



& Fawcett Publications, Inc.

# **FAWCETT'S** FUNNY ANIMALS



**Executive Editor** WILL LIEBERSON

Editor MERCEDES SHULL

Consulting Editor SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG Director of the Child Study Association of America, Inc.

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

PROF. H. W. ZOREAUGH

Director of Clinic for Gifted Children New York University

Dr. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

Professor of Education and Executive Officer of the Community Center, Teuchers College, Columbia University

#### MAJOR AL WILLIAMS

Famous Aviator. Aeronautical Engineer. Lawyer, Inventor and Author

To help us maintain high standards of wholesome entertainment in our comics publications, we have enlisted the aid of the distinguished individuals whose names are given above.

W. H. Jaweett. PRESIDENT



When shy little Hoppy the rabbit says SHAZAM, he becomes in a blinding flash of lightning a mighty, flying cottontail-CAPT. MARVEL BUNNY. When evil has been defeated and justice restored, Marvel Bunny need only to repeat the word to change back to Hoppy. This secret must never be revealed to anyone or Hoppy will lose his power.



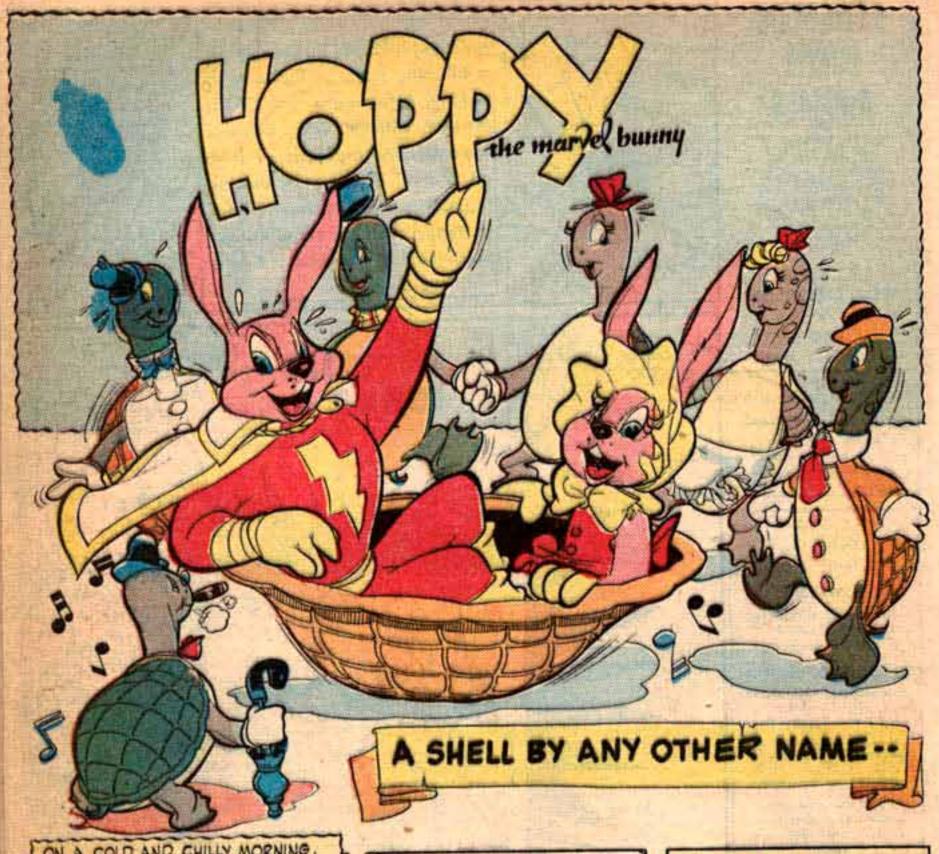


Vol. 7, No. 40 July, 1946.

FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S., POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA

FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S., POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., at 22 West Putnam Avenue, Oreenwich, Conn. W. M. Fawcett, Jr. Fresident; Roger Fawcett, Vice-President; Airen E. Norman, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Tressurer; gliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director, Entered as second-class matter September 23, 1942, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879, Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Application pending for transfer of original second-class entry to Greenwich, Conn., with additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y. Copyright 1946 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions, and in Canada; Ioreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$1.70. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by international money order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, 22 West Putnam Ave. Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices, 1001 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Advertising offices, New York 17, 295 Maulison Ave.; Chicago 1, 369 North Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles 14, Mr. N. P. Houston, Edward S. Townsend, Conn., Printed in U. S. A.

Building, Greenwich, Conn., Printed in U. S. A.



ON A COLD AND CHILLY MORNING . HOPPY MEETS MILLIE ON THE ROAD ...

G'MORNING, MILLIE, BR-R-R., ISN'T THIS RAIN COLD THIS MORN-ING, WHERE ARE YOU GOING ? DOWN TO THE POND-TO VISIT TOOTSIE TURTLE . 1 HAVEN'T SEEN HER OR ANY OF THE TURTLE FOLK LATELY !



MAYBE THEY'RE ALL SICK
OR SOMETHING!

EXACTLY WHAT I
THOUGHT! I'M GOING TO
FIND OUT. THEY MIGHT
NEED HELP COME
ON:

GEE -- THAT'S GOODNESS -- THEIR VILLAGE SEEMS DETOOTSIE! SERTED! NOBODY AT ALL
AROUND!

