

GOLD



ZORRO

12c

WALT DISNEY PRESENTS

10169-706

JUNE

ZORRO

Zorro has
to fight
a duel
in the role
of the
cowardly
Don Diego!



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PRODUCTIONS



WALT DISNEY'S *ZORRO*

A STROKE OF LUCK



The King's gold is stolen, and Don Diego is challenged to a duel when he throws suspicion on one of his wealthy neighbors.



Zorro tries to uncover evidence to prevent the duel, but what he finds makes him decide that Diego should fight this battle.

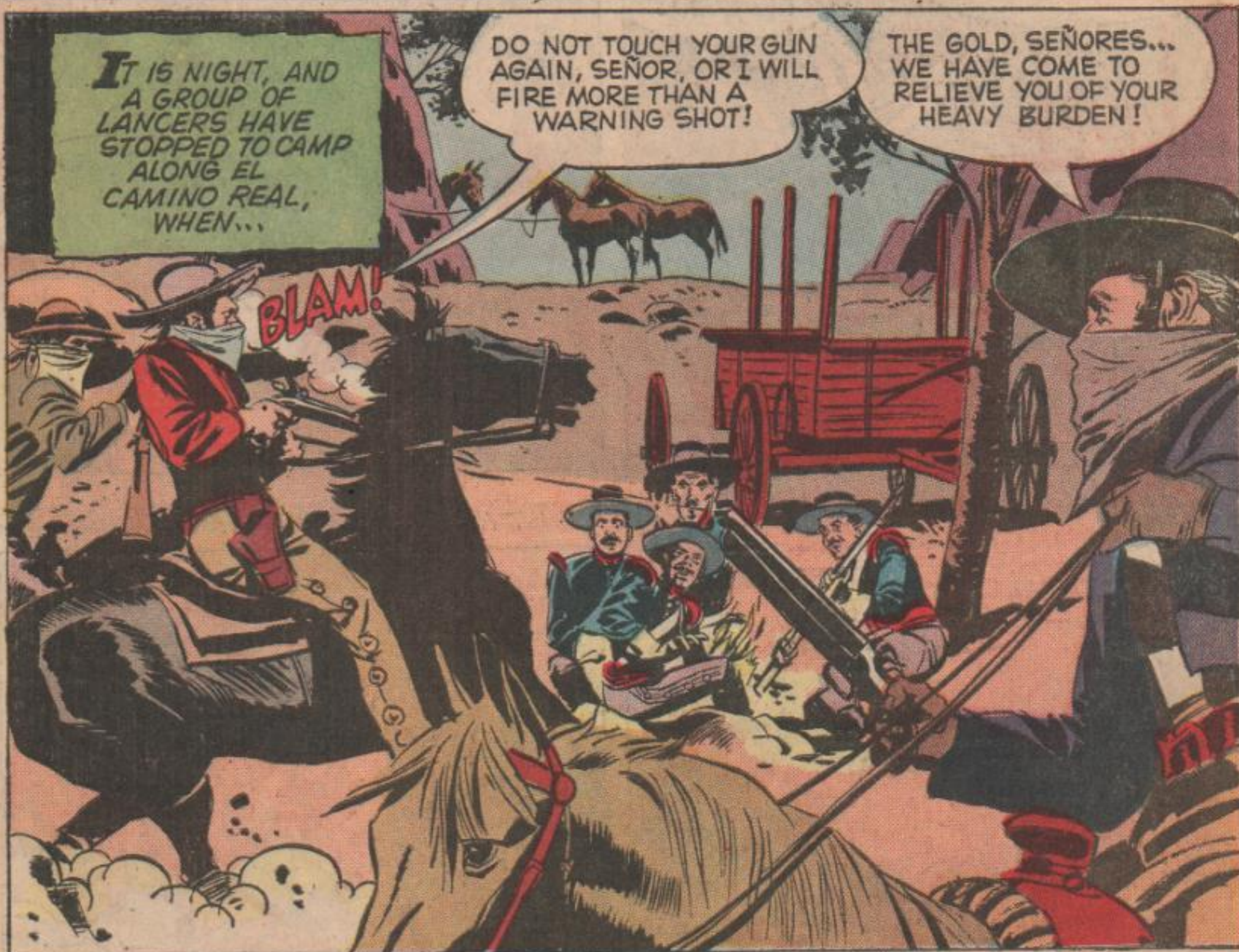
THE HUNTED



Bernardo alerts Don Diego that killer dogs have been turned loose on Zorro's trail...a trail leading to the De la Vega hacienda.



Fearing the exposure of his identity, Zorro leads the pack on a wild chase and almost loses his life trying to escape capture.





THE LANCERS RIDE HARD THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT AND AT DAWN,
REACH THE CUARTEL IN LOS ANGELES...



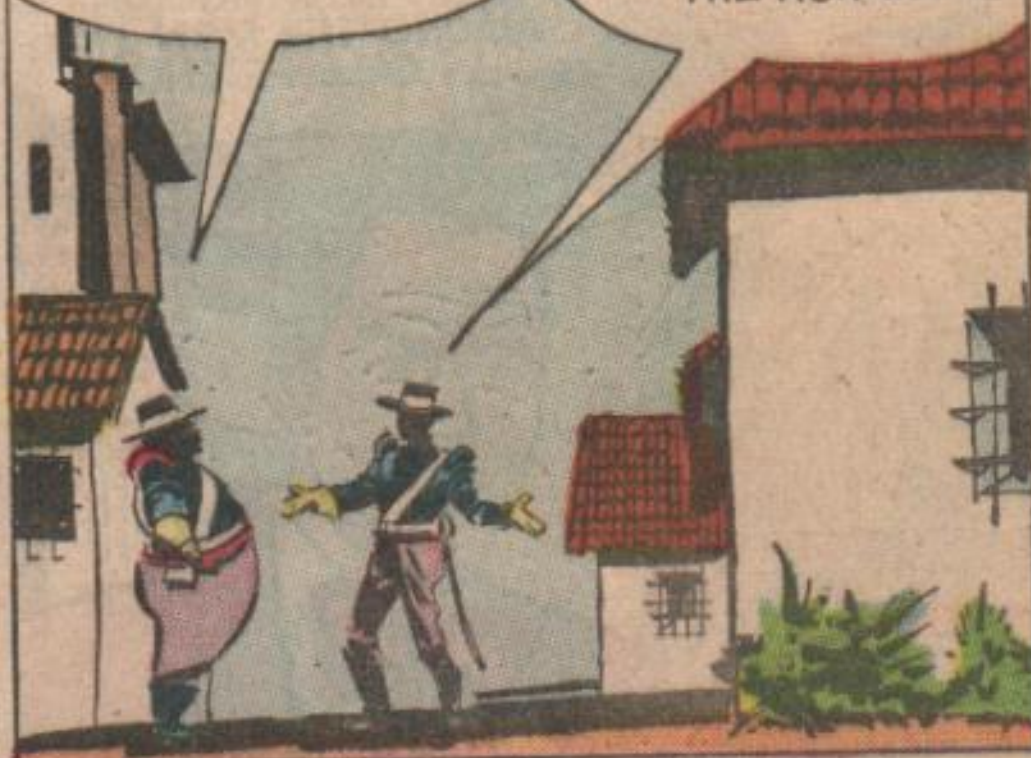
WHAT??? THIS
CANNOT BE!

BUT IT IS! THE
BANDIDOS TOOK
EVERY LAST
OUNCE!



AIEEE! I SUPPOSE
IT WAS THAT DEVIL
ZORRO WHO STOLE
THE GOLD!

OH, NO, SERGEANT!
ZORRO WOULD NOT
STEAL GOLD
DESTINED FOR
THE HOMELESS!



I MUST TELL DON
DIEGO DE LA VEGA
OF THIS TRAGEDY!
IT WAS HE WHO
ARRANGED FOR
THE SHIPMENT!

SI! HE HAS
WORKED HARD
FOR THE HOME-
LESS! HE WILL BE
BROKENHEARTED!



AND THE PITY OF IT IS HE IS SUCH A
WEAKLING HE CAN DO NOTHING TO
HELP RECOVER THE GOLD!

SI!



SOON, AT DON DIEGO'S HACIENDA...

IT IS EARLY TO BE CALLING, GARCIA... WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE ON THIS FINE MORNING?

I AM AFRAID I BRING BAD NEWS, DON DIEGO...

THE GOLD SHIPMENT YOU ARRANGED FOR FROM THE KING'S TREASURY HAS BEEN STOLEN!

OH, NO! WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

MY MEN DO NOT KNOW! THE BANDIDOS WERE ALL MASKED!

THERE WERE JUST A FEW OF US WHO KNEW OF THE DATE OF SHIPMENT! THERE MUST BE A TRAITOR AMONG THE MEN WE CALL FRIENDS!

¡SÍ! BUT THE TRAITOR NOW HAS THE GOLD!

AND YOU MUST TRY TO GET IT BACK, SERGEANT! IT IS VERY IMPORTANT! MEANWHILE, I WILL CALL A MEETING OF THE MEN WHO HELPED ME PETITION THE KING FOR THE FUNDS... AMONG THEM WILL BE THE TRAITOR!

¡SÍ, BUT WHAT WILL YOU DO IF YOU FIND THE CULPRIT?

I... UH... WILL SUMMON YOU AND YOUR MEN... YOU CAN MAKE AN ARREST!

THAT IS WISE, MY FRIEND! DO NOT ATTEMPT ANY ACTION ON YOUR OWN! DANGER IS MY BUSINESS, NOT YOURS!

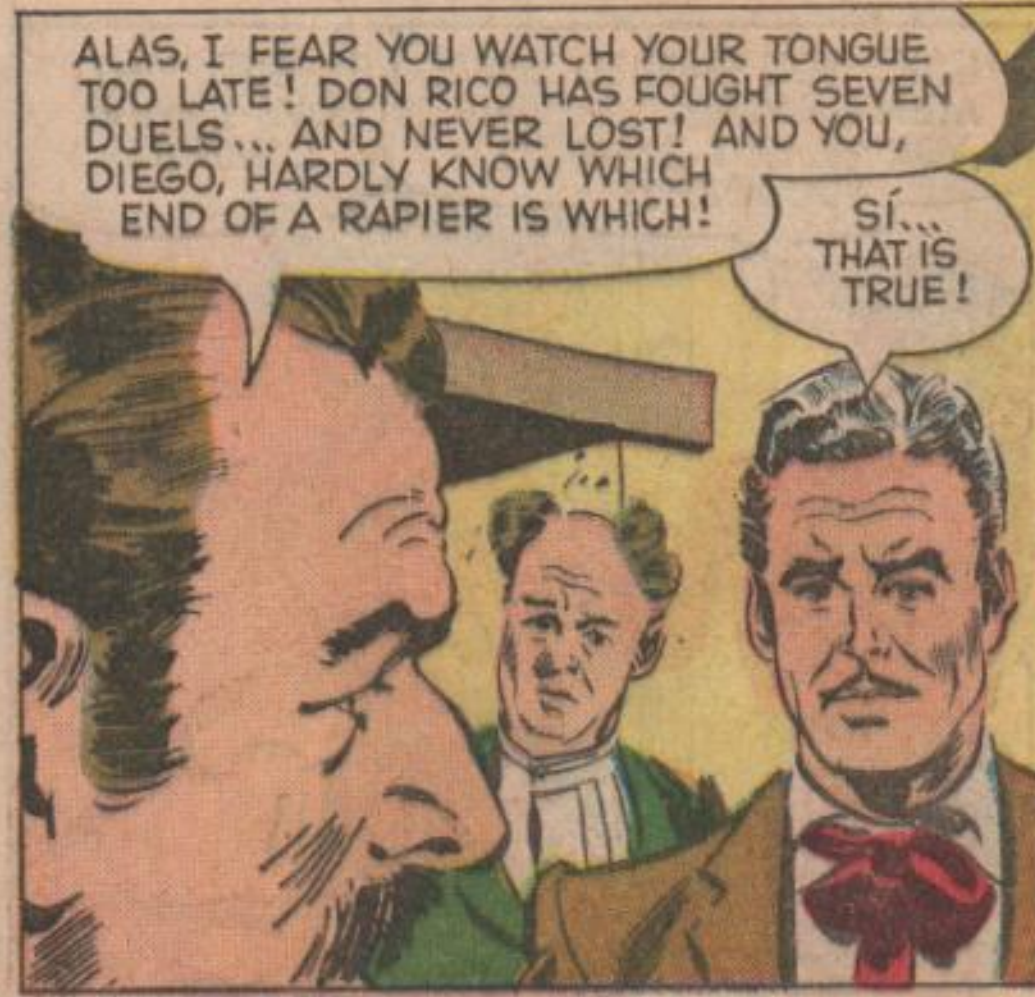
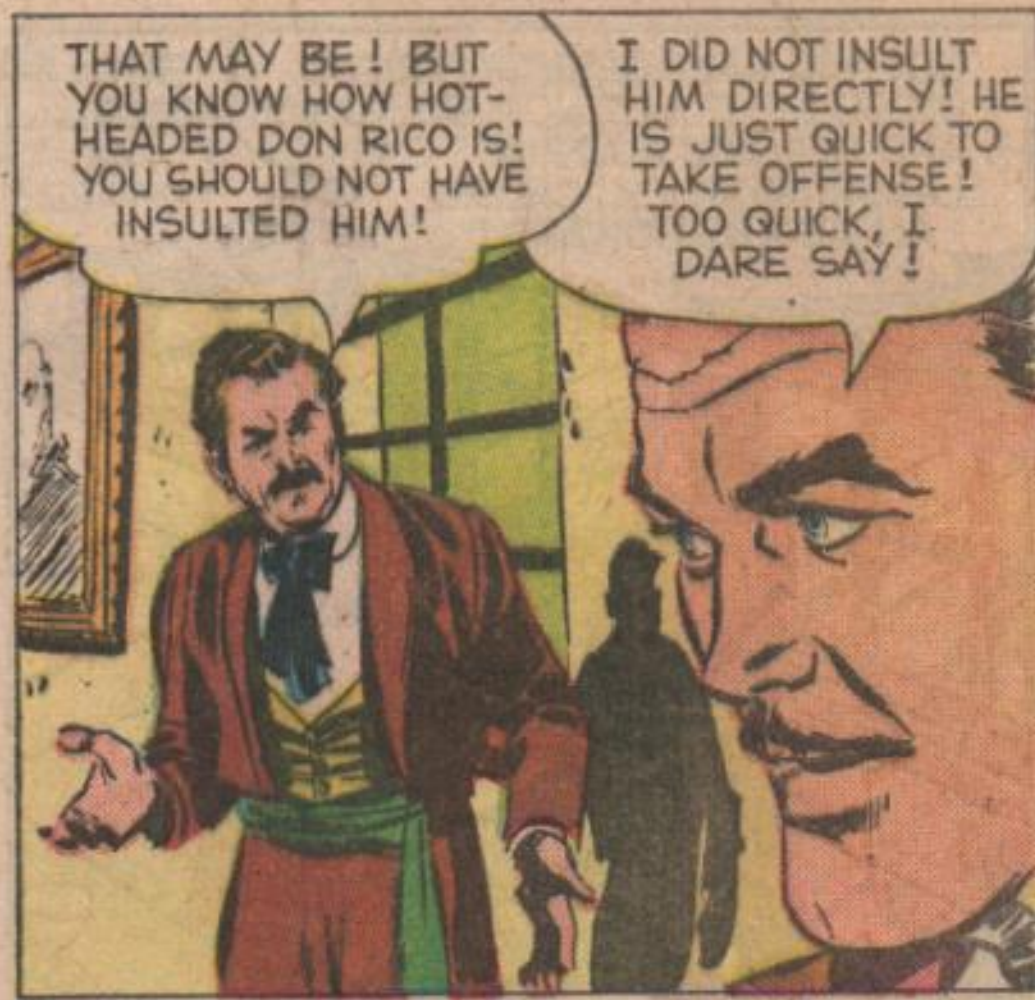
YES, I KNOW! I PROMISE YOU, DON DIEGO WILL NOT TAKE ANY ACTION!



THAT AFTERNOON, IN DON DIEGO'S STUDY, A GROUP OF PROMINENT LANDOWNERS HEARS THE NEWS OF THE STOLEN GOLD. ALL OF THEM SEEM HONESTLY ASTONISHED AND CRESTFALLEN...



