cels for cel set-ups or for the finished scene.

Cel: a sheet of clear celluloid on which animation drawings are traced using ink and painted with colour. To create a finished frame of a scene, the cel is photographed against the background painting, which shows through the unpainted areas.

Cel set-up: a combination of one or more cels and a background painting, forming a frame of the finished scene.

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.

Story sketch: shows the action that's happening in a scene, as well as presenting the emotion of the story moment. Story sketches help filmmakers to visualise the film before expensive resources are committed to its production.





GLUED DOWN