DRAWN ST CHAD

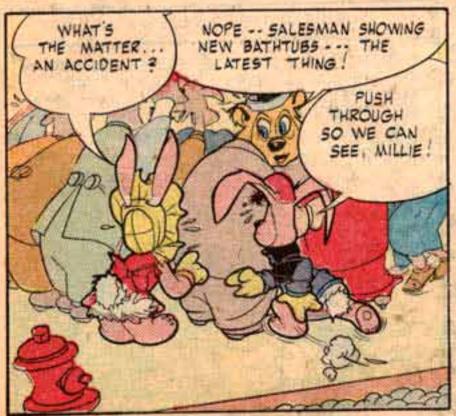














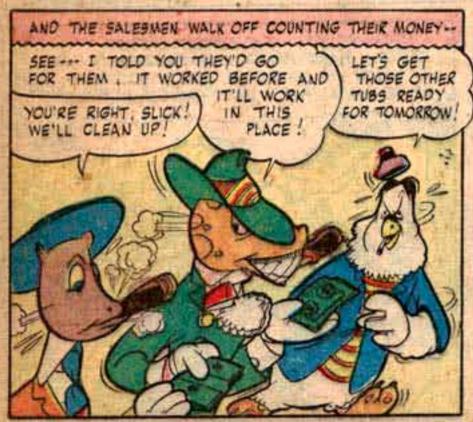


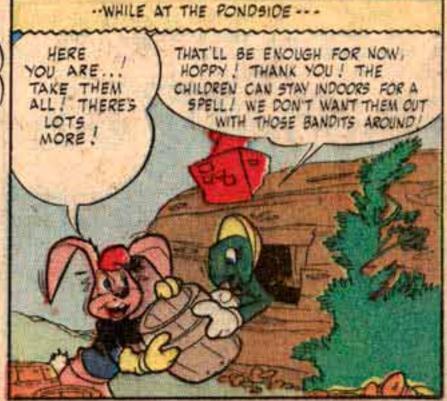


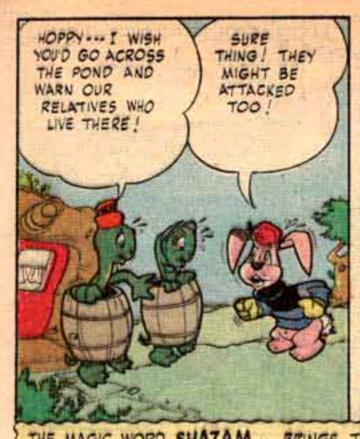










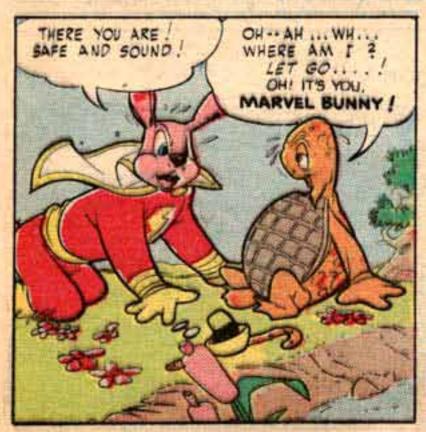


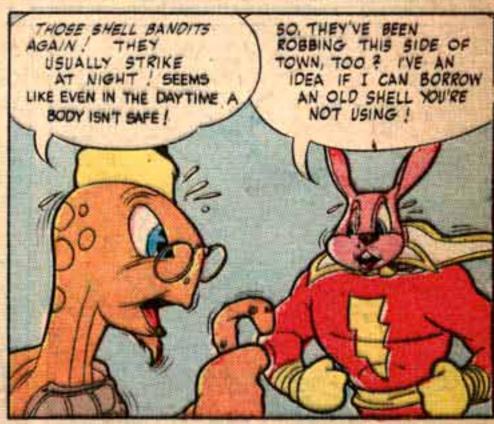












































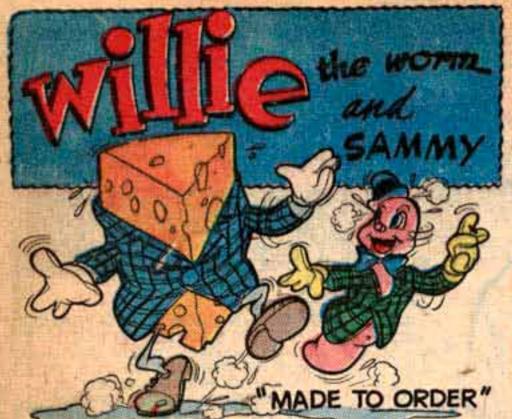










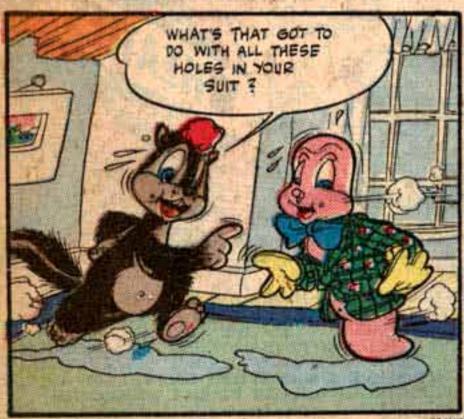


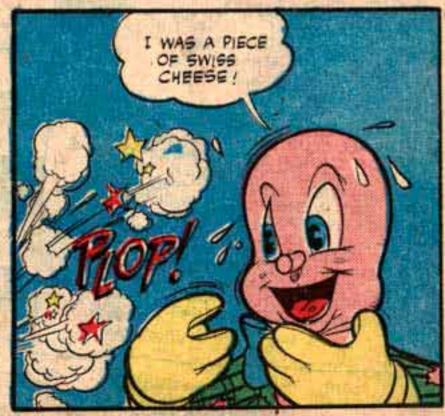




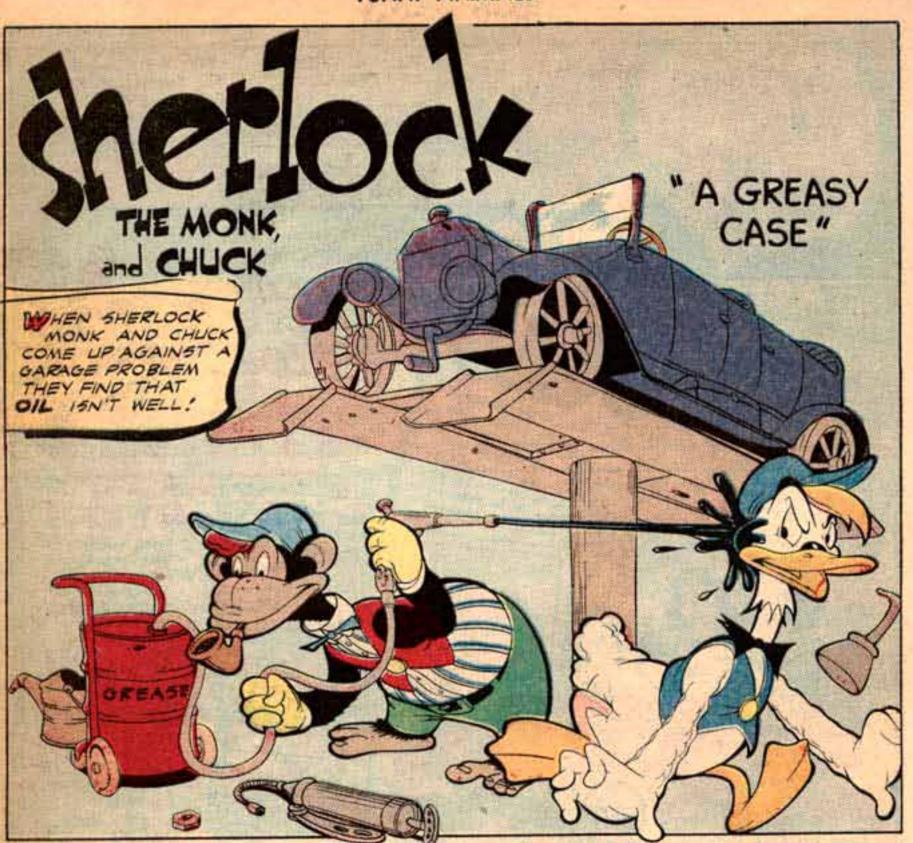






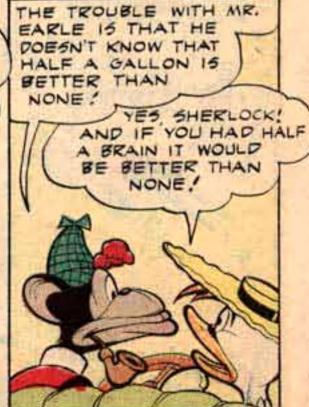








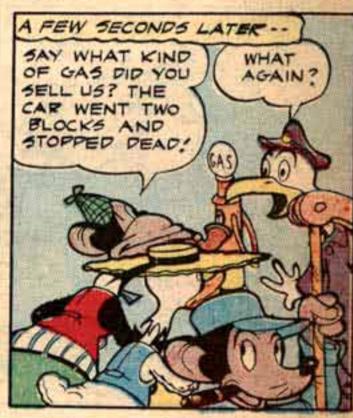
















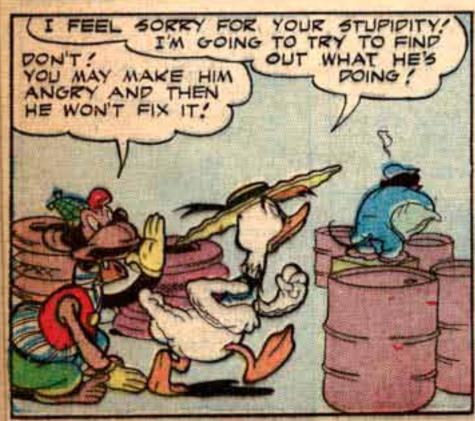


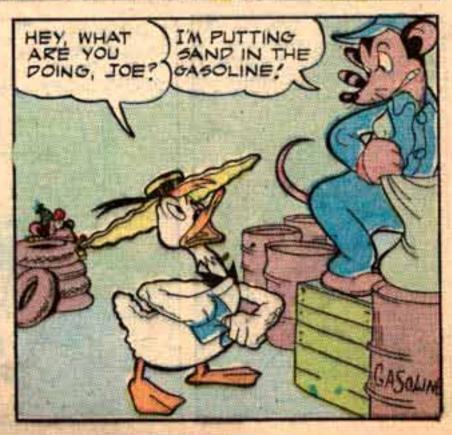




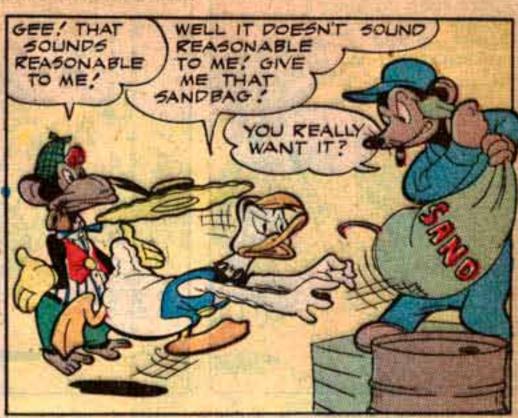


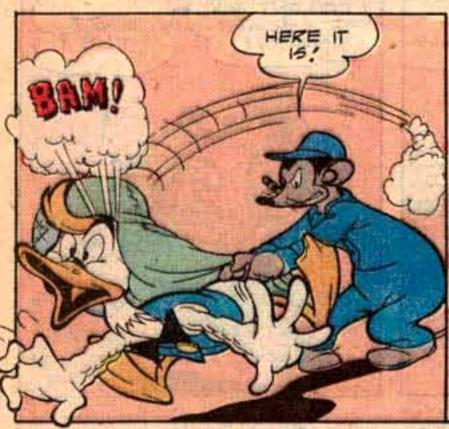
























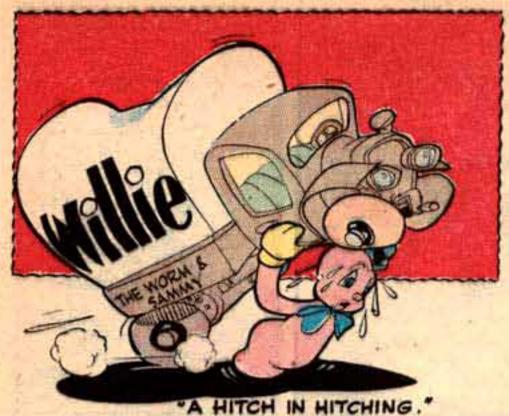










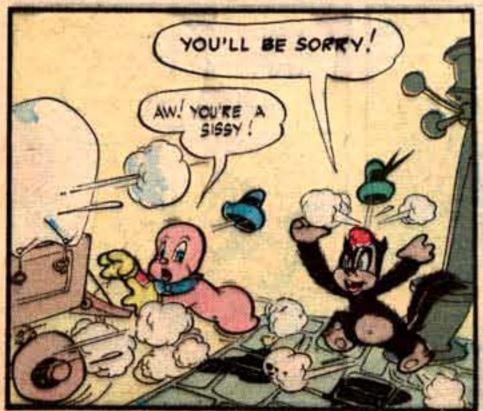












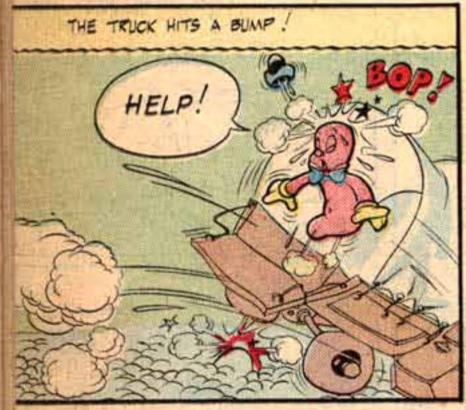


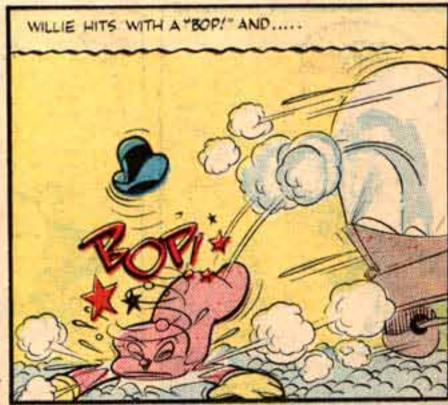
BEAWN ST CHAD











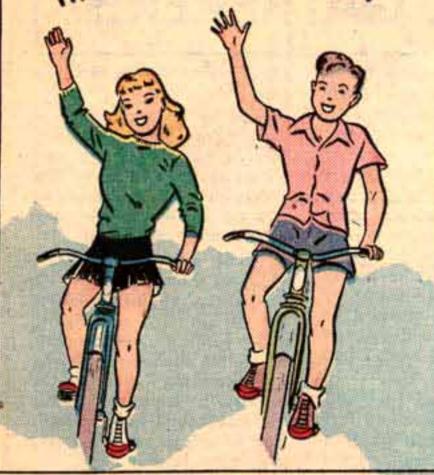






# Now for a Pair of those Smart, Sharp, Super BALL-BAND CANVAS SPORT SHOES!









-AND BALL-BAND SHOES ARE TOPS AT SUMMER PARTIES-SO COOL, SO COMFORTABLE, SO SMOOTH FITTING--



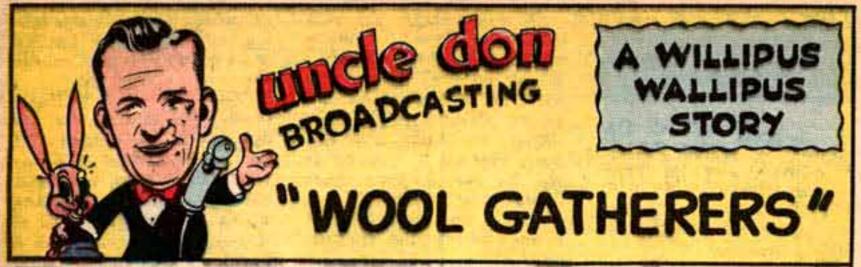
EVERY MOTHER LOVES THEM TOO-THEY WASH SO EASILY- SOLES WON'T MARK FLOORS, AND THEY HELP KEEP FEET HEALTHIER-

MARK Get them at the store that displays the RED - BALL trade mark.

BUTHATAKA, INGANA



UF YOU PREFER



HELLO, NIECES AND NEPHEWS EVERY-WHERE!

Our story on this visit is rather a peculiar one although it's something that might happen to nearly anyone if they should be unfortunate enough to become a wool-gatherer.

A wool-gatherer is a person who cannot seem to keep
his mind on what he's doing.
Instead of that they start
thinking about this and that
and the other; and the first
thing you know they get so
interested in what they're
thinking about that they forget where they are or what
they're doing. That's exactly
what happened to Willipus
Wallipus one time.