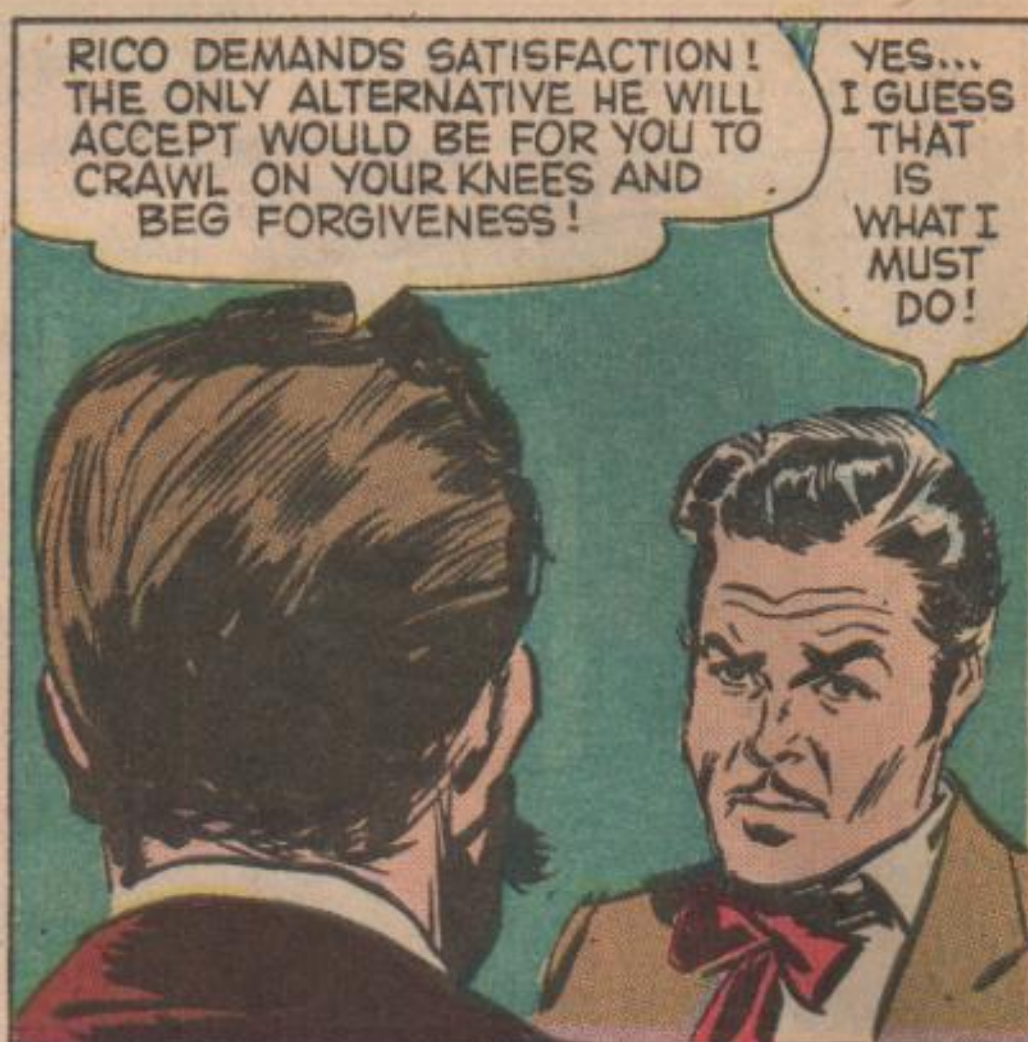






WHAT IS MY MASTER TO DO?

UH... DON MIGUEL... DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE IS SOME WAY THE DUEL CAN BE CALLED OFF?



RICO DEMANDS SATISFACTION! THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE HE WILL ACCEPT WOULD BE FOR YOU TO CRAWL ON YOUR KNEES AND BEG FORGIVENESS!

YES... I GUESS THAT IS WHAT I MUST DO!



NO! YOU HAVE BEEN MY FRIEND, DIEGO! I COULD NOT STAND BY AND SEE YOU MADE A LAUGHINGSTOCK, CALLED AN ABJECT COWARD!

BUT, MIGUEL... I... AM A COWARD!



OH, I KNOW THAT... BUT YOU MUST FACE THIS CHALLENGE! YOU MUST DEFEND YOUR HONOR, OR DIE LIKE A MAN!

I HAVE NO DESIRE TO DIE... IN *ANY* MANNER! ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS GET THE STOLEN GOLD BACK!



BAH! YOU SHOULD LEAVE MEN'S WORK TO MEN! YOU'RE NOT **ZORRO**, YOU KNOW!

SÍ, BUT RIGHT NOW, I WISH I WERE!



WELL, BERNARDO, WE CERTAINLY SAW HOW THEY WOULD REACT, DIDN'T WE? YES... I KNOW IT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING, BUT AT LEAST IT MIGHT GIVE US A START!

BERNARDO IS CONCERNED ABOUT THE IMPENDING DUEL...AND SAYS SO IN SIGN LANGUAGE...



AH, YES... THE DUEL WITH DON RICO! THAT IS A PROBLEM, BERNARDO... ONE THAT MUST BE DEALT WITH VERY CAUTIOUSLY!

BUT I THINK MAYBE OUR FRIEND, SEÑOR ZORRO, WILL THINK OF SOMETHING TO HELP! I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, OR HEAVEN HELP DON DIEGO!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE SECRET ROOM...



AH, THERE HE IS NOW! AREN'T WE LUCKY WE FOUND HIM IN, BERNARDO?

THAT MASTER... ALWAYS TEASING!

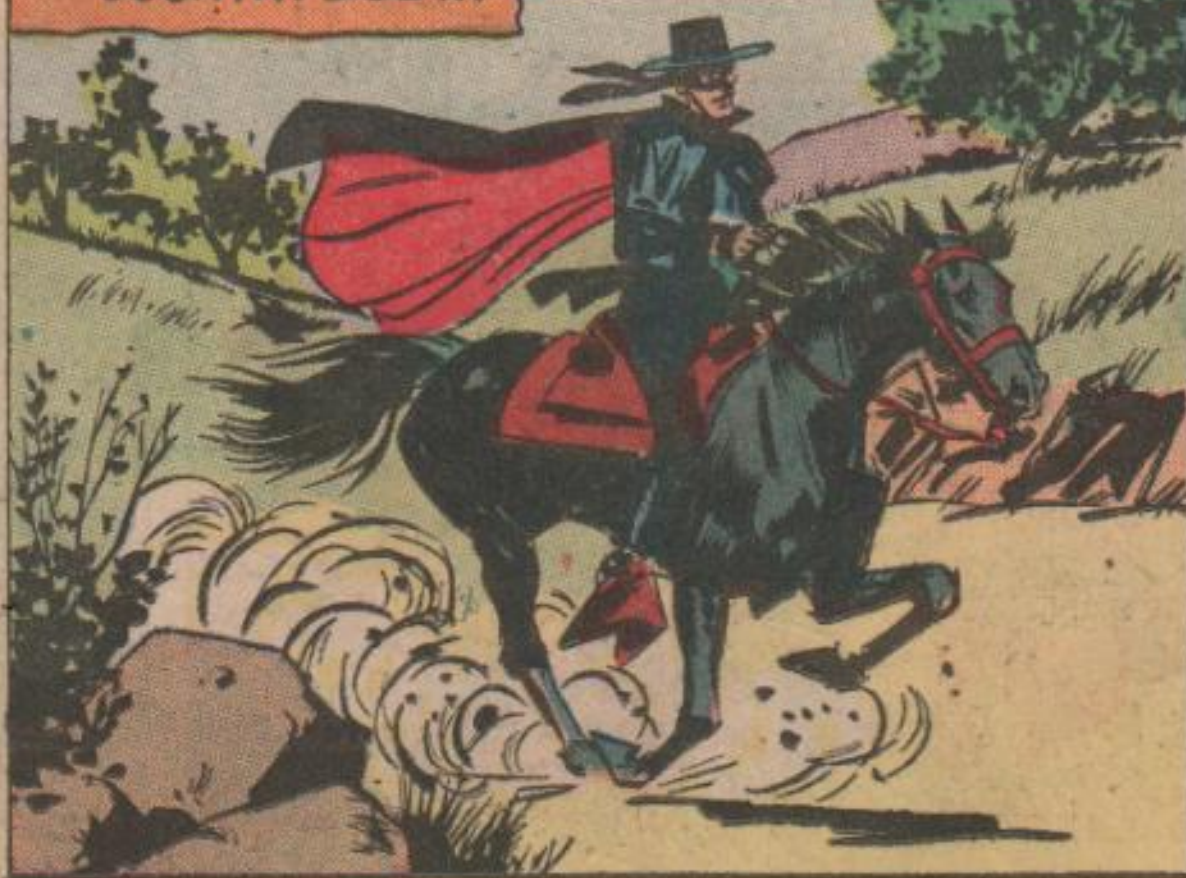
AS SOON AS HE IS COMPLETELY WITH US, MAYBE HE WILL HAVE A FEW IDEAS AS TO HOW TO HANDLE DON RICO SALDENA!



SADDLE TORNADO, MY FAITHFUL FRIEND... I BELIEVE I WILL PAY AN UNANNOUNCED VISIT ON DON RICO, WHOSE SENSE OF HONOR MAKES HIM SQUEAL LIKE A PIG!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ALMOST LEGENDARY ZORRO IS RACING ACROSS THE CALIFORNIA COUNTRYSIDE...



BUT, AS THE FATES WOULD HAVE IT, HE IS SPOTTED BY GARCIA AND THE LANCERS WHO ARE OUT SEARCHING FOR THE BAND OF OUTLAWS WHO STOLE THE GOLD...

A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE, AMIGOS! WE SEARCH FOR GOLD AND FIND ZORRO!



AFTER HIM!



ZORRO URGES TORNADO ON AND THE MAGNIFICENT BLACK STALLION RESPONDS...

FASTER, TORNADO! IT SEEMS SERGEANT GARCIA AND HIS LANCERS HAVE GIVEN UP THE SEARCH FOR GOLD TO PURSUE WHAT THEY BELIEVE TO BE A RICHER PRIZE!



UNFORTUNATELY, I DO NOT HAVE THE TIME TODAY TO PLAY GAMES WITH THE PORTLY ONE!

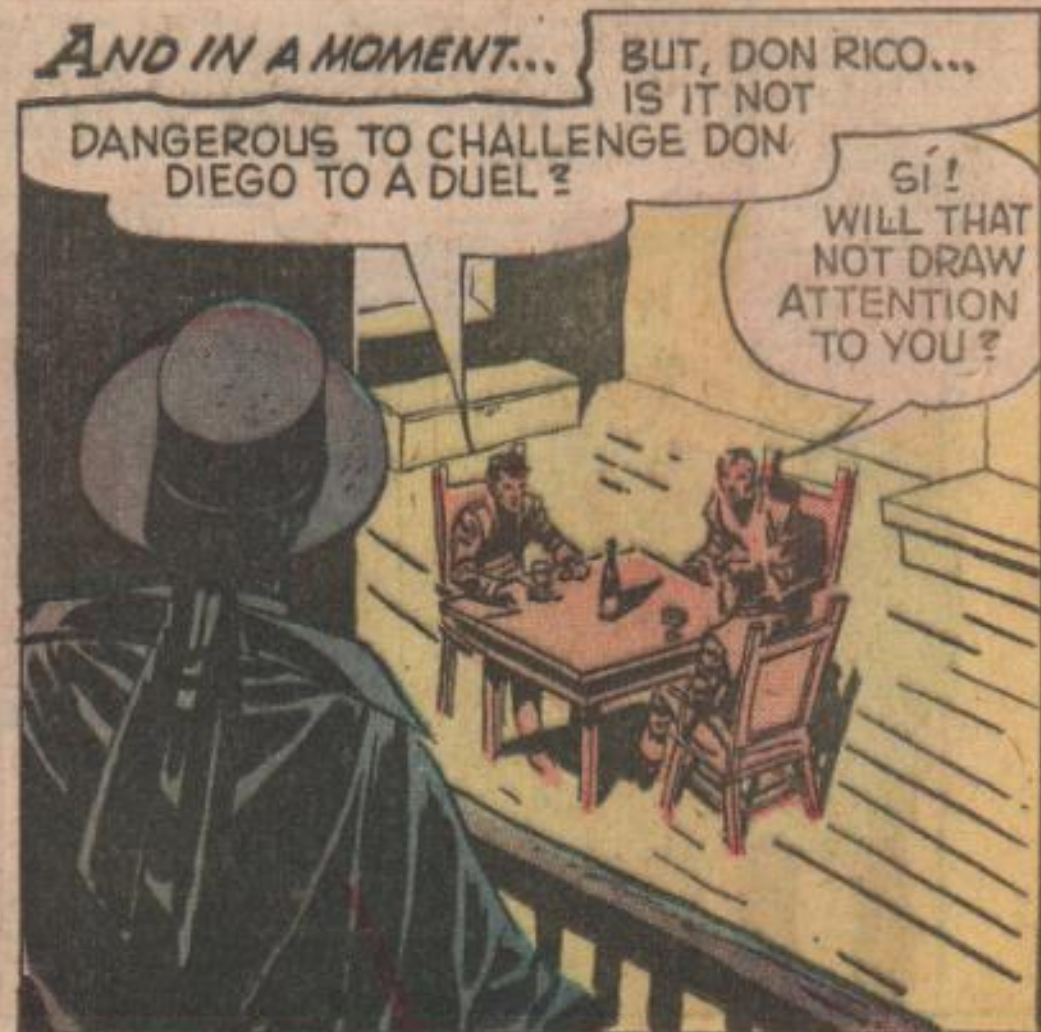
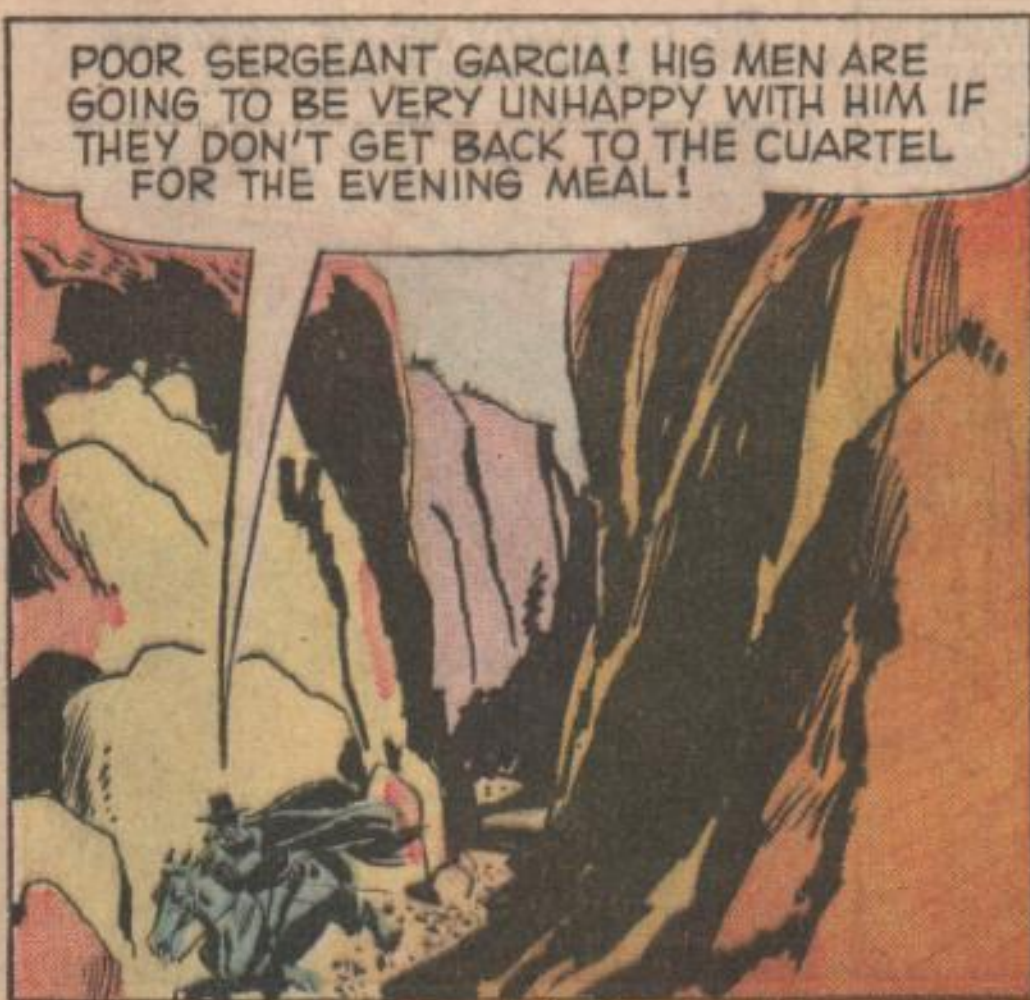
BLAM!



I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE THEM THE SLIP!

ZING!