Willipus went to school as usual that morning, but he started wool-gathering almost as soon as he got there, even though he had been told many times that it was pretty bad to be a wool-gatherer while in school. The teacher had told the whole class to study their geography so they could answer the questions she was going to ask them in the next class period.

They were studying about the southern states where they grow cotton and all that. Well, Willipus was reading about the cotton, and there was a picture there showing how the cotton boll grows. The schoolroom windows were open and the warm spring air was wafting in, and Willipus looked out the window from his desk

and noticed the little fleecy white clouds that were floating around in the blue sky; and his wool-gathering started.

Willipus thought, "Gee, I bet those clouds look pretty much like cotton bolls." And they did as a matter of fact, only of course much bigger. "I'll bet it would be pretty nice if I just had wings or something like a big bird. It would be a grand day to go flying all right. I wish I had wings."

Then it seemed to Willipus as though he could feel a couple of lumps kind of growing on his shoulders. He put his hand on his shoulder to see what it was, and sure enough, there was something growing there, and growing pretty fast, too.

"Jiminy! It feels like wings sprouting. Yes, that's what it is," Willipus said to himself. For by this time both of his arms were sprouting out with nice strong feathers just like huge birds' wings.

It seemed to Willipus the other children in the class hadn't noticed that he was really growing wings, and neither had the teacher for that matter. And by this time, his wings were fully developed. Willipus kept them folded down at his sides so nobody would see them. "Maybe," he thought, "if I could just kind of move back to that back open window I might hop out without anyone seeing me and try

these wings out to see how they work."

And so he went over to the window, being very careful not to damage his new wings and not to make any noise. He looked around and still no one was paying any attention to him at all.

"That was pretty easy," Willipus thought. "Guess I'll just jump off the window sill out into the schoolyard, and try out my wings a little bit while nobody's paying any attention." So out the window he went, spread out his wings, and floated down just as nice as anything you ever want to see.

"My goodness, I really can fly. I wonder if it will work if I try to fly up."

He ran for a few steps across the schoolyard, stretched out his wings, and started flapping them up and down, and up and up and over the roof he went, flying around just like a big bird!

Well, there didn't seem to be any effort at all to flying; in fact, he sort of sailed along, just flapping his wings a little like the sea gulls do. Then the first thing you know he was right up in the air with the gulls. They seemed quite surprised to see him. One of the bigger gulls flew along side of him and said, "Glad to have you with us, Willipus. When did you get your wings anyway? You're the first one of the ground children we've ever seen who could get up here and fly with us."

"The wings just grew," said Willipus. "I guess because I wished them on. How did you know my name?"

"We birds know a lot of things. That's why they always say 'a little bird told me.' By the way, Willipus, what do you plan to do now that you're out of school and can fly around?"

"I don't know. It's such a beautiful day, so warm and sunny. I guess I'll just fly around, maybe visit a cloud or two. By the way, what's your name?"

"My name is Toshie," said the friendly sea gull; "and I'm the leader of this particular flock of sea gulls. We're on our way down to the seashore for lunch. Come on and fly down with us. It'll only take a few minutes, and I'll show you how we get our lunch."

Away they flew and in almost no time at all they were down at the shore.

"Guess we'll stop at that sand bar down there," Toshie said pointing to an especially large one. "That's one of the best eating places we have along this coast."

Then the sea gulls did a most peculiar thing. They started walking around on the hard sand, and every once in a while they'd poke their long bills down into the sand; and the first thing you know they'd pull out a big surf clam. The sea gulls would pick up the clam, fly quickly up in the air about a hundred feet then let go of the clam and it would fall down on the hard sand and crack the shell. Then they would swoop down real quickly to get there as soon as the shell cracked.

"Are those clams good?"
Willipus asked Toshie.

"Are they good? We sea gulls like them better than beefsteak and potatoes." "I don't think I'd care much for them," Willipus said, "but maybe I can help." So he scurried around the sand bar and soon he had gotten about half a dozen clams. Following the sea gulls example he flew up in the air and dropped them down on the hard beach; and the gulls all swooped down quickly to eat their sea gull tidbits.

Pretty soon Willipus felt the pangs of hunger so he said goodbye to the gulls and flew away. "I think I'll stop in the candy store for an ice cream soda and a little candy," he told himself. So he lighted in front of the candy store and folded his wings so that nobody would notice him much. He ordered an ice cream soda and a couple of bars of candy. "I haven't any money with me," Willipus said. "Do you suppose it will be all right if I pay you some other time?"

"Oh, you don't have to pay at all," the candy store man said. "You're the first boy I ever saw with wings like a bird. So that's all right. The treat's on me."

"Gee whiz, thanks very much," Willipus said. Out the door he went, ran a few steps, and started to fly again.

"Think I'll fly up there to the cloud," Willipus said, "just to see what it's like. I always did want to sit on a cloud." So up and up and up in the air he flew until he reached a very nice fluffy looking cloud. He sat on the edge of the cloud looking over the edge. Way, way down below he could see the schoolhouse, and before he knew it the cloud had drifted right over the school.

"I'd better be getting back to school now and see what they're all doing," Willipus said. So he jumped off the cloud to float back down to earth. But for some reason or other he couldn't make the wings work. He was falling faster and faster, but try as he would he couldn't make the wings spread out.

"Oh, Oh, Oh," Willipus cried, "I'm falling! I'm going to hit the ground! I'll probably be killed or something!" It seemed as though the ground was just tushing up to meet him when all of a sudden he landed with a terrific bump and he woke up. There he was in school. and the children were all laughing and the teacher was saying in a very stern voice. "Willipus Wallipus, wake up and tend to your studies; and as he looked around he found he'd fallen right out of his seat and there he was sprawled out on the floor. How silly Willipus felt!

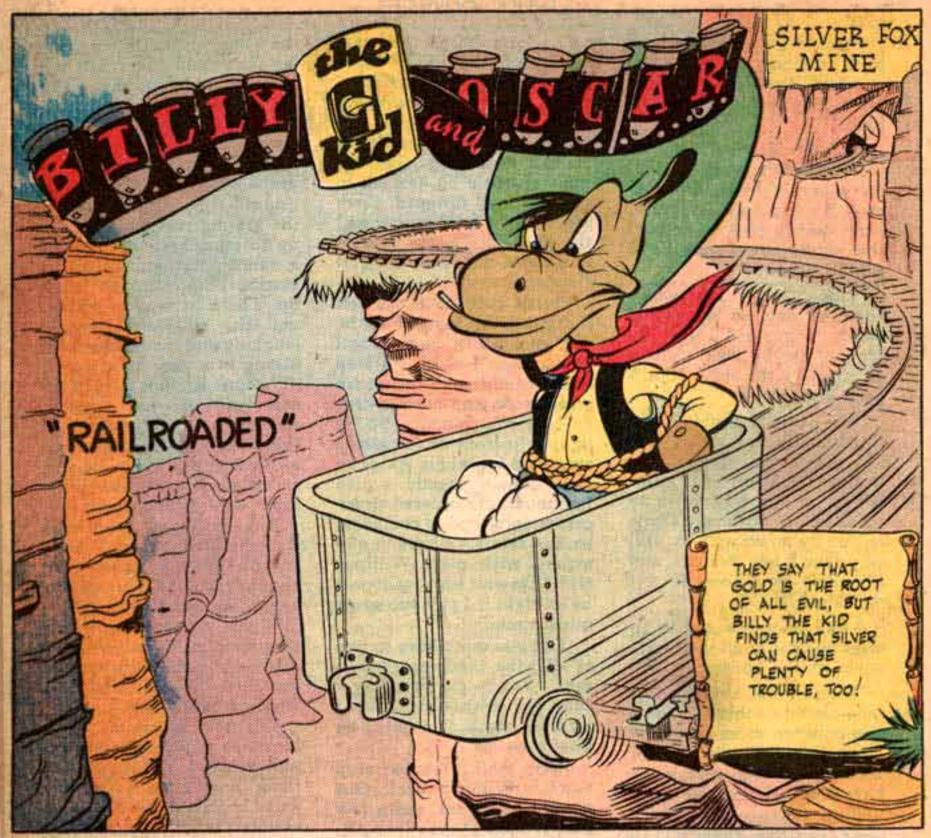
The upshot of it all was that he had to stay after school because when the teacher asked questions about the geography lesson Willipus couldn't answer a single one of them. Willipus made up his mind right there and then that he'd never go wool-gathering again.

The teacher didn't make him take a note home to his mother and daddy to tell them how terrible he had acted in school; but the other children teased him so much that he really was punished a lot for it. So much so in fact that he told his mother and daddy about it anyway. Yes sir, he was cured of being a wool-gatherer. I hope none of you boys and girls will never be one because it's very, very embarrassing. Don't you think so?

#### RHYME

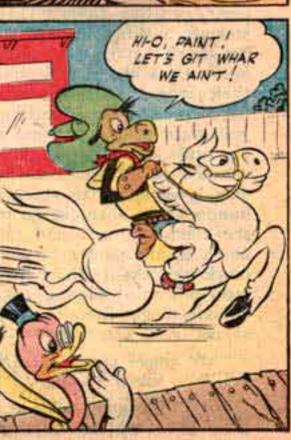
Though wool-gatherers fly to lofty places, They wind up with blushes on their faces.