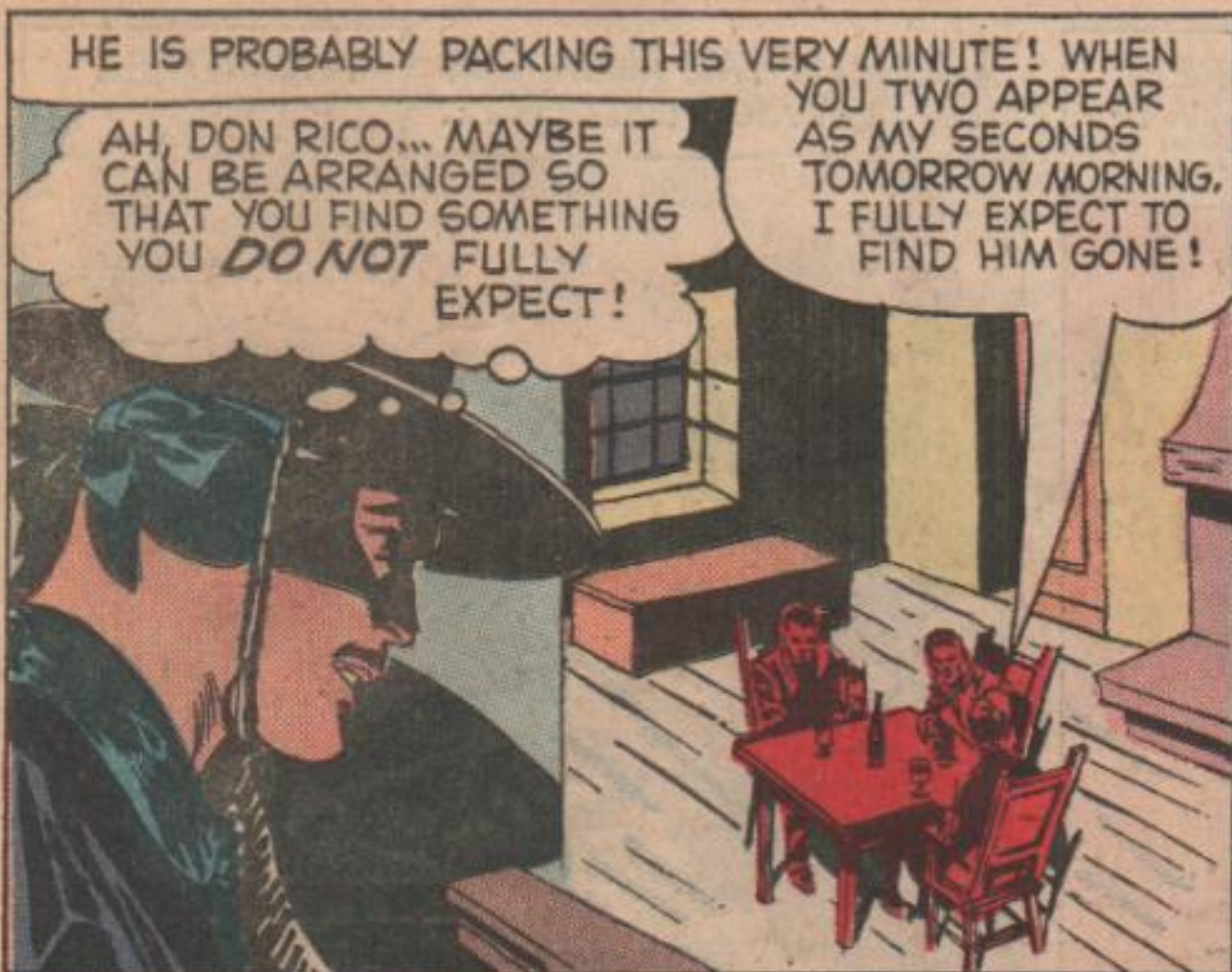


ON THE CONTRARY! THAT FOOL DIEGO WILL BE SO FRIGHTENED ABOUT THE DUEL THAT HE WILL FORGET ABOUT THE STOLEN GOLD! THEN WE WILL REMOVE THE GOLD FROM THE FLOUR SACK IN MY CELLAR AND SPEND IT AT OUR LEISURE!



BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT DON DIEGO IS A COWARD! DO YOU THINK HE WILL MEET YOUR CHALLENGE?

OF COURSE NOT! THAT IS WHAT I AM COUNTING ON! IF I KNOW HIM, HE WILL FIND AN EXCUSE TO GO VISIT SOME DISTANT RELATIVE!



AH, DON RICO... MAYBE IT CAN BE ARRANGED SO THAT YOU FIND SOMETHING YOU **DO NOT** FULLY EXPECT!

HE IS PROBABLY PACKING THIS VERY MINUTE! WHEN YOU TWO APPEAR AS MY SECONDS TOMORROW MORNING, I FULLY EXPECT TO FIND HIM GONE!

AS SILENTLY AS HE ARRIVED, ZORRO DISAPPEARS...

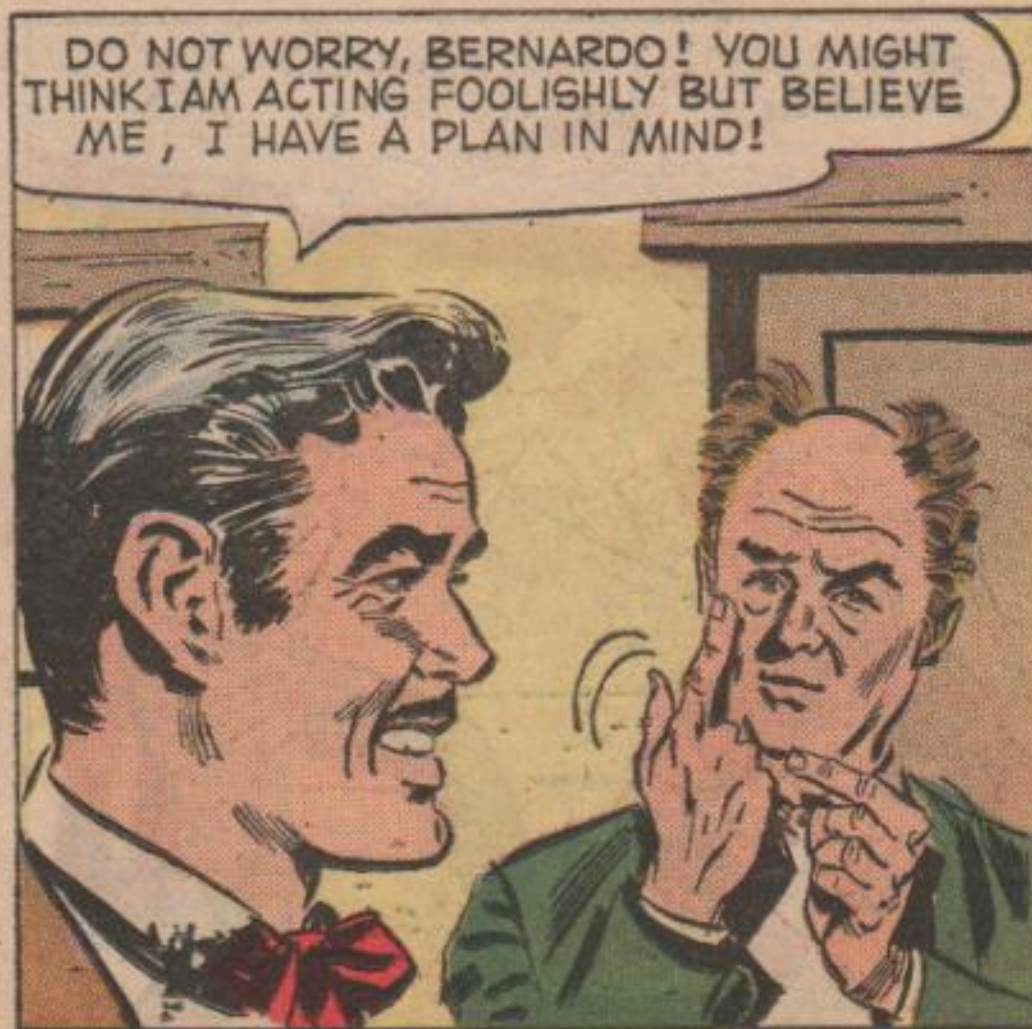


THE NEXT MORNING AT DON DIEGO'S HACIENDA...

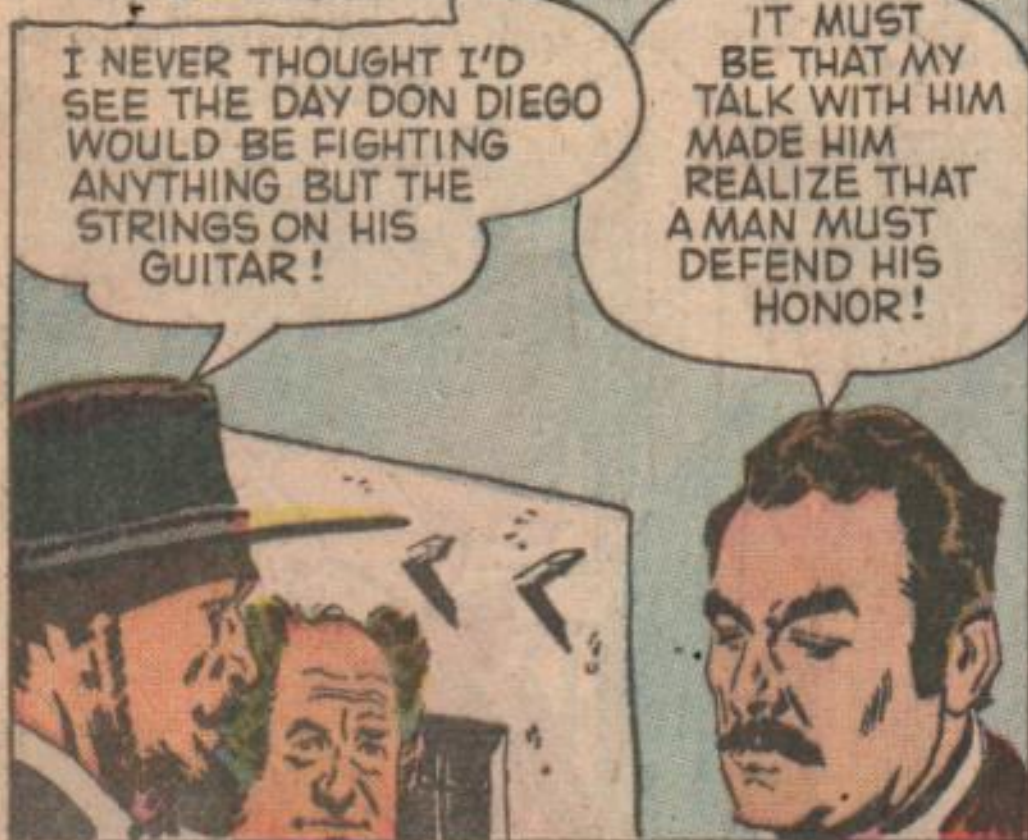


WE COME, IN THE NAME OF DON RICO SALDENA, TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DUEL! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOUR MASTER IS HOME, BUT—

CERTAINLY I AM, GENTLEMEN! AND AT YOUR DISPOSAL! COME IN! COME IN!



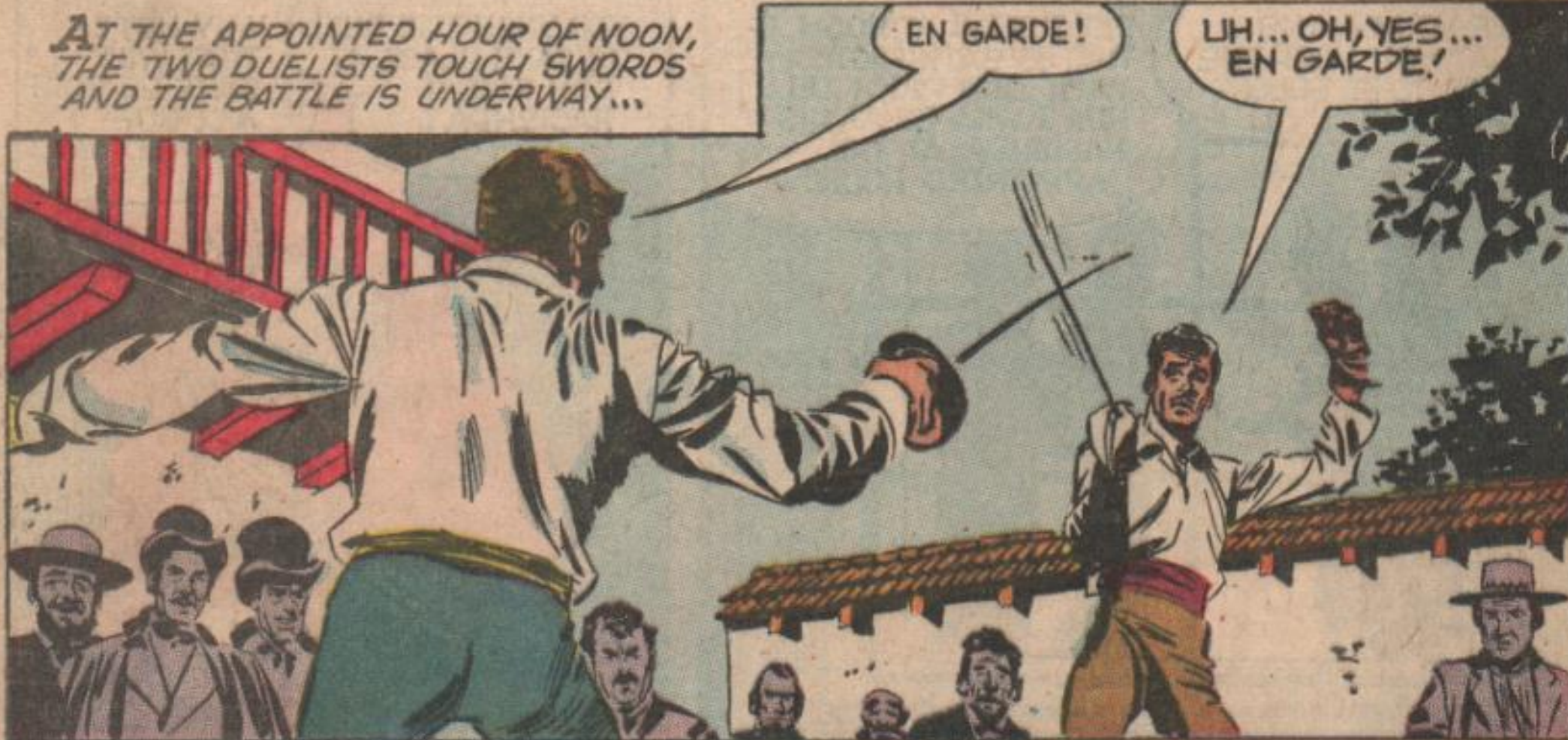
NEWS OF DIEGO'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE CHALLENGE MOVES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE PUEBLO...



AND IT SEEMS THE DUEL IS TO HAVE QUITE AN AUDIENCE...



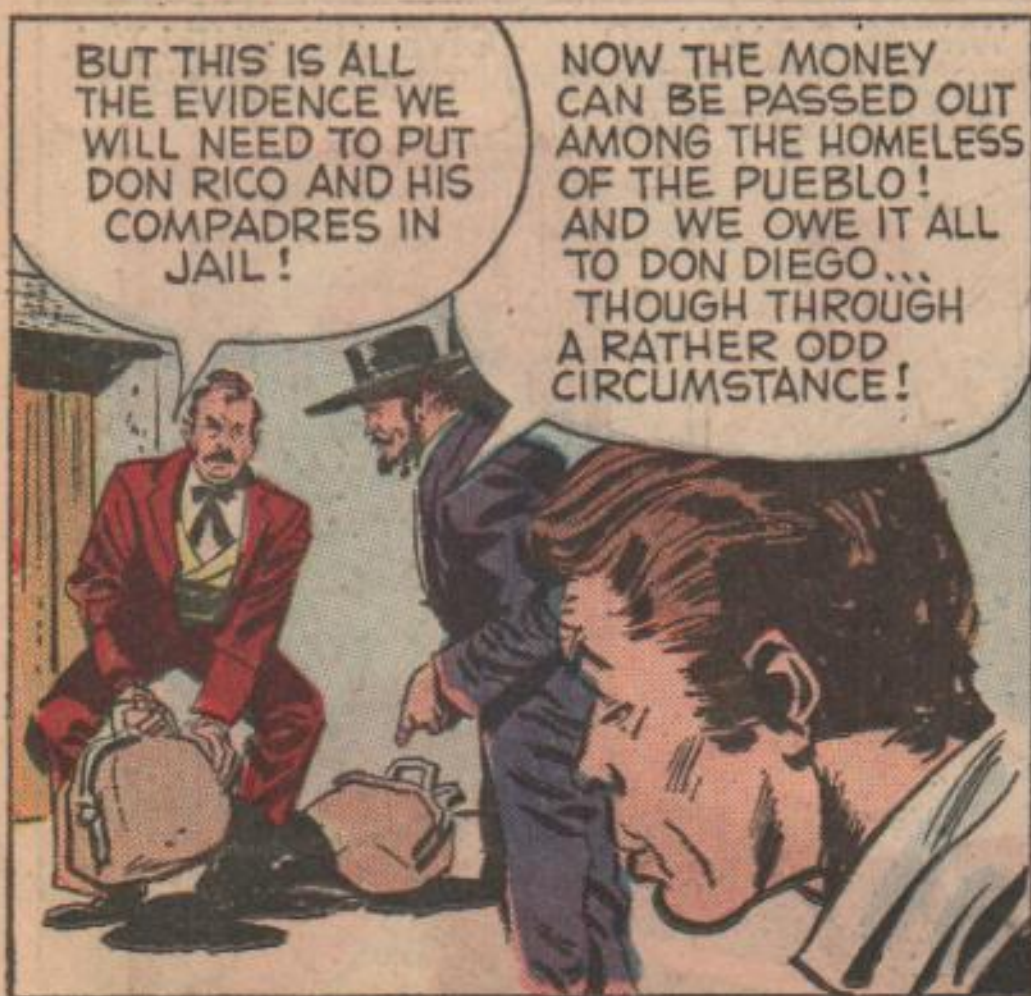
AT THE APPOINTED HOUR OF NOON, THE TWO DUELISTS TOUCH SWORDS AND THE BATTLE IS UNDERWAY...