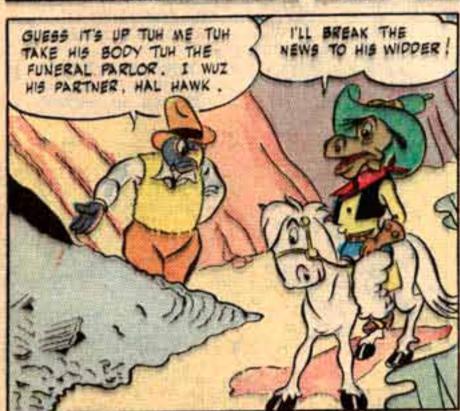


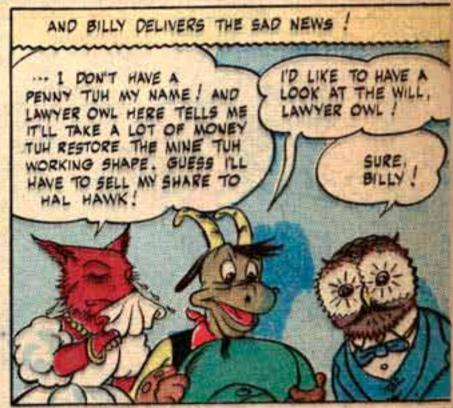




















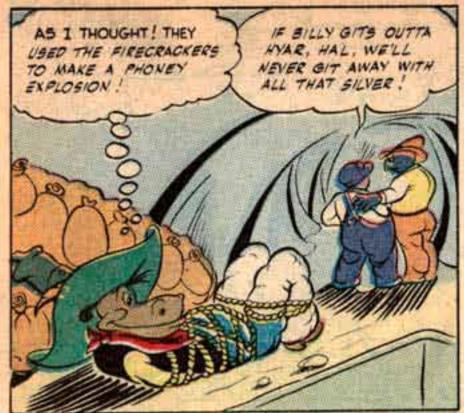














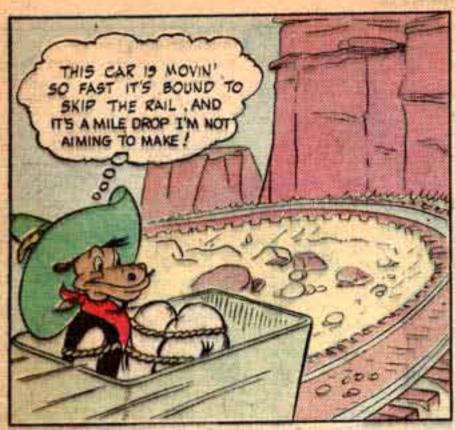


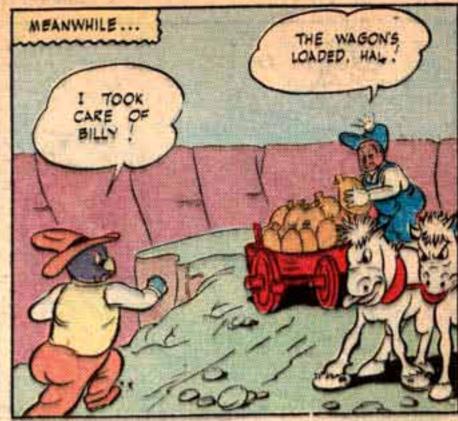


















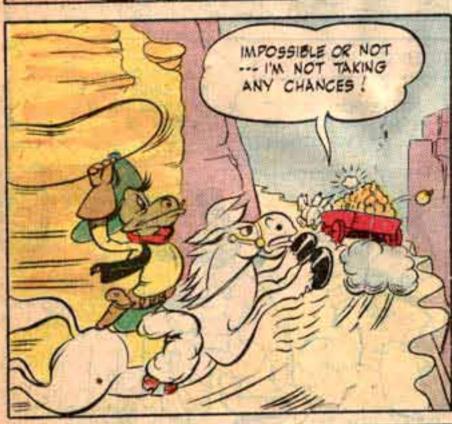








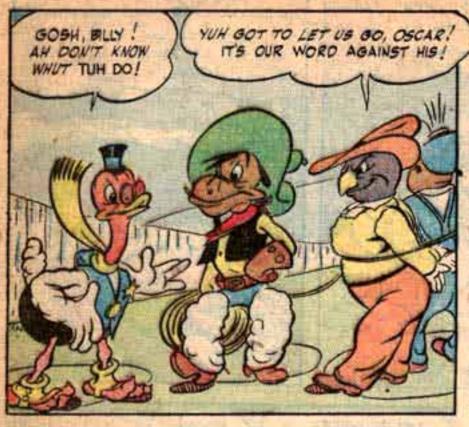
























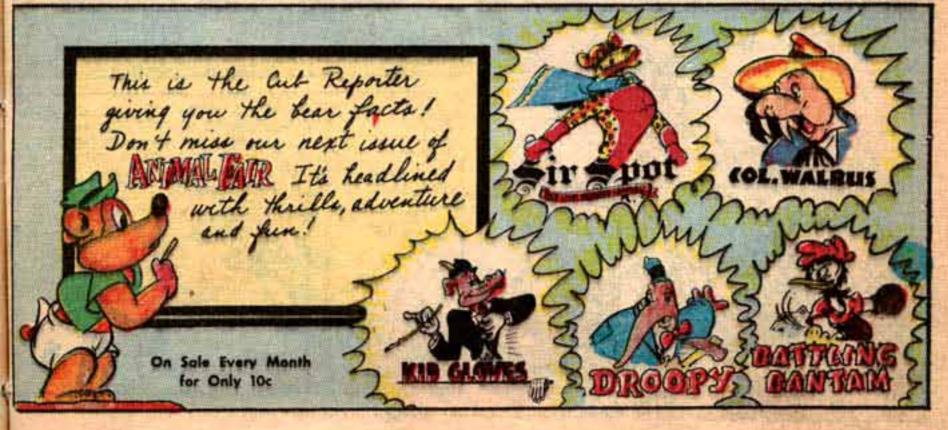


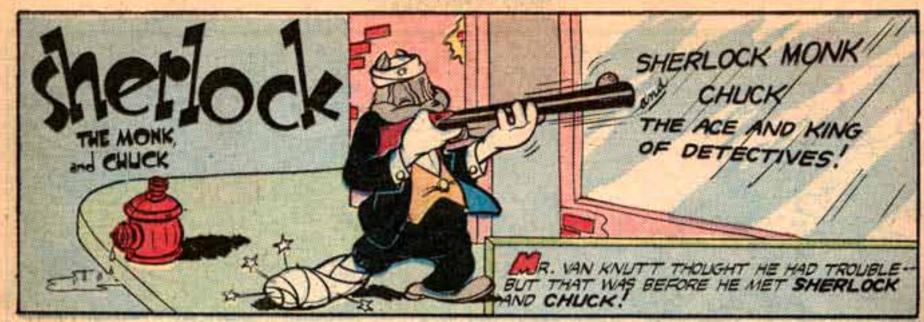
















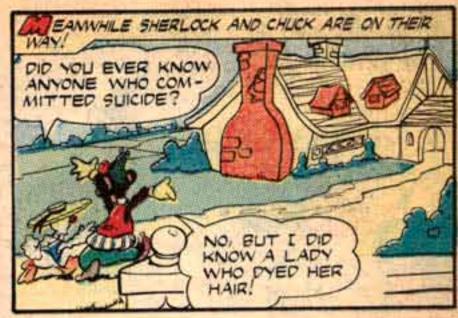








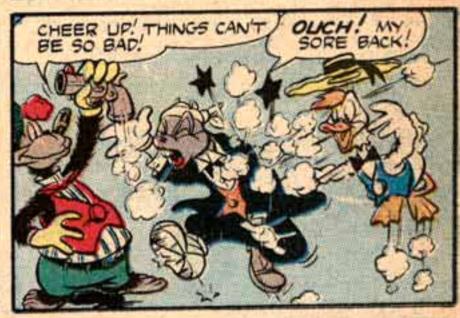


































Imagine!

COLD WAVE PERMANENT

in 2 to 3 hours

# It's Easy as Combing Your Hair!

- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
  - "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- · Ideal too, for children's hair
  - Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months

    and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Girls, you can know the joy of natural looking curls and waves by tonight. Think of it, ——with the New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving Cold Waves costing up to \$15.00 or more. A famous beauty editor says: "Some of the loveliest Cold Wave permanents are not done in beauty shops, because more and more glamour-gifted girls are doing their own permanents at home."

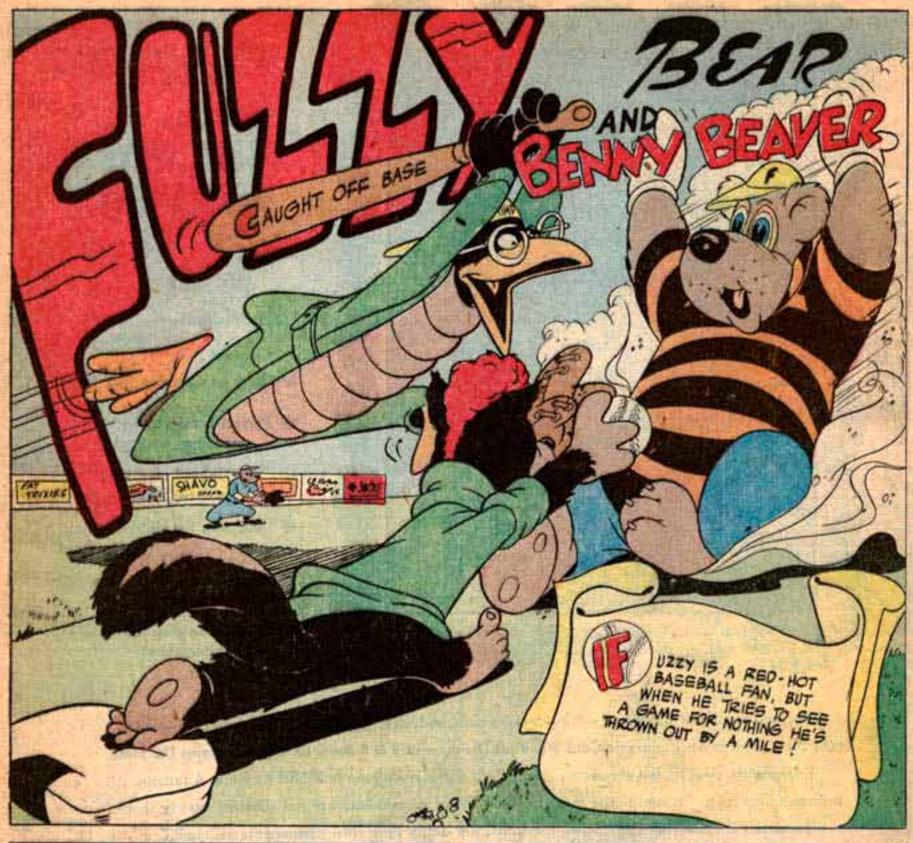


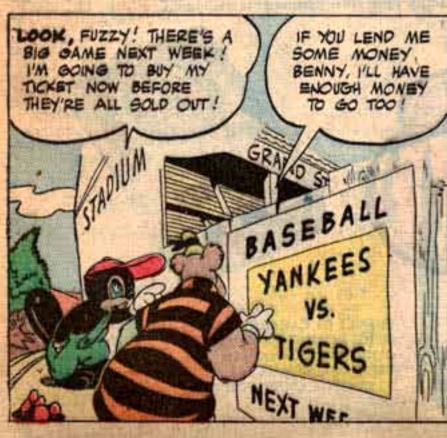
The new Charm Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and 5c and 10c Stores.



PRICE IN CANADA \$1.35 AT DRUG, COSMETIC AND VARIETY COUNTERS. CANADIAN ADDRESS FRASER HAIR FASHIONIS, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Each kit contains averything needed to give yourself a gorgeous COLD WAVE.



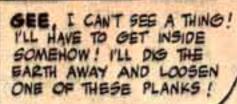






I KNEW I'D SEE THE GAME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK THROUGH THIS KNOT HOLE!