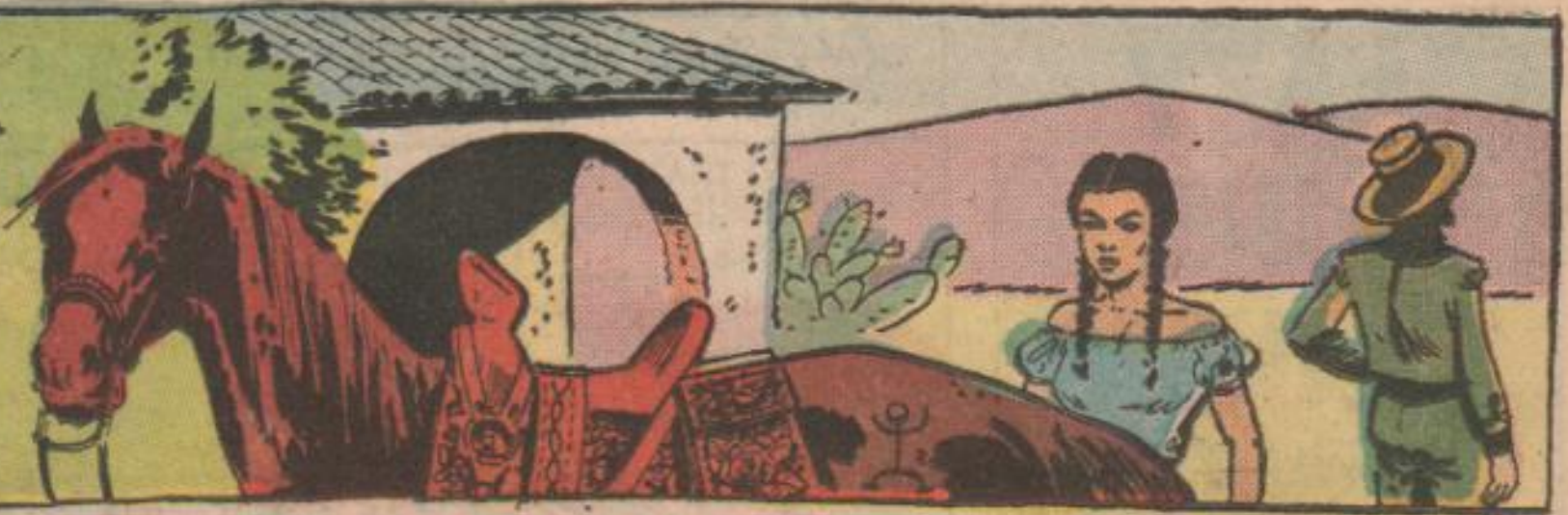


INSIDE THE HOUSE, DIEGO SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, IS HARD-PRESSED BY DON RICO, AND CONTINUES BACKING AWAY... RIGHT TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR...





THE KING'S EMISSARY



The man had come riding to the rancho in the afternoon. He had introduced himself as Señor Manuel Escobar, emissary of the king, and had said he was riding to Monterey with important papers for the governor. With traditional hospitality, Señora Vasquez had asked him to rest at the rancho overnight. Grandfather, now too feeble to wander far from the oak chair in the parlor, had made him welcome.

But Maria Vasquez did not like the man. Why did his eyes wander so searchingly about the room? Why did his gaze rest so eagerly on the silver candlesticks that had been a part of her mother's dowry? And why was Señor Escobar so pleased when he learned that Maria's father was away from home?

After dinner, Maria slipped from the house and went to the corral where the visitor's horse was penned. In a few minutes her mother followed her, carrying a lantern.

"Maria!" Señora Vasquez was stern. "Why are you out here in the dark?"

The girl hesitated a moment, then said, "If Señor Escobar is the king's emissary, why is he not traveling in a great coach with an escort?" She took the lantern from her mother and held it high. "See the brand on his horse—it is not the mark of a horse from the royal stables. It would not surprise me if this man were an impostor."

"Who could he be? And what does he want of us?" Maria's mother asked.

"Perhaps he is a thief," Maria answered.

Señora Vasquez clasped her hands in panic. "With your father away, what can we do? We cannot turn this man away."

"No," Maria agreed. "If he decided he would not go, we could not make him. I think he wants your silver candlesticks, Mama, but perhaps we can prevent him from taking them. Listen..."

Maria quickly outlined a plan. Her mother

nodded eagerly.

"You go back to the house," the girl finished. "I will take care of everything."

It was very late when Maria entered the house. She pulled off heavy gloves and went to her mother's room. "Now we will wait," she said to Señora Vasquez.

Hours passed in darkness. The night was well along when Maria and Señora Vasquez heard Señor Escobar open his door. Soft footsteps came down the hall and passed into the living room. There was a clink of metal upon metal. Escobar was taking the candlesticks. Footsteps crossed to the door. The latch was lifted and the door creaked open.

Moments later, a yell went up from the yard. Maria and her mother rushed to the living room. Through the open door they could hear Señor Escobar thrashing around outside, screaming, "Help! I am murdered!"

There were several loud thuds, which might have been either the candlesticks or Señor Escobar falling, and there was a continuous rustling and snapping. This was followed by the sound of feet pounding away past the corral, toward the Monterey road.

Señora Vasquez turned to Maria and said, "You had better go tell your grandfather what happened. I will get a lantern and look for my candlesticks."

It did not take Señora Vasquez long to find the candlesticks. They lay just where the thief had dropped them. And they were hardly scratched by the tumbleweed—the mounds of prickly, stiff, scratchy tumbleweed that Maria had piled so carefully in the dark yard. It had taken Maria so long to gather that much tumbleweed, but it had been worth it. Señor Escobar had fallen head first into the weed, as Maria had known he must fall, for Maria had left nothing to chance. She had tied a length of rope across the frame of the door, just ankle-high.

LAZY LUIS TAKES A WALK



IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF CLARA LINDA, IN OLD CALIFORNIA,
THE ALCALDE STROLLS THROUGH THE STREET...

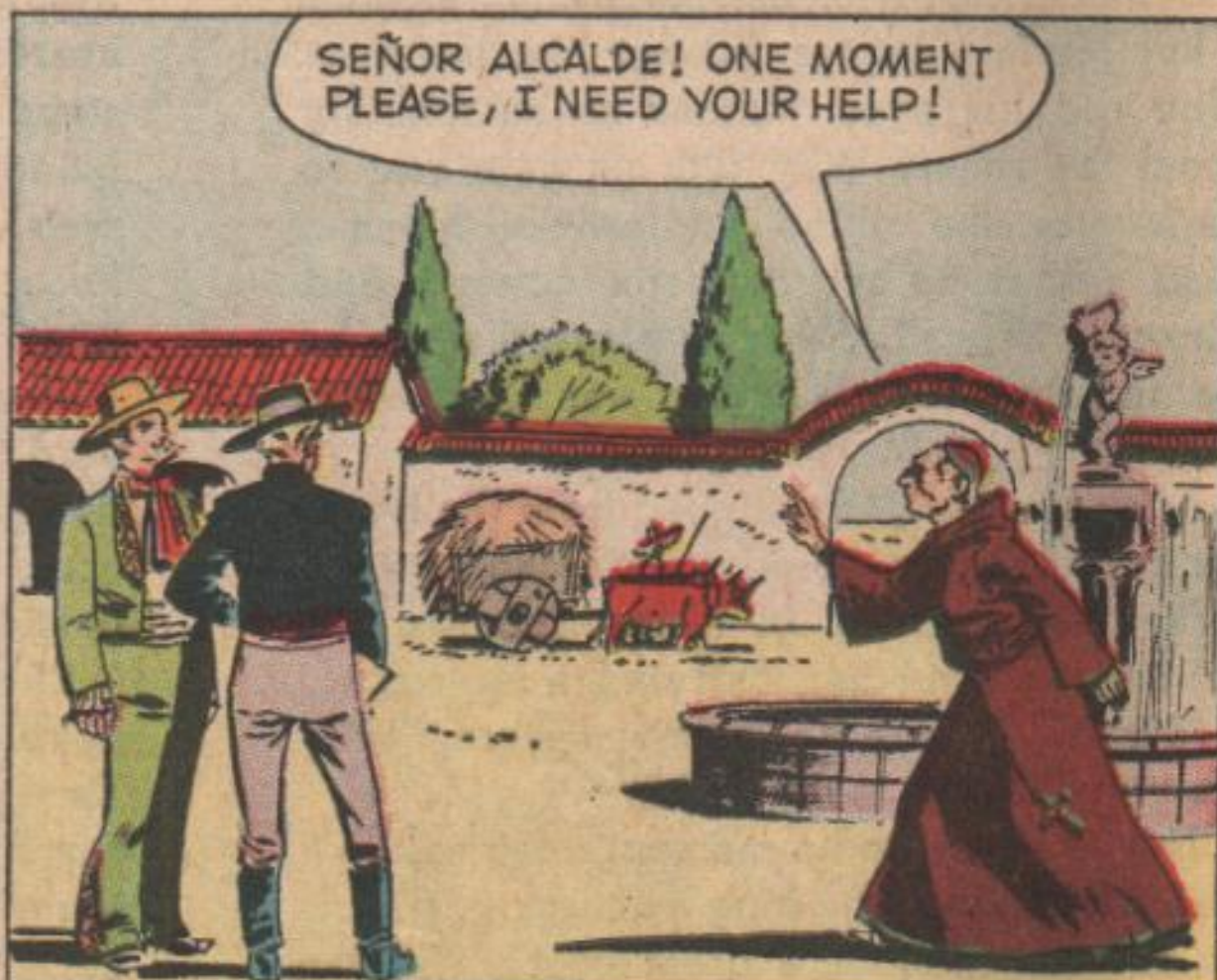
THAT LUIS RAMON IS A SIMPLE FELLOW! ALL
HE REQUIRES FROM LIFE IS WHAT HE MAKES
FROM THAT FRUIT STAND!



¡SÍ! AND A PACK OF CHILDREN TO
FOLLOW HIM ABOUT AND LISTEN TO
HIS TALES! HE'S A LAZY MAN,
I'M AFRAID!



SEÑOR ALCALDE! ONE MOMENT
PLEASE, I NEED YOUR HELP!



THERE IS AN OUTBREAK OF
MEASLES... THREE OF THE
PUPILS IN MY SCHOOL
HAVE THE RASH ALREADY!

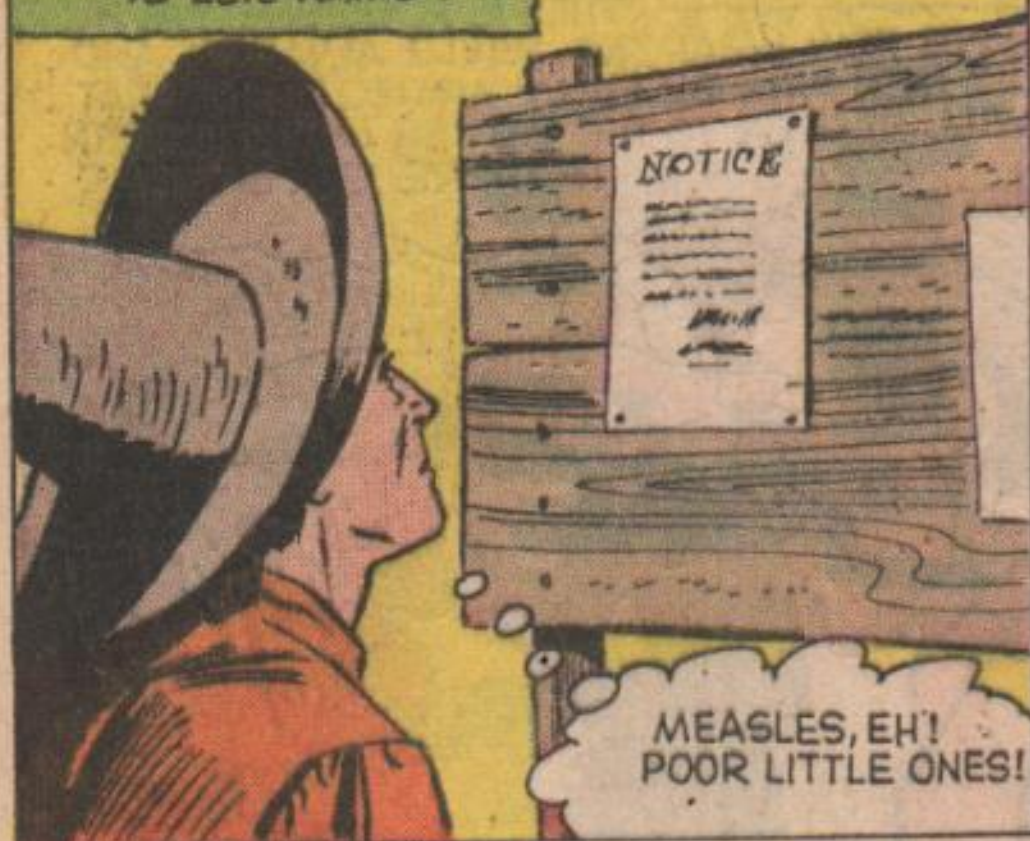
HOW
SERIOUS
IS IT?



NOT VERY! THEY WILL BE ALL RIGHT, BUT
I ASK THAT AN ORDER BE POSTED IN THE
SQUARE! PARENTS MUST
KEEP THEIR CHILDREN AT
HOME, AND THEY ARE
TO SEND FOR ME IF
ANY CHILD SEEMS
ILL!

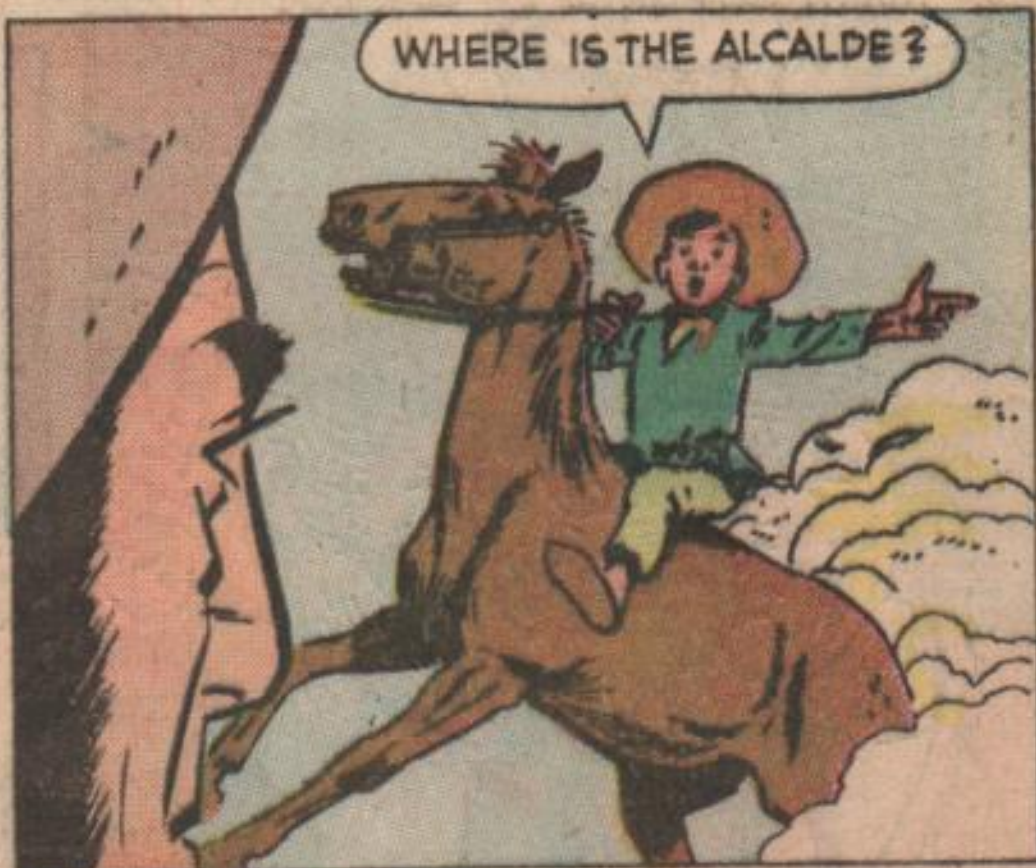


AS PADRE FELIPE ASKS, THE ORDER IS POSTED. ONE OF THE FIRST TO READ IT IS LUIS RAMON...



MEASLES, EH!
POOR LITTLE ONES!

LUIS'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED WHEN A RIDER GALLOPS INTO THE SQUARE...



WHERE IS THE ALCALDE?

I AM THE
ALCALDE!

ESTEBAN ALVAREZ,
THE BANDIT, IS RIDING THIS
WAY! HE IS GATHERING
TRIBUTE FROM ALL THE
VILLAGES HE PASSES!
I CAME TO WARN
YOU!



GATHERING TRIBUTE? YOU MEAN HE IS
ROBBING THE VILLAGES?



SÍ, HE TOOK 1,000 PESOS FROM THE
PEOPLE OF SANTA LUISA — AND ALL
THE GOLD JEWELRY OF THE WOMEN,
BESIDES!

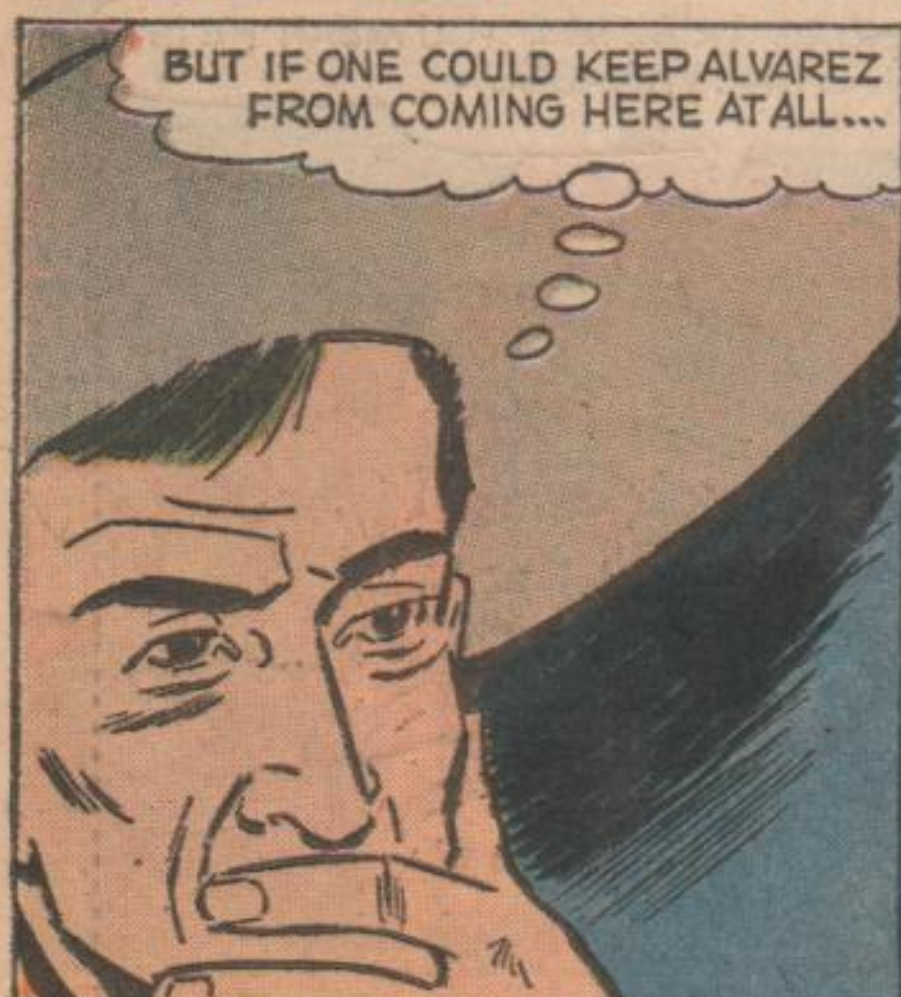


A THOUSAND PESOS! THERE IS HARDLY
THAT MUCH IN OUR ENTIRE VILLAGE, WE
CANNOT LET THAT BANDIT ROB US!
WE MUST FIGHT!





THE VILLAGERS WILL NOT LISTEN TO LUIS... THEY PREPARE TO DO BATTLE WITH THE BANDITS...



...AND A FEW MILES OUT OF THE VILLAGE, LUIS IS STOPPED BY A BAND OF HORSEMEN...

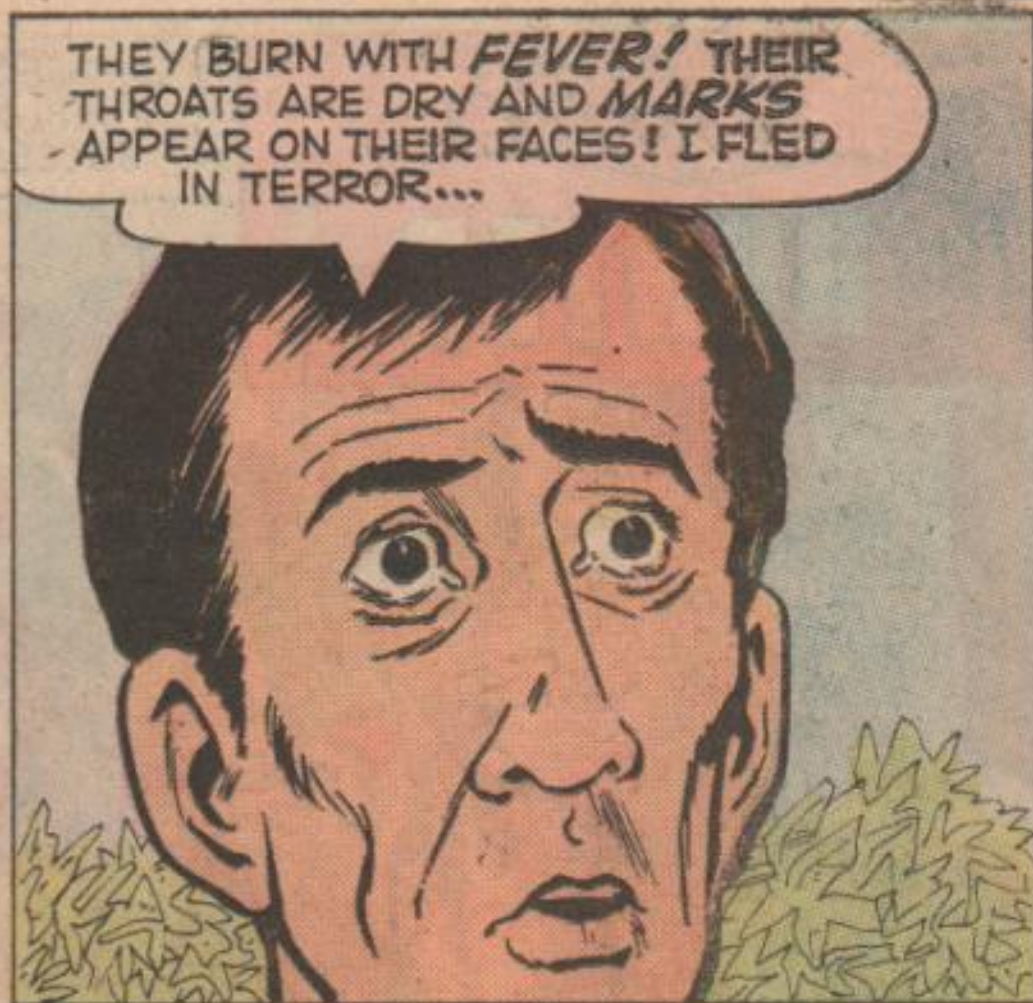


HOW INTERESTING! I AM JUST ON MY WAY TO CLARA LINDA TO COLLECT A SMALL—ER—A SMALL TRIBUTE FROM THE PEOPLE THERE! I AM **ESTEBAN ALVAREZ!**

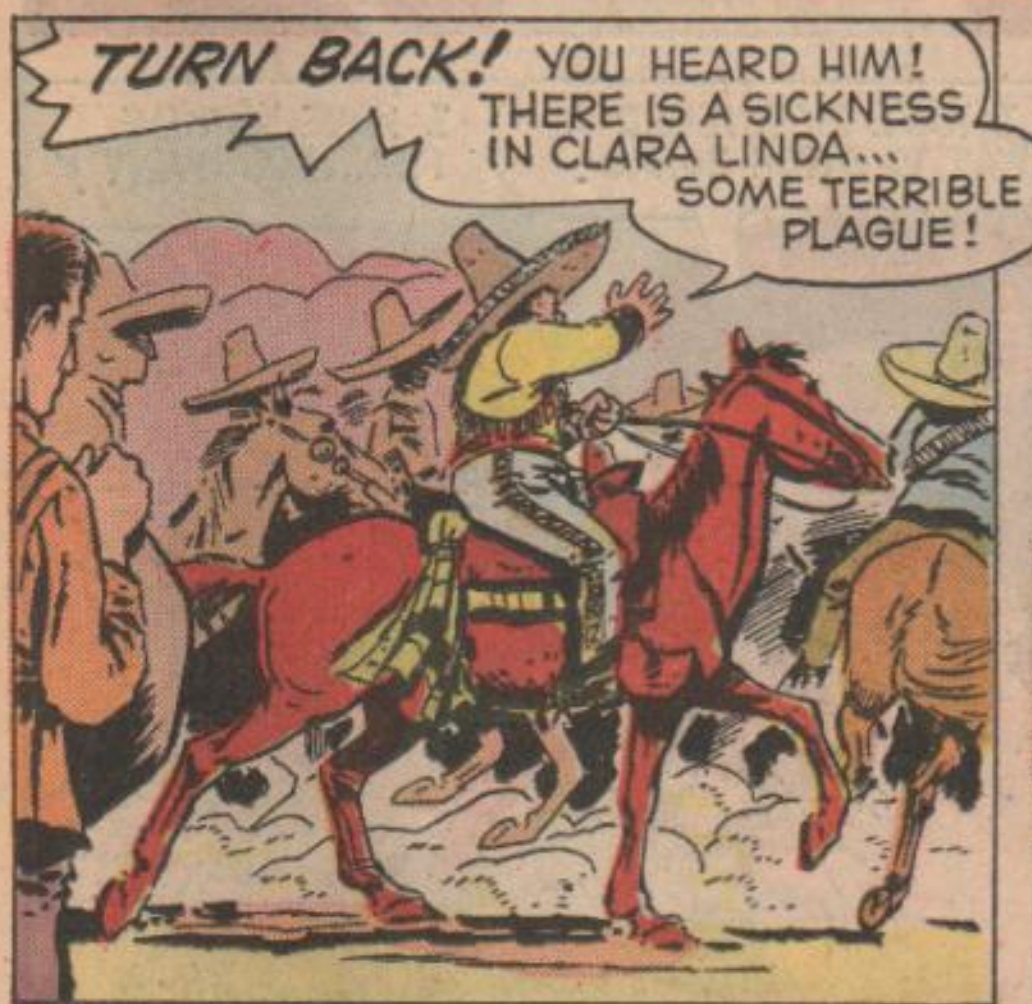




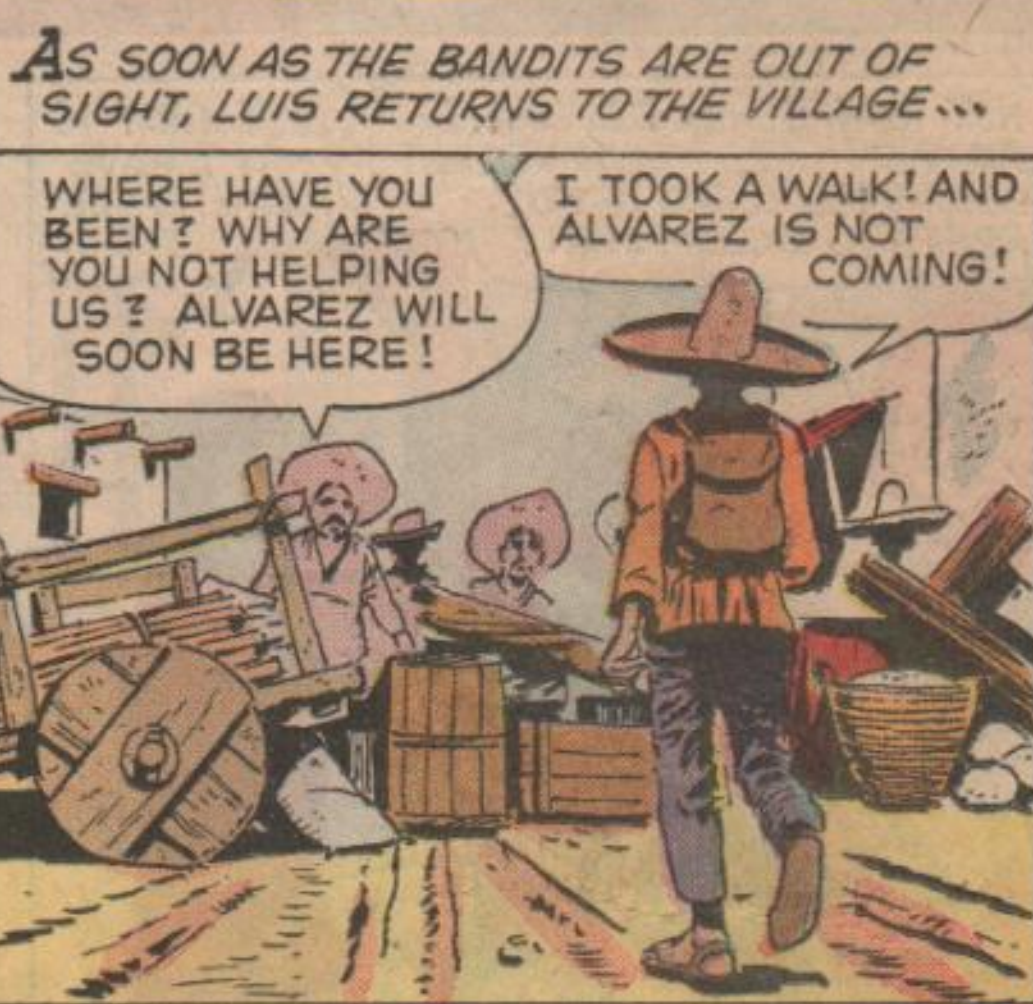
SEÑOR, **DO NOT** GO TO CLARA LINDA! THERE IS SICKNESS IN THE VILLAGE! IT STRUCK FIRST AT THE CHILDREN!



THEY BURN WITH **FEVER!** THEIR THROATS ARE DRY AND **MARKS** APPEAR ON THEIR FACES! I FLED IN TERROR...



TURN BACK! YOU HEARD HIM! THERE IS A SICKNESS IN CLARA LINDA... SOME TERRIBLE PLAGUE!



AS SOON AS THE BANDITS ARE OUT OF SIGHT, LUIS RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE...

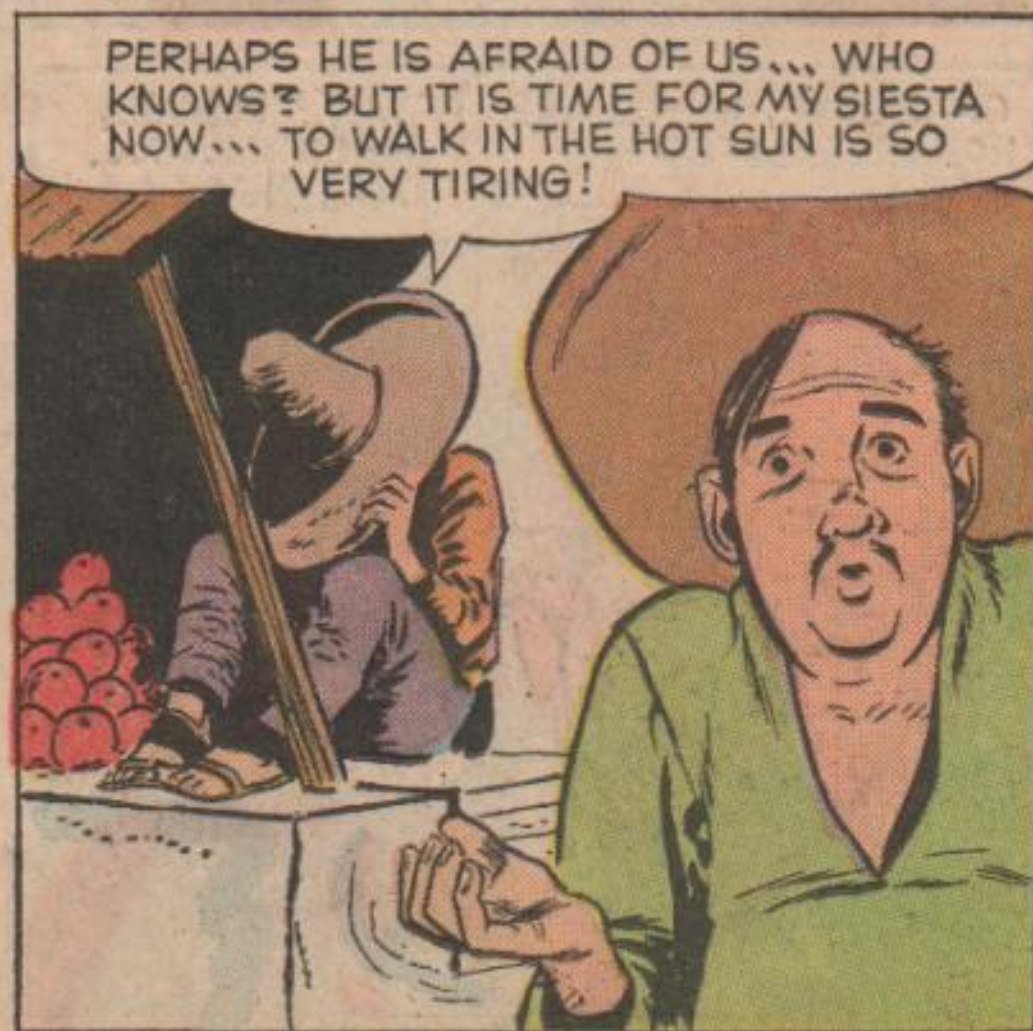
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHY ARE YOU NOT HELPING US? ALVAREZ WILL SOON BE HERE!

I TOOK A WALK! AND ALVAREZ IS NOT COMING!