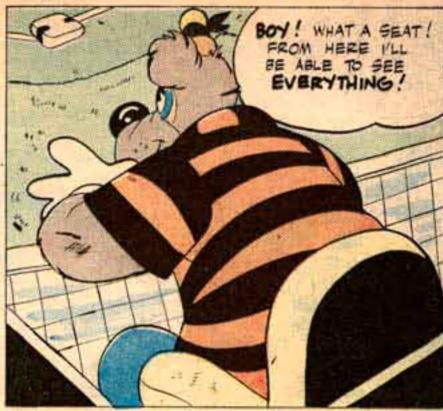








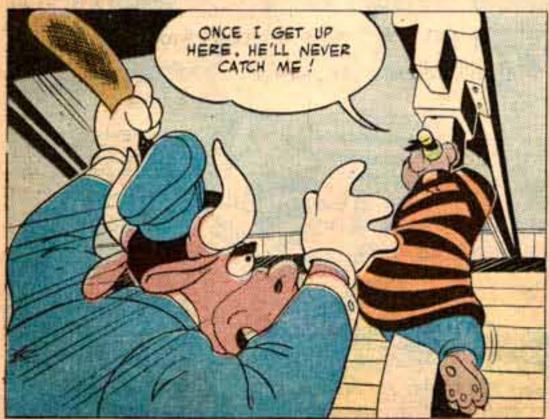






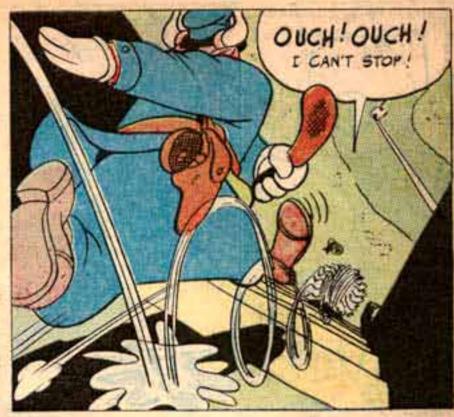










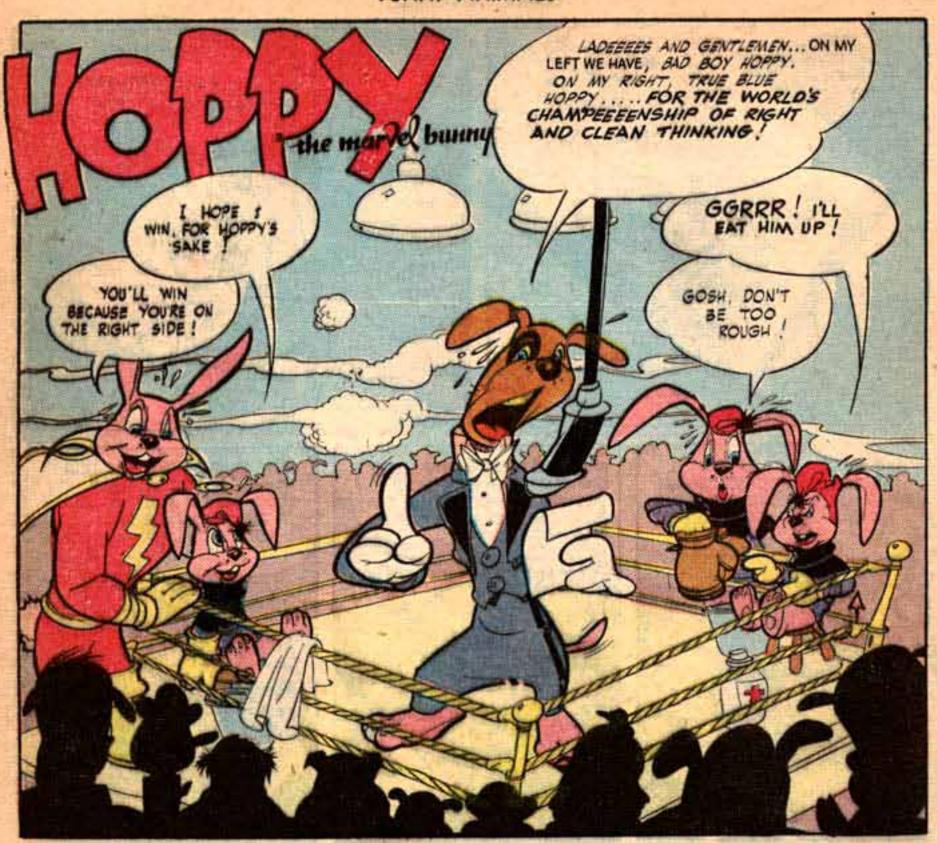


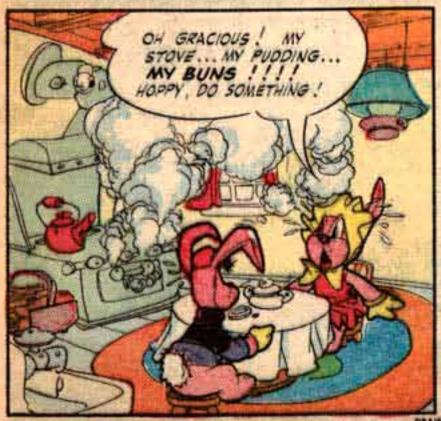


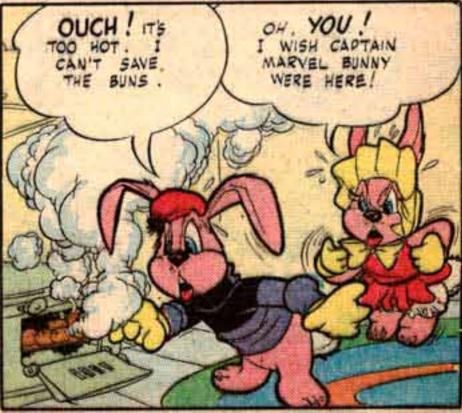




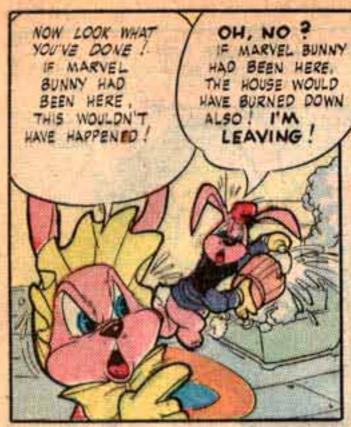






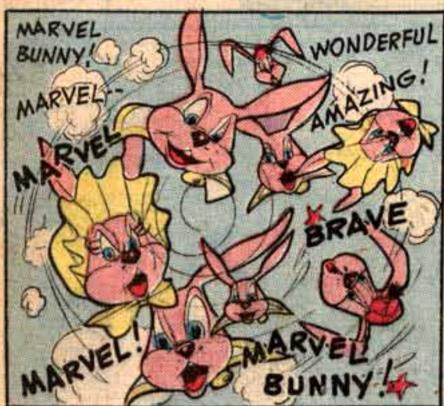


DRAWN ST CHAD

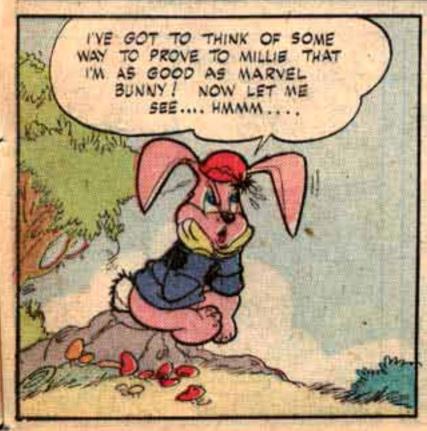


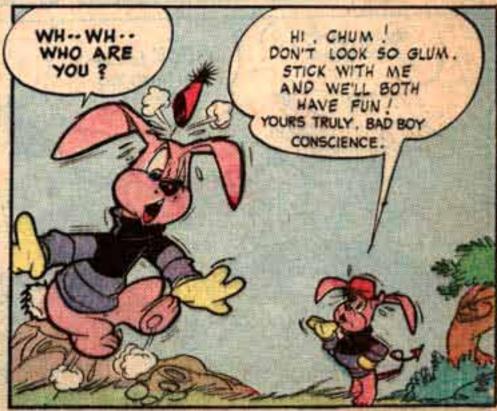


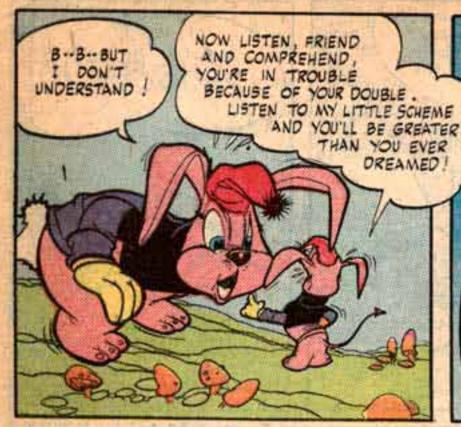


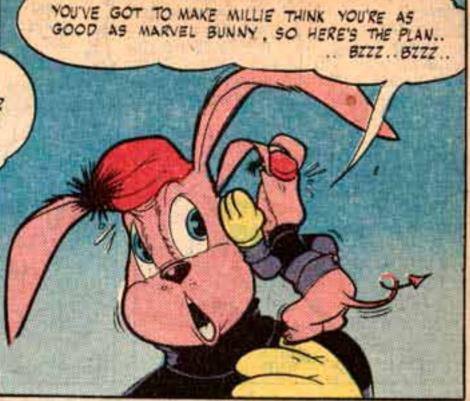






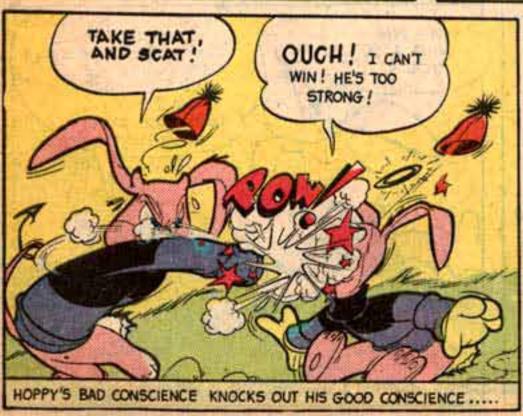






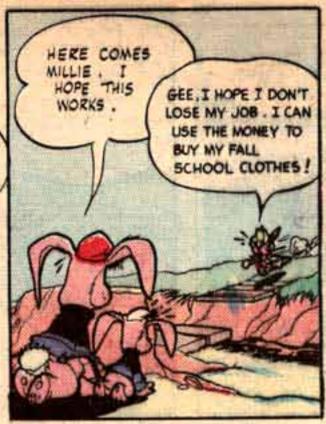








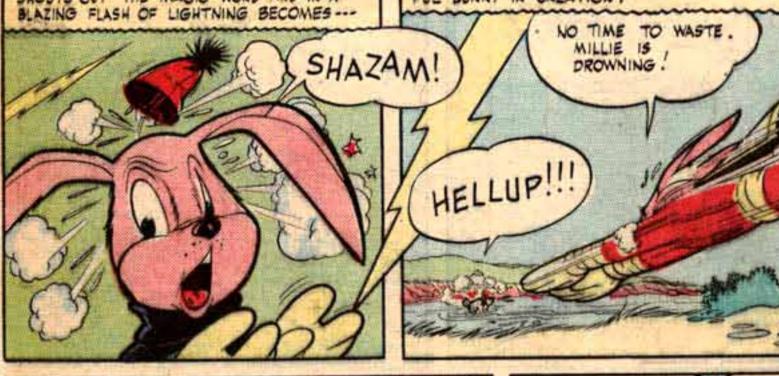






AS MILLIE'S SCREAMS PIERCE THE AIR. HOPPY SHOUTS OUT THE MAGIC WORD AND IN A BLAZING FLASH OF LIGHTNING BECOMES ---

... CAPT. MARNEL BUNNY, THE MOST DAZZLING, MOST POWER-FUL BUNNY IN CREATION .