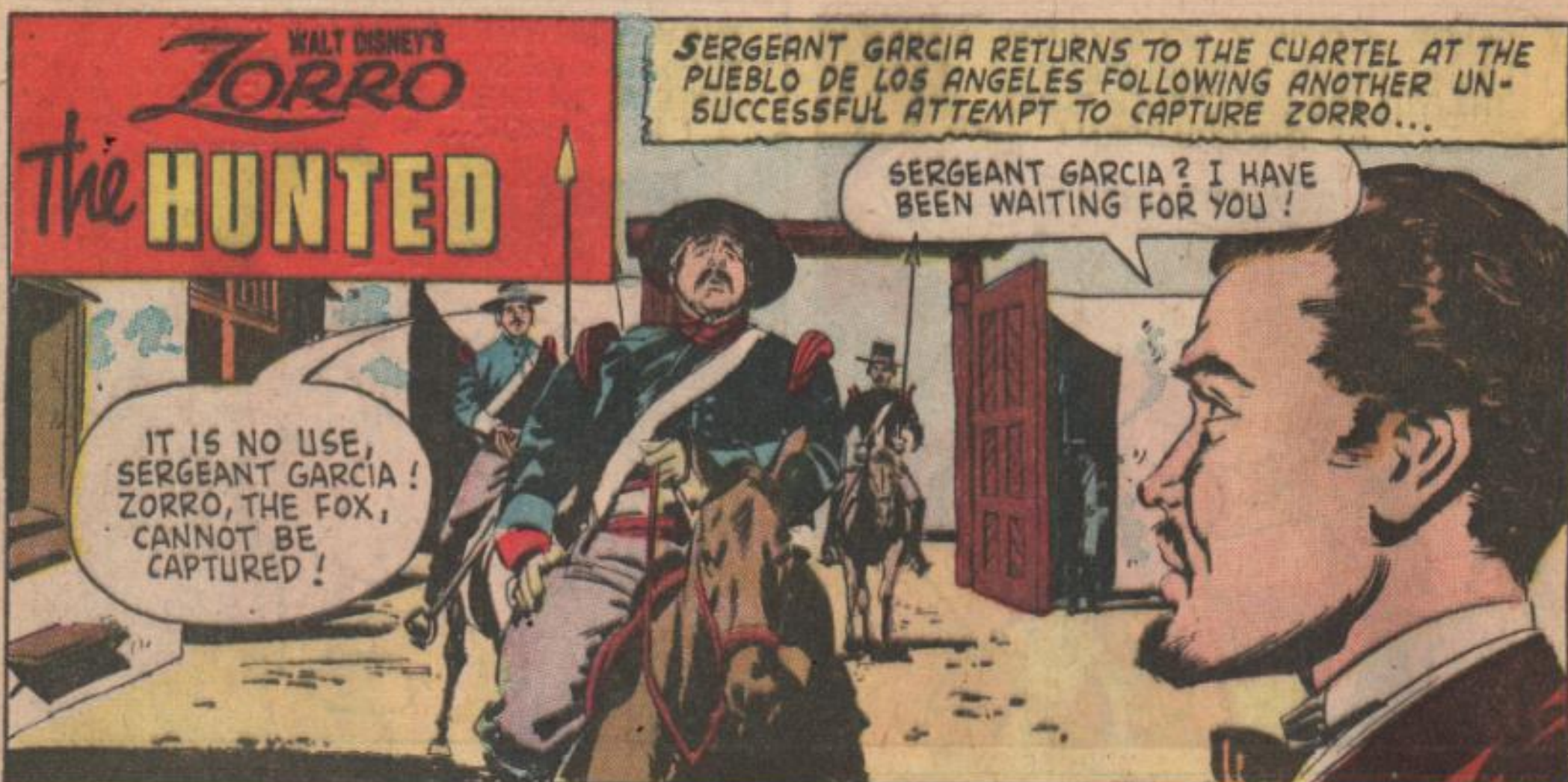


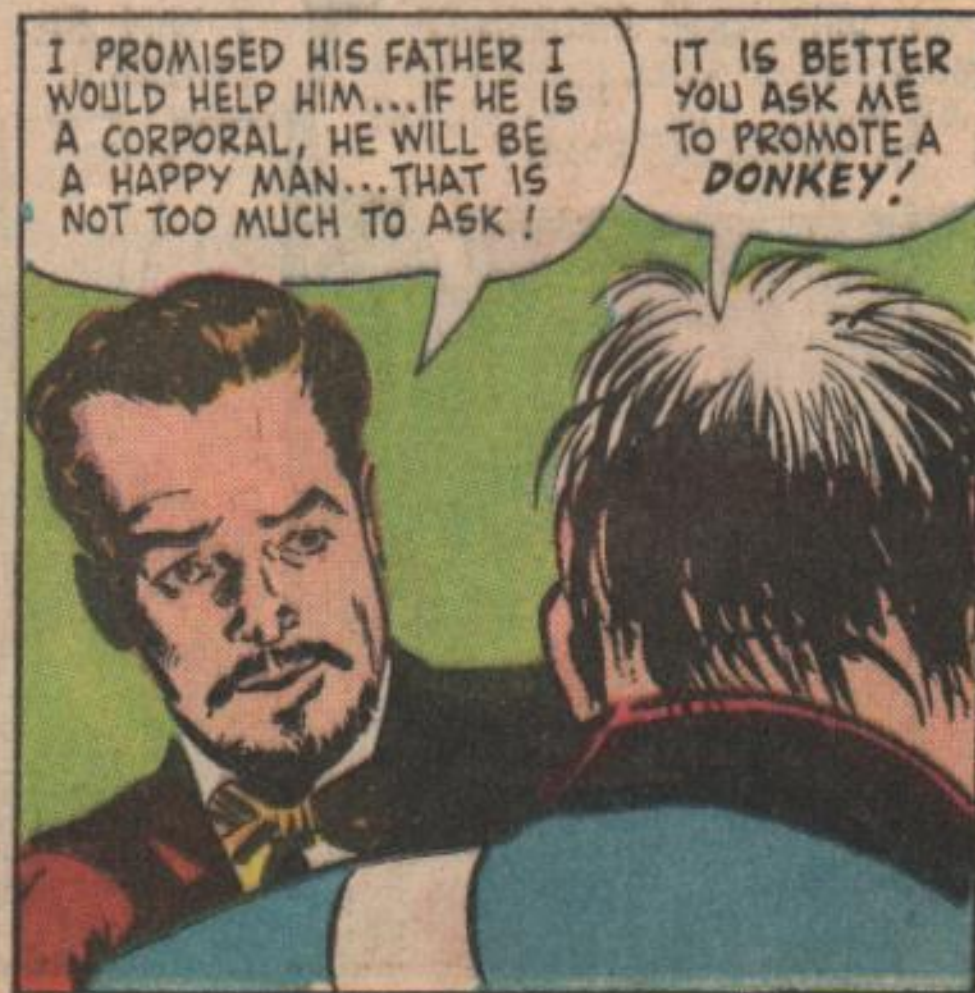
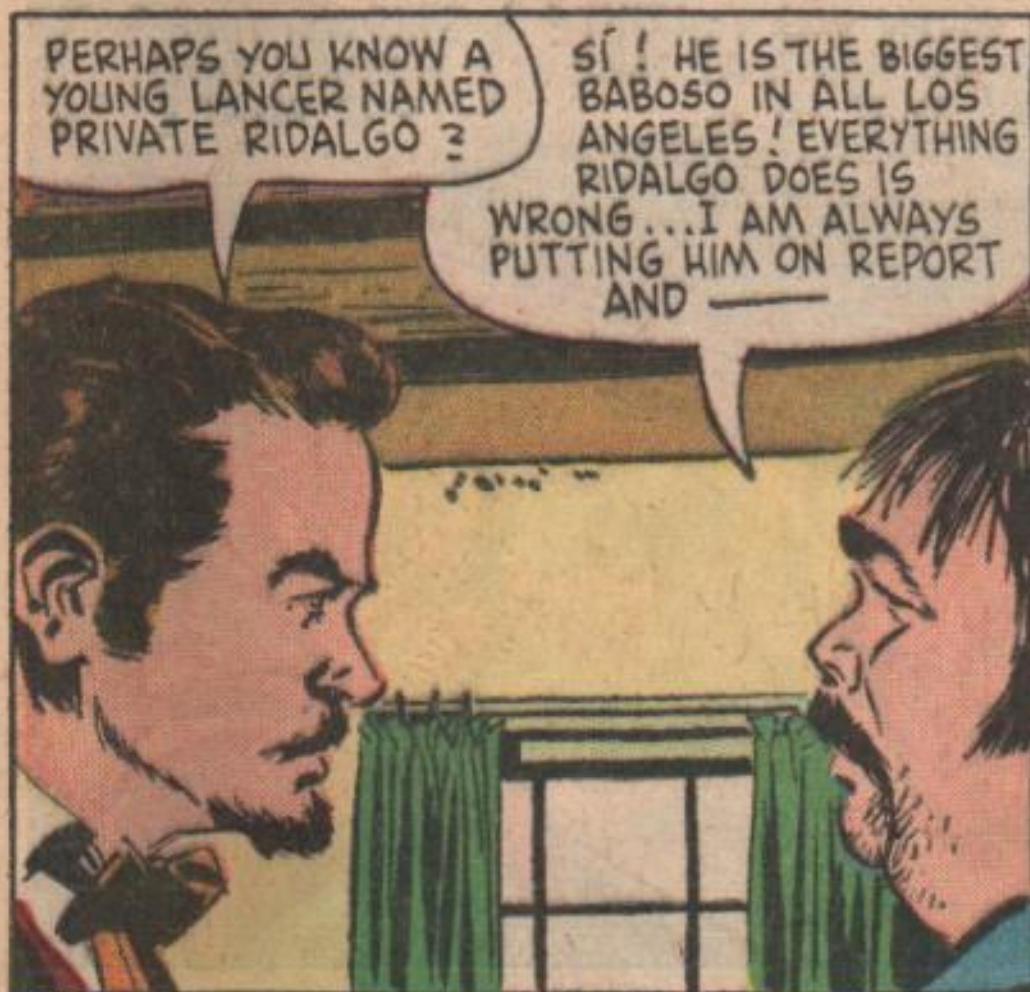
NOT COMING? BUT HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW?

I MET HIM ON THE ROAD... **HE** TOLD ME HE WOULD NOT COME!



PERHAPS HE IS AFRAID OF US... WHO KNOWS? BUT IT IS TIME FOR MY SIESTA NOW... TO WALK IN THE HOT SUN IS SO VERY TIRING!







ROLFO LEADS GARCIA TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

WHAT IS THAT ?

THERE ! PANCHO AND PEDRO,
TWO OF THE FINEST DOGS
IN ALL OF CALIFORNIA

CRRAAGGGHHH!

DOGS ? THEY LOOK
MORE LIKE WOLVES !

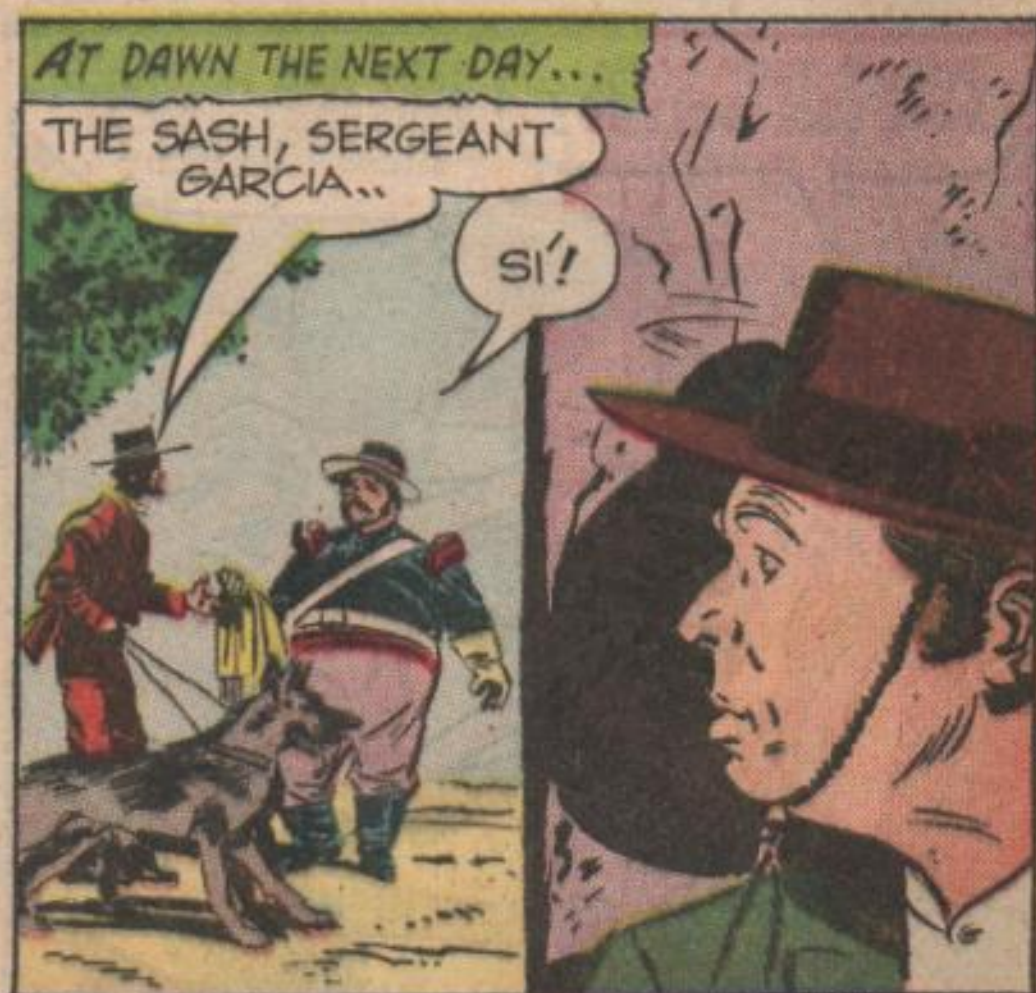
THEY ARE HUNTERS,
SERGEANT... AND
ALSO KILLERS !

I WILL GIVE THEM
SOMETHING TO EAT...

ALWAYS, THEY ARE HUNGRY ! IT IS BETTER
NOT TO OVERFEED THEM... THEY STAY HUNGRY
...AND THEY LOOK FORWARD TO WHAT THEY
CATCH AT THE END OF A CHASE !

WITH PANCHO AND PEDRO,
CAPTURING ZORRO WILL BE
EASY... THESE DOGS CAN
FIND ANYONE...
ANYWHERE !

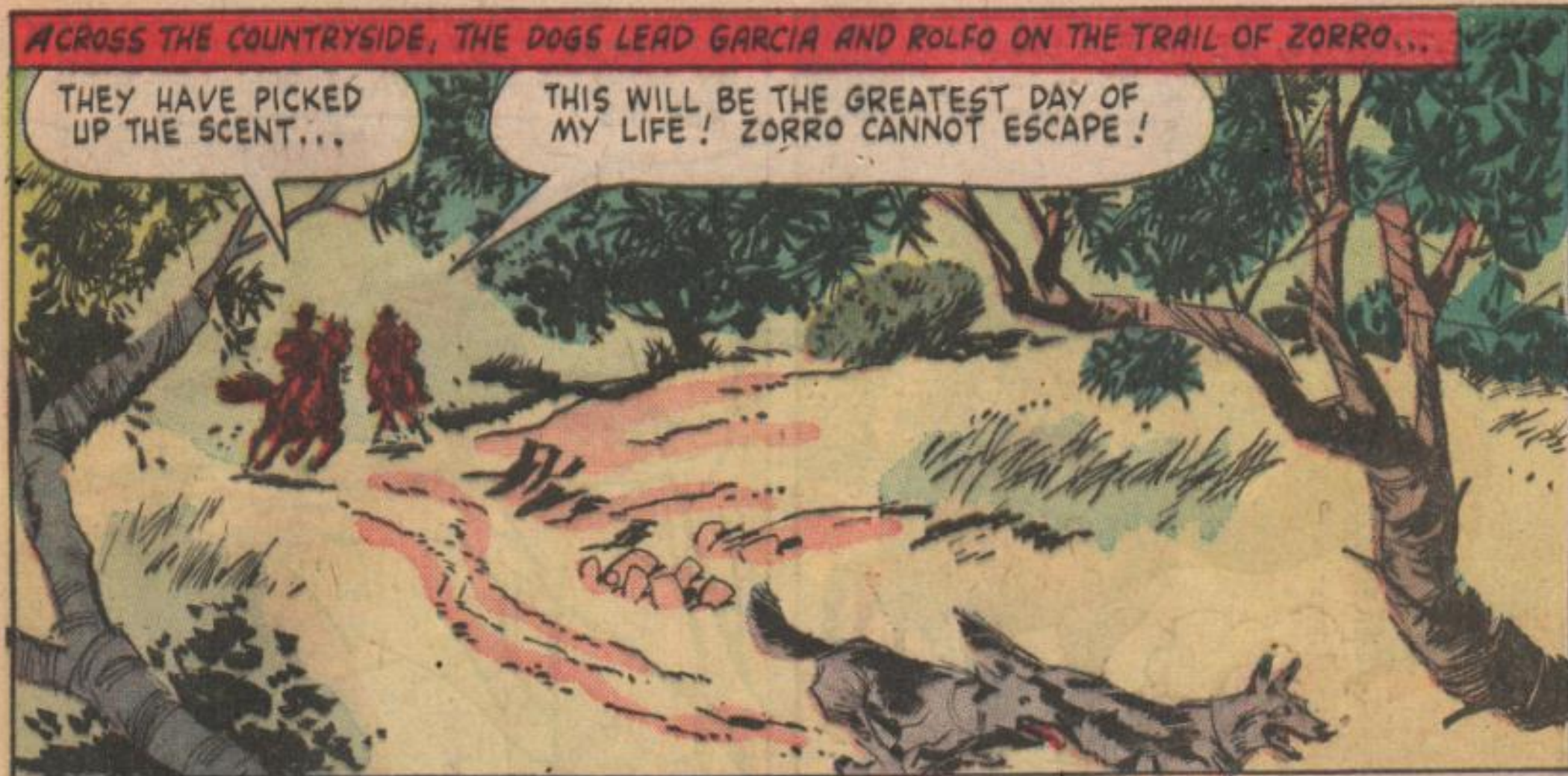
BUT TO LET
THEM OUT... IS
IT NOT DANGEROUS ?



ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE, THE DOGS LEAD GARCIA AND ROLFO ON THE TRAIL OF ZORRO...

THEY HAVE PICKED UP THE SCENT...

THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE! ZORRO CANNOT ESCAPE!



AT THE HACIENDA OF DON DIEGO DE LA VEGA...

BERNARDO! YOU ARE BACK FROM THE VILLAGE SO SOON?



THE TRUSTED MUTE GESTURES THE DANGER...

DOGS? AND THEY'RE ON THE TRAIL OF ZORRO?



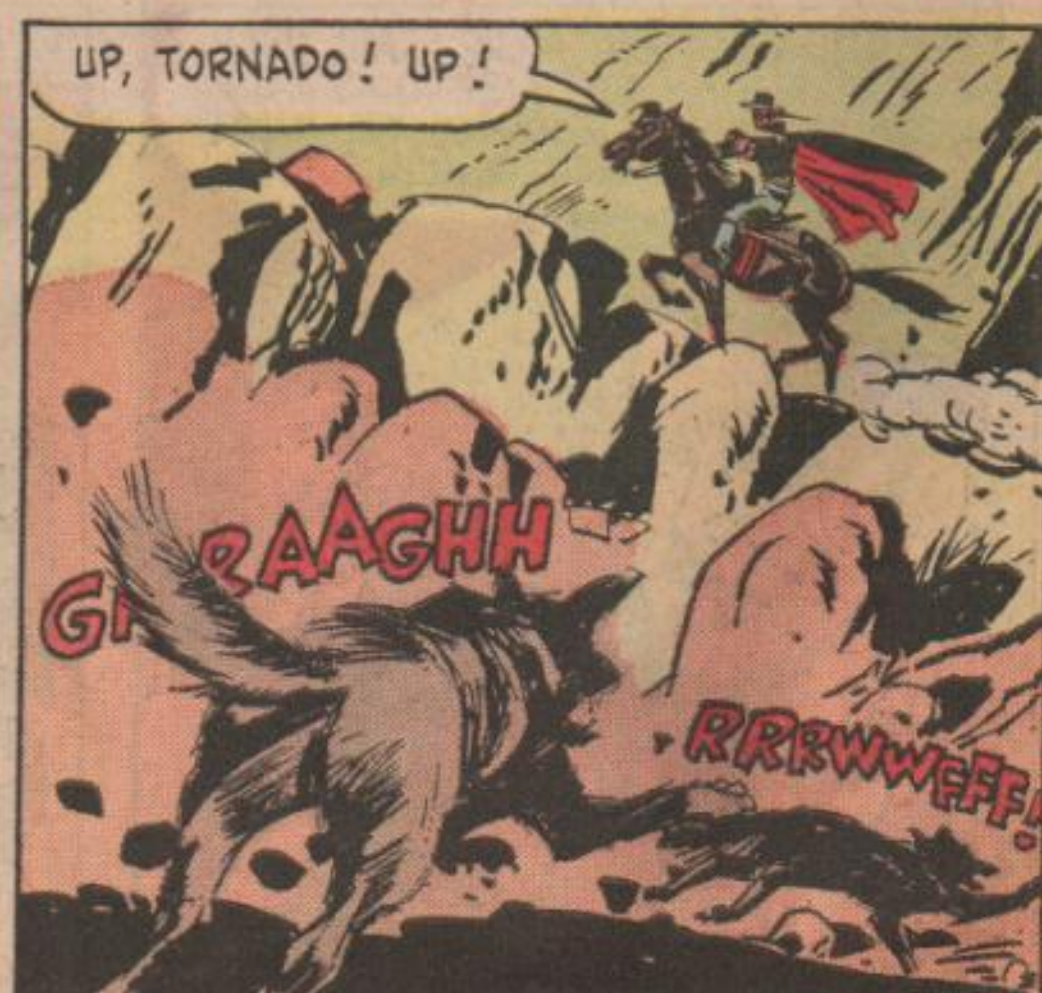
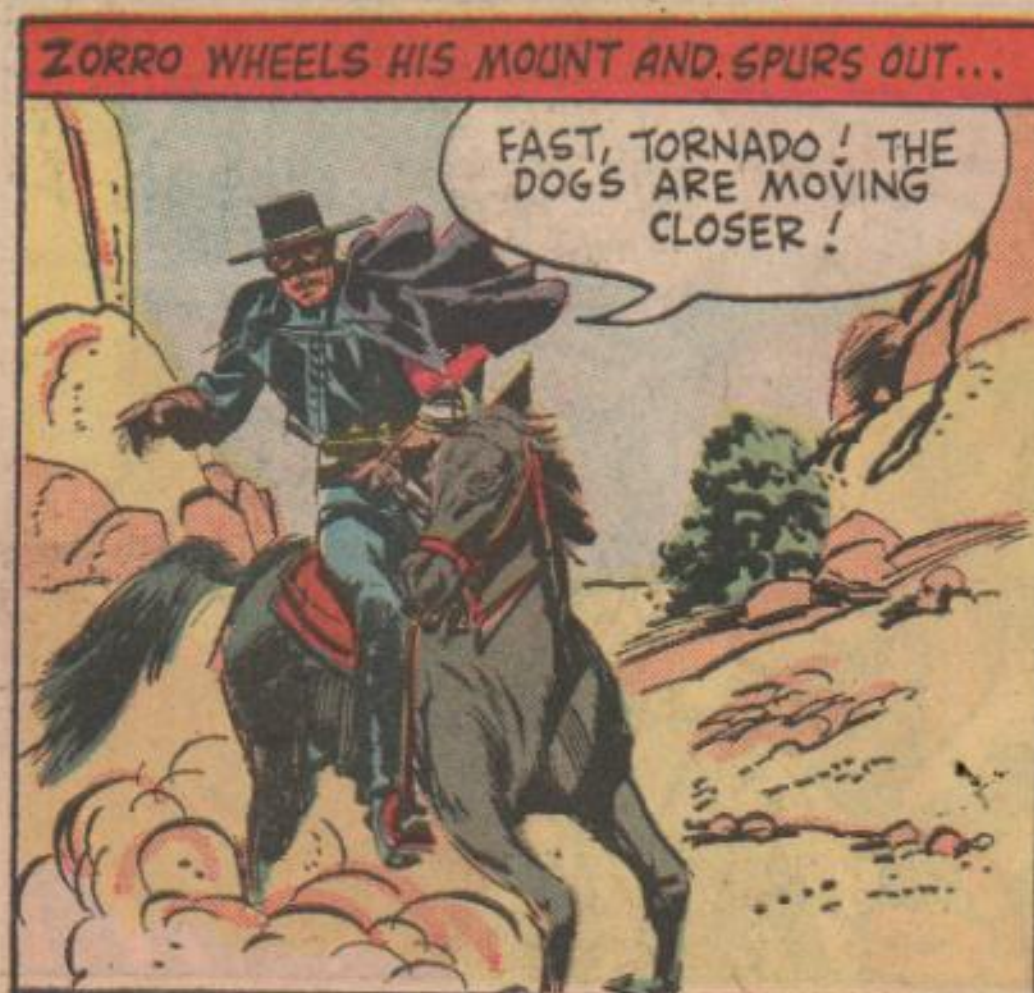
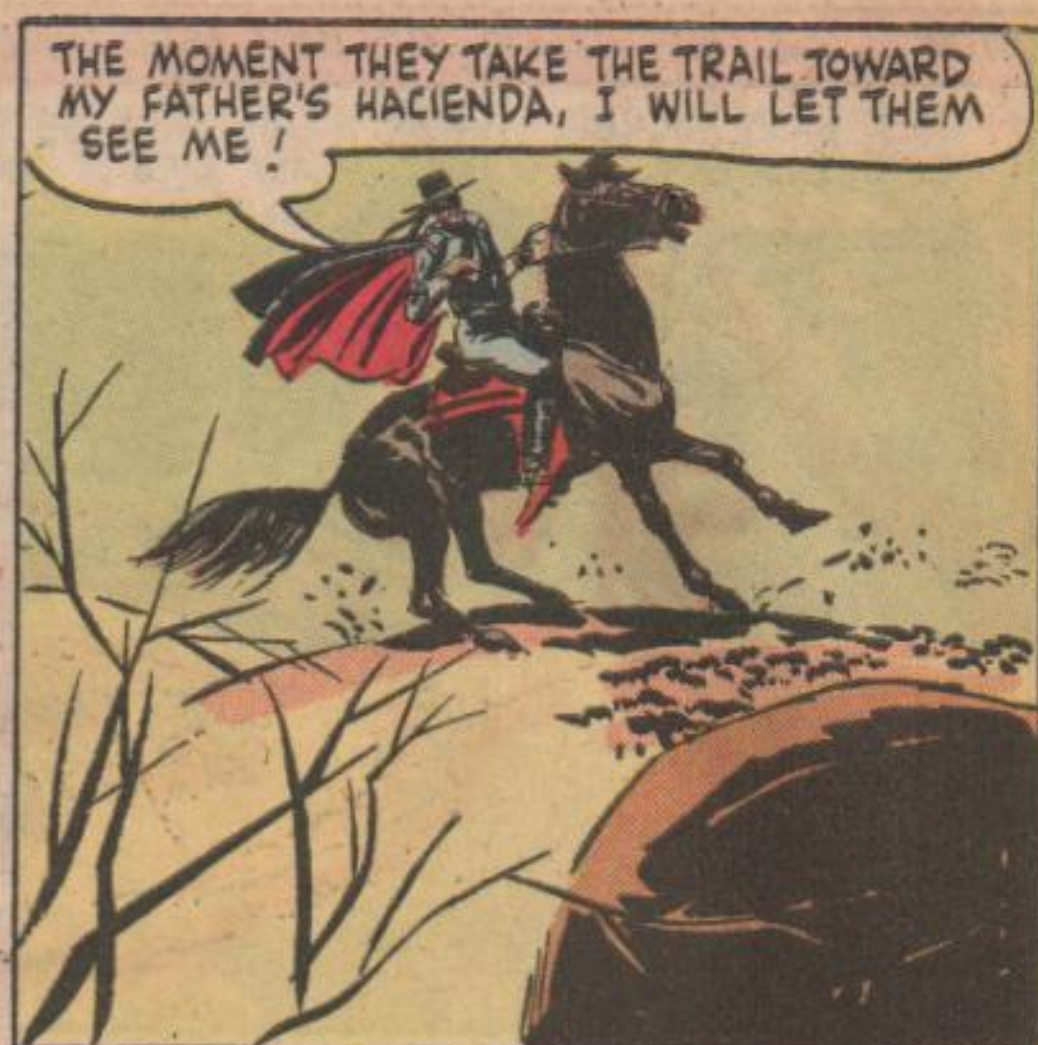
THE TRAIL WILL LEAD HERE! ALL WILL BE LOST IF THEY DISCOVER THAT DON DIEGO IS REALLY ZORRO! WE MUST ACT QUICKLY!



QUICKLY, DON DIEGO CHANGES INTO HIS ZORRO COSTUME...

I MUST LET THEM SEE ME DELIBERATELY... I WILL HAVE TO LEAD THEM AWAY FROM HERE!





A CANYON GAP LOOMS UP AHEAD...

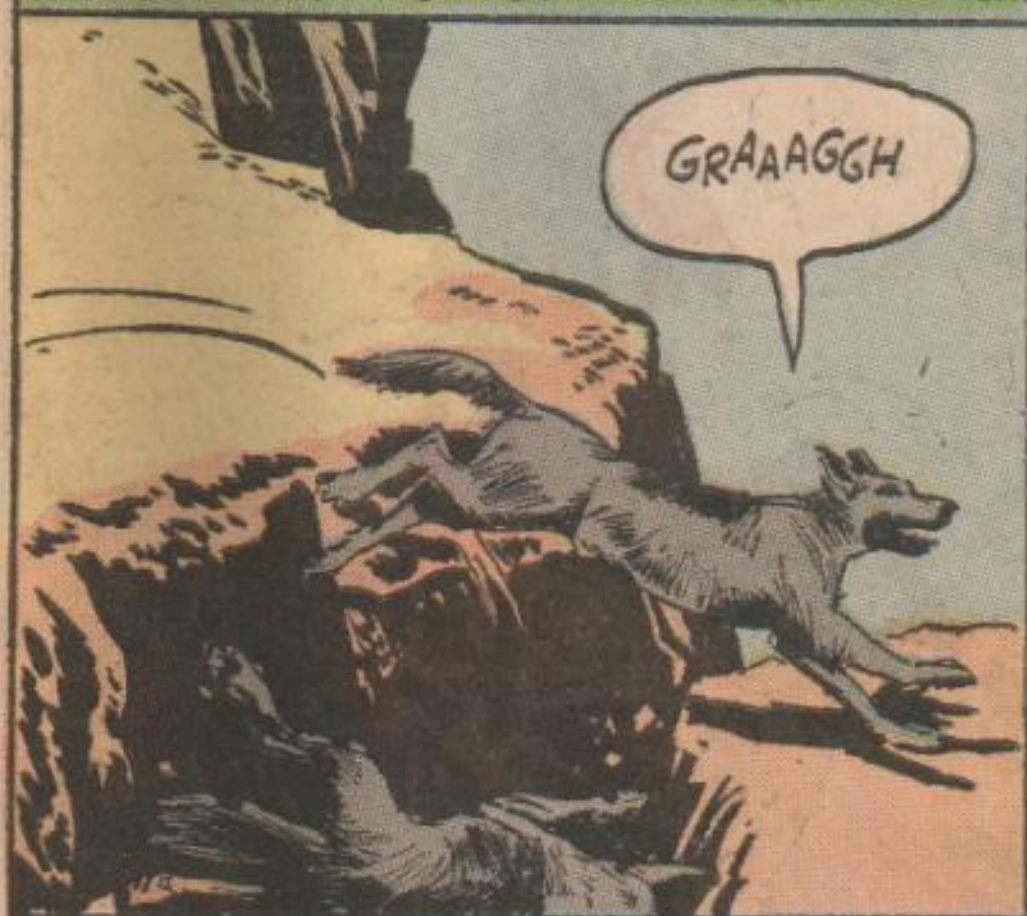


JUMP,
TORNADO!

THE POWERFUL HORSE LEAPS THE GAP...



BUT THE SNARLING DOGS DO NOT FARE AS WELL...



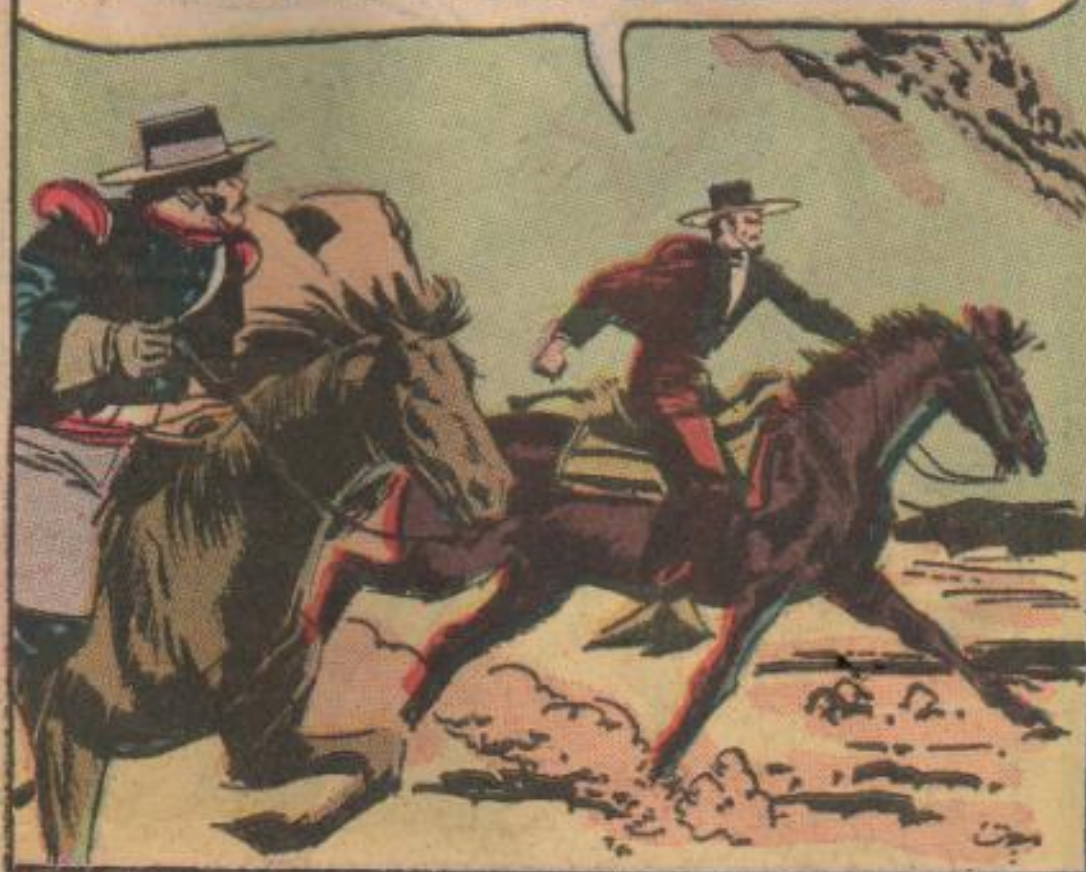
GRAAAGGH

IT IS PANCHO...
HE HAS FALLEN
TO HIS DEATH!

OUR HORSES CAN
NEVER MAKE THAT
JUMP!



WE WILL GO AROUND... PEDRO IS STILL ON
HIS TRAIL! HE WILL NOT LET ZORRO ESCAPE!

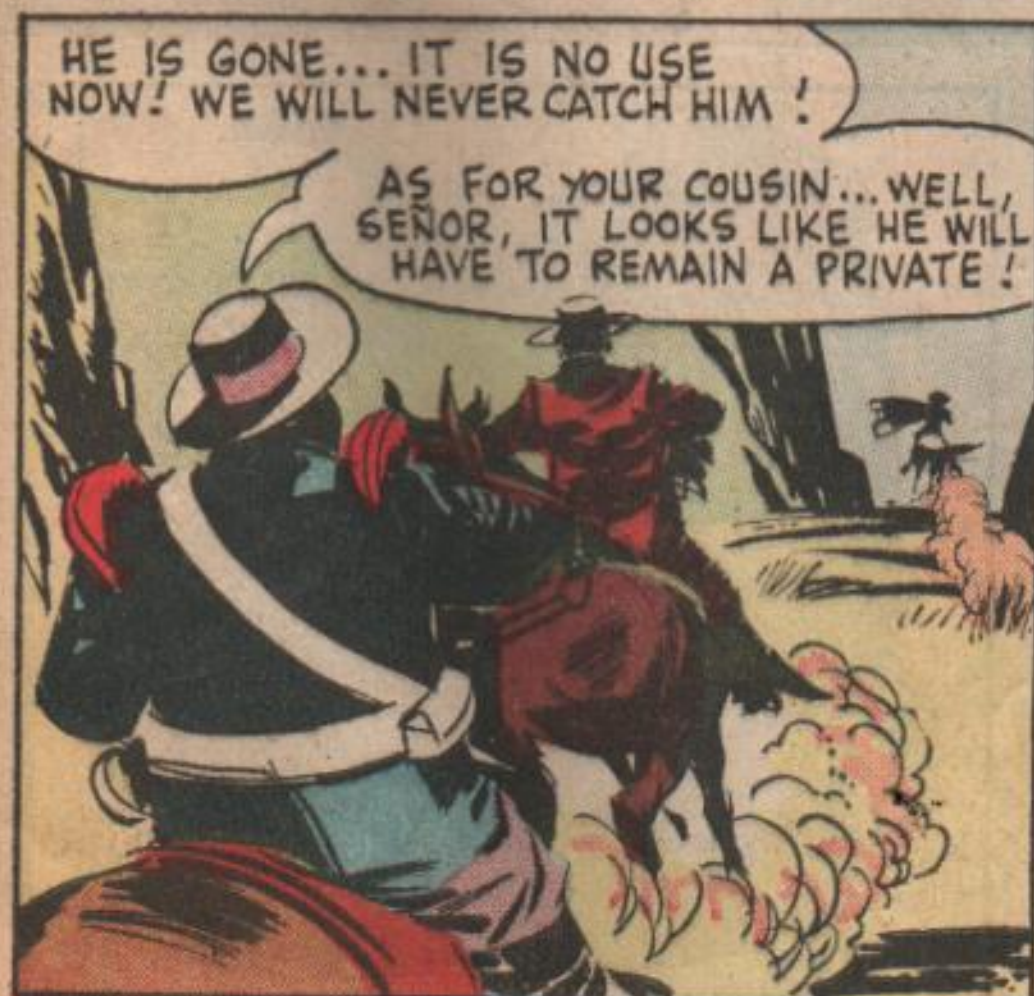
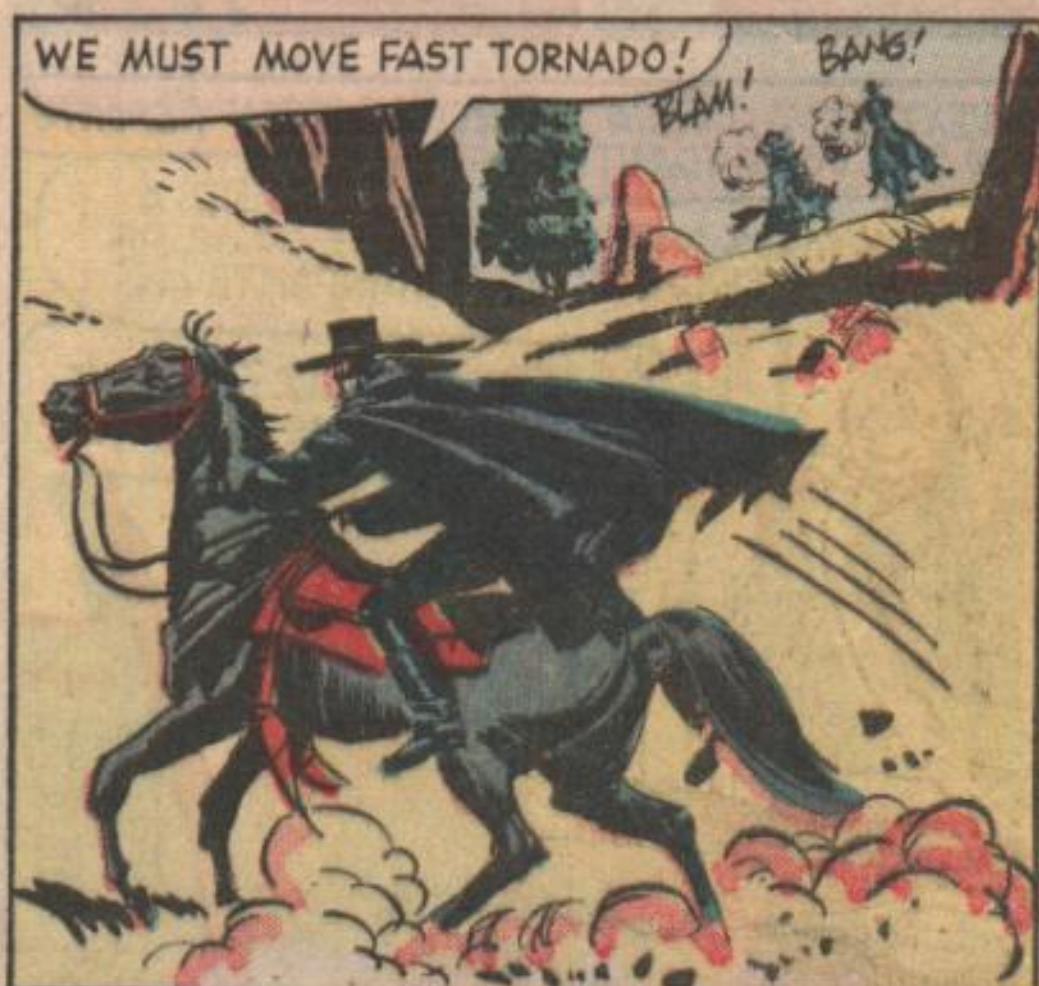
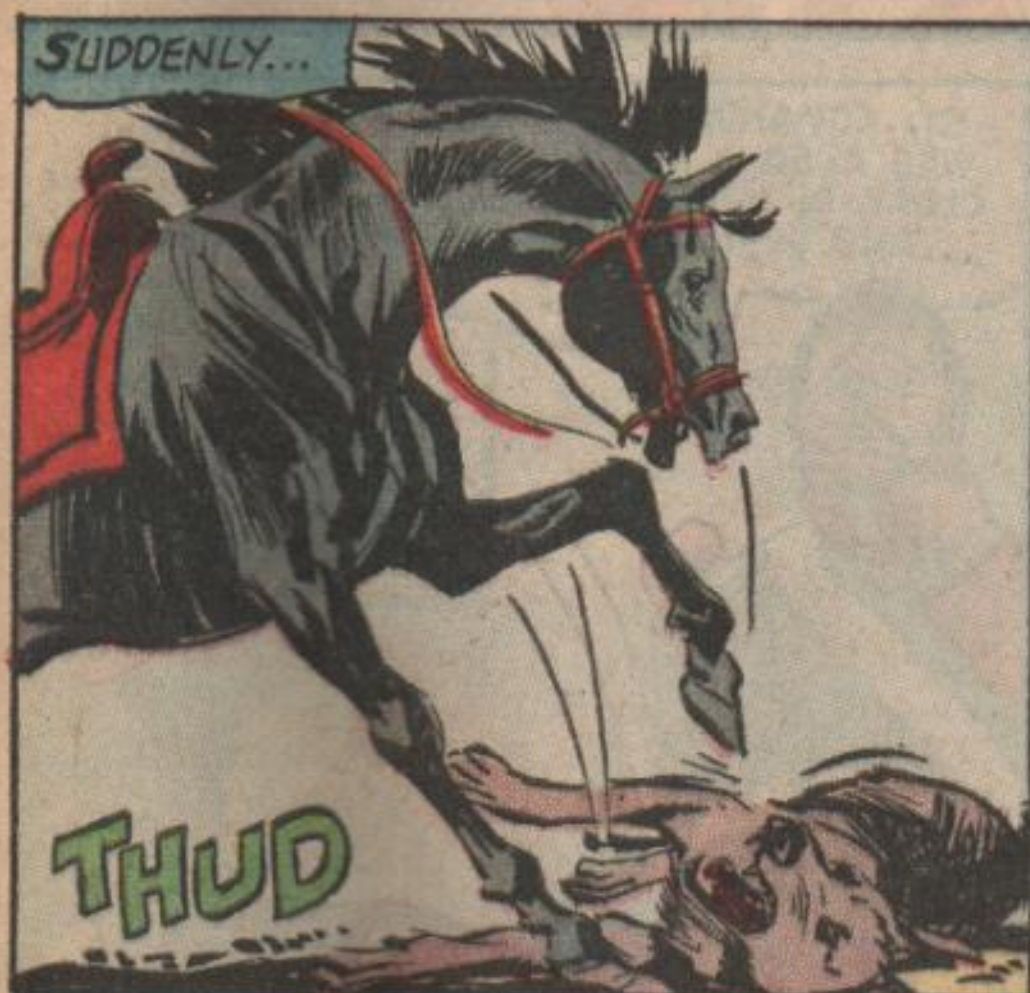
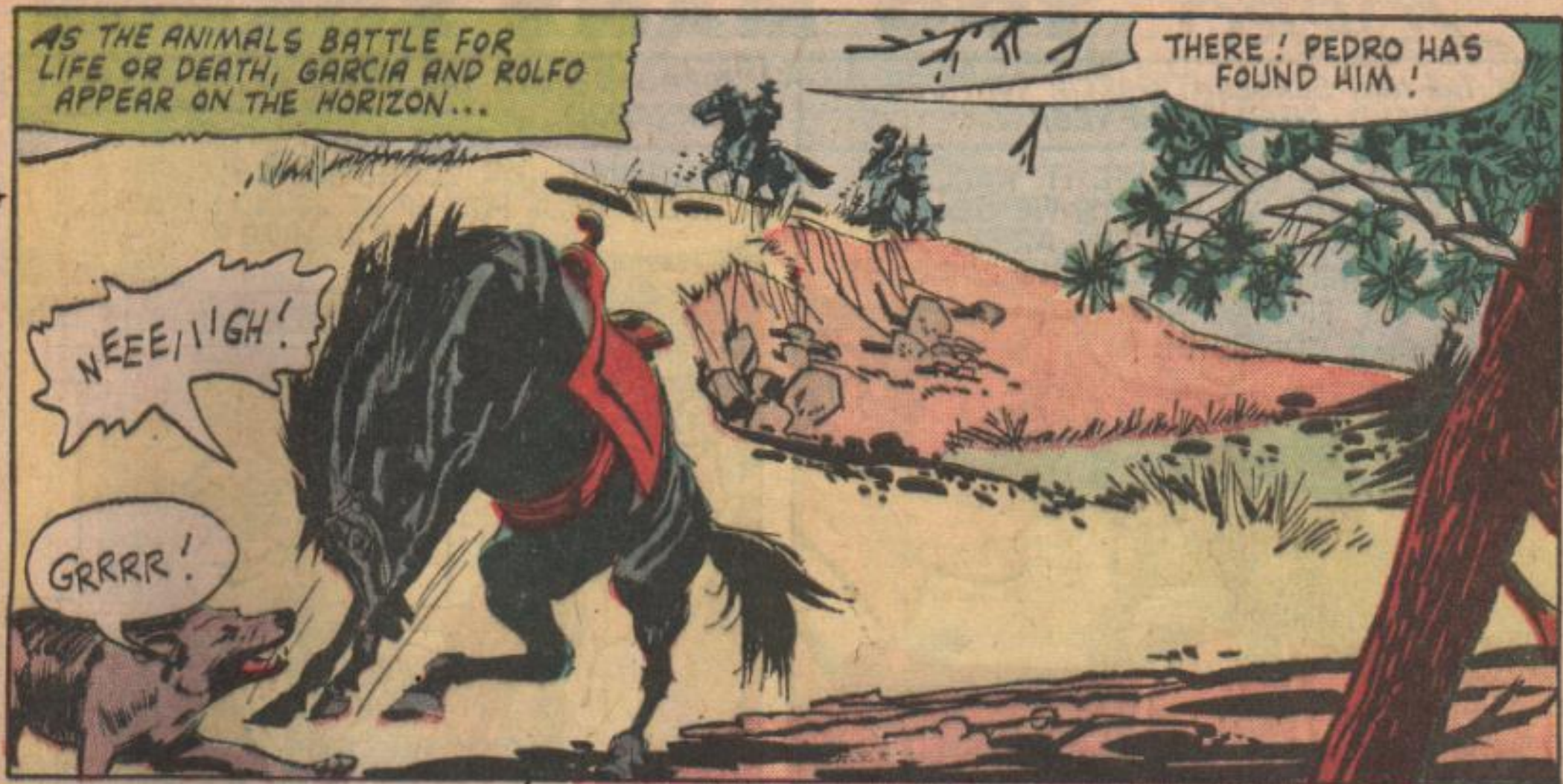


BUT AS TORNADO ATTEMPTS TO REACH
THE TOP OF A STEEP SLOPE, THE SHALE
ROCK BEGINS TO CRUMBLE...



NEIGHHH!





AT THE INN, SERGEANT GARCIA CONFIDES IN HIS FRIEND, DIEGO DE LA VEGA...



DIEGO RELAYS THE NEWS TO HIS SERVANT, BERNARDO...



NEXT DAY, GARCIA SEARCHES, THEN REPORTS TO THE COMANDANTE...



SÍ, COMANDANTE! THERE WAS ALSO A MASK AND CLOAK IN YOUR QUARTERS ...AND EVEN ONE IN MINE!

IMBECILE! NONE OF US CAN BE ZORRO!



NO, MI CAPITAN! IT IS AS I WARNED! HE HAS TRICKED US AGAIN!



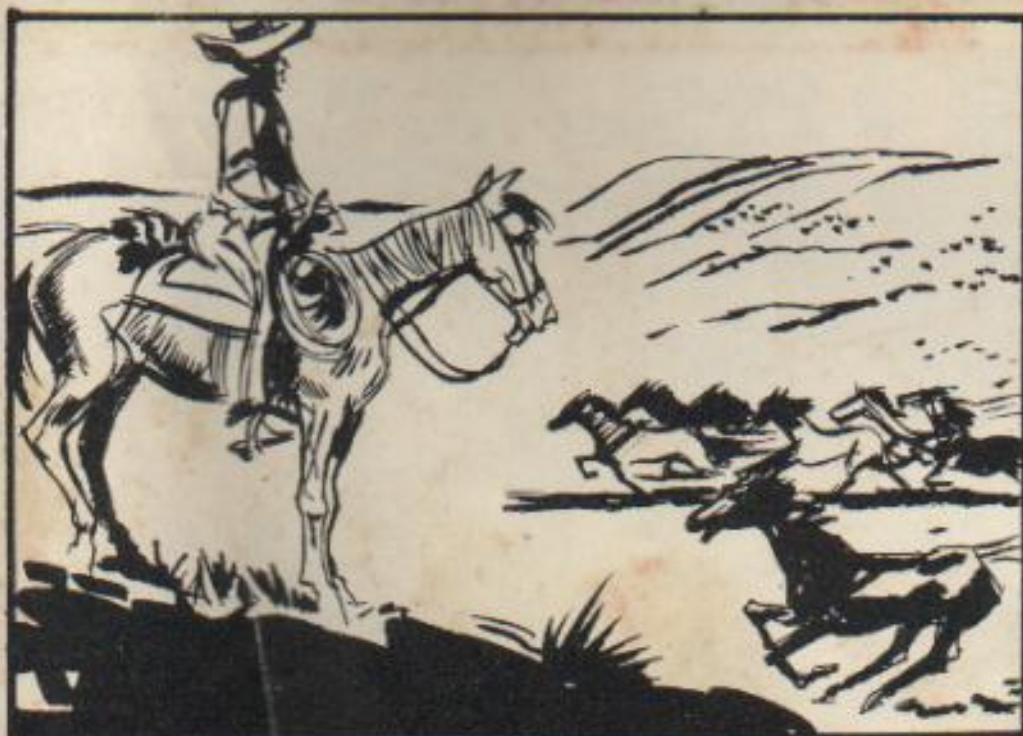
THE MUSTANGS



In old California, horsemanship was very important. When a Californian was only four or five, he was hoisted onto a horse and his education began. By the time he was six he rode as easily as he walked.



The rancheros prized their horses — Arab steeds brought in from Spain. These were never stabled. Instead, they were branded and turned out to pasture to graze for themselves until a fresh mount was needed.



There had not been a single horse in California before the arrival of the Spanish missionaries, but within a few years, the herds had grown to alarming sizes. One herd alone might number up to 100,000.



Naturally enough, some of these horses, running free in the pastures, turned wild. They lured still others away from the herds. Members of these outlaw bands were called *mesteños*. Today we call them *mustangs*.



At one time, when the West was still very big and very empty, thousands of wild horses, descended from the Spanish *mesteños*, roamed the remote valleys. Gradually, as the land was settled, the outlaw bands dwindled. But in some back-country areas, ranchers still encounter crafty, elusive mustangs which steal down from the hills to raid corrals and coax away the mares.