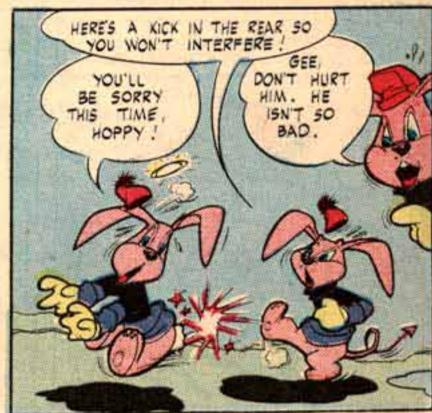




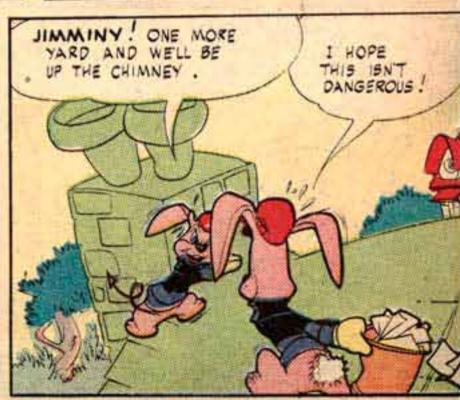


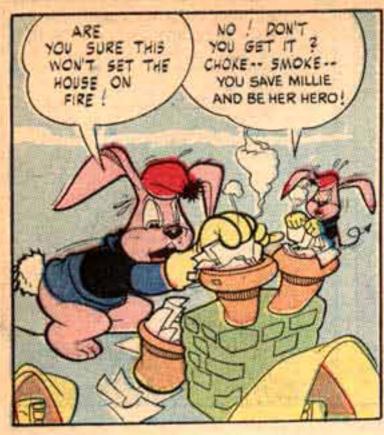








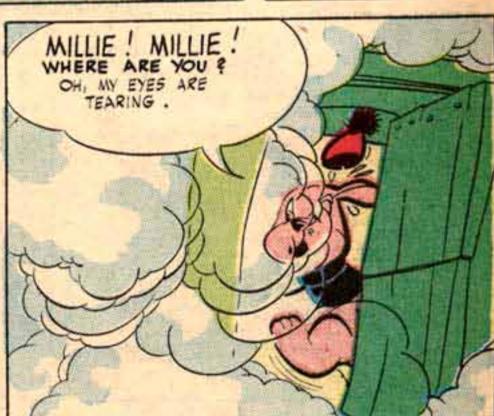
























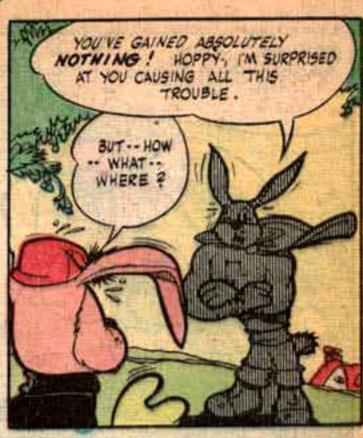


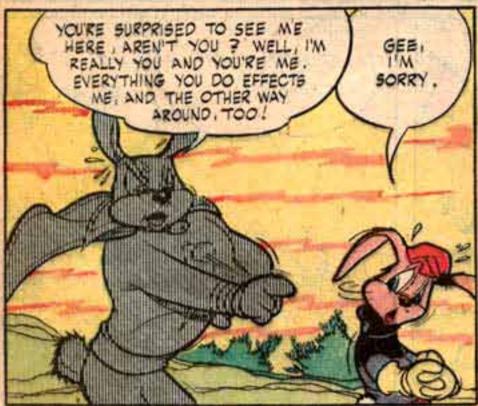






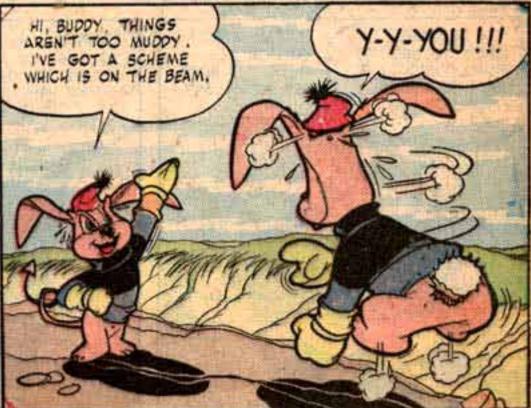


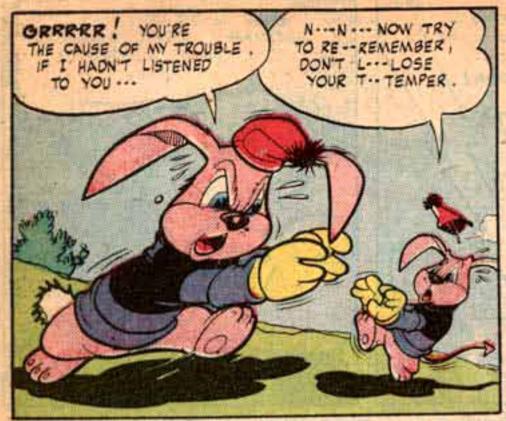




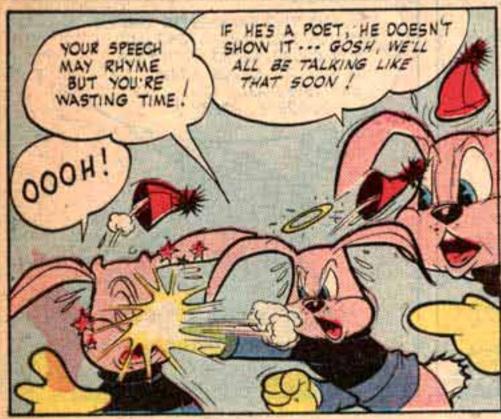




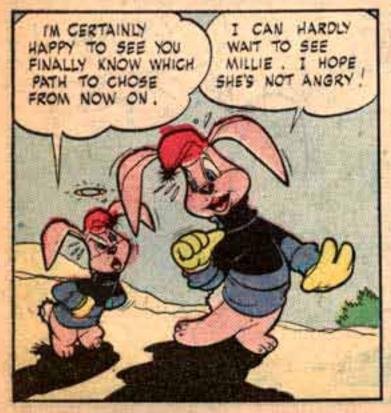


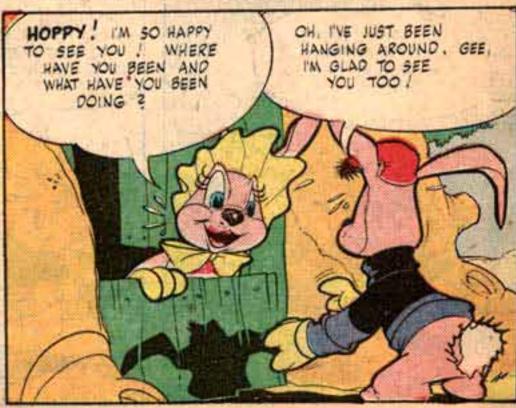














## Snap! Crackle! and Pop

And the Mountain Climbers!

Plenty of excitement in this latest adventure of Snap! Crackle! and Pop!—the merry little elves you hear every time you eat delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies!













HOLLOGGS THE GREATE

THE GREATEST NAME IN CEREALS

Battle Creek and Omaha



## The Insult "CHUMP" Into CHAM



HEY, SUGAR, WHY SEE HERE, YOU BETTER HUMAN SKELETON SHUT UP AND GET A OR I'LL ... REAL MANL

YOU'LL WHAT - OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING YOU POOR CHUMP TO GROW UP AND





GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS







### I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—abso-kier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with redblooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret!
That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 min-utes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MAN-HOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

tire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they saysee how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—PREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photosof men I've turned from puny weak-lings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 82 G 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



### CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 82G 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dy-namic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

.....

Name	Please	print	or	write	plainly)	,
------	--------	-------	----	-------	----------	---

Address.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

# MERILEE DEDDELS HELPS BETTY MAKE















It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles-famous for speed, safety, easy-riding. It's yours free-but supply is limited. To get your copy-mail coupon right now.

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1715-A N. Kildere Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1715-A N.Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois